

Yoon-Suin

the Purple Land : Twenty Tea Houses of the Yellow City

1. Best Tea 852: According to the latest issue of *Kettlefiend's Weekly Leaf Guide*, it's more accurately the City's 822nd Best Tea Parlor after a mysterious arson took a score of neighboring establishments out of the running. Squeaky, swiveling seats and sneaky, sniveling staff.
2. Mossclad Moon: Purports to serve exclusively tea brewed from the leaves plucked gingerly from trees aged at least 1,004 years. They are then meticulously palp-sorted and graded by a hive of obsessive-compulsive Chint-on. Try the spicy laphet rolls!
3. (Gesture for Silence): Private compartments are ensorcelled hourly to insure a preternatural quiet. Popular with the hung-over and shadier citizens of the City, numerous contradictory signs outline the complex gestures used to order.
4. Dô's: Dô is a retired Slug-Man Magician who never forgets a name or a face. The Crab-Man slave who saved his life is always seated and soused at the far end of the bar. Patrons come here for the family atmosphere and the Feathered Man rafter-shows.
5. Leopard-Who-Laughes: This obnoxious franchise has several locations. All advertise heavily with annoyingly cloying butterflies. Their wing scales bear the business name, address, coupons, daily specials, and usually a corny joke. Some City-blocks are blanketed with their fragile and colorful bodies.
6. Weeping Whelk: A not-too-discrete front for an amputee family of deep-diving, Dwarven pearl smugglers, it is said that they run a weekly raffle to appease a Chu-srin, so always check the bottom of your cup for a nacreous surprise.
7. The Teat: Pungent yak butter tea, you'll smell it before you see it. Popular with ex-pats from the Mountains of the Moon. Staff customarily alternates between insulting and praising customers when their order is ready.
8. Petal Shrine of Kazurrus: Tea is brewed inside of a tame but ill-tempered and extremely uncomfortable water weird according to the taboo-laden strictures of a neighborhood religious sect. Self-serve.
9. Sí Rhum: A popular, albeit insinuating date destination. The tea here is rumored to freshen one's breath for a whole week. The sounds of incensed slaps to would-be suitors are quite common.
10. The Grotto of 10,002 Delights: Very posh and pricey, flooded knee deep with sparkling spring water. It's gauche to lift your own cup. Your tea is ceremoniously served on gilt-lily pads and one can only drink it with the help of one of several very obliging and completely tongue-less Sirens.
11. SLÖÖ: A pickled squid-man glares balefully from within a large cloudy tank that is re-suspended precariously from the ceiling every morning by an overworked sentient spider. Octopus arm-wrestling for a round on the house if you win.
12. Dmitri's: Features strongly brewed samovar-self-service Teas from far off Voivodja. The exotic taste is catching on with locals. No mirrors allowed.
13. Unjinô: Luxuriate in clammy, muculent mists while watching the wistfully beautiful, [acrobatic lovemaking that Slug-Men ecdysiasts are known for](#). Professional performers, private rooms. Best-in-class bubble tea and sweet-tempered narghiles.
14. The Wheel Which Squeaks: A favored buzz-hole among rickshaw drivers, palanquin porters, and tour guides that ply their trade to all the tourists. Some of the teas are guaranteed to keep one wakeful and alert.
15. L'req: Exciting affairs of honor are settled nightly among members of the well-to-do merchant class. Using highly trained giant ruby-throated hummingbirds to fence dramatically in crystalline cages. The seconds solemnly sip and insure that no untoward nectar-doping takes place.
16. Eight Reeds Red: Terribly formal tea service provided by eight clockwork waiters. The poppy pod-tea is always the perfect temperature, but the dim sum selection would make a Preta balk.
17. The Aerie: Located in the cavities of a gargantuan skull that fell from atop a tall spire. Run by a lonely narcoleptic Peahen Kenku who writes ponderous poetry about herself.
18. Dragon Boat #329: A glorious silver sampan that lazily wanders the canals. Excellent and intoxicating tea and views, but limited and season selection.
19. Slek-Z'nox's Makihaus: Run by a very hospitable clan of roach breeders, the tea here is exceptionally weak and of poor quality, but the still-quivering water bug sashimi is to die for. You get to pick your own directly from the tank!
20. Kata-ka-Rezal: Housed in a stunningly stalactitious subterranean cavern beneath Jade Serpent Row, they're the only game in town for Shrieker-Tea and the oft desired but distinctly difficult to remember flavor of the Oblivix Blend.