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# GM'S MISCELLANY: URBAN DRESSING II

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# GM's MISCELLANY: URBAN DRESSING II

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*Tired of your towns and cities being boring, bland places in which your PCs show little or no interest? Want to bring them alive with cool, interesting minor features of note? Then Urban Dressing is for you! Each instalment in the line focuses on a different kind of town and gives harried GMs the tools to bring such locales to life with interesting and noteworthy features.*

*This compilation presents loads of great features, NPCs and minor encounters to add to the towns in your campaign. Designed to be used both during preparation or actual play, GM's Miscellany: Urban Dressing II is an invaluable addition to any GM's armoury!*

**Design:** Josh Vogt

**Development:** Creighton Broadhurst

**Editing:** Creighton Broadhurst

**Cover Design:** Creighton Broadhurst

**Layout:** Creighton Broadhurst

**Interior Art:** Daniel Comerici (Hounworks), Paul Daly, Larry Elmore, Jeff Freels, Elizabeth Shippen Green, Manlyl Hall, Rick Hershey, Aaron Henson, William McAusland, Bradley K McDevitt, Noel Patton, Claudio Pozas, Michael Syrigos, Frank Walls and Maciej Zagorski (The Forge Studios). Some artwork copyright Paul Daly, used with permission. Some artwork copyright William McAusland, used with permission. Some artwork by Claudio Pozas, copyright Expeditious Retreat Press, used with permission. Frank Walls, Standard Stock Art: Issue 1 by Empty Room Studios Publishing. © 2008 Jeff Freels, used with permission. Resale or redistribution of these images is forbidden. Some artwork © Michael Syrigos, used with permission. Standard Stock Art #1 by Empty Room Studios Publishing. Some artwork in this book is ©2006 Reality Deviant Publications, used with permission. Some artwork from Fantasy Filler Art copyright Rick Hershey, All Rights Reserved.

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[ragingswan.com](http://ragingswan.com)  
[gatekeeper@ragingswan.com](mailto:gatekeeper@ragingswan.com)



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## FOREWORD

I didn't think Raging Swan press would do a second *GM's Miscellany: Urban Dressing*. When we released the first volume, I was pretty confident we'd covered the subject of urban dressing quite comprehensively. But, of course, I was wrong.

It turns out that as well as focusing on specific features in a town—say a statue or the docks—it's also a really good idea to focus on specific kinds of town. For a GM, having all the information for—say—a logging town easy to access helps to quickly build theme and flavour. That's what Josh has managed to do in the instalments that make up this book. Simply flip to the section that best describes the town your PCs are visiting and get rolling! You can use the various tables as inspiration or you can use them on the fly—urban adventures are, after all, a hassle as the PCs can go literally anywhere!

In any event, I hope you enjoy this book and that it makes your campaign better and easier to run.



## ABOUT THE DESIGNER

**Josh Vogt** is a full-time freelance writer and editor. He works with a variety of RPG developers and publishers and has sold fiction to Paizo's *Pathfinder Tales*, Grey Matter Press, the *UFO2* & *UFO3* anthologies, *Intergalactic Medicine Show* and *Shimmer*, among others. His upcoming debut fantasy novel is also with Paizo's *Pathfinder Tales*. You can find him at [JRVogt.com](http://JRVogt.com) or @JRVogt. He is made out of meat."



## HOW TO NAME THE THOROUGHFARES IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Every GM I've ever met names the various villages, towns and cities in his campaign. It's as normal and natural as naming a world's rivers, forests and mountain ranges. What few GMs do, however, is take the time to name the streets, alleys and other thoroughfares of their settlements.

Don't get me wrong; no GM has the time to name every road, street and alley in a given town, but naming a few helps bring the settlement alive in the players' minds. For example:

- Why is that shady lane called Dagger Alley?
- Why is that road called Dead Troll Road?
- Is it worth avoiding Beggars' Way?
- Is Temple Avenue a good place to find magical healing?
- What could possibly go wrong on Cutthroat Alley?

Such questions not only breathe life into the setting, but can even lead to interesting minor encounters or even the genesis of the PCs' next adventure. Adventurers venturing down Cutthroat Alley, for example, deserve everything they get while those wandering Market Street might discover a bargain or hear a particularly juicy rumour.

### NAMING CONVENTIONS

There are many different ways a road could be named. Here are a few of the most common styles:

- [Descriptor] street/alley/lane: Example, Dagger Lane, North Street and so on.
- Street of [Descriptor]: Example, Street of Swords, Road of the Dragon and so on.
- [Feature] street/alley/lane: Example, Water Street, Church Way and so on.
- [proper name's] street/alley/lane: Example, Krorz's Promenade, Sorn's Alley and so on.
- [Race, creature or monster] street/alley/lane: Example, Giant's Street, Orc Alley and so on.

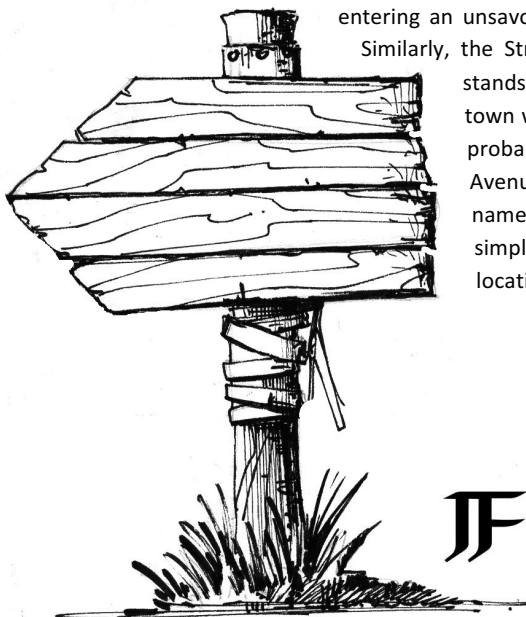
### THINGS TO NAME A ROAD AFTER

Once chosen, a name can enhance a town's flavour and verisimilitude. Roads can be named for or after a variety of features, events or personalities. For example,

- **Major Building or Urban Feature:** If a road runs to or passed an important urban feature, sometimes the road becomes known by that feature. For example, a road running passed the lord's castle may be known as Castle Street, while a road festooned with temples might be called Temple Way. Streets could also one named for churches, local markets, town gates and so on. Similarly, a street linking the town to a nearby village may become known by the name of the village.

- **Business Type:** In an urban area, businesses often cluster together, and within this mercantile district sometimes businesses of the same type establish themselves nearby to one another. So, for example, a street might become known as the Street of the Smiths for all the metalworkers found there. The more important locally a trade is, the more likely a street will be named after it.
- **Proper Name:** Perhaps someone famous lived or once lived on the street. Alternatively, a street could be named after a legendary personage thought to have once visited the area or even someone who died there. Some streets could even be named after deities and other semi-mythical beings. Additionally, streets could be named after important local families, famed bands of adventurers and so on.
- **Feature:** A street running by a river might become known by the name of the river—for example, Fleet Walk—while a road running in a cardinal direction may be called North Street. For example, in my home town, Abbey Road leads toward the ruins of an abbey, Market Street still hosts a market and Fleet Walk runs over the River Fleet (which now flows under the road). Other examples could include Water Street, Marsh Lane and so on.
- **History:** Sometimes streets are named for events of either local or national importance. Perhaps a troll was slain on Dead Troll Street and it was named (or renamed) to commemorate the event. Alternatively, a street could be named after a prominent local—perhaps Culven's Way—or for some feature that no longer exists (or which is now buried beneath the modern town).
- **Flavour:** If the party head down Dagger Alley before turning into Cutthroat Lane it's a pretty clear indication they are entering an unsavoury part of town.

Similarly, the Street of Silks likely stands in a nicer part of town while many towers probably flank the Avenue of Spires. Street names are a quick and simple way to impart a location's flavour.



## OTHER THINGS TO NAME

Of course, a GM doesn't have to stop at naming streets. There's lots of other things to name in a town. Such features include:

- Bridges
- Gates
- Markets
- Squares/plazas
- Wharfs/docks
- Hills
- Rivers/streams

## NOT ALL ROADS ARE CREATED EQUAL

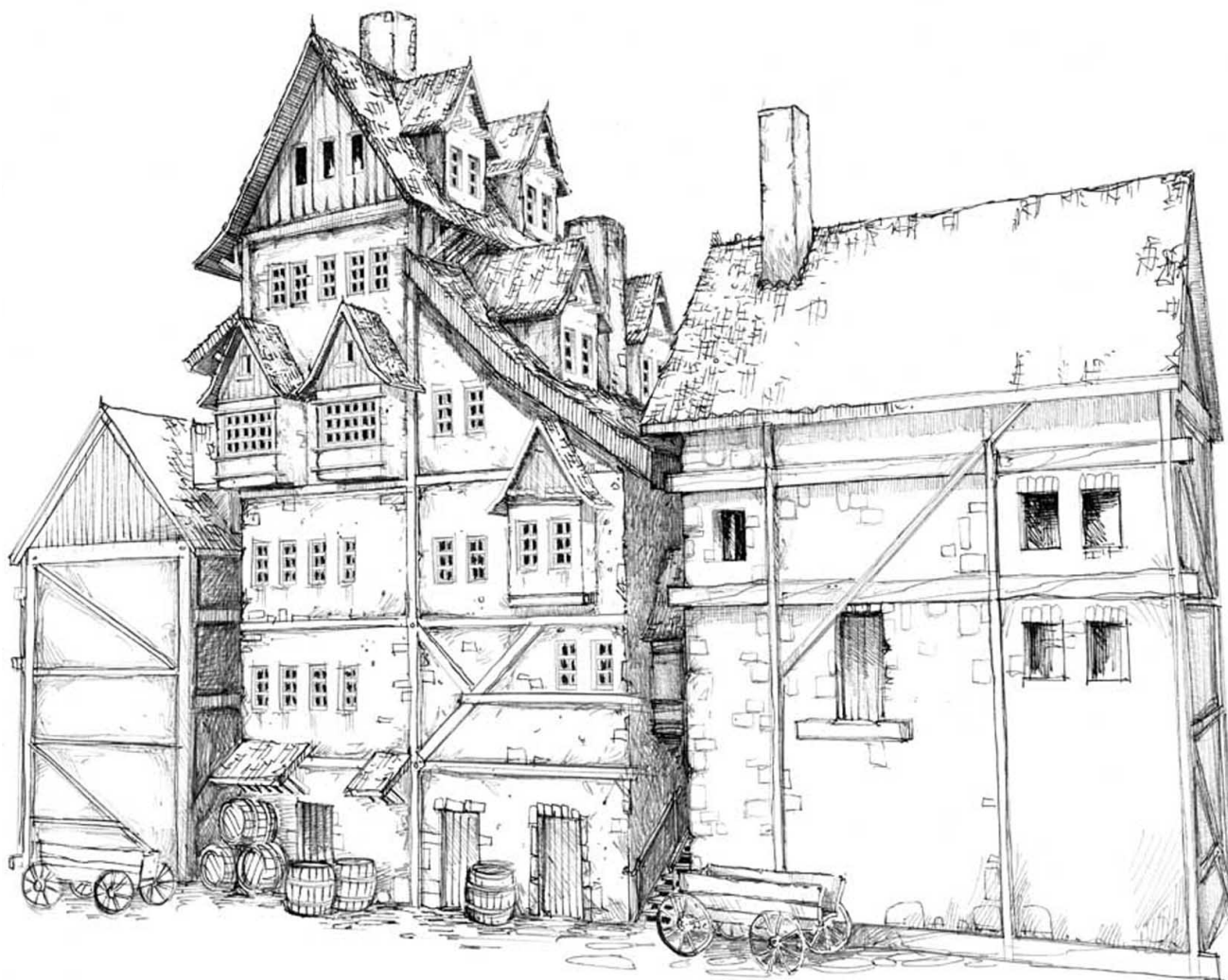
When naming a street, road or alley the GM should be aware that some kinds of streets occur only in certain parts of town. For example, alleys and lanes probably don't have much of a place in the posher areas while boulevards and avenues—

normally wide, tree-lined roads—have no place in the slum. Thus make certain to only place the various roads types where they make sense these definitions:

- **Anywhere:** Street, road, way, walk
- **Nice Parts of Town:** avenue, boulevard
- **Seedier Parts of Town:** Alley, lane
- **Mercantile Parts of Town:** Row, end

## A FINAL NOTE

The information herein can easily be adapted to naming the streets and lanes of any village or city—even those inhabited by nonhumans. Remember, even a small village with only two streets probably has names for both—otherwise how do locals get around, give directions to travellers and so on?



## BORDERLAND TOWN

---

## BORDERLAND TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the borderland town. Ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                        |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The town's walls are scorched by fire and pitted with age.                                             |
| 2  | Lewd graffiti covers the town's main gate.                                                             |
| 3  | Watchmen patrol the guard towers set along the walls.                                                  |
| 4  | Several tarred heads are stuck on iron spikes above every gate.                                        |
| 5  | The bell tower at the centre of town looks so tall and spindly it might topple at any second.          |
| 6  | The river passing by town is full of churned mud and debris.                                           |
| 7  | Everywhere you go, there's a babble of foreign languages that tickles the ear.                         |
| 8  | A band of foreigners stride along, seemingly at ease despite the odd looks the townsfolk give them.    |
| 9  | A series of inns entices prospective customer with brightly painted shingles.                          |
| 10 | A gaggle of street urchins dart through the crowd, laughing as they dash along in bare feet.           |
| 11 | A guard patrol shuffles down the street, eyeing every house and alley they pass with suspicion.        |
| 12 | Soldiers on horseback trot off through the open gate toward the border.                                |
| 13 | A strange, tiny shrine dedicated to a foreign god huddles in the shadow of a larger church.            |
| 14 | Wild dogs scrounge in the town's gutters and alleys, growling at anyone who gets too close.            |
| 15 | A trader walks down the street selling tepid meat pies from a wheelbarrow.                             |
| 16 | Several soldiers work at maintaining a ballista set atop a watchtower.                                 |
| 17 | Off-duty guards laugh and shove each other around as they head for the nearest tavern.                 |
| 18 | A small herd of pigs grunts and roots around the rubbish strewn along the street.                      |
| 19 | A man in chains hollers his innocence as he's prodded along at the end of a guard's spear.             |
| 20 | The grizzled man lounging in the nearby doorway has the look of a veteran soldier.                     |
| 21 | A squad of fresh recruits tromp into town, looking barely old enough to shave.                         |
| 22 | The party pass by a tidy row of gardens that look vibrant and healthy.                                 |
| 23 | While the fields butt up against the town wall, several farmsteads are barely visible in the distance. |
| 24 | The road winding away from the gate, leads off into dense fog.                                         |

|    |                                                                                                               |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | Drab foreign flags hang off the eaves of this building.                                                       |
| 26 | This bar has numerous painted signs indicating "No Foreigners Allowed."                                       |
| 27 | A beggar has been following the party for several streets now, constantly asking for alms.                    |
| 28 | This body has hung so long on the gallows nothing is left but the skeleton.                                   |
| 29 | The street is cleared so the escort of a visiting dignitary can make their way along.                         |
| 30 | A hunting party sets off with dogs and horses, their voices loud and cheerful in anticipation of fresh game.  |
| 31 | A fur trader has opened up his cart to display his expansive and expensive wares.                             |
| 32 | These guards appear to be harassing a foreign beggar who is shouting at them in his native language.          |
| 33 | This young man has stood on the corner all day, crying for war.                                               |
| 34 | Enemy armour and weapons have been strapped to the wall as trophies...and warnings.                           |
| 35 | The party catch a whiff of rot floating over from the town's graveyard.                                       |
| 36 | The stones of this wall are painted with the sigil of a foreign god of death.                                 |
| 37 | The rock and wood walls of a nearby building have hundreds of names carved into them.                         |
| 38 | A handful of figures lurk in the shadows of a nearby alley.                                                   |
| 39 | Sailors call out for news from a barge passing along the river that marks the nearby border.                  |
| 40 | A bloodstained robe lies on the ground, and everyone is taking care to walk far away from it.                 |
| 41 | The clothes sold in a nearby shop look to be of a foreign fashion.                                            |
| 42 | This little booth down a side street sells a variety of idols crafted in all manners of precious metal.       |
| 43 | The streets are littered with thousands of winged insects that most townsfolk just crush underfoot.           |
| 44 | Strong winds have kicked up a riotous dust storm that blasts the town and obscures vision.                    |
| 45 | All night long, pounding drums sound in the distance.                                                         |
| 46 | The rain has not let up for several days now, turning the muddy streets into miniature rivers.                |
| 47 | Along this street, every single window is shuttered and barred.                                               |
| 48 | Odd fetishes of hair and bone dangle off the doorway of this home.                                            |
| 49 | A pair of grimy men have been skulking along behind the party now for several minutes.                        |
| 50 | These bones have been lying in the road long enough to have been trampled and shattered into yellowed shards. |

|    |                                                                                                                 |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 51 | Graffiti scrawled on a wall is a political slogan, decrying the current mayor.                                  |
| 52 | Nobody bothers to stoop and pick up a handful of copper coins scattered in the mud.                             |
| 53 | The field beyond the main gate has been burnt and the trees chopped to stumps.                                  |
| 54 | A large flock of black carrion birds soar overhead, circling near the town's centre.                            |
| 55 | The stripped and mutilated body in the gutter looks like it has been there for several days.                    |
| 56 | The fields leading up to the town are littered with bodies.                                                     |
| 57 | The party can hear the shrieks and roars of wild animals in the nearby woods.                                   |
| 58 | The strong smell of smoke emanates from the structure the party are standing nearby.                            |
| 59 | This booth sells an array of exotic foods, some of which may still be alive.                                    |
| 60 | A band of drunken mercenaries stagger down the street. They seem happy and good-natured.                        |
| 61 | The foreign dignitary everyone is chattering about appears to be a child in fine robes.                         |
| 62 | A warrior stomps past the party, clad in strange gear and bearing a weapon unlike any they've seen before.      |
| 63 | Several guards have stopped a wagon and are inspecting the goods under the leather tarp.                        |
| 64 | Unnerving stone statues of slightly humanoid fish-like creatures line the streets.                              |
| 65 | The shadows in this portion of town seem longer and darker than normal.                                         |
| 66 | The howling of dogs fills the air.                                                                              |
| 67 | Every house has bundles of antlers strapped to the eaves.                                                       |
| 68 | This house has been designed to reflect the exotic architecture of a neighbouring kingdom.                      |
| 69 | This portion of town looks like it caught fire recently, with at least a dozen homes burnt down.                |
| 70 | The party see the same person around town several times now, always making notes on a scrap of paper.           |
| 71 | Exotic dancers in shimmering veils and robes have drawn a crowd.                                                |
| 72 | The fight that broke out in the street has now engulfed at least a dozen people.                                |
| 73 | A shrill scream trails off into a weeping babble.                                                               |
| 74 | Horses whinny in the stables, made restless by an unidentified disturbance.                                     |
| 75 | There is a constant pounding on one of the town gates, and the booms can be heard from a good distance.         |
| 76 | Animal hides of all sorts are stretched out on tanning frames along the street. A foul stench hangs in the air. |
| 77 | The well in the middle of town is guarded and covered with a locked wood panel.                                 |

|     |                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 78  | The whack of wood on wood fills the air as soldiers strike at rows of sparring dummies.                                                                                                        |
| 79  | Townfolk cast glares at the foreign militia squad marching down the main street. They seem to be escorting a noble of some sort.                                                               |
| 80  | The flags of the kingdom of which the town is part wave proudly from every parapet.                                                                                                            |
| 81  | The pamphlets nailed to this post are all written in a foreign language.                                                                                                                       |
| 82  | A foreign priest rambles in an unknown tongue as he makes arcane signs with his hands.                                                                                                         |
| 83  | The caravan wagons are brightly painted, but each wagon remains locked tight.                                                                                                                  |
| 84  | A band of dusty riders clops along the street, looking weary and grim.                                                                                                                         |
| 85  | A tent camp is set up outside one of the gates; hundreds of refugees wait to be let inside.                                                                                                    |
| 86  | Smoke from a large fire mars the horizon.                                                                                                                                                      |
| 87  | A child stands by the side of the road, crying.                                                                                                                                                |
| 88  | Suddenly from above, the contents of a chamber pot are emptied into the road at the party's feet.                                                                                              |
| 89  | Cracked, dry earth surrounds the town as far as the eye can see.                                                                                                                               |
| 90  | The road detours around a towering oak tree that has clearly stood here for centuries.                                                                                                         |
| 91  | The night is speckled with campfires in the distance.                                                                                                                                          |
| 92  | A nomad camp has been arrayed outside of town for weeks, and people are muttering, wondering when they'll move on.                                                                             |
| 93  | Every door in town has been engraved with some manner of rune or sigil.                                                                                                                        |
| 94  | A carter moves down the street. Small boys running by the cart shovel excrement into the cart.                                                                                                 |
| 95  | A ramshackle fence surrounds an area of overgrown gardens. Amid the weeds, the remnants of a tumbled stone buildings are still visible.                                                        |
| 96  | As the party pass by, a small sinkhole opens in the ground. The sinkhole is about 20 ft. deep and seems to intersect with a small cave.                                                        |
| 97  | A carter moves down the street. Every now and then he stops to make a delivery. A mercenary guard accompanies the carter and keeps an eye on his cart.                                         |
| 98  | Thanks to the gaps in the walls, a desolate wind cuts through the town without ceasing. At dusk, the wind picks up and the townfolk securely shutter their windows to guard against the chill. |
| 99  | Haunting music follows the party around town all day, but they can't tell from where it comes.                                                                                                 |
| 100 | In the black of night, a fiery arrow is suddenly loosed from the northern wall's guard post.                                                                                                   |



## BORDERLAND TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the borderland town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | McMorrow's Hearth (inn) is the main stop in town, where most travellers stay over before heading across the border. The food is good, though the rooms can be drafty.                                                          |
| 03-04 | Stitch in Time (tailor) sees to the townsfolk's clothing, mending and patching to extend their life for another year.                                                                                                          |
| 05-06 | Tolley's Tongs (blacksmith) has kept the town forge burning through times of war and of peace. Both are profitable for a good blacksmith, though the latter is preferable.                                                     |
| 07-08 | Eyeholes (shoemaker) keeps the townsfolk from having to wander the dusty streets barefoot. Most of the guards wear boots made by the elderly craftsman.                                                                        |
| 09-10 | Stalls (stables) has a lone, grubby stableboy who, despite his surly nature, loves horses and tends them with a careful eye and hand.                                                                                          |
| 11-12 | The Den (garrison) is where the guard live and train, ever ready in case of a foreign attack. A wall courtyard serves as a practise ground.                                                                                    |
| 13-14 | Father's Flame (church) is the demesne of priest Arors, who preaches the necessity of cleansing both the body and the soul.                                                                                                    |
| 15-16 | Buckets o' Luck (fire brigade) keep the wood and hay-roofed homes from going up in flames during the dry season. They've saved the town at least half-a-dozen times now.                                                       |
| 17-18 | Squire's Square (training ground) is where the local guards go to keep their martial skills fresh, though most hope they'll never need them.                                                                                   |
| 19-20 | The Square (market) is a daily market where townsfolk get their groceries and other essential supplies, so long as the latest shipments have arrived. Many townsfolk – as well as several minor merchants – have pitches here. |
| 21-22 | Bubbling Brews (alchemist) works with tinctures most mysterious, with its patrons often being adventurers or hunters passing through town.                                                                                     |
| 23-24 | The Help (adventuring supplies) has a wide range of equipment and tools groups of mercenaries or freelancers might want while looking to make their fame and fortune.                                                          |
| 25-26 | Weary Rested (convalescence) is where wounded townsfolk or soldiers are taken to be healed and given time to recuperate.                                                                                                       |
| 27-28 | The Flock (carrier pigeons) is a rookery tower that provides swift communication with surrounding communities.                                                                                                                 |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 29-30 | Teamster's (coach house) provides swift travel from the town in either direction across the border. It does not guarantee the safety of any travellers at any time.                                                                      |
| 31-32 | The Majestic (fancy inn) is an oddly gaudy affair in the midst of the dusty town, but serves as the waystation for any visiting nobles or foreign dignitaries.                                                                           |
| 33-34 | Bite Back (wild game) brings in shipments of salted or iced meat from over the border, giving townsfolk the chance to sample exotic meats for a hefty price.                                                                             |
| 35-36 | Thunter's Trophies (taxidermist) works with local hunters to tan hides and mount heads as exhibits of their prowess. The air around his shop smells terrible.                                                                            |
| 37-38 | Take it For You (refuse collector) is a team of beggars who have banded together to keep the streets clean of rubbish for a copper a week. They sell what they can salvage from the rubbish and dump the remaining garbage outside town. |
| 39-40 | The Clomps (town watch) is a civilian night patrol nicknamed for their penchant for clomping over rooftops in the dead of night while inspecting the streets below.                                                                      |
| 41-42 | Durgan's Band (mercenaries) owns a small room behind a weapons shop where they try to recruit adventurers to join their mercenary band.                                                                                                  |
| 43-44 | Be Seen (torchlighters) is a small guild of old gentlemen who keep the lamps and torches around town blazing through the night.                                                                                                          |
| 45-46 | Walls A'Mighty (masons) is a family business that is almost constantly at work repairing the town walls as well as shoring up other stone and brick constructions. They are available for large commissions.                             |
| 47-48 | Sheathed (weaponsmith) claims to sell the finest weapons this side of the border. As far as what's sold on the other side, if you want to know so much, go over and ask them yourselves.                                                 |
| 49-50 | O'Mead's (armoursmith) is a retired soldier who keeps the local guards in shipshape gear while dreaming of his glory days. He has many friends among the watch.                                                                          |
| 51-52 | Papersnatch (government office) is the nickname for the mayor's office, which any foreigner must visit to present proper identification or credentials stating their business.                                                           |
| 53-54 | Horizon (surveyor) bases their charting operations out of the town, not only working to expand town construction but also plot out further settlements in the area.                                                                      |
| 55-56 | Cantry's (magic) is run by a youthful and bumbling wizard who has, on occasion, almost been run out of town by angry mobs.                                                                                                               |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 57-58 | Bunkhole (prison) always seems to have at least one drunken malcontent rattling its iron bars, yelling to be let out. This building also serves at the watch's headquarters.                                                            |
| 59-60 | Tidy's (moneychanger) helps travellers exchange coins for the currency of choice in whatever kingdom they're heading into, and provides small loans in exchange for securities.                                                         |
| 61-62 | Lead a Horse to Water (alehouse) gives its patrons what they want – cheap beer, cheap wine and a semi-clean floor to drool on until they've sobered up.                                                                                 |
| 63-64 | Easy Does It (outhouse) is a public bathroom near several drinking houses, offering more hygienic relief than the alleys for a few copper a use.                                                                                        |
| 65-66 | On the Path (maps) sells detailed sketches of both kingdoms for travellers in either direction, though the veracity of these maps is up for debate. Occasionally, the owner has treasure maps for sale.                                 |
| 67-68 | There and Back (guides) offers to guide travellers over the border and back, promising to lead them along only the safest roads and help them get along with strange foreign customs and laws.                                          |
| 69-70 | Sly Wink (drug den) is a squalid smoke pit beneath one of the town's drinking houses. A secret entrance can be found in the alley behind the tavern.                                                                                    |
| 71-72 | Rumble's (gambling den) is overseen by the self-named Lady Luck, a lovely woman who wears fluffy dresses and who is believed to be an effeminate man in drag, hiding from an unknown past crime.                                        |
| 73-74 | Read and Weep (books) offers a slim collection of books, mostly histories and a few story books. Occasionally, the shop has minor spellbooks or scrolls for sale.                                                                       |
| 75-76 | The Sheriff's Office (sheriff) handles local legal matters the militia doesn't want to be bothered with (or can't handle), such as horse thieves or murders.                                                                            |
| 77-78 | White Hands (baker) is run by a plump matron who sends her children around town every day with trays of fresh bread and pastries to entice customers to her shop.                                                                       |
| 79-80 | All Accounted (general goods) is run by a jolly man who loves to haggle, but who throws out customers if he thinks they are trying to cheat him.                                                                                        |
| 81-82 | The Gulls (docks) monitors all ships passing by on the river next to the town, watching for smugglers, pirates and taxing any goods put ashore. Small warehouses nearby are available for hire for both short- and long-term contracts. |
| 83-84 | Swift and True (fletcher) is run by a retired hunter who, despite her fading eyesight, can still carve marvellous bows and arrows.                                                                                                      |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Next of Skin (cloth) believes life is short, so why bother with anything but the best clothes? More frugal townsfolk tend to just take theirs to the tailor for mending.                                                 |
| 87-88  | Fresh Daily (fishers) brings in nets full of fish from the nearby lake, which has become one of the staples of the townsfolk's diet. Busy early in the day, but closes before dusk. The stench of fish hangs in the air. |
| 89-90  | The Tenders (spies) seems a common paraphernalia shop, but is actually a front for a pair of foreign spies posing as a married couple.                                                                                   |
| 91-92  | Lucky Strike (miners) has been sending forays into the nearby hills for years, searching for deeper, richer veins of ore.                                                                                                |
| 93-94  | Lamplight (brothel) has dozens of glass-panelled windows where candles and lanterns burn at all hours of the night.                                                                                                      |
| 95-96  | Sleep Cheap (hostel) offers little more than rickety cots and thin blankets for patrons, but it's just a few coppers a night.                                                                                            |
| 97-98  | Dust and Ashes (brawl house) celebrates the ethereal nature of the soul by pounding combatants into the nothingness they came from.                                                                                      |
| 99-100 | Burnin' Throat (distillery) creates and sells an array of fine whiskeys and moonshine, of which the locals are quite fond. The heady smell of fermentation hangs in the air around this low, rambling building.          |



## BORDERLAND TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the borderland town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

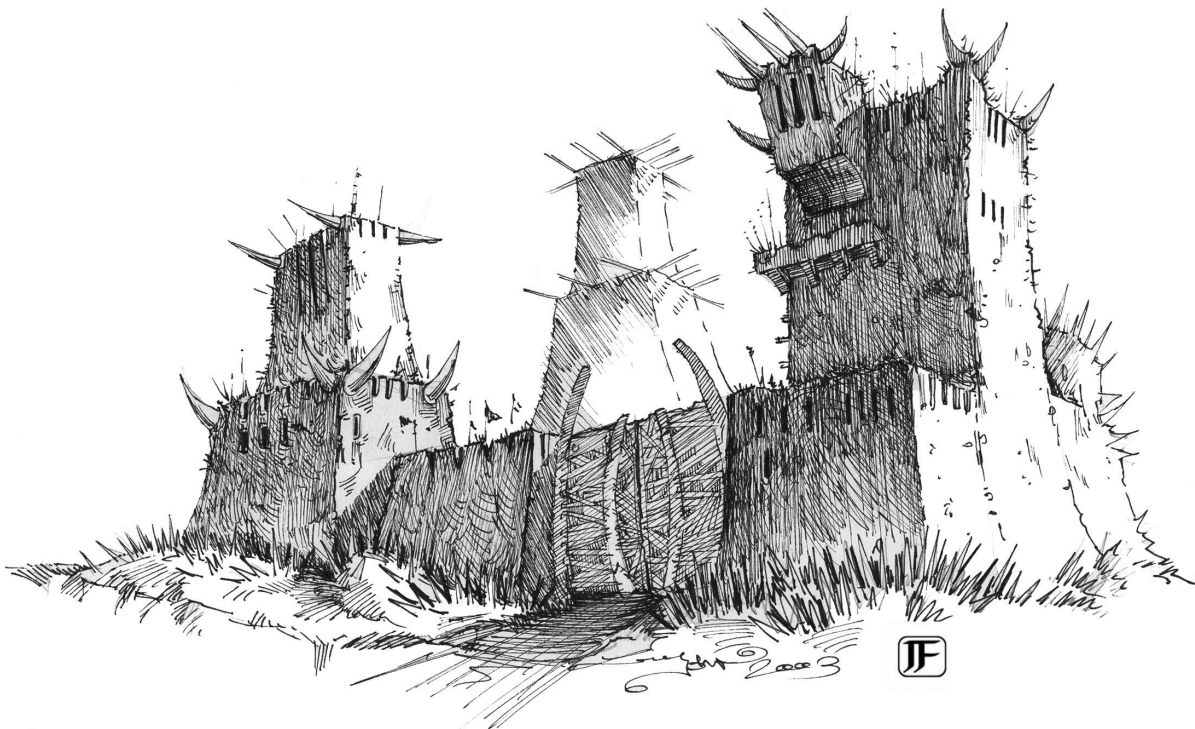
| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Tassy Radtsi (N female half-elf) is famed about town for her ability to drink anyone under the table.                                                                               |
| 03-04 | Cinnina Edhon (N male gnome cleric 3) constantly patrols the town, trying to sniff out any enemy magic at work.                                                                     |
| 05-06 | Skelyn Dena (CN female human) is a winsome sort, untroubled by rumours she killed her last husband in cold blood.                                                                   |
| 07-08 | Gajitas Oacho (LG male human cleric 1) eyes everyone, even old friends, with a perpetually distrusting glare.                                                                       |
| 09-10 | Lyeve Enthald (CG male half-elf) never goes anywhere without a bow and arrows strapped to his slim back.                                                                            |
| 11-12 | Kelath Ackburo (LG male human) is the town greeter, making sure all visitors are welcome and given directions.                                                                      |
| 13-14 | Fyom Essr (CN male halfling fighter 2) is always late for his night watch patrols, though he never offers an explanation for his tardiness.                                         |
| 15-16 | Urnode Kelkel (NE female half-orc fighter 3) is a bald fighter who loves to defeat any victims by getting her fingers twined in their hair and threatening to yank their scalp off. |
| 17-18 | Crema Awingt (CN female dwarf) is a stout smith who can turn around even the most complicated repair within a day or two.                                                           |
| 19-20 | Maden Ratent (LG male dwarf) has memorized all foreign relations regulations and chides any fellow townsfolk who make a misstep.                                                    |
| 21-22 | Akima Sydyn (LG female gnome) looks at folk from under thick eyelashes, and speaks so softly she is often misunderstood.                                                            |
| 23-24 | Olsva Gusseck (CE female dwarf fighter 3) never seems to have fully washed off the dried blood on her scarred face.                                                                 |
| 25-26 | Whop Olril (LE female half-orc) wears gorgeous dresses wherever she goes, complete with a string of teeth necklaces around her throat.                                              |
| 27-28 | Shesmor Wori (CE male gnome) is a wizened pickpocket who leads a small band of thieves that makes life hell for every shopkeeper.                                                   |
| 29-30 | Ardyld Tairt (NE male human) is a blustering, broad-shouldered man who is said to have at least half the townsfolk in his pocket.                                                   |
| 31-32 | Oadu Danund (CG male human cleric 3) is a thin young man who often disappears from town for days at a time.                                                                         |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Bitha Mosynt (N female halfling) always appears sick, with a greenish pallor, pockmarked skin and bleeding gums.                                                  |
| 35-36 | Gadja Bandel (LN female human fighter 1) follows her orders to the letter, often ignoring the spirit of the law.                                                  |
| 37-38 | Naris Kurukel (NG female human fighter 1) lives in town in-between being hired for mercenary work abroad. She prefers a trusty sword over anything else.          |
| 39-40 | Vesimara Tinotin (CN female human fighter 3) demands payment for her mercenary jobs upfront, and then it's anyone's guess whether she'll actually show up for it. |
| 41-42 | Esta Eendo (LG female half-orc) has arrested more hooligans around town than all the other guards put together.                                                   |
| 43-44 | Ghaen Oughel (LE male dwarf fighter 3) constant skulks through the town graveyard with a rusty battleaxe in hand.                                                 |
| 45-46 | Agece Vuruen (N male elf) bemoans being stationed in town for his father's business, and makes everyone feel they're beneath him.                                 |
| 47-48 | Draon Lemi (LE female half-elf) keeps the town in a steady supply of finely crafted bows and arrows. She is as willowy as the weapons she makes.                  |
| 49-50 | Issiv Luffle (NG female halfling cleric 3) is the local healer, a tired-looking woman with sad brown eyes but an easy smile.                                      |
| 51-52 | Rother Elmint (CG male dwarf fighter 2) is a mute fighter who makes his living by tracking down bounties across the border.                                       |
| 53-54 | Gule Sust (N male human) shuffles around town at all hours, looking half-asleep and fully drunk.                                                                  |
| 55-56 | Onkin Burer (LG male half-elf cleric 2) is part of the lumberjack troop in town, keeping the surrounding land clear of trees for defensive purposes.              |
| 57-58 | Ovuirt Upole (CE male halfling) likes tickling unwary townsfolk. And by tickling, he means stabbing with his needle-thin dagger.                                  |
| 59-60 | Liastra Hineim (LE female gnome cleric 1) is a local licensed witch whose spells and prophecies have a way of coming true in the worst possible manner.           |
| 61-62 | Etyl Vesis (NG male elf) spends most of his days lounging in the drinking house, complaining about the lack of quality wine in town.                              |
| 63-64 | Miq Woro (NE male human) is a rough-faced beggar who either possesses one leg or two, depending on what time of day you catch him.                                |
| 65-66 | Aughima Irine (CG female dwarf fighter 3) joined the town guard in the hopes of being called off to war, but has so far been disappointed.                        |



|       |                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 67-68 | Hach Ledero (LE male human fighter 3) has a sagging gut and a penchant for getting promotions by framing his fellow soldiers for crimes and bringing them to "justice."       |
| 69-70 | Isa Nadum (CN male gnome cleric 2) is a youthful gnome known about town for his magical, and mostly harmless, pranks.                                                         |
| 71-72 | Cheyar Swair (LG male human) is a slate-eyed man who has risen through the town's social hierarchy through hard work and determination.                                       |
| 73-74 | Kelita Danity (CN female halfling) swans about town, forever dainty and delicate despite wearing a tattered old dress.                                                        |
| 75-76 | Kalf Thruckson (NE male dwarf) has bought out several close mines, ensuring the wealth they produce stays far out of the townsfolk's hands.                                   |
| 77-78 | Uyera Loat (LE female half-orc) owns the fighting den in town and make good money by having a lackey bet on rigged brawls.                                                    |
| 79-80 | Enysi Hateld (N male half-elf cleric 1) sells spells and potions to all comers, so long as the buyer signs a paper stating they won't hold Enysi liable for the consequences. |
| 81-82 | Maem Dreik (CE male dwarf) has a wicked scar across his throat, under his beard. He exposes this before every fight and calls it his "Second Grin."                           |

|        |                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Yehil Lovil (NG female gnome) is an aging priestess who spends her fading days giving food and medicine to the poorer townsfolk.                 |
| 85-86  | Orer Poyet (LN male human) oversees tax collection for the town and, as such, is one of the most despised citizens despite his courteous nature. |
| 87-88  | Listin Radilor (CG male half-elf cleric 1) is a wiry local hunter, dressed all in greens and browns, with his hound forever at his side.         |
| 89-90  | Mosra Aemo (NG female elf) is a guard with the loveliest voice, and her musical strains often waft down from the tower she watches from.         |
| 91-92  | Dadin Dleck (NE male halfling cleric 3) tries to manipulate people into fights so he can loot the body of the loser.                             |
| 93-94  | Etira Rilan (CE female half-elf) is suspected of being a spy who sells secrets to the highest bidder.                                            |
| 95-96  | Rynmor Errod (CN male human fighter 2) is a brooding sort who loves to start fights both on and off duty.                                        |
| 97-98  | Negh Soints (LN male half-orc fighter 1) has been one of the most efficient and ruthless gate guards for as long as anyone can recall.           |
| 99-100 | Elmorm Coale (LG male dwarf) rules the town with a quiet humility, though no one can quite remember how he came to power.                        |



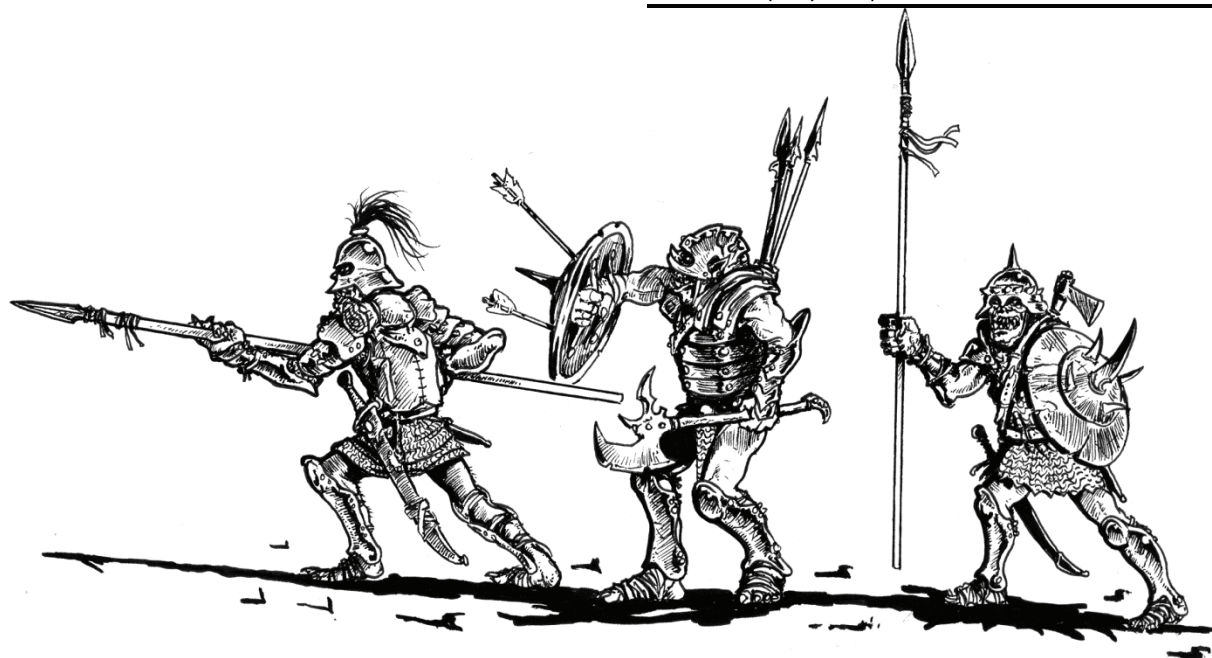
## BORDERLAND TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the borderland town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|---|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Alarm bells toll over the town, signalling the need to prepare for invaders or marauders. The marauders will probably not attack the town, but might instead fall on and slay a small merchant caravan trying to reach the safety of the town's walls. |
| 2 | A man in a dingy robe approaches the PCs and claims to be a foreign noble in disguise who has fallen on hard times. He needs money to return home, but won't forget the PCs' generosity.                                                               |
| 3 | The PCs are offered a good deal of money to gather details about the town militia and provide the information to a merchant who will be passing through the town in a few days.                                                                        |
| 4 | The land on the other side of the border hasn't been well-mapped yet, and the PCs are offered the scouting job.                                                                                                                                        |
| 5 | The PCs wake in the morning to find the town has come under siege by enemy troops.                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 6 | In the dead of night, a PC glimpse someone climbing over one of the town's outer walls.                                                                                                                                                                |
| 7 | The PCs round the corner to find the men of a watch patrol sprawled about the street. Of their attackers, there is no sign.                                                                                                                            |
| 8 | The town well has been poisoned, resulting in ten deaths. As newcomers to town, the PCs are the prime suspects.                                                                                                                                        |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 9  | The latest shipment of goods and food the town needs to survive has not arrived. Rumours swirl of bandits, marauding orcs and worse.                                                 |
| 10 | Several dead townsfolk have been found just within the town's precincts, apparently mauled by wild animals.                                                                          |
| 11 | A unit of foreign soldiers have been found massacred just a mile the other side of the border.                                                                                       |
| 12 | A scouting squad has not returned to town after leaving the week before. They're now well overdue. The local authorities approach the PCs to find out what happened to the soldiers. |
| 13 | All the horses in town have somehow been stolen, cutting off quicker travel or communication.                                                                                        |
| 14 | A royal courier is found dead on the road leading to town, horse missing and his message satchel empty.                                                                              |
| 15 | A foreigner runs at a random PC, sword drawn, screaming in an unknown language.                                                                                                      |
| 16 | The mayor has been found dead in his office, a foreign blade sticking out of his back.                                                                                               |
| 17 | Smoke rises from the nearby farmlands, which supply the town with much of its necessary produce.                                                                                     |
| 18 | A rat infestation is spreading a nasty disease through town, and one of the party just got bit by a rodent.                                                                          |
| 19 | An invasion of the nearby kingdom has begun, and the PCs are approached by a recruitment sergeant to sign up and defend the kingdom.                                                 |
| 20 | A government agent tells the PCs a foreign spy is believed to be in the town and they need the party's help to track him down.                                                       |



## BRIDGE TOWN

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## BRIDGE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the bridge town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                                                  |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Wheels rattle as a wagon crosses the wide slats of a bridge made entirely of rickety wood.                                                       |
| 2  | Rusting metal cages hang on chains dangling from a steel-spiked bridge.                                                                          |
| 3  | The tromp of feet nears as a guard patrol makes its way over the bridge.                                                                         |
| 4  | Children laugh as they scamper from one end of the bridge to another in a friendly race.                                                         |
| 5  | A raucous parade pauses in the middle of the bridge to sing the mayor's praises.                                                                 |
| 6  | Stonemasons hammer and chisel large blocks, which will soon form a new bridge.                                                                   |
| 7  | Pallbearers carry a casket over a bridge that symbolizes the passage between life and death.                                                     |
| 8  | Mounted guards shout for people to make way as they thunder after a fleeing criminal.                                                            |
| 9  | Wind whistles through the arches of this fine stone bridge.                                                                                      |
| 10 | The complex web of ropes holding up the bridge creaks alarmingly as the party crosses.                                                           |
| 11 | Wherever they go in town, swarms of biting insects follow the PCs.                                                                               |
| 12 | The water level in the canal is surprisingly low, reveals glistening mud flats.                                                                  |
| 13 | Every guard bears a breastplate or shield adorned with a stylized bridge.                                                                        |
| 14 | People whisper excitedly that the town's "ghost bridge" is supposed to be manifesting soon.                                                      |
| 15 | Dozens of shop fronts line this canal, but each of them is only accessible via the waterfront.                                                   |
| 16 | Lifelike faces of stone peer out unblinkingly from their settings in the side of this bridge.                                                    |
| 17 | A messenger boy walks past, calling out an advertisement for the Underbridge Inn.                                                                |
| 18 | A cloaked trio of people glide past, faces masked to resemble a variety of unearthly creatures.                                                  |
| 19 | The nearby craft shop resounds with hammering, and the occasional thud of a heavy object falling.                                                |
| 20 | The stagnant water under the bridge is covered with algae and crowded with frogs and turtles.                                                    |
| 21 | A mucus-covered salamander flops out of the water and blinks bulging eyes up at the party.                                                       |
| 22 | A priest walks by, loudly preaching the dangers of offending the "God of Bridges."                                                               |
| 23 | A sign decorated with a person's face etched in charcoal, wanted for crimes of "Bridge Burning and other Acts of Arson" is nailed to the bridge. |
| 24 | The woman who just walked by had gills, scaled skin and webbed hands and feet.                                                                   |

|    |                                                                                                                                         |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | Signs are posted all around town proclaiming the official Bridge Festival begins in a fortnight.                                        |
| 26 | Water from the canals has been cleverly diverted into beautiful fountains arrayed all over town.                                        |
| 27 | Children play and chant, "One bridge, two bridge, red bridge, blue bridge..." on the bridge.                                            |
| 28 | Two fighters take up duelling poses in the middle of a bridge as onlookers place bets.                                                  |
| 29 | A hawkker yells out the prices of his scale model wooden carvings of various bridges from around town.                                  |
| 30 | Fishermen shout excitedly as they haul in nets of still-flopping fish from the day's catch.                                             |
| 31 | An old hag in a black robe stands before the bridge, asking questions of everyone who wishes to cross.                                  |
| 32 | Bells chime with every step the party take across this bridge, though they are never in discord with one another.                       |
| 33 | One man complains to another that he's stuck in this district because he's afraid of heights.                                           |
| 34 | A sign boasts of this cafe's famous "Canal Tea" which they promise is brewed fresh every day with authentic ingredients.                |
| 35 | A tiefling wanders past, grumbling to herself about "lighting the water on fire."                                                       |
| 36 | Polished stones are set in the street to form arrows and names pointing to various bridges and districts.                               |
| 37 | The stone bridge rumbles from time to time, but no one seems to worry.                                                                  |
| 38 | A thick fog swamps the town, not letting travellers see the other end of any bridge when they start to cross.                           |
| 39 | Bridge menders swap stories and jokes as they take a break, lounging around a broken portion of a bridge.                               |
| 40 | Children fish along the edge of a canal, letting their feet dangle over the edge as they chatter among themselves.                      |
| 41 | A PC overhears a young man tell a woman, "Meet me at the Lover's Bridge at midnight."                                                   |
| 42 | The bronze statue of a pig stands before this bridge, nose polished by everyone touching it as they pass for good luck.                 |
| 43 | A group of acrobats draw applause as they perform balancing acts on the bridge's railing. A troupe member passes a hat around for tips. |
| 44 | An old man whistles to himself as he sweeps debris off the bridge into the canal below.                                                 |
| 45 | The person the party just passed was clutching a bundle of firewoods in their arms, along with a gleeful expression.                    |
| 46 | A bloody set of footprints smears their way toward the nearest canal and across the bridge.                                             |

|    |                                                                                                                                         |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 47 | Birds chirp from their roosts within the nooks and crannies of the bridge's stone arches.                                               |
| 48 | A paper flutters past, and a PC sees the words "Bridge Tax" inked on it.                                                                |
| 49 | In the distance, shrieks rise as a bridge cracks and crashes into the river below.                                                      |
| 50 | A forlorn man leans against the bridge railing, sighing wistfully as he gazes off into the distance.                                    |
| 51 | A ghostly moan wavers out from under the darkness beneath the bridge.                                                                   |
| 52 | Two mobs brandishing swords and torches yell at each other from either side of a bridge.                                                |
| 53 | A guard strides past, his booming voice announcing a bridge curfew is about to start.                                                   |
| 54 | A PC overhears several architects debating the virtues of various bridge-building techniques.                                           |
| 55 | A passerby mutters at a PC under his breath, calling them a "no-bridger barbarian."                                                     |
| 56 | A loud snap sounds in the distance, followed by a multitude of screams.                                                                 |
| 57 | High above the water, a figure perches on the lip of a bridge, as if preparing to jump.                                                 |
| 58 | The water in the canal is foamy, and the foam itself has an odd greenish tinge to it.                                                   |
| 59 | A horse's hooves sound oddly hollow as it clops its way across a lengthy span of stone.                                                 |
| 60 | The canal below moves sluggishly, looking like a thick, muddy churn full of trash and debris.                                           |
| 61 | A gondolier rows past, calling out the prices of being ferried to various parts of town.                                                |
| 62 | A crowd cheers as several folk hang from a bridge's railing in a test of strength.                                                      |
| 63 | A sign posted at eye-level reads, "Only people this tall or higher can cross the bridge."                                               |
| 64 | The gentle sound of lapping water follows the party everywhere they go in town.                                                         |
| 65 | The stink of raw sewage fills the air near this plain wooden bridge.                                                                    |
| 66 | This artist's paintings display locations of notable bridges from around town, except the realistic images lack the bridges themselves. |
| 67 | You hear grumbles and mutters wherever you go as town citizens complain about "bridge imps."                                            |
| 68 | A sign directs half-orcs to take an alternate bridge rather than the main one.                                                          |
| 69 | People gather to watch a wooden bridge go up in flames. No one seems to be putting out the fire.                                        |
| 70 | Whacking noises echo as a couple gondoliers spar with their paddles as they pass each other.                                            |
| 71 | Rival gondolier teams mock each other's gaudy outfits and the quality of their competing boats.                                         |
| 72 | Frogs chirrup from the abundance of lily pads clogging the canals from end to end.                                                      |
| 73 | A man screams for justice as he is lashed hand and foot to a bridge, where he'll be left to starve.                                     |
| 74 | Every bridge in town looks identical, down to the exact shape and size of their planks.                                                 |

|     |                                                                                                                                         |
|-----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 75  | Fish fling themselves out of the canals by the hundreds to flop about and die on the streets.                                           |
| 76  | Graffiti of a generic bridge has been splashed in crimson paint on every door on this street.                                           |
| 77  | Rows of rocking chairs line the span; people sit here to watch the sunrise and sunset every day.                                        |
| 78  | The water in the canal has an oily scum to it that stinks of sulphur and ripples with rainbow hues.                                     |
| 79  | A troll sits in the open at one end of the bridge, simply holding its clawed hand out for people to drop coins into.                    |
| 80  | A clock tower gongs somewhere in the distance, and people hurry in all directions.                                                      |
| 81  | Someone screams before the party hear a loud splash and cries for help.                                                                 |
| 82  | A bridge sentry is yelling at a half-giant, telling the brute he's far too heavy to cross the span.                                     |
| 83  | Two merchants are yelling at each other, their carts having crashed into one another after trying to cross the bridge at the same time. |
| 84  | Two black coaches race directly toward one another from either end of the bridge; neither shows signs of slowing.                       |
| 85  | A folded parchment flutters in the breeze, having been stuck in a gap between two stones.                                               |
| 86  | Rows of canal boats line dozens of small wooden piers, bobbing on the current.                                                          |
| 87  | A person points to the sky and gasps, saying, "Did you see? The heavenly bridge is back!"                                               |
| 88  | Every bridge in town has tall statues on either end carved with demonic visages.                                                        |
| 89  | Iridescent beetles cluster by the hundreds on almost every flat surface, making an oddly musical humming once the sun sets.             |
| 90  | A red velvet carpet has been laid along the street, leading all the way to the next bridge.                                             |
| 91  | A drunken band of musicians launches into their new song, "100 Reasons We Love Bridges!"                                                |
| 92  | This bridge is glistening wet.                                                                                                          |
| 93  | A robed woman stands in the middle of the bridge, her face in shadow beneath the pink, frilly umbrella she holds.                       |
| 94  | Several monks shuffle past, their robes stylized with gray arches, ripples and white clouds.                                            |
| 95  | A stack of planks lies nearby, drying out before being used for bridge repairs.                                                         |
| 96  | A man groans as he tries to roll an enormous block of stone down the street.                                                            |
| 97  | A few canals over, a chorus of worship songs rise over the town.                                                                        |
| 98  | A stranger in a blank, black mask silently watches the street. He nods at the party.                                                    |
| 99  | At ship-maker's shop workers carve a tree trunk into the crude shape of a canal boat.                                                   |
| 100 | As the party step on a bridge, a kindly voice asks, "Excuse me, but could you get off my back?"                                         |



