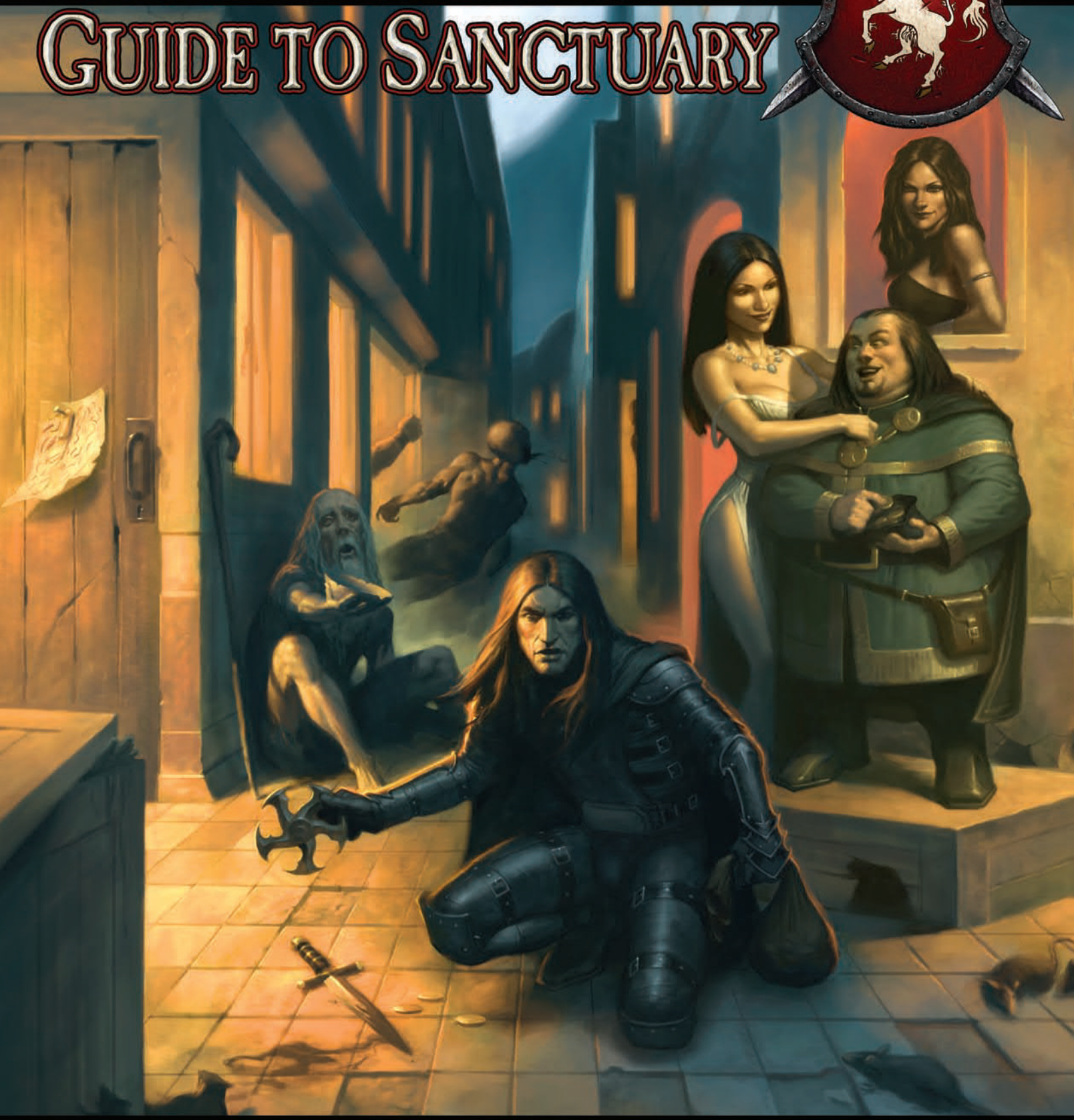
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Shadowspawn's Guide to Sanctuary



A City Sourcebook for the *Thieves' World* Campaign Setting

By Aaron Rosenberg & Robert J. Schwalb

d20 system

Shadowspawn's Guide to Sanctuary

A Campaign Setting Sourcebook for Thieves' World

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Introduction

Welcome to the Big Bad City

Welcome to *Shadowspawn's Guide to Sanctuary,* third in Green Ronin's line of *Thieves' World* game products. Consider this a tour through one of fantasy's most infamous cities, as led by Shadowspawn and his protégé, Lone. This book is designed to expand the options available to players and give GMs the tools needed to set campaigns in *Thieves' World*. Within, you'll find a detailed description of life within Sanctuary's walls, along with the characters that call the city home. With this book, you'll have everything you need to get started in Sanctuary.

Eras

While this book is full of information about Sanctuary and its surroundings, it focuses on the Rankan and Irrune Eras. These are the times detailed in the anthologies, and the ones most familiar to fans of *Thieves' World*. What's more, play during these periods takes place in an environment best suited to adventure, full of compelling characters and devious plotlines.

The early history of Sanctuary, before the Great Pass fell to Rankan control, is interesting from a historical perspective, but more limited for the purpose of roleplaying. Players might portray slaves fleeing Ilsig, for example, but even if they are part of the group that survives to reach the hidden valley where Sanctuary will one day be founded, there is nowhere else for them to go and few options for them to pursue. The same is true for settlers who move down out of the mountains and join the local fishermen; a few stories about how the two groups interact could be set there, but not much more.

> *Sanctuary is a seaport, and its name goes back to a time when it provided the only armed haven along an important caravan route. But the long war ended, the caravans abandoned that route for a shorter one, and Sanctuary declined in status—but not in population, because for every honest person who left to pursue a normal life elsewhere, a rogue drifted in to pursue his normal life.*
>
> *Now, Sanctuary is still appropriately named, but as a haven for the lawless. Most of them, and the worst of them, are concentrated in that section of town known as the Maze, a labyrinth of streets and nameless alleys and no churches. There is communion, though, of a rough kind, and much of it goes on in a tavern named The Vulgar Unicorn, which features a sign in the shape of that animal improbably engaging itself…*
>
> —"Blood Brothers" by Joe Haldeman, *Thieves' World*

Once Ilsig takes control of the town, the setting becomes somewhat more interesting, but our "heroes" are still mainly farmers and fishermen, with limited resources and few skills. Playing during the war, as Ranke invades and conquers Ilsig, has more potential, but such a campaign would have very straightforward objectives and character types. Also, Sanctuary is merely a staging ground, not the focus of the invasion.

The era of the caravans is far more active, and has a variety of cultures and occupations. This time is Sanctuary's shining hour, with nearly everyone busy and wealthy and cheerful. All this good fortune rids the setting of the grim tone that characterizes a good *Thieves' World* game. If you're

Shadowspawn

So, who's this Shadowspawn fellow anyway? Here's what the Sanctans said:

The first thing I noticed about him, just that first impression you understand, was that he couldn't be a poor man. Or boy, or youth, or whatever he was then. Not with all those weapons on him. From the shagreen belt he was wearing over a scarlet sash—a violently scarlet sash!—swung a curved dagger on his left hip and on the right one of those Ilbarsi "knives" long as your arm. Not a proper sword, no. Not a military man, then. That isn't all, though. Some few of use know that his left buskin is equipped with a sheath; the slim thing and knife hilt appear to be only a decoration. Gift from a woman, I heard him tell Old Thumpfoot one afternoon in the bazaar. I doubt it.

(I've been told he has another sticker strapped less than comfortably to his inner thigh, probably the right. Maybe that's part of the reason he walks the way he does. Cat-supple and yet sort of stiff of leg all at once. A tumbler's gait—or a punk's swagger. Don't tell him I said!)

Anyhow, about the weapons and my first impression that he couldn't be poor. There's a throwing knife in that leather and copper armlet on his right upper arm, and another in the long bracer of black leather on that same arm. Both are short. The stickers I mean, not the bracers or the arms either.

All that armament would be enough to scare anybody on a dark night, or even a moonbright one. Imagine being in the Maze or someplace like that and out of the shadows comes this young bravo, swaggering, wearing all that sharp metal! Right at you out of the shadows that spawned him. Enough to chill even one of those Hell Hounds. Even one of you-know-who's boys in the blue hawk-masks might step aside.

That was my impression. Shadowspawn. About as pleasant as gout or dropsy.

—*A Few Remarks by Furtwan Coinpinch, Merchant* by Andy Offutt

looking to make your name in the Sanctuary of the anthologies — dark and gritty, with very little hope — the caravan era does not match. Lastly, the time between the Rankan Era and the Aftermath is not as interesting for a *Thieves' World game* as, again, the focus shifts from Sanctuary and its activities.

During the Rankan and Irrune Eras, however, Sanctuary is highly prized, with at least two groups vying for control of the city. In the Rankan Era, the Ilsig, the Rankans, and the Beysib all want the city; in the Irrune Era, the Rankans, Ilsig, and Irrune struggle for control. During both eras, the gods pay close attention to Sanctuary and its residents, trying to influence events directly. This draws powerful people into the conflict, and Sanctuary becomes a swirling mass of strength, desperation, and daring. The city's inhabitants, both residents and visitors, hail from a wide variety of cultures, allowing for many different character concepts. Someone is always scrambling to "get the information" or "steal the item" or "kill the target" before someone else does, angling for the best deal in the process. During either of these two periods, Sanctuary is no place for the unwary or the timid.

But which should you choose for your game? The Rankan Era is cataclysmic. The gods fight openly over the city's fate, and the destinies of several kingdoms are uncertain. In these years, legends form: Tempus, Shadowspawn, Cappen Varra, Lalo, Enas Yorl, and others walk the streets, and those who cross their paths are forever changed. Several forces vie for power, and most people must choose sides.

The Irrune Era is more quiet, but considerably darker. The war between the gods has long passed, and many old wounds have healed over. But new ones have opened, and the city is now in the hands of the nomadic Irrune, who clearly despise cities and city-dwellers — some factions want nothing more than to raze Sanctuary to the ground before moving on. Though the Cult of Dyareela seems to be dead, the scars from their occupation linger everywhere, creating an air of mistrust and suspicion. Spies lurk in every shadow and fanatics hide their fervor while they plot the return of their mistress. This is a time of rebuilding, when a smart man can make a fortune, but a slower man could lose his life.

When building a *Thieves' World* campaign, think about the characters you'd like to see. The Rankan Era is full of brash mercenaries, arrogant thugs, sly assassins, and potent sorcerers. Mages fight in the streets and magic weapons are sold from small shops that mysteriously appear within the Maze. Everything is larger, bolder, louder, more colorful, more potentially profitable, and more dangerous. Excitement electrifies the air.

On the other hand, the Irrune Era has former cultists, ex-soldiers, and retired spies, all trying to pick up the pieces and move on. Most people have lost their bravado and replaced it with quiet competence and the desire to avoid outside influences. The rulers are strong, but new to the ways of cities, and so opportunities for quick profit exist everywhere. No one trusts anyone, because even your best friend or spouse could be a cultist in disguise. Fear and terror are the norm, and the result is nursed hatred that often blooms into outright rage.

If you want a more "epic" setting, the Rankan Era is the better choice; if you want "dark fantasy," the Irrune Era is your best bet. Both periods offer great opportunities for plotting and intrigue, but the Rankan Era offers heroism and high adventure as well. Contemporary Sanctuary is far more somber and world-weary. If you want to place an emphasis on magic, the Rankan Era has more than enough for any campaign. Casters proclaim themselves openly, and mage-duels are often fought where the commoners can watch and cheer. In the Irrune Era, anyone who seems abnormal is suspect, priests are prevented from practicing in the city streets, and witchcraft is regarded as a bad dream best forgotten.

At the same time, the political world is in greater upheaval during the Irrune Era. For all his faults, and despite all his detractors, Prince Kadakithis was a known quantity. He had the power of Ranke at his back and the Hellhounds at his side. Disobeying him was foolish, and defying him was potentially fatal. These days, the Irrune have the power, but little experience at using it. Courtiers actively attempt to deceive, humiliate, and otherwise weaken the Irrune aristocracy, and with Arrizak so close to death, everyone waits to see which of his sons will wind up as his successor. The city is poised on the brink of civil

war, and such a fight would be extremely ugly. Back the right candidate, and you could wind up set for life. Pick the wrong one, and your future will be short and painful.

You should also consider the scale of your campaign. How much influence should the gods have? Do you want them rubbing shoulders with ordinary mortals and interfering directly with the actions of the PCs? Are they the source of your campaign's plotlines? Can they be killed? Or do you want them to be remote, withdrawn, and aloof, as they are now?

Constants

Whichever era you choose, Sanctuary should always be an ugly city full of dark, dangerous people. It is the perfect place for intrigue, adventure, and excitement, for dark gods and darker villains. And though the city's size, rulers, and boundaries change over time, certain elements of Sanctuary remain, regardless of the era in which you play.

The first thing to remember is that Sanctuary is tough. The city was founded by men and women who defied an entire nation while armed with little more than rocks and determination, and by farmers and fishermen who fought the land and sea for survival. Sanctans inherited the grit and determination of their forbearers. Nothing has ever come easily to Sanctuary except death, and some of the city's inhabitants like it that way. This is not a place where you can let your guard down and hope to survive. The strong, the fast, and the clever can carve out nice lives here, but it takes work — and most of the successful residents appreciate that. The effort makes the reward that much sweeter, and too much success would make them soft and careless. People here are hard, and that's how they survive events that would destroy lesser men.

Sanctuary is also valuable. Even after Ranke opened the Great Pass, Sanctuary still had importance, if only for its ships and its position at the edge of the Rankan Empire. Kingdoms, nobles, temples, and even the gods themselves watched Sanctuary closely and fought for control over it. Mages have made their homes here, as have immortals, demons, and princes. Men who could have been rich elsewhere stayed in poverty because they could not bear to leave. Sanctuary exerts an almost palpable force on some people, making them desire it above all other places. Not everyone feels this way; for many, it is the armpit of the world, the dregs of the empire, the last place anyone would ever want to go. But for those who can see or sense clearly, the town is a wondrous place and worth any price.

Sanctuary is constantly in flux. Regimes and power balances — political, religious, military, financial, or social —change overnight. Shops open and close. Travelers enter and depart. The city is forever in a state of change, expanding and contracting like some vast heart. Even the *walls* change. Sanctuary tears down its defenses and rebuilds them when the need arises, or for no apparent reason at all. Many residents consider the city a living entity, and like a shark, it is never still for an instant. No matter the hour, someone is awake in Sanctuary, and the wise ones are watching for the latest changes and incorporating them into their own plans.

Finally, Sanctuary is in the *now*. It does not matter who you were before you arrived; once you enter the gates, you are a different person. Your past stays with you, and sometimes haunts you, but that's your problem. As far as Sanctuary and its residents are concerned, you start fresh when you enter. That's one of the city's greatest attractions. Criminals flee to Sanctuary because, even if they are recognized, most of the residents don't care. Respected nobles have arrived and died within minutes, or wandered the street penniless and half-mad, while wanted killers set up shops and became prominent citizens. Sanctuary is concerned only with its own people and their behavior, and it offers everyone a chance to start fresh—for better or for worse.

Final Words

This book is a guide to Sanctuary. But keep in mind that it is a rough guide, and meant to provide you with a framework for crafting your own stories. When Robert Asprin and Lynn Abbey created the *Thieves' World* series, they gave other authors space to create not only their own characters, but also their own houses, streets, and neighborhoods. That hasn't changed, and you should feel free to insert your own creations into the city.

For example, everyone has heard of the Vulgar Unicorn, the largest and most successful tavern in the Maze. But what if you don't want to set your adventure there? Perhaps you want to create a rival tavern, called the Rowdy Merman or the Ham's Bone, and stick it right in the Maze. Go ahead! No one knows all the buildings within the Maze, and even if they did, the buildings might change again tomorrow. You are free to do as you like in the rest of the city as well. We haven't provided names for all the shops along Pyrtanis, so if you decide that a leatherworker named Solomon has a shop there called Sol's, that's fine. If you create a noble house, and want them to live on the Hill, or later in Land's End Retreat, go right ahead. We've given you the lay of the city, so you know where that noble is likely to live, and what sort of security and neighbors he might have. But we aren't going to tell you that you can't put him there because we've already populated all of those houses. Sanctuary was designed so other authors could play in it, too. This is your game. Now, it's your turn to play. Have fun.





Chapter One: A Story of Thieves

"So ya want to know how this gem of a city got here? Well, pud, read on."

Visitors often wonder how a place like Sanctuary ever came to exist. The locals say that, if Sanctuary weren't here, someone somewhere else would've had to build it, instead. Sanctuary is a necessary evil, a required blot in a burgeoning world of empires and kingdoms… a birthmark that allows the rest of the world to shine more brightly by contrast. These same poetic souls often claim Sanctuary sprang full-born from the womb of the Rankan Empire, streets and buildings and Maze intact. This, however, is not true. It took many years before Sanctuary became the contradiction that travelers visit today.

From War

Somebody has always lived in Sanctuary. Before the runaway slaves showed up, there were the local fishermen clustered on the shore. And before them, there were the "other people," as the ruins in the hills and the countryside seem to suggest. But modern Sanctuary, the one we've come to know and love, traces its roots to the Kingdom of Ilsig, a fact the Rankans never let the locals forget. The first settlers were not Ilsigi nobles, but escaped slaves, fleeing from the tyrants that held their chains. Thus, Sanctuary is not just a fancy name, but also a sign of safe haven for those with nowhere else to flee and nowhere left to hide. It is a sanctuary for the world's desperate, and one filled with the very best and worst of humanity.

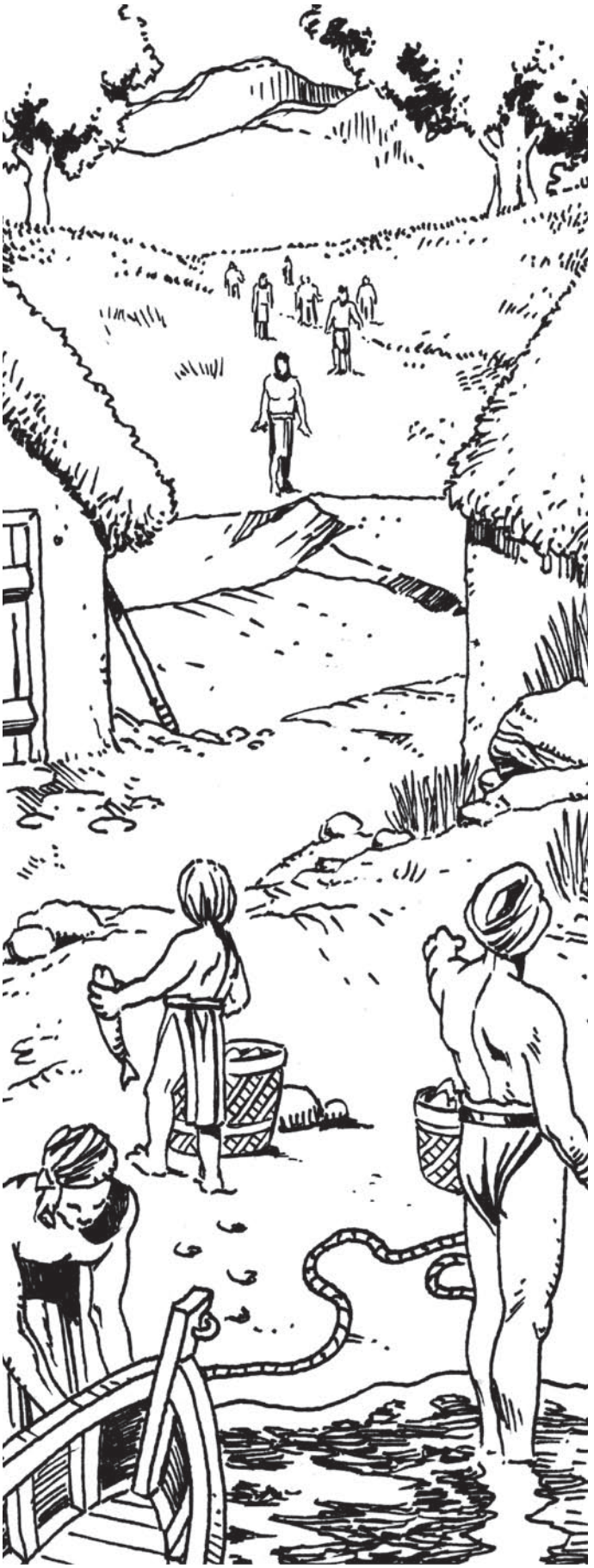
Sanctuary was founded at a time when Ranke was still small, young, and expansionist. This upstart nation with ambitious leaders worried their neighbors, especially the nearby Kingdom of Ilsig. In anticipation of an invasion, Ilsig forged an alliance with the Mountain Tribes that occupied the natural barrier between Rankle and Ilsig called the World's End Mountains (known as the Queen's Mountains among the Ilsigi). These savage men, mostly bandits and barbarians themselves, readily agreed to take Ilsig coin and supplies to protect this important border and safeguard the lands to the west by protecting the one known pass through these tall peaks.

As Ilsig feared, Ranke stirred and sent its legions up the slopes to the Great Pass. The Mountain Tribes responded, harrying the legionnaires with hit-and-run tactics, ambushes, and attacks on their supply lines. Ilsig sent soldiers to buttress the tribal defenders, and all-out war ensued.

Ilsig was a decadent society, and the slaves bore the brunt of the labor without reward or recognition. They had had enough. While the warriors defended the kingdom, the Ilsig slaves took advantage of their opportunity. Uniting against their plight, the slaves rebelled and broke free of their masters. Ilsig was on the verge of losing its nobility and becoming a true kingdom of free men—when the armies returned, early and victorious. Many of the slaves surrendered at once, while others were killed for resisting. Those who survived and escaped fled south, along the coast.

The revolts and subsequent loss of manpower nearly crippled Ilsig, and though they could ill-afford to track down the fleeing slaves, the King was enraged and dispatched a division of cavalry to hunt them down and bring them back. As the horsemen closed on a large host of ex-slaves, a division of Rankan legionnaires descended on the Ilsig knights, destroying them to a man, and allowing the slaves to escape.

The survivors searched the mountains around them and discovered a hidden pass that led into a pleasant valley. Soft grass covered the ground, fruit trees grew untended along the upper reaches, mountain



streams provided cold clear water, and fish and game were plentiful. Taking this lovely little land as a sign of divine favor, the former slaves settled in to live in peace.

It didn't last.

A City Forms

The escaped slaves were not accustomed to managing their resources; they could handle work, but had no experience with farming or hunting. Before a fourth year had passed, they found their Sanctuary sadly depleted. All of the fish and game had been caught and killed, all of the fruit trees had been stripped bare, the various nuts and berries were gone… even the grass had been trampled. The whole valley, once so green, was now brown and barren. The people had no choice but to abandon their home and move on in search of more food.

Leaving the mountains behind, the slaves headed farther south. Finally, they reached the sea, where they met up with a band of fishermen who welcomed them as neighbors and friends. The slaves turned their hands to farming again, this time being more careful not to deplete their crops so thoroughly, and they traded vegetables and grains for fish and other seafood. As the fishermen and the former slaves grew more comfortable together, and began intermarrying, a cluster of buildings sprang up.

They named this new community Sanctuary and, with the influx of other travelers migrating from the north, it prospered, growing from a tiny, insignificant hamlet to a modest village, well on the way to becoming the Sanctuary of today. Finally, the people knew peace.

But this, also, did not last.

Fortunes of War

Word of Sanctuary soon reached Ilsig's ear, and with it came the rumor of gold. Word spread throughout the world, sending miners, explorers, and prospectors south to coax the precious metals from the lands around the budding community. With these entrepreneurs came mercenaries, families… and undesirables. The innocence of Sanctuary died as quickly as it was born, but the influx of wealth and new ideas allowed the village to experience rapid growth.

But not all sought to settle here peacefully. Ilsig, still in the throes of war with Ranke, was desperate for resources and the promise of gold was an opportunity too good to surrender. The King of the Ilsigi sent a fleet of warships to claim the town. Unfortunately for them, many of Sanctuary's fishermen were still out to sea when the fleet arrived; seeing the navy, and knowing the town was lost, the fishermen escaped to a nearby island instead. Dubbing their new home Scavengers' Island, they traded their nets and traps for cutlasses and daggers and began a life of piracy, preying on passing ships, both military and commercial. In the years that followed, the Scavenger Pirates would come to bear no resemblance to their humble origins, retaining only their hatred for the Ilsig crown.

Under the harsh rule of Ilsig oppressors, many of the adventurers who came to the city left. Among them was an explorer and traveler who discovered in his travels another pass through the World's Edge Mountains along the way to settle and raise a family in Ranke. Years later, his grandson found his old journals, which included not only mention of this port city, but also the hidden pass through the mountains. Since the grandson had become a general in the Rankan

army, he was able to muster troops and ships and launch an attack on this well-placed little city. Sanctuary fell into Rankan hands. But the general was not looking for gold there. He was far more interested in the city's convenient access to the rest of Ilsig. Using Sanctuary as a staging ground, the general took his fleet around the cape and swept down upon the kingdom, taking its army by surprise. Almost before a defense could be mounted, the general had captured Ilsig, and it became a client state of the Rankan empire, paying a heavy toll in annual tribute to preserve its meager independence.

Caravan Routes

Though Ranke had conquered the Kingdom of Ilsig, the bandits and savages haunting the World's Edge Mountains refused to end their old alliances by surrendering control of the Great Pass. Ranke sought another way to bring men and supplies from its heartland to its new territory and back again. The easiest route, barring that road through the mountains, was through the Gray Wastes. This long stretch of sand stood between Sanctuary and cities like Ranke, Dar, and Cirdon, making it the perfect place to transfer from camels to ships or ships to camels. Long caravans formed, and Sanctuary was either their starting point or their destination. Sanctuary grew larger and wealthier, and thanks to its location on both coast and desert, it became one of the most successful ports in the Rankan Empire. Caravans were so long they took a day to pass fully through the city gates, and at least once each day such a caravan arrived or departed. People flocked to Sanctuary, seeking to buy or sell the latest wares, and it became the commercial center of the empire.

It didn't last, either.

A Better Way

After decades of fighting, the Rankan soldiers finally defeated the mountain men, gaining control of the Great Pass. With that shorter route available, there was no need to cross the Gray Wastes to reach the Empire's distant holdings. Suddenly, the desert caravans ceased their journeys, ending the influx of wealth into Sanctuary. While still an important seaport, merchants unloaded their wares to the west now, closer to the mountains. Sanctuary was no longer central, and its businesses began to fail.

The city entered a steep decline. The lack of funds and tariffs meant fewer resources to maintain the city. Locals left the city in droves, leaving fine houses abandoned and emptying entire neighborhoods. Neglect led to disrepair of homes and shops. Filth collected in alleys, and the only people left were the desperate and the villainous — ruthless types willing to do anything to survive.

Though the social climate changed markedly, people continued to travel to Sanctuary, but no longer for wealth, fame, or glory. It was quite the opposite: People came to the city to disappear, to escape pursuers, debts, failed relationships, cuckolded husbands, or the law. Sanctuary became a haven for criminals and fugitives, exiles and undesirables. Cutthroats, pirates, thieves, and other wanted men took Sanctuary as their home because they thought that no one would notice yet another dirty, shifty-eyed face. Soon, the city had become a refuge for the criminal and the political, for anyone who wanted to disappear from Ranke's eye. Tavern windows became dirty and deliberately not cleaned so patrons could drink in peace and avoid the nosy passerby who might recognize them. Townsfolk spoke in whispers out of long habit, and took to watching every stranger with care, one hand always near a weapon. What was once a small, open, pleasant fishing village became a cold stone box.

Dark Times

For decades, Ranke ignored the port city. The Empire would dispatch a governor now and then, usually someone who had displeased the Emperor, and instruct him to collect taxes and send them back to the capital. These were low men, ruthless, corrupt, and despicable, exploiting the locals and stealing from the city's coffers to spend their days in idle wealth and pleasure. These rulers were far more interested in their own comforts than in the safety and prosperity of the town and its citizens. All of that changed when the Rankan Emperor decided to punish his half-brother.

Prince Kadakithis was young, handsome, charming, and idealistic. In his enthusiasm and naiveté, his mere existence was a threat to Abakithis' rule, for while Kadakithis did not have much success in building a popular base, his idealism and virtues planted seeds that Abakithis saw as a potential problem. Faced with having the younger brother killed or exiling him to the nether regions of the empire, the emperor chose the latter. He assigned Kadakithis to rule as governor in distant Sanctuary, where he believed the city would resolve the problem of this nuisance for him.

But Kadakithis was not stupid. He, or someone who saw his potential value, assembled a team of elite soldiers to serve as his bodyguard and personal fighting force, and they went with him to his new home. There, he strove to rid Sanctuary of its crime, pollution, and poverty. One of his first acts in the city was to have the captain of the city guard publicly executed for treason. His soldiers soon earned the name "Hell Hounds" for their ferocity. For the first time, Sanctuary faced a ruler who could not be bribed and who would not tolerate corruption. At first, they laughed at him, calling him "Kittycat," but gradually came to respect him, and some even began to fear him.

Kadakithis' arrival was not the only change, however. Ranke had temples in the city, but so did Ilsig, and the old Ilsigi gods decided they were tired of these Rankan usurpers. They fought for control, and the city was torn between them. Powerful men and women stood on both sides, and some people darted back and forth, playing the factions against each other for their own profit and amusement. The conflict between rival gods played out in this backwater city, resulting in the banishment of Vashanka, Ranke's most notorious god.

Amidst the turmoil of divine war, the fishermen spotted ships on the sea, bearing strange sails and of unusual design. This seafaring race, called the Beysibs, came from across the ocean, and two of their strongest clans fled the Beysib Empire when a usurper claimed the throne. Through careful negotiations with representatives of the city, they entered, and after some difficulty, they coexisted with the native Sanctans. While nominally a Rankan city, the Beysibs really ruled. Kadakithis was able to salvage the situation by courting Shupansea, the Beysib high priestess, but the people resisted them whenever and wherever they could.

As if the strain of these exotic people (with their distinctly unusual appearance and customs) trying cohabitation with Rankans and Ilsigi wasn't bad enough, the divine struggles continued. Encapsulated in one man, the influence of the gods was a constant threat to the city. This divine champion was Tempus. An ancient warrior of

questionable virtue, it seemed he was immortal. Though originally a Hell Hound, his arrogance brought him into conflict with his fellow soldiers. Worse, his obligations to his god, Vashanka (and the deity's later incarnations) forced him to fight on the front lines against the Ilsigi and later the Nisibisi in the north. Still, Tempus found himself drawn back to the city time and again, a pawn in the games played by the gods.

War in the North

The gods' wars created ripples that spread throughout the world, with the effects felt as far away as distant Caronne. While Sanctuary had little power to shape events, it would stand at the center of a maelstrom of events that would ultimately lead to the messy demise of the Rankan Empire. Somehow, consciously or no, powerful people throughout the continent found themselves drifting towards Thieves' World to play out the game of empires and wars, intrigue and betrayal.

The world teetered on the brink of anarchy. Vashanka, the icon of the Rankan Empire, had fallen silent as a result of the conflict between rival pantheons in Sanctuary. His priests and religion fell into turmoil. Furthermore, generations of constant warfare took a toll, for the power of the Emperor waned with each conquest. As he spread his influence over greater and greater distances, the Empire simply grew too big, too quickly.

Tensions flared between the swollen Empire and a small, warlock-controlled nation called Nis that lay in an arm of the World's Edge Mountains known as Wizardwall. The exact cause is not certain, but given the Empire's attitudes towards witchcraft, the ensuing war came to no surprise. The Emperor, thinking his legions capable of conquering this small territory with the same ease with which they constructed his Empire, he used the standard tactics and sent his troops to crash over the enemy. What neither he, nor the rest of Ranke, expected were the demons, the undead, and vicious horrors that the Nisibisi enslaved. The Nisi sold their souls to defeat the enormous host, and the imperial legions were shattered.

What should have been a small series of battles spiraled into a long, drawn-out engagement, claiming more and more resources, men, and capital just to keep the fighting at a draw. With each defeat, Abakithis' popularity dwindled, forcing him to take drastic measures to keep the war effort alive. Growing out of this costly war were specialized units of guerillas, specially trained to kill witches using whatever tactics were necessary.

In addition to dishonorable tactics, such as those used by the most notorious unit called the 3rd Commando, many Rankans saw it as their personal duty to destroy the Nisibisi witches. Sacred bands —groups of divinely sanctioned warriors — joined the front, buttressed by bonds of friendship and love to take on any horror the witches could throw at them. The Stepsons, a famous group, came to Sanctuary to draw their fabled leader Tempus into the war. With his departure, much of the divine squabbling came to an end.

Seeds of Anarchy

While the fighting raged on in the north, Sanctuary remained outside of much of the events, dealing with its own problems with the Beysib occupation. Though there were some initial conflicts, the Beysibs and Kadakithis came to a peaceful accord and agreed to rule the city jointly, with the human lord representing the interests of the Sanctans, and Shupansea protecting her own people. Cementing their agreement, Kadakithis courted the Beysib princess, elevating her above all of his wives… even his first wife, who had disappeared mysteriously.

Not everyone was pleased with the arrangement; many feared the Beysibs, and in their fear, they resented their new masters. Violence escalated against the Beysib invaders. What began as a few beatings and the occasional murder bloomed into a reign of terrorism perpetrated by the Popular Front for the Liberation of Sanctuary. Led by an ambitious thief named Zip, the PFLS launched attacks from Downwind and the Maze, raiding caravans, kidnapping and murdering important citizens, arson, coercion, and anything they could do to oust the Beysib occupiers.

Meanwhile, Wizardwall turned into a quagmire of death. Powerful witches left the front and infiltrated Ranke, spreading chaos and destruction behind enemy lines. One such witch was Death's Queen, Roxane, who traveled to Sanctuary to weaken Ranke's control on its outlying provinces. Armed with a Nisibisi globe of power, she lent her sorcerous skills to the growing unrest in the city.

Also on her way to the city was another spellcaster, a cursed witch who destroyed every man she knew. Ischade haunted the night streets, luring men with sex, making good on her promises, and then turning them loose. Her victims soon after became beset by a series of misfortunes, always fatal. Though she kept to herself, she quickly became drawn inside the machinations of the forces vying for control in Sanctuary.

In addition to Roxane and Ischade, control of the city was fought for by the Stepsons, who remained behind to protect the city; the recently arrived 3rd Commando, who opposed Roxane and her undead minions; Jubal, who worked to rebuild his criminal empire after Tempus razed his compound; the Beggar King, and the Beysib's assassins, the Harka Bey. This was an exceptionally dangerous period in Sanctuary, where allegiances could result in getting killed. During this time, the dead walked next to the living, and brutal riots and mobs ruled the streets. Kadakithis was powerless, and the Hell Hounds all but forgotten.

Ranke's Decline

Finally, Tempus and his allies overcame the witches at Wizardwall, allowing them to return to Sanctuary and help put an end to the civil war terrorizing the city. Through an alliance between Ischade and a core group of Stepsons, Roxane was defeated and order restored to the city. But things were not so well in the north. Before Tempus returned to Sanctuary, he involved himself in a plot to assassinate Abakithis and set Theron, a brutal general, on the throne. But Theron's ascent was too late to save a flagging Empire, too spent from years of fighting against the witches of Wizardwall to recover. And as life in Sanctuary improved, even coming into a new era of its own, Ranke declined, losing conquered territory at an alarming rate, powerless even to collect taxes from its vassals.

The Golden Years

For the first time in years, Sanctuary became a place of hope. With Ranke's messy death far to the north and the quick succession of emperor after emperor, Sanctans were free to do as they wished. They were their own city, beholden to no foreign power for the

first time since their founding. This resulted in a heady sense of entrepreneurialism, and new shops opened all over the city. Foreign merchants responded to the welcoming atmosphere and sent fleets of ships south to this burgeoning port. This was a time when the lowliest Wrigglie could rise above his meager station and perhaps escape poverty, for work was everywhere. And with work comes money, and with money, sales.

Even better than the invigoration of Sanctuary's economy, the anarchy plaguing the streets ended with Ranke's demise. The Stepsons, 3rd Commando, and others withdrew, and with them went the instigators of the chaos, leaving Sanctuary to those who really wanted to live there. No longer did the Stepsons stroll arrogantly through the city streets. Tempus was gone, vanished like a bad dream. Even Roxane and her Nisibisi allies were dead or buried. With these elements out of the city, the Sanctans enjoyed peace for the first time in years.

Of course, this period is not without its struggles. In the vacuum left, Sanctuary lost much of its military strength. Pirates from Scavengers Isle, descendants of the Sanctans who fled during the Ilsigi occupation, continued to prey on locals, slipping into the city under the cover of darkness to press-gang innocents and sell them into slavery. Without a military, Sanctans were more vulnerable than ever to these sorts of attacks. In response to the growing concern, Kadakithis mustered a few hundred able-bodied citizens, dubbed them marines, and unleashed them on the pirate isle. Sanctuary's first military destroyed the settlement on Scavengers Isle, liberated hundreds of slaves, and burned the pirate ships in their docks. And thus was Inception Isle, Sanctuary's only colony, founded.

Life during the early years of Ranke's decline is marked by hope, prosperity, and stability. Poverty's cruel grip weakened as champions like Strick the Spellmaster worked hard to alleviate suffering. With the influx of merchants and trade, wealth freely flowed everywhere, even in the Downwind. Furthermore, Walegrin recruited new soldiers from the populace, presenting an opportunity to start a new life on Inception Isle. Though brief, this era was Sanctuary's brightest.

Time of Troubles

Life in Sanctuary took a turn for the worse soon after the conquest of Scavengers Island. Signs of the dark times were everywhere for those with the ability or willingness to look. The first sign was the drought.

For four years, little to no rain fell on the continent, and though Sanctuary had the benefit of being a coastal city, the city suffered. Grass and trees shriveled, crops failed, and the White Foal River shrank to nearly a trickle. With the dryness, the land's natural defenses against erosion disappeared. So when the rains finally came, mudslides destroyed homes and estates outside the city and the topsoil surrounding the Swamp of Night Secrets washed out to sea.

While the city grappled with the loss of land and property in the outlying areas, the Beysibs learned the usurper in their homeland had finally died, leaving a power vacuum perfect for the exiled Beysibs to fill. Shupansea broke with Kadakithis, and led clan Burek and most of clan Setmur back across the sea to retake their rightful place at the head of all Beysib civilization. From this point on, the Beysib became little more than a bad memory in the hearts and minds of Sanctans all over, and those Beysibs who remained lost what little protection they enjoyed while Shupansea shared Kadakithis' bed.



Shortly after the Beysib evacuation, Kadakithis, along with his childhood friend Chenaya and a cadre of loyal supporters, moved to claim Ranke's throne. They left by ship but were never seen or heard from again. It's believed the ship went down somewhere between Sanctuary and Ranke, explaining why the god blessed (or cursed) Chenaya never reappeared.

Bereft of governor and wife, control of Sanctuary fell to an oligarchic council, made up of the wealthiest and influential Sanctan nobles and merchants. As each member represented his own interests above those of the city and its citizens, crippling the city as corruption spread through all levels of Sanctuary's government. The council plundered the city's treasury for resources needed to pay bribes, extortion fees, and to advance their own interests, leaving the city to teeter and totter on the brink of collapse.

But while Sanctans looted the city, the rainy autumn gave way to a snowy winter, and heavy blizzards raged in the mountains to the north. Throughout the winter, Sanctuary continued as it ever had, but when the spring thaws occurred, run-off from the mountains poured down, swelling the White Foal and Red Foal rivers. The White Foal obliterated Downwind, washing away the human effluvia and sending refugees into the heart of the city. Hundreds died and those who escaped fled to the Hill like rats on a sinking ship.

Thanks to the political plundering and the environmental damage, the city was ill-equipped to deal with the tragedy. It was clear that Ranke had no intention of sending soldiers, supplies, or really assistance of any kind, so the Oligarchs turned to the resurgent Kingdom of Ilsig for assistance. The lords there were all to happy to accept Sanctuary's gifts, and seeing the destruction as an opportunity to restore Ilsigi influence in Sanctuary, the nation sent an army of priests to help. Of

course, Ilsig also sent promises of food and support, though they were all offers the Kingdom could not or would not keep.

Though there were hundreds of displaced Sanctans, all of which were undesirable and dangerous, and the city's infrastructure was weakened by the increase of crime, there was still plenty of food available for the survivors. Sanctuary's fishing fleet was one of the most capable in the world. But even this would not last, for the very next year, a brutal hurricane descended on the city. Catching most of the fleet at sea, the storm wiped out nearly all of the boats and fishermen before making landfall and shattering the city. And any help the Sanctans thought they would gain from the Beysib fled as communication with those distant peoples ended.

More flooding, more death, and more human tragedy took its toll on Sanctuary, making an already grim environment dire. Loss of trade, fish, and agriculture combine to create Sanctuary's worst famine in generations. Food simply did not exist in the city. To make matters worse, the rains stopped once more, and not a drop fell for an entire year. At first cats, dogs, and horses vanished, and then the rat population dwindled. It was a bad time for all of Sanctuary, and food riots were common.

Three years later, the hammer fell, crushing Sanctuary with the weight of an unholy plague. Thanks to visiting priests from the Kingdom of Ilsig, a new strain of disease traveled down the coastline to finally settle in the city, stalled only by the onset of winter. Though Molin Torchholder argued that Sanctuary should sever contact with the distant kingdom, the council rejected him, blinded by the promise of wealth, even after (but perhaps because of) all the tragedy that had befallen *Thieves' World*.

With the spring thaw, the plague intensified. Inception Island was the worst off, with disease killing young and old, and the council's unwillingness to close off the island led to the plague spreading inside the city. Soon, the plague asserts itself once more, sweeping through the city quickly, but it does not seem to be as severe as the last bout several years before, when Illyra, maddened by the death of her child, invoked Dyareela with cards illustrated by Lalo's brush. This time, the plague claims only the old, weak, and very young. However, the memory of past plagues ran deep in the minds of the locals. Riots broke out, and the Sanctans set fire to the hostelries. With the heavy winds, they inadvertently destroyed half the city.

For the next few years, hurricanes hammered the city, alternating with periods of drought. The destruction coupled with the constant famine and disease created an atmosphere of despair that wound around the hearts of Sanctans at every level of society. The S'danzo left the city, and with them went the answers many sought. Crops continued to fail and death was a constant companion.

More plagues, more storms, and more droughts hammered the city, while the first priests of a new god came to town. These men and women, all garbed in white and with bloody red hands, were messengers of peace, filled with promises of an end to Sanctuary's suffering. Taking advantage of the city's fears and the terrible calamities they endured, the priests rallied the people, urging them to butcher the remaining S'danzo that stayed behind. And, with their deaths, the plague diminished and went away.

The Dyareelans, now buttressed by a people grateful for the ending of the plague, forged a peace with the council and assumed more and more control over the populace. They roamed the streets preaching a gospel of blood, death, and sacrifice. They publicly executed traitors, those guilty of crimes only the priests could detect. Bit by bit, the Dyareelans assumed control, and what was once a city ruled by Empires and by wealth became a city ruled by fear. The cultists stole children from the streets to indoctrinate them in their foul rites. Those who objected died on their altars, hearts ripped from their chests. Out of fear, children reported their parents; husbands, their wives; neighbors, entire families.

While Sanctuary fell under the sway of the Dyareelans, a tribe of nomads, retreating from the Black Toothed Horde, settled in the World Spine Mountains, destroying the bandits who descended from the Mountain folk that had waged a guerilla war against Ranke since the Kingdom of Ilsig first fell. With the Irrune, refugees from all over the world came to Sanctuary to escape the wars and plagues hammering the continent. However, with the influx of new people came new problems. Lack of rain, then too much rain, new diseases, and famine forced the cultists' hand. In an act of utter madness, they turn on the city, sweeping through the streets in an unholy crusade to forge an army to march across the lands, killing all non-believers until only the cultists remain. To build this army, the Dyareelans founded orphanages, where children were secretly trained in the ways of the cult.

Matters finally come to a head when a mob of cultists captures some visiting Irrune and executes them publicly. The city realizes the danger of the unruly cult, and begins a withdrawal. Molin leaves the city to court the Irrune, to urge them to liberate the city and get revenge for the death of one of their lords. For the next three years, the cult grew fat on its own excesses, descending in their depravity lower than ever before. Fear was law, executions a daily occurrence, and death rode the streets.

Molin finally convinced the Irrune to help, offering them the city in exchange. And so, in the 94th year of the Rankan Empire, during the Dyareelan summer festival, the Irrune entered the city through gates left open by sympathizers. The Irrune butchered the cultists and lay siege to the Palace. Looking for a quick resolution, Molin orders the Palace burned, driving the surviving cultists into the swords of the waiting Irrune. Thus ended the Troubles.

New Era

The Irrune have ruled Sanctuary for almost a decade now. Arizak is a harsh but fair man, and a strong leader, though he leaves much of the city's governance to a council of oligarchs. Though a popular figure, he was badly injured several years ago and has never really recovered. No one knows which of his sons will become ruler after he dies, and people scramble to support their favorite, to build ties with whomever they think will be victorious.

Since the Irrune crushed the cultists, Dyareelans have all but vanished, and most hope that they are gone for good. But this is nothing more than wishful thinking, for the cult still exists. Here and there, old members plot revenge and a return to glory, quietly maneuvering to retake the city from the Irrune occupiers.

With a weakened Ranke, its old enemies have returned. Ilsig has become a kingdom again, complete with a king. Seeing Sanctuary as a wayward child, Ilsig sent a military delegation to Sanctuary to demand back taxes and renewed fealty. The Irrune laughed them out of the city. Rather than go back empty-handed, the delegation moved on to Inception Island, and for the first time in its long history, Sanctuary has a rival port.



Chapter Two: Down and Out in Thieves' World

Walk the streets of Sanctuary, and the first thing you'll notice is its history. This isn't to say that there's ornate scrollwork on columns, or plaques, or statues of men on horses. Instead, you'll see the scars of the city: an burned patch on an old out-of-date adobe building, a husk of a home destroyed by witch-fire, an odd symbol etched on a block in a city wall. Strange smells, old ruins, odd sensations, and a sense of familiarity about everything, everywhere. Sanctuary does indeed have a long and colorful history, but one filled with witches and warlocks, spells, demons, wars, treachery, intrigue, conquest, and all the elements of good fantasy. Sanctuary is constantly changing — always growing, shrinking, welcoming new characters and bidding farewell to the old. Sanctuary is a living city, with a life of its own. This chapter gives you a taste of what it's like to live in Thieves' World in every era.

Life in Sanctuary

Make no mistake: Sanctuary is, in many ways, the consummate fantasy environment. It's replete with warriors and warlocks, adventure and intrigue. It is also a place of human failings, full of depravity, sin, and excess. The city streets are unsafe by day and deadly by night, with licentious villains prowling the streets to take what they cannot buy. Gangs roam the hills, and drug dealers peddle opah and *krrf* on street corners, preying on children and adult alike. And if that weren't bad enough, Sanctuary is also home to virulent diseases, some bad enough to make a grown man die screaming as his body swells with fluid. Syphilitic whores hide the empty pits of their noses behind veils, while clap-maddened, famine-starved children with distended bellies plunge knives in the backs of mothers to steal the milk from their breasts. Sanctuary is not a kind place. It is a place where the weak are ground up and devoured, where witches won't let your corpse rest, calling your soul from hell over and again to make you do their bidding. Still, there are bright spots. There are moments of charity, of true heroism, and of fun. For every barfly that turns away from a pair of thugs having fun with an adolescent girl in an alley, there is a Cauvin who will beat rapists to death with his bare hands. This first section provides an overview of what it's like to live and die in *Thieves' World*.

Legitimate Industries

Most would tell you that crime is the number-one industry here. Sanctuary has more than its fair share of crime lords, protection rackets, drug dealers, smugglers, and more. But Sanctuary has legitimate business, too. Throughout its history, Sanctuary has enjoyed a thriving fishing industry, with a fleet of ships capable of harvesting a catch that could feed almost the entire city at peak season. Sanctuary is also a natural port for trading ships from island nations to the south, Rankan merchants to the north, and Ilsigi traders from the west. The constant influx of people and cultures has made Sanctuary into a melting pot, and a city with demand enough for the dimmest tradesman to turn a profit.

Agriculture

During the Rankan era, the environs around Sanctuary sported numerous farms and homesteads producing wheat, rye, barley and other grains. While never famous for its farming, the countryside could supplement the fishing industry with its bounty. At its peak,



farmers produced a great deal of produce in addition to grains. Peppers, onions, garlic, leeks, potatoes, broccoli, cauliflower, radishes, and turnips had always been available in decent quantities and for fair prices. However, with the droughts followed by hurricanes followed by more droughts, the rich topsoil washed away, making the ground unfit for planting. Worse, the irrigation systems were also damaged, and so repairs to make the countryside profitable for farmers would be expensive and, given Sanctuary's current state, improbable. Farmers till the soil, coaxing what few plants they can in the hope of restoring them to their former health. Though small hamlets provide food for the city, for the most part, Sanctuary's food supply comes from the grain-farms run by the Serripines Clan, which have astonished the long-time residents who believed farming on this scale would be a waste of time.

Irrune Era Notes

As Ranke entered its decline, Rankan refugees fled south to make new lives for themselves in Sanctuary. With them, they brought wealth, new agricultural techniques and seed. In fact, one such refugee started a vineyard under the Aquinta Cartel, supplying the city with the finest wine available in Ranke. Though there was great promise, their efforts were for naught after the bad seasons that followed. No vineyard or farm can survive for long without rain. The few bottles of Aquinta vintage that remain in the city carry a hefty price that's more than a common, or even a wealthy pud, could afford.

Fishing

Perhaps the greatest asset Sanctuary has is its fishing fleet. Though times have certainly been better, Sanctuary still boasts an impressive industry capable of feeding the city during peak seasons. In many ways, the fishermen are a culture onto themselves. They don't frequent the usual haunts in the city, preferring instead to keep to their own kind. Still, they are loyal to Sanctuary, and have risen to the city's defense time and again. When the fish-eyed folk came to treat with the Sanctans, it was fishermen who first met with them and paved the way for the semi-peaceful cohabitation that would follow. Fishermen also deal with threats from the sea, such as the occasional mutant giant crab in the service of the Purple Mage. In the end, though the fishermen and their families live in their own parts of the city, follow their own customs, and drink in their own watering holes, they are as much a part of Sanctuary as the thieves in the Maze.

Irrune Era Notes

Leading up to the Troubles, hurricanes and tropical storms savaged Sanctuary's fishing fleet, sinking scores of boats and taking the lives of nearly half of the fishermen. Since the Dyareelan occupation, the fishermen slowly rebuilt their lives, moving from the old Fisherman's Row to a new site just south of Caravan Square. The ruins of their old haunts are now the Hag's Teeth, a cluster of rock and debris just southeast from the mouth of the White Foal River.

Religion

Another vital industry in Sanctuary is the retail of religion. Gods and their ilk have long been a presence in *Thieves' World,* moving their minions like pawns through the streets of the city or fighting outright battles in the heavens. As a crucible of cultures, Sanctuary sees the birth and death of new religions and cults almost on a daily

basis. In fact, so many gods have been (and are still) worshipped in the city that it's sometimes difficult to tell from what pantheon they descend.

Founded by the Ilsigi exiles, from the outset, their gods have held a place of import, though even then Dyareelan cultists from the Grey Wastes tried their best to gain a foothold in the city. With the conquest of the World Spine Mountains, Ranke swept through to take Sanctuary as well, and with the conquerors came their gods. For years, priests of the rival religions struggled for dominance, eventually settling into an uneasy truce. The result was an eclectic mixture along the Avenue of Temples, one of the few routes leading up to the Governor's Palace. Temples dedicated to Rankan gods stood next to those of Ilsig. Altars to foreign deities came and went, while proselytizers marched up and down the road to preach the virtues of their gods.

Of course, even in this cosmopolitan atmosphere, struggles between rival faiths did erupt. The Rankans tried for years to erect a temple to Savankala, but due to the efforts of a few discontented worshippers of Ilsigi gods, the temple wasn't officially consecrated until Chenaya stole the Eye of Savankala from the city of Ranke and installed it here to purify the site.

The struggles of the Rankan era, however, seem like nothing more than polite disagreement when compared to the zealous hatred of the Dyareelan cultists. They took advantage of the chaos resulting from pestilence, famine, and a series of terrible and destructive storms to install themselves as leaders of the city. One of their first acts was to raze the Avenue of Temples, slaughter the priests and desecrate their altars. With no rival religions left, the Dyareelans mastered the city, positioning themselves to eliminate all factions of potential discontent.

The Dyareelans would rule for a number of terrible years, until the Irrune along with Molin Torchholder swept through the city gates to slaughter the dreadful priests, forcing them into the palace, and into the tunnels below. To remove them completely, or so hoped Torchholder, the Irrune set fire to the palace until the cultists surrendered.

Though Dyareelan rule is ended (for now), the Irrune have assumed control over the city. To prevent another uprising, one of their first edicts was to ban the practice of religion from within the city walls, excepting the rites and rituals that exalted Irrunega, of course. A few priests persist in their efforts and more and more drift to the city from the far-flung regions of the Known World.

Irrune Era Notes

Even though strict laws prohibit open worship within Sanctuary's walls, religion is still an important part of every Sanctan's life. Nearly everyone in the city venerates at least one god, if not several. And in the homes of most are idols, small altars, or symbols of one or more of the multitudinous deities making up one or more of the Known World's pantheons.

The priests themselves are faced with a challenge if they want to expand their congregations and maintain the flow of income they need to survive. Since the prohibition, and a few spectacular examples of those who thought to break the ban against religion (Irrune are implacable in their resolve to stamp out dangerous cults), most priests fled to the Street of Red Lanterns, occupying converted brothels or setting up makeshift stalls. A scant few struggle to rebuild the temples of old on the Avenue itself, as evidenced by the actions of the Sisters of Sabellia and Pel Garwood.

Though the Irrune rulers permit these blossoming cults outside the city, they do not tolerate those in service to the Mother of Chaos. Cultists discovered in or near the city are executed, usually in spectacular and bloody fashion. Rumor holds there are Dyareelans in the warrens and tunnels honeycombing the land beneath the city. There may be some truth to this, for Irrune recently uncovered a nest of priests and executed them—by rolling them in carpets and riding horses over them to trample these criminals to death. Those with a taste for revenge will find that some prominent and wealthy members in the city pay premium prices for the hands of Dyareelan cultists.

Renovation

For as long as Sanctuary has stood, there has been a need for repairs and renovations. During the Rankan era, Kadakithis and Molin Torchholder sought to expand and construct walls to defend the city against attacks from the Usurper and barbarians. After the Troubles, and the storms that preceded them, much of the city stands in ruin, and there's always work for stonemasons, carpenters, other craftsmen, and those with a talent for hard labor. Most work now takes place on the Street of Red Lanterns, the Processional, and on the walls. Laborers gather in city squares near construction sites hoping to be picked by the foremen for the few padpols they can earn moving debris and hauling raw materials.

Irrune Era Notes

One serious difficulty facing Sanctuary in the Modern Era, and the cause for the slowness of repairs to the city, is the lack of raw materials. Sanctuary has always been lacking in timber, having little more than a few orchards and, in the higher elevations, scrub trees best suited for charcoal and firewood, not shipbuilding or construction. There's no reliable source of stone for building materials, and brick is expensive. A current trend is to recycle building materials from ruins. Though illegal, since taking stone from ruins *is* theft, the watch is easily bribed to turn the other way. Grabar's Stoneyard is one of the more profitable enterprises in the city, and even they tend to plunder the ruins of old estates on the outskirts of the city.

Trade

The lifeblood of the city is trade. As a port city, Sanctuary trades with other coastal cities, like Caronne and Mrseveda, and overland with Ranke to the north and Ilsig to the west. Cirdonian merchants rub shoulders with Twandan mercenaries, and Mrsevadan sailors bring goods from exotic lands far away. The heart of Sanctuary's mercantile district is the Caravan Square and the Farmer's Market, though a great deal of money also changes hands in the Bazaar and along the Wideway near the wharves. Even through the most desperate times, merchants have braved all sorts of natural and unnatural hazards to sell or trade their goods in Sanctuary.

Irrune Era Notes

After the Convulsions, the population dipped dangerously. Much of the industry of old was gone and most of the city struggled to survive in the ruins. As a result, they import more than they export.

Lacking much in the way of wealth, few Sanctans can afford the high prices at the bazaar or the other trading centers, so thievery is on the rise once more. It's hoped the current problems will vanish once the population grows.

Minor Enterprises

Sanctuary has always enjoyed a strong market for finished goods, from silk to gem cutting. Some of the greatest artisans in the Known World got their start here, crafting beautiful jewelry, exquisite pieces of art, fine furniture, and other goods. Though the city is depressed, there's evidence of resurgence and the promise of new wealth under the careful guidance of a far less greedy council of oligarchs.

Diversions

In a city under the weight of insidious poverty, stricken by crime, and threatened by war, natural disasters, and supernatural threats, people need to unwind, relax, and let go of their inhibitions as a form of pressure release. Sanctuary has many diversions for those wanting to get away from their drudgery and escape the constant and oppressive burden of a miserable life. For those with a few spare padpols, there's bound to be something to take your mind off your worries.

Arenas

Gladiatorial contests are quite popular throughout the Known World, especially in Rankan provinces. However, Sanctuary never had a coliseum for these fights. Instead, the city relied on bloody cockfights in the Maze, bare-knuckle boxing in back rooms, or blood sports in dug out pits on the Hill. Sanctans appreciate violence when it's not directed at them, so they seize the opportunity to watch two warriors duke it out to the cries of the crowd.

The Irrune, appreciating the need for Sanctuary's citizens to distract themselves from the misery of their lives, occasionally sponsor contests, races, and other events. Officials clear the riff-raff out of Caravan Square and erect stands and bleachers in a semi-circle or in a row. (There's always a shaded box where the Governor Arizak and his family and advisors can watch.)

The city-sponsored spectacles are always far tamer than the ones in the shadows of Sanctuary's gritty underworld. Contests between warriors are always to first blood and never to the death… though accidents happen. The Irrune are always interested in horseracing and so, more often than not, riders and their steeds race around a track for the prize. Whether a race or a prizefight, the reward is enough to draw contestants from all over, sometimes as much as 100 soldats or more.

Other forms of entertainment include circuses, freak shows, troupes of actors, tumblers and acrobats, and other spectacles. Though much of this has dropped off since Kadakithis vanished, occasionally such groups still make yearly or semi-yearly visits to this city. Naturally, these events are an excellent cover for transporting illicit goods into or out of the city.

Drama & Comedy

During the late period of the Rankan Era, Feltheryn's Players were a small theatrical company who found great success in "culture-starved" Sanctuary. Appealing to Rankan refugees, the players performed four to six shows a year to large audiences, including even Prince Kadakithis and his consort, Shupansea, the Avatar of the Beysa. With the success enjoyed by Feltheryn's troupe, other acting guilds began to appear in the Processional and Westside, performing in street productions or actual theatres. Most of these performances leaned towards the bawdy and lewd, but dramas were just as likely.

Sanctuary's renaissance would be short-lived. Outbreaks of disease kept people from congregating in large numbers, fearing they might catch whatever ill humor ran through the city that week. With the droughts and destruction of the city's agricultural infrastructure, food became scarce and expensive. Commoners could ill afford to spend precious coin on such worthless diversions. And finally, when the Dyareelans seized the city, they did not tolerate the bawdy plays, forcing what actors they didn't kill outright out of the city. Since the Troubles, theatre is all but dead.

Drinking

Where there's misery, there's booze, and taverns lie at the heart of Sanctuary's culture. The premier diversion in this city is alcohol. From thin, rancid wine to the beer of the watering holes spread throughout the city, there's a pub for every budget. More than just numbing despair, taverns are an important part of life in Sanctuary. They are places to eat at a reasonable price, to meet business associates, to exchange information, and to hear a song or two played by a local minstrel or listen to a storyteller weave a lie.

Sanctuary is inventive when it comes to its alcohol. There are hundreds of different drinks, from beers and ales to wines. Wine is a staple beverage, though it sees strongest usage in the home to cleanse water for drinking. For entertainment purposes, Sanctans drink a variety of fruit wines and regular grape wines. In the Rankan Era, the Stepsons drank warm wine mixed with barley, and the tradition seems to survive among mercenaries, especially those from the north. There are also several breweries in the city, such as Tallulah's Thunder Ale and other varieties. Usually, though, inns and taverns brew their own beer and ales.

The city produces spirits in small quantities, but the distillation process is still more art than science, and the blind beggars are living proof of why it's best not to trust hard liquors. What harder stuff there is to drink consists mostly of brandy, thanks to the vineyards of the supporting hamlets.

The quality of these establishments vary with the neighborhood. The most infamous bar is the Vulgar Unicorn, said to stand in the center of the Maze. This storied place has been the site of all too many crimes, rapes, and murders. It's the center of intrigues, and the stuff of legend. The beer and wine are terrible, the clientele worse, and even the prostitutes leave something to be desired. But it is a popular stop, famous throughout the known world for its… atmosphere. For more information on some of the more famous bars in Sanctuary, check out **Chapter Three: Sanctuary, Then and Now**.

Drugs

Sanctuary has a thriving drug trade. From petty pushers haunting the streets of the Hill and the Maze, to the upscale *krrf* dens on the Street of Red Lanterns, drugs have always been a big part of the city's underworld, though few can afford a habit for long. Many drugs are too expensive for a common citizen to use with any regularity. But



most are simply too deadly, destroying the user's life, family and friends as the coils of addiction tighten.

Drug use is generally banned throughout the city. Kadakithis and, later, the Peers strove to keep the drug lords in check. Despite their best efforts, they failed. They could not slow or eliminate the demand. In the Rankan Era, Jubal and One-Thumb were prominent players in the drug trade, but now, Lord Night is nearly the uncontested ruler of Sanctuary's grim underworld.

Drugs found in Sanctuary include (but are not limited to):

Smoking Herbs

For as long as there has been civilization, people across the land have used smoking herbs to relax. These consist of a blend of leaves, using tobacco as the base. Depending on the composition, the herbs can have a strong euphoric effect, or leave a pleasant, but mild, numbing sensation. Rarely addictive, use of this diversion is acceptable throughout Sanctuary.

Dust

Mild, and out of fashion since the emergence of opah, dust users can still be found in the Hill and Maze. Dust is little more than bad *krrf* that has been cut with dirt, herbs, dried manure, or worse. It produces a mild euphoric effect that does relatively little for the user other than satiate a craving for *krrf*. Opah users derive no benefit from dust at all.

Kleetel

For those preferring local fare, the Swamp of Night Secrets is home to kleetel, a euphoric and mild psychedelic that is popular with 'Nighters and former Downwinders. Easy to harvest and available in great abundance, it is popular among common laborers and the poor. Unfortunately, kleetel leaves an indelible stamp on its users, rotting their teeth and causing intense nausea. Aside from the stink of vomit that serves as kleetel's most famous side effect, the stench of it seeps through the pores, surrounding regular users with an unpleasant stench.

Krrf

The drug of choice for the elite, *krrf* has been a popular import into the city for generations. Introduced to Sanctuary by Caronnese merchants, its use spread rapidly through the upper echelons of Sanctan society. Appealing for its pleasing sensations of self-confidence and sexual pleasure, it has since spread into all levels of society, maintaining a large following even today. *Krrf* is sold by the tambale (brick) or a portion of a tambale. The better the drug, the stickier it is. Though it can be inhaled like snuff, most Sanctans who use it smoke it as the Ilsigi do.

Opah

While most drugs used in Sanctuary are mildly addictive, few are as dangerous as opah, a nasty and addictive drug that rapidly hooks users—often for life. Those who try to kick it suffer terribly, experiencing chills, hallucinations, tremors, and occasionally high fevers. Though *krrf* comes from Caronne, opah comes from the Mrsevedans. They sold it to the Caronnese, who then spread it throughout the world through their capable merchant network. Since opah's first emergence, Sanctuary's outlying communities have taken over production using Caronnese *krrf* for the base. And given its widespread availability, it stands to supplant all other drugs in the city.

A Vulgar Glossary

Sanctuary has a number of unique and colorful curses and epithets appropriate to the city and its inhabitants. What follows is a short glossary of the words and phrases commonly heard on the city streets.

B.D.P: An abbreviation, meaning "Before this Damned Prince." Since Kadakithis vanished, this term has fallen out of favor, and is no longer used in the Irrune Era.

Bint: 1. a loose or conniving woman. *She cheated on me? I'll kill that bint.*

Cadite: 1. a native of Cadis, a foreign country. **2.** A person of lascivious character.

Conky: 1. a derogatory term for a concubine.

Croy: 1. to cheat or shortchange.

Dance in the Air: 1. to be hanged.

Death Shift: 1. a span of time starting in the middle of the night and ending after dawn.

Dip: 1. a pickpocket.

Downwinder: 1. a resident of the Downwind (Rankan Era only). **2.** a collector of garbage and nightsoil. **3.** the custom of wrinkling one's nose when referring to Downwinders in conversation.

Eunice: 1. a contemptuous name for a eunuch.

Frog: 1. the act of coitus. **2.** something that engages in coitus. **3.** A oath. Also, **froggin'** and **frogged**. *I'll kill that froggin bint.*

Imperial: 1. of, or pertaining to, an empire, specifically the Rankan Empire. When pronounced by Wrigglie speakers, there is a tendency to change one of the syllables, making the word sound like the Ilsigi word for someone whose mother slept around.

Mofandsf (Moe-fahn-zuf): 1. mind-boggling; often used by thieves as an exclamation.

Nabob: 1. a very wealthy or powerful person. **2**. a colloquial and mildly derogatory translation for the Ilsigi/Wrigglie word for lord. *She cheated on me with a nabob? I'll kill that froggin' bint.*

Pork: 1. cooked swine. 2. the act of coitus. 3. something that engages in coitus. 4. A mild oath. Also, **porkin'** and **porked**. *Porkin hell! She cheated on me with an imperial nabob? I'll kill that froggin' porksucking bint.* Note that Wrigglies swear by frogs and Rankans swear by swine.

Pud: 1. an insignificant and worthless person, deriving from Rankene. *Porking hell! Are you saying, pud, she cheated on me with an imperial nabob? I'll kill that froggin'porksucking bint and that froggin' pud too.*

Rag/Scrap: 1. an opah addict.

Roach: 1. a cockroach. **2.** thief, especially a cat-burglar. *That porking roach broke into my house!*

Shewaw: 1. an exclamation of disgust.

Shite: 1. excrement. *That porking roach broke into my house and I aim to beat the living shite out of him.*

Sparker: 1. A wealthy, but soft and worthless man.

Wrigglie: 1. a derogatory name for Sanctuary's citizens, first coined by Tempus and the Stepsons. **2.** a cultural identifier among Sanctans.

What makes this drug so hard to control is that it is first inexpensive to produce and second, powerfully addictive. Not much more than crystallized *krrf* ground down into a coarse brown powder, it requires very little *krrf* to create large quantities. The common method for distribution is through rags. During the final stages of manufacture, lengths of cloth are steeped in the *krrf*-opah slurry and then dried, either in the sun (which is preferred) or over a hearth. After this, the cloth is cut into two-inch squares. Pushers, often addicts themselves, sell rags for about eight padpols each, enough to satiate a user for about a day, though this is rarely enough for the deeply addicted.

Part of opah's the appeal is its price, but the real lure is in its addictive qualities. When placed directly on the tongue and dissolved with saliva, the drug produces an intense, though short-lived, sense of superior well-being and confidence. It doesn't take long for the drug's corrosive properties to show themselves in regular users, creating terrible mouth sores that take weeks to heal. Thus, addicted users have misshapen tongues and garbled speech, which is very noticeable in Rankene. As the use of opah is forbidden and the effects are quite visible, most users dissolve the drug in alcohol, honey, or blood. Alcohol is preferred, as it not only extends the euphoria, but exaggerates its own effects. Those users with bad tongue ulcers abrade their skin and press the cloth directly to the wound.

With the spread of opah through Sanctuary, scraps (opah-addicts) are fast becoming a problem. The mere sight of a customer dipping a bit of cloth in an alcoholic beverage can get him tossed into the street. While opah addicts are no rowdier than drunkards, casual users can become delusional and aggressive, leading to the occasional tavern brawl or murder.

Opah production has thrived in recent years. It's made in the outlying hamlets just outside Sanctuary's walls and then smuggled easily into the city to major buyers like Makker (see page 159). It's hard to tell an opah-stained rag from the filthy garments worn by farmers, and without tasting it (something no guard would volunteer to do), there's no way of knowing the drug from filth. The council of oligarchs and Arizak have banned the drug, but such prohibitions have failed in the face of its inexpensive price, the intensity of the addiction, and the profit enjoyed by prominent citizens. As a result, it seems opah is here to stay.

Food

In a city as stricken with poverty as Sanctuary is, people eat whatever they can get. Few have the resources to pay for a meal at a restaurant, and those meals they can afford are found in seedy dives, where the meat is suspect and the breads are crunchy with weevils. Wealthier citizens, like middle-class artisans or better, can afford to dine at finer restaurants on occasion, though no more than once or twice a month. It falls to the wealthiest citizens to sample Sanctuary's true delights.

Sanctuary's cuisine centers on fish and shellfish: crab, clams, scallops, snails and just about anything else hauled out from the sea. Even Sanctuary's few delicacies come from the sea. Though expensive, lobster is available to all citizens. Nothing compares to the price and demand of the seasonal nyafish, though, whose succulence is famous throughout the Known World.

Surrounding villages reliably supply the city with reasonably priced pork and beef, and sometimes lamb. Even though Sanctuary is in a

temperate climate, lacking the means for refrigeration means that keeping meat from spoiling is tough. What's not eaten quickly is ground up and stuffed inside the animal's entrails (usually cleaned) for sausage. Vendors sell cooked sausages, pies, kabobs, and fish on street corners, hawking their meals to passersby.

Aside from fish and meat, Sanctuary's foods include goat cheese and blue-veined cheese, along with several other varieties that are dipped in wax to preserve them. Eggs are staples, as are chicken and other poultry. Sanctans are never wasteful with food, for it wasn't long ago that people preyed on house pets to fill their growling gullets. Pickling is big, as well, and the hungry have a steady supply of pickled fish, pig feet and eyes, eggs, and eels, as well as anything else capable of being preserved in brine.

Fruits and vegetables are seasonally available. Popular selections are bananas, apples, Enlibar oranges (people love the sweet red flesh of these fruits), pomegranates, and melons. Citrus is a standard means for masking body odors, but these can be expensive, as most citrus is imported from distant lands. Fruit unique to Sanctuary includes the ginger-fruit (a small kumquat fruit that has a spicy flavor) and the qualis berry from which many drugs and wines are made. Locals also dry fruit to carry them through the winter, so apple crisps and raisins are available year round.

Grains and other vegetables are widely available. The outlying regions produce everything from peas and lentils to turnips and potatoes. Nearly every citizen keeps a small supply on hand, either in a cellar or in a covered hole to make it last longer. Grains mostly include wheat and barley, but rice is available as well.

With meals, many Sanctans drink filthy water, often with a splash of wine to kill contaminants. Wine can be expensive, though, so dysentery is a common ailment among the poor. Beer is a good substitute, being cheaper than wine, and more common. The wealthy drink imported tea when it's available from merchants. Fruit juice during certain times of the year is another alternative.

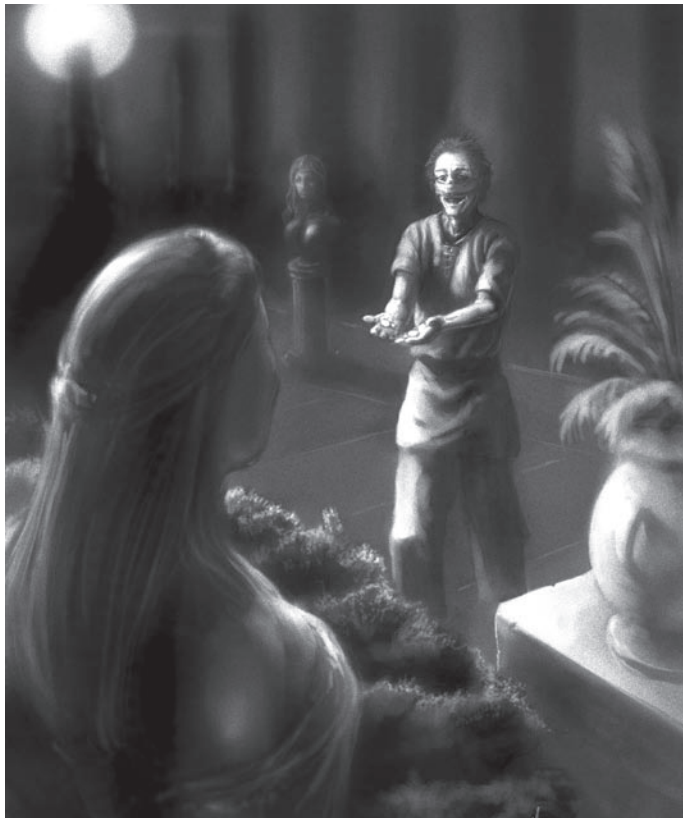
Music

Musicians can make decent livings in Sanctuary, for few locals have any talent with instruments of any kind. Whether a minstrel plays the *cresca*, a stringed instrument similar to a lute, or a flute, or simply just sings, a bawdy drinking song is always appreciated in Sanctuary's dingy bars. Though most have an appreciation for lighthearted tunes, a haunting dirge or a love sonnet set to a few well-placed notes can stir even the hardest of hearts.

Most establishments have a small stage. If the minstrel has talent, proprietors gladly exchange a few tankards of ale, and perhaps a spot before the hearth, for a night's entertainment. Moreover, the minstrel can expect tips and other favors from the clientele. Even those who cannot find a stage can play on street corners during the day and treat the locals to a few tunes before the guard shoves them along. Though the life of a minstrel is by no means rich, a little talent can ensure a warm bed and a satisfied stomach.

Rumors and Lies

Sanctuary has no newspaper, no means for distributing news, no town criers… nothing of the sort. Instead, word passes through rumors and the stories of a few gifted storytellers. For a few padpols,



a rumormonger will divulge the latest gossip about Land's End, the Irrune, latest fashion trends, new goods on the Wideway, or any other information an individual might want. Naturally, not all a rumormonger tells is true — they are rumors, after all — but they tend to be slightly more reliable than the embellished tales of local storytellers.

Other sources of information are the storytellers. These men, and occasional women, gather tales from local citizens and weave them into entertaining yarns to regale the locals. Storytellers tend to know more than minor rumormongers do, or rather, they know more details. Where rumormongers gather tidbits and facts, storytellers gather tales, myths, and the personal experiences of common folk and locals. From a certain point of view, they provide the history of the city.

Tiles and Games

As with any other culture, Sanctans like their games. People play card games, dice and coin games, games involving ceramic tiles, games with stones, and others with figurines. For the most part, Sanctans gamble. They play card games similar to poker, betting with padpols or shaboozh for the high stakes games, though "tiles" (poker, but with ceramic tiles like dominoes) is a more popular pastime.

Whoring

For those with a certain itch that needs scratching, there are plenty of brothels. Prostitution is a strong industry, regardless of the era. From the high-priced bordellos of the Street of Red Lanterns to the diseased whore haunting the Promise of Heaven in the dead of night, to the sadistic pleasure den that is the House of Whips… no matter the taste or interest, Sanctuary caters to all.

The Shady Side of Things

Sanctuary's not called "Thieves' World" for nothing; this city literally thrives on criminal enterprise. It seems that, no matter their station or social class, everyone in this city operates outside the law. Pickpockets and cutpurses prowl the bazaar and Caravan Square. Gangs roam the Hill and the Maze, taking by force what they refuse to earn through honest means. Drug lords and their armies of pushers make addicts of the innocents and weak-willed, preying on children, both of body and of mind. Beggars, assassins, slavers, and worse combine to make Sanctuary's streets dangerous, regardless of the hour. This section highlights a few of the more profitable businesses and notorious criminals.

Drugs

Sanctuary is a city of vice… of prostitutes, thievery, murder and drugs. Between the *krrf* dens in Westside, the Hill, and the Maze, or the swollen tongues of scraps driven by an insatiable need for just one more fix, drug use is a growing problem in the city. As various drug lords and their armies of pushers and dealers fight for more territory, the city groans under the weight of corruption.

The industry of dealing in drugs is as complex as any other business in the city. The city imports most of the raw materials from places like Cirdonia and Caronne and refines them in the agricultural communities on the outskirts of the city. As the Irrune lack the interest or the resources to widen their control into the outlying areas, law must be maintained by local militias, and drug lords easily bribe them to turn the other way.

For a small fee, farmers and herdsmen smuggle the finished materials into the city, moving hundreds of opah books into the city each week to handlers who work in Caravan Square and the Farmers' Market. They bring the materials back to their headquarters in the city, and distribute the product to pushers. Many dealers are addicts themselves, and sell the books to keep themselves supplied, which is just how the drug lords like it: They work for raw materials, and they're easily replaced by a dozen other addicts struggling with the same cravings.

Opah is the biggest industry of them all, but dustmen in the Hill still do a brisk business among the really desperate. *Krrf*, still mostly illegal, comes into the city, though it remains a drug for the wealthier citizens. And smoking herbs, perhaps the most common of all, can be purchased legally from any of Sanctuary's apothecaries.

Gangs and Thugs

Some of the greatest threats to the average citizen are not the avatars of angry gods or random spells cast by mad wizards, but the prowling gangs of disaffected youth. The lack of regular work, ignorance, and growing disillusionment and despair engender a rebellious streak in many of the city's younger citizens. These groups, made up mostly of idle young men, set fires, abuse children and animals, steal, rape, and act as a public menace. Much more of a threat during the Rankan Era, gangs ranged from swarms of urchins to organized criminals that ran protection rackets.

Sanctuary has had many gangs; some grew to infamy, others were born and dead within the span of a few days. The Beggar King, during the Rankan Era, used swarms of children to do his dirty work — a group of them ambushed Jubal in revenge for the killing of one of their own. Beggars worked together, closing in on lone travelers, panhandling, and preying on the kindhearted and naïve. Jubal used his hawk-masks (see page 36 for details) as a brazen symbol of his power in the city. In the chaos of Sanctuary's civil war, Zip used gang members and thugs as the foot soldiers of the PFLS.

Though the faces have changed, gangs remain a problem. Irrune soldiers take what they want, whether woman or food. Hillers prey on merchants, and groups of children run wild in the streets. People learn to cross to the other side of the street rather than face a cluster of bored faces. Sanctans adapt to survive the violence of the city.

Protection Rackets

To run a business in this city, it's more than likely you'll have to pay for some form of protection. Criminal organizations "allow" businesses to pay a cut of their profits in exchange for watching out for the place and preventing their own organization or others from robbing the place or otherwise disrupting business. This is an age-old custom in the city and the rulers are powerless to stop the underworld from exerting its influence on the lives of commoners. A business or home under the watch of a criminal group gains a painted mark or a swatch of colored cloth to show the place's allegiance to which group.

The worst excesses of this kind of extortion were during the terrorism spread by the "piffles" and the 3rd Commando near the end of Ranke's influence on the city. There were literally dozens of factions in the city, with groups controlling as little as a single block or alley or as much as an entire neighborhood. Not only were businesses required to pay for protection from each of the various factions, visitors had to purchase armbands to prevent being attacked by one or more of the many groups vying for control of the city. Simply by crossing from one side of the city to the other, a traveler might purchase a dozen such badges for their "protection."

Slavery

In a city founded by ex-slaves, one would think there would be a hard stance against the practice of chattel slavery within the city. Unfortunately, this is a world where there are no truly free societies, and slavery is a big part of every nation's economy. The only reason why Sanctuary does not have a bigger slave market is that few citizens can afford to own them. The only citizens who do (in the current era) are in Land's End or in the Governor's Palace. During the Rankan occupation, slavery was a little more common, but still reserved for the wealthiest people, such as the various churches, merchants and, again, those in the palace.

Slaves can originate from anywhere in the Known World. Rankans drew most of their slaves from the people they conquered. A surrendering force is expected to serve their conquerors for a time, usually until they can buy their ways out of slavery. Luckily, few

nations have closed slavery systems, so the slaves' grandchildren were often born free men and women.

The worst slavers are pirates. During the end of the Rankan occupation, pirates from Scavengers' Isle crept into the city and kidnapped citizens in order to sell them, either on their island or in ports throughout the world. It's a dirty business, but a very profitable one.

Theft and Burglary

Sanctuary is famous for its thieves. Wrigglies steal anything not nailed down, and then most come back with a prybar to take both the nail and the thing nailed. No one wants to be robbed, but it's part of the cost of living in this city. Furthermore, people see thieves in a little better light. Characters like Shadowspawn bring a certain air of excitement and adventure to the life of a thief, and these figures are icons for a generation of poor and hungry children.

The city breeds all kinds of thieves, from cutpurses to cat burglars, from hoods to grifters. Everyone makes sure to lock their doors, keep their coin purses close, and above all, conceal the sumptuousness of their station. Ostentatious displays of wealth instantly attract attention, and the naïve merchant who thinks otherwise will wind up poor and begging for his next meal by the end of the day.

In general, Sanctan thieves don't prey on the poor. Most know the pinch of hunger, the bite of the cold, and the feel of filthy rags scratching against the skin. Instead, they look to priests, nobles, merchants, and maybe a guard or two to line their purses. The common view is that it is the wealthy citizen's duty to give without struggle, and the thieves make it their business to make certain the rich make good on their responsibilities.

Other Crimes

The only way to survive in Sanctuary is to be prepared for the worst. Sanctans have witnessed the very worst of human excesses, from slavery to ritual sacrifice on the altars of perverse gods. But even worse than these atrocities are the crimes Sanctans commit against one another. Murder is so common in this city that there's an entire industry of corpse-picking, where local businesses collect unclaimed bodies found in alleys or street corners and render them for their raw materials. From the fat, they make candles and soap, and from the hair, they produce wigs and even rope. The various bodily fluids can be resold to wizards, alchemists, and apothecaries.

But some crimes are worse than death from an argument or a brawl, or even cold-blooded killing. During the most tumultuous times,



where the PFLS terrorized the city, they would burn down buildings just because they suspected an inhabitant of having loyalties to the Beysibs or the Stepsons. These fires spread quickly in the poor sections of the city, creating legions of scarred or maimed citizens.

Rape is another problem in the city. Though Sanctuary has plenty of brothels to satisfy the most decadent tastes, Sanctuary is a city filled with hard and dangerous men, and among them swells a hunger for violence. During the day, young women, or particularly attractive young men, should never go without escorts. At night, even a squad of mercenaries might not be enough.

Perhaps the most galling part of living in this city is that, though crimes occur every day with a new corpse each week and horrific acts of human depravity unfolding constantly, the watch and the guard do little. Most guards eagerly accept bribes to let their prisoners go. Even in the early years of Kadakithis' rule, corruption was rampant, and the worst parts of human nature continue to assert themselves as they have for as long as any can remember. It falls to personal defense and vigilance to survive these streets.

Politics

Though seemingly lawless, Sanctuary has always had a ruler, and there have always been laws, even if they're largely ignored. Since the Ilsigi first conquered the innocent fishing village of ex-slaves and sailors, down to the present day presence of the always-volatile Irrune, Sanctuary has seen a parade of corrupt, ambitious, and worthless rulers. Even during the bright spots in the city's history, corruption has always reigned supreme. It's a wonder the city is still standing, some say, considering the leaders that have controlled the place.

Governments: Past and Present

Sanctuary has known war and strife, with many conquerors and many rulers. Each governor or cluster of governors left a mark on the city, commemorated by architectural improvements or areas ruined by their neglect, statues of old leaders erected in their hubris, or in the very names of the ruled. Signs of Sanctuary's past are everywhere, if

one knows where to look. A section of wall may bear the silhouette of a noble lord; though people pass by every day, few recognize that it honors Kadakithis. Even the hated Beysib left a mark on the city, leaving behind timbers from ruined ships that were incorporated into the various buildings along the Wideway. Sanctuary is a city with a living history that pulses on the streets, in the buildings, and in the desperate souls that haunt the night.

Ilsig Era

When Ilsig conquered Sanctuary, memories of the slave rebellion were still fresh. The Ilsigi sought to punish the populace for weakening their kingdom and betraying them to the Rankans. The conquerors set about to fortify the city, starting construction on the Governor's Palace, the Old Wharf, and a number of improvements on the city to better defend it against their Rankan enemies.

For the Sanctans, this was a brutal time. The Ilsig conquerors had no interest in justice, only punishment and exploitation. The Ilsigi ruled the city with an iron first, conscripting citizens to work on government projects without pay. Public executions were the norm, leading to a climate of fear that seems to persist even to this day. Some mark this era as the start of the end of Sanctuary's innocence.

Rankan Rulers

Ranke conquered Sanctuary next. The city promised to be an excellent staging area to mount attacks against their rivals, the Kingdom of Ilsig. Without Sanctuary, Ranke faced a prolongued war in the World's Spine Mountain, for even after a century of fighting, the tribal people held the one known pass, preventing the legionnaires from mounting an adequate invasion. And so, when a general discovered his father's journal, which recounted the route he took from Sanctuary, Ranke wasted little time.



The Empire descended on the small city, slaughtering the Ilsigi lords and soldiers. But the Rankans saw little differences between the Ilsigi masters and the Wrigglies who lived there. Once conquered, Sanctuary was absorbed into the Empire, used to launch an invasion of the Kingdom of Ilsig, and when the mission was completed, Ranke pretty much left the city to its own devices.

The Emperor installed a series of governors, each more corrupt than the last. The rulers took more and more from the people, using the monies taken to fund their decadent lifestyles. This was tolerable, at least at first, for Sanctuary, then, lay on a major trade route. But once Ilsig fell, Sanctuary's importance declined and the influx of wealth dried up. The artisans and merchants drifted from the city to be replaced by malcontents, cast-offs, and undesirables, lending to the city's already seedy character.

Early Governors

Many governors came and left Sanctuary, but there are few records of their names or their accomplishments. Little distinguished one regime from the others; all were marked with corruption, decadence, and idleness. Being assigned to Sanctuary was a demotion; the city largely a place to dump political enemies. Those first few Rankan governors may have sought to improve the city, but they quickly realized Sanctuary had as much use for them as they did for the city. So Rankan rulers and the populace fell into a regular truce. If you needed something done, you bribed an official. Governors plundered tax revenues for their own pleasures, hosting lavish parties and wasting precious funds on courtesans, imported liquors, and, of course, *krrf*.

For more details on Sanctuary's early governors, see the Serripines Clan on page 38.

Kadakithis

When Kadakithis arrived to replace the previous ineffective lord, the city had no idea what to do with him. Kadakithis, also known as "Kittycat," honestly wanted to clean up the city. He planned to repair the roads, stop drug trafficking, stop the gangs, and pretty much neuter Sanctuary's criminal underworld. He ordered his Hell Hounds to patrol the streets, levied a tax against the brothels, and passed a slew of other unpopular laws. Kadakithis hanged a thief every day. Their tar-dipped bodies swung from ropes off the walls of the Governor's Palace to spread the word that this new governor was different.

At first, the city was shocked, and a little angry. As over half the city had some illicit involvement, every law affected everyone. The brothels had no intention of closing up shop to meet the demanded taxes, and the drug lords had no desire to find legitimate trades. The reactions were poor and created a great deal of unrest, starting with a war between the beggars and Jubal's hawk-masks, and concluding with the brutal destruction of Jubal's estate at the hands of Tempus. With the most prominent crime lord dead (or so most believed), it seemed Sanctuary was on the cusp of great change.

But then the Beysib came, fleeing a tyrant in their native land, and not all were as welcoming as the prince. For the next several years, Kadakithis' reign was marked with violence, civil war, and anarchy.

And while the city boiled with unrest, Kadakithis was strangely detached from the violence, seemingly content with the luxury of the palace.

Kadakithis eventually restored some semblance of stability, largely through the efforts of his allies Tempus, the Stepsons, and a witch from the Downwind. And success brought him even greater popularity with the citizens of Sanctuary. The last few years of his tenure showed incredible advances in developing the city's defense, renovations to the roads and gates, improvement in food and other resources, and best of all, a more important presence for the city in the Known World.

Shupansea and the Beysib

As described, the coming of the Beysibs distracted Kadakithis from his course. With these alien people came strange beliefs, customs, and dress — all of which proved to be an immense distraction to the rulers and the ruled. But the Beysibs also brought with them incredible wealth and force of arms. Though the Beysib were welcomed as friends, no one doubted that the Beysibs could have taken the city had they wanted to. Thanks to the efforts of a pair of fishermen, Sanctuary avoided the violence of the invasion — or at least to start.

From the beginning of the Beysib presence, tensions were high. The Beysib are a matriarchic society and so women were accorded great honors. For most Wrigglie men, this was intolerable and was only made worse by the Beysib style of dress. It was downright scandalous how these women flaunted their breasts, covering themselves with paint rather than honest clothing.

It didn't help things that people saw Kadakithis as too young, too untested to handle the threat. Most believed the governor had given over too easily and was seduced by Princess Shupansea's wiles. This led to a widespread belief that Kadakithis had betrayed the population and had abandoned them in their time of need.

Finally, Beysib justice was ruthlessly efficient. At the executioner's block, criminals weren't hanged; they were subject to violent displays of swordplay, where the criminal would be stripped naked and tied to a post while a swordsman would carve bits of flesh from his body. People would watch, in some cases it was required, and the cruelty fomented the seeds of hatred.

Though the rumblings of discontent were heard, in the streets, in the taverns, even in the bedroom of the Beysa, Kadakithis honestly believed that the friendship with the Beysib people would thrust Sanctuary forward, and make it a place of import in the Known World. The Beysib people were incredibly wealthy and they were willing to trade with the locals, thus improving the lives of all. To encourage this, he openly courted the Beysib princess, Shupansea, to firm the bonds of alliance.

In truth, Sanctuary descended into a brutal civil war in the days when Shupansea jointly ruled the city. Though she strove to protect her people, counter-organizations like the Piffles ambushed Beysibs, murdering them in the streets. The 3rd Commando stalked the night, fighting a secret war against Roxane and her undead lackeys. The Stepsons, or at least the ones Tempus left behind, picked sides against the Beggar King, Jubal, and others as the city hemorrhaged with the infighting. What could have been a time of peace was instead one of despair and destruction.

Molin Torchholder

Throughout the entire Rankan Era, the exiled priest, Molin Torchholder, served as the city's champion. At first, he despised the Sanctans, disdaining the constant crime and the stink of corruption, but somehow he fit in. He never actually ruled the city, but during the reign of Kadakithis and Shupansea, as well as the turbulent period after their passing, Molin guided the government from behind the throne. During the Gods' War, he fought on the front lines, maneuvering to get the Temple of Savankala completed, but even after Vashanka's temporary exile, he remained at the center of the city's treacherous politics.

When Kadakithis left to make a claim on the Rankan throne, the city turned to Molin for leadership. Molin could have claimed a seat on the council of oligarchs, for he certainly had the wealth and influence. Instead, he opted to be an advisor, and spent his remaining years in semi-retirement. The greed and ambition of the magnates prevented him from much rest, however. Despite his warnings, the magnates made foolish decisions based on lining their pockets rather than safeguarding the city. It fell to Molin to save Sanctuary from the cult of Dyareela, to rescue the city from the jaws of religious tyranny, and to usher it into a new era.

And so, while Molin was ever the corrupt official, capable of great evils, he always looked to the betterment of Sanctuary rather than toward advancing his own station. While he yearned for Ranke and hated the city and all that it stood for, he took his responsibilities very seriously. Molin, perhaps, better reflects the nature of city than anyone else, for while he was a noble, dedicated man, his history was colored by crime and corruption, and by the terrible things he permitted or did himself to gain the greater good. For Molin, the ends always justified the means.

Protectors of Sanctuary (The Peers)

The Beysibs withdrew from Sanctuary once word reached them that the Usurper had died, freeing them to return to their homeland and restore themselves as rightful rulers of their own empire. Kadakithis, Chenaya, and others left on their heels, setting forth to stake a claim on the now-vacant Rankan throne. This left a power vacuum in the city, and filling the gap were the city's most influential and wealthy citizens. The self-named Protectors of Sanctuary set out to seize control of the city, passing a series of laws and edicts to improve their own positions, rather than to protect or help Sanctuary. It seemed that Sanctuary had returned to its previous era of poor rule. However, what separated this regime from those in the past was that the council consisted of Rankan expatriates, Ilsigi and Wrigglie merchant princes, and other influential citizens. For the first time in history, Sanctans ruled Sanctuary.

Though the council had great plans for the city, too many of their numbers feared independence from Ranke, and so they entreated Ranke (and later the reconstituted Ilsig) for help and supplies, offering vast sums of gold, slaves, and favorable trade agreements for assistance with the growing difficulties faced by the city. Sadly, the era of hope that dawned with Ranke's withdrawal brought drought, famine, and pestilence to the city, only heightened by the arrival of foreign priests and merchants.

With dwindling resources, the councilmen and women turned to their own concerns, protecting their interests and leaving Sanctuary to whatever end it would face. The city was ripe for new rule. But no one suspected it would be at the hands of the cult of Dyareela.

Dyareelans

Easily the most influential organization to visit Sanctuary in the past two decades, these men and women worshipped Dyareela, the chaos goddess and mistress of madness. Usually described as a woman with singed hair and scorched robes, smoke and flame rising all about her, and her face twisted into a demon mask, she is neither a Rankan god nor an Ilsigi one. She predates both pantheons, and is worshipped all over the world. She is often referred to as the Dark Mother or the Lady of Blood. Blood, chaos, violence, and madness are her provinces. She is a hermaphrodite: although worshipped in her feminine form, she is said to be masculine below the waist.

Those who worship Dyareela believe she provides renewal by razing and providing a clean slate for rebirth. Her methods are blunt, brutal, and painful, because every great work requires pain, and only through sacrifice can the world grow and mature. Blood sacrifices are made often, and most worshippers also scar themselves to show their devotion. This makes it very easy to spot a follower of Dyareela.

No one knows when the cult first entered Sanctuary. It is possible it had always been there; certainly, the city has enough violence, madness, and bloodshed to satisfy the goddess, and Dyareela had overtly influenced events in the city on more than one occasion. When the Protectors entreated the Kingdom of Ilsig for assistance, the foreign nation sent priests for succor. Among them were cultists of the Mother of Chaos.

Dyareela and deities like her always gain more followers during crises. People assume the goddess is responsible for the catastrophe, showing her power and demanding worship, and they pray to her in the hope that the problem will end. Thus, when the droughts began, more people called out to Dyareela, though drought and famine are not her usual methods. But then the plague returned, this time more virulent and much more painful. That brought sickness, bloodshed, and mayhem, all of which suited the Dark Mother perfectly. Her worshippers spoke out openly for the first time, praising her name and offering to end the sickness on her behalf. Most of the S'danzo in Sanctuary had vanished, leaving only a few people behind, and Dyareela's worshippers hunted them down and slaughtered them, claiming the S'danzo were unclean and impure and had cursed the city as they'd fled. And then the plague disappeared. The cultists declared that they had sent it away, thanks be to Dyareela, by purging the evil from their city. The Council knew this was just posturing, but most of the locals believed them—after all, they themselves had just killed the S'danzo, and with their deaths went the plague. More people listened to the priests, and more Sanctans joined them.

Life in Sanctuary was still hard, but the Dyareelans preached this was a test from their goddess. They claimed that she wanted them to suffer in order to wipe away their own impurities, so they might serve her better. Sanctans looked for anything to explain their string of horrible luck, so most jumped at this answer: Dyareela tested them all. And, by praying to her, they hoped to earn her favor and perhaps escape her wrath the next time around.

At this point, the worshippers became an actual cult. Only two types of people existed: Dyareela's chosen and the unclean. If you were not a follower, you must be impure, and you had to be tortured and then killed to cleanse the land of your taint. They maintained their position because the Protectors were the first to fall under their sway, and the city's elite was willing to tolerate the cult's early efforts so long as they were directed towards the more "troublesome" elements of the city. They spoke out about how Dyareela wanted to wipe the world clean of its flaws and create a paradise for her faithful. The cult grew in size and in fervor. They performed sacrifices, grabbing anyone they considered unclean, torturing them, and then killing them publicly. The deaths were horrible. Victims were placed in large metal cages and then hung above a roaring fire. Public floggings were common, and sometimes the goddess could only be satisfied by hearts cut out to the moans of gathered crowds. The townspeople prayed that these sacrifices would convince her not to make matters worse.

Shortly after the cult came into power, it split into factions. Half its members believed Dyareela had been angry, and demanded the sacrifices as appeasement. Now that they had made the sacrifices, she might relent and release them from this cycle of drought, flooding, and plague. These were the traditionalists. They believed destruction and chaos were parts of rebirth, but not necessarily the only part. The rest of the cult, however, felt differently. They knew the end times were near. Dyareela would wipe the world utterly clean and only the faithful would survive the purging, ushering in a new golden age. But all of the impure had to be destroyed before this new world could be born. To the extremists, even the traditionalists were heretics, traitors, and heathens.

The cult of Dyareela fed on fear. The more Sanctuary suffered, the stronger it became. With each outbreak of plague, each flood or hurricane, and each fire, the cult declared the goddess had cleansed another impurity, and that the world was that much closer to reaching the promised glory of Dyareela's paradise. And while they preached the propaganda from blood-flecked lips and sprayed the froth only the insane can spew, the cultists, almost as a whole, slipped into insanity. What were once carefully controlled sacrifices became wholesale slaughter. The city panicked, and many Sanctans fled.

Worse were the orphans. In an act of "compassion," the cult opened orphanages for Sanctuary's children, collecting these pliable minds so they could indoctrinate them into the faith. Each child they converted added to the army they strove to build to spread their message all over the world. With such a force, they could conquer all the Known World and bring the goddess into the Material Plane. Soon, children perpetrated the worst acts, with the blood of brutal murders staining their hands.

The Protectors, though weakened, could stand no more. Through Molin Torchholder, they contacted Arizak, chieftain of the Irrune, a tribe of nomadic barbarians that had, on more than one occasion, been used by the Rankans in their interminable wars. Molin offered the Irrune the city if the Irrune would oust the cult. After nearly a year of negotiations (during which the Dyareelans committed the worst atrocities), Arizak agreed. Sympathizers in the city left open the gate to the city during a major festival to the goddess, and, through the open gate, Molin and the Irrune swept into the city. Too drunk to put up any real resistance, the Dyareelans were crushed and the few survivors — extremists, mostly — holed up in the Palace. Faced with a long siege, Molin ordered the palace burned (though it is still claimed that the palace caught fire by accident) and the resulting fire forced the cultists to surrender.

In the weeks that followed, the Irrune wiped out all remaining cultist elements they could find, while Molin interviewed the surviving orphans, selecting those who had not given their souls to the goddess and releasing them back into the city. The first law passed

was a ban on the worship of Dyareela; those found doing so faced execution. The Irrune took matters further, banning the worship of any god other than their own within the walls of the city. While the Irrune enforced the laws strictly, they were unable to track down every single cultist. Those few who survived removed the blood-red tattoos from their faces and hands, fled the city, or reintegrated into society, hiding their pasts until such time they are enough to retake Sanctuary once more.

The Irrune

In many ways, the Irrune are the Dyareelans' opposites. Where the Dyareelans were a fragmented cult of religious zealots, the Irrune are generally suspicious of gods, venerating their ancestors instead. They are a tribe of warriors, not priests. (As such, they are all related in some way.) Furthermore, when there is a disagreement within these people, they resolve it through ritual combat rather than by denouncing each other as heretics or simply launching an attack.

Second, the Dyareelans have been around for thousands of years, and may have been in Sanctuary since the city was first created. The Irrune, however, are not from this region, and first appeared near Sanctuary, on the other side of the rivers, only fifteen or so years ago. They are not native to this land, and only the truly well traveled in Sanctuary had ever heard of them before they settled in the nearby hills. But after Molin's time alongside the Irrune, he recognized a certain cultural kinship between the "uncivilized" Irrune and the ancestors of the Rankan Empire's founders.

Third, the Dyareelans focus upon death, destruction, and mayhem. The Irrune are warlike, but are little more than raiders. They concentrate on claiming supplies, women, and shelter, usually in that order. Destruction is entertaining, but only for items they do not want or cannot use. Death is serious, and even a dead foe deserves some funeral rites. Although they do not have many rules and place great store in personal freedom, the Irrune do not approve of anarchy. They advocate following a personal code, and obeying the clan leaders, and putting the clan before the individual's welfare. Even if the Dyareelans had not killed Arizak's younger brother, the Irrune might still have attacked them out of pity for the city and its residents, who were living in terror while the cult controlled the streets.

Now that they control Sanctuary, the Irrune have had to adjust their lifestyle and their beliefs to accommodate the city. Though not originally nomadic, the Irrune were on the move for decades. They had been chased from their own homeland by invaders, who later went on to attack the city of Ranke. Over eight thousand Irrune departed, but only four thousand reached Sanctuary — one sept, or major group, had decided not to travel so far west, and the constant travel and frequent fighting were taking their toll. Even back home, the Irrune were unfamiliar with cities; they lived in small groups spread out over large farmlands, only coming together in a lineage or a sept for emergencies or momentous occasions. The idea of living in a building with people who are not your relatives, and of cramming so many people into one place, and of spending the night under a solid ceiling and roof instead of gazing up at the stars, were all things the Irrune had never even considered and, for most, were frightening concepts.

Arizak had originally declined Molin's offer to control Sanctuary, because he knew that many of his people would not be able to endure the notion of living in such confined quarters. His young wife, who



was the daughter of a minor Rankan noble and merchant, was thrilled with the idea of settling down in a city, even *this* city, and eventually talked the clan chief into assisting. But, as Arizak had predicted, almost half his kinsmen decided to stay camped along the river instead of following him into Sanctuary and up to the palace.

The Irrune are primarily horsemen and sheepherders. In their own homeland, they relied on natural landscape features to confine their herds and protect them from predators. They are used to moving about freely, and do not like being cooped up, particularly in cold stone walls. This is part of the reason why the Irrune can often be seen wandering the streets of Sanctuary. The air doesn't smell right, particularly in the west end of the Shambles but it helps to be outdoors and moving about.

Perhaps the strangest notion the Irrune have, at least from a Sanctan's perspective, is their attitude toward money. The Irrune do not believe in buying or selling anything. Items should be taken by force, or given freely as gifts, but never simply purchased. This is hard for the locals to grasp, because many of them focus entirely on money, and to have their new rulers not care about such matters is unsettling. Of course, the smarter merchants and artisans caught on and began presenting the new governor with expensive "presents," and received valuable gifts in return, which they then sold. The Irrune see no problem with this, but they still do not understand why anyone would care so much about such small metal disks.

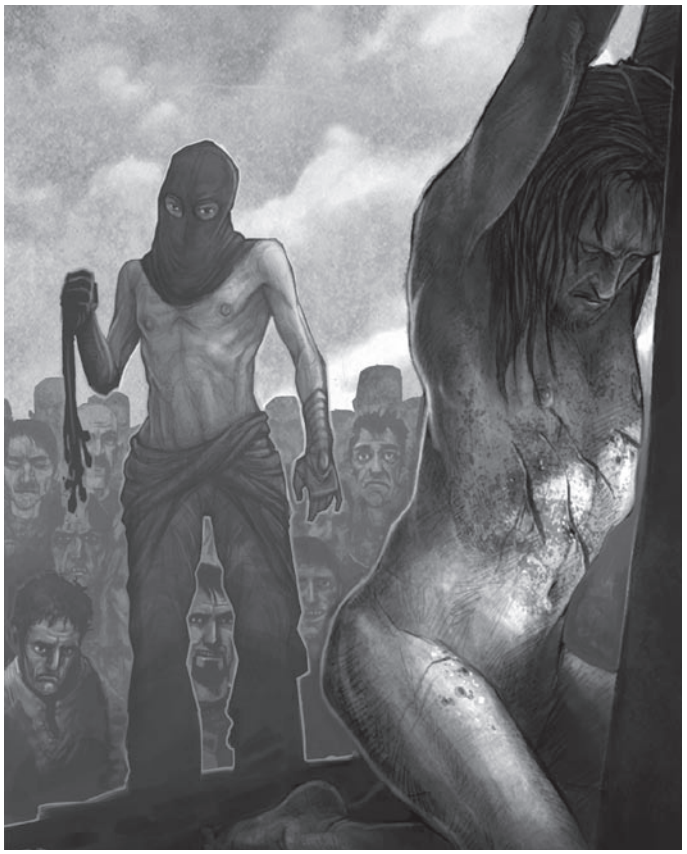
The Irrune are organized by paternal blood. Each lineage can trace its line back to a single man, and each of those men belonged to a larger family, known as a sept. Three septs left the Irrune homeland three generations ago. Only two of them reached the city. Arizak is the war leader of one sept and the brother of his first wife, Verrezza, brother was the war leader of the other. The Irrune also divide themselves

into war-bands: a group of young men built around a single leader. These war-bands are more aggressive than the rest of the Irrune, and constantly look for ways to prove their strength and for chances to win more wealth. (The wealth itself is not very important — as mentioned above, the Irrune do not buy items — but winning it is a sign of skill and power, and raises the war-band's prestige.) War-bands often hire themselves out to non-Irrune as warriors, though rather than actual pay, they prefer the right to raid their fallen foes. If the band is successful enough, when the members grow older, they can become a new lineage, with their leader as the patriarch.

When he first agreed to take control of Sanctuary, Arizak decided he would spend the winter months in the city, but would return to the mountains in spring and spend the summer and fall raiding as usual. Most of the Irrune agreed with this notion, for they always sat out the cold anyway, and waiting in fur-lined tents among the mountains or in the Governor's Palace are not so different. But after Arizak's wounding, he decided to retire to Sanctuary and govern the city instead. There is a great deal of confusion among his people as a result of this decision. Some came with him, and are now permanent Sanctuary residents, struggling to adapt to city life. But many others refuse to enter the city, and follow what they consider to be a traditional Irrune lifestyle, raiding and riding and only stopping during the worst of winter. The majority hope to find a balance between the two paths, and alternate between riding out in raids and spending time in the city. Part of the problem is that the Irrune are natural raiders, and they are accustomed to fighting and stealing whenever they want something. In Sanctuary, they have little to do, and it is far too easy to take anything they want from the vendors, merchants, or artisans. The Irrune men tend to their animals, but the sheep cannot graze within the city limits, so those Irrune who are now within Sanctuary have only their own horses to tend. In their own territory, the perennial plants were available for harvesting, as the tribe passed back through their territory as it moved along its yearly circuit. So, most Irrune are desperately bored in Sanctuary, and frantic for something to pass the time.

Law and Order

Sanctuary has a reputation for being a lawless place, where personal codes are more important than some dusty old edict hidden away in a records office of the Hall of Justice. And while custom tends to flout the laws, and bribery is the surest means for getting by any nuisance, there are some things that are illegal even in *Thieves' World*. However, codifying these laws is difficult, for they tend to change with whomever is in power. Furthermore, despite appearances, honest people do outnumber the criminals, and most folks want to get crime out of their neighborhoods for good.



Sanctuary holds to one essential law: If no one complains, it's not illegal. You can worship the seventeen-headed butcher-beast of the Seventh Hell in the privacy of your own home, and so long as no one complains, the Law doesn't give one whit. Sure, if they catch you in the act, or if a few virgins go missing, they may ask you some questions, but as long as you weren't responsible for the missing girls, they'll leave you in peace. It's hard to maintain a sense of law in a city like Sanctuary, where new laws are born and die with the latest ruler.

Much of Sanctuary's law enforcement relies on catching a culprit in the act, for few people will turn over a known thief to the watch, and most avert their eyes when they see a murder committed in an alley, go deaf to the screams of the assaulted, and even go so far as to cross to the other side of the street, lest they join the victim. Revenge is a serious risk whenever a nosy citizen sticks his nose where it doesn't belong, and so most do well keeping to themselves.

Of course, the Sharda, a recent law enforcement innovation, are now making a serious attempt to investigate crimes, though it's hard to say which crimes they take an interest in.

Though they receive little assistance from the locals, the guard and watch look for anything they deem suspicious. Though they may not know the letter of the law, they all have a sense for the things to keep an eye on. Obviously, if a patrol comes across a gang setting fire to a building with people trapped inside, the watch will step in. And if they see a man murder another in an alley, they'll arrest the murderer. But they can't be everywhere and at every time, so Sanctuary goes on as it always has: Don't ask, don't tell.

Punishments, Sanctuary Style

If caught, a criminal must face justice at the Hall of Justice, which is connected to the Governor's Palace. In most cases, a magistrate oversees the proceedings, listening to the evidence against the accused. The criminal is allowed to plead his case and have witnesses testify on his behalf. At the end of the trial, the magistrate considers the evidence, and then makes a decision based on his findings. If he finds the accused guilty, he also sentences the criminal.

Table 2–1: Crime and Punishment in Sanctuary

	— Punishment by Offense —			
Crime	**First**	**Second**	**Third**	**Fourth**
Arson	Fine (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)	Death	—
Arson, Government	Flogging (major)	Death	—	—
Assault	Mutilation (minor)	Hard labor (minor)	Flogging (moderate)	Flogging (major)
Blackmail	Fine (moderate)	Fine (major)	Hard labor (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)
Bribing an official	Fine (minor)	Fine (moderate)	Fine (major)	Flogging (minor)
Burglary	Fine (minor)	Fine (moderate)	Flogging (minor)	Flogging (moderate)
Counterfeiting	Fine (moderate)	Hard Labor (minor)	Hard Labor (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)
Dyareelan Worship*	Death	—	—	—
Embezzling	Fine (minor)	Fine (minor)	Hard labor (minor)	Flogging (moderate)
Fraud	Fine (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)	Exile	Hard labor (major)
Practice Religion*	Fine (minor)	Fine (minor)	Exile	—
Reckless spellcasting	Fine (minor)	Fine (moderate)	Flogging (minor)	Death
Murder	Hard Labor (major)	Flogging (moderate)	Death	—
Murder, Mass	Death	—	—	—
Perjury	Fine (minor)	Flogging (minor)	Hard labor (minor)	Hard labor (moderate)
Rape	Fine (minor)	Mutilation (minor)	Flogging (moderate)	Mutilation (major)
Rioting	Fine (minor)	Fine (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)	Hard labor (major)
Robbery**	—	Fine (minor)	Mutilation (minor)	Flogging (moderate)
Sedition	Flogging (moderate)	Flogging (major)	Exile	Death
Tax Evasion	Fine (minor)	Flogging (minor)	Hard labor (minor)	Hard labor (moderate)
Treason	Flogging (major)	Death	—	—
Vandalism	Fine (minor)	Flogging (minor)	Hard labor (moderate)	Flogging (moderate)

*Irrune Era only
**Regardless of Era, robbery is perhaps the least enforced of all the laws, except during the first part of Kadakithis' reign. In fact, during the Irrune era, stealing is a part of the Irrune culture, as they do not believe in currency.

For some crimes, Sanctuary relies on higher authority. For crimes of a magical nature (these are rarely, if ever tried), representatives of the Mageguild handle the trial. For instances of high treason, the Governor, or whoever happens to be in charge at the palace, makes all decisions.

Table 2–1: Crime and Punishment in Sanctuary describes punishable offenses in the city and in the outlying communities, though those places often had their own magistrates. By no means is this list exhaustive, and GMs are encouraged to tailor Sanctuary's legal system in accord with their particular campaign. For minor offenses, such as public drunkenness, slander, endangerment, and other petty crimes, the Hall of Justice imposes a mild fine (usually 1d6 shaboozh) or, failing that, a brief stay in Sanctuary's grim dungeon (see the Dungeon in **Chapter Three: Sanctuary, Then and Now** for details).

Sample Punishments

When determining the punishment for the crime, a magistrate (an honest one, in any case) applies the lowest listed punishment for first-time offenders. Each offense after the first one imposes a more severe punishment on the criminal. In the case of multiple crimes, the punishments stack.

Death

For many of Sanctuary's rulers, sentences of death served as the most expedient way of dealing with criminals. Prince Kadakithis was notorious for hangings, while the Dyareelans would burn criminals at the stake or cut out their hearts on their altars. The Irrune are fairly inventive, drawing and quartering criminals, or wrapping them in rugs and trampling them with horses. The more severe the crime, the more painful and slow the death. For crimes affecting the entire city or those against the government, governors publicly execute these perpetrators to reinforce the rule of law.

Exile

It takes a lot to get kicked out of Sanctuary, and so exile is pretty rare. Magistrates reserve this punishment for minor lawbreakers who pose no serious threat to the city, but could contaminate the population by a more severe punishment. Priests caught preaching in the streets often face exile, as do fraudulent merchants, charlatans, and the like. Exile is usually permanent, but there have been instances of exile for a set number of years. This is a common punishment for Irrune criminals.

Minor	Moderate	Major
Minor: 1 year	*Moderate:* 1d6 years	*Major:* Life

Fine

Fines typically involve recompense for the victim. Usually, fines equal the return of the property, plus up to half of the property's value. If the victim was injured, the magistrate assigns a value based on the victim's prominence and worth in the city (usually 1–100 shaboozh). If the convicted criminal cannot pay the fine, the magistrate levels the next highest punishment.

Minor	Moderate	Major
Minor: 1d10 sh	*Moderate:* 2d20 sh	*Major:* 5d20 sh

Flogging

Many offenses are easily resolved by a public beating. For minor offenses, the criminal must endure a few lashes, but the major offenses may call for as many as 100 lashes. Each stroke deals 1d3 points of lethal damage. Few criminals survive this verdict for severe crimes.

Minor	Moderate	Major
Minor: 1d6 lashes	*Moderate:* 1d12 lashes	*Major:* 5d20 lashes

Hard Labor

Kadakithis was famous for hanging people, but he also made extensive use of labor camps. When the city rebuilt the walls, many of the craftsmen came from the world over, but the bulk of the labor pool came from criminals forced to work off their sentences. As Sanctuary tries to rebuild after years of destruction, hard labor is preferred to incarceration.

Minor	Moderate	Major
1d6 days	1d6 weeks	1d20 months

Incarceration

Beneath the Governor's Palace is the Dungeon, a dripping foul place of human misery. In Sanctuary, incarceration is not so much a punishment, but rather the temporary state between accusation and punishment. In the off chance that it persists, it's usually because the judicial powers have decided to make the accused disappear, rather than try to punish him.

Mutilation

One of the better methods for preventing crime is through mutilation. How can a thief steal if he has no hands? How can a rapist assault women without genitalia? How can one speak slander without a tongue? Considered barbaric by some, the Irrune brought the sentence of mutilation to Sanctuary, and it seems to be a popular method for dealing with Sanctuary's persistent criminals.

Minor	Moderate	Major
Visible branding or tattoo	Trimming (clip part of a tongue, cut off up to three fingers, partial castration)	Dismemberment (cut off the entire hand, total castration, etc.)

Quick Trial Resolution

It is inevitable that, at some point, the PCs will have broken the law. Some groups may wish to roleplay through the trial sequence, having the accused character plead his case, and perhaps recruiting another player to take on the role of the prosecutor. (As long as there are no hard feelings, that is.) However, some groups may want a quick resolution for these trials to keep the action moving. If so, follow these steps.

Step One

Establish the character's guilt. If the character is guilty, the trial has a base DC of 20. If the character is not guilty, the trial has a base DC of 10. It doesn't matter if the character admits guilt or not.

Step Two

Consider the evidence stacked against the character and assign a quality value to it, using the following guidelines.

Evidence	Example	DC Modifier
Negligible	Circumstantial and no witnesses	–5
Minor	Circumstantial and unreliable witness	–2
Average	Some evidence and a witness	0
Major	Evidence and witnesses	+10

Rankan Era Justice

During the Rankan Era, the justice system was much more complex than it is today. There were essentially three instruments of justice. The first was the Rankan Civil Justice System, which upheld the laws codified in Ranke and was enforced by the Hell Hounds and the city guard. Next came the religious laws, meted by the various churches in the city. From these varied outlooks come many of the unusual cultural prohibitions that remain in force in the Irrune Era, such as the Irrune policy that no woman can cut a man's hair, certain food prohibitions, and so on. Last is the ad-hoc justice of the streets, usually found in the Bazaar, Maze, and in Jubal's mock courts in the Downwind.

The Hall of Justice was reserved for important trials and appearances by the Governor. Minor trials were conducted in the garrison by a constable or minor official. During this era, incarceration was never a punishment; instead, the justice system relied on fines and flogging. For religious matters, Medes of Vashanka, Rashan of Savankala, and Corellia of Sabellia served as inquisitors and could recommend any punishment, except for executions, which were handled by the civic courts.

One interesting aspect of the justice system in this era was the right to a Test of Fire. An accused citizen could claim this right and throw himself to the justice of the gods. If guilty, the accused would be consumed by divine fire (as *flame strike*); if innocent, the accused had to renounce his former life and serve the gods for the rest of his days, on pain of death and damnation.

Step Three

Assess the heinousness of the crime and apply these modifiers to the trial DC. Multiple crimes stack.

Crime	DC
Bribe, Burglary, Counterfeiting, Embezzling, Practice Religion, Perjury, Robbery, Tax	
Evasion	+0
Assault, Fraud, Rape, Rioting, Vandalism	+5
Arson, Blackmail, Reckless Spellcasting, Murder, Sedition	+10
Arson of Government Building, Dyareelan Worship, Mass Murder, Treason	+20

Step Four

For each previous conviction for the same crime, increase the DC by +5. For each previous appearance in the Hall of Justice, increase the DC by +1.

Step Five

Subtract 1 from the DC for every 5 shaboozh spent in bribes. In addition, social class can influence the outcome as well. If the charged individual is a noble, he decreases the DC by 5, if a priest, he decreases the DC by 3, and if a member of the guard or watch, he decreases the DC by 1. Rankans, regardless of station, decrease the DC by 5. In the Irrune era, Rankans lose the special privileges gained from nationality and instead, being Irrune reduces the DC by 5.

Step Six

If the character is guilty, add the Magistrate's Sense Motive check result to the DC. If the character is innocent, subtract one-half the Magistrate's Sense Motive check from the DC. It doesn't matter if the character admits his guilt or not.

Step Seven

Add all the modifiers from Steps Two through Six to the base DC of the trial to arrive at the total trial DC. Make a Bluff, Diplomacy, or Intimidate check. If you beat the DC, you are found innocent. If you fail the DC, you are found guilty and sentenced. If you present character witnesses (other PCs and possible influence contacts), each witness may aid you in this check by succeeding on an appropriate skill check of DC 10.

Example One

Shorty the Shiv snuck into a house to rob a family. In the process, he woke the master of the house and, after a brief scuffle, accidentally killed him. Two days later, the watch caught up with him and dragged him to the Hall of Justice.

The GM decides that a Quick Resolution is in order, and so sets about to gather the facts of the case.

Step One

Shorty is guilty of burglary and murder, so the trial has a base DC 20.

Step Two

The victim's wife saw it all and she identified Shorty as the murderer. Worse, Shorty was caught trying to sell the woman's jewelry. The GM considers this average evidence, and assigns no modifier.

Step Three

The count of burglary is not enough to modify the DC, but murder is. The GM increases the DC by +10.

Step Four

Shorty has never murdered anyone before, but has been pulled into the Hall of Justice twice before, for theft. The DC increases by an additional +2.

Step Five

Penniless, Shorty can't afford to bribe the magistrate. (That's why he broke into the house in the first place!)

Step Six

The magistrate makes a Sense Motive check (+10 check modifier) and gets a 20 total.

Step Seven

Summing the modifiers, Shorty's DC is 54 (base 20 + 0 [average evidence] + 10 [murder] + 2 [two previous appearances] +0 [bribes] +20 [Sense Motive and guilty]) so it seems Shorty is certain to pay at least a moderate fine. However, based on the evidence, he may be out of action for several months (1d20, to be exact) serving his sentence and performing hard labor.



Table 2–2: Hiring Killers

			—Outcome—			
Killer Quality	**Price [1]**	**Hire DC**	**Betrayal [2]**	**Failure [3]**	**Injured [4]**	**Death [5]**
Poor	×1	10	01–30	31–60	61–90	91–00
Average	×3	20	01–20	21–50	51–80	81–00
Good	×5	25	01–10	11–40	41–80	81–00
Excellent	×10	30	01–05	06–30	31–70	71–00
The Best	×20 or higher	45	01	02–20	21–60	61–00

[1] Price equals the target's reputation bonus (minimum 1) times the indicated multiplier in royals (1 royal equals 10 shaboozh).
[2] The mark offers the assassin a better price to kill the person who hired the killer in the first place. If the PC doubles the price of the job, roll again. Otherwise, the killer attacks the initial hirer.
[3] The killer failed to kill the target. Roll 1d100 and subtract the killer's level: 20 or less, the killer got away; 21–40, killer got away but was hurt; 41–60, killer was captured and reveals the identity of employer (only if Average or Poor); 61–80, killer was injured and captured and reveals the identity of employer (only if Good, Average, or Poor); 81 or higher, killer killed.
[4] The killer managed to injure the mark. Roll 1d100 and add the killer's level. The result is the percentage of hit points the target loses from the attack. If the result is 100 or higher, the mark dies instead.
[5] The killer completes the job.

Example Two

Shorty the Shiv has been released after six months of hard labor and, thanks to the experience, he's decided to go straight. One day, he's walking past an alley, and sees a pud choking on his own blood. He goes into the alley to see if he can help, and discovers the victim's dying from a dozen stab wounds. While he's trying to help, the watch happens by, and they happen to recognize him. They haul him off to the Hall of Justice, despite his protests of innocence. It seems real bad for Shorty.

Again, the GM decides that a Quick Resolution is in order.

Step One

Shorty is not guilty of murder, so the trial has a base DC of 10.

Step Two

Though no one saw the crime in progress, the guards caught Shorty with blood on his hands and standing over the body. The GM considers this "minor" evidence, which reduces the DC by –2.

Step Three

Murder, as before, increases the DC by +10.

Step Four

The Magistrate found Shorty guilty of murder once before, and this is now his fourth appearance in court. The DC increases by +5 for the second instance of murder and +3 for frequent appearances, for +8 total.

Step Five

Shorty was just released and hasn't yet found a job. No bribes again!

Step Six

The magistrate makes a Sense Motive check (+10 check modifier) and gets a 20 total.

Step Seven

Summing the modifiers, Shorty's DC is 16 (base 10 – 2 [minor evidence] + 10 [murder] + 8 [prior murder and previous appearances] +0 [bribes] – 10 [one-half the Sense Motive check and not guilty]). He just might get by on this one, if he can beat a DC 16 Bluff or Diplomacy check.

Justice, Sanctuary Style

For most Sanctans, the best justice is the kind you mete with your own hands. If someone wrongs you, you might as well wrong them back. If the source of your injury is too powerful for you to handle yourself, you might make a devil's pact with one of Sanctuary's many crime lords. Or you might hire an assassin, though they are pricey. Of course, you might just lay a curse on them and have done with it, though cursing carries a powerful price. (See *Curses* in Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Player's Manual*). Revenge and vigilantism are common responses to crimes in this city, so it's best to watch whom you cross.

Doing the deed yourself is simple. But if you need help, you need to know whom to talk to and how to reach them. The following sources are the common means for avenging a wrong. Each carries a pretty significant price, either monetarily or through some other form of debt.

The following killers reflect the kinds of murderers you can hire, and their price range. A poor killer is a common brute (typically a 1st level warrior or expert in need of coin). An average killer is a low-level fighter, thief, or assassin, typically 1st or 2nd level. A good killer is an experienced assassin, usually 2nd to 5th level. An excellent killer is a one of the better ones in her field, generally 6th to 12th level. The best killers are named characters or assassins whose character level exceeds 13th.

In addition, each entry lists the Gather Information check DC to find the killer. Finally, once the price is agreed upon, the GM secretly rolls 1d100 to see what happens.

Keepers of the Peace

In a place as fraught with crime and violence as Sanctuary is, one might wonder if there are any guards at all. In fact, there are. They are just underpaid, overworked, corrupt, and spread too thinly to cover the entire city. Throughout Sanctuary's long history, there have always been guards and the watch to maintain the semblance of law and order. (At times, in the past, there have also been other peacekeepers, including the Hell Hounds and the Stepsons.) It's important to note that the local peacekeepers are little better than the scum on the streets. In many cases, these men and women were once thugs, thieves, and killers themselves, and most don't mention their pasts. No one, or at least very few, suspect the watch or guard to have been associated with the Dyareelans, and most, if not all, had nothing to do with the Troubles. But there's always a chance that anyone could be a cultist incognito.

What follows is an overview of the various law enforcement groups at work in the city.

Guard

The guard is a group of palace-funded soldiers, who benefit from better training and equipment. Most have some military training, having served in the army. Centered in the Palace barracks, they have numerous stations throughout the city and along the walls. The guard patrols in small groups of three to five soldiers. They're familiar enough with local custom that they can speak both Wrigglie and Rankan. (As many were born in Sanctuary, their Wrigglie is better than their Rankan). Though they realize Sanctuary is no longer a real part of the Empire, the customs of the Guard are such that they uphold the traditions of the past and are vigilant in their duty to maintaining the peace.

Watch

As opposed to the formal guard, the watch is almost exclusively drawn from the local population. They have little formal training and little experience dealing with Rankans and foreigners. Unlike the guard, they don't have uniforms. Instead, the watchmen wear baldrics to denote their status. Instead of living in a barracks, they go to their homes at the end of their shifts. Most spend their time in watch stations scattered throughout the city.

Private Security

In a city full of thieves, if you have something you want to keep, you had better pay for protection. Almost all citizens wealthy enough to do so keep a guard or two in their employ to keep watch over their property, and the business of bodyguards is in high demand. Off-duty guard or watch officers may supplement their income working a night shift at a merchant's shop, while mercenaries regularly hire out their service in Caravan Square. If you want an escort through the city (and there's good reasons to do so), mercenaries and toughs volunteer at many of Sanctuary's gates.