## BRIDGE TOWN: BUSINESSES

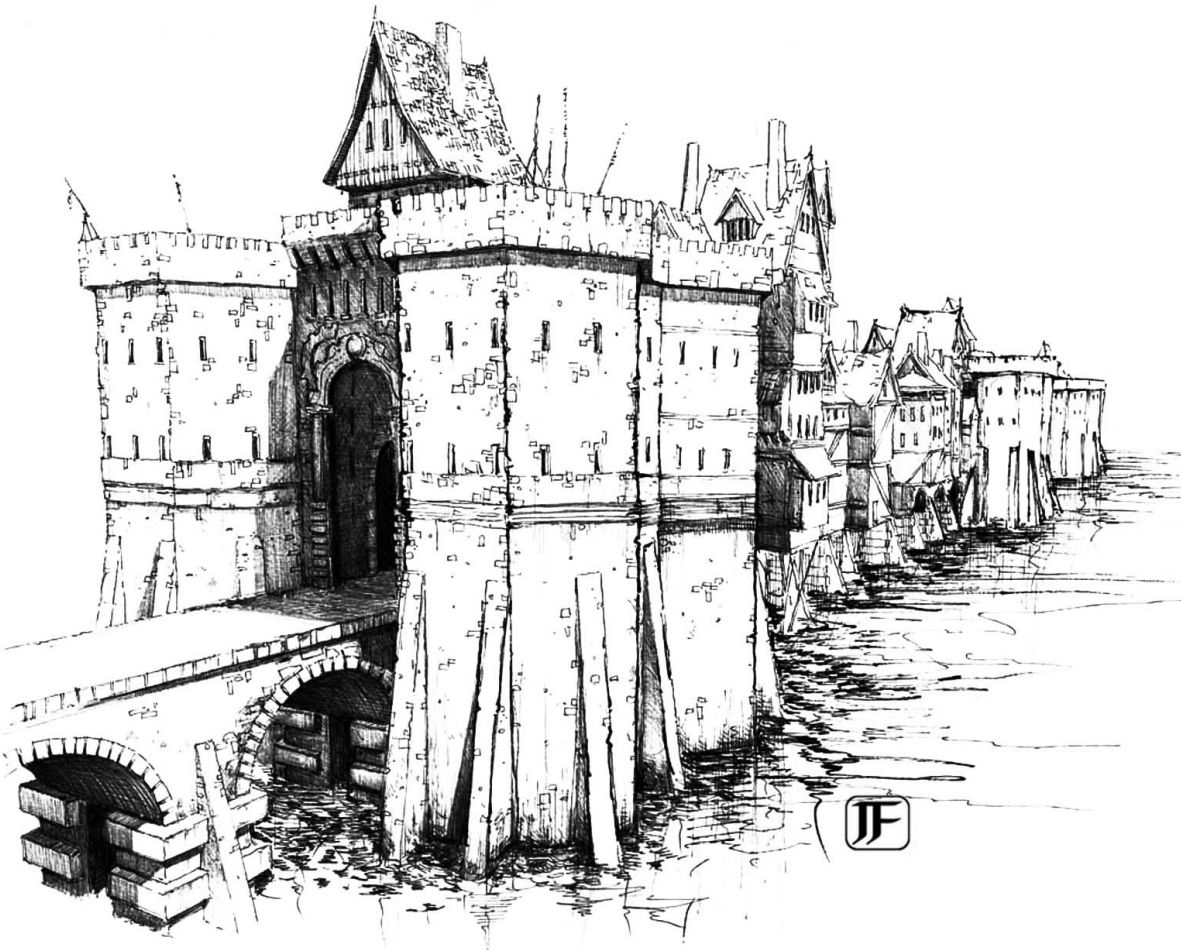
Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the bridge town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                            |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Up'n'Over (Masons) provides a majority of the worked stone the town needs to build and repair its many bridges.                            |
| 03-04 | Deep Grooves (Woodworkers) works with local lumber mills to provide the town with wood that won't warp despite the damp conditions.        |
| 05-06 | Fleeters (Couriers) is known for getting messages and small packages anywhere in town within the hour, guaranteed.                         |
| 07-08 | Ne'er Lost (Guides) makes a pretty penny guiding visitors through the confusing maze of bridges and canal-bordered districts.              |
| 09-10 | Scamping's (Rickshaws) is a speedy way to get through town, but be prepared to pay a hefty tip at the end.                                 |
| 11-12 | The Float (City Engineer) works around the clock, maintaining existing bridges and ensuring new bridges are built according to code.       |
| 13-14 | Munchles (Grocer) maintains a ready supply of fresh produce that, for a fee, can be delivered straight to your domicile.                   |
| 15-16 | Dropses (Demolitionist) is unique in their ability to destroy bridges with little to no damage to surrounding structures.                  |
| 17-18 | E'er Watchers (Statuary) creates statues, gargoyles and other decorative fixtures for both houses and bridges.                             |
| 19-20 | Ye Shall Pass (Temple) is the hallowed ground of the so-called Bridge God, though, so far, his followers remain few.                       |
| 21-22 | Scuttles and Scrum (Bridge Cleaners) works tirelessly to sweep and scrub all bridges so they're nice and tidy for foot traffic.            |
| 23-24 | Tinderlight (Lamplighters) keeps the town's many lamps and lanterns burning bright.                                                        |
| 25-26 | The Drawlings (Gondoliers) is the primary team of gondoliers providing swift travel about town.                                            |
| 27-28 | Slippery Coin (Bank) is all-too-happy to keep any funds safe and sound (for a monthly fee).                                                |
| 29-30 | The Masked Pylons (Cult) are a mysterious group who are believed to have some sort of occult connection with bridge-related mysticism.     |
| 31-32 | None Soggy (Bakery) is known for fresh bread every day, though townsfolk readily admit the crust has a bit of a "canal water" aftertaste.  |
| 33-34 | Drawstrings (Tax Office) ensures all townsfolk remain paid up on their monthly taxes, which go directly to bridge repair and construction. |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 35-36 | Papers 'Ere (Licensing) oversees any business done in town, whether mercantile goods, services or otherwise.                                                                   |
| 37-38 | Canal Cups (Teahouse) claims the canal water is the best source of tea brews anywhere in the world. Its health claims are in dispute.                                          |
| 39-40 | Low Tide (Embassy) receives dignitaries from both land and sea, often travelling to or from more important locales.                                                            |
| 41-42 | Copper n' Gold (Entertainers Guild) tends to have troupes block bridges with their shows until they're paid enough to clear the way.                                           |
| 43-44 | Twinnors (Rope Shop) crafts much of the rope used in bridge construction and support, as well as netting for boaters and fishers.                                              |
| 45-46 | The Leaps (Roof-Runners) is a secret network of messengers for the town's criminals, skilled at using roofs as paths to avoid bridge-ways.                                     |
| 47-48 | Quivering Blade (Butcher) most often sells fresh fish and seafood, but imports some even rarer red meats as well.                                                              |
| 49-50 | Signed and Sealed (Waxworks) helps protect documents and important scrolls from getting wet.                                                                                   |
| 51-52 | The Currents (Canal Market) is a wandering marketplace that can be set up on both bridges and the canals below.                                                                |
| 53-54 | Roundabouts (Mapmaker) provides accurate maps of all town bridges and districts, though they warn it's not always drawn to scale.                                              |
| 55-56 | The Span (Town Hall) is the mayor's office and where meetings are held to discuss everything from bridge tolls to festival planning.                                           |
| 57-58 | The Girders (Guards) patrol the town at all hours, defending against everything from would-be saboteurs to cultists to troublemaking visitors.                                 |
| 59-60 | Flute Shoot (Bird Hunters) keeps the town's pesky avian population under control—especially those roosting on bridges.                                                         |
| 61-62 | One t'Next (Tavern) offers a wide range of drinks, including a local brew so strong, even lifelong locals get lost trying to find the right bridge home after just a few sips. |
| 63-64 | Floppits (Fishing Guild) oversees all fishing operations in town and keeps an eye out for fighting between fishing crews.                                                      |
| 65-66 | The Ropes (Docks) is where in- and outbound ships dock to send in smaller skiffs for trade or to drop off passengers.                                                          |
| 67-68 | No Name (Masks) can make masks out of just about anything, to resemble just about anything. No questions asked.                                                                |
| 69-70 | Skiff Cutter (Boat Makers) is a generational business of master crafters renowned for their boat construction.                                                                 |

|       |                                                                                                                                                              |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 71-72 | Underbridge (Black Market) deals in all manner of illegal goods, undesirable services and inhuman pleasures, and meets below a different bridge each month.  |
| 73-74 | Quillian's (Quartermaster) triple-checks all goods brought in and out of town, via land or water, to make sure the local lord gets his fair share.           |
| 75-76 | Even Keel (Ship Repairs) keeps the town's fleet of gondolas and other watercraft afloat.                                                                     |
| 77-78 | Topper's (Sewage) is in a constant battle to keep the town's filth from overflowing into the main canals and causing all sorts of health problems.           |
| 79-80 | Muckshin's (Canal Dredges) has a fleet of rickety boats used to drag nets through the canals, searching for salvage (or bodies) they can turn over for coin. |
| 81-82 | Ever Higher (Architects) is a trio of brothers-for-hire who design homes from the water up and ensure they'll never fall into a canal.                       |
| 83-84 | The Dangles (Jail) is a set of cages hung over a wide canal, where prisoners are placed until their trial or execution.                                      |
| 85-86 | Stumpfire (Troll Hunters) is on constant patrol to drive out or destroy any bridge trolls foolish enough to cause trouble in town.                           |

|        |                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 87-88  | Drench Not (Water-Proofers) ensures gear such as leather or iron is proofed against the damp environs in order to avoid mould or rust.           |
| 89-90  | Pass On (Toll Collectors) monitors the main bridges, asking a copper per person who passes over. Coming back over also costs a copper.           |
| 91-92  | Underbridge Cafe (Cafe) sits beneath the town's biggest bridge and offers a wide variety of fresh drinks and meals for a fair price.             |
| 93-94  | Stone Known (Engravers) is constantly chiselling names into the stone and metalwork of the town, often to honour important citizens.             |
| 95-96  | Blessed Brush (Artists) is responsible for painting and decorating many of the bridges around town with colourful murals.                        |
| 97-98  | Span'do (Martial School) specializes in a fighting style that uses narrow ledges, narrow passes and fighting on higher ground.                   |
| 99-100 | The Crossing (Activists) is a group of young idealists who believe bridges are sentient beings deserving equal rights alongside all other races. |



## BRIDGE TOWN: REMARKABLE BRIDGES

Use this table to generate the basic details of bridges the PCs encounter as they explore the bridge town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the bridge.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | A bridge of solid ice glistens under the sun, refusing to melt no matter how warm it gets. Yet its surface is quite slick.                                             |
| 03-04 | This bridge is formed of floating wooden slats that have no obvious support, yet do not bob or wobble under any weight.                                                |
| 05-06 | This all-wood bridge is rife with notches and carvings, mostly crude, of random names and phrases, such as "Oggles was here."                                          |
| 07-08 | This rope bridge offers a single taut cord to walk across, with a rope set higher up on either side for handholds.                                                     |
| 09-10 | This bridge is carved in the shape of a serpent's arched back, complete with spines and scales. It is noticeably warm underfoot.                                       |
| 11-12 | In order to cross this bridge, the PCs must let a golem carry them across, one by one. The golems become violent against any who try to cross without being carried.   |
| 13-14 | Is there a need for this bridge? It's no more than a foot long and spans a drainage ditch alongside the main road.                                                     |
| 15-16 | This has to be the ugliest bridge in the town; formed of hardened mud and jutting wooden pylons it has no right angles or straight lines.                              |
| 17-18 | The span of this bridge is formed of what looks like a single sheet of clear glass. It never cracks, and travellers can see the canal waters below.                    |
| 19-20 | Despite being made of solid stone, this bridge shifts and sways like a piece of parchment caught in a gust of wind.                                                    |
| 21-22 | The wind cuts through the odd-shaped holes in the sides of the bridge, creating a strange, unearthly whistling.                                                        |
| 23-24 | The eyeballs set in this bridge's railing are certainly made of carved marble, yet they swivel to watch people cross its span.                                         |
| 25-26 | The bridge's railing has thousands of padlocks cinched to it, apparently it brings good luck.                                                                          |
| 27-28 | The well-known Lover's Bridge is infamous for late-night rendezvous and stolen kisses. Unfortunately, suspicious spouses are well-aware of its existence.              |
| 29-30 | This is less of a bridge and more of an enormous net strung across the gap, forcing folk to either walk the ropes or crawl across on all fours.                        |
| 31-32 | Whenever someone steps on this bridge, the canal below seems to drop away into a bottomless gulf. Only when on the other side do normal dimensions restore themselves. |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | This bridge is formed of wooden and stone blocks that, by some arcane magic, constantly shift and rearrange themselves. It never looks the same from one day to the next. |
| 35-36 | When a PC steps on this bridge, they experience a brief vision of their greatest fear. When they step off, they experience a brief vision of their greatest desire.       |
| 37-38 | The middle section of this bridge has been damaged, leaving a wide gap between either side. The current runs fast and deep below.                                         |
| 39-40 | Rather than arching or going straight, this bridge bows downward, almost touching the canal before swooping back up to the other side.                                    |
| 41-42 | Dozens of homeless people and creatures are camped out on this bridge, gathered around small fires cooking pigeons and getting into short territorial spats.              |
| 43-44 | When someone crosses this bridge, they see an image of themselves passing by the other way.                                                                               |
| 45-46 | The entirety of this bridge is carved with stylized flowers and plants, with intense detail given to the thorns and petals.                                               |
| 47-48 | This wooden bridge is so newly built, the oils used to christen it in honour of the Bridge God continue to glisten on the wide slats.                                     |
| 49-50 | A PC hears dark whispers when you start walking over this bridge. The longer they remain on it, the louder the whispers get until they become deafening screams.          |
| 51-52 | No matter how fast the PCs travel or how short it looks, it always takes a full day to cross this otherwise ordinary-looking bridge.                                      |
| 53-54 | This pure white bridge is made of an unknown stone that refuses to scuff or get sullied in any way. Even blood soaks in immediately and leaves it spotless.               |
| 55-56 | Somehow, this bridge has been crafted from a single gigantic metal ingot. It looks like it should collapse under its own weight.                                          |
| 57-58 | Not a single bridge, this is an arrangement of countless planks set in place to facilitate the town couriers racing to and from deliveries and pickups.                   |
| 59-60 | A plain and simple wooden drawbridge lets outside merchants into town, and can be drawn up at night to keep the town safe from land-based threats.                        |
| 61-62 | This bridge has hollows in the side where people—monks mostly—can climb down and sit within to meditate without being disturbed.                                          |
| 63-64 | Built from a strange crystal, this bridge sends out pulses of vibrant colour in all directions whenever anyone takes steps on it or touches it in any way.                |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 65-66 | A hastily erected bridge of tattered rope and splintered boards crosses the gap across one of the town's wider canals.                                                   |
| 67-68 | This has to be the narrowest stone bridge the PCs have ever seen, with each block just large enough to accommodate travellers. There are no railings.                    |
| 69-70 | This bridge floats above the canal thanks to hundreds of wings attached to either side, which tirelessly flutter to keep it aloft.                                       |
| 71-72 | No matter what the time of day, the underside of this bridge remains cloaked in impenetrable darkness.                                                                   |
| 73-74 | This rusting bridge looks ready to collapse the first time someone so much as tip-toes across, but locals cross without hesitation.                                      |
| 75-76 | A barrier of fog sits over the middle of this bridge day and night, no matter how sunny and bright the weather.                                                          |
| 77-78 | This huge metal bridge is made of old helmets, shields, swords and other pieces of armour all welded together into a massive span.                                       |
| 79-80 | Gargoyles sit perched along every inch of this bridge's railings. A PC happens to notice this is one of the few bridges in town devoid of any bird droppings whatsoever. |
| 81-82 | This is a covered bridge, with the opening on each end shaped to look like a demon's gaping mouth, waiting to swallow travellers whole.                                  |
| 83-84 | This bridge has a gong set at the centre of it, and any who crosses it is required to strike it or else risk the bridge's curse.                                         |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | The sign says "Invisible Bridge." No one seems to be using the bridge making it hard to locate.                                                                                                                                              |
| 87-88  | Comprised of white, semi-sticky strands, this bridge looks to have been created by a giant spider of some sort.                                                                                                                              |
| 89-90  | Shrines to many gods have been constructed along the length of this bridge, and the PCs are keenly watched by the shrines' clergy to see at which they worship.                                                                              |
| 91-92  | Censers have been strung across the girders of this bridge, so travellers have to inhale incense the whole passage. The incense is highly pungent and a thin haze of the stuff hangs over the bridge.                                        |
| 93-94  | Bronze-cast faces have been placed in this bridge's span so travellers tread on a variety of visages ranging across all species, genders and expressions.                                                                                    |
| 95-96  | This is an ordinary stone bridge. There is nothing strange about it whatsoever. Absolutely nothing, rest assured. Move along.                                                                                                                |
| 97-98  | A gnome is offering passers-by the chance to try his "bridgeless bridge" which appears to be an oversized catapult of sorts designed to hurl travellers across the river. Strangely, few people seem keen to take the gnome up on his offer. |
| 99-100 | This bridge appears to be constructed of a giant humanoid skeleton, with its bony feet planted on one end and an enormous skull on the other.                                                                                                |





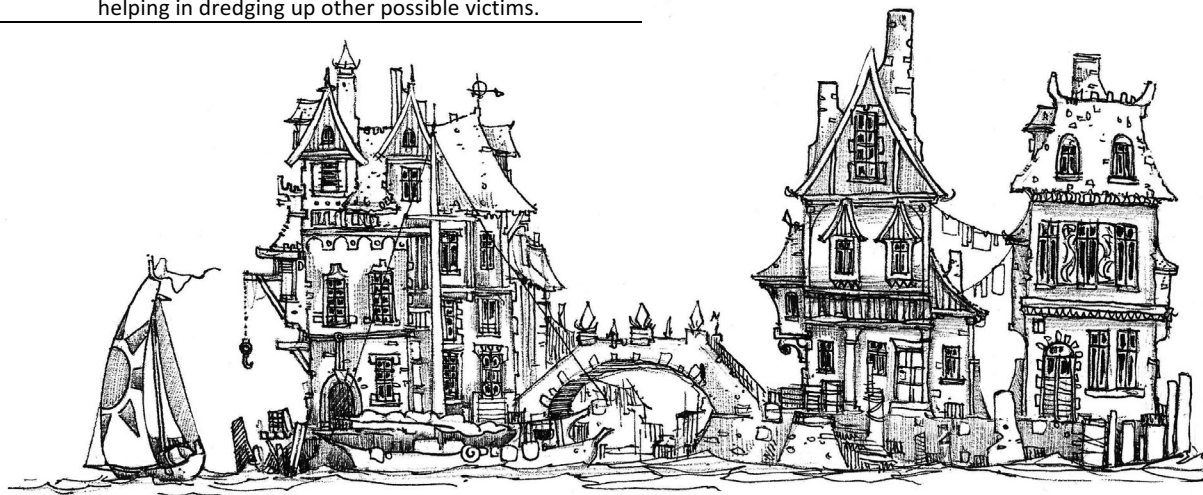
## BRIDGE TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the bridge town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table, to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Every bridge in town has a troll under it, each demanding a unique manner of toll from travellers.                                                                                                                                         |
| 2  | The PCs are invited to participate in the Bridge Run annual event, an obstacle course race where the winners receive an enormous prize of gold coins.                                                                                      |
| 3  | The PCs come across a bridge that isn't listed on any official map, and no matter who they point it out to, none of the townsfolk seem aware of its existence.                                                                             |
| 4  | A band of sharpshooting archers are keeping anyone from leaving a bridge-bound district until their exorbitant payoff demands are met.                                                                                                     |
| 5  | An entire bridge has been stolen in the middle of the night and the mayor is offering a reward for anyone who aids in its return.                                                                                                          |
| 6  | A graven face in the side of the bridge suddenly animates, looks at the PCs and asks, "Could you do me a favour?"                                                                                                                          |
| 7  | A local priest has declared all town bridges as sacred ground and is threatening to burn alive any "heretic" who attempts to cross them without his god's permission (which is obtainable—naturally—with a small tithe).                   |
| 8  | An architect asks for the party for help in gaining an audience with the mayor. Seems he's designed a new-fangled "drawbridge" that could allow larger ships and greater trade into town, but he keeps being laughed out of town meetings. |
| 9  | A merchant slyly asks the PCs to sabotage the main bridge into town so a competitor's caravan won't make it in until after the next big market gathering.                                                                                  |
| 10 | Several bloated corpses have bobbed to the surface of the canals recently and guards are asking for helping in dredging up other possible victims.                                                                                         |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11 | The PCs hear word of a criminal committing daring robberies and escaping with the help of a wand that makes bridges appear and disappear on command.                              |
| 12 | The party start to cross a bridge but are stopped by guards who claim they've used up their daily "bridge crossing allotment." Luckily, this can be replenished with a hefty fee. |
| 13 | A woman who says her son crossed a cursed bridge on a foggy night and has never come back approaches the party. She begs them to find and return him.                             |
| 14 | A group of robed and masked figures draw the PCs aside and ask if they would be interested in joining the Secret Society of Bridges.                                              |
| 15 | A bridge-builder asks for the PCs' help in uncovering evidence that a competitive construction company has been sabotaging his projects.                                          |
| 16 | The mayor would like to hire the party to round up a bunch of homeless people who've turned a bridge into their personal tent city and run them out of town.                      |
| 17 | A young child runs up and tugs on one PC's arm, saying the bridges have a message for them, and they must come with her to find out what it is.                                   |
| 18 | No matter what bridge the party start out crossing, they keep winding up getting off the end of another bridge altogether.                                                        |
| 19 | A vigilante who calls himself "Bridge Man" has been causing havoc in town, randomly assaulting people and reprimanding them for their supposed crimes against bridges.            |
| 20 | Whenever the PCs ask anyone about all the bridges in town, they look at them blankly and say, "Bridges? What bridges? There's only one bridge."                                   |





## DECADENT TOWN

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## DECADENT TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the decadent town. Ignore unsuitable results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                 |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A lady walks by with a pair of miniature ponies on leashes.                                                     |
| 2  | A mime stands on a street corner, tugging on an invisible rope.                                                 |
| 3  | Two duellists have drawn swords and are now pacing off a circle in which to fight.                              |
| 4  | Street criers run by, shouting about several deaths that occurred the previous night.                           |
| 5  | Guards tromp by, shields, armour and weapons gleaming in the sun.                                               |
| 6  | The noble's bodyguards give the party a nasty look whenever they move too close to their boss.                  |
| 7  | The massive estate rears over the town, large enough it looks like it could hold the entire population at once. |
| 8  | This vine-covered wall stretches for several blocks without a single gate.                                      |
| 9  | A PC feels the unique sensation of a pickpocket dipping their hand into his purse.                              |
| 10 | The drunk in the gutter wears a vibrant crimson and purple coat, gilded with silver.                            |
| 11 | A noble with a scarred cheek stares at a PC.                                                                    |
| 12 | The priest striding down the street wears an ornate robe and numerous jewelled rings on his fat fingers.        |
| 13 | A distant baying suggests a group of nobles have begun a fox hunt.                                              |
| 14 | A line of chained slaves trudges towards the marketplace.                                                       |
| 15 | A caged wagon rolls by, the prisoners within proclaiming their innocence even as urchins throw mud at them.     |
| 16 | A crowd throws rotten fruit at a theatrical troupe bumbling its way through a scene.                            |
| 17 | The savoury smell of fresh bread fills the street.                                                              |
| 18 | Patrons lounge in the chairs of an open-air restaurant, tended by uniformed waiters.                            |
| 19 | Gated estates crowd this section of town, each separated by high walls.                                         |
| 20 | A fancy carriage, with servants clinging to the outside, lumbers its way down the road.                         |
| 21 | Guards patrol the block, swords drawn, obviously looking for troublemakers.                                     |
| 22 | The throaty arias of an opera singer float out from the theatre down the way.                                   |
| 23 | Street entertainers juggle, joke and jiggle as passersby toss them the occasional coin.                         |
| 24 | Lavishly dressed prostitutes toss perfumed silk handkerchiefs down from their balconies.                        |

|    |                                                                                                                         |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | An unflattering portrait of a local official's has been painted on a wall.                                              |
| 26 | A statue of the town's founder is erected here, cast in bronze and covered in bird droppings.                           |
| 27 | Fruit trees and lilies adorn this well-tended garden.                                                                   |
| 28 | An oversized marble fish spouts water into the base of this magnificent fountain.                                       |
| 29 | Wooden scaffolding surrounds a portion of a home as workers build an addition to the building.                          |
| 30 | An elderly gardener works clippers along a row of thorny rose bushes.                                                   |
| 31 | The sweet scent of grapes fills the air beneath a vine-covered trellis.                                                 |
| 32 | A series of nobles' portraits are displayed in the window of this art gallery.                                          |
| 33 | Grim gargoyles leer down from the rooftops all around.                                                                  |
| 34 | With a gasp, a woman swoons and is barely caught before she falls into the mud.                                         |
| 35 | A wine barrel rolls off the back of a cart and crashes to the ground, spilling crimson liquid everywhere.               |
| 36 | A window shatters, and a cry of alarm rises around the corner.                                                          |
| 37 | A grungy street sweeper trudges along, brushing up the rubbish littering the ground.                                    |
| 38 | A puppet show has drawn a crowd of children who laugh at the ongoing antics.                                            |
| 39 | As they're both wearing lacy dresses and short hair, it's impossible to tell if the two children are boys or girls.     |
| 40 | An official rides a horse down the street, accompanied by guards who bear the unmistakable royal crest on their armour. |
| 41 | Stained glass windows cast rainbow reflections in shattered fractals over the area.                                     |
| 42 | The exterior walls of this church are plated in what looks like gold.                                                   |
| 43 | A shrine to a god of prosperity has been erected in the middle of the main town square.                                 |
| 44 | Noble crests adorn every major estate or business, denoting their allegiance.                                           |
| 45 | Flags fly from almost all eaves, a kaleidoscope of colour, showing nationalistic pride.                                 |
| 46 | Whoever constructed this part of town must've had a thing for marble columns.                                           |
| 47 | The town park is surprisingly green, and full of flourishing plants. Well attired folk stroll among the flower beds.    |
| 48 | A man jumps from rooftop to rooftop, carrying a small sack.                                                             |
| 49 | A band of gray-cloaked figures loiter by the mouth of an alley.                                                         |

|    |                                                                                                                            |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50 | Beggars shake alms bowls and cry tales of woe and pain to passers-by.                                                      |
| 51 | A merchant in furred robes sniffs in disdain at a shopkeeper's haggling attempts.                                          |
| 52 | A priest has stripped himself to the waist and lurches down the street, flogging himself with a whip as he goes.           |
| 53 | Caws, mewlings and hisses come from a shop selling exotic pets.                                                            |
| 54 | A shifty set of rapsallions scan the market crowd as if picking out their next victim for a mugging.                       |
| 55 | A person lies slumped in the alley. His velvet vest is torn and blood-stained.                                             |
| 56 | Doves and pigeons coo as they peck the ground for scraps of food.                                                          |
| 57 | Roars, bellows and screeches sound from the public menagerie, where all manner of creatures prowl and flap in their cages. |
| 58 | Hawking vendors try to outshout one another, clamouring for passers-by's attention and coin.                               |
| 59 | Musicians play an assortment of stringed and metal instruments, though a bit out-of-tune.                                  |
| 60 | Artists have set up easels and are now painting the buildings, landscape and people.                                       |
| 61 | Fliers have been tacked up everywhere, announcing an upcoming opera with exorbitant admission prices.                      |
| 62 | A performing wizard conjures all manners of illusions to the delight of the crowd.                                         |
| 63 | Intricate paint and gem-studded murals decorate almost every flat surface in sight.                                        |
| 64 | Dancers twirl and spin to a drumbeat and chant as onlookers clap along.                                                    |
| 65 | The party overhear a couple of wealthy patrons discussing the exploits of their favourite artists.                         |
| 66 | This grim alley leads into the slum hidden by otherwise elaborate facades.                                                 |
| 67 | Servants dash about on errands for their masters or mistresses.                                                            |
| 68 | Slaves are led to an auction block as the crowd calls out bids for each in turn.                                           |
| 69 | A man and woman draw daggers and begin circling one another.                                                               |
| 70 | With a scream, a commoner is trampled by a team of horses – yet the carriage in question careens on without slowing.       |
| 71 | Dozens of incredibly lifelike marble sculptures line the street.                                                           |
| 72 | The mausoleums in the graveyard could double as whole homes in poorer towns.                                               |
| 73 | A large bell tower tolls the time in a sonorous tone.                                                                      |
| 74 | The clang of rapiers echoes through the street as students train in a fencing court.                                       |
| 75 | Plates, saucers and other fine china are displayed in the windows and shelves of a shop.                                   |

|     |                                                                                                                  |
|-----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 76  | Exotic herbs and spices fill the air with the heady scent of far-off lands.                                      |
| 77  | People dressed in rags line up to receive a ladle of soup for the day from a soup kitchen.                       |
| 78  | A man clothed in nothing but sackcloth decries the rich, proclaiming their doom for their selfish ways.          |
| 79  | Muscled bouncers keep scruffier patrons out of a well-lit tavern.                                                |
| 80  | At least a dozen footmen and attendants clear the street to make way for a woman reclining on an opulent litter. |
| 81  | The goods in this store's window are covered in thick dust, as if no one's shopped inside for years.             |
| 82  | Several foreign ambassadors in odd-looking robes and hats stride by.                                             |
| 83  | Vibrantly coloured tents have been set up in the square. The circus has arrived!                                 |
| 84  | Every building along this block is heavily gilded and glitters blindingly in direct sunlight.                    |
| 85  | Trumpets resound in the distance, announcing the arrival of some important official.                             |
| 86  | Masons patch up a crumbling stone wall with plaster and bricks.                                                  |
| 87  | The clash of metal fills the air as the local garrison practices weapon skills.                                  |
| 88  | The lady's trained parrot repeats a series of pithy phrases, to her endless entertainment.                       |
| 89  | A trained monkey dances on the street corner to the tune sung by its mistress.                                   |
| 90  | A well-dressed half-orc saunters along, a silver and black cane in hand.                                         |
| 91  | A purse-snatcher cuts the strings of his victim's pouch and dashes away in front of the party.                   |
| 92  | A band of black-masked strangers sprint down the street, shoving people aside in their haste.                    |
| 93  | The festival is in full swing, with singing, dancing, food and drink everywhere.                                 |
| 94  | Emerald, ruby and golden illusions burst into shimmering flowers in the sky.                                     |
| 95  | Sounds of loud carousing echo from one of the nearby bars.                                                       |
| 96  | A leather-clad bounty hunter strides by, hard eyes constantly seeking his prey.                                  |
| 97  | The scrap of paper floating in a puddle looks to be an invitation to a fancy ball later in the week.             |
| 98  | The same Wanted: Dead or Alive poster is plastered all around the town.                                          |
| 99  | The person with the flowing blond hair and wearing the purple dress definitely has a thick, black beard.         |
| 100 | People point and shout, just as a figure leaps from the top of a nearby tower.                                   |

## DECADENT TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the decadent town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | The Hub (large market) brings together all major business owners and merchants in an open-air market that is the town's centre of commerce.                                                                       |
| 03-04 | Lila's Sips and Sups (tea parlour) offers private parties and sitting rooms for the women in town who prefer the company of others. Plenty of gossip is exchanged in these rooms.                                 |
| 05-06 | Done-Ups (hairdresser) tends to the increasingly elaborate hairstyles that are all the fashion these days.                                                                                                        |
| 07-08 | The Fire Within (jewellery) caters to gem collectors and jewellers, and carries a guarantee against any sort of forgery.                                                                                          |
| 09-10 | The Personage (family crests) craft family crests into any sort of memento or artistic piece desired, allowing anyone with a heritage worth displaying to do so.                                                  |
| 11-12 | The Shades (drug maison) is a discrete establishment that satisfies the most illicit appetites and provides personal attendants to oversee any indulger during their visit.                                       |
| 13-14 | The Vusivier (opera house) commands a rapt audience with the performances of its current diva, Lady Offly.                                                                                                        |
| 15-16 | When in Need (fine weapons) provides well-crafted weapons for nobles as well as the local guard garrison.                                                                                                         |
| 17-18 | Polished Wares (silversmith) has been the unfortunate victim of several robberies lately, losing a pair of particularly valuable silver candlesticks to one such thief. They have increased security as a result. |
| 19-20 | Certain Shavings (carpenter) is the establishment of Slately Mundulv, a renowned woodworker who handcrafts every piece he sells throughout the town and beyond.                                                   |
| 21-22 | Wendel's Mendings (blacksmith) offers every service from horse-shoeing to weapon mending and beyond. His services are in high demand.                                                                             |
| 23-24 | There and Back Again (couriers) sees to it that any message is delivered on time to the intended recipient reputedly without fail.                                                                                |
| 25-26 | Blooms Tended (gardener) dispatches highly trained gardeners to oversee the verdant lands and estates around town.                                                                                                |
| 27-28 | Wise Preparations (coffin maker) cautions everyone to invest wisely in the details of their final days. Why live a life of luxury and yet be buried in an ordinary box?                                           |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 29-30 | Graven and Co. (law office) manages the town courts, seeing justice is done – so long as they're paid their enormous fees.                                                                    |
| 31-32 | First Blood (duelling court) teaches would-be duellers the fine art of swordplay. Many students go to this school and return either permanently scarred or in a coffin.                       |
| 33-34 | Tacked (coach rentals) provides for-hire coaches and livery for the wealthy who need a trip across town without getting their boots dirty or who want to get home from the opera in the rain. |
| 35-36 | Fashioned to Fit (dress maker) creates the most delicate and detailed dresses, worn to the many major balls or events in town.                                                                |
| 37-38 | Salma's Savouries (bakery) delivers dozens of loaves to customers each day, sprinkled with a variety of exotic herbs.                                                                         |
| 39-40 | Edwurd's Spirits (fine wines & spirits) sells only top-of-the-line drinks and has several wines that date back at least two centuries.                                                        |
| 41-42 | Finely Framed (art gallery) brings together patron-funded artists and displays their work for the world to see, often holding numerous exhibits each month.                                   |
| 43-44 | Beddleston's Beds (bunkhouse) caters more to transient labourers who can't afford rent in even the poorest sections of town.                                                                  |
| 45-46 | South Quarter HQ (military garrison) keeps a constant patrol on the streets to ensure citizens remain safe at all hours.                                                                      |
| 47-48 | Cormick Currency (moneylender) helps out those who are down on their luck and don't have the coin to sustain the lavish lifestyle they've come to take for granted.                           |
| 49-50 | Royal Union (bank) provides highly guarded vaults for those whose wealth needs safe-keeping.                                                                                                  |
| 51-52 | Powder & Lace (courtesans) requires a hefty entrance fee, and the services the men and women within provide come with exponentially rising costs.                                             |
| 53-54 | Sir Nalm's Centre of Reading (library) was founded as a institute to bring literacy to even the poorest child, and is one of the few buildings open to full public access in town.            |
| 55-56 | The Hardtack (gentleman's club) gives the wealthier men a private gathering place where they can imbibe their favourite drinks and enjoy the special attention of "personal attendants."      |
| 57-58 | Billory's Betting (race track) specializes in horse and dog races, though it is often claimed these events are rigged from the start.                                                         |
| 59-60 | The Toss (casino) is a high-stakes gambling hall where many a fortune has been lost or made within a matter of hours, if not minutes.                                                         |

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|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 61-62 | Claimant's Union (guild hall) handles the needs and interests of most manual labourers within the town, from carpenters to masons to merchants and beyond.                                               |
| 63-64 | Iron Edge (private security) hires out well-trained bodyguards contracted to risk their lives for their employers. The fee for a single day of this service is more than most commoners make in a month. |
| 65-66 | Willow Reeds (country club) hosts numerous town parties and is a general events centre for when high society-types gather to flaunt their lifestyles.                                                    |
| 67-68 | The Busker (gymnasium) is where many young men go to engage in a variety of fitness regimens, including boxing, vigorous stretching and foot races.                                                      |
| 69-70 | Steam & Soap (public & private baths) allows citizens to scrub off the dust of the day, as well as enjoy secluded rendezvous in the back rooms for an extra fee.                                         |
| 71-72 | The Wendelston Theatre (theatre) excels in drawing in wandering acting troupes, rotating through an annual schedule of shows to delight all ages.                                                        |
| 73-74 | Institute of Etiquette (school) turns wayward and unruly children into the epitome of politeness and culture – whether they want it or not.                                                              |
| 75-76 | Essence of Essentials (accessories) stocks its shelves with purses, trinkets, monocles, canes and all the other important style statements a person needs to distinguish themselves.                     |
| 77-78 | Top It Off (hat shop) handles the latest in hat fashion for both men and women, including custom-fit pieces.                                                                                             |
| 79-80 | The Livery (stables) delivers full-service stabling seeing that all horses are groomed, fed and kept comfortable.                                                                                        |

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|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 81-82  | Windings (fine metalworks) crafts many of the fences and gates and metal sculptures warding the many noble estates in town.                                                              |
| 83-84  | Glint's (glassworks) not only repairs broken windows, but also crafts detailed etchings and stained glass for its wealthy clientele.                                                     |
| 85-86  | The Iceblock (butcher) delivers the freshest, juiciest cuts of meat to those with a hankering for cooked flesh. Supposedly they even have unicorn steaks, on occasion.                   |
| 87-88  | In Every Corner (house furnishings) provides furniture of all shapes and sizes for those who need to fill the many rooms of their mansions.                                              |
| 89-90  | The Waystation (bard lodging) dedicates itself to lodgings for travelling bards who frequent the town, as their comfort is paramount to being able to perform well while visiting.       |
| 91-92  | Cozy Corner (private rooms) is where anyone goes who wants to perform business in absolute privacy, protected from prying eyes, ears or spells.                                          |
| 93-94  | Puffery (cigar & pipe shop) is most often visited by elderly gentlemen and young dandies who think themselves quite cultured for smoking rolled, dried leaves.                           |
| 95-96  | Lace and Things (unmentionables) serves the discerning woman (and occasional man) who wishes to accessorize their smallclothes with more unique options.                                 |
| 97-98  | The Red Pony (inn) welcomes all the town's guests, giving them warm beds, hot breakfasts, and a comfortable meeting pace for business.                                                   |
| 99-100 | The Gutter (black market) is where people go clad in large cloaks and hoods to hide their identity while perusing all manner of illegal or stolen goods—including the occasional person. |





## DECADENT TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the decadent town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Skella Omrsale (CN female human fighter 3) is a sword-for-hire who rotates through protecting a number of nobles and wealthy merchants in the town.                                            |
| 03-04 | Rakkina Issame (CG female half-elf cleric 2) is a gutter cleaner who enjoys her job and often stops to chat with everyone she sees along her routes.                                           |
| 05-06 | Whasl Krump (NG female dwarf) is a server in one of the drinking houses. She loves social environments, but won't abide a pinch on the rump.                                                   |
| 07-08 | Vorlvor Shraight (LG male dwarf) owns a hefty portion of the town's real estate and has parleyed this into massive power which he tries to wield with a sense of honour and justice.           |
| 09-10 | Banelma Kotai (CE female gnome) fancies herself a master thief and is forever cooking up one scheme or another to rob from the rich to give to...herself.                                      |
| 11-12 | Zhain Umdhi (LG male halfling cleric 1) is a crossbow-wielding guard who often monitors the town from the rooftops where few take note of his presence.                                        |
| 13-14 | Dage Howor (LG male gnome) is the town engineer, responsible for finding new ways to expand its property holdings or raze old buildings in exchange for bigger, more luxurious establishments. |
| 15-16 | Radagh Etich (NE male half-elf) is a scraggly beggar who survives by luring victims into alleys and stripping their corpses of everything down to their smallclothes.                          |
| 17-18 | Iahon Roduntu (CG male halfling cleric 1) uses his minor magical talents to keep the town clear of rodents and other pests.                                                                    |
| 19-20 | Deori Arrady (CG female elf) is a guild leader who fights to secure fair wages and working conditions for any sort of labourers serving the town. Consequently, he has many enemies.           |
| 21-22 | Kim Delm (LE male human) masquerades as a servant to infiltrate rich estates and then makes off with whatever silver he can hide beneath his coat.                                             |
| 23-24 | Kalath Ireche (CN male human) is a patron of the arts who sponsors a wide variety of creative persons within the town, so long as they provide him with steady sales (and profits).            |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25-26 | Toro Lerzad (N male gnome cleric 3) is a town crier who does his best to ensure everyone is informed of the latest happenings, be they good or ill. His shrill voice carries far and causes many passersby to wince until out of range. |
| 27-28 | Dyn Cheuv (LN female human) is one of the most polite beggars in town and is sure to thank benefactors with a kiss on the hand and regal bow.                                                                                           |
| 29-30 | Rilya Quemle (CE female elf cleric 2) is linked to several cases of poisoning that has felled various nobles over the years. Yet her beauty and charm has kept her in high standing in the social circles.                              |
| 31-32 | Entim Emaugh (LG male elf fighter 1) loiters around the town's graveyard at all hours, as if he's guarding the dead from an unknown threat.                                                                                             |
| 33-34 | Nits Shyl (LE female human) is a wiry, tense woman who seeks political power and influence through any means, consequences be damned.                                                                                                   |
| 35-36 | Nalwor Angrovir (NG male half-elf fighter 2) is a night watch guard who patrols the areas near the rowdier drinking holes to ensure drunkenness doesn't get out of hand.                                                                |
| 37-38 | Wechy Achsin (NE male dwarf) is blamed for several fires that have ravaged the town in the past, but the accusations could never be held up in court.                                                                                   |
| 39-40 | Ghapereng Rytold (LG female human fighter 2) wears full plate armour as she patrols the town walls, a stalwart defender of the innocent and defenceless.                                                                                |
| 41-42 | Rakimtor Orshay (NG male half-elf fighter 2) is a retired soldier who is always ready to give a coin to beggars and sweets to children. He's seen as one of the most eligible bachelors in the area.                                    |
| 43-44 | Laich Tryad (LN female dwarf) is a sculptor who is funded by one of the wealthiest patrons in town. Her work can be seen gracing the grounds of many estates.                                                                           |
| 45-46 | Yero (NE male gnome) loves defacing artwork, and many a statue, painting or mural has been ruined by his hammer and chisel.                                                                                                             |
| 47-48 | Quin Vesack (NE male gnome) is a spy for a foreign nation, seeking ways to compile military and economic intelligence in light of a brewing war.                                                                                        |
| 49-50 | Kain Driser (NE male human cleric 2) kills any wild animals found within the town confines, supposedly as a social service. However, he then sells the remains to various food merchants.                                               |
| 51-52 | Nikin Cluthon (LE male human fighter 2) enjoys goading people into fights and then thrashing them — though he stops just short of killing them, so he's never been charged with murder.                                                 |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 53-54 | Ustag Yedeng (LN male dwarf fighter 2) is a gate guard with a keen eye for faces and strong memory for names. Anyone who passes under his scrutiny is remembered long after they've gone.                                                                   |
| 55-56 | Sali Reughs (LG female halfling) is a marvellous cook who often receives personal invitations to create meals for nobles and other wealthy individuals in the comfort of their own homes. She loves to cook, but hates the waste these events often create. |
| 57-58 | Nadrany Coorald (NG female half-elf) is an innkeeper who loves to provide good food, good drink and soft beds for travellers. He charges fair prices and doesn't turn anyone away.                                                                          |
| 59-60 | Lorace Quiathe (CN female elf) is a wealthy heiress who takes little note of current affairs and prefers to simply acquire as much new artwork as possible for her private collection.                                                                      |
| 61-62 | Smey Keebin (LE male gnome cleric 3) has an unhealthy fascination with corpses, but his job running the town's morgue leaves many happy they don't have to deal with such dirty business.                                                                   |
| 63-64 | Keldan Zoash (CG male halfling cleric 1) is often seen in a pristine white robe, providing free healing services for beggars and nobles alike.                                                                                                              |
| 65-66 | Mough Shatenth (NG male human) is a bard of some note, though he has yet to go beyond local fame or small theatrical performances.                                                                                                                          |
| 67-68 | Ettun Munlye (CN male half-orc) provides basic labour around town, often being hired for odd jobs, after which he goes to drink away his earnings.                                                                                                          |
| 69-70 | Geul Toncha (NE female dwarf fighter 1) is an assassin-for-hire, and is renowned for bumping off victims in ways that are obvious murders, but are untraceable back to her or her clients.                                                                  |
| 71-72 | Dalda Riscing (LN female dwarf) is an architect who is constantly trying to repair some of the older portions of the town before they're torn (or fall) down.                                                                                               |
| 73-74 | Elmbur Tiartin (CE female halfling) uses her diminutive size and nimble hands to infiltrate even the most secure estates and slip off with valuable heirlooms she then holds for ransom.                                                                    |
| 75-76 | Beldran Cyenum (CG male elf fighter 2) loves an honourable duel and is forever on the lookout for someone against which he can test his prowess.                                                                                                            |
| 77-78 | Issul Schoedin (N female human cleric 3) is an elderly woman who monitors the town's flock of carrier pigeons, sending and receiving messages for a fee. Often heard cooing to herself.                                                                     |

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|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 79-80  | Rile Mryn (CG female halfling) is tiny, even for a halfling, but is one of the fastest couriers around, delivering messages across town with startling speed.                                                                                                                            |
| 81-82  | Hoar Banack (N male dwarf) has bought out several businesses in the area in an attempt to muscle in on the local economy and set himself up for financial dominance.                                                                                                                     |
| 83-84  | Mosle (CN male halfling) is an up-and-coming artist known for everything from elaborate paintings to intricate wood carvings. He desperately craves a wealthy patron and takes every opportunity to ingratiate himself with such folk.                                                   |
| 85-86  | Zhuald Achbanso (NE male gnome cleric 1) leads a team of crooks, mostly children, who act as pickpockets and funnel goods back to him for pawning off. He dwells in relatively luxury deep in the slum.                                                                                  |
| 87-88  | Warach Tughle (NG male human) acts as the town's primary investigator, looking into murders, thefts and other crimes in an attempt to bring the culprits to justice.                                                                                                                     |
| 89-90  | Souris Meught (N female gnome fighter 3) is an unassuming bodyguard, especially with her pink hair and eyes, but she's laid all opponents low so far and is highly sought after as a result.                                                                                             |
| 91-92  | Suidli Danyer (CN female human) is a locksmith who is known to have provided door security and safes for most businesses in town.                                                                                                                                                        |
| 93-94  | Necer Somaneth (LG male half-elf) is a horse trainer who often provides patrons with guided (and guarded) excursions into the nearby countryside. Gossip has it that he offers other services on these excursions.                                                                       |
| 95-96  | Ruld Ghan (LE male dwarf cleric 1) has a series of tunnels beneath town that lead into the basements of several rather wealthy establishments and homes. He makes use of these to steal small items that likely won't be missed – particularly fine food and drink (on which he gorges). |
| 97-98  | Byther-Mustun (CE female half-orc) runs a widespread crime ring, dabbling in anything from drugs to slavery to counterfeiting. Physically a coward, she is wealthy and has many hired thugs at her command.                                                                              |
| 99-100 | Ludart Caitash (CG male half-elf) wanders the streets, proclaiming himself "emperor" of the town and bestowing his blessing upon all those who bow in fealty. He is widely thought of as mad. Many people, laughingly indulge his fancies. Individuals who don't earn his ire.           |

## DECADENT TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the decadent town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | In passing on the street, a PC bumps shoulders with a dandy, who promptly draws his rapier and challenges him to a duel for the insult.                                                                        |
| 2  | With a frenzied whinny, the horses pulling a noble's carriage barrel down the road straight toward the party and several oblivious children.                                                                   |
| 3  | A squad of guards stop the party and insist they pay a local "tourism tax" or be evicted from the town. They are accompanied by a well-dressed, handsome man whose belt is heavy with spell component pouches. |
| 4  | The party spot a well-known noble masquerading as a peasant beggar, yet no one else seems to have realized his true identity.                                                                                  |
| 5  | The body of a murdered merchant lies bleeding out in the middle of the street. A child darts up, grabs a ring from the corpse's finger and runs away.                                                          |
| 6  | A well-dressed, silver-tongued thief offers the party a decent amount of gold to be a distraction in an upcoming heist.                                                                                        |
| 7  | A PC recognizes the personal slave of a noble as an old friend.                                                                                                                                                |
| 8  | The guards tromp up and announce they have a warrant for the party's arrest, but refuse to say just what the charges are.                                                                                      |
| 9  | A PC is handed an embossed note inviting him (and his companions) to a private gambling hall.                                                                                                                  |
| 10 | A courier hands a PC a scented note which invites him to a fancy art gallery opening.                                                                                                                          |
| 11 | Two arguing nobles challenge each other to a duel – however, they pick champions out of the gathered crowd to fight for them, and one points at the largest PC.                                                |
| 12 | The party has come to this town because they received a post-mortem message from a dead relative, claiming one of their number had inherited property here.                                                    |
| 13 | A PC spots a valuable piece of jewellery lying in a gutter. This is a trap laid by local thieves to waylay idiots and the greedy. The jewellery is fake.                                                       |
| 14 | The faded portrait of a richly dressed man is leaning against a wall in an alley.                                                                                                                              |
| 15 | A PC leans against a portion of a stone wall and it swings open on hidden hinges, revealing the secret entrance to an estate.                                                                                  |
| 16 | The top of a nearby tower suddenly and inexplicably bursts into flames.                                                                                                                                        |
| 17 | A young man bursts out of a bakery with an armload of cakes. The baker runs out after, shouting "Thief!"                                                                                                       |

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|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 18 | A fine-dressed woman in a voluminous skirt flees past the party, chased by a mud-covered man waving a sword.                                           |
| 19 | When they've entered the town, people keep pointing and whispering at the party. Apparently one of the PCs has been mistaken for royalty of some sort. |
| 20 | Rumours abound the mayor of the town has gone insane and barricaded himself in his mansion, which is chock full of priceless art and gems.             |



## DWARVEN TOWN

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## DWARVEN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the dwarven hold. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                                  |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A set of massive stone and iron gates rear above the street, guarded by squads of armed dwarves.                                 |
| 2  | A long string of mining carts trundle by, wheels squeaking, heavily laden with ore.                                              |
| 3  | A trio of dwarves saunter passed, pickaxes and shovels slung over their shoulders.                                               |
| 4  | Coarse laughter comes from a nearby tavern, which is crowded with rowdy dwarves.                                                 |
| 5  | A statue of the hold's mayor looms over nearby buildings from its position in the central square.                                |
| 6  | A series of cavernous openings lead into deeper tunnels beneath the hold.                                                        |
| 7  | Huge, ornate murals detailing the hold's history cover the rock wall.                                                            |
| 8  | Heat blazes from the open mouth of an active forge opening onto the street.                                                      |
| 9  | Thick, oily smoke roils out of half-a-dozen chimneystacks, filling the air with a gloomy haze.                                   |
| 10 | Herds of pack goats clop by, guided by a lone dwarf wielding a leather whip.                                                     |
| 11 | Molten lava oozes through a stone channel cutting down the middle of the hold.                                                   |
| 12 | The hold's enormous stone walls block out any sight of the area surrounding the settlement.                                      |
| 13 | A heavily armed and armoured dwarven patrol tromps around the corner, alert for trouble.                                         |
| 14 | A scattering of smashed tankards litter the street, suggesting a recent brawl.                                                   |
| 15 | A blonde, effeminate elf stands arguing with a surly dwarf who keeps making rude gestures.                                       |
| 16 | A dwarf strolls past with what has to be the most elaborately braided beard in the whole hold.                                   |
| 17 | A gaggle of dwarven children scamper past, swinging wooden swords.                                                               |
| 18 | Dwarves cluster around a set of maps, muttering as they point out various landmarks and notes.                                   |
| 19 | A dwarven bard passes by, strumming on a lyre as he hums to himself.                                                             |
| 20 | Huge rats scurry through the area, glancing at the party with beady red eyes.                                                    |
| 21 | A spider as big as a dwarf's head clings to the rocky ceiling, poised to drop onto its prey.                                     |
| 22 | A pile of rubble indicates a recent cave-in where a tunnel used to be. A team of miners are preparing to remove the obstruction. |
| 23 | Faint splashing echoes around, hinting at an underground waterfall in the vicinity.                                              |
| 24 | A massive warhammer leans against a wall, looking well worn despite fresh polishing.                                             |

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|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | A female dwarf stumps by, scowling and wearing an iron helm fashioned like ram horns.                   |
| 26 | A series of rotting orc heads are stuck on spikes outside the hold.                                     |
| 27 | A dwarf hefts a sack that looks to be bulging with precious gems of all kind.                           |
| 28 | The passing cart is stacked high with ingots of silver and gold, stamped with the hold's official seal. |
| 29 | The odd-looking pony pulling a nearby wagon is actually a mechanical construct.                         |
| 30 | A group of dwarves use hammer and chisels to engrave a series of runes on a wall.                       |
| 31 | Everyone on the street stills as a distant explosion shakes the area.                                   |
| 32 | Rough dwarven voices and laughter fill the air, giving the neighbourhood a cheery feel.                 |
| 33 | Battered and dented dwarven shields are lined up against a wall like a memorial.                        |
| 34 | The shimmering liquid spraying from the hold's central fountain appears to be molten silver.            |
| 35 | A stout dwarf eyes the area, burly arms crossed to show off the golden bracers he wears.                |
| 36 | Stacks of boxes have been carefully cordoned off, with numerous warning signs posted about.             |
| 37 | The smell of burning and ash tickles fill the area, but it's hard to say where it's coming from.        |
| 38 | An oversized oven roars with flames as a dwarf shovels fresh coals inside.                              |
| 39 | Several female dwarves chat as they carry barrels of food down the street.                              |
| 40 | A pack of dwarven children run around, laughing as they play a game of "orcs and elves."                |
| 41 | Five dwarven warriors escort a massive, green-skinned orc in chains.                                    |
| 42 | A dwarf with grey skin and black eyes peers out from the window of a jail cell.                         |
| 43 | A tall human hunches and hurries along, trying not to bump his head in the tight, low tunnels.          |
| 44 | This row of craggy buildings look like they're carved straight from the mountain itself.                |
| 45 | The crowded tavern is bustling with dwarves, all of whom seem in high spirits.                          |
| 46 | Sets of gigantic chains bolted to the outer gates connect to a network of gears and cogs.               |
| 47 | An ancient-looking dwarf totters by, armour almost wholly rusted to scrap.                              |
| 48 | A bleached dragon's skull is mounted above the door, toothy maw gaping in death.                        |
| 49 | Barges coast along the river beside the hold, bringing in large shipments from upstream.                |
| 50 | Grumbling dwarves haul large crates around, their contents rattling loudly.                             |
| 51 | The sound of crashing hammers and hissing bellows of a forge fills the air.                             |



|    |                                                                                                                                  |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 52 | A harsh metallic grinding fills the air as a nearby gate is winched open.                                                        |
| 53 | The earth rumbles, but everyone goes about their business without apparent concern.                                              |
| 54 | The smell of stale ale drifts about, the ground stained by countless spilled drinks.                                             |
| 55 | Deep drums pound nearby, accompanied by guttural dwarven chanting.                                                               |
| 56 | A dwarf strides by, his face and bare arms covered in thick, black tattoos.                                                      |
| 57 | Screaming death threats at one another, several dwarves clash in the middle of the street.                                       |
| 58 | Shoulders slumped, a band of dwarven mercenaries trudge by, blood fresh on their armour.                                         |
| 59 | A dozen wagons roll along in a merchant caravan, heading for the market.                                                         |
| 60 | A dwarf races through the street, hollering something about striking it rich.                                                    |
| 61 | A mining party sets out for their claim, packs and wagons bulging with gear.                                                     |
| 62 | The minstrel singing on the street corner doesn't look like she's been tossed a single coin all day.                             |
| 63 | A band of elves keeps getting all sorts of dirty looks from the dwarves around them.                                             |
| 64 | A dignified procession fills the street as a group of dwarven nobility stroll past.                                              |
| 65 | Dwarves labour to roll ale barrels along the road without knocking anyone over.                                                  |
| 66 | A dwarven ruffian toys with a crooked knife as he watches the street traffic.                                                    |
| 67 | The bartender eyes everyone passing his tavern and makes sure drinkers get a good look at the cudgel sitting behind the counter. |
| 68 | Not only is this dwarf missing a beard, he also doesn't appear to have any eyebrows.                                             |
| 69 | Several dwarven monks shuffle past, hands tucked into their sleeves in meditative poses.                                         |
| 70 | What looks like a statue of a grey-skinned, robed man occasionally blinks and nods at passers-by.                                |
| 71 | A dwarven guard sits astride a giant beetle that has been outfitted with a saddle.                                               |
| 72 | Servants struggle to bear an obese dwarf noble along on his cushioned travelling chair.                                          |
| 73 | This dwarf looks like nothing more than a massive collection of scars from head to toe.                                          |
| 74 | A dwarf clomps along in such thick armour, his whole body and face are entirely hidden.                                          |
| 75 | A paladin's hands glow with divine light as he places them on another dwarf's head in blessing.                                  |
| 76 | A skinny dwarf woman giggles to herself as she pulls intestines out of a dead goat.                                              |

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|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 77  | Two dozen dwarves stand on a giant chess board, acting as living game pieces.                      |
| 78  | Lifelike statues of legendary dwarves line both sides of this street.                              |
| 79  | An old dwarf sits on the corner, regaling a group of children with stories of war heroics.         |
| 80  | A dwarf sprints past, screaming as flames engulf his thick beard.                                  |
| 81  | A shabby dwarf lies in the gutter, drooling, empty tankard clutched to his gut.                    |
| 82  | The local blacksmith sings praises to the god of the forge, in time with his hammering.            |
| 83  | A spellcaster with a peaked cap and golden robe strides along, staff in hand.                      |
| 84  | A guard squad gazes down over the area from their perch high atop the hold walls.                  |
| 85  | A young dwarf casts furtive glances around as he chisels his name into a wall.                     |
| 86  | A stream of black-robed dwarves stride by, faces heavily lined in mourning.                        |
| 87  | Dwarves yell and place bets as a pair of wrestlers grapple in their midst.                         |
| 88  | A grim-faced dwarf watches the crowd, a bolt cocked in his crossbow.                               |
| 89  | Dwarves grunt and strain as they are led through a series of battle training manoeuvres.           |
| 90  | Gleaming helmets have been lined up on this ledge, facing passers-by.                              |
| 91  | The stones here look charred, some having even cracked in half due to the heat.                    |
| 92  | Clumps of blue-green glowing mould spot the walls, providing steady illumination.                  |
| 93  | A bonfire has been lit in one of the guard towers stationed along the hold walls.                  |
| 94  | A large metal cage hangs from a chain that can be lowered into a seemingly bottomless pit.         |
| 95  | A deep gulley cuts down the middle of the hold, with numerous bridges crossing over.               |
| 96  | At least ten dwarves cluster around a halfling wearing a rather dapper vest.                       |
| 97  | A quartet of short, hooded figures stride down the street, features hidden in shadows.             |
| 98  | Two dwarves greet one another in the middle of the street with a fierce head butting.              |
| 99  | A troop of armoured dwarves march off from the main gates, looking ready for battle.               |
| 100 | A crowd of dwarves have begun a boulder-throwing competition, heaving huge stones across a ravine. |

## DWARVEN TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the dwarven hold. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                    |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | The Shaft (mine) oversees all mining operations below and around the hold and in the surrounding area.                                             |
| 03-04 | Iron Guild (guild) owns majority shares in all crafting businesses and ventures established in the hold.                                           |
| 05-06 | The Anvil (garrison) is where the hold's guards are stationed.                                                                                     |
| 07-08 | Bootnails (cobbler) keeps the hold's citizens tromping about in leather shoes and iron-toed boots, and does repairs on the cheap.                  |
| 09-10 | Chip Off (artisan) is run by sisters who have installed many mosaics around the hold, often detailing wartime exploits.                            |
| 11-12 | Smelted Wares (refinery) is where raw ore is taken to be turned into pure ingots and then sold on the open market.                                 |
| 13-14 | The Pebble Gullet (inn) gets a steady stream of travelling merchants who visit the hold to do business with the wealthy dwarves.                   |
| 15-16 | Pillions (architects) is known for being able to turn even the most cramped cave into a cosy dwarven home.                                         |
| 17-18 | Tunnel Brothers (tunneler) turned from their old mining business to help the hold expand deeper into the earth as the population grew.             |
| 19-20 | Boneminder (healer) takes in injured and dying dwarves no matter how poor they are and tends to their wounds or comforts them in their final days. |
| 21-22 | The Runeways (runesmith) is an esoteric order of enchanters who can imbue items and places with strange power through runic engravings.            |
| 23-24 | Rolton's Repairs (blacksmith) claims he can repair anything made of metal, no matter how badly it is damaged.                                      |
| 25-26 | Coinage (mint) circulates fresh copper, silver and gold coins, stamped with the face of the current dwarven king.                                  |
| 27-28 | Pieces Placed (repairs) travels around the hold, shoring up crumbling walls, repairing old buildings and keeping the infrastructure intact.        |
| 29-30 | The Bleats (stables) rears flocks of strong rams and mules that are then used either as dwarven mounts or pack animals.                            |
| 31-32 | Glowsons (fungus farm) grows luminescent moulds and mushroom crops that are then planted around the hold as natural light sources.                 |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Windle's Waxworks (candlemaker) cultivates a special wax that originates from a rare breed of toxic beetles.                                                                                                                       |
| 35-36 | Chants & Cants (spells) is run by a group of mages who retired from adventuring for steadier pay working their supernatural skills for commoners.                                                                                  |
| 37-38 | Scuttlers (garbage) keeps trash and refuse piles burning at all hours in an effort to improve hold sanitation.                                                                                                                     |
| 39-40 | The Bags (corpseman) is run by a sour-faced dwarf who inters the dead in the ancestral catacombs beneath the hold.                                                                                                                 |
| 41-42 | Torchin' Tails (rat catcher) keeps the hold relatively free from rodent and other pest infestations.                                                                                                                               |
| 43-44 | Haul'em (shipments) provides quick and reliable transportation for most goods in and out of the hold walls. Caravan guards cost extra.                                                                                             |
| 45-46 | Ash Fingers (lantern lighter) keeps the hold well-lit at night, making sure all areas have lanterns burning bright.                                                                                                                |
| 47-48 | Candlehelm (surveyor) explores undeveloped territory (both above and below-ground) in the surrounding area.                                                                                                                        |
| 49-50 | Tinker's Tender (general equipment) sells an assortment of gear, supplies and miscellaneous goods. Much of it is clearly second (or third) hand, but still in good repair.                                                         |
| 51-52 | Tender n' Till (bank) is where any wise dwarf secures his or her hard-earned coin, knowing these vaults are impregnable. Incorruptible earth elemental guards are said to ward the place.                                          |
| 53-54 | Fundings Limited (investor) has provided seed money for numerous mining operations, business expansions and mercenary groups. They require, however, voluminous paperwork and sureties for any loan – particularly to non-dwarves. |
| 55-56 | The Registrant (records) holds birth and death certificates for every dwarf in the hold, plus exhaustive genealogical records for every family and clan.                                                                           |
| 57-58 | Keen Bite (weapons) does steady business crafting swords, axes, warhammers and other reliable devices of death.                                                                                                                    |
| 59-60 | The Pits (prison) is where thieves, ne'er-do-wells, and wartime prisoners are kept under heavy lock and key.                                                                                                                       |
| 61-62 | Tinsmith's (forge) is kept working day in and out with orders sent in from all over the hold.                                                                                                                                      |
| 63-64 | Holy Fires (temple) is dedicated to the dwarven god of the forge and is often crowded with crafters praying their work meets with divine approval.                                                                                 |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 65-66 | The Cracker (armour) churns out breastplates, helms and other made-to-fit armour sets for the guards and mercenary outfits.                                                                                                                         |
| 67-68 | Hafter's Eye (engineer) is a famed construction crew who have a reputation for getting jobs done rapidly and well under budget.                                                                                                                     |
| 69-70 | The Gleam (gemologist) deals in only the highest quality of gems, refining diamonds, rubies, sapphires and other "stars of the earth."                                                                                                              |
| 71-72 | Fine Twinings (jeweller) is run by a dwarf maiden with an uncanny ability to bend precious metals to her will. Her creations are truly exquisite...and expensive.                                                                                   |
| 73-74 | Earthy Etchings (engravings) has been around since the hold's founding days and it's rare to find a stone they haven't marked over the years.                                                                                                       |
| 75-76 | Stone Sifter (sculptor) is owned by an ex-miner who now crafts lifelike statues using a pick and shovel.                                                                                                                                            |
| 77-78 | The Heap (outfitter) does steady business supplying surveyors and expeditions with all the equipment they'll ever need at a reasonable price.                                                                                                       |
| 79-80 | Vital Vittles (cook) fills the bellies of dwarves across the hold with fresh-baked bread daily and an increasingly popular goat meat stew. Also available are surprisingly tasty iron rations, which are much in demand among miners and explorers. |
| 81-82 | Snarls (barber) has a whole team of barbers who focus on keeping dwarven beards styled and trimmed with the latest fashions.                                                                                                                        |
| 83-84 | Nimblefingers (tailor) specializes in stitching up lovely silk dresses that are becoming a recent trend with dwarven women. Its tailors take care to not mention much of the silk comes from elven merchants.                                       |
| 85-86 | The Scarred Lot (veterans) is a gathering house for old dwarven warriors who meet to recall their fallen comrades (and compare scars). The atmosphere is always raucous.                                                                            |
| 87-88 | Clearpath (demolitions) has passed down through the generations of this family-owned business a secret recipe for incredibly powerful alchemist's fire said to be able to melt stone.                                                               |
| 89-90 | Mouldin's (cheesemaker) is prized for a heavily spiced cheese shipped all across the land and considered the epitome of dwarven culinary achievements.                                                                                              |
| 91-92 | Beltin' Beard (bard) trains the finest local musicians and other performing artists, often dedicated to preserving an oral dwarven history. Loud music and singing seemingly constantly emanate from the building.                                  |
| 93-94 | Cub Cave (school) is the educational institute where young dwarves spend the first decade of their lives learning the essence of dwarven culture.                                                                                                   |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 95-96  | The Sheaves (lawyer) oversees all legal matters and court proceedings in the hold, and the firm's main lawyer has yet to lose a case. His services are much in demand, and he is on retainer with many powerful families in the hold. |
| 97-98  | Pinner Down (mining claims) handles all territorial claims for mining stakes, keeping client information confidential at all times, of course.                                                                                        |
| 99-100 | Hotstack's (lava rafter) employs special boats capable of sailing along underground lava flows and charges a premium for carrying cargo on these secret, more secure channels.                                                        |



## DWARVEN TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the dwarven hold. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Gilrun Thoki (LG male dwarf fighter 2) is often heard having one-sided arguments...with his rusty axe. He is widely believed to be mad, but he swears his axe is possessed. |
| 03-04 | Taldi Hugumun (CG male dwarf) sells freshly baked meat pies on the streets, a copper apiece.                                                                                |
| 05-06 | Mazy Ringrim (LN female dwarf) keeps meticulous ancestral records for all major hold families back three generations.                                                       |
| 07-08 | Tybdaras Sultfelt (CN female dwarf) owns the largest forges in the hold and takes a hefty cut of their production profits.                                                  |
| 09-10 | Throri Horismoat (NG male dwarf) has a bulbous nose, even for a dwarf, but keeps his good cheer despite being the butt of many jokes.                                       |
| 11-12 | Colurn Immost (CG male human cleric 1) is a skinny mage who visits the hold regularly to study the dwarven craft of rune enchanting.                                        |
| 13-14 | Odar Darhof (N male dwarf) is one of the rare beggars in the hold, going about barefoot and clad in little more than rags.                                                  |
| 15-16 | Erivya Grummer (NE female human) is believed to be a spy by many, but what she's spying on and for whom remains hotly debated.                                              |
| 17-18 | Byrin Lido (LG male half-elf) serves the hold as a keen lawyer, handling everything from property disputes to ancestral inheritance claims.                                 |
| 19-20 | Nauso Shanksmith (N male dwarf) has one blind eye and uses his remaining good one to protect his tankard from anyone trying to filch his ale.                               |
| 21-22 | Ridak Gilmeson (LE male dwarf) has been accused multiple times of pawning stolen gems, but the charges never seem to stick.                                                 |
| 23-24 | Furkip Luggit (LN male dwarf) is a street preacher who espouses the worship of the dwarven god of greed and wealth rather than the forge.                                   |
| 25-26 | Hukon Musgril (NE male dwarf) is a well-known fence who handles any stolen goods for an outrageous fee – most of which goes on bribes to various officials.                 |
| 27-28 | Imarma Gakhrim (CN female dwarf) claims to be descended from dwarven royalty and traces her lineage back to the hold's original founders.                                   |
| 29-30 | Rarga (N female half-orc fighter 1) practically lives in the hold's jail—though, surprisingly, as a guard rather than a prisoner.                                           |
| 31-32 | Maeoin Alajim (LE male elf) lurks around the hold's archival chambers, but is tight-lipped about what he's searching for among the scrolls and tomes.                       |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Suli Gasli (NG female dwarf) is the hold's primary sculptor and is responsible for many of the impressive art installations around the area.                                                     |
| 35-36 | Halma Phaedrol (CG female human) has developed a permanent stoop after living in the hold's low tunnels since she was a girl.                                                                    |
| 37-38 | Siv Danners (CN female halfling) was once spotted toting along a ruby the size of her fist, but no one's ever been able to determine where she got it or where it went since.                    |
| 39-40 | Malia Thaudut (LG female dwarf fighter 2) is seen at her gate-guarding post every single day, hammer and shield without a spot of rust.                                                          |
| 41-42 | Rinny Othols (LG female human) constantly inspects the hold's main gate locking mechanisms for flaws in need of maintenance or repair.                                                           |
| 43-44 | Asbal Garson (LN male half-elf fighter 2) has served as a private bodyguard for decades now and is proud to claim he's never lost a client.                                                      |
| 45-46 | Drosgo Runnarf (NG male dwarf) runs a map-making business, though he's never been known to actually travel outside the hold.                                                                     |
| 47-48 | Whillikins Holt (LN male halfling cleric 2) is a regular source of hold-wide gossip which he'll gladly dispense for a copper or two.                                                             |
| 49-50 | Ugd Stronk (LG male half-orc fighter 3) is one of the few non-dwarven guards who regularly patrols the hold. Although of orc blood, he is universally trusted.                                   |
| 51-52 | Lithee Chrip (CG male halfling) is a message courier who knows the hold layout better than almost anyone else.                                                                                   |
| 53-54 | Akina Fairingot (LG female dwarf fighter 2) has a platinum streak in her otherwise brown hair and a temper she keeps under tight control.                                                        |
| 55-56 | Mekha Fainsmith (N female dwarf) is the purveyor of general goods, running the hold's largest supply shop.                                                                                       |
| 57-58 | Rilrin Dakdo (LN female dwarf cleric 1) claims she can hear voices in the rocks and has acquired an impressive pebble collection.                                                                |
| 59-60 | Bolden Scraggs (LG male dwarf fighter 3) has collected dozens of orc and goblin ears which he now wears as a gory necklace. Consequently, he rarely gets invites to parties and is quite lonely. |
| 61-62 | "Knutts" (LG male dwarf fighter 1) loves to fight bare-fisted, enjoying the visceral feel of his enemy's skull being crushed between his hands.                                                  |
| 63-64 | Amiyur Thelguds (N female half-elf) is a member of the lamplighter's guild and takes great pride in her work. She loves the hold and believes she should have been born a dwarf.                 |



|       |                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 65-66 | Eris Dordas (CN male human) is one of the few humans in the hold who speaks Dwarven fluently. He acts as an intermediary between human and dwarven merchants.                    |
| 67-68 | Nudain Magkal (CG male dwarf cleric 3) is an elderly spellcaster who helps mining operations with his magics. His eyesight is failing.                                           |
| 69-70 | Marli Klanhilt (NE male dwarf cleric 1) has been seen meeting with a few shadowy figures outside the hold walls. Consequently, he is being watched.                              |
| 71-72 | Brakisten Fairingot (N male dwarf) has gained a reputation as a staggering drunk, even for a dwarf.                                                                              |
| 73-74 | Bulmor Thainrift (LG male dwarf) has one lame arm, but this doesn't stop him from being the hold's most vigilant street-sweep.                                                   |
| 75-76 | Trokker Plinsk (NG male human cleric 2) has made a fascinating study of the many glowing mould species growing about the hold. The approach to his home is covered in the stuff. |
| 77-78 | Odia Rilron (NG female elf) owns the hold's main bank and has invested heavily in many local businesses. He holds                                                                |
| 79-80 | Anren Scottle (LN male halfling) is the diminutive bartender of a popular tavern, serving guests by scampering along the bar and table tops.                                     |
| 81-82 | Hrim Mog (CG male half-orc) has spent years unsuccessfully courting a wealthy dwarven woman he's infatuated with.                                                                |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                       |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Jani Duumden (CE female dwarf) is often seen wearing jewellery and dresses that she couldn't possibly afford on her own.                                              |
| 85-86  | Dania Bazag (NG female dwarf) is the hold's most accomplished singer and gladly belt out epic ballads in exchange for a free drink.                                   |
| 87-88  | Yurmiel Hafrial (NG male elf cleric 3) is a heavily scarred elf with a penchant for playing with pyromantic magic.                                                    |
| 89-90  | Noren Clipple (CN male human) is believed to be an accomplished assassin-for-hire but it's uncertain whether he's currently taking any contracts.                     |
| 91-92  | Urlia Molot (CG female human) keeps trying to get herself apprenticed to local dwarven brewers. So far she has had no success.                                        |
| 93-94  | Zada Whilkim (CE female dwarf fighter 3) is forever looking for any excuse to launch into a fight and will show no mercy to her victims. She is universally disliked. |
| 95-96  | Gen Aragnet (LE male dwarf) is surrounded by dark rumours that he poisoned his own kin to become head of his wealthy clan.                                            |
| 97-98  | Dasrok Konor (LG male dwarf fighter 1) doesn't even have a full beard yet but is determined to prove himself worthy to wield his fallen father's warhammer.           |
| 99-100 | Fontem Thrilk (N male dwarf cleric 1) has displayed the unnatural ability to split large stones in half just by pressing his open palm against them.                  |





## DWARVEN TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the dwarven hold, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The party hear reports of a band of miners lost in the tunnels beneath the hold—and a reward is offered for anyone willing to determine their fate.                                                                             |
| 2  | A pocket of underground gas has exploded, rocking a major section of the hold, collapsing buildings and killing dozens. The screams of the dying echo through the hold.                                                         |
| 3  | A swarm of giant spiders has overrun a section of the hold, and the local commander is sending in recruits to eliminate them.                                                                                                   |
| 4  | Hairless, blind rats have invaded and ravaged the hold's main food stores. The infestation is thought to be unnatural and to possibly be the work of the dwarves' hated enemies.                                                |
| 5  | A voracious species of tunnelling worms have infested the hold, eating straight through the rock—as well as devouring anyone they encounter.                                                                                    |
| 6  | Rumours abound the hold has been built on top of an ancient dragon hoard, but no one has ever recovered the cursed treasure.                                                                                                    |
| 7  | An earthquake shakes the hold, cracking building foundations, shattering windows, and destabilizing the main walls and gates.                                                                                                   |
| 8  | A thousand orc invaders appear overnight, camping just beyond the gates as they pound their war drums. The dwarves mobilize for war; outsiders are expected to help defend the hold.                                            |
| 9  | A PC spies a goblin slinking along in the shadows, holding what looks to be a bundle of oil flasks. He is heading toward one of the hold's shrines.                                                                             |
| 10 | A cave-in has trapped a group of dwarven miners in a dead-end shaft, with only a day or two before they run out of air. The community is mobilising a great rescue effort; any help the PCs can provide is greatly appreciated. |
| 11 | The party come across several dwarven skeletons laid out in the middle of the street—perfectly arranged without a single bone out of place.                                                                                     |
| 12 | A dwarf approaches the party, claiming to have inherited a map leading to a massive ancestral treasure; he'll give a share if they provide protection along the way to retrieve it.                                             |
| 13 | One of the top mining teams in the hold has reported their best gear stolen and are paying handsomely for anyone who can bring the thieves to justice.                                                                          |
| 14 | Unnatural patches of darkness have settled over certain buildings and swaths of road, blinding anyone caught within them for even a few moments.                                                                                |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 15 | A terrible spotted fever is spreading through the hold, but it appears to only affect dwarves while leaving any other race untouched.                                                 |
| 16 | A thick green fog has started appearing in certain areas of the hold, poisoning anyone who breathes it in. The fog seeps up through cracks in the ground that have recently appeared. |
| 17 | The party notice strange crops of mushrooms and slick mould patches spreading across the rocky hold buildings and streets.                                                            |
| 18 | Agonized screams ripple up from the depths of a wide pit sealed over with an iron grate. The party can't see what waits below.                                                        |
| 19 | A PC realizes the set of dwarves watching you from the shadows are actually duergar—the dark and vile cousins of the true dwarves.                                                    |
| 20 | The giant iron statue of the current dwarven king has been toppled, and the outraged dwarves are seeking the vandals responsible.                                                     |



## ELVEN TOWN

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## ELVEN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

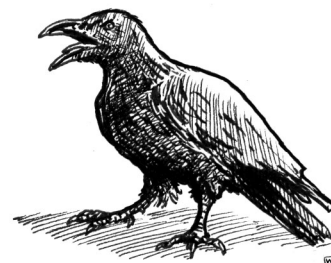
Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the elven town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The morning mist seems to cling to the trees, refusing to burn off even as the day brightens.  |
| 2  | A group of elven hunters slip into the woods, making no noise as they navigate the underbrush. |
| 3  | Elven children perched in the tree branches, silently watch the party pass by below.           |
| 4  | Clad in leafy garments, elven children prance around the town's central clearing.              |
| 5  | An artist weaves numerous trimmed branches together to form a basket.                          |
| 6  | Beneath the moonlight, elves form a dancing circle to worship one of their gods.               |
| 7  | Ethereal singing floats on the breeze, though the musicians are nowhere in sight.              |
| 8  | An elven druid strolls through town, a friendly bear lumbering beside her.                     |
| 9  | A PC gets the distinct feeling a grove of trees is moving whenever he is not looking.          |
| 10 | A peaceful river gurgles and ripples as it winds along just outside of the town border.        |
| 11 | A band of elves light torches, preparing to burn a rotting tree from the forest border.        |
| 12 | Several elven elders impassively watch the party as they go about their business.              |
| 13 | As night falls, softly glowing lights wink into being in the darkness beyond the town limits.  |
| 14 | A stately elf wearing a crown of thorny twigs gives the party a condescending look.            |
| 15 | Peering up into the leafy canopy, the PCs spot platforms and homes built among the branches.   |
| 16 | A dozen archers stand loosing arrows at targets across a field.                                |
| 17 | Two elves faces off, testing each other's guard with slim duelling rapiers.                    |
| 18 | A half-elf, obviously an outsider, looks uncomfortable as she walks through town.              |
| 19 | A red-bearded dwarf trails after an elf, clumsily attempting to flirt with her.                |
| 20 | An elven youth chuckles as he juggles at least ten stones without fumbling a single one.       |
| 21 | Enchanting birdsong trills overhead, and birds flutter through the trees.                      |
| 22 | The pattering rainfall hasn't let up for a minute over the past few days.                      |
| 23 | Elves in grey shrouds form a sombre funerary procession along the town's main street.          |
| 24 | Numerous traps and snares are set in the woods around the town—rather obviously so.            |

|    |                                                                                                        |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | A band of hunters return from several days in the forest with much fresh venison.                      |
| 26 | A town resident uses a stick to idly write elvish sayings in the dirt.                                 |
| 27 | A slim blacksmith hefts a work hammer that stands almost as tall as him.                               |
| 28 | A supremely sweet smell drifts over from the town's winepress.                                         |
| 29 | A drunk elf staggers down the road, swaying like a willow in a breeze.                                 |
| 30 | A shabby elf squats in an alley, wearing nothing more than ragged sackcloth.                           |
| 31 | A blind elf uses a wooden staff to tap his way through the crowd.                                      |
| 32 | A song of adulation emanating from a nearby home shifts into a mourning tone.                          |
| 33 | As if by a secret signal, every elf in town suddenly falls into unified silence.                       |
| 34 | The subtle grinding of blades being sharpened reaches the party's ears                                 |
| 35 | A dwarf wanders by, openly sneering at elven craftsmanship on display.                                 |
| 36 | A muscular elf stomps past, muttering death threats under his breath to no one in particular.          |
| 37 | This ornate statue appears to be constructed entirely out of animal bones.                             |
| 38 | A large network of knotted vines has been strung over most of the town.                                |
| 39 | Rows of well-tended gardens sit outside almost every home in town.                                     |
| 40 | A line of fat fish has been hung up on hooks to dry in the sun.                                        |
| 41 | Dozens of oiled furs hang in a shop window.                                                            |
| 42 | Swatches of leather are stretched on wooden racks, slowly curing.                                      |
| 43 | An elf that has fine white hairs covering every inch of exposed skin seemingly glides down the street. |
| 44 | Many of the villagers are wearing bear claw necklaces and black fur hides.                             |
| 45 | An elf warrior—missing an ear, with a rather savage scar where it used to be—strides passed the party. |
| 46 | A bunch of human lumberjacks loiter at the local inn, oblivious to the scowls aimed their way.         |
| 47 | What look like earthen mounds are revealed to be underground houses, on second glance.                 |
| 48 | A wooden spout has been jammed into this tree, and drips golden sap.                                   |
| 49 | A trio of brooks twine together in this spot to form an odd shape that can't be natural.               |
| 50 | These boulders have been marked with white and red chalk streaks.                                      |
| 51 | Dozens of game paths wind out of sight into the brush, trampled with animal tracks.                    |

|    |                                                                                                                                      |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 52 | Out of the whole forest, this one tree stands wholly bare...not a leaf on a twig.                                                    |
| 53 | A charred shunt of wood is all that's left of this tree, after lightning struck.                                                     |
| 54 | Several large mushroom rings have grown from the soft earth here.                                                                    |
| 55 | A stink of mildew floats about, heightened after the recent rain.                                                                    |
| 56 | This toppled tree has a flight of stone stairs under where the roots once burrowed deeply.                                           |
| 57 | A PC thought it was the wind, but now he's sure those are voices whispering just beyond comprehension. No one else hears the voices. |
| 58 | A curious rustling comes from the bushes off to one side.                                                                            |
| 59 | The party discover themselves in a thick grove somehow hidden in the middle of town.                                                 |
| 60 | The trees on this side of town all appear to be fruit-bearing.                                                                       |
| 61 | Numerous wooden and stone animal dens have been constructed around town.                                                             |
| 62 | A majestic centaur stands at the town's border, watching the residents with blatant curiosity.                                       |
| 63 | A dryad slips out from her tree trunk and dashes off into the deeper woods.                                                          |
| 64 | The town's leader stalks past, wearing a headdress formed of deer antlers.                                                           |
| 65 | Elven children wear feathered garments, flapping their arms and making bird calls as they play.                                      |
| 66 | Flagons of fine elven wine are set out for sampling and sale at this open-air market.                                                |
| 67 | Harvesters haul baskets of berries into town, their fingers and lips stained with dark juices.                                       |
| 68 | Dozens of paper lanterns have been hung up in the trees.                                                                             |
| 69 | A spring bubbles up on the outskirts of town, providing fresh water for everyone.                                                    |
| 70 | Elves are clipping away at the thick, thorny bushes growing around the town.                                                         |
| 71 | A terrible stench emanates from the town alchemist's shop.                                                                           |
| 72 | A priest marks a newborn elf with sap from the town's holy tree.                                                                     |
| 73 | Green garlands are strung up between all the town buildings and walls.                                                               |
| 74 | Bright crimson ribbons are tied around every tree trunk in sight.                                                                    |
| 75 | A human stands stripped to the waist and locked in stocks in the centre of town.                                                     |
| 76 | An elf walks by wearing a pair of wooden shackles around her slim wrists.                                                            |
| 77 | Hundreds of birds flock overhead, settling into the branches all about.                                                              |
| 78 | An enormous harvest moon hangs above the trees like a god's golden eye.                                                              |

|     |                                                                                                             |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 79  | The evening starlight is unnaturally dazzling, bathing the town in a white glow.                            |
| 80  | The air is abuzz with swarms of winged insects that keep flitting about the party's heads.                  |
| 81  | A pack of wild cats prowls through the town, though nobody appears alarmed.                                 |
| 82  | An arrow zips past a PC's ear and embeds itself in a tree trunk just a few paces away.                      |
| 83  | A group of elves stand in a sunny clearing, arms raised as they bask in the warm light.                     |
| 84  | Many townsfolk have gathered for a communal meal in the town centre. They invite the PCs to join the feast. |
| 85  | The sharp scent of spiced meat being roasted teases the party's noses.                                      |
| 86  | A newly betrothed elven couple have eyes only for one another as they stroll through town.                  |
| 87  | Everyone is going about with dozens of wildflowers in their hair.                                           |
| 88  | An elf's vibrant cape is made up of hundreds of leaves sewn together.                                       |
| 89  | Clad in silvery armour, an elven warrior strides around town, looking troubled.                             |
| 90  | Elves laugh and play as they bathe in the nearby snow-fed lake.                                             |
| 91  | A lone stone cairn has been constructed just outside of the town.                                           |
| 92  | All the building roofs look to be covered in layers of mud and moss.                                        |
| 93  | A bucket splashes down into the depths of the town's main well.                                             |
| 94  | A mirror-calm pond sits in the exact middle of town, with homes built around its edge.                      |
| 95  | The wood used to build these houses appears to still be growing.                                            |
| 96  | The streets of this town are demarked on either side by rows of colourful wildflowers.                      |
| 97  | No matter where the party goes, countless squirrels follow, chattering incessantly.                         |
| 98  | A shop window is crowded with intricate woodcarvings.                                                       |
| 99  | Hooves pound in the distance, as if something has caused a herd of deer to stampede.                        |
| 100 | The inhuman face carved into this massive tree animates and begins talking to the party.                    |



## ELVEN TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the elven forest town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                       |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Notched (fletcher) crafts bows and arrows that are remarkable in their accuracy no matter the user's skill.                                                           |
| 03-04 | Branch Dancer (treewalker) takes messages between various hidden elven communities by travelling across the forest canopy.                                            |
| 05-06 | Hidden Eyes (scout) monitors the woods around the town, alert for violent beasts and unwanted intruders.                                                              |
| 07-08 | Gavil's Tracking (hunter) has the keenest ability to follow any path through the forest, even through the thickest underbrush.                                        |
| 09-10 | Blessed Hides (tanner) ensures the souls of slain animals are laid to rest by praying over each hide in thanks for their sacrifice.                                   |
| 11-12 | Claw and Fang (druid) maintains communion with the beasts of the forest, ensuring their health and mutual protection.                                                 |
| 13-14 | Misty Ways (oracle) reads omens in the wooded ways to provide guidance for the townsfolk.                                                                             |
| 15-16 | Windseer (weather witch) is run by an ancient elf who is said to have control over the winds and clouds themselves.                                                   |
| 17-18 | Elphia's Husbandry (insect shepherd) oversees miniature "flocks" of beetles and other bugs, milking them for rare alchemical ingredients.                             |
| 19-20 | Vine Twinings (gardener) takes great delight in cultivating the wild forest growths into berries, fruits and root-based delicacies.                                   |
| 21-22 | Nimble Fingers (crafting guild) fashions much of the artwork displayed around town, from the stone sculptures to the crystalline wind chimes hanging from most eaves. |
| 23-24 | Shavings & Dust (woodworker) claims they don't let a single part of a tree go to waste when using it for furniture or home construction.                              |
| 25-26 | The Perfect Stitch (tailor) works with feathers and leaves just as much as leather and cloth to make local fashions.                                                  |
| 27-28 | Gilded Canvas (painter) specializes in water-based paints that can be washed away without damaging the surface they're applied to.                                    |
| 29-30 | Wirrin's Tonics (alchemist) is run by a youthful elf whose potions have been deemed by most townsfolk as "dangerously experimental."                                  |
| 31-32 | The Loomstress (weaver) has somehow tamed a host of spiders to assist her in weaving the most delicate tapestries of pure silk.                                       |

|       |                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Root Tender (arborist) has teamed up with local dryads to protect the forest from aggressive rot and decay.                                         |
| 35-36 | Clippings (herbalist) frequently sends forays into the forest to seek out rare herbs of all sorts.                                                  |
| 37-38 | Spark's (sorcerer) is run by a wizened elf who takes unseemly delight in conjuring faelights and dazzling illusions.                                |
| 39-40 | Malia's Nestings (midwife) is rarely called on, due to the sporadic nature of elven births—but when needed, she's invaluable.                       |
| 41-42 | Felure's Fixings (mender) keeps the town's tools, armour and buildings functional for decades longer than normal.                                   |
| 43-44 | The Archives (historian) keeps detailed records of all townsfolk, community commerce and animal migration patterns.                                 |
| 45-46 | The Envoy (priest) teaches the forest itself is a manifestation of the nature goddess's divinity.                                                   |
| 47-48 | Guard Your Heart (armoury) makes the finest, most supple chainmail armour in town.                                                                  |
| 49-50 | Sturdy Shelters (tentmaker) crafts hide shelters for scouts, foragers and hunters to use during trips outside of town.                              |
| 51-52 | Laid Lines (mason) employs hand-worked stones instead of bricks to build sturdier homes around town.                                                |
| 53-54 | Fine Goods (merchant) is a caravan that travels between elven communities, bringing fresh resources and deliveries along.                           |
| 55-56 | Shallop's Cutlets (butcher) turns any animals brought in by the town hunters into tender slices of well-seasoned meat.                              |
| 57-58 | Musings (songwriter) is the effort of a young elf who is generally considered a wastrel by most others in town.                                     |
| 59-60 | Leaves in Wind (dancer) is a troupe of elven women who keep their people's history alive in the form of interpretive dance.                         |
| 61-62 | Trinket Trader (relic hunter) is a dwarven operation that scours the forest for supposedly hidden treasures.                                        |
| 63-64 | No Collars (beast tamer) "recruits" forest animal to act as beasts of burden for townsfolk, ensuring the animals are well-cared for the whole time. |
| 65-66 | Soft Edges (fine weapons) crafts blades so sharp they can cut through a whole tree trunk and still leave the tree standing.                         |
| 67-68 | Supple Links (smith) provides most of the metalwork around town, working alongside the armourer and weapons crafter.                                |
| 69-70 | Cladded Glade (fine clothes) sells luxurious dresses and gaudy raiments to the few wealthy residents in the area.                                   |



|       |                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 71-72 | Embellishments (scribe) prepares letters, contracts and other official documents as the townsfolk require.                                                                      |
| 73-74 | Frozen Droplets (jeweller) crafts enchanting jewellery out of seemingly ordinary materials scrounged up from the forest floor.                                                  |
| 75-76 | The Thornbriars (smugglers) brings in contraband such as drugs or illicit magics for townsfolk willing to pay their high prices. Has a network of informants throughout town.   |
| 77-78 | Sentinels (guards) trains young elves to defend the town with a wide variety of weapons and ancient techniques. The clatter of weapons practise often rises over this location. |
| 79-80 | Smile and Shake (external relations) is run by a half-elf who often acts as the town representative and guide to dwarves, humans and other non-elf visitors.                    |
| 81-82 | Sipsup (communal dining) is an open-air dining hall where townsfolk often gather for celebratory or ceremonial meals.                                                           |
| 83-84 | Stone Upon Stone (archaeologist) is a group of historians and sage committed to studying recently uncovered elven ruins in the vicinity.                                        |
| 85-86 | Salma's House (healer) is where townsfolk go to have everything from slight scrapes to mortal wounds mended by magic or medicine.                                               |
| 87-88 | The Pitcher (winery) harvests wild grape and turns them into fresh-pressed vintages that can turn even the stoutest dwarf tipsy. Their products are in great demand.            |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 89-90  | Hooded Council (court) is where any ill-doer in town winds up having their fates decided by a group of elven elders. Crimes are punishment by community-based service, or exiles for strangers and visitors. Death is reserve for only the most extreme crimes. |
| 91-92  | In Your Stead (duellist) is the operation of an elven warrior who hires out her fighting expertise to anyone who wishes to have their honour defended.                                                                                                          |
| 93-94  | Lyria's (musical instruments) uses living wood and plant parts to craft lyres, harps and other instruments beloved by elven bards. Many bards gather here to swap stories and songs.                                                                            |
| 95-96  | Wheeled Palms (pottery) is the workshop of an elven woman who transforms simple clay into elaborate pots and vases.                                                                                                                                             |
| 97-98  | Spydart (news) relays current events from nearby major cities, relying on a network of forest fey who work in exchange for bowls of sugar water. Visitors tarrying overlong here run the risk of suffering numerous pranks at the hands of mischievous fey.     |
| 99-100 | Home to All (menagerie) cares for animals found near death, nursing them back to health. Many of these creatures tend to linger around the area after being released.                                                                                           |



## ELVEN TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the elven town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Rilsha Liagnor (CE female elf cleric 1) is rumoured to be the source of a virulent rot infecting the forest, but no one's proven this yet.                              |
| 03-04 | Jafela Tathel (NG female elf fighter 2) is an elven youth who seeks her first big victory in battle to prove her prowess.                                               |
| 05-06 | Sotia Inthurin (NE male elf) is often found in possession of other people's valuable possessions.                                                                       |
| 07-08 | Nortorran Rohirven (CN male elf) is constantly pushing for town expansion efforts to avoid population stagnation.                                                       |
| 09-10 | Mieldras Varian (LG male half-elf fighter 2) holds a position as town constable and devotes her time to peacekeeping efforts.                                           |
| 11-12 | Lachsmi Hornult (N female dwarf) works at the town winery, particularly enjoying tromping grapes into mush in the juice barrels.                                        |
| 13-14 | Baldel Findleson (LG male human fighter 1) is in town to purchase a sword of elven craftsmanship, but no one will sell to him.                                          |
| 15-16 | Branna Diosk (NG female human) is a frail old woman living out her final years in the relative quiet of the forest town.                                                |
| 17-18 | Penra Wenanor (LE female elf) has been trying to join the elder council for decades, but has always been refused as being too immature.                                 |
| 19-20 | Nasli Tyth (CG female elf cleric 1) has made a habit of building lovely rock gardens—but in rather inconvenient places like the middle of a street or someone's garden. |
| 21-22 | Gasha Antgol (CN female human) is a fair-haired lady married to one of the town's respectable elders.                                                                   |
| 23-24 | Ethten Orcir (LN male elf fighter 3) is a willowy sword-for-hire who abides by any contract he signs—even to the death.                                                 |
| 25-26 | Ibber Olover (LG male halfling) works for the local fletcher, carrying supplies and making deliveries while being exceedingly polite.                                   |
| 27-28 | Odolen Thirmith (LG male elf fighter 3) has never killed an opponent, but instead incapacitates them and drags them to jail.                                            |
| 29-30 | Nadorn Dransieve (CG female elf fighter 2) has a rare, ferocious temper for an elf that especially flares when she sees animals being abused.                           |
| 31-32 | Cilembia Raenist (LG male half-elf cleric 2) settled in town to soak in the vast lore of his elven heritage.                                                            |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Lagda Borken (NE female half-orc) is the bodyguard of a local merchant—the only reason she hasn't been driven from town.                                                       |
| 35-36 | Levyn Enmethiel (LN male elf cleric 3) is the town banker and has underground vaults that secure a collection of priceless elven heirlooms.                                    |
| 37-38 | Kraeser Losofen (NG male halfling fighter 2) came to town to hone his fighting skills against opponents with far longer reaches.                                               |
| 39-40 | Plince Yelen (CE male halfling) is a black-eyed vandal who hasn't been thrown in prison or kicked out of town only because he's proven too quick to be caught.                 |
| 41-42 | Dalana Kurli (LG female elf cleric 1) is an architect who specializes in treehouses and forming pathways out of branches.                                                      |
| 43-44 | Taeuil Edelon (LE female elf) claims to be an elven princess whose family ruled this forest centuries ago, but has been unable to produce any documents proving her assertion. |
| 45-46 | Reeth Vannye (CN male half-elf fighter 1) is relatively harmless, picking fights with locals, but only doing so when he's too drunk to be a danger to anyone but himself.      |
| 47-48 | Dathbo Mithren (LG male elf) can identify any tree's species simply by the sound of its leaves rustling in the wind.                                                           |
| 49-50 | Arten Pullock (CN male human) is a clothes merchant fascinated with elven fashion and studies their weaving techniques and looms.                                              |
| 51-52 | Lonker Pugs (NE male dwarf) believes the elves are hiding an ancient treasure somewhere in town and will do anything to get his hands on it.                                   |
| 53-54 | Ieldel Ven (LN male elf) is friends with several dryads who live in the forest and keeps a close eye on their trees and their wellbeing.                                       |
| 55-56 | Romae Hegwil (LG male elf cleric 1) is often seen strolling through the trees, whistling to the birds as if in conversation.                                                   |
| 57-58 | Enshin Marrian (N male elf) is known for having one bright green eye and one bright golden eye. He has few morals, and often preys on non-elven women visiting the town.       |
| 59-60 | Renfa Nelor (NG female half-elf fighter 2) is one of the few outsiders permitted to train and serve with the local guards. She is fiercely loyal to her comrades.              |
| 61-62 | Weza Wingbolt (NG female dwarf) is constantly attempting to purchase elven homes, but so far has had all offers rebuffed.                                                      |
| 63-64 | Thanlea Raiforst (NE female elf cleric 1) is barely a decade old (practically a newborn) and loves playing dangerous pranks on her elders.                                     |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 65-66 | Finnel Arrouren (NG male elf cleric 2) has a knack for sensing animals nearby, even if they're completely camouflaged.                                                                                                           |
| 67-68 | Samar Torler (LE male human fighter 2) is a scarred mercenary who stuck around after the rest of his old band vanished into the forest.                                                                                          |
| 69-70 | Opala Rensien (CN female elf) is a bright-eyed elven youth who knows the hidden paths through the forest better than most.                                                                                                       |
| 71-72 | Lanev Wedhel (CE male elf) has been seen slipping out of town at night, especially when strange lights are flickering amidst the trees. He is suspected of various unsavoury crimes, but no evidence has thus far come to light. |
| 73-74 | Kilth Monin (CG male half-elf fighter 1) has one pointed and one stunted ear, which makes him the brunt of gentle joking by residents.                                                                                           |
| 75-76 | Argwin Wayan (LG female human) arrived in town to immerse herself in the study of elvish culture. She loves it here and might never leave.                                                                                       |
| 77-78 | Galad Rionmir (LG male elf) is ancient-looking, even for an elf, and stands as one of the town's council elders.                                                                                                                 |
| 79-80 | Zenna Legad (LE female human fighter 1) prowls the town, believing a half-elf with a bounty on his head is hiding out there.                                                                                                     |
| 81-82 | Celi Adana (NE female halfling) is missing two fingers on her right hand from her time in a nearby city's thieves' guild.                                                                                                        |



|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Baryn Dantane (NG male elf) is a city-born elf who retreated to the forest community in search of inner peace.                                                                                                |
| 85-86  | Rondle Alladir (CN male elf cleric 1) fills the town with his musical singing, which always lifts the spirits of those who hear it.                                                                           |
| 87-88  | Osirra Roddil (CE female elf fighter 3) returned from war with ragged scars across her face...and even worse ones across her soul.                                                                            |
| 89-90  | Nala Kloth (LG female halfling) is a blonde-haired darling who's been adopted by an elven couple who are without children.                                                                                    |
| 91-92  | Finneral Saelost (CE male half-elf fighter 1) is an aging fighter determined to find and kill his elven parent. He might assault an elf while the PCs are present or even mistake an elven PC for his parent. |
| 93-94  | Ornall Lultim (LG male elf) handles much of the town's legal matters that don't require elder oversight.                                                                                                      |
| 95-96  | Ronkle Tradisk (CN male half-orc) mostly keeps to himself, and few know why this low-browed orc kin ended up in an elven town in the first place.                                                             |
| 97-98  | Dirya Sarulis (NG female elf cleric 3) works subtle magics to keep harsh weather from pummeling the town.                                                                                                     |
| 99-100 | Galta Losorious (LE female vampire elf) goes to great lengths to hide her true identity as an vampire; she is over a half-millennia old.                                                                      |





## ELVEN TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the elven town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications they encounter.