Hell Hounds (Rankan Era Only)

Jubal's hawk-masks were the finest swordsmen in all of Sanctuary… until Prince Kadakithis arrived, and brought his Hell Hounds with him.

For all its faults, the Rankan Empire has one of the strongest militaries in the world, and the Rankan Imperial Guard are the elite members of the Rankan army, chosen for their martial ability and their loyalty to the crown. When the emperor sent his half-brother Kadakithis to Sanctuary to serve as its governor, he gave the young man an escort: five men Kadakithis had handpicked from the Imperial Guard. The Sanctans dubbed them "Hell Hounds" because of their ferocity and their unswerving loyalty to Kadakithis.

The Hell Hounds are all skilled fighters, each one able to alone defeat several hawk-masks without help. They wear the armor of the Rankan Imperial Guard (breastplate and helmet) but carry no shields, and their cloaks and armor bear the insignia of the emperor's household. Each Hell Hound carries a sword at all times, and these are handsome blades of Enlibar steel, the finest in the world. They are all expert horsemen, trained with all standard military weapons. The five men are also experienced soldiers, and veterans of many battles, with the tactical knowledge that comes only from true experience.

Kadakithis' Hell Hounds are Zalbar, Bourne, Quag, Razkuli, and Arman. A sixth, Tempus, joins them later, but he actually works directly for the emperor and only nominally reports to Kadakithis, and there were a few others who joined after that.

Zalbar (see page 130 for statistics and a more extensive description) is the captain of the unit, and the other four obey his commands instantly. Kadakithis gives the Hell Hounds their orders personally,



but often his orders are vague, or loosely defined, like "clean up the Street of Red Lanterns." Zalbar discusses the assignment with his men, with everyone participating in the planning, until he has a plan he likes. Then, he divides the job into its components and gives each Hell Hound a specific task. Zalbar then reports their progress back to Kadakithis. He rarely tells the young governor what each Hell Hound contributed, and Kadakithis rarely asks.

In addition to these specific missions, the Hell Hounds have certain general duties. First, they act as the Governor's personal bodyguards. This is more because he is the emperor's half-brother than because he is Sanctuary's governor. None of the previous governors had elite guards of this caliber. Whenever Kadakithis goes out into the city, at least one Hell Hound accompanies him. This is usually Zalbar, but not always. The Hell Hounds know where Kadakithis is at all times, and who is with him. The Hell Hound escort scrutinizes visitors, and searches them if necessary. A Hell Hound stays in the room with the prince whenever possible, and stands just beyond the door if Kadakithis orders them away. They rotate shifts, so one of them is always awake and guarding him.

Their second duty is more general. The Hell Hounds are part of the Rankan Imperial Guard. This makes them the highest military authority in the area, and gives them control over the city guard. The guards hate this fact, and the Hell Hounds know it, and don't care. Their concern is the condition of the troops, their battle-readiness, and their efficiency in performing their duties. Zalbar has called several surprise inspections, and he and the other Hell Hounds often drop by the guardhouse and the exercise yards. They watch the guards train and offer pointers, occasionally even holding demonstrations to teach the men proper swordsmanship. The captain of the guard complained about this to Kadakithis the first time it happened. In response, Kadakithis called for Zalbar. "There is the man himself, Captain," the governor told the guard captain. "He is your superior in skill, strength, wisdom, and rank. If you wish to protest, I suggest you challenge him to a duel. Otherwise, you will accept his authority, which comes directly from the emperor himself." The guard captain quickly bowed and left the room, never defying Zalbar again.

The Hell Hounds have their own rooms in the Palace, separate from the city guard. When not on duty, they are free to pursue their own interests. Although they may leave their armor behind at such times, none of them leave their room without their sword. They take their martial prowess seriously, and train together each morning, spending several hours in a small exercise yard behind the palace. They practice swordplay, archery, and dagger-work, and then discuss the day's assignments and any other news. Each of the Hell Hounds has a horse, trained for combat, and these are housed in a small stables in the Palace compound. No other animals are allowed in that stables, and the Hell Hounds have personally interviewed each of the stablehands assigned to that location.

The people of Sanctuary don't like the Hell Hounds much. Warriors respect their skill, and criminals fear them, because the five men are as unrelenting as they are observant, and show no mercy whatsoever. Honest citizens — such as they are — are pleased the Hell Hounds are cleaning up the city but, at the same time, they fear these arrogant soldiers in their armor who came to the city and have all but taken over. The hawk-masks hate the Hell Hounds, and vice-versa, though many hawk-masks are secretly pleased to have found challenging opponents at last. The Hell Hounds have not made any effort to be popular, either. They treat Sanctuary's citizens with disdain and contempt, and speak openly about the city being a cesspool and the armpit of Ranke.

The Hell Hounds are utterly incorruptible, which makes them an anomaly in Sanctuary. No one has been able to bribe them, blackmail them, threaten them, cajole them, or flatter them into swerving from their duty. Only Kadakithis can stay their hand, and only if he intervenes in time, which is part of why Zalbar rarely tells him specifics about their activities. Without the governor's intervention, the Hell Hounds might have cleaned out all of the crime in Sanctuary in a few short months. Or they might have been killed, and their bodies tossed into the rivers to feed the fish.

After the Beysib invasion, the Hell Hounds' influence diminished considerably. Most felt they were failures in stopping the invaders, and all knew Ranke's authority did not extend to the Beysibs. What was once a cadre of proud warriors, firm of resolve and of unquestionable character, became a gang of sots, joining the people they detested in the squalor of the city. While not officially dissolved, they never regained their prominence, and those who did not leave the city vanished into the masses without even a whimper.

Stepsons (Rankan Era Only)

Kadakithis brought five Hell Hounds to Sanctuary with him, but for a short time, he had six, and the sixth was Tempus. Arriving after the others, sent specially by the Emperor himself, he did not acknowledge Zalbar's leadership, and he only obeyed orders when it suited him. Even Kadakithis could not command him, because Tempus was operating under orders from the emperor—and, as it turned out, from an even higher power: the Rankan god Vashanka, himself. Eventually, however, he would leave the city, but it would take the arrival of an old friend to take him to greater things.

Tempus found that something in the Stepsons. He had rescued the son of a warlord who was captured and slain by the Rankans during the conquest of their lands. The son was made a slave, and his name was Abarsis. In gratitude for Tempus' intervention, Abarsis brought the Stepsons to Sanctuary and to Tempus. However, after he arrived, Tempus led an assault against Jubal's mansion. During the fight, Abarsis was killed, leaving the Stepsons, as Abarsis intended, to his stepfather. And, ever after, the sacred band were loyal to the Riddler.

The Stepsons are a mercenary unit, although they often donate their efforts when they find something they consider a just cause. They work in pairs, and each pair has a tremendous bond. They are more than just partners, more than mere friends, because their very lives depend upon each other. The pairs learn to operate as a single entity, as if they were of one mind and one body, so that in combat they do not have to worry about what their partner is doing—they know instinctively, and can respond to threats together without wasting time or breath on words. Some pairs are lovers, but many are more like twin brothers.

They also have warriors from a variety of nations and races. No one is discriminated against; if you have the skills and the dedication to be a Stepson, you are allowed entry.

The first step to joining the unit is the combat test. Several of the Stepsons attack the candidate, individually and in pairs, and gauge the response. No one expects the candidate to beat them, but they are looking for fighting skill, speed, tactics, and intuition. If the candidate shows promise, they move to the second phase, which is the interview.

Several of the Stepsons meet with the candidate, both individually and all together, and ask a variety of questions. Tempus is one of the questioners, but any unattached Stepson can also participate. Tempus is interested in why the candidate wants to join the Stepsons, and in gauging the person's morals and reliability. The unattached Stepsons are looking for a partner, and are checking the candidate for compatibility. If Tempus approves the candidate, and one of the solo Stepsons thinks they may make a good pair, the newcomer is offered a place with the unit. The solo Stepson takes the recruit in, stays, trains, eats with him, and teaches the recruit about the group's habits, rules, and codes. After a month, the new pair is tested in combat against other Stepson pairs, and Tempus watches them closely. If the pair has meshed properly, the candidate becomes a true Stepson, reciting the oath of loyalty to Tempus and exchanging blood with his or her partner. If the pairing did not work, but the candidate still shows promise, he or she is found a new partner. If the candidate simply did not take to the training, he or she is offered some gold for the lost time, and sent away.

The Stepsons are all fiercely loyal to Tempus himself, and consider him the father of the unit. They take their orders directly from him (or Critias, or Straton, who's the tactical commander when Tempus is absent), and if they have been hired for a mission, and the employer gives a Stepson an order, he will still check with Tempus before obeying. Tempus can and does delegate, however, and often places Crit or Strat in charge of missions, particularly if Tempus himself is leading another operation elsewhere.

The Stepsons use Sanctuary as one of their bases, and visit the city every few months. Many of the Stepsons have friends and lovers there, and entertain themselves while Tempus is waiting for a new job or while some of their members recuperate from wounds. They also have a camp up in the mountains and another along the coast. Clients are never brought to these locations, however—Tempus either meets with them in their home city, or in Sanctuary.

Only Tempus has the authority to accept a job for the Stepsons. He insists on meeting all potential clients face-to-face, and on knowing exactly what the job entails. Before agreeing to a job, he confirms when it will start, what it involves, how long it will last, and how much it pays. He also insists upon half of the money up front. A portion of every job's fees go into the Stepsons' communal coffers, which pays for food, lodging, clothing, weapons, medical supplies, and anything else the entire unit needs. After that portion is set aside, another portion goes to the Stepsons actually involved in the mission. The remainder is divided equally among the entire band, so every Stepson gets paid a little bit for every job the unit has, but those who go on the mission earn more. Tempus tries to rotate which pairs get assignments, so everyone earns roughly equal amounts.

The Stepsons do not have an insignia or a uniform. Each member wears whatever armor he or she prefers, and carries whatever weapons he or she is most proficient with. Pairs often have matching clothes, tattoos, or other markings, but not always, and sometimes the signs are subtle or hidden from outside view. The only way to recognize a Stepson is to know them by sight.

Sometimes half of a pair dies, or the partners fight and cannot reconcile, or someone simply loses his appetite for constant fighting. Tempus allows people to quit the Stepsons with no hard feelings, and always provides some money form the communal coffers as a parting gift. The former Stepson is also allowed to keep his or her armor, weapons, and other gear. Tempus tells the departing warrior that he is family, and



can always call upon them for aid, no matter what, and they will help without a fee. Only a handful of warriors have left the Stepsons in this way, and there are always others wanting to join because the band's reputation has grown with each mission. Many say that the Stepsons are the finest fighting force in the world, better even than the Rankan Imperial Guard. Kadakithis' Hell Hounds desperately want to match themselves against a few Stepsons to see if this is true, though even they found themselves wanting in the face of the Sacred Band.

During their time in Sanctuary, they were paid-up members of the local mercenaries' guild. It's important to recall that the Stepsons were not the only mercenaries of their time, and they frequently were at odds with other groups.

The Sharda (Irrune Era)

Although the Irrune are new to city life, they are no stranger to group living, and Arizak is an old hand at governing a large body of people. One of the things he noticed, upon taking control of Sanctuary, was that it lacked a real justice system. The city guards enforced the governor's laws, and enacted punishment on the spot or dragged the offender off to be fined, jailed, or both. But no one checked to make sure the guards had done the right thing or apprehended the real culprit. Arizak firmly believed that punishment was useless if it was inflicted upon an innocent, rather than the guilty party. While familiarizing himself with the city and its nobles, Arizak met an Ilsigi lord named Elisar, and realized immediately that Elisar had a keen mind, and a sharp eye, and an obsession with finding the truth. Arizak spoke to Lord Elisar privately a few days later, and offered him the new post of Judge. Elisar accepted, but only if he was allowed to assemble his own team and use his own methods. Arizak agreed, and the Sharda was born.

"Sharda" is an Irrune word for a particular breed of hunting dog, an excellent tracker and extremely persistent. The Sharda is its human equivalent. Lord Elisar, called Judge Nevermind by his employees, is in charge. His assistants wander the city, listening to rumors and stories and following up on any supposed crimes and



their perpetrators. If the city guard has already punished someone for the crime, the Sharda makes sure they got the right person. If no one has been captured yet, the Sharda finds out who did it and brings the culprit in for sentencing and punishment. The Sharda is small — perhaps twenty people in all —and operates from the Hall of Justice attached to the Palace. Lord Elisar handles the actual sentencing, but he sits in shadow so those brought before him cannot see his face, and his associates only call him Judge Nevermind when others are present. This is to protect Elisar, and to let him operate more objectively, without worrying about his own name becoming attached to the rumors.

To many Sanctuary residents, the Sharda is a great and powerful organization. They are hoping they get to deal with the Sharda when they've been wronged, to ensure swift and final justice, and even go so far as to threaten their children and others with, "the Sharda will get you if you don't behave." Still, despite their hopes, most people have never met a Sharda agent. The Sharda does not go out of its way to advertise its presence, and its members do not announce their affiliation. Culprits are told that they are being brought to the palace for punishment, and nothing more. They are also cautioned that, if they identify the Sharda members to anyone, their punishment will increase dramatically. Most Sharda agents have pseudonyms of their own, and many wear hats or hoods to hide their features while working. Elisar is considering a Sharda uniform that's all in black, except for an embroidered hunting dog in bright red; that way, the eye will be drawn to the dog, and not to the agent's face. Sharda agents also work in pairs. One of the duo is a warrior, while the other has some ability to discern the truth, either through magical means, or through some extraordinary insight (see Truthspeaker and Truth Ear feats on page 226).

Elisar is the undisputed master of the Sharda, and all of his agents report to him directly. They comb the city, and then prepare a list of the crimes, whether the culprit was caught, and what the punishment was. Elisar decides which incidents should be investigated and which are too trivial or already too terminal to pursue. His agents are allowed to offer suggestions, or voice opinions, but once he makes a decision, it is final.

The city guard has been told that an organization called the Sharda exists, and that Arizak has given it his full support. They are expected to give Sharda agents their full support, and to obey their orders. Arizak has also assured the captain of the guard that anyone impersonating a member of the Sharda will be punished severely. Many of the Irrune know about the Sharda as well, and have agreed to lend their support if necessary. This means Sharda agents can call upon both city guards and Irrune warriors, whichever are closer. They only use this authority when force is necessary, however. The Sharda prefers to operate quietly, watching and waiting and then catching the culprit when he or she is off-guard and alone.

Thus far, the Sharda has only gone after private citizens, and only those in the lower- or middle-class. They have yet to investigate nobles of any sort, or organizations. But, in several cases, the city guards have used more force than necessary, have beaten confessions from innocent people, have accepted bribes to let criminals go free, and have arrested and punished people for no apparent reason. Elisar has already discussed the matter with Arizak, and the two men agree. It will look bad if the city guard's corruption is exposed, but it would be far worse to let such behavior continue. And, if the guilty guards are punished, hopefully the other guards will make sure to behave properly, and the guard will become a more reliable, more efficient, and more honest police force. Both men are wise enough to know this will not be easy, and it will not occur overnight. But it has to start somewhere, and Arizak has given his permission for Elisar to begin investigating the city guards themselves, authorizing several Irrune warriors to help restrain and escort guilty guards, if necessary.

Using Peacekeepers

In Sanctuary, players will likely do things that will put them at odds with local law enforcement. PCs might be thieves, assassins, explorers, or even adventurers, and oftentimes, the peacekeepers don't make much of a distinction between those careers. While the watch and guard certainly try to keep some level of order in the city, they lack the resources to be everywhere at once.

Players should never feel as though they can do nothing illegal in Sanctuary. (The game is called *Thieves' World,* after all.) The guard, watch, or other agencies are best used as a control mechanism. Peacekeepers can be an excellent way to keep an adventure on track: position a patrol in front of a building you'd rather the characters not investigate yet, or have a patrol bring them in for questioning should they bark up the wrong tree. However, don't bully or "railroad" the PCs with the watch, or the players will come to resent them, and feel like they have few options in play.

The peacekeepers can also serve as an excellent source of information. Both the watch and the guard are susceptible to bribes (see the **Diplomacy** skill in Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Player's Manual*) and are more than willing to look the other way for the right price. As a particular sentry generally patrols a single neighborhood, they have

a pretty good idea of what goes on there, knowing the major movers and shakers, drug pushers, crime lords, and notables all living and operating there. For the right price, a player may find exactly what he needs from the mouth of a well-paid guard. And, if the PCs picks up a contact in the watch, even better.

The peacekeepers can also serve as foils. They might actively pursue characters in the city, hunting them for a crime they did or did not commit. They might set the characters up to cover for their own criminal enterprises. A patrol might be in the employ of a local crime lord, be closet cultists, or even be spies in the service of some foreign power.

Other Power Groups

Outsiders assume Sanctuary is a lawless place, where every man stands only for himself and would as soon kill his neighbors as look at them. This is untrue, and unfair. Certainly, many of Sanctuary's residents make their own welfare a top priority, but there is nothing wrong with that. Some locals are as ruthless as travelers imagine, and have no friends and no one they care about beyond themselves. But others have strong friendships, and tight family bonds. A few place the welfare of others on par with their own, or even above it. And some act in concert rather than moving alone.

Several powerful organizations exist within Sanctuary. These are smaller than a race, larger and more formal than a pack of friends, and more dangerous than a simple street gang. These are true associations, with guidelines, responsibilities, membership rosters, and hierarchies. Most of these organizations hold a position of power within the city, and in every case, the people of Sanctuary have heard of them, and both fear and respect them. One thing these organizations all demonstrate: no matter how well you can survive on your own, you can do even better with a group of similarly talented, like-minded individuals. That is, as long as you are sure you can trust them.

Adepts of the Blue Star

Most wizards are loners, preferring to work and study in privacy. They conceal the roots of their power, their residences, and even their names, afraid that rivals might somehow ferret out these secrets and then destroy them. Some wizards, however, believe in a cause much greater than their own advancement, and work together in its service. This is the Order of the Blue Star.

Members of this ancient order accept Order and Chaos rule the universe, and these two powers constantly struggle for supremacy. Every day, they battle one another, but these are only preludes to the final massive struggle. When that occurs, one side will win forever. If Order triumphs, the world will know peace and harmony such as it has never seen. If Chaos is the victor, the world will be drowned in violence, rage, and anarchy.

The Adepts of the Blue Star have sworn to stand on the side of Order, and to fight in that last battle against Chaos. Until that time, the adepts are free to pursue their own interests, provided they answer the call to battle when it finally arrives.

Each adept's power is tied to a personal secret. The adept cannot reveal this secret to any other man, for any man who speaks the secret to the adept gains that adept's power. Thus the adepts, called Blue Star Magicians by many, must always watch their dealings with others, lest they reveal too much about themselves and allow their secret to be uncovered. Rivalries do exist within the order, and more than once an adept has uncovered his enemy's secret, revealed it, gained his enemy's power, and then destroyed him.

Members of the order are often called Pilgrim Adepts, because most of them wander the earth. Many of them search for knowledge and power, hoping to increase their skills and thus be even stronger on the day of the final conflict. An adept can dress any way he likes; some wear simple traveling garb, while others favor rich silks and velvets. Some adepts pursue wealth, living their days in splendor, while others eschew material goods and survive in spartan poverty. Most of the adepts fight for order whenever possible, righting wrongs and correcting injustices, smoothing disputes and ending confusions. But some believe their efforts are only required during the final battle. Until then, they have no duty but to stay alive, and so they are free to do whatever they like, even if it benefits Chaos in the short-term. These adepts are often despised by their brethren, who believe they only strengthen Chaos for the end conflict.

Each adept has a blue star tattooed on his forehead to show his membership in the order. Thus, their order itself is not secret, and many have heard of them and of their potent magic. The adepts have all undertaken certain vows, like never eating or drinking in front of other men, and these hold some power over them, but not to the same degree as their personal secrets. Anyone who attacks an adept risks the wrath of the entire order, unless the adept's secret has been revealed. If that happens, the adept loses his power, and becomes worthless to the order. At that point, anyone may kill him without fear of reprisal.

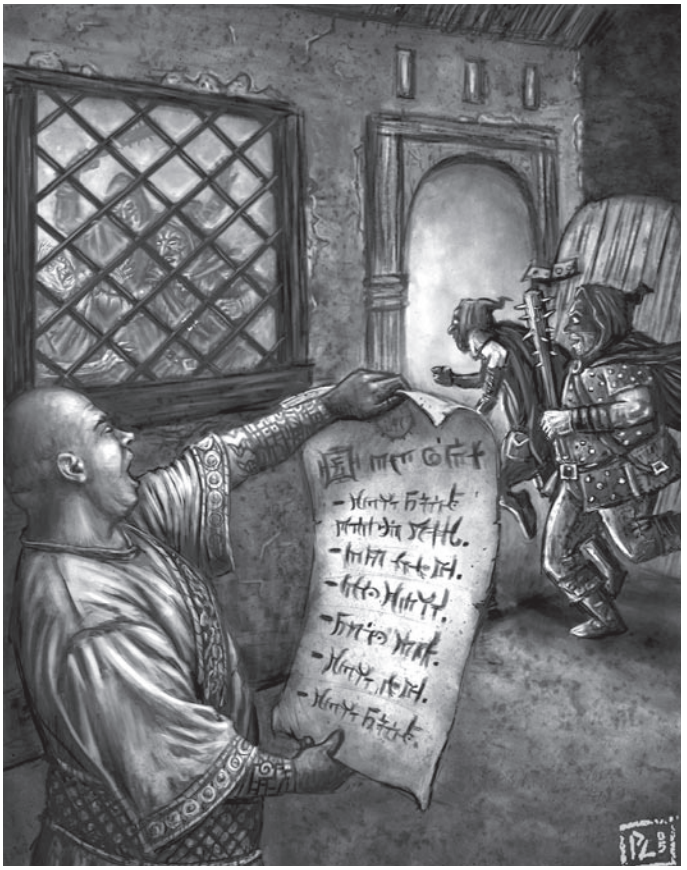
No one knows how many adepts belong to the order. Apparently, they have not gathered in several centuries, though many keep in touch with one another. Some believe the adepts can die like normal men, and simply find and train replacements who then take on their name and appearance. Others believe them to be immortal. The master of the order, Master of the Star, is a man named Semartis, who currently resides in the Place That Is Not, a demi-plane that lies beyond time in a place of perfect order. None can find it unless the Master allows it. Through his own magic, he links the various groups together, so the entire order may commune within the Place That is Not for the night. Each adept tells of his experiences and reveals anything he has learned about Chaos during that time. The entire order considers the signs, and decides whether the time of the final battle has drawn near. If not, they disband again, each to their own activities.

The first Pilgrim Adept of the Order of the Blue Star was a man named Kamaar, who hailed from the lands beyond the northern mountains. Order chose him as its avatar, and branded his forehead with the mark of the blue star to signify its favor. Kamaar raised the Temple of the Star, and draped it with his magic so only he and his could locate that holy place. Then he trained a boy named Masung, and then another named Feld. But Feld was corrupted by Chaos, and tried to kill Masung. Kamaar intervened, killing Feld but dying in the process. After Kamaar had died, Order claimed Masung as its next avatar, but he refused. He argued he could serve better in his own way, and he was not truly needed until the end times. Order

agreed, and marked Masung with its power and with the blue star but then left him alone. Masung found and trained several disciples, and devised the oath that, when tied to a personal secret and bound to the blue star tattoo, would allow them to live until they were called to battle. Then, every Pilgrim Adept would stand together to defend the Place That Is Not, which will be the last bastion of Order and the last defense against the Chaos. Although Masung himself died battling agents of Chaos centuries later, the Order survived and grew. Semartis is one of his first disciples.

Dyareelans (Irrune Era)

Though the cult has officially been destroyed, some members remain. A handful of the more noticeably scarred cultists have hidden in one of the tunnels beneath the city, seeking new converts and biding their time until they can act in the open once more. Some extremists also escaped the Irrune's wrath, and have stopped ranting, at least until the dust settles. Before the ambush, the extremists had spies in many major establishments around the city, including the palace, and many of those spies are still in place. The cultists are simply waiting for another opportunity. A handful of their brainwashed child-soldiers survived as well, and are now full-grown and still in Sanctuary, which means the cult has not only an information source, but also a secret army. Should the cult call its worshippers to rise up, people everywhere might find themselves responding, even people who did not realize they had been corrupted to the service of the chaos goddess. Those who followed the traditionalists, however, claim the extremists were so disruptive Dyareela herself spurned them, withholding her divine favor and casting them out of the circle of chosen who would survive when she arose. They actually claim Dyareela did exactly what she had intended, purging the illness from Sanctuary and allowing them to rebuild. They do not say this very loudly, however, as worship of her is still illegal and still punishable by death.



The cult has followers all over the world. Generally hunted down and exterminated by the priesthood of Heqt, worship of Dyareela was generally contained to a few small incidents, quickly quelled before it got out of control. However, the years of hurricanes and droughts, plague and war, seeded the region with chaos, becoming a perfect breeding ground for Dyareela.

Agents of the chaos goddess came to Sanctuary during the dark days when the plague swept through the city. Insinuating themselves with other priests from Ilsig, they came to help the city, or so they claimed. They offered healing, succor, and comfort. They could sense wicked thoughts and criminal behavior, endearing themselves to the city's aristocracy. Gradually, followers of other faiths adopted this new faith, slowing coming into the fold of the new cult.

And then the visitors revealed the "true cause" of the plague: the S'danzo. Luckily, the S'danzo, who had always stayed ahead of the cultists, pulled up stakes years ago and left the city to its fate, but a few remained. The Dyareelans convinced the mob to make examples of the remaining S'danzo, executing them publicly. After the purging, the plague mysteriously ended, and so the cult of Dyareela rose to prominence in the city.

Even though it has been several years since the Troubles, the cult of Dyareela continues their efforts in the city, keeping to the tunnels underneath, and working from within the population. As word has spread of newfound Dyareelan activity, the people are becoming worried about a return to the catastrophes of the past. There are forces arrayed against the Chaos Mother, and Sanctuary's final fate has yet to be determined.

Hawk-masks (Rankan Era only)

Jubal controlled large sections of Sanctuary and had influence over the rest of the city. Part of his power came from his wealth, part from the secrets he held over many important residents, and part from the services he provided. But a good portion of his authority came from his minions: the hawk-masks.

The hawk-masks were the men and women Jubal employed to protect his activities and deliver his payments. They were mercenaries, all skilled with the sword, and wore blue cloth masks designed to look like a hawk. Everyone in Sanctuary knew the hawk-masks and knew to stay out of their way. In addition to their individual strengths, opposing a hawk-mask meant opposing Jubal himself. Kill one of them, and ten more would arrive to avenge him. Jubal cared little about the men themselves, but if a hawk-mask died and was not avenged, people might think they could ignore or defy the mercenaries with impunity. That would be the end of his business. Instead, everyone knows only a fool crosses a hawk-mask, and only someone with a death wish killed one of them.

The hawk-masks were excellent fighters, though they rarely got an opportunity to prove it. Most people were too afraid of them to fight back. Some of the mercenaries provoked fights with likely looking warriors, just to bloody their blades. Jubal didn't mind, as long as it didn't interfere with his business.

The only people who regularly stood up to the hawk-mask were the city guards. These soldiers sneered at the hawk-masks, calling them sellswords and mercenaries and hired hands, belittling their skill. But the hawk-masks were surprisingly loyal for mercenaries. Many of them were regular soldiers once, but lost their positions due to short tempers, bad luck, or ill favor. They fled to Sanctuary, hoping to start over, and looking for work as guards — but Jubal found them first.

Jubal is very particular about his hawk-masks. They must be reasonably tall and fit. He wanted all his men to present a strong appearance, and that wouldn't work if one was too short and one was too thin or too portly. If they looked the part, he had his associate Saliman interview them. Saliman represented himself as a local businessman looking to hire guards for his shop. He asked a variety of questions, watching the warrior as much for how he replied as for what he said. Saliman steered the conversation around to questions of loyalty, testing to see whether the candidate could be trusted. If he felt the man was worth hiring, he told Jubal, who offered him a job.

No one became a hawk-mask immediately. Jubal had interests in several legitimate businesses, and new hires were given exactly the job Saliman mentioned, guarding a shop in the West End or the Shambles or possibly the Bazaar. If the guard proved his worth, showing he was skilled with a blade and had good discretion, Saliman approached again. He offered the warrior a promotion, more money and more activity, but cautioned it would require more initiative and complete loyalty. If the man's answers met his approval, he told Jubal, who approached the candidate for the first time. Saliman told the guard to be in a particular place at a particular time, and the warrior arrived to find the area deserted. Jubal arrived a moment later, carrying a sword in one hand and a blue hawk mask in the other. He asked several questions, testing the warrior's loyalty, and then outlined the man's intended duties. If the warrior flinched, looked shocked, argued, or seemed unfit in any other way, Jubal killed him. If not, he handed the man the mask and the sword, and a new hawk-mask was born.

The masks were worn for two reasons. First, it identified the hawk-mask as working for Jubal. Second, it allowed the men to hide their identities. Most of the hawk-masks were around the same height, and all had muscular builds. Sanctuary is filled with people who match that description. Most of the hawk-masks also wore helmets, which hid their hair color, and the mask covered their entire face, including any facial hair. This allowed them to strip off the masks at the end of the day, and go home to their families or wander the streets without anyone seeking revenge. Being afraid of Jubal and the hawk-masks was enough to protect them from most people, but it was good to be able to eat and sleep without worrying about a knife in the back.

Most hawk-masks worked on either a daytime schedule (dawn to dusk), a nighttime schedule (dusk to dawn), or what was called a twelve-schedule, between noon and midnight. When off-duty, they could do anything they wanted, except frequent a shop owned by one of Jubal's rivals or go to an establishment that refused to do business with him. Jubal had lines of credit with most of the city's gambling halls, taverns, and brothels, and any hawk-masks who went to these places while masked didn't have to pay for anything.

Jubal hired only the best sellswords, and his men were proud of that fact. They trained hard every day, to ensure their skills stayed sharp. Jubal had a large warehouse at one end of town that was empty inside except for several squares and circles of dirt and sand. The men gathered here, reaching the warehouse by the tunnels under the city, and drilled with swords for several hours. This occurred several times each day, so no matter which schedule a hawk-mask had, he could always make one of the drilling sessions. No one was allowed to miss more than one session each week, unless severely ill or specifically excused by Saliman or Jubal.

The hawk-masks answered directly to Jubal and to Saliman. Within their organization, they were divided into ranks: First, Second, and Third. Third hawk-masks were junior members, and were given the worst jobs. Second hawk-masks had proven themselves, and had been with Jubal at least two years. They had some say in their assignments, their hours, and their partners. First hawk-masks had worked for Jubal at least five years, and had been promoted by Saliman. They met with him and Jubal each morning, and received the list of the day's assignments. Then, they parceled out the jobs to the rest of the hawk-masks, assigning partners and setting schedules. There were six First hawk-masks, and they had enough seniority to actually question Jubal's orders. Of course, they would never openly defy him, but they could ask for clarifications, suggest alternatives, and even register their disagreement with a plan. Jubal maintained about fifty hawk-masks, though most of Sanctuary does not realize this because they rarely saw more than four hawk-masks at any one time.

Thus far, only one hawk-mask has ever retired. Cray was one of the first men Jubal hired in Sanctuary, a former gladiator like himself, and a good, loyal man. After ten years as First Hawk-mask — the only one at the time — Cray decided he was getting too old to be a sellsword. Jubal offered to make him an advisor like Saliman, but Cray was tired, and wanted to retire altogether. He had always enjoyed woodworking, and so Jubal set him up in a small shop on the Processional and assigned guards for him. Cray still stays in touch with Jubal, and the guards still report to Saliman, but Jubal does not require any of Cray's profits, and when business is tough, Jubal sends off-duty hawk-masks to buy items from Cray, using money Jubal gives them for that purpose.

The reign of the hawk-masks, and for a time Jubal as well, came to an end with Tempus. The Stepsons, Abarsis, and the Riddler raided Jubal's compound in an attempt to eliminate a threat to the prince and to restore order on the streets. At that time, Moruth's beggars demanded vengeance, and regularly killed hawk-masks each week. Though Jubal survived the attack, just barely, his recovery cost him in years, and those agents who survived were scattered throughout the city. He recognized the futility of trying to reconstitute the hawk-masks, and so recast himself as a behind-the-scenes spymaster and intriguer. He acquired the help of some of his former hawk-masks but, as a force, the hawk-masks met terrible ends at the hands of the beggars, the Stepsons and, for those who still survived, the Nisibisi death squads.

Lord Night

Sanctuary's underworld in the Irrune Era is controlled by one man: Lord Night. Up until the introduction of opah, Arizak had been content to let the crime lord run the protection racket, prostitution, and *krrf* sales, and as long a violent crime was down, the powers allowed Lord Night to call the shots. Opah changed things. Cheap to make, cheap to sell, and deadly as hell, minor dealers can undercut Lord Night's operation and vanish with the profits. Because of the upstarts, crime is spinning out of control once more and the Sharda are starting to probe into Lord Night's activities.

Lord Night runs his enterprises through a compartmentalized hierarchy of loyalists and henchmen. The most senior and trusted members are servants in Lord Shumen's mansion on the Processional and lead double lives, just as he does. Beneath them are about 40 or so middlemen, hoods, thugs, and brutes who are not welcome in the better neighborhoods (Makker, on page 159, is a great example). Lord Night rarely interacts with those employed by his middlemen, and if circumstances draw his interest, the results are usually dire, and only take place in a special chamber underneath the old Aphrodesia House on the Street of Red Lanterns.

Though undoubtedly criminally minded, Lord Night sees himself as doing a service to Sanctuary. Without his control, crime would be out of control. And by keeping a firm hand, he can dictate what happens in his city. Lord Night prides himself in getting things done. He can whisper in the right ear, and get results. However, in the face of strong competition in opah, things are turning nastier. Bodies are turning up in alleys and tension grows, especially as the drug bleeds into the middle and upper classes.

Lord Night, despite his flaws, is no Dyareelan. He has worked in the past with Arizak to purge the tunnels beneath the city of their kind. If he suspected anyone in his organization of working with the cultists, he would quickly mobilize his forces and eliminate the suspect.

The Serripines Clan

The Rankan Empire is only a few centuries old, but Ranke itself is far older. Some families can trace their lineage back to that earlier, smaller kingdom. The noblest of these are the Serripines.

The Serripines clan is as old as Ranke, and several of the kingdom's early kings were part of their line. When Ranke expanded from kingdom to empire, the Serripines candidate lost the crown to another, but the family was too important to discount, and they gained several major titles and estates as a peace offering. The clan accepted the gesture, but continued to groom its men for leadership, hoping one day the throne would become vacant again. That has not happened yet, but the clan maintains itself and bides its time.

A member of the Serripines, Vion Ranel III, was one of the officers in charge of the Rankan forces that conquered Sanctuary, and he settled in the town. He was the first Imperial Governor there, and helped the small port town grow into a true city. His son was governor after him, but died when his son was still a boy, and so another was appointed as his successor. Several Serripines have served as governor since then, and the clan has remained in Sanctuary. Their estate was one of the largest on the Hill, and Ranel Talon I was one of Kadakithis' closest advisors. After Kadakithis disappeared, the remaining Rankan and Wrigglie nobles formed a ruling council to act in his stead. Molin Torchholder declined to participate, and so Ranel Talon took control.

When the Black-Toothed horde leveled Sihan, Vion Larris retreated to Sanctuary out at Land's End Retreat, where he and his family have lived comfortably since, slowly building a grain-farming empire. Meanwhile, as things soured in the city, many nobles drifted out of the city, abandoning their homes to make a new life beyond the walls in the hopes that the city would eventually stabilize. Joined by other fleeing citizens from the Rankan Empire, Land's End Retreat and the various outlying communities grew.

The Serripines consider themselves true aristocrats. They strive to present the appearance of the kind overlord—well educated, well dressed, well spoken, well mannered, and generous. Honor and reputation are far more important to them than wealth or property, though it's also true that being penniless and homeless would be unacceptable. Setting a good example is their highest priority, and every member of the family is taught at a young age to hide any discomfort, displeasure, or confusion, and to always act confident and in control. The children are provided with the best education available, and given opportunities to lead as soon as possible. They are taught that they are the true nobles of Ranke, and that emperors come and go but the Serripines remain. To encourage this belief, the clan uses the same names over and over again, so that each generation has clear ties to its ancestors.

They worship the Rankan gods, because doing so is the proper Rankan thing to do. But they are rarely devout, and merely observe the forms out of respect and propriety. Everything about the clan is based upon appearance and reputation, and each clan patriarch charges his successor to do anything necessary to preserve the clan's good name. Over the centuries, the Serripines have done many appalling things — not only illegal, but immoral and inhumane — to keep their wealth and stature intact, but, thus far, their atrocities have not been uncovered. And the clan, to the last man, will kill to keep it that way.

PFLS

With the Beysib occupation came growing unrest. Many Sanctans were weary of being a conquered people, a playing piece in the posturing of empires. While the people could tolerate the Rankan masters, who were mild rulers, the Beysibs were an alien people, with strange customs, dress, and attitudes. Their nictitating membranes were more than a little unsettling, and it became easy to project their dissatisfaction onto these usurpers.

In response to this growing resentment, a few ambitious souls rallied around an outspoken rebel named Zip. Brash, temperamental, and full of youthful exuberance, Zip forged the PFLS, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Sanctuary, known as the "piffles" by their detractors. From the start, the PFLS came out against the Beysibs strongly and aggressively, and created widespread fear throughout the city through their terrorist acts. They used every tactic they could to oust those they saw as the oppressors, ignoring the good that the Beysibs brought.

While they enjoyed many early successes, they were a ragtag group, consisting of thieves and murderers, operating with little more organization than a common gang of thugs. The only reason the PFLS remained a power for as long as it did was because of Zip, who saw himself as the savior of Sanctuary. Through the victories of his guerillas, he believed he would rise as the new master of Sanctuary. He was determined to create a new god for Sanctuary, after he came to believe Vashanka and the rest of the Rankan pantheon had abandoned it.

Shortly after Zip and the PFLS began their reign of terror, Roxane and the Nisibisi witches arrived to unravel the Rankan Empire, and following her was the 3rd Commando, a group of trained witch-hunters and guerillas hardened by years of fighting at Wizardwall. Accompanying them were the Stepsons, who retained their hold on the city, the Beggar King and his legions of maimed and diseased, the Beysibs themselves, those few remaining Hell Hounds, Jubal,

and Ischade, all fighting tooth and nail for control over Sanctuary, turning a city of thieves into a slaughterhouse.

The various factions made alliances and broke them with regularity. Betrayals were the norm, and no one was safe. The PFLS quickly lost influence as the fighting worsened, for other groups (gangs mostly) emerged to claim a piece of the city, further confusing the battlefield and edging out the larger factions. Zip lost heart as he saw his dreams crumbling and his organization falling into the hands of the 3rd Commando, and as his hold on the city weakened, he withdrew into the Swamp of Night Secrets. Zip had long used an old field altar in the swamp to pay his respects to Vashanka, but with the god's silence, he lost heart until something new lurked inside it. The new god demanded blood sacrifice, and in exchange, it would make Zip powerful, which Zip readily accepted.

After one particularly nasty riot, the city would not tolerate the PFLS any longer. Chenaya, after seducing the young Zip, led him to the Palace ,where she promised he would have his chance to topple the power structure and take the city for his own. Zip, with a cadre of his closest commanders, entered the Palace compound, but instead of showing them a clear path to the Beysibs, Chenaya, Walegrin, and the rest destroyed them to a man. Though Zip survived, the piffles were dead.

3rd Commando

The protracted war in the north forced Ranke to develop new techniques for squaring off against the demons and undead employed by the Nisibisi warlocks and witches. Comprised of thoroughly despicable guerillas and killers, the 3rd Commando, a mercenary organization founded by Tempus Thales, gained a bloodthirsty reputation for doing whatever it took to get the job done. Trained to kill witches and their minions, they rivaled the Stepsons in their ability to kill.

At a critical point in the war, the Nisibisi sent out witches to infiltrate the Empire and destroy them from within. One such witch was Roxane, who headed south to disrupt the important port and trade city that was Sanctuary. Hot on her heels followed the 3rd Commando. In a secret war, the guerrillas used the surrounding anarchy to slip through the gaping holes in the city's defenses and track down and destroy Roxane's minions. Instead of saving the city, they exploited it, for Sanctuary's future was irrelevant compared to the importance of containing and destroying Death's Queen.

Kama, Tempus' barely acknowledged daughter and assassin in service to the 3rd, seduced Zip and made and alliance between the Commandos and the PFLS. She, like the rest of her organization, had no designs on the city so long as they could exterminate the Nisibisi infestation. However, instead of dealing with Roxane, the 3rd was drawn into the civil war of the city, and soon were indistinguishable from the brutal piffles.

Mageguild

Since Sanctuary's founding, there has always been some form of magical influence. Shortly after the ex-slaves began work on constructing the first few structures, those with a talent for spellcraft began work on a place for mages to study and work. From this foundation came the first Mageguild, an organization of like-minded spellcasters who valued magic above all other kinds of sorcery. Despite the many early calamities befalling the city, these mages persevered,



and even grew stronger. While the Ilsigi masters oppressed the common people, they wanted no truck with the mages, for they recalled the lessons of history and knew the power these men and women could master.

When power transferred to Ranke, the Mageguild experienced a spectacular rise in power and influence. The weak-willed minor governors sent from Ranke were more concerned with comfort and pleasure than overseeing the good of the city. The Mageguild stepped in and asserted their influence over the fractious people. While they didn't rule Sanctuary in name, they controlled enough of the city that they were counted as some of its most powerful citizens.

Naturally, as with all things in Sanctuary, their influence would wane until it was snuffed out altogether. With power comes arrogance, and no group was more guilty than the mages. When Kadakithis came to the city, the regarded him and his minions much as they did the rest of the governors who preceded him. They ignored his edicts, pursued their own agenda, and continued on as they always had, guiding Sanctuary to serve their ends. Their attitude towards the new rule of law brought

Guilds

The very idea of a Mageguild is a Rankan institution, and in Rankan terms, the most potent mages were always referred to as "Hazard-class" mages. As the Rankans settled in the city, Sanctuary magical society adopted many of the Rankan wizardly customs, and granted the "Hazard-class" title to their own potent mages, though they themselves were not the product of Rankan magic schools.

them into conflict first with the Hell Hounds, and later with the various power groups who desired the city for themselves. Adding to this was Cime, a ruthless assassin and sister to Tempus, who preyed exclusively on wizards.

One by one, the more influential mages died, suffering under the touch of Cime's magical diamond rods. They tried to retain their prominence, but too many of their number succumbed to the assassin to mount an adequate response. Though this weakened them, the mages were still a powerful force, capable of surviving even after the Beysib occupation.

The Mageguild finally collapsed after the Ischade and Randal destroyed the pair of Nisibisi power globes that had held the city hostage with wicked dark sorcery. In the wake of the artifacts' destruction, the mana field collapsed, preventing the mages from working their craft. No longer could they influence the weather, nor could they even maintain the wards protecting their fortress on the Street of Arcana. In the end, magical mishaps leveled the guild, scattering its members throughout the city and beyond. Friendless, for they had held the populace in thrall through fear and power since the city's founding, they were no match for those people who had been wronged by mages in the past, who settled accounts and eliminated all but a few of the guild's survivors.

Now, in the Irrune Era, the Mageguild is an all but forgotten memory. The new Irrune masters have outlawed the existence of the guild, preventing mages from regaining their power and influence over the city. Those few practicing wizards left do so in the privacy of their homes, occasionally taking pupils to help support themselves and advance their craft.

Moruth and the Legion of Beggars

For years, Jubal and his hawk-masks controlled Sanctuary, exerting incredible influence over the businesses (legal and illegal) throughout the city. Jubal's soldiers walked the streets brazenly, boldly daring anyone to cross their paths. To ensure his continued control, Jubal would periodically order an informant's death to ensure the rest remained loyal. This practice was acceptable, up until the time when Jubal ordered the death of the wrong man.

While Jubal dealt in slaves, the Beggar King, Moruth, ruled the poor and downtrodden of the Downwind. Every beggar paid a share of his take to the Beggar King in exchange for protection, clothing, and meager fare. Moruth had an uneasy alliance with Jubal, using his beggars to keep tabs on the Hell Hounds and other notables in the city. When a few innocents were killed as examples, Moruth had enough, and the Beggar King declared war against the hawk-masks.

For months, the beggars stalked and murdered the blue-masked mercenaries, leaving their mutilated corpses on street corners, dangling from fences or buildings, or any place where they could be sure the message would reach Jubal. One by one, Moruth winnowed Jubal's control over the city, spreading fear among the hawk-masks and forcing many to go underground. Worse, Tempus finally led a force into Jubal's compound, slaughtering the crime lord's minions and grievously injuring Jubal himself. It was expected that with Jubal's elimination, stability would follow. However, the Beggars, now no longer dealing with the hawk-masks, were free to pursue their own agendas, including seizing control of Sanctuary's underworld. The beggars, in force, joined in the great war for Sanctuary.

With Ranke's collapse, the destruction of Roxane, and the subsequent withdrawal of the Stepsons, 3rd Commando, and the rest, the beggars resumed their control over Downwind, being very nearly the only uncontested criminal organization left in the city. It would not last, though. The drought years, followed by the hurricanes and heavy rains, washed Downwind, and, theoretically, most of its inhabitants, away. Those who survived fled to the Hill. Worse, the Dyareelans recruited children to fill the ranks of their new army, and the best children were those hardened by the streets. The Dyareelans crushed the beggars, stole the urchins, and killed anyone who would not submit to their authority. In short, the beggars union did not survive the Catastrophe.

Pirates of Scavengers' Isle

In Sanctuary's infancy, the Kingdom of Ilsig came, bent on revenge for their defeat in the Queen's Mountains, blaming the ex-slaves for Ilsig's decline and gradual loss to the superior Rankan legions. Some accepted the arriving Ilsigis, seeing their fate as inevitable. Others, especially the indigenous fishermen who preceded the ex-slaves, refused to submit to foreign masters. Instead of fighting in the open, they took their fleet of fishing craft and fled to a nearby island, where they planned to raid Ilsigi merchants to increase the cost of taking Sanctuary.

Dubbing their island Scavengers' Isle, the once-meek fishermen turned to a life of piracy. With the taste of blood, they became less selective about their targets, striking any ship that passed, slaughtering crews, and stealing their booty. No longer did these men and women catch fish with their nets, but ships instead. The pirates ruled the narrow stretch of water, and bounded farther and farther to prey on heavy Rankan vessels laden with treasure and supplies, and even on warships. Scavengers' Isle transformed from an enclave of exiles bound together through a common cause of survival into a decadent and perverse society of wicked cutthroats and murderers, with no regard for order or justice.

Towards the end of the Rankan occupation, the pirates turned from simply raiding ships to outright slavery. As the closest port was Sanctuary, pirates infiltrated the city and kidnapped able-bodied young men and women to sell to buyers around the world. As the city was already beleaguered by years of anarchy and infighting, Kadakithis was powerless to stop the kidnappings until he could achieve some semblance of peace on his city streets.

And then, suddenly, the factions all left the city, leaving Kadakithis to govern once more. Sanctans were desperate to find missing family and friends, spouses and children, and the shanghai tactics were only worsening. Kadakithis gathered a group of volunteers, armed them, dubbed them marines, and sent them to deal with Scavengers' Isle. The Sanctan force destroyed the pirate outpost, burning their ships and freeing hundreds of slaves in the process. Sanctuary gained its first colony, and renamed the island Inception Isle.

Their hold on this property would not last long. On the heels of the pirates' defeat came the plagues, the storms, the vanishing of Kadakithis, the withdrawal and subsequent silence from the Beysibs, and the weakening of the Protectors. By the time the Dyareelans took control, all control over Inception Isle ended. In the years that followed, no one is really sure what happened to the colony, and many wait and wonder if the days of piracy will begin once more.



Chapter Three: Sanctuary Then and Now

Sanctuary never sleeps. In every hour of every day, in every neighborhood, something is going on. Footpads skulk in the shadows of buildings, waiting for the perfect passerby with a fat purse to filch. Assassins rule the rooftops, watching their quarries on the winding streets below. Prostitutes offer delights from balconies to those with enough coin. At night, the Promise of Heaven stirs with the desperate, the hungry, and the frightened. Beggars stare with bleary eyes, noting every detail as the PFLS brazenly set fire to the home of a Beysib sympathizer. Cultists congregate in the dank tunnels of the Undercity, while the Irrune convene in the halls of the Palace, restlessly walking the myriad corridors as they struggle to adapt to city life. Sanctuary is alive with activity, from criminals to saints. And, for those looking for excitement, Sanctuary promises much.

The neighborhoods and larger districts of Sanctuary are based more on common activity than formal distinctions or borders. All vary widely in size and shape, and may grow, shrink, or twist from year to year. The major neighborhoods are: Copper Corner, Downwind, the Wideway, Fisherman's Row, The Hill, the Jewelers' Quarter, The Maze, Pyrtanis, the Shambles, the Tween, and Undercity. Less important areas, some of which are actually portions of larger neighborhoods, are the Westside, the Bazaar, the Street of Red Lanterns, the Processional, the Avenue of Temples, and the Palace District. In most cases, the neighborhood exists in both the Rankan Era and the Irrune Era; however, for an area to last from one era to the next without change would be a very rare thing, indeed.

Each neighborhood's description highlights important locations, usually those of some importance in the stories told in the anthologies. The descriptions of these landmarks match those in the books as closely as possible. Where relevant, the locations and neighborhoods refer to NPCs likely to be found there. For more details on these characters, see **Chapter Four: Faces of Sanctuary**.

When planning adventures with this material, it might be handy to reference **Appendix I: People of Sanctuary**, which details the sort of encounters one is likely to have in various neighborhoods. You'll also find tables for generating shops and homes randomly, allowing you to produce necessary information on the fly.

Vigilance

In my experience, which is extensive, Sanctuary's guards are not much better than the common roach…

Each neighborhood has a *vigilance* rating. The vigilance rating measures how much influence the Guard and the Watch have: the higher the number, the more active the patrols. Should the characters commit a crime or engage in some other suspicious activity, there is a chance that a Guard or Watch patrol moves in to investigate. Depending on the situation, the characters might have to make a Hide, Move Silently, or similar skill check with the vigilance rating as the DC. On a failed check, the guards come to investigate or otherwise notice the presence of the characters.

Circumstances will determine the appropriate skill check. If the characters are making a lot of noise, such as by brawling or breaking a window, they may have to make Move Silently checks to avoid detection. If they try to carry a large stolen item through the streets, they might have to make a Hide check to avoid suspicion. A Sleight

of Hand check might be needed for a character attempting to pick a target's pocket. If the player characters are acting in concert, the character with the lowest number of ranks in the relevant skill must make the check — a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, after all. The other characters may use the "aid another" action normally to improve the group's chance of success.

If successful, the PCs avoid the notice of the authorities. Otherwise, a guard or watch unit (depending on the neighborhood) arrives in 2d4 rounds to investigate. (If you're using miniatures or other tactical representation to enhance your game, start the guards 20 feet away per round they must travel in a random direction. Each round, they cautiously move 20 feet forward, scanning the area for signs of the disturbance.) If the PCs are wary, they may well notice the guards before they come close, allowing them to hide, flee, ready actions, and so on.

If the PCs are committing a crime in plain sight, roll 1d20 at the beginning of each minute of game time. (Remember that a minute is equal to ten rounds, if engaged in combat.) If the roll is higher than the neighborhood's vigilance rating, guards fail to show up that round. Otherwise, the guard arrives in the area to deal with the disturbance at the end of the round. Add a cumulative –1 penalty for each minute after the first. If there are no witnesses, the roll gains a +10 circumstance bonus.

Buildings and Structures

As the PCs adventure in the city, it may become necessary to know what kinds of shops and homes are on a given street. Sanctuary is literally teeming with people, and in some places businesses open and close with shocking spontaneity. **Table 3–1: Building and Structures by Social Class** can provide these answers, and has been arranged to be useful in any era.

Neighborhoods

Sanctuary has four neighborhood levels: Slums, Lower Class, Middle Class, and Upper Class.

Slums

The poorest of the poor live in neighborhoods like this. Most buildings are little more than hovels and shacks. The streets are usually unpaved, or have retained the stones from days before the neighborhood's decline. Slums include the Downwind in the Rankan Era and the Hill in the Irrune Era.

Lower Class

A slight improvement over the slums, homes here are tenement buildings that house 3d4 families or modestly sized houses that

Table 3–1: Buildings and Structures by Social Class

Structure	Slums	Lower	Middle	Upper
Residence (Roll on **Table 3–2**)	01–50	01–50	01–40	01–60
Businesses (Roll on **Table 3–3**)	51–60	51–80	41–80	61–90
Ruins (Roll on **Table 3–4**)	61–100	81–100	81–100	91–100

Table 3–2: Residences

Residence	Slums	Lower	Middle	Upper
Tent/lean-to	01–20	01–05	—	—
Hovel	21–40	06–20	01–05	—
Residence, 1-story	41–50	21–30	06–35	01–05
Residence, 1-story with garden	—	31–35	36–50	06–25
Residence, 2-story	—	36–40	51–55	26–40
Residence, 2-story with garden	—	—	56–60	41–60
Residence, 2-story with garden and fountain	—	—	—	61–70
Residence, 2-story manor house	—	—	61–62	71–80
Residence, 2-story townhouse	—	—	—	81–85
Residence, small estate	—	—	—	86–88
Residence, large estate	—	—	—	89–90
Tenement, Poor	51–90	41–70	63–65	—
Tenement, Average	91–100	71–100	66–90	—
Tenement, Fine	—	—	91–100	91–100

Table 3–3: Businesses

Business	Slums	Lower	Middle	Upper	Bazaar
Animal trainer	—	—	—	01	01
Apothecary	01	01	01	02	02
Architect	—	—	02	03–04	—
Arena	02–03	02	03	—	—
Armorsmith	—	—	04	05	03
Artist	04	03	05	06	—
Baker	—	04–05	06	07	—
Barrister	—	—	—	08–09	—
Barber	—	06	07	10	—
Basketweaver	—	07	08	—	—
Bath House	—	—	09	11–12	—
Blacksmith	—	08	10	—	04–05
Boatwright	—	09–10	—	—	—
Bowyer/Fletcher	—	11	11	—	06
Brewery	—	12–13	12	—	—
Brickmaster	—	14	13	—	—
Brothel	05–10	15–20	14–15	13	—
Butcher	11–12	21–22	16	—	07–08
Carpenter	—	23	17	—	—
Carter	13	24–25	—	—	—
Cartographer	—	—	—	14	09
Cartwright	—	26–27	18	—	—
Chandler	—	28–29	19	—	10
Clothier	—	30	20	15–16	11–12
Cobbler	—	31–32	21	17	13–14
Cooper	—	33	22	—	15
Coppersmith	—	—	23	18	16
Cutler	—	—	24	19	17
Dairy	—	34–35	25	—	—
Distillery	—	36	—	—	—
Dry Goods Store	—	37	26–27	20	18–24
Dyer	14–18	38	—	—	—
Embroiderer	—	—	—	21	25
Exporter/Importer	—	—	28–29	22–23	26–30
Farrier	—	39	30	—	31
Fence	19–25	40–41	31	—	32–34
Fishmonger	26–30	42–44	32	—	—
Fortuneteller	31	45	—	—	35–40
Fruiter	—	—	—	24–25	41
Furrier	—	—	33	—	42
Gambling House	32–34	46–48	34	26–28	—
Gem Cutter	—	—	35	29	43
Glassblower	—	—	36	—	44
Goldsmith	—	—	37	30	—
Healer	35	49–50	38	31–32	—
Herbalist	36	51	39	33	45–46
Horsebreeder	—	—	40	34–35	—
Hostel	37–40	52–55	41–42	36	—
Inn	41	56–60	43–44	37–40	—
Jeweler	—	—	45	41–42	47
Kennel	—	—	—	43	—
Laundry	42–44	61	46	—	—
Leatherworker	45–50	62–63	47	—	48–50
Limner	51	64	48	44	51
Locksmith	—	—	49	45–46	—
Mason	52–55	65	50	—	—
Metalsmith	—	66	51–52	—	52–55
Midwife	56	67	53–54	—	—
Miller	—	68	—	—	—
Moneychanger	—	—	55–56	47–50	56–57
Occultist	—	69	57	51	58
Orphanage	57	70	58	—	—
Painter	58–59	71	59	—	—
Perfumery	60–61	72	—	—	—
Potter	62–64	73	60	—	—
Restaurant	—	—	61–64	52–60	—
Ropemaker	65	74	—	—	—
Saddler	—	—	65	61	—
Sage	—	75	66	62–63	59
Scriptorium	—	—	67	64–65	—
Seamstress	66–67	76–77	68	66	—
Shrine	68	78	69	67–68	60
Silversmith	—	—	70	69	61
Slaver	69	79	—	—	62
Slaughterhouse	70–74	80	—	—	—
Soapmaker	75	81	—	—	—
Stable	76	82	71	70–74	—
Staver	—	83	—	—	—
Stoneyard	77	84	72	—	—
Tailor	—	—	73–74	75–78	63–64
Tanner	78–84	85	—	—	—
Tavern	85–90	86–90	75–80	79–87	—
Tea House	—	—	—	88–90	—
Theatre	—	—	81	91	—
Tinker	91	91	82	—	65–70
Trader	—	—	83–84	—	71–80
Vintner	—	—	—	92–94	81
Wagoner	—	92	85	—	—
Wainwright	—	93	86	—	—
Weaponsmith	—	94	87	—	82
Weaver	92	95	88	—	83
Wheelwright	—	96	89	—	84
Woolmaker	93	97	—	—	—
Criminal Enterprise (Roll Again)	94–100	98–100	90–100	95–100	85–100

Table 3–4: Ruins

Ruin	Slums	Lower	Middle	Upper
Ruin, rubble	01–40	01–30	01–20	01–10
Ruin, one wall	41–60	31–55	21–50	11–30
Ruin, two walls, partial roof	61–75	56–70	51–75	31–60
Ruin, three walls, partial roof	76–90	71–85	76–95	61–85
Ruin, intact, but abandoned (roll on **Table 3–2**)	91–100	86–100	96–100	86–100

double as shops. The streets are sometimes cobbled and are often choked with waste and trash. Seedy bars and taverns are numerous here. In both eras, Sanctuary's lower class lives in the Westside, the Shambles, and Fisherman's Row. In the Irrune Era, Pyrtanis Street and the Old Jeweler's Quarter are considered lower class.

Middle Class

Though tenement buildings are still the norm, there are many more private homes. Shops are either part of a seller's home or freestanding. Taverns tend to be upscale and cater to soldiers and guards. In the Rankan Era, the Processional and the Jewelers' Quarter were both considered middle class. In the Irrune Era, the 'Tween and some parts of the Processional are middle class.

Upper Class

This is the best part of town, characterized by the large homes and estates, fine shops, and restaurants. These areas are heavily patrolled to they keep out the rabble. In the Rankan Era, the Hill was the richest part of town. In the Irrune Era, there is no exclusively upper class neighborhood — parts of the Copper Corner and the Old Jewelers' Quarter are considered upper class but, by and large, the rich citizens have withdrawn to Land's End retreat.

Walls and Gates

Walls and gates… invitations all, I always say

Whether through one of the many gates, beneath the city via the maze of tunnels, or simply over the walls under cover of night, a person can easily slip in and out of Sanctuary without attracting too much notice. This section spotlights the major routes into, out of, and through the city.

Walls

When Kadakithis took over, the only walls in Sanctuary were those surrounding the palace district and the bazaar, and a nearly 600-foot span on the western edge of the city that marked the main entrance to Caravan Square. Another wall covered a broad section of the eastern half of the city, but was only partly complete.

As Ranke disintegrated, Molin Torchholder and Prince Kadakithis spent a great deal of Emperor Theron's money finishing the city's walls. The new walls enclosed the granaries north of the palace, and extended the partly finished eastern wall to wrap around the unprotected Avenue of Temples until it connected to the palace itself. The building of the walls marked one of Sanctuary's most prosperous times. Workers and their families came from all over to earn their pay erecting walls (said by some to be divinely designed). Money flowed into all districts of the city, and the city's coffers were quickly replenished by the taxes they levied on the burgeoning economy.

These walls were constructed so expertly that they have survived fires, floods, storms, and the Dyareelans. They could probably withstand a direct attack, given their craftsmanship. Regardless of era, the walls are considered reinforced masonry (10 feet thick, DC 45 Break, Hardness 8, hp 1,800 per 10-ft.-by-10-ft. section, Climb DC 15). They stand about twenty feet tall and have crenellations. Scaffolding allows guards to patrol them, but few do except in times of war.

The walls also tell Sanctuary's story to those who take the time to notice. Scattered upon them are bas-reliefs of notable citizens, including profiles of Kadakithis and other heroes, and images of the gods, though few survived graffiti and defacement by the cultists.

Gates

Sanctuary has many gates, each serving as a checkpoint to monitor traffic into and out of the city, and through the various neighborhoods. This section describes most of the gates in use. A gate uses the vigilance rating of the district in which it stands, plus 5.

Common Gate

The Common Gate sees a lot of traffic and randy men (and women) drift over to Red Lanterns pretty much at all times of the day. Oh, and there's the Bazaar too.

Common Gate serves for daily traffic and stands on the northwestern wall of the bazaar. It allows easy access for people of the outlying areas to trade and shop in Sanctuary. A pair of guards watches for thieves and troublemakers, and charges a flat fee of 2 padpols to those seeking entry. On the lintel is a single word, announcing to those travelers that can read that they enter "Sanctuary."

Just beyond Common Gate, there is the cemetery to the southwest and the Street of Red Lanterns to the northeast. What houses lay here are scattered and small. Further north are the steadily mounting hills and the hamlets that support the city.

Gate of Gold

In my day, the Gate of Gold was a symbol of hope and promise of the future…

Hah! They should tear the damn thing down.

The Gate of Gold once marked the eastern extent of the city. It was named for the caravan trades that came this far south and marked the way to lucrative trade with Ilsig. When Kadakithis ordered the completion of the walls, the Gate of Gold marked the entrance to the city, and the city extended further to the east accessed through the Prince's Gate. Guardhouses flank the Wideway as it passes through. During the Rankan era, there were defensible ditches on either side of the Wideway. Now the Gate of Gold is nothing more than an empty arch.

Gate of the Gods (Gods' Gate)

In the old days, this gate was something and colorful types moved through as they liked. Now, well, it's kind of sad… not that I owe anything to priests or anything.

The Gate of the Gods stands on the eastern wall of the palace district near the cisterns. So named because it connects the palace to the Avenue of Temples, this gate features expertly crafted religious imagery, though much of it remains defaced after the Dyareelan reign.

During the Troubles, the cultists used the Gate of the Gods to creep into the city to hunt for dissenters and rebels. With the destruction of the temples on the Avenue, few locals haunt this area except for the occasional Hiller who came to loot the ruins. Now, the Gods' Gate is protected by a pair of Irrune guards.

Gate of Triumph

The thing I remember most about the Gate of Triumph were the processions. If it wasn't a detachment of Rankans, soldiers or priests — really is there much difference when Rankans are concerned? — it was those Stepsons. And no, nothing ever happened between me and Tempus.

The Gate of Triumph is well protected and banded with iron. It offers access to the western side of the city, particularly the caravan depot and farmer's market. The guards look for contraband and watch for obviously dangerous types, barring them from the city, though they rarely pry too deeply. Triumph Gate is also where the guards collect fees from merchants bringing their goods into the city. (Prices tend to vary among the guards.) Lastly, this is the route Sanctans take to bury their dead in the cemetery, so carts bearing corpses are not an uncommon sight.

The Gate of Triumph was once used for processions of a religious or military nature. In the current era, not much remains of this place,



and a great deal of the wall collapsed during the terrible storms. Most caravans now come through the East Gate.

Gate of Justice (Headman's Gate)

I always thought Headman's Gate was a far more appropriate name...

Providing direct access to the Street of Red Lanterns, the Gate of Justice was once called the Headman's Gate (or Dead Man's Gate) for its clear view of the executioner's block. Renamed the Gate of Justice to soften its purpose, it opens up the northern extent of the city. Most days, this gate stands closed.

Palace Gate

I suppose I could have just slipped through the Palace Gate, but where's the challenge in that?

The Palace Gate leads to the governor's palace. It has two large reinforced wooden doors that close in times of crisis and are flanked by a pair of guardhouses. Only those with business in the palace or the Hall of Justice are allowed passage, and even then, with only a writ. When first erected, the Palace Gate bore the names of the Ilsigi gods, later replaced with the Rankan gods. The inscriptions were fully removed during the Troubles, and now it bears no god's name.

Roads

Sanctuary is crisscrossed with roads, many of which are little more than muddy paths. The main thoroughfares are cobbled with large stones or even paved, but in the better neighborhoods they are smaller and jostle carts less than in other areas. For more details on the various streets in Sanctuary, consult the city maps on pages 46 to 49.


The City of Sanctuary
Rankan Era
Farms
White Foal River
Swamp of Night Secrets
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
35



Rankan Era Map Key

1. General's Road
2. Kurd's House
3. Street of Red Lanterns
4. Cemetary
5. Gate of Triumph
6. The Bazaar
7. Animal Pens and Beef Market
8. Downwind
9. Jubal's Estate
10. Caravan Square
11. Farmer's Run
12. Common Gate
13. Westside
14. Fisherman's Row
15. Wideway
16. The Maze
17. Empire's Wharf
18. Old Wharf
19. West Gate Street
20. Governor's Walk
21. The Processional
22. Governor's Palace
23. Gate of the Gods
24. Headman's Gate
25. Granaries
26. Vashanka's Square
27. Avenue of Temples
28. Promise of Heaven
29. Land's End
30. Gate of Gold
31. Jeweler's Quarter
32. Pyrtanis Street
33. Path of Money
34. Fish Market
35. Shamble's Corner
36. Processional Gate
37. Zoo Gardens
38. Palace Gate


The City of Sanctuary
Irrune Era
Uplands
White Foal River
Swamp of Night Secrets
The Hag's Teeth
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
31
32



Irrune Era Map Key

1. General's Road
2. Cemetary
3. Common Gate
4. The Bazaar
5. Gate of Triumph
6. Farmer's Market and Caravan Grounds
7. Fisherman's Row
8. Shambles
9. The Maze
10. Farmer's Run
11. Wideway
12. Street of Red Lanterns
13. Governor's Walk
14. The Processional
15. Processional Gate
16. Palace Gate
17. Hall of Justice
18. Granaries
19. Gate of the Gods
20. Promise of Heaven
21. Avenue of Temples
22. The Hill
23. The Crook
24. Copper Corner
25. Pyrtanis Street
26. Jeweler's Quarter
27. Gate of Gold
28. The 'Tween
29. Prince's Gate
30. Old Wharf
31. Empire's Wharf
32. The Lighthouse

Prince's Gate (East Gate)

Eh. The days of Kadakithis are long behind us, I'm afraid. I get a shiver whenever I pass through East Gate.

The Prince's Gate, or Eastern Gate, stands at the farthest east edge of Sanctuary proper, marking the border of the 'Tween and standing opposite of the older Gate of Gold, which marked Sanctuary's border in the Rankan Era. The guards here make it a point to learn the names of locals and regulars who come and go. For these people, they are lax in their duties; when faced with a stranger, they are far more vigilant. The guards here inspect wagons and carts, but rarely do much more than that, and a few well-spent padpols can get them to turn the other way. Travelers seeking Land's End retreat pass through this gate, as do most caravans that come to Sanctuary now.

Above the Prince's Gate is a plaque—a stone carving depicting two men in profile, facing each other. Beneath them are two swords crossed over a spear and an inscription dedicating the gate to Prince Kadakithis.

Processional Gate

I seem to recall a certain menagerie that created all sorts of trouble way back when. Something about bird, or was it bat, people. Funny how people put those sorts of things out of their heads.

The Processional Gate is the terminus end of the Processional, allowing access to the palace district. From the gate, one can see the parade grounds, Vashanka's Square, and the palace itself. Two great wooden doors close during the night hours to protect the governor and his family, but during the day, the gates stand open and allow those with palace business to come and go as they please, albeit under the scrutiny of the guard. In the old days, the Zoo Gardens stood just east of the Processional Gate, impressing visitors with the governor's wealth.

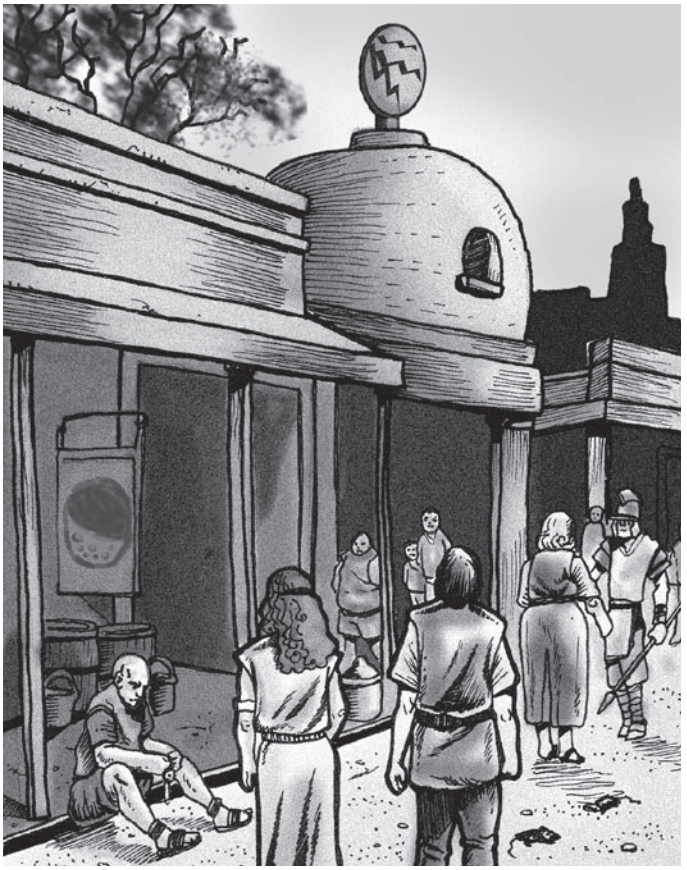
West Gate (Rankan Era only)

Before Kadakithis ordered the completion of Sanctuary's walls, the palace district had a second gate on the southern wall that stood at the end of West Gate Street. This gate saw little traffic and stood closed except for festivals and major palace events. West Gate has a single guardhouse.

Avenue of Temples

• Vigilance 25 (Rankan) or 5 (Irrune) •

I'll say this, the Avenue of Temples was never a place for lingering. The temple guards took their jobs a little too seriously and more than one Wrigglie took a nasty beating just for looking like they were up to no good.



This wide street is the highest point in the city, above even the palace itself. The Avenue was once home to Sanctuary's temples and priests. The buildings here were large and ornate, with smaller mansions for the ruling clergy and rougher buildings in back for the lesser acolytes. The priests maintained the Avenue, keeping it very clean, and encouraged Sanctuary's citizens to visit at any hour. Few did, however, in part because the city guards patrolled the street heavily, chasing away anyone who looked too poor, save on festival days when they were allowed to beg for alms on the temple steps. The rest avoided this area because few Sanctans ever had much use for the gods and their priests.

Crime was almost nonexistent on the Avenue — The gods and their priests looked out for themselves. Most temples maintained their own security, and there's nothing that's worth tempting the wrath of Ils or Savankala. The guards watched every visitor closely, particularly those who did not look wealthy. And there was nowhere for a good thief to hide: the buildings were too far apart and too clean to offer protective shadows, and the streets too empty to provide crowd cover. As a result, the Avenue always felt cold and empty, making it even less inviting. Except for the priests and the guards, most of Sanctuary's residents only visited the Avenue on the major holy days, or during the religious festivals.

The temple of Ils Thousand-Eyed, supreme deity of the Ilsig kingdom, dominated the Avenue of Temples originally. But with the arrival of the Rankans to Sanctuary, work began on new temples, bigger and bolder than the older Ilsigi ones. Specifically, this new construction focused mostly on the Temple of Vashanka and his father, Savankala. This new construction, coupled with Vashanka's generally aggressive nature, precipitated the Gods' War that plagued the city for several years. The Ilsigi temples lined the northeast side of the avenue, while construction started on the temples to Rankan gods at the southeastern corner of the Promise of Heaven. During the thickest

of tensions between the Rankan and Ilsigi priests, this place became a hotbed of intrigues and treachery.

Many of the Ilsigi temples were ruined during the Gods' War, for Rankans emptied any temple that they saw as a threat, such as the Temple of Sivini. Interestingly, the rise and fall of various temples has been a common occurrence in this part of the city, for once, ages ago, Dyareela had a temple here, something few Sanctans during the Rankan Era ever forgot. Still, the Gods' War was unique. Both of the rival pantheons suffered. Vashanka's temple was destroyed, and Ils' temple collapsed, killing his own followers.

But nothing would compare to the destruction meted by the Dyareelans. At the height of their power, they razed every standing temple in the city to make way for the true faith of the Mother of Chaos. They used the temples' steps as stages for their ritual executions, bathing the sacred buildings in blood and sacrificing both Rankan and Ilsigi priests on their altars. After the Irrune broke and outlawed the cult, the conquerors forbade public worship within the city limits, making the temples not only useless, but illegal. Many of the proud old buildings have fallen into disrepair, even those that survived the fires and the fighting.

Now, this place stands above one of Sanctuary's most dangerous neighborhoods. Nearly deserted, the memories of the Dyareelan excesses still resonate with the populace. What efforts have been made to restore this part of town have been halfhearted, such as with the old temple of Ils, which still lacks a roof. Recently, however, some of the temples have seen new life. The temple of Ils is being slowly restored. The Sisters of Sabellia work to restore her temple, and Pel Garwood has claimed the old chapel of Meshpri and her son, Meshnom, as his home, trading his services for labor to restore the building to its former greatness. Residents have begun visiting both the healer and the Sisters, and the town guards are starting to patrol here again to protect them. Unfortunately, the Avenue is near the Hill, and people from that neighborhood are starting to wander onto the Avenue as well. These people are usually desperate for food, money, and drink, and willing to do anything for such prizes, so they often harass, rob, and murder the Avenue's more legitimate visitors. The guards beat away these criminals when they can, but it is still best to walk the Avenue during the day, and to avoid those temples that still lay in ruin.

Table 3–2: Avenue of Temples Buildings

—Rankan—		—Irrune—	
Roll	**Temple**	**Roll**	**Building**
01–05	Aleestina	01–80	Ruin***
06–10	Anen	81–90	Pel Garwood or Sisters of Sabellia
11	Death and Sostrei	91–100	Other revivalist cult
12–20	Eshi		
21–40	Ils		
41–50	Meshpri		
51–55	Shalpa		
56–66	Shipri		
67–70	Sivini (ruins)		
71–75	Theba		
76–80	Thili		
81–85	Thufir		
86–90	Rankan Shrine*		
91–92	Argash**		
93–95	Other god		
96–00	Ruins		

*The Rankans work throughout the classic series to construct a great temple for their pantheon. The Promise of Heaven was later adapted to house Rankan gods as well. Heqt's temple, when it stood, was in the Maze. Dyareela was banned from the city up until the Troubles.
**Ilsigi god of death and dying
***Roll on the Rankan Era table for the god

Secrets

For those willing to brave the Hillers, there are old treasures still to be found in these old buildings. It is rumored that the Dyareelans now lurk in these tunnels that run beneath several of the ruins, including the one that runs beneath Savankala's altar to the palace and the Street of Red Lanterns.

Bazaar

• Vigilance 10 •

I guess of all the things in Sanctuary, the Bazaar is pretty much like it always was, well except for the S'danzo. High prices, crooked merchants, and roaches with sticky fingers, what a place!

This large area was one of the busiest, liveliest places in the city. Essentially an open-air market, one could find everything from food to weapons to livestock to services in the bazaar. Most of the sellers in the Rankan Era were Sanctans, with a healthy smattering of just about every other culture in the Known World, including seven or eight S'danzo. No one seemed to know who ran the bazaar, but there were definitely rules, and no one moved in without permission, or at least they did not stay long. Permanent buildings lined the walls. Some belonged to the S'danzo, who were the bazaar's most permanent residents, with others in the hands of a few successful merchants. Everyone else arrived shortly before dawn each morning to set up tents and booths and lay out their wares, selling throughout the day, before packing up and heading home just after dusk. Pickpockets ran rampant here, but there was never much violence. Most people were too busy buying and selling to fight, and city guards were always nearby in case of trouble.

Although most vendors closed up and left each night, the bazaar was never truly a totally empty place. Some of the locals who lived here were open for business at any hour of the day or night. Others used the emptied booths and aisles for their own activities, like gambling, drinking, or selling items that the city guard would not allow to be sold openly.

Newcomers to Sanctuary would often go to the bazaar first, or finish their other business and then head off to wander its alleys and paths. Nobles, peasants, merchants, and everyone in between—they all came to the bazaar. It was the one place in Sanctuary where everyone was welcome, regardless of race, religion, or financial status. The bazaar was never the place to get the best price — there were other markets and merchants for wheeling and dealing. Rather, the bazaar was the market for luxuries, oddments, foreign trade, and secondhand merchandise.

Good Fortune Oils

One-Eye Reesch is best known for his magical oils and essences, which he sells out of his stall in the Bazaar. A person burns the oil in a normal lamp while making a wish, and then enjoys a boost to his fortunes. Reesch doesn't actually make these oils, but imports them from the Caronnese and the Aurvestan; the Aurvestan brands are less reliable, but cheaper. When burning Aurvestan oils, the user must make a DC 10 Will save in order to gain the benefits of the oils.

Good fortune oils come in a number of varieties, each of which has a different effect. Color-coded wax seals distinguish between the types of oil.

Blue

This oil grants financial good fortune. The user gains a +2 enhancement bonus to all Profession checks and Diplomacy checks made when haggling. The effects last for 24 hours.

Faint transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *guidance*; Price 70 sh (Carronese) or 55 sh (Aurveshan).

Red

This oil helps the user find true love. The user gains a +2 enhancement bonus to all Charisma-based checks when dealing with the subject of his affections. The effects last for 24 hours.

Faint transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *eagle's splendor*; Price 120 sh (Carronese) or 100 sh (Aurveshan).

Green

This oil provides good health. The user gains a +2 enhancement bonus to all Fortitude saves. The effects last for 24 hours.

Faint transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *resistance*; Price 135 sh (Carronese) or 110 sh (Aurveshan).

Black

This oil breaks hexes. If the user is under the effects of a curse or a spell that requires a Will save to resist, he may attempt that Will save a second time at the original DC, resisting in the appropriate way if this save succeeds. Only one effect can be resisted with a single application of good fortune oil.

Faint abjuration; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *dispel magic*; Price 375 sh (Carronese) or 300 sh (Aurveshan).

Like the rest of the city, the Troubles affected the bazaar, which fell on hard times. But not for long. The bazaar was too good a location not to draw more merchants, and soon it was busy once again, filled with hopefuls peddling all manner of goods, though, instead of S'danzo, there are now merchants of Twandan, Aurveshan, or Caronnese extraction, along with a great many Ilsigi and Rankan merchants, and a few exotic Mrsevadans.

Old walls surround the bazaar, older than the rest of the city. In fact, these walls are some of the earliest fortifications in Sanctuary. With these defenses in place, the bazaar seems like a city in its own right. A small gate in the northern wall, called the Common Gate, leads out to the Street of Red Lanterns, and it is guarded around the clock and barred at night. Many of the bazaar's vendors live within the walls, and rarely leave. Because traders bring everything to the market, the inhabitants there do not need anything from the rest of Sanctuary, and seem content to live their lives within those four walls, forcing their customers to seek them out, instead of the other way around.

Davar's Forge

In the Irrune Era, Sanctuary has only five working blacksmiths (among whom is Swift on Pyrantis) and so Davar, a native of the bazaar, has a steady business. Situated on the bazaar's north wall, he is always busy. He is a skilled smith, and provides services at reasonable prices for locals, though he charges a bit more for those from outside of the bazaar. Like most people here, Davar has no great love for the rest of the city and is brusque when dealing with outsiders.

Davar's forge sits on the very spot that Dubro's stood during the Rankan Era and the anvil he uses is the same one Dubro used, proven by the Face of Chaos stamped on its side. Though Davar is as successful as Dubro, they have no other connections other than the site where they work.

Dubro and Illyra

I've always had a soft spot for S'Danzo. And while I preferred Moonflower, Illyra never did me wrong.

Of the people living in the bazaar during the Rankan Era, Dubro and Illyra were perhaps the most friendly to outsiders. Fully ensconced in the bazaar lifestyle, they frequently found themselves involved with the larger city. Durbo, a blacksmith by trade, was likely the most skilled smith in the city. Reserved, stolid, and steadfast, he did a good business providing for his wife and family. Illyra supplemented their income by reading palms and cards in her tent, which stood next to the forge. For prophecies and fortunetelling, there was no better seer. For more details on Dubro and Illyra, see **Chapter Four: Faces of Sanctuary**.

One-Eye Reesch

One-Eye Reesch is another vendor in the Irrune Era bazaar. Formerly a glass blower, he specialized in selling fine glasswares. As he aged, he lost the strength in his lungs to continue, so now he deals with containers (glass and metals) of fine craftsmanship. Though he does a brisk business, he is better known for his fortune oils (see the sidebar for details).

Caravan's Square/Caravan Depot & Farmer's Market

• Vigilance 10 •

I never had much cause to loiter here, though Cudget used to ply his trade there. Merchants hefty heavy bags of silver, well it's an attractive proposition, you know? Ah well, the past is past.

This large open area once stood just north of Westside and west of the bazaar. Here, caravans from all over the Known World congregate to sell their goods in the city. In many cases, they transport their merchandise into the bazaar where they rent a stall for a time before moving on to sell in another coastal city. Many, though, sold right off the wagons, skipping the higher prices of the bazaar and selling at a bargain. The Caravan's Square was organized into smaller markets, including the farmer's market and the beef market.

During the day, the Caravan's Square was a lively place, filled with merchants from many different lands. Cook-fires sent up the aromas of strange cuisine blended with the sickly-sweet odor of horse and camel dung. Road dust, sweat, and occasionally blood mixed with the other smells to create a strong musk that seemed to speak of distant lands and adventures in faraway places. At night, merchants engaged in night dealing by the light of their sentry fires, exchanging commodities and news for hard coin and favors. Caravan Square was a lively place and defining characteristic of Sanctuary's cosmopolitan nature, but it was a casualty in the storms that followed Ranke's withdrawal.

What was once Caravan's Square became a deep cove torn away by the flooding and hurricanes that ravaged the city after four years of drought. In the years that followed, and the caravans came through the East Gate instead. The new caravan depot (sometimes still called Caravan's Square) occasionally serves as an arena for horseracing, duels, and some blood sport, though this isn't as popular with the Irrune masters. On most days, it serves as the gathering place for merchants and traders who carry their goods over land from as far away as Ranke and Ilsig, and sometimes farther. Here all sorts of exotic goods can be found, from silks and spices to tools and raw materials, like ore and lumber. Tax collectors prowl the caravan depot to generate revenue for the city while also keeping an eye on the kinds of things brought into the city, though tax collectors are likely the most bribable creatures in all the city.

Local farmers and herders, however, come to the farmer's market three days each week (Orulsday, Eshiday, and Shiprisday) to sell grain, cattle, and finished products from the outlying communities. This is the place to find bargains, and the prices here beat those anyplace else in the city. Much of the produce and animals sold here are fresh, common, and local, so those with more particular tastes often head over to the bazaar.

In both the caravan depot and the farmer's market, most of the merchandise brought into the city is legal and legitimate. While no safer than anywhere else, Sanctans can expect to buy goods for fair prices without fear of being ripped off too badly. Yet despite the efforts to control illegal goods, it is through these portals that Sanctuary sees its heaviest drug trafficking. Drug lords manufacture opah in the outlying hamlets where there is little to control the production of this dangerous drug. Farmers then carry the wads of stained cloth into the city, along with the rest of the goods they would sell. Contacts meet them and make small purchases, which are wrapped in opah-stained cloth, which is then taken into the city, cut up into swatches, and bound as books for sale on the streets.

Slavery is also a big business. Caravaners smuggle slaves out of the city from contacts in the Crook (see page 58) and take kidnapped citizens out of the city to be sold in flesh markets too far away for anyone to ever know where they came from. Likewise, slaves are illegally imported through the same means, though they are often transported in galleys that specialize in carrying slaves. Space is at a premium, so each slave is accorded a small area, often no larger than a coffin, where he or she lives for the voyage. These "coffin ships" come to port disguised as ordinary cargo ships.

Man in Motley

During the Rankan Era, the Man in Motley was a popular hostel for merchants and caravan men who had coin to spend on comfortable accommodations. A squat building, it offered a great view of the beef market, where animals were slaughtered for their flesh. At the end of each day, slaves shoveled the blood and feces into piles to dry the next day to sell as fuel. The Man in Motley featured a tavern, where there was always a joint of flesh roasting over the fire, on the main floor and rooms on the second and third floors.

Unbeknownst to most, the stone stair that led to the cellars also led to a secret door that connected to Sanctuary's undercity, and supposedly to the Black Spire in the Maze.



Cemetery

• Vigilance 5 •

There's a cemetery in Sanctuary?

The custom of burying one's dead came from the Ilsigi. As Sanctuary was founded by Ilsigi ex-slaves, the practice was adopted here. Sanctuary's cemetery is a walled area, just northwest of the bazaar and south of the Street of Red Lanterns. It is a strange, unsettling place, a mixture of mausoleums, mass graves, and headstones. While it was a sacred place in Sanctuary's early history, the Rankan occupation saw less activity here, for some Rankans cremate their dead. (Others did actually bury their corpses, interring them in family plots, along with their valuables.) Of course, when the dead walked in the city during Roxane's tenure as the villainess, Sanctuary's cemetery took on an even more sinister atmosphere.

The ground here is pocked with holes and pits from grave robbers, who risk death by plundering the graves of the dead. And though very few would ever risk coming here in the night, it's said that the rarest of herbs grow here, in the cemetery's rich and loamy soil.

With the Irrune occupation, the practice of burying the dead has fallen off even more. As descendants of the Cantal tribes, the Irrune do not have complicated funeral practices and instead cremate their dead. Though they uphold the laws against tomb robbing, they rarely prosecute criminals. To protect the dead, many Sanctans inter their family members under their homes, along with valuables as an honor to their memory. It's considered a blasphemy to unearth one of these vaults, and few with any scruples do.

Copper Corner

• Vigilance 15 •

Excellent opportunities for… work… yeah… in Copper Corner. Watch out for the money lenders, they're worse than me.

Formerly the central merchant's quarter of Sanctuary, Copper Corner got its name because it was home to most of Sanctuary's metalsmiths and coppersmiths. The buildings were large and solidly built, and many of the homes sat on small, walled estates surrounded by handsome gardens or small fruit groves. Copper Corner stood between four major streets (the Path of Money to the north, the Corridor of Steel to the east, the Wideway to the south, and the Processional to the west), and has wide, straight streets itself. Easily navigated, even the newest arrivals can find their way around this neighborhood. Despite its handsome architecture, people rarely wandered here. They came to conduct business, and then departed once business was done. The streets were always quiet, and many of the houses sat back far enough that their lights didn't reach the streets. It was a safe neighborhood, however; Kadakithis valued the smiths too much to let them get hurt or their supplies misplaced, and so his Hell Hounds often patrolled here.

Copper Corner is one of the few places in the city to survive much as it did in the Rankan Era. Though most of the metalsmiths left, a few have stayed and still have shops here. Several wealthy nobles stayed as well, and hired mercenaries to protect them. Eventually the nobles agreed that all of them wanted the same thing: to keep Copper Corner safe. So they pooled their resources and hired mercenaries on a long-term basis as guards in a private militia. This militia, called the Peacekeepers, keeps the neighborhood safe and prevent any undesirable elements from entering. Thanks to the presence of the Peacekeepers, it is still safe to walk through Copper Corner, even at night. Unless you don't look like you have real business there, in which case you will be harassed by the Peacekeepers themselves, and possibly robbed or beaten by them.

The buildings here are still in good repair and reminiscent of Sanctuary in its golden days, though many have been re-fortified in the past few years with heavier gates and window shutters. Nearest to the Processional, the homes are strongly built, but the east end is more run-down, and many of these buildings are now vacant. Peacekeepers do not patrol there as frequently, and so you can walk that portion of Copper Corner without seeing them… but so can the thieves the Peacekeepers scare away elsewhere.

Copper Corner now houses Sanctuary's wealthiest citizens (aside from those at Land's End retreat) and they go to great pains to ensure that they maintain the image of their success. It's important to note that even though Copper Corner escaped many of the ravages of the Dyareelan excesses, signs of their rule can be found here, just like every other place in the city. Scars of fire and storm remain on abandoned buildings with dark empty windows and old crumbling walls. Copper Corner is clad in an illusion of prosperity and hope that thinly conceals its dark secrets.

The Inn of Six Ravens

About halfway to the Procession, along the Street of Glass, is a small and expensive hostel known as the Inn of Six Ravens. Surrounded by a stone wall with a single iron gate, and protected by guards dressed in green livery, it has a reputation for strong defense and safe lodging. Unlike most guards in Sanctuary, the ones protecting the Inn are a hardened lot, chosen for their loyalty and reliability—they can't be bribed. The Inn is also known for its discretion, and many nobles house wives, daughters, or mistresses here for protection, anonymity, and finery. The Inn provides many amenities, from fine meals to comfortable accommodations, and also keeps a seamstress on staff who can mend or launder clothing, or create a new ensemble for a good price. In addition to the inn proper, Six Ravens has its own stable, and even a fountain in the courtyard.

Mansions

Mansions in various states of rebuilding and repair are common sights in Copper Corner. During the height of the Dyareelan excesses, most of the aristocracy fled the city. The Rankans left the Hill and settled in the outlying area at Land's End retreat, while the wealthier Wrigglies lost almost everything, and left for the satellite farming villages north of the city. After the Irrune purged the city, many



returned, hoping to reclaim their lives. Few Rankans followed suit, content in their new homes outside the city's boundaries, while the Wrigglies had no options left, so they returned to their homes, and in most cases, were penniless.

In the years that followed, the Wrigglie lords have worked hard to maintain the pretense of wealth, investing in new enterprises (some legal, most not), dealing with merchants, and forging alliances with other notables. Appearance, however, is equally important, and so these families sink unbelievable wealth into the renovation of their homes, even though they can scarcely afford to do so—and in many cases delay payment for years and years. There are, in fact, wealthy families among the nabobs, and there's considerable social competition between and among the close-knit upper class. While rumors of impending financial collapse swirl around nearly every member of the aristocracy, it's difficult for an outsider to gauge the true state of any nabob's finances.

One such notable is Jerbrah Mioklas, who, like most of the Wrigglie elite, fled the city only to return to Sanctuary to find his home in shambles. Instead of surrendering his lands, he made it his mission to rebuild his family mansion, bigger and better than ever before. He hired Grabar and Cauvin to begin work on renovating the walls, while others worked on the inside. Instead of paying as he promised, he promised more work, pleading poverty, but vowing he would make good on the debt. (Like many wealthy people, he stays so by stringing along their inferiors. Despite his claims to poverty, he lives along the Processional, which is held by the truly elite and the truly rich.)

Most mansions are single large buildings surrounded by a stone wall and garden. The houses are beautiful, suggestive of Sanctuary's former wealth, with multiple stories and several outbuildings. In addition, the mansions often employ a full serving staff and personal guards.

Thibalt the Rankan

The Dyareelans used up Sanctuary, devouring its craftsmen and artisans and discarding them when they were done. Particularly hard hit were the metalsmiths of Copper Corner. The Dyareelans pressed them into service to craft abominations out of precious metals to decorate their altars. Those who displeased them joined the other victims. In the end, few survived, thus depleting the city of an important class of artisans.

Those that did survive have grown quite wealthy in a market with little to no competition. One such smith is Thibalt the Rankan, a notorious goldsmith who owns a shop in the largely intact west end of Copper Corner. Given the prices he can charge, he doesn't have to work very hard, and sees customers when he wants. He works with gold, gems, and jewelry, but can handle silver and platinum as well.

Among more disreputable people, Thibalt is known to purchase stolen jewelry and gems for a fraction of their price, modify them, and resell them to other wealthy citizens. As a result, he has many contacts in the underworld, who value his talents and expertise when it comes to appraising fine items.

Secrets

Many of the lords in this neighborhood retained their status by making unsavory deals with corrupt and decadent criminals. Most supplement their incomes by profiting from drugs, slavery, dangerous items, and so on. Though Copper Corner is home to the best Sanctans, it is also home to some of its worst.

Fisherman's Row

• Vigilance 20 •

Some said the fishermen sold us out to the Fish-Eyed Folk. And maybe they're right. 'Cause sure as shite, nobody else invited 'em.

Though called a row, this small neighborhood was actually several blocks wide and deep and stood close to the harbor. Occupied exclusively by the descendants of those fisher folk who helped the ex-slaves, they were a people onto themselves. Despite whatever petty differences may have stood between them, they were a community. These men and women owned the small fishing boats that lined the docks, and the many nets and traps arrayed just beyond Sanctuary. The houses here were simple but solid, much like their owners, and many stood for generations. Fishing has always been a major industry in Sanctuary but, thus far, it has withstood every attempt to be controlled by merchants, nobles, and businesses. The fishermen plied their trade as their fathers and grandfathers did, using the same basic techniques passed down with each generation. Though each fisherman worked to gather as much as he could each day, there was far more community than competition. If one fisherman netted a particularly large catch, the others congratulated him, and if it was more than he could clean and dry by himself, his neighbors lent hands and pitched in, knowing the favor would be returned at some point later. So long as one house along fisherman's row had food, no one else went hungry.

Perhaps because of their loyalties and close community, the rest of Sanctuary tended to look down upon them. Most fishermen were uneducated and wore the same dirty clothes every day of their lives. But those who paid attention knew the value of these hard-working folk, and respected their quiet determination. No matter who ruled in the city, no matter what gods warred over its destiny, the fishermen continued to row out and set traps and nets, and bring back the food Sanctuary needed to survive. Many of them had arrangements with specific merchants in the bazaar or with particular inns, and brought their catches directly to these customers. Others simply hung their fish and crabs on racks before their houses, letting other city residents walk down the row to buy what they needed.



Of the neighborhoods in Sanctuary, fisherman's row was probably one of the safest. For one thing, there was nothing anyone wanted to steal—it was a struggle each day to feed one's family. The residents had little in the way of furniture, and luxuries were unheard of. Also, the wives of the fishermen stayed in the neighborhood and tended to the children while making ready for the day's catch. At night, families stayed together in communal rooms, so no thief could really break in without alerting everyone in the house. But most of all, the fishermen were very protective. An incursion into one house would summon every neighbor who heard the noise, and several would run and alert the rest. Thieves learned quickly that the row offered too much danger and too little reward to be worthwhile. Anyone trying to rob or kill someone on the row learned just as quickly that the fishermen would not allow harm to befall anyone on their street, and years of rowing and of netting stubborn fish left them wiry but strong, and very capable with nets, clubs, and spears.

A little more than a decade after Ranke released Sanctuary from its grasp, drought, hurricanes, and floods savaged the city. Among the casualties was fisherman's row, which had stood right along the water's edge. Fortunately, the fishermen were used to the sea's capriciousness, and were able to transfer families, nets, traps, and meager belongings into their boats in time to escape the destruction of their homes. They moved to the southern edge of the old caravan square, northwest of the Shambles, and began again.

The new fisherman's row is farther from the harbor, and the homes are more makeshift, sitting atop stilts along the cove that was created by the hurricanes that washed away the Caravan Square of old. Most are built from scrap wood, adobe, and whatever else the fishermen could find. The old row was plain but neat, while the new row is more

Lodestone of Fish-Finding

This item is a small magnetic lodestone, pierced by a thick whalebone needle; it rests inside a hollow glass globe filled with seawater, housed within a leather and wood case. This minor device is nonetheless prized by the sailors and fishermen of Sanctuary, for the needle always points to the largest concentration of fish within the local waters. It gives a +5 circumstance bonus to Profession (fisherman) checks.

Faint divination; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, crafter must have 5 ranks in Profession (fisherman); Price 2,500 sh.

disorganized and ramshackle. But the houses still keep out the cold, and that is all the fishermen care about. Their drying racks are set up in front, as before, and their smokers out back, and nets, canvas, and traps are strewn about. And the fishermen rise before the dawn each day, and take to their boats, just as they did before, and as their ancestors did before them.

Governor's Walk

• Vigilance 20 •

Almost as fast as the Wideway, Governor's Walk can get you just about anywhere you need to go.

This broad avenue ran across the entire city from Farmer's Run, east of the bazaar, and passed the Promise of Heaven where it ended at the Avenue of Temples. Considered prime real estate, the Governor's Walk has long featured some of the finest shops in the city, even where it forms the northern boundary of the Shambles. Many famous streets intersect Governor's Walk, including the union of Tanner's Street and the Street of Odors near the Shambles, and Shadow Lane. Now, the Governor's Walk is no safer than anywhere in Sanctuary. Nearest the Hill, it is controlled by gangs of Hillers, while back to the west, the scum from the Shambles keep sharp knives handy to pounce on passers-by.

The Alekeep

This place was always a little too friendly to those Stepsons. Creepy bunch, them.

This whitewashed tavern stands at the intersection of the Promise of Heaven and Governor's Walk, about a block up from the Street of Gold. Considered an upscale establishment, the Alekeep was well known for its thick brown ale. In addition to a common room for drunkards to sleep off the night's libations, the Alekeep also offered private rooms for meetings. This was a favored haunt of the Stepsons and Palace guard, but also served mages from the Street of Arcana, and other palace functionaries. In fact, Niko (also called Stealth) once courted the innkeeper's daughter.

Farmer's Run

This street runs along the southeast wall of the bazaar before turning to the east, where it becomes Governor's Walk.

Master Melilot's Scriptorium (Rankan Era only)

In a mansion once held by a nobleman who wasted his family's fortunes in gambling stands Master Melilot's Scriptorium. Employing a large staff of scribes and translators, this was the premier enterprise for written works and copying manuscripts. Melilot also employed young boys with shrill voices to hawk their services for the Scriptorium. Melilot's also dealt in bookbinding, using leather purchased from the Shambles and polluting the air with the stench of the glue and hides.

Silk Corner

Just off of Governor's Walk is a short alley where the city's silk merchants conduct their business.

The Hill

• Vigilance 20 (Rankan)/0 (Irrune) •

I tell you Lone, you're too young to know otherwise, but the Hill was once a pretty nice place to live. All the flooding, fire, and plain awfulness made places like the Downwind even more unbearable, and of course, those puds, like rats, went to high ground.

Formerly the most elite neighborhood in Sanctuary, the Hill stood between the Avenue of Temples and the city's northern wall. Only the wealthiest nobles had estates here, though a few extremely successful merchants managed to purchase homes on the outskirts in an attempt to increase their status. Temple Hill had the smallest population of any area in Sanctuary, because each estate had extensive grounds and large manors, but few residents. Most servants lived elsewhere, arriving before dawn and leaving after dusk. Only the estate's private guards, the night servants, and the most trusted valets lived on the grounds themselves.

After the Avenue of Temples and the Palace, the estates descend from the Avenue and then rise again on the far side of the valley formed by the "source" of the Red Foal. The near-city estates were situated on the hillside, either sloping steeply down from the Avenue of Temples or rising on the far side of the gully. Guards stood at the gates, paid by the nobles in common, and refused access without express permission from at least one resident. Thieves sometimes set their sights on the estates of Temple Hill, since it had the highest concentration of wealth in the city, but the guards here were first-rate and paid enough to be very thorough, and most of the estates had magical protections as well. No other crimes occurred here. Guards escorted visitors to and from their destinations, making certain they arrived and departed safely.

Many believed Sanctuary's true rulers lived here, rather than in the palace. All of Sanctuary's most powerful nobles had estates here, and their words had great weight, even with Kadakithis. One estate on Temple Hill, though it was mostly on level ground in the Red Foal valley, was Land's End. Originally a good-sized and abandoned estate, Lowan Vigeles claimed the land when he retreated from Ranke to Sanctuary. Chenaya used the estate as a training facility for gladiators. When Vigeles was murdered, the Torch made a move to seize the property, staking a claim based on his relation and the fact that he was male, but Chenaya managed to finagle a way to keep the estate in her name.

Temple Hill, out of all the places in Sanctuary, underwent the most dramatic change over the years after Kadakithis vanished. The estates, including Land's End, were abandoned and the Hill neighborhood

grew like mushrooms in the ruins. The terrible flooding that wiped out the Downwind drove the poor and destitute to high ground and to the safety and shelter of the gods. When the waters receded, the poor didn't leave. Temple Hill quickly transformed from the most prosperous neighborhood to one of its worst slums. Called the Hill, and its denizens the Hillers, it is a bizarre juxtaposition of the very poorest people in Sanctuary living amidst the skeletal remains of the most expensive homes and manors. And through it all, the shantytown of shacks, tents, and hovels filled the streets.

Perhaps the reason for this change was the political climate following the Prince's departure. The peers, who had homes along the Processional and Governor's Walk, filled the vacuum left by the retreating nobles, taking advantage of their new-found authority and made deals and bargains that benefited themselves. This made these few men and women extremely wealthy, while those not on the council found their fortunes waning. So, when the White Foal ravaged the western part of the city, the nobles lacked the military muscle and wealth to keep out the riff-raff.

The situation worsened when Ranke collapsed. As barbarians swept through the old Empire, sacking the capital and terrorizing the countryside, many Rankans fled south, away from the anarchy of their homelands. Given the situation in the city, especially with the rise of the Dyareelans, most settled on the outskirts of the city. Joined by the nobles who had lost their homes to the fire, the plague victims, cultists, and worse, this new territory became known as Land's End.

The few Rankans on Temple Hill left as the rabble flooded their streets, joining the Sihanese refugees that fled the barbarians that stalked the Rankan heartland. The displaced moved in, tearing apart the old mansions to create their new homes. Those who could not afford building materials scrounged scraps and built crude lean-tos. People on the Hill were, largely, penniless, unemployed, and desperate, survivors and refugees from the old Downwind. Crime rose, more as a violent release than because anyone had anything worth taking. The Cult of Dyareela had many converts on the Hill, and many targets as well. This surge of people forced the remaining stragglers to join their fellows outside the city, leaving the Hill to the rabble.

The fall of the cult did nothing to change this. The Hill is still the most dangerous neighborhood in Sanctuary. Outsiders consider the Maze to be the worst place in the city, but while they will be robbed blind there, they will survive the experience more often than not. On the Hill, strangers are knifed first and then searched for valuables, and fights break out constantly among the residents. The city guard refuses to walk the Hill except in pairs and trios, and even then, their patrols are quick and only skirt the neighborhood's bottom edge. Most of the structures here are crude and barely functional, with a single small chamber and great gaps between doors and walls and roofs.

Many Hillers are not bad people. They live there because they cannot afford to live anywhere else, even in the Westside. These people are desperate to escape the poverty and violence of the Hill, and will do almost anything to earn enough money to relocate. Others, however, have accepted their place in this horrid shantytown. Many of the youths have formed gangs, and fight over territory, despite the fact that none of it has any value. Strangers who enter the Hill by day and travel in groups may escape unharmed, but to walk the Hill alone is close to suicide, and to do so at night is certain death. The violence often spills over into the Avenue of Temples or the Old Jeweler's Quarter.

The Hill is characterized by its myriad of narrow streets and paths. Crime lords control swaths of this district and their minions walk the streets to ensure no trespass. Gangs control everything else. Little more than a slum, most of the old estates are nothing more than empty foundations, harvested for their stone. Shops and tenement buildings, hastily erected for temporary shelter after the floods wiped away Downwind, crowd the streets. This is a malodorous place, full of the downtrodden, poor, and utterly luckless.

The Crook

The Crook is the Hill's main thoroughfare. While dangerous and full of cutpurses and footpads, it is the only place for many Hillers to get much needed food and supplies. This market has goods for sale up to 200 shaboozh. Rumor has it that there is a slave market somewhere in the Hill, and the way to find it is to ask the right people in the Crook.

Othat's

Othat is one of the traders in the Crook. He makes his business selling cooking oils, but rumor holds that he deals in other, less savory business. For silver, he can recall a lot, and in fact, he's one of the Crook's best informants.

Phoenix Inn

Years ago, when the new city's walls neared completion, there was plenty of stone left for building. Lalo (see page 109), like others of the growing middle class, purchased the stone cheaply and had a house built on the Hill, on a street named Phoenix Lane. In those days, Sanctuary was filled with hope and the promise of new horizons and independence from Ilsig and Ranke. However, such things never last long in Sanctuary. The floods brought the rabble to the Hill, and they never left. Though the rest of the Hill is a warren of desperate and dangerous people, Phoenix Lane has retained something of its respectability. Not far from Pyrtanis Street, it is on the fringe of the Hill.

Latilla, Lalo's youngest, and her husband, Darios inherited the house, but when he died, she transformed the place into an inn (without a tavern). While this is one of the most reputable establishments in this district, its location ensures it is not well trafficked. Still, despite the dangers of this district, Latilla refuses to give up her family's home.

Latilla has a nose for magic, perhaps inherited from her father, Lalo, and honed by her husband, Darios, who was a wizard and friend of the family. She is a tough woman, hardened by the difficulties of the past. She's determined to survive in Sanctuary, and she watches out for her twin children (Sula and Tarin) and her younger brother (Alfi) who help out with running the business. Recently, she's taken up with Shamesh, a man from Ranke who came to Sanctuary to find a lost girl imprisoned in a gem by wizards years ago.

Spyder's Weapon Shop

After stability returned to Sanctuary, the city slowly came back to life, drawing travelers from all over the world to settle once more in this infamous city. One such traveler is a curious man named Spyder. He purchased an old two-story building and quickly converted it into a shop on the main floor and apartments up above. In addition,

a rooftop terrace offers a breathtaking view of the city, perfect for dining on warm nights or entertaining guests and visitors.

The most important area in the building is the shop itself. Spyder, to ensure his customers are comfortable with their purchases, has cleared a place to allow them to try out their weapons. Behind the shop, Spyder has a small fenced range for testing projectiles. The rest of the shop consists of display cases that feature all manner of curiosities from all over the world.

There are three entrances to the shop: one offering access to the shop's retail space, another private entrance to the apartments on the second floor (both of which face the Face-of-the-Moon Street), and a third door that opens out onto a dingy alley. The range in the back can be reached through a single door in the back of the shop.

PCs looking for weaponry need look no further than this shop. Spyder has weaponry of all kinds, magical and mundane, up to a 40,000 shaboozh limit.

For more details on Spyder, see **Chapter Five: Faces of Sanctuary, Irrune Era**.

Secrets

Many of the old estates still exist, though in ruins, and people sometimes forage in them for valuables. Rumors claim that a series of tunnels exists beneath the Hill, originally created to allow the nobles easy access to the palace and other neighborhoods, but now used by the Hillers to move about unnoticed. If this is true, the knowledge is well hidden.



Jeweler's Quarter (Old Jeweler's Quarter)

• Vigilance 15 (Rankan)/10 (Irrune) •

This place is a wreck. You can see signs of old wealth everywhere, but its all in ruins now. Heck, people are still squatting in the shells of old buildings. If you don't mind hard work and sneaking about, I bet you can still find some buried treasure here. Look at Cauvin. One day a sheep-shite pud, the next, he has the ear of the froggin' chief.

A neighborhood that once held Sanctuary's finest jewelers is now subdivided into tenements. In the old days, this was the favored haunt of Sanctuary's finest thieves, Shadowspawn included, but time was never kind to this district. During the anarchy that resulted from the 3rd Commando, the wealthy artisans suffered terribly from the depredations of the PFLS, to say nothing of the 3rd, who took what they wanted in the name of the Emperor. Even after the Imperial withdrawal, the Jeweler's Quarter continued to suffer. When the plagues settled on the city, the response was to burn out the contagion. The fire, as one might expect, spread, torching a good part of this district. Few of the original artisans survived, and fewer remained, leaving quality real estate for squatters. Those buildings that survived became apartments, while those that burned were replaced by more modest structures and smaller shops. The fact that this neighborhood is still called the Jeweler's Quarter is more of an homage to the city's history than an accurate name for its inhabitants.

During the Rankan Era, the Jeweler's Quarter was one of the nicest parts of town, aside from the Hill. Most residents were wealthy merchants and celebrated craftsmen who worked hard to keep the wide streets clean. The buildings were large and handsome, and trees lined the walkways. Guards patrolled the area regularly, and many of the residents had private security, as well. In addition to the many jewelers' shops from which the neighborhood took its name, others sold fine clothing, perfume, and other luxuries that only the rich could afford.

There was a certain exclusivity to this place. Guards turned away anyone who didn't look like they belonged, and questioned loiterers and anyone they deemed suspicious. Outsiders could come to buy a specific item, but only after the guards verified their funds and escorted them to the appropriate shop. Unlike the Hill, residents here worked for a living, and none of them took their good fortune for granted.

As mentioned, this neighborhood's fortune did not last. Most of its buildings were destroyed during the difficulties after Ranke departed, and the Cult of Dyareela was quick to turn the city's aggression on these wealthy citizens who hid behind their thick walls and their guards. By the time the Irrune took control of the city, this neighborhood was little more than rubble, and almost all of its former residents were dead or gone. The Old Jeweler's Quarter is a great deal smaller than it was during the Rankan Era, with Pyrtanis bordering the south and west, the Promise of Heaven to the north, and the Hill to the east.

Mizraith's Staff

At one time, Mizraith was one of the most powerful and notorious mages in Sanctuary, but he was overthrown by his upstart sons (who found their comeuppance at the hands of Shadowspawn). He left behind both his legend and his silver-shod staff, an item of exceptional power that he used to enhance his mastery of magic. *Mizraith's staff* is a *+1/+1 quarterstaff* and a *+3 spell focus*. It also allows use of the following spells: *fabricate* (1 charge), *teleport* (1 charge) and *telekinesis* (1 charge).

Strong transmutation; CL 12th; Craft Focus, Craft Magic Arms & Armor, Craft Staff, *fabricate, teleport, telekinesis*; Price 73,225 sh.

Since then, the area has revived slightly. It is a good location, and some of the locals have built new homes here, often using materials from the old ones. These homes are not as impressive as the old buildings, and they are packed in tightly along the streets, giving the quarter a compressed, wary feel. Shops occupy many of the bottom floors, but these belong to carpenters, weavers, metalsmiths, and others who produce necessities. The old shops that sold luxury items are long since gone.

Unfortunately, the Old Jeweler's Quarter is right next to the Hill. The gangs who live there often wander down here, attacking anyone they find and extorting money from the merchants. Most of the locals here bar their doors and windows at night, and will not come out no matter what they hear. Business is handled quickly and well before dusk. The more successful shopkeepers here have hired personal guards again, but most of the neighborhood is still at the mercy of the gangs, and the youths are too numerous, too fast, and too vicious for the guards to completely drive off. Hillers often aspire to live in the Old Jeweler's Quarter, because it is an improvement from their current hovels, but for anyone else in Sanctuary, it would be a step down instead.



Lumm the Staver

There's not much going for the Old Jeweler's Quarter these days. Those shops that still do business are either priced out of the average Sanctan's range or sell junk. One notable shop, though it now lies in a heap of old boards and crumbled stone, was Lumm's. A skilled carpenter, he specialized in barrels, but could build or make just about anything with wood. He owned a good piece of property, with a main shop and apartments above it. Behind the house was a small yard, and there was a smaller house at the back of the lot. After some magical mishap, Lumm had to relocate. Often seen in the company of one Heliz Yunz, a scrivener and scholar, the two men make an odd pair, and though without a shop currently, Lumm intends on restarting his business once he makes enough money to rebuild.

The Diamond

In the southwest corner of the Old Jeweler's Quarter stands a rundown tavern known as the Diamond. Somehow, this place survived through all the floods and fires that ravaged the city and still serves frothing mugs of sour wine each night. Frequented by some of the worst of this district, toughs, hoods, and ruffians come here to swap stories, fight, suck on opah rags, and use the whores who offer themselves cheaply. Currently, the Cutters, a nasty and powerful gang, use the bar as its headquarters, which Karis, the thin stringy Ilsigi patron, permits out of fear.

Mageguild

I never had an occasion to break in to this place while it still stood. Not like I have much love for wizards any way.

This high walled fortress on the Street of Arcana stood for many years in the heart of the Jeweler's Quarter. For years, the mageguild trained new magicians in the art of spellcraft, and served as an important political force in Sanctuary's upper echelons. The guildhall was virtually impenetrable and protected by mighty wards. No one dared contest the will of Sanctuary's powerful mages. In contrast with their reputation, they entertained the locals by hosting gala events for the city's elite and displaying wondrous magical effects for those too low of station to attend. Swirling pink mists, ribbons of light, and other magical entertainments were frequent sights on the Street of Arcana. Inside, the mages controlled their environment, changing temperature, weather, and precipitation all to suit themselves. One could walk from the dead of winter into high summer merely by passing the ponderous doors barring the entrance.

However, with the arrival of Kadakithis, Tempus, and the rest of his entourage, the mageguild grudgingly lost its power. Decimated by assassinations committed by Cime, and later because of the sudden

and devastating draining of the city's mana, the mageguild became a crippled and impotent assembly, which eventually collapsed in upon itself, with the remaining mages driven from the city.

Even after the guild's collapse, the foundation remained, for it's believed the site preceded the Rankan wizards who came to the city in later years. Few dared to explore the ruins of this place, giving it a wide berth. However, after the fires destroyed much of this quarter, few had much choice, so they plundered the stone and old timbers for rebuilding. As a result, many of the newer constructions have magical qualities in their very stones, though few sense it, and no one cares.

The Maze

• Vigilance 0 •

Home sweet home. The trick to surviving in the Maze is to be tougher and scarier than everyone else. And if you can't do that, stick to the Shambles.

The Maze is easily the most famous neighborhood in Sanctuary. Everyone who visits the city has heard of it, and talks about it when back home and relating their own travels. The stories are often exaggerated, of course, and so most visitors expect a deathtrap of shifting walls and sliding pavements where killers sit cleaning blood from their teeth and plunging daggers into passers-by. Make no mistake, terrible things occurred in the Maze. In the old days, desperadoes disemboweled children for sport, which served to control the urchin problem. Gangs of children were equally terrible, tearing apart men with sticks, stones, and sometimes their bare hands. Even the whores were dangerous, with embraces that included a poisoned dagger and a fee of whatever they could find on the corpse.

The Maze took up most of the city's west side, surrounding the West Side proper. It was very run-down, and very seedy, but only dangerous to the uninitiated and the unwary. The streets do not move, and the buildings do not shift on their own, but these structures are usually thrown up overnight, and are so flimsy they often collapse soon after. Fires, floods, and violence contribute to their destruction, and the layout of the Maze is constantly changing as old buildings crumble away and new ones are built in their place. Because the Maze has no established streets and walkways — only paths a little better than open sewers — buildings are placed anywhere there's room, and so an alleyway may vanish as a shop claims that location, and another might appear when a small tavern is burnt down. Even Sanctuary residents get lost in the Maze, but they know better than to venture in without either a guide, or a destination and clear directions.

The Maze is not a pleasant place to live. Its buildings are misshapen hulks, many of which are three or even four stories high. Its streets are narrow and dark, and the people are hard and cold. At the same time, it was never as desperately poor as Downwind or the current Hill, or as bleakly focused as Fisherman's Row. And the Maze offers something no other neighborhood can: freedom. The city guards never enter the Maze unless they absolutely have to, and even then they only enter by daylight and in large groups. Kadakithis wanted to clean up or destroy the place, but quickly realized that it was impossible. So was imposing taxes upon the people there—how could anyone demand taxes or take a census when they cannot find the same building twice, and people disappear around corners that should not be there? So the Maze's residents are free to do whatever they like, whenever they like, provided no one stronger comes along and stops them.

This makes for an interesting and surprisingly constrained anarchy. Most people in the Maze want to stay alive, eat good food, drink good wine or beer or ale, wear comfortable clothes, sleep in a clean bed, and be able to sleep without worrying about having their throat cut. And they will do almost anything to get those things. No matter what the task, no matter how dirty or disgusting or unnatural it may be, you can hire someone to do it in the Maze. Strangers who wander the streets alone get robbed almost immediately, and are often roughed up as punishment for daring to enter unescorted. Fights break out every day, and bar brawls occur every night. Relationships are casual, more about comfort and pleasure than commitment. People change occupations at the drop of a hat, going from innkeeper one day to assassin the next and fruit-seller the day after that. Anyone who ventures out alone at night is risking their life, and cannot expect help even from those watching. Children learn to steal before they can talk, and how to fight as soon as they stop crawling. Dead bodies are left out in the street, and if you kill a man and can walk away, you do not have to worry about any punishment… unless he had friends.

At the same time, the Maze has its own rules, and the people there follow them. Strangers who give up their money without complaint are allowed to leave alive. Those who destroy a building help clean it up and remove the debris. Those who have been fortunate enough to earn some money often buy drinks for others who have not, and the next week, when their situation is reversed, they are given drinks in return. Everyone talks about everyone, but they don't judge each other's actions. "Live and let live" is a ruling principle, and two men who fight bitterly one night will buy each other drinks the next. The people of the Maze are hard because their lives are hard, but many of them are fiercely devoted to friends and family, and are surprisingly gentle with animals and children.

The Maze is largely self-contained. Most of its residents never leave the neighborhood, and feel exposed walking among the wider streets in other areas. The more established inns and markets have arrangements with fishermen and farmers, and send men to collect the food delivered to the Maze's border. Anything that can be bought can be found somewhere in the Maze, though often the shop that sells it today is gone tomorrow and has been replaced by a similar shop several blocks away. Money rarely enters or exits the Maze, merely changing hands among the residents. During the Rankan Era, the only guards of any sort here were Jubal's hawk-masks, and they only protected their employer's interests, and cut down anyone who gets in their way. Nothing is illegal in the Maze, only expensive and hard to find. In many ways, its residents handle challenges better than Sanctuary's other residents, because growing up in the Maze teaches you that nothing is impossible to find or to do; it may simply take more effort than expected, or resources you do not yet possess.

Since the days of Shadowspawn, Jubal, and One-Thumb, the Maze has remained much as it always has. Though plagued with fire and flood, it persevered. The residents are so used to tearing down and replacing structures that the large-scale destruction did not faze



them at all, and anyone who had anything of value knew better than to leave it someplace that could be demolished so easily. The Cult tried sending its followers into the Maze, but they died quickly, and soon the cult gave up and turned its attention to easier targets. Some people even fled to the Maze to avoid the cult's attacks—many of them died quickly, too, but those who could adapt became proper Maze residents. Thus, the Maze in the Irrune Era is almost exactly the same as the Maze during the Rankan occupation. All of the buildings are new, and so are the alleys and streets, but the residents have adjusted to them as easily as ever. The Maze is still a law unto itself, and the Irrune have seen no reason to challenge that. In many ways, the raiders admire this neighborhood and its tough, private people. The Irrune believe that laws arise from need rather than from desire, and that people should be able to do anything they can get away with. They admire the residents' tenacity, and have noticed that violence from the Maze never spills over into the rest of Sanctuary. As long as that remains the case, Arizak allows the neighborhood to exist unmolested, and life there continues as it did before.

The Black Spire (Rankan Era Only)

Before Kadakithis ever set foot in Sanctuary, there stood a temple of Heqt in the heart of the Maze, across the street from the Vulgar Unicorn. Built of gray limestone, its walls were set in a square and roofed with a hemispherical dome. Atop the dome, there was an obelisk that commemorated the victories of a Cirdonian mercenary general named Alar hil Aspar, who adopted Sanctuary at some point in the city's long history. By the time Kadakithis finally came to Sanctuary, the old tower was encrusted in wood and dung smoke giving it a black cast. Within a year of the start of the Gods' War, the tower vanished.

The Golden Lizard

The Golden Lizard was one of the finer bars in the Maze, though it was hardly golden and never could compare to the finer establishments in the city like the Golden Oasis. The upper level of the building had rooms for let, while the main floor consisted of a tavern and adjoining kitchen.

The Outhouse

The outhouse was a small courtyard (more of a cul-de-sac, really) in the Maze, so named for the abundance of nightsoil standing what few flagstones covered the ground. It's also known as Tick's Vomitory and Safehaven (jokingly of course). The walls were stained dark, and the area stank of urine and sickness.

The Vulgar Unicorn

Easily the starting place of one hundred adventures… Anyone who's anyone in this city spends some time here.

In some ways, the Vulgar Unicorn is the heart of Sanctuary, twisted and black as it is. This tavern is the center of nearly every insidious plot, every angle, and every plan to do mischief. It attracts the toughest and deadliest folks in the city. It is no wonder that this place is said to be the center of the Maze, Sanctuary's most dangerous part of town. Still, despite its sinister character and the legends that swirl about it, it is really nothing more than a bar in a seedy backwater city, far from the pomp and majesty of the cultural centers of civilization. Or is it?

No one knows when exactly the first Vulgar Unicorn opened its doors for business. It seems Sanctuary, for as long there has been people here,

has always had one. Like the character of the Maze, buildings tend to be slipshod and often collapse, only to be rebuilt a block or two down another street. Even the most famous tavern in the city is subject to the capricious whims of the Maze. It's unlikely the Vulgar Unicorn preceded the Black Tower of Heqt that once stood in the heart of the Maze, but may have opened in response to the imposing spire, offering drinks to thirsty and nervous god-fearing Wrigglies. But then, again, no one knows for sure.

The most famous Vulgar Unicorn was described in the *Thieves' World* anthologies. Owned and operated by Lastel, a wrigglie noble who liked to supplement his modest fortune by slumming in the Maze, surrounded by *krrf* and whores. As an importer of drugs, Lastel was the go-to guy for illicit substances. He also had many enemies, but thanks to a wizard's curse that condemned any who harmed him to an eternity of immolation, Lastel was safe from attacks.

Sneaking through the sewers from his estate just beyond the Avenue of Temples, Lastel transformed into the unsavory character named One-Thumb that ran the infamous bar. Eventually, Lastel found himself embroiled in a wicked plot and was condemned to a hell of sorts as he and his simulacra battled in the tunnels under the Maze, both wreathed in the flames of the mage's curse. Lastel did return, but he was never the same. He drifted in the circles of the most powerful and corrupt people in the city until eventually, he found himself in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Ownership of the bar then went to Strick, the spellmaster from Firaqa, who left it to Abohorr, the new One-Thumb, to run and manage. Abohorr was nothing like the old One-Thumb and was a decent and kind man. What was a haven for cutthroats, thieves and prostitutes gradually transformed into an almost respectable joint. But with all things in the Maze, nothing lasts for long.

The Convulsions and the rampant fires destroyed the original Vulgar Unicorn, and it was quickly rebuilt a few blocks over, being more or less closer to the eastern edge of the Maze. This tavern is newer, bigger, and a little improved. It still attracts the worst of humanity, being the preferred watering hole of Sanctuary's scum. It's not clear who runs the place now, though Stick, a brutal pimp, claims to be the owner. At night, Pegrin the Ugly tends the bar and he's friendly enough and knows not to ask too many questions. Prostitutes are always available to those with a few padpols and the sounds of merriment echo over the quiet hum of conversation at the bar. The Vulgar Unicorn is just as dangerous as it ever was and those who would drink its wine or sample its delights had better watch their step lest they find themselves clutching a stab wound and dying painfully in a dark and lonely corner. When trouble breaks out, Pegrin and the harlots take cover until the storm passes.

Location Descriptions

You can use this Vulgar Unicorn for either era. If you run a campaign during the Rankan Era, the Unicorn is only two-stories tall. Remove the current second story and replace it with the current third story. Lastel's apartments include locations 9 and 10.

The outside of the tavern looks like it ever did. A plain, gray stone building with a thatched or shingled roof, its walls are stained dark from old blood and piss. Shuttered windows allow a little light to leak out from the inside. The front door is a single sturdy door, fitted with one of Sanctuary's rare actual locks.

General Features

The common room, bar, kitchen, and occupied rooms are light with candles or lamps. All unoccupied locations are dark. Doors in this place, unless otherwise mentioned, are fitted with poor locks (DC 15 Open Lock to pick), and made of wood (1-in.-thick; hardness 5; hp 10; break DC 15). The interior walls are wood (6-in.-thick; hardness 5; hp 60; break DC 20), while the exterior walls are masonry (1-ft.-thick; hardness 8; hp 90; break DC 35; Climb DC 15). The windows are all covered with wooden shutters (2-in.-thick; hardness 2; hp 5; break DC 12). Specific interior locations are as follows. The details are intentionally light, allowing you the room to add clues, adventure hooks, and other items to serve your campaigns.