### D12

|   |                                                                                                                                        |
|---|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Before the PCs realize what's happening, they're handed torches and swept up in an elven funeral.                                      |
| 2 | An elf staggers up to the party and blurts out, "I've been poisoned!" before dropping to his knees and vomiting all over a PC's boots. |
| 3 | A half-elf is being shunned by the full-blooded elves in town and so comes to the party for aid in seeking his long-lost parent.       |
| 4 | The smell of smoke fills the air moments before someone screams "Fire!" and flames begin leaping across the treetops.                  |
| 5 | A strange mist settles over the town, muffling most noises and making it difficult to see more than a few feet in any direction.       |
| 6 | Every animal encountered both outside and inside the town appears sickly, and the elves do not know what is causing the illness.       |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7  | The townsfolk keep to their homes in terror of a hideous beast stalking the nearby woods which has already claimed a dozen lives.                                                  |
| 8  | Elven warriors have captured several human lumberjacks and are about to hang them, blaming them for the death of an ancient dryad.                                                 |
| 9  | Strange lights flicker in the deeper woods beyond the town. A few children have gone missing and are believed to have been lured off by wicked spirits.                            |
| 10 | An elven winemaker offers to pay the party well if they'll track down the thief who stole his most valuable flagon of wine—which he believes to be well over a thousand years old. |
| 11 | The town's sombre mood mystifies the PCs until one of the elders confides that not a single elven child has been born there in over a century.                                     |
| 12 | As they wander through the town, an elven warrior blocks the party's path and defies them to take a step further without being cut down by his blade.                              |



DALY

## LOGGING TOWN

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## LOGGING TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the logging town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                     |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The crackling of branches precedes the crash of a tree falling in the distance.                                     |
| 2  | Sparks fly from a stone wheel as a blacksmith grinds numerous axe heads to honed edges.                             |
| 3  | A group of lumberjacks chant a chopping song as they head out of town, axes slung over their shoulders.             |
| 4  | Sawdust trickles out of a tarp-covered cart as it makes its way along the street.                                   |
| 5  | The rhythmic burr of a saw steadily carving away at a log rises above the general street sounds.                    |
| 6  | Wood clatters as workers toss slats onto a growing pile of lumber.                                                  |
| 7  | Splotches of sap stick to the bottom of nearly everyone's shoes.                                                    |
| 8  | The pounding of nails as workers repair damaged walls of the local lumber mill is audible from quite some distance. |
| 9  | Every nearby doorway has a painted root nailed above it, for some odd reason.                                       |
| 10 | Wooden statuettes sit in nearby windowsills, carved in the likeness of a forest deity.                              |
| 11 | A tinker labours over a row of axe heads and shafts, fitting them together to sell.                                 |
| 12 | A team of horses plod into town, dragging several de-limbed trees behind them on leather straps.                    |
| 13 | Thin arms straining, children lug buckets of sap and syrup down the street.                                         |
| 14 | Slabs of polished wood have been painted with glyphs to ward off evil spirits and are propped up all over town.     |
| 15 | The tolling bell in the town chapel appears to be entirely made of polished wood.                                   |
| 16 | Every house's door is of black oak and carved with strange friezes.                                                 |
| 17 | The smell of freshly cut wood fills the air, the odour reminiscent of the colour green for some reason.             |
| 18 | A carpenter scuffs out rough spots on a table using a polishing stone and rag.                                      |
| 19 | An old woman offers you a basket of twelve-pointed leaves for sale.                                                 |
| 20 | A clamour rises as workers flood out of a sawmill, apparently having just gone on strike.                           |
| 21 | Colourful beetles with massive mandibles buzz out of a log as it is sawed in half.                                  |
| 22 | A worker hollers a warning as his final chops prepare a tree to come toppling down.                                 |

|    |                                                                                                    |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 23 | Each step kicks up curls of wood shavings, which litter the road in front of a workshop.           |
| 24 | Someone has carved tree trunks into images of men, bears, birds, dragons and other creatures.      |
| 25 | Wooden wind chimes clink and clatter as they hang from the eaves of almost every home.             |
| 26 | The town guards carry burnished wooden shields, but their swords are polished iron.                |
| 27 | A druid stands on the edge of town, loudly decrying the desecration of the wild.                   |
| 28 | Hunters string their bows as they head off to track down a rumoured pack of wild pigs.             |
| 29 | The town hunting lodge has an impressive collection of antlers and skins hung about its walls.     |
| 30 | Mill workers scratch off numbers on wax slates, counting the day's intake.                         |
| 31 | The town mayor strides by, a crown of braided branches resting on his brow.                        |
| 32 | A woman sweeps past, wearing a cloak of woven leaves.                                              |
| 33 | A lumberjack displays her shattered axe head, claiming a single strike against a tree broke it.    |
| 34 | A giant owl perches on a nearby branch, watching the town with unblinking eyes.                    |
| 35 | Children clamber up into the trees like little monkeys, laughing all the while.                    |
| 36 | A bell tolls, announcing a break so workers can rest and eat.                                      |
| 37 | A lumber guild representative tries to calm down a crowd of underpaid workers.                     |
| 38 | Thick cobwebs are strung between two trees; some strands are wider than a man's forearm.           |
| 39 | The eerie absence of birds or any other animals in the area becomes apparent.                      |
| 40 | A cartographer studies a map of the forest, trying to determine its accuracy.                      |
| 41 | A fletcher works with thin branches, turning them into arrow shafts.                               |
| 42 | An ambassador from the wood elves stands outside the town hall, calling for the mayor.             |
| 43 | A group of forest dwellers plant seeds in each spot where a tree has been cut down.                |
| 44 | A sticky blue-green moss covers most of the buildings in town.                                     |
| 45 | White and pink blossoms have flowered overnight, adding welcome colour to the greenery.            |
| 46 | The wind rustles the leafy branches, making it sound like the trees are talking to one another.    |
| 47 | Every tree in sight has withered branches and brown leaves, despite it being the middle of summer. |
| 48 | The brew served at the local alehouse has an odd aftertaste of pine.                               |

|    |                                                                                                                 |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 49 | Lounging labourers whittle away at small blocks of wood, joking amongst themselves.                             |
| 50 | Enormous boulders form a natural wall around the town, with wooden gates set between the larger gaps.           |
| 51 | A forested mountain peak rears over the town, stretching up above the tree line.                                |
| 52 | Monkeys screech at the lumberjacks who have invaded their territory.                                            |
| 53 | Fae lights shimmer in the depths of the woods, every night.                                                     |
| 54 | A torch-wielding man races for the woods while townsfolk chase after him.                                       |
| 55 | Merchants hawk all manner of supposedly healing herbs scrounged from the forest.                                |
| 56 | Bone fetishes hang from scraggly ropes, tied to every branch around the border of town.                         |
| 57 | A worker moans as the town doctor sets a broken bone.                                                           |
| 58 | A lumberjack sharpens a set of crampons, in preparation to climb a gigantic tree.                               |
| 59 | Sharpened logs have been planted as a barrier around the town, as if they're expecting an attack.               |
| 60 | Every tree in this forest is bent and gnarled to an unnatural degree.                                           |
| 61 | Workers whisper of a stone tower hidden deep within the woods.                                                  |
| 62 | A wagon creaks as it trundles by, laden with nothing more than tree stumps.                                     |
| 63 | A band of warriors strap on armour and weapons as they prepare to hunt down a bear that's been mauling workers. |
| 64 | Villagers spread fearful rumours of a troll being spotted in the woods.                                         |
| 65 | A priest blesses a shipment of wood, ensuring it won't warp or rot before being delivered.                      |
| 66 | Log-handlers use sharpened poles to guide their logs down the river.                                            |
| 67 | Wild dogs snuffle around town, seeking scraps of food.                                                          |
| 68 | Oiled canvas is strapped over piles of wood to protect them from the elements.                                  |
| 69 | Smoke rises from the woods where trees have caught fire from lightning strikes.                                 |
| 70 | Two workers grip either end of a giant saw as they tug it back and forth across a huge trunk.                   |
| 71 | Strange glyphs are carved into the bark of every tree in sight.                                                 |
| 72 | This row of tree branches forms an unnaturally perfect archway leading into the woods.                          |
| 73 | Drums sound from deep within the forest, though no one knows where they originate.                              |
| 74 | Hundreds of logs bob on the surface of the town's lake, ready to be floated downstream.                         |
| 75 | The mill's enormous circular saw whines as it slices through log after log.                                     |

|     |                                                                                                                         |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 76  | Pale worms wriggle out from the heart of a rotting tree.                                                                |
| 77  | A foreman displays a wooden post that has been bored through by an unknown insect.                                      |
| 78  | Workers hack down trees to form a road for this newly settled town.                                                     |
| 79  | Shouts are heard as flames lick the rooftop of a warehouse a couple of streets away.                                    |
| 80  | An artist scorches letters and images into blocks of wood.                                                              |
| 81  | The sawdust hanging in the air constantly tickles the PCs' noses to the edge of a sneeze.                               |
| 82  | Men race to help someone who has been caught beneath a collapsed pile of lumber.                                        |
| 83  | A lumberjack screams as he hobbles by, a long root piercing entirely through his thick thigh.                           |
| 84  | Dozens of game and trampled work trails wend their way off into the thick of the forest.                                |
| 85  | It looks like the line of trees at the forest's edge has moved a little closer to town this morning.                    |
| 86  | A gang of boys run by, using knots of wood as ammunition for their slingshots.                                          |
| 87  | Signs all over town warn against leaving any open flame unattended.                                                     |
| 88  | Smoke rises from the massive kilns where wood is sent to be cured.                                                      |
| 89  | Lizards scamper into the nooks and crannies of a stack of firewood.                                                     |
| 90  | Every house in town looks made from shaped and plastered logs.                                                          |
| 91  | A person appears to be chopping a log into a canoe, despite there being no body of water around.                        |
| 92  | People mutter about animals within the forest acting aggressively of late.                                              |
| 93  | A ruckus of chattering floats in on the wind as birds squawk at the workers chopping down the trees.                    |
| 94  | A rushing river winds by the town from out of the forest.                                                               |
| 95  | Lumberjacks stomp by, dragging bags of vines they've stripped off the trees.                                            |
| 96  | A heavy wind rattles branches in the nearby forest.                                                                     |
| 97  | An architect picks over a selection of milled lumber, choosing pieces for his next construction.                        |
| 98  | A lovely dryad wanders the streets, weeping non-stop as she surveys the mills.                                          |
| 99  | Workers heave at ropes tied to a tree, attempting to pull it down, roots and all.                                       |
| 100 | The massive tree at the town gates has a face carved into the trunk and looks like it could come to life at any moment. |

## LOGGING TOWN: BUSINESSES

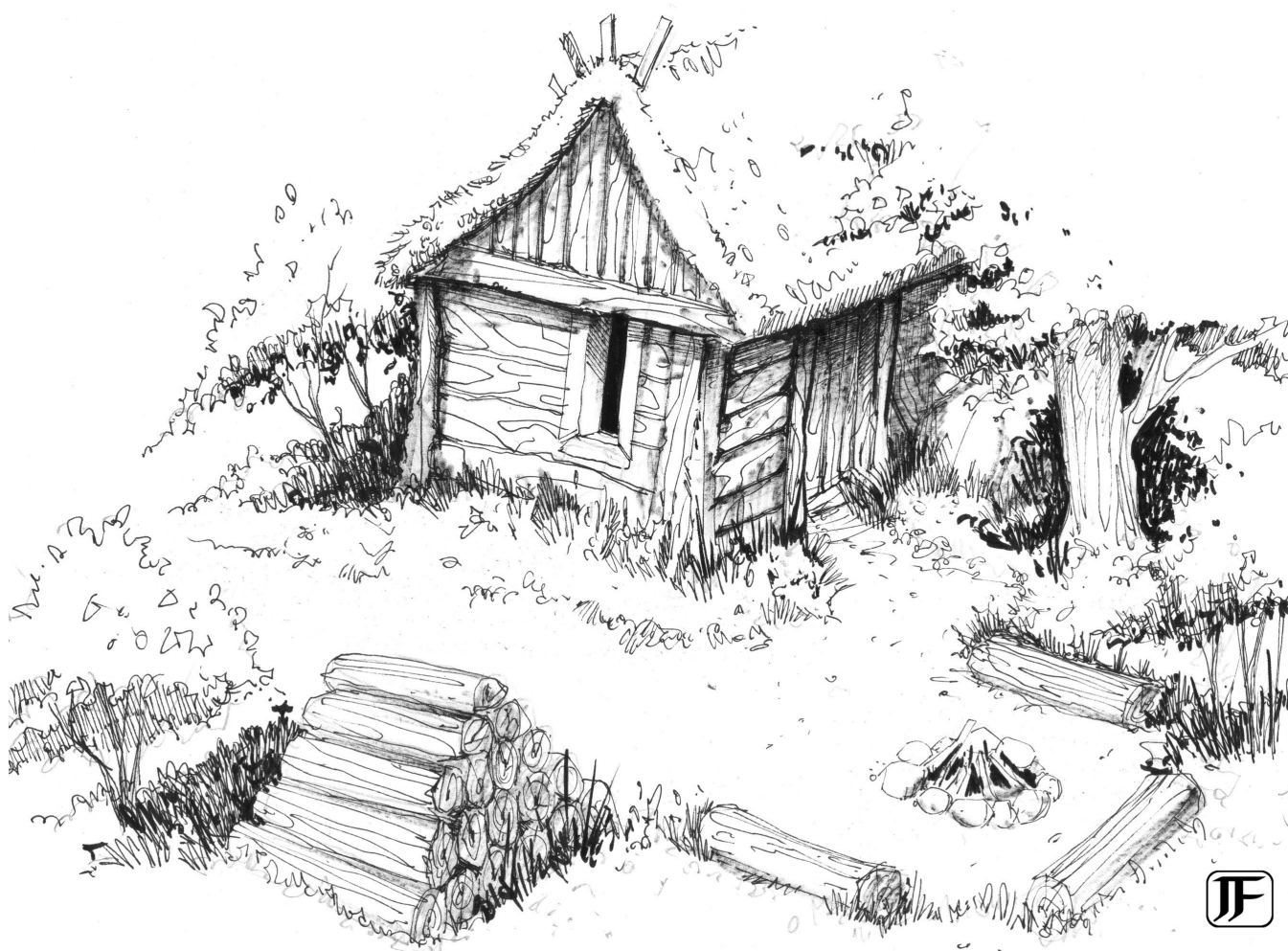
Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the logging town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                              |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Dusty's (Lumber Mill) is the centre of the town's commerce, turning felled trees into valuable lumber.                                       |
| 03-04 | The Smokes (Kilns) is a collection of massive kilns where wood is cured to avoid warp and rot while being transported.                       |
| 05-06 | Whittles (Carpenter) is famous in the region for his ability to turn random chunks of wood into furniture and art.                           |
| 07-08 | Sapsip (Brewer) has devised a method to turn tree sap into a smoky-sweet fermented beverage many have come to love.                          |
| 09-10 | The Boughs (Inn) provides relatively cheap yet comfortable lodgings for travellers and merchants.                                            |
| 11-12 | The Branch (Guild Hall) oversees labourer dealings and tax collections.                                                                      |
| 13-14 | Ironwood (Forge) is constantly creating new axes and other equipment for loggers, and is run by an ex-lumberjack who lost his leg to a wolf. |
| 15-16 | Hayman's (Stables) manages the many horse teams used in hauling logs from chopping sites.                                                    |
| 17-18 | White Foam (River Guide) charts and guides logs and lashed-together rafts of supplies up and down the nearby river.                          |
| 19-20 | Winding Ways (Maps) sends out scouts throughout the forest to chart new tree groves for harvest.                                             |
| 21-22 | All Seasons (Alchemist) is run by a wizened woman who constantly prowls the forest for rare ingredients for her secret concoctions.          |
| 23-24 | Blade n Bark (Artist) transforms scrap wood into polished sculptures or painted canvases, which are then sold to the highest bidder.         |
| 25-26 | Meldwin's (Healer) is constantly busy dealing with victims of work accidents, of which there has been a rising number of late.               |
| 27-28 | Game Trail (Hunters) provides much of the fresh meat townsfolk require since there's little room to farm in the area.                        |
| 29-30 | Gilded Leaf (Town Hall) is the mayor's abode and courthouse, where all disputes are handled.                                                 |
| 31-32 | The Hewn (Mercenaries) is a group of sellswords brought in by the mayor to protect the town from foes lurking in the forest.                 |
| 33-34 | Holdhouse (Storage) keeps goods shipments secure until they can be delivered to merchants or loaded for transportation out of town.          |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                      |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 35-36 | The Flats (Bunkhouse) is where the poorer labourers go to sleep, stacked half-a-dozen to a room for a copper a night.                                                |
| 37-38 | The Orchard (Arborist) collects seedlings and saplings of trees so harvested groves can be replanted for future generations.                                         |
| 39-40 | Step Lively (Cobbler) keeps workers on sure footing by repairing boot soles and patching up leather shoes.                                                           |
| 41-42 | Soon Sewn (Seamstress) is owned by several lumberjack wives who tend to torn socks, shirts and trousers.                                                             |
| 43-44 | The Post (Guards) is a series of watchtowers set about town to keep unwanted visitors away.                                                                          |
| 45-46 | Hot Bites (Meals) is a popular dinner den where a filling meal can be had for just a few copper at all hours of the day.                                             |
| 47-48 | On Edge (Grindstone) keeps the town's axes and sawmill blades honed.                                                                                                 |
| 49-50 | Drain n' Drips (Sapsucker) is a group of children that harvests sap in buckets and sells the results to local merchants.                                             |
| 51-52 | Sweetstack's (Syrup Factory) is owned by a rotund man who turns simple sap into a variety of delectable treats.                                                      |
| 53-54 | Nip's (Barber) is where villagers go to get beards shorn and hairs trimmed after months in the forest.                                                               |
| 55-56 | Avery's Arrows (Fletcher) takes slim wood shavings and turns them into highly accurate arrows for hunters and guards.                                                |
| 57-58 | The Glen (Market) is a small, open-air affair in the town green, surrounding the main well.                                                                          |
| 59-60 | Goodsfer (General Goods) has shelves well-stocked with all manner of supplies, food and equipment.                                                                   |
| 61-62 | Braided Brawn (Rope) makes cords with everything from traditional hemp to strong tree vines.                                                                         |
| 63-64 | Axebone (Butcher) pays a fair price for fresh meat, which is then salted and cured for long term storage.                                                            |
| 65-66 | Seedlings (Activists) is a group of young druids who decry the town's violence against the forest and attempt to slow work progress.                                 |
| 67-68 | Up and Over (Bridge Builder) constructs bridges to allow workers and travellers easier access even during flood season.                                              |
| 69-70 | Nut Stash (Bank) lets labourers store their earnings in a safe place until they decide to move on from the area. They charge what they think each client can afford. |
| 71-72 | The Grell Boys (Construction) are often called on to repair both stone and wooden structures alike all around town.                                                  |

|       |                                                                                                                       |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 73-74 | Swing Low (Gallows) gives the town a harsh justice to turn to when malcontents disrupt the work or threaten sabotage. |
| 75-76 | Lookit Below (Trimmer) produces rope harnesses and elongated pruning shears to allow for easier branch trimming.      |
| 77-78 | Leather Homes (Tent Maker) crafts sturdy, rain-proof tents for foresters camping out beyond town.                     |
| 79-80 | Strapped Hides (Tanner) creates clothes and light armour for the locals from slain animals.                           |
| 81-82 | Tender Sprouts (Herbalist) stocks every edible and toxic plant or root found in the area, all for a reasonable price. |
| 83-84 | Hoofster (Tracker) knows every location in the forest and can take you anywhere by the quickest route (for a price).  |
| 85-86 | Barkwend (Wood Mage) is run by a mage with a knack for shaping and shifting wood as easily as wet clay.               |
| 87-88 | The Cleft (Geologist) is run by a dwarven family seeking mineral riches in the forest's depths.                       |

|        |                                                                                                                         |
|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 89-90  | Herald of Horns (Chapel) provides sunrise services in honour of the forest deity of your choice.                        |
| 91-92  | Cricket's Spar (Pest Control) has developed numerous poisons that destroy infesting insects without damaging the trees. |
| 93-94  | Ley's (Surveyor) reviews the natural resources of every major grove before it undergoes harvesting.                     |
| 95-96  | Brass Tubs (Baths) offers steamy baths for lumberjacks and mill workers who want to wash off a week's worth of sawdust. |
| 97-98  | Shaft n' Spoke (Wagon Repairs) is a group of woodworkers who keep wagons in good order for supplies and shipments.      |
| 99-100 | Whizzler's (Mechanic) is run by a young gnome who keeps trying to perfect an automatic tree-chopping machine.           |





## LOGGING TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the Logging Town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Ilin Kada (NG male dwarf) is an odd dwarf who far prefers airy, outdoor spaces to being stuck in a mine.                                                                  |
| 03-04 | Lotatie Taneil (CE male half-elf) enjoys getting lumberjacks drunk and giving them an axe to see how much they can hurt themselves.                                       |
| 05-06 | Borza Cagorn (LN female half-orc cleric 1) monitors the nearby river, scrying the weather for potential floods that might hamper log transportation.                      |
| 07-08 | Lexand Godwy (NE male human) is a wiry hunter who tends to claim more than his fair share of meat from any kill.                                                          |
| 09-10 | Tozzl Mol (LG male half-orc) is a mill worker who's been around since the town was established and is always ready with a good joke.                                      |
| 11-12 | Dene Beorhto (N male human) is a hard-drinking, hard-working old man who has lost several fingers working at the mill.                                                    |
| 13-14 | Fastob Inbir (CN male halfling) is an artist who is obsessed with turning random wood scraps into finely crafted sculptures.                                              |
| 15-16 | Askali Ahar (CG female dwarf fighter 1) guards the town gates, always leery of dangers lurking in the forest shadows.                                                     |
| 17-18 | Evadi Garild (LE female human) works for the lumber guild, ensuring taxes are collected on time and in abundance.                                                         |
| 19-20 | Skella Kichli (LN female human fighter 3) has made killing forest trolls a personal vendetta after her older brother was slain by one.                                    |
| 21-22 | Brewn Ryany (NE male human cleric 3) is a druid who despises the intrusion of civilization on the wild woods and kills anyone who ventures too far into the forest alone. |
| 23-24 | Clont Pleod (NG male human cleric 3) is an accomplished mage who can reshape wood with a mere touch.                                                                      |
| 25-26 | Ephen Smyers (NG male gnome) has made a habit of rescuing bird nests and unhatched eggs from trees before they're felled.                                                 |
| 27-28 | Gilama Vadriel (N female half-elf) employs his keen eye to create masterful furniture out of even the most warped cast-aside planks.                                      |
| 29-30 | Baldor Locio (N male human) forages within the surrounding woods for herbs and roots to sell to the local alchemist and herbalist.                                        |
| 31-32 | Essan Jorde (CE female halfling) spends her days capturing small wild animals and letting them loose in town, cheering on the ensuing chaos.                              |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Wolaris Enellas (LG male elf) occasionally visits the town he funds in order to see his investments are getting the proper returns.                                                                 |
| 35-36 | Diana Dolcett (LN female gnome) creates huge hot meals despite her small stature, making her a favourite cook of all the townsfolk.                                                                 |
| 37-38 | Atril Lobba (LN female gnome) plies her healing skill to keep lumberjacks and mill workers healthy despite the hazards of their jobs.                                                               |
| 39-40 | Cecin Abams (CG female halfling) enjoys helping eliminate insect infestations from groves, partly because she loves how much the bugs taste once mashed into a good stew.                           |
| 41-42 | Ethwyd Helmund (LE male human fighter 2) is a guard who has been accepting bribes from a wood elf tribe in exchange for information on the town's dealings and populace.                            |
| 43-44 | Luthien Marianye (CG male elf) is an eccentric man who vanishes into the woods for weeks at a time, only to return bloodied and battered. He never speaks of what he's up to during his times away. |
| 45-46 | Aenwith Hely (CE female old human cleric 1) is a hag townsfolk believe has been riling up spirits of the forest, causing them to attack innocents in the dark.                                      |
| 47-48 | Rilug Krig (NE male half-orc fighter 3) isn't too violent so long as he can get his aggression out by applying an axe to a tree trunk—instead of flesh and bone.                                    |
| 49-50 | Wenta Drekn (LE female half-orc) manages payout to mill workers, but is quick to dock pay for even the smallest slight or tardiness (which, of course, then goes to line her own purse).            |
| 51-52 | Torph Garcine (CN male human) can identify any tree by a scrap of bark, seed or even the most tattered leaf.                                                                                        |
| 53-54 | Gamal Undin (LN male dwarf) will do anything to protect his secret recipe for sapwine, for which many people are quickly developing a taste.                                                        |
| 55-56 | Furi Thrimin (NG male dwarf) sends survey teams into the forests, hoping to uncover rich veins of ore amidst the trees.                                                                             |
| 57-58 | Wilhye Heobo (CE male halfling fighter 2) has created a secret fight ring for mill workers and profits off the heavy betting that goes on during them.                                              |
| 59-60 | Ladora Rarmil (LE female half-elf) likes to get town visitors lost in the woods and then charge them for guidance home.                                                                             |
| 61-62 | Kateridge Barroll (NE female halfling cleric 3) has a nasty penchant for starting fires, though she does so mostly for their pretty colours rather than the damage they cause.                      |



|       |                                                                                                                                              |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 63-64 | Thain Kurdish (LG male dwarf) builds rafts out of trimmed logs to ship downriver, carrying supplies to and from town.                        |
| 65-66 | Marger Linsav (LG female human) is a stout woman who runs the town bunkhouse, giving even lowly workers a roof and place to sleep.           |
| 67-68 | Arcourt Fararder (N male human) is the lumber mill manager, keeping all labourers on task while hiring new staff during busy harvest times.  |
| 69-70 | Phere Athyer (NG male gnome) keeps himself busy by sweeping up the massive piles of sawdust that collect around the mill.                    |
| 71-72 | Unarv Bifa (CN female dwarf) has been experimenting with ways to down hundreds of trees at once using machines.                              |
| 73-74 | Sunagh Wrukol (CG male half-orc fighter 3) leads the town guards, keeping them well-trained and ready for battle against all manner of foes. |
| 75-76 | Kathel Burha (CG female human fighter 1) leads the mercenary band hired by the mayor for extra protection from forest monsters.              |
| 77-78 | Manod Rumster (CE male halfling) is always looking for the chance to steal a bottle of sapwine from the town brewery.                        |
| 79-80 | Gerey Terre (LG male old halfling cleric 2) is an elderly halfling who takes daily strolls through the thinning woods, sketching the trees.  |
| 81-82 | Audrin Helleth (N female human) is a bright-eyed child who has a massive collection of leaves she stockpiles for unknown purposes.           |
| 83-84 | Goliel Bornae (CN male elf) is a branch trimmer who can scramble up the tallest tree as easily as walking up a gentle slope.                 |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Nielon Eirnye (LN male human) is a bank clerk and keeps daily tallies of funds deposited by the townsfolk and interim workers.                                                                                     |
| 87-88  | Sarry Peona (CE female halfling) claims she can speak to the giant spiders lurking in the deeper reaches of the forest.                                                                                            |
| 89-90  | Birhit Volla (NE female human) has come to town, claiming she owns a portion of the mill and its profits. Her legal ownership is currently in dispute.                                                             |
| 91-92  | Dolgorok Snilge (LE male half-orc) is a guard who constantly seeks any excuse to send a townsfolk to the gallows, no matter how slight the crime.                                                                  |
| 93-94  | Kalaran Angros (NG male half-elf) is a pudgy man with a knack for crafting arrows that fly swift and true.                                                                                                         |
| 95-96  | Tilbert Ginte (N male human cleric 3) oversees the forest chapel, where at least a dozen different verdant deities are worshipped.                                                                                 |
| 97-98  | Nella Celaser (CG female half-elf fighter 3) is a diminutive woman who perches on tree branches for days, waiting for beasts to wander beneath before ambushing them with her bare hands.                          |
| 99-100 | Shevelia (NG female dryad cleric 3) constantly petitions the town mayor to keep away from a sacred grove the loggers have been approaching. She has warned of more aggressive tactics if her words are not heeded. |



## LOGGING TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the Logging Town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The main sawmill has been sabotaged, with blades bent, tools trashed and several fires started. The mayor has announced a reward for anyone who can find and catch the culprits.                                                  |
| 2  | A band of heavily armed wood elves have been ambushing lumberjacks and anyone straying too far from town. They must be stopped—or at least reasoned with.                                                                         |
| 3  | Several major groves have been burnt to ashes, leaving strange spiralling patterns on the charred forest floor. Whoever is starting these unnatural blazes cannot be allowed to continue.                                         |
| 4  | The town has woken to discover the trees have somehow become invulnerable to every manner of blade. Even wood that's already been chopped down cannot be split or sawed.                                                          |
| 5  | Lumberjacks and sawmill workers have been disappearing one at a time over the past few weeks. The missing people have no evident connection between them, other than being long-time residents of the town.                       |
| 6  | Wherever the PCs go around town, they are absolutely certain they can hear the trees talking to one another in rustling voices.                                                                                                   |
| 7  | Tree harvesting has disturbed a hibernating troll, which has begun slaughtering townsfolk and destroying homes on the edge of town. Panic grips the town.                                                                         |
| 8  | From one day to the next, all axes and saws have become heavily coated with rust, rendering them useless. The effect is clearly magical in origin and could spell doom for the town's economy unless it is reversed.              |
| 9  | Stories are being whispered of a golem formed of sawdust being seen around the mills, stalking people for unknown purposes.                                                                                                       |
| 10 | A monstrous mountain stag has been spotted in the area, and hunters are creating a competition to see who can bring it down. An almost carnival atmosphere seems to engulf the town—many view the stag's sighting as a good omen. |
| 11 | An angry local druid has summoned a giant wall of trees that entirely surrounds the town. He is not allowing anyone to enter or leave the area, and demands reparations—but for what slight, he will not say.                     |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 12 | The town is preparing for their annual sacrifice to appease the forest god—which requires the death of an innocent child. The sacrifice is an old practise and a sizable proportion of the populace find the practise distasteful in the extreme. Trouble will result. |
| 13 | A mill worker has been found dead in his home, hung by a vine wrapped around his own rafters. While there are no signs of a struggle in his home, several folk are convinced of foul play.                                                                             |
| 14 | Golden pollen hangs heavy in the air all around town. People who breathe it in too deeply are falling asleep and do not respond to any attempts to wake them.                                                                                                          |
| 15 | Constant rumblings shake the nearby mountain, and some rumours suggest the peak is actually a dormant volcano preparing to erupt.                                                                                                                                      |
| 16 | A burly man has been found dead at the edge of town, choked by what appears to be a bunch of leaves rammed down his throat.                                                                                                                                            |
| 17 | Every wooden surface in town has developed a strange gray rot that turns it spongy. After a few days, it crumbles if touched and soon, the whole town will collapse.                                                                                                   |
| 18 | A flash flood in the mountains has raised the water level in the nearby lake, threatening to sweep the logs floating in it through town, where they could wreak havoc.                                                                                                 |
| 19 | The trees are bleeding! Every time any wood is cut or a trunk is chopped, sap oozes out thick and black, like oil.                                                                                                                                                     |
| 20 | A small group of dryads has emerged from the forest to defend what they claim are sacred trees. They demand a stop to all logging, otherwise they will wake the forest and destroy the town.                                                                           |



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## MARSH TOWN

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## MARSH TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table, to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the marsh town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                                       |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Every surface is slick with green and black moss, making each step potentially perilous and ready to tumble the unwary to the ground. |
| 2  | Eerie screeches cut through the air, but the townsfolk act as if nothing is wrong.                                                    |
| 3  | Every door has a garland of dried herbs tied above the threshold, and occasional sigils are carved into the wooden frames.            |
| 4  | The incessant drip of water follows the party everywhere; a slow, steady, maddening plop of liquid that intrudes on every thought.    |
| 5  | A winged shadow whisks by; those who glance up see a creature with leathery wings disappear into the trees.                           |
| 6  | Two red, bulbous eyes watch the party from just above the surface of the murky water.                                                 |
| 7  | Frogs chirrup in a cheerful chorus that seems out of place for the dismal state of this town.                                         |
| 8  | Swarms of tiny insects hover about the party, no matter where they go. Swatting at them only seems to make them buzz louder.          |
| 9  | Sagging willow trees form a gray curtain along one edge of the town, drooping branches hiding anything beyond.                        |
| 10 | This boardwalk ends in a jagged plank of wood with strange char marks.                                                                |
| 11 | A whole home appears to have collapse and lies toppled, half-sunken into the marsh.                                                   |
| 12 | Turtles squat on rocks and logs all around town. There must be hundreds of them.                                                      |
| 13 | A massive roar makes the whole town and surrounding trees tremble. Everyone pauses for a moment before resuming their activities.     |
| 14 | A sulphuric stench engulfs the town.                                                                                                  |
| 15 | A patch of mud burbles and bubbles, releasing a cloud of foul, green gas into the area.                                               |
| 16 | Warped boards creak underfoot with every step, and no surface in town feels particularly solid.                                       |
| 17 | A stand of thorny vines appear to be writhing slowly all on their own.                                                                |
| 18 | Shouts come from over near the docks, followed by several loud splashes and cheers.                                                   |
| 19 | A single temple steeple rises above the moss-covered trees. Looks like a bird nest sits atop it.                                      |
| 20 | Planks of wood form makeshift boardwalks across stretches of rank water, connecting the town's structures.                            |
| 21 | A man pushes a wheelbarrow along, which looks to contain nothing but mud.                                                             |

|    |                                                                                                                                 |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 22 | The stone statue of one of the town's settlers has begun to sink into the earth, and is now only visible from the waist up.     |
| 23 | A food vendor offers a variety of well-cooked snake-on-a-stick skewers.                                                         |
| 24 | Through a window, the party see a variety of animal skins being stretched out to cure.                                          |
| 25 | Townsfolk drag buckets through the water and sift through the contents they dredge up.                                          |
| 26 | A person staggers by, entirely nude, but also coated almost completely in a thick layer of mud.                                 |
| 27 | The insects have become particularly aggressive, biting every inch of exposed skin.                                             |
| 28 | A nest made of muddy twigs contains a handful of eggs—but these have been cracked open and now stand empty.                     |
| 29 | Small stacks of rocks, like miniature cairns, are spaced out every fifty feet, leading deeper into the marsh.                   |
| 30 | A gnome works on a strange brass contraption that chugs black mud out of several pipes.                                         |
| 31 | Grave headstones lean at awkward angles all along this thickly overgrown hillside.                                              |
| 32 | A robed woman walks by, carrying a jar filled with dozens of black leeches.                                                     |
| 33 | Townsfolk walk the marsh on stilts, striding through the water as easily as walking on land.                                    |
| 34 | A woman with a hook for a hand patrols the town; her other hand clutches a small crossbow.                                      |
| 35 | A pair of strange, cloven tracks lead down the path here. They're fresh, made just minutes ago.                                 |
| 36 | A halfling screams for help as he flails in the water, unable to gain purchase.                                                 |
| 37 | A troll's tongue has been nailed to this door, and it continues to writhe of its own volition.                                  |
| 38 | The town's message board has mouldering parchments pinned to it, with charcoal sketches of people who've gone missing recently. |
| 39 | Townsfolk slosh around the submerged roots of certain trees, searching the cavities underneath.                                 |
| 40 | Large teeth, talons and swatches of scaled leather hang in the windows of this shop.                                            |
| 41 | Twangy music played by two old-timers sitting on a porch and plucking at their banjos floats through the town.                  |
| 42 | Barrels of salted meat are set outside the butcher's shop, with prices marked in chalk on the sides.                            |
| 43 | Crafters slap together a line of bricks, using the mud all around them as spackling to hold the wall together as it dries.      |
| 44 | A burst of fire spouts from the rickety chimney of a nearby house.                                                              |
| 45 | A woman staggers past in plate armour, soaked from head to toe.                                                                 |

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|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 46 | A performer sings off-tune and is well into the thirtieth round of a popular drinking song.                                   |
| 47 | Light rain falls as the wind stirs the trees and churns up the water.                                                         |
| 48 | Two boats launch from the docks, bobbing in the shallow water as they are poled along.                                        |
| 49 | Kids run past, laughing as they fling gobs of mud at each other in mock battle.                                               |
| 50 | The wall of this temple has collapsed, exposing the interior and letting vines and other plants grow throughout the building. |
| 51 | A pair of mangy cats toy with a bloody bird corpse, bright feathers scattered everywhere.                                     |
| 52 | For a brief moment, the sun slices through the cloud cover, bright light making the town appear even dingier than normal.     |
| 53 | Enormous lizards blink from their perches atop a pile of rotting logs. They appear unimpressed.                               |
| 54 | A boy holds a small wooden spear and eyes the water, looking for a frog to skewer.                                            |
| 55 | With a mighty splash, an alligator erupts from the water and chomps a bird out of mid-air.                                    |
| 56 | A woman uses a rusty blade to scrape layers of mud off the walkways. She holds her hand out for a coin as the party pass by.  |
| 57 | Harsh bird cries erupt from nearby trees, as branches quake and leaves flutter to the ground.                                 |
| 58 | An emerald viper slithers across the road.                                                                                    |
| 59 | Someone has hung a wind chime made of dried bone from the eaves of their ramshackle home.                                     |
| 60 | A pile of rotting nets lies abandoned by the path; a few mouldy bones are tangled in the webbing.                             |
| 61 | Mushrooms grow throughout town, and the townsfolk occasionally pluck one as a snack.                                          |
| 62 | Townsfolk appear to have planted moss gardens all around, cultivating crops of vibrant colours and varying growths.           |
| 63 | The water ripples as something swims away just under the surface, its body not quite visible.                                 |
| 64 | A trapper glares at the party suspiciously as he tends to repairing one of his snares.                                        |
| 65 | Several dead humanoid reptiles are hung up on display in the town centre.                                                     |
| 66 | Low stone walls stretch along here, but are mostly overgrown with leafy vegetation.                                           |
| 67 | What looks like a hand sticks up out of the mud.                                                                              |
| 68 | Flies buzz around a rotting animal corpse.                                                                                    |
| 69 | A low cackling comes from a thatched hut.                                                                                     |
| 70 | A refined-looking woman walks along, leading a large lizard on a leash.                                                       |
| 71 | The town gates have large, humanoid mud statues on either side—rumours circulate these are inactive golems.                   |
| 72 | Every town guard has rusting weapons and armour, and mud clings to their old boots.                                           |
| 73 | The trees form an oppressive roof over part of the town, casting deep shadows.                                                |

|     |                                                                                                                                      |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 74  | The ground squishes underfoot; it is disturbingly soft and moist, almost like water-logged flesh.                                    |
| 75  | Dozens of trees thrust up from beneath the dark water, forming a watery forest that stretches out across the marsh.                  |
| 76  | Two kids launch a raft of rough-hewn logs lashed together by crude ropes.                                                            |
| 77  | A hunting party of halflings trundles into town, carrying many animal corpses strapped to wooden poles.                              |
| 78  | A humanoid frog ambles through town, a quiver of arrows and bow strapped to her back.                                                |
| 79  | Everyone in town seems to have patches of moss growing on their skin.                                                                |
| 80  | A skull-shaped ball of moss could contain a skull or just a large rock.                                                              |
| 81  | This lone hut has been brightly painted to stand out from the drab surroundings.                                                     |
| 82  | A series of wooden signs warns anyone from venturing further into this area of the marsh.                                            |
| 83  | Vibrant purple flowers grow all over the area, but smell of pepper and make anyone who sniffs them sneeze for hours afterward.       |
| 84  | A centipede the length of a man's forearm crawls out from under a door and scurries off.                                             |
| 85  | Bright berries dangle from bushes, but the townsfolk carefully avoid them.                                                           |
| 86  | Ghostly lights flicker in the distance, barely visible through the thick tree line.                                                  |
| 87  | Most houses are built off the ground, letting the sluggish marsh currents remain undisturbed.                                        |
| 88  | There appears to be a body lying face-down in the muck just down the way. It isn't moving.                                           |
| 89  | Dead fish bob along the current, creating a stink.                                                                                   |
| 90  | A man tends to a large crop of reeds in a watery patch; bulging fruits hang heavy off the stalks.                                    |
| 91  | The pale strands draping from the surrounding trees could be dead vines or giant spider webs.                                        |
| 92  | Odd stone pillars stand around town, with druidic symbols chiselled deep into them.                                                  |
| 93  | Green-blue moss covers the whole surface of the water, creating the illusion of a grassy field.                                      |
| 94  | The townsfolk are in the habit of taking daily mud baths, citing its healthy effects on their skin.                                  |
| 95  | The air hangs heavy and thick with the promise of coming rain.                                                                       |
| 96  | Insect shells crunch underfoot.                                                                                                      |
| 97  | Almost every roof has several bird nests on it, and bird droppings coat most of the walkways.                                        |
| 98  | It looks like a giant rat walking on hind legs just ducked behind that nearby building.                                              |
| 99  | Every tree in sight looks to be dead or dying, some having already collapsed under their own weight, exposing black cores.           |
| 100 | With a low drone, a massive insect appears silhouetted against the moon, wings a blur, and sword-like proboscis poised to stab deep. |



## MARSH TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table, to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the marsh town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                      |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | The Slivers (Carpenter) is run by two sisters in constant demand to build new wooden structures and repair old ones.                                 |
| 03-04 | Rack and Pull (Repairs) offers rapid repairs for tools, farming gear, weapons, carts and most other work implements.                                 |
| 05-06 | Fumings (Smith) is run by a pot-bellied blacksmith who keeps the town's metal goods from rusting away.                                               |
| 07-08 | The Trot (Constable) is staffed by three guards who swap patrol shifts every few days.                                                               |
| 09-10 | Clamps' (Trapper) deals in snares but also sells furs, fresh meat and other animal goods.                                                            |
| 11-12 | The Sinkhole (Jail) is little more than a deep mud pit with an iron gate latched over the top, where criminals are held before trial.                |
| 13-14 | Pylough's Plots (Deeds) offers cheap deals on unsettled marshland for pioneering souls.                                                              |
| 15-16 | The Stinks (Lab) is overseen by a husband/wife team who perform strange experiments on the substances and specimens gathered from the marsh.         |
| 17-18 | Bobbin' (Fishing Supplies) is owned by a half-deaf halfling who cheerily supplies all his customers' fishing needs.                                  |
| 19-20 | The Hauls (Docks) is where the day's catch is brought in, be it fish, marsh snakes, alligator or other delicacies.                                   |
| 21-22 | The Swills (Drinking Den) keeps its varied wine and ale selection chilled thanks to a surprisingly deep, well-constructed root cellar.               |
| 23-24 | The Drenched Duck (Inn) provides cheap beds and cheap meals for travellers passing through.                                                          |
| 25-26 | E'erfound (Tracker) can help you find anyone and anything around town or throughout the marsh itself—for a price.                                    |
| 27-28 | Plucksies (Mulcher) collects garbage from around town and carts it off into the marsh to keep the homes and paths clear.                             |
| 29-30 | Lemsey's (Lender) has a seemingly endless supply of wealth to offer those in need, at ridiculously high interest rates, of course.                   |
| 31-32 | The Digs (Archaeologist) scouts out ruins and sites of historical import throughout the marsh.                                                       |
| 33-34 | The Barbers (Mercenaries) are actual brothers who began as barbers until they discovered another, more profitable use for their razors' sharp edges. |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 35-36 | Thatcher's (Roofer) tends to the town's constantly leaking and rotting roofs.                                                                                     |
| 37-38 | Bucket n' Barrel (Supplies) stocks travel and camping gear for anyone wishing to venture into the marsh's wilder areas.                                           |
| 39-40 | Dunghill (Gambling Den) offers plenty of rigged games to keep townsfolk from getting too attached to their coin.                                                  |
| 41-42 | Straps n' Stitches (Leatherworking) can take any sort of skin or fur and turn it into clothing or hardened leather armour.                                        |
| 43-44 | Redfeather's (Fletcher) crafts fine bows and arrows for hunting marshland creatures.                                                                              |
| 45-46 | The Bald Raven (Oracle) communes with the marsh birds in attempts to scry the future.                                                                             |
| 47-48 | The Slops (Mud Quarry) is a questionable mining operation run by a couple dwarves who believe the area holds a motherlode of precious gems.                       |
| 49-50 | Knacker's (Bone Sculptor) is owned by an artist who converts animal bones into disturbing sculptures he plants around town.                                       |
| 51-52 | "Stick in the Mud" (Lawyer) is the nickname for the local legal expert who also acts as a judge when needed.                                                      |
| 53-54 | Underbog (Cemetery) is the town's most recent burial ground, after the first two were flooded.                                                                    |
| 55-56 | Wendings (Transportation) offers both wagon and boat rides, guided by a family of gnomes who've lived in town for several generations.                            |
| 57-58 | Mossmeat's (Farmer) provides much of the town's fresh produce, though how they get certain crops to grow in the wetlands is a mystery.                            |
| 59-60 | Daily Catch (Fisher) sells a variety of freshwater fish caught in the area, including the infamous skipfin.                                                       |
| 61-62 | Three-Twined (Netter) is run by a half-elf who has a knack for turning both vines and ropes into sturdy nets.                                                     |
| 63-64 | Firm Foundings (Mason) works in town, shoring up buildings in danger of being engulfed by the soft earth.                                                         |
| 65-66 | The Quills (Insurance) gladly sources insurance policies for adventurers wishing to seek their fortunes within the depths of the marsh.                           |
| 67-68 | Lastgasp (Leecher) is the purview of an elven healer who supposedly has the ability to telepathically communicate with the leeches she uses in her healing craft. |
| 69-70 | Burning Torch (Alchemist) conjures up all manner of tinctures and potions from ingredients scrounged up from the marsh.                                           |
| 71-72 | Pickering's (Scavenger) is a shanty filled with "valuables" the old proprietor brings back from monthly trips into the marsh.                                     |

|       |                                                                                                                                       |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 73-74 | The Gulps (Restaurant) is actually rather popular, especially for its skipfin fried platter.                                          |
| 75-76 | Old Aggy's (Marsh Witch) specializes in the application and removal of all manner of curses and hexes.                                |
| 77-78 | Mudplows (Boats) crafts clunky but practically unsinkable boats for plying the marsh's waterways.                                     |
| 79-80 | Skimmer's (Maps) does a lively business helping people not get lost along the marsh's winding paths.                                  |
| 81-82 | The Clutch (Bounty Hunter) is run by an elf who has set up shop tracking and capturing wanted people hiding in the marsh.             |
| 83-84 | The Rusting (Bank) is where most townsfolk store extra coin, when they're not stashing it about their own homes.                      |
| 85-86 | Boughbends (Tree Tender) works to keep nature from encroaching too much on the town, trimming trees or removing rotted ones.          |
| 87-88 | The Weeping Canvas (Paintings) incorporates only natural elements such as coloured clay and moss in its highly textured works of art. |

|        |                                                                                                                                   |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 89-90  | Edga and Sons (General Store) is where everyone goes for all their miscellaneous essentials (and gossip).                         |
| 91-92  | Whistler's (Animal Handler) is run by a stout woman who displays her mastery of beasts by showing off her tamed albino alligator. |
| 93-94  | Them Stones (Druid Circle) is a meeting area for local druids, many of whom are looked at with suspicion by the townsfolk.        |
| 95-96  | Heads n' Hooves (Taxidermist) turns any animal head or hide into a trophy worth displaying on a wall.                             |
| 97-98  | Snuffler's (Forager) is owned by a half-orc who spends most of his time digging up pricey mushrooms in the marshy environs.       |
| 99-100 | Sucker's Roost (Mosquito Hunter) specializes in tracking and eliminating the giant mosquitoes that make the marsh their home.     |



## MARSH TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the marsh town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Nicol Diggins (NG male halfling) spends most of his days fishing or frog-hunting, though he rarely catches anything.                                                                            |
| 03-04 | Crestinne Lyll (LG female human fighter 3) is a burly fighter who belongs to a family of the town's original settlers, and will willingly die defending the place.                              |
| 05-06 | Milisand Daya (NE female human) is a young thief who prefers to prey on visitors, offering them help while picking their pockets.                                                               |
| 07-08 | Ogma Hartz (NE female half-orc cleric 2) is a witch run off by the townsfolk, but she lingers to cause trouble for the village whenever she can.                                                |
| 09-10 | Isake Degore (CG male human) runs the town's inn and prides himself on offering fair prices—to everyone but elves, that is.                                                                     |
| 11-12 | Randol Alderman (CN male human) is one of the most accomplished hunters in town and often leads parties out for big game.                                                                       |
| 13-14 | Tretta Skab (CE female dwarf fighter 2) is a scarred mercenary who enjoys offing targets and burying them in the nearest bog.                                                                   |
| 15-16 | Lordag Gaxard (N male dwarf) is the town's undertaker, who works to ensure all corpses remain undisturbed.                                                                                      |
| 17-18 | Adelina Mathils (CG female human) is a server in the town's main restaurant, and will gladly kick out anyone who makes trouble.                                                                 |
| 19-20 | Lodda Wintin (CN female human cleric 1) is the town's oracle, always seeking signs of danger to avoid flooding, bandits or other mishaps.                                                       |
| 21-22 | Fidgi Hoorjen (NG male dwarf) is always darting in and out of town with supplies and maps, seeking a legendary stockpile of precious gems buried in the area.                                   |
| 23-24 | Quinrel Banaise (N male half-elf) sells himself as a tour guide through the marsh, taking visitors to see notable landmarks or places where past townsfolk have died rather ignominious deaths. |
| 25-26 | Onuph Rabart (LN male human) is a mason who works tirelessly to create a stronger foundation for the town, rather than see it slowly sink into the marsh.                                       |
| 27-28 | Romnor Mantlemore (LN male dwarf fighter 1) acts as one of the constables who rotates patrols around town to keep people safe.                                                                  |
| 29-30 | Petra Chaeyen (CE female half-elf fighter 2) is ex-military who can be heard arguing loudly with herself when she gets drunk.                                                                   |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 31-32 | Riche Meldioc (NE male human) has an odd habit of sneaking into people's homes when they're out, napping on their beds, and helping himself to their larder. Finders keepers, after all.                                                     |
| 33-34 | Reeve Lungkin (LG male human) is a sage who is testing out certain theories he has about amphibious creatures and certain species of fungi found only within this particular marsh.                                                          |
| 35-36 | Timira Guilaine (N female elf) has come to this backwater town to ply her healing arts on those less-fortunate. She has a haughty air, but means well in her ministrations.                                                                  |
| 37-38 | Shadba Bor (NG female half-orc) works hard labour around town, often switching between carpentry and masonry as is needed by local master craftsmen.                                                                                         |
| 39-40 | Gylbin Runk (LE male human) owns a good deal of swampland in the area and is constantly trying to find buyers interested in investing in new real estate development.                                                                        |
| 41-42 | Madoc Windersol (LG male halfling cleric 3) is the priest of a minor deity who revels in growth and nurturing life, even in the most squalid circumstances.                                                                                  |
| 43-44 | Ancelin Jun (N male human fighter 3) is a constable who mostly patrols during the night shift. He never carries a torch and likes to tell stories of seeing strange lights off in the distant swamp during the darkest hours.                |
| 45-46 | Aggy Rowes (CN female gnome) doesn't actually know magic, but has figured out how to manipulate enchanted objects to create the illusion of being a powerful (though benign) witch.                                                          |
| 47-48 | Merigo (N female half-orc) is a would-be hunter who tromps through the marsh so loudly, it's a wonder she returns with any game at all. She claims to chase down most of the wild animals she brings back, killing them with her bare hands. |
| 49-50 | Urtle Dan (CG male half-elf) was drawn to the marsh thanks to his love of wet, humid areas, and often bathes in the swamp.                                                                                                                   |
| 51-52 | Mentha Jovet (CG female gnome) is a ditzzy alchemist who lost most of her hair in an experiment-gone-wrong, yet is thrilled with the endless supply of reagents the marsh provides.                                                          |
| 53-54 | Clayben Whittier (NE male gnome cleric 1) lurks around town, believing the marsh holds an artefact that can unlock his true sorcerous power.                                                                                                 |
| 55-56 | Theo Pewman (CE male halfling) is a renowned bounty hunter who is tracking a serial killer believed to be hiding in the marsh.                                                                                                               |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 57-58 | Varfu Mills (NG male half-orc) spends most of his time sulking around the docks, waiting for someone to hire him for odd jobs.                                                                                                                  |
| 59-60 | Zurgha (LN female half-orc fighter 1) is a bouncer at the main drinking den, keeping a leery eye on anyone who gets too rowdy or might threaten to smash the place up.                                                                          |
| 61-62 | Tilly Greem (LG female human) is a scout for an archaeological team seeking ancient, lost ruins within the marsh, hopefully to bring valuables back to a museum for proper preservation and public education.                                   |
| 63-64 | Villiam Talbot (N male human) wages a one-man war against filth in the town, constantly sweeping the muddy pathways and cleaning moss and grim off building walls.                                                                              |
| 65-66 | Tolf Ansiau (LE male human fighter 3) is seeking an escaped slave who he believes has disguised herself and hidden among the townsfolk. It's only a matter of time before she's returned to her rightful owner—and he's paid for the retrieval. |
| 67-68 | Farilla Plank (LE female halfling cleric 1) belongs to a cult that meets deep within the marsh. She spies on the townsfolk, relaying information to the other cultists as they prepare their foul ceremony.                                     |
| 69-70 | Remda Legwenn (CN female dwarf) oversees the general goods store, with a staff mostly comprised of her dozen children.                                                                                                                          |
| 71-72 | Eida Ranchor (CN female human) has rented a home in town and is looking to hire adventurers, but refuses to tell anyone why.                                                                                                                    |
| 73-74 | Withelin Faille (LN female elf) is the town's legal resource; an oil lamp always burns in his office window late into the night.                                                                                                                |
| 75-76 | Gerreg Sundgren (CE male dwarf) has started several mining operations in the area, but his workers always revolt at being overworked and underpaid.                                                                                             |
| 77-78 | Sanchi Hildenven (CG male gnome) has a knack for taming wild animals, and then sells the trained creatures to townsfolk and travellers as either companions or beasts of burden.                                                                |
| 79-80 | Balthen Trissness (LE male half-elf cleric 3) collects bones dug up from around the marsh and assembles them into curious sculptures he then positions around town, supposedly for an artistic project.                                         |
| 81-82 | Dogarre Godon (NG male human) is a cook popular in town for his ability to make even the greasiest fish or grimmest reptile into a delectable stew or steak.                                                                                    |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Fouchet Bersem (N male human) is a fastidious soapmaker who is refining a cleaning solvent recipe based on ingredients found within the marsh.                                                   |
| 85-86  | Hatty Phinnay (LG female half-elf) is a clerk at the town bank. He far prefers the company of his record books, rather than people, and enjoys few things more than a properly balanced account. |
| 87-88  | Heymin Jacques (NE male human fighter 1) is a mercenary who enjoys fighting with, of all things, a barber's razor.                                                                               |
| 89-90  | Lunda Vaignes (N female gnome) is a surveyor who might disappear into the marsh for weeks at a time, but return with detailed maps of unexplored expanses.                                       |
| 91-92  | Nauden Oldus (CN male human) is missing both a nose and ear, and he claims a particular alligator has gained a taste for his flesh.                                                              |
| 93-94  | Husawaya Bett (LG female human fighter 2) is a slip of a woman who prefers to fight with a rapier and has proven deadly to criminals causing trouble in town.                                    |
| 95-96  | Marius Noakes (LE male halfling) is a moneylender whose keen eyes can skim financial records in mere moments to determine how best to get any potential profits in his pockets.                  |
| 97-98  | Seetta Lesiene (N female human) crafts and mends the nets and ropes many of the townsfolk use during their daily lives.                                                                          |
| 99-100 | Stiria (CE female lizardfolk cleric 3) leads a small tribe of her people as they seek to awaken dark powers within the marsh to obliterate the town.                                             |





## MARSH TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the marsh town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table, to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The town is slowly sinking into the marsh, and the party are asked to help in the efforts to both rebuild collapsed areas as well as shore up sections to keep more buildings from being lost.                  |
| 2  | A swamp troll is terrorizing the town and surrounding area, scaring off wild game and eating the occasional townsfolk. The townsfolk know where its lair is, though.                                            |
| 3  | A few people have gone missing recently, usually after a number of will-o-wisps are spotted flickering deep in the marsh at night. Now, people refuse to leave their homes after dusk.                          |
| 4  | A tree on the edge of town is draped with vines that writhe whenever anyone gets too close. A couple of townsfolk have wound up dangling from these like hangman's nooses.                                      |
| 5  | Townsfolk are exhibiting odd behaviour, ranging from manic violence to near-catatonia to nonstop laughter. The only thing linking these behaviours is a recent eruption of marsh gas.                           |
| 6  | A well-known trapper is rumoured to have gone insane and is now setting snares for the villagers and anyone who wanders too far into what he's claimed as his "territory." Meat is meat, after all, right?      |
| 7  | Dark-robed figures have been spotted going to-and-fro within the marsh and approaching the town's outskirts. Whispers speak of an ancient cult that may have been resurrected, though their purpose is unknown. |
| 8  | A golden moss has begun sprouting all over town, replacing the usually grey, green and blue moss the area usually exhibits. None of the townsfolk appear to notice this sudden change.                          |
| 9  | After being driven out of town for a hex gone wrong, a witch now haunts the nearby marsh, spying on townsfolk and laying curses on innocents as a form of revenge.                                              |
| 10 | Every wooden structure in town is suddenly falling apart. Even the freshest, driest wood is rotting away, and no one seems to have any clue how to stop the town's total collapse.                              |
| 11 | A number of bloated, mutilated corpses have surfaced in the waters around town. No one has identified them yet, but they all appear to have been killed by savage attacks with a blade.                         |
| 12 | The town's annual mud-run is this week! Bountiful prizes are offered to anyone who can beat the champion marsh-racer through a hazardous course through the swamp.                                              |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 13 | A shambling figure has been lurking on the edge of town, origins and intentions unknown. Those who've gotten a close look say it appears to be a man made of mud, vines and stone.                                         |
| 14 | A set of ancient ruins have been found just a couple miles away from the town. All sorts of remains and artefacts are just waiting to be recovered by anyone willing to brave the attempt.                                 |
| 15 | The town is under siege by a gathering of ravenous alligators. Even edging close to the shallowest bodies of water puts people at risk of an alligator lunging out and trying to drag them down to their doom.             |
| 16 | A civilization-hating druid is causing the plants and wildlife in the area to react violently against any townsfolk who have been deemed "enemies of Nature." The PCs are included in that list.                           |
| 17 | Every time the party travel through the marsh beyond the town's borders or stray off the trails leading through the swamp, the terrain changes. No map is trustworthy. No landmarks are familiar from one day to the next. |
| 18 | All throughout the marsh, animals are dying in droves. Reptiles, birds, small mammals...all look to be simply dropping dead in their tracks. Is it a plague? A curse?                                                      |
| 19 | At least a dozen children have gone missing in the last week alone. A reward has been announced for anyone who can help with their return.                                                                                 |
| 20 | A plague of giant, bloodthirsty mosquitoes are plaguing the town. At dusk, a swarm of the monstrosities descend to suck townsfolk dry and lay their eggs in the corpses.                                                   |





## MINING TOWN

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## MINING TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the mining town. Ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                 |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A pile of abandoned picks lies by the road, some with their heads snapped off the shafts.                       |
| 2  | Carts full of unprocessed ore are wheeled along by weary miners.                                                |
| 3  | Shouts ring out as several dusty miners fall into a brawl, fists flying.                                        |
| 4  | A shanty town made of tents stretches out across the field, crammed with miners.                                |
| 5  | Coarse laughter rings through the town, followed by a sharp crack and squeal of pain.                           |
| 6  | A rattle of die in a cup is followed by the groans of losers and the chuckles of winners.                       |
| 7  | A taskmaster's whip snaps in the air, and a man's scream fills your ears.                                       |
| 8  | Prostitutes call in sultry voices from nearby doorways and alleys.                                              |
| 9  | Constant hammering and clinking echoes from the direction of the main mine.                                     |
| 10 | Smithy bellows steam and hiss as the blacksmith toils to keep mining gear in working order.                     |
| 11 | The chapel bell tolls, calling reverent miners to worship.                                                      |
| 12 | A clanging food bell sends miners hurrying down the streets to get in line for a hot meal.                      |
| 13 | A horse team pulling an old wagon along kicks up dust as clops down the street.                                 |
| 14 | Soot-stained miners shuffle along the streets or lounge in dark corners, weariness etching their features.      |
| 15 | A wealthy mine owner holds a handkerchief to his face as he eyes the grungy town conditions.                    |
| 16 | Injured miners stretched out on cots and mats moan and whimper as healers tend them.                            |
| 17 | Unmarked gravestones line the open area. A nearby pit holds more bodies simply dumped in on top of one another. |
| 18 | Wheel tracks mark a well-worn street as several wagons and mule teams plod into sight.                          |
| 19 | An odd stench of sulphur fills the air, though the source is indiscernible.                                     |
| 20 | Several dead animals, fur patchy and mottled, lie discarded in the middle of the street.                        |
| 21 | A row of cave entrances spot the distant hillsides, their dark openings yawning in invitation.                  |
| 22 | Several mine shafts bore into the earth, surrounded by a milling crowd of miners.                               |
| 23 | Bundles of rope lie looped nearby, looking freshly twined and waxed.                                            |

|    |                                                                                                                   |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | The bones scattered around here once comprised a human skeleton.                                                  |
| 25 | The variety of spines and skulls here look to be an assortment of animal remains.                                 |
| 26 | These tattered tents look like they've been abandoned for a long time.                                            |
| 27 | These rows of freshly polished mining boots aren't likely to stay clean for long.                                 |
| 28 | Drunk miners stagger and weave their way down the road, bellowing incoherent songs.                               |
| 29 | Stray dogs and cats slink from alley to alley, tails and heads low as if constantly expecting to be kicked aside. |
| 30 | Smoke rises above the patchwork roofs of the town, and distant cries of alarm reach the party.                    |
| 31 | An acrid smell twitches your nose as you pass the smelting shop, where metal alloys are being blended.            |
| 32 | Cast-off horseshoes litter the alley, and several of them look spotted by rust or dried blood.                    |
| 33 | Chiselled boulders, with strange icons and runes worked into them, line the road.                                 |
| 34 | An old cave-in is marked by a pile of overgrown rubble, spotted with grass and wildflowers.                       |
| 35 | Old mining tracks wend off into the distance towards a distant cliff.                                             |
| 36 | Abandoned and poorly constructed homes, relics of the town's early days, sag against one another.                 |
| 37 | The smell of offal fills the air, but the source of the stench is not clear.                                      |
| 38 | Urchins laugh as they scamper through the miners, playing a game of tag.                                          |
| 39 | Among the men and women shuffling into the mine, several children lug picks and lanterns.                         |
| 40 | Several miners carry small, brightly coloured birds with them into the mining shaft.                              |
| 41 | Five dented mining helms are lined up on rough-carved sticks stuck in the ground.                                 |
| 42 | Candles flicker in a dozen windows, as night falls.                                                               |
| 43 | A miner sits flicking playing cards into a campfire, where the pasteboards burn to ashes.                         |
| 44 | Miners gather around a troupe of bards who are singing and juggling for the rare tossed coin.                     |
| 45 | A healer moves among wounded miners, touching bloody gashes and broken limbs.                                     |
| 46 | Campfires dot the space between clusters of tents set up around the town precincts.                               |
| 47 | A band of hunters stride into town, lugging packs of dressed meat and pelts.                                      |
| 48 | Hired guards saunter down the main street, hands never straying far from their cudgels.                           |
| 49 | A team of nervous-looking mine inspectors scuttle around town, writing notes about everything they see.           |

|    |                                                                                                                              |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50 | Red rags have been strung up on strings at odd intervals as some sort of marker.                                             |
| 51 | Piles of flasks of alchemist's fire are stacked well away from any open flames.                                              |
| 52 | Scattered refuse piles force wanderers to watch their step.                                                                  |
| 53 | After the recent rain, muddy footprints track to the main mine entrance and back.                                            |
| 54 | Hollering and splashing indicates the stretch of the river where miners bathe.                                               |
| 55 | Bleating resounds as herds of goats and rams feed in the nearby fields.                                                      |
| 56 | Piles of rubble have been heaped up beside the road, their origin and purpose unknown.                                       |
| 57 | Shouts break out as one set of miners accuses another of claim jumping.                                                      |
| 58 | A tolling bell resounds before sunrise, signalling the start of the workday                                                  |
| 59 | Several miners chant in odd rhythm as they march to the shafts.                                                              |
| 60 | A babble of foreign prayers rises from the ranks of miners.                                                                  |
| 61 | A cluster of miners talk among themselves in a foreign language.                                                             |
| 62 | A bowed-back miner shuffles by, arms and legs in chains for an unknown crime.                                                |
| 63 | A miner stands in the middle of the town square, arms locked in stocks.                                                      |
| 64 | A sign proudly announces the town's population, though the number has been crossed out and chalked in many times.            |
| 65 | An ancient shack collapsed in on itself at this spot.                                                                        |
| 66 | You hear the painful creak of old pulleys straining from the mining shaft.                                                   |
| 67 | Miner's voices echo up from a series of pits in the earth.                                                                   |
| 68 | Teams of braying animals pull ore carts along on rusting wheels.                                                             |
| 69 | Crashing noises clatter from deep within a larger mine shaft, followed by screams and rumbles.                               |
| 70 | Puffs of flame gust out at random intervals from rifts in the earth surrounding the mine.                                    |
| 71 | The stench of a midden is inescapable throughout this section of town.                                                       |
| 72 | A handful of rocks are displayed along the wall, with fossilized bones embedded in them.                                     |
| 73 | The way down into the mining shaft is through a series of steps cut straight into the rock. The steps are worn by many feet. |
| 74 | The miners have created a collection of wood carvings crafted during their idle times.                                       |
| 75 | This pile of rocks looks like they've been carefully polished to a smooth shine.                                             |
| 76 | This scattering of glittery dross looks like discarded metal shavings.                                                       |

|     |                                                                                                                     |
|-----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 77  | A pile of leather scraps sits in the dirt. They crumble to dust, if picked up.                                      |
| 78  | A heap of trashed equipment lies ignored beside the mine, metal bent and wood splintered.                           |
| 79  | This gear has been lying here so long it has rusted into one indistinguishable mass.                                |
| 80  | Wagons roll by, piled high with goods to be delivered to the miners...for a high price.                             |
| 81  | A man hangs from a noose in the square, face blotchy in death.                                                      |
| 82  | The smell of cooking meat draws your attention to a cluster of miners gathered around a large stew pot.             |
| 83  | A tinker sits with hammer and pliers, repairing gear miners have dumped beside his wagon.                           |
| 84  | A miner throws a handful of tattered maps into the wind, cursing them as forgeries.                                 |
| 85  | A band of miners shout in vicious glee as they gang up on a lone man.                                               |
| 86  | A stage has been set up in the middle of town, with actors portraying a classical show. Few miners bother watching. |
| 87  | A miner kneels and clasps his hand in prayer in the middle of the street.                                           |
| 88  | Miners have gathered with an assortment of musical instruments and begun playing together.                          |
| 89  | Miners are lined up the street to get a handout from a soup kitchen.                                                |
| 90  | Three miners have been stripped and chained to posts, where they're being savagely whipped.                         |
| 91  | This little shrine looks to be built in honour of a local god of luck.                                              |
| 92  | A row of ten mining helms have been set out like gravestones, marking lives lost in a recent cave-in.               |
| 93  | A hodgepodge of good luck charms decorate the eaves of these houses.                                                |
| 94  | The miners are exchanging a variety of metal chips, perhaps as a sort of currency.                                  |
| 95  | Robed monks shuffled through town, laying hands on miners and bestowing blessings and words of wisdom.              |
| 96  | There are several distinct bands of miners in this town, each identified by the specific colour of their outfit.    |
| 97  | This fine-looking house stands out from among the rabble of rundown shacks.                                         |
| 98  | The town commander patrols the main street astride a massive stallion.                                              |
| 99  | A bleached skull sits nearby with an old pick lodged in it.                                                         |
| 100 | With a cackle, a naked miner shoots out of a nearby building and sprints down the street.                           |

## MINING TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the mining town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                           | with anything left resembling a conscience. |                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Smittle’s Smelt (blacksmith) is one of the busiest establishments in town, with a big-bellied blacksmith overseeing half-a-dozen apprentices around several forges that run at all hours. | 37-38                                       | The Learner (school) teaches more adults than children, with a lone instructor struggling to help miners learn to read and write their own names.                                       |
| 03-04 | Bellyup (tavern) is empty during the day, and full of filthy miners at night, all spending hard-earned coin to wash the dust from their throats.                                          | 39-40                                       | Blacky’s Pit (brawler’s club) lets townsfolk batter one another into submission, hoping to make a bit of blood money on the betting.                                                    |
| 05-06 | The Cove (inn) provides neat and tidy, if sparsely furnished, rooms for travellers; most furniture is bolted to the floors or walls to prevent thievery.                                  | 41-42                                       | It’s All Here (general supplies) is a usual knickknack store, offering everything from clothes to supplies to cheap weaponry.                                                           |
| 07-08 | Sta’bit (boarding house) provides temporary, lodging for vagrant miners working on more transient teams who just need a place to sleep.                                                   | 43-44                                       | Marrowmart (butcher) gives miners the gristle they need to survive another week. Their products are tough chewing, but salted heavily enough to be disease free.                        |
| 09-10 | The Ramshackle (shanty town) offers a spot for miners to pitch their tents – for a copper a week. Crime is rampant in this part of town.                                                  | 45-46                                       | Betcha Fresh (baker) is run by Poppy Ulstead, who bakes new loaves every day and is generous enough to offer more down-and-out miners the stale leftovers. Thus, she is very popular.   |
| 11-12 | Clank’s Clutter (mining equipment) deals in picks, helms and other essential mining equipment.                                                                                            | 47-48                                       | Smeltworks (smelter) pays for scrap metal delivered by miners and melts it down into ingots it before selling it on.                                                                    |
| 13-14 | Vittles n’ Such (grocer) has fruits, vegetables and other seasonal foods in its stalls, with guards in place at all entrances to discourage snatchers.                                    | 49-50                                       | Gleam in the Eye (jeweller) is a tiny shop filled with shiny trinkets, most of whose value is a tenth of their asking price.                                                            |
| 15-16 | The Hefty Embrace (brothel) sees almost as much business as the tavern, as miners drizzle a bit of gold dust in the ladies’ palms to see their pleasures met.                             | 51-52                                       | Payday’s (money exchange) handles any sort of foreign coin passing through town, taking a hefty percentage of profit in the exchange.                                                   |
| 17-18 | Fizzle’s (ale house) offers finer drinks for the more discerning patron who is willing to pay with a heftier coin purse for smoother spirits.                                             | 53-54                                       | The Landmark (claims office) handles territory claims in the locality and provides deeds for miners who want to found their own operations.                                             |
| 19-20 | Hayshaft (stables) has a lone stable boy who feeds and mucks out the “guests”.                                                                                                            | 55-56                                       | True Path (mapmakers) charts the surrounding lands and also details mineshafts as well, ensuring there’s an accurate record of progress.                                                |
| 21-22 | The Irons (law enforcement) are the closest this town has to a Watch. Seen as brutes, the soldiers here are most often called on to put down riots or other unrest.                       | 57-58                                       | Cornerstone Inc. (construction) erects the many shoddy shacks and homes comprising most of the town. They work fast and cheap, but everyone knows you get what you pay for.             |
| 23-24 | Tower Block (guardhouse) hosts the national guards stationed in this town. None are happy to be there and often take it out on unruly miners.                                             | 59-60                                       | Dunnel & Sons (alchemists) sits a mile outside town, and everyone winces whenever a distant thunder is heard coming from their laboratory.                                              |
| 25-26 | Top o’ the Slum (mayor’s office) is the colloquial name for the mayor’s den, where shady deals and shadier folks are cloistered.                                                          | 61-62                                       | Hang Tight (rope and cords) supplies miners with the essential ropes they need to keep their harness and winches in operation.                                                          |
| 27-28 | Meeting Hole (town hall) is filled to the brim whenever miners have a dispute and want to resolve it with something other than their fists.                                               | 63-64                                       | Boly’s Fixit (repairs) handles all manner of repairs, be it gear, clothes, tents or even bones – though they do a crude job of the latter.                                              |
| 29-30 | Wily Whiskers (showers and shaves) gives miners a chance to clean up before visiting the local brothel. Hot water costs extra.                                                            | 65-66                                       | Keen Edge (weaponry) is run by Adin Lamsley, who is quick to lecture on the need to stab your enemy before they stab you. And what better way to do that than with a discounted dagger? |
| 31-32 | The Carryall (mailroom) delivers letters and packages, but is rumoured to be lifting items of value passing through its hands.                                                            |                                             |                                                                                                                                                                                         |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 67-68 | Arken, Lloyel, and Wenst (legal office) handles any legal disputes in town, sometimes working for both sides of the case.                                                               |
| 69-70 | Nips (barber) tends to a constant stream of shaggy miners who realize their long, greasy hair is a hazard when working in cramped spaces lit by large lanterns and candles.             |
| 71-72 | The Den (jail) is where townsfolk languish after being caught in a crime. It is difficult to break into or out of, due to the cells being situated in an old, gutted mine shaft.        |
| 73-74 | The Caravan (traders) is a commerce hub for any merchants travelling through the area who might want to trade or sell wares before moving on.                                           |
| 75-76 | Miner's Union (guild hall) supposedly represents the miners' best interests, but it spends most of its time and staff on collecting "dues" and maintaining protection rackets.          |
| 77-78 | Holes Mended (tailor) is run by the white-haired gnome known only as Ruckles, who is able to patch holes larger than his own head and can turn a threadbare shirt into a glorious robe. |
| 79-80 | Greenfoot (shoemaker/boots) knows miners can't work barefoot. Boots and shoes of all shapes and sizes are sold and mended here.                                                         |
| 81-82 | Come Rain or Snow (tentmaker) provides everything from leather bedrolls to tents large enough to hold a dozen miners at a time.                                                         |
| 83-84 | The Curls (drug den) is a smoky hole where miners dip their minds and bodies into a blissful fog, often not emerging until they need more coin to pay for the next dose.                |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Dagny's Galley (smugglers) is a small shopfront that acts as a fence for stolen or illicit goods. It is always staffed by a lone, ever-smiling woman who is believed to be an ex-assassin in hiding. |
| 87-88  | Patcher's (healer) can take the worst near-death cases and bring them back to life. However, most miners would prefer to be dead after seeing the cost of their healing spells.                      |
| 89-90  | Looksie's Luck (hexer) purports to arrange "accidents" by mystical means, allowing miners to eliminate enemies and rivals without getting blood on their hands.                                      |
| 91-92  | The Dross (metalworks) takes old metal equipment and gear and turns it all into odd sculptures it then sells to far-off artistic patrons.                                                            |
| 93-94  | To the Horizon (surveyor) works with the map-maker and claim offices to scout out new mining locales or determine the safety hazards of a newly dug shaft.                                           |
| 95-96  | The Clamps (criminal boarding) is a high-security building where miners with criminal backgrounds are billeted until they work off their sentences.                                                  |
| 97-98  | Hoof n' Paw (work animals) keeps a steady stream of mules, goats and horses coming through town; many of them then worked to death lugging cartloads of ore.                                         |
| 99-100 | In Blood (loan shark) is the realm of Giles Surry, who is willing to front any amount of coin to a desperate soul for an insane amount of interest on the back-end.                                  |





## MINING TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

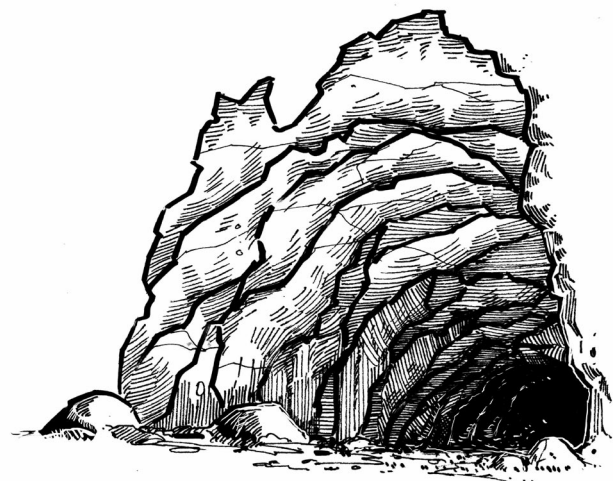
Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the mining town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Adway Dond (NG female human) is a dusty mining band leader who is forever full of good cheer and cheesy jokes. He is a skilled lute player.                                                                                          |
| 03-04 | Joina Atlergull (CN female gnome cleric 3) uses her minimal spellwork to check for dangerous conditions within a mine before the teams get to work excavating further.                                                               |
| 05-06 | Juphet Ralk (N male dwarf) handles the demolitions for most of the mining operations. As such, he's half-deaf in one ear and missing the other entirely.                                                                             |
| 07-08 | Aldrt Oisa (LN male halfling) slips into portions of mining shafts most larger people can't reach, scouting out deeper portions for possible resources worth reaching.                                                               |
| 09-10 | Tasy Diburald (LN female dwarf) loves maps. She loves them so much, every inch of her skin is covered with tattooed maps from various lands and towns she's travelled through.                                                       |
| 11-12 | Oldine Emug (LE male dwarf fighter 3) is a heavily scarred town guard who takes his duty seriously and chops anyone off at the knees who tries to bribe him. He takes great delight in manipulating marks into offering him a bribe. |
| 13-14 | Polva Elange (LE female half-elf cleric 3) creates illusions of beauty for the prostitutes in the brothel, making them more attractive while covering their symptoms of disease.                                                     |
| 15-16 | Lega Swagt (LE male half-orc) has huge, scarred knuckles and has been working in this town since it was founded. A well known feature in town, he is a skilled brawler.                                                              |
| 17-18 | Alane Llaton (NE male human cleric 1) has an affinity for insects and loves to prank fellow miners by having swarms attack them in the middle of a dark tunnel.                                                                      |
| 19-20 | Oulis Sullit (LN male gnome cleric 1) monitors the weather for the town and warns of any possible flash floods or other nasty conditions making it hazardous for miners.                                                             |
| 21-22 | Testo Drald (LG male human) is a bent, hobbling old man who looks barely strong enough to hold onto the pick he drags along everywhere he goes.                                                                                      |
| 23-24 | Kinurn Endell (LN female human) knows how to handle ropes and knots better than anyone else in town, and is often responsible for securing miners in harnesses before they're lowered into a shaft.                                  |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25-26 | Inga Raer (NG female half-orc) hates hearing people argue. if anyone gets into a shouting match, she just pummels them into silence.                                                       |
| 27-28 | Shellden Dyam (NG male human fighter 1) is a disgraced soldier who is working off a war crime in the mines. He rarely talks and is rarely sober.                                           |
| 29-30 | Drasch Seng (CG female half-orc) is a popular bartender, as she always pours a hefty mug. Just don't cause trouble during her work day, or she'll spit in the foam.                        |
| 31-32 | Hulma Yhon (LN female human cleric 3) has a talent for healing, but only tends wounded miners who are willing to pay. No coin? Good luck with that shattered leg.                          |
| 33-34 | Kose Ris (N male dwarf) is often seen lugging several loaded ore carts along by himself, especially after the latest batch of horses and mules have keeled over from exhaustion.           |
| 35-36 | Crough Masag (N male human) officially owns this town and wants to keep it running smoothly so the profits line his velvet pockets.                                                        |
| 37-38 | Verda Rachque (N female human fighter 3) is a guard who patrols the streets at night, sending drunk miners back to their tents with well-placed kicks to their rumps.                      |
| 39-40 | Togue Vese (CE male human) doctors a number of claim maps on file as well as provides forgeries of claim certificates to those who pay well enough.                                        |
| 41-42 | Omkin Atheris (NE male half-elf fighter 3) is a well-known blade for hire, and plenty of bodies found in the alleys are considered his handiwork.                                          |
| 43-44 | Iechy Dop (CE male dwarf cleric 1) is constantly trying to sabotage mining efforts, causing cave-ins and other disasters – but no one's yet proved his guilt.                              |
| 45-46 | Bureph Tavel (LG male human fighter 2) is known for his boasts of fighting prowess, but he's actually gentle in most situations and only rises to a fight when his friends are threatened. |
| 47-48 | Molen Skeldel (CE male human) is a lanky-haired man who supplies many miners with the drugs to which they are hopelessly addicted.                                                         |
| 49-50 | Onroth Atek (LG male dwarf) is skinny for a dwarf, and his bald head and lack of beard (thanks to a fire and scar tissue) set him apart even further from the crowd.                       |
| 51-52 | Hons Teeng (N male human cleric 2) is an official in the mining guild. He holds to the letter of the law and is strict in upholding regulations, no matter the circumstances.              |
| 53-54 | Motac Stry (CN male human) wanders the mining tents during the day, trying to sell strips of dried meat—though he doesn't hunt, so no one knows quite from where he gets the goods.        |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 55-56 | Alash Lenth (LE female half-elf) is a pickpocket who also loves to plunder tents and shacks when miners are away at work.                                                                                       |
| 57-58 | Tiain Selim (LE male gnome) monitors mine productivity and is constantly on the lookout for ways to spur miners to greater efficiency, disregarding their health and safety in the process.                     |
| 59-60 | Emmal Skohn (CG female human) dedicates her legal expertise to fighting fraud and theft in town, often helping miners hold on to their property despite claim jumping and other vile practices.                 |
| 61-62 | Thera Rustam (LE female human cleric 1) is a withered crone who makes life miserable for others through her array of hexes and curses—all available for a price.                                                |
| 63-64 | Melet Garuat (CG male human fighter 2) fought in the war and now makes a simple living through hard labour, yet he's never short of good cheer and a deep laugh.                                                |
| 65-66 | Etban Murtano (N male dwarf) is one of the larger land owners in the area; several major mines have been in his family for generations.                                                                         |
| 67-68 | Bruas Rolst (CE male dwarf fighter 1) is a corrupt town guard, willing to take bribes in exchange for looking the other way when ill deeds are about.                                                           |
| 69-70 | Tosik Xek (NE male half-orc) is the town bully who revels in cruelty and shaming others. Many townsfolk have suffered from his beatings and mocking laughter.                                                   |
| 71-72 | Risny (NG female half-elf fighter 3) is often seen strolling around town, a large sword strapped to her back. She watches the miners, but rarely interacts with them—almost as if she's waiting for someone.    |
| 73-74 | Wara Kellerin (NG female human fighter 1) is a soldier who aims to keep the peace in town at all costs, though she never goes as far as killing another. She believes anyone can be reformed if given a chance. |
| 75-76 | Tinnel Schorder (CG male dwarf) loves tools and carries almost every possible piece of mining gear strapped to her broad waist as she waddles about town.                                                       |
| 77-78 | Theria Sofaf (LG female halfling cleric 2) is a teacher skilled at teaching etiquette and hygiene. Consequently, she is often broke.                                                                            |
| 79-80 | Dugnan Daess (LG male human) sends almost every copper he makes to his children, who are being raised by an unknown mother in a nearby city.                                                                    |
| 81-82 | Shyq Anali (N female halfling) was crippled in a rock collapse, and now begs for the spare copper, her withered legs on display to evoke any sympathy.                                                          |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Kimver Otani (N male halfling cleric 3) has a pet sparrow that follows him deep into the mines and is used to sense dangerous gasses therein.                                                            |
| 85-86  | Denb Dunb (N male dwarf cleric 3) claims to hear voices in the echoes of the earth. Everyone thinks he's crazy, but he has managed to escape several mining shafts moments before they collapsed.        |
| 87-88  | Kalss (CN male half-orc fighter 2) is the mayor's personal bodyguard, who bashes anyone without question if ordered to by his boss.                                                                      |
| 89-90  | Pera Treand (CN female half-elf) works with most merchants who pass through the area, trying to convince them to spend coin and sell goods.                                                              |
| 91-92  | Alada Kesten (CE female dwarf) works in the brothel and often drugs the miners who come to see her so she can rifle their clothes for valuables.                                                         |
| 93-94  | Vorves Kelvala (LG female elf) has set up residence in town with the intent of trying to provide better living situations for the miners, though most have been distrusting of her motivations thus far. |
| 95-96  | Issgha Darrard (LN male half-orc) can crack a rock in two with a squeeze of his fist, and split a boulder with a well-aimed hit of his hammer.                                                           |
| 97-98  | Kuif Polas (LN male half-orc fighter 2) is the bouncer for the tavern and is quick to toss any troublemakers into the streets. Too much ale, though, can make him a troublemaker.                        |
| 99-100 | Ohina Ereurn (LE female elf cleric 3) has the town mayor under a despicable enchantment and actually runs the whole place, taking whatever cut of the profits she wants.                                 |



## MINING TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the mining town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The party round the corner to see a band of miners standing over the broken, bloody body of their former overseer. One of the miners holds a bloody dagger. If the PCs don't immediately leave, the miners try to intimidate them into keep their mouths shut. |
| 2  | Things have finally come to a head between rival mining gangs, and the PCs are wandering the streets when the two groups declare war.                                                                                                                          |
| 3  | This town is suffering from a major food and water shortage that has miners dropping from fatigue and starvation. Perhaps much of the town's food has been poisoned or deliveries of fresh produce have been interrupted by banditry (or worse).               |
| 4  | A recent cave-in has trapped dozens of miners beneath the earth. The party hears the screams of the miners' families and the clamour of frenzied work at the mine head as they wander the town.                                                                |
| 5  | The party hear rumours the mining town is a front for a massive smuggling ring. The next day, the person who told them the rumour is found dead.                                                                                                               |
| 6  | Bandits just struck the town, making off with a shipment of valuable ore and gems. The local authorities offer the PCs 20% of the shipment if they get it back.                                                                                                |
| 7  | Miners are being terrorized by an unknown monster lurking in the mine; miners now refuses to enter its tunnels without capable guards.                                                                                                                         |
| 8  | The guards who patrolled this town have all wound up dead, murdered in the middle of the night.                                                                                                                                                                |
| 9  | Without warning, one miner draws a dagger and lunges for another in the middle of the street. Quickly passersby form a circle around the men and watch the combat unfold.                                                                                      |
| 10 | Almost everyone in town has been reduced to gibberish—something in the water perhaps?                                                                                                                                                                          |
| 11 | The treasure map the merchant sold the party has led them straight to this mining town. The only problem is, the buried treasure is apparently buried very near – or even in – the mine.                                                                       |
| 12 | One of the party has a legal claim to one of the operational mines in the area, through a distant relative who died recently.                                                                                                                                  |
| 13 | Every piece of mining equipment in town has been bent and broken by an unknown force. Work has ground to a halt.                                                                                                                                               |
| 14 | With a earth-rending blast, a gas explosion tears through the nearby mining camp. As the blast's echoes fade the screams of the dead and dying fill the air.                                                                                                   |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 15 | An ore-laden cart has tipped over, trapping at least one person beneath it. Several folk stand around, trying to shift it so the injured man can crawl free.                        |
| 16 | The miners in this town employ trolls, bugbears and other beasts to work the earth for them. Consequently, fights and murders are commonplace.                                      |
| 17 | All the miners in this town are in chains and treated as slave labour. Consequently, the town teeters on the edge of rebellion.                                                     |
| 18 | A drunken riot has broken out across the town as miners demand higher wages. Property is damaged, shops are broken into and several mine owners are forced to flee for their lives. |
| 19 | Miners are dropping dead from no discernible cause. Panic grips the town amid talk of curses and angry ghosts lurking in the deep shafts.                                           |
| 20 | An eerie green fog is emanating from the mine and anyone it engulfs is never seen again.                                                                                            |



## PIRATE TOWN

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## PIRATE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about a pirate town. Some details listed here may not be appropriate for the particular adventure or campaign you are running. Ignore such results and re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A dusty group of street performers are traipsing around with a pig and miniature pony.                                                                                          |
| 2  | This singer, dressed in vibrant rags, belts out a bawdy refrain that has inspired many lascivious looks and leers from his audience.                                            |
| 3  | Leaning against the walls near alleyways and waving from balconies, their painted faces and flimsy dresses and veils set them apart as women of the coin.                       |
| 4  | Wheels creak as a wagon train trundles down the road, paced by scruffy-looking guards.                                                                                          |
| 5  | Two brawny men, shirtless and streaked with blood and sweat, tumble in the dirt, attempting to crack open each other's skulls.                                                  |
| 6  | A man and woman attack each other with cutlasses that have been polished to a shine.                                                                                            |
| 7  | The local blacksmith is singing in time with the swing and clang of his hammer and the hiss of hot metal plunged into buckets of water.                                         |
| 8  | A salty wind blows in from the docks, where ships bob on the tide and barnacle-covered wood groans underfoot.                                                                   |
| 9  | Dock workers shout and jest with one another as they load and offload ships, transport supplies or run errands for their employers.                                             |
| 10 | A nearby tavern erupts into cheers and jeers.                                                                                                                                   |
| 11 | A ship captain bellows at his crew, though his specific commands are lost in the depths of his thick accent.                                                                    |
| 12 | Wood and rope creak as several bloated bodies sway on the gallows from which they've been hung.                                                                                 |
| 13 | A ship appears on the horizon, black flags flying and heads straight for the docks. It is listing, as if having taken storm or battle damage.                                   |
| 14 | A chain of slaves trudges by, their necks, wrists and ankles clasped in rusting irons that have chafed their skin to scars. A taskmaster wielding a whip watches them intently. |
| 15 | Each building here seems to bear a different colourful flag. All are decorated with an odd array of faces, symbols and animals.                                                 |
| 16 | Food carts line this street, many of them offering a variety of exotic meats, from monkey to bird to vibrant sea creatures. Most are probably rat.                              |
| 17 | A row of jugs sit on the sill of a large, open window. The smell of the nearest one suggests it was once alcohol, but has fermented far beyond anything safe to drink.          |

|    |                                                                                                                                            |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 18 | A man stands bent over in an alley, spewing his last drink and meal onto the ground.                                                       |
| 19 | The shipyard bustles with labourers who are sawing, drilling, hammering or otherwise turning logs and lumber into a new ship.              |
| 20 | The ground shakes briefly. Birds screech and scatter from nearby trees at the disturbance.                                                 |
| 21 | A band of men and women look like they've been drinking and dancing in this square for hours, yet their carousing has yet to slow.         |
| 22 | The cry of seagulls echoes overhead as a flock wings through the clear sky. Occasionally, a "gift" falls from the sky onto a person below. |
| 23 | The crackle of shells ripples through the air as a nearby vendor rips legs off live crabs.                                                 |
| 24 | A man's screams resound as he's bound to a post and whipped for all to see.                                                                |
| 25 | A couple of pirates stagger along, chanting a drinking song.                                                                               |
| 26 | A client keeps his face stoic as the artist tattoos a name on his arm with a fishbone needle.                                              |
| 27 | Dice clatter and roll as the day's gambling gets underway.                                                                                 |
| 28 | Men holler and exchange bets as the brawlers in a fighting pit exchange blows.                                                             |
| 29 | A naked man is chased out of a nearby dwelling by a woman waving a meat cleaver.                                                           |
| 30 | A hag hobbles by, mutterings interspersed with the occasional raving screams.                                                              |
| 31 | The town's graveyard is a sandy patch marked by polished white stones.                                                                     |
| 32 | Palm trees and coconuts dot the area, fronds rustling in the wind.                                                                         |
| 33 | A band of frisky monkeys scamper around, snatching up loose items to fling at one another.                                                 |
| 34 | Rows of shrunken, shrivelled heads hang from the rafters of this house.                                                                    |
| 35 | A row of chamber pots stand in an alley, but haven't been emptied in a while.                                                              |
| 36 | Cargo crates and barrels line the walkway. Several have air holes drilled into them.                                                       |
| 37 | A group of men stride past, bearing a large chest that looks to be quite heavy.                                                            |
| 38 | Piles of shelled oysters are strewn along the road, making it necessary to step carefully.                                                 |
| 39 | A priest dispenses a passionate sermon on the street corner to an audience of none.                                                        |
| 40 | The town gate has at least a dozen heads set on pikes to greet newcomers.                                                                  |
| 41 | This small wooden pen contains chickens, goats and sheep.                                                                                  |
| 42 | Monkeys chatter, birds screech and the wind whistles through the nearby trees.                                                             |
| 43 | A crumbling lighthouse rears up from a jut of rock, out in the harbour.                                                                    |



|    |                                                                                                                                          |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 44 | Waves thunder and crash over a deadly reef just visible from shore.                                                                      |
| 45 | The water here is lanced through with the masts of wrecked ships.                                                                        |
| 46 | The beach is strewn about with bones, some human, some anything but.                                                                     |
| 47 | A band of jugglers fling painted skulls between each other, attempting to garner a few coins.                                            |
| 48 | Several people around town have lost limbs, and have replaced them with wooden prosthesis.                                               |
| 49 | A pirate limps by, his skin so scarred there's not a clear patch to be seen.                                                             |
| 50 | A herd of wild pigs roots around town, the head boar glaring at everything with squinty, red eyes.                                       |
| 51 | A rainbow of parrots soars through the sky, musical calls sound about.                                                                   |
| 52 | A naga slithers through the crowd; she is the owner of a nearby tavern.                                                                  |
| 53 | This tavern wall is arrayed with hundreds of corded ropes, hung heavy with shark teeth of all sizes—some with dried blood on them still. |
| 54 | A massive shark has been cured and hung on the wall above the mantle. Its gaping mouth is wide enough to swallow a grown man whole.      |
| 55 | The town hall sports a giant pearl above the doorway, claimed to be cursed against theft.                                                |
| 56 | On closer inspection, the man sleeping off the hangover in the gutter is, in fact, dead.                                                 |
| 57 | The docks of this town look to be made out of the giant bones of a long-dead sea serpent.                                                |
| 58 | A fleet of wooden canoes have been dragged ashore, and set aflame.                                                                       |
| 59 | Smoke and screams rise from a docked pirate ship that has caught fire.                                                                   |
| 60 | Divers wearing tight loincloths and holding simple knives stride passed to the sea.                                                      |
| 61 | Two ships have squared off in the bay; their crews scramble to load their ballistae.                                                     |
| 62 | A group of men in military uniform march down the main road, attempting to bring order to this lawless town. They won't last long.       |
| 63 | A group of animated skeletons work tirelessly on the deck of a docked ship.                                                              |
| 64 | A line of monks shuffles down the street, heads bowed, their faces hidden by their grey hoods.                                           |
| 65 | A band of scarred mercenaries lounges on crates nearby, waiting for their next client.                                                   |
| 66 | This wall has been transformed into a vibrant mosaic comprising thousands of shell fragments.                                            |
| 67 | An odd pile of muddy and bloody black eye patches and red cloth hats lies by the road.                                                   |
| 68 | A toppled bell tower lies on one edge of the town, forming a cracked and crumbled wall.                                                  |
| 69 | This food cart offers a selection of nutritious, but chewy, baked eel strips.                                                            |
| 70 | The anchor lying at the edge of town looks far too big to have actually been used.                                                       |

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| 71  | An illusionary octopus writhes across a building's facade.                                                                           |
| 72  | Four men have been staked spread-eagle on the beach, awaiting high tide to end their misery.                                         |
| 73  | Eerie, sinister laughter erupts from nearby.                                                                                         |
| 74  | Dozens of rats swarm between the buildings and crawl over the legs of the drunks lying about.                                        |
| 75  | Arrays of tarred ropes hang drying from metal hooks in a larger, wooden frame.                                                       |
| 76  | The town has been built around a circle of native statues, none of them humanoid.                                                    |
| 77  | The volcano looming over the town rumbles ominously from time to time.                                                               |
| 78  | This well is rumoured to lead to underground caverns, but contains only slimy, black water.                                          |
| 79  | The beach has several sea caves accessible only during low tides.                                                                    |
| 80  | This section of street is strangely clean.                                                                                           |
| 81  | A translucent pirate ship slides across the horizon.                                                                                 |
| 82  | A strange yellow fog hangs over the town.                                                                                            |
| 83  | A roving band of wild dogs skulks through town, gnawing on discarded bones and other offal.                                          |
| 84  | Several large fish tanks sit on the counter, full of scaled and spiked sea life.                                                     |
| 85  | Someone has painted vile graffiti on the side of this building, in white, red and brown paint.                                       |
| 86  | This deep pit is festooned with numerous spikes.                                                                                     |
| 87  | Several errand boys, wearing little more than rags, dash about.                                                                      |
| 88  | A trio of young musicians play questionable music through a series of carved conch shells.                                           |
| 89  | The muted screams of victims in nearby ship holds is a disturbing sound on the night wind.                                           |
| 90  | A large wooden pen holds dozens of imported cattle and other labour beasts.                                                          |
| 91  | The seas today are stormy, mirroring the turbulent, grey-green skies.                                                                |
| 92  | A permanent, but weak whirlpool spins a little ways offshore from the docks.                                                         |
| 93  | This mausoleum has been built entirely out of skulls and bones.                                                                      |
| 94  | This statue has been used as a weapon practice dummy for years and is badly damaged.                                                 |
| 95  | The fountain in the centre of the town square spouts crystal clear saltwater.                                                        |
| 96  | The nearby lagoon rings with the sweet sound of mermaid choruses and the splash of tails.                                            |
| 97  | A school of dolphins swims close to the docks.                                                                                       |
| 98  | The roof of this domicile appears to be made entirely out of a giant sea turtle shell.                                               |
| 99  | This tavern resounds with the latest chorus of "A hundred bottles of beer on the wall..."                                            |
| 100 | An ancient altar, graven with bearded faces and empty eye sockets where enormous jewels were once affixed stands in a shadowy alley. |