1. Common Room

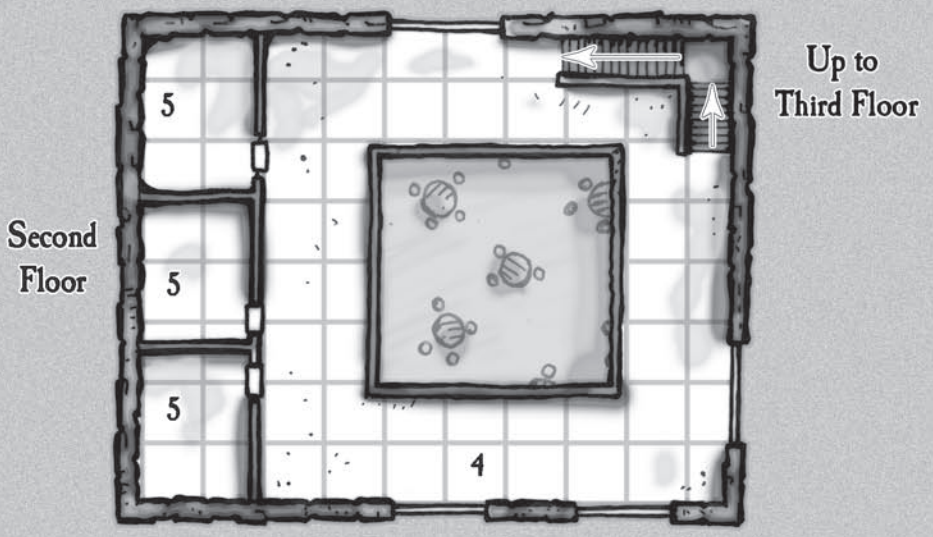
Stepping through the front door, you are struck by the stench of people, wood smoke, and desperation. Crowded here are a number of tables packed with people of all shapes and sizes, mostly of sinister mien. Four heavy wooden columns support a balcony that looks down on the common floor from the second story. Seven booths line the wall to the left, while a set of stairs climbs to the second floor on the right. Ahead, a long wooden bar bisects the place, where an ugly man tends the few men and none-too few prostitutes lean on the old scored wood.

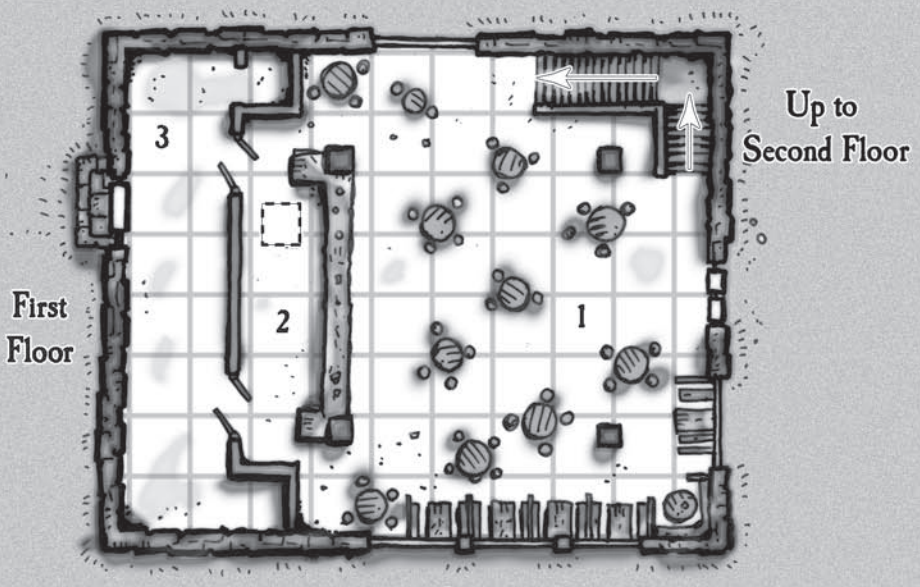
This is the common area of the Vulgar Unicorn. Here is where the deals are made, information passed, and mercenaries are hired. Thieves rub shoulders with sellswords at the bars, while prostitutes wend their ways through the gathered crowd to advertise their wares to those with a mind toward carnal pleasure. The few barmaids working here also double as whores, so the eager patron can get a special level of personalized service.

Table A1–1: Unicorn Prices

Food or Service	Cost
Ale, Pitcher (4 mugs)	4 *pd*
Ale, Mug	1 *pd*
Beer, Pitcher	3 *sh*
Beer, Mug	1 *pd*
Bread	1 *pd*
Cheese	1 *pd*
Meal, Good	5 *pd*
Meal, Common	3 *pd*
Meal, Poor	2 *pd*
Meat (varies)	3 *pd*
Wine, Good/Bottle	10 *sh*
Wine, Common	2 *pd*
Wine, Poor	1 *pd*
Room (two beds/night)	8 *pd*
Room (four beds/night)	8 *pd*
Prostitute, Good	10 *sh*
Prostitute, Common	1 *sh*
Prostitute, Poor (per night)	2 *pd*

The Vulgar Unicorn





One square = 5 feet

A hearth stands against far wall and above it is the idol of Rander Rehabilitus, the god of drinking and debauchery. The rest of the décor features banners depicting unicorns in vary states of self-violation. Tables and booths can accommodate four to eight patrons, but they are first come first serve, so during peak times, the tavern has standing room only. If playing in the Rankan Era, PCs who succeed on a DC 15 Spot check notice a strange discoloration on the wall of one of the booths. It has roughly the shape of a twisted unicorn. Lalo once used his magical talent to create a horrific beast by channeling all the fear, violence, and death of the bar into the painting. This creature came to life and rampaged through the city until it was finally destroyed.

2. Bar

The bar has a wooden surface, heavy scored by cuts and stained by food, drink, and worse. There are no stools; patrons are expected to stand. Wooden tankards and drinking bowls as well as a few trenchers are all scattered about. A few bunged casks sit on frames across from the bar, each bearing the stamp of their maker.

The bar itself was the only thing rescued from the original Vulgar Unicorn. The salvaged piece is affixed firmly to the top of a sturdy wooden framework—one deliberately built to take considerable punishment. Most patrons do their drinking here, leaning against the rail and drowning their sorrows. Behind the bar, two doors lead to the kitchens where the cook prepares the tavern's meager fare. A successful DC 15 Search check allows a character to locate a trap door set in the floor (see **Location 11**). This door leads to the basement, where they once kept extra supplies. Normally, a crate sits over top the door to keep it hidden and closed.

3. Kitchen

Two doors lead into these kitchens from the common room. The place is an appalling mess with food rotting on the floor, blood splattering the ceiling, and a couple of cages holding nervous looking food animals. A few bags of flour, infested with weevils and rats sit on the floor, their contents spilled onto the filthy stone tiles. A large wood burning hearth stands in the corner and a table stands in the center. A washbasin with a skin of scum over disgusting water sits unused by the door.

This is where the so-called "meals" that the Vulgar Unicorn offers are prepared. Not famous for its cuisine, patrons know to avoid eating here for the most part, as the bread has unsettling crunchy parts in the partly cooked dough, and the meat is always greasy and more than a little suspect in origin. A locked back door (Open Lock DC 25) leads to an alley, where the cook disposes of scraps. There, the most desperate men and beasts fight over tripe and filth to fill their empty gullets.

If you play in the Rankan Era, One-Thumb kept his dogs back here as well. He'd chop up his victims into pieces and feed their body parts to his vicious animals.

4. Balcony

The second story of the Vulgar Unicorn consists of a wide balcony that rings an open area looking down on the common room below. The stairs continue up to the top floor. Three doors occupy the far wall, leading to the pleasure rooms of the tavern's working girls. A few tables are arranged about the place, offering patrons a place to conduct their business in relative privacy and to wait their turn with the ladies.

This area is much as it seems, with a filthy wooden floor and the stench of sweat and filth hanging in the air like a fetid shroud. The tables are neglected here and so rats are common sights. A few old tapestries on the walls are faded and stained to an extent that their original depiction is no longer legible.

5. Rooms of the Working Girls

These rooms are well maintained compared to the rest of the place. They hold a large feather mattress bed on a wooden frame, a night stand with washbasin, a rug on the floor and a rickety chair. A window overlooks the back alley.

The Unicorn's prostitutes use these locations to service their patrons. After hours, the women sleep here as well. Aside from the scant personal belongings, the women keep a few coins under loose floorboards (no more than 1d6 × 10 *pd*).

6. Third-Story Hall

The stairs end at a gloomy hall. The sounds of revelry are somewhat muted, but the smell is worse, stinking as if someone recently died here. Several doors line either side of the hall, in either direction.

The hall is just as it seems. The reason for the smell is that Stick killed a prostitute and hid her body in the floor. Though he makes an effort to sprinkle lye in the cracks when no one's looking, the stink is powerful.

7. Rooms for Rent

This room is small, dingy, and dark. A fat tallow candle sits on a rickety table next to a filthy ceramic bowl for washing. The beds are nothing more than stained mattresses on the floor. The room reeks of vomit and urine.

These rooms are vile and unsavory. However, they are secure, with locks (Open Lock DC 20) on the doors. There is nothing of interest here.

8. Room for Rent

This room is of a moderate size, but is filthy covered in cobwebs and trash. A fat tallow candle sits on a rickety table next to a filthy ceramic bowl for washing. The four beds are little more than stained mattresses on the floor. The room reeks of vomit and urine. An overflowing chamber pot completes the scene of squalor.

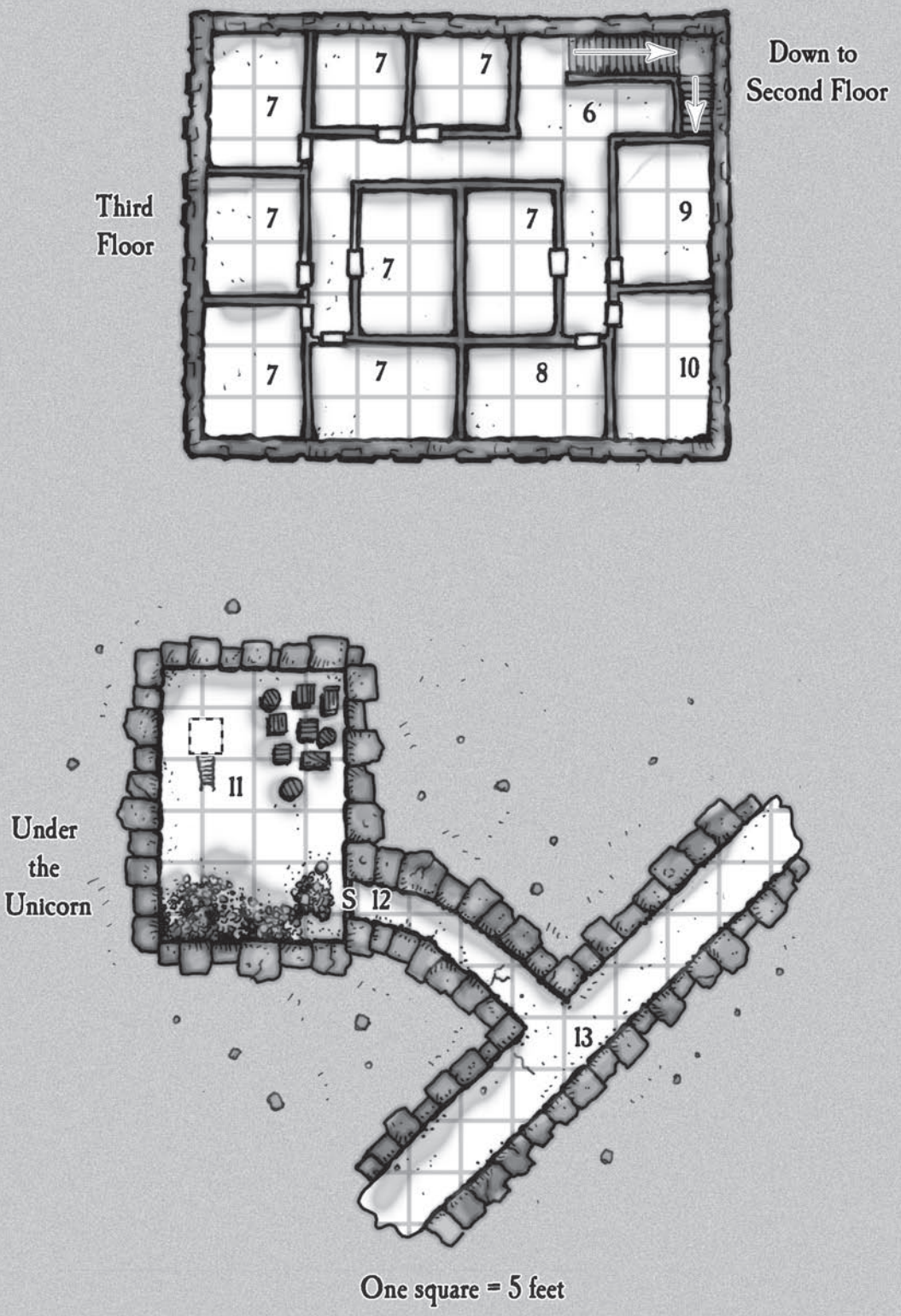
This room is especially foul. For some reason, people who sleep here tend to die soon after, though no one mentions this fact. If you have Green Ronin's *Shadowspawn's Guide to Sanctuary,* feel free to infest the beds with a random contact disease. Also, the lock on this door is broken.

9. Room for Rent

This room is surprisingly clean with four beds, a dresser, wardrobe and a sturdy table. A lamp hangs on a hook near the door. Though it has an acrid smell, the room seems clean, and there's even a working lock on the door.

This is the best room in the house. The sheets are relatively clean, and the beds comfortable. Stick and Pegrin reserve this room for their

The Vulgar Unicorn



most important guests. The lock is a good one requiring a DC 25 Open Lock test to pick.

10. Stick's Room

This door is always locked (Open Lock DC 25 to open). Read or paraphrase the following text if the PCs get inside.

> *This large room is clean with a large bed, chest, wardrobe, and table. A lamp sits on the table along with a few scattered papers and a ledger.*

This is Stick's room. Though terrible and depraved things often take place behind his door, he's careful to hide any evidence of his misbehavior, keeping the room spotless. A search of the room, DC 15 Search check, reveals 1d6 blank pages of parchment, a ledger with small block-like notations (inventory), and a pouch with 1d10 *sh*.

11. Cellar

> *The trap door leads down to a large cellar. Aside from a few large rats, the only other items in this place is the ladder leading back up to the bar and a few rotting crates and burlap bags. The moist stink of mildew is especially strong, just masking the smell of something worse.*

The Unicorn's staff uses the cellar for storage, but they rarely do. Instead, the boxes and sacks were left down here a few years ago and nobody has bothered to retrieve them. The reason is that strange sounds sometime occur down here, like a scratching on the walls. Last year, a tavern boy descended down the ladder and was never seen or heard from since. As far as the Unicorn is concerned, there is no cellar.

The truth is that the cellar is connected to the subterranean passages beneath Sanctuary, now controlled, almost absolutely, by the Dyareelans. When the tavern boy went down the stairs, he accidentally found the secret door (DC 20 Search check) and started to explore. He met a bad end when his heart was torn from his chest in a terrible sacrifice to the Mother of Chaos.

There is nothing else of interest down here.

12. Tunnel

> *This tunnel curves slightly to the south. From ahead, you hear sounds of water. The stink is profound and the walls are slime-covered old bricks. Dark water oozes from the ceiling to splatter on the slippery bricks below.*

This tunnel leads to an old sewer line that was eventually closed off during the Ilsig occupation.

13. Subterranean Tunnel

> *The tunnel ends in a wider passage that runs roughly northeast to southwest. The construction is very old and is now decaying. Tendrils of slime drip from the ceiling and roots have broken through the masonry. Water covers the floor, running down a channel cut in the center of the passage. The air is very bad.*

This tunnel connects to a Dyareelan lair somewhere in the city. It may link with the secret routes used during Kadakithis' reign or they may be previously undiscovered tunnels. Undoubtedly, there are dangerous things here, things craving fresh meat.



Slippery Lily

During the Rankan Era, the Slippery Lily was a popular brothel in the Maze, owned and operated in secret by Amoli who also ran the Lily Garden on the Street of Red Lanterns. This place was by no means the most desirable of bordellos, as its whores were incurably addicted to *krrf*, overworked, and worn out. Mostly haunted by the old and destitute, the air here is palpably sad.

Madame Perspecia's

Madame Perspecia's is one of the more prominent brothels in the Maze. Those looking for a good time, but at a smaller price than what's charged on the Street of Red Lanterns, turn to Perspecia's opah-addicted whores. Though disease is a slight problem for these unlucky women, few Mazers really care.

The Paddling Duck Tavern (Irrune Era Only)

On the corner of Paddling Duck Street, a crooked road that wends through the Maze is an old tavern called, appropriately, the Paddling Duck. Marked by a faded sign that display's a duck's head surrounded by rippling lines, it is a place friendly to the S'danzo. Elemi, a spy and something of a vanguard for the rest, came back to Sanctuary to "test the waters," to keep an eye on things, and to make sure the city was safe for the return of the S'danzo. She keeps an apartment atop the two-story small tavern and inn. Visitors note that the Paddling Duck is altogether unwelcoming, but a few brave the stares and cold

treatment for a reading in those rare instances when Elemi deigns to see a client. Inside, the air is thick with sweet incense and the exotic odors of S'danzo cooking. The entire area is decorated with traditional S'danzo décor: bolts of parti-colored cloth, beaded curtains, and images found in S'danzo cards.

Sly's Place

In my youth, I had occasion to step into this place a few times. Ahdio's a nice fellow, and so's that… crone… he calls his wife. But, it's a little too dangerous, even for me.

If the Vulgar Unicorn was dangerous, Sly's Place was downright deadly. Catering to those scum not even welcome in the dive of all dives, Sly's Place testified to Mazers' tastes in ugliness. Situated near Wrong Way Park, most people would sooner slit their own throats than enter. While it had a bad reputation, the fact of the matter was that it was not that dangerous in itself, but rather the danger was going and leaving. It was run by a huge man named Ahdiovizun, who purchased it from Sly's widow. Though a man with a soft spot in his heart for cats, he wore a chain shirt while he worked and thought nothing of kicking the crap out of an unruly patron. Also working there was his lame helper, whom many thought was slow, and his hideous wife. However, this was all a ruse. Ahdio was no simple thug; he was once a great and powerful wizard, and his wife too beautiful to show her true face to the cutthroats of Sanctuary.

Sly's Place became one of Shadowspawn's haunts, and was intimately associated with the first Strick's efforts to improve the lives of the people in the city. While Ahdio's fate has not been revealed, it's presumed he died around the same time as Strick, if not earlier. Thus, if Sly's Place exists in the Irrune Era, it is nothing like the one of old.

Weaponshop of Vashanka (Rankan Era Only)

At the start of the Gods' War in Sanctuary, Vashanka created a weaponshop in the Maze. Here, fantastic magical weapons were sold to the locals; however, each one was cursed. Though destroyed, it's believed some of the cursed weapons still exist in the city. For game purposes, these weapons have a –2 penalty to attack rolls and weapon damage rolls.

Other Establishments

Just as the Maze has never been mapped, neither has a full accounting been made of all the bars, brothels and shops that can be found here. There are many locations mentioned in the anthologies, both new and old, many of which are important only briefly and never touched upon again. Such places include the Bottomless Well (also called the Bottomless Cesspit), which stands on Tumult Street, the Golden Gourd owned by the current Strick, and many more.

Secrets

It's well known that there is a subterranean network of tunnels beneath the Maze. Most are short, connecting one location to the next, but there are many longer tunnels haunted by old and nasty things, gangs, and worse. A big problem with all the tunnels is flooding, which occurs during storms and in the late winter, when the snows on the World's Spine Mountains melt. No one has mapped the Maze — if they did, it would be worthless in moments, given the changing terrain — and it's clear that no one has tried to map the tunnels, so who can say what lurks there? No one knows for certain what happened to Snapper Jo….

The Palace

• Vigilance 25 •

Only one person (and one cat) have ever broken into the palace. Me. And don't you forget it.

At the center of the city lies the palace, one of the two highest points within its walls. Though the Governor's Palace is the central feature of this neighborhood, it is not the only structure. The district also contains stables, barracks, armories, storerooms, and guardhouses, plus secondary quarters for royal guests who prefer their privacy.

Most of the palace itself is stone, bristling with several tall towers that serve as the apartments for the governor and his wives. Lesser outbuildings are stone and wood with slate roofs. Strong walls of stone encircle this area, broken by four gates: the Processional Gate and West Gate to the south, the Headman's Gate to the northwest, and the Gate of the Gods to the northeast. Just south of the palace is Vashanka's Square, a large parade ground where the governor can review the city guard.

The palace is easily the most impressive building in Sanctuary. As tall as five stories high in some places, it is strong enough to serve as a fortress, but has handsome arches and soaring ceilings. Stained glass windows provide rainbows of light across polished marble floors, and the roof tiles are glazed ceramics that gleam in the sun.

Inside, the palace is a maze of corridors and rooms, with apparently little thought given to its layout. However, this is not the case, for the architects realized the nature of Sanctuary and created a labyrinth of corridors to confuse potential invaders. The main floor consists of servants' quarters, kitchens, and other workrooms. Several hidden staircases lead to the lower levels, including the nursery that once housed the reincarnated avatars of Vashanka. Tunnels lead out from this level to the dungeons and through connecting passages that lead to other areas in the city.

The upper levels and towers are used for the governor, his family, and his guests. The towers cluster around the central building, on top of which is a roof garden where the children could play and where the governor could hold private meetings with spies, couriers, and priests. On the third floor lies the centerpiece of the palace: a grand hall where the governor can entertain nobles and the city's elite. Staircases lead to walkways and adjoining halls, each with balconies offering a beautiful view of the city.

During the Troubles, the palace took heavy damage. When the Irrune destroyed the Dyareelans, the cultists retreated inside the palace to fight a long siege. Unsure of how reliable the Irrune would be, Molin secretly ordered the palace burned, though he later claimed the fires

started inside. His tactic worked, and drove the hidden cultists outside to the waiting swords of the Irrune host. From this confrontation, parts of the palace burned down during the fire that swept over Sanctuary shortly after Ranke left. More of it was damaged when the Irrune smoked out the last vestiges of the Dyareelan cult. Inside, the place had been transformed into a grisly and macabre place, with profane murals staining the walls. Much of the splendor of the earlier eras had been erased or defiled.

Molin resolved to never allow the Dyareelans to rule his city, and immediately set to work restoring the palace, having convinced Arizak of the need. It took a few years, but the crude altars to the Mother of Chaos were removed. The exterior has been fully restored now, and most of the interior as well. The workmanship is every bit as solid as that of the old palace, though it is not as pretty or as graceful. All of the smaller, wooden buildings near the district's walls were also rebuilt.

Another set of walls has been added around the first, expanding the district and providing a second layer of protection. Guards still keep watch, and closely examine everyone who enters, but workers arrive every morning to help finish the work on the palace, making it much harder to keep track of everyone.

At night, the gates close, preventing traffic in and out of this district. The guard keeps a one-man sentry at each of the gates leading inside. They follow orders well, fearing the wrath of their Irrune masters, but most can be bribed to look the other way.

During the Rankan Era, Prince Kadakithis resided in the palace itself and his Hell Hounds and other aides lived in the various buildings nearby. Guards were stationed at the four gates at all times. Nobles and other recognized citizens of high standing could enter through without question, but the sentries stopped everyone else to discern their business there. Anyone without a legitimate reason for entering was turned away. At night, the guards became even more cautious and turned back anyone not on urgent business. As this also served as the guards' headquarters, there were always sentries milling about off-duty in addition to those on active patrol.

The palace is now the seat of Arizak's power. He and his extended family occupy it, along with a few remaining Sanctan functionaries who see to the everyday operations of the government. In addition, this place has the greatest concentration of Irrune in the city. They either have quarters inside, or live in tents on the grounds.

Though activity in this district has fallen off since Kadakithis' day, it still produces the coins used in the city, holds stores of food and water, and houses some of the better blacksmiths and tradesmen who nominally serve the city's masters.

Barracks and Stables

The palace compound has always housed Sanctuary's elite guard, whether Hell Hound, Stepson, or Walegrin's garrison. Positioned between the armory, which stores any number of swords, suits of armor, and shields, and the stables that once held the fabled Trôs horses, the barracks can house up to 50 guards comfortably. Most of the barracks is taken up by a common room filled with bunk beds, but a few private rooms for officers and female guards are available as well. The stables, which stand against the southern wall, have room enough for 50 horses plus feed.



The Dungeon

When the Ilsigi ex-slaves came to the valley and forged a peace with the local fishermen, they always looked over their shoulders, waiting for the day when their former masters would come to take them back to slavery. So when they founded the town that would become Sanctuary, one of the first things they constructed was the Dungeon, a square, squat, two-story structure designed more for defense than aesthetics. Surrounding the entire structure was a moat, little more than a ditch. Even the windows, which are a necessity in Sanctuary's climate, are no more than easily defended arrow slits.

On the ground floor, there is a drawbridge that the guards lower and raise to allow visitors to come inside. Those let past the drawbridge are inspected to ensure that guests don't smuggle anything inside. Beyond, the Dungeon resembles more of a small castle than it does a prison, equipped with servants' quarters, a bedroom for the castellan, a throne for the governor, a great hall (which served as an armory), and numerous other rooms. Two great fireplaces on the ground floor warm the place, letting the heat travel up to warm the bedrooms on the second floor.

The Dungeon holds its prisoners underground in a well-protected U-shaped hall. Lesser prisoners are dumped inside a Great Cell that faces the torture chamber. Other rooms underground consist of storage chambers, a well (which actually connects to Sanctuary's undercity), and a few bunks for the guards.

The roof holds a number of rain barrels, laundry lines, and a pigeon coop. During the summer months, guards draw straws to see who gets to sleep up here, rather than in the near-oven of the lower levels.

During the Beysib occupation, the priestesses converted the Temple area on the ground floor to a sanctuary for priestess of Beysa. At any time, there are 1d100+10 beynits here. (See page 126 for statistics for the beynit snake.)

Guest Embassy

At the eastern edge of Vashanka's Square stands the guest embassy. It was once a fine house, well crafted and staffed with loyal and trustworthy servants. When the governor entertained visitors from foreign lands, he would offer them quarters in the guest embassy to serve as their living space and office as they stayed to oversee their interests in Sanctuary. Since the Troubles, this building has been a ruin, decaying on its foundation.

Hall of Justice

When one passes Vashanka's Square to enter the Governor's Palace compound, one must enter the Hall of Justice before reaching the inner halls and rooms of the governor's home. The Hall of Justice is a great room with columns forming two rows on either side, leading up to a stepped dais where sat the governor's throne. At times, a second throne might be added to show respect to a favored wife or consort. In the front of the Hall, there is a small waiting area where litigants would wait to be called. Doors opened on either side of the Hall to lead out to the inner bailey. A pair of double doors provided access to the palace itself, through which the governor and his entourage would come to hear the cases brought to the Hall. Above is a great railing and balcony, so onlookers can watch the proceedings. Also attached to the Hall itself are a number of records offices and apartments for the court functionaries.

Kadakithis, when he first came to Sanctuary, presided over almost all the cases, dispensing justice fairly but firmly. This all changed when the Beysibs came, and his influence over the city waned. The more time he spent with Shupansea, the less time he had for the city, until most people believed Kadakithis had gone the way of all the other governors before him.

Now, years later, judges mete justice more often than not, though Arizak occasionally loiters here to hear the complaints of the common folk, to listen to performances, or hear his mad shaman rave about his theories of the heavens. Though still an imposing building, it is now surrounded by an air of mystery, as the Sharda work to uncover the excesses and crimes of Sanctuary's worst citizens.

Parade Ground

The Palace actually encompasses but a small corner of the palace compound. Much of the area consists of the parade grounds. In times past, the governors would open this area for special events and festivals, but most often it is used to inspect the palace guard and receive visitors. At the edges of this courtyard are stables, a smithy, and barracks for the guard. During the Rankan Era, the parade ground served as a place of congregation for off-duty soldiers, and for drilling and training.

Each noon, in the old days, the palace guard would come out for rotation and inspection. Citizens would come to watch the spectacle, to see the bright Rankan uniforms and the grim and determined faces. However, most were of the upper class, and such gatherings proved fruitful for exchanging gossip and information.

Vashanka's Square is a section of stone tiles that stands in the shadow of the palace itself. It is here where the governor inspects the guard and greets important visitors. Though the significance of this place has ebbed since the Irrune conquered Sanctuary, it still elicits feelings of awe and honor when walking across it.

Citizens are free to enter the parade ground as they like, and many come to trade with off-duty soldiers, be heard at the Hall of Justice, or lodge a complaint with the guard. Most people congregate for public executions, which are still held in the parade ground near the old hanging block.

Palace Morgue

During the early years of Kadakithis' rule, he hanged criminals frequently. Their bodies, painted with tar, were set on display to serve as a deterrent for other would-be criminals in the prince's effort to clean up the city. The vast numbers of the dead necessitated the construction of a morgue to keep the bodies until they could be buried in a communal grave in the city's cemetery (see page 54). During the frequent plagues, this place also held the bodies of the diseased to protect the rest of the city. The palace morgue still stands in the current era, along the palace's west exterior wall, just north of the Hanging Block.

Slave Auction and Hanging Block

Attached to the palace's inner bailey is a flat platform, some 50 feet on a side. In times past, slavers would auction their wares to the governor and the city's notables. When Kadakithis gained the city, he converted the slave block to a gallows, where he would hang the day's thieves and murderers. It became an even more macabre place when the Beysibs came. They instituted a particularly horrible method of public execution. Instead of hanging, they tied a prisoner to a post and allowed a swordsman to carve off chunks of the man's flesh until he died shrieking from pain. Later still, the Dyarleelans would burn their victims here, or carve out their hearts, all in the shadow of the Hall of Justice. In the Irrune Era, however, the old Hanging Block has fallen into disuse, as they prefer other methods for punishing criminals.

Storage Facilities

The palace compound features cisterns to catch rainwater for drinking, and storage buildings to hold raw materials, foodstuffs, and finished goods like spare furniture for the Palace's lavish balls, old documents, and more. Most of these buildings are protected with good locks (Open Lock DC 25).

Zoo Gardens

A great set of cages and gardens once stood next to the Processional Gate to entertain visitors to the palace and amuse children with the fantastic creatures collected. It was here that the enigmatic Winged Folk from the North rescued their lost comrade and threw the city into chaos for a night.

Since that fateful evening, the Zoo Gardens were more a place for exotic birds and plants, though even this would not last for long. During the famine, locals broke into the compound and slaughtered the exhibits for food. Now, there is nothing more than a few empty cages and overgrown weeds.

Secrets

Although an impressive sight, the palace's true wonder is hidden from prying eyes. Tunnels delve deep beneath the city, allowing access to various other buildings. Secret passageways allow people to move through the palace unseen. Small hidden panels can be used to hide documents, jewels, and other valuables, and tiny peepholes allow people to listen in on conversations and spy on people in neighboring rooms. The palace has a hundred secrets, and the person who knows them all can easily learn a thousand more from the palace's other inhabitants.

Processional

• Vigilance 20 •

Even now, there's just too much "high society" for me. All those Rankans looking down their noses. When I have to go there, it's at night, and then, I never go through the front doors.

Sanctuary's most famous road is easily the Processional. Cutting through the center of the city to the Processional Gate, where it opens into the Palace's parade ground, it is a place of the rich and famous, where the wealthy have homes partly as a sign of status, but also because it features regular guard patrols to keep the streets safe. The people here, for as long as it has existed, have been among the most arrogant and self-serving. From here, one can see the palace to the north, the Hill (once a grand view) to the northeast, and the sea to the south. During the summer, the gentle breeze from the ocean cools the street, bringing with it the sweet tang of salty water and sounds of the old wharves creaking.

The Processional is also one of the few places that's almost — almost — safe enough to walk unescorted by night, especially during the Rankan Era. The current lords, the Irrune, have made many efforts to retain the Processional's splendor, lighting the street with public lanterns and supplying torches in barrels at intersections with side streets. Still, bored Irrune, especially the Dragon and his sycophants, prowl the Processional, roughing up anyone they don't like the looks of.

Though the Processional itself is a street, it is also the name of the surrounding neighborhoods. In the past, the Processional held most of Sanctuary's middle class. The buildings here were solid but plain — inns and taverns, mixed with shops and homes. Guards patrolled the streets regularly, and the residents could sleep well at night, at ease despite the occasional robbery or murder. Most of the people here are hard-working citizens, craftsmen and innkeepers, people who work with their hands and who lived above or behind their own shops. While not the fanciest section of Sanctuary, the Processional was a good clean neighborhood, and its residents did their best to keep it that way.

The Processional survived the chaos better than most of the city, perhaps because it had less obvious wealth than the noble houses but more security than the poorer quarters, and because its residents kept to themselves when trouble struck. Some also say that many of the people living here were either part of the Dyareelan cult or at least in league with it. As a result, there is less damage here than almost anywhere else in Sanctuary. That made the houses here valuable, and many of the city's nobles and more prosperous merchants bought these homes for themselves. The Processional is now one of the wealthiest parts of Sanctuary. The houses get larger and more impressive as they get closer to the palace, particularly along the street itself. Restaurants and small shops nestle in the blocks to the east and west. These places are expensive but have very high quality, and they do not bother to advertise their presence. The people who can afford them know where they are.

In addition to the city guard, the wealthier residents have their own guards. Many of the surviving Rankan and Ilsigi nobles live in the Processional, and their estates house dozens of private soldiers that accompany the nobles whenever they leave the grounds. Rumors claim the nobles also employ magic to protect their homes. No one knows is this is true or not, but many thieves have tried robbing an estate in the Processional, and few have survived to tell of their failure.

Scattered throughout this district are upscale shops and small cafés that cater to the social elites. The Qualis Grove (named for the intoxicating berry from which wines and many drugs are made), a small restaurant surrounded by an iron fence and protected by guards, offers a peaceful spot for residents of the neighborhood to enjoy the sea breeze over quality fare and fine wine. Lush hedges, topiary sculptures, and hanging vines promise splendor and privacy to those who desire it. However, entry to this restaurant is open only to those with the bearing and appearance of wealth; all others are turned away.

Other shops include dealers in fine apparel, perfumers, artists, sculptors and other dealers of fine goods. Few people waste the money on public baths, lending to a powerful stink that permeates the entire city. Aromatists do a brisk business, either concealing the smell of the customer or masking the body odors of those around them.

Golden Oasis

This famous tavern and restaurant was a favored spot of nobles and merchants of quality, and considered the best in all of Sanctuary. The main floor consisted of a large common room with fine tables with cushioned seat. Booths lined the walls for those desiring a bit more privacy. The Golden Oasis offered single rooms and suites for those with coin to spend, each outfitted with a fireplace and a goose down bed.

Secrets

Though there are suspicions of Dyareelan sympathizers among the people of the Processional, few know the truth of the matter. The Dyareelans rarely preyed upon this section of town because many of its members came from here. Though the Dyareelans drew new followers from all over, they needed educated and prominent citizens to lend the cult an air of acceptability among the rest of the city. How many still serve the Mother of Chaos? None can say, but there's no doubt that there are many still active here.

Promise of Heaven

• Vigilance 10 •



Whew, I can safely say that I never was so desperate that I had to…er… slip into the Promise of Heaven. I've heard tell that the women there are bad, and the things you take with you after a roll in the bushes was even worse. No thanks.

Situated above the rest of the city was the Promise of Heaven, a large triangular park, filled with trees and foliage, with snaking paths and large thoroughfares. There were three main entrances and walkways, but they were crisscrossed by smaller trails that led into private niches, where stood pillared busts and statues, small shrines dedicated to every god ever worshipped in Sanctuary. Maintaining these shrines were the priests, who left their temples to keep the statuary clean, trim back the plantings, and ensure the place had the respect it deserved. The Promise of Heaven was, by day, a grand place of introspection where philosophers, students, and priests could discuss all manner of subjects.

At night, the Promise took on a whole new character. Those whores too ugly or diseased to work in an established brothel in the Maze or on Red Lanterns worked here, taking their customers into the privacy of a few clustered bushes in exchange for a few padpols. This was a place where sad and desperate women, unskilled and alone or with a few starving children, could make enough to feed their families. Every whore who worked here had a story, heartbreaking and terrifying. And though all who worked in this place were desperate and hungry, they worked together, watched out for each other, and protected themselves as best they could.

During the Troubles, the Dyareelans transformed the park into a terrible place of evil, where countless souls were sent screaming to their monstrous deity. Some claim that the ghosts of the sacrificed still haunt the old rotundas and copses, leading to its current deserted state. The only people who come here now are those up to no good.

Temple of the Rankan Gods

Soon after the Rankan Empire seized Sanctuary, work began on a great temple that would venerate all of the Rankan Pantheon. Situated at the southeastern corner of the Promise of Heaven, it was to be the greatest center of worship in all the city, and perhaps the world. But from the outset, problems plagued the construction. The ritual sacrifice to commemorate its construction was sabotaged by the substitution of a simulacrum instead of the required virgin. Difficulties in design, flawed craftsmanship, corruption, and weird happenings all slowed the project to a crawl. For years, the work continued. It became a point of shame for the Rankan citizens; a few of the outer shrines were completed, but the majority of the structure — the inner sanctums, ritual chambers, and personal quarters — were stalled in various states of construction. It wasn't until the return of Chenaya, having stolen the Eye of Savankala from Ranke, and the discovery of the source of the taint (the false sacrifice under the foundation) that work actually began again in earnest. Yet, even with all of the effort put forth to construct this site, the years that followed brought plague, famine, devastating storms, and finally the Dyareelans, put any further work on the site to rest, seemingly for all time.

Secrets

Towards the end of Kadakithis' rule, the whores of the Promise of Heaven started vanishing. After some investigation by Daryne and Daphne, it turned out that a wizard used the women for dark experimentation in his laboratory, secreted beneath Shipri's grove. Though the gladiators managed to eliminate the wizard, the tunnels and hideout served the Dyareelans in years to come, and many used the place up until Cauvin discovered the new activity with the help of Molin Torchholder. The Irrune smoked out many of the Dyareelans, and subsequently executed them, but it's clear more lurk beneath the city.

Pyrtanis Street

• Vigilance 20 (day)/15 (night) •

The thing to know about Pyrtanis Street is when you come to that big scary mansion, cross to the other side of the street. Yeah, Lone, I know, it's "gone." Don't believe. That crazy wizard is still around. Mark my words.

Though often considered a neighborhood in itself, Pyrtanis was a cluster of mansions along one street that crossed through the Old Jeweler's Quarter. Once home to the city's most prestigious artisans, including jewelers, gold- and silversmiths, more than a few aristocrats, and even Enas Yorl himself, it has since fallen on harder times, far from its former glory. The street itself is on high ground and paved with tidy cobblestones, cutting across the Old Jeweler's Quarter. In the old days, where the rest of the Jeweler's Quarter prevented foot traffic by the rabble, Pyrtanis welcomed all and everyone. Those who lived here did so in large, handsome houses, with well-tended lawns in back. Pyrtanis was one of the busiest streets in Sanctuary, and having a house along it was a major status symbol. Several small shops, restaurants, and taverns nestled among the houses, but never occupying the same buildings; those who lived here could afford to have a shop and a separate home, and sneered at their inferiors in the rest of the Jeweler's Quarter who lived above their workplace. Unlike the Quarter at large, however, Pyrtanis did not restrict traffic to residents and immediate customers. It couldn't afford to, because cutting off the street would destroy most of its business.

Many shops sold less luxurious, more useful items than elsewhere in the Jeweler's Quarter, but in larger quantities. Furs, meats, spices, and spirits were the most common commodities. The shops often had arrangements with taverns, noble estates, temples, and even the palace, and sold to these places on a grand scale, but they also had individual items that anyone who wandered in off the street could purchase.

Because they didn't post sentries to stop those using the thoroughfare, the shops kept private guards, usually positioned just inside the doors to control theft and violence. The city guard patrolled the street regularly, removing troublemakers, chasing pickpockets, and breaking up the occasional fight. The shops closed up at dusk, and the private guards departed for their own homes, leaving Pyrtanis emptier and a little more dangerous after dark. The city guard still patrolled here, however, and a cry for help would be answered quickly and in force. Most of the houses also had magical protections and, in many cases, private guards lived in smaller buildings in back and took turns standing watch day and night.

Pyrtanis' glory would not last. Though the city and this street would prosper for the few short years after Ranke withdrew its soldiers, the famine, floods, fires, and eventually the Troubles themselves drove the wealthy out of the city, leaving their fine homes and shops abandoned, though most believed that they would one day return. The cultists winnowed Sanctuary's Sihanese aristocracy down to a frightened handful and now, even after ten years of relative stability, the Serripines cling to their Land's End estate as though it were a life-raft in a terrible storm. As a result, most of the houses are still empty. The once proud streets are the haunts for gangs, and many people still living here are haunted by the loss of their history. Old hazard mages suck sour wine at the Lucky Well, lost in the fantasies of their former lives, while maids and servants of the nobles who once lived here keep hope in the illusion that, one day, their lots will improve.

Though saddled with a history no one can forget (or is allowed to), life continues in this part of the Jeweler's Quarter. Grabar's Stoneyard, which stands in the ruins of the home of Coricidius (the Rankan Era vizier), a baker, potter, and other artisans have set up shop here, surviving in the hard times that strangle the whole city. The street is tightly knit, and everyone knows everyone else. Common hardships has pulled these people together, even if only loosely, and if one resident faces trouble, the rest will help in small ways, because they all remember what Pyrtanis was, and could be once more.

Enas Yorl's Mansion

About 300 years ago, a handsome youth known for his talents with magic gained a terrible curse as a reward for his insatiable libido. Cursed to perpetually change his shape, he fled his homeland and settled in Sanctuary, a place full of exiles and those who want to lose themselves. What differentiated Enas Yorl from the other refugees was that he was one of the three most powerful wizards in the Known World. This lent him safety and security, and no one pried into his business.

The mage found that Sanctuary matched his personality and his outlook, and he established himself, loosely, as its protector. He erected a house on Pyrtanis Street, a place befitting his station, but not on the Hill, where he would have to contend with nosy aristocrats and all the attention they brought on themselves. He and his mansion became a place of wonder, a veritable attraction that elicited both fascination and fear. Rumor was that dark things occurred in this place, and foul basilisks guarded the entrance to turn to stone anyone who thought to intrude. Though Enas Yorl and his manse both had sinister reputations, Yorl genuinely cared for the city. On many occasions, he acted on behalf of individuals who, for whatever reason, struck a chord with him, and through these men and women, the city prospered.

The mansion itself was a looming edifice, casting long dark shadows into the street. No window offered a glimpse of what lay within, and the only entrance was a brazen door, tall, wide and solid. Inside, one was immediately struck by how much larger it seemed than it did from outside. Enas Yorl's blind servant, Darous, would blindfold guests to take them through the house to meet with the wizard. He would meet guests in his library or in an audience chamber, where he would sit in an exquisitely carved chair.

During the anarchy that plagued Sanctuary after the Beysibs came, Yorl withdrew into his house, being less and less of a force in the city. Even through the trials of Ischade and Roxane, and the collapse of the mageguild, he didn't interfere with the plots and intrigues that tore the city apart. While Molin, Tempus, Ischade, and others contained the witch into the house of Tasfalen, Yorl was quiet. It wasn't until Molin approached Yorl about ridding Sanctuary of the witch for good that the powerful wizard stirred. But the end result was the disappearance of both Tasfalen's House and Yorl's, apparently sending the two of them into some other plane.

Since, Yorl has been thought dead, killed in some eldritch battle against Death's Queen. Even Molin Torchholder believed that the wizard was dead, but harbored some reservations, suspecting that perhaps Yorl had gained some control over his curse and hid among the rest of the city. Yorl occasionally sent messages filled with the nigh immortal's dry wit, confirming that he still lived, though the magician would not reappear until years later.

Locals sometimes claim that on certain nights, the manse reappears briefly, lit by the waning light of the moon as it reflects off the fog rolling in from the wharf. Strange sounds like growling and hissing, taunting laughter, and odd shrieks emanate from the lot, to say nothing of the cold dread that fills the hearts of those who walk across the gravel of the still empty lot.



Grabar's Stoneyard

Stone is a rare commodity in Sanctuary. There are few good sources in the neighboring hills, no quarries, and extracting good stone is not only expensive but hard work. Many stone suppliers recycle old ruins and resell good stone at bargain prices. One such dealer is Grabar, a good man who lives in the heart of the Old Jeweler's Quarter.

Most of his property is for his business, and piles of rock, brick, and other materials stand in heaps throughout. A tall wooden fence keeps thieves and undesirables out. Grabar gained it when he married Mina, a down-on-her-luck heiress of Coricidius' fortune… which, by the time she got it, consisted solely of the decaying mansion and surrounding land. Grabar turned the compound into the stoneyard shortly after the Irrune cleansed the city of its cultist infestation. Grabar claimed the place as his home and settled there with his wife, who had lived there from birth.

While few adventurers have need of stone, Grabar's Stoneyard is also the home of one of Sanctuary's most important, though not prominent, citizens: Cauvin. Word is that he has connections in the palace and can be seen going in and out as he pleases. Some suggest he has the memories of old Torch, but locals know Cauvin is just Cauvin, and if he has contacts at the palace, it's because he's probably working on repairs.

Lucky Well

The Lucky Well is a small tavern at the far end of Pyrtanis Street. A shoddy place, it is the favored watering hole of Pyrtanis residents. They have bad wine and worse beer. The place is smoky and in poor repair, with raw wooden benches, a scattering of stained tables, and an old and scarred bar. Despite its low appearance, it's a safe place and good for picking up rumors as they fly.

Swift's Smithy

Just of off Pyrtanis Street is Swift's Smithy, a small forge that does most of its business repairing minor metal tools and pots and pans. Swift has some skill, and he's fair, but he's no Dubro. Swift supplements his income by taking on palace jobs, thanks to the contacts he has there. During his trips to and from the palace, he's quick to pay attention to news he overhears and from conversations with his friends who directly serve the Irrune and the watch. Swift also does a little work dealing in coin. He takes higher value coins (which most folks in the city refuse to trade in) and exchanges them for padpols.

Tasfalen Lancothis' House

Tasfalen Lancothis was a corrupt and petty Rankan noble, blessed with good fortune and graced with good looks. Thoroughly corrupt, he was a backstabber and treacherous fellow. Ischade, after her difficulties with Straton, decided to use him to sate her unnatural cravings. She gave Haught a ring to give to the lord to extend an invitation. However, Haught saw this as an opportunity to betray his mistress and position himself as the master of Sanctuary. He involved Moria, a former hawk-mask, and after a series of blundering mishaps, Tasfalen died from a broken neck.

What happened next, no one anticipated. Haught conjured the spirit of Roxane, who was believed dead. She possessed the corpse of the former noble, and all hell broke loose as Haught and the revenant used the last Nisibisi power globe to weave some terrible magic. Before the ritual could be completed, Ischade, Randal, and others contained the house behind a series of dense wards and terrific spells that culminated in the destruction of the globe and a pillar of fire that reflected a mortal struggle between Roxane and a summoned demon.

The fire raged for days, until it vanished as suddenly as it appeared. The guild mages, Ischade, and others wove more protective wards over the house to contain whatever evil remained. The house stood for a few years longer, with Haught trapped inside with the undead horror that was Tasfalen (and perhaps part demon and part Roxane, too). Molin convinced Enas Yorl to enter the house as the magic in the city began to ebb, weakening the wards that constrained the great evil. The wizard never emerged, but the house collapsed into a pile of dust. Enas Yorl had found a way to send the house and its contents to Meridian and Aškelon.

The building was a beautiful townhouse, two stories tall, with a few steps leading up to a magnificent door. Windows on all sides looked down on the roofs of neighboring homes and gave an exquisite view of the city and sea beyond the wharfs. Just inside were a hall and a steep staircase that led to the bedrooms above. After the owner's death, the place assumed a somber cast, shrouded by darkness and the evil it held inside, and gained a tendency to leak odd-colored light — mostly blue, but occasionally green. Locals crossed the street rather than pass through its shadow. Now, nothing remains except an empty lot, similar in many ways to the one on which Yorl's manor once stood.

Secrets

There are many treasures as yet unearthed in the ruins of the old mageguild. Occasionally, some odd spellcaster snoops around the area, searching the ruins for some lost bit of esoteric lore. While patrols discourage such archeological efforts, they have not been successful in stopping them completely.

Enas Yorl's house lies in a planar nodule tied to this space. Yorl can come and go as he pleases. Thus far, no one has discovered how to enter the house… but then, only fools would want to.

The 'Tween

• Vigilance 15 •

Lone can tell you, this place is busy and the folks there are more than willing to spend a few coins. Which means, they're willing to lose a few coins too.

A new district, the 'Tween did not exist until after Ranke had already left Sanctuary to its own devices. Initially conceived by Molin Torchholder, and meant to house caravans, the 'Tween has become a trade center and waystation. It stands between the city's old eastern wall and the newer walls Molin had constructed, and is the only way into Sanctuary from that side via the Wideway. Guards man the Prince's Gate (also called the Gate of Gold) in the eastern wall, and anyone entering is examined and taxed before being allowed through. Past the arch, the Wideway opens up between Sanctuary's wharves and warehouses.

The 'Tween is one of the only neighborhoods that has stone walls on all sides—it has the city's original exterior wall to the east, and newer walls barring it from the Red Foal River to the north and west, and then another new wall to the south. Nearly all of the buildings here are of new construction, more stone and brick than the rest of the city. The Prince's Gate is flanked by two sturdy stone guardhouses. A single wide, paved road, the Wideway, starts at the Prince's Gate and cuts through the heart of the 'Tween. (The Wideway continues on into Sanctuary proper, extending clear to the western wall.) The 'Tween does contain other roads, but these are hard-packed dirt, and turn to mud easily. Hostels, taverns, inns, and stables line the Wideway on both sides, catering to travelers, and guardhouses are built into the outer wall around the Prince's Gate. Moneychangers are also common here, and often set up tents or simply stand and call out their services as people pass by. Also found here are numerous stables that rent and sell horses and carts, along with a market where farmers from the outskirts can come to trade without having to travel around to the other side of the city. Despite the industry, the only people who live here are those who work the various businesses, and they live within their respective establishments.

As can be expected of any place with frequent visitors, thievery is common. With new arrivals constantly coming and going, there's plenty of opportunity for a would-be thief to make a small fortune. The guards do their best to protect the travelers and their goods, but can only stop the more inept pickpockets and the better-known thieves. Other crime is not common in the 'Tween; the guards break up fights quickly, and most assassins prefer to wait until their target leaves the 'Tween and enters the rest of the city, where they will be more vulnerable and easier to misplace. Like many places in the city, the Irrune keep a good supply of torches for the populace to use. Held in barrels at intersections, locals can snag a torch for protection at night.

The 'Tween has a character of its own, though visitors are often struck by its similarity to the bazaar. The difference is one of history. Where the bazaar once held a small S'danzo population and is a culture onto itself, the 'Tween is a constantly changing mass of people, still crisp with newness and charged with the energy of commerce. There is a constant hum here, as people strike bargains, hawk their wares, and spread news. Between the noise and the bright colors of foreign fashion, the 'Tween is an exciting place and an ideal district for those looking for adventure.

Meerash's Oils

This small shop once specialized in imported and flavored oils. Situated in the southern part of the 'Tween, it did a good business. When Meerash died, a series of new owners came and went, ending most recently with an older homely woman named Cassata. While she still sells some oil (there's a pyramid of glass bottles in the front window), her concerns are more criminal in nature. She deals with the Kintairs, a gang of thugs that have a protection racket in the 'Tween. In addition to strong-arming the locals for money, they also deal in

Soap and Water: Services of the Public Baths

Service	Price
6 Cranks of the water wheel	3 pd
Communal bath (per quarter hour)	10 pd
Private bath (per quarter hour)	15 pd
Attendant	2 pd
Massage	4 pd
Other, illicit services	5–10 pd

other criminal acts. Some suspect there's more going on here than it seems, and Cassata is a strange case, with a past shrouded in secrets. Her detractors whisper she was in league with the cultists, but none would dare say so openly.

The Public Baths

In an effort to welcome travelers and merchants, Sanctuary offers public baths. Situated just inside the gate, there are several waterwheels and plenty of soapweed for those in need of cleaning off the road dirt to become presentable before meeting with an important client. The public baths offer a full line of services for the right price, including a hot bath in a communal pool, private baths, and the services of attendants, who are willing to help scrub a hard-to-reach place or offer something more.

The public baths are regularly used as a place for meetings. Given the atmosphere, it is hard to smuggle weapons inside, so rival gang leaders, crime lords, or even merchants gather here to forge alliances or work through problems with diplomacy. To ensure the peace, the city employs six strong men to watch for trouble. Rumored to have been trained in Rankan fighting schools and to have spent some time fighting in the arenas, they ensure that violence is kept to a minimum.

There are two types of public baths. One for men, which is operated by the city, and another for women. The latter facility is run by the Sisters of Eshi, and men are forbidden from stepping inside.

The Stairs

Lone'll tell you this place, while a decent shortcut is about as dangerous as anywhere in the city.

Outside the western gate of the 'Tween is a series of steps that is sometimes used as a shortcut into the heights of the city. Constructed of weathered wooden planks, with a rail close to hand, the stairs scale a sheer rock face about 20 feet, climbing far above the 'Tween's western walls. At the top, the stairs end at Old Pyrtanis Street; from there, it's a short walk to the Promise of Heaven. Unfortunately, the shortcut runs through the Hill. As this is a well-known route, Hillers use this place to ambush travelers by day or night.

Undercity

• Vigilance 0 •

Let's get one thing straight. There are no dungeons, and there certainly aren't any dragons (well aside from that bastard Ariz… what's his name) under this city.

Sanctuary is more than it appears. Many things lurk in the shadows, lying in wait for the moment to emerge and make a claim on the city. But some places are hidden from view completely, and Undercity is one.

Few among even the city's long-time residents know that beneath the city streets lies a series of tunnels and chambers. These run throughout Sanctuary, and someone familiar with their arrangement can get almost anywhere in the city undetected. Part of the undercity makes up the Hill's reputed tunnels, though most of those entries have been sealed off by collapses or by design.

The Tunnels Beneath

No one lives in the Undercity, and only a few people use it regularly. Lastel One-Thumb knew more of the tunnels than most, and traveled between his estate and the Lily Garden by way of these underground passages. Myrtis, the mistress of the Aphrodisia House, is the undisputed mistress of the Undercity, as much because no one else knows or cares as because she really controls the subterranean tunnel system. She does know more of the pathways than does any other resident, and she also pays the mageguild to maintain wards that protect the tunnels and the city above them from invasion.

Myrtis also has guards at strategic spots in the Undercity, and they will challenge anyone they do not know and record the passage of anyone they encounter. The Undercity does have tunnels leading into the palace, and others that run through the Maze, though these are usually short tunnels built atop older passages, and change almost as much as the buildings and streets above.

Secrets

Though years have passed since the original users of the tunnels walked the hidden world beneath Sanctuary, the Undercity still exists much as it did during the Rankan Era. The fires above did not affect it, though many of its exits and entrances were sealed when buildings collapsed atop them. Flooding damaged many tunnels as well, and puddles of long-stale water still cover stretches of floor in many passages.

With Myrtis gone, the Undercity belongs to no one. Few surviving residents even know about it, and the Irrune have never thought to look below, so they are still unaware. Whoever does find a way into the Undercity would have a way to travel about the city unmolested, and would be able to breach the security of the palace and many other wealthy homes with ease.

Those who do remember the presence of the Undercity harbor dark suspicions, fears that the tunnels beneath are home now to Sanctuary's gravest threat: the cult of Dyareela.

Westside/Shambles

• Vigilance 5 •

The Westside changed its name to the Shambles after those witches started raising the dead. They say, this neighborhood had the most of those walking corpses. Shite, some believe a few of those dead folk got better, if you can believe that!

The Westside is one of the smelliest, least pleasant sections of Sanctuary proper. (Downwind didn't qualify, as it stood beyond the White Foal.) The tanners, glue makers, perfumers, and other businesses that produce unpleasant odors are all here, where their scents wafted out of the city instead of disturbing their neighbors. The housing in the Westside is cheap and poorly constructed, but it is better built than the shanties of Downwind. Those people in Downwind who manage to save enough move into the Westside and consider themselves lucky. Everyone else in this neighborhood hopes to move away, ideally before their sense of smell is destroyed forever. The Westside has a high crime rate; though the city guards do patrol here, they are not particularly thorough. The Westside grows cleaner, quieter, and less smelly as it approaches the Processional.

The Westside has always been known as the Shambles because it contained a meat market and abattoir as well as the charnel house and boneyard. The name took on quite a different meaning when the dead walked the city. The Shambles was every bit as smelly as the dangerous neighborhoods around it thanks to the tanners, dyers, slaughterhouses, and the varied food cooked by the residents. It is also more crowded, more rundown, and even more impoverished.

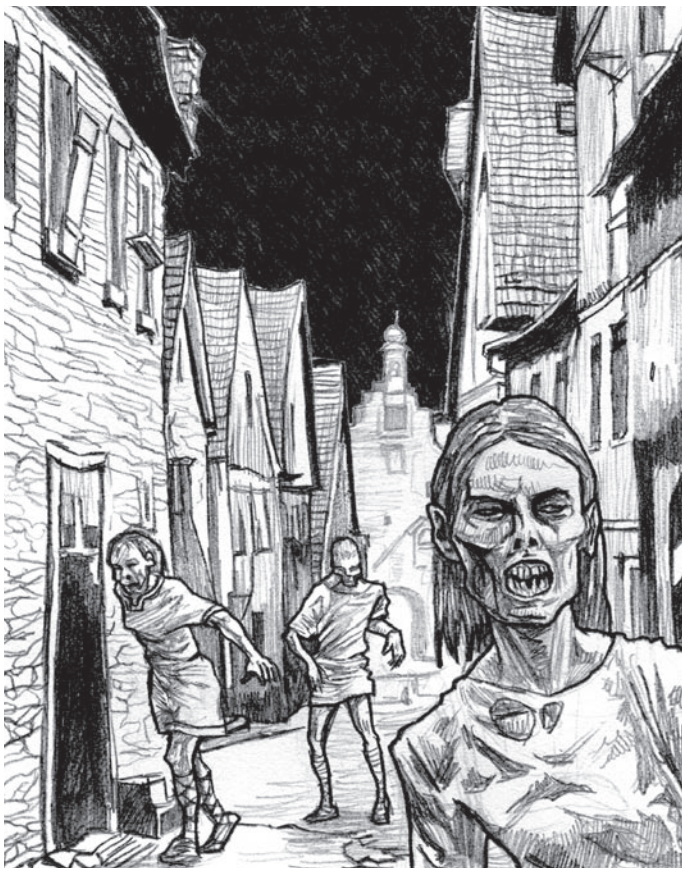
During the anarchy sown by Roxane, the Shambles, along with Downwind and the Maze, served as the centers of operation for the death squads: Gangs of killers controlled by Roxane (and, presumably, Ischade) that roamed the city, murdering those who opposed them. This was made worse by the appearance of undead that walked the streets and alleys, rubbing shoulders with the living. The Shambles transformed from just another slum to a hellhole, worse than any other short of the Downwind. At its worst, it was a haven for drug dens and cheap whores, a fitting nest for the Maze's criminals to grow and prosper. And at its best, it was firmly under the hand of Zip and the PFLS, who squatted in empty warehouses and old buildings to launch their attacks against the Beysibs and the other groups fighting for control.

Aside from the danger posed by the populace, the Shambles was a pestilential pit. Most of the plagues that ravaged Sanctuary can be traced back to some festering corpse in the Shambles or the open sewers that bred plague as they do flies. A quick trek through the Shambles could find a man dead by sunset, and so people entered this neighborhood cautiously.

Though the Shambles had been as rough a neighborhood as the Maze, and later swarmed with the dead, the half-dead, and the other assorted leftovers of Sanctuary's magic troubles, it eventually became a district where newcomers made their homes in abandoned buildings. With the influx of new blood, the signs of prosperity and new hope bloomed. Children were no longer starving. Gardens stood in the rays of the sun, and, indeed, with a newly stable city, life in the Shambles was good. More immigrants arrived, from all over Ranke and Ilsig and the neighboring regions, but the city was being rebuilt and there was plenty of work for everyone. Money rolled in, the residents improved their own homes, and the neighborhood felt like a real part of the city for the first time. Then the drought struck. And then the plague, and then the terrible fires that ravaged this neighborhood. Although not as poor or as desperate as the Hill, the Shambles is not much better off. Many of its people lost their livelihoods during the troubles, and now beg for money at Shambles Cross. The rest scrape by, doing anything it takes to survive. Strangers who enter the Shambles are almost certain to be attacked, as much for the meat on their bones as for their gold.

Despite this, the Shambles is a fascinating neighborhood. It is perhaps the most culturally mixed area in all of Sanctuary, with traces of every land its residents hail from, and it can be filled with the smell of exotic food, the obscene stenches of tanners and dyers, the sight of strange foreign attire, and the lilt of languages from distant lands. Most of the buildings are adobe and wood, harkening to the early architecture designs of the city. This part of town still bears the scars of the Convulsions, with old scorch marks from the fires, flood damage, and simply neglect.

However, the Shambles is still home to those who squeak by on the brink of starvation and squalor. Here, children play in puddles of dubious fluids, rat catchers sell rodents for a padpol, and cutthroats and gangs lurk in the shadows in wait for the rare fool who shows a little too much wealth in this nasty part of town.



This is one of the best places to find an interpreter or translator, because no matter what language it is, someone in the Shambles probably speaks it. Still, the wise man does not enter the Shambles himself, but finds a local along the edge and hires him or her to locate and retrieve a suitable translator.

With Ranke's departure from Sanctuary, the Shambles became home to countless immigrants and laborers. During the time of rebuilding, when the city erected new walls and the Troubles had not yet been foreseen, the atmosphere was light and full of hope. There was work to be had, Ranke had retreated, and freedom had never been so sweet. The drought, flood, famine, and disease of later years killed any optimism that the people of the Shambles might've cultivated, but the exotic and ethnic flavor of the quarter, lent by the quarter's many immigrants, remains to this day.

Bezul the Changer

The Shambles has a reputation for merchants who collect castoffs and resell them. While many of these retailers are shady, one has emerged with a reputation as a trustworthy man: Bezul the Changer. Operating out of a shop on the edge of the old West End and the Maze, where Wriggle Way comes to a dead end, he is the favored pawnbroker and fence of nearly every thief in the slums. There, with his children, mother, brother, a flock of geese, and a pair of former soldiers (Ammen and Jopze, both male Rankan ex-legionnaires), he does a good business, known for his fairness and no-questions-asked policy.

Though he has adequate protection, few people would threaten Bezul's livelihood because of the role he plays in the community. His shop is packed near to bursting with miscellanea, ranging from clothing to food to weapons to general gear. Almost everything he sells is used, swapped from some local in need of a few padpols for a fix of opah or to pay off some dangerous loan shark. This makes his inventory an eclectic mix of junk and treasure.



Even better than the goods Bezul peddles is the information he knows. His encounters with so many characters from the Maze and the Shambles gives him plenty of opportunity to pick up tidbits and odd facts, which he sells along with an old pair of shoes and a notched sword. It's important to note that Bezul's reputation rests on his policy of not asking, so whatever he learns is by simply keeping an ear to the ground and a finger on the pulse of the city.

In addition to trading news and goods, Bezul also deals in coins, either exchanging them or holding them. He always keeps a small number of coins on hand to exchange foreign currency for that used in the city—a useful service for thieves who want to avoid getting caught. Bezul charges 10% of the take to exchange a foreign coin for local.

Frog and Bucket

Like anywhere else in this city, many Sanctans look for ways to forget the hardness of their lives, and so haunt watering holes where they can throw down a few cups of sour wine and swap news in the neighborhood. Some bars are more or less dangerous than others, though the dangers posed by these places is commensurate with the poverty of the neighborhood.

One of the Shambles more notorious bars is the Frog and Bucket. It's a rotting two-story building made of weathered adobe and old brick, with a rickety staircase leading up to the apartments above it. As if the bad food and watery drinks weren't bad enough, this bar serves as the nexus for a large opah ring, at the head of which is Makker (see page 159). Just about every night, some poor thin fool with cankers on his mouth and tongue stumbles inside to deliver the padpols earned from a day of pushing opah. And those who fail wind up dead.

The people who live in the Frog and Bucket do so by selling themselves to the patrons, though many of these whores learned their trade from the Maze brothels. Worse, most are addicted to one of Sanctuary's nastier drugs and will do anything to make sure they get their next fix. Trust no one at the Frog and Bucket.

Fisherman's Footbridge/ Shambles' Bridge

Though the ground below Sanctuary is riddled with tunnels, few of these are actually sewers in the traditional sense. Instead, the city relies on channels that run to the White Foal River to rid itself of nightsoil and trash. These channels are toxic, buzzing with flies and alive with maggots and other vermin, as its foul load slowly oozes its way to the west, where the White Foal washes it out into the sea. Much like a tree, the channel has dozens of branches that connect to the main line, allowing the city common locations for disposing of their undesirables.

This channel is actually the exposed remains of a true sewer that was broken when the White Foal crested. It still functions as a sewer for most of Sanctuary from the palace east to the Old Jeweler's Quarter. Crossing it where it is exposed is challenging, given its width, and

getting around without jumping can add a great deal of time to one's journey. To provide a shortcut, and to make a few bits of tarnished silver, the city erected the Fisherman's Footbridge to create a quick path between the Shambles and the rest of the city, including fisherman's row, the farmer's market and the caravan depot. The bridge is poorly made and shakes fearsomely when crossed. Wisely, people take this bridge one at a time.

The bridge-keeper charges a padpol for a crossing and the revenues collected go to the Shambles family that built and owns the bridge. Of course, one doesn't have to pay the toll; a potential traveler can slide down the embankment, try to jump across, and scramble up the other side. But if they should slip or misjudge the distance, they're in for a miserable time, and likely a host of lovely parasites to boot. For a sample of diseases common to Thieves' World, see **Diseases in Sanctuary** in **Chapter Six: Adventures in Sanctuary**.

Khabeeber Tavern

This tavern takes its name from a local bird that dives in the ocean for fish. The tavern owner named it so because he claimed his customers dived as deeply into their wine and ale as the birds did for their fish.

Tinker's Knob

Typical of many of the Shamble's taverns, the Tinker's Knob operated out of a hastily repaired building that had been ravaged by fire. Though painted and cleaned, the stink of old smoke clouded the place. Its claim to fame was a bronze plaque that depicted the exploits of a singularly well-endowed tinker. Presumably, this place burned down with the rest of the Shambles during the early stages of the Troubles.

Major Roads

The Shambles is famous for its street names, which are always indicative of the types of shops to be found there. The Street of Smells, Harlot's Cross, and Tanner's Row are all fine examples. Many of these streets enter the Maze, but soon lose their character, narrowing into the labyrinthine corridors that give that dangerous part of town its name.

Secrets

Though there are few left, the longtime Shambles residents clearly recall Sanctuary of old, when the dead shuffled down the streets and when a vampire woman preyed on the scum of the city. While most of the undead have vanished, a best-forgotten memory of a dark time, the old folks still tell tales of the bloated corpses who could talk, their eyes haunted by images of the Underworld. Some even say that a few of these poor souls still walk the streets at night, but most dismiss these tales and horror stories to frighten the children.

Like the Maze, people go to Westside to disappear. All sorts of dangerous people rub shoulders with the poor and downtrodden. There's little doubt that cultists have claimed this neighborhood to avoid notice from the Irrune and their other enemies.

Wideway

• Vigilance 10 •

I don't much like fishing and "honest" labor never agreed with me. But roaches can snatch many a purse if they're patient and careful on the Wideway.

Running all along the wharves, from the eastern end of the city all the way to the White Foal River and the Swamp of Night Secrets, is the Wideway, a broad street that's part boardwalk and part cobbled street. It's one of the city's busiest by day, and one of the quietest by night. Facing the sea are a number of salt-encrusted homes and shops that do a brisk business catering to sailors. During the day, one could hardly walk the length without bumping into someone. Merchants set up makeshift stalls to sell their goods, while fishmongers cleaned and sold their catch right on the docks. Laborers loaded and unloaded crates, horses, and goods from the various ships, all flying different banners, and pulled on the ropes in the turbulent seas.

In recent years, the Wideways and the wharves have fallen into disrepair. No ships arrived during the drought or the plague, and the floods and the massive storms wiped out most of Sanctuary's own surviving ships and those the Beysib had left behind, leaving no one who needed a berth. That has begun to change, however. The Irrune realize the wharves are a major source of new income, and Arizak has declared that both wharves should be repaired and restored. It is a slow process, however, and made worse by the fact that the Irrune are not sailors, and so cannot tell if an estimate is good or bad, or whether it is honest or false.

With Downwind gone, many of the city's poor will sleep anywhere they can, and that includes the wharves. During the day, these people wander around, offering to do small jobs or run errands for a little money, but at night they huddle with the rest of their family, pleased to have so much arm space around them but shivering because they cannot light a fire in such a damp place, even if they had something to burn.

With the influx of new peoples and the swelling trade, an auxiliary market has opened on the Wideway, serving as a convenient stop for locals from the Maze and the Processional. So fast has it grown, it now rivals the farmer's market. At night, despite the huddled homeless, public lanterns light the road to keep it safe. And though the market shuts down, it is still a lively place, and the dockside brothels do a great business.

Broken Mast Tavern

There are many bars and taverns along the Wideway, but few are as infamous as the Broken Mast Tavern, "the drain-hole of the cesspool of Sanctuary's scum, source of ships' crew (willing and not), boy whores (willing and not), and any drug known to man." Standing just past the Processional where the fishermen tie up their boats at the end of the day, the Broken Mast hangs over the edge of the water, supported by wooden beams crusted with salt, barnacles, and slime. Despite its nearness to their launch, very few fishermen ever come here, because the tavern attracts bad men with dark tastes. Its imposing façade accurately reflects the character of those who haunt

the place. Jeweled captains, sailors, smugglers, pirates and worse smoke *krrf* in booths lining the establishment, while male prostitutes offer themselves cheaply to those with a taste for young flesh. Most people steer clear of the Broken Mast, for rumors hold that many slavers also haunt the place, shanghaiing locals for the flesh markets abroad.

The owner of the Broken Mast is Captain Sinjon, a half-Beysib. He deals with the scum of the sea every day. He has no love for the Irrune, and little more for Rankans, but he dealt with Molin Torchholder and he was privy to a few of the Torch's secrets. Though he holds title to the dive, he leaves most of the day-to-day activities to dusky-skinned Safset, his manager.

For those looking for word about the sea, the Broken Mast is their best bet. While the atmosphere is poisonous and the clientele dangerous, nothing happens within a hundred leagues that the Black Mast doesn't know about. The trick, however, is prying the gossip from their *krrf*-stained lips.

The Fish Market

For as long as Sanctuary has stood, there has been a fish market. Operated by the descendants of the people who lived in the valley and helped the ex-slaves make a new home here, they are a people all to themselves. Through their efforts, they gladly sell their catch, but have no love for outsiders.

Nerisis

Irrune law says women are not allowed to cut men's hair, and so barbers (who also dabble in surgery and some medicine) have enjoyed a recent surge in business. One of the more successful barbers is Nerisis, who cuts hair in his shop along the Wideway. He has a large customer base, serving some of the most successful merchants in the city.

Wharves

Sanctuary is an excellent natural harbor, and this has been enhanced by the construction of two wharfs: the Old Wharf and the Empire Wharf.

The Old Wharf was built over two centuries ago, when Ilsig first conquered the city. The Ilsigi were harsh masters during the project, and locals still hate the Ilsig kingdom because of these old injustices. Fishermen and sailors in Sanctuary often call the Old Wharf "grandfather," because so many Sanctans sweated and bled while constructing it that the wharf shares blood with most of the city's longtime residents.

The second wharf, the Empire Wharf, was built more recently, when Ranke took control of Sanctuary. Unlike Ilsig, Ranke paid the men who built the wharf, and even paid them fairly. This wharf is much newer, and made from stronger materials and in the latest style, so it is much sturdier than it looks.

Ilsigi ships are not allowed to use the Old Wharf. Supposedly, this is because it is too old and rickety to withstand the heavy supplies they unload, but the real reason is that the wharf was built at Ilsig's command, and Sanctuary demonstrates its freedom by refusing them the very wharf they built for their use. Anyone else can use the Old Wharf, and often the harbormaster lets the sailors or the captain pick their location upon landing.

The wharves do not see much crime, mainly because there is nothing small enough to steal. Violence, in the form of fistfights, often breaks out among dockhands and sailors, but is seldom serious. Guards occasionally walk along the city edge of the wharves, but they know better than to interfere with sailors, and are really there just for show and to collect tariffs from the ship captains. The docks become very quiet at night, as the ships' goods are carted off to warehouses and the sailors go in search of food, drink, and women. Smugglers use the night to dock their boats and carry their illegal goods into the city.

Secrets

During the end of the Rankan Era, pirates from Scavenger Isle landed at the wharves and stalked the city streets looking for lone men and women to kidnap and sell into slavery. Their free reign came as a result of Jubal's crushing defeat at the hands of the Stepsons.

Beyond Sanctuary

Though Sanctuary is a goodly-sized city and has many industries allowing it to survive the hard times, it could not survive for long without the communities on its outskirts and the hamlets beyond. This section takes a look at some of the places that lies beyond the city proper.

Downwind (Rankan Era Only)

• Vigilance –10 •

If you thought the Maze was bad, you just ain't seen Downwind. That place, while it stood, was by far the most dangerous place I'd ever been. Not like they'd mess with me there, but still… Gangs, drugs, bad bad bad.

Technically outside Sanctuary, and beyond the safety of its walls, Downwind was nonetheless a part of the city, because it would not exist if not for Sanctuary's presence. This sprawl was primarily composed of hovels and crude lean-tos, with some heavily patched tents mixed in. Those who came to Sanctuary but couldn't afford to stay there wound up in Downwind: beggars, inept thieves, luckless craftsmen, and refugees from other lands all huddled here, near the shadow of the walls, but beyond the city's watchful eye. The rest of Sanctuary considered Downwind a disgrace. The area's name comes from the fact that it was downwind of the city's Westside, and suffered the brunt of that neighborhood's foul smells.

Some of Downwind's residents had jobs in the city proper, but didn't make enough money to afford even the lowest shack inside the walls. Many others had no real work, and spent their days fishing, scavenging along the beach, stealing, or simply sitting around and complaining of their fate. Visitors were discouraged from entering Downwind, where they would be swarmed by peasants trying to sell everything they own, and by thieves desperate for a score. The youths of Downwind formed

gangs, each of which claimed a section of the neighborhood. They spent their days fighting the other gangs and plotting revenge against any gang that defeated them. Downwind would have been rife with crime, but no one here had anything worth stealing. The city's guards never ventured here, and neither did the more successful criminals. Life in Downwind was meager even by Sanctuary standards: random violence, malnutrition, cold, and fires claimed lives every day. But more people arrived each day as well, and set up camp wherever they could find space. Everyone who lived in Downwind had the same goal: to get out of there as soon as possible.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy, though, was when the weather turned against the city. After years of drought, the land dried up and its natural defenses against erosion died. So, when the storms hammered the coastline, and later when the snows melted, the White Foal River flooded the region, destroying the slums and many of the people living there. The survivors fled into the city, seeking high land and finding it in Sanctuary's most prosperous neighborhood, the Hill. When the floodwaters receded, their shantytown was gone, and so the refugees made their homes in the now-abandoned estates of the Hill.

Land's End

• Vigilance 30 •

When the Black-toothed horde descended from their homeland to invade the empire, they demanded that Ranke pay tribute or else feel their wrath. Ranke resisted and the barbarians sacked the city, ushering in a new era of fear. The barbarians pushed on, farther south, and encircled Lirt, killing every one inside and burning the city to the ground. The horde then turned towards Sihan. Having seen what happed to Lirt, the Sihanese fled, taking with them their peasants to Sanctuary and settling in an area outside of the city dubbed Land's End. In the years that followed, they opened their doors to other displaced Rankans—those from the city and elsewhere in the Empire.

Though rich with ample farmland and isolated from the despair of the city, life at Land's End is little better than it is in the city. Here, the Rankan lords, led by Sihanese exile Lord Vion Larris Serripines, pine for the lost days of Rankan glory. They help other nobles fleeing the ruins of their great civilization settle here, while privately funding the current emperor in the hopes of restoring stability and ushering a return to the greatness of the past.

The exiles at Land's End aren't interested in developments in Sanctuary proper. Lord Serripines longs for the resurgence of Ranke, but he's smart enough to sell his grain to Ilsig, because they pay better and more promptly. The Serripines and others hold a great deal of influence in the city, but it's at a distance. Their vast farming enterprise is pretty much the sum total of Sanctuary's "international" economic engine. The Serripines have plenty of influence, owing to their wealth and power; they're not above using the Irrune to maintain the upper hand with the more grasping Wrigglie merchants who've tended to stay in the city.

Swamp of Night Secrets

• Vigilance 0 •

Many a pud vanished in this swamp. Avoid it, I say.

During the Rankan era, the White Foal River served as Sanctuary's western border. Flowing between the city and the slums called Downwind, the swollen waters from the nearby hills carried waste, trash, and detritus out to sea. Forming the west bank, south of the Downwind, was a large swamp that locals called the Swamp of Night Secrets, where water from the slums to the north and rivulets and creeks from the western hills drained into a large depression that soon filled with insects, vermin, and scavengers.

In the old days, the Swamp of Night Secrets covered about 500 acres. Though relatively small, this was an inhospitable place, filled with sucking mud, oily water, cypress trees, blackgum, and wax myrtles. Alligators and snakes are in abundance, as are clouds of biting gnats and mosquitoes almost year round. Birds and waterfowl are also quite common, though an observer will note the occasional flutter of feathers as something awful snatches one for a meal. There were many paths through this place, formed mostly from old trees, ribbons of raised earth, and root balls, though few of these routes ever went anywhere, creating an impossible maze for the unprepared. Perhaps the best means for navigating this swamp was by boat, for a wide stream from the Downwind traveled into the heart of this place. While easier, it was no safer, for rumor holds that mad trolls, crocodiles, snakes and worse haunted this terrible place.

The swamp is far larger now, fully encompassing the west bank of the White Foal River, thanks to the hurricanes and flooding in the years past, and is now connected to the Great Morass, a vast bog that

"Red Lucky" (Mana Attractor)

This tough, hollow sphere of red glass was crafted by Beysib mages who left it behind when they abandoned Sanctuary. It has an affinity with magical energies or items; small items or minor spells are drawn towards it, while it is drawn towards larger items or more powerful spells. The Red Lucky is only one form of mana attractor; others may exist throughout Sanctuary, discarded by the Beysib or other magicians.

When a mana attractor is worn on one's person, it attracts magical energies directed towards the wearer, granting him a +2 enhancement bonus to all saves against spells and spell-like abilities. If suspended in a sling like a pendulum, it moves discernibly towards the most powerful spell effect or magic item within 60 feet. If left still, any small (5 pounds or less) magic item within 60 feet will be drawn towards it at a speed of 5 feet every hour. Creatures born of magic (outsiders, magical beasts, and any creatures the GM deems appropriate) within 60 feet must make a DC 5 Will save or be compelled to approach the attractor. This affects even undead, vermin, and other creatures typically immune to mind-affecting effects.

Faint enchantment; CL 6th; Craft Wondrous Item, *detect magic, mage hand, resistance*; Price 10,120 sh.

continues with few interruptions down the remaining length of the southwest coast to the Hammer's Tail. Haunting this large moor are the 'Nighters, the descendants of the poor and downtrodden who lived in the Downwind before its destruction. Filthy creatures, these men and women survive by fishing, hunting, trapping, and scouring the Great Morass for old treasures. Few Sanctans ever see their tiny communities of huts or stilt houses that occupy the rare spots of dry land.

As it was before the Troubles, the swamp is home to dangers aplenty. Quicksand, plague, deadly nigh-sentient plants and worse all conspire to kill interlopers. Worse, descendants of the Purple Mage's giant crabs prowl these fetid waters, feeding on the lost and unwary. Despite these dangers, the swamp has many treasures for those bold enough to find them. Jubal's old estate lies partly submerged, and legend holds that Ischade's and Roxane's houses lie somewhere in the ruins of old Downwind. Beysib artifacts, caches of coins, and other valuable await those brave or foolish enough to risk venturing into this blighted mire.

As a relatively small bog, the Swamp of Night Secrets was simply part of the scenery for the Downwind, its malignant odors blending with those created by Downwind's slaughterhouses, tanners, and dyers. It was a place to disappear from watchful eyes, for no one in their right mind would risk their lives for a walk through this vermin-infested place. Worse, Jubal's people watched the swamp closely, for Sanctuary's preeminent slaver's compound lay on the opposite side of the bog, close enough to the city to do business, but far enough away to keep rivals at bay.

As the wars at Wizardwall escalated, Nisi dispatched witches throughout the Rankan Empire and its provinces to sow discord among their enemy, perhaps doing enough damage to weaken the legionnaires and put an end to the Ranke's aggression. One such witch was Roxane, who traveled south to Sanctuary to disrupt the city as a trade center. Roxane, using a Nisibisi power globe, wove some of the city's darkest moments: raising the dead, transforming her serpents into men, and eroding the infrastructure of the city, eventually culminating in a huge block-by-block war involving the 3rd Commando, the Stepson, the beggars, and even Jubal's forces. During this time, the swamp literally exuded wickedness, for Roxane drew the dark forces from the underworld to her, calling demons, undead, and worse to do her bidding, to say nothing of those raised by Ischade herself.

After Ischade, Randall, and the Stepsons destroyed Roxane, the swamp resumed its normal sinister atmosphere, continuing as a place few would explore. Zip, the leader of the PFLS, a terrorist group bent on liberating Sanctuary from the Rankans and Beysibs, used the swamp as one of many staging grounds for their attacks, convening here for meetings and to escape their pursuers. Early in his career, he discovered a field altar to Vashanka that Tempus had erected early on. Though he moved the altar to the Avenue of Temples, he regularly visited this place, making bloody sacrifices to whatever dark power resided within the tumble of stones.

The Swamp of Night Secrets would not be contained in the years to come. Several years of drought killed much of the terrain's natural defenses against erosion, particularly the grass and trees in the surrounding lands. When the rains came, the topsoil washed away, creating a greater depression in which the swamp to spread. Worse, the White Foal River shifted its course several times during the hurricanes and torrential downpours. Though this was not the first time that the Downwind had faced destruction from flooding, the hurricanes and constant rains would finally prove too much.

The White Foal River completely swept away the Downwind, collapsing the rotten buildings and killing hundreds. The entire west bank lay under water, including Jubal's old compound, as were the other western estates. When the river finally settled in its new bed and waters receded, the Swamp of Night Secrets had tripled in size, continuing uninterrupted through the Great Morass, and onwards to the Hammer's Tail.

Jubal's Estate and Compound

Once Jubal established himself in Sanctuary, he used his wealth to erect a walled fortress compound on the other side of the Swamp of Night Secrets. Here, he lived in luxury. While this served as his primary residence, he maintained several locations and safehouses throughout the city.

Crumbling Tower

About a day's travel into the Swamp of Night Secrets stands an old tower, constructed by a merchant hoping to set up his own small outpost. Now it's nothing but an old, crumbling stone watchtower, little more than a simple two-story structure with a single door and windows on the second floor. The Crumbling Tower is highlighted in Green Ronin's *Murder at the Vulgar Unicorn.*

Secrets

The Swamp of Night Secrets was always an unusual and forbidding place. During the Rankan era, many dark secrets could be uncovered, including an altar dedicated to some foul demiurge, a new deity in the process of becoming. Fueled by hate, chaos, and the bloody fighting in the nearby city, the being demanded blood sacrifices. Zip, the PFLS leader, gave his soul to this being, and eventually moved the altar into the city itself. There's nothing to say that darker evils don't exist here as well.

After the Troubles, the Swamp of Night Secrets expanded to encompass a huge territory. Many things lie beneath the oily water, from Ischade's house (where there's no telling what wards and artifacts still sit, preserved by the brackish water) to Jubal's estate. Old relics from previous eras can also be found, such as the Beysib attractor described in *Turning Points*, "The Red Lucky," or the fragments of Roxane's power globe described in "The Ring of Sea and Fire." Who can say what else lurks here, or what new treasure the 'Nighters will uncover?

Street of Red Lanterns

• Vigilance 10 •

I'm not the kind of guy to kiss and tell, but this place has the best women of all the cities I've ever been too. And it hasn't changed much either. Draws people from all over it does.

The Street of Red Lanterns runs northeast, roughly parallel to the walled compound holding the governor's palace. Most buildings stand close together, in most cases going so far as to share a common wall, and where they do not, narrow snaking alleys fill with trash and night

soil spilled down from the shuttered windows above. Most structures have balconies overlooking the wide cobbled street to advertise the prostitutes working inside.

In the Rankan era, the streets were quiet during the day, with the occasional messenger bearing flowers or baubles for ladies who especially pleased a client the night before. A few carts rolled down the street, laden with casks of beer and wine, while butchers, bakers, and their ilk sent over foodstuffs to resupply their stores. This neighborhood stayed quiet until mid-afternoon, when the first few randy travelers visited to spend their wealth quickly and early. By nightfall, the street positively bustled with excitement… with prostitutes leaning over balconies to entice passersby, with the music of revelry interspersed with laughter, singing, and the clink of shaboozh into the purses of giggling girls. Such activity continued until dawn when the last few stragglers stumbled home, watchful for the occasional robber or cutpurse who would kill them for their boots.

When the Rankan Emperor appointed Kadakithis as governor of the city, one of the first things he attempted was to excise the undesirable elements from the city, going so far as to levy high taxes on the brothels. The fact that this never stuck is a testament to this industry's tenacity. And through the following years, with the arrival of the Beysibs, the occupation by the Stepsons, and the civil wars fought by the PFLS and 3rd Commando, the Street of Red Lanterns survived.

It finally met its match though during the Troubles, when the cultists of Dyareela, Mother of Chaos, set upon the city like jackals. Not due to any direct attempts by the cultists, the Street withered because of the dangers of simply being on the streets. Cultists stole children for their dark rituals to create new and obedient servants while they captured anyone they suspected as being disloyal and sacrificed them on their unholy altars. As fewer and fewer risked venturing out at night, business shriveled and died.

Though the Street of Red Lanterns, like much of Sanctuary, suffered at the hands of the Dyareelans during the Troubles, much of the same enterprise still thrives here. Brothels still stand open for eager customers, though not at the same levels before the Irrune liberation. The Aphrodisia House, the Lily Garden, and others still do business, though not as much as before. The reason for the reduced traffic stems from the migration of prostitution to the Maze, leaving many of the old brothels empty. Merchants and none-too-few priests co-opted these abandoned buildings, converting them for retail goods or religion.

Ironically, the abandoned buildings went to the local priests whom the Irrune forbid to practice within the city. With the altars and temples of their former churches in ruins, the local priesthoods moved outside the city to erect makeshift altars or, in the case of the wealthy, moved into old brothels to covert boudoirs into chapels, bars into altars, and the memories of wild nights into solemn rituals and pious devotion.

Aphrodisia House

By far the most successful of Sanctuary's brothels, the Aphrodisia House offered the very best courtesans in posh surroundings. Run by ageless Myrtis, the undisputed Madame of the Street of Red Lanterns, she is said to have entertained even Lythande. A guest would be overwhelmed by the pillared lobby, full of couches upon which the mistresses reclined and seduced the clients. A great staircase led up to the scented apartments on the second floor.

House of Mermaids

Run by Gelicia, the House of Mermaids promised delights as exotic as its name.

House of Whips and Chains

This brothel catered to those with sadistic, masochistic, and deviant tastes. Easily the most dubious of the houses of ill repute in the Red Lanterns district, it specialized in providing services to the most jaded and perverse clients in the city. They kept a small courtyard in the rear of the building equipped with stocks and other unpleasant equipment. Inside, the place is famous for its skulls, of which it's said they had dozens.

Lily Garden

This respectable brothel is perhaps the second best on the Street of Red Lanterns. Amoli, the Madame, wants nothing more than to assume the place of the Aphrodisia House. Addicted to *krrf*, she hooks her girls on the drug to make them more pliable. When too old or used, she shifts them over to the Slippery Lily, a vile brothel in the Maze.

Statue of the Green Lady

About halfway up the Street of Red Lanterns stands a statue of green stone carved to depict a woman of unsurpassed beauty: Eshi, the goddess



of love. Year round, her faithful left garlands of flowers and other small offerings to gain the goddess' blessings. The Dyareelans destroyed this statue, along with all the others on the Avenue of Temples.

Secrets

Forgotten by most people, just beneath the shops on the Street of Red Lanterns lies a series of tunnels. In the old days before Kadakithis, these tunnels were under the watchful eyes of Myrtis, the Madame of the Aphrodisia House (see page 119). There, she stored extra foodstuffs, water, weaponry, and a number of other useful materials in case of an emergency. Even better, the tunnels led north, out of the city near the shores of the White Foal River. A perfect escape route, even the Hell Hounds grew to respect the brothels for putting the interests of the city above their own.

Far Cape

Once sailors round the Hammer's Tail, there is a spot of headland that tells sailors they are close to Sanctuary. Perched on top is a beacon tower that serves as a lighthouse. At the base of the tower is a cottage where a family lives and keeps the fire lit. King Sepheris IV of Ilsig has bestowed the site to Hakket, his wife Galdi, and their children.

Behind Far Cape lies Smuggler's Cove. Though it earned its name during the Rankan Era, it is a quieter place these days, though locals suggest the curious keep out of the caves.

Hâlott's Tower

Somewhere north and east of the Gate of Triumph is a flat woodland. Concealed by the trees is the ruin of a square tower, once four stories tall, but now largely collapsed. Vines cover what little remains, concealing the surface like a leafy green skin. The only break in the growth is an iron-shod door that stands closed.

This is the lair of Hâlott, the lich necromancer and troublemaker of Sanctuary. Along with his perverse servant Rogi, he prowls the city, advancing whatever schemes catch his fancy. Few have entered inside this tower, and those who did testify the place is in as bad of shape on the inside as on the out.

High Harbor View/ Red-Walled Estate

Much of the environs around Sanctuary were once used as farmland, but with the drought — followed by the flooding and plague — the older farms were abandoned. Now, any land that hasn't been claimed by the Serripines for their fields has begun to gradually revert to forest, with scrub pine being the dominant growth in the Irrune Era. Concealed deep in the forest are many ruins, some dating back to when Sanctuary was first settled. One such ruin is High Harbor View.

Formerly owned by a wealthy family of Ilsigis, it changed hands many times until it was eventually abandoned. Now, there is little left, aside from a few walls of red brick and a few outbuildings that remarkably still have roofs. No one much considers the ruins in the north now, and many similar structures are slowly being consumed by the wilderness. What makes this place interesting is that it is where Cauvin took Molin Torchholder and, later, it is where the Irrune renegade, Kasadah, settled.

Summer Palace

Just north of the lighthouse at Far Cape, Tempus began work on a new palace to house the governor, one imminently more defensible than the one in the city. Though considerable wealth went into its construction, it was never finished, and it was eventually forgotten.

Other Locales

Sanctuary is more than just what lies in and next to the city. Without the outlying communities, Sanctuary couldn't feed itself and would lack the raw and finished materials necessary to survive as a city. In other words, Sanctuary relies on the rural people to exist. This section describes the major areas within about 40 miles in all directions of the city. In addition to the places described in the following sections, travelers can expect to find old ruins, isolated homesteads, and several ghost towns.

Amarat

West of Sanctuary in the uplands, and more or less north of the Long Road to Ilsig (named because it travels down to the Hammer and then follows the western coast up to Ilsig), Amarat consists of farmers who prefer independence to lining the Serripines' purses. These families, zil-Eshnis and Shandrez (both are linked through strong marriages), have deep ties to Sanctuary. The Shandrez claim to be one of the founding families of Sanctuary. And though they control much of the community, they refuse to add the "zil" honorific to their names in respect for the slave ancestors.

The farmers of Amarat recognize that they lack the wealth and influence held by their rivals, but refuse to cow before the conglomerate might of their neighbors. Instead, they actively work to break the monopoly on grains. They readily listen to any plan that could crush the Serripines, even making resources available to co-conspirators.

As a people of Ilsigi ancestry, they venerate the Ilsigi gods. They managed to liberate many of the religious treasures from Sanctuary prior to the Dyareelan uprising and store the relics in their lavishly stocked village temple. Most local priests divide their time between Amarat and Sanctuary to tend to the faithful in the chapels forced outside of the city walls. Given the harsh stance against religion in the city, priests of the Ilsigi pantheon enjoy a strong cooperative relationship.

Though on the outskirts of Sanctuary, Amarat enjoys regular pilgrimages from the city and is considered the authority on Ilsigi religious matters. Though the village is committed to the Ilsigi way of life, they strive to keep Sanctuary independent, hoping one day to remake Sanctuary in the image of distant Caronne.



The Inn of Amarat

At the junction of the Long Road and the Amarat "spur" road stands the Inn of Amarat. Though but a short distance from Sanctuary, it is not "on the way" to anywhere, aside from a footpath-mule track that wends to the east before disappearing into the marsh. Run by Guyl the Quick, the Inn doesn't see much business… and that is exactly as he wants it, for the Inn is a front for his family's smuggling operation. Goods travel up from Pelteris and are shifted from mule-packs to wagons to carry them into Sanctuary.

For those travelers who actually head south along the Long Road, the Inn of Amarat is acceptable lodging. The food is decent, the rooms are clean, and the games are honest. During times of religious significance to the Ilsigi people, business picks up considerably, as there are no guest accommodations in Amarat proper.

The Inn welcomes travelers, but it's a good idea to keep out of the stables, for that is where Guyl hides the storerooms that hold all sorts of contraband waiting to be picked up for transit to Sanctuary.

Bassine

Bassine has a long history, tracing its founding to a time before the Ilsigis conquered Sanctuary. For years, the people of this community struggled, trading their meager grains for whatever they could get in the city. And, though never wealthy, it was a place full of tradition. The Troubles changed this.

When the Irrune host settled in the lands around the city, they wreaked havoc on Bassine's crops, taking what they wanted as they wished. Once the Irrune seized the city, the Serripines moved in and offered to help, installing the zil-Nadrasa, a clan of Wrigglie well-to-dos who fled their homes in the Jeweler's Quarter during the Convulsions, and are reviled by both their Serripines overlords and the serfs they try to control.

Though the Serripines' takeover seemed promising at the beginning, the locals are resistant to their masters, and are proving even more troublesome, despite bringing in more refugees from the northeast where the land is devastated in the wake of the Black Horde that sacked Ranke. The Serripines want to drive out the remaining Wrigglie population and replace them with Rankan serfs, but the locals who've lived here for generations have shown implacable resolve and temerity.

Bassine is currently on the edge of a widespread disaster. The native populace and the Rankan serfs both resent the overseers, and there have been a few recent acts of violence. And while they pay lip service to their masters, the Bassine peasants produce opah under their masters' noses.

Eaglenest

Eaglenest is a mansion on the Eaglebeak seacoast estate that was sacked and destroyed by mercenaries. It was later abandoned and has stood empty for decades. Rumor has it that it is haunted by ghosts.

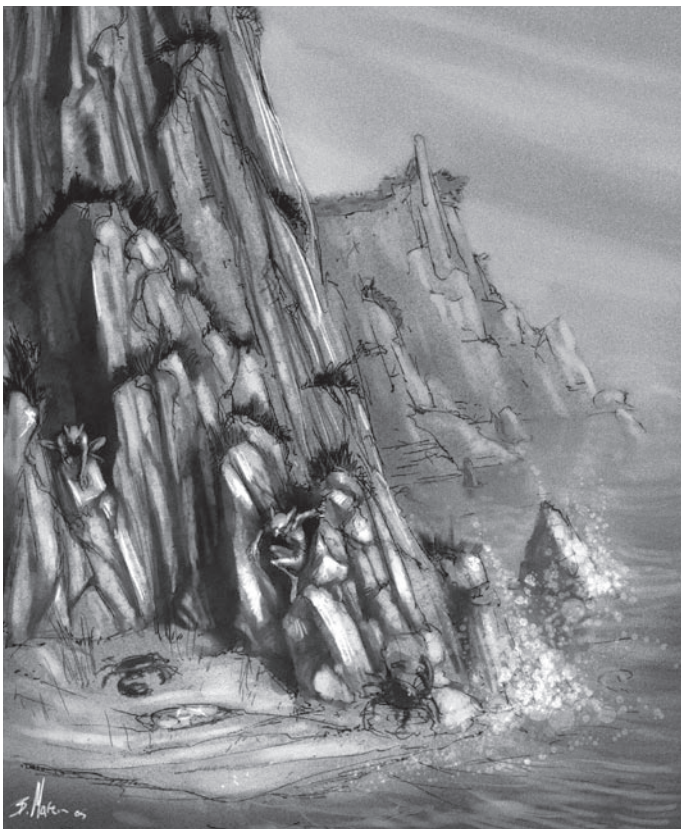
Elkhod Village and Inn

Scattered throughout the countryside are small inns that are supported by a tiny community of homesteaders that supply the inn with fresh fish, eggs, and other supplies. Most of these roadside inns were founded during the time of Enlibar and have remained much as they did then, largely because transportation hasn't changed much in 3,000 years. These inns serve as waystations for caravans and other travelers, providing a warm bed, hot meal, and maybe an evening's entertainment.

The Elkhod Village is very similar to dozens of others, though this particular establishment was founded by Naihikaris, Ranke's first emperor. Yegor, a jovial bear of a man, won the place in a dice game about eight years ago. What began for him as a diversion is now a way to support himself though his golden years.

Fingal

Though the Beysibs nearly all withdrew from Sanctuary years ago, several chose to stay behind in the fishing villages that dot the coastline. Fingal, a village of about 400, is self-sufficient and isolated, relying almost exclusively on the sea for its livelihood. Despite its size, it does have a harbor, big enough for shallow draft fishing boats. The Beysib living here are considered part of the village, and the racial bigotry of the previous era seems not to have survived here.



Hileah

Hileah is a small settlement of about 200 households standing at the western extreme of territory controlled by the Serripines Clan. Each household owns a private plot, but they spend most of their time in the community fields, the bounty of which goes to their Rankan overseers. About 50 soldiers help maintain order.

The town takes its name from the Hileahan serfs who lived in Sihan, Lirt and other northeastern provinces. When the Serripines Clan migrated south, they gave the serfs a choice: Stay behind and be free, but face the Black Horde on their own, or join them and continue to be serfs wherever the Serripines told them to settle. Clearly, the serfs opted for protection and migrated.

Hileah closely resembles the villages in Ranke, with neat rows, columns, and stone structures. However, when they selected this spot, there was a ruin on the outskirts of the settlement. It was believed to be the summer home of an exiled Ilsigi court-mage from the previous century, and little remained to confirm or deny the local legends. The early settlers thought to rebuild the structure, but after a series of terrible tragedies and weird occurrences, the Rankans came to the conclusion that the ruin was haunted by the mage's spirit. Ever since, Hileahan farmers studiously avoid the ruin, taking the long way around, about an hour to the north of the village.

The Mangeles family rules the town with a firm but just hand. Consisting of two grandfatherly brothers, along with their adult children and grandchildren, they are Rankan through and through, and believe strongly in the supremacy of law. Hileah therefore lacks the corruption and decadence commonly found in this region. Though it's an honest life, some of the younger Hileahans chafe under the prospect of being farmers and so leave to seek their fortunes in Sanctuary.

Hileah produces wheat, barley, and other grains. Recently, they've been experimenting with grapes, but have had little success thus far.

Isle of Shugthee

This island lies out in the bay, and once served as the home of the infamous Purple Mage. Local legend tells that this place was haunted by a race of monsters called the Shugthee, which are said to be small, hairy, and vicious. Since the Purple Mage's death, no one has explored the old fortress, leaving the place to the ghosts that haunt it to this day.

Independent Villages

There are four minor independent villages: Coush, Karsh, Milda, and Ruddy. They supply Sanctuary with cattle, chicken, pork, and fruit and vegetables. The villages do not produce breads because the Serripenes clan at Land's End has a stranglehold on grains. Most could be self-sufficient, but have come to rely on Sanctuary for finished materials gained from within the city or in the caravan depot and bazaar.

Coush

Coush supplies Sanctuary with the usual assortment of perishable commodities, but because it is owned by Lord Night, it is the primary source of opah in the city.

Karsh

In addition to beef and mutton, Karsh is also famous for weaponry. Tullis, a blacksmith, once served in the Rankan army and now produces some of the finest weaponry in the area.

Milda

Milda is known for its dairies, producing fine cheeses, butter, and to a lesser extent, beef.

Ruddy

The fruit growing capital in the region, Ruddy supplies Sanctuary with the bounty from its numerous orchards. They produce apples, pears, cherries, and some nuts (walnuts mostly), but nothing citrus. Ruddy stands on the banks of the Red Foal River.

Pelteris

This isolated coastal village lies south and west of Sanctuary. A fishing village, they consume nearly everything they catch and give the leftovers to the brine pits to make *garum*, an all-purpose condiment that's loved or reviled. In fact, the stench of the food additive hangs like a cloud over the village.

At night, though, the town comes to life. The fishermen row out to the ships standing offshore. As it costs good money to warehouse goods in Sanctuary, merchants have sought other avenues to keep prices low. The locals in Pelteris will stow cargo for half the price, usually the lighter goods like silks, perfumes, and *krrf*. Pelteris lacks the proper equipment and facilities to store things like Mrsevedan marble or bundles of northern timber.

On top of their smuggling, fishing, and pickling enterprises, some families work as trappers and guides in the surrounding marshes; Pelteris stands at the northernmost reaches of the Great Morass that stretches all the way down to Hammer's Tail. Like the Gray Wastes, it's believed that the Great Morass exists as a result of Enlibrite ecological tampering, and scattered throughout the vast bog are signs of a destroyed civilization. Those people who have an interest in exploring the Great Morass should probably invest in a guide who knows his way around, for the Great Morass is home to a variety of unusual creatures, all fierce and hard to kill, with some immortal and left over from the time of Enlibar.

Regis

Another Serripines village, Regis is relatively new and small, consisting of no more than 150 households. Vion Larris the Younger, Lord Serripines' son, rules this community comprised of Rankan serfs and refugees, but is more interested in throwing garish parties that last for days. Vion Larris is a drain on the community and the people suffer for his excesses.

Sammir

Sammir is the second largest village under the control of the Serripines clan. Originally an Ilsigi estate that Lord Serripines acquired in the absence of another claim, he installed the Kulios clan as the village overseers and placed a cohort of 40 ex-soldiers to maintain the peace. The village contains over 300 households and is nearly self-sufficient. Like many of these newer communities, it is almost exclusively populated by Rankan exiles. Its economy relies on trade with Sanctuary. Sammir has recently hit a plateau in growth, as the younger generations drift towards the excitement of the larger city.

Scavenger Isle/Inception Isle

Those pirate bastards almost nabbed me once. And then Jubal had the gall to save me. I was almost free anyway.

When the Ilsigis descended on Sanctuary, many of the native fishermen picked up and fled, fearing punishment at the hands of the vengeful armies. Settling on a cluster of islands, they hoped to continue their way of life. However, hatred ran deep in these exiles, and so they started preying on passing ships — at first only Ilsigi, but soon all ships that would trade in Sanctuary. In time, the once simple folk of Scavenger Isle had been transformed into pirates.

Shortly after Ranke's withdrawal, Prince Kadakithis, in response to the rampant kidnappings of Sanctuary's citizens, mustered a force of about 100 marines and sent them to destroy the pirates. The brief battle resulted in the sinking of dozens of ships and the liberation of hundreds of slaves. Scavenger Isle was renamed Inception Isle and became Sanctuary's first colony. Though there still is a community here, Sanctuary has little hold over it, and the Kingdom of Ilsig apparently has designs on annexing the colony.

Third General's Inn

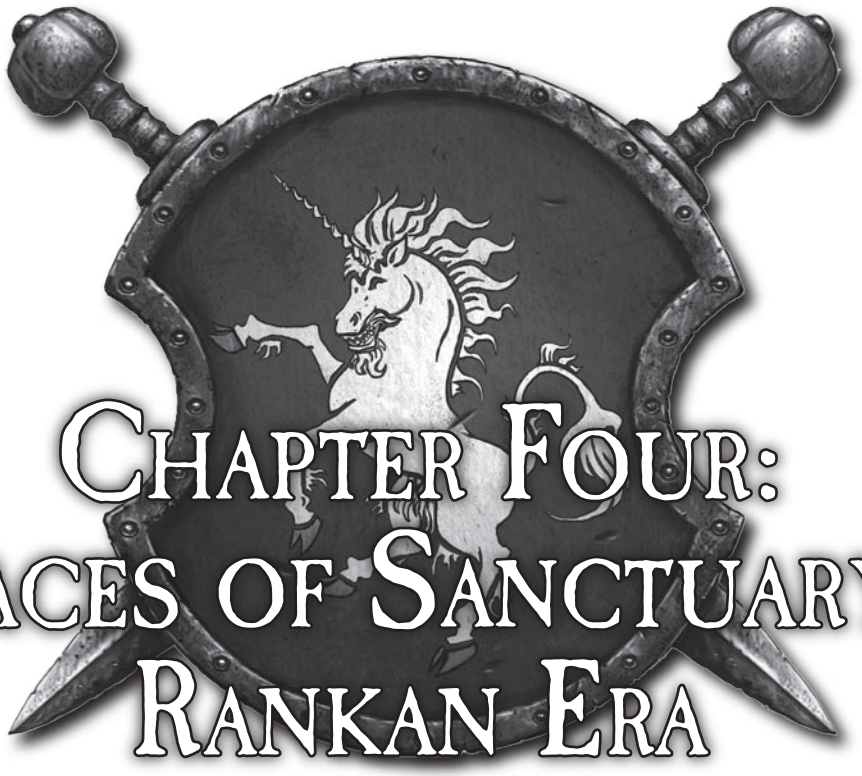
Named after some long forgotten general, this inn has stood on the General's Road along the west bank of the White Foal River since before the founding of Sanctuary, serving as a reminder that Sanctuary wasn't the wilderness many claimed it was when the refugees and slaves arrived. Some speculate that the inn was controlled by the small town and harbor held by the local fisherman population that traces its history back to Enlibirite times. The General's Road has long been an alternate way to transport goods from the east side of the World Spine Mountains to the west.

About a day's travel northwest out of Sanctuary, the inn caters to land traffic between the city and the west coast. It also serves as a landmark, marking where the uplands end and where the World Spine foothills begin. The grasslands, often used for pasturage, give way to light and later dense forest with isolated thorpes and hamlets scattered throughout. The people here are shepherds and have little use for the morally bankrupt ways of the south. They typically come around during good weather, settling in Amarat and Hileah during the winter months.

In addition to the shepherds, all sorts of loners claim the forests north of the Inn. Mostly loggers, furriers, and hunters, they supply Sanctuary with hard to gain supplies — mostly lumber, but much of their business comes from the lucrative charcoal industry. Once readied, the charcoal is loaded onto flat-bottomed skiffs and transported down the White Foal, where it's sold in the caravan depot.

Other Locations

For more information about the environs outside of Sanctuary, be sure to check out Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Gazetteer*.



Chapter Four: Faces of Sanctuary, Rankan Era

Everyone Is Welcome in Sanctuary

Well, that's not completely true. Everyone is free to *enter* Sanctuary. The city does not ban any race, religion, or occupation from entering, or even from staying. Most of the people who come here from elsewhere do so because they are seeking something—or fleeing something. Many of them had different names before they reached the city, and some even had different appearances. Whether all of those new arrivals are welcome, on the other hand, is another matter entirely.

Sanctuary does not judge or pry. The locals are always curious, and may whisper and guess about someone's history, but they do not ask. It is not polite, and often, it isn't safe. Therefore, each new arrival is taken at face value, called whatever name she supplies, and allowed to settle in as much as possible. Some people fit in immediately, and within months, navigate the Maze and haggle with the S'danzo like a native. Others take more time to adjust, needing years to lose that initial wariness. Some never fit in, and many just abandon the city's excesses. A few, never fully comfortable, just stick out.

In the following pages are descriptions and statistics for the more prominent members of Sanctuary during the Rankan Era. These are all characters drawn from the anthologies and novels, and are presented here for use as NPCs, or perhaps as player characters, depending upon your game. Of course, the GM can feel free to alter these people to suit his own stories, particularly if they have been affected by recent events.

Scattered throughout this chapter are sidebars that describe various magic items. These are especially useful if you set your *Thieves' World* campaign during the Irrune Era. PCs who uncover these items can have a piece of the city's past, linking them to the heroes and villains of history, giving you the tools to spin off your own adventures as the characters try to learn what the item does and who its past owners were. By giving players a piece of the setting to use, you further ground their characters and make them as much a part of Sanctuary as any other character described in this and the next chapter.

Dramatis Personae

The stat blocks do not reprint class features. For details, see **Chapter Three: Classes** in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* and **Chapter Three: Classes** in the *PHB*. Many of the mechanics, including backgrounds, cultures, and so on, originate from **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** in this book. The equipment listed is gear the characters are bound to have, and does not generally include disposable items like potions or scrolls. Feel free to add equipment as it suits your needs. While the anthologies mention few magic items specifically, nearly all of these characters have some magic items. If this doesn't fit your conception of Thieves' World, make them superior weapons, so well crafted that they mimic the effects of magic. Alternatively, it could be that the characters are not even aware they carry such items.

Feats marked with an "*" are new and appear in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*.

Alten Stulwig

Apothecaries are respected businessmen in Sanctuary, and people seek them out to assist in healing the sick or the injured, or at least to provide the necessary herbs, powders, and potions. Alten Stulwig is one of the most successful and most respected in this trade. He has actually treated the governor, Prince Kadakithis, more than once, and has earned the respect of the prince and his advisors. Alten has a shop in the West Side, and his sleeping quarters are right above it. His father, Jutu Stulwig, was also an apothecary, and the two men worked together and shared the house until Jutu's death, who some blame on Vashanka himself.

Alten is the most knowledgeable man in Sanctuary when it comes to herbs, plants in general, drugs, and poisons. He has no magical abilities whatsoever, and cannot create magical potions, but he can create mundane tinctures and other liquids with impressive effects. He typically wears a basic tunic and healer's robes overtop.

Description

Alten is an Ilsigi male of medium height, average to slender build, and ordinary features. He keeps himself in good health, in part due to the medicinal herbs he grows and consumes daily. His father was murdered at fifty, but still looked like a man in his thirties, and Alten will most likely show the same resilience.

Personality

Alten and his father shared the same weakness: women. In Sanctuary, items are bartered as often as bought, and both men accepted the pleasures of the flesh as payment, provided the female customer was comely enough. This has gotten Alten into trouble several times, the worst being when the god Vashanka took offense at Alten's sleeping with his sister-mate, the goddess Azyuna. Since then, Alten has been more circumspect in his couplings, and a little more willing to trade other services instead. Often, though, his lust wins out.

Alten Stulwig

Male Ilsigi healer, savant 9; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d6+18; hp 52; Mdt 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 , touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +6; Grap +7 ; Atk +8 melee (1d6+2, *+1 quarterstaff*) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d6+2, *+1 quarterstaff*) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); SQ healing hands, master craftsman; Rep +5; SV Fort +5 , Ref +4 , Will +8 ; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 11.

Background Skills: Craft (poison), Heal.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8 (+10 herbs or poison), Craft (herbalism) +19 , Craft (poison) +15 , Diplomacy +12 (+14 haggling for apothecary services, +12 with shady folks) , Gather Information +15, Heal +18 , Knowledge (local) +16 , Knowledge (nature) +15 , Listen +16 , Profession (apothecary) +13, Sense Motive +16 , Spot +4 , Survival +2 (+4 above-ground natural environments) ; Alertness, Fame*, Negotiator, PersuasiveB, Self-SufficientB, Skill Focus (Heal)B, Skill Focus (Craft: poison)B, Streetwise*.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (2).

Possessions: *+1 quarterstaff,* dagger, *potion of convert moderate wounds,* healer's kit, several thousand shaboozh scattered in various locations throughout Sanctuary.



Shadowspawn on Alten Stulwig

"You can count on Stulwig for a powder that might cure a hangover, a potion to help you to get to sleep at night, or a pill that will stop your foul breath from wilting fresh lettuce. You can also count on him to be a lecherous scoundrel who will take advantage of a girl in lieu of any monetary compensation."

Amoli

The Street of Red Lanterns has many brothels, and the finest of these is the Aphrodesia House. A close second is the Lily Garden, and Amoli is its mistress. She escapes her problems by using *krrf*, and is addicted to it. But Amoli is no fool, and uses her addiction to her advantage. She pays her girls with the drug as well, keeping them in line and preventing them from commenting on her own drug use. Unfortunately, this also means Amoli requires large quantities of *krrf*, and she often deals with very unpleasant people to obtain her drugs. So far, she has managed to keep anyone from gaining a hold on the Lily Garden, but if her finances are strained any further, she might have no choice but to take on such a partner. Jubal has already offered her an arrangement, and she is losing the funds she needs to refuse him.

The Maze contains a brothel called the Slippery Lily, and people often confuse it with the Lily Garden, which is itself sometimes called the Golden Lily. Amoli is always quick to correct them, but in fact, she is a part owner of the Slippery Lily. She uses that seedier brothel as a place to send her girls when they become too strung-out or too old to demand top dollar. Some claim Amoli also sells space in the Slippery Lily to those who wish to make women disappear. (After all, no one would look for a missing noblewoman among drug-addicted whores in a rundown brothel.) This rumor may not be true, but Amoli is cold enough to ply such a trade, particularly if she can turn a profit from it.

Description

A tall woman with unnaturally red hair, Amoli was once beautiful, but the years and troubles have worn away at her, leaving her a bit too gaunt and hard-edged. Amoli is not unpleasant.

Personality

Smart and tough, she worked her way up from prostitute to madam, and opened the Lily Garden herself with her own savings. The fact she has managed to maintain it for so many years, and keep it so competitive, is a testament to her wit and resolve. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, Amoli is always desperate for respect. Anyone who spurns her or sneers at her gains her lifelong enmity, but anyone of good standing who treats her as an equal or a superior can win her affection and support.

Shadowspawn on Amoli

"Poor Amoli wants so badly to be Myrtis, but that won't ever happen. She's got most of her girls hooked on *krrf*, which is just another form of slavery, if you ask me."

Amoli

Female Wrigglie prostitute, expert 6, mistress of Red Lanterns 5; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+18 plus 5d6+15; hp 74; Mdt 16; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +6; Grap +6; Atk +7 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ alluring presence, brothel, employees, preferred client (×2); Rep +3; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +13; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Knowledge (local), Perform (prostitution).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Bluff +15 (+22 attracted gender), Diplomacy +14 (+21 attracted gender, +16 haggling for prostitution, +16 with unsavory types), Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Gather Information +14, Hide +11, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local) +11 (+13 navigating the maze), Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +8, Listen +11, Perform (dance) +10 (+15 attracted gender), Perform (prostitution) +25, Profession (Madame) +19, Search +12, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +12, Spot +7, Survival +2 (+2 following tracks); Great Fortitude, Iron Will[B], Leadership, Maze-Savvy[B*], Skill Focus (Perform: prostitution)[B], Skill Focus (Profession: Madame), Streetwise*.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S), Ilsig (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (2).

Possessions: masterwork dagger, courtier's outfit.

Cappen Varra

Life in Sanctuary is hard, and entertainment not always available. Thus, the residents are quick to appreciate anyone who can keep them amused and distracted for an evening. This is how Cappen Varra earns his living. A minstrel by trade, he sets up in one tavern or another, singing and playing his instrument in exchange for food, a bed, and whatever money the patrons toss his way. There are other minstrels, of course, but Cappen Varra is one of the best. His voice is clear and strong, his hands agile and able to move delicately across the harp strings. His store of stories and songs is seemingly endless.

Though a popular performer in Sanctuary, Cappen Varra is not a permanent resident. He often disappears for weeks or months, returning with road dust and a new stock of tales and ballads. No one knows where he goes, and he is not always sure himself—he does travel back to his birth city of Caronne regularly, but often he will simply feel an urge to wander, and goes wherever fate and his feet take him.

Cappen Varra is a man with a finger on the pulse of the world. Not only does he know a great deal of the movers and shakers in the Sanctuary's seedy side, he also has many contacts in many cities all over the Known World. However, this said, Cappen has a knack for getting himself into trouble, either with women or magic (more often, both).

Description

The minstrel is young and handsome. He is of medium height with a wiry build, and wears his black hair long. He has merry bright blue eyes—his second best feature, so the ladies say. (His best is that melodious voice, which can charm the skirts off his audience.) He keeps his colorful clothing as neat as possible, though it is patched in places, and his chin smooth. Perhaps the most notable detail is an unusual amulet he always wears on a cord around his neck. Silver and shaped like a snake, he claims it protects him from magical attacks.

Magical Instruments

A number of magically enhanced musical instruments have passed through Sanctuary over the years. Mradhon Vis and Cappen Varra were both known to have used such items, and Tor'dan J'ardin (see page 173) may also posses a magical instrument or two. Magical instruments give the user a +5 circumstance bonus to appropriate Perform checks.

Minor transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, crafter must have 5 ranks in the appropriate Perform skill; Price 2,500 sh.

Personality

Cappen Varra's greatest weakness, as with so many men, is women—particularly beautiful women. The women flock to hear his sweet voice and admire his grace and his looks, and he is only too happy to oblige. Many times Cappen Varra has been forced to flee a city or town, an enraged husband close behind, and on several occasions he has been forced to use the handsome and well-worn rapier at his side. Though he can handle himself in a fight, he prefers not to, talking first, running second, and only fight as a last resort.

Cappen Varra

Male Caronnese entertainer, thief 5, savant 4, fighter 1; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6+10 plus 4d6+8 plus 1d10+2; hp 63; Mdt 17; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +7; Grap +8; Atk +11 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork rapier) or +11 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork rapier) and +9 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, local legend (Perform), trap sense +1, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +5; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Bluff, Perform (stringed instrument)

Skills and Feats: Bluff +15 (+17 buying or selling goods), Climb +3, Craft (musical instruments) +6, Diplomacy +18 (+20 buying or selling goods, +20 unsavory types), Disguise +6 (+8 acting), Gamble +8, Gather Information +14, Heal +8, Hide +11, Intimidate +6, Jump +3, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +12, Move Silently +9, Perform (sing) +12, Perform (stringed instrument) +20, Read Language (Ilsigi, Rankan), Search +9, Sense Motive +12, Sleight of Hand +11, Spot +12, Survival +8, Tumble +4, Use Magic Device +7; Fame*, Investigator[B], Persuasive[B], Run, Skill Focus (Perform: stringed instrument)[B], Streetwise*, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse[B].

Languages: Caronnese (S/W), Trade Tongue (S), Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: leather armor, masterwork rapier, masterwork dagger, *magical lute* (see **Magical Instruments** sidebar), *Amulet of Three Truths* (see sidebar).



Chenaya Vigeles, Daughter of the Sun

Chenaya could have lived her entire life without lifting a finger. As the daughter of the powerful Rankan noble Lowan Vigeles, and a cousin to Prince Kadakithis and the Emperor himself, Chenaya had everything she could ever want. Except in her case, for what she wanted was bloodshed. Unlike most noblewomen, Chenaya loves physical exertion, and demonstrated an unusual aptitude for combat at a very early age. In fact, she has been blessed by the gods themselves, and is fated to never lose a fight. Knowing this, Chenaya used it as an advantage to force her father to let her become something no other noble would consider: a gladiator.

Shadowspawn on Cappen Varra

"A grand Caronnese minstrel, but an altogether hopeless cause. He's pawned his harp so many times that there is a lute-shaped indentation in one of Shive's cabinets that is reserved for times when Cappen is destitute. Unlucky in love, too, which no doubt influences his lyrics."

Chenaya quickly won renown within the ring, but that was never her real goal. Nor does she fight simply from love of combat, though that certainly plays a part. No, Chenaya has more lofty ambitions. She has despised her cousin Abakithis since they were children, and feels that his sitting on the Rankan throne is an insult to their heritage. Kadakithis would make a far better ruler, and she is determined to put him there. To this end, Chenaya dedicates herself to raising an army of gladiators to fight beneath Kadakithis' banner and under her personal command.

Amulet of Three Truths

Cappen Varra wears a magical amulet—shaped like a snake—that protects him from spells. The amulet confers to the wearer spell resistance 21, but only if the wearer can say three truths about the opposing spellcaster. Speaking all three truths is a standard action.

Moderate abjuration; CL 9th; Craft Wondrous Item, *spell resistance*; Price 45,000 gp. [reduced for special activation]



Description

Tall, beautiful, and powerfully built, Chenaya is quite attractive. She has a voracious sexual appetite and prefers clothing that leaves little to the imagination. When armed for war, which is nearly all the time, she wears gladiator armor and keeps a hefty sword strapped to her back. Also, she is never far from Reyk, her falcon companion, which she trained personally.

Personality

Chenaya is lusty in other ways as well. She makes no pretense about the fact she likes men and she means to sleep with any man who catches her eye. With her looks, physique, and family name, most men are happy to spend a night with her, though they may wake up bruised the next morning. But her hot temper, stubbornness, and refusal to take no for an answer have made Chenaya many enemies. Eventually, she was forced to leave Sanctuary for a time, until tempers had cooled and she could return without provoking constant attacks.

Shadowspawn on Chenaya

"If you're going to put money on a gladiator, make sure you put it on Chenaya. She never loses. Of course, she's got an ego to match her reputation, and has pissed off just about everyone in town. In all seriousness, no matter how tempting, stay away from that... bint... she didn't hear that, did she? "

Chenaya

Female Rankan prizefighter, noble 2, godsworn 13, gladiator 2; CR 17; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d8+8 plus 13d10+52 plus 2d10+8; hp 163; Mdt 25; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 28, touch 19, flat-footed 22; Base Atk +16; Grap +20; Atk +22 melee (1d8+7/17–20, *+1 keen longsword*) or +22 ranged (1d8+6/×3, *+2 composite [+4] longbow*); Full Atk +22/+17/+12/+7 melee (1d8+7/17–20, *+1 keen longsword*) or +22/+17/+12/+7 ranged (1d8+6/×3, *+2 composite [+4] longbow*); SA cursed; SQ animal companion, armor optimization +1, diplomat, divine protection, divine shield, inspire courage, mortal might (Strength, Wisdom), organize +3; Rep +8; SV Fort +17, Ref +20, Will +21; Str 19, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 18, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Tumble.

Skills and Feats: Balance +8, Bluff +9, Climb +6, Diplomacy +20, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Escape Artist +6, Gamble +9, Handle Animal +16, Heal +5, Intimidate +26, Jump +8, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +5, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +9, Perform (gladiator) +4, Ride +18, Sense Motive +9, Swim +14, Tumble +12; Combat Expertise, Dodge, Fame[B*], Favored by a God†, Improved Feint, Mobility, Skill Focus (Intimidate)[B], Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword).

†New feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W)

Contacts: Rashan (information; male Rankan acolyte priest 12), Kadakithis (influence; see page 107), Dayrne (skill; male Rankan prizefighter fighter 8, gladiator 5), skill (2).

Reyk

Falcon companion; CR —; Small animal; HD 9d8+9; hp 49; Mdt 12; Init +6; Spd 10 ft., fly 80 ft. (average); AC 24, touch 15, flat-footed 20; Base Atk +6; Grap +4; Atk +10 melee (1d6+2, talon); Full Atk +10 melee (1d6+2, 2 talons), +8 melee (1d4+1, bite); SA —; SQ devotion, evasion, link, low-light vision, share spells, tricks; Rep —; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 19, Con 12, Int 2, Wis 14, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Listen +6, Spot +16; Flyby Attack, Improved Initiative, Improved Natural Attack (talons), Multiattack[B], Weapon Finesse.

Tricks (Ex): Fighting, Hunting.

Cursed: Chenaya bears a special curse bestowed by the god Savankala. She can never lose in anything, thus she never fails an attack roll, check, saving throw, skill check unless she rolls a natural 1. Though a powerful gift, Chenaya will die by drowning, though the exact time and place of her death remains a mystery.

Inspire Courage: As a full-round action, up to four times per day, Chenaya may grant to herself and all allies within 30 feet a +1 morale bonus on saving throws against charm and fear effects, and a +1 morale bonus on attack and weapon damage rolls for 1 round.

Organize (Ex): Whenever two or more characters use the aid another action to improve a skill check, Chenaya can make the same check to lend advice and words of encouragement. If she succeeds, the primary character gains a +3 bonus to that skill check. Chenaya may not use this ability for Trained Only skills

Diamond Rods

Cime's greatest weapons against wizards are her diamond rods. Slender, about nine inches long, and ending in a diamond cap, she can hide these items in her hair. Each rod has a special function. The first rod requires a melee touch attack. On a successful hit, she deletes 1d6 Known spells at random from the target's mind, and deals 1d6 points of damage for each spell drained. The second rod works like a *rod of absorption* (see **Chapter Eight: Magic Items** in the *DMG*) except there is no limit to the number of spells it can absorb. Finally, when both are wielded in tandem, the rods grant the wielder spell resistance 28.

Overpowering abjuration; CL 21st.

in which she does not have ranks, nor may she use it to affect attempts to aid another in combat.

Spells: safe level 6th; ritualcasting +10; save DC 14 + spell level

Known Spells (7+d): *aid* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bull's strength* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *command* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *discern lies* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *divine favor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *divine power* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *magic vestment* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *mark of justice* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *searing light* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *true seeing* (6th, MT 70, price 6)

Familiar Spells (9): *bear's endurance* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bless* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert serious wounds* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *divination* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *eagle's splendor* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *prayer* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *resist energy* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *righteous might* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *spell resistance* (5th, MT 60, price 5)

D: Domain spell. Domain: Justice (sense lie, gain +2 bonus to next attack against the liar)

Possessions: *+3 studded leather armor, +1 keen longsword, +2 composite (+4) longbow, ring of protection +1, amulet of natural armor +1, gloves of Dexterity +2.*

Cime

A brutal mage hunter and assassin, Cime appeared in Sanctuary after Tempus arrived. She made it her personal mission to butcher the mages in the city, using her diamond-tipped rods to suck the energy out of them. Posing as a high-priced courtesan, she had complete access to every level of society, but frequently slummed with Lastel One-Thumb.

Cime is an enigma, but there are many theories on who and what she is. First, it's known she has some deep connection to Tempus Thales. She was a candidate for a position with the Order of the Blue Star, but she turned it down. She is extremely long lived—she was born some 300 years ago. And, she seems to turn up in the same places that Tempus does.