## PIRATE TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the pirate town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Finlan's Forge (blacksmith) is operated by one of the burliest men in town, who endlessly toils over his anvil and forge. He claims to be the master of metal.                           |
| 03-04 | Scraps (flag maker) is run by a dwarf known only as McNully, who creates ship flags of all sizes, shapes, colour and design.                                                             |
| 05-06 | Made to Fit (clothes shop) is overseen by a trio of tailors who can turn the smallest rag into a fashionable accessory or addition to any pirate's wardrobe.                             |
| 07-08 | Gnasher's (illicit substances) is run by one of two brothers, and this one's speciality is drugs and drink that'll have you bobbing on imaginary waves in no time.                       |
| 09-10 | Grubber's (fishmonger) is run by one of two brothers, and this one prefers living by hook and line. Sells bait, tackle and even deep sea fishing lessons if you've the coin.             |
| 11-12 | It'll Float (shipyard) is managed by a surprisingly capable taskmaster who keeps a keen eye on all ship-building operations, big or small.                                               |
| 13-14 | Squid Ink (tattoo parlour) specializes in providing the tattoos pirates are so fond of, using fish bone needles and other exotic materials to transfer pattern to skin.                  |
| 15-16 | Safe Harbour (brothel) is one of the most popular destinations in town, run by Madame Gustello, who keeps her women in powder and lace at all hours.                                     |
| 17-18 | The Slops (alehouse) is where you'll find the cheapest wine and ale to keep your thirst slaked. It's also the surest bet for the nearest brawl, though don't tempt the barkeep's cudgel. |
| 19-20 | The Satchel (alchemist shop) specializes in creating potions to mimic a wide variety of spell effects, as well as selling bottled wind, good luck and more to keep boats afloat.         |
| 21-22 | Wings n' Things (pet shop) is a stinking shop filled with crates of birds, reptiles and larger predators. The caws and roars are cacophonous.                                            |
| 23-24 | Tints and Tinctures (cures) is a one-stop shop for every herb, potion, or topical lotion for any condition that ails you. Love potions are available behind the counter.                 |
| 25-26 | Hag's Kiss (hex wagon) is shunned by most townsfolk, until they believe they've come under a curse that needs lifting or want to lay one on their enemy.                                 |

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|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 27-28 | Brindle's Brushes (painting shop) is run by an artist who fancies himself a true genius of the canvas, but often winds up just painting names and decorations on various ships in port.                                |
| 29-30 | Felled Inc. (lumber mill) is an island-wide tree-cutting operation that provides the wood for most building and ship constructions. Very territorial, and would-be competitors have often disappeared without a trace. |
| 31-32 | Wave's Edge (weapon shop) knows the only thing dearer to a sailor than the sea is the blood in their veins. The keen wares lining these walls help keep them safe while spilling the blood of enemy crews.             |
| 33-34 | All That Glitters (counterfeiter) makes a hefty business minting false coins in dozens of different currencies, which are then spread to ports around the world.                                                       |
| 35-36 | The Dredge (pawnshop) has shelves and cupboards crammed with knickknacks and gewgaws brought in by sailors looking to exchange meaningless possessions and mementos for drinking coin.                                 |
| 37-38 | Fresh n' Wrigglin' (general store) is the best place to resupply for fresh food and water, but it's wise to take a second look to make sure the wares are actually dead.                                               |
| 39-40 | The Monkey's Paw (open air market) is crowded with vendor stalls, selling everything imaginable, and then some. Hagglng is not encouraged.                                                                             |
| 41-42 | The Undertow (black market) isn't spoken of during the day, but when the wares come out under the moon, coins exchange fast and furious. What could be considered so dastardly even pirates try to hide such sales?    |
| 43-44 | Pearl's Pearls (jewellery shop) is protected by a powerful ward on all its wares, killing anyone who tries to thief any of the gold, silver, pearly or other precious finery sold here.                                |
| 45-46 | The Coin Block (slave auction) is where you go for the flesh trade, offering a rotating array of slaves hauled in from many nameless nations and islands.                                                              |
| 47-48 | Toppled Trees (carpenter shop) takes any lumber not used by the shipyard and turns it into furniture and other construction furnishings.                                                                               |
| 49-50 | Wandering Eye (palm reader wagon) is where many pirates go to have their fates read, determining whether this next voyage might bring them back rich as kings, or send them beneath the waves.                         |
| 51-52 | Festival of Foam (Carnival) is a rabble-rousing carnival that springs up from time to time; tents offer entertainment and peeks at marvels such as captured mermaids, selkies and more.                                |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 53-54 | Sea Dog's Contracts (bounty hunter shack) keeps an eye on the local populace, determining if anyone passing through has a particularly juicy price on their head—and then hires folks to claim it.  |
| 55-56 | Eagle's Nest (crew recruitment office) scouts the town for able-bodied men and women who might be looking to make their fortune on the high seas.                                                   |
| 57-58 | The Tasty Mule (inn) provides the warmest bed, plus meals and drinks for those with coin. Rumours abound, though, the innkeeper has helped at least a dozen people get shanghaied in the past year. |
| 59-60 | Feed Hovel (stables) is a warm, safe spot for the few horses in the town. Customers should make sure to tip the stableboy well, otherwise their steed might end up in the stew.                     |
| 61-62 | Lucille's (theatre) offers a slight bit of high culture amidst the rabble, with theatrical performances and other mummerly up on stage.                                                             |
| 63-64 | The End (undertaker) is a grim, but necessary business, with coffins on the cheap, and graveyard plots often being recycled.                                                                        |
| 65-66 | Bloody Sand (fighting pit) plays to a bloodthirsty crowd, pitting fighters in bare-knuckled brawls with plenty of betting going on.                                                                 |
| 67-68 | Roll'em Bones (gambling hall) is the best place to go to lose your ill-gotten coin in even shadier ways. Plenty of dice, card and other games can be found within.                                  |
| 69-70 | The Slops (tarboy guild) hires lads to work in the shipyard and occasionally sail with a ship, keeping the hull waterproofed.                                                                       |
| 71-72 | Wavebreathers (diving guild) is an elite group of men and women who can fill their lungs for minutes at a time and swim deep to pry pearls and other valuables from below the waves.                |
| 73-74 | Here and There (maps) offers dubiously guaranteed maps, detailing everything from coastlines and safe passages through hazardous channels to lost treasure troves.                                  |
| 75-76 | Sanctum (church) is a small place of prayer in town, not dedicated to any particular church or faith. The donations box is guarded by heavy chain and padlock.                                      |
| 77-78 | Meryl's (fence) is where pirates go to sell "hot" stolen items for a percentage, knowing Meryl won't ever talk any particulars about clients – hopefully.                                           |
| 79-80 | HQ (garrison) is sure to be a short-lived attempt to establish a local military and government presence. The place has been burnt to the ground three times now.                                    |
| 81-82 | Gutline (tanning shop) tans and cures all manner of hides, and the place reeks of the special soap and fats used in the process.                                                                    |

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|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 83-84  | Goods n' More (hunting shop) gives sailors the gear they need to hunt their own food, selling bow and arrows, skinning knives, traps and more.                                                                 |
| 85-86  | The Drip (bathhouse) is often a first stop for sailor just arrived in town, wanting to get at least a little bit clean and wash off some of the salt crusted on their skin before visiting the nearby brothel. |
| 87-88  | Bite n' Pull (dentist) doesn't do much to help keep people's teeth in their heads, but does a decent job of yanking them out when they've rotted.                                                              |
| 89-90  | Avery's Convalescence (healing house) is run by a good-hearted priestess who heals all comers of what ills she can manage, though anything more than a broken bone or medium cut is beyond her ability.        |
| 91-92  | The Abattoir (butcher shop) turns domesticated and wild animals alike into savoury cuts of meat, sausage and other gristly grub.                                                                               |
| 93-94  | Cloudspell (magic shop) is headed up by a mage known for his affinity with weather magic. Captains often consult him to try and ensure a safe trip, or procure a wind scroll to avoid being becalmed.          |
| 95-96  | The Crossing (ferryman) is the berth of the ferryman who might be roused to provide a quick trip to the mainland, if he's not too drunk.                                                                       |
| 97-98  | Hand in Foot (smuggler) helps smuggle everything from personal notes to whole people across the waves, often in quite undesirable and cramped conditions.                                                      |
| 99-100 | Whatchuneed (salvage) offers a motley assortment of scrap metal, wood and personal belongings culled from the beaches and dredged from beneath the waves.                                                      |



## PIRATE TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the pirate town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Captain Smollet (N male elf) has sailed every sea known to man, and a few that aren't. His flashy outfit and swarthy demeanour draws attention wherever he goes.                                                              |
| 03-04 | Captain Valia (CN female human) is a hard-eyed, grim-faced woman who keeps her mostly female crew in line with frequent whippings and threats of shark feeding frenzies.                                                      |
| 05-06 | Gretell (NE female orc fighter 3) found the perfect use for her tusks and huge fists by acting as a crew enforcer for numerous captains.                                                                                      |
| 07-08 | Haggerson (N male dwarf) is never bored, as he fashions coffins and digs graves for those whose bodies aren't lost at sea. Nevertheless, he sheds the dour undertaker demeanour and is quick with a jest.                     |
| 09-10 | Ligrama (CE female sea hag) is a hideous witch who claims she was born in, and gains her power from, the sea. Uses the sways of the tide and flecks of foam to tell fortunes or cast curses.                                  |
| 11-12 | Tuckur (NG male human) is a well-dressed cabin boy who often darts around town on his captain's errands. Keep a copper to tip him, and he'll spread a good word about you.                                                    |
| 13-14 | Hedgil Nok (N male half-orc) watches over his inn with an eye for skimming the last coin from his customers.                                                                                                                  |
| 15-16 | Worril Ilium (LG male half-elf cleric 1) is a priest who understands most in this pirate town aren't likely to convert anytime soon, but is willing to offer a prayer or blessing for any soul in need.                       |
| 17-18 | Corrick Kilmsy (CE male skeletal champion fighter 2) wears a thick robe that hides his rotting and skeletal form. He often speaks – in his rattling voice – of an ancient sea bound enemy he must slay before finding peace.  |
| 19-20 | Sytheril (CN naga) appears as a comely woman for her upper half, but her body's lower half is the thick coil of a serpent's tail. She is a fierce guard of her ship and loyal to its captain.                                 |
| 21-22 | Derryv Stolls (NG female halfling) slipped out of the slave pens recently, and has been lurking around town, trying to stay away from the auction guards while looking for a chance to stow away for freedom.                 |
| 23-24 | Awda Bayin (N female half-elf cleric 3) keeps an eye on the skies, using her arcane knowledge to foretell stormy weather and occasionally plying her power to provide food and shelter – she has no interest in going to sea. |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25-26 | Lisk Erull (N male orc) keeps his bar tidy, polishing glass delicately despite his huge hands. He needs no bouncer, and tosses troublemakers out himself.                                                                                                                                                               |
| 27-28 | Egup Pok (CG female half-orc cleric 3) made a small fortune as a pearl diver, but has never quite gotten around to retiring. She prefers salt on her greenish skin and the rush of a new find in her dives.                                                                                                             |
| 29-30 | "Blackfingers" (LN male halfling) is a well-known tarboy who loves taking on entire ships himself, claiming he can get them slopped and proofed within a day, no matter how big.                                                                                                                                        |
| 31-32 | Faerlyn Hiddles (LN female gnome) is an explorer who has made a living as a mapmaker, basing her sketches on recollections from her travels. While gray-haired and dim of eye, her hand remains steady when drawing.                                                                                                    |
| 33-34 | Jiki Neders (LE female half-orc) often is heard shouting prices as he leads a new slave to the auction block. He wheedles clients into paying far more than slaves are worth, while keeping his "stock" whipped into line.                                                                                              |
| 35-36 | Plunsk Thurble (N male human) plies his carpenter skill to mend ships of all damage taken while at sea. From hulls to masts and everything in between, he loves keeping vessels seaworthy.                                                                                                                              |
| 37-38 | Maeger Niquist (LN male human) manages all ships that come into port, taking a cut of their "docking fee" while also keeping dock workers on task and hiring new muscle to manage cargo loading and offloading as needed.                                                                                               |
| 39-40 | Smult (LN male human fighter 3) is the town mayor's personal enforcer, and is often seen striding about town, sword and club in thick hands and a steely glint to his eye as he sets out to reinforce the mayor's will.                                                                                                 |
| 41-42 | "Punt" (CE male awakened monkey) gets his name from what everyone wishes they could do to this highly intelligent and highly mischievous monkey. He's always dipping his paw into others' pouches or making off with fresh food from market stalls.                                                                     |
| 43-44 | Xila Nowton (CG female half-elf cleric 2) loves water in all its forms, and has made herself an expert in liquid manipulation. As such, she is an excellent swimmer and needs no boat to cross from shore to shore. She has proven invaluable when hired to work on voyages, although she takes no part in any battles. |
| 45-46 | Urble (CE male tiefling fighter 2) speaks in an irritating high-pitched voice. Some think he is spying in the area, but no one seems to know who is employer might be.                                                                                                                                                  |

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|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 47-48 | Lipac Govrir (CE female human) limps around town, begging for any coin, claiming she's been cursed by a sea hag and is unable to keep any job for more than a day or two. Bad luck. That's what it must be.                   |
| 49-50 | Strottle Favrim (CN male human) shouts at passersby who refuse to remove him from the stocks he's been locked within. He proclaims his innocence...but no one cares.                                                          |
| 51-52 | Hickers Wenkin (N male half-elf fighter 4) used to be a captain, but is so addled by drink and drugs these days, he barely commands his memory and often forgets his own name.                                                |
| 53-54 | Dragna Uckleston (NE female dwarf) is infamous for selling fake treasure maps...but enough have resulted in the discovery of actual riches that people keep coming back, despite their better judgement.                      |
| 55-56 | Ulver Gobsmick (NE male gnome) is beloved by pirate captains for his ability to smooth talk gullible recruits into joining short-staffed crews. The twinkle in his silvery eyes increases with the glitter of coin he's paid. |
| 57-58 | Jurgun Ollit (CG male dwarf fighter 2) is an old salt dog who will talk anyone's ear off who spends a copper to buy him a drink or bite to eat. His colourful tales still possess hidden insight and secrets of local lore.   |
| 59-60 | "Limey" (N male human) got his nickname when he drank an entire barrel of lime juice during a voyage, while half his crewmates died of scurvy. Has a pleasant citrus odour about him to this day.                             |
| 61-62 | Short Benny Bronze (NE male half-elf) is a scoundrel, but charming enough most folks are able to overlook his conniving ways and constant schemes that leave those around him amused yet poor.                                |
| 63-64 | Stumps (CG male dwarf) thumps through town on his worn crutches, both of his legs having been replaced with carved tree trunks.                                                                                               |
| 65-66 | The Oyster Oracle (CN female elf cleric 2) has found an odd niche in her ability to cast fates by prying open oyster shells and divining the slimy mess within.                                                               |
| 67-68 | Weckles Wert (N male half-orc) is a renowned ship cook, reputedly able to turn saltwater and leather straps into a stew that sets anyone onboard drooling.                                                                    |
| 69-70 | Urgust Snag (LE male orc fighter 3) stands on alert at the bottom of the ramp to his ship, shoving away anyone who gets too close for his liking.                                                                             |
| 71-72 | Koper Chour (LE male human fighter 1) works as a dock enforcer, prowling the cargo stacks to make sure one crew isn't trying to make off with another's goods or supplies.                                                    |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 73-74  | Rorge Hubjer (LE female human) mans the dockside catapults, making sure they're always primed to drive off unwanted ships or decisively settle a battle between rival crews.                            |
| 75-76  | Ven Nuiscan (CN female elf) has made her fame and fortune as a duellist, preferring crossbows at a hundred paces. Her sharp eyes ensure she never misses.                                               |
| 77-78  | Hadga Mulstic (N female gnome) earns coppers by catching rats about town – and has a ready food source as well in case people forget to pay her for the service.                                        |
| 79-80  | Pence Tinnel (N male human) makes a living as a barnacle scraper, his thin frame hanging from leather and rope over ship sides to clean the hulls.                                                      |
| 81-82  | Owquen Vullist (NE male halfling) is forever trying one ploy or another, tricking people out of their coin and then slipping away on a ship to let their anger die down.                                |
| 83-84  | "Gibbers" (CE male gnome cleric 1) returned from a voyage having lost his mind, and now raves all day about waves with teeth and cities beneath the water.                                              |
| 85-86  | Nac Maeron (NE male gnome) is a decrepit sailor suffering from a bone-wasting disease that has him bent and hobbling.                                                                                   |
| 87-88  | Avolis Redstone (NG male elf) gathers songs and stories from sailors and turns them into far more epic ballads he performs at the local tavern. His crimson cloak is known everywhere.                  |
| 89-90  | Shelba Bollera (CG female human) is a daring ship wife who has married at least four captains over the years—each of whom has met a grisly end at sea.                                                  |
| 91-92  | Blue-eyed Belia (CN female dwarf bard 3) is a popular prostitute in town, though, oddly, many pay for her time just to listen to her sing lullabies to lull them to a comfortable, safe sleep.          |
| 93-94  | Captain Brust (CN male half-orc fighter 4) bulled his way to this top rank and is never far from his sabre, which he uses with deadly efficiency to either repel boarders or lop off a dissident's ear. |
| 95-96  | Mayla Rix (CN female half-elf cleric 2) is a wiry first mate who delights in telling tall tales about the sights and events she's encountered while sailing to, and pillaging, other lands.             |
| 97-98  | Lady Lavi (CG female human) is the brothel queen, all dressed in white lace, and eager to sate every and any appetite sailors bring to her parlour.                                                     |
| 99-100 | Mayor Quinchel (LE male human fighter 6) is the de facto ruler of the town only because he gladly beheads or throttles anyone who challenges him.                                                       |



## PIRATE TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the pirate town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A PC wins a decent bit of coin off a group of men. But when he goes to collect his loot, one grabs his wrist and draws a dagger, shouting that they've been cheating this whole time.                                                                                                             |
| 2  | The PCs awake to find they've been shanghaied by a pirate. The ship hasn't cast off yet, as they need a few more "volunteers" before they set sail.                                                                                                                                               |
| 3  | A drunken lout in the tavern claims he was a captain before his ship was sunk with all hands but for him. Then he spots a PC and claims he was the captain of the other ship that attacked him and sent his men below the waves.                                                                  |
| 4  | A party member is mistaken for a prostitute and the man wants to know how much. He won't take no for an answer, but does have a good bit of coin he's willing to contribute for their time.                                                                                                       |
| 5  | The PCs are minding their own business as they walk down the street when a man staggers into them and flings a tankard of ale into their faces. He's sputtering and foaming at the mouth while shaking a fist and raging he knows it was them that's been sleeping with his woman.                |
| 6  | A man dressed in black and red rags limps up on a cane. He grabs a PC's hand and shoves a scrap of paper into it and then lurches away, muttering to himself. The scrap bears nothing but the cursed Black Spot and marks the PC for death.                                                       |
| 7  | A peaceful evening stroll along the beach just outside of town has been interrupted by the lovely discovery of a bloated body washed up on shore. The soggy clothes were once rich finery, and the swollen pinkie finger bears a gold ring with a gargoyle's face on it.                          |
| 8  | A PC notices their coin purse has been cut, and spots the pickpocket. However, the crook barely manages to outpace them in the ensuing chase through town, and then escapes by sprinting up a ramp and vanishing into a nearby ship's hold. The dock guards refuse the PCs permission to board.   |
| 9  | While watching the dock workers, a PC notices a child slip into an open crate without anyone else seeing. The crate is sealed and loaded onto a nearby ship, and they can't help but wonder why they'd risk so much to smuggle themselves aboard.                                                 |
| 10 | While buying goods in the town market, a PC is handed a gold coin as change for payment. When the PC asks someone about the strange engraving on the coin, they claim it's cursed, and that the PC will meet with nothing but tragedy unless you find a way to pass the curse on to someone else. |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11 | While trying to cut down a coconut to snack on, a PC is bitten by a rabid monkey. The disease is progressing far more rapidly than it should, and he'll die within a day or two if it isn't cured in time.                                                                                                   |
| 12 | A PC blinks bleary eyes to realize he's been locked into the town stocks, while a jeering crowd has gathered to punish him for a crime he believes himself innocent of – even while the specific events of the last day are an odd blur in his mind.                                                         |
| 13 | A PC is approached by a shady figure who wants to sell a guaranteed treasure map, and even offers to guide them to the spot for a cut of the loot. They'd go alone, but the journey is dangerous and requires the protection the party could provide.                                                        |
| 14 | The PCs notice the salty air is causing an unnatural level of rust to affect their weapons and armour. If they don't figure out the cause and stop it soon, all their metal goods will waste away into junk.                                                                                                 |
| 15 | A monkey just leaped off a nearby roof and snatched a PC's coin purse or other valuable possession. Then it somersaulted away and is taunting them by waving the stolen item just out of reach.                                                                                                              |
| 16 | A PC wakes up after a long night of sampling the local brews to find his arm (or face) now bears a strange tattoo in black and green ink. He keeps asking people what it means, but everyone refuses to talk about it.                                                                                       |
| 17 | When a PC refuses to give a copper to the strange, smelly woman who accosted them on the street, she cast a wicked eye on them and mumbles a curse. Turn out she's a sea witch, and the party are now doomed to die the next time they are out on open water—unless they can find a way to remove the curse. |
| 18 | The PCs round a corner to find a gang of men has strung a child up over a large tank of saltwater, which is filled with flesh-eating fish. It's just a matter of moments before they lower the victim to his gruesome end.                                                                                   |
| 19 | The tavern has erupted into a fight between two rival crews, and they demanding the PCs pick a side and join in the bloodshed. If they don't choose one to fight for, both crews turn on them.                                                                                                               |
| 20 | The PCs didn't plan on a long visit to this town, but their ship sailed without them for some reason. Now they've got to either find a way to earn their keep around town or scrounge enough coin to buy their way onto another ship.                                                                        |

## PLAGUE TOWN

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## PLAGUE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the plague town. Some details listed here may not be appropriate for the particular adventure or campaign you are running. Ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                               |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A cart trundles by, driven by a man in black robes. The cart is laden with at least twenty bloated and stiff corpses.         |
| 2  | A group of purple-and-red robed priests stride through the town, calling upon all to worship an obscure goddess of disease.   |
| 3  | A wooden pyre has numerous bodies stacked upon it. Oil is being poured over the mound while a man stands nearby with a torch. |
| 4  | Bodies lie in the street, arms and legs skewed, joints swollen, eyes eaten by the crows.                                      |
| 5  | A pack of mangy dogs races by, snapping and snarling at anyone who gets too close.                                            |
| 6  | A wailing child sits at a windowsill, apparently abandoned.                                                                   |
| 7  | A woman stumbles down the street, ragged clothing revealing countless open, weeping sores on her skin.                        |
| 8  | Several columns of thick, black smoke writhe above the town, showing where bodies are being burnt.                            |
| 9  | Every hour on the hour, day and night, the temple bells clang, tolling for the dead.                                          |
| 10 | Guards hack at an infected citizen trying to scramble over the barricades around the quarantined quarter.                     |
| 11 | Beggars shuffle around you, forming a circle that blocks your path as they reach for food.                                    |
| 12 | Soldiers use longswords to drive infected people to one of the quarantine warehouses.                                         |
| 13 | A pair of dead lovers lie in the street, stiff limbs locked in a final embrace.                                               |
| 14 | Through a window, a family are visible slumped around a table, dead to the last.                                              |
| 15 | One of the guards on the street corner starts hacking and coughing uncontrollably.                                            |
| 16 | A normal-looking person suddenly keels over and begins vomiting copious amounts of blood.                                     |
| 17 | Several women wrapped in filthy rags hobble by, making disturbingly squishing noises.                                         |
| 18 | All doors and windows here are boarded up; a few are chained shut as well.                                                    |
| 19 | Screams of the dying soar over the town at all hours, and nothing can drown them out.                                         |
| 20 | A surgeon has a patient on a stone slab and is sawing off an infected limb as the subject shrieks in agony.                   |

|    |                                                                                                                      |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 21 | A cart delivering fresh food and water is mobbed by people who fight over the smallest scraps.                       |
| 22 | The water in the well is foul and greasy. A nearby bucketful appears to be full of wriggling worms.                  |
| 23 | Hundreds of crows and ravens perch on the rooftops, eerily silent as they survey the town.                           |
| 24 | Dozens of feral cats roam the streets, gnawing on corpses of people and other animals alike.                         |
| 25 | Every other step splashes into puddles of reeking filth, making the ground slick and treacherous.                    |
| 26 | Patches of bloody mud dot the street.                                                                                |
| 27 | Someone has drawn crude graffiti on numerous walls, proclaiming the end of the world.                                |
| 28 | A priest in a gaudy robe meanders through town, laying pudgy hands on anyone showing signs of illness.               |
| 29 | Guards huddle around the main gates, inspecting anyone and anything passing by.                                      |
| 30 | A young man leans out of a window, froth flecking his lips.                                                          |
| 31 | A crowd gathers in the town square as a supposed witch is tied to stake to be burned for cursing the land.           |
| 32 | The criminal chained to the stocks in the centre of town looks like he died several days ago.                        |
| 33 | The death rattle of infected folk sounds through the town.                                                           |
| 34 | Evil eye wards are painted in bright colours on all available surfaces, and even on some people's skin.              |
| 35 | Mummified bodies are laid out on stretchers, like strips of leather left to dry in the sun.                          |
| 36 | Dead beggars have been left to rot on the very mats they once huddled on to cry for a few alms.                      |
| 37 | A few prostitutes loiter about, their faces heavily caked with makeup to hide their sores.                           |
| 38 | Dark clouds hang heavy over the town, swirling with odd, almost arcane, patterns no matter which way the wind blows. |
| 39 | The stink of rot hangs over the town.                                                                                |
| 40 | Bony cows low from the stockyard pens, their eyes glistening with mucus.                                             |
| 41 | The fields of crops surrounding the town are wilting and rotting away.                                               |
| 42 | Every torch and lantern lit around town blazes with unnatural green flames.                                          |
| 43 | Mad laughter rattles through the air.                                                                                |
| 44 | From a nearby house, cries tear through the air, begging for the release of death.                                   |
| 45 | A man kneels in the street, weeping and wailing prayers for mercy and healing.                                       |
| 46 | The town temple is packed from wall to wall with the sick and dying.                                                 |
| 47 | Amidst the muck and mess of the dying, a single clean, smiling person skips along without a care.                    |

|    |                                                                                                                     |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 48 | A mob has gathered in front of the town hall, shouting for the mayor to come and face them.                         |
| 49 | Wardens stride by, going door-to-door as they take a town census.                                                   |
| 50 | A pair of foreign-looking folk wanders around town, taking cryptic notes on all they observe.                       |
| 51 | As night falls, a shadowy person tips a vial of unknown contents into a well.                                       |
| 52 | The evening shadows appear to writhe in a way that has nothing to do with the setting sun.                          |
| 53 | A handful of humanoid figures shamble around the graveyard.                                                         |
| 54 | A tent camp stands without the gates; ill people are transported there on a daily basis.                            |
| 55 | A painted wagon sits in the middle of a square, fully ablaze as its owner looks on mournfully.                      |
| 56 | A woman sits on a stoop, rocking back and forth as she tries to nurse her dead child.                               |
| 57 | Beggars clamber over pile of rotting food, grabbing fistfuls of mouldy onions, black potatoes and crumbling gourds. |
| 58 | The temple priest staggers by, his robes torn to shreds and his gaze distant, unfocused.                            |
| 59 | The body slumped in the street looks like the flesh has literally melted from its bones.                            |
| 60 | A child runs by, looking perfectly healthy except for one blackened, withered hand.                                 |
| 61 | Bloody footprints chart a clear path from one side of the town to the other before vanishing.                       |
| 62 | A stream of giant squirming maggots roils across the path, devouring all dead flesh in their path.                  |
| 63 | A body swollen beyond recognition and covered in red pustules lies in the street.                                   |
| 64 | A group of drunks stagger down the street, calling for others to join them in a last revel.                         |
| 65 | A band of men in yellow masks skulk around town, silently watching everything.                                      |
| 66 | A row of bodies has been dipped in tar to stop the disease that claimed them from spreading.                        |
| 67 | Every other person is weeping bloody tears, which track crimson down their cheeks.                                  |
| 68 | The houses here have been broken into and looted, leaving not a scrap behind.                                       |
| 69 | Enormous clouds of black, buzzing flies swarm the area, trying to crawl into any open orifice.                      |
| 70 | The town mayor pauses in his speech and begins retching and clutching his stomach.                                  |
| 71 | Bloated bodies hang from the gallows, guts spilling to the ground beneath.                                          |
| 72 | Those showing plague symptoms have their foreheads branded with a hot iron.                                         |
| 73 | A group of chained slaves rush by, chased by their master who has boils all over his body.                          |
| 74 | A slick merchant has set up a cart where he sells bottles of supposed cures and preventatives.                      |
| 75 | White-robed nuns move quietly through the town, saying prayers and comforting the sick.                             |

|     |                                                                                                                                     |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 76  | Several people sit together, singing, their voices growing weaker.                                                                  |
| 77  | A line for food and water distribution winds down the block and around the corner.                                                  |
| 78  | Those residents who've fallen too ill to move are dragged into a series of large tents on the edge of town and never seen again.    |
| 79  | Soldiers march down the street, calling out a decree that condemns the town to destruction.                                         |
| 80  | An army sits outside the town, killing anyone who attempts to escape the plague boundaries.                                         |
| 81  | Vividly coloured serpents slither throughout the town, emerging from every crack and cranny.                                        |
| 82  | Strange. It seems when a person contracts the disease their shadow suddenly starts pointing in the wrong direction.                 |
| 83  | Green-and-blue blobs of animate slime glop their way through town and onto random people.                                           |
| 84  | A row of skulls sits in a window, teeth chattering as if they're talking to each other.                                             |
| 85  | Rows of charred bodies are laid out and stacked like corded wood.                                                                   |
| 86  | A woman thrashes in the middle of the street, writhing in the grip of a ferocious fever.                                            |
| 87  | Despite the crowded streets and homes, a haunting silence lies over the town.                                                       |
| 88  | A beggar raises a hand, and countless tiny insects skitter across his skin like black grains of rice.                               |
| 89  | Starving citizens have gathered up mounds of dead rats, which they now roast.                                                       |
| 90  | Piles of dead birds lie clumped along the ground, frail bodies smashed and rotting.                                                 |
| 91  | A pack of rabid wolves lopes along, howling as they attack anyone who reacts in fear.                                               |
| 92  | People scamper away as a sickly herd of sheep moseys through the town, bleating pathetically.                                       |
| 93  | A healthy citizen races by, pursued by several diseased people wielding swords and axes.                                            |
| 94  | A person lifts their head, revealing they've chewed their lips off.                                                                 |
| 95  | A dozen sickly folks have cast off their clothes and now dance naked in the street.                                                 |
| 96  | Practically every wall and post has a set of royal orders nailed to it, commanding everyone to remain indoors until further notice. |
| 97  | Everywhere, painful moans and whimpers assault the PCs' ears.                                                                       |
| 98  | Echoes of rattling chains come from the barred windows of the nearby prison                                                         |
| 99  | The baker opens his door and flings rolls of mouldy bread into the street.                                                          |
| 100 | A particularly tall, thin figure makes its way down the street, clothed in a thick black robe and carrying a massive scythe.        |

## PLAGUE TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the plague town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Grubs (gravedigger) has hired several strapping young assistants to keep up with the demand for deep holes in the ground. Mass graves are his specialty.          |
| 03-04 | Tender Meat (healer) provides healing spells and surgery, though the occasional patient has been known to go missing while receiving care.                        |
| 05-06 | Slivers (ice merchant) delivers blocks of ice straight to the doorstep weekly. Good for preserving food and keeping bodies from rotting too quickly.              |
| 07-08 | The Boneyard (necromancer) is run by a quiet sorcerer who works hard to ensure those who die of the plague stay dead.                                             |
| 09-10 | Madame Ostophly's Home of Misfortune (orphanage) keeps two dozen urchins sheltered and fed...and trained as quite talented pickpockets.                           |
| 11-12 | Clean Beddings (hospice) gives the ill a comfortable place to die, but no one is quite sure what the caretakers do with the bodies.                               |
| 13-14 | Mother Silifina's (sick house) is run by a generous nun who miraculously appeared in town just days before the first deaths.                                      |
| 15-16 | The Pens (quarantine) are a death sentence comprising several barricaded streets where the most severely ill are left to languish.                                |
| 17-18 | Vince's Vials (alchemist) is currently sold out of anything resembling a healing tincture. However, swiftly lethal poisons are still available.                   |
| 19-20 | Wear Their Skins (tanner) is run by a taxidermist who likes to work while wearing a bear's full hide...fur, head, claws and all. He never takes it off in public. |
| 21-22 | Bloody Aprons (butcher) has expanded its abattoir services to sell a line of dubiously ground and seasoned meat pies on the cheap.                                |
| 23-24 | Snippets (barber) lays claim to local fame by being able to shave even the shaggiest person bald in less than a minute.                                           |
| 25-26 | Sodden (bathhouse) offers townsfolk and travellers access to hot water and bronze tubs. Scrub brushes and soap cost extra.                                        |
| 27-28 | The Blocks (guard shacks) are where the guards train, cluster and plan on how to keep the plague contained to the town limits.                                    |
| 29-30 | Upcomings (screyer) belongs to a middle-aged oracle who has been in hiding since she failed to foresee the coming deaths.                                         |

|       |                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 31-32 | The Pyre (torch) is the town's newest business, charging a copper per corpse incinerated.                                                                |
| 33-34 | The Grimstones (quarry) is owned by a local noble and draws in a steady stream of questionable characters looking for work.                              |
| 35-36 | Bobber's (fisher) somehow brings in large, daily hauls of mountain fish from the tiny stream a few miles from town.                                      |
| 37-38 | Downed (hunter) tends to be closed every other month as the hunting parties trot off into the woods to catch game.                                       |
| 39-40 | Sawduster (carpenter) has been churning out coffins by the cartload rather than its usual orders of tables, chairs and shelves.                          |
| 41-42 | Scattered Ashes (forge) is currently run by the blacksmith's crippled son after the blacksmith died from a metal spike through the skull.                |
| 43-44 | The Reeds (market) boasts the finest vendors of dried meats, dried fruits, dried vegetables, dried leather and dried herbs.                              |
| 45-46 | Whitesheets (inn) has forever failed to live up to its name. The best a guest can hope for are faded yellow linens with the occasional bloodstain.       |
| 47-48 | Drink Before You Die (tavern) has a surprising variety of ales and liquors, reasonably priced and sickeningly potent.                                    |
| 49-50 | The Scamper (pest handler) is run by the town's best rat and rodent catcher.                                                                             |
| 51-52 | Dollum's Doles (granary) has been locked up tight ever since the first deaths, and not even the biggest bribe is convincing the owner to hand out grain. |
| 53-54 | The Rickets (stables) holds a handful of the most scrawny, wobbly horses you've ever seen. The hay is full of weevils.                                   |
| 55-56 | The Tinkers (caravan) swing through town every other month, offering trinkets, toys and treats for cheap.                                                |
| 57-58 | Elebeth's Heights (church) is overseen by an elderly priestess who lost several children to a war several decades ago.                                   |
| 59-60 | The Mudyard (graveyard) is a private graveyard for the town's wealthiest residents. Everyone else gets an unmarked grave in the woods.                   |
| 61-62 | Racketsong (stage) is overseen by a retired bard who claims he was once a king's jester in a royal court across the sea.                                 |
| 63-64 | Litterman's (kennels) breeds and sells some of the finest hounds in the region, ensuring there's never a quiet moment within a half-mile.                |
| 65-66 | Stolen Stones (monastery) sits on the hill above the town and only open its gates to those bringing gifts of food or clothing to the monks within.       |



|       |                                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 67-68 | Rags fer Sel (ragsmith) is a beggar-run business, exchanging semi-clean rags for coppers and other seemingly worthless junk.                            |
| 69-70 | The Stripline (leather worker) works in conjunction with local hunters, turning hides into supple leather jackets, breeches and boots.                  |
| 71-72 | Leaky's (thatcher) has built and patched almost every roof in town. Don't mention the owner's name unless you want it to be a self-fulfilling prophecy. |
| 73-74 | Luminous Paths (torchlighter) is run by a set of triplets who patrol the town every night, ensuring all lamps and torches remain lit.                   |
| 75-76 | The Boils (infected camp) was setup downwind from the town itself and holds nearly a hundred infected souls in its tents and cots.                      |
| 77-78 | The Mound (dump) is home to the town's poor who carve out hollows in the piles of trash and refuse.                                                     |
| 79-80 | Woolly Wilds (shearer) sells wool clothes spun from the local sheep herds, though business has been slower since a few lambs went rabid.                |
| 81-82 | Black Threads (tailor) keeps the town clothed in more than rags and sometimes offers minor stitching for flesh wounds.                                  |
| 83-84 | Meanderings (scholar) holds endless shelves of books and scrolls, none of which are available for actual purchase. Access comes at a premium.           |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Wards and Wishes (charms) is making brisk business, with the proprietor whittling up wooden charms from every possible religion just in case one actually works. |
| 87-88  | Slashed Ink (lawyer) deals mainly in wills and estate management...that is assuming any family members survive to receive their inheritance.                     |
| 89-90  | Fetid Fundament (cult) believes rot and filth are the inevitable culmination of life and have claimed the town's sewers as their primary place of worship.       |
| 91-92  | Slickers (bookie) is now taking bets on how long any particular towns person survives the plague.                                                                |
| 93-94  | Plotts Plots (landowner) sits on the edge of town, the office of a team of surveyors who have a healthy investment in most town properties.                      |
| 95-96  | The Chips (mercenaries) have an unofficial office in the local tavern and are happy to do business when not slobbering drunk or recovering from a bar brawl.     |
| 97-98  | Easy Sighs (drug den) offers cushioned seats and quiet corners where desperate clients can soothe their final hours in a fog of pleasure.                        |
| 99-100 | Buy-Your-Bones (artist) is marked by numerous sculptures composed entirely of bones from deceased townsfolk. Commissions accepted.                               |



## PLAGUE TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

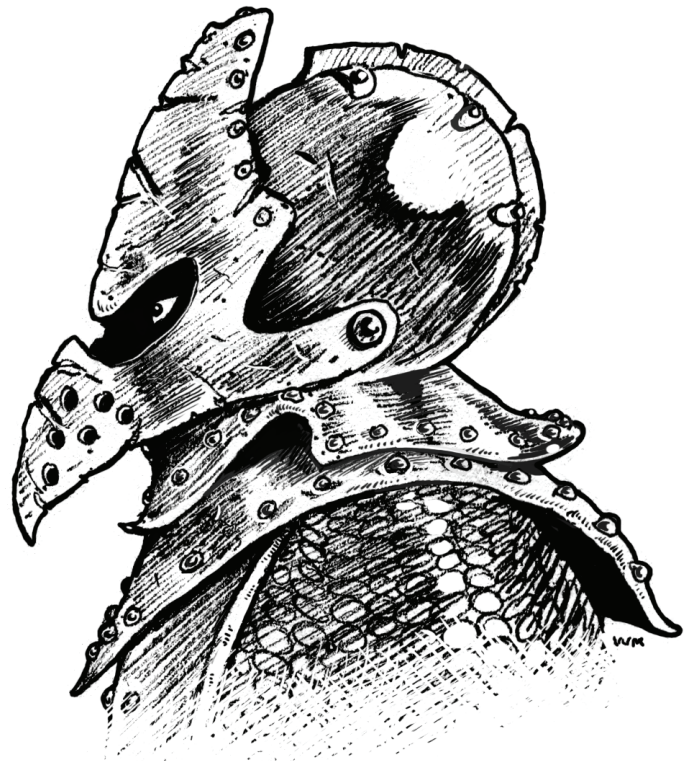
Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the plague town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Erda Atlin (CG female gnome) has been ousted from her estate by a lunatic mob, and traipses around town in a mud-stained dress.                                            |
| 03-04 | Boloft Flon (NG male human) is a beggar who claims he knows how the plague got started and will tell for a copper.                                                         |
| 05-06 | Kirkel Thomar (LE male dwarf) has been selling “plague protection” contracts with a subtle clause clearing him of all liability if it fails.                               |
| 07-08 | Dalburn Spuruk (CE male human cleric 3) has railed at the townsfolk for years about an unknown slight, promising to launch a thousand curses on their heads.               |
| 09-10 | Cydra Seredel (N female elf fighter 3) keeps the town gates secure even as she’s developed a wicked cough that wracks her slim frame.                                      |
| 11-12 | Pinya Brock (NE female dwarf) is a stout thug with stony eyes who has turned to robbing the ill since they make such easy prey.                                            |
| 13-14 | Spunt Tollop (NG, male dwarf fighter 2) is stationed as a guard outside the temple, making sure no one causes trouble for the priestess.                                   |
| 15-16 | Karmor Dakanon (CE male half-orc fighter 1) prowls around town, grey eyes and skin blending him in with dusky shadows as he lashes out with random violence at passers-by. |
| 17-18 | Cariet Feturn (LE female halfling) has been picking over the corpse piles, keen green eyes searching for any valuables left on the bodies.                                 |
| 19-20 | Fronar Ramgut (N male dwarf) is quite fat for a dwarf, and has been holed up in his home, gorging on his extensive food stores and wine cellars.                           |
| 21-22 | Riro Gai (LG male half-orc cleric 1) uses his massive strength to keep the main gates secure against anyone trying to go in or out.                                        |
| 23-24 | Herra Irelist (NG female dwarf) runs the most popular tavern, keeping the taps flowing until the very end. She’s always got a smile ready, if a bit gap-toothed.           |
| 25-26 | Ieli Jibya (CN female half-elf) keeps to the walls with her crossbow, under orders to shoot anyone who attempts to flee the town. She is merciless.                        |
| 27-28 | Sidorna Gillup (CN female dwarf) belongs to a band of tinkers. She’s missing one eye, while the other has a glass lens strapped over it.                                   |
| 29-30 | Hecter Jespar (NE male human) has racked up a massive tab at the tavern, hoping the plague will kill him before he has to pay.                                             |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 31-32 | Leita Lox (NE female human) is a self-proclaimed “master pickpocket” despite ended up in the stocks a dozen times in the past year. Missing a thumb probably doesn’t help.                      |
| 33-34 | Medin Didon (CG male human cleric 2) has exhausted himself attempting to summon a thunderstorm to wash away the corruption consuming the town.                                                  |
| 35-36 | Edgil Gatrees (CG male gnome cleric 1) has a shock of violet hair and has been spending most of the last week by the town well, trying to purify the water.                                     |
| 37-38 | “Mugs” (LN male dwarf fighter 1) uses a pair of tankards as his weapons, so long as they’re actually empty. His red beard is usually drenched in beer.                                          |
| 39-40 | Willican Frit (LE male human) lumbers around the marketplace, haggling any remaining vendors down to desperately low prices before buying up all their wares.                                   |
| 41-42 | Vilfala Silinven (CE male elf) is a dapper elf who is charging rent for the nuns who’ve set up a charity healing house in town.                                                                 |
| 43-44 | Mitanya Sutili (CG female gnome) has been carrying fresh loaves of bread around town, giving them freely so folks can enjoy a “last meal.”                                                      |
| 45-46 | Jalta Kesad (LG female half-orc fighter 3) is the mayor’s bodyguard. With her purple eyes and bright green skin, she’s the only thing standing between him and angry townsfolk.                 |
| 47-48 | Macon Modiar (N male human cleric 3) wanders town in a muddy robe, acting as a funeral priest and giving people last rites.                                                                     |
| 49-50 | Sukkot Quont (NG female half-orc cleric 2) blubbers enormous tears as she casts mind-numbing spells on the afflicted, letting them slip away in a semblance of peace.                           |
| 51-52 | Ryssa Migorn (NG female human) is a slight, white-haired woman who has turned her artistic skills to engraving headstones. She’s currently working on her own.                                  |
| 53-54 | Drinsol Uloth (CE male elf) has mutilated himself with a rusty dagger and now runs around trying to bleed on people, wanting to infect as many as possible so they “die with him.”              |
| 55-56 | “Tongs” (LE male dwarf) doesn’t care about the plague. He expects people to keep paying taxes and will collect them by force, if necessary, employing his namesake as an instrument of torture. |
| 57-58 | Vooda Raske (CG male half-orc) carries around a dolly that looks like himself – broad-shouldered with black dreads – claiming so long as the toy remains healthy, so will he.                   |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 59-60 | Rulti Nukks (N female gnome fighter 3) wears patchwork leather and iron armour as she challenges random strangers to duels to ward off the boredom of quarantine.              |
| 61-62 | Tain Phraede (CE male half-elf cleric 1) uses his reputation as a seer to tell false fortunes of health and recovery (for a price, of course).                                 |
| 63-64 | Halma Divelst (NE female human fighter 1) has been taking bribes to sneak infected townsfolk beyond the walls...but just kills them and stashes the bodies in abandoned homes. |
| 65-66 | Itmar Scrull (NG male human fighter 1) is a burly, shaggy-haired man. Recently inducted into the watch, he remains healthy while his colleagues die off at an alarming rate.   |
| 67-68 | Victon Usdar (LN male human) has a sad look in his grey eyes as he inspects the town in the king's name, determining whether it, and all its residents, should be incinerated. |
| 69-70 | Rample Krolin (CN male dwarf) tugs at his braided beard and bemoans his demolitions skills do little good combating rampant disease.                                           |
| 71-72 | Nalfa Ardmas (LN female half-elf) has enchanted many a man over the years with her flowing hair and gleaming blue eyes, but most of her suitors are now dead of the plague.    |
| 73-74 | Liryal Odros (CG female elf) is oddly stout for an elf, and has donated all his previous wealth to the local alchemist to pay for healing potions to be spread around town.    |
| 75-76 | Wesilt Yabin (N male dwarf) is a heavily muscled labourer from the nearby quarry, now stuck in the quarantine.                                                                 |
| 77-78 | "Toddles" (LG female halfling) is the town courier who claims she's so fast, the plague will never catch her. Her bald head sets her apart from most other halflings.          |
| 79-80 | Grimil Dasek (CE male gnome cleric 1) has wide-set bronze eyes and enjoys threatening people with being "cursed" unless he's paid off.                                         |
| 81-82 | Kirda Lahone (LG female half-elf) has been using her calm demeanour and animal skills to drive corpse carts around without the horses being spooked.                           |
| 83-84 | Taly Contip (LG female dwarf fighter 1) oversees the quarantine section, and can be heard bellowing across town for people to remain calm and stay inside.                     |
| 85-86 | Adikt Porgul (NG female half-orc fighter 2) is a member of the local mercenary band and has a surprisingly warm singing voice.                                                 |
| 87-88 | Sesma Tibbers (CN female human cleric 3) enjoys summoning flames with a waggle of her slim fingers, mostly using them to roast rats.                                           |

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|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 89-90  | Wyeth Thelot (NE male human cleric 3) is a wizened old man who enjoys experimenting on diseased patients to see how far their pain thresholds can be pushed.                                                 |
| 91-92  | Airis Uerthe (CG female human) is the town's self-appointed crier, hollering "All's not well!" every hour of the day.                                                                                        |
| 93-94  | Zile Aldra (CE female halfling fighter 2) has a hobby of killing beggars unfortunate enough to not scurry out of her path quick enough. Despite her size, she wields a broadsword with deadly effectiveness. |
| 95-96  | Silco Rindale (NE male elf) has been spotted slinking around town, using his thieving skills to slip into abandoned or condemned homes.                                                                      |
| 97-98  | Nulfer Senick (N male half-elf) has spent the last few days hauling his dead family to the funeral pyre outside of town.                                                                                     |
| 99-100 | Puthor Fexides (LE male gnome) owns the town graveyard, funded the temple construction, and has the militia in his pocket. However the plague turns out, he wins.                                            |





## PLAGUE TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply “want” to visit the plague town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|---|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | A small subsection of the town’s populace – perhaps a specific race or those dwelling in a certain place – seem immune to the plague. This seemingly strange occurrence is creating much tension between the well and the infected.                                  |
| 2 | Not an hour after stepping into the town one of the party is already showing symptoms of the deadly plague. Of course, this could just be a coincidence or the PC could be genuinely ill.                                                                            |
| 3 | It doesn’t matter that the PCs arrived weeks after the plague broke out. Being the only strangers around makes them an easy target to blame for the disease. An unruly mob soon forms and the PCs must use violence or diplomacy if they wish to remain in town.     |
| 4 | A disease-maddened mob has gathered and whipped itself into a frenzy. On seeing the party, they attack without mercy.                                                                                                                                                |
| 5 | The local priest refuses to give the party any supernatural protection against the plague unless they meet his request for a hefty “donation” to the church coffers. Alternatively, he is desperately short of gravediggers...                                       |
| 6 | Among the dozens of bodies piled into a heap, a PC notices one of the corpses appears to be struggling, trying to crawl out from beneath the mound. This could be a townsfolk wrongly thought to have died from the plague, or an undead monstrosity recently risen. |
| 7 | A squad of soldiers informs the PCs they are within a quarantine area and are not allowed to leave until the local lord decrees they may do so. Of course, the local lord is very unlikely to come down and hear the PCs’ case.                                      |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 8  | The PCs receive royal orders to kill any infected they encounter without hesitation. They could be drafted into the local militia to do so or specially hired for the job.                                                                          |
| 9  | The party are commanded to turn over all healing potions, tinctures or spell scrolls for the good of the town. PCs with healing skills are drafted into the local effort to halt the plague’s spread.                                               |
| 10 | The local healer begs the party to retrieve a bundle of rare herbs from the dangerous wilds outside of the town.                                                                                                                                    |
| 11 | The strongest party member is struck down by vicious symptoms that leave him unable to move or feed himself. If the townsfolk discover, they try to quarantine the entire group.                                                                    |
| 12 | With growing horror, a PC realizes the inn meal everyone just ate included diseased meat.                                                                                                                                                           |
| 13 | All mundane attempts at curing the plague have failed, leaving only supernatural means as a possible cause. As brave adventurers, the local authorities hope the PCs will save the day,                                                             |
| 14 | A father begs you to help his healthy child escape the dying town despite the guards refusing to let anyone leave. He can offer little, but his thanks.                                                                                             |
| 15 | The party are offered a massive amount of gold to smuggle a group of sick people out of town and past the soldiers beyond the walls.                                                                                                                |
| 16 | The physician’s essential supplies have been stolen and every day she goes without them means dozens more dying. She begs the PCs to either track down the thief (who stole them to tend his own family) or to find more herbs from the wilderness. |
| 17 | The town guard captain has gone mad and has ordered the militia to slaughter everyone in town, healthy and sick alike. As some begin to carry out his order, others resist. Chaos quickly descends over the town.                                   |
| 18 | A civilian runs through the streets, screaming that the dead are rising and attacking the living. This news creates a general panic.                                                                                                                |
| 19 | A PC wakes up in the middle of the night right as a rat takes a hefty bite out of his flesh.                                                                                                                                                        |
| 20 | All food stores throughout town have been infected and the town guards are searching all newcomers for food. Any food they find is confiscated for “the common good.” The guardsmen look much better fed than the populace generally.               |



## PORT TOWN

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## PORT TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

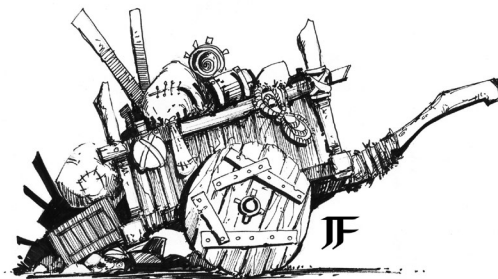
Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the port town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                     |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | The incoming tide sloshes beneath the docks; moored ships strain at their mooring lines.            |
| 2  | A group of sailors get into a brutal brawl, fists and teeth flying, blood splattering.              |
| 3  | A one-man dinghy skims the waves, bobbing across the harbour like a skipped pebble.                 |
| 4  | A set of sails appears on the horizon, but in the dusky light their colour remains unknown.         |
| 5  | A rocky "mound" clinging to the dock wall is actually a barnacle as big as a human head.            |
| 6  | Coarse laughter rings out amidst the sound of giant crab shells being cracked with massive hammers. |
| 7  | A dock worker shouts in warning as a crate tumbles and smashes to the cobbles.                      |
| 8  | A well-dressed dockmaster stands at the end of a pier, surveying incoming vessels.                  |
| 9  | Every single dock in the harbour appears taken up, and more ships wait out on the water.            |
| 10 | There's not a single ship lashed to the docks, nor any anchored out in the bay.                     |
| 11 | The sea is choppy today, cloudy green water whipped up by the scouring wind.                        |
| 12 | A long ledge of grey and black clouds looms on the horizon, coming closer.                          |
| 13 | Dozens of dorsal fins break the surface of the water, sleek forms lurking below.                    |
| 14 | Hundreds of tiny, multi-coloured flags are strung between the shops along this street.              |
| 15 | A massive ship just swept into the bay, looking like it could contain the whole town.               |
| 16 | An imposing military fleet hangs back in the waters just beyond the harbour wall.                   |
| 17 | A ramshackle ship at the far end of the docks lists slightly to one side.                           |
| 18 | A man hollers down from where he's been strung up on a ship's mast.                                 |
| 19 | Dock guards tromp past, rusted armour grinding and squeaking as they patrol.                        |
| 20 | Most walls around have a thick layer of salty grime crusting them.                                  |
| 21 | Sailors and shipwrights' apprentices hang from ropes to scrub barnacles off hulls.                  |
| 22 | Tarboys run along ship lines, as nimble as circus tightrope acrobats.                               |
| 23 | Countless wagons have lined up to be loaded with the latest shipment.                               |
| 24 | Half-a-dozen rats scamper up an anchor chain and disappear into a ship's hold.                      |

|    |                                                                                               |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 25 | A crew recruiter wanders the town, calling out that various ships that are hiring.            |
| 26 | A captain wearing a fine silk coat staggers past, stinking of whiskey.                        |
| 27 | A vendor calls out from his stand where he sells "guaranteed accurate" sea charts.            |
| 28 | Only the top half of a mast shows where a scuttled ship lies beneath the surface.             |
| 29 | Smoke rises and sailors scatter as fire engulfs a ship and writhes up its sails.              |
| 30 | At low tide, a deadly reef is visible beyond the harbour mouth.                               |
| 31 | Fishermen haul their catch up onto the docks, where customers pick over the flopping wares.   |
| 32 | Wooden barrels rumble as bare-armed sailors roll them down a gangplank.                       |
| 33 | A horse-drawn cart trundles by, a ballista being carried in the hay-stuffed bed.              |
| 34 | A member of the sailor's union bellows against the low pay and poor conditions they endure.   |
| 35 | Elven sailors refuse to let human workers anywhere near the crates of wine they're unloading. |
| 36 | Two merchants argue over who provides the cheapest and cleanest deliveries of water stores.   |
| 37 | Men eye bags and barrels of sand being measured out as ballast.                               |
| 38 | A man paces along the docks, glancing every other second out at the horizon.                  |
| 39 | A woman dressed all in black tosses a tear-soaked handkerchief into the waves.                |
| 40 | A wide cobbled street shoots out from the docks straight through town.                        |
| 41 | A heap of rusted anchors block off this crooked side street.                                  |
| 42 | The sound of snoring emanates from underneath many coils of rope.                             |
| 43 | A reek of week-old fish is coming from a barrel sitting off to one side, covered in slime.    |
| 44 | Hundreds of live crabs scabble as they try to clamber out of water-filled buckets.            |
| 45 | Pelicans swoop above the waves, occasionally dipping to scoop up fish in their beaks.         |
| 46 | The recent chill has turned the docks slick with rime and frozen a few boats in place.        |
| 47 | A sailor chomps on what looks to be strands of fresh seaweed.                                 |
| 48 | These strange prickly fruits are squishy to the touch but taste like fresh pie.               |
| 49 | A meat vendor claims he gets his spices from lands on the other side of the world.            |
| 50 | Shipwrights inspect a recent arrival, tallying up necessary repairs and cost estimates.       |
| 51 | A bright white flag flaps above the docks, showing which way the wind is blowing.             |

|    |                                                                                                      |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 52 | Seagulls soar overhead, their haunting cries echoing across the town.                                |
| 53 | Packs of feral cats prowl through the town, pouncing on any dropped scrap of food.                   |
| 54 | Prostitutes wearing silk and pearls flutter handkerchiefs and eyelashes at recently arrived sailors. |
| 55 | You overhear a few sailors discussing how best to shanghai a victim.                                 |
| 56 | Many of the inns and taverns have "sailors welcome" written on boards out front.                     |
| 57 | A boy marches past, wearing an oversized ship captain's hat that almost covers his eyes.             |
| 58 | A bunch of kids scream playfully as they pretend to be pirates boarding a ship.                      |
| 59 | A bosun's whistle shrieks through the air before being abruptly cut off.                             |
| 60 | Perceptive folk hear thumps coming from inside a nearby hull.                                        |
| 61 | Bells toll out over the town, and everyone pauses to see if it's in warning of a particular danger.  |
| 62 | A bonfire burns steadily atop the lighthouse set at the end of the jetty.                            |
| 63 | Sailors rouse themselves from a stupor for another chorus of their favourite drinking song.          |
| 64 | Cranes creak loudly as they haul pallets of supplies into the air.                                   |
| 65 | A lone lantern gleams up at the house on the cliff overlooking the harbour.                          |
| 66 | In this stormy weather, waves crash against the docks with a thunderous roar.                        |
| 67 | Several children play in the dust with an impressively large and intact shell collection.            |
| 68 | Guards carefully inspect the merchants carting wares out beyond town, wary of smugglers.             |
| 69 | This restaurant advertises fish soup, shark soup, mermaid soup, selkie soup and other delicacies.    |
| 70 | The sign for this shop appear to be nothing more than a rotting shark carcass.                       |
| 71 | The town's market offers an impressive array of fresh fruit and vegetables from distant lands.       |
| 72 | A wide channel cuts away from the bay, forming a convenient river inland for smaller boats.          |
| 73 | Slaves trudge out of a ship hold under the watchful eyes of their owners.                            |
| 74 | A pile of random cargo appears to have been abandoned in this alley.                                 |
| 75 | An auction has begun, with items sold coming from confiscated or abandoned shipping gear.            |
| 76 | An eerie blue-green fog has settled over the whole harbour.                                          |
| 77 | A nearby shop has a sign advertising carts and wagons for rent.                                      |

|     |                                                                                                            |
|-----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 78  | Every member of this crew wears multiple blades on their hips and looks eager for a fight.                 |
| 79  | A filthy urchin lines up buckets of live bait as he calls out various prices to passers-by.                |
| 80  | Hundreds of crates have been stacked along this street, creating a makeshift maze.                         |
| 81  | Several seagulls struggle to free themselves from the rotted netting in which they are snared.             |
| 82  | Dock labourers sing a work chant as they toss grain sacks into piles.                                      |
| 83  | This dock has a large arch at the far end of it, with a gate poised to drop from a chain.                  |
| 84  | A hundred rusty harpoons are leaned up against the wall here.                                              |
| 85  | This statue bears the face of a popular religious figure, but he has tentacles instead of legs.            |
| 86  | A sailor wearing a dapper outfit struts down the road.                                                     |
| 87  | Every member of this crew is clad in nothing more than sodden, bloody rags.                                |
| 88  | A ship's captain, his arms clasped in chains, is led along by dock guards.                                 |
| 89  | The cloudy water in that large glass tank parted just long enough to give a glimpse of the mermaid within. |
| 90  | A tiny octopus climbs up and slips into a barrel of rainwater.                                             |
| 91  | A sharp citrus smell wafts over from a row of jugs lined up on a windowsill.                               |
| 92  | The breeze just turned so salty, your nostrils are burning.                                                |
| 93  | Sailors stride along, shouting as they try to outdo one another's tall tales of sea-bound adventures.      |
| 94  | Many storefronts are decorated with polished shells in spiralling designs.                                 |
| 95  | A huge barbed chain is stretched across the mouth of the harbour.                                          |
| 96  | Animals, many of them sickly, in wheeled cages are rolled along the docks.                                 |
| 97  | A rowboat is being lowered from a triple-mast ship that refuses to dock for some reason.                   |
| 98  | A dock worker whips coloured flags around, using semaphore signals to guide a ship in.                     |
| 99  | A foreign ambassador disembarks from a ship gangplank, retinue in tow.                                     |
| 100 | From prow to stern, this ship appears constructed entirely of bleached bone.                               |



## PORT TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the port town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

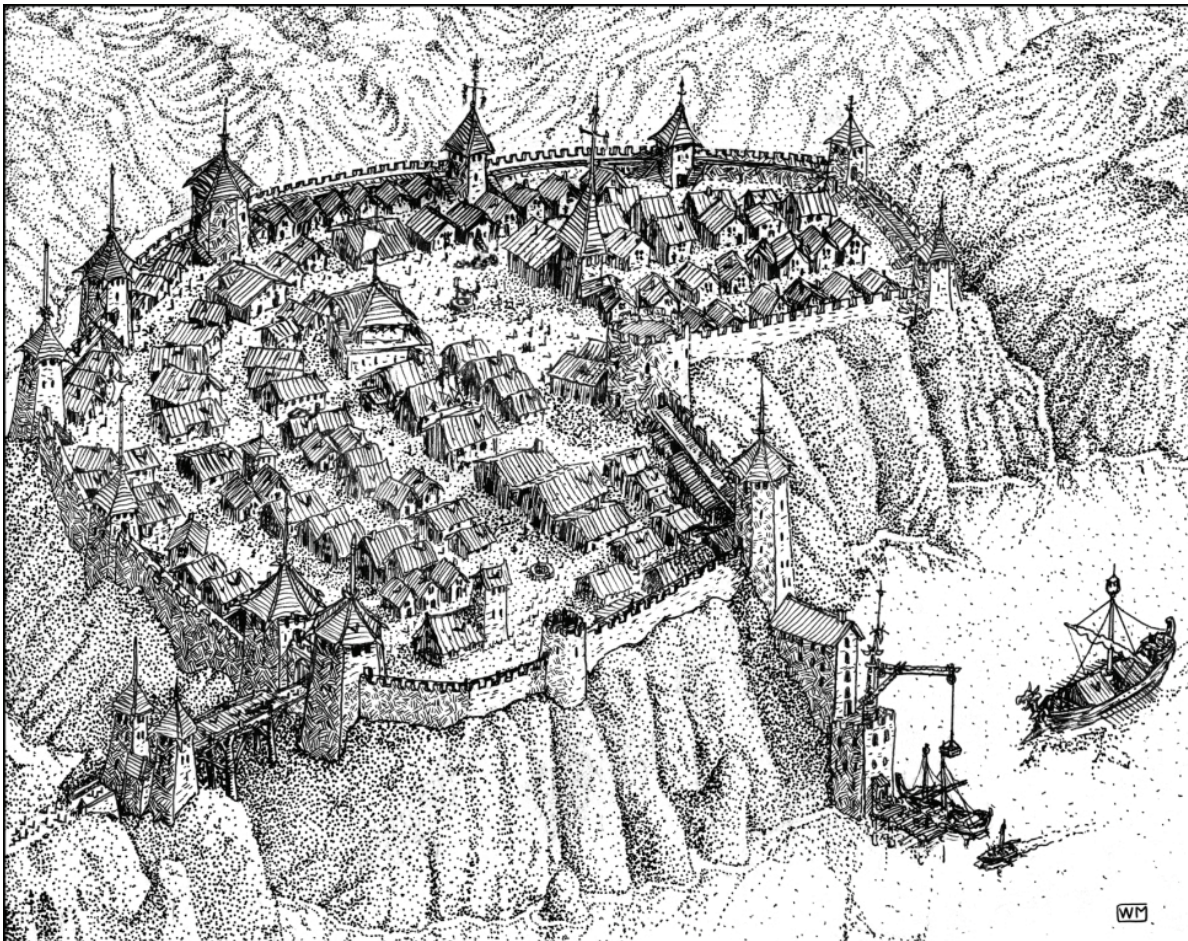
| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Watergates (dockmaster) is overseen by a stout ex-captain who is never seen without his tally sheet—or a hefty coin purse.                                                               |
| 03-04 | Sailrats (recruiter) stays quite busy digging up new crewmembers for shipping ventures, by promising solid pay.                                                                          |
| 05-06 | Drop Anchor (tavern) caters to sailors who are eager to swap their hard-earned coin for a few days of blissful drunkenness.                                                              |
| 07-08 | Bob and Lure (brothel) is staffed by men and women who know how to soothe the ache of long, lonely months at sea.                                                                        |
| 09-10 | Three-Cords (ropemaker) is run by an old salt who enjoys trying to invent new types of knots.                                                                                            |
| 11-12 | Tar & Nail (ship repairs) sees to it that every ship coming into the port gets patched up before they head back out again.                                                               |
| 13-14 | Up Channel (immigration) processes any foreign travellers who are looking to make a new start in the port's home country.                                                                |
| 15-16 | Docker's Dockings (taxes) is run by a seedy man who is always sniffing around for a way to add to his "side profits" as he collects legal fees.                                          |
| 17-18 | The Stocks (auction block) is overseen by harsh slavemasters who care little for what condition their "cargo" arrives in as long as they sell.                                           |
| 19-20 | Tarp n' Trade (market) hosts dozens of vendors who sell food, gear, clothes and exotic wares of all sorts to crews and townsfolk alike.                                                  |
| 21-22 | Pucker (juicer) carts in fresh oranges and limes and sells to ships who prefer their crews don't suffer scurvy.                                                                          |
| 23-24 | Ladle Fresh (water supplies) sells barrels and flasks of pure water, especially to ships preparing for extended voyages.                                                                 |
| 25-26 | Bounder (crate crafter) comprises a team of carpenters who construct crates and barrels to replace those that start rotting out at sea.                                                  |
| 27-28 | Grindboys (dock labour) hires out manual labour teams, but offers no guarantee on the quality of their work.                                                                             |
| 29-30 | Land Boats (wagon rentals) is run by a coach driver who keeps carriages and wagons available at all hours, ready to transport people and cargo. He has deals with several ship captains. |
| 31-32 | The Venerable Foam (church) was founded by a priest who believes the one true god lives in the blackest depths of the sea.                                                               |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Spitchisel (barnacle scraper) keeps hulls clear of crusty growths that can cut down on a ship's ability to slice through the waves.                                                      |
| 35-36 | Hull Fittings (shipyard) is filled with the sounds of hammering, sawing and the occasional craftsman complaining about a nasty splinter.                                                 |
| 37-38 | Black Brine (tattoos) uses special, secret ingredients for its ink, which creates incredibly bold tattoos on even the darkest skin.                                                      |
| 39-40 | Sea Stitch (net mender) claims "same day" netting repairs for fishermen, though ship-sized jobs tend to take longer.                                                                     |
| 41-42 | Scrapshell (trinkets) is a back-alley business run by a crone who sells every little scrap she can scrounge up around town.                                                              |
| 43-44 | Wot? (interpreter) offers a private service to foreign crews or visitors who can't speak the local tongues.                                                                              |
| 45-46 | The Hold (sailing supplies) sells every possible tool and resource a crew might need to keep ship operations running smoothly.                                                           |
| 47-48 | Keelhaul (smuggler) specializes in getting illegal wares (including people) on and off ships, slipping past the dock and gate guards.                                                    |
| 49-50 | Squirm's (tackle & bait) gathers live bait and sells it with fishing gear to locals who thrive off the sea's bounty.                                                                     |
| 51-52 | Deep Blessings (charms) sells charms and spells for superstitious sailors who want all the protection they can afford.                                                                   |
| 53-54 | Overcliff (town hall) is where the mayor resides and holds council with captains, merchants and shipping guild leaders.                                                                  |
| 55-56 | Hard to Port (inn) provides hot meals and rooms that range from a copper to a few gold pieces per night, depending on the amenities.                                                     |
| 57-58 | Captain's Cabin (luxury quarters) is an inn that offers fine dining and feathered beds, but only captains and their guests can stay here. Tough mercenary guards keep the riff raff out. |
| 59-60 | The Pearl Stage (theatre) hosts shows ranging from bawdy slapstick to the latest soaring opera performance.                                                                              |
| 61-62 | Kelp Clothes (tailor) has a reputation for weaving in materials from the sea, such as shells and seaweed, into its clothing selections.                                                  |
| 63-64 | Line o' Sight (navigation tools) sells compasses, astrolabes, sextants and other devices to keep ships from getting lost at sea.                                                         |
| 65-66 | Current Currents (maps) claims to have the most accurate sea and star charts based on crew reports and captain logs.                                                                     |
| 67-68 | Anchor Exchange (ship sales) acts as the middleman when a captain decides it's time to pass on their ship's charter to another owner.                                                    |



|       |                                                                                                                                                |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 69-70 | Minnow Slate (school) is a tiny classroom with a single elven teacher who offers a free education to orphans and street urchins.               |
| 71-72 | The Fleetmaster (shipping tycoon) has majority investments in at least half the ships and cargo loads that come through the port.              |
| 73-74 | Rawfins (fishmonger) sells fresh fish daily. Not-so-fresh fish weekly. Just follow your nose when perusing the wares.                          |
| 75-76 | Bargains Made (contractor) is run by a savvy woman who helps connect ships with merchants who need cargo transported.                          |
| 77-78 | Twitcher's (mouser) is an animal shelter where cats are trained as deadly rodent hunters and then sold to ships to keep their holds pest free. |
| 79-80 | Shark's Teeth (hired swords) offers mercenaries to guard docked ships while their crew can head off and carouse.                               |
| 81-82 | The Gull Wings (embassy) houses foreign ambassadors and provides meeting rooms and dining halls for diplomatic events.                         |
| 83-84 | The Tanks (aquarium) is a small warehouse filled with exotic aquatic species brought in by sailors. Copper per entry.                          |

|        |                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Fishbones (surgeon) gets most of its business when a ship arrives with a crew riddled with gout or odd skin growths.                             |
| 87-88  | Wave Raisers (salvage) is a small fleet of rowboats and divers who trawl beyond the main harbour for lost cargo and ships.                       |
| 89-90  | High Flyin' (flag maker) designs and weaves flags according to client design, though the proprietor refuses jobs featuring skulls or crossbones. |
| 91-92  | Prowbust (figureheads) is run by a carpenter who crafts the most lifelike faces and figures for a ship's prow.                                   |
| 93-94  | Captain's Larder (liquor) stocks the finest whiskies for ship commanders who prefer to stay in their cabins most of the voyage.                  |
| 95-96  | Deadweight (ship weapons) crafts ballistae and ship-to-ship harpoons for those wanting to battle out on the waves.                               |
| 97-98  | The Chops (quarantine) is out by the jetties where ships are confined until their crews can prove themselves disease-free.                       |
| 99-100 | Corkscrew (scuttler) offers a dastardly service for those who want to see a particular ship sunk. Most can't afford the fees, though.            |



## PORT TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the port town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                            |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Donnor Ry (CN male human) is trying to get out of paying his debts by sneaking aboard the next ship heading out of port.                   |
| 03-04 | Bornnuit Cenan (N male half-elf cleric 2) is a dark-skinned sailor who was born on a boat and intends to die on one.                       |
| 05-06 | Hildgrid Sugara (LE female human) runs an orphanage that also doubles as a "recruitment" site for ships needing cabin boys.                |
| 07-08 | Gorma Seanric (LN female halfling) paints ship hulls with designated names and intricate designs for easier identification.                |
| 09-10 | Kimmah Eldbyrt (NG male halfling) spends most of his days out on the piers, fishing line trailing out into the water.                      |
| 11-12 | Phiales Vulmon (NG male elf fighter 3) is a rangy, hard-eyed fighter who claims he's prophesied to die while out at sea.                   |
| 13-14 | Ahnric Standers (LG male human fighter 1) is a gate guard who despises smugglers and thoroughly inspects everyone going in or out of town. |
| 15-16 | Fucara Aubryl (CE female human) is a comely woman who's been threatened by local prostitutes if she keeps soliciting sailors alone.        |
| 17-18 | Suroahn Leehid (LN male half-elf) has been frantic ever since his latest shipment of fine silks didn't arrive last month.                  |
| 19-20 | Mandgen Nen (NE male human) loves to gamble with drunk sailors, leaving them without a coin to their name.                                 |
| 21-22 | Erthel Riesu (N male elf) spends his time inspecting dock ropes and mooring lines for any sign of fraying or other flaws.                  |
| 23-24 | Clamar Afril (CG female half-elf) runs the town's theatre, bringing in shows that appeal to both poor sailors and wealthy merchants.       |
| 25-26 | Scevir Jaan (CE male human) searches the alleys behind taverns for blacked-out sailors and then steals all their belongings.               |
| 27-28 | Cenda Diegel (N female human fighter 2) is an ex-pirate who discovered working as a sword-for-hire is actually far more lucrative.         |
| 29-30 | Thonsa Eilers (N female halfling) loves to collect sailors' stories and then embellish them until they're utterly outrageous.              |
| 31-32 | Kesandi Brimmen (LG female halfling) work the town's bell tower, announcing ship arrivals or tolling out warnings of pirates.              |

|       |                                                                                                                                                      |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Triis Bornpha (CE female dwarf) is believed to be the saboteur responsible for several ships sinking in the past year.                               |
| 35-36 | Lannos Sithmull (N male human) is a bloated man who distills incredibly potent liquor and sells it by the flask to thirsty crews.                    |
| 37-38 | Matomis Peccat (LE male human cleric 1) sells fake sea charts to unwary captains, often promising them routes to uncharted lands.                    |
| 39-40 | Prissa Gomathgar (NG female dwarf) sleeps in the mud under one of the larger docks, where she catches tiny crabs for meals.                          |
| 41-42 | Sanmira Rennuel (LN female human) is known for her ruthless management of a growing cargo fleet.                                                     |
| 43-44 | Donda Burntbait (CN female dwarf) works in the shipyard, carting off wheelbarrows of sawdust to be used as packing materials.                        |
| 45-46 | Mukkel Rann (CE male half-orc fighter 2) follows sailors to taverns, intending to provoke them into bloody fights.                                   |
| 47-48 | Farlen Robboh (NG male human /fighter 1) runs the most popular tavern in town, abiding no troublemakers or brawls.                                   |
| 49-50 | Heelan Macfurse (LN female half-elf fighter 2) patrols the docks, searching for anyone with a bounty on their head who might be trying to stow away. |
| 51-52 | Carbel Andlay (LG male human cleric 2) sells charms and spells to sailors who want magical defences against the sea's dangers.                       |
| 53-54 | Brandin Ruthman (CN male human) is a skinny man who has a knack for training cats as mousers.                                                        |
| 55-56 | Thowerd Erejen (CG male halfling cleric 3) uses her spells to keep lanterns and torches lit across town at all hours.                                |
| 57-58 | Tribs Kever (CN female half-orc fighter 1) is the bouncer at the town's most popular brothel. Don't ask what her price is for personal services.     |
| 59-60 | Dasma Alsway (LG female elf cleric 1) is a silver-haired elf who has maintained the lighthouse for as long as anyone remembers.                      |
| 61-62 | Leof Kadin (CE male halfling) is a crowd runner who takes official bids from those participating in slave auctions.                                  |
| 63-64 | Neltri Herogda (CG male half-orc) is a retired ship captain who made his fortune carrying dangerous cargo across the waves.                          |
| 65-66 | Marlm Werks (LG female half-orc) is the town's finest negotiator when any two parties are at odds about cargo fees.                                  |
| 67-68 | Wynna Garkoden (N female human) owns many of the shoreside businesses catering to visiting crews.                                                    |



|       |                                                                                                                                           |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 69-70 | Ingami Hakev (NG female human) scrapes salt deposits off hulls and then sells it in vials as "food seasoning."                            |
| 71-72 | Mila Drigesc (NE female human) has been seeking work in-town ever since being kicked off her last crew for spreading mutinous rumours.    |
| 73-74 | Nyenk Chael (LE male halfling) can help you find practically anything for purchase on the town's black market.                            |
| 75-76 | Afty Mondcar (NG female halfling) uses her tiny spear and swift feet to hunt down rats in ship holds and around town.                     |
| 77-78 | Lassha Pehrrod (CG female human) always carries her bow around town, shooting down seagulls in midair.                                    |
| 79-80 | Nasfelt Onald (NE male human) is a dock inspector who gladly accepts bribe from captains who don't want their ships observed too closely. |
| 81-82 | Isener Gardcha (LE male human cleric 2) always finds a way to add surcharges to shipping supplies deliveries.                             |
| 83-84 | Ceol Sinwulf (LN male half-elf cleric 2) is a lanky fisherman who runs a small fleet that brings in hauls of fresh fish daily.            |

|        |                                                                                                                                     |
|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Wigger Santun (LN male dwarf) is a stodgy labourer who can heft heavy crates with his bare hands.                                   |
| 87-88  | Sarasmog Marmit (LG female dwarf) is fascinated with navigation equipment even though she's never been on a boat in her life.       |
| 89-90  | Hadrug Pulsk (NE male dwarf) is a grizzled figure who works with a band of smugglers, specializing in weapons transport.            |
| 91-92  | Holph Lopest (CG male human) is the town's surgeon, despite being blind in one eye and having shaky hands.                          |
| 93-94  | "Nobble" (LN female half-orc fighter 3) is a mercenary often hired to protect wealthy captains while they're in town.               |
| 95-96  | Thasri Mardyll (CE male elf cleric 3) enjoys summoning little whirlpools in the harbour to torment crews.                           |
| 97-98  | Gusl Chank (CN male half-orc) is a member of the dock guard but tends to spend a lot of his time chumming with sailors in the bars. |
| 99-100 | Todoc Hewjer (CN male dwarf fighter 2) claims a ship murdered his family and has been known to attack hulls with his axe.           |



## PORT TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the port town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table, to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A crate hits the ground and cracks open, spilling golden treasure all around. Everyone freezes for a breathless moment before scrambling to scoop up as much as they can.                                           |
| 2  | Warning bells resound across the town, signalling the black sails of pirate ships have been spotted on the horizon. They'll likely arrive within the hour.                                                          |
| 3  | A single, poorly tossed pipe match has set the whole of the docks ablaze, and the party are conscripted into a water crew to help stop the fire at all costs.                                                       |
| 4  | These two crews seem determined to slaughter one another. Unfortunate, then, the party are standing right between the groups of murderous sailors.                                                                  |
| 5  | Deep in his cups, a ship captain asks the party to take back his ship from the mutinous crew that stole it from him. He'll take them anywhere for free, if they succeed.                                            |
| 6  | A local merchant has highly valuable cargo that needs to be transported down to the docks, but he doesn't trust any of the usual hired hands to see it done. He asks the party for help.                            |
| 7  | The harbour has entirely frozen over—in the middle of summer. And overnight. Townsfolk and crews are on the hunt for the magic-mucker responsible, and strangers in town are getting harassed as possible suspects. |
| 8  | A swarm of rats five thousand strong just flooded off a ship, infesting other boats, the docks and much of the rest of the town. Nothing but bones remain of the ship's original crew—so how did it dock?           |
| 9  | A grizzled old man approaches, offering quite a bit of gold if the party would just help him secretly scuttle a ship that belongs to a wealthy local merchant.                                                      |
| 10 | A woman runs up to the party in hysterics, claiming her son has been kidnapped by sailors and is being forced to serve as a cabin boy on a ship set to sail on the tide.                                            |
| 11 | Glancing over the side of a dock, a PC spots the face of a gorgeous woman. She smiles and waves before diving below the surface, flicking her fish tail in farewell.                                                |
| 12 | As the ship glides into the dock, people scream as they realize the crew is composed of nothing but animated skeletons.                                                                                             |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 13 | By the gods, that had to be the most horrendous sailing trip the party have ever taken. Not a day without heaving their guts over the sides. At least they've made it to the port—which appears to be under attack by bloodthirsty marauders. |
| 14 | A head of the sailor's union wants an objective party to investigate rumours of corruption in the dockmaster's office, with ships being charged massive "docking fees" and cargo off-loading taxes.                                           |
| 15 | The head of the local ship registry offers a decent stipend if the party help him hunt down and arrest a captain who's been shirking taxes for the past several visits.                                                                       |
| 16 | As the latest shipment of slaves goes up for auction, a PC recognizes one of the slaves as an old friend. Their eyes meet just as he's shoved up onto the block for bidding.                                                                  |
| 17 | The docks and many ships have become overrun with giant, man-eating barnacles that use their internal tendrils to grab anyone who gets too close.                                                                                             |
| 18 | The water in the harbour seethes and foams as dozens of scaled and web-footed humanoids emerge from the sea and begin attack townsfolk with claws and coral tridents.                                                                         |
| 19 | Buildings shake and windows rattled as a single explosion rattles over the town. Everyone starts racing that way.                                                                                                                             |
| 20 | A smuggler sends word he's looking for a few talented folks who could help him transport a goodly amount of contraband outside of town, circumventing the dock inspectors and gate guards.                                                    |



## SLUM TOWN

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## SLUM TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the slum town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                  |
|----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | A warren of ramshackle shanties stretch as far as the eye can see.                                               |
| 2  | The once-flowing river winding through the slum is now little more than a channel of sludge.                     |
| 3  | Mountains of garbage and filth form miniature ranges across the slums.                                           |
| 4  | Thick, stinking smoke coils up from the dung fires people are cooking over.                                      |
| 5  | Colourful rags hang from crisscrossed lines of frayed rope, strung between shanty roofs.                         |
| 6  | Gaggles of dirt-crusting urchins stream through the streets and play throughout the refuse piles.                |
| 7  | Crows swarm so thick over a mound it is impossible to tell if it's garbage or a body.                            |
| 8  | The skeleton of a horse lies half-buried in the muck, buckteeth grinning at passers-by.                          |
| 9  | Plump, hairy rats sizzle on skewers over nearby fires, sold at half a copper apiece.                             |
| 10 | A group of beggars have slathered themselves in mud to avoid baking as they sit in the sun all day.              |
| 11 | These huts look to be built from nothing more than dried mud, packed hay and sticks.                             |
| 12 | The path ends in a wide cesspool; rodent corpses, faeces and scraps of food float within.                        |
| 13 | The people here are starving: bellies protruding, cheeks cavernous and eyes empty of hope.                       |
| 14 | Children play around a pigpen, occasionally running in to gulp handfuls of the slop.                             |
| 15 | A haphazard line of twitching bodies leads back to the dark entrances of several drug dens.                      |
| 16 | Slavers roam the street, scanning for specimens healthy enough to chain up and cart off.                         |
| 17 | A cleric shuffles by, murmuring prayers for the downtrodden and lost.                                            |
| 18 | A single home stands packed with dozens of people, leaving barely any room to sit or stand.                      |
| 19 | The stinking breeze is briefly replaced by the wafting scent of strange spices being cooked over a distant fire. |
| 20 | A squad of guards stalks past, their armour mismatched, their weapons dull and rusting.                          |
| 21 | Warped boards have been laid down across the street, letting people walk without getting stuck in the deep mud.  |
| 22 | A merchant calls out the dubious promise that everything he sells goes for a copper or less.                     |
| 23 | A few young folks stalk through the area, holding nets and buckets in hopes of catching a rat or two for dinner. |

|    |                                                                                                       |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | The slabs of meat this vendor sells are tinged green and covered by maggots.                          |
| 25 | A yeasty smell hints at flatbread being baked nearby.                                                 |
| 26 | The workers in this packed sweatshop keep their heads bent, backs bowed.                              |
| 27 | These tunnels look to lead into the sewers; grime and rust cover the grates.                          |
| 28 | This rare open area forms a community space where people gather to gossip and share meals.            |
| 29 | A rundown bakery sells week-old bread that tastes of grit and dung.                                   |
| 30 | A group of women sit in a circle, talking, knitting and pounding cornmeal.                            |
| 31 | A row of painted clay pots sits outside a tiny shop; several are cracked or crumbling.                |
| 32 | A woman offers you a handful of mouldy herbs, asking for a copper for the whole bunch.                |
| 33 | Painters splash whitewash across the huts here, trying to create a false sense of cleanliness.        |
| 34 | Obscure graffiti spots and speckles the walls along this stretch.                                     |
| 35 | A gang strolls by, eyeing everyone as a potential victim, searching for trouble.                      |
| 36 | Women chatter as they kneel around brass pots, washing clothes and linens in scummy water.            |
| 37 | Prostitutes lounge in the shade, tattered veils covering little of their emaciated figures.           |
| 38 | Insects buzz about pools of stagnant water, which people kneel to drink from.                         |
| 39 | A tiny garden sits ruined in the corner, sickly vines and herbs trampled down.                        |
| 40 | A wagon blocks the middle of the road, one axle broken, wheel spokes snapped.                         |
| 41 | Shattered glass, a few shards stained with blood, litters the street, glinting in the harsh sun.      |
| 42 | Two men exchange vicious punches as they scramble over a loaf of burnt bread.                         |
| 43 | A meat vendor plucks handfuls of feathers from pigeons waiting to be roasted.                         |
| 44 | Lepers totter by, clothed in bloody rags, shouting warnings against anyone getting too close to them. |
| 45 | A madman sits off to the side, pouring handfuls of dust over his head as he mutters nonsense.         |
| 46 | After the rain, water drips constantly off shanty roofs, slicking every surface.                      |
| 47 | A moneylender sorts through stacks of coins, eyeing the crowds for a next client.                     |
| 48 | A drunkard bobs and weaves his way along, stumbling against walls and over ruts in the road.          |
| 49 | Several upper class citizens stroll by, protected by personal guards as they gawk at the sights.      |
| 50 | Hundreds of people line up outside a day hire office, desperate to claim one of the limited jobs.     |



|    |                                                                                                                       |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 51 | A military recruiter calls to passing youths, promising meals, clothes and steady pay.                                |
| 52 | A woman uses a simple stick to draw sweeping vistas in the dirt as people tread over her temporary masterpieces.      |
| 53 | People get down on hands and knees to slurp ale spilling into the road from a broken cask.                            |
| 54 | A person dashes by, snagging a fistful of clothes off a wash line before sprinting away.                              |
| 55 | A crowd has gathered around a community soup pot, tossing scraps of ingredients into the steaming water.              |
| 56 | A row of shaded pallets is lined up to the side, where drunks can sleep off their hangovers without being trampled.   |
| 57 | Children sit gnawing on bones, their lips and cheeks stained with meat juices.                                        |
| 58 | A series of charcoal-sketched "Wanted" posters adorn the slumping walls, detailing all manner of brutes and ruffians. |
| 59 | A missionary's shouted message goes unheeded as slum denizens shuffle by his corner post.                             |
| 60 | In the middle of the street, stairs appear to lead down into nothing but an earthen pit.                              |
| 61 | Hot clay bricks are shovelled out of their kilns laid aside to cool before sale.                                      |
| 62 | Grubby couriers dash about on bare feet, slipping down tight streets with lifelong ease.                              |
| 63 | Men and women use stones to pound old scrolls and tomes into wet pulp to plaster their walls.                         |
| 64 | Rows of burnt hovels line this street, a few families still lingering in the ashen shells.                            |
| 65 | A pile of cracked and shattered furniture has been tossed into the road.                                              |
| 66 | A massive wall surrounds the entirety of the slum, a stony divide between it and the proper city beyond.              |
| 67 | A walled estate is a singular landmark in the middle of the slum, gates guarded by fierce-looking soldiers.           |
| 68 | A lone black tower rears over the slum, absent of any windows or doors.                                               |
| 69 | A woman walks along the filthy streets in a perfectly clean robe, face serene.                                        |
| 70 | A rowdy wedding ceremony bustles along, people dancing, singing and drinking with abandon.                            |
| 71 | A funeral ceremony slouches by, filling the air with weeping and the occasional agonized wail.                        |
| 72 | A crowd has gathered for a communal feast, families mingling as they share a rare bounty.                             |
| 73 | Every street and home in the area stands flooded with a couple feet of water.                                         |
| 74 | A woman in a luxurious robe passes out handfuls of sweets to a gang of children.                                      |
| 75 | A child dips a hand into a woman's purse and ducks away with a few coppers.                                           |

|     |                                                                                                                    |
|-----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 76  | Tiny bird skulls dangle from a chain across an open window; black feathers cover the sill.                         |
| 77  | A midwife rushes by, hands still stained with blood from a recent birth.                                           |
| 78  | A drink vendor appears to be selling mugs of dirty water as a cure-all for diseases and curses.                    |
| 79  | A band of ragtag musicians play clattering music on bent and broken instruments.                                   |
| 80  | A man's bare arms display dozens of jagged tattoos and scars.                                                      |
| 81  | The gutters along this narrow road are clogged with sticks, mud and hair.                                          |
| 82  | A mound of shattered wooden tankards sits outside the door to a crammed tavern.                                    |
| 83  | This merchant appears to sell nothing but tiny pins of copper and tin.                                             |
| 84  | These gallows look so rickety it's doubtful they'd actually hold a person's weight.                                |
| 85  | The cracked stones and cobbles along this street are streaked with blood.                                          |
| 86  | These slum buildings have been built up around an ancient crypt, hovels interspersed with the tombs.               |
| 87  | Dozens of children peer down at passers-by from the rooftops.                                                      |
| 88  | Rows of buckets have been lined up under the eaves to catch water from the recent rains.                           |
| 89  | The rotting wood walls and roofs creak and sag toward their inevitable collapse.                                   |
| 90  | Each shack here is built on a massive boulder, though the stone foundations are crumbling and cracked with age.    |
| 91  | Birds flap frantically overhead, wings caught in a series of strung-up nets.                                       |
| 92  | People scramble to pick through piles of mouldy fruit and vegetables dumped at random.                             |
| 93  | Hand-scrawled signs have been tacked to the occasional corner, noting street names and neighbourhoods.             |
| 94  | A band of scrawny thugs squat over a game of knucklebones while watching passers-by.                               |
| 95  | A maze of dark paths leads off into the distance with no discernible pattern or signs.                             |
| 96  | Filthy curtains have been hung around, forming torn and temporary "walls" to separate living spaces.               |
| 97  | Overgrown vegetation crams into the spaces between lopsided bricks while thorny vines writhe across every surface. |
| 98  | A broken door hangs halfway off its hinges, latch snapped beyond repair.                                           |
| 99  | The shacks here stand on tall stilts, letting channels of sewage run underneath.                                   |
| 100 | Every building in this part of the slum has been constructed from columns and slabs of bone.                       |

## SLUM TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the slum town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                               |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Copper Casting (penny spells) offers divinations, charms and other magical services on the cheap. Quality not guaranteed.                     |
| 03-04 | Shortchange (moneylender) provides loans of all amounts at suspiciously reasonable interest rates.                                            |
| 05-06 | Paddock's (warehouse) contains several blocks of private storage spaces for local merchants.                                                  |
| 07-08 | The Drabs (gang hideout) is a well-hidden den for the area's primary gang that collects a "toll" from anyone passing through their territory. |
| 09-10 | The Blocks (slaver) has a constant string of bodies brought up to be sold to the highest bidder.                                              |
| 11-12 | Churnup (mudraker) scrapes through the mud and muck of the slums for any possible scrap that could be sold for the smallest profit.           |
| 13-14 | Netter (bounty hunter) is the nickname of the fighter who constantly combs the slums for hideaways and runaways with prices on their heads.   |
| 15-16 | The Basin (washer) is where people bring their laundry to futilely scrub away at stains that never actually fade.                             |
| 17-18 | Made to Fit (tailor) is overseen by a surprisingly dapper young man with a keen eye and hands that deftly wield needle and thread.            |
| 19-20 | No Nails (cobbler) sells shoes made out of wood, rope and almost any other substance besides leather or cloth.                                |
| 21-22 | Fixum (tinker) is operated by a grey-haired blind man who somehow can patch up any broken object brought to him.                              |
| 23-24 | Whereyago (guide) provides guides who'll take visitors anywhere in the slums for a fee, and double that to be brought back out again.         |
| 25-26 | Bloodleech (healer) is where only the most desperate go for healing thanks to the surgeon's horrific techniques and doubtful skill.           |
| 27-28 | Taldy's Teachin's (school) is a charity school, open every day, but rarely attended by any children of their own free will.                   |
| 29-30 | Anklechains (sweatshop) offers a pittance to its workers, nor do they get any breaks during the day. Missing a quota invites harsh beatings.  |
| 31-32 | Hankerings (drug pit) offers everything from the latest smokes to the driest spice-beetles for those who can afford the entry fee.            |

|       |                                                                                                                                                     |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Aggies (witch) is where women go for all manner of hexes and cures. No male is allowed inside, ever.                                                |
| 35-36 | Liar's Lyme (soap maker) is the sole source of cleaning supplies around, but no one quite knows where the proprietor gets her soap-making supplies. |
| 37-38 | Muddy Dove (church) rarely gets any worshippers as most people in the slums are too hopeless to believe in prayer anymore.                          |
| 39-40 | Sellstalls (marketplace) is a central market that sells everything from worthless scrap to clothes stripped from the recent dead.                   |
| 41-42 | Pebbleswap (black market) is an invite-only underground market, found only by those in possession of charmed pebbles.                               |
| 43-44 | Scumdrum (brewer) sells back-alley ale and liquor that people claims is magically made from rainwater and mud.                                      |
| 45-46 | Cheap Sleep (beds) is where drunks and rare slums visitor go for tiny rooms with tinier cots.                                                       |
| 47-48 | Filthy Foam (ale house) is run by an aging curmudgeon who supposedly was once the king's own wine taster.                                           |
| 49-50 | Toddle's (tax collector) is run by a sprightly spinster who believes even the city's poorest are not immune to their financial duties.              |
| 51-52 | Fumings (garbage burner) sees to the ever-burning piles of rubbish around the slums, keeping the flames from spreading further than they should.    |
| 53-54 | The Clutch (food stores) is a heavily guarded series of silos on the edge of the slums that is constantly attacked by starving residents.           |
| 55-56 | The Pens (guard shacks) are designed like a massive jail from which the guards rarely emerge to go on any actual patrols.                           |
| 57-58 | Flotsam (river dredger) is owned by a team that constantly culls the river for anything of possible value to cleanup and turn for a copper.         |
| 59-60 | Craven Coin (military recruiter) offers an escape from the slums for any desperate enough to sign up for the royal army.                            |
| 61-62 | Stumblebums (beggar's guild) is ruled by the Beggar King, who takes tithe from all the beggars in the slum and throughout the city beyond.          |
| 63-64 | The Carter (corpseman) has a never-ending job circling the slums and dragging off bodies to be burned or sold.                                      |
| 65-66 | Leaves 'n Weeds (herbalist) sells fresh herbs and spices, though few know where the young woman who owns the place gets her wares.                  |
| 67-68 | Cracker's (bonesetter) is noted by the occasional snap of bone and the resulting screams of the patient having their limb properly reset.           |

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|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 69-70 | Draindry (gutter tender) is a small group of men who clean the grates and drains to keep the sewers running and avoid constant flooding.                                                                                            |
| 71-72 | Chinup (barber) is run by a spindly barber who charges a ha'penny for haircut, but offers shaves for free.                                                                                                                          |
| 73-74 | Moist Marrow (chophouse) considers any body, animal or otherwise, to be prime pickings for butchering. Who cares where the meat comes from?                                                                                         |
| 75-76 | Spackle's (artist) presence is noted by the occasional whitewashed mud wall plus random murals painted throughout the slum.                                                                                                         |
| 77-78 | Spellspit (mud mage) is run by a wizard who believes true magic is only found in the filth of life. He likes living in the slum – much to the bewilderment of his clientele.                                                        |
| 79-80 | Natty's Nettles (orphanage) is run by a black-robed priest who is rumoured to organize the children into a gang of pickpockets and thieves.                                                                                         |
| 81-82 | Hire Here (day hires) arranges day labour and other temporary jobs for the crowd gathering outside every morning.                                                                                                                   |
| 83-84 | Tossit (junkier) takes everyone's trash in trade for coin, food and other goods. What the junkman does with it then is anyone's guess. His rickety shop is crammed full of junk – and it smells like several cats have died within. |
| 85-86 | Sticks and Stones (trinkets and toys) caters to slum urchins, crafting cheap games and toys out of scrap and selling them for practically nothing.                                                                                  |

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|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 87-88  | Suppit (cafe) is little more than shanty where a large family makes fresh tea and herb-dusted biscuits fresh every morning. The food here is surprisingly good.                                                      |
| 89-90  | The Drags (landlord) is the main residence of the obese man who technically owns most of the slum properties. Groups of rough-looking hired thugs lurk in the surrounding streets, looking after their master.       |
| 91-92  | The Melt (leper colony) is the hellhole of the slum, where those with incurable diseases are sent to die in agonized isolation. The moans of the dying fill the air; no sane person would want to be treated within. |
| 93-94  | Flags n Rags (rag mender) is run by a seamstress who can make colourful draperies out of the drabest materials.                                                                                                      |
| 95-96  | Run fer a Coppa (messenger) is the fastest way to get a message or package delivered within the slums; most actually arrive.                                                                                         |
| 97-98  | Scowley's (health inspector) is a thankless and hopeless task, trying to bring higher awareness of sanitation and hygiene to the slumfolk.                                                                           |
| 99-100 | Longfinger's (snatcher) is a renowned and reviled kidnapper who specializes in catching urchins and selling them to a wide variety of clients across the slums and city.                                             |





## SLUM TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the slum town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Lasbet Wentom (CE female human) is a wily child who runs in an urchin gang of pickpockets, doing anything necessary to survive.                                                             |
| 03-04 | Skabra Grel (LG female half-orc cleric 1) tries to use fire and water to wash and cleanse portions of the slums, though the magic tends to get away from her and cause occasional hazards.  |
| 05-06 | Bricht Thobeos (LG male gnome) uses his architectural prowess to help shore up and rebuild the shanties and shacks, avoiding dangerous collapses.                                           |
| 07-08 | Corhik Davino (CN male dwarf) hobbles around the slum, dragging one lame leg as he searches for anyone willing to hire him.                                                                 |
| 09-10 | Stanth Alddra (CN male human) is rumoured to be the current Beggar King; he wears a ragged cape and an eye patch embroidered with a crimson bowl.                                           |
| 11-12 | Taelia Cunnel (CE female half-elf) will sell anything to anyone and gladly takes orders for custom deliveries, no matter the payload.                                                       |
| 13-14 | Esclee Caroy (NE female human) has escaped from prison more times than she can count, each time turning her grey eyes flintier and colder.                                                  |
| 15-16 | Sonwig Dolham (LE male human) is a tax collector who is all-too-willing to give himself a hefty cut of the proceeds he gathers.                                                             |
| 17-18 | Girdum Hollo (LE male halfling cleric 3) satiates his love for fire by helping burn down the ubiquitous piles of garbage and refuse. Better yet if someone's trying to sleep in or on them. |
| 19-20 | Pylau Naggert (CG male halfling cleric 3) works on a gutter team, trying to keep the sewers from backing up and flooding the whole slum.                                                    |
| 21-22 | Griggy Allmays (N female half-orc) has a fondness for mint tea and spends much of her day clasping a steaming tin mug in her massive hands.                                                 |
| 23-24 | Eala Isennit (N female human) visits the slums once a week, clad in plush robes as she distributes food and coin to the downtrodden.                                                        |
| 25-26 | Andtha Disthil (NG female elf) will fix golden eyes on you and tell her tales of falling from a life of wealth and glory...for a copper.                                                    |
| 27-28 | Vinna Fanhildi (CG female gnome fighter 1) is a slum guard who is actually one of the few to keep to her patrols, knocking people in line at every opportunity.                             |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 29-30 | Frithers Tolrol (CN male human fighter 2) claims he took a vow of poverty during his adventuring years, and now owns nothing more than his worn leathers and a dull sword.             |
| 31-32 | Irian Noral (NG male half-elf) still wears the remnants of a once-vibrant robe that marked him as a noble, though those days are years past.                                           |
| 33-34 | Viala Cottins (NG female halfling cleric 2) makes a wide variety of sweet-smelling soaps, though she has to remind people to use them to bathe rather than as food.                    |
| 35-36 | Gaisen Manath (LN male human) is a polite blind man who aimlessly wanders the slum and spends each night in the nearest shack he finds. No one ever has the heart to turn him out.     |
| 37-38 | Sayge Redasmus (N female human) is a skinny woman who runs the biggest slum orphanage and is called "Mama" by most.                                                                    |
| 39-40 | Walden Muelben (CE male human cleric 3) uses the nastiest healing practices possible on his patients, including drilling skulls and amputating without any attempt to deaden the pain. |
| 41-42 | Layfen Baldson (LN male gnome fighter 3) makes a living tracking down runaway slaves hiding in the slum.                                                                               |
| 43-44 | Wulfma Nanye (NE female human) takes any sort of meat and bone and muck to turn it into the questionable sausage she sells to the starving.                                            |
| 45-46 | Krisciel Vemoth (NG male elf) was a popular city artist before running afoul of his patron and being cast down from high society.                                                      |
| 47-48 | Wennick Ocles (LN male gnome) goes about bald thanks to a recent lice infestation, and is forever paranoid about insects and other biting bugs.                                        |
| 49-50 | Ranthil Ovil (N male half-elf fighter 1) is a muscular soldier who stands at the main gates into and out of the slum, keeping traffic moving.                                          |
| 51-52 | Elmra Lusdu (NG female human fighter 1) uses her broadsword and scarred knuckles to protect a string of poor families from a local gang.                                               |
| 53-54 | Bolg Nurtharg (CE male half-orc) can whip up an addictive substance out of almost any ingredients on hand, and is happy to then sell it to those souls desperate for a fix.            |
| 55-56 | Odan Refdun (N male dwarf) is a slump-shouldered tinker whose work has suffered as his eyesight began failing.                                                                         |
| 57-58 | Roso Drasmiel (LN male half-elf) spends most of his day whipping a set of throwing knives into rodents scampering across his path.                                                     |
| 59-60 | Delil Rianta (LG female elf) is seen visiting a particular shack every so often, and it's believed she has some relation to the young half-elf who lives there.                        |



|       |                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 61-62 | Lithers Lerst (LG male human) is proud he's never missed a single production quota in the sweatshop he's worked in since he was a child.                                         |
| 63-64 | Doru Borrun (NE male halfling fighter 2) helps protect the main slum warehouses, dealing viciously with anyone who dares intrude.                                                |
| 65-66 | Seric Arkelnunst (NG male gnome) uses his keen, bright blue gaze to patch up even the toughest tear in clothes with barely a seam to be seen.                                    |
| 67-68 | Aoro Hlud (LE male dwarf fighter 3) terrorizes the area with his rusty greataxe, acting as the muscle for one of the slum's main landlords.                                      |
| 69-70 | Felma Bracesack (LE female halfling) is a sweatshop overseer, delighting in punishing anyone who fails to meet their daily quota.                                                |
| 71-72 | Mas Acarton (CE male human cleric 2) is believed to be behind the collapse of dozens of bulidings that killed almost a hundred people not too long ago.                          |
| 73-74 | "Aggie" (CN female half-orc cleric 2) does what she can to keep the slum women healthy and cares for their many birthing and other private needs.                                |
| 75-76 | Burja Bechar (NE female human) makes her way by slipping poisons into people's food and drinks and then slipping into their homes while they lie ill to steal anything valuable. |
| 77-78 | Olsa Cesperit (CG female gnome) is one of the more popular slum bakers, and her daily fresh flatbread sells out within an hour or two.                                           |
| 79-80 | Rumtooth (N male half-orc) has a single fang he uses to threaten anyone who he thinks might want to steal his latest drink.                                                      |
| 81-82 | Nasmeth Flit (NG male elf) tends a tiny garden that grows inside his shack, which has a hole in the roof to let in sunlight and rain.                                            |
| 83-84 | Sephans Herord (CG male human) clammers over the garbage heaps, searching for any glint that might indicate an item worth selling.                                               |
| 85-86 | Reb Mirde (NE male dwarf cleric 1) has hard eyes and a bristly beard, and constantly mutters about getting revenge on the wizards and mages who live in the city proper.         |
| 87-88 | Londra Gammidge (NG female halfling) has designs to tear down and rebuild part of the slum into better abodes if she can just convince the people there to move for a while.     |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 89-90  | Hahdar Hudden (LG male dwarf) is forever inspecting various sections of the slums, believing hidden treasure is buried all about.                               |
| 91-92  | Tirden Unst (CN male human) shambles about on leprous legs, rotting flesh falling from him in strips and scraps.                                                |
| 93-94  | Charra Eolni (CN female halfling) is a fleet-footed courier, and entirely trustworthy if you pay her enough.                                                    |
| 95-96  | Aseric Lenneth (CG male gnome) offers his skills as a barber to slum dwellers, standing on crates to reach most of his clients' heads.                          |
| 97-98  | Marmut Keadel (LN male gnome) has the unenviable job of being the slum's official health inspector, a hopeless job that has turned his hair a shocking white.   |
| 99-100 | Inlun Mestrit (LG male half-elf) is known as the "Net Dancer," forever traipsing across the ropes and nets strung up along the slum as if they were main roads. |