Some say she was actually Tempus' sister and that, when they fell in love, a wizard cursed them, inspiring her lifelong commitment toward ridding the world of mages. Cime's curse is that she must copulate with any man who offers her a coin, regardless of the coin's worth, and she cannot have debts owed at the end of the day.

Shadowspawn on Cime

"Hard as steel that one. She's good, but I'm better. Just who stole those pretty rods, huh?"

Though feelings are still strong between them, neither gives into their emotions or the passions of their youth. In fact, Tempus tried to rein her in throughout her brief stay in Sanctuary.

Description

Cime is an attractive woman in her middle years, with gray eyes and silver-streaked hair. She has a muscular build and an easy grace. When seducing her prey, she wears a headress fitted with diamond-tipped rods.

Personality

One thing can be said of Cime: she is driven. Where her brother/ex-lover Tempus made peace with his curse, she bore the weight of hers throughout her life, using it to fuel her rage and her need for vengeance. She can be coy and playful, using her talents with seduction to get what she wants. She will not tolerate a man's touch unless he is a client, and her clients are always wizards. There's one exception, of course, and that's Tempus. And though she would gladly take him as her lover, he resists the temptation.

Cime

Female Azehurite cursed, assassin 15; CR 15; Medium humanoid (human, immortal); HD 15d8+30; hp 101; Mdt 19; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21, touch 16, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +11; Grap +13; Atk +15 melee (1d6+4/19–20, *+2 short sword*) or +16 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +15/+10/+5 melee (1d6+4/19–20, *+2 short sword*) or +16/+11/+6 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA killing strike, sneak attack +5d6, sniper; SQ favored of the gods, poison master; Rep +3; SV Fort +12 (+18 poison), Ref +14, Will +11; Str 14, Dex 19, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 20, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Bluff, Use Magic Device.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +27, Craft (poison) +6, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +21 (+23 acting), Gather Information +15, Hide +21, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (arcana) +22, Listen +23, Move Silently +21, Spellcraft +8 (+10 deciphering scrolls), Spot +23, Use Magic Device +23; Appealing†, Combat Expertise[B], Dodge, Improved Critical (short sword)[B], Improved Disarm, Improved Feint[B], Improved Initiative[B], Mobility, Persuasive, Quick Draw, Spring Attack.

†New feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Languages: Azehur (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Lastel One-Thumb, Tempus Thales), Information (1), Skill (1).

Cursed (Su): Cime may never accept anything without first performing a service. In exchange, she has learned to use the tools of magic against her enemies, gaining a +2 bonus to Use Magic Device checks.

Possessions: *+2 short sword,* 4 masterwork daggers, potions, *ring of protection +2, amulet of natural armor +1, bracers of armor +4, gloves of Dexterity +2, hat of disguise.*

Critias, "Crit"

The Stepsons are a group of hardened soldiers. Each member is burdened by his past, driven by something so painful, dark, or just plain awful that he would give up his life to join. Among these soldiers is Critias, second-in-command and left-side partner to Straton. His tasks include intelligence, administration, field command, and interrogation, making him one of the more versatile and useful members in the band. Tempus often uses him as a scout or spy, because Critias can walk into a town without anyone noticing, make small talk without calling attention to himself, and walk back out knowing all about the town's layout, population, and defenses.

After Tempus left the city to Straton, taking Critias and the rest of the Stepsons to lend aid at Wizardwall, Straton fell in love with Ischade, becoming, to some extent, her creature. When Critias returned to Sanctuary, the partnership between the two warriors was strained. Critias sees Ischade's hold, but Strat refuses to listen, forcing Critias to hurt his one-time lover in order to free him from the witch's grasp.

Shadowspawn on Critias

"Crit is Tempus' number two man. He and Straton, Stepsons both, were paired together. With Straton's blooming affection for Ischade, the two have grown apart. Crit's a good fighter, and works well undercover. He's also a lover scorned, so Ischade better watch her back."

Description

Now in his early forties, Crit is a pleasant looking man of average height and build. Though generally attractive, he has unremarkable features, dominated by a strong nose, and framed by short, feathery hair. Crit recognizes the dangers in Sanctuary, and so rarely goes about unarmed or unarmored.

Personality

Crit is a no-nonsense leader, serious and dedicated to Tempus. He has a quick mind and is extremely perceptive, able to notice every least detail and recall this information when he most needs it. He is deeply affected by what he perceives as Strat's betrayal of the Stepsons and, moreover, the betrayal of their partnership.

Critias

Male Syrese soldier, fighter 8, sacred bander (Straton) 3; CR 11; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d10+16 plus 3d10+6; hp 87; Mdt 22; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 22; Base Atk +11; Grap +14; Atk +17 melee (1d10+6/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +12 ranged (1d10+1/19–20, *+1 heavy crossbow*); Full Atk +17/+12/+7 melee (1d10+6/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +12 ranged (1d10+1/19–20, *+1 heavy crossbow*); SQ coordinated offense, courage of spirit, improved aid, sacred bond; Rep +5; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Handle Animal, Ride.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Bluff +3, Climb +5, Craft (armorer) +5, Diplomacy +4, Handle Animal +8, Heal +3, Intimidate +9, Jump +5, Knowledge (geography) +4, Knowledge (local) +3, Listen +6, Ride +10, Search +3, Spot +9, Survival +4; Alertness, Cleave B, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword)[B], Greater Weapon Focus (bastard sword) [B], Improved Initiative, Mounted Combat[B], Power Attack, Track, Weapon Focus (bastard sword) [B], Weapon Specialization (bastard sword) [B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W)

Possessions: *+2 chain shirt*, *+1 heavy steel shield, +1 bastard sword, +1 heavy crossbow* with 10 bolts, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds, ring of protection +1, amulet of natural armor +2*.

Dubro

Everyone knows Dubro, even though he rarely leaves his smithy in the bazaar. The smith's strength is so prodigious, and his skill with hammer and tongs so evident, no one dares to fight with him. Most people will not even haggle prices, though Dubro never overcharges. He rarely undercharges either, though he does have a weak spot for children, and makes small toys for free. Despite his skill—and Dubro is a very good blacksmith—he rarely works on weapons, simply because the palace district has its own smith for the city guards. Dubro's customers bring him wheel rims, horseshoes, and housewares, and he does the job quickly and efficiently.

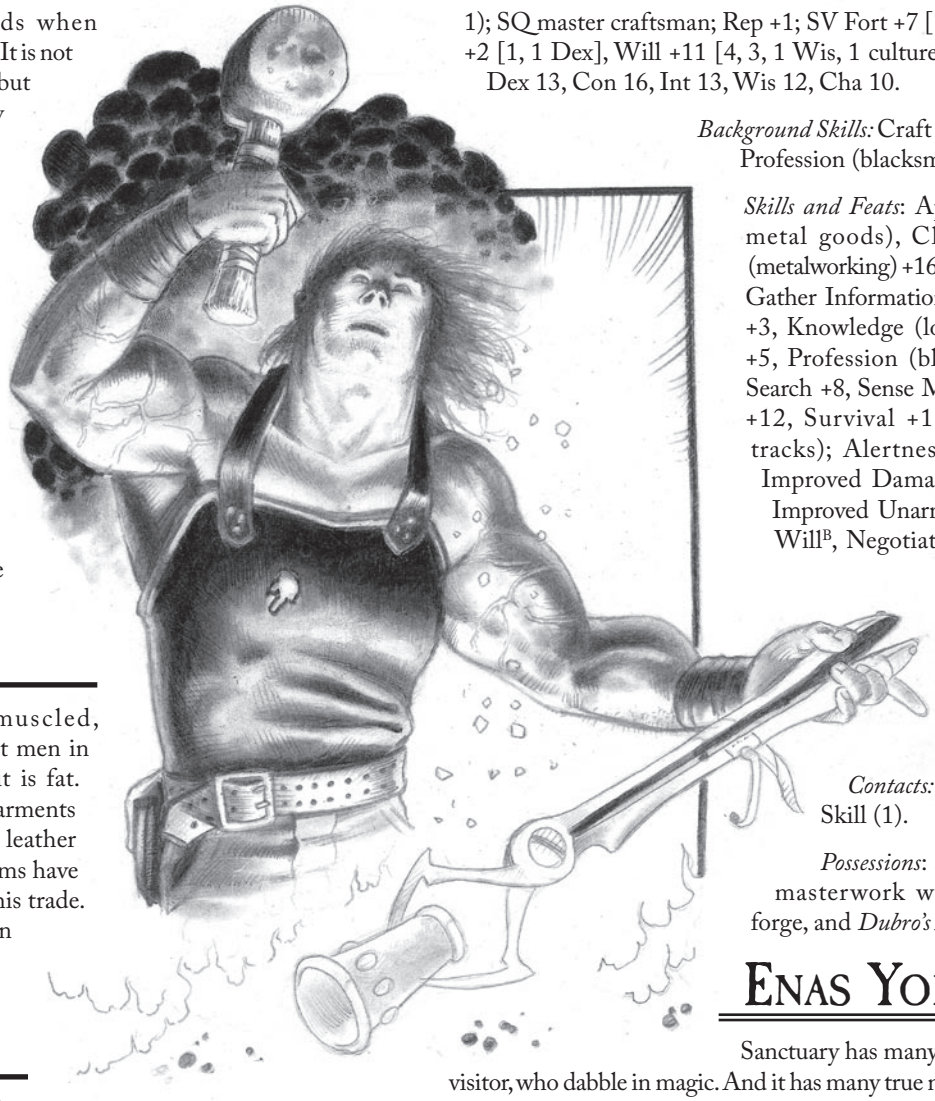
Dubro's Anvil

After Dubro's original anvil broke, Ilyra claimed this one as payment for aiding a girl named Marilla in an Ilsigi conspiracy involving the defilement of the temple Molin built to the Rankan gods. Though gotten through queer means, and despite Dubro's misgivings, they claimed the odd black anvil, with the even queerer symbol on the side: The face of chaos. Though Dubro is now dead, murdered at the hands of an angry mob frenzied by the Dyareelans, the anvil still stands in the Bazaar, serving its new master, Davar.

Though seemingly an ordinary anvil, it grants a user a +4 competence bonus to Craft (metalworking) checks.

Moderate transmutation; CL 8th; Craft Wondrous Item, *fox's cunning*; Price 1,600 sh.

People shake their heads when thinking about his marriage. It is not that they don't like Illyra, but they cannot understand why these two people wound up together. After all, they are opposite in almost everything. Dubro is large and muscular, while Illyra is small and petite under her layered clothing. He is fiercely mundane, and refuses to let magic influence him, while she is S'danzo and traffics in the supernatural. But despite their differences, his devotion to her is clear, and he's fiercely protective of her.



Description

Tall and powerfully muscled, Dubro is one of the largest men in Sanctuary—and none of it is fat. He usually wears simple garments of homespun and a thick leather apron. His muscular forearms have no shortage of scars from his trade. As a result of the heat in his forge, he has a ruddy complexion.

Personality

Everyone who knows Dubro likes him; the smith is honest, friendly, hard working, and quiet. It's not that Dubro is incapable of speaking, but he rarely chooses to, and when he does, he speaks in short clear phrases. Words, apparently, are a precious commodity, not to be wasted. Though publicaly reserved, Dubro's protected Illyra since she was a child, and he loves her, though he rarely shows that passion to anyone else. He would die to protect her, or kill another—neither option he considers lightly.

Dubro

Male Wrigglie blacksmith (craftsman), savant 4, survivor 2; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+12 plus 2d10+6; hp 46; Mdt 22; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +4; Grap +8; Atk +5 melee (1d8+6/×3, masterwork warhammer) or +8 melee (1d6+4, unarmed strike); Full Atk +5 melee (1d8+6/×3, masterwork warhammer) or +8 melee (1d6+4, unarmed strike); SA fight or flight (aggressive 1); SQ master craftsman; Rep +1; SV Fort +7 [1, 3, 3 Con], Ref +2 [1, 1 Dex], Will +11 [4, 3, 1 Wis, 1 culture, 2 feat]; Str 18, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Craft (metalworking), Profession (blacksmith).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8 (+10 metal goods), Climb +6, Craft (metalworking) +16, Diplomacy +11, Gather Information +4, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +5, Profession (blacksmith) +15, Search +8, Sense Motive +10, Spot +12, Survival +1 (+3 following tracks); Alertness[B], Endurance, Improved Damage Threshold[B*], Improved Unarmed Strike, Iron Will[B], Negotiator[B], Skill Focus (Profession: blacksmith).

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: Studded leather, masterwork warhammer, the forge, and *Dubro's Anvil*.

Shadowspawn on Dubro

"Illyra's husband, Dubro, is one of the finest smiths in the city's bazaar. Even when you consider where he keeps his forge, he'll give any one of the Merchant Quarter's blacksmiths a run for their money. And a piece of advice, pud; though Dubro's suvesh, Illyra loves him. And Dubro, well, let's just say he's a little protective."

Enas Yorl

Sanctuary has many, both resident and visitor, who dabble in magic. And it has many true mages. But only one of them is considered a Great Wizard, and that is Enas Yorl. Once, long ago, Enas Yorl was a handsome man whose sorceries were among the most powerful in the land, but whose passion for women overwhelmed his reason. He slept with another man's wife, and the cuckolded man, who was also a mighty sorcerer, laid a fearsome curse upon the young lover. Because it was Enas Yorl's appearance that had won over the woman, the sorcerer took that away from him forever.

Since gaining the curse, Enas Yorl has chosen to live out his days in Sanctuary, where he lives in a large, handsome but run-down house in the Jeweler's Quarter on Pyrtanis Street. But the house shifts, and sometimes its entrance can be found in other parts of the city, trapping the unwary within. Rumors say basilisks guard the house. Only an old blind man, Darous, serves Enas Yorl's needs, because the blind servant cannot witness his horrible changes. Legend also holds that there is a tunnel under the house that connects to a tower overlooking the bay.

In the Irrune Era, Enas' house has vanished, but the lot on which it stood is still empty and not too far from Grabar's Stoneyard.



Description

Enas Yorl's curse is far crueler than just making him ugly. His appearance changes uncontrollably. At times he looks normal, even handsome. At other times, he is barely human, and sometimes clearly not human at all. And he never assumes the same shape twice. The only things that never change are his eyes. No matter his form, Enas Yorl's eyes always glow red. Only one person has ever seen Enas Yorl's face, and that person is Lalo the Limner who, after seeing it, knew why the wizard would never want to look upon his former visage.

Personality

One might expect an individual so cursed would be mad with grief and frustration, but his is not the case with Enas. In fact, he is one of the few benevolent powers in Sanctuary, and has often helped the less fortunate. Usually, his help has a price. With women, he often asks them to sleep with him, for despite his curse, his lust is unabated. But Enas Yorl's other great desire is for death. The curse not only shifts his form without warning, it also keeps him alive. He has lived this way for centuries, and sees no signs of dying in his future.

Irrune Era

Ischade, Tempus, Molin and others trapped Roxane and Haught in the house of Tasfalen Lancothis (and Roxane in the corpse of the noble, as well). Once in place, Molin placed wards around the house to seal her inside. However, the wards needed periodic renewal and Molin knew he could not maintain the wards indefinitely. Molin approached Enas Yorl with a plan to remove the Tasfalen house from Sanctuary and end the threat of Roxane's return. Yorl agreed, and entered the house, which collapsed in a pile of dust. Soon after, Enas Yorl's house vanished as well.

The event weakened his curse, and he now has some control over his changing shape, which means he can more often pass as a normal man. Enas Yorl has also mastered the art of possessing others, though when he does that, his host's eyes take on a strange, reflective, red-orange glow.

Mechanically, Enas is unchanged except for the fact that he may control what form he takes. To do so, he must succeed on a DC 30 Concentration check. On a failed check, the form taken is essentially random, as described under his curse. If he succeeds, he is still subject to the next transformation, but may control each successive transformation by succeeding on another Concentration check, though each time after the first increases the DC by +5. Once he fails a Concentration check, the DC resets to 30.

Enas Yorl

Male Unknown apprentice, mage 19, ex-hazard mage 5; CR 24; Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger); HD 19d4+114 plus 5d4+30; hp 206; Mdt 24; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 31, touch 21, flat-footed 24; Base Atk +14; Grap +19; Atk +23 melee (1d4+9/19–20, *+4 dagger*); Full Atk +23/+18/+13 melee (1d4+9/19–20, *+4 dagger*); SA arcane reach, greater casting, mastery of counterspelling, potent magic; SQ cursed, lore, planar refuge, sanctum, specialist (transmutation); Rep +10; SV Fort +14, Ref +15, Will +17; Str 20, Dex 25, Con 22, Int 29, Wis 19, Cha 22.

Background Skills: Concentration, Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9 (+11 alchemy, herbalism), Concentration +35, Craft (alchemy) +36, Craft (herbalism) +31, Decipher Script +31, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +11, Knowledge (arcana) +36, Knowledge (geography) +14, Knowledge (history) +24, Knowledge (local) +36, Knowledge (the planes) +36, Ride +9, Search +14, Spellcraft +40, Survival +4 (+6 avoid getting lost, hazards, other planes, follow tracks); Craft Focus*, Enlarge Spell, Eschew Components, Fame*, Interrupted Casting*, Instantaneous Casting*, Maximize Spell, Rushed Casting*, Scribe Matrix*, Skill Focus (Spellcraft).

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Enlibar (S/W), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Influence (Molin Torchholder/Cauvin, 1), Information (Jarveena, 2), Skill (Darios, Lalo).

Curse (Su): Enas Yorl suffers from a powerful curse, believed to have been bestowed for amorous indiscretions in his youth. Now, he cycles through bizarre and unusual forms, many of which are painful to endure. He has never assumed the same form twice,

Shadowspawn on Enas Yorl

"They say Enas Yorl never takes the same form twice, yet those eyes of his are a dead giveaway. Basilisks guard his mansion, and they turn any intruders who look at them to stone. I prefer to stay out of his way, because I know that bad luck rubs off."

Rods of Creature Command

These rare, powerful rods allow the user to command one specific type of creature, determined when the rod is crafted. For instance, Enas Yorl possessed a *rod of basilisk command* that he used to command the basilisks that guarded his mansion. The rod allows the user to dominate any creature of the appropriate type that he can see as a standard action, as per the spell *dominate monster*; the creature may make a DC 23 Will save to resist the command. The user can dominate a number of creatures equal to his Charisma score at any one time.

Strong enchantment; CL 17th; Craft Rod, *dominate monster*; Price 27,540 sh.

and the possibilities are endless, ranging from looking like a normal man to a horrific amalgam of reptile, insect, and plant. Despite the range of appearances, Enas Yorl usually takes no penalty to his ability to cast spells—though while in his more grotesque forms, he may not be able to speak, perform required somatic components, or handle materials. His appearance is essentially random. He undergoes a new transformation every 1d20+1d12 hours. With each new transformation, some of his ability scores fluctuate as well. Roll 1d6 and apply the following with each transformation: Strength 1–2: –1d6, 3–4: no change, 5–6: +1d6; Dexterity 1–2: –1d6, 3–4: no change, 5–6: +1d6; Charisma 1–3: –1d12, 4–5: –1d6, 6: no change.

Spells: safe level 9th; spellcasting +35 (+37 transmutation); ritualcasting +22 (+24 transmutation); save DC 19 + spell level.

Known Spells (28): *acid fog* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *analyze dweomer* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *baleful polymorph* (CL 25th, 5th, MT 60, price 5), *blur* (2nd, MT 30, melee touch +19, DC 21, price 2), *break enchantment* (5th, MT 60, DC 24, price 5), circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *contact other plane* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *contagion* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *daze* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dimension door* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *disguise self* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *dominate person* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *fireball* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *foresight* (9th, MT 100, price 9), *fox's cunning* (CL 25th, 2nd, MT 30, price 2), *magic missile* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mass hold person* (9th, MT 100, price 9), *mind blank* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *mislead* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *phase door* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *suggestion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *summon monster III* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *teleport* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *veil* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *wish* (9th, MT 100, price 9).

*New spell, see *Thieves' World Player's Manual*.

Familiar Spells (36): *acid arrow* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), alter self (CL 25th, 2nd, MT 30, price 2), *arcane eye* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *banishment* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *blink* (CL 25th, 3rd, MT 40, price 3), *chain lightning* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *charm monster* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *clairaudience/clairvoyance* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *confusion* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *detect scrying* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *disintegrate* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *dream* (5th, MT 60, price 5), explosive runes (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *grasping hand* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *greater scrying* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *greater teleport* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *guards and wards* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *lesser geas* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *lightning bolt* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *mage's disjunction* (9th, MT 100, price 9), *nondetection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *overland flight* (CL 25th, 5th, MT 60, price 5), *persistent image* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *plane shift* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *power word blind* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *project image* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *scorching ray* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sending* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *shadow walk* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *spider climb* (CL 25th, 2nd, MT 30, price 2), *suggestion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *summon monster V* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *summon monster VI* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *telepathic bond* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *tongues* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *wall of force* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *waves of exhaustion* (7th, MT 80, price 7).

Typical Possessions: *+4 dagger, potion of alter self, 2 potions of cure serious wounds, potion of fly, ring of protection +4, rod of basilisk command* (see **Rods of Creature Command** sidebar), *scroll of acid fog, scroll of clenched fist, scroll of fireball, scroll of greater teleport, scroll of horrid wilting, scroll of incendiary cloud, scroll of maze, scroll of shapechange, scroll of summon monster IX, scroll of wail of the banshee, staff of transmutation, amulet of natural armor +2, bracers of armor +8, gloves of Dexterity +4, headband of intellect +6, pink ioun stone*.

Hakiem

A native of Sanctuary, Hakiem spent his life within Sanctuary and was never inclined to leave. Though a storyteller and something of a vagabond, he was content here, spending his days in the bazaar, selling his stories to anyone who would pay good copper for them. He has friends everywhere, though mostly in the poorer quarters. He is welcome in most places, though bartenders look askance at him sometimes, for Hakiem loves to drink and does not like to pay. But he will tell stories for his ale and wine, and those are often far better than coin.

After the Beysib arrived, Hakiem found himself in the role of ambassador and royal advisor to Shupansea. He played the part admirably, and gave sound advice and good information, but was always much more comfortable in his old rags, lounging on the wharf, or sitting in the bazaar, or drinking in the Vulgar Unicorn.

When word reached Sanctuary of the Beysib Usurper's death, Shupansea requested that Hakiem go on ahead to get a feel for the Beysib Empire. It was at that moment that Hakiem confronted his fears of leaving his home, for

Shadowspawn on Hakiem

"A true spinner of tales, and, if there is such a thing, a true patriot of Sanctuary. For a few padpols, Hakiem will tell you a story that will leave you breathless. He knows just about everything about everyone. You can tell he truly loves this cesspit of a city, the same way a child loves his parents."

he knew he was too old to return. Accompanied by his longtime employer and friend Jubal, it is presumed he left Sanctuary before Shupansea to prepare the way and eventually died there.

Description

Small, wiry, and wizened, Hakiem is not an impressive figure. But once he opens his mouth, people forget his appearance, and the world around them as well. Hakiem is a master storyteller, and his tales are so compelling that they seem almost magical.

Personality

Hakiem is more than just a storyteller, however. He watches everything, and hears things people would rather he had not. He knows more about what is really going on in Sanctuary than anyone, because he goes everywhere and because he is smart enough to put all the pieces together. Hakiem sells this knowledge to Jubal, who likes to stay informed and recognizes the old storyteller's value.

Hakiem

Male Wrigglie beggar, savant 10, thief 2; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 10d6+20 plus 2d6+4; hp 69; Mdt 15; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +8; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4–1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d4–1/19–20, dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ beggar trait, eidetic memory, evasion, local legend (Perform: storytelling), lore +15, trapfinding; Rep +2; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +10; Str 9, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Bluff, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +18, Bluff +21, Diplomacy +23 (+25 underworld), Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +20, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (history) +18, Knowledge (local) +23 (+25 navigate the Maze), Listen +19, Perform (storytelling) +20, Profession (storyteller) +17, Sense Motive +19, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +8; Alertness[B], Dodge, Endurance, Maze-Savvy[B]*, Mobility, Negotiator[B], Persuasive, Skill Focus (Perform: storytelling)[B], Streetwise*.

Languages: Wriggle (S), Beysin (S), Ilsig (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Influence (Jubal, Shupansea), Information (2).

Possessions: Dagger, tattered clothes (or courtier's outfit).

Hanse Shadowspawn/Chance

They say there is no finer thief than Shadowspawn in all of Sanctuary. Born of shadows, supposedly, he can wrap them around himself like a cloak, vanishing. He can enter a locked room without disturbing the door, remove items from a locked safe without making a sound, and disappear again without leaving a trace.

Hanse knows these stories, because he spreads them himself.

It is true that Hanse, who calls himself Shadowspawn, is a superb thief — probably the best in Sanctuary. He's a Sanctuary native, or so he believes (he doesn't really know where he was born and can't remember any place other than Sanctuary) and a resident of the Maze. He knows the twisted neighborhood better than anyone, and he can disappear around corners and make his way across rooftops while even other locals are wondering where he went. He steals for survival and because he enjoys doing so. Hanse will often take on a job for the challenge as much as the money.

Shortly after Prince Kadakithis came to Sanctuary, Hanse was involved in a plot against the young governor. The two wound up becoming friends—they are close in age, in fact, though very different in background and temperment. Hanse did not want to like the young Rankan, since he is stoutly Ilsigi, but could not help himself.

Shadowspawn and the S'danzo

Hanse, for good or ill, found a home among the S'danzo. Whether due to his charm and wit, or maybe because he didn't really fit in anywhere else, the S'danzo saw him as more than *suvesh* (non-S'danzo), and among them, Moonflower was the most generous, seeing him as a son.

Moonflower was a seeress, though not as powerful as Illyra, and she wasn't selective about her clients. More liberal in her interactions with *suvesh* (in fact she was the only full blooded S'danzo to treat Illyra as an equal), she took an immediate liking to the young, brash man, and perhaps because her daughter, Mignureal, had a terrible crush on him as well. Immensely fat, she had a sweet face and cheerful smile. Like some other S'danzo women, she had the Sight, and through her fortunes, she helped support her large family in the Bazaar.

Always worried for her daughter Mignureal (and her daughter's heart), Moonflower was hesitant about Shadowspawn's relationship with her, urging him to see her as a sister, a request which he honored. Things changed, though, when Moonflower gave a Beysib woman an unfavorable reading. A scuffle ensued and Moonflower struck her. Fearing that the Beysibs would retailate, she grabbed her husband's sword and set out to get herself killed to protect her family. The Beysibs did indeed kill her, driving Hanse, who later discovered the tragedy, into a rage. He slew a Beysib, gathered Mignureal, and fled the city.

The two lovers fled the city and had many adventures together. But their love would not be strong enough to keep them together forever. Mignureal came into her own, realizing the powers of S'danzo sight and becoming a powerful sorceress. Lacking a place in light of her newfound power, Shadowspawn returned to Sanctuary and never loved again.

Mignureal was typical of S'danzo, with curly dark hair and a swarthy complexion. She was friendly, cheerful, and had maintained a crush on Shadowspawn since she was little. Mignureal has a strong touch of the Sight, resulting in periodic and seemingly random flashes of insight, many of which have helped Hanse through many nasty scrapes.

He was also unable to stop himself from liking Tempus, and even helped rescue the Hell Hound from an evil vivisectionist. Hanse's other close friends are Moonflower and her daughter Mignue, and his old mentor, Cudget Swearoath. When not working, Hanse can usually be found at the Vulgar Unicorn, drinking with a crowd of other locals his age.

Description

The wiry youth with dark hair and eyes is handsome, though with a somewhat largish nose, and is very smooth with the ladies. Hanse wears dark leathers and always has at least two throwing knives handy, and several more concealed about him. He walks with a swagger and he exudes the arrogance of youth.

Personality

Shadowspawn is a skilled fighter, trained by the Stepsons and gifted with divine blessings. But despite his talent in a fight, he prefers not to kill—one of the only times was when he killed two men while guarding Tempus' back while the Riddler was at the Lily Garden, which is why Tempus believed he owed the thief. He is cocksure, prideful, witty, and sarcastic, but has a soft spot in his heart for cats and pretty women. Not easily cowed, he's stood firm against Tempus, and if the legends are true, "killed" Vashanka.

The Irrune Era

Chance, as Hanse now calls himself, is older and a bit wiser, now in his mid-seventies. He walks with a heavy cane, and gets tired easily, but he can still move with surprising grace, and even with the cane he can still cross a room almost without a sound. Long since retired, he spends his time tutoring the young thief, Lone, and sitting with his friend Strick and Strick's wife, Linnana. He has no apparent occupation or source of income, but has enough money to live comfortably, thanks to a particular cache of silver he left in a well in the peak of his youth. Chance lives alone, having never married or had children. He does not publicly admit to being Shadowspawn, but sits and reminisces with Strick, and often tells stories of his escapades to Lone.

Lone on Chance

"He's the real thing, I knew it all along. They say roaches don't live as long as Chance. He's forgotten more than you'll ever know about roaching, and I'm sure he appreciates that I'm better than he was. He's just too proud to admit it."

Due to a stroke, Chance is but a shadow of his former self, though a quick and tough one. Shadowspawn uses his normal statistics, but apply the following modifiers: Str –3, Dex –3, Con –3, Int +2, Wis +2, Cha +2. Chance rarely wears his old armor or carries little in the way of weaponry aside from his heavy cane (count as a *+2 club*).

Hanse Shadowspawn

Male Wrigglie criminal, thief 11, fighter 4, freelance 1; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 11d6+33 plus 4d10+12 plus 1d6+3; hp 115; Mdt 23; Init +9; Spd 30 ft.; AC 26, touch 17, flat-footed 26; Base Atk +12; Grap +13; Atk +19 melee (1d6+3/19–20, *+2 short sword*) or +18 melee (1d4+2/19–20, *+1 dagger*) or +17 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +17 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, thrown dagger) or +18 ranged (1d2+1, masterwork shuriken); Full Atk +19/+14/+9 melee (1d6+3/19–20, *+2 short sword*) or +18/+13/+8 melee (1d4+2/19–20, *+1 dagger*) or +17/+12/+7 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +15/+15/+10/+5 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, thrown dagger) or +16/+16/+11/+6 ranged (1d2+1, masterwork shuriken); SA sneak attack +6d6; SQ evasion, hide in plain sight, improved evasion, improved uncanny dodge, trap sense +3, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +6; SV Fort +9, Ref +15, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 20, Con 16, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 14.



Background Skills: Bluff, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Balance +17, Bluff +18, Climb +15 (+17 ropes), Diplomacy +10, Disable Device +13, Disguise +9 (+11 acting), Escape Artist +10 (+12 ropes), Gamble +5, Gather Information +12, Handle Animal +7, Hide +32, Intimidate +18, Jump +18, Knowledge (local) +11 (+13 navigating the Maze), Listen +10, Move Silently +32, Open Lock +12, Ride +12, Search +11, Sense Motive +10, Sleight of Hand +23, Spot +11 (+13 notice Sleight of Hand attempts), Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks), Swim +3, Tumble +21, Use Rope +10 (+12 bindings); Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (shuriken), Improved Initiative, Maze-Savvy[B], Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw, Rapid Shot, Spring Attack, Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S), Ilsig (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (Mignureal, Moonflower), Influence (Kadakithis, Tempus), Skill (1).

Notable

Male cat; CR 1/2; Tiny animal; HD 1/2d8+1; hp 3; Mdt 13; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +0; Grap –11; Atk +6 melee (1d2–3, claw); Full Atk +6 melee (1d2–3, 2 claws) and +1 melee (1d3–3, bite); SQ low-light vision, scent; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +1; Str 4, Dex 19, Con 13, Int 4, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Balance +12, Climb +8, Hide +16 (+20 in tall undergrowth), Jump +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +8, Spot +5; Alertness[B], Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: *+3 improved shadow improved silent moves studded leather armor, +2 buckler, +2 short sword, +1 dagger,* 2 daggers, 4 thrown daggers, 10 masterwork shuriken, *potion of cure moderate wounds, ring of protection +2, amulet of natural armor +1, gloves of Dexterity +2,* climber's kit, disguise kit, masterwork thieves' tools, several thousand shaboozh hidden in a well just outside of the city.

Haught

Haught was a Nisibisi captured by Rankans and sold into slavery. Considered valuable, he was used as a dancer and entertainer and, at times, as a love slave. Though his life was softer than that of many slaves, make no mistake: it was not easy. In a plan to to coerce Ischade (see page 102) to help the Stepsons, Critias and others sent the slave to the necromant as a gift for her to use and then kill, as was her wont. In a rare act of compassion, or perhaps just to foil the Stepsons and their plots, she released Haught, making him a free man.

Since his release, he took up with Mor-Am, Moria, and Mradhon Vis (see their respective entries in this chapter), gradually becoming woven into Ischade's plans, and eventually becoming her creature. Though his relationship with the necromant was never romantic, he felt a deep commitment to her, until his arrogance got the better of him. Haught had latent witchblood, which gave him great potential to work witchcraft. A desperate pupil, he studied under Ischade, becoming her apprentice. But her instruction was too slow to suit his ambition, and so he betrayed his mistress to the Stepsons. He took up with Death's Queen, Roxane, whom he claimed as a cousin. Unfortunately, this alliance was doomed from the start, and Ischade trapped him and the Nisibisi witch in the house of Tasfalen Lancothis, where Haught languished with the revenant of the witch for many many months, until he escaped and crawled back to his former teacher, begging her for forgiveness and protection.

Shadowspawn on Haught

"The funny thing about Haught is that he was a slave, some sort of dancer. The Stepsons sent him to Ischade as a present, but instead of taking his life, she set him free. She may have freed him from his slavery, but he became another sort of slave entirely."

Description

Haught is an attractive young man with creamy skin, dark hair, and large eyes. He has the easy grace and athleticism of a skilled dancer. When we first meet Haught, he is timid and nervous from his years as a slave, but as he learned witchcraft, his arrogance stiffened his spine and he exuded confidence.

Personality

Haught was a kind, meek, and pleasant man, who cared deeply for Moria. But power corrupted him, making him arrogant and prideful of his beauty; he fully expects his looks to captivate men and women alike. He also believes he is a powerful wizard, though in reality he is merely an apprentice.

Haught

Male Nisibisi slave, initiate 4, witch 2; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+8 plus 2d4+4; hp 34; Mdt 15; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +6 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +6 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ cruel, force of personality; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +8; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Bluff, Perform (dance).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +15, Concentration +11, Diplomacy +17, Disguise +5 (+7 acting), Hide +3, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Listen +3, Move Silently +2, Perform (dance) +12, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +10, Spellcraft +12 (+14 decipher scroll), Spot +3, Use Magic Device +11 (+11 scrolls); Interrupted Spellcasting*, Magical Aptitude[B], Ritual Emphasis*, Witchblooded*.

Languages: Nis (S), Wrigglie (S), Ilsig (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Skill (Ischade, Mradhon Vis).

Haught only takes a –1 penalty to Strength and Dexterity, and recovers from fatigue after only six hours of complete rest instead of eight.

Spells: safe mage level 2nd; safe witch level 1st; spellcasting +7; ritualcasting +6; initiate save DC 13 + spell level; witch save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Initiate Spells (5): *cause fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *charm person* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *command undead* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *daze* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *touch of fatigue* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

Familiar Initiate Spells (2): *detect thoughts* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *mage armor* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Known Witch Spells (3): *calm animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *produce flame* (1st, MT 20, price 1)

Familiar Witch Spells (6): *ghost sound* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *hypnotism* (2nd, MT 30, price 4 lethal), *lesser confusion* (2nd, MT 30, price 4 lethal), *message* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *silent image* (2nd, MT 30, price 4 lethal), *summon monster I* (1st, MT 20, price 1)

Possessions: 2 masterwork daggers, *ring of protection +1, spell focus (ring) +1, amulet of natural armor +1.*

Illyra

Illyra's life began with tragedy. Her father, a Rankan guard, drank too much and was abusive and paranoid. Her mother was a S'danzo seeress, and as such, she was beautiful, seductive, and alluring. Illyra's father suspected his wife of having a lover, which enraged him despite the fact that he had a mistress himself. One night, when Illyra was still only a small child, her father attacked her mother and killed her, then cut her into pieces. Both Illyra and her half-brother Walegrin fled, and Dubro rescued the young Illyra from the streets, while Walegrin fled Sanctuary, vowing never to return. Illyra inherited her mother's gift; she is one of the most powerful seeresses in Sanctuary, but because she is only half-S'Danzo, the other S'Danzo refuse to associate with her. Illyra now lives in the Bazaar with her husband, Dubro the smith (see page 94), and sees her clients next to blacksmith's forge, where thick velvet curtains afford privacy.

Most S'danzo use either cards or crystals for their divinations. Illyra favors cards, but she crafted her own second deck with the help of Lalo the Limner. They have the same pictures as most S'Danzo decks, but drawn by Lalo specifically for her use, and thus linked to her more closely. The cards do have words on them, but Illyra merely copied the designs for the artist—she does not know how to read.

Shadowspawn on Illyra

"I prefer to go to Moonflower for advice, but Illyra's not a bad seer for a half-S'danzo. It's always bad news with her, though; nothing but ill omens and unfavorable cards. It's a good thing Dubro stays close when she works; some folks don't take bad news well."

Description

Though she is young and lovely, with the dark hair and swarthy skin of her mother's people, Illyra dresses in heavy skirts and heavier makeup that makes her look more like an aged crone. This is to convince clients that she is old and wise, and thieves that she is grizzled and unappealing.

Personality

Illyra is unhappy about the S'danzo's reaction to her, but she has learned to live with being an outcast. She has several close friends, including Haakon the sweetmeat vendor, and she loves Dubro as much as he loves her. She rarely travels far from her home, and prefers to stay in her rooms, behind her curtain, waiting for clients and listening to the comforting sound of Dubro's hammer on the anvil.

Illyra's soft demeanor changed over time. After Vashanka was exiled, his essence returned to the Material Plane in the guide of a demiurge that possessed not only Tempus' bastard child, but also Illyra's son. To save the boy, she gave him up to Molin to raise and guide, to control the violent outbursts and usher him to divinity. Her daughter fell victim to Zip's axe in the thick of the riots that resulted from the civil war in the city during the Beysib occupation. As a result of these losses, Illyra withdrew into herself, overcome as she was with grief, until she finally used Lalo's cards to bring the influence of Dyareela to Sanctuary through a special curse she arranged through her cards, possibly precipitating the Dyareelans' return during the Troubles

After Lalo and Gilla quelched the first Dyareelan scourge, she made peace to some extent with her losses and resumed her life as Sanctuary's preeminant seer. And in time, with the help of a foundling Walegrin deposited on her doorstep, she regained something of the peace she enjoyed in her youth.

Illyra

Female Rankan/S'danzo seer, savant 4, S'danzo fortuneteller 6; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+8 plus 6d6+12; hp 58; Mdt 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +6; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +6/+1 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); SQ godless, greater sight, lore +7, precongitive sight, read object, sense psychic impressions, sudden insight 3/week; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +16; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 20, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Contacts: Information (Haakan the Fruitseller), Influence (Molin Torchholder, Walegrin).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Bluff +17, Concentration +8, Diplomacy +15 (+13 non-S'danzo), Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +17, Hide +7, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +16, Listen +20, Move Silently +6, Profession (seer) +12, Search +15, Sense Motive +29, Sleight of Hand +16, Spot +20, Survival +5 (+7 following



Illyra's Ring

This plain, unadorned ring was once worn by the S'Danzo fortuneteller Illyra, who used it as a meditative aid when reading her cards. Upon her death, it passed into the treasure hoards of the Bloody Hand, and may still be lost and overlooked somewhere in modern Sanctuary. The ring is a *+2 ritual focus* for casting divination rituals; it also provides a +2 enhancement bonus to Concentration checks.

Faint transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Focus, Forge Ring, crafter must have 2 ranks in Concentration; Price 2,400 sh.

Illyra's Cards

This deck of cards is perhaps one of the greatest artifacts ever created in the city of Sanctuary. After Illyra's original deck burned, Lalo (see page 109) painted a new set of cards based on her descriptions of the lost ones. Thanks to Lalo's curse, the cards were imbued with some quite powerful magic. Whenever these cards are used in conjunction with the Sighted feat, there is never a chance for a false reading.

These cards passed eventually to Molin Torchholder, who placed them in the keeping of Sinjon, who ran the Broken Mast Tavern on the Wideway. Cauvin, when he grudgingly helped Molin in the priest's final days, recovered the cards and took them to Elemi (see page 142). At first, she gratefully took them, but before Cauvin left, the power frightened her and she tried to give them back to Cauvin, who promply refused and left. It's believed that Elemi still has these cards, but rarely uses them.

Overwhelming transmutation; CL 21st.

tracks); Alertness, Iron Will, Mixed Ancestry*, Persuasive, Negotiator[B], Sighted[B*], Skill Focus (Sense Motive)[B].

Languages: S'danzo (S/R), Rankene (S/R), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Possessions: Dagger, *Illyra's ring**, *Illyra's cards**.

*See sidebar

Ischade

Ischade settled here because she believed she could live her life without interference from others. She harbors a terrible curse, one that makes her unsuitable for most lands, for Ischade has an uncontrollable sexual appetite—she must engage in carnal activities. Unfortunately for her lovers, this appetite translates into their deaths.

A former thief, Ischade unlocked her latent talent for witchcraft early on. At some point in her past, she must have crossed the wrong person, for she gained the curse of the necromant. When Ischade has a romantic encounter, she passes a new form of curse on her "victims." The hapless lover experiences a series of unbelievable and fatal misfortunes. One lover might choke on his own tongue. Another might slip and fall, breaking his neck. A third might have a heart attack. Every encounter is lethal, but Ischade is helpless to prevent the deaths, for she must mate, regularly, as she feeds off the energy.

When she came to Sanctuary, she selected a small house on the shores of the White Foal River, in proximity to Downwind. This allowed her a haven, a retreat of sorts, where she was less likely to be bothered. The exterior looks a bit run-down, but inside it is draped everywhere with velvet and silk, and fine carpets cover the floors while fine paintings hang upon the walls. The rooms speak of wealth, careless opulence, and a magpie's fascination with shiny objects. More important, though, was the house's nearness to the slums. She could hunt at her pleasure, preying upon the worst of Sanctuary's people, and in effect, do the city a great service by eliminating thieves, rapists, murderers, and worse.

Her good intentions (not surprisingly) turned foul. As the Stepsons gradually replaced the Hell Hounds as the most influential force in the city, they were caught between the Beggar King and the hawk-masks. Straton (see page 126) approached Ischade for her help and possible information. Ischade and Strat quickly became lovers, sundering his bonds with Crit. Strat was safe with Ischade because the surplus of death and walking dead in the city could sate her dangerous appetite. Though Strat did leave town briefly, he was Ischade's creature up until the power globes shattered and the mana in the city fled. Ischade realized Strat would not be safe and sent him away for his own safety.

Though Ischade generally pursued her own agenda, she briefly worked with the Stepsons, and employed Moria, Mor-Am, and the revenant Stilcho as well. She readily worked against Roxane; it's believed that there was some former connection. But Roxane's death, the loss of Strat, and her own betrayal at the hands of Haught, coupled with the chaos in the city, left her embittered, and she eventually withdrew into her house. In the years that followed, she became more and more remote, until she vanished altogether, just before the Catastrophes.

Description

Sanctuary is filled with beautiful women as well as with deadly ones. Ischade tops both lists. She is a small and attractive woman with dusky skin and dark hair. She's delicate in appearance… about as delicate as the finest steel blade. Ischade attracts attention wherever she goes, but only when she chooses. She's all but invisible at night, when not looking for a victim. And it is more than her features—she moves with an innate grace, and although her clothing is not overly fancy, it is elegant. When hunting, Ischade wears a dark hooded cloak to conceal her features, but split in the front to reveal her womanly virtues. She is seductive and enticing, luring many men to their doom. She is elegant, but not so elegant as to be unapproachable. Men of all ranks and occupations are drawn to her… and she, to them.

Personality

Though a beauty, she is cold and calculating, much like a black widow in personality. She has made peace with her curse and uses it to eliminate Sanctuary of its undesirables. She can be very cruel, as evidenced in how she treated Stilcho. She regularly sent his spirit to the Underworld and drew him back, driving him mad. She exploited Moria, used Haught, and saw others as means to ends. The only exception for her pragmatic outlook was Strat. She saw greatness in him and sought to elevate him to rule all of Sanctuary. But when she realized her curse would affect him too, she broke off the affair. Though it wounded her, Strat's death would have hurt her much more deeply — something he never knew.



Ischade

Female Unknown cursed, thief 2, witch 14; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6+4 plus 14d4+44; hp 93; Mdt 15; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +8; Grap +8; Atk +11 melee (1d4+3/19–20, *+3 dagger*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d4+3/19–20, *+3 dagger*); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ arcane endurance, alluring, evasion, necromant, trapfinding, unique power, unnatural vitality; Rep +3; SV Fort +7, Ref +10, Will +13; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 18, Cha 18.

Background Skills: Bluff, Diplomacy.

Skills and Feats: Balance +7, Bluff +27, Concentration +16, Decipher Script +9, Diplomacy +27, Disguise +4 (+6 acting), Escape Artist +7, Gather Information +11, Hide +7, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +18, Listen +9, Move Silently +7, Open Lock +7, Profession (herbalist) +18, Search +9, Sleight of Hand +9, Spellcraft +20, Survival +4 (+6 follow tracks), Use Rope +2 (+4 bindings); Appealing†, Craft Focus*, Interrupted Spellcasting*, Ritual Emphasis*, Rushed Spellcasting*, Scribe Matrix*, Witchblooded*.

†See **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details on this new feat.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S), Nisi (S/W).

Contacts: Information (Moria, Stilcho), Influence (Strat), Skill (Haught).

Alluring (Ex): In exchange for her curse, Ischade gains a +4 bonus to all Charisma-based skill checks used to seduce an individual ordinarily attracted to her gender.

Necromant (Su): Ischade lives with a terrible curse. Whenever she has a sexual encounter, her lover must succeed on a DC 30 Will save or dies in 1d6 rounds. Ischade is also under a compulsion to seek out new lovers. Each day, Ischade must attempt a DC 15 Will save. If she succeeds, she staves off the craving. If she fails, she takes 1 point of Constitution damage each day until she sates her appetite. Each day after a successful Will save, the DC increase by +5. Once she fails a Will save and takes a lover, the Will save DC resets to 15.

Spells: safe level 7th; spellcasting +22; ritualcasting +17; save DC 14 + spell level.

Known Spells (21): *animate dead* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *charm person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, price 0/1)*, *convert critical wounds* (5th, MT 60, price 5)*, *daze* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dispel magic* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *eagle's splendor* (3rd, MT 4th, price 3), *ecstasy** (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *entangle* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *fireball* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *fire storm* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *flaming sphere* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *greater invisibility* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *lesser confusion* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *mind fog* (6th, MT 70, price 6),

Shadowspawn on Ischade

"I've felt my own death approaching as Ischade gently held me in her arms. If not for the intervention of Enas Yorl, I'd most likely be dead. If you've never seen the woman, you'll likely think me crazy when I say that death is probably a small price to pay for a night with her."

Ischade's Brazier

Fire was Ischade's element, and she used this large brazier to evoke that fire in her necromantic rituals. Although Ischade has vanished from Sanctuary, her house remains, lost at the bottom of the White Foal River or maybe in the swamp—the precise location has long been forgotten; her brazier may still be there, waiting to burn anew some day. The brazier is a *+5 ritual focus*.

Moderate transmutation; CL 8th; Craft Focus; Price 22,500 sh.

polymorph (4th, MT 50, price 4), *produce flame* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *seeming* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *wall of fire* (5th, MT 60, price 5).

Familiar Spells (24): *cause fear* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *charm monster* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *daze monster* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *death ward* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *detect curse* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *dominate animal* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *flame strike* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *ghost sound* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *greater scrying* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *legend lore* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *mage hand* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *nightmare* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *obscuring mist* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *permanent image* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *plane shift* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *resist energy* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *scrying* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *secure shelter* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *shadow evocation* (6th, MT 70, price 7), *silent image* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *snare* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *suggestion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *summon monster I* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *summon monster VI* (6th, MT 70, price 6)

*See *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details on these new spells.

Possessions: *+3 dagger*, *+6 spell focus* (black cloak), *Ischade's brazier**. In addition, Ischade has numerous matrixes around her house and a number of random magic items taken from her victims.

*See **Ischade's Brazier** sidebar for details.

Shadowspawn on Jamie the Red

"If you want a hero of the people, look no further than Jamie the Red. He's got more skill of arms and enthusiasm than he does subtlety, but he's charming and always popular with the ladies. I'm not sure why they like him so much. Maybe it's the kilt."



Jamie the Red

Jamie the Red was Sanctuary's preeminant barbarian and nobleman. The best friend of Cappen Varra, Jamie was a colorful figure who hung around Sanctuary's many taverns and brothels. Though he didn't do much but spend time with his doxies or drink and fight in various bars, he has a penchant for adventure, and was drawn to new and deadly exploits as a moth was to a flame.

Description

Tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular, Jamie is a handsome man with flame-red hair and beard. He fights for anyone who can pay him, and when not so employed, he is at the Vulgar Unicorn drinking, or at his apartment in the Jeweler's Quarter with his two women. He is an eager participant in any barroom brawl, but Jamie is just as quick to dust off his opponent and offer him a drink. He loves to fight, but he does not take any of it personally.

Personality

Most people make the mistake of thinking that Jamie is dumb because he is big, strong, and from the north. In fact he is quite bright, and surprisingly well educated. That is because Jamie is no normal Northman. His father is a tribal chief from the Cantal Plains, and Jamie was raised at court and given a full court education. (Of course, Jamie likes to exaggerrate, and with each telling of his history, his past becomes more fanciful, with his father being a king and he the estranged prince.) He is currently burning off his youthful energy, so that he can return to his father and take on the role of a proper heir.

Jamie the Red

Male Cantal Plains aristocrat, barbarian 8; CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d12+32; hp 90; Mdt 25; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +8; Grap +12; Atk +13 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +11 ranged (1d8+4/×3, masterwork composite (+4) longbow); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +11/+6 ranged (1d8+4/×3, masterwork composite (+4) longbow); SA rage; SQ damage reduction 1/—, improved uncanny dodge, tough as nails, trap sense +2, uncanny dodge; Rep +2; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +5 [2, 3 Wis]; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 17, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Climb +13, Diplomacy +12, Intimidate +13, Jump +13, Listen +14, Ride +13, Sense Motive +10, Survival +14; Cleave, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword) [B], Great Cleave, Power Attack.

Languages: Highlander (S/W), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1), Skill (Cappen Varra).

Rage (Ex): Three times per day, Jamie can enter a rage. When he does, use the following statistics:

HD 8d12+48; hp 100; Mdt 22; AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 16; Grap +14; Atk +15 melee (1d10+7/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*); Full Atk +15/+10 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*); SV Fort +12, Will +7; Str 22, Con 22.

Skills: Climb +15, Jump +15.

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 bastard sword,* masterwork composite (+4) longbow with 20 arrows.

Jarveena of Forgotten Holt

Jarveena was born in the village of Forgotten Holt, a small village that was once important in the distant past when it was part of Yenized. When she was a child, bandits attacked and destroyed the village. The men were killed, but the women were raped and beaten by the warriors, and then left for dead. Jarveena survived. She made her way across the desert to Sanctuary, hoping to find some news of these men who had ruined her life. Instead, she discovered that the leader of the bandits was none other than Captain Nizharu of the Rankan army. Fate offered her a hand in seeing him hang for treason, and also introduced her to Enas Yorl, who took an interest in the girl. He encouraged Jarveena to leave Sanctuary, and she took passage on a ship. She had been working for Master Melilot as a scribe and runner, but now she is a trading agent, bringing him commissions from all over the world.

Shadowspawn on Jarveena

"Jarveena, as an apprentice scribe, joined forces with Enas Yorl to foil a plot against Prince Kittycat's life. It wasn't her love of his royal highness that persuaded her; it was the opportunity to gain revenge against the man who destroyed her childhood home."

Description

Jarveena is a thin girl of about 15 years, with plain features and dark eyes. A scar, just below her hairline, shows when she scowls, and she conceals a great many more scars beneath the boy's clothing that she wears. After her alliance with Enas Yorl, the scars on her body lessened, gradually transforming her into the beauty that she should have always been (increase her Charisma score by +4).

Personality

Jarveena is a tough young woman. She has endured events most adults never could, and not only survived, but made every effort to overcome the situation. With Nizharu's death, her thirst for revenge faded, and she discovered that she had no idea what to do with her life. Enas Yorl offered her a new direction, and she took it. Now she travels the world, obtaining business for Melilot. In return, she has freedom, and some measure of importance. She has a chance to travel. And every time she returns to Sanctuary, she visits Enas Yorl, and the shapeshifting sorcerer helps erase a few more of her scars. Jarveena has discovered, now that the scars are fading and her rage with them, that she actually likes being alive. She is beginning to enjoy herself. She also likes Enas Yorl, and is one of the few who has seen past his ever-changing shape to the man trapped within.

Jarveena

Female Holt fugitive, survivor 2, thief 1, savant 4; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d10+4 plus 1d6+2 plus 4d6+8; hp 47; Mdt 20; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 15, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +7 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +7 melee (1d6+1, unarmed strike); Full Atk +7 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +7 melee (1d6+1, unarmed strike); SA intelligent combatant, sneak attack +1d6; SQ fight or flight (defense), trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +11; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Listen, Spot

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3 (+5 books), Balance +3, Bluff +6, Climb +6 (+8 ropes), Craft (bookbinding) +8, Decipher Script +8, Diplomacy +2, Disguise +3 (+5 acting), Escape Artist +3 (+5 ropes), Forgery +10, Gamble +6, Gather Information +7, Hide +3, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +13, Move Silently +3, Profession (scribe) +7, Search +8, Sense Motive +11, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +13, Survival +7 (+9 follow tracks), Swim +6, Use Rope +7; Deceitful[B], Diehard, Endurance[B], Great Fortitude, Improved Damage Threshold[B*], Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Iron Will[B], Run

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Yenizen (W).

Contacts: Influence (Enas Yorl), Skill (Master Melilot).

Possessions: Leather armor, dagger, scribe kit.

Jubal

Sanctuary is a city of second chances, and no one knows this better than Jubal. Raised as a slave, and then sold to the gladiatorial arena for his height and strength, Jubal proved himself in the ring. He was undefeated as a gladiator, and grew so popular that finally the Rankan Emperor granted Jubal his freedom. But, of course, if he stayed in Ranke, he would always be known as a former slave and an ex-gladiator. So Jubal went to Sanctuary. He tried his hand as a sellsword, but found that crime suited him better. With the wealth from his fighting days, Jubal purchased the freedom of another slave, Saliman, and together they became thieves, drug dealers, slavers, and smugglers. And business was good—soon, Jubal was hiring others to do the stealing and dealing for him. He hired several sellswords to serve as muscle, and before long, he had an empire.

Shadowspawn on Jubal

"Lord of the hawk-masks, king of the city's underworld, and former slave turned slaver. If there's a criminal force to be reckoned with in Sanctuary, it's Jubal and his mercenaries. Up until Kittycat showed up, Jubal was the city's unofficial governor. Depending on who you ask, he still is."

Things were going well for Jubal up until Prince Kadakithis showed up. Before, he never had a problem witht the Governors; they could be bought and sold like



anyone else. However, Kadakithis' Hell Hounds are not intimidated and they are quick to beat the snot out of any of Jubal's men. Worse, hawk-masks are dying all over the city, brutally murdered and hung on display. It seems Jubal's days as the reigning lord of crime might be coming to a close.

Description

Jubal is a massive black man, tall and powerfully built. His skin is crisscrossed with scars from the arenas and also from his early days on the streets. When meeting a subject, he dons the blue mask of his organization.

Personality

Jubal is very pragmatic. He has some scruples, but not many, and they do not surface often. His first concern is that his organization runs smoothly. After that, he worries about his profits, then his men, and finally his reputation.

Jubal

Male Unknown prizefighter, fighter 4, gladiator 5, kingpin 9; CR 18; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d10+8 plus 5d10+13 plus 9d6+18; hp 125; Mdt 21; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 24, touch 18, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +15; Grap +21; Atk +24 melee (1d8+10/17–20, *+2 keen longsword*) or +19 ranged (entangle, net); Full Atk +22/+17/+12 melee (1d8+10/17–20, *+2 keen longsword*), +21 melee (1d6+5/17–20, *+2 keen short sword*) or +19 ranged (entangle, net); SA howls of lust and fury, retributive strike; SQ advisor (Saliman), fighter training, interests (drugs, slavery), network, organization (hawk-masks), outside the law; Rep +6; SV Fort +17, Ref +16, Will +9; Str 22, Dex 19, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Tumble.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +12, Balance +8, Bluff +16, Diplomacy +15, Disguise +7 (+9 acting), Escape Artist +13, Gather Information +23, Hide +9, Intimidate +31 (+33 in Downwind), Jump +20, Knowledge (local) +16, Listen +12, Move Silently +9, Perform (gladiator) +4, Ride +9, Sense Motive +17, Spot +12, Tumble +15, Use Rope +4 (+6 bindings); Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Dodge[B], Improved Disarm, Improved Feint, Iron Will, Leadership, Mobility[B], Spring Attack, Toughness[B], Two-Weapon Fighting[B], Weapon Focus (longsword)[B], Weapon Specialization (longsword)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S), Wrigglie (S), Ilsig (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (Hakiem, 2), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+4 studded leather, +2 keen longsword, +2 keen short sword,* masterwork net, *ring of protection +1, amulet of natural armor +1, belt of Strength +4, gloves of Dexterity +4*, *hawk-mask**, *periapt of wisdom +2*, *shadow cloak**, *soles of silence**.

*See **Jubal's Treasures** sidebar for details.

Saliman

Though Jubal was master of Sanctuary's underworld, he could never have stayed so had it not been for his friend and advisor, Saliman. Another former slave, Jubal bought and freed him shortly after he came to Thieves' World. Since then, Saliman proved he had a head for numbers, and has remained with Jubal ever since: first out of gratitude, and then out of friendship.

A small, lean man with a small pointed beard and a deeply lined face, Saliman is not a fighter. He is incredibly observant, however, and nothing escapes his notice or his memory. Saliman handles the minutiae of Jubal's operation, tracking every deal and every operative.

Each day, he reports to Jubal, glossing over the smaller details and focusing upon larger issues and any problems that have appeared. The two discuss matters, and together decide what to do. Saliman is the only person who can tell Jubal he is being stupid and survive; Jubal values his friend's intelligence and insight far too much to ever attack him. Saliman is also in charge of their espionage force, and all of their spies and informants report directly to him. He then collects the information and shares it with Jubal in a condensed form. Saliman does not have a life of his own—he lives for the organization. He has no family, no friends beyond Jubal, and no hobbies beyond tallying profits and expenses and devising new ways to streamline their operations.

Jubal's Treasures

Thanks to his adventuers and his position in the city as the kingpin of all crime, he has acquired numerous treasures. he used them to establish and maintain his grip on Sanctuary's underworld.

Hawk-masks

These dyed-leather masks were worn by Jubal's agents and enforcers during the Rankan era; a few still remain as historical curiosities. Thanks to minor blessings and spells used in their creation, anyone wearing a hawkmask receives a +1 enhancement bonus to all saves and a +2 circumstance bonus to Intimidate checks.

Faint abjuration; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, crafter must have 2 ranks in Intimidate, *resistance*; Price 1,400 sh.

Shadow Cloak

This item was owned by Jubal, who used it when he wanted to pass unseen through the streets of Sanctuary. The black cloth of the cloak blends seamlessly into shadows, giving the wearer a +5 circumstance bonus to Hide checks.

Faint illusion; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, crafter must have 5 ranks in Hide; Price 2,500 sh. [(5 x 5) x 100]

Soles of Silence

Another part of Jubal's personal arsenal of magic items, these sandals allow the wearer to move unheard over any surface, even the rubble-strewn streets of the Maze. The sandals give the wearer a +5 circumstance bonus to Move Silently checks.

Faint illusion; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, crafter must have 5 ranks in Move Silently; Price 2,500 sh.

Kadakithis

Even if his half-brother were not Emperor of Ranke, Kadakithis would be worth noticing. The young son of a highly placed Rankan house, he was weaned on court intrigue, and was a proven master of political maneuvers. Unfortunately, for all his intelligence and skill, Kadakithis was young, and very idealistic. The emperor was worried that his rivals would sway Kadakithis to them, and then use his support to launch an attempt on the throne. He could not risk that. But he also refused to kill his young half-brother.

Instead, the emperor sent Kadakithis to Sanctuary as its new Imperial Governor. Once there, Kadakithis worked hard to improve the lots of the Sanctans, passing laws and measures against undesireable businesses, and using the Hell Hounds to confront kingpins like Jubal. What shocked much of the city was that he actually *succeeded*.

Kadakithis' influence waned with the arrival of the Beysibs, as more and more control of the city fell into their grasp. However, even then, Kadakithis served the city, by taking Shupansea as his consort and encouraging trade between the two peoples, improving the standard of living everywhere in Sanctuary.

Sanctuary gave Kadakithis the nickname "Kittycat." Rather than get upset, he cultivated the image of the naïve, weak young man struggling to maintain control, as it put his enemies off guard. (Kadakithis was actually quite fit, and a good, if not spectacular, swordsman.) He was very sure of himself, and responded confidently to each new problem.

Shadowspawn on Kadakithis

"The Prince saved my life, and I taught him a thing or two about his palace's lack of security. There was more to him than most folks saw. I always got the impression that he wanted to be my friend, but the differences between us were too great to make such a gamble socially acceptable."

Through it all, Kadakithis was loyal foremost to Ranke. When the empire started contracting and suffering from the anarchy of endless short-lived usurpers, he, at Chenaya's insistance, left Sanctuary to make a bid for the throne. Most people believed he left with Shupansea, but the truth is not-at-all romantic. What happened is not exactly certain, but he clearly failed to take the throne, and along the way, Chenaya met her fate: drowning at sea. In all likelihood, the hero of Sanctuary probably died upon the knife of a thief in Ranke, who never realized who the prince was or the significance of the murder.

Description

Slender, blond, and good-looking, the prince looks more like a courtier or a court minstrel than a ruler. But no one who meets him feels that way afterward. Kadakithis is very observant, and very good at reading people. He also knows how to use his youth to his advantage, making his enemies think him weak until he is ready to act. Kadakithis really does want to clean up Sanctuary and make it a pleasant, safe place to live. He is starting to realize that this could take a very long time.

Personality

Kadakithis is anything but stupid. He knows why he was exiled from Ranke, and why he is here. But he is still determined to do the best job he can, and to clean up Sanctuary. Though highly educated, Kadakithis is very young, and very new to certain harsh realities.

Savankh

This legendary symbol of authority is said to kill anyone who lies while grasping it. In truth, the savankh is neither so powerful nor so legendary. The Rankan church consecrates the rods and presents them to the governors of all the Imperial cities. Anyone who holds a savankh is compelled to speak the truth, but a strong willed man can fight that compulsion (DC 14 Will save to resist). Of course, rumors that lying will kill the holder make few people inclined to even try to fight the urge to tell the truth.

Moderate enchantment; CL 6th; Craft Rod, *zone of truth*; Price 12,000 sh.

Kadakithis

Male Rankan aristocrat, noble 10, fighter 2; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 10d8+20 plus 2d10+4; hp 84; Mdt 21; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +9; Grap +10; Atk +12 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +11 ranged (1d6+2/×3, *+1 composite [+1] shortbow*); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +11/+6 ranged (1d6+2/×3, *+1 composite [+1] shortbow*); SA inspire awe, inspire competence, inspire complacency; SQ inspire confidence, inspire courage, organize +5, resources (×2); Rep +6; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +19, Climb +2, Diplomacy +33, Disguise +3 (+5 acting), Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +16, Listen +17, Perform (oratory) +16, Ride +16, Sense Motive +24; Agile Riposte*, Combat Expertise, Distinctive†, Distinctive Title[B]*, Dodge[B], Fame[B]*, Improved Feint, Iron Will[B], Leadership[B], Mounted Combat[B], Negotiator[B], Well-Connected[B]*, Weapon Focus (longsword).

†New feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** in this book.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Beysib (S).

Contacts: Information (Hakiem), Influence (Molin Torchholder, Shupansea, Tempus), Skill (Shadowspawn).

Possessions: *+2 chain shirt, +1 light steel shield, +1 longsword, +1 composite (+1) shortbow* with 20 arrows, *cloak of Charisma +2, savankh**.

*See **Savankh** sidebar for details.

Kama

Kama is Tempus' daughter, and as such, she inherited many of her father's talents and skills. A powerful warrior in her own right, she uses her martial prowess as an assassin rather than as a warrior. Kama has filled many roles in her time. She began as an initiate to Vashanka, later became a singer, and eventually joined up with the 3rd Commando. She came to Sanctuary to eliminate Roxane, but quickly found herself embroiled in the anarchy of the city, especially during the brief romance she had with Zip of the PFLS. She worked as the 3rd's liason to the Stepsons, which puts her into contact with great men — just as she likes it. Later, for a brief time, she bedded Molin Torchholder and planned to marry him.

Shadowspawn on Kama

"The daughter that Tempus never wanted. She's bad cess. In a world where a woman should know her place, Kama isn't about to play by society's rules. Tough, like her father. A cold-blooded killer, but even more ruthless, if that's possible. Anyone that goes near her deserves what they get."

Description

This tall, broad-shouldered woman is striking. Kama has long, thick black hair, a firm chin, and clear, narrow eyes. She is not beautiful, but her features are strong and attractive, as much from her force of personality as for the features themselves. She favors simple clothing to avoid drawing attention.

Personality

Kama speaks her mind. She and her father respect one another but there is no familial love between them. Kama is drawn to strong, smart, idealistic men, and has taken many lovers over the years, including the Stepson, Critias, and the Rankan priest, Molin Torchholder.

Kama

Female Rankan acolyte of Vashanka, assassin 10; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 10d8+40; hp 89; Mdt 21; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +7; Grap +9; Atk +10 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +10 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*) or +10 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *+1 longsword*) and +7/+2 melee (1d4+1/18–20, masterwork kukri) or +10 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*) or +10/+5 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +3d6, sniper; SQ poison expert, Vashanka's strength; Rep +2; SV Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +7; Str 14, Dex 17, Con 18, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Heal, Perform.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +14, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +6 (+8 acting), Escape Artist +11, Gather Information +14, Heal +6, Hide +16, Intimidate +3, Listen +17, Move Silently +16, Perform (sing) +16, Spot +17, Use Rope +3 (+5 bindings); Blind-Fight B, Combat Expertise B, Improved Feint, Improved Two-Weapon Fighting, Negotiator B, Quick Draw B, Two-Weapon Defense, Two-Weapon Fighting.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Zip), Influence (Tempus), Skill (Critias).

Possessions: *+1 studded leather,* buckler, *+1 longsword,* masterwork kukri, 6 throwing daggers, *+1 light crossbow* with 10 bolts, *ring of protection +2, gloves of Dexterity +2*.

Lalo the Limner

Lalo is, at heart, and has always been an artist. He wanted nothing more in life than to provide for his family doing what he loved. In his youth, he had a promising career painting murals and portraits. Somehow, over the years, Lalo lost his way. He drank more heavily, and missed sittings and deadines. People stopped hiring him, which only made him drink more. He and his wife Gilla, who has a sharp tongue but is also Lalo's greatest fan, have many children, and all live together in a tiny little house, which Lalo escapes to go drinking whenever he can.

Everything changed when he met Enas Yorl. The archmage hired Lalo to do a portrait and in exchange, Enas would grant him his heart's desire. While painting, he created (with the aid of Enas' magic) a portrait that revealed Jarveena's soul. So astounded was Lalo by the result that he asked for this gift to be made permanent.

What he didn't realize was that the gift he had asked for was actually a curse. Whenever he painted a portrait, he painted the subject's soul. People that were wicked or corrupt became bestial in the paintings, while the pure of heart were made beautiful. Lalo discovered that being able to draw a person's soul was not always a good thing, particularly since he did not know what the picture would look like until it was done. But if he lost one client, he gained three more, and their needs were few. And, over time, Lalo learned to appreciate his new talent more and more, and to judge people by their actions rather than their appearances.

Strangely, the curse was not content to remain as it was. It transformed into something greater and more dangerous. When Lalo painted from his imagination, he could breathe life into his works. He painted multicolored flies (which still exist in Sanctuary in the Irrune Era), created the beast of the Vulgar Unicorn, opened portals to other worlds, changed the weather, and more. Lalo could do anything he liked so long as he painted it first. Whether divinely granted (Lalo did traffic with the gods) or some manifestation of latent arcane talents, his ability to create made Lalo a valuable commodity in Sanctuary.

Description

Lalo is a short, slight man with thinning ginger hair and a growing paunch. He has thin arms and legs, and dresses in simple clothing. His hair is often disheveled, and he is often nervous and fidgety around important people. In the years that followed after gaining his "gift," he was in better health and set aside drinking to concentrate on his responsibilities.

Personality

Lalo is a friendly, easygoing man who thinks like an artist, seeing light and shadows everywhere and unconsciously posing each person he meets. Despite the difficulties, he is thrilled with his new vision, and excited about painting new works.

Shadowspawn on Lalo

"Lalo is an extraordinary artist, even though I'm not usually one to notice such things. He seems to capture the truth of a person's being as he paints them, revealing things that are sometimes best left unseen. I've sometimes wondered what I would look like if he painted me."



Lalo

Male Wrigglie craftsman, savant 8; CR 8*; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d6; hp 30; Mdt 11; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +7 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +7/+2 melee (1d3+1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SQ cursed, jaded, lore +11, master craftsman; Rep +5; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +11; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 12.

*Lalo is technically a CR 8 character, but the nature of his curse makes him one of the most powerful sorcerers in Sanctuary, and maybe even the world.

Background Skills: Concentration, Craft (painting).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +14 (+16 art, +18 paintings), Concentration +13, Craft (painting) +25, Diplomacy +3, Gather Information +14, Knowledge (local) +14 (+16 to navigate the Maze), Listen +17, Profession (artist) +18, Search +14, Sense Motive +15, Spot +17, Survival +4 (+6 follow tracks); Alertness[B], Fame[B*], Maze-Savvy[B*], Run, Skill Focus (Craft: painting), Skill Focus (Profession: artist), Well-Connected[B*]

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S), Ilsig (S/W).

Contacts: Information (Illyra), Influence (Molin Torchholder), Skill (Cappen Varra, Enas Yorl).

Curse (Su): The base effect of Lalo's curse grants him a +4 bonus to Craft (painting) checks and always reveals the "true nature" of the subject, as though Lalo was under the effect of a *true seeing* spell. In addition, Lalo may discover pieces of information regarding the subject's character and history. Treat this as a variant of the *legend lore* spell with no components, that does not require a legendary subject, and has but a single question available: "What is the subject of this painting really like?" Lalo must paint the images that come to him, rather than the prosaic appearance of the subject.

Lalo's curse eventually evolves, allowing him to create more than just a painting. The curse grants him the ability to *wish* without the XP component as part of his painting. To use, Lalo must spend 10 minutes per square foot of the illustration. At the end, he breathes into the image, making a Concentration check against a DC 15 + 1 per square foot. If he succeeds on the check, the image comes to life as a living being or as an actual object as created by the *major creation* spell. The effect is always permanent until destroyed. Lalo can use this ability as often as he likes, but the Concentration check DC increases by +2 for each time after the first. After he rests for 8 hours, the DC resets to its base value.

Possessions: Dagger, masterwork painter's kit, several rolled canvases, inks, paints, and other tools of an artist.

Lastel "One-Thumb"

One-Thumb's story is a perfect example of how Sanctuary does not pry into peoples' pasts. Which is good, because in this case, it would be more than most people are prepared to handle. By day, Lastel is a wealthy merchant, with a nice apartment in the Jeweler's Quarter. He is sociable, and gathers often with small groups of friends. By night, however, Lastel hangs up his fine clothing and removes the taxidermist's prosthetic that makes his hand look whole. He changes into worn, bloodstained clothes, buckles on his sword, and uses an underground tunnel to reach the Lily Garden before walking the handful of blocks to his tavern, the Vulgar Unicorn. Here, he is known as One-Thumb, and everyone fears him.

Shadowspawn on One-Thumb

"One-Thumb was a man to be feared before he vanished. When he returned from wherever he'd been, there was something missing, like he'd been touched by a ghost. He's still scary, in his own way, but it's not because of who he is, but rather, who he's with at the time."

The main reason people fear One-Thumb is not his swordplay, though he is competent with the blade. They fear his curse. It is well known in Sanctuary that One-Thumb is protected by a magical spell: whoever kills him is damned to an eternity in Hell. As long as he stays alive, the people around him are safe.

Shortly after Kadakithis came to Sanctuary, Lastel went to speak with Mizraith. Mizraith was one of the most powerful mages in Sanctuary, but his son and his chief rival were conspiring against him. They fought, and Mizraith won, but died in the process. He did transfer Lastel's curse to his sons for safekeeping, but a rival wizard, Markmor, decided that Lastel needed to be punished for interfering. He perverted the old spell somehow, and the next time Lastel went down into the tunnels of Undercity he encountered someone very strange: himself. The two versions of Lastel fought, and finally threw aside caution and lunged. They slew each other at the same time, their steel poking through each other's backs. And, thanks, to the curse, they would be stuck that way forever.

Eventually, Cime managed to free Lastel, though he was dazed from spending years trapped in that sorcerous hell. He found the Vulgar Unicorn to be run down, broken open, and mishandled, and immediately took control and tried to set things right. He later took up with Roxane and lost the Vulgar Unicorn again, this time to her demon, Snapper Jo. He tried to restore his control over the Unicorn, but eventually offended someone far more powerful than he and received a vicious sexual disease that presumably killed him.

The One-Thumb character later reappears, but not Lastel. The new One-Thumb was a carpenter who had accidentaly cut off his thumb and wanted a change of life. Strick, the spellmaster, gave the Unicorn to the man to manage it. The new One-Thumb is nothing like the original (male Wrigglie expert 4).

Description

Lastel is a large, heavy man with no hair and craggy features. He is missing half of his left thumb, though no one knows what happened to it, or when he lost it.

Personality

Lastel is smart, organized, and efficient. The Vulgar Unicorn is not pretty: the service is good, the food and drink mediocre, but the company excellent. Lastel runs the place very tight, often pulling surprise inspections on his staff. He has honed his "bartender" sense, and can actually tell when someone walks through the door looking for trouble. Those patrons are quickly asked to leave, and escorted out as quietly as possible.

One-Thumb

Male Rankan criminal, thief 6, aristocrat 2; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+18 plus 2d8+6; hp 57; Mdt 21; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 15, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +5; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d4+4/19–20, *One-Thumb's knife*) or +9 ranged (1d4+3/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +9 melee (1d4+4/19–20, *One-Thumb's knife*) or +9 ranged (1d4+3/19–20, masterwork

One-Thumb's Knife

Lastel, the one-time proprietor of the Vulgar Unicorn, also known as One-Thumb, carried a long bladed knife that gave him a slight edge in combat. When wielded in combat, this *+1 dagger* grants the wielder a +2 deflection bonus to his Armor Class.

Faint abjuration; CL 5th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *shield of faith*; Price 11,302 sh.

dagger); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +2, trapfinding, uncanny dodge, ward; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +7; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Bluff, Gather Information.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +12, Bluff +12, Diplomacy +3 (+5 when dealing with scum), Disguise +12 (+14 acting), Forgery +12, Gather Information +17, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (local) +13, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +5, Listen +11, Profession (innkeeper) +3, Search +12, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +14, Spot +11 (+13 to notice thievery), Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks); Combat Expertise, Improved Feint, Maze-Savvy*B, Streetwise*.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (Amoli), Influence (Mizraith), Skill (Cime).

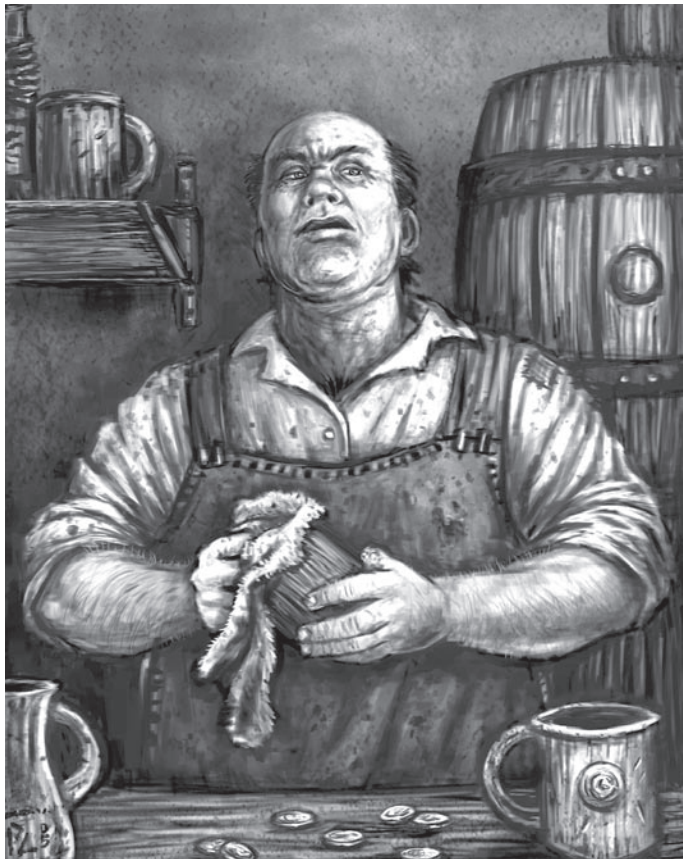
Ward (Su): One-Thumb has the benefit of being protected by a powerful ward that nearly guarantees no one will attack him. Whoever slays him will burn in eternal flames. The killer must succeed on a DC 25 Will save or be wreathed in flames and trapped in stasis forever. The flames deal no physical damage, but are extremely painful. Each week of being burned, the subject of the curse takes 1d4 points of Wisdom drain as his sanity flees. Once his Wisdom drops to 0, the subject takes Charisma drain and then Intelligence drain, becoming a husk trapped in the nightmare of burning alive forever.

Possessions: Leather, *One-Thumb's knife**, 2 masterwork daggers, amulet of natural armor +2. One-Thumb is quite wealthy, due to his noble blood and his success in Sanctuary's criminal underworld. When acting as Lastel the noble, he usually wears a noble's outfit and drips with jewelry.

*See **One-Thumb's Knife** sidebar for details.

Lythande

Lythande is one of the more famous wizards to grace Sanctuary. The tattoo on the wizard's forehead has elicited wonder and excitement, making him an iconic character despite his short stay in the city. The tattoo is a symbol of Lythande's dedication to opposing Chaos—that which will unravel the universe. Though it is his destiny to defeat Chaos in the end days in a climactic battle between Order and its opposite, he wanders the world until the time of his calling, doing what he can to stave off Chaos' taint in the world. Though a mercenary who will supposedly work for anyone who pays him, Lythande will not take a job that involves gods, kingdoms, hordes, or divine intervention. He is constantly looking for chances to drive the darkness from Sanctuary, and for opportunities to gain more wealth without any surprises.



Though Lythande is thought to be male, all adepts of the Blue Star have a secret. Lythande's is "his" — or rather, "her" — sex. Lythande is a woman. She guards this secret, for if it were to be divulged, she would lose her power. Only one person knows Lythande's secret: Myrtis, the madame of the Aphrodesia House, who is also Lythande's sister.

Description

Not every wizard is as hideous as Enas Yorl. Tall, slender, and athletic, with clean, handsome features and thick, gray hair, Lythande has turned many ladies' heads. But the only woman whose company he keeps is Myrtis, mistress of Aphrodisia House.

Lythande wears functional leather and cotton clothing, and a long cloak. He carries a handsome but well-worn rapier. The blue star tattoo on his forehead shows that he is from the Order of the Blue Star. Lythande is always careful to maintain his image as a powerful wandering mage.

Personality

Lythande is very quiet. He does not say much to anyone, and will not eat or drink in public, which means that by the time he reaches Myrtis

Blue Star Sword

Many of the adepts of the Blue Star have been trained in the use of weapons in combat, the better to fight the forces of Chaos. Lythande was a skilled swordsman who also used his magical blade as a component in spells. Other Blue Star adepts used similar weapons, and these blades are still found in the hands of some mages and adepts. A Blue Star sword is both a *+2 defending longsword* and a *+2 spell focus*.

Moderate transmutation; CL 8th; Craft Focus, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *shield*; Price 26,315 sh.



in the evening, she is exhausted and he is starved, both for sustenance and for company. Lythande often spends an entire evening talking to Myrtis, because she is the only one he trusts with his secret, and then he departs without a word the next morning.

Lythande

Female Unknown apprentice, mage 8, adept of the Blue Star 6; CR 14; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d4+24 plus 6d6+18; hp 85; Mdt 20; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21, touch 17 (19 touch spells and spell-likes), flat-footed 16; Base Atk +8; Grap +9; Atk +10 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *Blue Star sword*); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *Blue Star sword*); SQ arcane defenses, Blue Star tattoo, *detect magic,* expanded knowledge (×2), link (600 ft.), lore +12, secret (Lythande is female), secrets of the star (initiate), spell pool II, taboo (cannot eat in front of men); Rep +4; SV Fort +7 (+9 spells, spell-likes), Ref +10 (+12 spells, spell-likes), Will +14 (+16 spells, spell-likes); Str 12, Dex 20, Con 16, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Knowledge (arcana), Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Concentration +20, Craft (alchemy) +6, Decipher Script +22, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +7 (+9 acting), Intimidate +10, Knowledge (arcana) +24, Knowledge (history) +16, Knowledge (the planes) +16, Sense Motive +9, Spellcraft +25, Survival +3 (+5 on other planes); Combat Casting, Instantaneous Casting*, Interrupted Spellcasting*, Martial Weapon Proficiency (longsword)[B], Rushed Casting*, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Enlibaran (S).

Contacts: Information (Myrtis, 1), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 6th; spellcasting +18; ritualcasting +10; save DC 14 + spell level; caster level 13th.

Known Spells (18): *blink* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *blur* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *daze* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *freezing sphere* (5th, MT 60, price 6), *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *invisibility* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *light* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *lightning bolt* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *magic missile* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *protection from energy* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *see invisibility* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *shadow evocation* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *silent image* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *solid fog* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *teleport* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *veil* (6th, MT 70, price 6).

Familiar Spells (21): *analyze dweomer* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *antimagic field* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *arcane sight* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *dream* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *false life* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *fox's cunning* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *guards and wards* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *hypnotism* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *greater invisibility* (4th, MT 40, price 4), *lesser geas* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *mage armor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mislead* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *nondetection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *persistant image* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *plane shift* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *scrying* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 2), *shocking grasp* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *suggestion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *transformation* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *whispering wind* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Possessions: *Blue Star sword, ring of protection +2, lesser metamagic rod of maximize, amulet of natural armor +1, bracers of armor +3, gloves of Dexterity +2, headband of intellect +2.*

Shadowspawn on Lythande

"He might be a bit on the feminine side, but Lythande is a stout warrior whose skill with arms shouldn't be forgotten. He's also a magician, and they say that the blue pentacle on his forehead glows when he's about to turn someone into a pile of ash."

Masha zil-Ineel

Masha's family was once wealthy and part of the Ilsigi nobility. But they lost their titles and wealth, and Masha went from being one of the privileged to barely scraping by. She, her mother, her husband, and their three children lived in a small apartment on the West Side. Her husband, Eevroen, was always drunk, which left Masha to take care of the children and to make money. Fortunately, her education allowed her to become a midwife. Masha soon became the best midwife in Sanctuary. She was kind, observant, and quick with her hands—several times she saved a patient's life before the doctor (who waited outside the door during the actual deliveries) could be told about the problem. She also made false teeth and jewelry, all of which contributed to her limited funds.

Then Masha met Shmee, a strange little man from a distant land. Together they stormed the Purple Mage's island, snuck into the Purple Mage's lair, and killed him. Shmee died in the aftermath, but Masha made it back to Sanctuary with a bag of gold and jewels. She used this

Magic Items of the Purple Mage

The Isle of the Purple Mage had many wonders: magic items, monsters, and many spellbooks. It was a magical place, and one of power. What follows are two of his more famous items.

Kemren's Waterwheels

The infamous Purple Mage made this set of waterwheels to augment his magical abilities. As they turned, powered by an underground waterfall, they generated mana and channeled it to him. When Shmee and Masha reversed the waterwheels, though, that power turned upon the Purple Mage, drowning him on his throne. The waterwheels may still remain on the Isle of Shugthee, ready to be reactivated.

Kemren's waterwheels are a +7 *focus* for both spell- and ritualcasting. The wheels are stationary, powered by a flow of water; the user must spend an hour and make a DC 20 Knowledge (arcana) check to attune to them to gain their benefit. If the wheels are reversed (a full-round action requiring a DC 15 Knowledge: arcana check), they stop functioning, and the user must start making Fortitude saves or drown (as per the drowning rules in the *DMG*). Another full-round action will get the wheels flowing in the right direction again and negate the drowning effect.

Strong transmutation; CL 14th; Craft Focus; Price 73,500 sh.

Ring of Spider Mastery

Crafted by the Purple Mage, this ring allows the wearer to command spiders of any size, whether singly or in swarms. As a standard action, the wearer may attempt to command any spider within 30 feet as if casting *dominate animal*, even though vermin are normally immune to mind-affecting effects. The spider may make a DC 16 Will save to resist. Swarms are treated as a single creature.

Moderate enchantment; CL 8th; Forge Ring, *dominate animal, summon swarm*; Price 43,200 sh.

money to buy a home on the Processional, and returned to a life of leisure. She did not allow Eevroen to join her, however.

Description

Masha is a small wiry woman with pleasant features, a wide smile, and an aristocratic bearing. Even with her newfound wealth, she bears the psychological scars from living in Westside, and she's prone to fall back into survival mode, wherein she melts into the shadows and moves as quietly as she can. She also avoids ostentatious displays of wealth, wearing common homespun clothing.

Shadowspawn on Masha zil-Ineel

"Legend on the street says that Masha, along with that fat butterball Smhee, killed Kemren, the Purple Mage. How someone might believe that a midwife who crafts dentures in her spare time could kill someone of that sort of power is way beyond me."

Personality

She is very observant, very quick-witted, and very tired of other people making money off her efforts. Masha tends to speak her mind, and once she makes a decision, that's it. She prefers to study a situation before doing anything, but can respond quickly when necessary.

Masha

Female Wrigglie healer, savant 6, thief 2; CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+18 plus 2d6+6; hp 54; Mdt 16; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +5; Grap +6; Atk +9 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword) or +9 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +9 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword) or +9 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ evasion, good fortune, healing hands, jaded, trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +8; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Craft (herbalism), Heal.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3 (+5 dentures, herbs), Balance +6, Bluff +10, Climb +3, Craft (dentures) +8, Craft (herbalism) +14, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +3 (+5 acting), Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +8, Heal +17, Hide +8, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local) +12 (+14 to navigate Maze), Knowledge (nature) +12, Listen +15, Move Silently +8, Profession (midwife) +13, Search +5, Sense Motive +13, Spot +14, Survival +8; Alertness[B], Improved Initiative, Maze-Savvy[B*], Self-Sufficient[B], Stealthy, Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Rankene (S), Ilsig (S), Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1), Skill (Shmee).

Possessions: Short sword, dagger, masterwork healer's kit.

Molin Torchholder

At first, Molin Torchholder, like many Rankan nobles, saw Sanctuary as a dirty backwater slum, and an assignment there to be more of a punishment than a boon. With his wife, Rosanda, he left Ranke and set himself up in Land's End to begin work on the Temples for the Rankan pantheon. Though he worked earnestly, he was never certain why he was passed up for a more important assignment. What's more, he and his status-seeking wife could not bear children. They

Molin's Magic Items

Molin's station and importance within the cult of Vashanka provided him with many magical items. These are the most notorious.

Headband of Divine Favor

These leather handbands are inscribed with prayers and symbols of protection, entreating a patron deity to look kindly upon the wearer. When worn by a follower of that faith (whether a priest or a simple worshipper), the headband gives an enhancement bonus to the wearer's saving throws and a deflection bonus to her AC. *Headbands of divine favor* are available in different strengths, providing up to a +3 bonus.

Faint abjuration; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *resistance, shield of faith,* creator's caster level must be at least three times the item's bonus; Price 2,450 sh (+1), 9,800 sh (+2), 22,050 sh (+3).

Rod of Office

These metal rods are carried by priests of Vashanka, who use them in their prayers and rituals. They act as a *+2 focus* for both spell- and ritualcasting, but only in the hands of one of Vashanka's priests. In times of need, the priest can also use his rod of office as a *+1 light mace*.

Faint transmutation; CL 3rd; Craft Focus, Craft Magic Arms and Armor; Price 10,720 sh.

Savankh, Greater

While there are a number of minor *savankh* in existence, there is only one *greater savankh*, the true symbol of authority and power in the Rankan church. This rod came into the possession of Molin Torchholder, who hid it inside his staff; like many of Molin's secrets, it now rests with Cauvin, who may have given it to the Irrune or retained it for his own uses. Like the *lesser savankh*, this rod compels people to tell the truth (DC 17 Will save) – but the greater savankh compels those it touches, *not* the user himself. In addition, the bearer of the *greater savankh* gains a +2 enhancement bonus to Charisma and to all saving throws.

Moderate enchantment; CL 10th; Craft Rod, *eagle's splendor*, *resistance*, *zone of truth*; Price 44,000 sh.

were a disgrace, trapped in a loveless marriage, made worse with the stresses of Thieves' World.

What made Molin's life so difficult was that he was the product of a Ten-Slaying Ritual. An important rite for those who worshipped Vashanka, it reenacted the rape of Vashanka's sister, Azyuna. Ten slaves would be sacrificed by the high priest or representative of the god, who would then ceremonially rape the captive female. Brutal and uncivilized, but necessary to appease the fickle god of storms. Vashanka's mother, a Nisibisi slave girl with a talent for witchcraft, was the victim of this ceremony, and from the conception, Molin was born—and thought, at least at first, to be the avatar of Vashanka.

He spent his early years training in this role, but his Nisibisi heritage (both in appearance, and in his unusual abilities) prevented him from attaining his true potential. He held a series of important posts in Ranke, but when Abakithis took the throne, and sent his stepbrother away, he sent Molin with the prince.

And so, Molin came to Sanctuary, bringing with him the mentality and talents of Ranke's elite. Skilled at intrigue, deception, and double-dealing, he viewed his post with pragmatism, doing whatever he could to raise his esteem so that he could return to Ranke. But, through his efforts, he came to appreciate (though never love) the city and its inhabitants. When the Beysib arrived, he fully supported Kadakithis' efforts to court Shupansea to forge a stronger alliance, even going so far as to eliminate Kadakithis' wife, though that plan failed. As the fires of his ambition cooled, his marriage fell apart. While his wife packed her things to move in with a Rankan noble named Lowan Vigeles, he focused fully on stabilizing Sanctuary, which suffered from anarchy in its streets. He briefly courted Kama, but released her. And when Ranke contracted, he remained behind to usher Sanctuary into a new age.

For many years after Ranke fell and Kadakithis left, Molin wondered why he had stayed behind. He told himself that it was because Sanctuary was chaos he knew, and was safer than trying to return to Ranke while the empire was collapsing. Then he told himself that the people of the city needed him. But perhaps the real reason is that Molin was drawn to Sanctuary when he and Kadakithis first arrived, and ever since then it has dominated his thoughts. The city is his home, and he could not leave it, even if he wanted to.

When the Troubles began, Molin worked hard to contain the Dyareelan insurgents, combating their efforts at every stage. But when it was clear that they had dominated the entire city, Molin left for a year to court the Irrune, a tribe of horse nomads who were the ancestors of the people who founded modern Ranke. While away, the city suffered terribly, but Molin returned at the head of the Irrune horde and liberated Sanctuary, destroying the cultists wherever they lurked—or so he thought.

For the next ten years, Molin advised Arizak and committed himself to healing the scars of the city. He helped ease the transition for the Irrune, urging them to remain and govern the

Shadowspawn on Molin Torchholder

"Molin Torchholder is Ranke's spiritual leader in Sanctuary. He used to hate it here, but it seems now that he is more or less resigned to dying in this place. The sooner the better, I say. The last thing the people want is to have their gods and temples replaced by those of Ranke."

city, for they were new to Sanctuary, and not tainted by the city's past. He also maintained a strong influence in the reestablished Council of Oligarchs, encouraging relations between the influential Serripines Clan and the rest of the city.

One night, on his way home from a Rankan religious ritual, he was ambushed in the city by a Dyareelan cultist. The fight was brief, but Molin was poisoned. In his last days, he rallied his strength, and working with Cauvin and Becvar, unearthed the Dyareelan conspiracy and sacrificed himself to save Sanctuary. Though Molin is dead, he transferred his memories to Cauvin, allowing him to continue to work on the city's behalf even after death.

Molin didn't discover his latent witchblood, though he always suspected, until late in the Rankan Era. He worked to cultivate his talents, blending prayer with the power of his blood. Molin prefers not to use magic of any kind, seeing the cost as too high for the benefits of the spell. Instead, he has honed his abilities at fighting with words and reputation; failing that, he can always fall back on the tried and true methods of battle.

Description

Tall and fit, with proud features — long nose, square jaw, dark hair and eyes — Molin is every inch the aristocrat. He wears well-made, fashionable clothing of the finest materials, and shaves his cheeks and jaw clean every morning. Molin is the perfect example of the Rankan noble, well-dressed and well-spoken.

Personality

Molin is not a gentle man. He is hard on friends and enemies alike, but he is also extremely fair, and is a man of his word. He can be utterly ruthless when necessary. It was his suggestion to burn down the palace when the cultists were hiding inside, and his idea to poison those orphans who were too damaged to be trusted back in the city's society. Molin feels no regret over this; he did these things, and many others, so that the city could survive.

Molin Torchholder

Male half-Nisibisi, half-Rankan acolyte, noble 4, godsworn 2, priest 8, witch 2; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d8+12 plus 2d10+6 plus 8d6+24 plus 2d4+8; hp 116; Mdt 24; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 22, touch 14, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +10; Grap +12; Atk +16 melee (2d6+6/19–20, *+3 greatsword*) or +13 melee (1d6+3, *rod of office*); Full Atk +16/+11 melee (2d6+6/19–20, *+3 greatsword*) or +13/+8 melee (1d6+3, *rod of office*); SQ commanding presence, divine protection, force of personality, inspire competence, inspire courage, organize +3, resources, Vashanka's favor; Rep +7; SV Fort +14, Ref +12, Will +21; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 17.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +20, Concentration +13, Diplomacy +36, Disguise +6 (+8 acting), Gather Information +17, Handle Animal +8, Heal +11, Intimidate +25, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +18, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +18, Knowledge (religion) +13, Listen +10, Perform (oratory) +9, Ride +3, Search +3 (+5 secret doors), Sense Motive +17, Speak[B]eysib, Spellcraft +15, Swim –4; Fame[B]*, Greater Ritual Emphasis*, Iron Will, Life-Fueled Casting*, Mixed Ancestry*, Negotiator, Persuasive[B], Ritual Emphasis*, Ritual Specialization (augury)*, Weapon Focus (greatsword)[B], Witchblooded[B].



Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Ilsig (S/W), Beysib (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (Kadakithis, 1), Skill (Kama, 1).

Godsworn Spells: safe level 3rd; ritualcasting +19; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (3+d): *command* (1st, MT 20, DC 14, price 1) D, *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, melee touch +12, DC 14, price 1)*, *detect poison* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

Familiar Spells (2): *bull's strength* (2nd, MT 30, melee touch +12, DC 15, price 2), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, melee touch +12, DC 14, price 1).

D: Domain spell. Domain: Conquest (+2 damage rolls with greatsword).

Priest Spells: safe level 4th; spellcasting +12; ritualcasting +19; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (11+4d): *bless* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *call lightning* (3rd, MT 40, price 3) D, *calm emotion* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *cause fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert moderate wounds* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *discern lies* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *divine power* (4th, MT 50, price 4) D, *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1, *fog cloud* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *magic vestment* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *obscuring mist* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *sanctuary*

(1st, MT 20, price 1), *sound burst* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *status* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (14): *augury* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *consecrate* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *divination* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *endure elements* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *enthrall* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *gentle repose* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *glyph of warding* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *locate object* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *obscure object* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *prayer* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *speak with dead* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *zone of truth* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

D: Domain spell. Domains: War (bonus feats), Weather (gain Knowledge: nature and Survival as class skill, reduce wind potency by one step).

Witch Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +11; ritualcasting +18; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (4): *calm animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *guidance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *hold animal* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sleep* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (5): *chill metal* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *expeditious retreat* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *identify* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *know direction* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *message* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

*New spell; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Possessions: *+3 breastplate, +3 heavy steel shield, +3 greatsword, rod of office**, *greater savankh, headband of divine favor +3*.

*See **Molin's Magic Items** sidebar for details.

Mor-am

When the hawk-masks ran the show in Sanctuary, life was good. They could do whatever they wanted, go where they pleased, and didn't have to pay one padpol for anything. But then Tempus showed up. And then Jubal had the wrong urchin executed. And then all hell broke loose. Soon, it was a good idea to leave the masks at home and lay low. If you crossed someone in the past, chances were that someone had it out for you in the shifting power of Sanctuary's landscape.

Shadowspawn on Mor-am

"Worthless. Utterly worthless. A shite-sucking roach and a worse warrior. Wouldn't trust him for nothing."

Mor-am and his sister Moria (see the following page) dropped out of the scene, hiding out in abandoned buildings or in tavern attics. When word reached them that Jubal's compound had been attacked, and the hawk-masks' leader apparently dead, it put an end to their organization. Mor-am took to drinking and was unconcerned with the growing difficulties for his fellows. Finally, his luck ran out, and Moruth captured him. His men tortured him for days, disfiguring his face and destroying one of his arms. He was ruined, physically and mentally.

In his slow decline into obscurity, he occasionally served Ischade, who could dull his pain, along with his sister Moria. But he was never loyal. He occasionally spied for the beggars, and served as an informant for the Stepsons. As with all traitors, Mor-am likely met an ignoble end.

Description

Before the torture, Mor-am was an attractive man, clearly of Ilsigi descent, with tanned features and dark curly hair. He had a good frame and build, and had a quick wit. He enjoyed the power that being a hawk-mask gave him, so he rarely went without the mask. After the beggars ruined him, he turned deeply to alcohol and drugs—anything to dull the pain of his injuries. He stank of the gutter and was a thoroughly despicable man. He has a terrible tic that causes the side of his scarred face to draw up painfully when nervous or frightened.

Personality

Once proud, confident, and capable, Mor-am's biggest flaw was his arrogance. He thought, despite the collapse of Jubal's organization, that he could go on as ever before. However, he sooned learned his lesson and became a creature of suffering and addiction. He gambled often, drank too much, and indulged in dust, kleetel, and whatever else he could afford.

Mor-am

Male Wrigglie mercenary, fighter 3, thief 3; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d10–3 plus 3d6–3; hp 25; Mdt 11; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +5; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d8+2/19–20, masterwork longsword); Full Atk +8 melee (1d8+2, masterwork longsword); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, mercenary trait, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep –2; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +2; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 6.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +1, Climb +8, Diplomacy +0, Disable Device +6, Gamble +2, Jump +8, Hide +5, Intimidate +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +5, Open Locks +7, Search +4, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +4; Alertness[B], Dodge[B], Low-Profile*, Mobility, Spring Attack, Weapon Focus (longsword)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Information (Moria), Influence (1).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, masterwork light steel shield, masterwork longsword, masterwork thieves' tools.

Moria

The twin sister of Mor-am, Moria did a stint as a hawk-mask along with her brother. Not particularly great at this role, she got by, following her brother's lead. When Jubal's organization collapsed in the face of the minions of the Beggar King and Tempus and his Stepsons, she hid, fearful of reprisals by old enemies. She tried to convince her brother to lay low, but he never listened, to his own eventual detriment. Living in fear, she had many adventures connected with Haught, the ex-slave, and Mradhon Vis, an assassin and mercenary. Finally, she took service for Ischade, but instead of using her, Ischade left her in

one of Moruth's safehouses and surrounded her with plenty of food, drink, and finery.

Though surrounded by more luxury than she could imagine, she despaired. She ate and drank too much, put on weight, and sank into a black depression, made worse by Haught's distance. (They had become lovers for a brief time.) Finally, she became a tool for Haught's manipulation; he came to her and transformed her into an an image of beauty to seduce the noble Tasfallen. Unbeknownst to her, Ischade herself had designs on this corrupt aristocrat, so Moria found herself in even deeper straits when the noble tried to bed her.

In the chaos that followed (involving Roxane, Haught, Ischade, the animated corpse of Tasfalen, and a handful of Stepsons), she fled with another of Ischade's servants: the tortured Stilcho. A former Stepson, Stilcho was tortured and killed by Roxane and later animated by Ischade to be her servant and lover. Ischade seduced him every day — she, like the strongest drug, is irresistible — killing him when she was done. On the next day, she would fish his soul from Hell and start the process all over again. By the time Moria found him, he suffered terribly, mad from his loose soul.

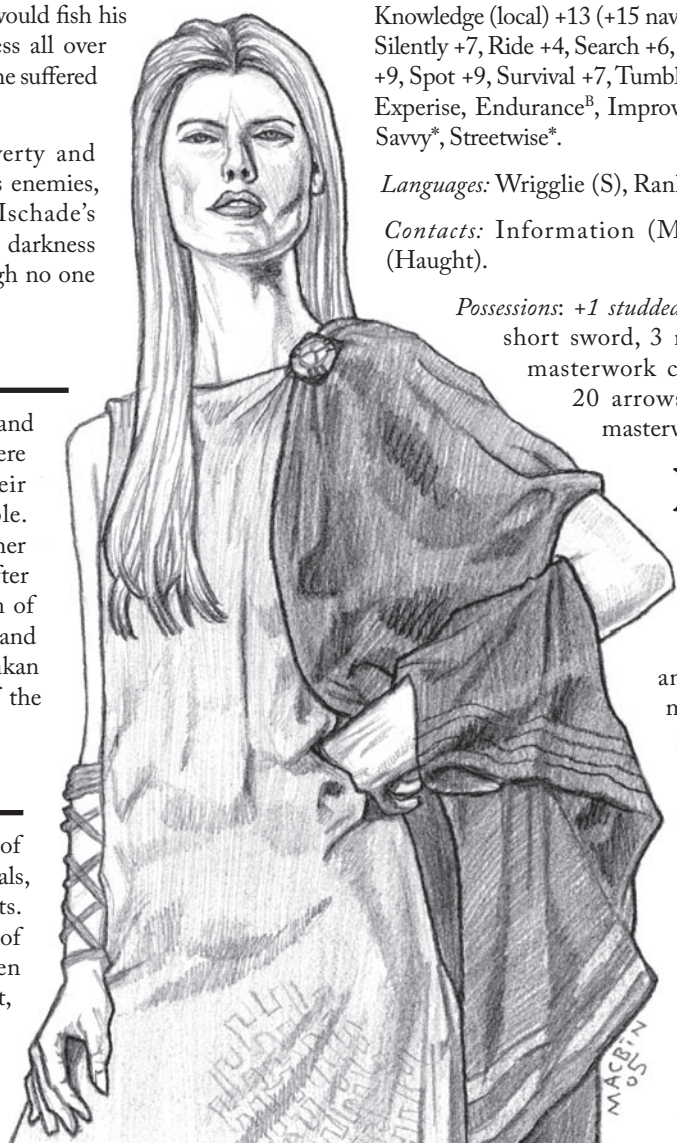
Eventually, through extreme poverty and the risk of being killed by Ischades enemies, Stilcho and Moria returned to Ischade's service, condemned to unspeakable darkness and perhaps terrible deaths… though no one knows for certain.

Description

Before her transformation, Moria and Mor-am were twins. So similar were they that, when they donned their masks, they were indistinguishable. She was tall and athletic, keeping her hair short in the warrior's style. After Haught's spell, she became a vision of beauty: tall, slim, with excellent poise and a soft and graceful voice in the Rankan mold, as she once was a beauty of the Ilsig kind.

Personality

Perhaps the most important aspect of Moria is that, through all of her trials, she was always a girl of the streets. First a survivor of the worst parts of Sanctuary, then a hawk-mask, then fugitive, pawn of Ischade and Haught, noble, and finally lover of a walking corpse. She never changed her beliefs, even when dripping with finery; she is a survivor.



Shadowspawn on Moria

"Jubal must've been scraping the bottom of the barrel when he recruited Moria as a hawk-mask. She's too damn scrawny to be a woman, much less any kind of fighter. She wasted a lot of her time cleaning up after Mor-am, that worthless brother of hers. She'd have been better off with him dead."

Moria

Female Wrigglie mercenary, survivor 3, thief 4, aristocrat 1; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d10+3 plus 4d6+4 plus 1d8+1; hp 48; Mdt 20 ; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 20; Base Atk +5; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d6+2/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +9 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +8 melee (1d6+2/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +9 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, fight or flight (defensive), jaded, mercenary trait, trap sense +1, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +7; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Balance +9, Bluff +8, Climb +8, Diplomacy +12 (+14 dealing with scum), Disguise +4 (+6 acting), Gather Information +11, Hide +7, Intimidate +13, Jump +10, Knowledge (local) +13 (+15 navigate the Maze), Listen +12, Move Silently +7, Ride +4, Search +6, Sense Motive +8, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +9, Survival +7, Tumble +11; [3+3b] Alertness[B], Combat Experise, Endurance[B], Improved Damage Threshold[B]*, Maze-Savvy*, Streetwise*.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (Mor-am, Mradhon Vis), Skill (Haught).

Possessions: *+1 studded leather, +1 buckler,* masterwork short sword, 3 masterwork throwing daggers, masterwork composite (+2) shortbow with 20 arrows, *hawk-mask* (see page 107), masterwork thieves' tools.

Moruth the Beggar King

The wealthy can walk right past a beggar without even seeing him, and even if they stop to toss him money, they will not remember his face five minutes later. The beggar, however, remembers exactly who those people were, when they stopped by, what they were wearing, and where they went… which gives the beggar a certain amount of power.

Moruth has learned to use that power. He is the self-proclaimed king of the Downwind beggars. Every beggar in Downwind answers to him, and so do many of the beggars in Sanctuary proper. All

Mama Becho

Moruth has a standing arrangement with Mama Becho. Mama Becho is a large, heavy woman who runs an unpleasant-looking tavern. Becho has her own local network, a pack of boys and girls who work for her, but they never go far from the tavern itself. The tavern is one of the few solid, permanent buildings in Downwind. Becho gives Moruth a place to meet with his people, and in return, Becho gets to be part of the inner circle. Mama Becho's best protection comes from her son, Tygoth.

report to Moruth himself, and he assembles the bits of information into a coherent picture. From that, Moruth can see what is really happening in the city, and can marshal his people accordingly.

Since Jubal came to power, Moruth has long nursed a grudge against the kingpin of Sanctuary. However, out of fear for his minions, he wouldn't commit to open warfare, preferring instead to find information to embarrass him. Moruth's beggars served Jubal as informants, and to ensure their continued service, Jubal periodically executed people as traitors, whether they truly were or not. Finally, when Moruth discovered that Jubal was butchering innocents as examples, he declared war on the hawk-masks. He sent out his beggar legions and set upon individual soldiers in Jubal's organization, mutilating them and leaving their corpses in the open. Moruth achieved complete victory when Tempus marched on Jubal's complex, thus ending the war.

Shadowspawn on Moruth

"Even the hopeless have their heroes, and Moruth is the master of Downwind's worthless rabble. He may be a king of beggars, but that doesn't mean he's stupid. Take care to watch your back if you wander in Downwind's alleys, especially after dark."



However, Moruth was not content. He continued to use his minions in the growing conflict in the city. Having replaced Jubal as master of the Downwind, he took part in the carving up of the city. Eventually, Moruth forged an alliance with Ischade, using her unnatural talents to give him an advantage in the ongoing strife.

Description

Who can say what Moruth really looks like? Some paint him as a grotesque abomination, the sum of all the mortal defects found in humanity. In actuality, Moruth is a dirty filthy man dressed in rags, nearly indistinguishable from the rest of his sorry lot. He has long tangled black hair and a face smudged with filth. Beneath the grime, he has two sparkling black eyes that betray his great intelligence.

Personality

Though lord of the rabble, Moruth takes pride in his position, and sees himself the rightful king of Sanctuary's desperate and despised. He is a fatherly figure, and his actions are always on behalf of the protection and advancement of his people. He has a sense of humor, though sometimes it borders on the macabre.

Moruth/Beggar King

Male Wrigglie beggar, thief 9, crime lord 7; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d6+27 plus 7d6+21; hp 106; Mdt 22; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 22, touch 16, flat-footed 20; Base Atk +11; Grap +13; Atk +14 (+18 sneak attacks) melee (1d6+3 [+7 sneak attack]/19–20, *sword of subtlety*) or +17 ranged (1d8+2/19–20, *+2 light crossbow*); Full Atk +14 (+18 sneak attacks) melee (1d6+3 [+7 sneak attack]/19–20, *sword of subtlety*) or +17 ranged (1d8+2/19–20, *+2 light crossbow*); SA sneak attack +7d6; SQ alternate identity, beggar king, beggar trait, bribes and coercion, evasion, improved uncanny dodge, information network, jaded, lackeys, resources, streetwise, trapfinding, trap sense +3, uncanny dodge; Rep +2; SV Fort +8, Ref +15, Will +11; Str 14, Dex 19, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 17.

Background Skills: Bluff, Disguise.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Bluff +31, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +34 (+36 acting), Gather Information +31, Hide +25, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (local) +29 (+31 navigating the Maze), Listen +14, Move Silently +25, Search +14, Sleight of Hand +20, Spot +14, Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks), Use Rope +6; Deft Hands, Leadership, Low-Profile, Maze-Savvy[B*], Rapid Reload (light crossbow), Skill Focus (Disguise), Stealthy.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Ilsig (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Information (Mama Belcho, 2), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *Sword of subtlety, +2 light crossbow* with 10 bolts, *ring of protection +2, amulet of natural armor +2, bracers of armor +4, elixir of hiding, elixir of sneaking, gloves of Dexterity +2.*

Mradhon Vis

Mradhon Vis is a mercenary, warrior, killer, and spy. He came to Sanctuary to find work—or so he claims. (He is a spy, after all.) Little is known about Vis prior to his arrival to Thieves' World, and he claims to have come from many places in the north. He was a partisan fighter against the Nisibisi, but he managed to run afoul of both sides, so he came to Sanctuary. A typical sellsword, he isn't selective about whom he serves, which is exactly what attracted Ischade to him.

Shadowspawn on Mradhon Vis

"A northern killer, detestable and untrustworthy. He's got more than a little Nisi blood in his veins, which is more than enough to warrant his death. He's also one of Ischade's favorite lapdogs. She must find him useful, since she hasn't killed him yet."

Shortly after coming to the city, he rescued Ischade from a street thug who thought to rape her. Ischade begged off the assistance — she was actually out hunting — but arranged a meeting between herself and the mercenary. Mradhon learned that she killed her lovers, but that didn't stop him from serving her.

Eventually, as the situation of the city's stability became more complex, Mradhon worked with Moria and Haught for a time. The alliance was brief, though it didn't end too badly. Mradhon frequently switched sides in the anarchy that erupted in the city. He's betrayed nearly everyone he's worked for, but has likewise been betrayed by his employers, and escaped nearly every treachery unscathed.

Description

Mradhon Vis is clearly a man built for speed. Tall and wiry, with long hands and fingers… his narrow, square-jawed face and wide staring eyes… everything about him proclaims that here is a man who is incredibly fast. And that is true: Mradhon Vis is extremely fast. He is also surprisingly strong, as befits a hardened mercenary. Vis's armor and sword are both a little worn but in excellent condition—clearly he has used the gear in actual battle. He is dark haired, and sometimes wears a thick mustache. He is pale-skinned, typical of a lower-class Nisibisi.

Personality

Vis is willing to do almost anything in order to get paid. He agreed to serve as Ischade's bodyguard, after all, even after he saw proof that all her male lovers die before the dawn. He sometimes sells information about Sanctuary to allies and contacts up on Wizardwall or elsewhere in the Mygdonian Alliance, and vice-versa. In fact, he will sell information or his sword to almost anyone. Vis has no friends in town, and that does not bother him. He is only concerned with making a lot of money and keeping himself out of harm's way. He has nothing but hate for the Stepsons, who captured and tortured him to extract information.

Mradhon Vis

Male Mygdonian mercenary, fighter 3, assassin 4, Nisibisi spy* 2; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d10+3 plus 4d8+4 plus 2d6+2; hp 55; Mdt 18; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +7; Grap +10; Atk +11 melee (1d8+4/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +11 melee (1d4+3/18–20, masterwork kukri) +12 ranged (1d8+3/×3, *+1 composite [+2] longbow*); Full Atk +11/+6 [BAB, 3 Str, 1 feat, 1 magic] melee (1d8+4/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +11/+6 melee (1d4+3/18–20, masterwork kukri) +10/+10/+5 ranged (1d8+3/×3, *+1 composite [+2] longbow*); SA poison use, sneak attack +2d6; SQ *detect magic*, evasion, mercenary trait; Rep +0; SV Fort +12 (+14 poison), Ref +13, Will +6; Str 16, Dex 18, Con 13, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 13.

*See **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Climb +8, Concentration +3, Craft (poison) +7, Disguise +5, Escape Artist +7, Gather Information +7, Hide +18, Intimidate +12, Jump +8, Listen +9, Move Silently +18, Ride +10, Search +8, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +8 (+10 decipher scroll), Spot +9, Swim +7, Tumble +8, Use Magic Device +10; Combat Expertise[B], Dodge, Improved Initiative[B], Magical Aptitude[B], Mobility, Point Blank Shot[B], Rapid Shot, Stealthy, Weapon Focus (longsword)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Nisi (S/W)

Contacts: Information (Ischade), Influence (1), Skill (Moria).

Possessions: Masterwork chain shirt, masterwork buckler, *+1 longsword*, masterwork kukri, *+1 composite (+2) longbow* with 20 arrows, *amulet of natural armor +1, cloak of resistance +1, gauntlets of Strength +2.*

Myrtis

The Street of Red Lanterns has many impressive brothels, but the oldest and most expensive and most impressive by far is the Aphrodesia House. Myrtis is that brothel's mistress.

Myrtis no longer takes on clients herself, however. She did when she was first beginning, but once she had opened the Aphrodesia House, Myrtis announced that she would not be part of the nightly entertainment. Instead, she spent her time welcoming the new guests, starting conversations, and helping each man in turn select a girl for the night.

Myrtis is very close to Lythande, and the only other person who knows Lythande's secret. She also controls the tunnels of the Undercity, particularly those passages that reach to the city walls and under them into her brothel and the others along this row.

Description

When she was young, Myrtis was breathtakingly pretty. As she got older, she began to get wrinkles, and her hair became shot with gray.

And then it stopped. That was a very long time ago — much longer than most people realize, and longer than any normal man might have lived. And yet, though Myrtis has more gray in her hair and a new line or two on her face, she still looks surprisingly young, and is still one of the loveliest women in her house.

Shadowspawn on Myrtis

"A true lady of the evening. Myrtis is mistress at the Aphrodesia House on the Street of Red Lanterns. She holds a lot of the power on that lust-drenched avenue. As far as whores go, she's practically respectable. She's got a good sense of business, and clean girls besides."

Personality

Myrtis is very protective of her girls, especially the younger ones. She will do whatever is necessary to keep Aphrodesia House open and her girls safe. When Zalbar the Hell Hound told her that she would have to pay twenty gold per girl, knowing that it would shut the house down, she did not pay. Instead she gave both Zalbar and herself glasses of same drink, to make sure he would drink the drug she had obtained. The drug made them fall in love with each other, and once it took affect she was able to convince Zalbar that the new tax would not be a good idea.

Myrtis

Female Unknown prostitute, savant 7, mistress of red lanterns 8; CR 15; Medium humanoid (human); HD 7d6+14 plus 8d6+16; hp 85; Mdt 20; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 15, flat-footed 18;[B]ase Atk +9; Grap +9; Atk +11 melee (1d4+2/19–20, *+2 dagger*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d4+2/19–20, *+2 dagger*); SA; SQ brothel (Aphrodesia House), employees, glamer, local legend (Perform: prostitute), master merchant, preferred client (×4), prostitute traits, slow aging; Rep +9; SV Fort +8, Ref +6, Will +16; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 15, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 21.

Background Skills: Gather Information, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +12, Bluff +29 (+36 against attracted targets), Diplomacy +38 (+46 against attracted targets, 40 dealing with scum), Disguise +5 (+7 acting), Forgery +14, Gather Information +30, Heal +13, Hide +6, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +14, Knowledge (local) +23 (+25 navigating the Maze), Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +9, Listen +13, Move Silently +6, Perform (prostitute) +15 (+23 attracted targets), Search +14, Sense Motive +23, Sleight of Hand +12, Survival +3 (+5 following tracks or underground); Appealing†, Distinctive†, Fame[B], Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Leadership, Maze-Savvy[B]*, Persuasive[B], Skill Focus (Diplomacy)[B], Streetwise*, Well-Connected[B]*.

†New feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2), Influence (Zalbar), Skill (Lythande).

Glamer (Su): Myrtis enjoys the benefit of a powerful spell cast by her friend, Lythande. It makes it so she appears young, fresh, and beautiful. This is a permanent spell effect that eventually fails during the mana shortage that followed the breaking of the second power globe.

Slow Aging (Su): Thanks to a permanent spell cast by Lythande, Myrtis ages far more slowly than others. This is a permanent spell effect that eventually fails during the mana shortage that followed the breaking of the second power globe.

Possessions: *+2 dagger, ring of protection +3, amulet of natural armor +2, bracers of armor +3, cloak of Charisma +2.* Myrtis is extraordinarily wealthy, with literally thousands of shaboozh at her disposal.

Nikodimas (aka Stealth, Niko)

Many of the Stepsons have unusual, even tragic, histories, but none more so than Nikodimas. Niko came from Azehur, the same place Tempus was born long ago. After earning his war name, Stealth, the young man worked his way toward Syr as a caravan guard while in search of a Trôs horse. Unfortunately, one of the caravan's consignments was lost to mountain bandits, and as punishment for his failure to stop them Niko was forced to serve as a bond-slave to a Nisibisi mage for a year. The mage in question, Datan, had a lover, also a mage, named Roxane, who would later become one of the Stepsons' worst enemies. Tempus and the Stepsons rescued Niko, when they fought and killed Datan. He stayed with them after that, and became a Stepson himself.

Shadowspawn on Niko

"My old mentor-at-arms, Niko. He taught me a good deal about fighting, feinting, and riding, though I taught him a thing or two about patience. I'm sure he'd have liked to see me join the ranks of the Stepsons, but I'd rather die than bend over to any man's whim, love or not."

Description

Young, slender, and bearded, Niko certainly lives up to his war name. He is phenomenally fast, both of foot and of reflexes, and

Dreamforged Cuirass

During the Rankan Era, the hazard mage Askelon made a suit of armor for Nikodemus, crafting it out of the dreams that made up his otherworldly realm. This *+2 mithral breastplate of spell resistance (13)* counts as light armor, so it does not impose penalties to spellcasting when worn by an initiate.

Strong abjuration; CL 15th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *spell resistance*; Price 22,350 sh.

he actually rivals Tempus himself for speed. But, more than that, it was his ability to move swiftly and silently, like a thin night breeze, that earned him the name, "Stealth." He has dark hair and tanned skin, and he rarely goes without his armor, which was given to him by Askelon, the entelechy of dreams, and is proof against even Roxane's witchcraft.

Personality

Niko is a Bandaran Adept, a master of both mental and martial discipline, yet he is hotheaded, emotional, and impulsive, and often dives into trouble without looking first. He is dedicated to the Stepsons, but he sees it as his duty to preserve them rather than to simply take orders.

Niko

male Azehuran acolyte, ranger 4, Bandaran adept 3, sacred bander 2; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d8+12 plus 3d8+9 plus 2d10+6; hp 73; Mdt 22; Init +10; Spd 30 ft.; AC 25, touch 16, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +8; Grap +9; Atk +10 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +9 melee (1d3+1, unarmed strike) or +11 ranged (1d10+1/19–20, *+1 heavy crossbow*); Full Atk +6/+1 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*), +6 melee (1d4+2, *+1 heavy shield*) or +11 ranged (1d10+1/19–20, *+1 heavy crossbow*); SQ coordinated offense, courage of spirit, favored environment (mountains), favored of the gods, *maat* 7, preternatural defense, sacred bond, *see magical residue,* spell resistance 13, trap sense +1; Rep +2; SV Fort +13, Ref +9, Will +8; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 16, Int 17, Wis 18, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Concentration, Diplomacy.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +8, Concentration +15, Diplomacy +3, Handle Animal +8, Heal +9, Hide +2 (+4 mountains), Intimidate +3, Jump +11, Knowledge (geography) +10 (+12 mountains), Knowledge (nature) +8 (+9 mountains), Listen +13 (+15 mountains), Move Silently +9 (+11 mountains), Ride +8, Search +4 (+6 mountains), Spot +14 (+16 mountains), Survival +13 (+15 mountains, outdoors, avoid hazards), Swim +5, Tumble +7; Endurance[B], Improved Initiative, Improved Shield Bash, Improved Unarmed Strike, Self-Sufficient[B], Skill Focus (Concentration), Track[B], Two-Weapon Fighting[B]

Languages: Azehurite (S), Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *Dreamforged cuirass, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 longsword, +1 heavy crossbow* with 10 bolts.

Randal "Witchy Ears"

As a general rule, the Stepsons don't allow wizards among their ranks. The exact reason isn't clear. It could be that mages are weak, unreliable, and dangerous, wholly unsuited to the rigors of the battlefield. Or maybe it could be that Tempus detests mages and refuses to have anything to do with them. In any event, mages don't belong among the Stepsons, almost without exception. And that exception is Randal Witchy Ears.

Born in Tyse, a city-state in the shadow of the looming Westwall (a mountain range also called Wizardwall), Randal had designs to sell



his service to Ranke, but when war erupted and the mageguild was founded there, he discovered he had a penchant for sorcery. Randal trained with the mages of the guild, rising quickly through the ranks, until he fought on the frontlines alongside the other great heroes of the Empire. During the fighting, he encountered the Stepsons and, having proven himself time and again, the Stepsons made a special exception to allow Randal to join, and he became Niko's left-side partner.

Shortly after becoming a member of the sacred band, Randal traveled south to Sanctuary along with the rest of the Stepsons who sought the infamous Death's Queen, Roxane. But, after they arrived, Randal found himself on the outside of his former colleagues and so, instead of barracking with his fellows, he holed up in Sanctuary's mageguild.

Randal became more and more a mage of Sanctuary, leaving behind his past. Still, he regularly crossed paths with his fellows, and was intrumental in destroying the Nisibisi power globes and ultimately defeating Roxane. Randal worked hard for the Mageguild, instructing novices, and probably worked with them until the Mageguild was destroyed.

Description

Randal is a gawky, youthful man (at least in behavior) with a freckled face, an infectious grin, big ears, a long neck, and long brown hair that he desperately hopes will cover those flaws. He is awkward, and often takes the form of a black wolf-dog mix. Unfortunately, Randal has several severe allergies, including dog fur, and even his own shapeshifted hair will set him to sneezing.

Personality

He is loyal, and the Stepson's expert on sorcery and secrecy. When he concentrates on magic, Randal suddenly changes from a boy to a man, and a powerful man at that. The Stepsons, having seen him in action, are very glad to have Randal on their side.

Shadowspawn on Randal

"Randal isn't one of those soft, belly-aching mages, and he's not afraid to swing a sword when he isn't casting spells. He'll turn himself into animals to blend in, so if you see a dog that sneezes at its own fur, then you've probably seen Randal."

Randal

Tysian mercenary, mage 12, hazard mage 1; CR 13; Medium humanoid (human); HD 12d4+24 plus 1d4+2; hp 60; Mdt 18; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 15 (17 against spells), flat-footed 16; Base Atk +6; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +10 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +10 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ arcane defenses, destructive power, guild member, mercenary trait, spell mastery (*alter self, dispel magic, fireball, polymorph*); Rep +4; SV Fort +6 (+8 spells, spell-likes, supernatural), Ref +7 (+9 spells, spell-likes, supernatural), Will +11 (+13 spells, spell-likes, supernatural); Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 21, Wis 17, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (geography).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5 (+7 alchemical items), Concentration +18, Craft (alchemy) +20, Decipher Script +20, Intimidate +16, Knowledge (arcana) +21, Knowledge (geography) +22, Search +7, Spellcraft +23, Survival +3 (+5 avoid hazards and getting lost), Use Magic Device +0 (+4 scrolls); Combat Casting, Instantaneous Casting*, Interrupted Casting*, Magical Aptitude[B], Martial Weapon Proficiency (longsword), Rushed Casting*.

Languages: Tysian (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Nisi (S).

Contacts: Influence (Niko, Tempus), Skill (Ischade, Critias).

Spells: safe level 6th; spellcasting +23; ritualcasting +13; save DC 14 + spell level.

Known Spells (16): *daze* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dimension door* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *expeditious retreat* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *fireball* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *hold monster* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *invisibility* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *lightning bolt* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *mage armor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *magic missile* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mirror image* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *resilient sphere* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *resistance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *telepathic bond* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *true strike* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Familiar Spells (22): *alter self* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *arcane eye* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *arcane mark* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *detect thoughts* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *dream* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *geas/quest* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *gentle repose* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *major creation* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *minor creation* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *phantom steed* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *polymorph* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *scrying* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *stoneskin* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *summon monster II* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *summon monster VI* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *tongues* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *unseen servant* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *wall of fire* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *wall of iron* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *whispering wind* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Possessions: *+1 longsword,* masterwork light crossbow with 10 cold iron bolts, *ring of protection +2, ring of sustenance, amulet of natural armor +1, bracers of armor +3, headband of intellect +2, knife spell focus +3*.

Roxane, Death's Queen

Roxane has many enemies, as she has had a history of cruelty. Once the mate of the infamous Datan, a warlock of terrible power and wickedness, she held Niko as a slave for many years until Tempus rescued him, killing her lover-lord in the process. When war broke out between Nis and Ranke, she was a principal antagonist, animating Ranke's own soldiers to fight against their fellows. In the end, when it was clear Nis and the Mygdonian Alliance were losing, Roxane was one of the witches who traveled behind enemy lines to create confusion and destroy the Empire's infrastructure.

When she arrived in Sanctuary, she learned many of her old enemies were there, perfectly placed for the revenge she craved. There were enough Rankans to slake her thirst for imperial blood and so she used Sanctuary as her a playground to commit attrocities so evil and so dark that the city was unprepared for the terrible violence that ensued. With her Death Squads at her command, she successfully disrupted the city. Open warfare on the streets made Sanctuary a living hell.

Roxane was finally defeated when Ischade and the Stepsons descended on her lair in the Swamp of Night Secrets, where they destroyed her power globe. Though crushed, Roxane continued to plague the city for a while longer, until Haught called her spirit into the corpse of the noble Tasfallen. But even then, she was outmanuevered, and was sealed inside the noble's house until Enas Yorl destroyed the house, sending it into another plane and destroying Roxane forever after.

Shadowspawn on Roxane

"She's just as scary as Ischade is, maybe more. She takes wickedness to a different level, scheming and planning and killing at her whim. Roxane is like a pale spider who spins webs and catches flies. She doesn't always eat them right away, either. Sometimes, she saves them for later."

Description

Death's Queen is hauntingly beautiful. Thick waves of ebony hair cascade down her back and frame her perfect, pale features. Her flawless soft skin is impossibly pale, and she would be a vision of the perfect feminine form, if it weren't for her pale gray eyes that look like grave dirt.

Personality

Despite her beauty, Roxane is cold and emotionless. She'll sacrifice anyone and anything should it aid her cause. She kills at leisure. Nothing is too cruel for Death's Queen, and she makes full use of torture, magic, or sex to get what she wants. Her one weakness is Niko. When it comes to him, she is prone to error and distraction, for she loves him most unwisely.



Roxane

Female Nisibisi aristocrat, witch 11, Nisibisi war witch 5; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 11d4+44 plus 5d6+20; hp 110; Mdt 20; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 14, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +8; Grap +8; Atk +11 melee (1d4/17–20, *+3 keen dagger*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d4/17–20, *+3 keen dagger*); SQ arcane endurance, death's mistress, sacrificial power, unique power (*animate dead, command undead, create undead, plane shift*); Rep +5; SV Fort +11, Ref +8, Will +16; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 22, Cha 22.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4 (+6 alchemical items), Bluff +20, Concentration +23, Craft (alchemy) +18, Diplomacy +26, Disguise +6 (+8 acting), Intimidate +27 (+30 recognized), Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (religion) +9, Spellcraft +25, Sense Motive +13; Distinctive Title*, Empower Spell[B], Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Instantaneous Casting*, Ritual Emphasis*, Ritual Specialization (*animate dead*)*, Scribe Matrix[B]*, Spell Focus (necromancy), Witchblooded[B].

Languages: Nisi (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S/W).

Contacts: Information (3), Influence (1), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 8th; spellcasting +25; ritualcasting +26; save DC 16 + spell level; necromancy save DC 18 + spell level; caster level 16th.

Known Spells (27): *animal growth* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *animate dead* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *cause fear* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *command undead* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *control weather* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *create undead* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *crushing despair* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *deep slumber* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dominate animal* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *dominate person* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *entangle* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *faerie fire* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *finger of death* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *greater shadow conjuration* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *haste* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *insect plague* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *obscuring mist* (1st, MT 20, price 1), polymorph (4th, MT 50, price 4), *quench* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *scare* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *sleep* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *summon monster V* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *plane shift* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *waves of exhaustion* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *word of recall* (8th, MT 90, price 8).

Familiar Spells (27): *alarm* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *antilife shell* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *awaken* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *call lightning* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *call lightning storm* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *commune*

Nisibisi Power Globes

One artifact for which the Nisibisi were famed was the power globe. The origins of these items are not certain, but their power was very clear. Looking like relief sculptures of the world, complete with bumps for mountains, they only functioned when spun. As they turned, they flashed with light, covering everything with a magical glow. Any spellcaster can use a Nisibisi globe. When used as an additional component in the casting of a spell or ritual, the globe confers a +10 insight bonus to all spellcasting and ritualcasting checks. However, the globes are draining, and deal 1 additional point of nonlethal damage for the price of each spell.

What makes these globes so dangerous was that they drew free mana to them, bending and distorting the mana field to artifically increase its potency. The mana field close to a power globe increases by one step. For each additional globe beyond the first, the mana field potency increases by an additional step to, at most, the Maximum Mana Field. When the globes are removed from the area, either destroyed or simply relocated, the Mana Field plummets one step below normal for every step that it was increased. So, for example, if a power globe is brought into a Normal Mana Field, it will increase to become a High Mana Field. Should the globe be removed, the Mana Field will drop to Low. The drain on the Mana Field lasts for 10 years for each year that the globe or globes were present.

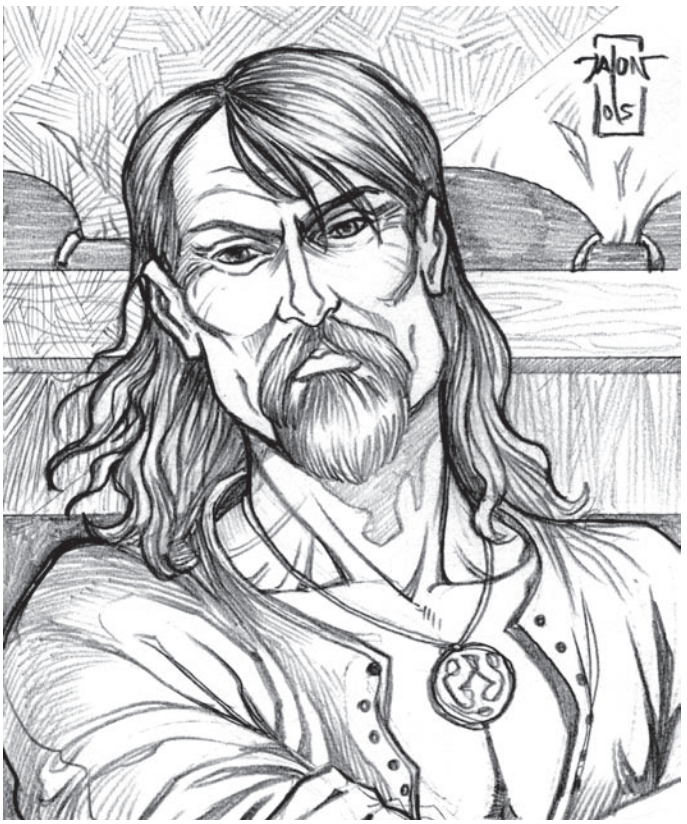
Overwhelming transmutation; CL 24th; Weight 5 lb.

with nature (6th, MT 70, price 6), *control winds* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *flame strike* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *gaseous form* (4th, MT 50, melee touch +8, price 4), *gust of wind* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *hide from animals* (1st, MT 20, melee touch +8, price 1), *ice storm* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *identify* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *locate object* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *message* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *modify memory* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *nightmare* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *resist energy* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sleet storm* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *soften earth and stone* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *summon monster I* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *summon nature's ally IV* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *wall of fire* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *whirlwind* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *whispering wind* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *zone of silence* (4th, MT 50, price 4).

Possessions: *+3 keen dagger, ring of protection +2, amulet of natural armor +2, cloak of Charisma +4, periapt of Wisdom +4, ritual focus +6, spell focus +4.*

Samlor-hil-Samt

The son of the wealthy Cirdonian Kodrix clan, Samlor disgraced himself when he got in the caravan trade to preserve the lifestyle of his noble family, who had squandered the income of their estates. Though they scorned him as any Cirdon noble scorns work and wages, they greedily took his money to keep the family name from slipping away. Samlor's sister, Samlane, lived in Sanctuary and was married to a wealthy Rankan noble named Regli. Samlor went back to visit her when she was pregnant, and she asked him for a knife. He gave it to her, whereupon she killed herself and her midwife, and set the room on fire, causing the building's roof to collapse. Samlane claimed that her child was actually a demon, and that evil priests had prevented her from being rid of it or from killing herself and the baby before this. Regli survived the disaster, and blamed Samlor for his wife's death, sending assassins after him. Unbeknownst to Regli, Samlane had another child, a girl named Star, before their marriage. Samlor has assumed responsibility for his niece, who is only a child but has already demonstrated unusual powers.



Description

A big, broad man with plain, rugged features and skin baked a deep red by the sun, he dresses in a long-sleeved overtunic gathered at the wrists, and sensible breeches and Northern boots beneath that. Samlor usually carries a boot knife, a dagger, and at least one other blade.

Personality

Though not a religious man, Samlor has found himself tangled up in the gods' wars, and has apparently been enlisted as a champion by the Cirdonian goddess Heqt, whose toad-face amulet he wears around his neck. Samlor is an extremely practical man, and prefers to avoid sorcery and anything else unreliable, though he knows a few spells to get him through tough scrapes. He is a very capable fighter, though he prefers to talk his way out of situations when possible. Though not a cruel man, Samlor understands that some people will only understand pain, death, and torture. He is willing to use those methods to protect himself, his property, and his people.

Samlor-hil Samt

Male Cirdonian merchant, ranger 3, initiate 4, Cirdonian caravan master 5; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d8+12 plus 4d6+16 plus 5d8+23; hp 104; Mdt 24; Init +6; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 14, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +9; Grap +13; Atk +14 melee (1d8+5/17–20, *+1 longsword*) or +14 melee (1d12+6/×3, masterwork greataxe) or +15 melee (1d4+5/15–20, *+1 kukri*) or +14 ranged (1d8+5/×3, *+1 composite [+4] longbow*) or +13 ranged (1d4+4/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +14/+9 melee (1d8+5/17–20, *+1 longsword*) or +14/+9 melee (1d12+6/×3, masterwork greataxe) or +15/+10 melee (1d4+5/15–20, *+1 kukri*) or +14/+9 ranged (1d8+5/×3, *+1 composite [+4] longbow*) or +13/+8 ranged (1d4+4/19–20, throwing dagger); SA combat style (heavy); SQ anticipate ambush, caravan defense, eclectic sorcery (Int), favored terrain (warm desert) +2, linguist, overland navigation, rugged +5, shrewd negotiator; Rep +3 [1, 1, 1]; SV Fort +12, Ref +14, Will +8; Str 18, Dex 19, Con 18, Int 17, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Appraise, Profession (merchant).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10 (+13 buying or selling), Bluff +3, Climb +10 (+12 ropes), Concentration +8, Diplomacy +10 (+13 when recognized, +13 buying or selling), Escape Artist +4 (+6 ropes), Gamble +12, Handle Animal +7, Hide +10 (+12 warm deserts), Intimidate +8, Knowledge (geography) +18 (+20 warm deserts, +23 avoid getting lost), Knowledge (nature) +9 (+11 warm deserts), Listen +13 (+15 warm deserts), Move Silently +10 (+12 warm deserts), Profession (merchant) +5, Ride +11, Search +9 (+11 warm deserts), Sense Motive +14, Spot +18 (+20 warm deserts), Survival +11 (+13 warm deserts, +18 avoid getting lost, +13 avoid hazards, +13 follow tracks), Use Rope +9; Cleave[B], Dodge, Endurance[B], Improved Critical (kukri), Lightning Reflexes[B], Power Attack, Quickdraw,

Toughness[B], Track[B], Weapon Focus (kukri)

Languages: Cirdonian (S), Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S), Enlibarite (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (2), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +3; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (3): *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *guidance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *resistance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

Familiar Spells (4): *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *light* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *lullaby* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *magic weapon* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Possessions: *+2 mithral chain shirt, +1 longsword,* masterwork greataxe, *+1 keen kukri, +1 composite (+4) longbow*, 4 throwing daggers, *gloves of Dexterity +2*.

Shadowspawn on Samlor-hil Samt

"Samlor is one tough bastard. When he comes to Sanctuary, you can rest assured that someone will end up bloody in the end. He's not a bad guy, unless you piss him off. Even then, he sees things through the eyes of a businessman, but you never know what his bottom line is."

Shupansea

A few years after Kadakithis assumed control over Sanctuary, the fishermen discovered ships approaching from the south. They rowed out to meet the strange sailors and learned that they were of an unusual race that hailed from the other side of the world. The Beysibs were crushed after a usurper ousted the Beysa, the divine avatar and high priestess of Mother Bey. Because the Beysibs believe Mother Bey cannot rid their land of evil while there's a chance the innocent might be injured, they fled. The fishermen ushered the Beysibs into the city, but Sanctuary resisted their presence. The cohabitation of the city created terrible difficulties for many years, culminating in widespread anarchy as Roxane's Death Squads fought with the PFLS, the Stepsons, and others. But through it all, Shupansea, the Beysa, guided her people as best she could.

Shupansea might seem inexperienced and naïve, but she is cunning, adept at diplomacy, and competent in office. She gathered skilled advisors: courted Kadakithis, charmed Molin, and enlisted Hakiem to help acclimate her to Sanctuary's unusual atmosphere. Though the Beysibs were terribly persecuted by the locals, she prevented the worst from occuring (for a time, at least), using a firm hand to ensure justice would be served and to preserve her people and their way of life.

Things began to unravel when she fell in love with Kadakithis. The two nobles were distracted by their passion, and the city descended into chaos around them. She planned to wed the Prince and further cement the Beysib's place in the city, but before they could marry, word reached Sanctuary that the usurper was dead and that the Beysib were free to return to their homeland.

Description

Though she has unusual features, like all Beysib do, Shupansea is a vision of beauty. She has deep pools of blue for her eyes and thigh-length silky golden hair. She dresses in the Beysib fashion — which is to say, she is naked but for paint from the waist up, something Sanctans see as scandalous. After a year or so in Sanctuary's less-than-balmy climate, she began wearing garments that hewed more closely to the Rankan style, though she still had the habit of painting her face with opalescent cosmetics.

Shadowspawn on Shupansea

"I never liked the Beysa. Hell, I never liked the fish-eyed folk at all. I could never really see what Kittycat saw in Shupansea, unless it was her perky, painted chest. I always figured it was some fish-blooded magic or sorcery that was blinding him."

Personality

Shupansea is imperious, and is used to being obeyed without question. But she is no fool, and she recognizes she is in a unique new situation. She has done her best to adapt, and to reduce her demands and be more genial toward her hosts and neighbors.

Shupansea, the Beysa

Female Beysib acolyte, noble 2, priestess 9, chosen of Bey 5; CR 16; Medium outsider (augmented humanoid, Beysib, native); HD 2d8+4 plus 9d6+18 plus 4d8+8; hp 92; Mdt 23; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 12, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +8; Grap +9; Atk +10 melee (1d6+2/19–20, *+1 short sword*) or +11 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, *+1 dagger*); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+2/19–20, *+1 short sword*) or +11 ranged (1d4+2/19–20, *+1 dagger*); SA animal companion (beynit), channel divine power 6/day, enhance venom; SQ acolyte trait, Beysa, Beysib traits, commanding presence, damage reduction 10/magic, diplomat, guidance, immune to poison, inspire courage, organize +3, poison blood, snake empathy +18, transmute venom; Rep +7; SV Fort +11, Ref +10, Will +22; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 24, Cha 20.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8 (+10 poison), Bluff +22, Concentration +16, Craft (poison) +13, Diplomacy +32, Disguise +5 (+7 acting), Handle Animal +10, Heal +16, Intimidate +18, Knowledge (history) +17, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +7, Knowledge (religion) +21, Listen +11, Perform (oratory) +14, Sense Motive +24, Spellcraft +12, Spot +11, Swim +9; Appealing†, Distinctive Title[B]*, Fame*, Great Piety†, Iron Will, Leadership, Lightning Reflexes[B], Persuasive.

†New feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Languages: Beysib (S/W), Rankene (S), Ilsig (S).

Contacts: Information (2), Influence (Kadakithis, Molin Torchholder).

Spells: safe level 5th; spellcasting +13; ritualcasting +24; save DC 17 + spell level; caster level 11th.

Known Spells (14+5d): *bless* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *cause fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert moderate wounds* (2nd, MT 30,

Beynit

Tiny Animal

Hit Dice: 1d8+2 (6 hp)
Massive Damage Threshold: 7
Initiative: +6
Speed: 20 ft. (4 squares), climb 40 ft., swim 20 ft.
Armor Class: 20 (+2 size, +6 Dex, +2 natural), touch 18, flat-footed 14
Base Attack/Grapple: +0/–11
Attack: Bite +8 melee (1d3–3 plus poison)
Full Attack: Bite +8 melee (1d3–3 plus poison)
Space/Reach: 2-1/2 ft./0 ft.
Special Attacks: Poison
Special Qualities: Scent
Saves: Fort +4, Ref +8, Will +2
Abilities: Str 5, Dex 22, Con 15, Int 2, Wis 15, Cha 10
Skills: Balance +14, Climb +14, Hide +18, Listen +8, Spot +8, Swim +5
Feats: Ability Focus (poison)[B], Weapon Finesse

Environment: Temperate marshes
Organization: Solitary, nest (2–16), host (20–200)
Challenge Rating: 2
Treasure: None
(Alignment): Always neutral
Advancement: —
Level Adjustment: —

"In the shadowy dawn of creation, Bey removed Beynit from the gap between her legs… making it possible for Bey to give birth to the universe. Hence, Beynit was a part of the goddess in a way which the [rest of the] universe was not."

The beynit is a small, extremely poisonous snake. Venerated by the Beysib as both a religious symbol and as the manifestation of divine will, it is a sacred animal. As a symbol, it symbolizes the cthonic aspects of Mother Bey, having the ability to reach secret places, to breach barriers often hidden and protected. It also represents eternity, sometimes symbolized as the snake eating its own tail. For divine will, its venom is the clearest expression of the goddess' disfavor.

Small and green, with a scarlet maw, this snake is rarely, if ever, found outside of the Beysib Empire. These sacred animals are always in the keeping of the priests of Bey. However, there are plenty of places to hide in Sanctuary, so it's not impossible for a beynit or two to have been left behind.

Combat

The beynit is a vicious foe, using its bite attack to inject powerful nerve toxins into their opponents.

Poison (Ex): Injury, Fortitude DC 16, initial damage 1d6 Dex, secondary damage 2d6 Con. The save DC is Constitution-based and includes a +2 racial bonus and the +2 bonus from the Ability Focus (poison) feat.

Skills: Beynits have a +4 racial bonus on Hide, Listen, and Spot checks and a +8 racial bonus on Balance and Climb checks. A beynit can always choose to take 10 on a Climb check, even if rushed or threatened. Beynits use either their Strength modifier or Dexterity modifier for Climb checks, whichever is higher. A beynit has a +8 racial bonus on any Swim check to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. It can always choose to take 10 on a Swim check, even if distracted or endangered. It can use the run action while swimming, provided it swims in a straight line.

price 2), *discern lies* (4th, MT 50, price 4) D, *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *divine favor* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *eagle's splendor* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *enthrall* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *flame strike* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *greater command* (5th, MT 60, price 5) D, *guidance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *magic vestment* (3rd, MT 40, price 3) D, *neutralize poison* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *poison* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *searing light* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *slay living* (5th, MT 60, price 5).

D: Domain spell. Domains: Animal (1/day, *speak with animals*), Nobility (inspire allies).

Familiar Spells (20): *augury* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bless water* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *calm emotions* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *commune* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *consecrate* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert critical wounds* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *daylight* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3)*, *hallow* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *heal* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *helping hand* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *lesser planar ally* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *remove disease* (3rd, MT 40, DC 20, price 3), *remove paralysis* (2nd, MT 30, DC 19, price 2), *scrying* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *summon monster III* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *zone of truth* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

*New spell; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Possessions: *+1 short sword, +1 dagger, amulet of natural armor +4, bracers of armor +4, cloak of Charisma +4, periapt of Wisdom +6, +6 ritual focus.*

Straton (Ace)

A Stepson, Straton (also called "Ace") is third in command of the sacred banders and also serves as the organization's chief interrogator. Paired with Critias, Straton had a commendable career until Tempus left him in charge of Sanctuary's defenses when he took the Stepsons north to Wizardwall. He fell in love with the necromant Ischade, and became embroiled in her machinations. She seeded his mind with ambition, urging him to take control over the city and rule it as its master. And though Strat served Ischade's interests, there was a powerful bond between them, strong enough to threaten his vows to the Stepsons.

When Tempus returned, Crit found Strat a changed man. He rode a zombie steed, he visited Ischade regularly, and he had let the city descend into chaos. Strat refused to see what had happened to him and was caught between his loyalties. To make matters worse, Strat was not touched by Ischade's curse because there was enough death in Sanctuary to sate her; so long as she had the likes of Janni and Stilcho to feed her curse, it wouldn't come to rest on Strat. However, the necromant realized that, as the city stabilized and magic fled, he would succumb. She believed if they met again as lovers, he would die. To protect him, she severed their relationship, driving him to the brink of madness.

In his crazed state, he couldn't reconcile the feelings of betrayal with his responsibility to the Stepsons and, ultimately, the city. This put him in bad spots, such as being shot by the rooftop assassin and witnessing the horrors of the Tasfalen House first-hand. In the end, Strat finally came to his senses when he rescued Crit from his captor. Ischade freed him from his love, allowing him to return to the life he had before.

Strat's Horse

As a gift, Ischade restored Strat's horse to a semblance of life. Though Strat could never perceive it, others noticed the fact that it never ate, was cool to the touch, and, in short, was an undead steed. Eerily, it had a hole in the shoulder, through which the fires of hell could be seen (DC 20 Spot check).

Strat's Horse

Large Undead; HD 6d12; hp 39; Mdt —; Init +0; Spd 50 ft.; AC 17, touch 9, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +3; Grap +14; Atk +9 melee (1d6+6, hoof); Full Atk +9 melee (1d6+6, 2 hooves), +4 melee (1d4+3, bite); Space/Reach 10 ft./5 ft.; SQ low-light vision; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +5; Str 24, Dex 11, Con —, Int 2, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Listen +7, Spot +6; Alertness, Endurance, Run.

When the Stepsons pulled out of Sanctuary, he went with them, leaving his heartbreak and sorrow behind in *Thieves' World*.

Description

Straton is a tall and muscular man, with a body honed for fighting. He wears his brown hair short and has flashing gray eyes. Strat never goes anywhere without his armor; he's learned Sanctuary is simply too dangerous, and that the Stepsons have too many enemies.

Shadowspawn on Straton

"Until Strat fell for Ischade, he was Crit's partner. He picked a terrible time to fall in love, and an even worse woman to fall in love ***with***. I used to think he was a smart, practical man, but that witch must've stirred him up pretty good. Was she in love with him, too, or was she just happy that he hadn't up and died on her yet?"

Personality

Strat is a serious, no-nonsense commander. He takes his responsibility very seriously; up until he fell under Ischade's sway, he was considered one of the Stepsons' best. He is passionate and deeply in love with the Necromant, which clouds his mind with feelings of betrayal and melancholy.

Strat

Male Rankan mercenary, ranger 6, fighter 3, sacred bander 2; CR 11; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8+12 plus 3d10+6 plus 2d10+4; hp 80; Mdt 25; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 22, touch 12, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +11; Grap +14; Atk +17 melee (1d10+5/17–20, *+2 cold iron bastard sword*) or +13 ranged (1d10/19–20, masterwork heavy crossbow); Full Atk +17/+12/+7 melee (1d10+5/17–20, *+2 cold iron bastard sword*) or +13 ranged (1d10/19–20, masterwork heavy crossbow); SA coordinated offense; SQ favored terrain (mountains +4, hills +2), improved combat style (heavy), mercenary trait, sacred bond (Crit), trap sense +1; Rep +2; SV Fort +13, Ref +7, Will +3; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Ride.

Skills and Feats: Climb +0, Diplomacy +4, Handle Animal +16, Hide –5 (–1 mountains, –3 hills), Intimidate +15, Jump +6, Knowledge (geography) +10, Listen +14 (+18 mountains, +16 hills), Move Silently +4 (+8 mountains, +6 hills), Ride +19, Search +1 (+5 mountains, +3 hills), Sense Motive +2, Spot +14 (+18 mountains, +16 hills), Survival +9 (+11 avoid hazards and getting lost, +13 mountains, +11 hills), Swim –6; Cleave[B], Diehard, Endurance[B], Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword)[B], Great Cleave[B], Improved Critical (bastard sword), Improved Damage Threshold*, Power Attack[B], Negotiator[B], Track[B], Weapon Focus (bastard sword).

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Islig (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Mradhon Vis), Influence (Crit), Skill (Ischade).

Possessions: *+1 banded mail, +1 heavy steel shield, +2 cold iron bastard sword,* masterwork heavy crossbow with 10 bolts, *ring of protection +1.*



Tempus

Tempus was born long ago in Azehur. He was next in line for the throne, but he was young and idealistic and stepped back so his brother could rule in his stead. What happened next is unclear. It had something to do with wizards, because Tempus still holds a grudge against all mages. It seems to have affected him and his sister, Cime, and apparently it made the two of them immortal, because Tempus is several centuries old. He left Azehur, and was a philosopher for a time. He was also an acolyte of the Blue Star, though he was never made an Adept.

Shadowspawn on Tempus

"Tempus, called 'Riddler' by his buggering Stepson lackeys. After Kurd got a hold of him, cut out his tongue, and carved on him like a game hen, he wasn't much to look at. After a couple of weeks, though, those wounds were gone, and it was like nothing had ever happened."

Some time after that, Vashanka found him. The Rankan war god made Tempus his servant and avatar, and granted him speed, strength, and rapid healing in exchange for his service. For many years, he fought for Vashanka; during the Ranke-Ilsigi War, Tempus was on the front lines of every engagement. And, a short while after Kadakithis came to Sanctuary, the Riddler followed. He had taken the name Tempus only recently — his true name is actually Cletus. He served briefly as a Hell Hound, but did not acknowledge Zalbar as his superior, and barely tolerated orders from Kadakithis himself. Instead, Tempus came to Sanctuary at Vashanka's bidding, to see the temple built in his name and the rival Ilsigi gods weakened and destroyed.

Later, Tempus' adopted son, Abarsis, came to Sanctuary at the head of an army of mercenaries. The sacred band had made the journey to recruit Tempus and bring him into their fold. Naming themselves the Stepsons, after Abarsis' relationship with the Riddler (a nickname of unclear origins), it took Abarsis' death to convince Vashanka's godsworn to lead them.



Tempus took the Stepsons out of Sanctuary, leaving a garrison to protect the Emperor while the rest went north to help Ranke in its fight against the Nisibisi warlocks. No one is sure exactly what happened, except that on the battlefield, Tempus made an alliance with General Theron, a bloody general with many victories under his belt. Later, Tempus, his daughter Kama, and others murdered Abakithis and installed Theron on the throne to save the Empire from collapse. Unfortunately, it was too late, and so while Ranke declined, and after Roxane was contained, Tempus left Sanctuary for good, leading the Stepsons to new lands, new wars, and possibly new worlds.

Description

Tempus is a big man, just shy of seven feet tall. He has long blond hair and blocky, heavy features. He generally wears a short beard but, thanks to his curse, he can mask his features at will. He heals at an incredibly fast rate, even regrowing lost limbs. He prefers to wear armor wherever he goes and is rarely without a Trôs horse.

Personality

Tempus hates mages, and will often hunt and kill them. He also hates criminals, and particularly criminal overlords — in Sanctuary, he made it a personal mission to destroy Jubal's criminal empire by killing his hawk-masks and other agents whenever possible. He does not talk much, and when he does, he's often condescending. Tempus did find himself liking two very different young men in Sanctuary, however. One was Prince Kadakithis himself, and the other was the thief Hanse Shadowspawn. Hanse saved his life and later rescued him from Kurd. Tempus honors his debts, though he strives to keep his distance from people, for those who love him (or whom he loves) are fated to come to an ill end.

Tempus

Male Azehur cursed, godsworn 24, Hell Hound 2; CR 26; Medium outsider (human, immortal, native); HD 24d10+96 plus 2d12+8; hp 253; Mdt 24; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 26, touch 20, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +23; Grap +27; Atk +33 melee (2d6+11/19–20, *+5 Enlibrite greatsword*) or +31 ranged (1d8+7/×3, *+3 composite (+4) longbow*); Full Atk +33 melee (2d6+11/19–20, *+5 Enlibrite greatsword*) or +31 ranged (1d8+7/×3, *+3 composite (+4) longbow*); SA battle fervor (5/day), pack tactics, smite enemy; SQ aura of courage, cursed, damage reduction 10/magic, divine fortitude, divine health, divine protection, divine shield, divinely favored, fearsome reputation, spell resistance 31; Rep +8; SV Fort +21, Ref +22, Will +24; Str 18, Dex 20, Con 18, Int 18, Wis 21, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Ride.

Skills and Feats: Climb +6, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +11, Handle Animal +30, Intimidate +34, Jump +6, Knowledge (nobility

and royalty) +16, Knowledge (religion) +19, Ride +38, Sense Motive +32, Swim +6, Use Rope +7; Combat Expertise, Diehard, Dodge, Endurance, Iron Will, Mobility, Mounted Combat[B], Power Attack[B], Ride-By Attack, Spirited Charge, Trample, Weapon Focus (greatsword)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S), Cirdonian (S), Wrigglie (S), Nisi (S).

Contacts: Information (Shadowspawn), Influence (Kadakithis), Skill (Cime, Crit, Niko, Randal).

Cursed (Su): When he accepted service to Vashanka, he gained a curse. Tempus can no longer sleep, which makes him angry and frustrated but has no other detrimental effect. In addition, he cannot "know" a woman without violence, making him a despicable rapist and villain. In exchange for the curse, Vashanka granted Tempus the ability to change his appearance at will, allowing him to cast *disguise self* as a swift action. Unlike the spell, Tempus can allow individuals the ability to see through the disguise if he chooses.

Spells: safe level 9th; ritualcasting +18; save DC 15 + spell level.

Known Spells (7+9d): *blade barrier* (5th, MT 60, price 5) D, bless (1st, MT 20, price 2), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *divine power* (4th, MT 50, price 4) D, *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *entropic shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *flame strike* (5th, MT 60, price 5) D, *geas/quest* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *greater command* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *magic vestment* (3rd, MT 40, price 3) D, *magic weapon* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *power word blind* (7th, MT 80, price 7) D, *power word kill* (9th, MT 100, price 9) D, *power word stun* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shield other* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *spell immunity* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *spiritual weapon* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *storm of vengeance* (9th, MT 100, price 9).

D: Domain spell. Domain: War.

Familiar Spells (10): *augury* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *commune* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *dimensional lock* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *divination* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *eagle's splendor* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *favored of the gods* (9th, MT 100, price 9)*, *fire storm* (9th, MT 100, price 9), *gate* (9th, MT 100, price 9), *hallow* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *heroes' feast* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *mass bull's strength* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *prayer* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *restoration* (4th, MT 50, price 19).

*New spell; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Possessions: *+3 studded leather of heavy fortification, +5 Enlibarite greatsword, +3 composite (+4) longbow* with 20 cold iron arrows.

Walegrin

Illyra's half-brother Walegrin is more than a decade older than she is, and was a teen when their father killed her mother. Walegrin fled that night, and never looked back. Believing himself cursed, he stayed away from Sanctuary and the S'danzo. When he came across a pottery fragment that seemed to be a key to finding an old Enlibrite mine, he returned despite the risk of his suspected curse.

Trôs Horse

Large Magical Beast

Hit Dice: 6d10+24 (57 hp)
Massive Damage Threshold: 23
Initiative: +1
Speed: 50 ft. (10 squares)
Armor Class: 15 (–1 size, +1 Dex, +5 natural), touch 10, flat-footed 14
Base Attack/Grapple: +6/+16
Attack: Hoof +11 melee (1d6+6)
Full Attack: 2 hooves +11 melee (1d6+6) and bite +6 melee (1d4+3)
Space/Reach: 10 ft./5 ft.
Special Attacks: —
Special Qualities: Low-light vision, scent, shared speed
Saves: Fort +9, Ref +6, Will +4
Abilities: Str 22, Dex 13, Con 19, Int 3, Wis 15, Cha 8
Skills: Listen +9, Spot +8
Feats: Alertness, Endurance, Run

Environment: Temperate plains
Organization: Solitary, pair, herd (5–20)
Challenge Rating: 3
Treasure: —
(Alignment): Always neutral
Advancement: 7–12 HD (Large)
Level Adjustment: —

These great steeds have red hides, and black or gray manes. They are the greatest horses in the Known World.

The fabled Trôs horses are some of the best steeds in the world. Similar to Andalusians, they have fiery dispositions, but are larger, faster and stronger, ideally suited for warfare. The only drawback to these fine steeds is that they are difficult to train (increasing all Handle Animal DCs by +5).

Shared Speed (Su): Trôs horses have a limited ability to share spells with their riders. Any spell or effect that increases the speed of the rider likewise increases the speed of the steed. In addition, the Trôs horse uses its speed or that of its rider, whichever is faster.

Carrying Capacity: A light load for a Trôs horse is up to 700 pounds; a medium load, 701–1,400 pounds; and a heavy load, 1,400–2,100 pounds. A Trôs horse can drag 10,500 pounds.

Until he returned fifteen years later, Walegrin had not seen his half-sister Illyra since her mother's death. He regretted leaving her behind, and wished he could make it up to her, but that time was long past. When he found his sister in the Bazaar to use her talents to find the mines, she told him his suspicions about the curse were nonsense.

Illyra helped him find the mine and he was successful in extracting the ore, bringing it back to the city to forge the fabled Enlibrite steel blades. Just as the final blades were completed, Molin seized the stores and brought Walegrin to the Palace. The high priest claimed the blades, but offered Walegrin a position as the head of the city's guard—an opportunity the mercenary felt he couldn't refuse.

For the next decade or so, Walegrin served Sanctuary, trying to maintain the peace in the face of growing unrest. He fought in the streets against the mobs and piffles, helped thwart Zip, and generally improved life, seeing stability restored. Walegrin lived on, even after Kadakithis left the city, and helped Molin slow the takeover of the city by the Dyareelans, though such heroism eventually claimed his life.

Description

Walegrin is a tall, lean man with thick sun-bleached hair pulled back into four braids and distinct green eyes. He looks much like a barbarian. He is a seasoned warrior, and is comfortable with a sword in his hand.

Shadowspawn on Walegrin

"Walegrin believes himself to be the victim of a S'danzo curse. He's a mercenary who has climbed above his humble beginnings, gaining the attention of the palace and unlocking the secret of Enlibar steel. If that's what he calls a curse, I think everyone can use a little bit of it."

Personality

Those who follow Walegrin respect him. He's a good leader and well liked. He is very superstitious, and though Illyra told him he was never cursed, every time he loses a man, he blames himself and the curse, and is wracked with guilt because of his fate. When not fighting, Walegrin is quiet and contemplative, but in combat he becomes self-assured and moves quickly, issuing orders almost before he has registered the situation.

Walegrin

Male Rankan mercenary, ranger 6, fighter 6; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8+24 plus 6d10+24; hp 111; Mdt 25; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 25, touch 14, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +12; Grap +15; Atk +17 melee (1d8+6/17–20, *+1 longsword*) or +16 ranged (1d4+3, dagger); Full Atk +17/+12/+7 melee (1d8+6/17–20, *+1 longsword*) or +16 ranged (1d4+3, dagger); SA combat style (skirmish), improved combat style; SQ favored terrain (warm desert +4, underground +2), literate, mercenary trait, trap sense +1; Rep +2; SV Fort +17, Ref +14, Will +8; Str 17, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 15.

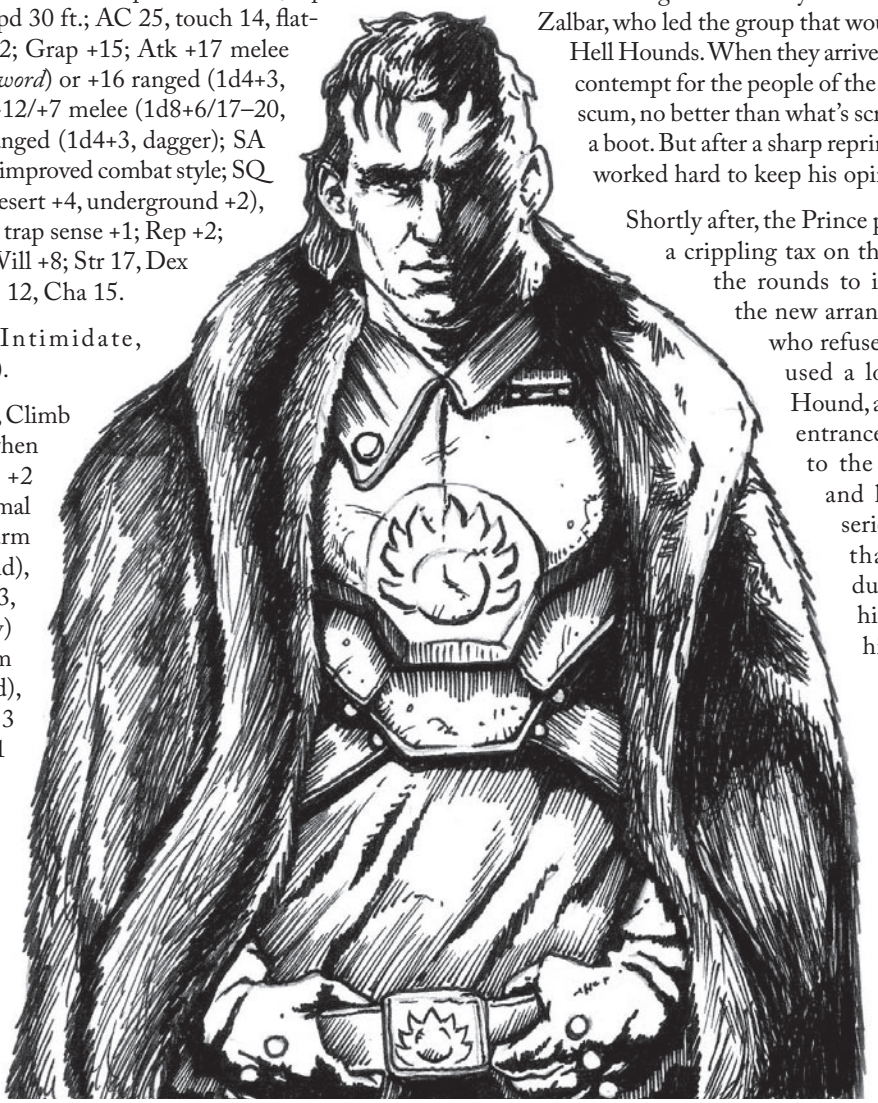
Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (geography).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Climb +5, Diplomacy +4 (+2 when recognized), Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Handle Animal +17, Hide +9 (+13 warm desert, +11 underground), Intimidate +12, Jump +13, Knowledge (geography) +5, Listen +10 (+14 warm desert, +12 underground), Move Silently +9 (+13 warm desert, +11 underground), Ride +21, Search +12 (+16 warm desert, +14 underground), Sense Motive +3, Spot +10 (+14 warm desert, +12 underground), Survival +10 (+12 avoid hazards and getting lost, +12 follow tracks, +14 warm desert, +12 underground), Swim +2; Agile Riposte*, Combat Expertise, Dodge, Endurance[B], Improved Critical (longsword)[B], Leadership, Mobility[B], Negotiator[B], Spring Attack[B], Track[B], Weapon Focus (longsword)[B], Weapon Specialization (longsword)[B], Whirlwind Attack.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S), Wrigglie (S), S'danzo (S).

Contacts: Information (Illyra, 1), Influence (Molin Torchholder), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+2 mithral breastplate, +2 heavy steel shield, +1 longsword,* dagger, *amulet of health +2, cloak of resistance +3, gloves of Dexterity +2.*



Zalbar

When Abakithis sent his stepbrother to Sanctuary, he sent with him a handful of trusted warriors who would protect the young prince from the dangers of the city. Among them, the greatest was Zalbar, who led the group that would become known as the Hell Hounds. When they arrived, Zalbar had nothing but contempt for the people of the city, seeing them as filthy scum, no better than what's scraped from the bottom of a boot. But after a sharp reprimand from the Prince, he worked hard to keep his opinions to himself.

Shortly after, the Prince passed a decree imposing a crippling tax on the brothels. Zalbar made the rounds to inform the madames of the new arrangements. Canny Myrtis, who refused to be run out of town, used a love potion on the Hell Hound, and when he was properly entranced, she took him beneath to the city to reveal that she and her brothel protected a series of tunnels and cisterns that could save the city during an attack. Though his sense of duty prevented him from seeing Myrtis again, he assented and convinced the Prince to lift the tax.

Zalbar came to know many of Sanctuary's finest, and developed an unexpected rapport with Jubal. As the city progressed and improved, Zalbar's contempt for the Prince transformed into admiration, especially when he

realized that the Prince's naïveté was only a front to keep his rivals off guard. Though Zalbar warmed to Sanctuary, he has grown to despise Tempus, largely because the man defies him at every turn.

Once the Beysibs arrive, matters become worse for Zalbar. The Hell Hounds have even less authority than before, and more potential enemies all around. Furthermore, Tempus has vanished, leaving Zalbar with only three competent warriors at his side, and the prince continues to follow his own plans rather than taking Zalbar's more defensible suggestions. Eventually, Zalbar and the rest of the Hell Hounds are pushed out of the Palace, and are but a shadow of their former presence. Zalbar is presumed to have joined Jubal in his voyage to the Beysib homeland, leaving Sanctuary behind for good.

Shadowspawn on Zalbar

"The chief of the Prince's Hell Hounds and a loyal soldier of Ranke. He's a capable fighting man, more than a match for a dozen of Sanctuary's best brawlers. With the Beysibs around, he doesn't have quite the pull with Kittycat that he used to. Just because he's less powerful doesn't mean that he's powerless."

Description

Zalbar is tall, muscled and intimidating. At over six-and-a-half feet tall, he can look Tempus squarely in the eye. He is a scary sight on Sanctuary's streets, wearing his gleaming breastplate and bearing the colors of Ranke. Sanctans have learned to give the leader of the Hell Hounds a wide berth when passing.

Personality

Zalbar is frustrated because he has too few men to deal with all the threats Sanctuary offers, and because politics and religion often tie his hands. All he can do is make sure that Kadakithis is safe, and stop any threats once he finds them. Zalbar is a good man, a good soldier, and a good leader. He works to keep the other Hell Hounds not only content but also leashed — particularly Tempus, with his violent tendencies and his vendettas. Zalbar is also extremely honest. He rarely lies, and then only when absolutely necessary. He is completely incorruptible; Myrtis' drugs won his love, and may have influenced him slightly, but after seeing the underground tunnels beneath her brothel, he knew that strategically they could not afford to shut down her business as planned.

Zalbar

Male Rankan soldier, fighter 6, Rankan legionnaire 4, Hell Hound 6; CR 16; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d10+18 plus 4d10+12 plus 6d12+21; hp 149; Mdt 36; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 30, touch 15, flat-footed 27; Base Atk +16; Grap +19; Atk +23 melee (1d10+8/19–20, +3 bastard sword) or +21 ranged (1d8+5/×3, *+2 composite (+3) longbow*); Full Atk +23/+18/+13/+8 melee (1d10+8/19–20, +3 bastard sword) or +21/+16/+11/+6 ranged (1d8+5/×3, *+2 composite (+3) longbow*); SA esprit de corps, pack tactics, tactical assault; SQ armor specialization (breastplate), fearsome reputation, forced marching, formation defense, issued equipment, soldier trait, uncanny dodge, untouchable; Rep +4; SV Fort +17, Ref +8, Will +9 (+15 mind-affecting); Str 17, Dex 16, Con 17, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +4, Climb +5 (+7 ropes), Diplomacy +4, Escape Artist –1 (+1 bindings), Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +27, Jump +9, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +8, Ride +14, Survival +13, Swim +5, Use Rope +9; Cleave[B], Combat Expertise, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword)[B], Great Cleave[B], Greater Damage Threshold*, Improved Damage Threshold*, Improved Sunder, Persuasive, Power Attack[B], Skill Focus (Intimidate)[B], Toughness, Weapon Focus (bastard sword)[B], Weapon Specialization (bastard sword)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Ilsig (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Jubal, Myrtis), Influence (Hell Hounds, Kadakithis).

Possessions: *+3 breastplate, +3 heavy steel shield, +3 bastard sword, +2 composite (+3) longbow* with 20 arrows, ring *of evasion, ring of protection +2, amulet of natural armor +2*.

Zip

An orphan and bastard child of a Wrigglie and Nisibisi exile, Zip has had anything but an easy life. He grew up in the slums of Sanctuary and, as he grew, he came to believe the Rankans were responsible for every woe. When the Beysibs landed, Zip used them as scapegoats to create the PFLS: the People's Front for the Liberation of Sanctuary, a group committed to ousting the Rankans, the Beysibs, and anyone else.

Zip's organization was little more than a gang of cutthroats and thugs. But, with a firm hand, he helped guide them to achieve his goals. His dreams of freeing his city crumbled when the PFLS were subsumed into the 3rd Commando. When Zip realized Kama had used him to get control of his men, he worked hard to save the tatters of his dreams.

Through it all, Zip continued to fight to liberate the city. Chenaya eventually seduced him and convinced him she would help get him inside the Palace. So, with a group of his best men, he entered the Palace, walking straight into an ambush. The guards killed all of Zip's men, thus ending the PFLS. Ironically, after the False Plague Riots, Zip and his remaining fighters are assigned the responsibility of keeping the peace within Sanctuary.

At the beginning of his career, he found a crude altar dedicated to some divine spirit — maybe Vashanka, maybe a demon, maybe something else. Zip became the revolutionary of his dreams, but eventually shifted more and more to becoming a cultist of this new dark religion. The god in the rocks demanded blood sacrifice, so Zip regularly brought back struggling victims, which he knifed, spilling their blood on the rocks. This continued until the thing demanded Zip erect the altar inside the city, along the Avenue of Temples. When Ranke withdrew, Zip followed the 3rd Commando, seeing his life in the city, for which he had fought so hard, as over.

Garrote

A preferred weapon of assassins, the garrote, or strangling cord, is a length of sturdy cord or flexible wire attached to two wooden handles. When wrapped around a victim's neck, the wielder can strangle the life out of the target. Though effective when the wielder gets the jump on an opponent, they are nearly worthless in normal combat.

To use a garrote, a character must successfully grab an opponent by making a successful grapple attack. When the wielder achieves a hold, he may begin strangling his opponent, dealing 1d6 points of damage (plus Strength modifier) each round he maintains the grapple. In addition, the target takes a cumulative –2 penalty on his grapple checks or Escape Artist checks made to break the grapple, as the strangling cord prevents him from getting air.

Garrotes can only be used against targets that need to breathe and have a recognizable anatomy, and so cannot be used against elementals, oozes, plants, or undead. At the GM's discretion, certain creatures (such as dragons, magical beasts, vermin, and even outsiders) might also be immune, depending on the practicality of fitting a garrote over the target's neck.

Description

Zip is a pale, scarred man, in his mid-twenties, with narrow eyes and a scruffy beard to match his close-cropped dark hair. He wears dirty clothing, stained to hide him and make him indistinguishable from the crowds.

Shadowspawn on Zip

"A Nisi terrorist, dedicated to driving the Beysibs from the city. He's a vicious animal, and he'll kill his own men in order to keep his little band of revolutionaries a secret. He also knows Sanctuary's sewers and tunnels better than anyone."

Personality

Zip is a very angry young man. He is convinced that the Rankans ruined his life, and he wants to make them pay. In his mind, anyone who sides with the Rankans is every bit as bad as a Rankan, even if all they have done is try to make peace. Zip does not want peace; he wants death, destruction, and complete chaos.

Zip

Half-Ilsigi, half-Nisibisi terrorist, thief 5, survivor 4; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6+10 plus 4d10+8; hp 60; Mdt 21; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +6; Grap +7; Atk +10 melee (1d6+2/19–20, *+1 short sword*) or +9 melee (1d3+2, unarmed strike) or +10 melee (1d4+1/×3, punching dagger) or +10 ranged (1d4+2, *+1 sling*); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d6+2/19–20, *+1 short sword*) or +9/+4 melee (1d3+2, unarmed strike) or +10/+5 melee (1d4+1/×3, punching dagger) or +10 ranged (1d4+2, *+1 sling*); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, fight or flight (defensive), indomitable, trap sense +1, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +2; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +6; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Bluff, Knowledge (nobility and royalty).

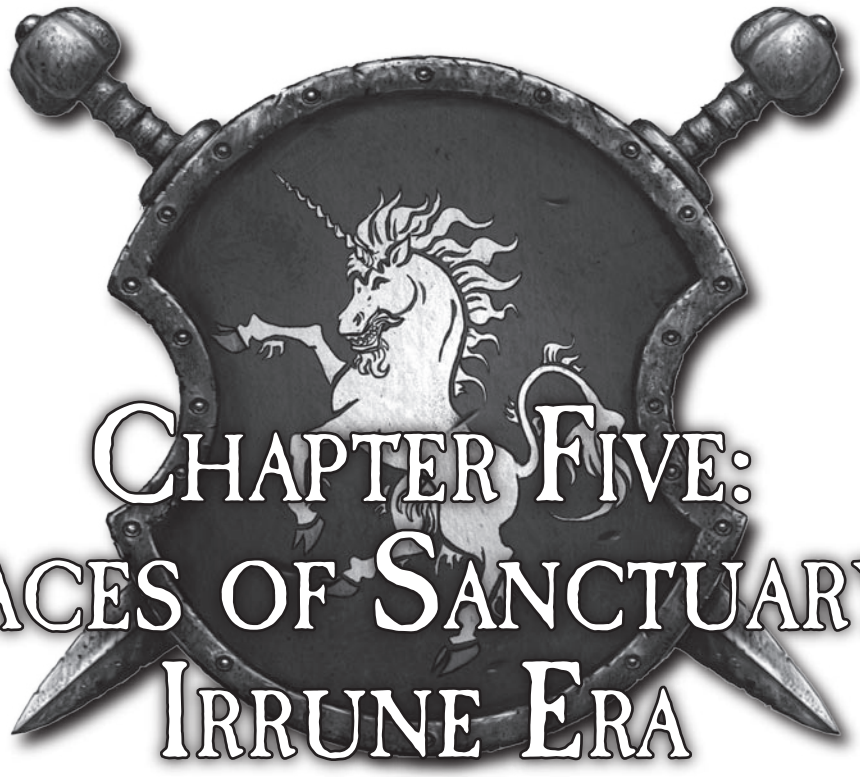
Skills and Feats: Bluff +11, Climb +5, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +0 (+2 acting), Intimidate +10 (+13 recognized), Jump +5, Gamble +9, Gather Information +10, Hide +13, Knowledge (local) +17, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +12, Listen +15, Move Silently +13, Sense Motive +5, Spot +15, Survival +13, Swim +5, Tumble +7; Alertness[B], Dodge, Endurance[B], Improved Damage Threshold[B*], Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Mixed Ancestry*, Mobility, Stealthy, Run.

Languages: Wriggle (S), Rankene (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1), Skill (Kama).

Possessions: *+1 leather*, *+1 short sword,* masterwork punching dagger, masterwork garrote, *+1 sling* with 10 bullets, *potion of convert moderate wounds, elixir of hiding, elixir of sneaking,* 4 flasks of alchemist fire.





Chapter Five: Faces of Sanctuary, Irrune Era

Though the people have changed, Sanctuary in the Irrune Era is much like it once was. Footpads still prowl the streets looking for marks. Killers and mercenaries still hire themselves out at the now-moved Caravan Depot. The fishermen still set sail before dawn. And corruption still runs rampant. This is still Sanctuary, through and through.

The new *Thieves' World* books have only touched on a couple of the characters from the Rankan Era: Molin Torchholder, Enas Yorl, and Chance, who was once called Shadowspawn. The mortals from the original series have all died or moved on, but characters like Tempus, Cime, and perhaps a few others may still be alive and well in the Irrune Era (though Tempus is said to have moved on to other worlds). A woman returned Tempus' armor to Molin's keeping in the years between Kadakithis' disappearance and the Time of Troubles. It, along with other objects of historical and magical interest that were once beneath the Vulgar Unicorn, might be located in the heavily warded sanctum beneath one of several locations. It remains to be seen whether or not other iconic characters from the classic series will make a return and, if they do, what has happened to them in the intervening years.

Dramatis Personae

One thing to note is that the Irrune Era lacks the superhuman characters of the past. In this period, there are no Tempuses, Roxanes, or Molins. Instead, we have Cauvin, Sypder, and the Dragon. While important characters in their own right, they are not the superhuman heroes of the past. Those who might rival the powers of old do not act in the open, instead concealing their talent from hungry eyes.

Feats marked with "*" are new and described in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*.

Aaliyah

Aaliyah (Eye-LEE-yah) hails from a mythical land far to the west, beyond any known maps. Regan Vigeles (Spyder, see page 170) found her a few years back on the Nisibisi border and, after he discovered her situation, he promised to help her find her missing brother Lisoh, who vanished while on a spirit quest. Captured by renegade Nisibisi, he was taken to Sanctuary, where Rime, a witch, planned to use him in some foul ritual to regain the fragments of the shattered power globe and contain the essence in a ring: the *Ring of Sea and Fire*. The lovers went to Sanctuary where they set up a weapon shop in the worst part of town while they waited for a sign of the witch's arrival. Soon after, they discovered the witch and her coven had arrived with the boy and settled into the Swamp of Night Secrets to conduct their ritual. Spyder, Aaliyah, and their hired man, Ronal, foiled the plot, but couldn't save the boy.

With the boy laid to rest, Aaliyah has stayed with Spyder in the city, helping him run the shop. What the future holds, or if Regan has some other purpose, none can say. Spyder reports to the Rankan emperor on a regular basis, but to what purpose is not known.

Description

Small, slender, and astonishingly beautiful, Aaliyah has exotic features, making it uncertain from where she hails. She has long black hair that

hangs to the small of her back. She keeps her gaze downcast, but when she looks up, she reveals piercing emerald eyes. As a shapeshifter, she can assume the form of a cat or of a jaguar or panther.

Personality

Aaliyah acts the part of a slave, always subservient and meek, leading many to believe she is Spyder's concubine. In fact, Aaliyah is his partner and lover. She never speaks, and makes no effort to communicate except when purchasing something, and then it is only through pantomime. Her silence is a matter of speculation; it could stem from physical incapacity or personal choice. Even in human form, she has certain feline traits, like an insatiable curiosity and a fascination with bright colors and shiny objects.

Lone on Aaliyah

"She's something else, that dark-skinned girl. Exotic isn't a big enough word for Aaliyah. I've seen her prowling around the[B]lack Spider, moving like she knows exactly what she's doing. I can't tell if she belongs to Spyder, or if he belongs to her. Maybe it's the same thing."

Aaliyah

Female shapeshifter hunter, survivor 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human, shapechanger); HD 6d10+6; hp 45; Mdt 15; Init +2; Spd 30ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +4 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SQ evasion, fight or flight (defensive 2), indomitable, shapeshifter trait; Rep +1; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Hide, Move Silently

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Climb +10, Diplomacy +5, Hide +14 (+16 in forests), Jump +12, Listen +10, Move Silently +14 (+16 in forests), Sense Motive +9, Spot +10, Survival +9, Swim +2, Tumble +12; Appealing †, Athletic[B], Dodge, Endurance[B], Greater Shape†, Improved Damage Threshold[B]*, Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Mobility.

†New Feat; see **Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion** for details.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), native tongue (S). Aaliyah never speaks.

Contacts: Skill (Ronal, Spyder)

Shapeshifting (Ex): Aaliyah can assume one of two forms at will. When she does, use the following statistics.

Cat

Tiny animal (shapeshifter); Mdt 7; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 16, flat-footed 12; Grap –8; Atk +2 melee (1d2–4, claw); Full Atk +2 melee (1d2–4, 2 claws) and –3 melee (1d3–4, bite); SQ low-light vision, scent; SV Ref +6; Str 3, Dex 19.

Skills: Balance +6, Climb +18, Hide +28 (+32 in areas of tall grass or heavy undergrowth), Jump +24, Move Silently +20 (+22 in forests), Swim –2, Tumble +14.

Puma

Medium animal (shapeshifter); HD 6d10+18; hp 61; Mdt 20; Init +6; Spd 40 ft., climb 20 ft.; AC 17, touch 16, flat-footed 11; Grap +7; Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d6+3, bite) and +2 melee (1d3+1, 2 claws); SA improved grab, pounce, rake 1d3+1; SQ low-light vision, scent; SV Fort +8, Ref +8; Str 16, Dex 23, Con 16.

Skills and Feats: Balance +16, Climb +21, Hide +22 (+26 in forests), Jump +19, Move Silently +22 (+26 in forests), Swim +5, Tumble +16.

Possessions: *Periapt of health*, jewelry worth 150 sh.

Sakkim (Chief) Arizak

The chief of the Irrune is in trouble. Once a great and robust warrior, an injury to his leg (caused when his galloping horse broke a foreleg, collapsed, and crushed his leg underneath it) is slowly killing him, leaving many Sanctans to wonder what the future holds. Despite his declining health, he has grown into the role of governor, and is committed to leading the people to a better future.

Arizak never envisioned running a city; the very idea is anathema to his people. And yet, he does. He came into his current position after his clans were driven south by the Black Tooth Horde (the same barbarians who sacked Ranke) pushing them to settle in the hills just north of Sanctuary. When his sons entered the city to purchase supplies and were attacked by the Dyareelans, the tribe demanded vengeance. Still, Arizak advised caution. Meanwhile, Molin, sensing an opportunity to rescue the city from the corruption of the cult, left and made the journey to settle with the Irrune and convince them to liberate Sanctuary.

It took a year, and the help of Arizak's second wife, but in the end, Arizak agreed to help Molin and, in exchange, gained the city for his people. The Irrune swept in, crushed the cultists and settled in. However, the transition from nomadic culture to a fixed civilization has not gone well with his people, and many, including his first wife, have left to return to their camps beyond the city walls. Worse, the Irrune way of life is one accustomed to raiding and foraging, and so the concept of currency has not stuck with many Irrune.

After his injury, Arizak has been treating the pain with wine and opiates; no matter what he does, it seems his leg will not heal. The old rivalries in the tribe are reasserting themselves, made worse by the unclear succession. None of the Irrune think Arizak will live another two years, and so the tribesmen are rallying behind whom they wish to see succeed the chieftain, including the Dragon (page 135), Naimun (page 161), and Raith (page 165).

Unbeknownst to any, Nadalya, Arizak's second wife, has enlisted the aid of Pel Garwood, a healer of Meshpri, to repair her husband's wound. However, others have entreated the healer with contradictory goals, and it remains to be seen how Pel will balance his loyalties and obligations, and whether he can save the Arizak at all. Much rests on Pel's shoulders, for if he succeeds in saving the *sakkim*, Sanctuary will be better for it.

Description

A tall man in his mid-fifties, Arizak has the typical ruddy complexion, brown eyes, and brown hair of an Irrune, although his hair is going gray. He keeps his beard neatly trimmed, and has pleasant features and sharp eyes. A couple of years ago, Arizak suffered an accident when his horse tripped and collapsed on top of him. His left leg is close to useless now; his foot was amputated above the ankle, and he can no longer ride, or even walk across rough terrain. As a result, he lives in Sanctuary full-time, which is something he had never intended.

Personality

Although he was not particularly interested in taking control of the city, Arizak agreed to it as a way to eliminate the Dyareelan cult. It also provided his people with an excellent winter retreat. But once his wound prevented him from traveling, Arizak threw himself into the role of Governor, and now takes his duties to Sanctuary very seriously. He knows that he will not live much longer, and that he has to choose an heir soon. He also knows that his heir will control both the Irrune and the city, which makes the choice more difficult. Despite his injuries, and the wine and drugs he takes to dull the pain, Arizak is still sharp mentally, and very little escapes his notice. He is fair but tough, and can be pleasant and even amusing, though he is always very much a leader of men. Most people like Arizak once they meet him, and no one wants to make an enemy of him. Once he is angered, he is implacable, and in battle he is strong and decisive, capable of directing hundreds of horsemen into a cohesive force for attacking from multiple sides at once.



Arizak

Male Irrune nomad, ranger 7, noble 3; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 7d8–21 plus 3d8–9; hp 18; Mdt 11; Init +0; Spd 5 ft.; AC 19, touch 10, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +9; Grap +10; Atk +13 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *+2 longsword*) or +9 ranged (1d6+1, javelin); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d8+3/19–20, *+2 longsword*) or +9 ranged (1d6+1, javelin); SA combat style (heavy), improved combat style (heavy); SQ diplomat, favored environments (plains +4, hills +2), fluid movement, inspiration (competence, courage), organize +3, saddleborn, trap sense +1; Rep +5; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 5, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Knowledge (geography), Survival.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Handle Animal +11, Hide +9 (+11 hills, +13 plains), Intimidate +10, Knowledge (geography) +13 (+15 hills, +17 plains), Knowledge (nature) +13 (+15 hills, +17 plains), Listen +11 (+13 hills, +15 plains), Move Silently +0 (+2 hills, +4 plains), Ride +14, Search +1 (+3 hills, +5 plains), Sense Motive +2, Spot +11 (+13 hills, +15 plains), Survival +13 (+15 avoid hazards or getting lost, aboveground natural environments, +15 hills, +17 plains); Cleave[B], Combat Expertise, Endurance[B], Fame, Great Cleave[B], Iron Will[B], Mounted Combat, Ride-By Attack, Track[B], Weapon Focus (longsword).

Languages: Irrune (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Nadalya), Information (Cauvin), Skill (Zarzakhan).

Possessions: *+2 adamantine chain shirt, +1 heavy steel shield, +2 longsword*, 3 javelins, *cloak of resistance +1*.

Notes: Arizak's health has been ravaged by the infection that has eaten away his crippled leg. His Constitution ability was originally 14, but has been drained to just 5, and he cannot move without assistance.

Lone on Arizak

"He's on his way out, make no mistake. I've seen that leg of his, or what's left of it. Never you mind ***where*** I saw it, only that it's probably going to fall off by itself one day if he doesn't keel over first."

Arizak per-Arizak (the Dragon)

By tradition, per-Arizak should inherit the Irrune chieftaincy from his father, but many do not want per-Arizak to rule them. They are afraid he will make rash decisions, and that his anger will divide the clans. Others, however, are fervent supporters, and want him in control as soon as possible. These Irrune feel, as per-Arizak does himself, that the Irrune do not belong in Sanctuary. Cities are meant to be raided, not lived in, and staying in one place so long dulls their fighting edge. Per-Arizak agrees, and claims that if he had his way, he would raze Sanctuary to the ground after carrying off its women, wine, and wealth. When the Dragon deigns to come to the city (which is rarely more often than every few months), it is frequently at the urgings of his mother. While there, he spends his time in the city's

many taverns and brothels, enjoying their distractions. Anyone who points out this contradiction risks the Dragon's rage.

Most of the people in Sanctuary are afraid of per-Arizak, and want his leadership even less than any of the Irrune; even if he were to stay his hand over destroying the city, he would never sit still long enough to rule it properly. Even the peers have other plans, seeing their favored heir as Naimun, whom they know to be malleable and easily influenced. The council has reservations about the Dragon, as they are not certain what kind of relationship he would have with Sanctuary. Most fear it would be no good.

Lone on Arizak per-Arizak, the Dragon

"This guy is everything I hate about the Irrune: smelly, loud, in charge, and not afraid to let everyone know about it. He and his men go wherever they damn well please, just like they own the place. If he had his way, he'd burn Sanctuary to the ground and piss on the ashes."

Description

Arizak's oldest son is a big, brawny man with wavy sandy-brown hair and hazel eyes. He bears a long scar above his right eye that disappears back into his hair, but he is otherwise good-looking. Even when out and about, he wears his armor and carries his weapons to show that he has not forgotten his place or purpose.

Personality

Ariz, as he is known, is not a stupid man, but he is impatient, and is not willing to sit through long explanations or discussions. He is full of energy, and usually wants to expend that on drinking, fighting, or lovemaking. Ariz is known as the Dragon for his temper, which can flare up in an instant but washes away just as quickly.

Ariz per-Arizak, The Dragon

Male Irrune nomad, barbarian 6, Irrune raider 3; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d12+12 plus 3d10+6; hp 79; Mdt 21; Init +1; Spd 40ft.; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +9; Grap +13; Atk +14 melee (2d6+7/19–20, *+1 greatsword*) or +11 ranged (1d8/×3, masterwork longbow); Full Atk +14/+9 melee (2d6+7/19–20, *+1 greatsword*) or +11/+6 ranged (1d8/×3, masterwork longbow); SA improved mounted archery, rage 3/day; SQ beneath an open sky, fast movement, illiteracy, improved uncanny dodge, skilled rider, spur mount, swift dismount, trap sense +2; Rep +5; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 18, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Spot, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Craft (leatherworking) +5, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +9, Jump +8, Listen +4, Ride +19, Spot +7, Survival +9; Distinctive Title[B*], Fame*, Mounted Archery, Mounted Combat, Power Attack.

Languages: Irrune (S), Sanctan (S).

Contacts: Influence (Verrazza), Information (1), Skill (1).

Rage (Ex): When raging, the Dragon uses the following statistics.

HD 6d12+24 plus 3d10+12; hp 97; Mdt 19; AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 14; Grap +15; Atk +16 melee (2d6+10/19–20, *+1 greatsword*); Full Atk +16/+11 melee (2d6+7/19–20, *+1 greatsword*); SV Fort +11, Will +5; Str 22, Con 19.

Skills: Jump +10.

Possessions: *+2 chain shirt, +1 greatsword*, masterwork longbow, 20 arrows, *raider's saddle, cloak of resistance +1,* heavy warhorse.

Becvar (Bec)

Cauvin's younger foster brother, Becvar, is in many ways Hakiem's heir, or at least he became so after he met Grandfather (the Torch). Becvar was thankfully spared the horrors of the Convulsions because he was born soon after the Irrune toppled the cult. Thus, Becvar has never known the hardships of the Troubles. His naturally inquisitive nature gives him the drive to record the tales and legends of Sanctuary, and so, following Molin's death, Becvar regularly goes out, at least when he can slip past his protective mother, and talks to whoever will give him the time. He is determined to write a book about the city that contains its true history. Recently he has decided that his book should also contain the stories about the city, and the rumors that have built up, and so he has redoubled his efforts to collect as many tales as he can.

Description

A small, wiry boy of about ten, Bec looks even younger than his age, thanks to both his small frame and his exuberance. He dresses in surprisingly fine robes, and carries an actual scribe's satchel to hold his pens, ink, and parchments.

Personality

Becvar is clever, and has learned to read and write Rankan. He is trying to learn Ilsig as well, but his mother has discouraged him from learning that filthy tongue. Stories, tales, and even facts fascinate Becvar, particularly those about Sanctuary and its residents. Though not particularly handsome, Becvar's enthusiasm makes him more attractive, and he is difficult to dislike, though his constant questions can become annoying. (On the other hand, his stories about the

Raider's Saddle

Created by the shamans of the Irrune, the leather of these saddles is made not just from cowhide, but from the tanned skins of the greatest horses and riders among the Irrune. A raider's saddle will conform to any horse or mount (up to Large size), grants the mount a +2 enhancement bonus to Constitution, and gives the user a +2 circumstance benefit to all Ride checks.

Faint transmutation; CL 5th; Craft Wondrous Item, *bear's endurance*; Price 3,600 sh.

chickens in the stoneyard are hilarious.) His parents have always said that he was special, and Becvar believes this, which makes him overconfident; he cannot imagine anyone wanting to hurt him, or not liking him immediately.

Becvar

Male Wrigglie entrepreneur, savant 1; CR 1; Small humanoid (human); HD 1d6; hp 6; Mdt 6; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +0; Grap –5; Atk +0 melee (1d2–1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +0 melee (1d2–1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Appraise, Craft (stonemasonry)

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6 (+8 to appraise stonework), Bluff +7, Craft (stonemasonry) +5, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +5, Hide +5, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (history) +5, Listen +8, Perform (oratory) +5, Search +6, Spot +8; Alertness, Dodge, Persuasive[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Cauvin).

Possessions: Becvar owns little but the clothes he wears and his scribing kit. His parents have hidden several hundred shaboozh around their property to eventually pay for his schooling and potential apprenticeship.

Lone on Becvar

"Becvar is Cauvin's brother. Lives down at the stoneyard. The kid's always poking around, asking folks about this thing or that. He fancies himself a storyteller, and if what I've heard is true, he isn't half bad for his age. Kind of like Hakiem must've been, only smaller and with better teeth."

Bezul the Changer

Bezul's family were once goldsmiths and merchants, and very successful in their trade. But, as was the case with many, times grew hard, and the family was forced to relocate, eventually winding up in the Shambles at the end of Wrigglie Way. Bezul inherited the house and the pawnshop on the main floor. He lives here with his wife, their children, his brother, and his mother.

Part rag-man, part pawnbroker, part jeweler, part banker, part money-changer and — not infrequently, though not deliberately — part fence, Bezul (short for Bezulshash) knows the value of just about everything and, more importantly, its value in terms of everything else. If you have one thing, but need something else, Bezul the Changer's shop, with its extensive, sprawling stock of commonplace, useful, and just-plain-odd items, is a place you're likely to visit.

The need to establish value equivalencies has driven Bezul to acquire broad, but not particularly deep, knowledge of things most would call "trivia." He has amassed one of Sanctuary's larger libraries (if not its *only* library) and scattered across his shelves, in addition to forfeited pots, clothes, and countless cheap knives, are the makings of an art gallery and a museum of Sanctuary's natural — and unnatural — history.

Of course, one will also find spider webs, mouse droppings, not a few snakes, and lots of dust; and one will have to dodge the flock of geese that "guard" the shop at night. (Bezul chases them out into a back courtyard every morning, but usually he misses one or two.) Everything, including the geese, is for sale, exchange, or loan.

By day, Bezul relies on Annen and Jopze to protect his shop. These ex-legionnaires are tough enough to deter even the canniest thief.

Description

Bezul is a soft-featured man in his mid- to late thirties. Frown lines mark his pale face. He has a receding mop of sandy brown hair, with a thick beard of matching color. Despite his disheveled appearance and a mild case of nearsightedness, he's quite agile, and not as out of shape as he first appears.

Personality

Bezul is a kind man. He and his wife often accept trades for items they do not need and may not be able to sell. Bezul does his best to offer a good price, though he will not cheat himself, and he rarely asks where an item was found or purchased unless it is something that might put him and his family at risk. Everyone in the Shambles and many people elsewhere in Sanctuary know him, and he is well liked and well respected.



Bezul the Changer

Male Wrigglie merchant, savant 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+3; hp 26; Mdt 11; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA master merchant, supportive; SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +8; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Appraise, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +13, Bluff +7, Diplomacy +16, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Gather Information +14, Handle Animal +7, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local) +13, Listen +9, Profession (merchant) +14, Ride +2, Search +10, Sense Motive +9, Spot +8, Survival +2 (+4 following tracks); Combat Expertise, Investigator[B], Manhunter*, Negotiator[B], Skill Focus (Profession: merchant), Toughness.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2).

Possessions: Padded, masterwork dagger, *potion of convert moderate wounds*. At any time, there are approximately 5000 shaboozh worth of items and equipment in the Changing House, possibly including weapons and magical items. The inventory changes constantly, but Bezul can usually lay his hands on something useful.

Lone on Bezul the Changer

"I've taken one or two things to Bezul the Changer, and he's never asked me any questions. I think he knows better than to ask me where the stuff comes from... as if it isn't painfully obvious."



Cauvin

Cauvin was nine when his mother fell afoul of the Dyareelans during the early days of their public influence in Sanctuary. He doesn't remember much about her, and certainly nothing about the supposed crimes for which she died. He does know that she was among the first to be burnt on the Promise of Heaven and that he was himself taken into the Dyareelan precincts a few years later. Dyareelan rule had advanced to the point where they could proclaim that, henceforth, all guttersnipes, mudlarks, and orphans would be confined to barracks in the palace, where the extremist faction set about educating Cauvin and his peers in the school of very hard knocks.

Had Cauvin completed his education — and fully half the orphans the extremists "adopted" did not — he would have become a warrior for the bloody goddess. His education was nearly complete when the Irrune came to town. Thanks to his "education," he knows his way around the palace (at least the parts that weren't destroyed when the Irrune came to town) and he knows something about fighting.

After Molin and Arizak took the palace, Molin interviewed the orphans, searching their souls for any redeeming quality, something to tell Molin that they could return to normal society. Of all the orphans they interviewed, very few passed the test — Lone and Cauvin being the exceptional two of the lot. Cauvin was claimed by "relatives," which in this case meant Grabar, a stonemason who had a stoneyard in the Old Jeweler's Quarter. Cauvin was pretty sure from the start that the man claiming to be his father (to the best of his knowledge, Cauvin never met his father) was no blood kin to him and that he was merely exchanging one master for another. No one was more surprised than Cauvin when Grabar proved to be a fair, honest man who continued to honor his commitment to his "son" even after he and his wife were blessed with a son of their own (see **Bec** on page 136).

Content with his life at the stoneyard, Cauvin fully expected he would marry Leorin and start a family. But everything changed when he rescued a dying old man who turned out to be none other than Molin Torchholder. The Torch was desperate, and unwilling to go back to the Palace for fear of his enemies there, so he relied on Cauvin to do his legwork. Cauvin proved to be just as stubborn as always, making things harder on himself by refusing to do the old priest's scutwork. But in the end, Cauvin learned a great deal about Sanctuary and its history, and the fomenting plot of the surviving Dyareelans who had designs on seizing the city once more.

After Molin died, he transferred his memories to Cauvin. Few outside Arizak, Soldt, Enas Yorl, and maybe a handful of others know this. Cauvin now lives a dual life. On the one hand, he's just another sheep-shite stonemason struggling to survive; on the other, he's Sanctuary's champion, working to safeguard the city from the innumerable threats that just won't stop cropping up.

Description

Cauvin is a man in his mid-twenties, but definitely not a young man—his eyes are old. Of non-memorable appearance with medium-

brown hair (including a beard) and medium-brown eyes, he's solidly muscled. His face is somewhat on the square side and his hands are good sized, but short-fingered.

Personality

As far as he knows, Cauvin doesn't dream. Which isn't to say that he doesn't experience flashbacks to the horrors of his childhood and adolescence, simply that he doesn't dream about that time, or any other. He is apt, however, to "flash" on visual cues that bring back his own and Molin Torchholder's memories. By far the most frequent memory is the sight and sound of his mother dying in an iron cage above a great bonfire. A man whom he never saw again and whose name he never learned advised him not to look, but he didn't take that advice.

He was barely literate, and then in Ilsig, not Rankene. The fact that he eventually, and without conscious effort on his part, finds himself reading Rankene and a few other languages is Cauvin's strongest clue that Molin has messed sorcerously with his head.

Cauvin anticipates that he will marry and raise a family, but not for another few years. He is of a pragmatic, rather than a romantic, bent and has not pursued any of the women he might have. As it stands, he's a member of a depleted generation to begin with, and the Dyareelans were harder on women than on men, creating something of a population imbalance that hasn't yet corrected itself.

His nature was shaped by his experiences. He's cautious, avoids risk, and does not readily commit to causes. Yet he is one of the lucky ones; there are some mighty crazy people in Sanctuary still, and he is not among them. He is wary of all authority, yet craves the stability that only strong authority can provide. He believes in gods but, having seen some proof of Dyareela's existence and power, he worships none.

Cauvin has a marked tendency to underestimate himself. His low self-esteem can prevent him from taking certain risks and avoiding tasks that he thinks he can't complete. Only fools do the same with him, however, because when his instincts take over, Cauvin, with the assistance from the Torch's memories, is pretty much equal to any task put before him.

Lone on Cauvin

"He was in the pits, same as me. Can't say as I remember much about him, except that he threw a mean punch. He couldn't hit worth a damn, but if he did, you'd feel it in your very marrow for a week or longer. I see him making his way towards the Palace every so often, although I doubt he sees me."

Cauvin

Male Wrigglie Dyareelan laborer, survivor 9; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d10+18; hp 72; Mdt 18; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +6; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d8+3, unarmed strike); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d8+3, unarmed strike); SA borrowed memories; SQ indomitable, jaded, no fear; Rep +2; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +8; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Handle Animal, Profession (laborer).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +1 (+3 stone), Balance +3, Climb +13, Craft (stonemasonry) +12, Diplomacy +2, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +8, Jump +11, Knowledge (local) +12, Listen +9, Profession (laborer) +5, Sense Motive +8, Spot +9, Swim +5, Tumble +6, Use Rope +5; Athletic[B], Blind-Fight, Diehard[B], Endurance[B], Improved Bull Rush, Improved Damage Threshold[B*], Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Maze-Savvy*, Power Attack.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Arizak), Information (Becvar), Skill (Soldt).

Borrowed Memories (Ex): Cauvin carries many of the memories and experiences of Molin Torchholder in his mind, and can access those memories on occasion. He can make any Knowledge check as an Int check as if he had ranks in that Knowledge skill (but with only his normal Int bonus of +1).

Possessions: Padded armor, a cart and horse. Cauvin stands to inherit Grabar's stoneyard. In addition, he knows about Molin Torchholder's stashes, which are secreted all over the city. He can retrieve just about anything he would ever need.

Chersey

Though Bezul nominally runs the pawnshop, most customers deal with Chersey. Beloved by her customers, she always makes time for their stories, whether sad or joyful, and she keeps a pot of mint tea steeping on the sideboard for just these occasions. Chersey is the reason why the shop is a gathering place for Shambles folk. She's personable and a good listener.

Chersey and Bezul have two children. Ayse is an outgoing curious girl of four years. Lesimar is a typical boy, about two years old.

Description

Chersey is a few years younger than Bezul. Slender, dark-haired, but with a few streaks of grey, she has a barely noticeable cast to her right eye and a slightly left-sided smile. She wears an apron around the shop and stows two sharp knives underneath to deal with unruly customers.

Lone on Chersey

"Bezul's wife is a pretty one...for an older lady. She's also a good judge of character, so keep an eye on that ring of hers if you're looking to pull one over on her. I've had a chance to see her in action; she's ***almost*** as good with the throwing irons as I am, and she's the very devil with a frying pan (just like that Latilla over at the Phoenix."

Personality

Part of the reason why Chersey is so willing to deal with the dregs of Sanctuary comes from her moonstone ring. An oddity she inherited before her family moved to the Shambles, it informs the wearer of a target's mood, which allows her to anticipate the needs

Chersey's Ring

This moonstone ring is a family heirloom, and comes in very handy when dealing with the Changing House's more dubious customers. When the user holds it before her eye and makes a DC 15 Sense Motive check, she can discern the personality, motivations and surface thoughts of a visible person within 30 feet.

Moderate divination; CL 6th; Forge Ring, *detect thoughts*; Price 15,120 sh.

of her customers and match their disposition with an appropriate response. Even without the ring, she's optimistic, kind, friendly, and utterly devoted to her family… even her shrew of a mother in law.

Chersey

Female Wrigglie merchant, expert 4; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6; hp 17; Mdt 10, Init +1; Spd 30ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger) or +4 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger) or +4 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Diplomacy +12, Gather Information +3, Heal +6, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +8, Profession (cook) +6, Search +6, Sense Motive +11, Spot +8, Survival +1 (+3 following tracks); Endurance, Point Blank Shot, Skill Focus (Sense Motive)[B].

Languages: Ilsig (W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2).

Possessions: 2 daggers, *moonstone ring*.

Dace

With the destruction of Downwind, the destitute were faced with two options: they could move en masse with the rest of the rabble to the Hill, or they could stay right where they were. Those that remained lived in the Swamps, foraging for trash, crabs, and anything else they could eat. Dubbed the Nightmen, or 'Nighters, they are a curious band of ignorant, feral men and women that have little love for, and receive little love from, Sanctuary proper.

Every once in a while, a 'Nighter will emerge from the morass of his upbringing and try to make it in the big city. Once such fellow was Dace. A young man with a terribly twisted leg, he came out of the swamp when he was double-crossed by Perrez (Bezul's brother), hoping to find the "Red Lucky," which he used to catch crab. Though Dace never got back the item, he found a family instead, and thereafter he stayed with Bezul and his family.

At first, Dace did fine. He developed surprising skills in the kitchen, and was soon entrusted with the family's shopping. Unfortunately, as with many young men, a girl captured his heart. He met Geddie, a prostitute and worthless tramp, and instantly fell for her. She invited him up to her room over Makker's preferred place of business and the two of them did opah together. Dace found himself drawn into the seedy world of drugs and violence. After he tried to sell a few books, and nearly overdosed, he tried to find a way to get out of the business and to be free from Makker's claws. But his efforts were for naught, and he soon disappeared—presumably dead or enthralled to the forces of Lord Night.

Lone on Dace

"You can take the 'Nighter out of the Swamp, but you can't take the Swamp out of the 'Nighter. Dace is one of those mudsuckers from the Swamp of Night Secrets, except now he sucks more opah than he sucks mud. Bezul had better keep an eye on him if he knows what's good for him."

Description

Dace is of average height and slender build, with black hair, the beginnings of a youthful beard, a friendly, lopsided grin, and a wandering eye. His right leg did not grow properly, and he cannot put any real weight on it, but he has learned to maneuver effectively with the other. When he first met Bezul, Dace was a filthy wretch, but he was on the way to becoming respectable before he disappeared.

Personality

Dace has a natural gift for cooking, and for smells; he can sniff a food once and know exactly what ingredients were used, and make a good guess as to the proportions. His meals are incredible, and he can create a banquet out of meager ingredients. He is also an excellent bargainer, and usually chats with the seller while bargaining, gaining a better price because he is willing to ask about family and otherwise express real interest in the other person's life.

Dace

Male 'Nighter beggar, ranger 1, survivor 1; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d8+1 plus 1d10+1; hp 15; Mdt 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, club); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, club); SA favored environment (marsh +2); SQ swamp-wise; Rep +0; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Hide, Move Silently.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +2, Handle Animal +4, Heal +5, Hide +9 (+11 marsh), Knowledge (nature) +6 (+8 marsh), Listen +5 (+7 marsh), Move Silently +7 (+9 marsh), Profession (cook) +7, Search +1 (+3 marsh), Spot +5 (+7 marsh), Survival +7 (+9 marsh), Use Rope +5; Alertness[B], Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Self-Sufficient[B], Skill Focus (Profession: cook), Track[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Possessions: Padded, club, book of opah rags, 2 sh.

Dysan

One of the other children who survived the Dyareelan cult's training, Dysan looks completely harmless. In fact, he looks like a completely ordinary seven-year-old… but he is actually sixteen—congenital syphilis permanently stunted his growth. Like many of Sanctuary's own, Dysan has turned this curse into an advantage. Trained by the Dyareelans as a spy and scout, he is an expert thief, with incredibly fast hands and the ability to squeeze his small body into almost any space. He can lay still for hours, waiting for the right opportunity, and then move quickly to seize the moment.

Lone on Dysan

"This twisted little bugger was an orphan like me in the pits of the Bloody Hand. He's older than he looks, and those women he lives with who think they're mothering a child would be surprised to know what's going on in his head. I'm surprised he survived at all. I guess the Hand used him for spying. He may not look like much, but he can understand just about any language that's spoken so long as he can listen to it for a moment."

Dysan is also a natural linguist, and the cultists honed this ability to a razor edge. Dysan can translate almost any language, spoken or written, even if he has never encountered it before. This is not a conscious act for him. It took him years to learn to write, and he still has trouble with it because he gets distracted too easily and because he tends to mix several languages together without realizing it. Dysan's memory is phenomenal, but only when it comes to words. He was trained, however, to translate anything he saw into text, and so if he takes the time, he can remember people, places, and events with perfect clarity.

Dysan was accustomed to living on his own after his brother was poisoned in the pits. With the Dyareelan menace destroyed, he snuck out, passed Molin's interviews, and has lived in the city like a rat ever since. He had selected the old Temple of Sabellia as his home, and it served him for years until a group of women settled in the place. He did his best to get rid of them, but it ultimately backfired and now he is a member of their extended family. They do not yet know his past or his true age, and he has no intention of divulging either his secrets or his sometimes-dark thoughts.

Description

Only four feet tall, with thick tangled black hair, blue eyes, and a pleasant but plain appearance, Dysan moves easily through Sanctuary. Most people do not notice him at all. He had staked out the ruins of Sabellia's temple as his home, and when the Sisters of Sabellia arrived, he tried to scare them away. They took him in, however, and he has discovered that he likes being treated as their young ward. Dysan often uses his thieving skills to help them, stealing money and then slipping it into their donation box. He has no idea how much money he has contributed, because he cannot count past five.

Personality

Dysan's mind is even more unusual than his body. The same disease that affected his frame altered his learning comprehension. He does not perceive sarcasm, and cannot register subtle vocal cues like impatience, condescension, or boredom. If not told something directly, Dysan will not catch the meaning. He is easily distracted by his surroundings, and has to consciously focus to stay on topic and on task.

Dysan

Male Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, savant 4, thief 2; CR 6; Small humanoid (human) HD 4d6–4 plus 2d6–2; hp 17; Mdt 4; Init +2; Spd 30ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +0; Atk +5 melee (1d3/19–20, Small dagger); Full Atk +5 melee (1d3/19–20, Small dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ eidetic memory, evasion, jaded, trapfinding, watcher; Rep +1; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +8; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Bluff, Hide.

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Bluff +13, Decipher Script +10, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Escape Artist +8, Hide +16, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local) +7, Knowledge (nature) +8, Knowledge (religion) +8, Listen +10, Move Silently +9, Open Lock +9, Search +10, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +11, Spot +11, Survival +1 (+3 follow tracks); Agile, Alertness[B], Dodge, Persuasive, Run, Skill Focus (Hide)

Languages: Aurveshan (S/W), Caronnese (S/W), Cirdonian (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Irrune (S), Mrsevadan (S/W), Nisi (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Sherranpip (S/W), Trade Tongue (S), Twandan (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Bezul), Skill (Sisters of Sabellia).

Possessions: Small dagger, *shadow cloak, dust of disappearance*, 10 sh.



Elemi

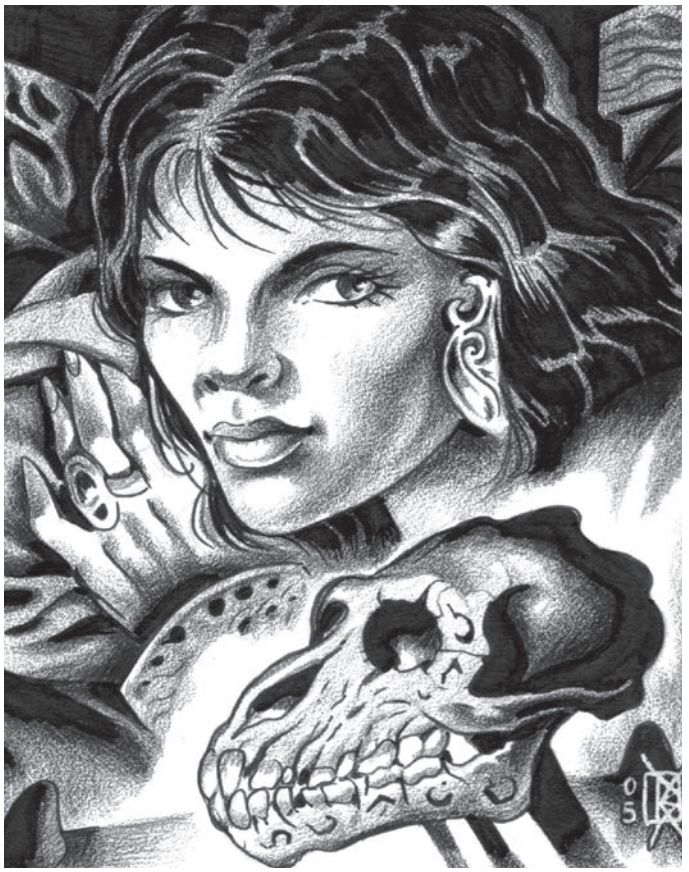
Though nearly all of the S'danzo left Sanctuary before the Dyareelans arrived, and nearly all of those who remained were killed, there are still a few in the city. Elemi came to Sanctuary not long after the Irrune liberated the city. She occasionally does readings for customers in her apartment above the Paddling Duck, an inn friendly to the S'danzo and unfriendly to everyone else.

Elemi plays a dangerous game. She is a spy for the rest of the S'danzo community, who plan to return to Sanctuary once the climate is right. She does not hide her heritage, but neither does she advertise it except to the S'danzo men who enter the city in disguise and come to the inn to exchange information. In between visits, she lives with her three children, doing what she can to protect them. Though she generally keeps to the Maze, she sometimes ventures into other parts of the city.

Elemi contacted Molin when she first arrived in Sanctuary and the two remained in contact up until his death. She knew he had Illyra's deck of cards and she considers them an important treasure to her people. However, when Molin was injured, he instructed Cauvin to take the cards to the seer and have her give him a reading. She used the cards, but was frightened by their power. Though she tried to give them back, Cauvin wouldn't have it, and left.

Lone on Elemi

"The soothsayer living above the Paddling Duck in the Maze is named Elemi. I hear tell she used to give readings for the Torch, back when the old sparker was still alive. She's also got her finger on the pulse of Sanctuary's S'danzo community, such as it is. You know... now don't you be blabbing this to Chance, you hear? But I think the old fellow has a soft spot for Elemi. I've seen him send money—probably out of some memory for Mignureal. Poor guy... I mean... yeah."



Description

Elemi is a small stocky woman in her mid-twenties. She has the typical olive complexion of her people and wears her dark curly hair long. She wears drab clothing to hide her S'danzo heritage, but if asked, she tells the truth.

Personality

Elemi does have a temper, which she tries to control. She is often jumpy, in part because of her prescience and in part because she is lonely. She desperately wishes her mission were finished and she could rejoin the rest of her people, or at least invite them to join her.

Elemi

Female S'danzo seer, witch 4, S'danzo Fortuneteller 3; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d4 plus 3d6; hp 22; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger); SQ godless, heritage of deceit, greater sight, mistrusted, precognitive sight, sudden insight 1/week, warding aura; Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 15

Background Skills: Bluff, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +10, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +7, Gather Information +7, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Listen +6, Sense Motive +13, Sleight of Hand +6, Spellcraft +6, Spot +6; Combat Expertise, Low Profile*, Ritual Emphasis*, Sighted*.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), S'danzo (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +7; ritualcasting +8; save DC 12 + spell level; divination spell save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (7): *alarm* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect curse* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *lesser confusion* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *lullaby* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mending* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

Familiar Spells (7): *animal messenger* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *calm emotions* (3rd, MT 40, price 6), *delay poison* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *disguise self* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 6), *misdirection* (3rd, MT 40, price 6), *speak with animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Possessions: *+1 cold iron dagger,* potion of *convert light wounds, +1 earrings of protection,* Illyra's deck (see page 102), *scroll of break enchantment*, 146 sh.

Elisar (Judge Nevermind)

The Sharda are a small privately funded investigative force attached to the Magistrate, Lord Elisar. Elisar, an influential Ilsigi noble, wants to make Sanctuary a better and safer place, and when word reached him of the corruption that was rife through the locals as well as the watch, he worked with Arizak to forge a special branch of the police force that would be discrete from the watch and the guard.

As Elisar frequently guides the Sharda to confront powerful criminal organizations, rival nobles, and priests, he uses the moniker "Judge Nevermind" to protect his station and family.

Description

Elisar is not a large man, but his slender build and long face and hands make him seem taller. He has a kind, quiet face, with piercing eyes and a noble brow. His hair is turning silver, which only makes him look more distinguished.

Personality

Very little is known about Elisar, save that he is an Ilsigi noble, and a high-ranking one. Elisar takes his rank very seriously, and wants to make Sanctuary a better, cleaner, safer place. He is also fascinated with the law, with the concepts of justice and truth, and with mysteries. Elisar is very much the type of man who, if handed a puzzle box, will not sleep or eat until he has figured out its secret.

Elisar (Judge Nevermind)

Male Ilsigi bureaucrat, noble 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8+6; hp 36; Mdt 17; Init –1; Spd 30ft.; AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword); SQ diplomat, inspiration 8/day (competence, complacency, courage), organize +4, skilled; Rep +2; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +9; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 14

Background Skills: Knowledge (local), Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +15, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +11, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (local) +13, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +10, Listen +6, Sense Motive +15, Spot +6; Combat Expertise, Endurance[B], Improved Disarm, Investigator[B], Iron Will, Leadership[B], Weapon Focus (short sword)[B].

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Arizak), Information (1).

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt, +1 short sword, ring of protection +1,* 240 sh.

Lone on Magistrate Elisar

"Another Ilsigi blue-blood who, just like any well-trained mongrel, panders to Sanctuary's current rulers. I've heard rumors of Elisar being connected to the Sharda in some way. If it's true, that means he's got more street-level knowledge than your typical magistrate."

Agents of the Sharda

Elisar has gathered an unusual assortment of people to work for the Sharda. Ixma and Taryn Sayn are two of them.

Ixma

A small, extremely thin woman with huge dark eyes and the jet-black curls of the S'danzo, Ixma is of mixed blood but did inherit part of the S'danzo gift. She can tell when people are lying, or at least when they are not telling the truth. Ixma says very little, and usually accompanies Taran Sayn, letting her large partner do all the talking. She sits back, observes, and informs him by covert gestures whenever the subject has lied or withheld information.

Ixma

Female half-Wrigglie, half-S'danzo constable, witch 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d4+12; hp 28; Mdt 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +3; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6, masterwork light mace) or +5 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6, masterwork light mace) or +5 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ godless, heritage of deceit, jaded, mistrusted, witchcraft (embrace power, unnatural vitality); Rep +1; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +7; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Knowledge (local), Sense Motive

Skills and Feats: Bluff +5, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (local) +8, Sense Motive +8, Spellcraft +8; Dodge, Mixed Ancestry*, Point Blank Shot, Sighted[B]*.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), S'danzo (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Judge Nevermind), Skill (Taran Sayn).

Spells: safe level 3rd; spellcasting +8; ritualcasting +8; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (9): *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *daze* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect thoughts* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *faerie fire* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *message* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *owl's wisdom* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *produce flame* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *remove fear* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *warp wood* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (10): *cat's grace* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *darkness* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *detect secret doors* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *disguise self* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *endure elements* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *hideous laughter* (2nd, MT 30, price 2),

Lone on Ixma

"Scary S'danzo half-breed. She's in the Sharda, and is always with Taran Sayn. He asks the questions, and she stares at you with those buggy eyes of hers when you give the answers. It's like she knows if you're telling the truth or not, and I don't much care for it. Can't tell an honest lie around that woman."

identify (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *mage hand* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *resistance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *sound burst* (3rd, MT 40, price 3).

Possessions: Masterwork light mace, masterwork light crossbow, 10 bolts, 10 cold iron bolts, potion of *convert moderate wounds*, *scroll* of *call lightning*, *bracers of armor +2, elixir of vision*, 32 sh.

Lone on Taran Sayn

"One of the Sharda's best hunting dogs. He'll search under each and every pile of garbage in Sanctuary to get his man, and he'll enjoy doing it, too. He works for Judge Nevermind, or so he says. I figure that means he's Magistrate Elisar's stooge, but Sayn isn't telling."

Taran Sayn

Taran Sayn is one of the more prominent members of the government organization called the Sharda, and one of its more successful interrogators and investigators. He usually works with Ixma; he does all the talking, trusting her to let him know when the subject is lying or withholding information. A burly man with broad shoulders and a wide chest, Sayn does his best to avoid attention. He keeps his dark brown hair and lighter beard neatly trimmed, but plain in style, and wears a plain brown cloak over a blue tunic and leggings and worn boots. He carries both a sword and a dagger, and is a competent fighter, but his real strength is his power of observation. Sayn has sharp eyes and ears, and can tell a great deal about a person even without his S'danzo partner's truth-sense. He is a friendly man, but rarely exuberant, and his average looks, plain speech, and direct manner often loosen tongues far more than a more handsome face or a more charming manner could. Sayn is moderate in all of his pleasures, drinking enough to be sociable when out but never over-indulging, and he is always alert. He takes his job, and the welfare of Sanctuary very seriously, and is both a native and an Ilsigi.

Taran Sayn

Male Rankan constable, ranger 3, savant 3; CR 6; Medium humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 3d6+3; hp 34; Mdt 20; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +5; Grap +6; Atk +7 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +7 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*); Full Atk +7 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +7 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*); SA combat style (skirmish); SQ favored environment (plains +2) literate, talent (good fortune); Rep +0; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Gather Information, Spot.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +5, Climb +4 (+6 ropes), Diplomacy +11, Disguise +0 (+2 acting), Escape Artist +1 (+3 ropes), Gather Information +9, Handle Animal +5, Hide +6 (+8 plains), Intimidate +2, Jump +4, Knowledge (geography) +5 (+7 plains), Knowledge (local) +7, Listen +8 (+10 plains), Listen +1 (+3 plains), Move Silently +6 (+8 plains), Ride +8, Search +7 (+9 plains), Sense Motive +8, Spot +11 (+13 plains), Survival +7 (+9 plains, +9 avoid hazards and getting lost, follow tracks), Use Rope +6; Alertness[B], Increased Damage Threshold*, Endurance[B], Manhunter*, Mobility[B], Negotiator[B], Point Blank Shot, Track[B].

Languages: Ilsigi (S/W), Rankene (S/W) Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Judge Nevermind), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt*, *+1 buckler*, *+1 longsword*, *+1 light crossbow* with 20 bolts, *potion of convert light wounds*, *potion of protection from arrows, universal solvent,* vial of antitoxin, 50 sh.

Geddie

Geddie is a typical girl from Sanctuary. She grew up knowing tough times and has lived by doing what she has to. Along the way, she's made many mistakes, including getting hooked on opah, but she pushes on, determined that one day she will escape the hell that is her life.

Geddie was born to a whore and a Rankan. Though her mother claimed to have been a prostitute on the Street of Red Lanterns, specifically at the Aphrodesia House, Geddie's memories all link her to Madam Perspecia's House in the Maze. After her mother died, Geddie picked up the trade but didn't have much success—she's scrawny and small-breasted, with eyes that are too large. And once Madam Perspecia made all the money she could selling the girl's virginity, Geddie found herself doing menial tasks for the more successful prostitutes.

Dissatisfied, Geddie left the brothel and tried to make a legitimate living in the city, but, as always, Geddie was foolish when it came to men, and placed all her hopes for a better life on a brute named Ser Bithlo who found his end on the point of a knife in the Maze, but not before he addicted Geddie to opah and introduced her to Maksandrus (see page 159). Makker saw Geddie had potential and so he taught her the art of picking pockets.

Geddie worked the streets for about a year or so until Makker elevated her to the position of courier, where she'd run drugs to the palace and bring back information and money. For the last year, Geddie has worked in the palace laundry and has finally worked her way up to mending. Geddie works nearly every day and sometimes has encounters with Irrune and other lords who want a dalliance with one of the "invisibles," or palace servants. Geddie meets regularly with an Irrune named Romek who is also addicted to opah and pays for his habit with information.

Though instructed by Makker not to steal, she does so anyway, and sells the swag at Bezul's; though Bezul and Chersey are suspicious, Geddie has never brought them anything of such high value or quality that they feel they have to dispute her contention that she's been given the articles in payment for services rendered.

When she isn't working at the palace, she can usually be found at the Frog and Bucket, a Shambles tavern where she eats her supper

Lone on Geddie

"This bint may have more than a little Rankan blood running in her veins, but she's mostly Wrigglie. A part-time whore and full-time opah-dipper who works for Makker, Geddie also works in the Palace as a laundress or mender."

(when she hasn't managed to scrounge enough to eat at the palace) and keeps a small room. Several evenings a week, though, she makes the journey into the Maze to meet Maksandrus at the Vulgar Unicorn.

Of late, Geddie has caught the eye of Dace, the crippled 'Nighter now dwelling and working at the changing house. In turn, she has taken an interest in Bezul's ne'er-do-well brother, Perrez. Maksandrus has specifically directed Geddie to seduce Perrez. He and others would like to get their claws into the largest and most respectable changing operation in the city, and they've come to understand that the best way to dig in would be through Perrez.

Description

A slender young woman with long, light-brown hair, enormous brown eyes, and pleasant, mildly attractive but goggle-eyed features. Geddie appears unthreatening, and even moderately likeable. She usually has a bruise or cut on her face from a rough client.

Personality

Geddie is personable, if somewhat passive. She can be ingratiating and appealing. Like many whores and whores' daughters, she dreams that she'll find a man who'll get her out of the rather hopeless life she leads. Geddie visits the fane of the love goddess, Eshi, two or three times a week and is a sucker for love potions and similar charms. At heart, though, she is driven by her addiction to the opah she gets from Maksandrus.

Her debt to Maksandrus is about thirty shaboozh, but might just as well be thirty coronations or diamonds for all the likelihood that she could ever amass enough wealth to pay it off… and it's constantly growing.

Although forbidden by Maksandrus from stealing from the palace for fear it would "jeopardize his investment," Geddie *will* steal whenever the opportunity arises; if not to feed her habit, then to make an offering to Eshi, or purchase another useless potion.

For all her foibles and faults, Geddie is a patriotic Sanctan. She maintains a proper horror of all things Dyareelan and a suspicion of all foreigners.

Geddie

Female Wrigglie beggar, commoner 3; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d4+3; hp 10; Mdt 12; Init +1; Spd 30ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +1 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 10

Backgrounds Skills: Bluff, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +6, Gather Information +1, Hide +3, Knowledge (local) +6 (+8 when navigating the Maze), Listen +5, Move Silently +3, Spot +5; Alertness, Maze-Savvy[B*], Stealthy.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

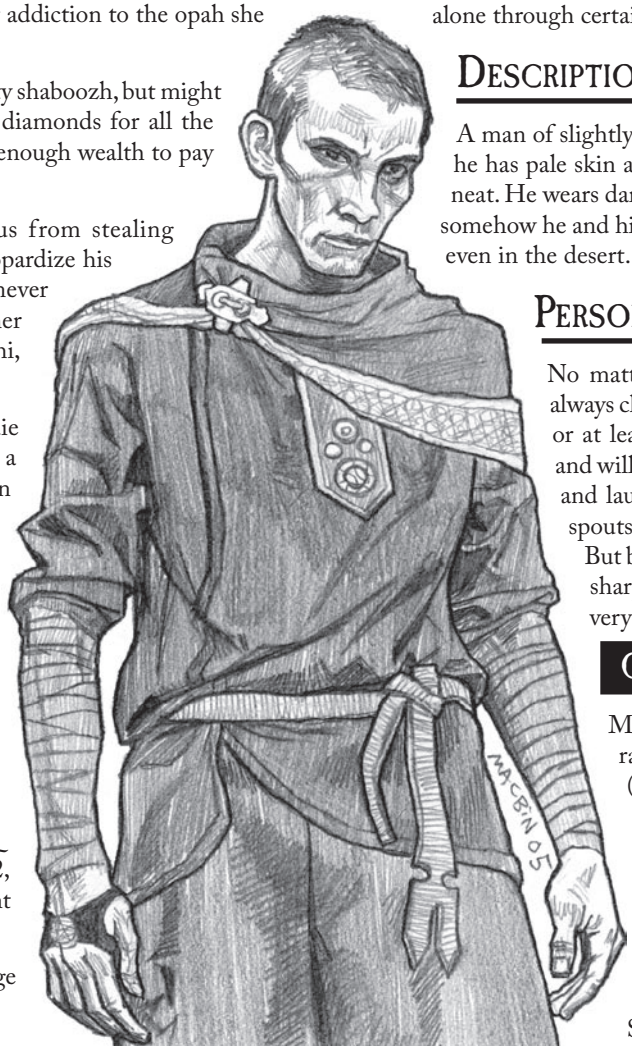
Contacts: Information (Makker).

Possessions: Dagger, 2 books of opah rags.

G'han the Wanderer

G'han is a bit of a mystery, not because he will not talk about himself, but because no one can decide if he is telling the truth. G'han claims to be a Master of Fourteen Spirits, each one with different powers. His self-avowed occupation is destroyer of supernatural menaces, and he has certainly demonstrated some skill in that regard. According to G'han's version of things, he is a member of an order that specializes in hunting demons, ghouls, and other monsters. He is very fast, both in mind and in body, and his fighting style relies upon speed more than strength. He does clearly possess magic, most of it channeled through his sword.

He arrived in Sanctuary with his friend Taran, and stays at the Phoenix Inn, which belongs to Taran's family. G'han has professed himself to be delighted with the chaos of Sanctuary, and he wanders all over the city, apparently not noticing the danger in walking alone through certain neighborhoods.



Description

A man of slightly below-average height and wiry build, he has pale skin and black hair that he keeps short and neat. He wears dark clothing, rich but slightly worn, and somehow he and his effects are always scrupulously clean, even in the desert.

Personality

No matter what the circumstances, G'han is always cheerful. He also seems to ignore danger, or at least to not be worried about anything, and will charge into a demon pit while smiling and laughing. He is fond of old adages, and spouts them as if they were great wisdom. But beneath his cheerful exterior, G'han has sharp eyes and a good heart, and he can be very protective of his friends.

G'han the Wanderer

Male Mygdonian soldier, initiate 5, ranger 2; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6+5 plus 2d10+2; hp 38; Mdt 16; Init +1; Spd 30ft.; AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +5; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*); SA combat style (skirmish), favored terrain (desert); SQ eclectic sorcery (Cha); Rep +1;

SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 14

Background Skills: Ride, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +8, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +4, Handle Animal +4, Jump +5, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Hide +3, Listen +3, Move Silently +3, Ride +7, Search +3, Sense Motive +4, Sleight of Hand +7, Spellcraft +11, Spot +3, Survival +2, Tumble +5; Agile Riposte[B*], Combat Expertise, Extra Spells*, Dodge, Mobility[B], Track[B], Witchblooded[B*].

Languages: Nisi (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Information (Latilla), Skill (Taren).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +7; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (4): *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *command undead* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *disrupt undead* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *see invisibility* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (5): *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *halt undead* (3rd, MT 40, price 6), *prestidigitation* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1)

Possessions: *+1 studded leather armor*, *+1 longsword (+1 spell focus),* scroll of *whispering wind, brooch of shielding*, 2 flasks of holy water, 10 sh.



Lone on G'han the Wanderer

"I've seen this guy wandering around town with Latilla's son, Taran. He looks like any other caravan guard, albeit well groomed. He fancies himself a hunter of demons from some faraway land. Sounds to me like the sun's baked his brain."

Hâlott

Having gained the enmity of some chieftain in the World's Edge Mountains, likely for something Rogi (see page 166) did, Hâlott fled south to Sanctuary and assumed his current name. In Thieves' World, he spends most of his time in an abandoned tower, not far from the city walls, where he conducts arcane research into the dark arts of necromancy. To continue to pay for his expensive chemicals, he occasionally brews poisons for the criminally minded in the city. The gains from such sales are enough to keep his tower stocked with the strangest and foulest materials to further his studies.

On occasion, the lich necromancer comes into the city, usually looking for his erstwhile servant, Rogi, but sometimes to gain information or to make new contacts. When he does, the locals steer clear, repelled by his horrible visage and sinister reputation. When he does come to town, it is usually to the Vulgar Unicorn, though he does not drink or eat. He merely sits there, quietly listening.

Description

Hâlott rarely goes about without a heavy cloak, and for good reason. His body is animated dead flesh, and for those unused to him, he can be quite startling. Tall and gaunt, he has dried-up skin the color of old parchment. Those who get a look at his face find it's equally grotesque, with sunken cheeks, sewn-shut eyes and a hawk-like nose. His lips are pulled back, revealing old, brown teeth. Even more unsettling is the paint on his eyelids, creating the image of a set of unblinking black eyes. His body is no better. He has long, bony limbs, and his skin is stretched tight over his skeletal ribcage. He has an ancient scar that starts at his breastbone and descends down, all the way to his groin.

Still, for a member of the walking dead, Hâlott is quite vain. He has tattooed his lips blue for color and he's meticulous about painting his eyes with kohl. He wears heavy, dark robes of fine material and a black skullcap, and is never without the upside-down ankh carved from obsidian that he wears on an iron chain around his neck.

Personality

A plotter and schemer, Hâlott is concerned about one thing: himself. Everything he does is to advance some machination, some plot, or some effort to further his understanding of the dark arts of necromancy. He is patient, especially with Rogi, but he also has a temper, which slips away from him from time to time. Hâlott laments his fate, but he fears death, and so he's caught between two worlds — the one of the living and the other of the dead — and is master of neither.

Hâlott

Lich academic, Mage 16; CR 18; Medium undead (augmented human); HD 16d12; Mdt —; hp 110; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +8; Grap +10; Atk +10 melee (1d8+5, touch); Full Atk +10 melee (1d8+5, touch); SA fear aura,

techniques (lore, specialist mage (necromancy), potent magic, sanctum), touch attack; SQ damage reduction 15/Enlibar steel, immunities (cold, electricity, polymorph and mind-affecting effects), turn resistance +4, undead; Rep +4; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +13; Str 14, Dex 12, Con —, Int 20, Wis 16, Cha 12

Lone on Hâlott

"Until just lately, I'd only ever seen this necromancer from a distance, sitting in the Vulgar Unicorn with his twisted little troll of a lackey. Up close, he looks about as dead and dried up as a corpse that's been left in the desert for a few years. Still, his coin's as good as anyone's, and he seems to have a good bit of it to spend."

Background Skills: Decipher Script, Knowledge (history).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7 (+9 alchemical items, jewelry, poison), Concentration +11, Craft (alchemy) +15, Craft (jeweler) +15, Craft (poison) +15, Decipher Script +17, Hide +9, Knowledge (arcana) +23, Knowledge (history) +17, Knowledge (nature) +15, Knowledge (religion) +15, Knowledge (the planes) +20, Listen +11, Move Silently +9, Search +13, Sense Motive +11, Spellcraft +22, Spot +11, Survival +3 (aboveground natural environments, other planes); Craft Wondrous Item, Diligent[B], Greater Spell Focus (necromancy), Heighten Spell, Improved Counterspell, Instantaneous Casting*, Scribe Matrix*, Spell Focus (necromancy)*.

Languages: Caronnese (S/W), Enlibar (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Influence (2), Information (Rogi, 1), Skill (2).

Fear Aura (Su): Anyone within 60 feet of Hâlott with less than 5 HD must make a DC 19 Will save or be affected by a *fear* spell (caster level 16th). Hâlott may suppress this effect at will as a free action.

Touch Attack (Su): Hâlott's touch deals 1d8+5 points of damage to living beings; a DC 19 Will save halves the damage. Anyone damaged by this attack must also make a DC 19 Fortitude save or be permanently paralyzed.

Spells: safe level 8th; spellcasting +28 (+30 within his tower); ritualcasting +20 (+22 within his tower); save DC 15 + spell level; necromancy save DC 17 + spell level. Hâlott casts necromancy spells & rituals as a 17th-level mage. He gains a +2 bonus to spell- and ritualcasting checks when casting necromancy spells. Because of his undead nature, Hâlott takes lethal damage even when casting spells that are within his safe level limit.

Known Spells (23): *blindness/deafness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1)*, *crushing despair* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *darkness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *dimension door* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *enervation* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *eyebite* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *finger of death* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *greater arcane sight* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3)*, *horrid wilting* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *magic missile* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mending* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *planar binding* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *ray of enfeeblement* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *resist energy* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sending* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *slow* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *telekinesis* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *waves of fatigue* (5th, MT 60, price 5)

Familiar Spells (25): *alarm* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *animate dead* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *arcane lock* (2nd, MT 20, price 2), *binding* (8th, MT 90, price 8), *black tentacles* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *cloudkill* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *contact other plane* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *command undead* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *detect scrying* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *dimensional anchor* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *greater dispel magic* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *identify* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *illusory script* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *insanity* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *lesser globe of invulnerability* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *magic aura* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mass hold person* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *persistent image* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *phantasmal killer* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *prying eyes* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *repulsion* (6th, MT 70, price 6), *secret chest* (5th, MT 60, price 5), *summon monster VII* (7th, MT 80, price 7), *tongues* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *trap the soul* (8th, MT 90, price 8)

*New Spell; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Possessions: Obsidian ankh necklace *(+5 spell & ritual focus)*, 2000 shaboozh in the coffers of his tower.

Harnet Mur

Long ago, Harnet Mur was a master craftsman. He worked in metal, stone, wood, and clay, sculpting and crafting tools and jewelry. His work was beautiful, and he quickly gained the attention and favor of the young governor, Prince Kadakithis, who was impressed as much by the man's calm nature and kind heart as by his art. When a ship had been captured by pirates, and Kadakithis asked for volunteers to help rescue the boat and its crew, Harnet Mur was one of the first to step forward. When Kadakithis left Sanctuary, Harnet Mur offered to accompany him. But, at the time, he had been recently married and was a new father of a baby boy. So Kadakithis thanked Harnet Mur, and sent him back with kind words, a bag of gold, and a request for a statue to remind the city of its former governor.

Unfortunately, when the prince left, he took Harnet Mur's luck with him. Harnet's wife died of swamp fever soon after, and years later the plague took his son and daughter-in-law, leaving Harnet to care for his infant grandson, Kadithe. And then the Hand returned. When the Irrune moved to take the city, three men had opened the gates for them. Harnet Mur had been one of them, and the Hand did not forget. The cultists broke into his shop, destroyed all of his work, and then turned their attention to the master craftsman himself. They broke every finger of his fine hands, and then took slag from his own foundry and dripped it,

Lone on Harnet Mur

"I've heard that Mur was one of three men who ensured that the gates to the city were open when the Irrune came in and trounced on the Hand. The Hand didn't forget about him, either. They came one night, blinded him, broke his hands, and left him for dead. As far as I know, he still is."

slowly and carefully, into his eyes. Then they left the blind, crippled man to die.

Fortunately, Harnet Mur had suspected that the Dyareelans might seek revenge one day. He had trained his grandson to hide at a moment's notice, and the boy was safely upstairs when the cult attacked. It was Kadithe's screams of horror, held in until the cultists were long gone, that brought neighbors to investigate, and they saved Harnet Mur's life, though his eyes were gone.

Since that time, knowing that the cult has never fully left Sanctuary, Harnet Mur has done his best to hide within the city. He and his grandson moved into the Maze, into a ruined old house that no one else wanted. Harnet Mur rarely leaves the house, and Kadithe only refers to him as Grandfather. Neither of them even so much as think their last name any more, to avoid ever slipping and mentioning it.

Description

Harnet is in his late fifties, with grizzled hair that only slightly retains its former golden luster. His face is haggard and careworn, and despite his deplorable existence, he is gentle and kind. His eyes are disturbing: pale with white, scarred pupils. His hands are arthritic and twisted, too damaged for him to grasp anything.

Personality

Although blind, Harnet Mur is still very observant. He can tell a lot about a person by their voice, and he can read his grandson like an open book. He also has decades of skill, and has trained Kadithe as his successor. Despite his injuries, and currently low status, Harnet Mur has retained his humor and his warmth. He is a kind man who helps strangers, for he cannot leave them to suffer alone. He has millions of stories about Sanctuary, and particularly about Kadakithis, whom he still remembers fondly.



Harnet Mur

Male Rankan entrepreneur, savant 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+3; hp 19; Mdt 10; Init +0; Spd 15 ft.; AC 8, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d3–1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +2 melee (1d3–1 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SQ lore +8; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +7; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 15

Background Skills: Craft (metalsmith), Profession (sculptor).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7 (+9 to appraise metalwork), Craft (metalsmith) +14, Diplomacy +5, Gather Information +5, Handle Animal +6, Heal +6, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +6, Listen +9, Perform (oratory) +7, Profession (sculptor) +9, Search –2, Sense Motive +7; Endurance[B], Skill Focus (Craft: metalsmith), Skill Focus (Knowledge: history)[B], Toughness

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Sanctan (S).

Contacts: Information (Kadithe), Skill (1).

Possessions: Everything Harnet Mur once owned has been sold over the years, or passed down to his grandson.

Notes: Harnet Mur has been permanently blinded and his hands have been crushed. These injuries can only be healed with magic.

Heliz Yunz

Calling Heliz a "scribe" is the surest way to insult him, and he will haughtily correct the speaker: He is a linguist and a researcher. Heliz knows most languages, both contemporary and ancient, and can read and write them fluently. Most days, he can be found in the courtyard of Lumm the Staver's somewhat damaged establishment, writing down letters for people in return for a few coins. But Heliz is far more than a copier. He was trained at the Library of the Crimson Scholars, near the Rankan city of Lirt. There, he learned the true power of words, and how to decipher them. Heliz can tell much about a man from hearing him speak or reading his writing. He can learn a man's birthplace, rough age, education, current mood, and level of truth at a glance or a moment's listening. Other details can be gained upon closer inspection.

In addition, Heliz is adept in the magic of words. Words contain power, and knowing the right word gives you access to that power. The gods themselves used certain words to shape the world and its occupants, and those are the words every Crimson Scholar seeks. Heliz has mastered several of these mystical words, and uses them when necessary, though he usually conceals the fact that the power comes from the words themselves. He is fascinated with ancient texts, and eagerly peruses any old writing he can find, particularly if it is in a language he does not know.

Heliz guards his past, and for good reason. He is why the Crimson Scholars are no more. During his research in the Library, he uncovered the *Word of Unmaking* and foolishly spoke it aloud. The result was

spectacular, destroying the Library and everyone in it, save himself. (And, it turns out, his estimable grandmother, as well). He pulled himself out of the rubble and fled, hoping to get as far away as possible. He wound up in Sanctuary and lived in a rented apartment owned by Lumm the Staver, where he survived by selling the silver buttons from his coat.

While he was content to study his tomes in peace, his past caught up with him. His grandmother, who was impossibly old and yet still beautiful, wanted the *Word of Unmaking* for her own nefarious purposes. The two clashed, destroying Lumm's shop and apartments in the process, and finally ended with Heliz giving the woman what she wanted. He spoke it and destroyed her, learning in the process the means of controlling the dreaded word.

Since, Heliz has been forced to serve as a copyist and letter-reader to pay back Lumm for the damage to the house. While Heliz treats the man poorly, they are becoming friends at Lumm's insistence, and it seems one is rarely without the other. Heliz is also becoming something of a sleuth, solving mysteries with logic and deduction, which further eats into his precious translation time, as more and more troubled people seek him out for help.

Lone on Heliz Yunz

"A funny guy, Yunz. He's traded just about every one of his froggin' buttons for scraps of parchment, stone tablets, or anything else that might have something scrawled on it. I've made a few soldats off of the guy, myself. He's a bit of a prick. Talks down to everyone, like we're all idiots. At least I've still got all my buttons. Still, I couldn't help but give the guy a new cloak."

Description

Heliz is a narrow man of average height. He cuts his dark hair himself in a ragged bowl cut, and has a thin mustache and faint beard that look more like traces of ink. Heliz dresses in a red cassock and mantle over dark trousers; when he first arrived, his threadbare cassock had thirteen silver buttons down the front, but those have all been traded away and replaced with simple wooden ones. He has since received a similar but sturdier garment in better condition, but prefers to wear his old clothing when performing commissions. Heliz feels that, since people treat him as a desperate, impoverished scribe, he might as well look the part. He carries a scribe's satchel, filled with the usual quills, ink, parchment, waxes, seals, and other tools.

Personality

Heliz can be rude and condescending, particularly to those who interrupt his studies or who do not speak properly. He will accept jobs for coin, but will complain the entire time about how such work is beneath him. The only work he does not consider an affront is translation of ancient texts.

Word of Unmaking

The crimson scholars worked to uncover Ur-words from the written texts of the Known World. Collecting rare volumes, they studied these tomes, extracting syllables and word fragments from which they hoped to reconstruct the ultimate language of the gods. For what purpose, no one knows, but the most coveted word in the lexicon was the *Word of Unmaking*. Not only was this word hidden, buried, and only rumored to exist, it was dangerous to use. Inevitably, with so much effort spent to construct the language, it was but a matter of time before someone discovered it. That someone was Heliz Yunz.

The *Word of Unmaking* is the final word of the language of creation, the word used to unravel that which was made. Only characters with the Moderate Ur-Word Proficiency feat (see page 226) have the ability to find it (DC 30 Decipher Script and found in an unnamed magic tome presumably destroyed) can make use of the word; others do not recognize it for what it is or even make the sounds to utter it. Once discovered, the individual is still not guaranteed to be able to use it. In order to learn the *Word of Unmaking*, the character must succeed on a DC 30 Knowledge (arcana) check. Moreover, it counts as 4 Ur-words of any level, meaning that the character may need to wait until he gains another feat before he can access it.

Once learned, the character may speak it without limitation, though each time after the first it grows more difficult to use. To use this powerful Ur-word, the crimson scholar must succeed on a DC 20 Concentration check (modified as normal). If he succeeds on this check, the *Word of Unmaking* creates a destructive blast extending out 100 feet per character level in all directions from the speaker. All creatures, unattended objects, and structures take 1d6 points of damage per character level (no cap, Reflex DC 20 + the character's Intelligence modifier for half damage).

The speaker is immune to the effects of *Word of Unmaking*, but not the collateral effects. For example, a character who speaks this word indoors and collapses a structure on top of himself still takes damage from the falling debris.

The *Word of Unmaking* can be controlled if the character has the Diminish Ur-word feat.

Using this Ur-word is extremely taxing, causing the character to become fatigued for 1 hour. If he fails by 5 or more on the Concentration check, he is exhausted until he rests for at least 8 hours.

Each time a character uses the Word of Unmaking after the first, the base DC increases by +5. The character can use the Word as many times per day as he wishes, but on a failed check, he is simply too drained to use it until 24 hours have passed. Note that two consecutive uses of the *Word of Unmaking* will make a character exhausted instead of fatigued. An exhausted character may not utter the *Word of Unmaking*.

Heliz Yunz

Male Lirter academic, savant 6, crimson scholar 4; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6 plus 4d6; hp 37; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +4 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); SA *Word of Unmaking*; SQ cipher, eidetic memory, linguist, literate, lore +12; Rep +2; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +11; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 19, Wis 14, Cha 9.

Background Skills: Concentration, Decipher Script.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Bluff +8, Concentration +15, Craft (paper) +8, Decipher Script +28, Diplomacy +3, Disguise –1 (+2 acting), Forgery +8, Intimidate +1, Gather Information +1, Knowledge (arcana) +22, Knowledge (geography) +15, Knowledge (history) +15, Listen +4, Profession (scribe) +15, Read Language, Search +15, Sense Motive +11, Spot +4, Speak Language, Survival +2 (+4 avoid hazards, getting lost, or follow tracks); Complex Ur-Words[B], Diligent[B], Diminish Ur-Word, Enlarge Ur-Word, Investigator[B], Moderate Ur-Word Proficiency, Simple Ur-Word Proficiency, Skill Focus (Decipher Script)[B], Ur-Word Emphasis (*Word of Unmaking*)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Beysib (S/W), Caronnese (S/W), Cirdonian (S/W), Enlibirite (S/W), Ilsig (S/W), Irrune (S), Nisi (S/W), Raggah (S/W), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (Lumm, 1).

Ur-Words (Sp): Caster Level 10th; Simple (DC 15)—*daze monster, fox's cunning, lesser confusion, owl's wisdom, soften earth and stone*; Moderate (DC 17)—*entangle, fabricate, transmute mud to rock*; Complex (DC 19)—*animate objects, repulsion, sunbeam*; Special (DC 26)—*Word of Unmaking*.

Possessions: Dagger, crimson robes, scribe's satchel, 1d6 research books, *word of unmaking**.

Jerbrah Mioklas

Most do their best to forget the Troubles, leaving behind the unique hell that gripped Sanctuary during its darkest times. But a few are haunted by their past, still paying the price of the sins. One such person is Jerbrah Mioklas. As a child, he lived in a grand mansion within a lovely estate situated prominently along the Processional. His family was Ilsigi, hailing back to earlier times, and they have been in Sanctuary for generations. Unfortunately, certain family members still felt that most non-Ilsigi in Sanctuary were foreign invaders, and this made them easy prey for the Dyareelans. Mioklas' father was one of those swayed, and he threw in with the Hand shortly after they went public. When the Irrune swept in and destroyed the cult, Mioklas father was executed as well, and the family lost much of its money and most of its reputation.

In the years since, Mioklas has spent years trying to restore the family to its former place. He is a merchant, and a successful one. Most of his money of late has gone toward restoring his family manor, which fell into disrepair with his father's death. Everything he does is to restore his family's place in the city, and so he spends far more than he has and is in debt to many people.

It's rumored among some that Mioklas actually represents the Ilsigi king's interests in the city, which would explain how he seems to always rebound from near bankruptcy. But if true, it's something Mioklas doesn't advertise, and would deny if asked. Jerbrah is rarely alone and, as with many of the wealthy citizens, keeps a bodyguard for protection (Brevis, 4th-level male Wrigglie fighter). Jerbrah has two children, a daughter named Las and a son, Nerry. His daughter is something of an instigator and is an incurable troublemaker.

Description

Mioklas is not a large man, but he is fit and has the energy of youth. He is well groomed, and wears the best clothing of the current fashion trends. He has brown hair, well-manicured hands, and sharp eyes.

Personality

Jerbrah is intelligent, and can often be charming, which is probably why the Ilsigi king chose him to represent their interests in Sanctuary. Mioklas does not mention this to anyone, but sounds out others on their feelings toward Ilsig, and does his best to convince everyone that the city would be better off in the hands of its original owners. As smart as he is, he's completely unreasonable, and frequently overspends, which puts a greater strain on the people he hires, who must wait sometimes indefinitely for their pay.

Jerbrah Mioklas

Male Ilsigi courtier, noble 4, thief 2; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+8 plus 2d6+4; hp 35; Mdt 15; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, *+1 dagger*); Full Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/19–20, *+1 dagger*); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ diplomat, evasion, inspiration 6/day (competence, courage), organize +3, skilled, trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +6, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 14

Background Skills: Bluff, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Bluff +15, Diplomacy +15, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gamble +8, Gather Information +6, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +6, Listen +6, Profession (merchant) +7, Sense Motive +9, Spot +6; Alertness[B], Combat Expertise, Improved Initiative, Negotiator, Persuasive[B].

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Irrune (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Skill (Grabar).

Possessions: Padded armor, *+1 dagger,* potion of *convert moderate wounds, ring of protection +1, cloak of resistance +1,* 193 sh.

Lone on Jerbrah Mioklas

"Mioklas is one of the city's peers, which means he's rich enough to buy into the city government. He's got a big house on the Processional, likely filled with all sorts of shiny things. There's been whispers that he's an agent for Ilsig, something I'm sure he'd deny."

Jerez Camargen

Sanctuary has many old-timers, but few are as ancient as Jerez Camargen. He is one of the city's oldest current residents, though one of its newest arrivals. And yet he does not look older than his mid-thirties… in part, because he's not quite old *enough*.

Lone on Jerez Camargen

"I've no idea where Jerez came from, but he's obviously a sea dog. He's currently got a few low-life salts working for him, moving *kref* and stolen goods along the wharves. Either he's building an empire of his own, or he's looking to buy a ship."

Jerez is a ship captain. His last vessel was the *Widowmaker*, a Yenized vessel he liberated from its previous owner. Jerez is also a pirate. Shortly after acquiring the *Widowmaker*, he was approached by an Enlibar wizard named Hada Korgun. Korgun claimed that a recent guest had stolen several valuable items, costing Korgun his job as court wizard to the king. Korgun wanted the items back, and he offered to pay handsomely if Jerez would pursue the thief and retrieve the items. Jerez agreed, despite his misgivings about dealing with wizards.

They pursued the other ship, a Yenized vessel named the *Fortunate*, for weeks, often retaining the trail only through Korgun's magic. (Although Korgun had apparently died when a spell he cast at the other vessel had backfired, but his body still pointed the way to the *Fortunate* and its wizard. Jerez continued the hunt.) Finally, they overtook the other ship, but before they could do more than fire the weapons, a massive storm appeared.

One of the *Fortunate*'s passengers was knocked overboard, and dragged up onto the *Widowmaker*—a strange looking man… young, but with long silver hair. He immediately shouted that they needed to cut Korgun loose, before he cursed them all. The stranger attempted to cut the ropes that held Korgun to the bowsprit, and Jerez moved to stop him. The two men were strangling each other when the waves hit and the bowsprit snapped, toppling them into the sea.

When Jerez awoke, he was on an island, the ships nowhere in sight. After he flagged down a passing fisherman, Jerez stole the man's boat and rowed around the rocks, finding an entire city where none should have been. He had arrived in Sanctuary, and, as he later discovered, eight hundred years had passed since his disappearance.

Jerez has since taken up residence at the Broken Mast, a seedy tavern that caters to sailors. He has more than enough money to cover his stay, but he is not looking to become a permanent resident. He has been slowly hiring a new crew, and keeping his eyes open for a ship. (He is most certainly not above stealing one). Jerez is also searching for the man with the silver hair, who rumors say has also appeared in Sanctuary. Jerez blames the man for his predicament, and means to kill him.

Description

A good-sized man with the tanned skin of an outdoorsman, Jerez is moderately good-looking and knows it. He takes care to dress well, though not so flashy that he attracts undue attention. His hands are long-fingered and callused, and his voice is gravely, which only adds to the charm of his brown eyes and thick curls of dark brown hair.

Personality

Now that he has accepted being long past his own time, Jerez plans to continue as he had before. He wants to buy, build, or steal a warship, gather a good crew, and become a pirate once again. He is a good captain, fair but tough, and sets out his rules clearly, as well as the punishments for breaking them. Jerez is perfectly willing to kill to achieve his goals, but he will only use as much force as necessary—he does not kill or hurt for pleasure.

Jerez Camargen

Male Enlibrite sailor, thief 6, fighter 4; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+6 plus 4d10+4; hp 48; Mdt 21; Init +2; Spd 30ft.; AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +8; Grap +10; Atk +11 melee (1d6+2/15–20, *+1 keen scimitar*) or +11 ranged (1d8+1/×3, *+1 longbow*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d6+2/15–20, *+1 keen scimitar*) or +11/+6 ranged (1d8+1/×3, *+1 longbow*); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge; Rep +2; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +5; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 12

Background Skills: Balance, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Balance +10, Bluff +9, Climb +8 (+10 ropes), Diplomacy +11, Disguise +7 (+9 acting), Escape Artist +2 (+4



bindings), Gather Information +8, Hide +8, Intimidate +11, Jump +8, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +6, Profession (sailor) +6, Sense Motive +6, Spot +6, Survival +10, Swim +8, Use Rope +8; Cleave[B], Debilitating Strike*, Improved Bull Rush[B], Improved Damage Threshold*, Iron Will[B], Point Blank Shot, Power Attack[B], Streetwise*.

Languages: Enlibar (S/W), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Information (Pewl, Yos), Skill (Ano).

Possessions: *+2 studded leather armor, +1 keen scimitar, +1 longbow,* 20 arrows, spyglass, 3 flasks of alchemist's fire, 59 sh.

Kadasah

Kadasah came with her father to Sanctuary after Arizak moved to the city. Her father is a minor noble in Arizak's entourage. Her parents divorced when she was nine, but as the oldest child, she remained with him while her siblings went with her mother back to her family circle. Over the years, it was clear to Kadasah that her father saw in her nothing but someone to cook, take care of the tents, and care for the children, so she used her time among the ranking palace Irrune to study warfare. When she turned 16, she left the palace to sell her skills as a warrior, prompting her father to disown her. Since then, he has nothing but contempt for her when they meet. Kadasah doesn't care much, and only visits him when she wants him to carry messages to Arizak or Nadalya—messages he usually refuses to handle.

Lone on Kadasah

"I always figured that Irrune women were meaner than the men. Kadasah's living proof of that. She goes out hunting for the Bloody Hand, dragging that sorry-ass S'danzo, Kaytin, along with her. She uses the poor guy for bait, and then kills anything with a tattoo that jumps out at him. He needs to find a new woman, I think."

Kadasah prefers her steed, Vagrant, over much human company, but when she needs companionship, she goes to the Vulgar Unicorn, where she drinks too much, lies about her battles, and fights off the unwanted attentions of the men, particularly Kaytin (though this has changed recently). She supports herself by butchering Dyareelan cultists. She works primarily for a single secretive individual who foolishly believed he could negotiate with the Dyareelans. When the Irrune entered the city, the cultists turned on the Peers, believing they had betrayed them. The Dyareelans killed the man's wife and children, burned his home to the ground, and tortured him until the Irrune saved his life and fortune. Since that day, he has dedicated his life to the eradication of the cultists, regardless of the expense.

Kadasah is gainfully employed making forays into the tunnels of Sanctuary's undercity to root out hidden cultists wherever she finds them. She spends most of her time hunting beneath the ruined temple of Savankala. Though she makes good money killing cultists — her rich patron pays her handsomely for each kill, and for the tattooed bits she brings as proof — Kadasah lives in poverty. She and her lover, Kaytin, live in an old hovel with barely any shelter and no real furniture besides the bed. They have very few possessions, mainly battered cookware. Her horse, Vagrant, has better shelter than they do, consisting of another ruined building on the same property. This is not because Kadasah lacks money, but because she doesn't care. As long as she has her weapons, her pack, and food and drink, she is content. A willing partner and a chance to kill cultists is all she needs to be completely happy.



Description

Tall even for an Irrune, at nearly six feet, with long blond hair pulled back into three braids, Kadasah has the lithe muscles and quiet grace of a true warrior. She has average looks, but she owns a talisman that she believes makes her far more attractive to men.

Personality

Kadasah lives to fight, and particularly to fight and kill Dyareelans. She has insisted for several years that the cultists are not all dead and gone, and spends her nights hunting them in the tunnels below the city. Kadasah considers herself the greatest fighter alive, and while this is an exaggeration, she is talented. She wields a hand axe and a bastard sword, and has recently bought new weapons from Spyder.

Everyone in the Maze and the Shambles knows Kadasah, as do all the Irrune. She is renowned for her temper as much as her skill, and is often mixed up in bar fights she does not remember the next day. Some people assume that Kadasah is not very bright, because she is usually in trouble and doesn't know much about what's going on in the city around her. She is actually very intelligent, and quite observant, but only when she's interested. If she doesn't care about a subject, she completely tunes it out.

Kadasah

Female Irrune adventurer, barbarian 6, ranger 2; CR 8; Medium humanoid; HD 6d12+12 plus 2d8+4; hp 70; Mdt 20; Init +2; Spd 40ft.; AC 18, touch 12, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +8; Grap +11; Atk +13 melee (1d10+4/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d10+4/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) and +11 melee (1d6+2/×3, *+1 handaxe*); SA combat style (two-weapon), rage 2/day; SQ fast movement, favored environment (underground), improved uncanny dodge, saddleborn, trap sense +2; Rep +1; SV Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Knowledge (dungeoneering), Search.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Handle Animal +5, Hide +2 (+4 underground), Intimidate +7, Jump +8, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +5, Listen +5 (+7 underground), Move Silently +5 (+7 underground), Ride +11, Search +6 (+8 underground), Spot +5 (+7 underground), Survival +7 (+11 underground, +9 follow tracks); Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Track[B], Two-Weapon Fighting[B], Weapon Focus (bastard sword).

Languages: Irrune (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (Kaytin, 1).

Possessions: *+2 chain shirt, +1 bastard sword, +1 handaxe,* heavy warhorse, military saddle, 2 flasks of alchemist's fire.

Kadithe Mur

Kadithe lives and works in the Maze, but few people know him by sight and only a handful know his name. That is exactly how Kadithe prefers it. His grandfather, Harnet Mur, raised him to understand that anonymity was their greatest defense against the Hand, who might still want them dead. So Kadithe has spent years honing his skill at blending in, and at not revealing anything about himself.

Though still in his early teens, Kadithe has been studying with his grandfather since he was a toddler, and is a master craftsman in his own right. He has only made a few original pieces, but recently sold one of them to Bezul the Changer, and promised to make more. Kadithe is thrilled at the chance to sell his jewelry, but even more excited at the prospect of providing his beloved grandfather with good food and warm blankets and a few more comforts in their rough life.

Kadithe has since been doing repair work for Bezul, and he likes the changer and his wife. He also recently met Becvar, and the two have begun an odd friendship. But Kadithe still struggles against a lifetime of paranoia that makes him want to avoid any human contact.

Description

Small for his age, and slight, Kadithe deliberately disguises his appearance. His hair is probably the same dirty blond that his grandfather's was, but that indicates Rankan blood too clearly, and so Kadithe lets his hair get dirty, so that it looks darker. He stoops and shuffles to make himself seem more harmless, and he can hide his speech with the local guttercant, though he slips into more civilized tones when he's excited.

Personality

Only Bezul and Chersey have guessed his last name and his family, because Kadithe never mentions either of them. He knows that he was named for Kadakithis, but refuses to even think about it, and when he does give his name to anyone, it is only as Kadithe.

Kadithe's goal is to master the arts his grandfather has taught him, and to finish the old man's last commission: to create a golden statue of the prince whose name he carries, so that all of Sanctuary can see and remember that great man.

Kadithe Mur

Male Wrigglie entrepreneur, survivor 1; CR 1; Small humanoid (human); HD 1d10+4; hp 14; Mdt 8; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +0; Grap –4; Atk +1 melee (1d2 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +1 melee (1d2 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 13

Background Skills: Craft (jeweler), Profession (sculptor).

Skills and Feats: Craft (jeweler) +10, Hide +3, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +5, Move Silently +3, Profession (sculptor) +7, Spot +5, Survival +5, Tumble +5; Dodge, Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Maze-Savvy[B*], Toughness[B].

Languages: Ilsig (S), Rankene (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Bezul).

Possessions: Masterwork artisan's tools, 100 shaboozh worth of raw materials.

Kaytin

Kaytin is an odd case. Mostly S'danzo, he was sent by his people to scout out Sanctuary and to monitor the activities of the cultists so that the S'danzo might one day return. Unfortunately, he's also a man of passions. When he drinks a little too much, and is faced with a pretty woman, he tends to forget that he's a spy and brags about his heritage. Thankfully, no one really believes him, perhaps because he doesn't really look all that much like the S'danzo, or because no one believes that a real S'danzo would be stupid enough to behave the way Kaytin does.

In any event, the woman Kaytin wanted to bed more than any other was Kadasah, the fierce barbarian princess of his dreams. He spent his time hanging around the Vulgar Unicorn waiting for her to show up, so he could ply her with drink and seduce her. His plans never bore fruit and, instead, he found himself pulled into the reckless and very dangerous life of a cultist-killer. Kadasah sometimes used him as bait, sometimes had him along to carry her things, and

Lone on Kadithe Mur

"Funny kid. He does odd jobs for Bezul sometimes, and the rest of the time, he's poking around looking for anything he can sell in the changing house. He doesn't have any friends that I know of, and is probably an orphan. He's got a bolt-hole on the east side of the Maze, but I haven't been able to find it yet.

basically do whatever it was that she wanted.

After a particularly dangerous mission, Kadasah finally rewarded the smitten man, and took him to bed. Much to his sorrow, she has a lusty appetite, and now he is exhausted nearly all the time. Worse, she continues to use him, dragging him along on her hare-brained adventures and exposing him to more danger than he ever signed up for. Despite his predicament, he's still loyal to her, but he wouldn't mind if their lives improved; an intact roof, a warm bed, and a good meal would all be boons for Kaytin.

Lone on Kaytin

"This guy's a lovesick S'danzo puppy. If he keeps following that Kadasah around, he's sure enough gonna be dog meat. The more she treats him like shite, the more he keeps eating it."

Description

Kaytin is a tall, good-looking man with dark hair and dark eyes. It is difficult to tell his heritage by looking, which is exactly why he is in Sanctuary, because Kaytin is part-S'danzo and was sent to Sanctuary to serve as one of his people's scouts. His job is to watch and listen, and report back, particularly anything having to do with the S'danzo and their potential return.

Personality

Kaytin feels like Kadasah is simply using him, both as a lover and as bait on her hunts for Dyareelan cultists, and complains about this bitterly to anyone who will listen, and often those who are simply close enough to hear. (Perhaps he simply enjoys complaining.) Despite this, Kaytin does keep his ears open, and he remembers most of the conversations he overhears.

Kaytin carries a plain, well-constructed dirk, and knows how to use it, but he is not a fighter by nature. He would much rather talk his way out of trouble. Unfortunately, talking isn't usually an option with Kadasah. Then again, she usually leaps toward anyone attacking them, which means that the opponent is dead before Kaytin is forced to get involved.

Kaytin

Male S'danzo entertainer, thief 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid; HD 6d6+6; hp 29; Mdt 14; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +6 ranged (1d8/19–20, light crossbow); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+1/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +6 ranged (1d8/19–20, light crossbow); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, godless, heritage of deceit, mistrusted, trap sense +2, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 12

Background Skills: Bluff, Perform.

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Bluff +11, Climb +1 (+3 ropes), Diplomacy +10, Disable Device +7, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Escape Artist +7 (+9 ropes), Gather Information +9, Hide +7, Jump +3, Knowledge (local) +9, Listen +5, Move Silently +7, Open Lock +7, Perform (comedy) +8, Search +6, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +5, Survival +0 (+2 follow tracks), Tumble +7, Use Rope +7 (+9 bindings); Deft Hands[B], Dodge, Manhunter*, Point Blank Shot

Languages: Irrune (S), S'danzo (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (Kadasah).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather armor, masterwork short sword, light crossbow, 20 bolts, *soles of silence, shadow cloak*, thieves' tools, 2 flasks of alchemist's fire.

Kusharlonikas

Though the Irrune have banned the mageguild, there are still many magicians in Sanctuary, and even without their bloated organization, ambition still drives them. One such wizard is Kusharlonikas, a powerful wizard by modern standards. Kusharlonikas has no qualms about dabbling into the various techniques of sorcery and uses whatever he can get his hands on. He has varied and dangerous interests, and spends a great deal of time protecting himself and avoiding unwanted attention.

Kusharlonikas has recently gained the service of an apprentice, Komodoflorensal, which just so happens to be his great-great-nephew. (Kusharlonikas is over a century old) Try as he might, his apprentice proves to have little skill in magic and creates more difficulties than not, drawing undue attention to Kusharlonikas' plots and intrigues.

The great mage lives in a sizeable estate just outside the city walls. There, he keeps his Chamber of Reflection and Divination well warded and guarded, using magical creations to protect his accumulated lore.

Description

Kusharlonikas is old, and it shows. However, he uses sorcery to conceal his appearance, which works for everything but his wrinkled and veined legs. He wears long elaborate robes to hide his knobby knees.

Personality

Arrogant doesn't begin to describe Kusharlonikas. He is ambitious, reckless, and has a great opinion of himself. He sees ordinary mortals as dangerous fools. He's also a little paranoid, as evinced by his magical protections.

Kusharlonikas

Male Ilsigi academic, mage 9; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d4+9; hp 38; Mdt 12; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6–1, *staff of fire*); Full Atk –1/–5 melee (1d6-1, *staff of fire*); SQ skilled, techniques (arcane defenses, sanctum);

Lone on Kusharlonikas

"Oh, old Kushy is as cranky and arrogant as wizards can get. He's older than he looks, too, if his legs are any indication of his age."

Rep +2; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +10; Str 9, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 18, Wis 15, Cha 8

Background Skills: Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (history).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4 (+6 alchemical items), Concentration +11, Craft (alchemy) +16, Decipher Script +14, Knowledge (arcana) +19, Knowledge (history) +19, Knowledge (religion) +10, Knowledge (the planes) +14, Spellcraft +18, Survival +2 (+4 on other planes); Craft Focus*, Interrupted Spellcasting*, Iron Will[B], Rushed Casting*, Touch the Otherworld*.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Mrsevadan (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S/W).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1), Skill (Komodoflorensal).

Spells: safe level 4th; spellcasting +17; ritualcasting +10; save DC 14 + spell level. Gains +2 to casting checks within his Chamber of Reflection & Divination.

Known Spells (14): *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), confusion (4th, MT 50, price 4), *deep slumber* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *dimension door* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *disguise self* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *fog cloud* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *lightning bolt* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *prestidigitation* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *scare* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *scrying* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *silent image* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *summon monster II* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *unseen servant* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Familiar Spells (15): *arcane sight* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *detect scrying* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *identify* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *locate object* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *mirror image* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *nightmare* (5th, MT 60, price 5 lethal), *phantasmal killer* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *sepia snake sigil* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *summon monster V* (5th, MT 60, price 10), *teleport* (5th, MT 60, price 10), *tongues* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *ventriloquism* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *wall of fire* (4th, MT 50, price 4)

Possessions: *Staff of fire* (21 charges), *potion of convert light wounds*, ring *(+2 spell focus),* 275 sh.

Komodoflorensal, Kusharlonikas' Apprentice

Komodoflorensal has an unfortunate name, and an equally unfortunate past. Orphaned at an early age, he was sent to live with his great-great-uncle Kusharlonikas. Kusharlonikas is a wizard, and had no time for a nephew… but he did have plenty of uses for an apprentice and slave, particularly to serve as a test subject for various experiments. Now in his early twenties, it is a wonder Komodoflorensal has survived so long. He is a short, slight young man, with straw-colored hair and a round, open face. He is also clumsy, careless, absent-minded, and unlucky, often to a spectacular degree. And every time he fails, or breaks something,

Lone on Komodoflorensal

"Komodoflorensal is the struggling apprentice of Kusharlonikas. I don't know squat about magic, but I get the distinct impression that he's in the wrong line of work. I can't help but feel a little sorry for him. Much to my surprise, it seems the apprentice and I have more in common than I thought. He's not a bad guy actually."



"Uncle 'Lonikas" punishes the youth by subjecting him to another spell, wracking him with terrible pain and awful dreams. Often those spells involve the boy's death, whether real or illusory, and he once boasted that he has died six times, each time more horrible than the last. But the deaths have had no effect upon his spirit, and Komodoflorensal is still as friendly, as enthusiastic, and as optimistic as before.

Komodoflorensal

Male Ilsigi apprentice, mage 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d4+11; hp 22; Mdt 14; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 10 [+0 Dex], touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +4 melee (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ technique (metamagic expert), skilled; Rep +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 15, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Knowledge (arcana), Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +6, Decipher Script +7, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +3, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (history) +6, Knowledge (local) +7, Listen +1, Spellcraft +10, Spot +1; Alertness[B], Endurance, Still Spell, Toughness.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (W).

*Contacts: Information (1), Skill (*Kusharlonikas).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +6; ritualcasting +5; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (7): *color spray* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *grease* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *gust of wind* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *levitate* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *message* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *prestidigitation* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *sleep* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Familiar Spells (7): *blink* (3rd, MT 40, price 6), *hold portal* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *pyrotechnics* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *shatter* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *ventriloquism* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, *lesser rod of extend spell.*

Latilla

Lalo the Limner was the finest artist Sanctuary had ever seen, and he could do things with paints and inks that were beyond magic. He left the city long ago, but his family remains, and though not as powerful as Lalo, they each have their own gifts. Latilla, his daughter, is now the head of the family, in a sense.

Lone on Latilla

"The Phoenix Inn is one of the better hostels on the Hill. A middle-aged lady named Latilla runs the place. I've heard that her father was an artist back before the Troubles, when Ranke still held Sanctuary. She was married to a fellow named Darios, who claimed to be a magician."

Latilla's main goal has always been to keep her family safe. She also has her own talent, that of repair: Latilla can fix almost anything.



She has a particular gift for potions, and can create draughts that cure hangovers and dispel most minor diseases. Latilla's late husband Darios was a wizard, and he taught her several minor spells, but she does not use them often.

Latilla owns and runs the Phoenix Inn, a very solid bed-and-breakfast built on the ruins of the old Land's End estate. Though it sits on the Hill, the Phoenix is a respectable inn, and Latilla keeps it clean and inviting. Her mother Gilla lives with her, as does her younger brother Alfi, her daughter Sula, and Sula's twin Taran, when he isn't off on some adventure.

Description

Latilla is a handsome woman, now in her mid-fifties. Her blond hair has given way to gray, and she is a bit stocky, like her mother was, though not to the same degree. (Gilla was a big woman.) Latilla is not showy; she wears simple clothes of homespun that she made herself. She keeps her hair pulled back, and can appear a little severe, though when she smiles, she warms the heart.

Personality

Though she acts more like her assertive mother, Latilla did inherit her father's sensitivity, and she is often moved by beauty. She is not a fancy woman. She prefers good, simple things, and learned from her father that beauty often comes from these clean, peaceful items and moments. She is a very practical woman, and has a proverb for every situation, which annoys her children to no end.

Latilla

Female Wriggle merchant, initiate 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6; hp 16; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger) or +4 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger) or +4 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); SQ eclectic sorcery (Int), jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +2 (+4 alchemical items, herbals), Concentration +5, Craft (alchemy) +7, Craft (herbalism) +9, Diplomacy +11, Gather Information +9, Heal+4, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (nature) +7, Listen +3, Profession (innkeeper) +8, Sense Motive +6, Spellcraft +9, Spot +3, Survival +1 (+3 aboveground natural environment); Alertness[B], Brew Potion, Combat Expertise[B], Still Spell.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +6; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (4): *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect thoughts* (2nd, MT 40, DC 14, price 2), *fox's cunning* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *mending* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

Familiar Spells (2): *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *locate object* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Possessions: Dagger, 2 *potions of convert light wounds*, *lens of detection*, *Carronese good fortune oil (green),* vial of antitoxin, flask of acid, 20 sh.

Leorin

Cauvin met Leorin while they were both orphans under the Hand. As children, they were in the pits together, and as Leorin blossomed, she was taken out for "special" training and duties. The two began to care for each other before that, though. Leorin appreciated Cauvin's brawn, while he admired her brains, moreso than her beauty… there simply wasn't much appreciation of beauty in the Pits. After the city fell to Irrune hands, Cauvin tried to live a normal life. But, much to his surprise, he found Leorin again. They became friends, mostly with Cauvin consoling her as she grappled with terrible nightmares. It didn't hurt that she was strikingly beautiful. Her long, golden-blond hair, big hazel eyes, and fair complexion could set men's hearts beating. True, she was a bit cold, and suspicious of strangers, but so was everyone who had survived the cultists. The two of them had many things in common, and they began to spend time together. Eventually they got married. And then Cauvin learned the truth.

Leorin had told him that the Irrune had rescued her, as they had him, but that her adoptive family was almost as bad as the cultists, so she ran away and fought to survive on her own. None of this was true. Leorin was not in the pit when the Irrune arrived. She had instead been taken from there at some earlier point by one of the Dyareelan priests. The two of them escaped together, and he became her master, then her mentor, and finally her lover. His name was Strangle. And he selected Leorin not just for her beauty but for her value as a spy and an assassin. (Those who remember Kadakithis also see that she bears a striking resemblance to the old prince, which could have played a part in Strangle's choice.)

Unfortunately, Cauvin found all of this out the hard way. Only hours after they were married, Leorin betrayed her husband to the remaining Hand. Cauvin escaped, and told the Irrune what he knew. They went after the Hand, and Cauvin had assumed that his new bride had died with the rest of them.

Then, almost a year later, a woman turned up in Sanctuary. She took over a shop in the 'Tween, and collected a pack of thugs to do her bidding. The man who had owned the shop was found dead in the harbor, a Hand-knotted garrote around his throat. This woman called herself Cassata, and she was extremely homely, with ill-fitting clothes, ratty brown hair, and a massive wart on her chin. But Cauvin saw at once she was the same height as Leorin, and had many of the same habits. His former wife had survived the Irrune's attack, and had returned to Sanctuary, her beauty hidden, but her malice intact.

Description

Leorin is in her late twenties, just under five-and-a-half-feet tall. She is fair skinned, with wavy golden hair, unusual for Wrigglies. Though she's strikingly beautiful, her eyes reveal much. The light hazel color is flat, almost dead. Her personality, which asserts itself when she's angry, is cold, brittle, and suspicious. She quick to jump to conclusions and doesn't trust anyone.

When disguised as Cassata, she obscures her complexion with a dirty, greasy cosmetic and hides her hair beneath a ratty scarf to which she's attached a fringe of scraggly dark hair.

Personality

Leorin is extremely dangerous. She has received more training than any of the other Dyareelan-captured children, and is an active and willing member of the Hand. She is an expert assassin, and a talented spy and scout. Everything she does, she does to restore the cult's place in Sanctuary. She suffers from vivid nightmares, wherein she relives the horrors of her training and the loss of her childhood. But despite the hold Dyareela has on her, she loves Cauvin, mainly because he understands her nightmares as no one else does. Only in his arms is she able to feel safe. She does truly love him; it's just that love isn't nearly enough with Leorin. Still, she would draw the line at any plan that targets or endangers Cauvin, just as he's essentially unable to eliminate her. She is one of the few remaining cultists who had any familiarity with the Palace and the Dyareelan operations there.

Leorin/Cassata

Female Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, assassin 4, thief 3; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d8 plus 3d6; hp 32; Mdt 11; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +5; Grap +5; Atk +8 melee (1d4/19–20, disguised masterwork dagger) or +8 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*); Full Atk +8 melee (1d4/19–20, disguised masterwork dagger) or +8 ranged (1d8+1/19—20, *+1 light crossbow*); SA honey, poison use, sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +6], Ref +10, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Disguise, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +2 (+4 poisons), Bluff +12, Craft (poison) +14, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +13 (+15 acting), Gather Information +12, Hide +12, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +11, Knowledge (religion) +12, Move Silently +12, Sleight of Hand +8; Combat Expertise, Crippler's Eye*, Deceitful[B], Improved Feint[B], Maze-Savvy[B]*, Weapon Finesse.

*New feats; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Ilsig (S), Rankene (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (Cauvin).

Possessions: Padded armor, disguised masterwork dagger, *+1 light crossbow*, 10 bolts, potions, *ring of protection +1, cloak of resistance +1,* 5 applications of black adder venom (injury, DC 11, 1d6 Con/1d6 Con), 3 applications of scorpion venom (injury, DC 18, 1d6 Str/1d6 Str), 2 applications of slow-acting arsenic (ingested, DC 13, 1 Con/1d8), 2 applications of coadjutant oil of taggit (ingested, DC 15, 0/unconsciousness), 10 sh.

Lone on Leorin

"Another one of the orphans taken in by the Hand. A cruel one at that, and beautiful besides. There's a true look of Ranke about her. She and Cauvin were close, or so I gathered. I'm not sure where she's got to these days, and I'll be damned if I really care."

Lone (Catwalker)

The orphans who survived the Dyareelan Pits carved new lives for themselves afterward. Lone chose to recreate an older life, and to resurrect a character that had been prominent in Sanctuary long before the cult appeared. In the Pits, he had been known as Fleashit, because the cultists wanted to beat any self-esteem out of the children. But the other children called him Nil, because he could disappear so quickly that there was nothing there when you turned around. After being freed, he was adopted by a childless couple, and lived with them until his adoptive father died. The boy took care of his adoptive mother until she, too, passed away, leaving him alone in the world again. So, he took the name Lone, and set out to make himself into someone special.

Lone's talent for stealth naturally drew him to thievery, and people began comparing him to the greatest thief Sanctuary had ever known: Shadowspawn. Lone was fascinated by the tales of this quick, deadly, dashing hero-thief, and patterned himself after the stories. Then, through various clues and a little help from Strick, Lone discovered that the old man named Chance was none other than Shadowspawn himself! Lone dared to ask the retired thief to train him, and to his surprise and delight, Chance agreed.

By day, Lone walks the streets, particularly the Maze, the Bazaar, and the Shambles. He is well known and generally well liked, and is careful not to steal from people he might need, and so buys his food and his clothing like everyone else. But, at night, Lone switches to all black clothing, and takes to the rooftops. Then, he plies his trade, sneaking into rooms and lifting items, or picking pockets on the streets before fading into the shadows before his victims even realize anyone was there.

Lone on Lone

"Now, wait one minute. Don't start getting all weepy on me. I'm no hero; I'm a thief, and you better get that through your froggin' head. Sure, I've heard a couple of folks say that I'm the reincarnation of Hanse Shadowspawn, but that's easier said than done, considering he's not dead yet. Still, I'm the best roach in this city... well, next to old Chance that is. But, give me time. You'll see."



Description

Lone is a handsome young man of average height and slender build. His black hair has not been cut since his mother's death two years ago, and he wears it pulled back in a ponytail and tied in a red leather sheath. He has dusky skin, heavy-lidded eyes, and an expressive brow, and these combined with his natural grace and his flair with words would make him a charmer with the ladies, if he ever expressed any interest. But Lone is usually too caught up in his work to think of romance. Unlike Shadowspawn, Lone does not dress all in black during the day. Instead, he usually wears a dark tunic and leggings, often of the same color, with a brighter sash for contrast. He wears a sword and carries at least two knives and several throwing stars. Though born right-handed, Lone has worked very hard to become ambidextrous. His walk has a certain swagger to it, but he makes no sound when he moves.

Personality

Lone is usually very serious. Recently, he discovered a friendship with the apprentice wizard Komodoflorensal, and surprised both of them by laughing and joking. He also met a young woman named Janithe, whose love made him mellow considerably. Sadly, she died, and with her death Lone became grim once more. But Lone has a good heart, perhaps despite himself. He tends to lend a hand to those in need, particularly those who have less than he does. He claims this is only because Shadowspawn did similar things, but it is really Lone himself showing compassion for those in pain or suffering, because he has been there himself.

Lone

Male Wrigglie Dyareelan adventurer, thief 7; CR 7; Medium humanoid; HD 7d6+7; hp 35; Mdt 15; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +5; Grap +6; Atk +8 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword) or +8 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +8 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword) or +8 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +4d6; SQ adventurer trait, evasion, jaded, trap sense +2, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +2; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 8, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Climb, Jump.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Bluff +6, Climb +11, Diplomacy +3, Disable Device +9, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Escape Artist +7, Gather Information +3, Hide +, Intimidate +6, Jump +12, Knowledge (local) +6 (+8 navigating the Maze), Knowledge (religion) +4, Move Silently +18, Open Lock +10, Search +9, Sleight

of Hand +13, Survival –1 (+1 follow tracks), Tumble +13, Use Rope +7; Agile Riposte*, Dodge, Maze-Savvy[B]*, Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Skill (Chance, Strick).

Possessions: *+1 leather armor*, short sword, 2 throwing daggers, *potion of convert light wounds*, *shadow cloak, soles of silence*, *salve of slipperiness,* masterwork thieves' tools, 26 sh.

Maksandrus (Makker)

Maksandrus, called Makker by most, is a thug. He built a small network for himself, and his primary business is dealing opah, though he also dabbles in theft, protection, and murder. Makker is not his own master, however; he, like most of the criminals in Sanctuary, answers to Lord Night. But Makker accepts that. He has earned a position of trust with his boss, and has been given a certain amount of latitude in his own territory. This is enough to make Makker happy.

Makker was not one of the cultists' victims because he is not from Sanctuary. He's a Mrsevadan, and was a sailor before he killed two of his shipmates and had to jump ship to escape his captain's wrath. He wound up in Sanctuary, and has lived here ever since. The city pleases Makker, with its constant crime and its grime and its shadows. He feels as if he has finally come home.

Unlike most opah dealers, Makker never touches the drug. His only vices are Mrsevadan brandy, sex, and controlling other people. He lives in the Frog and Bucket in the Shambles, and frequents both that tavern and the Vulgar Unicorn. He has many people in his employ, but is always accompanied by Kiff and Benbir, Makker himself is dangerous in a fight, and he is also not stupid. He uses his employees before stepping into combat himself. He also pays most of his employees in opah, so that their addiction ensures their continued loyalty.

Makker lives in relative luxury in his large apartment above the Frog and Bucket, fawned over by Petal, a sixteen-year-old girl sold by her mother some years back to settle some debt. As afternoons are collection times, he and his posse are always found at the Frog, but shortly after Night Watch, he and his bodyguards make their way to the Vulgar Unicorn, where they sit around a table near a wall with a clear path to the front door.

Description

Makker is not a handsome man. He has long, thick, reddish-brown hair, dark eyes, a broken nose, a scraggly beard, and a missing pinkie finger. He usually wears colorful shirts and tunics, a wide belt with a pair of seaman's knives, high black boots, and a shark's tooth pendant. Despite the care he puts into his attire, he always comes off as sloppy and dirty.

Personality

Makker is scum. He feeds off the despair he creates, and exults in his growing power. He is ruthless, cunning, and merciless… bad enough to rival old One-Thumb himself. He has an eye for the ladies and is a good tipper, but a brutal lover. Word is he killed three whores in bed, but no one has dared to follow up on this.

Lone on Maksandrus

"Makker's a thug, plain and simple. He likes to act like he's an independent operator, but I know he's working for someone with clout. Maybe even Lord Night. Still, the reason why someone like Lord Night would want to put his faith in someone like Maksandrus is beyond me."

Maksandrus (Makker)

Male Mrsevedan criminal, assassin 2, thief 4; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d8+4 plus 4d6+8; hp 38; Mdt 20; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +4; Grap +7; Atk +9 melee (1d4+4/18–20, *+1 kukri*) or +5 ranged (1d4+3/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +9 melee (1d4+4/18–20, *+1 kukri*) or +5 ranged (1d4+3/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +1, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +2; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10

Background Skills: Gather Information, Intimidate.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Climb +11, Diplomacy +2 (+4 against scum), Disguise +0 (+2 acting), Gather Information +13, Hide +4, Intimidate +15, Jump +11, Knowledge (local) +10 (+12 navigating the Maze), Move Silently +4, Sleight of Hand +6; Manhunter, Maze-Savvy[B]*, Streetwise *, Persuasive[B], Weapon Focus (kukri).

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (Geddie).

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt, +1 kukri,* throwing dagger, *amulet of natural armor +1,* 5 books of opah rags, 50 sh.

Benbir and Kiff

Sanctuary has always attracted scum like shite and flies. The very worst are the drug pushers and pimps, but nearly as bad are the thugs they employ. These thugs represent the kinds of folks who protect the criminal masterminds at work in the worst parts of town.

Benbir

This sellsword works for Makker, and is one of the two men always at the big man's side. Benbir is only average height, and has a lean build, with black hair and mustache and narrow eyes that betray his Ilsigi heritage. He is very fast, and fights with knives, five of which are sheathed in a baldric slung across his bare chest. Benbir has a nasty temper, and is easily provoked, though he will restrain himself while working unless Makker gives permission.

Benbir

Male Wrigglie criminal, thief 3, fighter 2; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6+6 plus 2d10+4; hp 34; Mdt 18; Init +7; Spd 30ft.; AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +8 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork punching dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +6 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork dagger) and +6 melee (1d4/×3, masterwork dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak

attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +3; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Gather Information, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Climb +4, Gather Information +3, Hide +7, Intimidate +5, Jump +9, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +7, Move Silently +12, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +7, Tumble +11, Use Rope +7; Alertness, Crippler's Eye[B*], Improved Initiative, Two-Weapon Fighting, Weapon Finesse[B].

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Makker), Skill (Kiff).

Possessions: *+1 studded leather armor*, 2 masterwork punching daggers, 4 masterwork throwing daggers, *soles of silence* (see page 107 for details), 15 sh

Kiff

Kiff is a massive black man whose bare scalp gleams like polished onyx. He has a brilliant smile, in part thanks to the topaz inlaid in his right front tooth. He carries a large sword, and can swing it easily thanks to his strength, but rarely draws it. Kiff prefers to intimidate people with his size, his muscles, and his huge fists. He is a sellsword, and a good one, and a few years ago he lucked into steady work as one of Makker's bullyboys. Makker was so impressed with the big black man, both with his strength and with his ability to keep his mouth shut, that he made Kiff one of his two permanent bodyguards.

Kiff

Male Wrigglie criminal, fighter 5; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d10+10; hp 42; Mdt 20; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 20, touch 11, flat-footed 19; Base Atk +5; Grap +8; Atk +10 melee (1d8+5/19–20, masterwork longsword); Full Atk +10 melee (1d8+5/19–20, masterwork longsword); SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +1; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 10

Background Skills: Gather Information, Intimidate.

Skills and Feats: Climb +5, Gather Information +9, Intimidate +9, Jump +5, Knowledge (local) +4 (+6 navigating the Maze); Improved Sunder[B], Maze-Savvy[B*], Power Attack[B], Weapon Focus (longsword), Weapon Specialization (longsword).

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Influence (Makker), Skill (Benbir).

Possessions: *+1 breastplate, +1 heavy steel shield,* masterwork longsword, potion of *convert moderate wounds, cloak of resistance +1,* tanglefoot bag, book of opah rags, 100 sh.

Lone on Benbir & Kiff

"Benbir is one of Makker's thugs. He's a Wrigglie pud who's always looking for an excuse to cut someone up. He's quick and lean, but I'd wager one of Shalpa's balls that I could give him a run for his money.

"Kiff is Makker's other bodyguard. He's a black giant of a man, bald, with a keen sword and a fancy inlaid tooth that is probably worth a couple of shaboozh all by itself. When he's with Benbir, the two of them look like a pair of mismatched bookends."

Nadalya

Nadalya is Arizak's second wife, and one of the most powerful people in Sanctuary. Many whisper she is the true ruler of the Irrune, and they may not be wrong. What is particularly strange about that is that Nadalya herself is not Irrune. Her father was an official purveyor to the Imperial Army, and she was raised in a city, which explains why she talked Arizak into accepting Molin Torchholder's request that the Irrune conquer and occupy Sanctuary.

She and Molin continued their acquaintance, and traded information and advice regularly. Nadalya is also one of Hâlott's more frequent customers—several times, his poisons have eliminated men she considered threats to her son's advancement, or her own. Nadalya is not overwhelmingly fond of Sanctuary itself, but it's far more comfortable than an Irrune tent in the mountains, and she recognizes the profit to be made in the port city—and, unlike her Irrune husband, she has a Rankan's eye for wealth.

Since the occupation, she has brought to bear her considerable head for business and has been instrumental in restoring some trade in Sanctuary's harbor. Moreover, she restored connections to the continental interior, which brings trade as well. She's a schemer, and keeps Sanctuary's factions in a constant state of flux.

Description

Nadalya is short, with a sunny complexion, hazel eyes, and wavy golden hair that suffers the first touches of middle age. She is soft-fleshed, just shy of being plump, but is never still, and constantly fidgets. Though her mind is always working, she comes off as a sweet and compassionate woman.

Personality

Nadalya is much smarter, and much more ruthless, than anyone realizes. She is determined that her son Raith take the throne after Arizak dies, and has already killed several times to help make that happen. Though long among the Irrune, she has retained her Rankan upbringing. She is still awed by those who've known the emperor, and scorns anyone of lower station. It was this greed that led her to convince Arizak to accept Molin's proposal, rather than any moral obligation. A schemer and a skilled player in diplomacy, she can charm anyone, while hiding her scorn of those she perceives as being lessers.

Nadalya

Female Rankan courtier, noble 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8–6; hp 24; Mdt 9; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC

Lone on Nadalya

"Ah, yes. Arizak's young trophy wife. Seems the old dog must've taken himself a Rankan bride at some point, and Nadalya is it. She's got the look of an aristocrat, and seems much more at home in the city than she would shivering in a tent on the ass end of the world."

12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +4; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +5 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ diplomat, inspire 8/day (competence, complacency, courage), organize +4; Rep +2; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +7; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 8, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Bluff +18, Diplomacy +24, Disguise +7 (+9 acting), Forgery +8, Gather Information +10, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (geography) +5, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +7, Ride +5, Sense Motive +16, Sleight of Hand +7; Combat Expertise, Deceitful[B], Dodge[B], Leadership[B], Lightning Reflexes, Mobility, Negotiator[B].

Languages: Carronese (S/W), Irrune (S), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Yenized (S)

Contacts: Influence (Arizak), Skill (Pel Garwood).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, *bracers of armor +1, circlet of persuasion*, 200 sh.

Naimun

Naimun is the eldest son of Nadalya and Arizak, and has always been a disappointment. He's a mediocre fighter, plodding into the thick of combat in the hope of landing a good blow. He's an even worse horseman—a source of incredible embarrassment to his father. But his worst quality is his self-absorption and the ease with which he can be manipulated. Anyone who can play to his ego can control him.

Recently, Naimun has fallen under the influence of someone far worse than any ambitious Irrune courtier. The surviving Dyareelans have planted several converts among his circle of friends, and these young men are slowly poisoning Naimun's mind. They hope to convince him that an alliance with the cult would be in his best interests, and would help him attain the leadership. Then, once he rules Sanctuary, they will incite him to slaughter all of his rivals, then all of the foreigners, and finally anyone else the cult considers weak… including, ultimately, Naimun himself. If he knew that it was the cult leading him on, Naimun might resist, but he is not very observant, and will not guess the truth on his own until it is far too late.

Worse, there are other factions who would like to see Naimun inherit Arizak's position. The peers, merchants, and even the Ilsig-sympathizers would all like it if this easily led man was elevated, as each believe they can exert considerable influence over him. The big question, however, is what the Ilsig-sympathizers will do when they learn they've been rubbing shoulders with cultists. If there's one thing the Ilsigi and Wrigglies genuinely despise and fear, it's the Dyareelan cult.

Description

Arizak and Nadalya's eldest son is a handsome young man who inherited his mother's blond hair and his father's strong brow. He sometimes wears a beard, but generally goes about clean-shaven. He has thick lips, a prominent brow, and is heavy set and muscular.



Personality

Naimun is his own biggest fan, and believes that he should rule the city and the Irrune simply because he is the best of the brothers — something very few others would agree with. Much to his mother's horror, Naimun has proven very easy to manipulate. Anyone who flatters him wins his ear, and anything suggested to him as his due wins his interest and approval. Naimun expects to have everything handed to him, and he is not interested in working hard for anything. He is extremely stubborn, however, particularly when he has been denied something he wanted. Arizak often belittles Naimun, both for his naïveté and for his poor horsemanship, and the two do not have a warm relationship. Naimun does care for his mother, but he also knows that his younger brother is her favorite.

Naimun

Male Irrune aristocrat, fighter 4, noble 2; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d10+8 plus 2d8+4; hp 47; Mdt 23; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +5; Grap +7; Atk +9 melee (1d10+6/×3, *+1 halberd*) or +7 ranged (1d8+2/×3, masterwork composite [+2] longbow); Full Atk +9 melee (1d10+6/×3, *+1 halberd*) or +7 ranged (1d8+2/×3, masterwork composite [+2] longbow); SQ diplomat, inspiration 4/day (courage), organize +3, saddleborn; Rep +2; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 15.

Lone on Naimun

"Naimun's been influenced by his mother's Rankan tendencies, and acts more like a spoiled Imperial than a self-respecting Irrune. He's got an entourage that's comprised by Land's End brats, and they're always up to no good."

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Speak Language.

Skills and Feats: Climb +4, Diplomacy +10 (+12 dealing with scum), Gamble +2, Gather Information +3, Intimidate +7, Jump +4, Knowledge (local) +2, Ride +6; Endurance, Improved Damage Threshold*, Mounted Combat[B], Point Blank Shot[B], Power Attack[B], Streetwise*, Weapon Focus (halberd)[B], Weapon Specialization (halberd)[B].

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Irrune (S), Rankene (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Arizak, Nadalya).

Possessions: *+1 breastplate, +1 halberd,* masterwork composite (+2) longbow, 20 arrows, *cloak of resistance +1,* heavy warhorse, military saddle, 19 sh.

Pegrin the Ugly

Once a thief (as so many once were in Sanctuary), these days Pegrin the Ugly is retired, and makes his living tending bar at the Vulgar Unicorn. Pegrin gave up roaching when he fell from a third floor while robbing one of the mansions at the Land's End Retreat. It is a miracle he survived, and he decided it was best not to tempt fate a second time. Pegrin can usually be found at the Vulgar Unicorn even when he is not working, and he is well liked by the regulars because he is friendly, listens to their stories, and does not water their drinks too much. At least not while they are still sober enough to notice. When he's off, Stick, a real nasty fellow (and, as it happens, a pimp), watches the bar.

Lone on Pegrin the Ugly

"The Vulgar Unicorn's newest piece of furniture. Pegrin used to fancy himself a roach, but he went after richer spoils than he should've. After an impressive fall from a Land's End rooftop, he's lucky that he can breathe, much less walk."



Description

Pegrin is known as "the Ugly" for good reason. His nose has been borken and pushed to the left side of his face, he is missing several teeth and has broken several more, and his right eye is milky white. He's balding on top, and has salt-and-pepper hair around his ears and back. He's slim and lithe, and wears shabby clothes typical of the neighborhood.

Personality

A good-natured man, Pegrin has a fine sense of humor and a self-deprecating manner. how else could a man with the nickname "the Ugly" get up every morning? He tolerates the scoundrels who occupy his bar with good humor. Pegrin is always ready for a tale (tall or otherwise), and is up for a good laugh, even when it comes at the expense of his twisted and dented face. These are his people, after all.

Pegrin the Ugly

Male Wrigglie criminal, thief 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+4; hp 20; Mdt 13; Init +6; Spd 30ft.; AC 14, touch 13, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +3; Grap +3; Atk +2 melee (1d8, morningstar) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, light crossbow); Full Atk +2 melee (1d8, morningstar) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, light crossbow); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 6.

Background Skills: Gather Information, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +3, Diplomacy +2 (+4 with scum), Disable Device +6, Disguise –2 (+0 acting), Gather Information +8, Hide +7, Intimidate +0, Knowledge (local) +9 (+11 navigating the Maze), Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Search +5, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +6; Improved Initiative, Maze-Savvy*, Streetwise[B]*.

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2).

Possessions: Padded armor, morningstar, light crossbow, 10 bolts, potion of *levitate*, *ring of protection +1,* masterwork thieves' tools, vial of acid, 46 sh.

Notes: Pegrin has suffered permanent injuries from his years as a thief (especially the fall that marked the end of his roaching career) which have reduced his Charisma by 4 points; he is also blind in one eye and is permanently considered dazzled. Only magic can restore his faculties.

Pel Garwood (Wrath of the Goddess)

The orphaned children are not the only people tied to the Dyareelans who have found a second chance at life. Pel Garwood got the chance to atone for his sins, and he has taken it to heart.

To everyone else in Sanctuary, Pel is a newcomer who arrived recently and set up shop in Meshpri's old temple, just off the Promise of Heaven. But Pel has been here before. No one recognizes him, because back then he was known as Wrath of the Goddess, and his body and face were covered with tattoos. He was one of the Dyareelan priests, though he was part of the traditionalist sect and not one of the extremists. He was horrified when he discovered what the extremists had been doing to children, and began to wonder whether Dyareela really offered a path to the promised golden age of peace. Leaving the cult, Wrath wandered until he happened into an Ilsigi village. The herbalist there, who was the only doctor, offered to help and take in the younger man, training him in the healing arts. Much to his surprise and delight, the former cultist discovered he had a natural talent for healing, and it was much more rewarding to close wounds than to create them. Taking the name Pel, he began to heal people on his own, though he wore long robes and gloves to conceal his own markings. Finally, the herbalist put Pel through a rededication ritual that removed the tattoos, so he could show his face again.

Pel stayed in the village for several years after the doctor died, but missed Sanctuary. He also felt he should return to the city to make amends for previous activities, so he packed up his belongings and moved back. Pel chose Meshpri's temple because Meshpri is a goddess of healing, and because it was one of the many buildings the cultists had desecrated and destroyed. He has since become one of the foremost apothecaries and healers in Sanctuary. He can make almost any non-magical potion, from cures to strength enhancers. He will not touch poisons.

Lone on Pel Garwood

"This guy, I swear I've seen him before. Except his name wasn't "Pel," and he wasn't a healer. He worshipped a goddess, alright, but it wasn't froggin' Meshpri. Either this Pel's got an evil twin, or he's got a dark secret."

Description

Pel is a tall young man whose wiry black hair is sprinkled with white. He has a long face, bright blue eyes, and large, capable hands. He talks slowly, not because he is simple but because he considers his words carefully before uttering them. He rarely loses his temper.

Personality

Pel is a good man, and often dispenses cures for free, or accepts items in trade. He has no money to speak of, and is barely able to scrape by on what little he does earn, but he has won the respect of the other residents, has made many new friends, and feels that he is doing good work. His biggest concern is that the remaining cultists will recognize him and betray his identity, but he has chosen his path and will not let that fear drive him away.

Pel Garwood

Male Ilsigi healer, priest 4, savant 2, healer of Meshpri 3; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+4 plus 2d6+2 plus 3d6+3; hp 43; Mdt 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +7 melee (1d6+1, masterwork sickle); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+1, masterwork sickle); SQ channel divine power 4/day (state of grace), create healing salve 1/day, master herbalist, Meshpri's touch (3 hp/day), skilled, talent (intelligent combatant), vow of Meshpri; Rep +2; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +12; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Craft (herbalism), Survival.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +2 (+4 alchemical items, herbals), Bluff +6, Concentration +6, Craft (alchemy) +10, Craft (herbalism) +18, Decipher Script +6, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Gather Information +6, Heal +17, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nature) +8, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +4, Profession (healer) +8, Search +4, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +6, Spot +4, Survival +10 (+12 aboveground natural environments); Alertness[B], Brew Potion, Combat Expertise, Improved Trip, Investigator[B], Ritual Specialization*.

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +4; ritualcasting +12; save DC 12 + spell level

Known Spells (7+2D): *bless* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *bless water* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *calm animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *charm person*

Bluestone Globe

This palm-sized sphere of blue glass was given by Verrezza to Pel Garwood, and is a reasonably common product of Irrune magic. The owner of a bluestone globe attunes to it with a DC 15 Wisdom check, after which she can cause it to emit a soft blue light whenever she wishes. This light lasts for one hour, is equivalent to that of a torch, and can be evoked by the user at any range, thus allowing the globe to be used as a summoning device. Furthermore, whenever the owner first places the globe in the hand of another, she may make a DC 15 Sense Motive check; success means that she can read the fundamental honesty of that person in the light emitted by the globe. A bluestone globe has 50 charges when created. Each use of the globe, whether to emit light or read someone's character, uses one charge.

Medium divination; CL 6th; Craft Wondrous Item, *detect thoughts, light*; Price 10,260 sh.



(2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *convert moderate wounds* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *delay poison* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *endure elements* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *guidance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *remove fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *status* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (7): *aid* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bear's endurance* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bull's strength* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *eagle's splendor* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *owl's wisdom* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *sanctuary* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

D: Domain. Domains: Healing (cast healing spells at +1 caster level), Solace (grant target additional save once/day)

Possessions: Masterwork sickle (*+3 ritual focus*), *cloak of resistance +1*, alchemist's lab, healer's kit, 2 flasks of holy water, 2 vials of antitoxin, wooden holy symbol, roughly 750 sh worth of raw materials and herbalism supplies in his lab. Garwood currently holds a *bluestone globe* belonging to the Irrune noble Verrezza.

Perrez

Perrez spends his time trying to regain the status his has family lost. Once successful and prosperous goldsmiths and merchants, they are now reduced to operating a small changing shop in the Shambles. Not that Perrez handles the shop—that's his brother Bezul's responsibility. Which isn't to say that Perrez has no uses. He is an expert on high-end items, and whenever anything expensive comes into the shop, Perrez sells it to the nobility. Most of the time, however, he merely dreams of ways to get rich, and hatches elaborate schemes that he never actually begins. Perrez is not a bad man, and he can be very charming, particularly if he wants something. It's just that he feels that life owes him, and he is willing to sit back and expect the world to deliver (an attitude which his mother, Gedozia, continues to foster).

He often gets into fights with his brother, because Bezul wants him to carry his weight around the shop and gets disgusted by Perrez's laziness and by scheming. Bezul also worries that Perrez has taken up bad habits. In this, he is right. Perrez drinks more than he should, and he gambles. There's even the suspicion that he has started using opah. Fortunately, he has kept his head despite his bad habits, and has not yet done anything to put himself or the rest of the family at risk. But, if he does not stop soon, Perrez could cost them what little they have retained, including their lives.

Description

A handsome man in his late twenties, with sandy brown hair and the Ilsigi olive complexion, Perrez is always well groomed and well dressed. The last two fingers on his left hand are slightly twisted, and he cannot close the hand into a proper fist, but most people never notice this mild deformity. Perrez, however, takes it as an excuse to avoid physical labor.

Personality

Perrez sees himself as too good for menial labor, or for any labor at all. He spends most of his time dreaming, and taking every opportunity to meet with the nobles and wealthy merchants that Perrez feels are his true peers.

Perrez

Male Wrigglie courtier, thief 3; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6+3; hp 16; Mdt 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 13, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +2; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Bluff, Gather Information.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Bluff +10, Diplomacy +10 (+12 with scum), Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +13, Hide +8, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Sleight of Hand +8, Spot +8; Alertness, Skill Focus (Appraise), Streetwise[B*].

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (Bezul).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, *ring of protection +1, potion of convert light wounds*, two vials of *Aurveshan good fortune oil (blue)*, 38 sh.

Lone on Perrez

"Perrez is a con man and part-time thief who's looking for a score. Truth be told, he's a horrible liar, and he couldn't cut a purse if his life depended on it. He better hope it doesn't, because a man like him will end up knifed in a gutter sooner or later if he's not careful."

Raith

The Irrune say that people with red hair are destined for greatness, but whether that means great fortune or great misfortune cannot be predicted. This is particularly important, since one of their potential rulers has red hair. Raith is Arizak and Nadalya's youngest son, and he is their favorite. In fact, most people like Raith. He is young, athletic, good-looking, intelligent, friendly, and a natural leader. The only flaws he has shown so far are his age, which will change, and his impatience, which stems from his age. Raith knows that both his father and his mother want him to rule, and he desires this as well. He would make an excellent ruler, both of the Irrune and of Sanctuary. But he is too young to take on such responsibility now, and he knows it. That is part of why Raith is the only one of Arizak's sons to want his father healed. He needs Arizak to survive a while longer, so that Raith himself will have the chance to mature and then take over with a smooth transition.

Lone on Raith

"Arizak's youngest son, and the smartest of the lot. Raith will probably end up taking his father's place, or so say the rumors. I doubt his brothers will take his ascendance to Sanctuary's throne lying down, making him a prime target for Irrune infighting and intrigue."

Description

Raith's most defining characteristic is his curly, coppery hair. He has fair skin and a thin frame, and he wears attire somewhere between the rustic and drab colors of the Irrune and the finery that's expected for a person in his position. He seems like a man with one foot in either world, which is why he should make a great Governor and *Sakkim*.

Personality

Raith is charismatic and clever, but he's impatient. Like both his older brothers, Raith does have a temper, but he manages to hide it well, letting it loose only when he feels he is not being given the respect he deserves or when he grows tired of waiting for people or events to catch up. The rest of the time, however, he is good-natured, and can even be playful, a trait he gets from both his parents and which neither of his older brothers share.

Raith

Male half-Irrune, half-Rankene aristocrat, noble 3, fighter 1; CR 4; Medium humanoid; HD 3d8+3 plus 1d10+1; hp 29; Mdt 17; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 10, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork scimitar) or +4 ranged (1d8×3, masterwork longbow); Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork scimitar) or +4 ranged (1d8/×3, masterwork longbow); SQ diplomat, inspiration 5/day (competence, courage), organize +3, saddleborn; Rep +1; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +6; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Knowledge (history), Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Diplomacy +16, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +8, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +6, Listen +3, Ride +7, Sense Motive +12, Spot +3; Blind-Fight, Iron Will[B], Mixed Ancestry*, Mounted Combat[B], Negotiator[B].

*New Feat; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Irrune (S), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Nadalya), Information (Molin/Cauvin).

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt, +1 light steel shield,* masterwork scimitar, masterwork longbow with 20 arrows, light warhorse, military saddle, 130 sh.

Raivay SaVell

With the Dyareelan scourge put to rest, priests from all over the Known World have drifted back to Sanctuary, in spite of the law that prohibits them from practicing in the streets. Most peddle their faiths on the Street of Red Lanterns alongside whores and doxies, but a few have opted to return to their rightful place on the Avenue of Temples. The Sisters of Sabellia are one such group. Recently arrived, they see it as their duty to provide healing and alleviate suffering in the city. Their leader, Raivay, guides the women in their tasks, and has made much progress, justifying their place by offering translation services in addition to the healing balms they provide.

Raivay has not revealed much of her past. It's clear from her behavior and bearing that she's of noble birth, though if so, she's chosen an unusual profession. As a missionary, she tends to the downtrodden, but does not seek to convert them (though if they do find the blessings of Sabellia, all the better). Shortly after work began on the restoration of the temple, Raivay discovered Dysan. Believing him to be an orphan, she's welcomed him into their circle, and cares for him as if he were but a boy. Whether she realizes there is more to him than he lets on is not clear, nor is what would happen if she discovered who he really is and was.

The Sisters include four other women. SaKimarza is the youngest and prettiest. She's in her early twenties and has long, russet-colored hair. SaMavis is a flighty woman of middle age, and SaShayka and SaParnith are in their late twenties or early thirties and bear a strong resemblance to one another.

Description

Raivay is an older woman, clearly Rankan, and most likely of noble birth. Her short, feathered hair is steel gray, but her eyes and mind are sharp and her hands are strong. SaVell has piercing yellow eyes, and a quiet, serious manner.

Lone on Raivay SaVell

"Raivay is the leader of the Sisters of Sabellia. She's the oldest of the lot, and carries herself like a high-born lady. She's a bit too ethical for her own good, and probably a bit too ethical for Sanctuary in general. I'm interested to see what kind of effect a place like Sanctuary has on her morals."

Personality

She rarely laughs, perhaps because the welfare of the Sisterhood, and of their charges, is her responsibility. Despite her gravity, SaVell is a kindly woman, and cannot bear to see anyone in pain or in need. She and the other Sisters perform healing for the sick, and take on other tasks as well, but SaVell often forgets to ask for payment, even though the Sisterhood has no money left and little or nothing to eat.

Raivay SaVell

Female Rankan acolyte, priest 8; CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d6; hp 30; Mdt 11; Init +1; Spd 30ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +4; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6–1, *staff of charming*); Full Atk –1/–5 melee (1d6–1, *staff of charming*); SQ channel divine power 5/day (divine protection, resist magic); Rep +2; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +9; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 14

Background Skills: Knowledge (history), Speak Language.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +2 (+4 herbals), Concentration +9, Craft (herbalism) +10, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +6, Heal +13, Knowledge (history) +12, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (religion) +12, Sense Motive +13, Spellcraft +7; Augment Ritual*, Enlarge Spell, Improved Channeling*, Negotiator[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Twandan (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1), Skill (Dysan).

Spells: safe level 4th; spellcasting +9; ritualcasting +13; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (12+D): *command* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *darkness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *deep slumber* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *deeper darkness* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *dismissal* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *enthrall* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *inflict light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *prayer* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *protection from energy* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *purify food & drink* (0-level, MT 10, price 0/1), *remove blindness/deafness* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *sanctuary* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shield other* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *silence* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *spell immunity* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *wind wall* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *zone of truth* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (13): *bane* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *consecrate* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *create food & water* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *death ward* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *detect curse* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *divination* (4th, MT 50, price 4), *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *helping hand* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *magic weapon* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shatter* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *summon monster III* (3rd, MT 40, price 3).

Domains: Night (all spells are +1 caster level when cast at night), Protection (create *protective ward* 1/day)

Possessions: *Scroll of lesser planar ally, staff of charming* (18 charges), healer's kit.

Lone on Rogi

"Rogi is Hâlott's lackey, and it's certainly a match made in paradise. He's deformed in more ways than I care to ponder, and in one way in particular. I won't go into details, but if you really want to find out, ask him to show you his 'dragon.'"

Rogi

Rogi is Hâlott's assistant, messenger, and errand boy. He lives in the old stone tower with his master, and frequently wanders the coast or the cemeteries. Whenever he's allowed his freedom, Rogi is in Sanctuary, usually at the Vulgar Unicorn. He likes to drink, but more than that he likes to expose himself to any women he sees. He is very proud of his "dragon," as he calls it for the distinctive tattoo that wraps all around it. Unfortunately for Rogi, he often gets kicked out of the tavern, and has to frequent some other bar until the proprietors and waitresses forgive him and let him back in. Unfortunately for Hâlott, Rogi is an idiot. He cannot read properly, and often brings back the wrong items for Hâlott's spells. And he is incredibly clumsy—the duo had to flee their last residence in the mountains because of a catastrophic spell failure which may have been caused by Rogi's bumbling. But he is very loyal, and does whatever Hâlott says, as well as he can. Rogi is also surprisingly good-natured, considering his appearance and his master, and often laughs at his own misfortunes. He possesses an uncanny ability to survive any mishap completely unharmed.

Description

To be blunt, Rogi is a freak. The entire left side of his body is completely hairless, while on the right, he is covered with thick, bushy hair. The right side of his scalp has a thick mane of reddish hair that he combs over to cover the bald side; he wears a leather, ear-flapped hat with a chinstrap to hold his hair in place. (Despite his grotesqueness, he's quite vain). A pair of bulging, ghostly white globes serve as his eyes — he has no irises, and two tiny black dots for pupils. He has a distinctive gait, something between a shuffle and a scuttle, and he wears thick-soled shoes in an attempt to make himself look taller. Instead, it just makes him appear all the more comical. He has a large nose, dangly earlobes, thick jowls, a sagging gut, and a right-shoulder hunchback whose very existence defies imagination.

Rogi wears short pants and loose socks (he often stops to pull them up properly), and an overlarge shirt. When he speaks, it's slurred, and he has a terrible lisp caused by his incredibly long tongue, which as often as not hangs on the outside of his mouth. His one "redeeming" feature is his incredibly grand member, upon which he has had a dragon tattooed. This is his most prized attribute, and one he seems willing to share with everyone and anyone.

Personality

Rogi has as many defects of the mind as he does the body. He suffers from a severe form of dyslexia, confusing right from left, up from down, turning things backwards, and more. He also gets confused, and talks to himself a great deal, engaging in an inner debate about showing off his "dragon." He lurks in seedy bars for drink, but also to show off his gorgeous beast to any woman he can, willing or not.

Rogi

Male Unknown laborer, thief 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (augmented human); HD 4d6+20; hp 36; Mdt 25; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +3; Grap +6; Atk +6 melee (1d3+3 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +6 melee (1d3+3 nonlethal, unarmed strike); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, lich's lackey, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +3; Str 16, Dex 12, Con 20, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 6.

Background Skills: Climb, Jump.

Skills and Feats: Climb +11 (+13 ropes), Escape Artist +1 (+3 ropes), Hide +7, Jump +11, Knowledge (history) +5, Knowledge (local) +3, Listen +7, Move Silently +7, Spot +7, Swim +9, Use Rope +7; Alertness, Endurance[B], Increased Damage Threshold*.

Languages: Ilsig (S), Rankene, (S), Wrigglie (S). Technically Rogi *can* read a number of languages, but his dyslexia and other mental failings make his literacy an unreliable thing.

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (Hâlott).

Lich's Lackey (Ex): Thanks to some strange magic in his background, Rogi has a number of unusual abilities. As well as a degree of natural armor (+2 natural armor bonus), he gains a +2 circumstance bonus to all his saves (figured into the stats above), low-light vision, and heals twice as fast as normal. He's also immortal, or at least very long-lived, and gains a +4 circumstance bonus to Knowledge (history) checks regarding events in his lifetime, which covers the last several centuries.

Possessions: Hâlott allows his servant nothing more expensive or useful than a lantern, because he keeps losing things.

Shumen Noordiseh (Lord Night)

Lord Shumen Noordiseh leads a double life. By day he is a prominent noble — the highest-ranking Ilsigi in Sanctuary, and also the richest. He is part of the Peers, Arizak's advisory council, and one of the most important men in the city. Lord Shumen controls several important shipping interests and, as an Ilsigi, his ships are allowed to dock at Ilsigi ports. His house along the Processional is one of the largest and finest in Sanctuary, and his parties are famous and very exclusive. Lord Shumen has a young Ilsigi wife, Falisea, who has already borne him five children. Most of the Ilsigi in Sanctuary consider him their representative, and cheer his name, even though the few who have met him find him strangely cold and off-putting.

But that is only one side of the man. At night, Lord Shumen exchanges his elegant jeweled robes for a stark black outfit trimmed in silver, adds a cowl to hide his receding black hair and coarse-but-handsome features, and sets his sword and dagger aside. He becomes Lord Night, master of Sanctuary's criminal element.

Lord Shumen did not set out to be a criminal overlord. He is already rich, and so did not need the additional money, and to actually perform any labor himself would be unthinkable. But he is a realist. He knew someone had to control the criminals, or else they would



run roughshod over the city. And since no one else had stepped up to fill the role, Lord Shumen took it upon himself. As Lord Night, he is strict but not cruel, and he is always efficient. Since his appearance, crime has not gone down, but violent crimes are fewer, and the criminals are more precise in their dealings. Usually, the only people who get hurt now are criminals themselves, and generally people that the law-abiding citizens won't miss.

Arizak and the rest of the government have heard of Lord Night, and the general feeling is that he is a lesser evil than having every criminal in the city running around without restraint. Those who know that Lord Shumen is also Lord Night feel that, if someone has to take charge of the criminals, it might as well be a fellow noble.

Description

Shuman is in his mid-forties, a bit under six feet tall, and with a stout build. He has black hair that is receding, but he conceals this under a hat of the latest Ilsigi style. He wears a beard that has been streaked white on the right side from an old scar. Most notable feature are his eyes, which so dark that one cannot tell where the pupils end and the irises start. He has a slight limp, and is never without sword and dagger. When in his noble attire, he wears the finest clothing. At night, he dons dark garb more fitting for his nocturnal activities.

Personality

Lord Shumen does not indulge in any of the vices he offers others. He is a strong, proud man, with a cold demeanor and great self-control. His biggest concern right now is opah. The new drug is so addictive, and so inexpensive, that rival dealers are appearing overnight and then vanishing again with their profits, leaving Lord Night's dealers unable



to sell. Moreover, the drug is dangerous enough that the authorities are taking notice, and moving to shut down all the dealers. A good deal of Lord Night's money is now tied up in opah, which means that if the Sharda finds and confiscates his supplies, the entire organization could collapse.

Shumen is also addicted to the thrill of underworld life. He finds in the risks associated with criminal behavior exhilarating in a way that legitimate business cannot match. Also, rich though he may be for an Ilsigi, he can't hold a candle to the wealth of the Serripines. Ravenous jealousy of Vion Larris Serripines also fuels Lord Shumen's enterprise.

Lone on Lord Shumen Noordiseh

"If it weren't for Vion Larris Serripines or Arizak, I reckon that Shumen Noordiseh would be the richest man in Sanctuary. It could be the smell of his money, or perhaps it's just his attitude, but there's something that's not quite right about him. Maybe he's hiding something."

Shumen Noordiseh (Lord Night)

Male Ilsigi merchant, noble 6, thief 3, crime lord 5; CR 14; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8+6 plus 3d6+3 plus 5d6+5; hp 72; Mdt 22; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 13, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +9; Grap +9; Atk +11 melee (1d6+1/19–20, *sword of subtlety*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d6+1/19–20, *sword of subtlety*); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ alternate identity, bribes & coercion, criminal path (lord of night), diplomat, evasion, information network, inspiration 8/day (competence, complacency, courage), lackeys, organize +4, resources, skilled, streetwise +10, trapfinding uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +6, Ref +11, Will +14; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +13, Bluff +22, Diplomacy +26, Disguise +19 (+21 acting), Forgery +15, Gather Information +19, Hide +10, Intimidate +17, Knowledge (local) +18, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +12, Listen +10, Move Silently +10, Ride +6, Search +11, Sense Motive +17, Spot +10, Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks); Combat Expertise, Deceitful[B], Improved Damage Threshold*, Improved Feint, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Leadership[B], Low Profile[B]*, Weapon Focus (short sword)[B].

Languages: Caronnese (S/W), Ilsig (S/W) Trade Tongue, Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (2), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+2 glamered chain shirt, sword of subtlety, potion of invisibility*, *ring of protection +2, ring of feather falling, serpentine wand*, *gloves of Dexterity +2,* 1400 sh hidden throughout his mansion.

Sinjon

Having long been subject to vertigo and dizziness, Sinjon abandoned the life of a sailor to settle in Sanctuary to open a tavern right on the docks. What he found was that sailors were eager to drink, sleep, and exist in a place that catered to their needs. The Broken Mast is for sailors and their ilk and shelters some of the most dangerous men in the city.

Despite his station, Sinjon has many important contacts in the city. Molin Torchholder entrusted the old sailor with special merchandise, and there's no telling what else the man hides above the bar beneath his quarters. He knows Cauvin, and has dealt with him at least once in the past. He's not sure what to make of the newest fellow to blow through his place — some cutthroat with a weird accent — but he's decided it's best to stand back and watch.

Serpentine Wand

This slender rod of black metal and wood has a gold dragon carved on one end and an amber finial on the other. Crafted by Yenizedi mages, it was found on the Seaweal shipwreck and claimed by Perrez, but now lies in the hands of Lord Night. When activated, smoke streams from the rod and forms two serpentine heads, each of which lashes out at a target within 30 feet. The user makes a ranged touch attack against each target (or two against one target) as a standard action; each successful attack inflicts 1d6 damage plus poison (Fort DC 19, unconsciousness and 1d4 Con/1d10 Con). The rod can be used twice per day.

Strong necromancy; CL 12th; Craft Rod, *obscuring mist, poison*; Price 25,920 sh.

Description

Sinjon is a short, stocky man who dresses simply. He owes his unusual features to his Beysib mother. For most Sanctans, he's unsettling, as the Beysib have been gone for many years. Sinjon sometimes uses his appearance to his advantage to keep his guests on their toes.

Lone on Sinjon

"Captain Sinjon is the proprietor of the Broken Mast, a sailor's tavern near the Old Wharf. His eyes always seem to be focused on something far away; that is, until he blinks with that third eyelid of his, and you realize you're dealing with a froggin' Beysib."

Personality

Like any Sanctan, Sinjon keeps to himself. He's guarded and doesn't pry into a man's past unless there is cause. He is something of a recluse as well, and rarely makes an appearance in the bar. Still, he knows Sanctuary intimately, and for the right price, he might be convinced to share what he's learned.

Sinjon

Male Half-Beysib sailor, ranger 5; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d8+10; hp 36; Mdt 18; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +5; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d8+3/×3, *+1 battleaxe*) or +7 ranged (1d8/×3, masterwork longbow); Full Atk +8 melee (1d8+3/×3, *+1 battleaxe*) or +7 ranged (1d8/×3, masterwork longbow); SA combat style (skirmish), SQ favored environments (aquatic +4, marsh +2), nictitating membrane, trap sense +1; Rep +1; SV Fort +6, Ref +7, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 9

Background Skills: Balance, Knowledge (geography).

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Climb +7 (+9 ropes), Escape Artist +1 (+3 ropes), Hide +1 (+5 aquatic, +3 marsh), Jump +7, Knowledge (geography) +5, Knowledge (local) +2, Listen +4 (+8 aquatic, +6 marsh), Move Silently +1 (+5 aquatic, +3 marsh), Profession (sailor) +5, Search +0 (+4 aquatic, +2 marsh), Spot +4 (+8 aquatic, +6 marsh), Survival +7 (+11 aquatic, +9 marsh, +9 avoid hazards and getting lost), Swim +9, Use Rope +6; Blind-Fight, Endurance[B], Lightning Reflexes[B], Mobility[B], Point Blank Shot, Track[B].

Languages: Beysib (S), Mrsevadan (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (2).

Possessions: *+1 studded leather armor,* darkwood buckler, *+1 battleaxe,* masterwork longbow, 20 arrows, two potions of *convert light wounds*, 4 vials of alchemist's fire, 34 sh.

Soldt

Molin Torchholder made many enemies over his career, and there was never a shortage of people who wanted to see him dead. Several years back, a young assassin named Soldt came to Sanctuary to murder the troublesome priest, but somehow failed. Instead of executing the young man, Molin took him under his wing and befriended him. In the years that followed, Soldt became the killer Molin recognized and now plies his trade in cities throughout the Known World. He does not, however, hunt in Sanctuary, unless asked by Molin.

When not dueling or assassinating (which is to say, most of the time), Soldt supports himself by training people to take care of themselves in bad situations. For a very high price, he will hire himself out as a bodyguard. He has an Enlibar-steel sword, which he keeps well disguised with sooty oil, for dueling. For assassinations, he has a variety of more easily concealed weapons and, of course, poisons. (He specializes in combination poisons).

Description

A man in his mid- to late thirties, he's generally forgettable, with slightly angular Wrigglie features. He keeps his brown hair raggedly cut, and wears a short sparse beard. He has good teeth, piercing eyes, and a warrior's build. He favors nondescript clothing, but he's never without a weapon.

Soldt also has a companion, a huge bloodhound-rottweiler mixed-breed dog that he uses for tracking, as an ally in a fight, and for general companionship. The dog is about as intelligent as a dog can get and can understand commands at the level of a five-year-old child. It weighs well over 100 lbs. (Use the riding dog statistics in the *MM*.)

Personality

Soldt is a practical man. He does not believe in the gods, and prefers not to think about fate or magic. He kills because he is good at



it and is paid well for each death. He duels because he loves the sword and cannot live without occasionally testing his skill against another. Soldt's prize possession is his dueling sword, which looks like a decent blade, but is true Enlibar steel beneath the coating of soot and oil. He has hired himself out as a bodyguard before, though he charges a very high price for this service.

Soldt is neither romantic nor sociopathic. He has friends, including Molin (though not the man who hired him to assassinate Molin, who is, at any rate, ten years in his grave, a victim of Dyareelan excesses). He's a skeptic, and something of a control freak, especially as regards balance (desired) and predictability (not desired) in his personal life.

Lone on Soldt

"Soldt's one of those fellows you should steer clear of unless you're looking to make a name for yourself as a swordsman. He'll teach you a thing or two about steel, all right... one way or the other."

Soldt

Male Wrigglie prizefighter, assassin 8, duelist 4; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d8+16 plus 4d10+7; hp 85; Mdt 16; Init +5; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18, touch 16, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +10; Grap +11; Atk +15 melee (1d6+2/15–20, *+1 keen Enlibrite steel rapier*) or +14 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +15/+10 melee (1d6+2/15–20, *+1 keen Enlibrite steel rapier*) or +14/+9 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); SA killing strike (+1 DC), poison use, sneak attack +3d6; SQ canny defense, enhanced mobility, grace, improved reaction +2, jaded, poison expert; Rep +3; SV Fort +9, Ref +16, Will +5; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Balance, Tumble.

Skills and Feats: Balance +11, Bluff +5, Climb +6, Craft (poison) +8, Diplomacy +4, Disguise +0 (+2 acting), Escape Artist +9, Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +4, Hide +13, Intimidate +6, Jump +8, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +6, Move Silently +13, Perform (acting) +3, Sense Motive +7, Spot +6, Tumble +15; Agile Riposte*, Blind-Fight[B], Combat Reflexes[B], Dodge, Far Shot, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Quick Draw[B], Weapon Finesse[B].

Languages: Ilsig (S), Rankene (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (2), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 keen Enlibrite steel rapier,* 4 throwing knives, potion of *convert light wounds, ring of protection +1, bracers of armor +2, gloves of dexterity +2,* two packets of flash powder, vial of antitoxin, 10 applications of greenblood oil (injury, DC 13, 1 Con/1d2 Con), 4 applications of spider venom (injury, DC 14, 1d4 Str/1d4 Str), 1 application of beynit venom (injury, DC 16, 1d6 Dex/2d6 Con), 1 application of slow-acting monkshood (ingested, DC 18, 2d6 Con/1d6 Con + 1d6 Str), 2 applications of coadjutant arsenic (ingested, DC 13, 1 Con/1d8), 2 applications of coadjutant oil of taggit (ingested, DC 15, 0/unconsciousness), 3 applications of coadjutant nitharit poison (contact, DC 13, 0/3d6 Con), 50 sh.

Spyder (Regen Vigeles)

Most of Sanctuary's residents avoid the Hill whenever possible. Spyder sought it out. He arrived recently, and set up a shop on the edge of the Hill. The Black Spider, as his shop is named, sells weapons, and is judged by many to be the finest arms shop in all of Sanctuary. It has some of the finest merchandise, and at very good prices. He also deals in rare weapons, like poisoned spring-pins, belts with hidden blades, and so on.

Spyder is far more than he appears. His real name is Regen Vigeles, and he's a cousin of the legendary Chenaya. As she was, he's also related to several branches of the Imperial family, though not to the current emperor. The House of Vigeles was once one of the greatest houses in the Rankan Empire, but it has since fallen into disgrace and ruin. In spite of this, or perhaps because of it, Spyder has become an agent of the Rankan emperor. He came to Sanctuary to assess the situation, to see if the empire could retake the city, and if doing so would be worth the effort.

Although he is not a thief, Spyder does have the skills to be one. He also has some minor magic, primarily the ability to hypnotize people. He knows all of the major languages fluently, and can handle himself in high court and in the slums with equal facility. Spyder writes reports in coded letters, which are sent through an elaborate system to the emperor himself. One part of his cover is not a ruse, however. Spyder does love weapons, particularly knives and daggers, and he enjoys handling the weapons in his shop.

Lone on Spyder

"Where did this guy come from? He's got a lot of silver, that's for sure, and two big brass balls for good measure. Opening up a weapons shop on the Hill? He'd better know how to use what he's selling. If the Hillers smell money, they'll tear that place down piece by piece to get to it, brass balls or not."

Description

Spyder himself is a bit of a mystery. Tall and lithe, with a powerful but slender build, he has the black hair of an Ilsigi or S'danzo, but the sharp good looks of a Rankan, and his eyes are a curious shade of gray. He moves quietly and gracefully, and many say that he must be a thief, but Spyder clearly has money. He is a master of weapons, and can demonstrate the use of any item in his shop, but lacks the scars of a professional sellsword. Lastly, he is very well spoken, and obviously educated, but has set up his store in the worst section in town, and has, thus far, survived quite well there.

Personality

Spyder is ordinarily quiet, something of a brooder. On occasion, he may warm to a customer or neighbor, but most think he's strange, and more than a little dangerous. He is intensely loyal to the Empire and wants to see Sanctuary back in proper hands. Conflicting with his loyalties are his equally intense feelings towards Aaliyah, whom he desperately loves.

Spyder (Regen Vigeles)

Male Rankan adventurer, initiate 6, noble 4; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+4 plus 4d8+4; hp 52; Mdt 17; Init +2; Spd 40 ft.; AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +7; Grap +8; Atk +9 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +9 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, cold iron throwing dagger); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d8+2/19–20, *+1 longsword*) or +9 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, cold iron throwing dagger); SQ diplomat, eclectic sorcery [Cha], inspiration 6/day (competence, courage), literate, organize +3, signature spell (*blur*); Rep +2; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +10; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Search, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +1 (+3 weapons), Bluff +10, Concentration +7, Craft (weaponsmith) +6, Diplomacy +14, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +11, Hide +9, Intimidate +10, Jump +6, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (geography) +6, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +6, Move Silently +9, Search +10, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +10, Spellcraft +10 (+12 decipher scrolls), Survival +8 (+10 avoid hazards and getting lost), Use Magic Device +10 (+12 scrolls); Combat Casting, Combat Expertise[B], Improved Disarm, Investigator[B], Magical Aptitude[B], Manhunter*, Stealthy.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Nisi (S/W), Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1), Skill (Ronal).

Spells: safe level 3rd; spellcasting +7; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (4): *blur** (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *hypnotism* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *prestidigitation* (0-level, MT 10, price 0/1), *fog cloud* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (3): *gust of wind* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *suggestion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3).

*Signature spell. +4 bonus to spellcasting check, +1 caster level, double normal duration.

Possessions: *+1 chain shirt of silent moves, +1 longsword,* 3 cold iron throwing daggers, *potion of aid*, *potion of convert moderate wounds*, *boots of striding & springing, shadow cloak*, 2 vials of alchemist's fire, masterwork artisan's tools, 174 sh.

Strangle

Once, long ago, Strangle was an ordinary man. Born and raised in Sanctuary, he led a perfectly normal life. Then the droughts came, and the floods, and the famine. The S'danzo vanished. A plague rose up from nowhere, and decimated the city. Suddenly, people were calling the S'danzo traitors and turncoats, and saying that the plague was their fault. Those few who had stayed behind were hunted down and killed. And the man who would become Strangle felt that this was just, and right, and good. So he joined the cult of Dyareela, and Strangle was born.

By the time the Irrune attacked, Strangle had become a minor priest within the extremist sect. His superiors did not expect him to rise any higher, because he was too unstable to trust with more authority. But then the Irrune struck, and everything changed. The masters sent Strangle and a few of the other younger priests away into hiding. Strangle, who had been working with the orphaned children, took his favorite, Leorin, with him.



With the elders all dead, Strangle took control of the remaining cultists. He raised Leorin and finished her training, biding his time. His goal was to restore the cult, but in order to do that, their enemy had to be removed first. Molin Torchholder had to die.

Strangle succeeded in killing the Torch, but it took far longer than he expected for the old man to die. Strangle also didn't expect that anyone would help him. He made foolish errors, made an enemy of Cauvin, and ultimately paid his life as the price of his mistakes.

Description

Strangle is a short, stocky man in his mid-thirties, and not particularly distinctive. The left side of his face is frozen, thanks to a botched tattoo job years ago, and his left eye does not seem to focus on the same point as the right.

Personality

Strangle is obsessed with killing Molin, but has been waiting for a sign from his goddess before he begins. He has forced his followers to maintain a low profile when above ground, and to never reveal their affiliation with the goddess.

Strangle always believed fully in the extremist vision of Dyareela cleansing the world, but during the years in hiding, he became even more unhinged. He and his followers came to the conclusion that random murders were, in fact, holy vengeance, and would contribute to the cleansing to come. Even the senior extremists would have disapproved, had they been alive to see his behavior.

Strangle

Male Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, priest 6, assassin 4; CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+12 plus 4d8+8; hp 61; Mdt 16[; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +6; Grap +8; Atk +10 melee (1d4+4/19–20, *assassin's dagger*); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d4+4/19–20, *assassin's dagger*); SA bruiser, channel divine power 5/day (commanding presence, holy vitality), poison use, sneak attack +1d6; SQ jaded; Rep +2; SV Fort +8, Ref +7, Will +8; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 15

Background Skills: Disguise, Intimidate.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +0 (+2 poison), Bluff +7, Concentration +7, Craft (poison) +7, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +9 (+11 acting), Forgery +5, Gather Information +9, Heal +5, Hide +5, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +4, Knowledge (local) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Move Silently +5, Sense Motive +5, Survival +2 (+4 underground); Blind-Fight[B], Debilitating Strike*, Improved Grapple, Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Power Attack, Spell Focus (enchantment), Stealthy[B].

Languages: Ilsig (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (2), Information (1).

Spells: safe level 3rd; spellcasting +7; ritualcasting +12; save DC 12 + spell level (DC 13 + spell level for enchantments).

Known Spells (10+3D): *aid* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *bane* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *blindness/deafness* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *command* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *contagion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *death knell* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *divine favor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *entropic shield* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *fit of coughing* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *inflict serious wounds* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *itchy hives* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *lesser confusion* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *rage* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *touch of madness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D.

Familiar Spells (10): *bull's strength* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *darkness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *enthrall* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *glyph of warding* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *poison* (4th, MT 50, price 8), *resist energy* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sound burst* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *speak with dead* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *summon monster III* (3rd, MT 40, price 3).

D: Domain. Domains: Disease (immune to ability damage caused by disease), Madness (Insanity score of 3 modifies Wisdom)

Possessions: *Assassin's dagger*, *potion of convert light wounds*, *bracers of armor +2*, holy symbol *(+1 ritual focus)*, 3 applications of striped toadstool poison (ingested, DC 11, 1 Wis/2d6 Wis + 1d4 Int), 2 applications of bloodroot (injury, DC 12, 0/1d4 Con + 1d3 Wis), 30 sh.

Lone on Strangle

"Strangle's a righteous bastard who is in complete thrall to the Chaos Mother. You can bet that he didn't get his name for being an upstanding citizen. He slipped out in advance before the Irrune sacked Sanctuary. I always figured a cultist lucky enough to get away would be smart enough to stay away. I guess I was wrong."

Assassin's Dagger

In *Thieves' World*, any massive damage saves caused by an *assassin's dagger* are +1 DC. The item is otherwise identical to the version in the *DMG*.

Strick

Most of the mages in Sanctuary have their own goals, their own agendas, and only help people when it benefits them as well. But one of the city's wizards helps people because he cannot help himself — he literally has no choice in the matter. That's Strick, also known as the White Mage.

Everyone in the city, and in many of the surrounding areas, has heard of Strick. What few people realize is that the current Strick is not the original.

The first Strick was a large, powerful man with a red mustache and a ruddy face. People usually mistook him for a fighter at first glance, and he did wear a sword, though he rarely used it. Strick met Hanse Shadowspawn, and his S'danzo friend Mignue, in the desert, and after exchanging tales, he continued on toward Sanctuary. He took up residence there with his family, but his wife and children died during one of Sanctuary's many horrors, and Strick was never the same. But he had a duty to perform, and since he could not bring himself to continue, he found and trained a successor. When the first Strick died, the second took his name and his curse.

Strick is cursed to help anyone who asks him for aid, which is not something he minds; he is a good, kind man, and would help most of these people anyway. But for every bit of aid he renders, there is a Price that must be paid, and not in gold or goods. He can lessen that Price, however, as he did when he tried to treat Arizak's leg wound.

Lone on Strick

"Old Spellmaster is Chance's best friend. He may be fat, but that white-haired wizard can do amazing things. He's shown me a good bit of courtesy, but I can't say if it's because he's humoring Chance, or if it's because he wants something in return."

Like the man before him, Strick surrounds himself with people who share his vision, The first is his S'danzo wife, Linnana (or Linnie), though she admits to neither trait and claims to be just his housekeeper. The second is Samoff, an old veteran and muleteer who's hampered by an old leg injury. Strick also hangs around with Chance, and most recently, Lone.

Description

The current Strick is a large man in his forties. Though he has a big frame, Strick indulges in fine foods far too much, and is terribly fat. He wears an enormous blue robe, and is usually draped in gold jewelry. Despite his relative youth, his hair is completely white, and has been since he accepted his mentor's name and curse. Strick lives in the better part of town with Linnana.

Personality

Strick is respected around town, and on good terms with everyone except a few of the other wizards, who find him officious and too easily swayed by sob stories. He spends most of his time with Chance, and the two men loiter in the various taverns Strick owns.

Strick

Male Wrigglie apprentice, initiate 8, spellmaster 4; CR 12; Medium humanoid; HD 8d6 plus 4d8; hp 48; Mdt 11; Init –1; Spd 30ft.; AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9; Base Atk +9; Grap +9; Atk +9 melee (1d6, *staff of defense*); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d6, *staff of defense*); SQ cost of magic, distinctive appearance, eclectic sorcery (Int), encouraging words, exchange common malady 2/day, jaded, lore, reduce unworthy curse; Rep +2; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +11; Str 11, Dex 8, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Knowledge (arcana), Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Bluff +8, Concentration +10, Decipher Script +10, Diplomacy +16, Gather Information +16, Heal +7, Intimidate +4, Listen +9, Knowledge (arcana) +14, Knowledge (history) +8, Knowledge (local) +12, Search +6, Sense Motive +15, Spellcraft +16, Spot +9; Alertness[B], Combat Expertise[B], Extra Spells*, Great Fortitude, Interrupted Spellcasting*, Leadership[B], Life-Fuelled Casting*, Maximize Spell, Maze-Savvy[B]*.

Languages: Ilsig (S/W) Twandan (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (Chance, Lone), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 4th; spellcasting +9; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (6): *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *daylight* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *detect curse* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *heroism* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *locate object* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *whispering wind** (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (4): *greater circle of protection* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *pass without trace* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *rope trick* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *summon nature's ally III* (3rd, MT 40, price 3).

*Signature spell. +4 bonus to spellcasting check, +1 caster level, double normal range

Possessions: *Staff of defense* (15 charges), 100 sh.

Tor'dan J'ardin

Tor'dan is a minstrel, and a good one. He first arrived in Sanctuary eight years ago, and quickly earned a modest reputation. He is from a place called Shemhaza, a small town of infamous reputation. (Sanctuary may be a dangerous, decadent, anarchic place, but Shemhaza is renowned for the stupidity of its citizens.) Tor'dan is constantly cheerful, so much so that it grates on some people. He has an excellent voice, and plays his cresca very well. He is always friendly, always sociable, and always looking for his next paying gig.

Lone on Tor'dan J'ardin

"If I have to hear J'ardin sing 'The Man from Shemhaza' one more time, I think I'm going to be sick. He's a minstrel with a bright orange cloak who plays a cresca and croons his signature song at the Vulgar Unicorn. I think he's singing about himself."



And his whole history is a lie.

Tor'dan's full name is Tordra Na Rhyan, which means "One who follows the old ways." The "way" he follows is far older than most realize. He was not born in Shemhaza, because that place does not exist except in songs and stories. Tor'dan is from Devrith — to the extent that "Shemhaza" does exist, it's as a backwater town in Devrith —but he was trained since childhood at the temple as a Conversant: one who has mastered the arts of speaking, singing, and spying. Tor'dan was sent to Sanctuary to take control of the remaining cultists there, and to mold them once again into an effective force. His mistresses—for the Dyareelans are ruled by priestesses, now—are very unhappy about the cult's activities in Sanctuary, and worry their previous excesses will set back their plans by at least a generation. Tor'dan has been sent to speed up the process, and to prevent any further complications.

Description

Tor'dan is a good-looking man, slight of build but very fit, and keeps his hair and beard neat. His clothing, though also neat, is a bit worn, and more than a little flashy, particularly his vivid orange cape.

Personality

Beneath his cheerful exterior, Tor'dan is a cold, hard man who would kill his best friend without compunctions. He also has enough self-control, and enough training, to lie to a S'danzo truth-

seer and not get caught. Tor'dan maintains the appearance of a carefree minstrel during the day, but spends most of his nights overseeing the cultists, and planning ways to infiltrate the Palace and the Irrune.

Tor'dan J'ardin

Male Devrithi entertainer, thief 6, godsworn 6; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d6+6 plus 6d10+6; hp 68; Mdt 17; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 19, touch 14, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +10; Grap +11; Atk +13 melee (1d6+3/16–20, *+2 rapier*) or +11 [+10 BAB +1 Dex] ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +13/+8 melee (1d6+3/16–20, *+2 rapier*) or +11 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +3d6; SQ divine perception, divine shield, evasion, low-light vision, trap sense +2, trapfinding, uncanny dodge, withdrawn; Rep +3; SV Fort +6, Ref +9, Will +8; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 18.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Balance +3, Bluff +16, Concentration +6, Diplomacy +13, Disguise +4 (+6 acting), Gather Information +11, Hide +8, Intimidate +15, Jump +3, Knowledge (local) +6, Knowledge (religion) +11, Listen +10, Move Silently +8, Perform (singing) +13, Perform (stringed instrument) +18, Search +6, Sense Motive +11, Sleight of Hand +12, Survival +3 (+5 follow tracks), Spot +10, Tumble +6; Combat Expertise, Crippler's Eye*, Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Disarm, Improved Feint, Stealthy[B].

Languages: Devrithi (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (2), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 3rd; ritualcasting +8; save DC 14 + spell level.

Known Spells (5+3D): *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *contagion* (3rd, MT 40, price 3) D, *divine favor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *eagle's splendor* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *magic vestment* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *shatter* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D.

Familiar Spells (3): *blindness/deafness* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *command* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *spell immunity* (4th, MT 50, price 8).

D: Domain. Domain: Catastrophe (evades his own area-effect spells)

Possessions: *+1 mithral shirt*, *+2 rapier,* 2 throwing daggers, potion of *aid*, *ring of mind shielding, scroll of commune*, orange *cloak of charisma +2*, *magical instrument* (cresca), *the palm of the hand*, 161 sh.

Verrezza

Before the Irrune reached Sanctuary, the two remaining clans were close to splitting apart. To heal the rift and unite the race again, one clan's war leader married the other clan's war leader's sister. The man was Arizak, and that wife is Verrezza.

Verrezza is still a force to be reckoned with. She is a traditionalist, and believes her people do not belong in the city. She has raised her son, per-Arizak, in the same beliefs, and wants to see him succeed his father as the ruler of both the Irrune and Sanctuary. If that happens, she will push her son to destroy the city and then take their people back to the mountains and the plains, where they belong.

Verrezza and Arizak never truly loved one another — theirs was a marriage of political necessity — but they understand and respect each other. She hates to see him so besotted with Nadalya, and particularly dislikes seeing the younger woman sway her husband from his old beliefs. The two women are bitter enemies, and will stop at nothing to destroy one another, but both know better than to fight openly.

Description

A tall, powerful woman, with stern features and straight blond hair that has gone gray. She wears drab clothing in the traditional style of her people. She always bears a stern expression, and is clearly suspicious of everyone she meets. She has the eyes of an angry hawk.

Personality

Verrezza is not as city-smart as Nadalya, but she is an intelligent woman with a commanding presence. She is still proud of her rank and her family, and will fight to maintain their honor in any situation. All of her hopes for the Irrune rest on per-Arizak becoming his father's heir, and she is determined to keep Arizak himself alive long enough to reconcile with his oldest son.

Verrezza

Female Irrune aristocrat, noble 6/barbarian 1; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8 plus 1d12+3; hp 40; Mdt 10; Init +5; Spd 40 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +5; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d6+1/18–20, *+1 scimitar*); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+1/18–20, *+1 scimitar*); SA rage 1/day; SQ diplomat, fast movement, inspire 8/day (competence, complacency, courage), organize +4, saddleborn; Rep +2; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +9; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Background Skills: Knowledge (nobility & royalty), Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +12, Diplomacy +19, Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +8, Handle Animal +5, Hide +6, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (geography) +7, Knowledge (history) +7, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +9, Listen +11, Ride +9, Sense Motive +15, Survival +6 (+8 avoid hazards and getting lost); Improved Initiative, Iron Will[B], Leadership[B], Mounted Combat[B], Negotiator, Persuasive[B], Toughness.

Rage (Ex): When raging Verrezza uses the following statistics.

HD 6d8+12 plus 1d12+5; hp 54; Mdt 14; AC 9 [+1 Dex, –2 rage], touch 9, flat-footed 8; Grap +7; Atk +8 melee (1d6+3/18–20, *+1 scimitar*); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+3/18–20, *+1 scimitar*); SV Fort +7, Will +11; Str 14, Con 14.

Languages: Ilsig (S), Irrune (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (Arizak), Information (the Dragon).

Possessions: *+1 scimitar*, *headband of divine favor +1, shadow cloak,* vial of antitoxin, 185 sh.

Lone on Verrezza

"Verezza is Arizak's first wife and the mother of the Dragon. She's a dyed in the wool Irrune, not at all like Nadalya. She'd be happier beneath an open sky, wandering aimlessly alongside her people while they rape and pillage villages from here to Velos."

Palm of the Hand

This small metal rectangle bears three small red jewels and numerous small glyphs. While it may look innocuous, it is a holy relic of the Cult of Dyareela, and when used by a Bloody Hand priest, it is an instrument of madness and pain. The Palm is a *+2 ritual focus* that gives an additional +3 bonus when casting spells from the Catastrophe, Disease, or Madness domains. If grasped, the wearer can use it to make a touch attack once a day that inflicts *confusion* with a caster level of 12 (DC 19 Will save).

Strong transmutation; CL 12th; Craft Focus, Craft Wondrous Item, *confusion*; Price 22,396 sh.

Zarzakhan

Zarzakhan is Arizak's brother, and one of his most important advisors. As high shaman, he is the Irrune's spiritual leader and conversant with Irrenuga himself. He leads all of the rituals, rites of passage, and blessings for every event. To the Sanctans, he's a wild and unpredictable figure, eliciting fear and aversion from his foul stink and strange behavior.

Zarzakhan is much more than just a priest, however. When the Irrune invaded the city, he was part of the trio (the others were Molin and Arrizak) who determined what to do with the captured cultists. It was he who prepared the poisoned horseflesh and fed it to the irredeemable children. And it was he who helped guide Arrizak into his current position as Governor of the city.

When not overseeing the religious rites of his people, Zarzakhan practices sorcery, which is what passes for the Irrune spiritual tradition. He reads omens in the entrails of goats, watches the stars and the movement of the heavenly bodies, and records his findings to his Sekkir to help determine the best course of action. Unfortunately, few people can stand to be in his presence for long.

Description

Zarzakhan is an unholy sight to behold, or so thought Cauvin. Each day, he works a thick black paste into his hair, making dreadlocks that resemble snakes. He wears hides, bones, and serpent skins. A terrifying stench of rotting fish that clings to the senses always surrounds him. Clumps of muck cling to his lips, eyebrows, and beard, so that it is impossible to tell what he actually looks like.

Personality

Speaking to the spirits of dead ancestors has made Zarzakhan somewhat unusual. He has a strange sense of humor, which usually results in him coming too close for comfort. He is devoted to his brother Arrizak, and while he may not agree completely with settling in the city, he supports his chief in whatever way he can.

Zarzakhan

Male Irrune witch doctor, priest 4, witch 4; CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+4 plus 4d4+4; hp 34; Mdt 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d6+2, *+1 club*); Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+2, *+1 club*); SQ channel divine power (5/day, commanding presence), saddleborn, witchcraft (sacrificial power); Rep +2; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +11; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Craft (herbalism), Knowledge (nature).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +6, Concentration +11, Heal +10, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (nature) +11, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +4, Profession (herbalist) +6, Ride +5, Spellcraft +13, Spot +4, Survival +3 (+5 aboveground natural environments); Animal Affinity, Combat Casting, Ritual Emphasis*, Sighted[B]*.

Languages: Irrune (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (Arizak), Skill (1).

Priest Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +10; ritualcasting +12; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (7+2d): *augury* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *cause fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *command* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *endure elements* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *guidance* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *sanctuary* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *true strike* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D.

Familiar Spells (8): *bless* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1)*, *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1)*, *convert moderate wounds* (2nd, MT 30, price 2)*, *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *enthrall* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *prayer* (3rd, MT 40, price 3 lethal), *read magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1).

*New Spell; see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details.

D: Domain spell. Domains: Ancestor (call upon wisdom of ancestors), Liberation (+2 to saves against enchantment spells and effects).

Witch Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +9; ritualcasting +11; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (6): *calm animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *charm animal* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *daze* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *fog cloud* (2nd, MT 30, price 1), *ghost sound* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *lullaby* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Familiar Spells (8): *animal messenger* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *animate rope* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *detect poison* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *message* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *purify food & drink* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *speak with animals* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *sleet storm* (3rd, MT 40, price 3 lethal), *summon swarm* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Possessions: +1 hide armor, +1 club, *staff of swarming insects*.

Lone on Zarzakhan

"That's not mud in Zarzakhan's hair. You don't need to venture too close to him to get a whiff of it either. He's as zealous and crazy as any priest I've ever seen. They say he's Arizak's brother, but aside from the smell, I can't say I discern much of a resemblance between the two."



Chapter Six: Adventures in Sanctuary

Sanctuary presents great opportunities for adventure, but it offers just as much excitement to GMs. *Thieves' World* offers a rich history, colorful characters, and a flexible world, allowing you to bend the setting to fit your particular style of play. Whether you want an investigation-style campaign, a military fantasy, an elaborate criminal underworld, or a straight-up dungeon crawl, *Thieves' World* has it.

Unlike the other chapters in this book, this one is meant specifically for the GM. First and foremost, it provides a toolbox for modifying the information presented in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* to make the world fit more closely with more traditional games using the d20 system. In addition, there are variants and options to expand your game play. Action points, class-based defense, and other useful modifications can help you customize your game. You'll find guidelines for creating characters above 1st, suggestions for treasures and rewards, plus a slew of adventure seeds, making this the most important chapter for *Thieves' World* GMs.

Adapting Thieves' World

The *Thieves' World Player's Manual* serves to recreate the atmosphere of the anthologies as closely as possible. In the books, we see a broad spectrum of power levels, where gods duke it out in the skies, and where an assassin butchers an entire gang for revenge. We find tales of love, fear, murder, magic, and all the other ingredients found in any good d20 game.

The problem, however, is that *Thieves' World*, at least in the classic series, had a profound degree of variation. Shadowspawn, once he gained the power of his divine birthright, killed Vashanka, broke into Kadakithis' Palace, stole the *savankh*, and enjoyed unlimited wishes as a reward from the Ilsigi gods. Meanwhile, in the new series, we have Kadithe and Becvar, two boys — certainly not the stuff of Tempus. We have the troubled lives of the people living on Pyrtanis Street. There's a certain level of human suffering that stands in sharp contrast to some of the superhuman events that unfolded in the original series.

To reconcile the differences, the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* provides a baseline that's applicable to both extremes, and the result is somewhat different from the expectations found in the *PHB*. In *Thieves' World*, we don't have paladins, though we do indeed have servants of the gods. While Cappen Varra is a minstrel, and in many ways a bard, he does not cast spells, and is more of a jack-of-all-trades than anything else.

Even magic works differently. Wizards don't fire and forget their spells, and that's to say nothing of how the environment of the Known World affects spellcasting. Not all clerics turn undead, and never once was a druid so much as mentioned in the books. (Though some could argue that Zarzakhan had a few druidic qualities.) So, to remain true to the anthologies, certain things found in the *PHB* just don't work.

Nevertheless, some folks will undoubtedly want to bring their paladin or sorcerer into Sanctuary. At least one group will demand their halflings and elves be allowed alongside the Beysib and the once-seen winged folk from the north. To accommodate these demands, what follows is a way to make your standard d20 games more like *Thieves' World,* and vice versa.

Races vs. Cultures and Backgrounds

There's no reason why dwarves, elves, or orcs couldn't exist in the Known World. The Beysib are just as fantastic as any of the races in the *PHB*, trolls certainly exist (though they're nothing like the ones depicted in the *MM*) and creatures like kobolds and gnomes are all mentioned in the anthologies. It's said the legendary land of Kaimas, which lies within and beyond the World Spine Mountains, holds all manner of wondrous races. The suggestion that, somewhere in the world, these other races actually do exist stretches but does not snap our perceptions of the setting. But, before you allow aasimars and half-ogres into the campaign, you should consider how this would affect the cultures and backgrounds used to diversify humans.

As the cultures described in this book and in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* are all human ones, no non-human race may select a culture. Hence, there should not be Rankan or Northron elves; the race itself takes the place of the culture. You might be tempted to allow other races to select backgrounds, for it's no stretch to imagine a dwarven blacksmith, an elven apprentice, or a half-orc hunter. If you do allow these races to select a background, they gain all the benefits of the listed background, including the bonus feat. To balance, give humans the typical bonus feat in addition to the one granted by the background. The result increases the potency of starting characters, but that should balance out over the course of an entire campaign.

On the other hand, you could do away with cultures and backgrounds altogether. Simply use the information presented to give you ideas about the kinds of people and places in the Known World. With this approach, humans are just humans, and do not gain the cultural or background traits, nor are they restricted in selecting their starting bonus feat.

Classes

It is common knowledge that Sanctuary is a city of, by, and for adventurers. As such, it is home to many characters of different and often unusual abilities. In game terms, this indicates the presence of numerous individuals with at least one level in one or more of the varied classes and prestige classes found either in the core rulebooks or in the books of the *Thieves' World* setting. Some classes are far better represented than others, however, and some have no representation whatsoever within the city of thieves.

Without question, the best-represented core class in Sanctuary is, of course, the thief. Following that, the assassin, the fighter, and the survivor see the greatest numbers in the city, followed closely by the noble. Perhaps unsurprisingly, the most commonly encountered core prestige class found in Sanctuary is the duelist, whose particular skills are often in great demand. The arcane trickster and the shadowdancer also offer something to many of those who seek to get ahead in Sanctuary.

In standard *Thieves' World* play, only the barbarian, fighter, and rogue remain unchanged. All other classes have been heavily modified or outright eliminated in favor of classes that fit the setting more closely. Again, this need not be the case. Nothing stops a player from bringing a druid, bard, or paladin character into *Thieves' World*. One could easily play a dragon disciple, a hierophant, or even a sorcerer without unraveling the tone of the city. Clearly, incorporating all the classes from the *PHB* will change how magic functions — the



Table 6–1: Low Mana Failed Casting

d%	Effect
01–19	Spell rebounds on caster with normal effect. If the spell cannot affect the caster, it simply fails.
20–23	A 15-foot diameter circular pit opens beneath the caster's feet; it is 10 feet deep per level of the caster.
24–27	The spell fails, but the target or targets of the spell are pelted with a rain of small objects (anything from flowers to rotten fruit) which disappear upon striking. The barrage continues for 1 round. During this time, the targets are blinded and must make Concentration checks (DC 15 + spell level) to cast spells.
28–31	The spell affects a random target or area. Randomly choose a different target from among those in range of the spell or center the spell at a random place within range of the spell. To generate direction randomly, roll 1d8 and count clockwise around the compass, starting with south. To generate range randomly, roll 3d6. Multiply the result by 5 feet for close-range spells, 20 feet for medium-range spells, or 80 feet for long-range spells.
32–35	The spell functions normally, but any material components are not consumed. The spell is not expended from the caster's mind; a spell slot or prepared spell can be used again. An item does not lose charges, and the effect does not count against an item's or spell-like ability's use limit.
36–39	The spell does not function. Instead, everyone (friend or foe) within 30 feet of the caster receives the effect of a *heal* spell.
40–43	The spell does not function. Instead, a *deeper darkness* and a *silence* effect cover a 30-foot radius around the caster for 2d4 rounds.
44–47	The spell does not function. Instead, a *reverse gravity* effect covers a 30-foot radius around the caster for 1 round.
48–51	The spell functions, but shimmering colors swirl around the caster for 1d4 rounds. Treat this as a *glitterdust* effect with a save DC of 10 + the level of the spell that generated this result.
52–59	Nothing happens. The spell does not function. Any material components are used up. The spell or spell slot is used up, and charges or uses from an item are expended.
60–71	Nothing happens. The spell does not function. Any material components are not consumed. The spell is not expended from the caster's mind; a spell slot or prepared spell can be used again. An item does not lose charges, and the effect does not count against an item's or spell-like ability's use limit.
72–98	The spell functions normally.
99–100	The spell functions strongly. Saving throws against the spell incur a –2 penalty. The spell has the maximum possible effect, as if it were cast with the Maximize Spell feat. If the spell is already maximized with the feat, there is no further effect.

section on **Magic** below goes into some detail on this matter — but by using the guidelines for adapting classes on page 177 of the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*, you can allow the base classes into your games with some alteration. Classes with minor spellcasting ability gain the initiate's spell progression; bards and rangers gain access to the witch spell list, while paladins gain access to the priest spell list. Classes with major spellcasting ability, such as the sorcerer, cleric, and wizard, are all sufficiently covered by the mage and priest classes. Monks are playable as-is, though they were excluded because the anthologies feature no characters that correlate to the monk class. Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Gazetteer* offers more information for adapting characters from other settings to *Thieves' World*.

Magic

Perhaps the biggest change to the d20 system in *Thieves' World* is magic. In the anthologies, magic is ambiguous, strange and often unpredictable. Each author brought his or her own vision of how magic worked to the stories, and seeing the montage of different systems, one might be tempted to use the standard spellcasting rules in *Thieves' World*. In general, using the standard magic system will not ruin your *Thieves' World* experience, though it, again, diverges from the character of the books. In this setting, magic, or sorcery, depends on mana, and how spellcasters differ is through the techniques used to harvest this magical energy and cast spells. Mages use arcane formulas, priests use prayer, and witches use their own essence. Understandably, the time it takes to draw mana from the world is necessarily longer than it takes in a standard d20 game. To compensate, spellcasters are unrestricted in their spell choices and not forced into selecting spells of a particular level.

If you opt to use the standard d20 magic system for your *Thieves' World* games, try to organize your classes into the same three categories: magic, prayer, and witchcraft. Under this model, magic is the means used by bards and wizards. Clerics and druids use prayer, and sorcerers use witchcraft. If you use psionics, you will need to decide how it fits into the threefold model of magic, although it's probably best to treat it as a completely different practice.

Even if you use the standard d20 magic system, you can still take advantage of a simplified version of the mana system by modifying an area's magic traits. The ambient mana field can have any of the following effects.

Normal Mana

The mana field functions normally. All spells, spell-like abilities, and supernatural abilities function as written.

High Mana

Spells are easier to cast. Select one of the following three effects.

- Decrease the level increase imposed by applying metamagic effects by 1, to a minimum of 0. For example, a *magic missile* spell would be the same effective level as a *silent magic missile*.

- All spells and spell-like abilities are automatically considered empowered, enlarged, quickened, maximized, or widened, or have the benefit of some other metamagic feat entirely.
- Reduce the effective level of any given spell by 1, to a minimum of 0-level. This does not modify the actual level of the spell, but reduces the slot necessary for casting the spell. Thus, a *fireball* is still a 3rd-level spell for the purposes of its save DC, but requires only a 2nd-level slot to cast it.

Low Mana

In areas of low mana, spells become harder to cast. Even when successfully cast, they often have unpredictable results. Whenever a caster would cast a spell in a low mana field, he must first make a level check (DC 15 + the level of the spell or effect). If he fails the check, the spell fails. If he succeeds at his check by just 1–5, he suffers the effect of a mana surge — roll 1d% and consult the following table. If he succeeds by 6 or more, the spell is cast normally.

No Mana

Some areas are entirely exhausted of mana, in which case magic doesn't work at all, as though the entire area were under the effect of an *antimagic field*. Divination spells cannot detect subjects within a no-mana area, nor can a spellcaster use *teleport* or another spell to move in or out. The only exceptions to the "no magic" rule are permanent planar portals, which function normally.

Sorcerous Techniques

Sanctuary defines the three techniques for spellcasting as being magic, prayer, and witchcraft. To retain this structure, but still use the standard spellcasting system, you can apply sorcerous techniques to reinforce the differences between the various types of spellcasters.

Magic

Magic is the practice of harnessing magic through arcane formulas. A spellcaster memorizes a specific spell recipe, and when he wants to cast the spell, he must recite the proper words, replicate the appropriate gestures, and have the material components for the spell to work. Only wizards or other character classes who prepare their spells in advance using a spellbook use this technique.

By using magic to cast spells, the time it takes to cast is longer than normal. Spells with casting times of a free or swift action are unchanged. Spells with a casting time of 1 standard action now have a casting time of 1 round. Spells with a casting time of 1 round or longer are doubled; 1 round becomes 2 rounds, 10 minutes becomes 20 minutes, and so on. In exchange for the slower casting, wizard's spells are harder to resist, granting a +2 bonus to caster level checks made to bypass spell resistance. This bonus stacks with the Spell Penetration and Greater Spell Penetration feats.

Prayer

Prayer is a special invocation from a worshipper to his deity to create some magical effect. A spellcaster simply prays; if his god favors him, the request is granted. Some faiths have specific prayers for spells, but for the sake of simplicity, all spellcasters who use prayer merely state their desire and the effect is granted. The potency of the spell, however, depends on the deity's mood. Clerics and paladins use this technique.

Table 6–2: Deity Mood

Roll	Mood	Result
1 or less	Hostile	The save DC decreases by –2
2–9	Unfriendly	The save DC decreases by –1
10–25	Indifferent	Cast spells normally
26–29	Friendly	The save DC increases by +1
30 or more	Helpful	The save DC increases by +1 and the spell is automatically extended, as if cast with the Extend spell feat.

DC modifiers here stack with other DC modifiers, such as those granted by the Spell Focus feats.

By using prayer to cast spells, the spellcaster is at the mercy of his god's moods. Each day, the GM secretly determines the deity's attitude by rolling 1d20 + the character's level – the number of spells the character cast on the previous day. He then compares the results on the following table.

Witchcraft

Witchcraft is the practice of drawing mana into oneself and shaping the energy into the desired effect. A spellcaster calms his mind and opens his spirit to accept the energies surrounding him. However, because the spellcaster is the vehicle through which magic occurs, the process is dangerous and draining. Druids, rangers, and sorcerers use this technique.

When using witchcraft to cast spells, a spellcaster may augment his spells by using his life energy to supplement the mana used for casting the spell. The spellcaster may choose to increase his caster level. For every level increased, up to one-half his actual level higher, the spellcaster takes nonlethal damage equal to 1d4 + the spell's level. For every level beyond that, the spellcaster takes lethal damage equal to 1d4 + twice the spell's level.

> ***Example:*** *A 6th-level sorcerer casts fireball. Ordinarily the spell deals 6d6 points of damage to all creatures in the area. However, the sorcerer could increase his effective caster level to 9th level, dealing 9d6 points of damage, in exchange for taking 3d4+9 points of nonlethal damage. If wanted to push the spell to its limit, he could increase his caster level to 10, letting the spell do its maximum damage of 10d6, and take 3d4+9 points of nonlethal damage and 1d4+6 points of lethal damage — likely enough to render him unconscious in the process.*

Adapting Thieves' World Classes

If you opt not to use the magic system presented in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual,* you can easily adapt the classes presented there. To do so, follow these guidelines:

- **Godsworn:** Godsworn use the paladin's spell progression, counting 0-level priest spells as 1st-level spells. At 4th level, when they gain spells, they gain 1 domain. If you use techniques, godsworn cast spells using prayer.

Option: Allegiances

As a middle ground between standard alignment and none at all, you could institute an *allegiance* system. Allegiances are indications of what the character values in life, and may encompass people, organizations, or ideals. A character may have up to three allegiances, listed in order from most important to least. A character may have no allegiances at all, being either a free spirit or a lone wolf, or may change allegiances as he or she goes through life. Also, just because the character fits into a certain category of people doesn't mean the character must have that category as an allegiance.

If the character acts in a way that is detrimental to his or her allegiance, the GM may choose to strip the character of that allegiance and assign an allegiance more suitable to those actions. Having an allegiance implies having sufficient intelligence and wisdom to make a moral or ethical choice. As a result, a character must have Intelligence and Wisdom scores of 3 or higher in order to select allegiances.

Allegiances include, but are not limited to, the following categories.

Person or Group

This includes a leader or superior, a family, a group of linked individuals (such as a band of adventurers or a cell of cultists), or a discrete unit within a larger organization (such as members of the character's squad or platoon, or individuals whose safety the character is responsible for).

Organization

This may be a mercenary company or a guild, a gathering of like-minded individuals, a fraternal brotherhood, a secret society, a branch of the military, a government, a university, an employer, or an otherwise established authority.

Nation

This may or may not be the nation where the hero currently resides. It may be where the individual was born, or where the hero seeks to reside after emigrating to a new home.

Belief System

This is usually a particular faith or religion, but can also be a specific philosophy or school of thought. Belief systems could also include political beliefs or philosophical outlooks.

Ethical Philosophy

This describes how one feels about order, as represented by law and chaos. An individual with a lawful outlook tends to tell the truth, keep his or her word, respect authority, and honor tradition, and he or she expects others to do likewise. An individual with a chaotic outlook tends to follow his or her instincts and whims, favor new ideas and experiences, and behave in a subjective and open manner in dealings with others.

Moral Philosophy

This describes one's attitude toward others, as represented by good and evil. An individual with a good allegiance tends to protect innocent life. This belief implies altruism, respect for life, and a concern for the dignity of other creatures. An evil allegiance shows a willingness to hurt, oppress, and kill others, and to debase or destroy innocent life.

Allegiances and Influence

An allegiance can create an empathic bond with others of the same allegiance. With the GMs permission, the character gains a +2 circumstance bonus on Charisma-based skill checks when dealing with someone of the same allegiance, as long as the character has had some interaction with the other character to discover the connections and bring the bonus into play.

- **Initiate:** Initiates use the bard's spell progression. If you use techniques, initiates cast spells using witchcraft.
- **Mage:** Mages use the wizard's spell progression and must keep spellbooks. If you use techniques, mages cast spells using magic.
- **Priest:** Priests use the cleric's spell progression. If you use techniques, priests cast spells using prayer.
- **Witch:** Witches use the sorcerer's spell progression. If you use techniques, witches, obviously, cast spells using witchcraft.

Variants

In addition to the changes to magic and the exclusion of certain classes, *Thieves' World* also includes a number of special elements to emphasize aspects of the setting. The following section provides ways to restore concepts that have been removed from the setting, or modify existing ones. Games with these variants can preserve that vast majority of that *Thieves' World* feel, but still tilt the campaign back towards more familiar territory.

Alignments

In a world of moral relativism, *Thieves' World* does away with alignments. In too many cases, characters are forced to act in questionable ways to achieve a greater good. The most heroic acts can be tainted by terrible deeds, such as when Molin, Arizak, and Zarzakhan poisoned the horseflesh they fed to the child cultists in the Palace. However, you may wish to use alignments in this setting, perhaps to introduce *Thieves' World* to your own campaign setting. If so, you should probably relax how strictly alignments are interpreted, allowing some leeway to characters with strong alignment barriers before penalizing them for their actions. Sanctuary tends to bring out the very worst in people, and paladins who spend a great deal of time here are bound to lose their status in the face of such great temptation. In addition, spells that have been added to replace those that depend on alignments should be removed and replaced with the appropriate alignment spells. For example, *circle of protection* is not necessary in a world with alignments, so restore *protection from chaos/evil/good/law*.

Older and Younger Characters

The base for a character's starting age is 15 plus a die roll that varies according to his class and is modified by his background. In some situations, you may want to allow younger or older characters. Consider a game where the PCs are all urchins, living a tough life on the streets of Sanctuary. Because of their experiences and hardships, they begin their adventuring career earlier than normal characters, but are still developing and so earn experience at a slower rate than their adult counterparts.

Conversely, a party might consist of a group of veteran guards who, after years of service, all retired around the same time. However, after a plague sweeps through the watch, thinning their numbers, a new crime lord emerges and threatens a neighborhood's stability. The older men and women decide to embark on one last foray and suit up in their old uniforms to put a stop to the new threat.

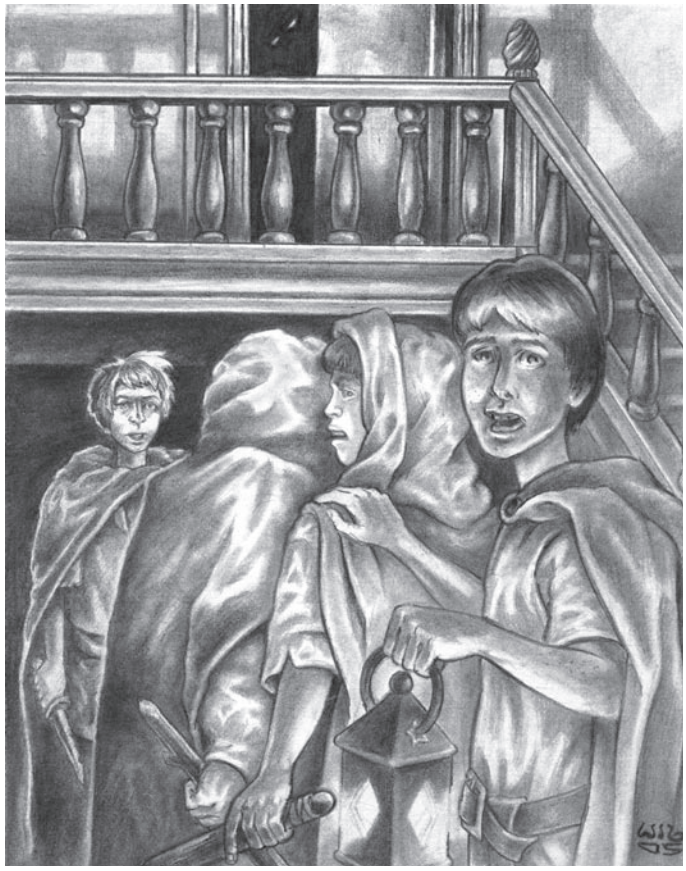
Both examples can offer exciting opportunities for adventure, and in ways not traditionally explored in most games. If a player has an interest in taking the role of a younger or older hero, use the following guidelines.

Younger Heroes

To create a younger hero, you must first decide how young your character will be. If the character is between 8 and 11, he is considered a child. If between 12 and 15, he is a young adult.

Children generate statistics as normal, but once placed, apply the following adjustments: –3 to Strength, –3 Constitution, –1 Intelligence, –1 Wisdom, and –1 Charisma. As they adventure, in lieu of gaining a level, a child PC may permanently reduce one of these penalties by one point by spending 100 XP. Young adults generate statistics as normal, and take no penalties to their ability scores.

Neither children nor young adults begin play with a background. Their starting skill points are equal to the normal skill points for their class ×2, instead of ×4. (A child who buys off his Intelligence penalty and increases his Intelligence modifier as a result will gain additional skill points retroactively.) At any point in their career, a younger PC may spend 500 XP to purchase a background, at which point they gain the rest of their skill points, chosen from those skills gained from their first class.



> **Example**: *Jimmy is a young adult and a 1st-level thief, netting him skill points equal to (9 + his Intelligence modifier) × 2. He earns 500 XP and decides to buy a background; having done so, he gains (9 + his Intelligence modifier) × 2 more skill points immediately.*

Younger heroes are all Small creatures, becoming Medium at 15 years of age. As Small creatures, young heroes gain a +1 size bonus to Armor Class, a +1 size bonus on attack rolls, and a +4 size bonus on Hide checks, but they use smaller weapons than Medium-sized humans use, and their lifting and carrying limits are three-quarters of those of a Medium character. Finally, they take a -4 penalty to Grapple checks and their Massive Damage Threshold.

Young heroes gain a number of benefits. Children are lucky, gaining a +2 bonus to all saves. (They lose this benefit should they pay off all of their age penalties.) In addition, young heroes are generally beneath notice. In a combat, their opponents do not attack them unless they are first attacked (or robbed) by the young hero, or if there are no other combatants.

Older Heroes

You may permit players to take the roles of older heroes. These characters typically begin at a higher level than other characters do, but the older the character, the less likely he is able to resist massive damage.

Old characters are between 60 and 79 years of age. They take a -2 penalty to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution, but gain a +2 bonus

to Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma scores. Old characters all begin play at 2nd-level, or at 1 level higher than the average character level of the party. However, they take a -2 age penalty to their massive damage threshold, in addition to the reduction imposed by the loss of Constitution

Venerable characters are 80 years or older. They take a -3 penalty to Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution, but gain a +3 bonus to Intelligence, Wisdom, and Charisma scores. Old characters all begin play at 3rd-level, or 2 levels higher than the average character level in the party. However, they suffer a -8 age penalty to their massive damage threshold, in addition to the reduction imposed by the loss of Constitution.

Option: Action Points

Action points give players the means to affect game play in significant ways, by improving important rolls or unlocking special abilities and class features. However, action points also add a certain cinematic flair to the game, which may or may not match the tone of how you see *Thieves' World*. Think carefully before implementing them. Each character has a limited number of action points; once an action point is spent, it is gone for good.

Acquiring Action Points

A beginning (1st-level) character starts the game with 5 action points. A character above 1st level starts the game with a number of action points equal to 5 + 1/2 his current character level. Every time a character advances, he gains a number of action points equal to 5 +1/2 his new character level.



Table 6–3: Action Point Dice

Character Level	Action Point Dice Rolled
1st–7th	1d6
8th–14th	2d6
15th–21st	3d6
22nd–29th	4d6
30th or higher	5d6

Using Action Points

A character may spend 1 action point to add to a single d20 roll (such as an attack roll, saving throw, spellcasting check, or the like) or to take a special action. A character may spend only 1 action point in a round. If the character spends an action point to use a special action, that character cannot spend another to improve the die roll, or vice versa.

Add to the Roll

A character may expend 1 action point to improve a d20 roll, such as an attack roll, save, skill check, by 1d6. A character can declare this usage after the roll has been, but only before the GM reveals whether that roll was a success or failure. A character may not use an action point to modify the result when taking 10 or taking 20.

Depending on the character's level (see **Table 6–3: Action Point Dice**), the player may be able to roll more than one d6 and apply the best result. The player of a 15th-level character, for instance, gets to roll 3d6 and add the highest die to his d20 roll.

Special Actions

A character can perform certain tasks by spending an action point.

- **Activate Class Ability:** A character can spend 1 action point to gain an extra use of a class ability that has a limited number of uses per day. For instance, a barbarian may spend an action point to gain another use of rage, or a priest might spend an action point to gain another use of channel divine power.
- **Act Out of Turn:** As a free action, a character may spend 1 action point to act before his position in the initiative order. (This may not be done in a surprise round.) After acting, the character returns to his former place in the order, and is considered flat-footed until his next round.
- **Boost Defense:** A character can spend 1 action point as a free action when fighting defensively. This gives him double the normal benefits for fighting defensively for the entire round. (+4 dodge bonus to AC; +6 if he has 5 or more ranks in Tumble.)

NPCs and Action Points

Only the most powerful and important NPCs should have action points. In these instances, an NPC has a number of action points equal to 1/2 his character level.

- **Emulate Feat:** At the beginning of a character's turn, he may spend 1 action point as a free action to gain the benefit of a feat that he does not have. He must meet the prerequisites of the feat, if any. He retains the benefit of the feat until the beginning of his next turn.
- **Extra Attack:** During any round in which a character takes a full attack action, he may spend 1 action point to make an extra attack at his highest attack bonus. Action points may be used in this way with either melee and ranged attacks.
- **Surge:** A character can spend 1 action point to gain an extra move action.

Variant: Class Dodge Bonus

With the class dodge bonus variant rule in effect, characters get better at avoiding damage in the same manner that they improve at fighting opponents in combat. This system works well for GMs who want campaigns where heavy armor is uncommon and people have a greater chance of surviving viscious combats when just wearing their normal plain clothes.

As a character increases in level, he acquires dodge bonuses based on his classes. As with other class-based numbers, a multiclass character adds his bonuses from each class to calculate his total dodge bonus. A character's total dodge bonus consists of his dodge bonuses from all sources, plus his Dexterity modifier. (Dodge bonuses stack, unlike most types of bonus.) A suit of armor's maximum Dexterity bonus is changed to its maximum dodge bonus.

> ***Example:*** *A character with a 14 Dexterity and a +3 dodge bonus would have a total dodge bonus of +5 (+2 Dex, +3 dodge). If he were wearing hide armor, however, he'd be limited by its maximum dodge bonus of +4, giving him a final AC of 18 (+4 armor, +4 dodge).*

The chart below gives the dodge progression for every PC and NPC class used in the *Thieves' World* setting. If using a class not listed here, such as a prestige classes, give it the progression of the class with the closest concept or role. For example, most classes that depend on divine spellcasting ability will have a "fair" dodge progression. Warriors that use heavy armor will use the "good" progression, and warriors proficient with only light or medium armor will have access to the "amazing" dodge progression.

6–4: Class Dodge Bonuses

	Dodge Bonus by Progression			
Level/HD	Amazing	Good	Fair	Poor
1st	+0	+0	+0	+0
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+0
3rd	+1	+1	+0	+0
4th	+2	+1	+1	+0
5th	+2	+1	+1	+1
6th	+2	+2	+1	+1
7th	+3	+2	+2	+1
8th	+3	+2	+2	+1
9th	+4	+3	+2	+2
10th	+4	+3	+2	+2
11th	+4	+3	+3	+2
12th	+5	+4	+3	+2
13th	+5	+4	+3	+3
14th	+6	+4	+4	+3
15th	+6	+5	+4	+3
16th	+6	+5	+4	+3
17th	+7	+5	+4	+4
18th	+7	+6	+5	+4
19th	+8	+6	+5	+4
20th	+8	+6	+5	+4

Class	Dodge Progression
Barbarian, ranger	Amazing
Aristocrat, assassin, fighter, godsworn, noble, thief, warrior	Good
Expert, initiate, priest, savant, witch	Fair
Commoner, mage	Poor

Creature Type	Dodge Progression
Dragons, magical beasts, outsiders	Amazing
Aberrations, constructs, elementals, giants, monstrous humanoids	Good
Animals, humanoids, oozes, plants, vermin	Fair
Fey, undead	Poor

Running the Game

Thieves' World games may seem similar to other games at first, but it soon becomes clear that there are some fundamental differences in style, atmosphere, and setting. Understanding these differences can help you make appropriate decisions when running a game in Sanctuary and help you avoid the pitfalls of bringing attitudes from standard play into the grungiest city in fantasy.

Atmosphere shows perhaps the most obvious changes. *Thieves' World* does not reward self-sacrifice, noble deeds, or virtue. Such things tend to lead to dying alone in a gutter, hand pressed to a neck, vainly stanching the blood from a sliced artery. No, Thieves' World is about surviving in the streets, which means that the people of this city, in order to make it to the next day, do whatever it takes to live. The "heroes" of this setting are likely to be beggars, drunkards, whores, and thieves—not your usual gang of adventurers. Likewise, their enemies are not goblins or dragons or swarms of demons on distant planes. Instead, they're more likely to be drug pushers in the Maze, psychopathic murderers, a gang of hoods, an insidious band of cultists, a dirty constable, a rapist, or each other.

When it comes to style, this setting is not about kicking down doors and killing everyone inside for their gold, although butchering cultists could offer similar thrills. Dungeon crawls, if they happen at all, are more often nothing more than convoluted routes to reach some other

Thieves' World Games

People familiar with the *Thieves' World* stories know that more often than not, the protagonist is rarely better off by the end of the story than he was at the start. Shadowspawn came into a lot of money early on, but wound up stuck in a well and was forced to leave his fortune submerged in the brackish water. For all of Zip's efforts, he never achieved the status he long craved, and Strat never restored his romance with Ischade.

When designing adventures for *Thieves' World,* failure should be the norm. This isn't to say that characters should die every session, but rather, they should come away about the same as when they started. While the party might save the girl from a cult, the girl could (and probably should) contract a terrible disease that eventually kills her anyway. Sanctuary is a city of futility and your games should reflect this sensibility.

location. A band of characters might travel through the undercity to slip inside the Palace, a temple, or beyond the city walls. In a standard d20 game, the "dungeon" may serve as the destination; in *Thieves' World,* it's just another obstacle to the real goal.

Lastly, there's the setting. The anthologies are set in Sanctuary, and while the city exists in a larger world, the authors don't waste a lot of words describing distant lands. Sure, Ranke lies somewhere to the north. Modern civilization rests on the triumphs and failures of ancient Enlibar and Yenized. We know the Stepson fought in places like Syr, Tyse, Wizardwall, and more. But to the average Sanctan, these places may as well not exist, so far away and fantastic they are. A journey for a Wrigglie is the long walk to Land's End Retreat or from the Bazaar to the old ruins on the Avenue of Temples. A distant trek, one not undertaken too often, might be a walk to one of the satellite villages that support the city. To travel to someplace like Ranke is virtually unthinkable. As a result, your games should take place here, in Sanctuary, amidst the dirt and squalor. Have no fear. Sanctuary has enough adventure for a dozen campaign settings.



Variant: Round Robin GM-ing

One of the most interesting aspects of the *Thieves' World* anthologies is that, despite having been written by a number of different authors, all the short stories are united under one overarching plot. You can bring this style and sensibility to your *Thieves' World* campaign by running games in the same way. Each player takes a turn running the game, weaving their own stories. This is a most rewarding style of play, as it allows each player to experiment and tell his own story, while allowing the traditional GM a chance to take the role of a character. Essentially, the job of GM is shared among the entire group.

When setting up such a campaign, one member of the group should serve as the Lead GM. This individual establishes the general thematic framework in which the adventures will take place. Focus on a central idea, such as "the Beysib come to Sanctuary," "Ranke withdraws from the city," "Arizak hosts a tournament," "the Dyareelans are becoming active," or the like. Once established, all of the players generate characters. The Lead GM then runs the PCs through a scenario, just as he would in any other game. However, at the end of the adventure, another player takes over. The rest of the players can generate new characters, play the same characters, or some mix of the two. The new GM should tailor his adventure so that it ties into the overarching plot established by the Lead GM. With each new scenario, another player takes over as GM until everyone who wants to participate takes a turn.

This style is not for all groups; some players have no interest in running a game. But, for groups with several capable GMs, this option offers control of the story to the players, allowing the group to have input into the future of the city and the nature of the campaign.

Variant: Character Clusters

Another way to handle the anthology nature of *Thieves' World* is to allow the players to create character clusters. A character cluster is a set of three characters with something in common. Their degree of association may be close, such as being part of the same family, or only coincidentally, like all sharing the same unusual eye color. They could be childhood friends, drinking buddies, or even co-workers. Each adventure, the player gets to choose which of his characters he wants to bring into play. This allows the player to experiment with different characters while also maintaining some logical coherence that justifies the association between his characters. Furthermore, if the group is short a player, there are already characters ready to fill the missing slot.

The character of the cluster in play is considered the primary character, while the other two characters are secondary characters. While the primary character goes on the adventure and earns experience, it's expected the other characters aren't just hanging around doing nothing. In fact, they earn experience on their own. Whenever the primary character earns XP, his secondary characters also earn XP. Divide the secondary character's level by the level of the primary character. Multiply this result by the total XP awarded to the PC, and divide that number of experience points as you wish between the secondary characters.

Example*: Jon's character cluster consists of a barbarian, a thief, and a witch. For the current adventure, he plays his barbarian, and he and the rest of the PCs put an end to a kidnapping ring. The GM awards Jon's barbarian 1,000 XP. The characters in his cluster are all 1st level, so Jon divides 1 by 1 and multiplies the result by the XP he earned. His secondary characters have 1,000 XP to divide as Jon likes between them (1/1 = 1 × 1000 = 1000).*

Later, Jon's barbarian is now a 3rd level character, and his secondary characters are each 2nd level. Jon earns 2,000 XP at the end of another adventure. He divides 2 by 3 getting a result of .67 which he then multiplies by 2000 XP, giving him 1,340 to divide between his other characters.

If one of the characters in the cluster dies, the player may replace his lost character with a new one, though he may need to come up with a new rationale that connects the cluster. The replacement character's level is one less than the one that died.

Playing in a City

Adventures in a city are unlike those set in the wilderness or in the depths of a dank dungeon. There are many things to contend with that characters wouldn't ordinarily think about. For one, a city is full of people. This means that, in any given combat, there are likely innocent bystanders who are at risk whenever a fight breaks out. Also, a city is akin to a living organism. The environment is constantly in flux. Wagons roll down streets. People dump "nightsoil" out their windows. Weather is always a factor, and the general layout of the city varies with the neighborhood. This section gives you the tools to flesh out an urban environment on the fly and breathe life into city-based encounters.

Crowds

As a community, there are people everywhere. Any time the PCs get into a fight, there are witnesses, bystanders, and potential victims. Horses, dogs, cats, and carts and wagons interfere. As a crowd moves, it may block line of sight. A reckless mage who lobs a fireball at a fleeing cultist and kills a dozen commoners in the process is likely to be treated as badly as the cultist he was after.

To reflect the presence of crowds, every encounter should have a Crowd Level, which ranges from 0 (no other people, such as in an empty room, tunnel, or in the open wilderness) to 7 (a packed marketplace like the Bazaar or the Crook). The GM can either assign the Crowd Level or roll randomly (1d6) if action breaks out unexpectedly. If he rolls, add +1 to the roll if it's during the day and subtract 1 if at night. Depending on the crowd level, the combatants take certain penalties to attacks and movement, as described on **Table 6–5: Crowd Level Effects**.

If the table indicates a melee or ranged penalty, treat it as a circumstance penalty to attack rolls. (The Precise Shot feat halves this penalty.) If an attack would have hit the target if not for the penalty, a bystander is hit, instead. Where movement is indicated, multiply the number by the character's speed to determine the movement rate through the crowd. Finally, standing within a crowd grants the indicated bonus to a Hide check as a circumstance bonus.

Each round after the combat breaks out, the crowd disperses, reducing the crowd level by 1. Though the crowd thins, there is also the chance that the watch will show up to take matters into their hands, as determined by the neighborhood's vigilance score (see page 41 for details on vigilance).

For more information on adventuring in cities, be sure to review **Urban Adventures** in **Chapter Three: Adventuring** as described in the *DMG*.

Urban Environment

Table 6–6: Urban Environment provides a hundred minor details for you to drop into the description of a scene in the city.

Table 6–5: Crowd Level Effects

Crowd Level	Melee Penalty	Ranged Penalty	Movement	HideBonus
0	0	0	×1	+0
1	0	–1	×1	+0
2	0	–2	×1	+0
3	–1	–3	×3/4	+1
4	–2	–4	×3/4	+2
5	–3	–5	×1/2	+3
6	–4	–6	×1/2	+4
7	–5	–7	×1/4	+5

Table 6–6: Urban Set Dressings

1	Abandoned merchant wagon
2	Wishing fountain (with 1d100 cp at the bottom)
3	Drinking fountain
4	Public square
5	Small park
6	Large park
7	Private, walled garden
8	Beggar
9	Street gutter for sewage
10	Gazebo
11	Wandering food vendor
12	Wandering vendor of opah
13	Merchant selling out of a wagon
14	Statue of local historical figure
15	Statue of local deity
16	Statue of local folklore character
17	Public shrine
18	Alley concealed behind a banner
19	Crier shouting out local laws
20	Crier shouting out employment opportunities
21	Priest publicly preaching
22	Column with handwritten banners stuck on with tar
23	Large sundial
24	Lamplighter on stilts
25	Walled and gated community of affluent citizens
26	Empty building for sale suitable for a business
27	Empty house for sale
28	Musicians or poets performing for donations
29	Open market
30	School (magic, unarmed combat, swordplay, languages, or woodcraft)
31	Orphanage
32	Poorhouse
33	Shipyard, cartwright, or wainwright
34	Business that acts as "front" for an illegal activity or guild
35	Guardhouse or barracks
36	Arena (fencing, sports, bear baiting pit, gladiatorial games, possibly now defunct)
37	Public stage
38	Bank
39	Food shop (bakery, butcher shop, brewery, dairy, fish monger)
40	Craft shop (tannery, blacksmith's, joiner, ceramics, cooper's, instrument maker's, chandler's)
41	Tea house, coffee shop, or similar social gathering place
42	Warehouse
43	Sewer entrance (fouled well, drain, open sewer pit)
44	Public baths
45	Public dump
46	Public punishment (flogging, execution)
47	Criminals in iron cages
48	Burned-out inn
49	Lines of hung laundry
50	Smokehouse
51	Library (public, private, or associated with a guild)
52	Stray cat
53	People dumping sewage into the streets
54	Small jail with lone guard
55	Bell tower
56	Docks
57	Dock house
58	Swarm of rats
59	Playhouse
60	Professional courtesan
61	Unmarked courtesan house
62	Unconscious mugging victim
63	Graveyard
64	Sick house
65	Dance hall
66	Entertainment establishment (gambling house, fortune teller, theater)
67	Cistern
68	Pack of wild dogs
69	Street urchins seeking temporary employment
70	Carnival performers
71	Canal traveled by punts
72	Street busker
73	Vandalized shop
74	Graffiti indicating gang boundary
75	Landmark of local holy man
76	Bridge (over canal, river, or lower street)
77	Tunnel under poor section of town
78	Tannery (smelly section of the town)
79	Catacombs (for burial of citizens only)
80	Cattle pens
81	Crematorium
82	Public auction
83	Marble main road
84	Ragman (buys and sells scrap fabric)
85	Rubbish man (carts garbage away from town)
86	Shepherd with flock blocking path
87	Guard post
88	Building under construction
89	Building being torn down
90	Subterranean old city, ruined
91	Bathhouse
92	House under quarantine for plague
93	Crier declaring a new law
94	Historical marker
95	Statue of local ruler
96	Windmill
97	Water wheel
98	Shop closed for foreign holiday
99	Public art/murals
100	Abandoned section of town (believed haunted or cursed

Table 6–7: Diseases of Sanctuary

Disease	Infection	DC	Incubation	Damage
Anthrax	Varies	14	1d2 days	1d4 Con †
Boils	Injury	15	1 day	1d2 Dex, 1d2 Con
Bone Sickness	Injury	13	1 day	1d6 Dex, –10 ft. speed
Cholera	Ingested/Contact	15	10+2d4 hours	2d6 hp and 1d2 Con
Coughing Sickness*	Inhaled	12	1d2 days	1d2 Con
Delirium Fever	Coughing Sickness	16	—	1d3 Str, 1d3 Int, 1d3 Wis, *insanity* as the spell
Dysentery*	Ingestion	13	1d3 days	1 Con and 1d2 Dex
Fly sickness	Injury	12	1d3 days	1d2 Str and 1d2 Con
Gangrene	Injury	12	1d4 days	1d3 Str and 1d3 Con
Leprosy	Contact	16	2d6 weeks	1d2 Dex and 1d6 Cha
Shrieks	Inhaled	18	1d3 days	Special
Swamp Fever	Inhaled	14	1 day	1d3 Str and 1d3 Con †
Venereal Disease †	Contact	12	1 week	1 Dex and 1 Con

*A character suffering from coughing sickness that fails three consecutive saving throws contracts delirium fever on the fourth day.
† This disease deals ability drain instead of ability damage.

Disease

Aside from fire, one of the biggest threats to any city is plague. With open sewers, roaming animals, and bustling marketplaces with merchants from all over the world, a city is a hotbed for contagion. Sanctuary is notorious for its frequent struggles with disease. What follows are several diseases common in this setting.

The Shrieks

The shrieks is a terrible airborne plague that came from the reformed Kingdom of Ilsig and spread south along the trade routes, carried by merchants and visiting priests. Soon after contact, the victim experiences a headache, nausea, and tremors. After a couple of days, he feels as though his bones are popping and suffers terribly as the virus liquefies his organs, lending the disease its name. After few more days, the victim dies, bloats, and bursts, spraying foul-smelling watery fluid everywhere.

Those exposed to the disease must succeed on a DC 18 Fortitude save. On a failed save, the disease incubates in 1d3 days, at which time, it deals 1d3 points of Dex and Con damage. Each day thereafter, the victim must succeed on a new saving throw, except the DC increases by +2 for every day beyond the first. If the victim succeeds at three saves in a row, he recovers.

Adventures

The city of Sanctuary is an exciting place. Something is always happening here… usually several things at once. Strangers arrive daily, business deals are made and broken, items are found and lost, bought and sold, and assassins seek out their victims. Life in Sanctuary is rarely dull, which makes it the ideal place to set your adventures.

Any one of the following elements of the city could serve as the basis for an exciting game; combine two or three and watch your players grin with anticipation.

Varied Neighborhoods

Anything from the posh (the Hill or Land's End Retreat, depending on the era) to the average (the West Side) to the impoverished (Downwind or the Hill) can be found here, often right next to each other. Characters can wander easily between areas, which allows for a wider array of encounters.

Dungeon

The Undercity is vast, stretching from one end of Sanctuary to another, and few people know about its underground passages. Even fewer have explored them, which means that items—and people—might have been down there for centuries, waiting to be discovered.

Politics

Whether it's between the Rankans and the Ilsigi, the locals and the Beysib, or the Irrune and the Dyareelans, Sanctuary always has at least two powerful groups vying for control. There's even a few whose vested interest is in keeping things just the way they are, without any group having overwhelming superiority. That means a lot of maneuvering, and opportunities for the astute and the circumspect to make themselves useful, and earn a lot of money and status in the process.

Religion.

Ils Thousand-Eyed has a temple here, dominating the Avenue of Temples. But so did Vashanka, and so do many other gods. Moreover, Dyareela is always nearby, even though her temple was banned from the city decades ago. The gods have a strong interest in Sanctuary and its residents — so much so that they occasionally intervene personally. It makes the city a dangerous place, but it also means that the faithful can be rewarded, and with more than just an answered prayer.

Magic

Only three Great Mages are powerful enough to let their name and location be publicly known. One of them, Enas Yorl, resides here in Sanctuary. In the past, the city has also housed Lythande the Adept of the Blue Star, Markmor, Mizraith, and others. The locals have grown used to the notion of magic, at least, and many of them have seen its presence. Moreover, you'll find charlatans of varied motives and skill. Sanctuary is certainly the sort of place where one can be duped by someone *claiming* to be a magic-user. (People lie like rugs in Sanctuary!)

Desperation

Sanctuary has suffered a great deal, and so have its citizens. Work is often scarce, and the city has weathered shortages of food and water. War, famine, and plague often sweep across the land, leaving everyone desperate for work, for money, for food, or simply for validation. Desperate people take risks. Sometimes those risks pay off in a big way, and other times they backfire, and someone else can profit from the resulting disaster.

Freedom

More than anything else, Sanctuary is a place where people can be themselves — which is also to say that they can pretend to be someone else. The rich and powerful openly flaunt their wealth up on the Hill, while the poor immigrants acknowledge and practice their trades in the Shambles. Those who have no scruples can carve out a decent life in the Maze, and those whose art or craftsmanship is good enough can set up shop along Pyrtanis. Even the prostitutes can work openly along the Street of Red Lanterns. Men and women may die for what they've done and who they are, but it's usually what they've done since they arrived in the city. Sanctuary offers everyone a second chance.

Building Adventures

One of the keys to a good game is to keep things moving. This is particularly true in a place like Sanctuary. Just because the Governor and his Hell Hounds are off searching for a missing courier does not mean the government grinds to a halt. Likewise, if the Vulgar Unicorn closes for repairs, it doesn't mean that life in the Maze stops for everyone else. Those who stand still too long in Sanctuary get run over. Keep that in mind when you set up your adventure. Have an idea what all the other factions are doing as the story progresses. If the player characters do something that will attract attention, other people's plans will shift to accommodate the new situation. But if their actions do not impinge on others, those others will continue their own activities. And, even though these background characters are acting offstage, repercussions from their plans may affect the player characters later.

Thus, if a pack of merchants tries cheating the governor and gets caught, the player characters may emerge from the Maze to find out that the 'Tween has been temporarily closed, and they'll have to find a new way out of the city. The most successful in Sanctuary survive by watching everything, even things that don't directly concern them. One never knows when something interesting will cross your path, and if you weren't prepared, you could lose an opportunity—or something far more valuable.

What follows are several micro-adventures, or adventure seeds, for Sanctuary. They are divided between the two main eras for play, the Rankan Era and the Irrune Era. None of the adventures below are complete, nor are they meant to be. These are sketches of ideas that you can use for your own adventures and campaigns, but more substantial than those presented on **Table 6–7: One Hundred *Thieves' World* Adventure Ideas**. Where you take them, and how they will end, will depend upon both you and your players. Rather than dictating an outcome, or even a pace, we've described the set-up for each idea, and some possible results. You can pick the result you like, or create a new one of your own, but this way you have some initial events to get things moving, and you can build your own plots from there.

Rankan Era Adventures

The Rankan Era is a popular period in Sanctuary, in part because the first series takes place here. This means you can use all manner of existing characters in your stories. Lythande might request aid from a rogue magician (perhaps as a prelude to joining the Adepts of the Blue Star); Shadowspawn could botch a job and need backup to retrieve the loot; Tempus could hire foot-soldiers to aid him in his vendetta against Jubal. The possibilities of adventures involving the established characters of the first series are wide and varied.

The Rankan Era is also a time of great turmoil, when established legal, political and social patterns are destroyed utterly and everyone is scrambling to reassert their control, or to grab a coveted spot. Fortunes change overnight here, and you can never tell what will happen next. Even the gods do not know how events will turn out…even when they try to tak ea direct hand in shaping events.

A Blade of Shade

A beggar tugs on your sleeve as you pass through Shambles Cross. "Spare a copper for an old man?" he asks, his one good hand held out, palm up. "I kin show ye something worth lots more, if ye're keen to it."

The beggar leads you to an old warehouse, near the south end of Pyrtanis. The building has been gutted by fire, and most of it has collapsed. Trash has collected under the blackened beams, and he points to a particular pile of rags, splinters, and waste. "There," he says, grinning. "Worth a mite more, I'd say."

If you dig through the rubbish, you find a sword. A very strange one. Its handle is wrapped in an odd gray material, and at first,

Table 6–7: One Hundred Thieves' World Adventure Ideas

Roll	Adventure Seeds
01	A dismembered body is found in the Maze.
02	A showman advertises a zombie in the Shambles, charging 1 padpol for a glimpse.
03	Weird lights dance in the windows of an abandoned house.
04	A new drug hits the streets, more addictive than opah.
05	A gang of urchins terrorizes a merchant family.
06	A traveling carnival comes to the Caravan Depot.
07	A pair of S'danzo are found dead in an alley.
08	Plague!
09	Married men all over the city are starting to disappear.
10	An assassin slaughters an entire gang.
11	War breaks out between two crime lords.
12	A famous mural is defaced.
13	A member of the watch is found murdered.
14	Tournament!
15	A holy man of a strange new god starts preaching on the processional.
16	The Black Tooth Barbarians invade.
17	A strange ship is spotted at sea.
18	Fishermen are losing their traps to something that lives in the sea.
19	Two mages declare war on one another.
20	A religious relic is stolen.
21	A strange altar is uncovered in the Swamp of Night's Secrets.
22	Hurricane!
23	Someone poisoned a batch of beer at the Vulgar Unicorn.
24	Someone is killing prostitutes.
25	Arizak's health takes a turn for the worse.
26	A new brothel opens and takes business from the Aphrodesia House and the Lily Garden.
27	The Governor is kidnapped!
28	Cultist activity in the undercity is on the rise.
29	A mysterious weapon shop opens in the Maze.
30	Work begins on a new Temple of Heqt.
31	Representatives from Ranke/Ilsig come to the city.
32	Tempus returns!
33	A mercenary group arrives from some distant land/world and hires themselves out to the Governor.
34	Mana field fluctuations.
35	An old box is washed up on shore.
36	Ghosts haunt a tavern/restaurant/inn.
37	Civil war destabilizes Ranke further, and Ilsigi soldiers are on the march to seize Sanctuary.
38	Descendants of the bandits in the Queen's Mountains raid the outlying caravans.
39	A band of tomb robbers have awakened something in the Gray Wastes, and it followed them to Sanctuary.
40	Another group of Rankan refugees come to the city, but one of them is an imposter.
41	A traveler comes to the city claiming that he knows the final resting place of Kadakithis.
42	A powerful mage moves into the ruins once held by the Purple Mage.
43	Someone finds the entrance to Enas Yorl's manse.
44	Raggah horsemen come to the city to trade.
45	The current emperor of Ranke flees an assassination attempt in the capital to settle here.
46	Infighting among the Peers turns bloody.
47	A group of children discover an old Hawk-mask safe house.
48	Undead walk the streets once more.
49	A strange man appears in the city.
50	A mutant creature emerges from the Swamp of Night Secrets and starts killing.
51	A ship comes to port bearing a dozen Mrsevedan sailors, all bound and determined to make trouble.
52	A mob of displaced people have made a long journey across the Gray Wastes after escaping terrible slavery at some tyrant's hand.
53	Ilsig and Ranke go to war.
54	New pirates harry the southern coast, preying on merchant vessels and fishing boats alike.
55	A Rankan exile receives a bundle of books from a dead relative.
56	Rumor of lost treasure in one of the ruins on the Avenue of Temples spreads through the Hill.
57	A ghost ship sails into port.
58	The waters of the sea turn blood red.
59	An innocent man is executed for a crime he didn't commit.
60	Children start vanishing.
61	A criminal organization undergoes a transition of power.
62	A strange man shows up outside the city walls, promising great powers of healing.
63	A section of the undercity caves in.
64	After an earthquake, locals mention a new structure in the surrounding hills.
65	Flooding in the undercity drives terrible creatures into the city streets.
66	Unusual weather such as a freakish snowstorm or a drought during the rainy season.
67	A band of ex-soldiers construct a fortress in the hills.
68	Something dark and evil preys on the farmers of the Serripines farms.
69	A prominent citizen from the past returns as undead.
70	Explorers discover a new set of tunnels in the undercity.
71	A terrible and infamous pirate comes to port.
72	Something awful lives in the sewer trenches.
73	A famous minstrel/acting troupe comes to town.
74	A perverse death cult sets up shop on the Street of Red Lanterns
75	A pregnant girl becomes the center of a new cult.
76	An island surfaces in the sea.
77	A fleet of ships comes to Sanctuary laden with refugees from an alien land.
78	Assassins strike out against seemingly unrelated citizens.
79	An eclipse occurs!
80	Great winged beasts fly at night.
81	Gang war on the Hill.
82	A severed head is found intact in the ruins of an old house.
83	An important member of the Peers dies.
84	One of the gods suddenly goes silent.
85	One of the gates in the city collapses.
86	A patrol of guards doing a routine inspection along the processional suddenly all go missing.
87	An Ilsigi ship sets sail from Sanctuary and vanishes in a cloud of smoke.
88	A group of Nisibisi witches settles in the Swamp of Night's Secrets.
89	Fire!
90	A meat vendor specializes in selling human flesh.
91	A merchant who sells monkeys comes to port, but the monkeys are actually trained as thieves.
92	An important citizen is cursed.
93	Mana field suddenly drops.
94	A squad of godsworn move into the city.
95	PCs find a thumb/ear/eye on the street/in their bed/in their soup.
96	Thieves band together in a union.
97	A group of mercenaries settle in the Hill and when they go about during the day, they wear blue hawk masks.
98	Someone robs the Governor!
99	A pillar of fire erupts from one of the houses in the city.
100	Two gods manifest in the sky and do battle to the death.



you think it's simply coated with ash from the fire, but when you try to wipe it clean nothing changes. The handle feels gritty in your hand, more like rough rock than cloth. The guard and pommel are black iron, and the scabbard is black leather. The blade feels oddly heavy for its size—it's shaped like a normal longsword, based upon the handle, guard, and scabbard.

When you draw the blade, you see it is definitely not normal. The metal is a dull gray, and does not look like proper steel. It is unpolished, and if you hold it up in the sunlight, it does not gleam at all. It almost looks like granite or pumice instead.

But if you draw the blade in shadow or darkness, things are different. Now, the blade gleams despite the lack of light, and it looks like polished black ice, or a pool of dark water on a moonlit night. The sword feels light in your hand, and agile.

Clearly this is no normal weapon. You know that a strange weapons shop appeared in the Maze recently, and that Tempus the Hell Hound and Alain Aspect the mage shut it down, though the mage died in the process. They say the weapons from that place are powerful magic, and not always kind to the user. The governor, Prince Kadakithis, has ordered that all such items be brought back to the palace or handed to the nearest Hell Hound, and he has authorized a reward of twenty gold coins to anyone who brings in such a weapon — no questions asked.

The beggar could have collected such a reward himself, but he doesn't seem to think so. "No, they'd be wanting to know how Slem came by such a thing," he says if you ask him. "And I canna face the guards no more, not since me fingers were cut off." That's why he showed you the sword, and why he wants a finder's fee for bringing you to it.

And the sword is certainly worth the twenty coronations, and more. By daylight, it is cumbersome, awkward, and dull. But by night, or in shadow it is fast, sharp, and precise. The perfect weapon for a thief — or an assassin.

The question now is what you will do with it. Should you hand it over to the governor and get the reward? That would be the easiest solution, and you would make some quick money with no real effort. Assuming they really don't ask you any questions. Or you could try to sell the sword. Something like this could fetch a much higher price, if you know a good fence, and can trust him to treat with you fairly. Or you could keep it. If you do any sort of nightwork, this blade could be very handy.

This sword did come from the weapons shop, and has been crafted by the Rankan war-god Vashanka as a way to upset the balance in Sanctuary and destroy the Ilsigi gods' power base. This particular weapon is exactly what it seems: a sword meant to be used in darkness and shadow. There is more to it than that, however.

First off, the sword inflicts strange shadowy wounds. In daylight or bright light, they seem normal, but in the dark, their edges are tinged with blackness that slowly spreads in all directions. The blackened areas are completely numb, and after a few days, they turn necrotic as well. If the victim stays entirely in bright light, the wound will heal normally.

Second, the sword has a slow but steady effect on its owner. Over time, the wielder's eyes grow more sensitive to light; he gains lowlight vision, and then darkvision, but takes severe penalties in daylight or any strong illumination. The owner starts avoiding the daylight, keeping to night and shadow. His skin, instead of paling, becomes darker. Swarthier, but with a faint gray tinge. This gives him a bonus to hiding in shadows, and he almost seems a part of them. If he retains the sword too long, he will begin to lose solidity. Eventually, the wielder will become nothing but a shade, with no substance except in dark shadow, and even then only enough to throttle anyone who passes too close. The sword, though also immaterial, can still cut a normal person. The new shade is filled with hatred and bloodlust, and will attack anyone it can reach. Each death it causes grants it a little more substance, though only for a few hours. Typically, the shade spends that time eating and drinking, because the rest of its existence is spent in utter starvation and dire thirst.

The sword was purchased by an assassin named Oadas. He only used it once, to kill the wealthy spice merchant Trecklan outside his home on Prytanis, but the merchant's guards almost caught him. Oadas fled down the street, and stashed the sword in this warehouse so that he could walk away empty-handed; it was the only thing that let him pass through the guards' search unhindered. Now he wants his sword back, and he's willing to kill to get it.

One of Trecklan's guards was cut by the blade while trying to stop Oadas. The man is still alive, though suffering terribly, and the black splotch around the wound has covered most of his shoulder and upper arm already. If the sword strikes anyone else, the city guards and the Hell Hounds will recognize the wound pattern, and come looking for it. Whoever has the sword will be accused of Trecklan's murder as well.

The Hell Hounds know about the sword, and are actively searching for it. This is the last kind of weapon they want loose in Sanctuary.

The sword can be destroyed. It must be tossed or laid in a strong fire (as hot as a blacksmith's forge, or hotter) in the middle of the afternoon, so that the sun and the flames coat it with light. If this is done, a loud hiss will escape the weapon, like an angry cat, and a wisp of shadow will leap from the fire and dissipate into thin air. The sword loses its strange heaviness, and the blade now looks like dull steel before it melts away.

Possible Outcomes

- The sword is given to the Hell Hounds, and the characters receive the reward, but then Oadas comes looking for them and demands either they pay him what the blade cost or they somehow get it back for him.
- The characters keep the sword, and Oadas finds them. He insists that they return it, and threatens to kill them one by one if they don't.
- The characters show the blade to a fence, who agrees to sell it for them. Later, he hires a thief to steal it instead.
- The sword is used against someone else, and the Hell Hounds hear of the wound. They come looking for the characters and the sword.
- Enas Yorl agrees to examine the sword. He spots the curse laid upon it, and manages to bind it so that the blade can be used without harming its wielder. His price: to be stabbed with the sword, and then left in the dark. He hopes this will end his own curse, and finally kill him.

The God's Doorstep

Molin Torchholder, high priest of Vashanka, is one of the leading nobles in Sanctuary. Ever since his arrival, he has overseen the construction of a temple to his god. Once the temple is finished, it will dominate the Avenue of Temples, overshadowing the much older house of Ils and casting a grave insult at the feet of the Ilsigi gods.

The temple is almost complete. This infuriates the Ilsigi faithful, and they decide to do something about it. They ask you and your friends to sneak into the new temple and sabotage the work. They don't care how you do it, or what you do exactly, so long as the temple cannot be completed properly. And they offer you good gold for your efforts.

It's a lot of money, but the job does have several problems. First, there are the guards. Vashanka is a major Rankan god, which means the governor must endorse the temple, and that means the city guards actively patrol the site. They keep the avenue safe anyway, but they're keeping a particularly close eye on the new building. Molin has also brought temple guards from Ranke to watch over the interior, standing guard during the day while the workers slave to finish everything.

Of course, Vashanka is supposed to be very powerful, and Molin is his high priest. It's entirely possible he has set some magical protections around the temple as well, and that any unbelievers who cross the threshold will be struck down instantly.

The Hell Hounds do not seem particularly devout, but they are Rankan soldiers, and so they pay at least lip service to the pantheon. If anything happens to the temple, they may take the insult personally. Molin certainly will, and he is not someone anyone would want as an enemy.

But there's also pressure from the other side. The Ilsigi dare not sabotage the temple themselves, because if they're caught it could lead to open warfare in Sanctuary. That's why they approached you; everyone knows you don't worship either pantheon. But if you take the job and get caught, you'll anger the Rankans. If you refuse the job, you'll anger the Ilsigi. And you don't want either camp after you if you can avoid it.

And then there are the gods themselves. Will Ils help you vandalize Vashanka's temple? Probably not, for the same reason the Ilsigi aren't doing it themselves — he doesn't want to be involved. But Vashanka may well come after you if you insult him like that, and unlike his priests or the guards, he won't need evidence to figure out who did it.

This job doesn't look good, no matter what you decide.

The situation is actually even worse than it sounds. The Ilsigi have tried sending their own people in to vandalize the temple, and every time they have been caught, tortured, and killed. But they've been tortured inside the temple, which is why they've approached the PCs. If they agree to do the job, they give them each a small amulet and command them to wear it constantly. "It will shield you from the god's eyes," they say. But that's not really what it does. The amulets were carved from the bones of a Rankan priest after Dyareelan fanatics murdered him in a horrible ritual. (The fact that the Ilsigi have the bones now means they must have formed some sort of pact with the Dyareelans, though of course they don't mention any of this.) The bones have been thoroughly desecrated. Simply carrying them across the temple's threshold will taint the building, requiring hours of purification rites. The deeper the amulet is taken inside the temple, the more severe the stain. Those with magical sight will actually be able to see the dark blotches appear, as if the amulet was gushing blood that will not wipe away or fade. If even one of the amulets is tossed into a fire within the temple, black smoke will billow forth, filling that room and every room touching it. Those rooms will be tainted beyond repair. This is the Ilsigi's true goal: they want the characters to get caught, dragged inside, and tortured, and figure the amulets will be found and tossed into the fire to destroy them.

In order to make sure this happens, the Ilsigi warn the Rankans about the upcoming desecration. They say they've overheard religious extremists muttering about it, and even name the characters as the ones who were talking. The Ilsigi claim they're telling the Rankans because they want truce between the two pantheons, and peaceful co-existence in Sanctuary.

The Rankans don't believe them, of course. They do beef up their security, and search for the characters, but they don't trust the Ilsigis' motives. They prepare their own counterstrike against Ils' temple. If the characters are found before they can make their attempt, the Rankans offer them the same job the Ilsigi did, but on the other side. This time, instead of gold, the characters get to keep their lives as payment.

Ils knows what his followers have planned, of course, but he's deliberately turning a blind eye to it. Vashanka, if he hears about the plot, will want to send his servants to kill the characters just to be



safe. Once they cross the threshold of his temple, he will know exactly what happened, and will want revenge upon the characters. He will be after the Ilsigi as well, but the characters first and foremost, because they actually carried the taint into his house.

This is an opportunity to detail a major temple. It should have lots of smaller rooms, one huge worship chamber, and a small private shrine. Feel free to add all kinds of traps, magical and mundane, to keep people from wandering where they don't belong. Only Molin Torchholder has full access to every room. If the characters wind up going to Ils' temple, it should get a similar treatment, except that it is much older and more established, so the security is not as tight.

Possible Outcomes

- The characters refuse the job. The Ilsigi are angry, but prepared. They tell the Rankans about the plot anyway, and the Rankans grab the characters for questioning — but not before the Ilsigi hire thieves to slip the amulets into the characters' pockets.
- The characters accept the job, and pull it off. Vashanka's temple is now tainted beyond repair. Ils favors them, though since they don't worship him he cannot do much. The Rankans want the characters dead, and so does Vashanka.
- When the Rankans offer their counterstrike, the characters agree. They go to Ils' temple and try to desecrate it. The amulets have no effect on Ils, since it was not his priest, but he does notice, and alerts his followers to the characters' treachery.
- The characters either remove the amulets before going, or stop the thieves from planting them. They sneak into Vashanka's temple and do something to deface it, but without the amulets the damage is only temporary. The Ilsigi can't complain because the amulets were supposedly harmless. The Rankans are annoyed but since the damage is so minor they don't care too much. Neither god bothers to get involved for such a trivial matter. The temple is repaired, and the power struggle continues.

Nightly Aid

Strange stories float about the Processional these days. You hear them from someone at your favorite tavern, but scarcely believe them.

There's a woman, apparently. Young, lovely, and obviously wealthy, in an expensive but torn gown and a fur stole. One of the guards there saw her on the street, and couldn't help but notice her. He stepped forward to see if she needed help, but she walked right past him. He just shrugged and figured she was out of his league, but he did watch her walk away, and felt a twinge of jealousy when she stopped by a young artisan. The two spoke together urgently for a moment, and then went their separate ways. The next morning the young man was found dead, his body twisted and his mouth open in a silent, agonized scream. No one saw what happened to him.

The next night, you hear a similar story. The same woman, also on the Processional. Again, she spoke briefly but intently to a man, who turned up dead the next morning. This past morning. Now the city guards are looking for the woman, but they have not had any luck. No one knows who she is, or what she wants.

This continues for several days. Each time, she speaks to someone new, always a man. And each time he turns up dead the next morning. People are starting to avoid the Processional at night, or to travel in groups, because she only approaches men on their own. The guard has tripled along that street, and the Hell Hounds have also been seen there frequently. But still the deaths occur, and still no one gets a good look at her, or recognizes her, or hears what she says to each victim.

And then one night your friend Rogen comes into the bar, sits down, and orders four stiff drinks. All for him, apparently. He's white as a sheet, and sweating heavily. "I seen her," he whispers, downing the first drink in a single long gulp. "That night lady." He drains the second drink. "She asked me for help." He empties the third drink, and turns to you. "I'm gonna die! Help me!"

The woman's name is Gina, and despite appearances, she is not the killer. But the deaths *are* following her. More specifically, her brother Gregor is following her, and killing everyone she approaches for help. Gina and Gregor are twins, and the last members of their family. They live in an impressive manor house just behind the Processional. Gregor is very possessive. He loves his sister in a way that is definitely not fraternal, and cannot bear the thought of her leaving him for another. So he keeps her locked up in the house, and has guards posted at the doors to make sure she cannot escape. Recently, Gina found a secret door in the drawing room, which opened onto a narrow stairway. The stairway led her down into a long tunnel, which ended in a ladder and an overhead hatch. The hatch opens in a small storeroom behind a woodworking shop, and the room has a back door. This is how she has been getting to the Processional.

Every night since then, Gina has snuck out and tried to find someone to help her. She knows she is pretty, and she hopes that her beauty will sway someone, which is why she always approaches solitary men. She loves Gregor, but realized long ago that he was mad, and that he would never let her leave. She could simply run away and not come back, but then she'd be penniless, and Gina has never had to fend for herself. She needs to retain her wealth. Which leaves only one option: kill Gregor. That's what she asks each man she meets, and each one has refused her so far. The Processional is not the best place to find an assassin. But Gina knows she cannot be gone long, and every night she sneaks back home and pretends she never left.

Gregor knows Gina is getting out of the house somehow. He does not know about the secret passage. As luck would have it, he was nearby on that first night, and actually saw her speaking with the first man. After she ran away, Gregor followed the man, and then killed him. Since then he's found other ways to keep tabs on the events, Gregor knows a man named Markmor, a sorcerer.

Markmor offered to cast a spell so that Gregor could watch Gina whenever he wanted. But even a man as depraved as Gregor decided that this was going too far. Instead, he asked for a spell that shows him whenever Gina meets a new man. Then, he hunts the man down and kills him.

Gregor is using a weapon from that strange weapon shop, which even Gina does not know he has. It is a short ebony wand, capped at one end with silver. When touched to a person, the wand causes the body to convulse horribly, and this continues until the wand's owner ends it or the victim dies. Gregor got the wand for protection, and that first victim was the first time he used it. He considered disposing of the body, but decided that this way they would serve as a warning. He keeps hoping that Gina will stop, and just accept the fact that she can never leave him.

Gregor is not a complete fiend. He approaches each man in turn and asks what Gina told him. Then he asks the man to swear that he will have no further contact with her, and that he will not aid her in any way. The first man replied that it was none of Gregor's business, which is why he died. The second refused to swear, saying if she were in real need he would help her, regardless of the consequences. The third man swore readily, but Gregor didn't believe him.

Possible Outcomes

- Gregor approaches Rogen, who manages to convince Gregor he's sincere. Gregor actually lets him live. Surprisingly, Gina is furious the next day. She's apparently as twisted as her brother, and was enjoying the fact that men were dying on her behalf. She and Gregor fight, and somehow the wand slips from his pocket. She uses it on him, and he dies. Gina becomes independent, but the murders continue because now she has gotten a taste for it.
- Your friend decides Gina does need his help. He convinces you to go with him, and goes to her house. The guard won't let you in, of course, but Gina sees you there, and then sneaks out through the tunnel to meet with you. She begs you to kill her brother for her. But when she meets you Gregor is alerted by the spell, and so he knows something is going on.
- Gregor goes after Rogen, and you jump him. The wand is knocked free, and without it, Gregor is no match for you. You hand him over to the Hell Hounds, who also confiscate the wand. They hang Gregor for the murders, and Gina is finally free, and very grateful. She winds up marrying Rogen, the lucky dog.
- You somehow figure out that Gina was escaping through a hidden underground tunnel, and find the entrance. But you discover that it goes a lot farther than she realized. You've just located the Undercity.

Razing the Bar

A man named Nigel appears in the Maze one day. More specifically, he appears at the Vulgar Unicorn one night. And immediately draws attention.

"Pah!" he spits out his ale, backing away from the table he's taken, alone, in the center of the room. "You call this ale? If my dog pissed like this I'd slit his throat!" He deliberately upends the mug on the table, ale spilling everywhere, to prove his point.

"You got a problem with something?" One-Thumb appears beside the man. The Vulgar Unicorn regulars keep their voices low, but not the stranger, who makes sure that everyone can hear his reply.

"A problem?" He laughs, a short, unpleasant sound. "Why stop at one? Your service is awful, your food is terrible, your ale is the worst I've ever had, and you charge enough for it to be made of liquid gold! This isn't a bar, it's thieving with a fancy name and a menu!"

"If you don't like it here, leave," One-Thumb suggests, hand straying to the knife at his side. "Before your tripes get added to tomorrow's stew."

"Don't worry, I wouldn't want to spend another minute here," the man replies, stalking toward the door. "I'm going over to the Rowdy Merman, where the ale doesn't taste like a sick chicken's piss and the girls actually have faces that don't break mirrors!" And he storms out. Leaving One-Thumb to stalk back to the bar, scowling, and a single question on the other patrons' lips: where is the Rowdy Merman?

It's the first time anyone has heard of the place. But it won't be the last.

The next day, the stories begin, and soon everyone in the Maze has heard about it. Nigel, the same man who made a big scene at the Vulgar Unicorn, is opening a rival tavern called the Rowdy Merman. There are other bars in the Maze, of course. But the Vulgar Unicorn has the best food and drink, the prettiest barmaids, and the best background noise for covering up a conversation. Now it sounds like the place may have some real competition. And One-Thumb isn't the kind to take that laying down.

Nigel is a foul-tempered little man, but he knows his business. He's out to destroy One-Thumb and the Vulgar Unicorn, and to become rich in the process. He's pulling out all the stops in the Rowdy Merman: top-notch food and drink, gorgeous waitresses, unusually low prices, and comfortable booths and tables that have velvet curtains around them for privacy. He really could put the Vulgar Unicorn out of business. That is, if he ever gets his tavern open.

Nigel has an old grudge against One-Thumb. Apparently, one of the men One-Thumb killed several years back was a hotheaded youth named Marco. He was Nigel's son. For years, Nigel has tried to find his missing boy, and only this past year did he trace the youth to Sanctuary. Then he came here and nosed around. Eventually he figured out that Marco was last seen arguing with One-Thumb over his bill. Nigel is certain that One-Thumb had the boy killed, or did himself, and has vowed to destroy the maimed bar-owner in return. But death isn't enough, and he's heard strange stories about One-Thumb and what could happen to his killer. So Nigel wants to take away the one thing that means something to the man: his bar.

Nigel has a lot of money. He is actually a wine merchant, and a very successful one. He's supplying the drinks for the Rowdy Merman from his own supplies, which saves him a lot of money. Not that he cares; he'd happily beggar himself if it meant destroying One-Thumb.

The worst part is that Nigel is wrong. One-Thumb is certainly capable of murder, and has killed people for less, but he didn't kill Marco. The boy stormed out of the Vulgar Unicorn that night, and staggered off down the street alone, which is a bad idea in the Maze. Three thugs cornered him and demanded his money, but Marco was not only broke, but he was also drunk and belligerent. He pulled his sword, or tried to, and the thugs cut him to pieces. Literally. Not that One-Thumb remembers his own innocence—he argues with a lot of people, and after a while they all look the same. And the three thugs (a trio named Berk, Kendall, and Dinnear) no longer remember the boy either.

Nigel had his private guards with him when he arrived in Sanctuary, but he's sharp. He realized quickly that walking around with foreign muscle wasn't going to win him any friends. So he dismisses them and hires locals instead. The PCs are among those offered a job, whether as guards or as laborers. Nigel pays well, and he expects hard work in return. He knows that One-Thumb might attack him, and he's hoping that's the case.



Meanwhile, One-Thumb needs to find out more about his new rival, so he starts offering to buy information about Nigel and about the Rowdy Merman. The first people he approaches are the ones now working for Nigel—meaning the PCs. He's willing to pay well for anything useful, and encourages them to continue their new work and continue reporting back. He also mentions that, if something were to happen to prevent the Rowdy Merman from opening, and it was someone's fault, he would probably be grateful enough to give that person or persons free drinks for the rest of their lives. Not that he's encouraging anyone to do anything bad to the place or its owner, just musing about possibilities.

Possible Outcomes

- The characters wind up working for Nigel. The Rowdy Merman is finished and opened. It does incredibly well, and everyone agrees that it's better than the Vulgar Unicorn. And the next morning a fire destroys the place. Nigel's charred body is found within.
- The characters turn Nigel down. He hires someone else. One-Thumb hires the characters to spy on the new bar, and to sabotage it.
- The characters accept the jobs from Nigel and then sell info to One-Thumb. Either they help sabotage the Rowdy Merman or they look the other way while someone else does.
- Nigel, incensed that his bar scheme has failed, confronts One-Thumb directly. One-Thumb is surprised, and admits that he doesn't remember Marco at all. This causes Nigel to snap, and he attacks One-Thumb, who kills him.
- The Rowdy Merman opens without any major complications. It is a very nice place, far too nice to be in the Maze, and people go there to look and feel important and wealthy. But it somehow lacks the ragged comfort of the Vulgar Unicorn. People start going to the Rowdy Merman for food and drink, and then going to the Vulgar Unicorn afterward for more drinks and to conduct business. One-Thumb decides this is fine with him; he cuts back on the food he serves, since no one is ordering it, which means he's actually saving money.
- Nigel is frustrated, especially since he still hasn't been able to pin anything on One-Thumb. Then one day he sees Dinnear wearing a belt that had belonged to Marco. Nigel gives the trio free drinks, and eventually they get drunk enough to admit the belt came from one of their many victims. Nigel kills them, and then leaves Sanctuary. The Rowdy Merman goes to whomever manages to grab it first, but without Nigel's alcohol the prices go up and it becomes less popular.

Pearls Among Swine

Draysin Nelliks is a Rankan noble. He is neither the richest nor the best known among that crowd. Actually, he is a round little man who desperately wants the respect of his peers but

often winds up with their contempt instead. But not this time. Because Nelliks is throwing a party. A fancy dinner party, at his manor in the nobles' quarter, and all of the nobles are invited. That's nothing particularly special, in and of itself. Nellish has thrown parties before. And everyone always attends, because he goes out of his way to get the best food and drink possible.

No, what's exciting about this party is the reason. Nelliks is showing off his latest acquisition. It's a necklace, studded with diamonds and emeralds, with a single massive teardrop pearl at the center. The necklace is said to be exquisite, and older than the Rankan Empire itself. Every noble in the city is buzzing about it. Everyone wants to see it, to touch it, to hear about it. Finally Nelliks has the attention he's always wanted.

And then some. Because if even half the stories are true, that necklace is worth a fortune, and not a small one. And a lot of people in Sanctuary would love to have that fortune. The nobles' quarter is almost impossible to rob — every manor has its own private guards, and most have magical protections as well. But during the party, the place will be in chaos. People will be coming and going, and not just nobles but grooms, messengers, guards, servants, and errand boys. It's the perfect opportunity to sneak into Nelliks' home. And even if the necklace is too hard to steal, there will be a lot of wealth within those walls. A sharp thief will not leave empty-handed.

This adventure takes place in the nobles' quarter (what would one day become the infamous Hill), which gives you a chance to detail Sanctuary's richest neighborhood. The characters could be Rankan nobles who were legitimately invited, or Ilsigi nobles or wealthy merchants who wrangled an invitation, or thieves who are planning to rob the place. Keep in mind that the party and the jewelry could be merely a backdrop, because this is a good opportunity to let the players play nobles, and let them bicker and flirt and use subtle games to test one another.

Nelliks' estate is not large, as the estates go. This means it only has enough land for twenty regular houses, rather than fifty or one hundred. The grounds have been beautifully cultivated, and on one side of the house is a hedgerow maze. (Nelliks likes to say that he is the Master of the Maze, but at least his maze is safer than the real thing.) On the other side of the house are gardens, a small gazebo, and an artful little stream with a small footbridge.

The manor itself is very large, and very ostentatious. The original granite has been covered in marble, and the front porch's columns are gilt in real gold. A wide circular path leads up to the front steps, so that carriages can pull up easily. Stables and servants' quarters are in back.

Inside, the house is also beautiful, but overdone. Everything is made from the best materials available. Marble floors, gold candlesticks, rare woods for the tables and chairs, fine carpets on the stairs and the floors, masterful paintings and tapestries on the walls. But it is too much. Nelliks obviously has no taste, so he buys the most expensive things because he assumes that they must be the best. His furnishings do not go together, and are arranged stiffly around the various rooms, so that his manor looks more like an exclusive shop than a real home. Most of the other nobles laugh about this, and look forward to seeing what new item he has added to the chaos.

Guards are everywhere, of course, but it really is chaos for the week before the party and during the actual night. It would be very easy to pass as a cook or a servant or a stablehand and get onto the grounds. Getting into the house is more difficult, particularly going beyond the servant's quarters, but it can be done.

The necklace is kept in a wall safe in Nelliks' study, behind a painting of a Rankan military victory. The safe also contains three bags of gold and a manuscript — apparently, Nelliks fancies himself a poet. The poetry is awful.

Though a fool, Nelliks is not completely stupid. He has hired a mage to magically seal his safe so that only he can open it. The spell can be broken by another mage of equal or greater power, or tricked. (For example, if the safe is removed from the wall and the back cracked open but the door left alone, the spell would not be triggered.) Shattering or dispelling the spell will alert the wizard who cast it, and he will immediately contact Nelliks.

The necklace is beautiful, and looks very old but is in excellent condition. It is kept in a small velvet-lined box. The necklace really is as old as the rumors say, and as valuable. It is also magical — not particularly powerful, but the enchantment is part of why Nelliks wanted it. The spell prevents the necklace from being worn or even carried by anyone but a true noble of Ranke. Thus, any non-noble that tries to pick up the case, or remove the necklace from the case, will find it impossible to lift. The necklace suddenly seems to way several hundred pounds, and to have been affixed to the safe and the box with solid steel spikes. No harm befalls the person making the attempt; they simply cannot budge the necklace. Nelliks, of course, is a genuine Rankan noble, and can lift the necklace easily.

Possible Outcomes

- The characters try to steal the necklace, but cannot get the safe open. They can still rob the guests blind.
- The characters try to steal the necklace and get the safe open, but none of them are Rankan nobles and they cannot lift the necklace. They can still make off with the bags of gold, however.
- The characters manage to circumvent the safe's protection and the necklace's spell, and leave with the jewelry. Nelliks accuses his noble guests of the theft, and they all leave, insulted and outraged.
- The characters take advantage of the party's confusion to rob guests, eavesdrop, assassinate one or more guests, and otherwise take advantage of the situation. The necklace is safe, but once guests start discovering the loss of their own money and jewels, or find the dead bodies, the party dissolves. Nelliks is once again a laughingstock, and he sells the necklace to a neighbor, sells his estate, and departs in disgust, never to return.
- The necklace's spell has a very liberal interpretation of "noble." Nelliks is acting like a complete idiot during the party, fawning over everyone and desperately trying to win their approval. The spell decides this is not very noble, and so when he goes to retrieve the necklace he finds he cannot move it. His chief rival, a much more likable fellow named Hammond Rallien, follows him up to the study, sees the predicament, and, reaching into the safe, plucks the necklace from its case. He then carries it downstairs. Nelliks, horrified by the realization that if Hammond hands

the necklace back everyone will see that he cannot lift it, tells Hammond to accept the jewelry as a gift. Nelliks hangs himself the next day.

- Another noble sneaks into Nelliks' study during the party, either opens the safe or finds it open (from a failed burglary attempt by someone else), and steals the necklace. Nelliks goes up later to fetch the necklace, so that he can display it triumphantly, and discovers the theft. He is outraged, and accuses his guests of taking it. Then he insists that each and every one of them empty their pockets. Many of them refuse, and move to leave, but Nelliks' guards block the door. It is a standoff, noble against noble, guard against guard. Nelliks, realizing he cannot win against so many at once, waves his guards out of the way, and soon the manor is empty. The next day he has the wizard cast a curse upon whomever stole the necklace. Nelliks then hangs himself, unable to face further ridicule. The thief dies two days later, in agony, and when the necklace is found in his safe the other nobles realize too late how they had mistreated poor Draysin Nelliks.

Irrune Era Adventures

The setting for the second series of Thieves' World books is the Irrune Era. This period is not as chaotic or war-torn as the Rankan Era, but is even more bleak. In the past, gods and kingdoms fought over Sanctuary. Now, the gods are remote and most of the kingdoms have given up. The people have been beaten down so many times, and weathered so many catastrophes, they can barely feel pain any more. The city itself has been almost destroyed several times, and is still filled with rubble and ruins. People are dragging themselves to work each day, desperate to resume some semblance of normal life, but it is not working. No one has any joy left, or even any fear; it has all been ripped away. The world has gone gray and hard. At least during the Rankan Era, there was excitement and intrigue and the potential for great and sudden wealth. Now people just hope to wake up the next morning.

That's not entirely true, of course. Many people in Sanctuary still hope for something better. Others still appreciate good food, good drink, and good company. Trade has begun again, and that means travelers who can be fascinated anew by the city's long history, strange layout, and varied populace. The city has seen a lot of hardship, but the past few years have gone well, and everyone is slowly recovering. Which means, of course, that the time is perfect for another major crisis.



Fishing in the Dark

You are walking home—stumbling, really—one night with your friends, after spending the evening at your favorite tavern. One of you trips on a loose rock, and falls to the ground. The rest of you laugh. Someone offers him a hand back up, but trips himself, and crashes into a nearby building, slumping against the wall. That gets more laughter. But you stop laughing when you reach to help your friend up from the wall, and notice the emptiness behind him. Where he bumped into the wall, a section has slid back, revealing the top of a ladder. And a dark passage that drops out of sight.

You have heard rumors about the undercity, of course. Everyone has. People say that the Hillers have secret tunnels and can come and go unseen. A few crazies have talked about how the brothels on the Street of Red Lanterns can sneak people in and out of the city for a price by going under the city walls somehow. And the Maze has short tunnels under many of its buildings, which are sometimes exposed when those buildings collapse or burn down. But you don't know anyone who's actually gone down there.

Which means that whatever's down there might be something no one else has found yet.

This adventure is set in the Undercity. This is a chance to map out many of the subterranean tunnels that run beneath Sanctuary. In other words, a dungeon crawl.

Many people in Sanctuary would pay a lot of money to be shown an entrance to the Undercity. Of course, most of them would kill the messenger afterward to make sure no one else got the same information. The Irrune would be curious, though they dislike underground caves and would never want to enter manmade tunnels. The Sharda would pay handsomely for the information, since it would allow them to investigate people unseen. Many of the nobles would also pay for such access. Thieves and assassins would love to know about the tunnels. In fact, an enterprising person could probably find a way to charge people for one-time access and for a guide to their destination. That way, the person in charge would retain control over the tunnels, and no one would know anything more than how to get to and from that one location. In other words, someone could set up tollbooths and way stations and charge people per trip.

Most of the Undercity is made up of simple tunnels. They go to every section in Sanctuary, though getting from one point to another often requires following one tunnel away from your destination and then taking a branching side tunnel back. The Undercity has many levels of its own, and tunnels are often connected by ladders or stairways or ledges. All of the passages are made of heavy stone blocks fitted tightly together, and are paved below as well. Some tunnels have flooded over the years, and are no longer accessible. A few have collapsed from their own weight, or the weight of the buildings above them. Closer to the outer walls are more actual rooms, some even with simple furnishings. Great wells also sit down here, collecting rainwater through a series of tiny spouts and drains.

The Undercity is not empty. The Hillers have discovered several entrances, and use the tunnels in their neighborhood and as far away as the Old Jewelers' Quarter and Prytanis. A few thieves have also found tunnel entrances, and use the access to sneak into homes undetected. And then there are the Undercity's residents.

A family of Beysib hid down here decades ago, trying to escape the fighting in the city above. They have been here ever since, and the last three generations have never been above ground. Their eyes have adapted to the darkness, and they have learned to navigate the tunnels by sound and by touch. These altered Beysib are not happy about the strangers they sometimes here passing through their home. Thus far, they have avoided contact with these people, who always leave quickly. But the Beysib are getting less frightened of these incursions, and they grow hungry for the taste of fresh meat.

The Cult of Dyareela was disbanded and outlawed. The Irrune killed most of its members. But some escaped. An underground tunnel connected the ruins of Savankala's temple to the tunnels beneath the Street of Red Lanterns, and the cult often used this passage to sneak in and out of the city. When the Irrune attacked, many of the extremists escaped through this passage. But with the Irrune camped outside the city and also taking up residence within, they had nowhere to go, and so they remain trapped here in the Undercity. These are truly fanatical cultists, all too heavily scarred to walk above ground without being noticed. They hide down in the tunnels, biding their time and making their plans. A handful of their followers escaped punishment as well, and these still slip food down to the cultists when no one is looking. The cultists will attack anyone they meet in the Undercity. So far, they have not discovered the Beysib.

There is no real treasure in the Undercity. A few stray coins have fallen through grates up above, and both the Beysib and the cultists have a few prized possessions with them. The rest of the tunnels are empty, or contain only ancient wooden furniture. At least on the top levels, that is. The lower tunnels are even older, and some of these may have treasure chambers, storerooms, and even entire underground mansions. There's no telling who built such fantastical chambers, or whether they have departed for good, or whether they have left traps to protect their possessions.

Possible Outcomes

- The characters sell the entrance's whereabouts to someone unscrupulous, who tries to kill them to hide the knowledge.
- They sell the information to someone who simply pays them and warns them not to mention it to anyone else.
- The characters explore the Undercity, but do not find anything interesting.
- They explore and run into the Beysib. The Beysib follow them out, and rampage through the city, killing and devouring, until the city guards cut them down.
- They explore and run into the cultists.
- The characters encounter both the Beysib and the cultists, and are responsible for the cultists finally discovering the Beysib's presence. The cultists hate foreigners, of course, and so they immediately attack the Beysib. There are more cultists, but the Beysib know the tunnels better, and can function in the dark. The two groups slaughter each other.
- The characters discover both the Beysib and the cultists. They sell the information to the Irrune, who don't care much about the Beysib but are very interested to find out where the last cultists have been hiding, and reward the characters appropriately.
- The characters explore the Undercity, and wind up deep beneath Sanctuary, in tunnels that must have been here long before the town began. These passages do not look like they were built by men, or for them.

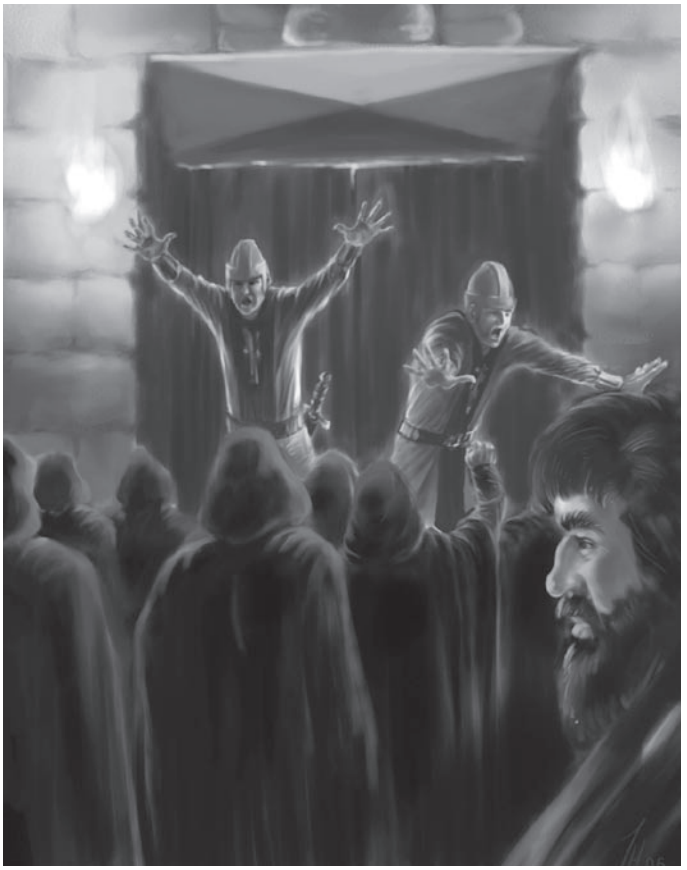
Torn in 'Tween

The 'Tween is the newest part of Sanctuary. It stands between the two eastern gates—the Prince's Gate, in the exterior wall, and the Wideway Gate, in the interior wall. Though not large, the 'Tween is the perfect place for travelers to stable their mounts, take a room, rest, and clean up before entering the city proper. It is also a good place for the locals to meet with strangers, particularly someone who has just arrived from the east. Both gates are heavily patrolled, and the Wideway Gate is closed and barred at night.

You are sitting in one of the 'Tween taverns one morning, eating a quick bite, when you hear a commotion. Everyone is talking or shouting or gesturing, and it takes you a minute to figure out what they're saying. Then you see it. The Wideway Gate, the entrance into the city, is closed! But it's only an hour past dawn!

Everyone is milling about, confused, including the guards. No one seems to know what's going on. In the meantime, the Prince's Gate is also closed, just to be safe. Now you're trapped here in the 'Tween with all these strangers. And who knows how long it will before the gates open again?

This adventure is set in the 'Tween. The 'Tween is the only truly new area in Sanctuary; the inner walls were not finished until well after Ranke had given up on the city, and were only completed a few years ago. But already this has become one of Sanctuary's busiest neighborhoods, and one of its most profitable. Most travelers arrive either by ship, through the harbor, or from the east on camels or horses. Anyone coming from the east enters the city through the 'Tween. Many no longer bother to enter Sanctuary proper — they can rest and conduct business without ever passing through the Wideway Gate, which saves time and money. Besides, the 'Tween may get muddy when it rains, but it is still much cleaner than most of Sanctuary, because it is newer. There are fewer buildings here, and



more space between them, which makes it harder to be ambushed. There are also fewer shadows, and the streets are actually warmed by the sun in the afternoon. Guards stand watch at both gates, and actively patrol in-between. And the prices here are reasonable; a few taverns and inns have tried to overcharge, but as long as a rival is willing to set a more comfortable price, no one can extort for very long.

The 'Tween has very few permanent residents, however. Only the people who run or work at the various businesses here have any reason to live between the two gates. Stablehands sleep in the lofts above their stables, tavern owners and innkeepers sleep in rooms in back, as do the servants, and moneychangers usually sleep in the same tent where they conduct business. Most of the other people here are either travelers who leave as soon as their business is concluded, or locals who pass through the Wideway Gate when it opens each morning and back out before it closes every evening.

The Wideway Gate is closed that morning, but the real problem is that they cannot get it open again. It has been jammed shut. Since there is nothing wrong with the gate itself, and no way that a random shard of wood could have jammed the pulleys so effectively, someone did this deliberately. The question is who, and why?

The gate was actually jammed by a man named Castian, who claims to be a trader from Ilsig, but that is only a cover. He is an assassin, and he was sent here to kill a man named Nasul. Nasul is part of a major trade delegation, and is coming to Sanctuary to establish a peaceful trade agreement with the Irrune. Certain members of the Ilsig government do not want peace; they want an excuse to declare war on Sanctuary, oust the Irrune, and reclaim the city. So they sent Castian. His mission is to kill Nasul before he can meet with the Irrune.

Unfortunately, Castian made excellent time getting to Sanctuary, while a horse going lame and a sudden rainstorm washing out the roads slowed Nasul. Castian got here first, and stalled as much as he could, but had to sell his goods before people got too suspicious. Now he is all packed, his business finished, and Nasul still has not arrived. Out of desperation, Castian jammed the Wideway Gate shut. He thought the city guards might insist that everyone in the 'Tween stay until they had repaired the damage, and he was right, which means he can now stay and wait for Nasul without attracting attention. He did not expect them to also close the Prince's Gate, however. Now, even if Nasul does arrive, he and Castian will have a gate between them! And once the Wideway Gate is repaired, Castian will again have no excuse to linger.

The Irrune are not happy about the damage to the gate. They are raiders, and do not like to be cooped up, so having even one of the city's entrances blocked off is making all of them edgy. Fortunately, most of them are in the city itself and not in the 'Tween, but the handful caught in that neighborhood are close to panic from having walls on every side.

The Sharda sends its agents to investigate the gate. They want to know what happened, but suspect that the culprit may be in the 'Tween, and they cannot get in there until the gate is repaired.

Most of the 'Tween's residents don't mind. They have paying customers, and enough food and drink to keep going for at least a week, by which time the gates should be open again.

Some of the travelers are getting antsy, particularly those whose wares could perish soon (livestock, food, beer). But since there's nothing they can do about it, most of them decide to just sit back and relax.

There are no known ways into or out of the 'Tween except for the two gates. But that doesn't mean there aren't any. The Undercity does stretch this far, and tunnels do have entrances just within the eastern wall. It's just a matter of finding them.

Castian is desperate to find such an escape. He needs to be able to get outside the wall and kill Nasul. If he can do that and get back in before the Prince's Gate is opened, he can leave without anyone suspecting him, for how could he have killed a man on the other side of the wall?

Possible Outcomes

- The characters enjoy the mystery of the gate, but do not get involved otherwise. This is a pleasant little interlude, and then the gates are opened again and life returns to normal.
- They notice Castian getting more and more upset, and always sneaking off. Following him reveals that he is trying to find a way outside the city limits. He is desperate enough to pay good money for a way out, though he might try to kill the informant later. The Irrune or the city guards might also be interested in knowing that this trader is panicked about being trapped in the 'Tween.
- The characters get involved in the gate's repairs.
- They find one of the Undercity entrances, and a way both into Sanctuary proper and beyond the exterior wall. They start charging people for passage. Castian hears about this, and offers a lot of money to be taken outside and then back in again later.

- The guards decide to open the Prince's Gate again, even though the Wideway is still jammed shut. Many of the Irrune and traders trapped in here leave immediately, though the guards inspect the traders before letting them leave. Nasul and his entourage were waiting outside, and are allowed in with several other travelers. Castian decides that he has to kill Nasul now, while they are both here, but doing so makes it more likely that he will get caught, since there are not that many people in the 'Tween. He cannot run the risk of Nasul getting into Sanctuary and speaking with Arizak.

Dagger by Night

Long ago, back when Ranke still ruled the city, another man controlled the city's shadowy element. His name was Jubal, and he was the master of Sanctuary's criminals. Every thief and assassin and spy knew his name, and most of them worked for him, or at least had his permission to work.

Jubal is long since gone, but another has taken his place. That man is Lord Night. Few people know anything about him, beyond the fact that he controls the city's crime utterly. No one deals drugs or flesh or pain without Lord Night's knowledge and consent, and without paying him a percentage of their profits.

Recently, a new drug has reached Sanctuary. It is called opah. A derivative of krrf, but even more powerful, opah is surprisingly inexpensive, which means that dealers can make a lot of money very quickly. And it is incredibly addictive, which means that it creates it own repeat customers.

Opah is a problem for Lord Night. People have started selling the drug in Sanctuary without his permission. But by the time he sends someone to stop them, the dealers have closed up shop and left town. They stay only long enough to make some quick money, but none of that money is going to the established dealers, and that means none of it is going to Lord Night. He is losing money on each of these illicit transactions, and losing face as well. And if people start believing that they can operate without his consent, he will lose his empire and anarchy will rule the underworld.

The newest of these rogue opah dealers have just arrived from Ranke. They came in by boat, and have already set up shop in the West Side. And because the opah is very valuable, these men have hired a handful of locals to serve as guards: the PCs.

Everything proceeds smoothly for a few days. The dealers, brothers named Thom and Jon Praid, are making a lot of money very quickly. Lord Night sends a representative, who explains that the brothers need to buy a license from him in order to stay in business, and they promise to think it over. The Praid brothers know that the messenger will be back in a few days, but by then they will have depleted their supply of opah anyway, and will simply leave town.

Then one morning one of their clients bursts into their tent. "Get out now!" he gasps. "He knows it was you! If you stay, you're dead!"

It seems that a jeweled dagger has gone missing. The dagger belongs to Lord Night, and he is never seen without it. The theft is a personal insult, and he has declared the death of whomever stole it. And so far all the clues point to the Praids.

Fortunately, there is not enough evidence yet for Lord Night to act. And, although he knows of the Praids, he does not know where they are—it is a big city, and there are several new opah dealers here right now. But Lord Night will figure it out soon enough, and then he will come after them.

The Praids discuss their options. They can run now, losing whatever remaining money they might have made here but escaping with their lives. They could stay and see what happens. They could approach Lord Night and proclaim their innocence. Or they could hide and hope this all blows over.

The PCs also have a choice to make. They know that Lord Night is the most powerful man in Sanctuary's criminal world. Crossing him would be a fatal mistake. And right now they are working for the Praids, who are his next targets. But the Praids have been paying them to stand guard, and the brothers are pleasant fellows and good bosses. So do the characters tell them to run, and help them escape? Do they stay out of the way and let Lord Night kill them? Or do they go to Lord Night themselves, reveal the Praids' whereabouts, get a reward for the information, and maybe even earn Lord Night's favor?

But something else is troubling, too. The Praids said they could proclaim their innocence. Did they take the dagger, or not? And, if not, who has set them up for a horrible death?

This adventure is set partly in the Shambles and partly in the Processional, which provides a nice contrast between the working-class neighborhood and the elite residence. It can also involve the Street of Red Lanterns, since Lord Night meets with his subordinates in a chamber beneath the Aphrodisia House there.

The Praids did not take the dagger. A rival named Fayesh did, hoping to pin the theft on them. So far, his plan is working. Fayesh is also located in the Shambles, and his opah is every bit as good as the Praids', but he charges a copper more and he is a less pleasant person, so people go to Thom and Jon instead. Fayesh plans to approach Lord Night in another day or two and reveal the location of the dagger, which he had snuck into the Praids' shop. His chief rivals will then be killed, and he will be able to dominate the Shambles' opah trade. And Lord Night will be grateful enough that he will waive the usual taxes, giving Fayesh a leg up on any other competition.

If left to their own devices, the Praids wind up arguing. Thom wants to confront Lord Night, since they didn't take the dagger. Jon things they should cut their losses and get out of Sanctuary while they can. The brothers ask their guards—the PCs—for advice, since they are locals and know more about Lord Night.

When they finally start packing, Jon discovers the dagger tucked in among their bags. He and Thom are horrified. They know they've been set up, but not by whom. Not that it matters: if Lord Night catches them with the dagger, he will kill them and not bother to ask any questions. Terrified, the brothers ask the characters to help them smuggle the dagger out and get it back to Lord Night without revealing where it was found.

Lord Night is the master of the criminal element, but he has people who would like to see him fall. Chief among these are Arizak himself, and Judge Nevermind, head of the Sharda. The Sharda would pay well for information about Lord Night's problems, though not as well as Lord Night himself. They are hoping that the criminal overlord will



become so angry he takes part in the Praids' murders himself, because then the Sharda can catch him and convict him.

Fayesh did not steal the dagger himself. He paid a young thief to do the job for him. The thief is a girl named Cadie, and for the right price she will confess her part to Lord Night.

Possible Outcomes

- Cadie confesses her involvement to Lord Night. He is angry but impressed, and offers her a job. She accepts.
- The characters go to Lord Night with information about the Praids. He meets with them personally, and pays them well for their time. He also encourages them to go back to the Praids and pretend nothing is wrong. His men arrive soon after, and expect the characters to walk away from the impending violence.
- The characters stand by the Praids, and help them escape. Lord Night is furious, and puts a price on the brothers' heads—and a smaller price on the characters as well.
- The characters stay out of the way. The Praids are murdered, and Fayesh takes control of the Shambles' opah trade. One night he drinks too much and gloats about how he got rid of his rivals. Lord Night hears of this, and the next morning only Fayesh's eyes and tongue are found.
- The Praids confront Lord Night and tell him they did not take the dagger. He searches their things, finds the dagger, and has them killed.
- The Praids bring Lord Night the dagger and tell him it was planted among their belongings. He is not a stupid man, and realizes that they would not have brought him the dagger if they really had taken it—they had nothing to gain by the theft. His men investigate, and discover Fayesh's deception. He is killed, and the Praids are allowed to remain. They do have to pay a percentage to Lord Night, but it is less than any other opah dealer.

Fool on the Hill

Everyone knows that you don't go to the Hill unless you want to die. The people up there are so poor and starved they'd gnaw off their own feet, and so desperate they'll kill a man for meat and worry about his money later. No one goes up there.

Except, apparently, those who don't know any better.

A nobleman's son was out drinking with friends one night. On their way home they rode down Pyrtanis. A beggar appeared out of nowhere, asking for money, and several of the horses reared in panic. The young noble was too drunk to control his steed, and was thrown. Two city guards appeared just then. They scared off the beggar and helped to calm the horses. But the noble was gone. The guards searched everywhere, but couldn't find him. The next morning, however, they found his jacket, covered in blood. At the base of the Hill.

This adventure is set on the Hill, the ugliest, poorest, nastiest, most dangerous place in Sanctuary. The Maze looks sedate and civilized compared to the Hill. No one goes there willingly, and the residents will do anything to escape, or to simply survive.

This is a classic search-and-rescue scenario. The characters can be guards or Irrune, going after the boy because it is their job or it is the right thing to do. They can be mercenaries or even regular local citizens, hired by the boy's father or hoping for a reward. Or they could be Hillers who hear about what happened and figure that, if they can find and retrieve the boy, the father might be grateful enough to set them up someplace off the Hill. Even the Shambles or the West Side would be preferable.

The boy's name is Flauvesh D'narre. His father, Sujesh D'narre, is a ranking Ilsigi noble who owns several ships and trading houses. The D'narres live along the Processional, and Flauvesh and his friends were heading back there that night.

Flauvesh was thrown from his horse, and banged his head on a rock. The concussion has left him in shock, and he is wandering about in a daze. He removed his jacket because he was flushed; the blood is from his head wound. Thus far, he has not been harmed, though that could change at any time.

Fortunately for the boy, the first Hillers he encountered were a family named Dustan. The Dustans are as poor as anyone on the Hill, but they are not bad people. The father, Tad, is a stonecarver, or was before his shop burned down and he lost all his clients and his tools. He has a wife, Lucinda, and two children, Crane and Erdith. It is Erdith who finds Flauvesh and brings him back to the family's lean-to. Tad and Lucinda cannot bring themselves to turn away this wounded boy, and they clean his wound and offer him what little food they have, which is moldy bread and brackish water and some thin gruel. Erdith, who is in her teens, is smitten with the handsome Flauvesh. But Crane, several years older, is trying to join one of the local gangs. And, looking at the stranger's fine clothing, he knows that this could be the thing to make him a member.

The part of the Hill where the Dustans live is torn between two rival gangs: the Bricks and the Spikes. The two gangs take their names from their chosen weapons, and they often fight over the territory. Crane has been trying to join the Bricks, but so far they have refused, telling him he's too soft. He doesn't dare approach the Spikes, because if he does the Bricks will say he's a traitor, and treason is punishable by death.

Sujesh is in a panic about his son's disappearance. Flauvesh is his only son, and his heir. Sujesh offers a reward for any information about the boy, and hires mercenaries to comb the city, looking for him.

One of Sujesh's closest friends is another Ilsigi noble, Lord Shumen Noordiseh. Shumen is also Lord Night, the master of Sanctuary's criminal element. And Shumen is fond of Flauvesh. He immediately tells his people to look for the boy, and warns that if any harm comes to Flauvesh he will take it as a personal insult.

Arizak is also concerned. Sujesh is a valued advisor. Plus, the Irrune are trying to make Sanctuary safer, and having a nobleman's son disappear on a major street is not going to help. The Irrune are also mobilized.

The city guard are looking as well, of course, but most of them refuse to go anywhere near the Hill. They suggest that the jacket might have been stolen, and offer to search the other neighboring regions in case he turns up there instead.

Possible Outcomes

- A mercenary group finds Flauvesh first, and holds him for ransom. Sujesh pays, just happy to have his son back, and the mercenaries leave town quickly with their new wealth.
- Crane goes to the Bricks, and tells their leader, a girl named Usher, about the wealthy stranger. She leads the Bricks back to the Dustans, forces her way in, and takes Flauvesh by force. Tad tries to stop them, and the Bricks beat him down. Crane becomes a member of the Bricks, and they send someone to speak with the characters, who they see approaching the Hill. The Bricks offer a trade: Flauvesh for one of the old vacant warehouses near the end of Pyrtanis. Arizak agrees, and the gang gets a new home off the Hill. They terrorize so many people, however, that the city guard eventually go in and shut them down, killing most of the teens in the process. Crane is one of the casualties.
- The Dustans send Erdith to find out who Flauvesh's family is. She sees the characters wandering around, and approaches them. Flauvesh is restored to his father, and Sujesh rewards the Dustans by setting them up in a new shop along Prytanis.
- Lord Night's men find Flauvesh. They take him back to his house and leave him on the doorstep without a word. Sujesh is overjoyed, but doesn't know whom to thank. Lord Night finds out from his men that the Dustans had been tending to the boy, and rewards them by having a set of stoneworking tools delivered to them. Tad is able to work again, and the family moves to the West Side.
- Crane tells the Bricks about Flauvesh, and they take him from the Dustans. The Spikes see them and attack. The two gangs fight, and many of them are killed. Flauvesh is hurt further and crawls away. He is found and set upon by a pack of starving Hillers, who kill him and eat his flesh. They take his clothes as well, and are then found by the Irrune, who realize what happened and kill the murderers. Sujesh is devastated.

The Honorary Irrune

You and your friends have escaped the city for the day. The sky is clear, it is the first warm day of the season, and none of you feels like working. So you decide to take some time off. Packing a few skins of ale and some bread and cheese, you wander along the White Foal River, admiring the water and enjoying the quiet. Until you hear the cries for help.

Rounding a bend, you see a boy floundering in the river. He is being swept along by the current, and has almost reached your position. Judging from his skin tone, and the shape of his eyes, he is an Irrune. And if you do not help him, he will drown.

This adventure takes place on the banks of the White Foal River, in the Palace District, and in whatever neighborhood the characters are from. They can be anyone except Irrune, though it is best if they are not nobles of Ranke or Ilsig either.

This is a more politically oriented adventure seed. It focuses upon the various social levels in Sanctuary, and how they interact. There is a lot of opportunity here for diplomatic maneuvering and intrigue, but not as much for combat. This could work well as a setup for other adventures, however, because it will give the characters many contacts among the Irrune, and make them more likely to be contacted whenever help is needed.

If the characters dive in to save the boy, or use a branch to catch him, they can manage to fish him out. If they do nothing, he will strike a small sandbar and wash up upon it, an easy run and hop from the shore. Easy for someone who is not exhausted from fighting the river, that is. The idea is for the characters to rescue him, so if they are not inclined to do so actively, you should arrange it so that the boy basically winds up at their feet. Even the most callous man will bring the boy back to Sanctuary then… particularly since there might be a reward involved.

The boy's name is Andalar. His father, Nedemar, is from the same lineage as Arizak. This means that the Irrune war chief, the governor of Sanctuary, is the boy's uncle.

Arizak is thrilled when the characters return with Andalar in tow. So are Nedemar and his wife. The boy is their oldest son, and Nedemar's heir. He was out walking along the river, apparently, and slipped and fell in. Though a strong swimmer, Andalar hit his head when he fell, and was too dazed to fight the current effectively. He would have drowned for certain if the characters had not intervened.

In their gratitude, Nedemar and Arizak grant the characters honorary membership in their lineage. At first the characters might think of this as a nice gesture, like saying "you're one of the family now." They will quickly discover their error.

The Irrune take family very seriously. A lineage is made up of a handful of men and their immediate families, and though the men themselves may not be related by blood, they are closer than most brothers. Arizak and Nedemar have just made the characters part of that same close group. The characters are now honorary Irrune — and not just any Irrune, but members of what amounts to the royal family.

The characters are not offered any money for their help, because the Irrune consider that to be an insult. They are given several impressive and valuable gifts, however. And, as members of the ruling class, the



characters are introduced to a whole new level of society. They can easily live the rest of their lives in luxury, without ever working again. The Irrune have a very communal sense of material goods, and so the characters can simply live off the rest of the lineage, taking from the other members' stores. But if they are interested in working again, the Irrune will be happy to provide opportunities. They can claim any job they want from any non-Irrune in the city, and no one can stop them. Thus, if one of the characters is a woodworker and wanted to carve a new doorway for one of the Rankan nobles but lost the project to a rival, he can take it back now. The rival can object, but since the character is now technically Irrune, the other woodworker would have to go to Arizak and complain that one of Arizak's people had just stolen his job from him. No one has any doubt what Arizak's response would be, and so complaining is pointless. In much the same way, the characters can claim pretty much anything they want in Sanctuary, with the exception of property belonging to the Rankan and Ilsigi nobles. They are now masters of the city, and can take anything they like for their own.

But what does it really mean to be an Irrune, and to be part of that ruling class? The characters may find that their lives will never be the same. Old friends are afraid to talk to them, for fear of insulting the Irrune and being punished. Other old friends just want to leech off the characters, and so do people they barely knew before. People who never liked them now act like their best friends. People who would never acknowledge them before now fawn over them. At first, it is a heady feeling, knowing that everyone looks up to you. But, after a while, it becomes tiresome, particularly if any of the characters enjoyed anonymity before. As the only non-Irrune Irrune, everyone knows who they are and what they are doing. There is no more privacy.

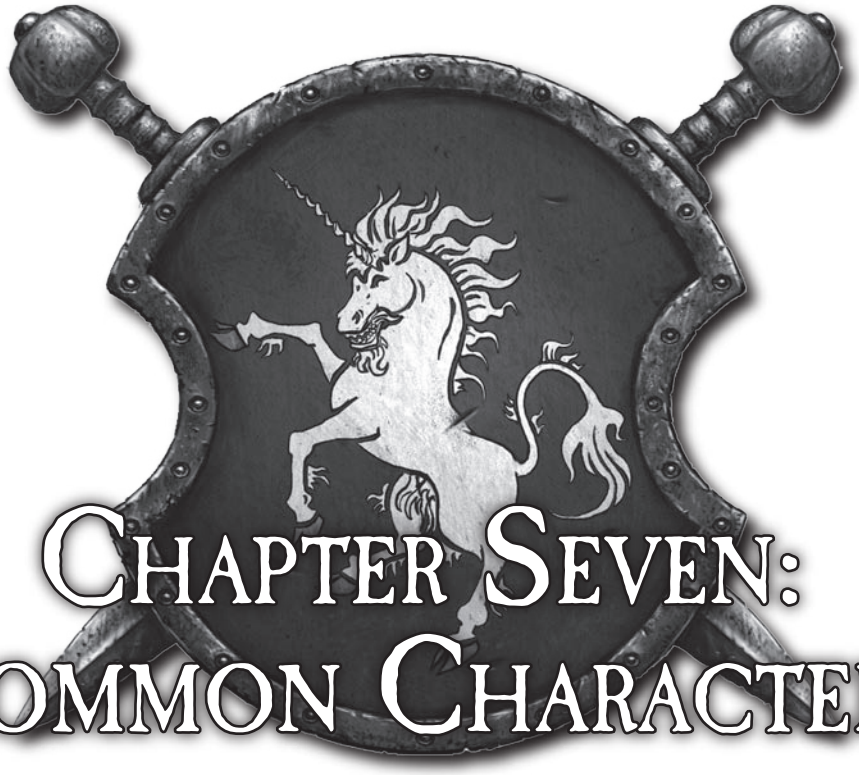
The characters also find themselves in an odd position politically. Because they are technically Irrune now, but were not born or raised Irrune, they seem like natural mediators. Rankan and Ilsigi nobles approach the characters, bearing all manner of gifts, hoping to talk them into supporting this measure or that proposal. Lord Night sends emissaries as well. So do several other powerful figures in Sanctuary. Everyone wants to use the characters to gain access to the Irrune, and to win their support.

Even within the Irrune, the characters find themselves being manipulated. Arizak is the war chief of the people, and Nedemar is one of his oldest friends and closest advisors. But Arizak is dying, and his sons are fighting for appointment as his heir. With several new "uncles" on the scene, each son wants their support to tip the balance.

Possible Outcomes

- The characters settle into their new role as Irrune, and lead an easy life, refusing to play politics, work, or do anything else strenuous.
- They accept their new role, but throw themselves into becoming true Irrune, and voluntarily accept the responsibilities of the clan. The characters each take on new tasks, like overseeing the city guard and managing the repairs in parts of the city.
- The characters enter the political arena, and carve themselves a niche as part of the new ruling elite. They endorse one of Arizak's sons, who becomes the next war chief and governor, and earn places on his inner council.
- They grow sick of their lack of freedom, and deliberately insult another leading Irrune. Arizak has no choice but to cast them out of his lineage, and out of the clan altogether. The characters are still recognized throughout the city, but they no longer have any status with the Irrune, and before long people forget about them again.





Chapter Seven: Common Characters

The foes PCs face in *Thieves' World* should mostly be human. Humanity is nasty enough without inventing a catalogue of horrors for the characters to kill. Sure, there are demons and elementals, or other vile abominations spewed forth from a remote plane of existance, but the mercenaries, thieves, and cultists of Sanctuary make up the typical threats adventurers likely encounter. Using those individuals as staple foes lends authenticity to your *Thieves' World* campaign.

This chapter presents a selection of ready to use opponents and allies. In some cases, more than one stat-block has been included for an NPC to reflect varying levels of skill, or a varied version of the same archetype. Though the NPCs presented have a selected culture, you can easily change it to fit your needs by exchanging their bonus feat for one appropriate to the new culture.

Assassins

In a world of corrupt politics, the surest means to eliminate a rival is to just have him killed. Political machinations are all well and good, but sometimes a dagger in the dark is the most efficient — and permanent — solution. Assassins are in high demand all over the Known World and are the preferred weapon of the aristocracy. In Sanctuary, assassins can be hired in any of the standard dives, places like the Vulgar Unicorn or even Sly's Place. The better killers don't advertise themselves, but instead use representatives and intermediaries to protect their identities. Most of the time, if he's worth the price paid, you won't even see the assassin. Assassins value their anonymity and conceal their features during a job, just in case it goes sour.

The following examples assume the assassin is from Caronne, a place famous for its trained killers.

Inexperienced Assassin

Male or female Caronnese hunter, assassin 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d8+1; hp 5; Mdt 16; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +0; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d8+2/19–20, longsword) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +2 melee (1d8+2/19–20, longsword) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ hunter trait; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +0; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Move Silently.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +1 (+3 buying or selling), Craft (poison) +5, Diplomacy –1 (+1 buying and selling), Disguise +3, Escape Artist +5, Gather Information +3, Hide +7 (+9 chosen terrain), Intimidate +1, Move Silently +7 (+9 chosen terrain), Spot +4; Dodge, Persuasive[B], Stealthy[B].

Languages: Caronnese (S), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Studded leather, longsword, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *potion of convert light wounds, elixir of hiding,* 2 doses of black adder venom, 10 sh.

Trained Assassin

Male or female Caronnese hunter, assassin 3; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d8+3; hp 16; Mdt 16; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +2; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d8+2/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +5 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +5 melee



(1d8+2/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +5 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SA poison use, sneak attack +1d6; SQ hunter trait; Rep +0; SV Fort +4 (+6 against poison), Ref +5, Will +1; Str 14, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Move Silently.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +3 (+5 buying or selling), Craft (poison) +7, Diplomacy –1 (+1 buying and selling), Disguise +3, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +3, Hide +10 (+12 chosen terrain), Intimidate +1, Listen +4, Move Silently +10 (+12 chosen terrain), Spot +4, Use Rope +4; Dodge, Mobility, Persuasive[B], Stealthy[B].

Languages: Caronnese (S), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, masterwork longsword, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *oil of magic weapon,* 2 *potion of convert light wounds, potion of hide from animals, elixir of hiding,* 2 doses of black adder venom, 1 dose of kastor recinus, 1 dose of sassone leaf residue, 10 sh.

Veteran Assassin

Male or female Caronnese hunter, assassin 5; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d8+5; hp 27; Mdt 17; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +3; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d8+2/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +7 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +5 melee (1d8+2/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +7 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SA poison use, sneak attack +2d6; SQ hunter trait; Rep +1; SV Fort +5 (+7 against poison), Ref +6, Will +1; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Move Silently.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +3 (+5 buying or selling), Climb +6, Craft (poison) +7, Diplomacy +1 (+3 buying and selling), Disguise +3 (+5 acting), Escape Artist +7, Gather Information +3, Hide +13 (+15 chosen terrain), Intimidate +3, Listen +4, Move Silently +13 (+15 chosen terrain), Spot +4, Use Rope +5; Combat Expertise[B], Dodge, Mobility, Persuasive[B], Stealthy[B].

Languages: Caronnese (S), Trade Tongue (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 studded leather,* masterwork cold iron longsword, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *oil of magic weapon,* 2 *potion of convert light wounds, potion of hide from animals, potion of invisibility, elixir of hiding,* 2 doses of black adder venom, 1 dose of kastor recinus, 2 doses of monkshood, 1 dose of sassone leaf residue.

Bandit

The lands surrounding Sanctuary are no less dangerous. Those few communities that support the city rely on their own militias and guards to keep the peace, but the roads connecting them hide bandits that prey on caravans, travelers, and even pilgrims. In the Rankan Era, the imperial garrison patrolled the roads to contain the bandits. Irrune Era barbarians are less likely to commit the manpower to watch over the wilderness, though the presence of their large camp is a deterrent.

Most bandits are Rankan expatriates, or people so low of character that they were kicked out of Sanctuary. Former soldiers, ne'er-do-wells, and failed farmers also take up a life of banditry. Others still are in the employ of the Kingdom of Ilsig, hired to disrupt trade routes and weaken the Irrune hold on the city.

Common Bandit

Male or female Wrigglie bandit, warrior; CR 1/2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d8+1; hp 5; Mdt 14; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6, club) or +1 ranged (1d6, spear); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6, club) or +1 ranged (1d6, spear); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Hide +3, Intimidate +3, Listen +2, Spot +2, Survival +4; Alertness[B], Improved Initiative.

Languages: Wrigglie (S)

Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Leather armor, light wooden shield, club, shortspear.

Ilsigi Bandit

Male or female Ilsigi bandit, ranger 3; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d8+6; hp 19; Mdt 17; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 12, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d8+1/×3, masterwork battleaxe) or +6 ranged (1d8+1/×3, masterwork composite [+1] longbow); Full Atk +5 melee (1d8+1/×3, masterwork battleaxe) or +4/+4 ranged (1d8+1/×3, masterwork composite [+1] longbow); SA combat style (archery); SQ favored environment (hills); Rep +0; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +2; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Climb +3, Hide +6 (+8 hills), Intimidate +0 (+3 recognized), Jump +3, Knowledge (geography) +4 (+6 hills), Knowledge (nature) +4 (+6 hills), Listen +7 (+9 hills), Move Silently +4 (+6 hills), Search +4 (+6 hills), Spot +7 (+9 hills), Survival +7 (+9 hills), Swim +1; Alertness[B], Endurance[B], Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot[B], Track[B].

Languages: Ilsigi (S)

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, heavy wooden shield, masterwork battleaxe, masterwork composite (+1) longbow with 20 arrows, 2 *potions of convert light wounds, potion of hide from animals, elixir of hiding, elixir of sneaking.*

Beggars

Sanctuary literally bustles with beggars. Some are genuine tragedies: maimed in an accident, weakened by disease, or just suffering from bad luck. Others chose the life of begging and are skilled at playing on the heartstrings of Sanctuary's wealthier citizens. The "professional" beggars were Moruth's minions who fought the Hawkmasks and committed some of the atrocities attributed to the death squads that roamed the streets during the anarchic times that followed Roxane's arrival. Finally, urchins are perhaps the most numerous of the beggars (at least during the Rankan Era) and, when formed into gangs, prove just as dangerous as any others.

Common Beggar

Male or female Wrigglie beggar, commoner 1; CR 1/2; Size type (subtype); HD 1d4; hp 2; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +0; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d3 nonlethal, unarmed strike); Full Atk +0 melee (1d3, unarmed strike); SQ beggar trait, jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Bluff, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +4, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +4, Profession (beggar) +4, Spot +4; Alertness[B], Endurance.

Authentic Beggar: Common beggars typically have some kind of ailment or affliction that prevents them from earning an income like everyone else. To determine the cause of their beggary, roll 1d100 and consult the following results:

Authentic Beggar

Roll	Result
01–20	*Maimed.* The beggar is crippled (missing a hand, foot, or leg), is blind, is mute or deaf, or suffers from some other physical limitation.
21–40	*Diseased.* The beggar carries disease. See page 187 for example diseases.
41–60	*Mad.* The beggar is raving mad. Unless you use sanity rules (such as those presented in Green Ronin's *Black Company Campaign Setting*), treat mad characters as being under the effects of the *insanity* spell.
61–80	Roll twice more ignoring all results of 61 or higher.
81–100	*Bad luck or fate.* The beggar is fully capable of working or pursuing some other livelihood.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Rags, wooden cup.

Urchins

Male or female Wrigglie beggar, expert 1; CR 1/2; Small humanoid (human); HD 1d6–2; hp 1; Mdt 3; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +0; Grap –6; Atk –2 melee (1d3–2/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk –2 melee (1d3–2/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ beggar trait, jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort –2, Ref +0, Will +3; Str 7, Dex 10, Con 7, Int 9, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Hide, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +4, Diplomacy +0 (+2 against scum), Gather Information +3, Gamble +1, Hide +10, Knowledge (local) +4 (+6 navigating the Maze), Listen +4, Move Silently +3, Spot +4; Maze-Savvy[B], Streetwise.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Rags, Small dagger.

Moruth's Beggars

Male or female Wrigglie beggar, thief 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6; hp 3; Mdt 11; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10;[B]ase Atk +0; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6, club) or +1 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +0 melee (1d6, club) or +1 ranged (1d4/19–20, dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ beggar trait, jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +0; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Disguise, Hide.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +5, Disguise +9, Hide +7, Listen +3, Move Silently +5, Search +3, Sleight of Hand +5, Spot +3; Maze-Savvy[B], Skill Focus (Bluff).

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Rags, club, dagger, masterwork disguise kit.

Charlatans

Con men are a big part of the city's economy. From the snake oil sellers in the Bazaar to the shady merchants in the Crook, charlatans have always preyed on the foolish and gullible. Those with the proper talents can clean up and get away before anyone notices they've been duped. The following charlatan is Caronnese; those people have a knack for trade, both legitimate and illegitimate.

Charlatan

Male or female Caronnese con artist, thief 3, savant 1; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6 plus 1d6; hp 14; Mdt 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +2; Grap +1; Atk +2 melee (1d6/18–20, *+1 rapier*); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6/18–20, *+1 rapier*); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ con artist trait, evasion, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Bluff, Diplomacy.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +14 (+16 buying or selling), Decipher Script +3, Diplomacy +11 (+13 buying or selling), Disguise +11 (+13 acting), Escape Artist +7, Forgery +11, Gamble +7, Gather Information +4, Intimidate +5, Listen +7, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +8, Use Rope +1 (+3 bindings); Deceitful[B], Persuasive[B], Run, Skill Focus (Bluff).

Languages: Caronnese (S), Rankene (S), Trade Tongue (S), Wriggle (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1).

Possessions: *+1 padded armor, +1 rapier,* case full of assorted junk.

Merchants

There's little difference between merchants and charlatana save that one deals in somewhat legitimate merchandise. Merchants do business in many parts of the city, including the Bazaar, the Wideway, the 'Tween, the Caravan depot, and even in the Shambles.

Merchant

Male or female Caronnese merchant, thief 3, savant 1; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6 plus 1d6; hp 14; Mdt 12; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +2; Grap +1; Atk +2 melee (1d4/19–20, *+1 dagger*); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4/19–20, *+1 dagger*); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, merchant trait, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +2; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Appraise, Diplomacy.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Bluff +14 (+15 buying or selling), Decipher Script +3, Diplomacy +11 (+12 buying or selling), Forgery +11, Gamble +7, Gather Information +4, Intimidate +5, Listen +7, Profession (merchant) +10, Sense Motive +5, Sleight of Hand +9, Spot +8, Use Rope +1 (+3 bindings); Deceitful[B], Persuasive[B], Run, Skill Focus (Profession: merchant).

Languages: Caronnese (S), Rankene (S), Trade Tongue (S), Wriggle (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1).

Possessions: *+1 padded armor, +1 dagger,* case full of assorted goods.

Commoner

Of course, Sanctuary is home to heroes and villains, thieves and wizards, and priests and their champions. But it is also home to the thousands of ordinary people who struggle each day to put food on their tables, survive the walk from their job to their homes, and raise their children and support their families in the turmoil of this infamous city. The average Sanctan is grim but determined, realistic but hopeful. He realizes misery is a part of life, and death might wait behind any corner. And, though not a giant amongst men, Sanctuary would not exist without him.

Use these statistics for farmers, fishermen, shepherds, prostitutes, and bystanders.

Commoner

Male or female Wrigglie peasant, commoner 1; CR 1/2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d4; hp 2; Mdt 11; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +0; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6, quarterstaff) or +0 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +0 melee (1d6, quarterstaff) or +0 melee (1d4/19–20, dagger); SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Craft, Profession.

Skills and Feats: Craft (any one) +5, Handle Animal +1, Jump +1, Listen +3, Profession (any one) +5, Ride +1, Spot +3, Swim +1; Alertness[B], Endurance, Low-Profile[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Quarterstaff or dagger.

Courtiers, Functionaries, and Lesser Nobles

Between the rulers and the ruled lies an entire class of people. Just a notch above the commoner, these are the hangers-on, the courtiers, the magistrates, landowners, and even the lords exiled from Ranke. They live in the better parts of town, such as along the Processional and Land's End Retreat (or the Hill and the Jeweler's Quarter, depending on the era) and have little cause to cross paths with the scum that seems so pervasive in this city.

Use these statistics for any minor personage—someone of rank, but of little consequence to the true powers in the city.

Lesser Noble

Male or female Rankan bureaucrat, aristocrat 2; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d8–1; hp 3; Mdt 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +1; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6/18–20, rapier); Full Atk +1 melee (1d6/18–20, rapier); SQ literate; Rep +0; SV Fort –1, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 9, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Sense Motive.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4, Bluff +8 (+10 against three or more), Diplomacy +14 (+16 against three or more), Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Gather Information +4, Knowledge (local) +4, Knowledge (nobility & royalty) +6, Intimidate +6 (+8 against three or more), Sense Motive +6; Negotiator[B], Persuasive.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1).

Possessions: Masterwork padded, rapier, 1d4×10 sh.

Craftsman

Sanctuary has long boasted men and women of exceptional talent. During Kadakithis' time, craftsmen could be found in the Jeweler's Quarter and the Bazaar, and in a few rare shops in the Westside. In the Irrune Era, few skilled craftsmen remain, and those that do, live in the relative safety of the 'Tween or along the Processional.

Use these statistics for any NPC of skill greater than what would be ordinarily found in a commoner.

Craftsman

male or female Wrigglie entrepreneur, savant 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6; hp 3; Mdt 12; Init –1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 9, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +0; Grap +0; Atk +1 melee (1d6, masterwork quarterstaff); Full Atk +1 melee (1d6, masterwork quarterstaff); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref –1, Will +4; Str 11, Dex 9, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Craft, Profession.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5 (+7 Craft or Profession), Craft (any one) +10, Knowledge (any one) +5*, Knowledge (local) +5, Listen +5, Profession (any one) +7, Sense Motive +5, Spot +5; Iron Will, Skill Focus (Craft)[B].



*If making a healer, replace this skill with Heal +8 and change the Skill Focus (Craft) to Skill Focus (Heal).

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Masterwork leather, masterwork quarterstaff, masterwork tools.

Criers and Rumormongers

News is slow to spread in Sanctuary. There are no newspapers, and official announcements from the Palace are rare. Sanctans learn about what's happening in the city through the talents of their gossips and loudmouths: the criers and rumormongers. These men and women act as legitimate informants, exchanging rumors for a few padpols. Such characters are nosy, invasive and always in search of a new lead to add to the information they can sell. Obviously, they must have reliable sources, or people will stop paying them for what they know.

Use these statistics for criers, rumormongers, and even storytellers.

Rumormonger

Male or female Wrigglie entertainer, expert 4; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6; hp 14; Mdt 10; Init –1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9; Base Atk +3; Grap +3; Atk +3 melee (1d6, club); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6, club); SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +5; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Bluff, Perform (oratory).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +10, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Gather Information +8, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +10, Perform (oratory) +10, Search +7, Spot +10, Survival +1 (+3 follow tracks); Alertness[B], Well-Connected.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (3).

Possessions: Club, 1d4×10 pd.

Cultists and Priest

For as long as Sanctuary has stood, it's attracted the priests of many gods—some real, others invented. Cultists may be indistinguishable from priests, serving the people as well as their deity, or act an insidious force furthering the interests of their mad dogma or their greed. In the Irrune Era, the most recognizable cultists are the Dyareelans, who continue to plague the city in small ways and, one day, might return in force.

Of the five archetypes presented, the first four are designed with the Dyareelans in mind. Bruisers work for the cult by rounding up undesirables, killing their enemies and defending the priests. Honeys are seducers and corruptors, luringthe unsuspecting into the cult's web. Watchers serve as spies and informers. You can easily adapt them for use with other cults; the bruiser might represent a member of a war cult, while the honey could be an example of a perverse sex cult devotee.

Typical Bruiser

Male or female Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, survivor 2; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d10+2; hp 13; Mdt 18; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, masterwork club) or +2 melee (1d6+1, unarmed strike) or +2 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+1, masterwork club) or +2 melee (1d6+1, unarmed strike) or +2 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA bruiser trait, fight or flight (aggressive); SQ jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +4; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 9.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Climb +6, Intimidate +9, Jump +6, Listen +5, Spot +5, Survival +5; Endurance[B], Improved Damage Threshold[B], Improved Unarmed Strike[B], Power Attack, Skill Focus (Intimidate)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, masterwork club, masterwork dagger, *cloak of resistance +1*.

Typical Honey

Male or female Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, savant 2; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6; hp 7; Mdt 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +1; Grap +0; Atk +1 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +2 ranged (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +1 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +2 ranged (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ good fortune, honey trait, jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +3; Str 8, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Bluff, Disguise.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +10, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +8 (+10 acting), Gather Information +8, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +6, Perform (courtesan) +6, Sense Motive +6, Spot +1; Alertness[B], Negotiator, Persuasive[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Influence (1).

Possessions: Masterwork leather, 2 masterwork daggers, 2 *potion of eagle's splendor,* dose oil of taggit, 2 doses monkshood.

Typical Watcher

Male or female Wrigglie Dyareelan cultist, thief 2; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6; hp 7; Mdt 11; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +0; Atk +1 melee (1d6–1/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +2 ranged (1d4–1, sling); Full Atk +1 melee (1d6–1/19–20, masterwork short sword) or +2 ranged (1d4–1, sling); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trapfinding, watcher trait; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +1; Str 9, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Hide, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Climb +2, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +4, Hide +8, Knowledge (religion) +4, Listen +8, Move Silently +6, Search +6, Spot +9, Survival +1 (+3 follow tracks), Use Rope +1 (+3 bindings); Alertness[B], Dodge.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: *+1 leather,* masterwork short sword, sling with 10 stones.

Typical Cult Leader

Male or female Devrithi Dyareelan cultist, priest 5; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6+5; hp 22; Mdt 13; Init –1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 9, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +1 ranged (1d4/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d4/19–20, masterwork dagger) or +1 ranged (1d4/19–20, throwing dagger); SQ channel divine power (commanding presence, holy vitality), withdrawn; Rep +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +8; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Concentration, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Concentration +11, Diplomacy +10, Gather Information +4, Hide +1, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (religion) +11, Move Silently +1, Spellcraft +9; Combat Casting, Ritual Emphasis, Stealthy[B].

Languages: Devrithi (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +7; ritualcasting +11; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (8+2d): *bane* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *death knell* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *divine favor* (1sy, MT 20, price 1), *doom* (1st, MT 20, price 1) D, *inflict light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *sanctuary* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shatter* (2nd, MT 30, price 2) D, *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *sound burst* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

D: Domain spell. Domains: Catastrophe (limited evasion) and Disease (immune to ability damage and drain from disease).

Familiar Spells (10): *augury* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *convert light wounds* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *curse water* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *darkness* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *dispel magic* (3rd, MT 40, price 3), *endure elements* (0, MT 10, price 1), *hold person* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *owl's wisdom* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *silence* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *summon monster I* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, throwing dagger, *bracers of armor +1*, *cloak of resistance +1*.

Typical Priest

Male or female Rankan acolyte, priest 3; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6+3; hp 13; Mdt 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 10, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +1; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d6–1, masterwork light mace); Full Atk +0 melee (1d6–1, masterwork light mace); SQ acolyte trait, channel divine power (select one), literate; Rep +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Diplomacy, Knowledge (religion).

Skills and Feats: Concentration +7, Diplomacy +15, Gather Information +7, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +8, Knowledge (religion) +10, Sense Motive +10, Spellcraft +8; Negotiator[B], Ritual Emphasis, Scribe Matrix.

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Influence (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +5; ritualcasting +8; save DC 12 + spell level.

Known Spells (5+1d): *cause fear* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *convert minor wounds* (0, MT 10, 0/1), *sanctuary* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *shield of faith* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *virtue* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), plus one domain spell.

Domains: Select any two offered by the deity selected.

Familiar Spells (7): augury (2nd, MT 30, price 2 lethal), convert light wounds (1st, MT 10, price 1), detect magic (0, MT 10, price 0/1), detect poison (0, MT 10, price 0/1), read magic (0, MT 10, price 0/1), summon monster I (1st, MT 20, price 1), summon monster III (3rd, MT 40, price 3 lethal).

Possessions: Masterwork light mace, *potion of convert light wounds*, *scroll of bless*, *scroll of convert light wounds*, *amulet of natural armor +1*.



Entertainer

Though thieves walk the streets, gods do battle in the skies overhead, and intrigues make the palace as deadly as any arena, Sanctuary can still find comfort in the antics of a clown or the wonders of a traveling carnival. Entertainers include actors and their troupes, jugglers, acrobats, comedians, and even gladiators.

Acrobat/Juggler

Male or female Wriggle entertainer, expert 2; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6; hp 7; Mdt 11; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +2 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +2 melee (1d4+1/19–20, dagger) or +2 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); SQ entertainer trait, jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Perform, Tumble.

Skills and Feats: Balance +8, Bluff +5, Diplomacy +2, Disguise +0 (+2 acting), Escape Artist +6, Intimidate +2, Jump +10, Perform (any one) +7, Sleight of Hand +7, Tumble +12, Use Rope +1 (+3 bindings); Acrobatic, Skill Focus (Escape Artist, Perform, or Tumble)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: 4 daggers, costume, 1d10 pd.

Actor/Comedian/Musician

Male or female Wriggle entertainer, expert 2; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6–2; hp 5; Mdt 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d4–1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +0 melee (1d4–1/19–20, type); SQ entertainer trait, jaded; Rep +0; SV Fort –1, Ref +0, Will +4; Str 8, Dex 11, Con 9, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Bluff, Disguise.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +8 (+10 acting), Intimidate +3, Listen +5, Perform (any one) +9, Sense Motive +7, Sleight of Hand +7, Spot +5; Negotiator, Skill Focus (Perform)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S).

Contacts: Influence (1).

Possessions: Dagger, costume, 2d20 pd.

Gladiator/Pit Fighter/Boxer

Male or female Wrigglie prizefighter, warrior 2; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d8+2; hp 11; Mdt 15; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +2; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword); Full Atk +4 melee (1d6+1/19–20, short sword); Rep +0; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Perform.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +7, Perform (any one) +7; Skill Focus (Perform)[B], Weapon Focus (short sword).

Languages: Wrigglie (S).



Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Studded leather, light wooden shield, short sword.

Guards and Watch

The Watch can be just as much of a threat as the thieves and murderers. Many watchmen are on the take, accepting payoffs from crime lords and kingpins. Some guards have a personal score to settle; if they see someone they don't like, they're likely to drag the sod out into the street and beat him to death. What's worse is that the palace guards aren't much better. Every once in a while, a watchman actually wants to clean up the city. Such ambition, though laudable, tends to be short-lived, as the futility of their efforts crushes their spirits.

Corruption is part of being a guard and member of the watch. In recent times, the Sharda has taken steps to weed out the bad men from the not-so-bad and curb the violence committed by the so-called protectors of the city. The Palace guards reflect the Rankan soldiers that protected Kadakithis' Palace. In the Irrune Era, most of the protection comes from the Irrune. Those Sanctans who protect the Palace district use statistics for the Watch.

Typical Watchman

Male or female Wrigglie constable, warrior 1; CR 1/2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d8; hp 4; Mdt 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 10, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +1; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6/19–20, short sword) or +2 ranged (1d6, shortspear); Full Atk +1 melee (1d6/19–20, short sword) or +2 ranged (1d6, shortspear); SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +1; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Knowledge (local), Spot.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +9, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +2, Sense Motive +2 (+4 lies), Spot +6; Alertness[B], Weapon Focus (shortspear).

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Studded leather, light wooden shield, short sword, shortspear.

Typical Watchman Sergeant

Male or female Wrigglie constable, warrior 4; CR 1/2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d8; hp 18; Mdt 15; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +4; Grap +5; Atk +6 melee (1d8+1/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +6 ranged (1d6+1, shortspear); Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+1/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +6 ranged (1d6+1, shortspear); SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +2; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Knowledge (local), Spot.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +12, Gather Information +2, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +3, Sense Motive +2 (+4 lies), Spot +7; Alertness[B], Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (shortspear).

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Influence (1).

Possessions: Masterwork chain shirt, light steel shield, masterwork longsword, masterwork shortspear.

Typical Palace Guard

Male or female Rankan soldier, fighter 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d10+1; hp 6; Mdt 18; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +4 melee (1d8+1/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +2 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +4 melee (1d8+1/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +2 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ literate; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (nobility and royalty).

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +1, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +3, Listen +1, Sense Motive +2, Spot +1; Power Attack, Negotiator[B], Weapon Focus (longsword)[B].

Languages: Rankan (S/W).

Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Splint mail, heavy steel shield, masterwork longsword, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *potion of convert light wounds*.

Typical Palace Guard Officer

Male or female Rankan soldier, fighter 6; CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d10+12; hp 45; Mdt 23; Init +3; Spd 20 ft.; AC 21, touch 9, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +6; Grap +9; Atk +11 melee (1d8+5/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +6 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+5/19–20, masterwork longsword) or +6 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ literate; Rep +0; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +5; Str 16, Dex 8, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (nobility and royalty).

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +4, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +14, Listen +6, Sense Motive +6, Spot +4; Alertness, Cleave[B], Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Negotiator[B], Weapon Focus (longsword)[B], Weapon Specialization (longsword)[B].

Languages: Rankan (S/W).

Contacts: Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 full plate, +1 heavy steel shield,* masterwork longsword, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, *potion of convert moderate wounds*, *cloak of resistance +1*.

Hell Hounds

Where the Watch and Palace guard were both prone to corruption, the Hell Hounds were quite the opposite. They were chosen for their strength of character, their resolve, and their loyalty to the Empire, and trained in the best military academies. Sanctuary learned to give them a measure of grudging respect, born as much from fear as any appreciation for their talents at swordplay.

Though Tempus and Zalbar were the best of the Hell Hounds, the rest were certainly not to be toyed with. Use these statistics for the standard Hell Hounds: Annan, Bourne, Quag, and Razkuli.

Hell Hound

Male Rankan soldier, fighter 8, hell hound 4; CR 12; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d10+16 plus 4d12+8; hp 94; Mdt 24; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 23, touch 12, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +12; Grap +16; Atk +19 melee (1d10+7/17–20, *+1 keen bastard sword*) or +15 ranged (1d8+4/×3, *+1 composite [+3] longbow*); Full Atk +19/+17/+12 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +15/+10/+5 ranged (1d8+4/×3, *+1 composite [+3] longbow*); SA pack tactics; SQ fearsome reputation, literate, uncanny dodge, untouchable; Rep +3; SV Fort +13, Ref +6, Will +10 (+14 mind-affecting); Str 19, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (nobility and royalty).

Skills and Feats: Climb +5, Diplomacy +2, Intimidate +22, Gather Information +5, Handle Animal +6, Jump +4, Knowledge (nobility and royalty) +7, Ride +15, Speak Language (Wrigglie); Cleave, Combat Expertise[B], Dodge, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword)[B], Great Cleave[B], Greater Weapon Focus (bastard sword)[B], Improved Damage Threshold, Iron Will, Mobility, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Intimidate)[B], Weapon Focus (bastard sword)[B], Weapon Specialization (bastard sword)[B].

Languages: Rankene (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (2), Influence (1).

Possessions: *+2 breastplate, +1 heavy steel shield, +1 keen bastard sword, +1 composite (+3) longbow* with 20 arrows, 2 *potions of convert moderate wounds, ring of protection +1, cloak of resistance +1, gauntlets of Strength +2*.

The Other Hell Hounds

The Hell Hounds, impressive warriors all, are interesting cases.

Annan was the younger son of a noble who couldn't cut it as an officer. Arrogant and barely controllable, prisoners tended to die in his care. Still, he was impressed by Kadakithis and served him admirably. **Bourne**, on the other hand, was ambitious. His lover, Lirian, the prince's consort, drew him into a conspiracy against the Prince, leading to him being stripped of rank and summarily executed. The oldest Hell Hound was **Quag**. Prideful and experienced, he defined the character of the Hell Hounds. **Razkuli** was the youngest and most temperamental. Though a close friend of Zalbar, even the Hell Hound commander could not protect the youth from Tempus' rage when Shadowspawn released the Riddler from the vivisectionist.

Irrune Warrior

In the last ten years, it's been common to see hordes of barbarians wandering the streets of Sanctuary, bored and hating urban life. These men (and occasionally women) have had little luck adapting to the city. They abhor the concept of paying for anything, and so are just as bad as the other thieves that haunt the night.

Typical Irrune Warrior

Male or female Irrune adventurer, barbarian 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid; HD 1d12+4; hp 10; Mdt 15; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d12+1/×3, greataxe) or +1 ranged (1d6+1/×3, composite [+1] shortbow); Full Atk +2 melee (1d12+1/×3, greataxe) or +1 ranged (1d6+1/×3, composite [+1] shortbow); SA rage; SQ fast movement, illiteracy, saddleborn; Rep +1; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Background Skills: Jump, Survival.

Skills and Feats: Handle Animal +3, Jump +4, Ride +6, Survival +6; Power Attack, Toughness[B].

Languages: Irrune (S).

Contacts: Influence (1).

Rage (Ex): When an Irrune warrior rages, he or she uses the following statistics.

HD 1d12+6; hp 12; Mdt 19; AC 11, touch 8, flat-footed 11; Grap +4; Atk +4 melee (1d12+4/×3, greataxe); Full Atk +4 melee (1d12+4/×3, greataxe); SV Fort +5, Will +2; Str 17, Con 16,.

Skills: Jump +6 .

Possessions: Masterwork hide, greataxe, composite (+1) shortbow with 10 arrows.

Magician

Up until Kadakithis' reign in the Rankan Era, the mageguild controlled much of the city. Its members could walk unmolested wherever they wished. Previous governors granted them incredible freedoms, and through it all, they prospered. But when Kadakithis came, he refused their bribes and subjected them to the same laws as any other citizen. Worse, Tempus and Cime, both opponents of wizards, did their parts in dismantling the guild. In the end, it took the destruction of the *Nisibisi power globes* to crush them.

Use the following statistics for mages of any era.

Typical Mageguilder

male or female Ilsigi apprentice, mage 4; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d4; hp 10; Mdt 11; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +2; Grap +1; Atk +1 melee (1d6–1, quarterstaff) or +5 ranged (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +1 melee (1d6–1, quarterstaff) or +5 ranged (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ arcane defenses, skilled; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +7; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 12.

Background Skills: Knowledge (arcana), Spellcraft.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3 (+5 alchemical items), Concentration +7, Craft (alchemy) +10, Decipher Script +10, Knowledge (arcana) +15, Knowledge (local) +4, Spellcraft +12; Combat Casting, Iron Will[B], Touch the Otherworld.

Languages: Ilsigi (S/W), Wrigglie (S), Rankene (S)

Contacts: Influence (1), Skill (1).

Spells: safe level 2nd; spellcasting +8; ritualcasting +6; save DC 13 + spell level.

Known Spells (7): *disguise self* (1st, MT 20, price1), *expeditious retreat* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *hypnotism* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *mage armor* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *magic missile* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *prestidigitation* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *scorching ray* (2nd, MT 30, price 2).

Familiar Spells (8): *arcane mark* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *blur* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *circle of protection* (1st, MT 20, price 1), *detect magic* (0, MT 10, price 0/1), *protection from arrows* (2nd, MT 30, price 2), *read magic* (0, MT, price 0/1), *summon monster I* (1st, MT 20, price 1).

Possessions: Quarterstaff, masterwork dagger, *+1 ritual focus, bracers of armor +1.*

Mercenary

Though known for its thieves, Sanctuary is also notorious for its mercenaries. During the Rankan-Ilsig war, freelance soldiers congregated in this city looking for work. The Stepson billeted here, and though the Stepsons did their best to crush Jubal, the legacy of the Hawkmasks lives on.

Typical Mercenary

Male or female Northron mercenary, fighter 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d10+1; hp 6; Mdt 19; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d8+1/×3, battleaxe) or +1 ranged (1d6, shortspear); Full Atk +3 melee (1d8+1/×3, battleaxe) or +1 ranged (1d6, shortspear); SQ mercenary trait; Rep –1; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (geography).

Skills and Feats: Climb –1, Disguise +1, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (geography) +2; Improved Massive Damage, Power Attack[B], Weapon Focus (battleaxe)[B].

Languages: Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Skill (1).

Possessions: Scale mail, heavy wooden shield, battleaxe, shortspear.

Hawkmask

Male or female Wrigglie thug, thief 2, fighter 2; CR 4; Medium humanoid (human); HD 2d6+2 plus 2d10+2; hp 22; Mdt 16; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18, touch 13, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +3; Grap +5; Atk +8 melee (1d6+3/18–20, *+1 rapier*) or +7 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +8

melee (1d6+3/18–20, *+1 longsword*) or +7 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SA sneak attack +1d6, thug trait; SQ evasion, jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +0; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 8, Cha 13.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Bluff +6, Diplomacy +3, Disguise +1 (+3 acting), Intimidate +12, Gather Information +8, Hide +7, Jump +5, Knowledge (local) +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Spot +6; Alertness[B], Dodge[B], Mobility, Weapon Focus (rapier)[B], Weapon Finesse.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork chain shirt, masterwork buckler, *+1 rapier,* masterwork light crossbow, *potion of convert moderate wounds*.

Stepson

Male or female Northron mercenary, fighter 6, sacred bander 1; CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d10+12 plus 1d10+2; hp 52; Mdt 20; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 19, touch 11, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +7; Grap +9; Atk +11 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +9 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d10+5/19–20, *+1 bastard sword*) or +9/+4 ranged (1d8+1/19–20, *+1 light crossbow*); SQ courage of spirit, mercenary trait, sacred bond; Rep +0; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +5; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Ride.

Skills and Feats: Climb +6, Disguise +0, Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +2, Listen +3, Ride +14, Spot +3; Cleave, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword)[B], Great Cleave[B], Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Rapid Reload (light crossbow)[B], Weapon Focus (bastard sword)[B], Weapon Specialization (bastard sword)[B].

Languages: Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 breastplate,* heavy steel shield, *+1 bastard sword, +1 light crossbow* with 20 bolts, *cloak of resistance +1*.

Fishermen, Pirates, and Sailors

As a coastal city, Sanctuary sees its fair share of sailors, from Ilsigi merchants to Mrsevedan seamen. Sanctuary has also dealt with pirates for generations, since the natives fled to Scavenger Isle and became the Cape Pirates. Use the following statistics for any legitimate sailor who might loiter on the Wideway or cross town to sample the delights of the Streets of Red Lanterns. You can also use the pirate's statistics for sailors. If you are playing in the Rankan Era, the pirates could be kidnappers who come to the city to harvest slaves.

Typical Fisherman

Male or female Wrigglie sailor, expert 3; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6+3; hp 13; Mdt 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +2; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6, club) or +2 ranged (1d6, shortspear) or



+2 ranged (entangle, net); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6, club) or +2 ranged (1d6, shortspear) or +2 ranged (entangle, net); Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +1, Will +5; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Swim, Use Rope.

Skills and Feats: Balance +6 (+8 on a ship), Climb +6 (+8 on a ship, +8 ropes), Escape Artist +0 (+2 ropes), Listen +5, Profession (fisherman) +10, Spot +7, Swim +8, Use Rope +8; Alertness, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (net), Skill Focus (Profession: fisherman)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S/W).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Club, shortspear, net, boat.

Pirate

Male or female Wrigglie pirate, thief 1, fighter 1; CR 2; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6 plus 1d10; hp 9; Mdt 14; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 11, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork cold iron scimitar) or +3 melee (1d6+1, masterwork sap) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); Full Atk +3 melee (1d6+1/18–20, masterwork cold iron scimitar) or +3 melee (1d6+1, masterwork sap) or +3 ranged (1d8/19–20, masterwork light crossbow); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Swim.

Skills and Feats: Balance +7, Bluff +4, Climb +6 (+8 rigging), Intimidate +6, Jump +5, Listen +1, Spot +1, Swim +8, Tumble +5, Use Rope +5; Alertness[B], Dodge[B], Mobility.

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork studded leather, masterwork cold iron scimitar, masterwork sap, masterwork light crossbow with 10 bolts, large sack, 2d20 pd.

Red Lanterns Prostitute

There are prostitutes and then there are *prostitutes*. Women (and a few men) who work the Street of Red Lanterns are a cut above the common whores of the Maze or the Promise of Heaven. They are trained in the arts of love, talented in fishing out pleasure from the coldest customer. More importantly, they also know when to listen, coercing information from their clients while in the heat of passion.

Red Lantern Prostitute

Female Wrigglie prostitute, expert 4; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6; hp 14; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 11, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +3; Grap +2; Atk +3 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +3 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SQ jaded; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +7; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16.

Background Skills: Bluff, Gather Information.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +13 (+15 attracted gender), Diplomacy +17 (+19 attracted gender), Disguise +3 (+5 acting), Gather Information +15, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +9, Profession (courtesan) +12, Sense Motive +11, Spot +9; Appealing, Negotiator, Skill Focus (Profession: courtesan)[B].



Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Influence (1), Information (1).

Possessions: Fine clothing, masterwork dagger.

S'danzo Seer

Mostly, the S'danzo keep to themselves, rarely speaking to, let alone helping, *suvesh*. One place where the S'danzo cross paths with Wrigglies is through their talents of augury. Many S'danzo women are gifted with the Sight and can catch glimpses of the future, which they'll interpret for their customers. Most S'danzo that work in the Bazaar are fickle about whom they help.

S'danzo Seer

Female S'danzo seer, thief 1, S'danzo fortuneteller 2; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6 plus 2d6; hp 10; Mdt 14; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; Grap +0; Atk +1 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full Atk +1 melee (1d4–1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ godless, greater sight, heritage of deceit, mistrusted, sudden insight, trapfinding; Rep +1; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Background Skills: Sense Motive, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Bluff +12, Concentration +9, Diplomacy +12 (+10 recognized), Disguise +2 (+4 acting), Gather Information +6, Hide +2, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (local) +5, Listen +6, Move Silently +2, Search +5, Sense Motive +14, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +8; Negotiator, Sighted[B], Skill Focus (Concentration).

Languages: S'danzo (S), Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork dagger, miscellaneous instruments of divination.

Thieves

Thieves are the heart and soul of Sanctuary. Whether driven by a sense of adventure, desperation, or just plain greed, thieves break into homes, mug passers-by, and pretty much command the streets. Though thievery is nominally illegal, there are far too many criminals and too few guards to prevent the age-old habit of stealing. The following thieves represent typical roaches for 1st, 3rd, and 5th level.

Typical Roach

Male or female Wrigglie criminal, thief 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6–1; hp 2; Mdt 10; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 12, touch 11, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +0; Grap +0; Atk +0 melee (1d4/×3, punching dagger); Full Atk +0 melee (1d4/×3, punching dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6; SQ jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort –1, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 9, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +5, Gather Information +3, Hide +5, Knowledge (local) +4, Listen +5, Move Silently +5, Search +4, Sleight of Hand +10, Spot +5 (+7 notice thievery); Run, Skill Focus (Sleight of Hand)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Padded, punching dagger, 1d6 pd.

Average Roach

Male or female Wrigglie criminal, thief 3; CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 3d6; hp 10; Mdt 12; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +2; Grap +3; Atk +4 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork punching dagger) or +5 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full +4 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork punching dagger) or +5 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +1, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Diplomacy +1, Disguise –1 (+1 acting), Gather Information +7, Hide +7, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (local) +7, Listen +8, Move Silently +8, Open Lock +8, Search +7, Sleight of Hand +15, Spot +8 (+10 notice thievery), Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks); Dodge, Run, Skill Focus (Sleight of Hand)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Masterwork leather, masterwork punching dagger, 2 masterwork daggers, thieves' tools, 3d6 pd.

Superior Roach

Male or female Wrigglie criminal, thief 5; CR 5; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6; hp 10; Mdt 13; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 13, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +3; Grap +4; Atk +5 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork punching dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); Full +5 melee (1d4+1/×3, masterwork punching dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, masterwork dagger); SA sneak attack +2d6; SQ evasion, jaded, trap sense +1, trapfinding, uncanny dodge; Rep +1; SV Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Background Skills: Bluff, Sleight of Hand.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Diplomacy +1, Disguise –1 (+1 acting), Gather Information +9, Hide +11, Intimidate +1, Knowledge (local) +9, Listen +10, Move Silently +16, Open Lock +13, Search +9, Sleight of Hand +18, Spot +10 (+12 notice thievery), Survival +2 (+4 follow tracks); Dodge, Run, Skill Focus (Sleight of Hand)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S), Trade Tongue (S).

Contacts: Information (1), Skill (1).

Possessions: *+1 leather,* masterwork punching dagger, 2 masterwork daggers, *soles of silence*, masterwork thieves' tools, 3d6 pd.

Thug

Where thieves use finesse to rob their marks, thugs beat the hell out of them. Gang members, bravos, and toughs, thugs are a problem created by poverty, desperation, and resentment for the upper classes. Thugs sell their muscle to crime lords and kingpins, enjoying the opportunity to spread fear and inflict pain.

Typical Thug

Male or female Wrigglie thug, thief 1, warrior 1; CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6+1 plus 1d8+1; hp 10; Mdt 15; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 10, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +1; Grap +2; Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, masterwork club) or +1 melee (1d6+1 nonlethal, sap) or +1 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); Full Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, masterwork club) or +1 melee (1d6+1 nonlethal, sap) or +1 ranged (1d4+1/19–20, throwing dagger); SA sneak attack +1d6, thug trait; SQ jaded, trapfinding; Rep +0; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Background Skills: Intimidate, Knowledge (local).

Skills and Feats: Bluff +4, Climb +4, Gather Information +2, Hide +3, Intimidate +10, Jump +4, Knowledge (local) +6, Listen +1, Move Silently +3, Spot +1; Power Attack, Skill Focus (Intimidate)[B].

Languages: Wrigglie (S).

Contacts: Information (1).

Possessions: Studded leather, masterwork club, sap, 3 throwing daggers, 1d10 pd.





Chapter Eight: Player's Expansion

Though the information presented in Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Player's Manual* provides everything necessary to create and play a character in this setting, the Rankan Era encompassed dozens of peoples and places beyond the scope of that book. This chapter provides a GM with additional material to include in her campaigns. Some of what's included here may not be appropriate for Irrune Era characters; consider carefully before opening up this material for all eras of play.

New Cultures

The *Thieves' World Player's Manual* presents all the major cultures found in the anthologies. However, it is not an exhaustive list. Ranke conquered many lands, and took from them their soldiers and people, folding their cultures into the Rankan way of life. Furthermore, many Stepsons and other Sacred Banders came from these territories, bringing with them points of view sometimes at odds with Rankan beliefs. This section presents a few more minor cultures to supplement those found in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*.

Azehur

Far to the north, beyond the common routes of traders and adventurers lies Azehur. A bleak place of windswept hills and towering peaks, it is a civilization in decline, one shattered by treachery, infighting, and schisms. Yet it was not always so. Azehur was the birthplace of some of the greatest heroes to walk the lands including Niko and even the great Tempus and his sister Cime. Now, Azehur's day is past. Priests squabble over the ruins of their civilization while the ruling family watches from afar in the prison of their ancestral palace. Meanwhile, the people have abandoned the priests, returning to the wilds to contemplate the tenets of a new faith, the message of Amalur.

Description

The typical Azehan is of average height with a heavy build that supports a powerful musculature. Brown, black, and blonde are all common hair colorings, but the Azehan's eyes are always dark. As for fashion, these people prefer loose, comfortable clothing, and wear sandals rather than shoes. In war, male Azehans wear breastplates, dyplon shields, and great plumed helmets.

In the past, Azehur produced some of the finest warriors and godsworn in the Known World, but now, most have laid down their weapons and embraced the message of peace that is central to the cult of Amalur. In the cities, there are a greater number of priests, few of which share the same dogma as those living in the country. In fact, Azehusas, the capital, is famous for its intrigue and treachery, and most priests are also thieves and assassins.

Azehuran Cultural Traits

In addition to being human, Azehurites have the following traits depending on the era of play.

Table 8–1: Quick Cultures

Culture	Cultural Feat	Trait
Azehur	Varies	Varies
Beysib	Acrobatic, Athletic, Lightning Reflexes	Alien Physiology
Cantal Plains	Endurance, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Track	Tough as Nails
Lirter	Diligent, Negotiator, Skill Focus	Literate
Mygdonian	Any	Anonymous
Shapeshifter	Animal Affinity, Appealing*, Stealthy	Shapeshifting
Sihanese	Varies	Varies
Syrese	Animal Affinity, Appealing*, or Mounted Combat	Battle Hardened
Tysian	Athletic, Magical Affinity, Self-Sufficient	Hiller

Cultural Feats (Rankan)

Select one of the following: Fame, Mounted Combat, Weapon Focus (any melee).

Cultural Feats (Irrune)

Select one of the following: Great Piety*, Self-Sufficient, Stealthy.

*New feat, see page 226.

Divinely Favored (Rankan)

Once per day, the Azehuran may add a +5 insight bonus to a single attack roll, skill check, or saving throw. He may declare use of this ability at any time, before or after he makes the roll, but he must declare it before the GM announces the success or failure of the roll.

Message of Peace (Irrune, Rural)

The Azehurans of the wilderness have nearly all turned to Amalur as their preferred deity. Azehurans may deal nonlethal damage with any weapon they wield without a penalty to their attack roll. In addition, once per day, when making a Charisma-based skill check to avoid combat, they may add their Wisdom bonus (if any) to that check.

Treacherous (Irrune, Urban)

Amalur, while the dominant faith of the wilds, has made few inroads into the capital. Characters who originate from Azehusas and are not followers of Amalur may add their Wisdom bonus (if any) to Bluff checks. In addition, they gain a +1 bonus to Fortitude saves made to resist the effects of poison.

Languages

Azehuran. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret or ancient languages).

Beysib

Far to the southwest of Sanctuary is the volcanic island chain that spawned the Beysib people. Ilsigi legends spoke of them as the Fish-Eyed-Folk-Beyond-the-Sea. After a terrible civil war, two clans of the Beysib fled across the oceans and settled in Sanctuary. Shupansea, the Beysa, ruled jointly alongside Kadakithis for a while, but the time of the Beysib in Sanctuary was anything but stable. The city eventually degenerated into widespread anarchy that gripped it for years. The Beysib abandoned their home in exile when word reached them that the usurper responsible for their flight was dead.

Though gone close to a quarter century, traces of the Beysib remain: statues, old coins, silks, and other items. Relics still surface from time to time, but no one has seen a Beysib ship for years.

Description

A Beysib's unique physical characteristics might lead many to believe they are inhuman, or even monstrous. Their eyes are most distinctive: they have nictitating membranes that flick shut for protection against smoke, dust and grit. They tend famously toward nearsightedness, a problem even more common among the nobility—a result of inbreeding, perhaps. Beysibs are also born with webbed fingers and toes. At birth, the midwife cuts them for practical reasons, and they display their scars as a point of pride. (The webbing is thought to be a gift from their goddess.)

Beysibs are fair skinned, with large brown or green eyes. Their hair color ranges from blond to brown, with black and red showing up rarely. Female Beysibs customarily go topless, painting their breasts in intricate patterns.

Common Classes

Religion plays a large part in Beysib society. Many Beysib become priests or godsworn, especially those among the aristocracy. Lesser Beysib fulfill the same roles as in other cultures, being savants and experts, warriors and fighters.

Beysib Cultural Traits

In addition to being human, Beysib have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Acrobatic, Athletic, or Lightning Reflexes.

More Languages

Language	Culture/ Country of Origin	Written?	Alphabet
Azehuran	Azehur	Yes	Azehuran
Cantal Dialects	Cantal Plains	No	—
Mygdonian	Mygdonian Alliance	Yes	Nisi
Sihanese	Sihan	Yes	Sihanese
Syran	Syr	Yes	Syran
Tysian	Tyse	Yes	Enlib

Alien Physiology

While the Beysib people share many traits with other humans, they have several marked differences. First, all Beysib have nictitating membrane that, when closed, protect their eyes from harmful environmental hazards like smoke, irritating fumes, or harmful chemicals and poisons. Saves made by Beysibs to resist the effects of such hazards receive a +8 bonus.

All Beysibs also have webbed fingers and toes, granting a +8 ethnicity bonus on Swim checks to perform some special action or avoid a hazard. A Beysib can choose to take 10 on a Swim check even if distracted or endangered, and he can use the run action while swimming, provided he swims in a straight line.

Beysibs gain a +4 ethnicity bonus to saving throws against poison. All noble-born Beysibs have an innate tolerance to poison, allowing them to hold the venom of the beynit (as the chosen of Bey prestige class described on page 229). As an option, characters born from a noble lineage may choose at character generation to be immune to all poisons, but take a -1 ethnicity penalty to Search checks and a -3 ethnicity penalty to Spot checks.

Languages

Beysib. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret or ancient languages).

Cantal Plains Barbarians

The founders of the Rankan Empire claim descent from the red-haired barbarians of the Cantal Plains, and there are still many people who remain there, rejecting the decadence and corruption of the larger cities. These other tribes followed their own paths, either adopting a nomadic culture as the Irrune did or settling in semi-permanent dwellings on the Plains or in the foothills of the Gunderpah. Though there are probably dozens of smaller tribes, all who are not Irrune fall under this umbrella.

Description

The peoples of the Cantal Plains have fair skin and light hair. They tend to be large, with big bone structures and broad features. They wear mainly hides, but also make use of chain armor and shields.

Common Classes

Cantal Plains characters are generally barbarians, but some become fighters, rangers, or even priests.



Cantal Plains Cultural Traits

In addition to being human, Cantal Plains barbarians have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Endurance, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (bastard sword), Track.

Boasters

Cantal Plains barbarians are quite good at telling and embellishing stories. They gain a +2 ethnicity bonus to Perform (storytelling) checks.

Tough as Nails

Cantal Plains characters are hardened and dangerous. They gain a +2 ethnicity bonus to their Massive Damage Threshold.

Languages

Cantal Plains Dialect. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret or ancient languages).

Lirter

Before their civilization was nearly destroyed, Lirters were famed for the reasonableness and friendliness. There place in the Empire was to facilitate trade and transport goods from the heartland of the nation to the eastern fringes. However, with their destruction, there are few Lirters left. And those who've survived are hardened and jaded, their spirits nearly broken from the tragedy they've seen.

Physical Description

Lirters look like normal folks. They have the full range of hair and eye coloring and come in all shapes and sizes. They adopted Rankan fashions, but given their climate, they have to be a bit more practical. Thus most Lirters favor long coats, a trend adopted by the scholars in crimson.

Common Classes

An intellectual and craft oriented society, most Lirters are savants, though they produce a scant few mages and a few more priests. They are not warriors, as evidenced by their history, though player characters are not so restricted.

Lirter Ethnic Traits

In addition to the standard human traits, Lirters have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Diligent, Negotiator, Skill Focus

Literate

Lirters are automatically literate in their native language.

Languages

Rankene. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret languages).

Mygdonian

The Mygdonian Alliance was one of the most powerful forces in the north. Forged from a collection of independent city-states and petty kingdoms, they were held together by a warlord named Lucan Ajami. Among his allies, he gained the help of the infamous Nisibisi witches, who bound demons and worse to buttress his armies against the encroaching Rankan Empire.

Not all agreed with Ajami or welcomed the Nisibisi aid. Many of the people sided with Ranke, helping the legions navigate the treacherous Wizardwall Mountains to ambush their kinsmen. In the end, Ranke did destroy the Nisibisi, ending the war, but the Mygdonian Alliance would enter its death throes when they were destroyed by the Black-toothed barbarians that tumbled out of the north.

Description

As a diverse people, Mygdonians can be tall or short, with heavy builds or light frames. Hair coloring ranges from fair to dark, with the same ranges of coloration in skin tones. With this culture, any combination is possible.

Common Classes

Mygdonians have no cultural predilections towards one class over any other class.

Mydonian Cultural Traits

In addition to being human, Mygdonians have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select any one feat.

Anonymous

Mygdonians are easily forgettable lacking many of the stereotypical held by other cultures. As a result, they reduce their reputation by –1. In addition, they gain a +2 ethnicity bonus to Disguise checks.

Languages

Mygdonian. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret or ancient languages).

Shapeshifter

Far off the western edge of any map lives a people unlike any other in the Known World. Only a scant few sailors have ever ventured so far, and those that have bring back tales of great verdant forests, impossibly tall mountains, rolling plains, and terrible monsters. But none are more popular or fantastic than those of the shapeshifters. These travelers claim some people can assume the form of man or beast. Wolf-men, cat-people, and more walk side-by-side with



ordinary humans. Most dismiss such stories as tall tales, but those who know of the shapeshifters swear that they exist.

Physical Description

If the legends are true, shapeshifters have dark skin that ranges in tone from deep brown all the way to ebony. They wear their black or brown hair long, framing their pleasant features and striking eyes. They are well formed and graceful, favoring loose and comfortable clothing for the ease it offers in assuming their varied forms.

Common Classes

Shapeshifters are a magical people, and so they tend towards the witch or initiate classes. However, they are just as likely to follow the path of the warrior or skulk, becoming barbarians, fighters, or thieves.

Shapeshifter Traits

In addition to being human, Shapeshifters have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Animal Affinity, Appealing*, or Stealthy.

*New feat, see page 225.

Shapeshifting

All shapeshifters gain the shapechanger subtype.

When first created, the shapeshifter selects one of the following forms. (Other options may be available in addition to those listed below, as determined by your GM). The form selected grants benefits, as detailed on the chart:

Shapeshifting

Form	Creature	Ability Mod.	Special
Bird	Owl	+2 Wis	+4 ethnicity bonus to Listen and Move Silently checks
Cat	Cat	+2 Cha	+2 ethnicity bonus to Climb, Hide, Jump, and Move Silently checks
Dog	Dog	+2 Con	Scent ability
Snake	Small viper	+2 Dex	Poisonous bite (1d6 Con, initial and secondary; DC 10 + ½ shapeshifter's Hit Dice + shapeshifter's Con modifier)

A shapeshifter may transform into the selected form (using the statistics of the listed creature) and back again a number of times each day equal to the shapeshifter's Charisma bonus. This ability functions exactly as the druid's wild shape ability, except that she may only transform into the selected creature.

In exchange for these extra benefits, Shapeshifters have a +1 level adjustment. Thus, a 1st-level shapeshifter savant is the equivalent of a 2nd-level Rankan savant.

Languages

Native tongue. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret languages).

Sihanese

Sihan is Ranke's easternmost province. Known for its success at agriculture, exporting vast quantities of barley and rye, and also its silk, Sihan literally served as the Empire's breadbasket. This all changed with the Black-tooth barbarians. When they sacked Lirt, Lord Serripines, an influential noble and prominent citizen, led what people he could to safety, eventually settling near Sanctuary. Plundered by its own, Sihan has since fallen on hard times, beset by raiders, both barbarians from the horde and the Banmalts of the Cold Lands to the east, they are working to restore themselves to their past strength.

Of important note, Sihan is also a place of cultural contrasts. In the city, the people are as cultivated as anywhere in the Empire. But outside, amidst the estates and forests of the nearby mountains, they tend toward willful ignorance. Regardless, though, all Sihanese are culturally and religiously conservative.

Description

Sihanese have light skin and brown to brown-black hair. They have hazel eyes, though green, brown, and blue are also found. They are built like Rankans, being tall and somewhat rangy, but with plain and unremarkable features.

Common Classes

Sihanese are like Rankans, producing the same types of classes, including and especially nobles, fighters, and none-too-few thieves. Among the rural communities, there are peasants and priests, and not much in between. It's important to note that these simple people are the keepers of the old ways, customs that predate Ranke.

Cultural Traits

In addition to being human, Sihanese have the following traits.

Sihanese Cultural Feats (Rural)

Select one of the following: Animal Affinity, Self-Sufficient, or Stealthy.

Sihanese Cultural Feats (Urban)

Select one of the following: Negotiator, Persuasive, or Skill Focus.

Yokel (Rural)

The rural Sihanese are famed for Shemhaza stories (a town famed for foolishness and idiocy), making them the butt of jokes throughout the Rankan Empire and Known World. As such, there's a tendency to underestimate these characters. The DC for Sense Motive checks to ascertain a hunch increases to 30. In addition, these characters gain a +2 ethnicity bonus to Bluff checks.

Literate (Urban)

Sihanese are automatically literate in Rankene.

Languages

Sihanese. Bonus Languages: Any (except secret or ancient languages).

Syrese

Another distant land of legend, Syr is known for their powerful Trôs warhorses and for producing some of the finest warriors in the Known World, rivaling even those of Azehur at its peak. Unlike its western neighbor, Syr was never a cohesive state, being more than a collection of castles and roving warbands. Plagued with constant infighting and endless battles, Syr offered little defense against the Black-tooth horde as they swept through the lands, killing and burning as they went.

Physical Description

The Syrese are on the edge between barbarism and civilization. On the one hand, the people live in constant fear, depending on violent warlords to defend them against the depredation of the ravaging bands, but on the other hand, they are skilled breeders and have shown some skill at erecting defensible fortresses and castles. Those in power, the warlords and their bonded warriors are muscular, good-looking, and tall. Their women are equally beautiful, though they live tragic lives, being considered no better than chattel. The rest are a broken mass of unwashed peasants, practically slaves.

Common Classes

Characters from Syr are almost universally of the warrior caste, being barbarians, fighters, or occasionally godsworn or rangers. Mages serve as advisors, but there are no formal schools. Witches here are more akin to druids, interpreting the stars and weaving mysticism with magic. A bellicose people, there are few Syrese thieves or assassins.

Syrese Culture Traits

In addition to being human, Syrese have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Animal Affinity, Appealing*, or Mounted Combat.

*New feat, see page 225.

Battle Hardened

Syrese are accustomed to warfare. As such, they gain a +1 ethnicity bonus to initiative checks and +1 hit point.

Languages

Syran. Bonus Languages: Caronnese, Cirdonian, Ilsigi, Nisi, Rankene, Trade Tongue, Twandan.

Tysian

Tyse was a minor city-state on the foothills of the Wizardwall Mountains. Though never officially a vassal of the Rankan empire, it long paid tribute to retain its independence. Tyse eventually served Ranke in the brutal war against the Mygdonian Alliance, serving as a staging ground for Rankan forces and their mercenaries to make sorties into the mountains against the Nisibisi witches and their hellish minions. Before the end of the war, Tyse exhausted itself

and became the target of destabilizing attacks, mostly by Nisibisi hands, and madness and sickness engulfed the city. Though the source of the attacks is long gone, they left a mark on the people living there.

Physical Description

As a people, Tysians are often tall and wiry. Brown hair and eyes are the most common. Culturally, they are close to Cirdonians, but seem to have inherited some of the Rankan customs. In the modern day, people from this city are somber, tending towards melancholy, for the wars and the horrors in their wake have very nearly destroyed them.

Common Classes

Tyse produces the full spectrum of characters, from priests to assassins, though rangers and fighters are the most common.

Tysian Culture Traits

In addition to being human, Tysians have the following traits.

Cultural Feats

Select one of the following: Athletic, Magical Affinity, or Self-Sufficient.

Hiller

Tysians are accustomed to living and working in the hills and in higher altitudes. When moving on a road or trail through hill terrain their speed is ×1, and when moving through trackless hills, their speed is ×3/4 of normal. In addition, Tysians gain a +4 bonus to Fortitude saves made to resist altitude sickness.

Languages

Tysian. Bonus Languages: Ilsigi, Nisi, Rankene, Trade Tongue.

New Backgrounds

The following backgrounds can be used in addition to those presented in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*. To generate backgrounds randomly, use **Table 8–2: Expanded Backgrounds**.

Con Artist

Sanctuary is home to many frauds, charlatans, and grifters. While not too different from an ordinary thief, you rely on your wit and charm to get others to give you their money and equipment freely.

Age Modifier: +0.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Bluff, Diplomacy, Disguise, Gather Information, Intimidate, or Sense Motive.

Con Artist Trait

Con artists are slick negotiators. When try to sell something, you may make a Bluff check opposed by the target's Sense Motive check. If you succeed, you can resell the item for 75% of its normal price, rather than half. If the item is new, you can get 125% of its listed price for it.

Cursed

Curses are a part of life in *Thieves' World*. Sometimes, it seems as though the fear of being cursed is the only bulwark against the complete and total breakdown of civilization—when faced with a crippling curse, one tends to rethink his tactics. You, like many others, suffer from a curse for something you did or did not do. You've lived with it for so long, it seems just another part of you.

Age Modifier: +0.

Bonus Skills

Select any two skills.

Cursed Trait

Select any one least curse. This curse is permanent and may not be lifted. However, you have adapted to it. If you selected a physical curse or a loss or gain of weight, you receive a +4 insight bonus to Will saves against future curses. If you selected a skill penalty, you gain a +2 insight bonus to any one skill. If you selected a –1 penalty to a saving throw, you gain +2 hit points. For more information on curses, see Green Ronin's *Thieves' World Player's Manual*.

Fugitive

You're on the run, accused of a crime, whether you did the deed or not. Powerful forces are arrayed against you. You've come to Sanctuary to hide, but it's just a matter of time before your enemies catch up with you.

Age Modifier: +0.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Disguise, Knowledge (geography), Listen, Sense Motive, Spot, or Survival.

Fugitive Trait

You have a knack for sensing dangerous situations. You gain a +2 bonus to initiative checks and a +1 bonus to Listen and Spot skill checks. However, you have powerful enemies. Work with your GM to determine the nature of the threat and the circumstances behind your flight.

Mercenary

You're a sellsword. It never mattered whom you served; good or bad don't make a difference so long as the soldats flow. You go where there's a need for muscle, and Sanctuary is as good as anyplace else.

Age Modifier: +1.

Table 8–2: Expanded Backgrounds

Roll	Background	Two Skills
01	Academic	Concentration, Decipher Script, Heal, Knowledge (arcana), Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (history), or Knowledge (nature)
02–03	Acolyte	Concentration, Diplomacy, Heal, Knowledge (history), Knowledge (religion), Perform, Speak Language, or Spellcraft
04–08	Adventurer	Climb, Jump, Knowledge (dungeoneering), Knowledge (geography), Search, Survival, Swim, or Use Rope
09	Apprentice	Concentration, Craft (alchemy), Knowledge (arcana), Speak Language, Spellcraft, or Use Magical Device
10	Aristocrat	Diplomacy, Knowledge (history), Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Perform, Ride, Sense Motive, or Speak Language
11–13	Bandit	Appraise, Handle Animal, Hide, Intimidate, Move Silently, Ride, Spot, or Survival
14–18	Beggar	Bluff, Disguise, Escape Artist, Hide, Knowledge (local), Move Silently, Spot, or Survival
19–20	Bureaucrat	Bluff, Diplomacy, Gather Information, Knowledge (history), Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Sense Motive, or Speak Language
21–22	Con Artist	Bluff, Diplomacy, Disguise, Gather Information, Intimidate, or Sense Motive
23	Constable	Gather Information, Intimidate, Knowledge (local), Profession, Ride, Search, Sense Motive, or Spot
24–25	Courtier	Bluff, Diplomacy, Disguise, Gather Information, Knowledge (history), Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Perform, or Sense Motive
26–34	Craftsman	Appraise, Concentration, Craft (any one), Diplomacy, Disable Device, Knowledge (architecture and engineering), Profession (any one), or Use Rope
35–44	Criminal	Appraise, Bluff, Disable Device, Forgery, Gather Information, Intimidate, Open Lock, or Sleight of Hand
45	Cursed	Any two.
46	D. Cultist	Bluff, Concentration, Disguise, Hide, Intimidate, or Knowledge (religion)
47–49	Entertainer	Bluff, Climb, Disguise, Escape Artist, Jump, Perform, Sleight of Hand, or Tumble
50–55	Farmer	Handle Animal, Knowledge (local), Knowledge (nature), Listen, Profession (farmer), Survival, Swim, Use Rope
56	Fugitive	Disguise, Knowledge (geography), Listen, Sense Motive, Spot, or Survival
57–58	Healer	Concentration, Craft (alchemy), Craft (herbalism), Diplomacy, Heal, Knowledge (nature), Sense Motive, or Survival
59–61	Herder	Handle Animal, Heal, Knowledge (nature), Listen, Ride, Spot, Survival, or Use Rope
62–63	Hunter	Climb, Handle Animal, Hide, Knowledge (nature), Listen, Move Silently, Spot, or Survival
64–68	Laborer	Climb, Craft (any one), Handle Animal, Jump, Knowledge (architecture and engineering), Profession (laborer), or Use Rope
69–70	Mercenary	Intimidate, Knowledge (geography), Ride, Sense Motive
71–73	Merchant	Appraise, Bluff, Craft (any one), Diplomacy, Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (local), Profession (merchant), or Sense Motive
74	Nomad	Handle Animal, Hide, Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (nature), Move Silently, Ride, Spot, or Survival
75–80	Peasant	Climb, Craft (any one), Handle Animal, Profession (any one), or Use Rope
81	Pirate	Balance, Climb, Intimidate, Jump, Spot, Swim, or Use Rope
82	Prizefighter	Balance, Bluff, Intimidate, Jump, Perform, Ride, Spot, or Tumble
83–84	Prostitute	Bluff, Diplomacy, Disguise, Gather Information, Knowledge (local), Perform, Sense Motive, or Sleight of Hand
85–86	Sailor	Balance, Climb, Jump, Knowledge (geography), Spot, Survival, Swim, or Use Rope
87	Seer	Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Sense Motive, or Sleight of Hand
88–91	Slave	Bluff, Climb, Craft (any one), Escape Artist, Handle Animal, Knowledge (local), Perform, or Profession (any one)
92	Smuggler	Disguise, Intimidate, Handle Animal, Hide, Knowledge (local), Move Silently, Profession (sailor).
93–95	Soldier	Climb, Handle Animal, Intimidate, Jump, Knowledge (history), Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Ride, or Survival
96	Terrorist	Bluff, Disguise, Escape Artist, Hide, Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Listen, Move Silently, Spot, or Survival
97–98	Thug	Climb, Intimidate, Jump, or Knowledge (local)
99	Tomb Robber	Climb, Escape Artist, Jump, Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (history), Swim, or Use Rope.
100	Witch Doctor	Craft (herbalism), Heal, Knowledge (nature), or Survival.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Intimidate, Knowledge (geography), Ride, or Sense Motive.

Mercenary Trait

You've grown accustomed to the rigors of mercenary life. You gain a +2 bonus to the following checks and saves: Constitution checks made to continue running, Constitution checks to avoid nonlethal damage from a forced march, Constitution checks made to avoid nonlethal damage from starvation or thirst, and Fortitude saves made to avoid nonlethal damage from hot or cold environments.

Peasant

Most people in *Thieves' World* come from humble beginnings: tending their fields, selling meager wares, or simply just getting by. What separates you from a commoner is that you work or worked for a lord (in some cases, as little better than a slave), giving a portion of your labor to the master of the land. Peasants are more common in the countryside than within Sanctuary itself.

Age Modifier: –1.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Climb, Craft (any one), Handle Animal, Profession (any one), or Use Rope.

Peasant Trait

You have had a hard life, being affected firsthand by war, famine, and plague. As a result, you are slightly tougher than ordinary folk, but also unrecognized by the masses. You gain a +1 bonus to Fortitude saves and the Low-Profile feat as a bonus feat.

Pirate

Having embraced the life of a reckless swashbuckler, you make a living preying on passing ships and stealing their cargo. You may hail from Scavenger Isle or from some other pirate cove.

Age Modifier: +0.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Balance, Climb, Intimidate, Jump, Spot, Swim, or Use Rope.

Pirate Trait

Pirates are accustomed to a life at sea. You gain a +2 competence bonus to all Balance checks and a +2 competence bonus to Climb checks made to climb rigging.

Seer

You were trained to read people's futures through cards, dice, the lay of their tealeaves, or even the landscape of your subject's palms. Though you may not have an actual talent for prophecy, you are good at creating the perception that you do.

Age Modifier: +0.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Bluff, Diplomacy, Intimidate, Sense Motive, Sleight of Hand.

Seer Trait

You gain a +1 bonus to Bluff and Sense Motive checks. If you can cast spells, you cast divination spells at +1 caster level.

Smuggler

You made a living smuggling contraband into cities. It could have been drugs, slaves, or tainted objects, it really didn't matter so long as you were paid.

Age Modifier: +1.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Disguise, Intimidate, Handle Animal, Hide, Knowledge (local), Move Silently, or Profession (sailor).

Smuggler Trait

As a smuggler, you rely on creative techniques to move your merchandise. You gain a +1 bonus to Disguise checks and a +2 bonus to Bluff checks made to create a diversion to Hide.

Terrorist

You see yourself as a freedom fighter, a champion of the people. And though you commit yourself to the cause of freedom (or some other value important to your people), you perform terrible acts in the belief that the ends will justify your means.

Age Modifier: –2.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Bluff, Disguise, Escape Artist, Hide, Knowledge (nobility and royalty), Listen, Move Silently, Spot, or Survival.

Terrorist Trait

You are incredibly talented at riling up the mob in the name of a cause. You gain a +1 bonus to Bluff checks. In addition, if you have the Leadership feat, you gain a +2 bonus to your leadership score.

Thug

You are a tough, a minor hood, or bravo. Other thieves and criminals use you for your muscle, not your smarts. Thanks to your size and strength, others fear you, giving you a wide berth.

Age Modifier: –1.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Climb, Intimidate, Jump, or Knowledge (local).

Thug Trait

You may use Intimidate to demoralize foes as a move action instead of a standard action.

Tomb Robber

Part adventurer, part explorer, and all thief, tomb robbers make their livings by plundering the ruins of ancient civilizations. And though you'll rob any site, tombs typically hold the best treasures. Sanctuary, as a place where people go to lay low, is an excellent place for people like you to hide out between jobs.

Age Modifier: +1.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Climb, Escape Artist, Jump, Knowledge (geography), Knowledge (history), Swim, or Use Rope.

Tomb Robber Trait

You know a slew of interesting tidbits about ancient cultures and places. You gain a +2 bonus to Knowledge (geography) and Knowledge (history) checks. You may use these skills untrained.

Witch Doctor

You come from a society with primitive religious beliefs. Blending herbal remedies with sorcery, you are part advisor, medicine man, shaman, and warlock.

Age Modifier: +4.

Bonus Skills

Select two from the following: Heal, Knowledge (nature), Profession (herbalist), Survival.

Witch Doctor Trait

Your connection to the spirit world allows you to see and sense things others do not. You may select the Sighted feat even if you are not S'danzo or Nisibisi. In addition, you gain a +1 bonus to Listen and Spot checks.

New Feats

In addition to the feats presented in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual*, many of the characters in this book make use of the following special feats. Logomancy feats are a new category of feats that enable characters to make use of Ur-words, as Heliz Yunz and his wicked great-grandmother did. For more information on Ur-words, see page 242 in this chapter.

Appealing [General]

You are attractive and appealing.

Benefit: You gain a +2 bonus to Bluff and Gather Information skill checks and a +3 bonus to Charisma checks made to influence others.

Complex Ur-word Proficiency [Logomancy]

You may learn complex words and phrases of power.

Prerequisite: Int 17, Knowledge (arcana) 13 ranks, Moderate Ur-Word Proficiency.

Benefit: You may use Knowledge (arcana) to learn complex Ur-words. You may learn a number of simple Ur-words equal to three times your Intelligence modifier, moderate Ur-words equal to twice your Intelligence modifier and complex Ur-words equal to your Intelligence modifier.

Diminish Ur-Word [Logomancy]

You reduce the power and effects of an Ur-word you speak.

Benefit: You may reduce your "caster" level to reduce the intensity of an Ur-word effect. For example, a 15th-level character that creates a *fireball* effect could reduce his caster level to 5th to reduce the damage from 10d6 to 5d6. In addition, you can reduce the area or range of an effect. Thus, a character could reduce the 20-foot-radius spread to a 10-foot-radius spread.

Normal: Ordinarily, you cannot change your caster level when speaking an Ur-word.

Distinctive [General]

You stand out in a crowd.

Prerequisite: Cha 15.

Benefit: You gain a +2 bonus to your leadership score (if you have the Leadership feat) and gain a +2 bonus to Diplomacy and Intimidate checks.

Empower Ur-Word [Logomancy]

Your Ur-words have greater effects.

Benefit: As the Empower Spell feat, but an empowered Ur-word increases the Concentration DC by +15.

Enlarge Ur-Word [Logomancy]

You can increase the area affected by an Ur-word.

Benefit: As the Enlarge Spell feat, but an enlarged Ur-word increases the Concentration DC by +10.

Extend Ur-Word [Logomancy]

You can lengthen the duration of an Ur-word's effect.

Benefit: As the Extend Spell feat, but an extended Ur-word increases the Concentration DC by +5.

Favored by a God [General]

Choose one deity. That god sees you as its chosen vessel.

Prerequisites: You must be under the effect of a curse and have your GMs permission.

Benefit: So long as you remain in the good graces of your selected deity, you gain a +1 luck bonus to all saving throws. In addition, once per day per point of your Charisma bonus (if any), you may reroll any attack roll, save, skill check, or ability check and take the better of the two results.

Great Piety [General]

You are devout in your service to the gods.

Prerequisites: Wis 13.

Benefit: You gain a +2 bonus to Knowledge (religion) checks and a +1 bonus to Will saves.

Greater Shape [General]

You can assume a more powerful form.

Prerequisite: Shapeshifter culture.

Benefit: Your shapeshifting ability improves. You may change shapes at will. In addition, you may assume a larger version of the base type as follows:

Greater Shape

Form	Creature
Bird	Giant owl
Cat	Leopard
Dog	Riding dog
Snake	Medium viper

Immortal (Ageless) [General]

You no longer age as other mortals do.

Prerequisite: Favored by a God, Immortal (Long-Life).

Benefit: You cease aging. You cannot be affected by spells or effects that modify or change a target's age.

Immortal (Long-Life) [General]

You cannot die from old age.

Prerequisite: Favored by a God.

Benefit: You have no maximum age limit. You still age physically, taking the appropriate penalties and gaining the listed bonuses as your age category increases.

Maximize Ur-Word [Logomancy]

You can speak Ur-words to maximum effect.

Benefit: As the Maximize Spell feat, but a maximized Ur-word increases the Concentration DC by +20.

Moderate Ur-word Proficiency [Logomancy]

You may learn moderate words and phrases of power.

Prerequisite: Int 15, Knowledge (arcana) 9 ranks, Simple Ur-Word Proficiency.

Benefit: You may use Knowledge (arcana) to learn moderate Ur-words. You may learn a number of simple Ur-words equal to twice your Intelligence modifier and moderate Ur-words equal to your Intelligence modifier.

Simple Ur-Word Proficiency [Logomancy]

You may learn simple words and phrases of power.

Prerequisite: Int 13, Knowledge (arcana) 5 ranks.

Benefit: You may use Decipher Script to identify Ur-Words in a written text. You may use Knowledge (arcana) to learn simple Ur-words. You may learn a number of Ur-words equal to your Intelligence modifier.

Truth Ear [General]

You have a knack for picking out the lies people tell.

Prerequisite: Wis 13, Constable background with Sense Motive as background bonus skill.

Benefit: After listening to someone speak for a short period (between five minutes and half an hour), you may make a Sense Motive check to determine whether the character has been completely truthful. Your Sense Motive check is opposed by the speaker's Bluff skill or Will save, whichever is greater. Both checks are made secretly, with only the GM aware of who wins the roll.

If you succeed, you know whether everything the speaker has said in the observed conversation is true, or whether there has been some attempt to mislead. You won't know which statements are true and which are false, only that at least one element was a lie.

Additionally, you yourself are a bad liar. Any time you lie, anyone listening can make a Sense Motive check, opposed by your Bluff check at –4, to know that you have just lied. As a result, most characters with this feat say little.

Special: For the purposes of this feat, a lie is a specific statement that the speaker knows to be untrue. Misleading but not technically untrue statements, assertions that the speaker believes that turn out to be false, and deliberate omission of a topic do not qualify as lies.

Truthspeaker [General]

You know a lie when you hear it.

Prerequisite: Wis 15, Truth Ear.

Benefit: Any time any character lies to you, the GM secretly makes a Sense Motive check on your behalf, opposed by the liar's Bluff check or Will save, whichever is greater. If your Sense Motive check is higher, you are aware that this specific statement is a lie.

Special: For the purposes of this feat, a lie is a specific statement that the speaker knows to be untrue. Misleading but not technically untrue statements, assertions that the speaker believes that turn out to be false, and deliberate omission of a topic do not qualify as lies.

Ur-Word Emphasis [Logomancy]

You achieve mastery of a particular Ur-Word.

Prerequisite: Int 17, Moderate Ur-Word Proficiency.

Benefit: Select one Ur-word you know. The save DC increases by +2.

Special: You may select this feat multiple times. Its effects do not stack. Each time you select this feat, choose another Ur-word.

Very Complex Ur-word Proficiency [Logomancy]

You may learn very complex words and phrases of power.

Prerequisite: Int 19, Knowledge (arcana) 17 ranks, Complex Ur-Word Proficiency.

Benefit: You may use Knowledge (arcana) to learn very complex Ur-words. You may learn a number of simple and moderate Ur-words up to three times your Intelligence modifier, complex Ur-words equal to twice your Intelligence modifier and very complex Ur-words equal to your Intelligence modifier.

Widen Ur-Word [Logomancy]

You can increase the area of your Ur-word's effect.

Benefit: As the Widen Spell feat, but a widened Ur-word increases the Concentration DC by +15.

Prestige Classes

Since it is such a mxiing bowl of cultures and peoples, it stands to reason that the city of Sanctuary would play host to some prestige classes that are uncommon outside of or near its walls. These prestige classes are not exclusive to Sanctuary, but if one is going to encounter a member of one of these classes outside of its land of origin, one will most likely do so here.

Bandaran Adept

The Bandaran Islands have always been quite isolated, their distance from the continent insulating them from the outside world. They are about a month's sail from Sanctuary, and most routes to them have long been lost. Ships from Mrseveda, Caronne, and occasionally Ilsig make the journey only rarely. What would otherwise be simply a beautiful retreat — a place of majestic mountains, cool breezes, and simple people — is also home to the some of the greatest mystics in the world.

Scattered about the various islets are isolated sanctuaries where individuals can go to reflect on the world and universe, and pursue philosophy and the arts. These mystics live in quiet isolation, content to meditate on the nature of the cosmos. Though few masters share exactly the same perspectives, nearly all embrace the general concept of *maat*—the ultimate expression of an ordered mind.

Finding a master is difficult; masters train one pupil at a time, and the relationship is usually for life. But fate sometimes interferes, and pupils leave their masters to strike out on their own. When an Adept breaks his relationship with his master, it is only because something pressing, dangerous, or intensely personal draws them back into society — and, even then, they are considered dropouts and failures.

Bandaran adepts have studied mysticism and philosophy and renowned for their martial arts and weapon use. (In fact, the shuriken originates from the Bandaran throwing star.) Still, Bandaran adepts are extremely rare. Throughout the anthologies, only one character returned from successful study on the islands, though Arton and Gyskouras (the stormchildren) were sent there.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Bandaran adept, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Skills: Concentration 6 ranks.
Feats: Improved Unarmed Strike, Skill Focus (Concentration).
Special: Must journey to the Bandaran Islands and find a master who is willing to take on a pupil. Then, the character must spend at least one year in training and contemplation.



Class Skills

The Bandaran adept's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Concentration (Con), Heal (Wis), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Survival (Wis), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Bandaran adept prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Bandaran adepts are proficient with all simple weapons, nunchaku, sai, and shuriken. They gain no proficiency with armor or shields.

Maat (Ex)

Maat is the foundation of the Bandaran adept's beliefs. It is the ultimate expression of the ordered mind, the epitome of truth, law, and spiritual balance. It is comprehension of the fundamental order of the universe, and it can be gained only through long reflection and self-discovery under the guided teachings of a master. At 1st level, the Bandaran adept has attained the first step of a deeper understanding of the mysteries of *maat*, resulting in a +2 bonus to saving throws against spells and effects from the enchantment school of magic.

In addition, the Bandaran adept gains a *maat* reservoir from which he can draw to augment his abilities. The pool equals his class level plus his Wisdom modifier (minimum 1). Spent *maat* returns at a rate of 1 point per day. If his *maat* is reduced to 0, he is fatigued for 1 hour.

Preternatural Defense (Ex)

The Bandaran adept's awareness extends outward, allowing him to anticipate attacks before they come. Starting at 2nd level, the adept adds his Wisdom bonus (if any) as a bonus to his AC and to his initiative checks. The Bandaran adept may expend 1 point of his *maat* as a swift action to double these bonuses for 1 minute. The Bandaran adept only gains this bonus if he wears light or no armor.

See Magical Residue (Sp)

Chaos, the antithesis of *maat*, is made manifest in the real world through magic, especially in witchcraft. Bandaran adepts learn to sense the roiling residue of magic, perceiving it as a vile stain on the fabric of the ordered world. By expending 1 point of *maat* as a swift action, he may cast *detect magic* as a caster whose level equals his class level.

Uncanny Dodge (Ex)

Starting at 4th level, a Bandaran adept can react to danger before his senses would normally allow him to do so. He retains his Dexterity bonus to AC (if any) even if caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. However, he still loses her Dexterity bonus to AC if immobilized.

If a Bandaran adept already has uncanny dodge from a different class, he automatically gains improved uncanny dodge (see below) instead.

AC Bonus (Ex)

Starting at 5th level, the Bandaran adept gains a +1 bonus to AC. This bonus increases by 1 at 10th level. This bonus to AC applies even against touch attacks or when the adept is flat-footed. He loses these bonuses when he is immobilized or helpless, when he wears medium or heavy armor, or when he carries a medium or heavy load.

Resist Toxin (Ex)

Starting at 5th level, the Bandaran adept gains a +2 bonus to saving throws against poison. By expending 1 point of *maat*, he may automatically neutralize a poison in his system, though any damage already taken as a result of the poison remains.

Mind over Body (Ex)

At 7th level, the Bandaran adept can reach into his calm center to recover from magical effects that disrupt his mind and body. By expending 1 point of *maat* as a standard action, he may automatically negate one of the following conditions: confused, stunned, sleep, or *slow*.

Table 8–4: The Bandaran Adept

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special	Bonus
1st	+0	+2	+2	+2	+0	*Maat*	+0
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+3	+0	Preternatural defense	+0
3rd	+2	+3	+3	+3	+1	*See magical residue*	+0
4th	+3	+4	+4	+4	+1	Uncanny dodge	+0
5th	+3	+4	+4	+4	+1	Resist toxin	+1
6th	+4	+5	+5	+5	+1	—	+1
7th	+5	+5	+5	+5	+2	Mind over body	+1
8th	+6	+6	+6	+6	+2	Improved uncanny dodge	+1
9th	+6	+6	+6	+6	+3	Slippery mind	+1
10th	+7	+7	+7	+7	+3	Healing trance	+2

Improved Uncanny Dodge (Ex)

At 8th level, the Bandaran adept can no longer be flanked. This defense denies other characters the ability to sneak attack the adept by flanking unless the attacker has at least four more levels in the class that offers sneak attack than this character has levels in Bandaran adept.

If a character already has uncanny dodge (see above) from a second class, the character automatically gains improved uncanny dodge instead. Levels from classes that grant uncanny dodge stack when determining the minimum level required to flank the character.

Slippery Mind (Ex)

Starting at 9th level, the Bandaran adept can wriggle free from magical effects that would otherwise control or compel him. If the adept is affected by an enchantment spell or effect and fails his saving throw, he can attempt it again 1 round later at the same DC. An adept gets only this one extra chance to succeed on the saving throw.

Healing Trance (Su)

By 10th level, the Bandaran adept has attained true mastery of the body, mind, and spirit. By expending 2 *maat* as a full-round action, he may enter a special trance. The trance lasts for 4 hours; during that time, he is considered asleep (as if affected by a *sleep* spell). If awakened before these 4 hours have passed, he derives no benefit from the expenditure of *maat*. Otherwise, after 4 hours, the Bandaran adept may do any one of the following: heal 1d8 points of damage, remove a disease, recover 1d4 points of ability damage, recover 1 point of ability drain, or remove 1 common curse (see *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for details on curses).

Chosen of Bey

The Chosen of Bey are the highest-ranking priestesses of the Beysib goddess. These women make all the decisions for their cult, acting as mortal agents for Bey. In turn, the goddess blesses her priestesses with the ability to accept the venom from the sacred serpent and transform it into magical potions. Some are capable of healing, while others evoke powerful visions or augment the venom's natural toxicity. Each miracle of blood and venom reaffirms their people's dedication to the goddess, elevating these priestesses to nearly deific positions in their own right.

In the Rankan Era, the Chosen of Bey served as the upper echelon of the priest class within Beysib culture. Part priest, part godsworn, and part noble, they enjoyed the reverence and the respect of their people, and evoked fear from the Wrigglies. Only the most dedicated priests and godsworn gain acceptance into this group. All others, including mages and witches, are rejected.

Depending on the era in which you play, the Chosen of Bey may be more or less common. During the Rankan Era, there were many in Sanctuary. The Chosen served as the gateway to pass information to their queen, Shupansea, and were loyal without question. In the Irrune era, however, it's presumed that the Chosen returned with Shupansea to their ancestral homeland, removing their society from *Thieves' World* completely… or, perhaps, nearly so.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Chosen of Bey, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Gender: Female.
Ethnicity: Beysib or Half-Beysib.
Deity: Bey.
Base Ritualcasting Bonus: +9.
Skills: Concentration 9 ranks, Knowledge (religion) 12 ranks.

Class Skills

The Chosen of Bey's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Bluff (Cha), Concentration (Con), Craft (poison) (Int), Diplomacy (Cha), Handle Animal (Wis), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Knowledge (nobility and royalty) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Listen (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), and Spot (Wis). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* or **Chapter Five** in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Chosen of Bey prestige class.



Table 8–5: The Chosen of Bey

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special	Base Ritual	Spells Known and Familiar
1st	+0	+2	+0	+1	+0	Animal companion, snake empathy	+0	—
2nd	+1	+3	+0	+2	+1	Immune to poison, poison blood	+1	+1 level of existing class
3rd	+2	+3	+1	+2	+1	Transmute venom	+2	—
4th	+3	+4	+1	+2	+1	Enhance venom	+3	+1 level of existing class
5th	+3	+4	+1	+3	+2	Beysa	+3	—

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

The Chosen of Bey gains no new proficiency with weapons or armor.

Animal Companion

At 1st level, the Chosen of Bey gains an animal companion of exceptional ability, bonded through the power of her goddess. The animal is always a beynit (see **Beynit** on page 126). This ability functions as the druid ability of the same name, as described in the *PHB*. If the Chosen of Bey has class levels in a class that already provides an animal companion (such as godsworn), her levels stack for the purposes of determining the animal companion's abilities. If she already has an animal companion that is not a beynit, she must release that animal before taking the first level in this prestige class.

Snake Empathy (Ex)

A Chosen of Bey can improve the attitude of any normal snake. This ability functions just like a Diplomacy check made to improve the attitude of a person. The chosen rolls 1d20 and adds her character level and her Charisma modifier to determine the snake empathy check result. Snakes are usually unfriendly.

To use snake empathy, the chosen and the animal must be able to study each other, which means they must be within 30 feet of one another under normal conditions. Generally, influencing an animal in this way takes 1 minute, but as with influencing people, might take more or less time.

A Chosen can also use this ability to influence a snake-like magical beast with an Intelligence score of 1 or 2 (like the hydra or similar creatures if used in your games), but she takes a –4 penalty on the check.

Spells Known and Familiar

Starting at 2nd level, and every other level thereafter, a Chosen of Bey gains new Known and Familiar spells as if she had also gained a level in a spellcasting class she belonged to before she added the prestige class. She does not, however, gain any other benefit a character of that class would have gained.

Immune to Poison (Ex)

At 2nd level, the Chosen of Bey is immune to all natural toxins and venoms, such as plant-based poisons and animal venoms. In addition, she gains a +4 bonus to saving throws against all other poisons. (This bonus stacks with the Beysib's normal resistance to poison).

Poison Blood (Ex)

The blood of one of Bey's chosen becomes deadly. Any who ingest the Chosen's blood must succeed on a Fortitude save against a DC equal to 10 + one-half the chosen's character level + the chosen's Constitution modifier. The poison deals 1d6 points of Dexterity as initial damage and 2d6 points of Constitution as secondary damage. The blood loses its potency after 1d6 minutes.

Transmute Venom (Su)

At 3rd level, the Chosen of Bey gains the ability to take venom into her body and transform it into something else. To use this ability, she must accept the bite of her beynit. Though immune to the effects of the poison, she must concentrate to transmute the substance. This is a full-round action that culminates in a Concentration check. The DC for the check depends on the type of effect she wishes to create, as detailed below.

Transmute Venom

Concentration DC	Effect
15	Transmute Delivery System
20	Antitoxin
25	Healing
30	Vision

- *Transmute Delivery System:* This changes the Chosen's poison blood from an ingested poison to a dose of a contact or injury poison.
- *Antitoxin:* The Chosen transmutes the poison in such a way that she not only neutralizes it, but creates an effective antitoxin. Any who drink the blood gain a +5 alchemical bonus to Fortitude saves made against poison for 1 hour.
- *Healing:* The Chosen transmutes the venom to create a panacea. The blood cures 1d6 points of damage or 1 point of ability damage.
- *Vision:* The Chosen allows the poison to affect her. In addition to the Concentration check, she must make the Fortitude save throw against the poison's effects. If she succeeds, she has a flash of insight. This is functionally identical to a casting of the *commune* spell as a caster whose level equals her character level, but requires no XP expenditure.

To extract the transmuted effect, the chosen must cut herself, dealing 1 point of damage, and either drain the blood into a vessel of some sort or apply the wound directly to a subject's lips. She can create a number of doses per day equal to her class level, each dealing 1 point of damage.

Enhance Venom (Su)

At 4th level, the Chosen of Bey can use transmute venom to create an intensified and much deadlier version of the beynit's toxin. Adding her own poisonous blood to that of the sacred serpent, she increases the DC of the save by +4. She must extract the enhanced poison through normal means, using one of her extractions for the day. The enhanced poison remains active for 1d6 minutes before becoming inert.

Beysa

At 5th level, a Chosen of Bey becomes the living incarnation of Mother Bey: the Beysa. Her type changes to outsider (native) and she gains damage reduction 10/magic. (As a native outsider, she can still be brought back from the dead as if she were a member of her previous creature type.) There can be only one Beysa at a time. If there is already a Beysa, then a Chosen of Bey who takes 5th level in this class gains no benefit until the current Beysa dies.

Crimson Scholar

The Scholars in Crimson were an isolated organization that operated a library and scriptorium near Lirt. Devoted to the study and exploration of true names, they hoarded the writings of nearly every civilization and pored over dusty manuscripts and ancient tomes to find the Ur-words that comprised the language of creation. Joining the Crimson Scholars was no small thing. Candidates were required to understand the principles of Ur-Words, as well as have familiarity with several languages. Even then, there were no guarantees.

Only those familiar with words of power can gain access to this prestige class. Most crimson scholars begin play as savants, but some are mages or initiates. Witches are also viable candidates, and it's believed that the Nisibisi witches had some understanding of Ur-words, which is what made them so dangerous.

Perhaps to the benefit of the entire world, the Scholars in Crimson are no more. After Heliz Yunz accidentally spoke the *Word of Unmaking,* he brought the scriptorium and library down on his head —though, miraculously, he survived. Until recently, he thought he was the last survivor, but when his great-grandmother came looking for him, he realized that there could be other crimson scholars remaining in the world. If so, they might have an interest in gaining his knowledge.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a crimson scholar, a character must fulfill all the following requirements.

Skills: Concentration 9 ranks, Decipher Script 9 ranks, Knowledge (arcana) 9 ranks
Languages: Must be able to read and write six or more languages.
Feats: Moderate Ur-Word Proficiency.

Class Skills

The crimson scholar's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Concentration (Con), Craft (Int), Decipher Script (Int), Knowledge (all skills, taken individually) (Int), Profession (Wis), and Spellcraft (Int). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the crimson scholar prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Crimson scholars gain no proficiency with weapons or armor.

Cipher (Ex)

In order for a crimson scholar to excel in his research, he must be able to work through manuscripts, even those written in languages he does not know. Starting at 1st level, the crimson scholar may add his class level to all Decipher Script checks.

Bonus Feat

At 2nd level, the crimson scholar selects a bonus feat from among the following: Diligent, Diminish Ur-Word, Empower Ur-Word, Enlarge Ur-Word, Extend Ur-Word, Investigator, Magical Aptitude, Maximize Ur-Word, Ur-Word Emphasis, and Widen Ur-Word. The crimson scholar must meet any prerequisites before selecting these feats. The crimson scholar gains an additional bonus feat at 6th and 10th level.



Table 8–6: The Crimson Scholar

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special	Bonus Ur-Words
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	+0	Cipher	0
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	+0	Bonus feat	1
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3	+1	Complex Ur-Words	0
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4	+1	Linguist	1
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	+1	Quick Study	0
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5	+1	Bonus feat	1
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5	+2	Very Complex Ur-Words	0
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6	+2	Ur-word mastery	1
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6	+2	Master translator	0
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	+2	Bonus feat	1

Bonus Ur-Word

As the crimson scholar pores over texts and manuscripts, he makes connections between the various words and word fragments, allowing him to add to his arsenal of Ur-words. Starting at 2nd level, and every other level thereafter, the crimson scholar gains a bonus Ur-word of a type he can speak. This bonus Ur-word is outside his normal restrictions and can be of any with which he has proficiency. Furthermore, the crimson scholar need not roll for this Ur-word; he may select any common or uncommon one.

Complex Ur-Words

At 3rd level, the crimson scholar gains the Complex Ur-Word Proficiency feat as a bonus feat. He need not meet the prerequisites for this feat.

Linguist (Ex)

By 4th level, the crimson scholar is a master of written and spoken language. If the crimson scholar hears someone speak, he automatically knows the land where they were raised (if it's part of the Known World) and may, by succeeding on a Concentration check opposed by the target's Bluff check, determine whether that person is lying. With a glance at a written text, the scholar can determine whether the piece was dictated or composed, the nationality of the writer, and (with a successful DC 30 Decipher Script check) the general mood of the scribe.

Quick Study (Ex)

By 5th level, the crimson scholar has learned enough about Ur-words that he can bring his incredible knowledge to bear when learning new ones. When taking more time to learn an Ur-word, the crimson scholar spends one week instead of one month to reduce the DC by 5. He may still only reduce the DC required to learn the Ur-word by half, at the most.

Very Complex Ur-Words

At 7th level, the crimson scholar gains the Very Complex Ur-Word Proficiency feat as a bonus feat. He need not meet the prerequisites for this feat.

Master Translator (Ex)

At 9th level, the crimson scholar is so accustomed to studying the written word that he begins to understand the universal patterns found in nearly every language. The crimson scholar selects two alphabets. He can automatically read any language that shares these alphabets.

Dyareelan Disciple

The hermaphrodite goddess known as "the Mother of Chaos" is perhaps the most fearsome of all beings. It was in her name that Sanctuary was once ruled, and while the city was eventually freed from the yoke of her frightful priesthood, many of her worshippers survived the purge and continue to serve her inscrutable will.

The most sinister quality of Dyareela's remaining followers is their utter facelessness. While cults of Dyareela often revolve around a central figure who is a true priest of the Mother of Chaos, the majority of their members bear little in common with one another, save perhaps a twisted sense of faith and a corresponding tendency towards mental instability. Even these, however, manifest in quite different ways from one cultist to another. Some of her worshippers are former street scum, brought to the cult in search of "filthy lucre," while others are true devotees seeking to return the world to what they perceive is its most natural state: primordial chaos.

Dyareelan disciples generally begin play with the Dyareelan cultist background, meaning that these characters underwent a horrific childhood learning the intricacies of this perverse faith. As they grow older and prove themselves, they are allowed to advance into the hierarchy and join their betters as disciples.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Dyareelan disciple, a character must fulfill all the following requirements.

Skills: At least 8 ranks in two of the following skills: Bluff, Climb, Concentration, Diplomacy, Disguise, Forgery, Gather Information, Hide, Intimidate, Knowledge (any), Sense Motive, or Survival.

Special: Must have either murdered or brought another human soul to ruin in the goddess' name alone.

Class Skills

The Dyareelan disciple's class skills are unlike those of other prestige classes. When a character gains his first level in the class, he selects any 8 skills. Those skills then become his class skills for as long as he progresses in Dyareelan disciple. Once these selections are made, they may never be changed. See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* or **Chapter Five** in the *Thieves' World Player's Manual* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 2 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Dyareelan disciple prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Dyareelan disciples gain no proficiency with weapons or armor.

Reputation

Because the cults of Dyareela have been driven underground so thoroughly, it is not in the best interests of their members to gain public notoriety. As such, a Dyareelan disciple has the choice of whether or not to gain Reputation as he advances in levels in this class (see **Table 8–7: The Dyareelan Disciple**). Thus, when a disciple reaches 3rd level, his Reputation score either increases by 1 or remains where it was before he acquired the level, at his discretion.

Blessing of Chaos (Su)

Beginning at 1st level, and at every other level thereafter (3rd, 5th, 7th and 9th), a Dyareelan disciple is endowed with some small measure of power, thanks to his devotion to the Mother of Chaos. Each time he receives the blessing of chaos, he may choose any *one* of the following benefits:

- *Mana Blessing:* A disciple who selects this blessing is treated as if he had also gained a level in whatever spellcasting class to which he belonged before adopting this prestige class (typically witch or priest), but only with regard to spellcasting advancement (including casting bonus, known spells and familiar spells). He does not gain any other benefit a member of that class would have gained, such as bonus feats or special techniques. If the disciple had more than one spellcasting class before acquiring the prestige class level, he must decide to which class to add each level for the purposes of determining overall spellcasting prowess. To determine a disciple's total caster level, add his level in Dyareelan disciple to each spellcasting class in which he has levels. Characters with no ability to weave mana (*i.e.*, cast spells) may not select this blessing.
- *Martial Blessing:* When a disciple selects this blessing, he gains a +1 bonus to attack rolls. In addition, he gains a +1 bonus to Fortitude saves. Multiple selections of this ability stack.
- *Resistance Blessing:* By selecting this blessing, he gains a +1 bonus to Fortitude, Reflex and Will saves. Multiple selections of this ability stack.

Dyareelan disciples are not required to make the same choice every time they receive a new blessing.

Mother's Tongue

Every Dyareelan disciple is endowed with an almost preternatural aptitude for lies and treachery. At 1st level, the disciple gains a +2 competence bonus on all Bluff and Sense Motive checks. Alternatively, he may elect to take a +3 bonus on either one of the two skills instead.

Darkness Within

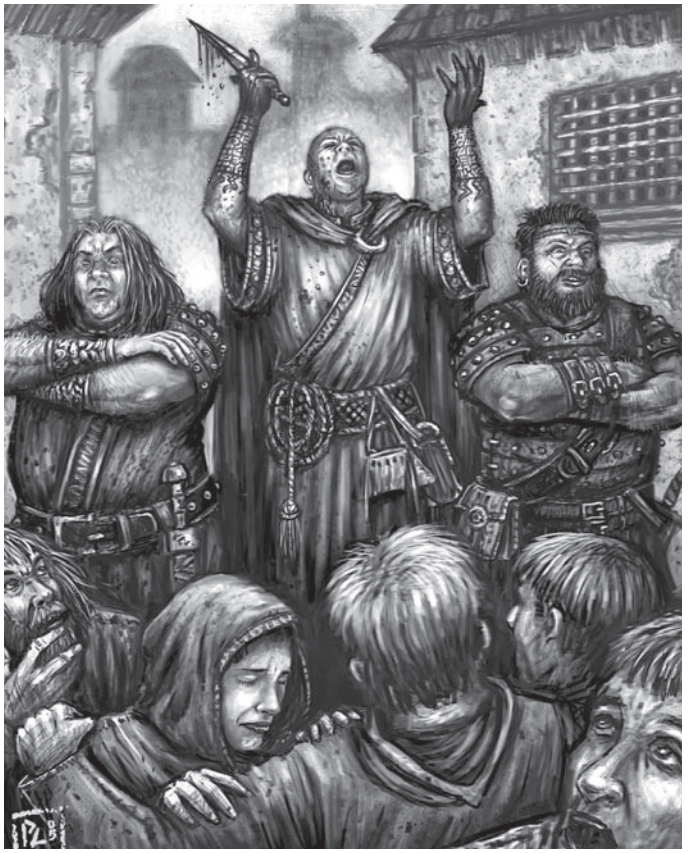
At 2nd level, and at every other level thereafter (4th, 6th, 8th and 10th), a Dyareelan disciple unlocks one of the secret mysteries of his hermaphroditic patron's portfolio. Each time he unlocks the darkness within, he may select a secret from the list below. He may select any secret available to him (see sidebar), as determined by the aggregate of his Dyareelan disciple level + Cha modifier. Thus, a disciple with a Charisma of 13 would only be able to select from the first tier of secrets upon reaching 2nd level. If his Charisma score does not change, he'll be able to select from the next tier of secrets at 4th level, if he so

Table 8–7: The Dyareelan Disciple

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special
1st	+0	+0	+0	+2	+0	Blessing of chaos, mother's tongue
2nd	+1	+0	+0	+3	+0	Darkness within
3rd	+1	+1	+1	+3	+0/+1	Blessing of chaos
4th	+2	+1	+1	+4	+0/+1	Darkness within
5th	+2	+1	+1	+4	+0/+1	Blessing of chaos
6th	+3	+2	+2	+5	+0/+1	Darkness within
7th	+3	+2	+2	+5	+0/+2	Blessing of chaos
8th	+4	+2	+2	+6	+0/+2	Darkness within
9th	+4	+3	+3	+6	+0/+2	Blessing of chaos
10th	+5	+3	+3	+7	+0/+2	Darkness within, mother's will

chooses. Individual secrets may be selected more than once, if doing so would provide added benefit.

- *Bonus Feat:* The Dyareelan disciple may select a bonus feat from any of the feats available in the *Thieves' World* setting. The character must still meet any prerequisites required in order to take the feat.
- *Enchanting Voice (Ex):* Once per day, as a standard action, the disciple can invoke a non-magical reaction in listeners that's functionally similar in effect to an *enthrall* spell. This secret requires no components in order to invoke, though any potential targets must be able to hear the disciple speak or sing in order to be affected. Selecting this secret more than once grants the disciple additional daily uses of the secret's granted effect.
- *Poison Use:* Once a disciple has selected this secret, he never again risks accidentally poisoning himself when applying poison to an item. In addition, he gains a +1 bonus on all saves made to resist poisons.
- *Sneak Attack (Ex):* The Dyareelan disciple learns how to catch opponents off guard, and thereby deliver highly effective blows to vital areas. Any time a target would be denied its Dex bonus to AC, the disciple's attack deals an extra +1d6 points of damage. Ranged attacks only count as sneak attacks within 30 feet. Each time a disciple selects this secret, his sneak attack damage increases by +1d6, and all sneak attack damage dice from this class stack with sneak attack damage dice from other classes.
- *Poison Mastery (Ex):* A disciple who selects this secret becomes highly resistant to poison. He reduces all damage from poison, whether hit point or ability damage, by 1 point per die. In addition, he recovers from poison damage, whether hit point or ability damage, at the rate of 1 point per hour.



- *Uncanny Dodge (Ex):* The disciple gains the ability to react to danger before his senses would normally allow him to even be aware of it. A disciple with this secret retains his Dex bonus to AC (if any) regardless of being caught flat-footed or struck by an invisible attacker. (He still loses his Dex bonus to AC if immobilized.) A disciple who already has uncanny dodge receives improved uncanny dodge, instead.
- *Voice of Madness (Ex):* Once per day, as a standard action, the disciple can invoke a non-magical reaction in listeners that's functionally similar in effect to a *confusion* spell. This secret requires no components in order to invoke, though any potential targets must be able to hear the disciple vocalize in order to be affected. Selecting this secret more than once grants the disciple additional daily uses of the secret's granted effect.
- *Death Attack (Ex):* If the disciple studies his target for 3 rounds and then makes a sneak attack with a melee weapon that successfully deals damage, the sneak attack has the additional effect of possibly either paralyzing or killing the target (disciple's choice). While studying the target, the disciple can undertake other actions so long as his attention stays focused on the target and the target does not detect the disciple or otherwise recognize the disciple as an enemy. If the victim of such an attack fails her saving throw (DC 10 + Dyareelan disciple level + Int modifier) against the kill effect, she dies. If the saving throw fails against the paralysis effect, the victim's mind and body become enervated, rendering her completely helpless and unable to act for 1d6 rounds plus 1 round per class level of the Dyareelan disciple. If the target's Fortitude save succeeds, the attack is simply a normal sneak attack. Once a disciple has completed the 3 rounds of study, he must attempt the death attack within the next 3 rounds. If a death attack fails because the victim makes her save, or if the disciple does not launch the attack within 3 rounds, another 3 rounds of study are required before another death attack may be attempted.
- *Mother's Call (Ex):* Once per day, as a standard action, the disciple can induce a non-magical control over a listener that's functionally similar in effect to a *dominate person* spell. This secret requires no components in order to induce, though a potential target must be able to hear the disciple vocalize in order to be affected. Selecting this secret more than once grants the disciple additional daily uses of the secret's granted effect.
- *Mother's Embrace (Su):* A disciple who is faithful—or insane—enough to receive this boon from his goddess is fortunate, indeed. He receives spell resistance equal to 10 + his Dyareelan disciple level + Cha modifier. He loses this spell resistance if he ever takes up active worship of any deity other than Dyareela.

Mother's Embrace

Level + Cha modifier	Available Secrets
2 – 4	Bonus feat, enchanting voice, poison use, sneak attack
5 – 8	Poison mastery, uncanny dodge, voice of madness
9 – 11	Death attack, mother's call
12+	Mother's embrace

Mother's Will (Ex)

Upon reaching the culmination of his class, a Dyareelan disciple's mind becomes one with the chaotic nature of his sinister patron. Once he reaches 10th level, all attempts to divine his location become nearly impossible, as though the disciple were under the constant effects of a *nondetection* spell. In addition, any attempt to read his mind (such as by means of the *detect thoughts* spell) forces the psychic interloper to make a DC 20 Will save or else succumb to a *confusion* spell effect. Even a successful save means failure for the divining spell, as the disciple's mind is too erratic to be read reliably.

Freelancer

There may not be honor among thieves, but Sanctuary is living proof that there certainly is a hierarchy. In a city known for its scoundrels and ruffians, the greatest of rogues stand above and apart from the rest. These expert and lucky few, when mentioned at all, are known as freelancers. While a particular gang may have its crime lord, or a given guild its guildmaster, the hallowed name of "freelancer" is reserved for those who succeed in building their skill and their names on their own terms, without the sponsorship of a particular gang, guild or family. Those audacious few who, in the face of all odds, find continued success in their larcenous endeavors (and more importantly, stay alive in the process) win the right to be called freelancer. In so doing, they earn the respect of a world full of thieves.

Few alive today can claim the title of freelancer and not be spreading lies. But, if a freelancer is to be found, he'll be found in Sanctuary, which, true to its reputation, is not only home to one of these elite few, but perhaps the greatest freelancer in the world: the infamous varlet known as Shadowspawn.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a freelancer, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Skills: Hide 16 ranks, plus 13 ranks in each of two of the following skills: Balance, Bluff, Disable Device, Disguise, Gather Information, Move Silently, Open Lock, Sense Motive, Sleight of Hand, Tumble.
Special: Trap sense +4.
Special: Evasion ability.

Class Skills

The freelancer's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Appraise (Int), Balance (Dex), Bluff (Cha), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Craft (Con), Diplomacy (Cha), Disable Device (Dex), Disguise (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Forgery (Int), Gambling (Wis), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (dungeoneering) (Int), Knowledge (local) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Open Lock (Dex), Perform (Cha), Search (Int), Sense Motive (Wis), Sleight of Hand (Dex), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex), Use Magic Device (Cha), and Use Rope (Dex). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* or **Chapter Five** in the **Players Guide to Thieves' World** for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the freelancer class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Freelancers are proficient with all simple weapons, plus the hand crossbow, rapier, short bow and short sword. Freelancers are proficient with light armor, but not with shields.

Reputation

Unlike other characters, a freelancer gets to decide whether or not his notoriety swells or fades as he advances in levels (see **Table 8–11: The Freelancer**). Thus, when a character acquires his first level in this class, he can choose to either raise *or* lower his Reputation score by 1.

Tools of the Trade

Each freelancer is unique, with a personal approach to his craft. Freelancers learn new abilities as they advance in level, each one a testament to the manner and style of that particular individual. At 1st level, a freelancer chooses a tool of the trade from the list below. The freelancer chooses another tool of the trade at 3rd, 5th, and 7th level. A tool of the trade can be selected more than once, but one cannot select the same tool of the trade twice in a row.

Table 8–8: The Freelancer

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Change	Special
1st	+0	+0	+2	+2	+/– 1	Tool of the trade
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+3	+/– 1	Fast movement
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+3	+/– 1	Tool of the trade
4th	+3	+1	+4	+4	+/– 2	Slow fall
5th	+3	+1	+4	+4	+/– 2	Tool of the trade
6th	+4	+2	+5	+5	+/– 2	Demoralize
7th	+5	+2	+5	+5	+/– 3	Tool of the trade



(The list of freelancer abilities presented here is not exhaustive. GMs and players may wish to create custom abilities to provide greater personalization.)

- Ability Surge (Ex)

The freelancer can call upon reserves of will and determination to provide a jolt of personal energy. Twice per day, the freelancer may gain a +2 enhancement bonus to a single ability score. Using this ability is a swift action, and the bonus lasts for a number of minutes equal to the freelancer's class level.

- Crippling Strike (Ex)

A freelancer with this ability can sneak attack opponents with such precision that his blows weaken and hamper them. An opponent damaged by one of his sneak attacks also takes 2 points of Strength damage. Ability points lost to damage return on their own at a rate of one per day per ability.

- Debilitating Strike (Ex)

The freelancer can sneak attack opponents with such precision that his blows hobble and debilitate them. An opponent damaged by one of his sneak attacks also takes 2 points of Dexterity damage. Ability points lost to damage return on their own at a rate of one per day per ability.

- Defensive Roll (Ex)

The freelancer can roll with a potentially lethal blow to take less damage than he otherwise would. Once per day, when he would be reduced to 0 or fewer hit points by damage in combat (from a weapon or other blow, not from a spell or special ability), the freelancer can attempt to roll with the damage. To use this ability, the freelancer must attempt a Reflex save (DC = damage dealt). If the save succeeds, he only takes half damage from the blow; if it fails, he suffers full damage. He must be aware of the attack and able to react to it in order to execute his defensive roll. If he is denied his Dexterity bonus to AC, he can't use this ability. The evasion ability does not apply to a defensive roll.

- Hide in Plain Sight (Ex)

A freelancer with this ability can use the Hide skill even while being observed, so long as the lighting conditions where he stands are anything less than direct sunlight. Freelancers standing in broad daylight cannot use this ability, but can use the Bluff skill to gain time to make an escape.

- Improved Evasion (Ex)

This ability works like evasion, except that while the freelancer still takes no damage on a successful Reflex save against attacks such as a dragon's breath weapon or a *fireball*, he henceforth takes only half damage on a failed save. A helpless freelancer, such as one who is unconscious or paralyzed, does not gain the benefit of improved evasion.

- Opportunist (Ex)

Once per round, the freelancer can make an attack of opportunity against an opponent who has just been struck for damage in melee by another character. This attack counts as the rogue's attack of opportunity for that round. Even a rogue with the Combat Reflexes feat cannot use the opportunist ability more than once per round.

- Skill Mastery

The freelancer becomes so proficient in the use of certain skills that he can use them reliably even under adverse conditions. Upon gaining this ability, he selects a number of skills equal to 3 + his Intelligence modifier. When making a skill check with one of these skills, he may take 10 even if stress and distractions would normally prevent him from doing so. If the freelancer selects this ability more than once, he selects additional skills for it to apply to each time.

- Slippery Mind (Ex)

This ability allows the freelancer to wriggle free from effects that would otherwise control or compel him. If a character with slippery mind is affected by an enchantment spell or effect and fails his saving throw, he can attempt it again 1 round later at the same DC. He gets only this one extra chance to succeed on the saving throw.

- Feat

A freelancer may gain a bonus feat in place of any tool of the trade.

Fast Movement (Ex)

When a freelancer reaches 2nd level, his base land speed increases by +10. This applies only when he is wearing no armor or light armor and not carrying a heavy load. Apply this bonus before modifying the freelancer's speed because of any load carried or armor worn.

Slow Fall (Ex)

A freelancer of at least 4th level is adept at falling (and landing) without suffering too much damage. Falls of 20 feet or fewer inflict

no damage. In addition, the character is more adept than others at using the Tumble skill to reduce damage from falling. When the freelancer makes a Tumble check to reduce falling damage, he subtracts 10 feet from the effective distance fallen for every full 5 that his check exceeds 10. Thus, if the freelancer fell from a height of 50 feet, and rolled a 27 on his Tumble check, the effective distance fallen would be only 20 feet. (50 feet, minus 10 feet for each full 5 beyond 10 on the check.) In this case, he would take no damage from the fall, since he suffers no damage from falls of 20 feet or fewer.

Demoralize (Ex)

When a freelancer reaches 6th level, he becomes especially adept at demoralizing those who would capture or kill him. Once per round, as a free action (on his turn), the freelancer may attempt to use the Intimidate skill to demoralize an opponent (see **Chapter Four: Skills** of the *PHB*). If the freelancer has already succeeded in wounding the target physically, he receives a +2 circumstance bonus to the roll. If this free demoralizing attempt fails, the freelancer is free to make another attempt that round, but this second attempt requires a standard action, as normal.

Harka Bey Assassin

For most Sanctans, it seemed there were only two types of Beysibs: the privileged caste and everyone else. However, in whispers in dark taverns or in hushed tones over the exchange of goods, people spoke of a society of Beysib assassins called the Harka Bey, or the Vengeance of Bey. Though considered little more than fanciful tales, the fact of the matter was that the Harka Bey assassins did exist, and they were every bit as deadly as their legends claimed.

The Harka Bey are assassins who have developed, through acclimation, the same ability to make their blood venomous as the Chosen of Bey. Armed with their infamous swords and their multipurpose venom, they were considered the very best assassins in Sanctuary, and were rumored to be mercenaries, magicians, and utterly ruthless killers. To this, they added nearly inhuman speed and accuracy in combat. Harka Bey assassins were so skilled in killing that their victims never knew what hit them.

At first, these assassins only rarely revealed themselves, and then wearing black scarves to conceal their features. Later in the Rankan Era, the Harka Bey assassins operated openly, moving to protect the Beysa from the chaos in the streets. They appeared as cloaked women covered with snakes, deadly and beautiful. It was then that the Ilsig and Rankan priests began to fear. The confirmation of their existence spread terror of their lethal serpents throughout the Empire, and few were willing to stand against the Beysibs in the face of nearly guaranteed death.

The Harka Bey assassins left with the rest of the Beysib people. But, although the Beysibs have not returned to Sanctuary since their voyage home, the ability to do so is not lost to them. It would be nothing for the current Beysa to dispatch an assassin to Sanctuary to recover a lost relic or to destroy a threat to their race.

Hit Die: d8.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Harka Bey assassin, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Gender: Female.
Culture: Beysib or half-Beysib.
Base Attack Bonus: +6.
Skills: Craft (poison) 9 ranks, Hide 9 ranks, Move Silently 9 ranks.
Feats: Combat Expertise, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack.

Class Skills

The Harka Bey assassin's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Escape Artist (Dex), Handle Animal (Cha), Hide (Dex), Intimidate (Cha), Jump (Str), Knowledge (nature) (Int), Knowledge (religion) (Int), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Sense Motive (Wis), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis), and Tumble (Dex). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Table 8–9: The Harka Bey Assassin

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special	Base Ritual	Bonus Spells
1st	+1	+1	+1	+1	+0	Poison blood	+0	1
2nd	+2	+2	+2	+2	+1	Beynit bond	+1	0
3rd	+3	+2	+2	+2	+1	Sneak attack +1d6	+1	1
4th	+4	+2	+2	+2	+1	Killing strike	+2	0
5th	+5	+3	+3	+3	+2	Enhance venom	+2	1
6th	+6	+3	+3	+3	+2	Sneak attack +2d6	+3	0
7th	+7	+4	+4	+4	+2	Hide in plain sight	+3	1
8th	+8	+4	+4	+4	+3	Harka Bey sword	+4	0
9th	+9	+4	+4	+4	+3	Sneak attack +3d6	+4	1
10th	+10	+5	+5	+5	+3	Swift kill	+5	0



Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Harka Bey assassin prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Harka Bey assassins are proficient with all simple and martial weapons, and shuriken. They gain no proficiency with armor or shields.

Poison Blood (Ex)

Through repeated exposure to beynit venom, Harka Bey assassins transform their blood into a toxin. Any who ingest the assassin's blood must succeed on a Fortitude save against a DC equal to 10 + one-half the Harka Bey assassin's character level + her Constitution modifier. The poison deals 1d6 points of Dexterity as initial damage and 2d6 points of Constitution as secondary damage. The blood loses its potency after 1d6 minutes.

Bonus Spells

Starting at 1st level, and every other level thereafter, a Harka Bey assassin gains a bonus spell, as if from having a high ability score. A bonus spell can be of any level the character can safely cast. If a character has more than one spellcasting class, she must decide to which class she adds each bonus spell as it is gained. Once a bonus spell has been applied, it cannot be shifted.

Beynit Bond (Ex)

Starting at 2nd level, the Harka Bey assassin gains the service of a beynit (see page 126). This beynit is completely loyal and comfortable around the assassin. It may be trained to attack as any other animal. Every two levels beyond 2nd, the Harka Bey gains the service of an additional beynit. If a beynit dies, the Harka Bey can replace the beynit in 30 days. Until then, she takes a –1 penalty to attacks and saves for each beynit lost.

Sneak Attack

This is exactly like the thief ability of the same name. The assassin gains +1d6 point of damage at 3rd level and increases again at 6th and 9th level. If a Harka Bey assassin gets a sneak attack bonus from another source, the bonuses on damage stack.

Enhance Venom (Ex)

At 5th level, the Harka Bey assassin can transmute her venomous blood to create an intensified version of the beynit's toxin. Adding her own poisonous blood to that of the sacred serpent increases the save DC of the poison by +4. To extract the transmuted effect, the assassin must cut herself, dealing 1 point of damage, and drain the blood into a vessel of some sort or apply the wound directly to a subject's lips. She can create a number of doses per day equal to her class level, each dealing 1 point of damage. The extracted poison remains active for 1d6 minutes before becoming inert.

Hide in Plain Sight (Ex)

At 7th level, a Harka Bey assassin can use the Hide skill even while being observed. As long as she is within 10 feet of some sort of shadow, an assassin can hide herself from view in the open without needing anything to actually hide behind. She cannot, however, hide in her own shadow.

Harka Bey Sword

At 8th level, the Harka Bey bestow upon the character a *Harka Bey sword* (see **Harka Bey Sword** sidebar). Receiving this weapon is a great honor and losing this weapon is considered a grave failure, punishable by death.

Swift Kill (Ex)

At 10th level, the Harka Bey assassin may perform a coup de grace attack as a standard action. This attack still provokes an attack of opportunity.

Harka Bey Swords

These legendary swords were famed for being nearly indestructible. Though the Harka Bey no longer dwell in Sanctuary, it is possible that a few swords were hidden or left behind. A Harka Bey sword is a *+1 keen adamantine longsword of speed.*

Moderate transmutation; CL 10th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *haste, keen edge*; Price 53,315 sh. [315 + 3000 + 50000]

Kingpin

Though crime lords often are the "big shots" in Sanctuary's underworld, a few among them concentrate on organizing their criminal enterprise. A kingpin aspires to be more than just another thug with a vested interest in managing the crime in his neighborhood. He's a figure with a strong and stable criminal empire that can exert pressure on the local government. Kingpins and crime lords tend to overlap in the areas they control, but they are distinct archetypes, and are often at odds with each other.

No one hands a kingpin their status; they have to earn it. The best way to become a kingpin is to build an organization. This requires a fair measure of street-smarts and toughness. Most kingpins started their careers as common thieves, but a few famous ones had other careers, like Jubal, who was a slave and gladiator.

Kingpins can be mercurial friends or foes, changing in an instant. They exploit the weak in the interest of keeping their organization strong. Unlike other crime lords, who see their foot soldiers as expendable commodities, kingpins work to protect the people who work directly for them, and rarely discard them without good reason.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a kingpin, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Skills: Gather Information 4 ranks, Intimidate 6 ranks, Knowledge (local) 4 ranks.
Feats: Iron Will, Leadership.
Special: The character must select one city to serve as his base of operations. His class features only apply when in his city.

Class Skills

The kingpin's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Appraise (Int), Bluff (Cha), Diplomacy (Cha), Escape Artist (Dex), Forgery (Int), Gather Information (Cha), Intimidate (Cha), Knowledge (geography) (Int), Knowledge (local) (Int), Knowledge (nobility and royalty) (Int), Listen (Wis), Sense Motive (Wis), and Spot (Wis). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 6 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the kingpin prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

Kingpins gain no new proficiency with weapons or armor.

Notorious (Ex)

Part of the kingpin's power derives from his sinister reputation. Kingpins gain a +2 bonus to Intimidate checks. In addition, the kingpin chooses one neighborhood, quarter, or district in his chosen city. While in this part of town, his reputation increases by +3.

Organization (Ex)

Starting at 2nd level, the kingpin starts to assemble his organization to better control his part of town. He gains a +2 bonus to his Leadership score for the purpose of determining his followers. Furthermore, his followers may be of any class, although they are usually thieves.

At 6th level, the kingpin's organization expands, granting a +4 bonus to his Leadership score for the purpose of determining his followers. In addition, the kingpin extends his control into a second neighborhood. Finally, at 10th level, it grows farther still — his Leadership score increases to +8 for the purpose of determining his followers, and his territory expands into a third neighborhood.

If the kingpin cannot expand into a neighborhood without encroaching on another kingpin's territory, his progress is stalled until he eliminates his rival.

Network (Ex)

At 3rd level, the kingpin has established a network of informants and spies who keep him informed about the day-to-day activities in the city. Once each week, the kingpin may make a special Gather Information check, adding his reputation to the check. He learns a variable amount of information depending on the check result, as detailed below.



Table 8–10: The Kingpin

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special
1st	+0	+0	+2	+2	+1	Notorious
2nd	+1	+0	+3	+3	+1	Organization (small)
3rd	+2	+1	+3	+3	+1	Network
4th	+3	+1	+4	+4	+2	Interests
5th	+3	+1	+4	+4	+2	Advisor
6th	+4	+2	+5	+5	+2	Organization (moderate)
7th	+5	+2	+5	+5	+3	Pressure
8th	+6	+2	+6	+6	+3	Interests
9th	+6	+3	+6	+6	+3	Outside the law
10th	+7	+3	+7	+7	+4	Organization (major)

Network

DC	Information Acquired (GM rolls the number of rumors)
10	1 useful rumor in his neighborhood
15	1d4 useful rumors in his neighborhood or 1 useful rumor in any neighborhood
20	1d6 useful rumors in his neighborhood or 1d4 useful rumor in any neighborhood
30	1d8 useful rumors in his neighborhood or 1d6 useful rumor in any neighborhood
50	1d10 useful rumors in his neighborhood or 1d8 useful rumor in any neighborhood

Interests (Ex)

A low-level kingpin is concerned with petty crimes like picking pockets, protection rackets, or burglary. At 4th level, the kingpin expands his operation to encompass larger crimes. The kingpin may choose a single criminal enterprise he wishes to control in his neighborhood, from drugs to prostitution to slavery. Each month, he may make a reputation check to collect his earnings. Multiply the result of the check by 10 to determine how many shaboozh he earns.

At 8th level, the kingpin may expand his operation to pick up another interest. From here on, he makes two checks, one for each interest.

Advisor (Ex)

At 5th level, the kingpin gains the services of an advisor to help him in his "business endeavors". The advisor is a second cohort, as per the Leadership feat, and may be of any class. If you wish, you can release your current cohort to add two levels to your advisor, up to but not exceeding your character's level.

Pressure (Ex)

By 7th level, the kingpin influences all levels of society. He may add his reputation as a bonus to all Gather Information checks. In addition, when using Intimidate to extract information or to coerce, the effects last as long as the target remains in his presence and for 3d6 days afterward.

Outside the Law (Ex)

By 9th level, the kingpin is so well connected that he need never fear from the authorities in his city. Either he's bought off anyone of consequence, or has everyone so terrified that they believe (wrongly or not) that they cannot stand against him. The kingpin can no longer be arrested in his home city; he may act with impunity, even murdering someone in cold blood in front of the governor without fear of legal consequences. The fact that he cannot be prosecuted, however, does not mean the Governor won't hire a mercenary band to eliminate the threat to the city's stability.

Nisibisi Spy

Though it cost them dearly, Ranke defeated Nis and the Mygdonian Alliance. Their legions climbed the Wizardwall and slew every last witch and warlock they found. When they were done, they razed the land and salted the earth. But before the legions crushed the Nis for good, the warlocks dispatched agents throughout the Empire to destabilize it in a last-ditch effort to destroy their hated foes. Some them were witches and warlocks, but an even greater number were spies who reported back to their masters.

Nisibisi spies need a good mixture of subterfuge skills and raw combat ability. Most have a background in the thief or assassin class, but any character can qualify. The best combination would be a multi-classed ranger-thief, as those classes have access to the skills necessary to slip behind enemy lines, observe their foes' movements, and creep back to divulge what they have learned.

Nisibisi spies are also trained killers, having developed powerful infiltration techniques to learn everything they can about their potential mark. Once suitably armed, they offer their service to the target, using their knowledge about the individual and talent for anticipating his needs to get close. When the moment is right, the spy can strike. He doesn't having to worry about slipping past his target's defenses; more often than not, he *is* the target's protection.

Table 8–11: The Nisibisi Spy

Level	Base Attack Bonus	Fort Save	Ref Save	Will Save	Rep Bonus	Special
1st	+0	+2	+2	+0	+0	*Detect magic,* evasion, uncover secrets
2nd	+1	+3	+3	+0	+0	Sneak, sneak attack +1d6
3rd	+2	+3	+3	+1	+1	Hide in plain sight, Quick Draw
4th	+3	+4	+4	+1	+1	Observe, sneak attack +2d6
5th	+3	+4	+4	+1	+1	Dash, acrobatics

During the Rankan Era, Sanctuary was crawling with Nisibisi spies, of which the most notorious was Mradhon Vis (see page 119). The spies fomented a hotbed of intrigue and politics, subtly escalating the hatreds and the violence to ensure the city descended into anarchy. However, once Ranke defeated the Nisibisi at Wizardwall, the survivors scattered through the lands. Those surviving Nisibisi spies now act as mercenaries, and aren't so selective about who they serve.

Hit Die: d6.

Requirements

To qualify to become a Nisibisi spy, a character must fulfill all the following criteria.

Base Attack Bonus: +5
Skills: Gather Information 9 ranks, Hide 9 ranks, Move Silently 9 ranks, Use Magic Device 6 ranks
Feats: Magical Aptitude, Stealthy

Class Skills

The Nisibisi spy's class skills (and the key ability for each skill) are Balance (Dex), Climb (Str), Concentration (Con), Decipher Script (Int), Disguise (Cha), Gather Information (Cha), Hide (Dex), Jump (Str), Listen (Wis), Move Silently (Dex), Search (Int), Spellcraft (Int), Spot (Wis), Tumble (Dex), and Use Magic Device (Cha). See **Chapter Four: Skills** in the *PHB* for skill descriptions.

Skill Points at Each Additional Level: 4 + Int modifier.

Class Features

All of the following are class features of the Nisibisi spy prestige class.

Weapon and Armor Proficiency

The Nisibisi spy gains no proficiency in weapons or armor.

Detect Magic (Sp)

Thanks to the intense training they undergo to serve their warlock masters, Nisibisi spies have a knack for sensing magic. With a DC 10 Concentration check, a Nisibisi spy can cast *detect magic* as a caster whose level equals his character level. There is no limit to the number of times the Nisibisi spy can use this ability, but each time after the first, the DC increases by +5. If the Nisibisi spy fails his Concentration check, he may not use this ability until he rests for 8 hours.

Evasion (Ex)

At 1st level, a Nisibisi spy can avoid even magical and unusual attacks with great agility. If he makes a successful Reflex saving throw against an attack that normally deals half damage on a successful save, he instead takes no damage. Evasion can be used only if the spy is wearing light armor or no armor. A helpless spy does not gain the benefit of evasion.

If the spy already has evasion from another class, he gains improved evasion instead. See the Freelancer on page 235 for details.

Uncover Secrets (Ex)

At 1st level, the Nisibisi spy hones his information gathering techniques. He may add his class level to all Gather Information and Search checks.

Sneak Attack

This is exactly like the thief ability of the same name. The spy gains +1d6 points of damage at 2nd level and 4th. If a spy gets a sneak attack bonus from another source, the bonuses on damage stack.



Sneak (Ex)

The Nisibisi spy is trained to infiltrate a community and move about unseen. At 2nd level, the spy may add his class level as a competence bonus to Hide and Move Silently checks.

Hide in Plain Sight (Ex)

At 3rd level, a Nisibisi spy can use the Hide skill even while being observed. So long as he is within 10 feet of some sort of shadow, he can hide himself from view in the open without having anything to actually hide behind. He cannot, however, hide in his own shadow.

Quick Draw

At 3rd level, the Nisibisi spy gains Quick Draw as a bonus feat. If the character already has Quick Draw, he may select another feat instead.

Observe (Ex)

The Nisibisi spy is trained to pay attention to details so he can report to his masters with accurate information. At 4th level, the spy may add his class level as a competence bonus to Listen and Spot checks.

Dash (Ex)

Even the best Nisibisi spies are sometimes discovered, but they know how to get away and avoid capture. At 5th level, whenever the Nisibisi spy takes a double move or run action, his effective land speed increases by +10 feet. This does not apply to the normal move action.

Acrobatics (Ex)

Nisibisi spies are athletic and agile, trained to exploit their physical strengths to their best advantage. At 5th level, the Nisibisi spy may add his class level as a competence bonus to all Jump and Tumble checks.

Ur-Words

Magic is the process through which mages, magicians, and wizards manipulate mana to creare a desired effect. Through phrases and utterances, gestures, and the use of special ingredients, a mage can cast a spell. Priests speak prayers to the gods, who in turn produce the desired effect, and witches attune themselves to draw upon their personal mana, shaping it for their spells and rituals. But there is one underlying common element: all three spellcasting techniques rely on speaking words of power.

What most spellcasters do not realize is that, when they cast a spell or ritual, they are using parts of an Ur-language to create the effect. Much of what is spoken during casting is nonsense, but seeded inside the verbal components are syllables and connectors, powerful nouns and verbs that empower and shape the mana to produce the desired spell. So subtle and insidious is this language that very few even realize that such words exist, and know them only as a byproduct of learning their art. A few, however, have stumbled across these words, and having mastered them, can use them to create a bewildering array of effects.

It's important to understand that Ur-words are not spells; rather they are the *hearts* of spells, words used by the gods when they made the world. In some ways, they are the building blocks of the world. As such, they can be dangerous and unpredictable, and their use can have quite unexpected effects.

Using Ur-Words

Ur-words can be used by anyone willing to devote the effort to finding and mastering them. Like magic items, they can be the reward of a long adventure or the crux of an entire campaign. However, instead of braving dungeons and fighting past hordes of villains, the quest to find these treasures lies within old tomes, discarded books, and even scraps of old papers. Ur-words can be hidden behind the very words of nearly any written text, but only one trained to find them can learn how to use them.

Ur-Word Basics

Just as any language has nouns, verbs, conjunctions, and adjectives, so too does the language of the gods. Most of these words exist only as fragments, used unconsciously by writers and speakers. An accent, perhaps, or a suffix — sometimes just single characters. By themselves, they are powerless, but when assembled, they can create effects similar to many spells.

Ur-words are separated into four categories: common, uncommon, scarce, and obscure. Within each category, there are four levels of difficulty: simple, moderate, complex, and very complex. An Ur-word's category determines how easy or difficult the word would be to find, and its difficulty determines how easy or difficult the word is to learn and use.

When searching for an Ur-word in a text, a character must make a Decipher Script check, with the result determining what fragments can be found in the texts. (Each page takes 1 minute to read in this way.) If the character has 5 or more ranks in Knowledge (arcana), he gains a +2 synergy bonus to this check. In addition, the GM can impose a penalty or a bonus based on the nature of the text; it's easier to find Ur-words in a large tome than in a pamphlet or single sheet. In the case of spellbooks or magical tomes like the *Manual of Bodily Health*, the GM should apply a bonus equal to the highest-level spell contained or the caster level of the magic item. Of course, some texts may simply have no Ur-words in them at all.

Once the number of Ur-words are determined, the GM rolls on the appropriate table (starting on page 244) to determine the word or words contained in the texts.

Changing Intelligence Score

The number of Ur-words a character knows is dependent upon his Intelligence modifier. Some magic items conditionally increase a character's Intelligence score; this may allow a character to learn additional Ur-Words. However, if the character's Intelligence modifier is reduced for any reason, knowledge of those Ur-words is lost, starting with the last one gained, and must be reacquired through study.

Once a character has identified a word, he must make a Knowledge (arcana) check to learn it. The DC depends on its complexity. On a failed check, the character may not attempt to learn the word again until he increases his Knowledge (arcana) by 1 rank. A character may take extra time to study the word before making the check. Each full month spent in study reduces the DC of the check by 5 to a minimum of half the DC. (A character must spend at least 8 hours each day in study to gain this benefit.) Thus, a character that discovered a very obscure and very complex Ur-word could spend 3 months in study to reduce the Knowledge (arcana) DC to 15.

Though any character can find Ur-words of varying complexity, which Ur-words they can learn is based upon the feats they acquire, as indicated on **Table 8–13: Learning Ur-words**. Crimson scholars (see page 231) can learn Ur-words faster than other characters.

Alternately, a character can learn an Ur-word after hearing it spoken. To do so, he must be able to speak the word himself (by having the appropriate feat or class ability) and have a free slot available. If these are both true, he may make a Knowledge (arcana) check against the Complexity DC of the Ur-word +10. (Having 5 ranks in the Listen skill adds a +2 synergy bonus to this check.) For this reason, those who take advantage of Ur-words are loath to use them recklessly.

> ***Example:*** *Carius, a savant with some skill at speaking Ur–words, encounters a corrupted crimson scholar. The crimson scholar speaks the charm person Ur–word against Carius. He must first resist the word's effect; if he does so, he may make a DC 25 Knowledge (arcana) check. (That's a base of 15, as a simple Ur–word, plus an additional +10 for having heard it, rather than having read it.) If he succeeds, he learns the word and may now use it against the crimson scholar.*

Using Ur-Words

Once you have mastered an Ur-word, you may speak it at will, although forming the word or phrase requires a little more effort than normal speech. Speaking an Ur-word requires a Concentration check against the same DC required to learn the word. (See **Table 8–@: Learning Ur-words**.) This is a standard action that does not provoke an attack of opportunity. If you succeed, you speak the word, which takes effect as normal. If you fail, you mispronounce the word and it doesn't take effect. There is no limit to the number of times you can use the word per day; however, each time you attempt to use any Ur-word, the DC increases by +2. After 8 hours of rest, the DCs reset to normal.

You must be able to speak clearly to use Ur-words. They don't function in areas of magical silence, nor can you use an Ur-word if you are somehow prevented from speaking, such as a *hold person* spell, a gag, or someone stuffing his fist in your mouth. Certain conditions or distractions make speaking the word properly more difficult, as described on **Table 8–14: Concentration Modifiers**.

An Ur-word resolves just like a spell. Your caster level is equal to your character level. The save DC to resist the effects of the word equals 10 + the complexity modifier (as described in **Table 8–12: Learning Ur-Words** + your Intelligence modifier. Since Ur-words are not actually

Creating Characters Above 1st

A newly created character begins play with half his maximum number of Ur-words, which should be generated randomly.

Table 8–12: Finding Ur-words

Decipher Script Check Result	Ur-Word found
20 or less	Useless fragments
21–25	1d4 common
26–30	1d3 uncommon
31–35	1d2 scarce
36 or greater	1 obscure

Complexity

d100	Ur-Word Complexity	Complexity Modifier to Save DC
01–50	Simple	+1
51–75	Moderate	+3
76–90	Complex	+5
91–100	Very Complex	+7

Table 8–13: Learning Ur-words

Complexity	Knowledge (arcana) DC	Feat Required
Simple	15	Simple Ur-word Proficiency
Moderate	20	Moderate Ur-word Proficiency
Complex	35	Complex Ur-word Proficiency
Very Complex	30	Very Complex Ur-word Proficiency

Table 8–14: Concentration Modifiers

Concentration Modifier	Condition or Distraction
+ half of continuous damage last dealt	Taking continuous damage during the action
+ spell level	Distracted by a non-damaging spell
+5	Vigorous motion (on a moving mount, taking a bouncy wagon ride, in a small boat in rough water, below decks in a storm-tossed ship).
+10	Violent motion (on a galloping horse, taking a very rough wagon ride, in a small boat in rapids, on the deck of a storm-tossed ship).
+15	Extraordinarily violent motion (earthquake).
+10	Entangled.
+15	Grappling or pinned.
+5	Weather is a high wind carrying blinding rain or sleet.
+10	Weather is wind-driven hail, dust, or debris.
+5 + the spell's level	Weather caused by a spell, such as *storm of vengeance*.



spells, they do not benefit from metamagic feats, the Spell Focus feats, or Spell Penetration. Ur-words have only a Verbal component, regardless of what components the spell would otherwise require; however, if the spell being emulated has an XP component, the character must expend that sum of XP each time he utters the Ur-word.

Ur-Words

In theory, Ur-words are at the root of nearly every spell. In practice, most deal with changing the environment: altering temperatures, easing a birth, softening the ground for easy plowing, and so on. Use the following tables for determining the types of Ur-words found in a text. You'll note that effects from the enchantment and illusion schools tend to be common, transmutations uncommon, abjurations and evocations scarce, and conjurations and necromancy obscure. You may add spells to these lists as you like, using the ones presented as a guideline. Unless otherwise noted, the Ur-word functions as the spell does.

There are special Ur-words, those far more powerful than the elements listed here. A good example is the *Word of Unmaking,* as found on page 149. Others may exist as well, but they should be treated as rare and powerful magic items.

Common Ur-Words

Simple

Roll	Ur-word
01–04	*Aid*
05–08	*Animal Messenger*
09–12	*Animal Trance*
13–16	*Bane*
17–20	*Bless*
21–24	*Calm Animals*
25–28	*Calm Emotions*
29–32	*Charm Animal*
33–36	*Charm Person*
37–40	*Color Spray*
41–44	*Command*
45–48	*Confusion, Lesser*
49–52	*Daze Monster*
53–56	*Enthrall*
57–60	*Ghost Sound*
61–64	*Heroism*
65–68	*Hold Animal*
69–72	*Hypnotic Pattern*
73–76	*Hypnotism*
77–80	*Lullaby*
81–84	*Minor Image*
85–88	*Sleep*
89–92	Any 0-level enchantment/illusion spell
93–96	Any 1st-level enchantment/illusion spell
97–100	Any 2nd-level enchantment/illusion spell

Moderate

Roll	Ur-word
01–04	*Charm Monster*
05–08	*Confusion*
09–12	*Crushing Despair*
13–16	*Deep Slumber*
17–20	*Dominate Animal*
21–24	*Dominate Person*
25–28	*Feeblemind*
29–32	*Geas, Lesser*
33–36	*Good Hope*
37–40	*Hideous Laughter*
41–44	*Hold Monster*
45–48	*Major Image*
49–52	*Mind Fog*
53–56	*Mirage Arcana*
57–60	*Modify Memory*
61–64	*Phantasmal Killer*
65–68	*Rage*
69–72	*Rainbow Pattern*
73–76	*Song of Discord*
77–80	*Suggestion*
81–88	Any 3rd-level enchantment/illusion spell
89–96	Any 4th-level enchantment/illusion spell
97–100	Any 5th-level enchantment/illusion spell

Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–10	*Command, Greater*
11–20	*Geas/Quest*
21–30	*Heroism*
31–40	*Hold Person, Mass*
41–50	*Insanity*
51–60	*Persistent Image*
61–70	*Power Word Blind*
71–80	*Suggestion, Mass*
81–90	Any 6th-level enchantment/illusion spell
91–100	Any 7th-level enchantment/illusion spell

Very Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–10	*Antipathy*
11–20	*Binding*
21–30	*Charm Monster, Mass*
31–40	*Demand*
41–50	*Dominate Monster*
51–60	*Hold Monster, Mass*
61–62	*Power Word Kill*
63–70	*Power Word Stun*
71–80	*Scintillating Pattern*
81–90	*Sympathy*
91–98	Any 8th-level enchantment/illusion spell
99–100	Any 9th-level enchantment/illusion spell

Uncommon Ur-Words

Simple

Roll	Ur-word
01–03	*Alter Self*
04–06	*Animate Rope*
07–09	*Barkskin*
10–12	*Bear's Endurance*
13–15	*Bull's Strength*
16–18	*Cat's Grace*
19–21	*Chill Metal*
22–24	*Eagle's Splendor*
25–27	*Enlarge Person*
28–30	*Entangle*
31–33	*Erase*
34–36	*Feather Fall*
37–39	*Fox's Cunning*
40–42	*Heat Metal*
43–45	*Jump*
46–48	*Knock*
49–51	*Levitate*
52–54	*Longstrider*
55–57	*Make Whole*
58–60	*Message*
61–63	*Open/Close*
64–66	*Owl's Wisdom*
67–69	*Reduce Person*
70–72	*Soften Earth and Stone*
73–75	*Warp Wood*
76–85	Any 0-level transmutation spell
86–95	Any 1st-level transmutation spell
96–100	Any 2nd-level transmutation spell

Moderate

Roll	Ur-word
01–04	*Air Walk*
05–08	*Command Plants*
09–12	*Control Winds*
13–16	*Diminish Plants*
17–20	*Enlarge Person, Mass*

21–24	*Fabricate*
25–28	*Fly*
29–32	*Giant Vermin*
33–36	*Glibness*
37–40	*Haste*
41–44	*Keen Edge*
45–48	*Plant Growth*
49–52	*Reduce Animal*
53–56	*Reduce Person, Mass*
57–60	*Rusting Grasp*
61–64	*Sculpt Sound*
65–68	*Slow*
69–72	*Spike Growth*
73–76	*Spike Stones*
77–80	*Stone Shape*
81–84	*Transmute Mud to Rock*
85–88	*Transmute Rock to Mud*
89–92	Any 3rd-level transmutation spell
93–96	Any 4th–level transmutation spell
97–100	Any 5th-level transmutation spell

Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–08	*Animal Growth*
09–16	*Animate Objects*
17–22	*Animate Plants*
23–30	*Baleful Polymorph*
30–38	*Control Water*
39–46	*Control Weather*
47–52	*Disintegrate*
43–60	*Flesh to Stone*
61–68	*Ironwood*
69–76	*Passwall*
77–84	*Stone to Flesh*
85–92	*Transmute Metal to Wood*
93–96	Any 6th–level transmutation spell
97–100	Any 7th-level transmutation spell

Very Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–20	*Animal Shapes*
21–40	*Control Plants*
41–60	*Polymorph Any Object*
61–80	*Reverse Gravity*
81–90	Any 8th–level transmutation spell
91–100	Any 9th-level transmutation spell

Scarce Ur-Words

Simple

Roll	Ur-word
01–05	*Arcane Lock*
06–10	*Burning Hands*
11–15	*Dancing Lights*
16–20	*Darkness*
21–25	*Endure Elements*
26–30	*Entropic Shield*
31–35	*Faerie Fire*
32–40	*Flare*
41–45	*Gust of Wind*
46–50	*Hold Portal*
51–55	*Light*
56–60	*Produce Flame*
61–65	*Purify Food and Drink*
66–70	*Pyrotechnics*
71–75	*Resistance*
76–80	*Resist Energy*
81–85	*Shatter*
86–90	*Sound Burst*
91–94	Any 0-level abjuration/evocation spell
95–98	Any 1st-level abjuration/evocation spell
99–100	Any 2nd-level abjuration/evocation spell

Moderate

Roll	Ur-word
01–05	*Antiplant Shell*
06–10	*Call Lightning*
11–15	*Cone of Cold*
16–20	*Continual Flame*
21–25	*Daylight*
26–30	*Dimensional Anchor*
31–35	*Dismissal*
36–40	*Dispel Magic*
41–45	*Energy Ball* (as *fireball*, but speaker chooses energy type)
46–50	*Fire Shield*
51–55	*Freedom of Movement*
56–60	*Interposing Hand*
61–65	*Ice Storm*
66–70	*Line of Energy* (as *lightning bolt*, but speaker chooses energy type)
71–75	*Repel Vermin*
76–80	*Sending*
81–85	*Shout*
86–90	Any 3rd-level abjuration/evocation spell

91–95	Any 4th-level abjuration/evocation spell
96–100	Any 5th-level abjuration/evocation spell

Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–06	*Antilife Shell*
07–12	*Banishment*
13–18	*Break Enchantment*
19–24	*Call Lightning Storm*
25–30	*Chain Lightning*
31–36	*Dispel Magic, Greater*
37–42	*Forbiddance*
43–48	*Forceful Hand*
49–54	*Grasping Hand*
55–60	*Implosion*
61–66	*Prismatic Spray*
67–72	*Repel Wood*
73–78	*Repulsion*
79–84	*Sunbeam*
85–90	*Sympathetic Vibration*
91–95	Any 6th-level abjuration/evocation spell
96–100	Any 7th-level abjuration/evocation spell

Very Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–08	*Antimagic Field*
09–16	*Clenched Fist*
17–24	*Crushing Hand*
25–32	*Dimensional Lock*
33–40	*Earthquake*
41–48	*Energy Ray* (as *polar ray*, but speaker chooses energy type)
49–56	*Energy Storm* (as *fire storm*, but speaker chooses energy type)
57–64	*Meteor Swarm*
65–72	*Repel Metal or Stone*
73–80	*Shout, Greater*
81–88	*Sunburst*
89–96	*Whirlwind*
97–98	Any 8th-level abjuration/evocation spell
99–100	Any 9th-level abjuration/evocation spell



Obscure Ur-Words

Simple

Roll	Ur-word
01–05	*Acid Arrow*
06–10	*Cause Fear*
11–15	*Chill Touch*
16–20	*Command Undead*
21–25	*Convert Moderate Wounds*
26–30	*Create Water*
31–35	*Death Knell*
36–40	*Delay Poison*
41–45	*Doom*
46–50	*Energy Splash* (as *acid splash*, but speaker selects energy type)
51–55	*False Life*
56–60	*Fog Cloud*
61–65	*Gentle Repose*
66–70	*Ghoul Touch*
71–75	*Glitterdust*
76–80	*Inflict Moderate Wounds*
81–85	*Ray of Enfeeblement*
86–90	Any 0-level conjuration/necromancy spell
91–95	Any 1st-level conjuration/necromancy spell
96–100	Any 2nd-level conjuration/necromancy spell

Moderate

Roll	Ur-word
01–05	*Black Tentacles*
06–10	*Contagion*
11–15	*Convert Critical Wounds*
16–20	*Convert Light Wounds, Mass*
21–25	*Create Food and Water*
26–30	*Enervation*
31–35	*Fear*
36–40	*Halt Undead*
41–45	*Inflict Critical Wounds*
46–50	*Inflict Light Wounds, Mass*
51–55	*Insect Plague*
56–60	*Major Creation*
61–65	*Neutralize Poison*
66–70	*Poison*
71–75	*Ray of Exhaustion*
76–80	*Sleet Storm*
81–85	*Waves of Fatigue*
86–90	Any 3rd-level conjuration/necromancy spell

91–95	Any 4th-level conjuration/necromancy spell
96–100	Any 5th-level conjuration/necromancy spell

Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–06	*Blight*
07–12	*Circle of Death*
13–18	*Cloudkill*
19–24	*Control Undead*
25–30	*Convert Critical Wounds, Mass*
31–36	*Create Greater Undead*
37–42	*Creeping Doom*
43–48	*Destruction*
49–54	*Energy Fog* (as *acid fog*, but speaker selects energy type)
55–60	*Fire Seeds*
61–66	*Harm*
67–72	*Inflict Critical Wounds, Mass*
73–78	*Plane Shift*
79–84	*Slay Living*
85–90	*Waves of Exhaustion*
91–95	Any 6th-level conjuration/necromancy spell
96–100	Any 7th-level conjuration/necromancy spell

Very Complex

Roll	Ur-word
01–10	*Energy Drain*
11–20	*Finger of Death*
21–30	*Gate*
31–40	*Horrid Wilting*
41–50	*Incendiary Cloud*
51–60	*Maze*
61–70	*Storm of Vengeance*
71–80	*Wail of the Banshee*
81–90	*Wish*
91–95	Any 8th-level conjuration/necromancy spell
96–100	Any 9th-level conjuration/necromancy spell

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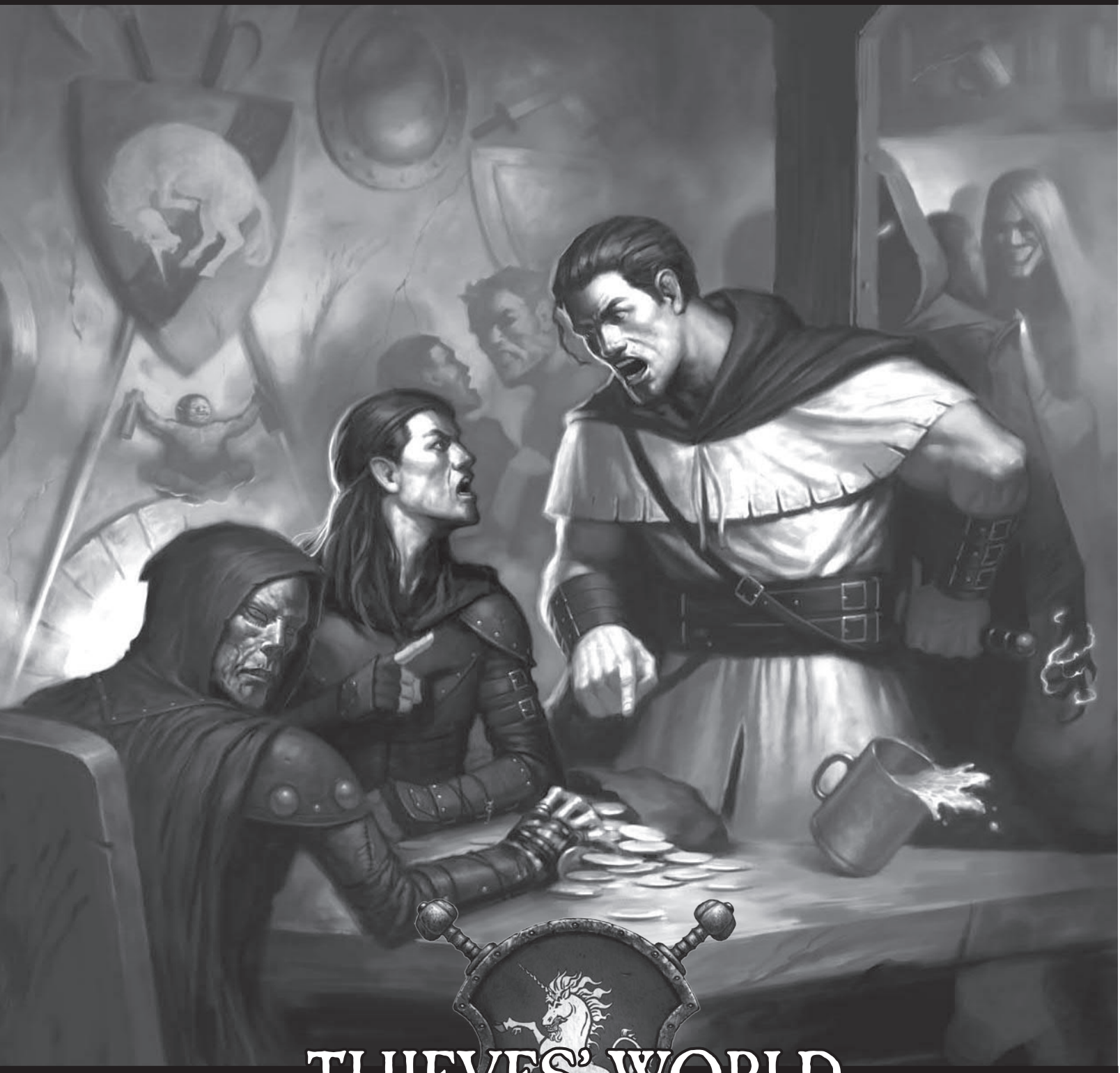
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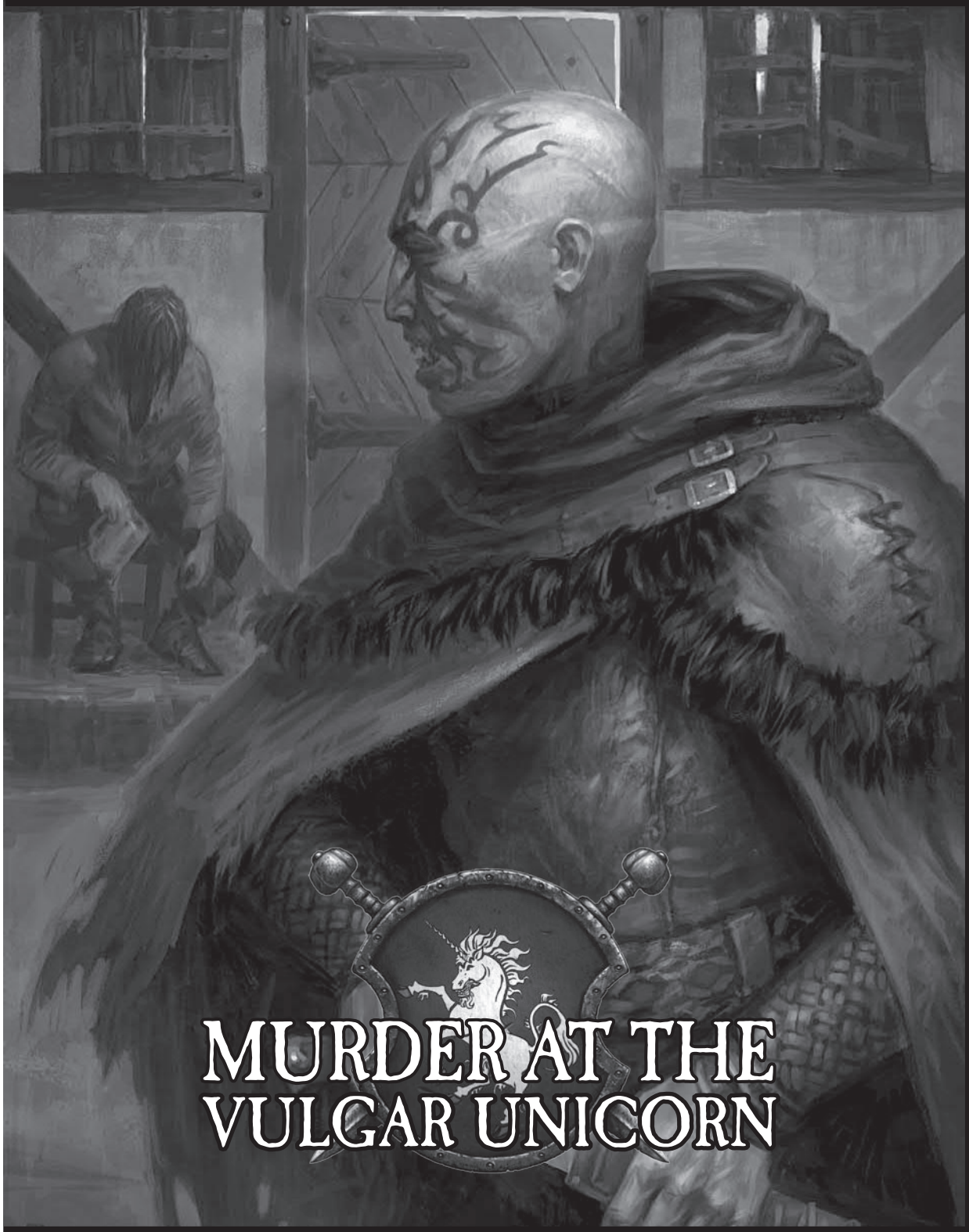


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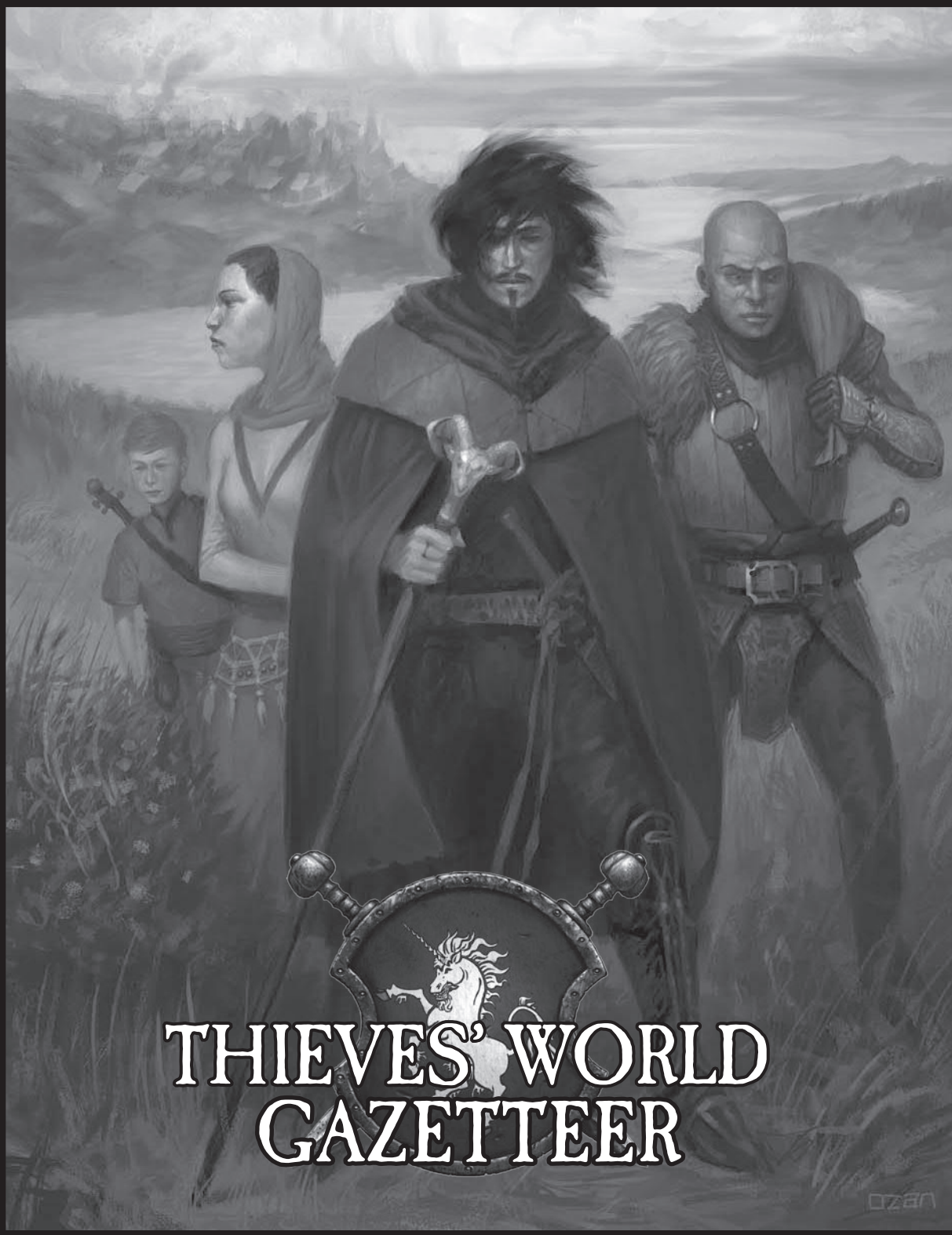


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