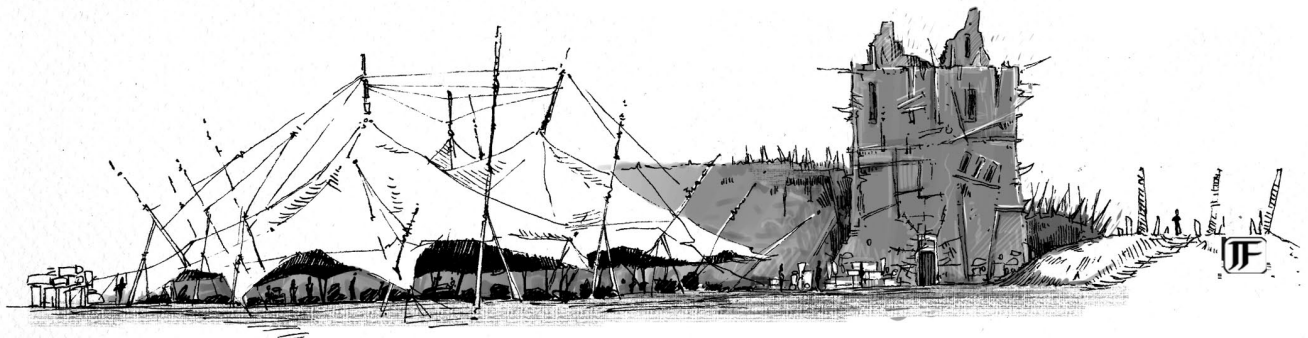
## SLUM TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the slum town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | No one knows know what started it, but a small fire has turned into a massive blaze that threatens to consume the whole slum if not stopped!                                                                                                                                    |
| 2  | The PCs are approached by someone who wants to hire them to track down and return a noble's slave who is believed to have fled into the slums. The slave could have stolen something from the noble, or could even have eloped with one of his impressionable, young daughters. |
| 3  | A wealthy patron has brought a wagonload of fresh food to hand out to the less-fortunate, but he's being attacked by a hunger-crazed mob. He sees the PCs and screams for help.                                                                                                 |
| 4  | Dozens of guards tromp through the area, clearing out the slum with merciless, violent efficiency under the king's orders.                                                                                                                                                      |
| 5  | A PC spots a person skulking about the slums who has a massive bounty on their head...but who now wears the colours of a local, deadly gang.                                                                                                                                    |
| 6  | Everywhere the PCs go, starving families are dying on the streets and in their homes. Not a scrap of food can be found.                                                                                                                                                         |
| 7  | A child snatches a PC's purse and darts deeper into the slum, laughing and daring them to follow. It could be drawing them into an ambush. Alternatively, the PCs could catch the child just as it reaches its ramshackle house.                                                |
| 8  | With an ill-timed step and bump against a rotting wall, the shanties all around begin to collapse, threatening to bury the PCs in rubble.                                                                                                                                       |
| 9  | A serial killer is at work in the area, leaving dozens of bodies around, each marked with a wide-open eye carved into the victim's forehead.                                                                                                                                    |
| 10 | A mob of labourers have gone into full revolt against their taskmasters and are now rioting, tearing down workshops and homes at random.                                                                                                                                        |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 11 | A group of beggars silently surrounds the party. They suddenly become physically aggressive, producing weapons and growling threats unless the party hand over everything they own.                                         |
| 12 | A PC wakes up chained to a workbench, under the grim eye of a whip-wielding overseer. As he shakes the sleep from his eyes, the overseer screams at him and starts whipping his back.                                       |
| 13 | A PC wakes up naked and half-buried in a cesspit, with a massive bump on his head and no recollection of events from the day before.                                                                                        |
| 14 | A golem has arisen, formed of garbage and refuse, and has begun trashing the area, squashing shacks and people alike.                                                                                                       |
| 15 | The party receive a message from an urchin, summoning them to attend an audience with the so-called Beggar King.                                                                                                            |
| 16 | A wealthy merchant wants to hire the party to escort him through the slums, seeing that neither his wares nor his person is threatened along the way.                                                                       |
| 17 | A PC spies an odd-looking relic glinting in the nearby rubbish heap, strangely pristine despite the surrounding filth. It looks valuable and could be a symbol recently lost by a secret, evil cult operating in the slums. |
| 18 | The slums are being torn down by a noble looking to build more valuable property, and the party have been conscripted to run the "squatters" out of the area.                                                               |
| 19 | One of the party's close friends has been banished to the slums for an ignorant slight made against city royalty. They've since disappeared and are feared dead.                                                            |
| 20 | A noble's daughter comes to the party in disguise, asking them to act as her guide and guard as she explores the slums to better understand the plight of those who live there.                                             |



## TRADE TOWN

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## TRADE TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the trade town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                                     |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Guards shout to stop a passing caravan as the driver tries to flee.                                                                 |
| 2  | A man in luxurious robes jingles as he walks, his purse heavy with coin.                                                            |
| 3  | Hawkers belt out deals for lesser wares on practically every street corner.                                                         |
| 4  | A chain line of slaves shuffles by under the watchful eye of an obese taskmaster and his guards.                                    |
| 5  | The line of wagons and people passing through the main gates seems never-ending.                                                    |
| 6  | Competing food vendors fling rotted wares across the street at one another.                                                         |
| 7  | A whole mercenary band stands guard in front of the imposing gates of a large building.                                             |
| 8  | A slim man flanked by bodyguards notes all passersby, jotting observations on a parchment.                                          |
| 9  | The last cart to roll by definitely had the aura of something dead wafting from it.                                                 |
| 10 | Lamplighters collect their dues from business owners to keep the streets lit at night.                                              |
| 11 | A crate lies in the middle of the street, cracked open and empty of anything but sawdust.                                           |
| 12 | Workers chant in rhythm as they unload seemingly endless crates from the latest caravan.                                            |
| 13 | Someone has painted a rather obscene glyph on every business door along this street.                                                |
| 14 | Water splashes as labourers slop it across the street, washing animal refuse from the cobbles.                                      |
| 15 | Two merchants wave daggers at each other as they argue over a shipment.                                                             |
| 16 | A whole guard troop accompanies a tax collector who stops by every establishment along the way.                                     |
| 17 | Signs indicate all business done in town must be registered with the appropriate guild, on pain of imprisonment.                    |
| 18 | A smell of smoke, redolent with foreign spices, wafts through the market.                                                           |
| 19 | A merchant is flanked by two massive hounds, that growl at anyone who gets too close.                                               |
| 20 | Lute and flute players are among the many performers playing to the crowded market.                                                 |
| 21 | A lovely young woman chats up a merchant, who appears completely unaware he's standing outside a brothel.                           |
| 22 | A vendor tries to sell off his stacks of candles before they melt in the blazing sun. He appears desperate—perhaps suspiciously so. |

|    |                                                                                                             |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 23 | A heavily muscled man rolls a massive barrel along the street.                                              |
| 24 | A man cries in denial as he's shackled by guards for doing business without guild registration.             |
| 25 | Black smoke churns from a wagon as it burns in the street, dangerously close to a shop.                     |
| 26 | A line of guild registrants shuffles in place as they wait admittance by the guards.                        |
| 27 | A courier pants as he darts passed, message bag overflowing with letters.                                   |
| 28 | These gates leading to a guild's compound have been smashed in by a massive force.                          |
| 29 | Drunk traders weave through the crowd as they celebrate a recent sale.                                      |
| 30 | A trader weeps over a lost shipment, wailing his tragedy to anyone who'll listen.                           |
| 31 | A caged menagerie of exotically coloured (and noisy) birds chatter loudly at passersby.                     |
| 32 | A sign advertises entrance to the mayor's private zoo for a hefty fee.                                      |
| 33 | A door slams in a woman's face, and she falls to her knees on the stoop, sobbing.                           |
| 34 | A group of black-veiled foreigners carry a gilded litter down the way.                                      |
| 35 | The doors of this tavern are shut and chained, the sign knocked to the ground.                              |
| 36 | A gaudy sign indicates fresh corpses are sold within the establishment beneath.                             |
| 37 | A guard leads several dogs around a wagon, letting them sniff it vigorously. A merchant looks on—nervously. |
| 38 | Wine glugs as it's poured from a barrel for a merchant to sample.                                           |
| 39 | Guards guide a caravan off to one side for further inspection.                                              |
| 40 | A lovely voice floats over the crowd, the singing almost unearthly in its beauty.                           |
| 41 | A worker opens a barrel only for a torrent of rats to pour forth.                                           |
| 42 | A merchant oversees the preparation of oil-soaked bundles of new weapons.                                   |
| 43 | Voices babble over one another during an open-air auction.                                                  |
| 44 | Horses whinny as they're tied to posts for inspection by buyers.                                            |
| 45 | Flyers proclaim a reward for the capture of a group of bandits harrying the incoming caravans.              |
| 46 | The central market is a dusty, chaotic affair, with foot and hoof traffic all about.                        |
| 47 | Beyond the gates, an encampment of traders refused entry has sprung up.                                     |
| 48 | People mutter and glare at a trader caravan composed of people wearing bronze masks.                        |
| 49 | Townfolk scurry to cover their goods in tarps as thunder rumbles in the distance.                           |



|    |                                                                                                                                                    |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 50 | A mage casts an icy spell to keep a stall of fish brought in from the coast fresh.                                                                 |
| 51 | Two carts crash together, spilling wares across the road.                                                                                          |
| 52 | A quartermaster checks off crates and barrels with a wedge of chalk.                                                                               |
| 53 | A guild leader preaches the virtue of proper registration and following regulations.                                                               |
| 54 | An angry crowd demonstrates in front of a guild hall; guards watch on nervously.                                                                   |
| 55 | A man loudly begs a moneylender to extend his debt just once more.                                                                                 |
| 56 | A group of traders swagger down the street, bare chests covered in nautical tattoos.                                                               |
| 57 | This trader appears to buy and trade all matter of tarred or shrunken heads.                                                                       |
| 58 | The glint of jewelled rings on a merchant's pudgy fingers catches the sun.                                                                         |
| 59 | A ragged woman runs up to a newly arrived trader, holding up a child as he tries to shove her away.                                                |
| 60 | A caravan surrounded by soldiers blocks the street. A growing crush of other merchants and passers-by are growing increasingly angry at the delay. |
| 61 | This row of crates and pots has been marked in red, saying: "Do Not Open Under Pain of Death."                                                     |
| 62 | This enormous clothing shop sells outfits for every possible race and size.                                                                        |
| 63 | A pair of traders guffaws as they stroll along, boasting how much gold they cheated from their latest client.                                      |
| 64 | A child calls to passers-by, saying they can get anything at any price with his help.                                                              |
| 65 | A man flips through a large tome, wondering out loud why there aren't any pictures.                                                                |
| 66 | This trader's cart appears to be guarded by a massive, horned demon.                                                                               |
| 67 | Merchants still beyond the gates clamour to be let in before nightfall.                                                                            |
| 68 | A buyer challenges a trader to a duel for attempting to swindle him.                                                                               |
| 69 | A trader tosses a few coppers to a beggar alongside the street. Immediately, he is inundated with other street denizens begging for money.         |
| 70 | Bolts of silk and cloth, of all colours and patterns, are lined up against the wall.                                                               |
| 71 | This trader displays an array of tiny, manicured trees, claiming they come from a distant land.                                                    |
| 72 | The smell of salted meats and pickled vegetables reaches the party's nostrils.                                                                     |
| 73 | In a plume of dusty rubble, a warehouse collapses just down the street.                                                                            |
| 74 | The heady scent of mint hangs over the whole street.                                                                                               |

|     |                                                                                                            |
|-----|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 75  | People in long white robes gaze at vials of white dust, dabbing the substance on their tongues.            |
| 76  | A thief hangs by his thumbs in the middle of the town square, a warning to all.                            |
| 77  | A seer wanders the street, calling out offers to sell prophecies.                                          |
| 78  | A guildmaster tacks up a scroll listing next week's projected tariffs.                                     |
| 79  | A strange moan emanates from a nearby crate, which shakes briefly.                                         |
| 80  | Donkeys bray as they haul sacks laden with grain and goods.                                                |
| 81  | A bare-handed masked man asks people to make a donation to the thieves' guild.                             |
| 82  | Near the wall, the lowing of cattle can be heard in the stockyard outside town.                            |
| 83  | Townfolk line up to gawk at a recently unveiled statue of the town leader.                                 |
| 84  | A market stall selling odd citrus drinks appears to be run entirely by children.                           |
| 85  | Something shatters nearby, followed by a bellow of rage and screams.                                       |
| 86  | A merchant stumbles, an arrow having just sprouted from his broad back.                                    |
| 87  | A vendor wanders the street, handing out free samples of fruit sold back at the stall.                     |
| 88  | This wall has the image of a black hog painted on it, with an arrow pointing down a nearby alley.          |
| 89  | The stink of sulphur wafts from a bathhouse offering hot baths for weary travellers.                       |
| 90  | This temple appears to be dedicated to a god of commerce and wealth.                                       |
| 91  | A puppet show depicts the mayor as controlled by the strings of the many guilds.                           |
| 92  | The crowd boos as a crier announces the latest tax rise by the mayor.                                      |
| 93  | This street is oddly empty and quiet for being in the middle of the bustling town.                         |
| 94  | A carriage careens down the street, the driver trying to get the horses back under control.                |
| 95  | Pure white doves flutter within a wooden cage, soft coos barely heard over the crowd.                      |
| 96  | Coins chink as they strike the bottom of this temple's "non-voluntary offering" box.                       |
| 97  | Hammering and sawing can be heard as a building undergoes new construction.                                |
| 98  | A mage chants a spell to check for disease in a wagon loaded with foodstuffs.                              |
| 99  | Every driver and worker on this caravan appears to be the exact same person, down to the face and clothes. |
| 100 | This shop sign promises wishes fulfilled if you'll simply sell your soul to the proprietor.                |

## TRADE TOWN: BUSINESSES

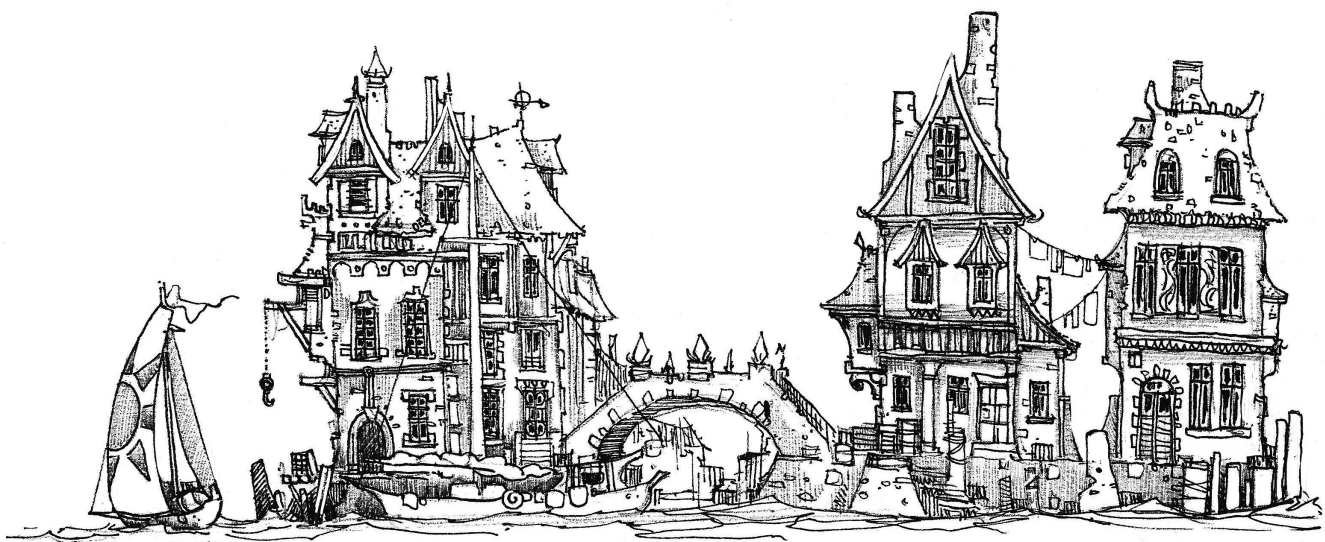
Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the trade town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                         |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Centerspire (guild hall) contains multiple chambers where the various guild leaders meet to discuss town operations.                    |
| 03-04 | Puppetstrings (mayor's office) is the slang term for the office where the guild's mayoral puppet works.                                 |
| 05-06 | Jangle's (currency changer) can exchange virtually any currency from all the known lands, as well as a few unknown ones.                |
| 07-08 | Lent, Saved, Owned (bank) offers plenty of loans so long as the applicants acceptable a high interest rate and offer decent collateral. |
| 09-10 | Ward Den (guard quarters) is the meeting and training quarters for the town guards.                                                     |
| 11-12 | Dusty Thoroughfare (caravan processing) is a bottleneck formed so caravans have to move through one at a time for inspection.           |
| 13-14 | Low Gutters (thieves' guild) is the below-ground lair of the registered town thieves.                                                   |
| 15-16 | Silk Purse (merchant guild) is where every merchant must be registered before they can do business in town.                             |
| 17-18 | The Vale (inn) is owned by a proprietor who loves to haggle on daily room rates.                                                        |
| 19-20 | Steaming Pond (brothel) is run by Madame Emerald and offers all manner of pleasures for weary travellers and traders.                   |
| 21-22 | Smoothside (open market) is where merchants go to hold honest—or, at least, semi-honest—business.                                       |
| 23-24 | Steady Blades (mercenaries) is a well-known band that has saved the lives of commoners and merchants alike.                             |
| 25-26 | Malarky (alchemist) specializes in dangerous concoctions that have only destroyed one caravan so far.                                   |
| 27-28 | Muscleyard (day labour) hires out any workers traders may need as they prepare shipments for despatch.                                  |
| 29-30 | The Falcon (inspector) is overseen by an elderly half-elf who makes sure all imported goods undergo proper scrutiny.                    |
| 31-32 | The Barred Door (storage) is an secure vault used to hold only the most priceless goods traders bring to sell or trade.                 |
| 33-34 | Redstall's (spellcaster) provides arcane dealings of all sorts, as well as the sale of magic scrolls and talismans.                     |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 35-36 | Brindle's Brushes (wagon painter) is the shop of an elven artist who decorates wagons and carriages with magnificent murals.                                    |
| 37-38 | Palm to Palm (bank guild) is one of the more powerful guilds in town, considering they oversee all financial transactions of note.                              |
| 39-40 | Puregrave's (rotsniffer) is run by a kindly necromancer who works to seek out disease or poison hidden within wares.                                            |
| 41-42 | Inkline (bookkeeper) monitors the traders and merchants themselves, tracking who's visited town lately and how long they stayed.                                |
| 43-44 | Metalwell (ironsmith) is run by a pair of burly twins who handle most smelting and refining in the town.                                                        |
| 45-46 | The Edge (lumber mill) produces worked wood to fulfil the constant demand for barrels, crates, wagons and more.                                                 |
| 47-48 | Hallowgem (jeweller) is run by a refined gnome who refuses to trade in anything except jewels of the highest grade.                                             |
| 49-50 | Spackle's (art gallery) is run by a fussy dwarf who allows promising artists to display their work for potential patrons and purchasers.                        |
| 51-52 | Steepmore (washer's guild) endlessly cleans the streets and gutters to avoid the town becoming a stinking pile from all the traffic.                            |
| 53-54 | Loadbar (disease control) monitors any sick traders, animals or goods to ensure no illness or plague spreads throughout the town.                               |
| 55-56 | Cobbles to Sky (architect) thrills at the constant influx of wealth the town enjoys, allowing them to constantly build on its properties and walled boundaries. |
| 57-58 | Ice Pack (preservatives) keeps goods from spoiling, whether through freezing, salting or spellwork.                                                             |
| 59-60 | Waggle's (translator) acts as a go-between for traders who are separated by language or difficult culture gaps.                                                 |
| 61-62 | Scrolllden (library) is a large depository of books and scrolls in every possible language, all for sale, of course.                                            |
| 63-64 | Arcanum (magicians guild) oversees all spell-dealing in town, and any mage must register there before casting even the most minor cantrip.                      |
| 65-66 | The Fetchers (hunting guild) keeps the town well fed with a steady stream of fresh meat.                                                                        |
| 67-68 | The Blind Eye (oracle) is the home of an oracle who sells prophecies that can reveal upcoming market shifts and trade route safety.                             |
| 69-70 | The Keeps (warehouse) is where traders can rent out guarded space for their goods until their dealing is done.                                                  |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 71-72 | Ronner's Repairs (forge) tends to all damaged metal, be it armour or wagon wheel pins. The forge is always busy—this rambling building has several smith on staff including a dwarf and two gnomes.           |
| 73-74 | Yonder (foreign quarters) is a heavily patrolled neighbourhood where traders from more exotic lands can enjoy their privacy.                                                                                  |
| 75-76 | The Brood (orphanage) is overseen by Master Simly, who cares for children separated from their caravans. Persistent whispers tell how many of these children have disappeared over the years.                 |
| 77-78 | March's End (slave block) hosts regular slave auctions, which many townsfolk have decried—but guildmasters overrule such opposition due to the wealth the trade brings in.                                    |
| 79-80 | Pig's Bristles (black market) is marked by a black hog painting, leading to dark corners where darker deals are made. Much can be had here, for the right price.                                              |
| 81-82 | Boltgrease (carter) is overseen by a human master craftsman who acts as if every wagon made is one of his own children. His wagons are lighter and better built than almost any other in the kingdom.         |
| 83-84 | Hoof and Paw (stables) is where all manner of mounts or wagon teams can receive a good rub-down and feed. The owner also offers an animal training service for horses, dogs and other working animals.        |
| 85-86 | Lastmourn (military post) is the main gate outpost and the town's first line of defence against bandits or beasts. It is always well guarded, and also serves as a temporary prison for thieves and suchlike. |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|--------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 87-88  | Chainline (fire detail) is a guard squad dedicated to containing and stopping fires before they damage valuable goods. They have several wagons outfitted for fire fighting, and several magic items capable of creating large quantities of water quickly. |
| 89-90  | Oversight (quartermaster) keeps extensive logs of all goods trafficking within the town. He is a deal maker and specialising in putting clients in touch with those selling rare or contraband material.                                                    |
| 91-92  | Passersby (traffic guide) is a band of halflings who keep traffic running smoothly by directing carts and wagons down torturous routes to their destinations. They have a side line helping those who pay handsomely move about town undetected.            |
| 93-94  | Skurven's (mapper) sells maps of "safe and quick" trade routes, safety and speed not actually guaranteed. Many of his maps are either out of date or just downright wrong. He also sells treasure maps to adventurers.                                      |
| 95-96  | The Fine Brush (artists' guild) constantly produces masterful works that are then sold across the country to discerning clientele. Their services are much in demand.                                                                                       |
| 97-98  | The Heaps (unwanted goods) is run by a hunchbacked half-orc who knows even garbage can be sold to someone. Their staff knows the layout of the local sewers very well.                                                                                      |
| 99-100 | All Hallow (divine goods) contains items blessed by the gods themselves, and commands an exclusive clientele. Occasionally, they have magic items for sale.                                                                                                 |



## TRADE TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the trade town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                                        |
|-------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Sigel Ginherd (CG male halfling) can tell if a wagon is riding too high or too low for its supposed cargo just by eyeballing it.                       |
| 03-04 | Shirlen Rimbelle (LG female human) came to town as a caravan driver but found safer and better-paying work as a bartender.                             |
| 05-06 | Hedra Grisben (LG female dwarf fighter 3) works on the town guard, one of the few to never accept a bribe, no matter how big.                          |
| 07-08 | Khidili Vamir (CE female half-elf) is a surly whelp who enjoys stealing any loose goods left unwatched for more than a minute.                         |
| 09-10 | Ubu Grumbu (NE male half-orc) has an appetite for horseflesh, which leaves most trader and caravan drivers wary of his presence.                       |
| 11-12 | Khoul Belver (NG male dwarf) is a stout guildmaster who handles the majority of his guild's taxes and accounting.                                      |
| 13-14 | Palmiera Bayla (LE female human fighter 3) is a short, thin woman whose rapier proves deadly for anyone who threatens her latest master.               |
| 15-16 | Rowes Stour (LN female gnome) inspects incoming goods for the artisans' guild, seeking craftwork worth investing in.                                   |
| 17-18 | Lestren Aerindel (CE male elf) is blond with dagger-sharp ears, and often accused of trying to sell contraband.                                        |
| 19-20 | Delba Thonbult (N female halfling) is an elderly mender whose only love is to fix any broken mechanical contraption.                                   |
| 21-22 | Nemeth Awluyin (N female half-elf fighter 1) has worked as a bodyguard for numerous merchants when they visit town.                                    |
| 23-24 | Colbin Camawlings (CE male human) is an obese figure who loves wearing large rings when smashing fists into the faces of his defeated mercantile foes. |
| 25-26 | Marcho Berilac (LN male gnome) helps manage the main bank, where he ensures no copper is out of place.                                                 |
| 27-28 | Bergel Jermol (CN male half-elf fighter 2) considers himself a fine product, always up for sale to the highest bidder.                                 |
| 29-30 | Gidoua Miku (NG female dwarf cleric 1) holds a permanent frown around people, but can't stop smiling when at the stables with her beloved horses.      |
| 31-32 | Yater Magrogran (LN male half-orc cleric 1) is a blind oracle who is often hired to tell if a trade will turn a profit.                                |

|       |                                                                                                                                                   |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Wogo Haffson (NE male halfling) is an informant for the thieves' guild, letting them know when a wealthy merchant has arrived.                    |
| 35-36 | Quendig Soakes (CN male gnome) is a crippled beggar who keeps trying to get hired by caravans, with no success.                                   |
| 37-38 | Olinda Goodbin (LE female halfling) loves writing up trade contracts so confusing, no one notices there's always side profit for her.             |
| 39-40 | Abbi Lumella (N female human) assists the head quartermaster, double-checking goods coming in and going out.                                      |
| 41-42 | Barlun Nurasak (CE male dwarf) is a shaggy-bearded cobble sweep who likes leaving loose stones to trip others up.                                 |
| 43-44 | Kostru Menegilt (NG female gnome) has a tiny frame that belies the power she wields as one of the town's tax collectors.                          |
| 45-46 | Vindtra Dradis (CG female gnome) is constantly covered in soot thanks to her tireless labour in the ironworks.                                    |
| 47-48 | Almyra Minkeyls (CE female human) is a slim, fast lady who has poisoned more than one food shipment for the fun of it.                            |
| 49-50 | Phaisie Tituvalen (LN female human /wizard 3) oversees the mage guild, gladly accepting spell duels from would-be usurpers before thrashing them. |
| 51-52 | Andwise Stedes (N male halfling cleric 2) wears white robes as she casts spells to detect potential diseases in transported foodstuffs.           |
| 53-54 | Dolpho Fethel (CG male gnome) would make a fine drug merchant if he'd stop sampling his own wares.                                                |
| 55-56 | Higig Adag (NG male half-orc fighter 2) is missing a leg, but that doesn't stop him from acting as a town lookout for bandits.                    |
| 57-58 | Jiaden Heilee (LE female human) is a scarred slave trader who was once a slave and taskmaster herself before she fought free.                     |
| 59-60 | Airl Respin (LG male elf) is a master painter who paints wagons with unique vibrancy and flair.                                                   |
| 61-62 | Lauder Britius (CE male gnome) loves eavesdropping on guild dealings and reporting them to opposing guild members.                                |
| 63-64 | Otrath Doroul (LG male dwarf) is proud of his reputation as a courier who has never failed to deliver a message.                                  |
| 65-66 | Vielna Gyth (NE female human cleric 1) hires herself out to snoop on other traders, stealing business secrets for clients.                        |
| 67-68 | Weldon Westkott (CE male human fighter 3) enjoys framing merchants for dirty business so he has an excuse to kill them.                           |



|       |                                                                                                                                             |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 69-70 | Timba Worrol (CE female halfling cleric 2) is missing an eye, and so thinks it's only right to hex wagons to lose a wheel at random times.  |
| 71-72 | Odi Wimpleston (CN male gnome cleric 1) often goes barefoot and enjoys making a game of dashing across the tops of wagons and loaded carts. |
| 73-74 | Gharza Druggem (CG female half-orc fighter 3) is a gate guard who has nearly killed several other guards who were caught taking bribes.     |
| 75-76 | Deuarla Sileive (LE female half-elf) is the mayor's svelte assistant who many are certain is aiming to take over his office.                |
| 77-78 | Piriphil Hulvinyir (LE male elf) oversees the hunting guild and has a trophy room with more than just animals in it.                        |
| 79-80 | Tomkin Storkle (NG male human) is an easygoing day labourer whose laugh inspires the others to work harder.                                 |
| 81-82 | Foid Dumnim (CE male dwarf fighter 1) is a caravan guard for a band of devil-worshipping foreigners, but they sure do pay well.             |
| 83-84 | Zildirk Skash (NE female half-orc fighter 2) uses her massive tusks to scare off anyone who gets too close to the warehouse she guards.     |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Maelynn Trydstun (LG female dwarf cleric 2) is a warty fellow with a knack for building nigh-unbreakable crates and barrels.                                                                |
| 87-88  | Fastrel Gamba (N male gnome cleric 2) uses his magic to dry out muddy streets after rain so no wagons get stuck.                                                                            |
| 89-90  | Ralbic Norlook (LG male halfling) uses his cherubic looks and quick wits to disarm many a rowdy trader before things get out of hand.                                                       |
| 91-92  | Ruli Mebbleshew (LN male dwarf) is a dwarven youngling who loves pestering merchants about business contract minutiae.                                                                      |
| 93-94  | Dathra Agragar (LN female dwarf) runs the only inn in town where no humans are allowed to drink or stay.                                                                                    |
| 95-96  | Arrol Feist (CE male human cleric 1) loves snatching items from one vendor and selling them to another.                                                                                     |
| 97-98  | Ren Tarrol (LE male half-elf) oversees all aspects of the slave trade in the town and its surrounds, and keeps traders from getting out of line and sourcing their wares too close to home. |
| 99-100 | Saria Rilissa (N female elf fighter 3) possesses keen green eyes and patrols the streets—but for no known master. Some rumour that she has a bond with the spirit of the town itself.       |



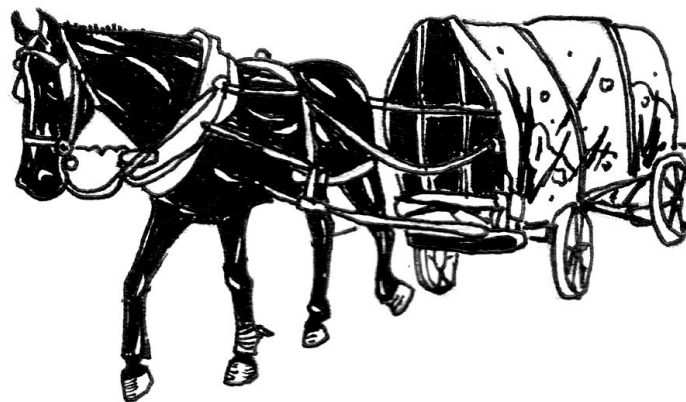
## TRADE TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the trade town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Multiple traders have had shipments stolen without any seeming rhyme or reason. The mayor has a reward out for anyone who helps recover the missing goods.                                                                        |
| 2 | Merchants are in an uproar as a counterfeit currency has been passed around—and they want the heads of the counterfeiters at all costs!                                                                                           |
| 3 | The slave traders are fighting against a revolt by escaped slaves. At this point, they'll pay well for every slave returned, dead or alive. If nothing is done, the poorer sections of town quickly begin to resemble a war zone. |
| 4 | A band of beggar priests under a vow of poverty are threatening to burn down the temple dedicated to the god of commerce and wealth.                                                                                              |
| 5 | Laughing maniacally, a man randomly begins throwing fistfuls of gold into the air in the middle of a crowded street.                                                                                                              |
| 6 | Every wagon along the entire street suddenly breaks down in unison, wheels falling off and axles snapping.                                                                                                                        |
| 7 | Yet another tax hike by the mayor and guildmasters has people muttering murderous threats. It's said anyone who convinces the town leaders to rescind the hike will be considered heroes.                                         |
| 8 | No matter how many times you leave or enter town, the gate guards expect a hefty bribe. It's just business. Nothing personal.                                                                                                     |
| 9 | A shadowy figure offers a heavy purse if the PCs will simply poison a recent food shipment and leave no evidence or witnesses.                                                                                                    |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|----|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10 | A caravan driver visited the stables to discover his horse teams had been stolen in the night. A reward is out for their return.                                                                    |
| 11 | A major warehouse has caught fire! The party are begged to join the bucket brigade and stop it before the blaze spreads through the neighbourhood.                                                  |
| 12 | One guild leader approaches the party and requests they quietly assassinate an opposing guild leader in retribution for a deal-gone-bad.                                                            |
| 13 | A PC tosses a copper to a beggar, who leans in and whispers, "Want to know the path to the black market, where the real lucrative business is held?"                                                |
| 14 | One of the party's friends has been kidnapped and held for ransom—apparently a rapidly growing business in a town full of wealthy merchants.                                                        |
| 15 | A representative of the thieves' guild approaches bearing a valuable item they've stolen from the party. The only way to get it back is to pass a series of tests and join the guild.               |
| 16 | With an ear-blasting roar, an unnatural gale sweeps through the open market, knocking over stalls and people alike.                                                                                 |
| 17 | A new group of slaves are prodded up to the auction block; they appear to be some form of undead creature. It seems the trader commands them with a strange, iron-wrought amulet of curious design. |
| 18 | The townsfolk aren't happy with the latest taxes, so the mayor asks the party to protect the collectors and enforce the law.                                                                        |
| 19 | In the middle of a busy day, several traders have apparently gone mad and are smashing and burning their own goods and equipment.                                                                   |
| 20 | A perceptive PC has to get closer to check, but he's pretty sure the town's largest meat vendor is selling human flesh amidst the animal shanks.                                                    |



## WAR-TORN TOWN

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## WAR-TORN TOWN: SIGHTS & SOUNDS

Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the war-torn town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

| D% |                                                                                                                   |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | Ash has drifted down from the skies to coat every surface in sight.                                               |
| 2  | The buildings along this street all appear to be leaning, as if their foundations are crumbling.                  |
| 3  | Smoke plumes into the air as tongues of wicked fire lick the buildings.                                           |
| 4  | A string of black-garbed widows and orphans line the street to weep as a squad marches by.                        |
| 5  | This whole block has been reduced to rubble and wreckage.                                                         |
| 6  | Piles of broken and shattered armour lie strewn on the ground, battered beyond use.                               |
| 7  | Snapped spears and mangled swords form piles off to one side of the street.                                       |
| 8  | Half-a-dozen corpses are carried by, laid out on their own bloodstained shields.                                  |
| 9  | The soft sound of sobs and choked weeping fills the air.                                                          |
| 10 | A priest in a gilded robe strolls by a line of recruits, laying hands on each in blessing.                        |
| 11 | A zealous rebel stands on the corner, ignoring glares as he shouts a creed of violent defiance.                   |
| 12 | A trio of soldiers are strung up; their arms and legs are lashed to spears driven through their chests.           |
| 13 | A family cries for help as soldiers raid their home, taking every scrap of their food.                            |
| 14 | This band of recruits looks to comprise little more than children.                                                |
| 15 | Hard-eyed mercenaries lounge about, drinking and scowling at anyone who pays them the slightest bit of attention. |
| 16 | A person entirely encased in plate armour stands nearby, watching everyone.                                       |
| 17 | The air-quaking screams suggest the local surgeon is hard at work amputating more limbs.                          |
| 18 | These beggars use dented and rusted helms as bowls and claim they're veterans too old to fight.                   |
| 19 | A scattering of metal and wooden shards on the road is what remains of a knight's shield.                         |
| 20 | In the distance, a row of people on mounts is silhouetted against the horizon.                                    |
| 21 | Distant cries and clashes indicate the battling has renewed with increased ferocity.                              |
| 22 | Droop-shouldered sentries trudge along the tops of the walls, rarely bothering to watch beyond the town.          |
| 23 | A horse careens passed, saddle empty, its mouth and mane are coated in froth.                                     |

|    |                                                                                                        |
|----|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 24 | A robed figure nails a flier to a post, announcing fresh recruitment efforts.                          |
| 25 | This wall is engraved with all the names of the dead—there must be hundreds of them.                   |
| 26 | A group of children have turned a trash heap into the epicentre of their “king of the hill” game.      |
| 27 | A cart trundles by, weighed down by dozens of stiff and rotting bodies.                                |
| 28 | This person appears to be selling scraps and goods scrounged from those killed in battle.              |
| 29 | A hedge witch rasps out offers of charms and spells to protect one against death.                      |
| 30 | As a squad marches by, a woman trails after, screaming for one of the soldiers to return home.         |
| 31 | A soldier limps by using his sword as a cane; a grey beard hangs down to his waist.                    |
| 32 | A skinny youth clatters past, his armour far too big for his lanky frame.                              |
| 33 | The sewers and gutters of the town are full of bloody water and crimson mud.                           |
| 34 | Terrible shrieks tear the air as a team of horses are slaughtered to provide food for the townsfolk.   |
| 35 | The heads of enemy soldiers are stuck on pikes all around town.                                        |
| 36 | This building has been brightly painted in loyalist colours and insignia.                              |
| 37 | A bundle of flags have been set alight and tossed to burn in the middle of the road.                   |
| 38 | A group of rioters storm down the street, chanting violent threats.                                    |
| 39 | Cries of fear echo as several soldiers kick down the door to a home.                                   |
| 40 | A soldier sits rocking back and forth, cradling his sword as if it were a babe.                        |
| 41 | The stink of gangrene makes people retch as they pass by the local apothecaries' home.                 |
| 42 | Agonized weeping comes from the makeshift hospital tents set up along the street.                      |
| 43 | A family kneels in the street in the wake of a squad, offering up prayers for protection to their god. |
| 44 | A pile of battlefield loot sits in the middle of town, ignored and untouched by all.                   |
| 45 | Whatever this building used to be, all that remains is an ashen husk.                                  |
| 46 | Soldiers pound on every door, searching buildings one by one.                                          |
| 47 | Every street is barricaded by spiked metal and wooden posts.                                           |
| 48 | A sentry tower stands ablaze on the edge of town, casting sparks and embers onto the nearby rooftops.  |



|    |                                                                                                       |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 49 | A waft of rot emanates from the nearby shop, which has shuttered windows and a barred door.           |
| 50 | The supply caravan lumbering into town looks like most of its goods have been pilfered by its guards. |
| 51 | The person off to the side has a shifting gaze as they sketch out a map of the area.                  |
| 52 | A herd of pigs has been outfitted with miniature armour and sports iron-capped tusks.                 |
| 53 | A pack of snarling, slavering war hounds tug at their master's leashes.                               |
| 54 | As a person walks by, a brand under his rags—labelling him a deserter—is briefly visible.             |
| 55 | This miserable lot of scarred and wounded slaves looks to be culled from enemy ranks.                 |
| 56 | Men nail up a variety of charcoal sketches detailing a fresh batch of soldiers wanted for desertion.  |
| 57 | The general who just staggered by reeks of whiskey more than the most drunken beggar.                 |
| 58 | A pair of soldiers shows off a weapons demonstration to a group of grubby children.                   |
| 59 | Two people stand in the street bellowing a mix of military propaganda at one another.                 |
| 60 | A blind oracle shambles past, muttering the word “doom” over and over.                                |
| 61 | Every wall surrounding the town appears to be falling apart.                                          |
| 62 | The main gates to the town lie knocked off their hinges and cast to the side.                         |
| 63 | These painted slogans look to be the work of a bunch of soldiers.                                     |
| 64 | An enemy soldier peers out from behind the bars of the local jail.                                    |
| 65 | A large tent serves as the centre of a bustling military camp.                                        |
| 66 | A uniformed courier dashes by, boots polished and sabre rattling in its sheath.                       |
| 67 | The squad marching through the town bears the royal colours and insignia.                             |
| 68 | Every home in town shows some sign of disrepair or damage, from caved-in roofs to shattered windows.  |
| 69 | A shadowy figure ducks down an alley and vanishes into a gutter opening.                              |
| 70 | Off to one side, a person touches a brick in a wall and a secret door slides open.                    |
| 71 | A haunting melody fills the air as a band plays dirges as they shuffle passed.                        |
| 72 | The doors and windows of these home are laid across with thick chains.                                |
| 73 | The entire town is blanketed with an unnatural silence.                                               |
| 74 | The screams in the distance have been going on for hours, and they don't sound human.                 |
| 75 | A single soldier tries to protect himself as a mob of townsfolk curse and fling rocks his way.        |

|     |                                                                                                                               |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 76  | Children scuttle by, digging through garbage and heaps for any crumb of food.                                                 |
| 77  | A group of soldiers stand around the entrance to a cellar as smoke pours up the stairs.                                       |
| 78  | A goodly number of trip wires, bear traps and hastily concealed pits defend this neighbourhood.                               |
| 79  | Villagers have gathered to work on crumbling and charred portions of the town walls.                                          |
| 80  | Townsfolk work alongside guards to construct a catapult out of any wood scraps lying around.                                  |
| 81  | These stocks stand empty, but the fresh gore on the wood indicates recent usage.                                              |
| 82  | A lone lute, strings cut and frame cracked, lies in the middle of the road.                                                   |
| 83  | A whip cracks as a deserter has his back turned into a bloody mess beneath the lashings.                                      |
| 84  | A shirtless man strides by, back straight despite his torso being a mass of scars.                                            |
| 85  | This puppet show is little more than a demonstration of gory ways one can be killed in battle.                                |
| 86  | Several youths flee from a pair of guards who look too wearied to give proper chase.                                          |
| 87  | A child clutches the ankle of a man, pleading for “Papa” to not leave.                                                        |
| 88  | An enemy soldier hollers down from atop the tower, taunting anyone to try and remove him.                                     |
| 89  | One soldier falls to the ground in mid-step and is left there as his regiment marches on.                                     |
| 90  | Townsfolk stream along the main street, carrying dozens of sealed coffins to the graveyard.                                   |
| 91  | Enormous stones form a giant cairn in the middle of town, dedicated to “All Who Have Fallen.”                                 |
| 92  | What looks like a heap of muddy rags is revealed to be a pile of discarded military uniforms.                                 |
| 93  | The harsh cawing of buzzards grows louder as a flock settles over the town.                                                   |
| 94  | This chapel has been set ablaze; flames pour from every window and doorway.                                                   |
| 95  | Several figures crawl down the street, trailing filth and blood from their bodies.                                            |
| 96  | This once-bustling marketplace has been entirely shuttered and closed down.                                                   |
| 97  | The road is almost completely clogged with abandoned wagons, whose axles and wheels are broken.                               |
| 98  | Men, women and children scream as they sprint away from the approaching soldiers.                                             |
| 99  | The skies have been blood-red for a week now, all day, all night.                                                             |
| 100 | Every guard in town stands perfectly still; peering through the bars of their helms reveals each one is an animated skeleton. |

## WAR-TORN TOWN: BUSINESSES

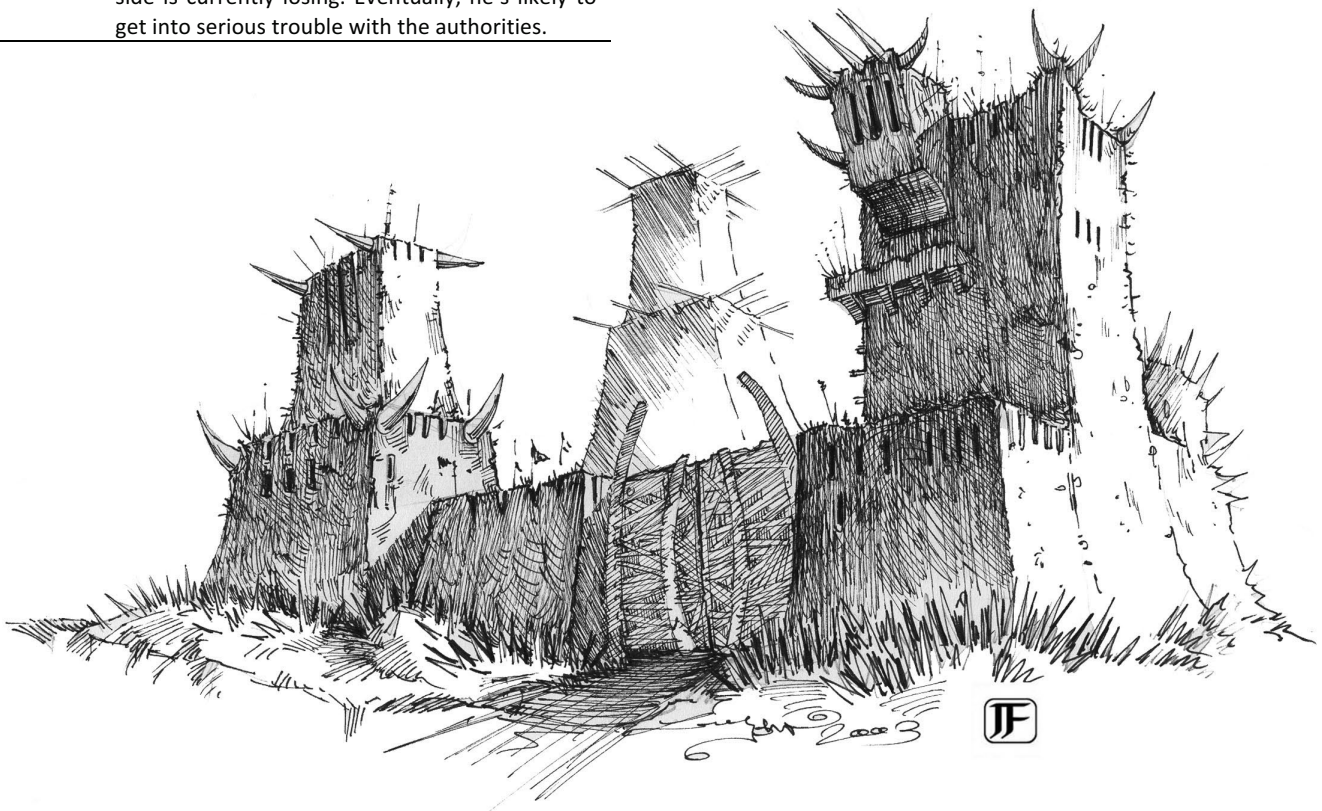
Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the war-torn town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

| D%    |                                                                                                                                       |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Chancer's (recruiter) is overseen by a silver-haired soldier in gleaming armour who welcomes the fortune-seekers and desperate alike. |
| 03-04 | Flinch (morgue) has been rapidly running out of coffins and grave plots since the war started.                                        |
| 05-06 | Proper Sendings (mourner) makes sure even unknown battle victims receive the sorrowful burials they deserve.                          |
| 07-08 | Heartshield (charms) is run by a hedge witch with an iffy track record of magical success.                                            |
| 09-10 | Blume's (blacksmith) is run by two brothers who donate much of their time to the war effort.                                          |
| 11-12 | The Notch (weaponsmith) has been on back-order for months now, and their blade quality has suffered some lately.                      |
| 13-14 | Haypricks (stables) is a lonely place indeed since the last horse in town got nabbed by a military courier with royal orders.         |
| 15-16 | The Pins (military HQ) has headquartered so many different units, it's hard to keep track of who is actually meant to be inside.      |
| 17-18 | Slitter's (armoury) has a team of labourers keeping the forge blazing at all hours.                                                   |
| 19-20 | Bags n' Barrels (supply depot) has been forced to give the local garrison a hefty discount on all goods.                              |
| 21-22 | Featherfeet (courier) claims to be a neutral messenger service, with confidentiality guaranteed on pain of death.                     |
| 23-24 | Fleabit's (spy HQ) is a local merchant who gladly sells regional information to the highest bidder.                                   |
| 25-26 | Off the Edge (maps) is run by a frustrated cartographer who has to redraw borders after every battle.                                 |
| 27-28 | Meckle and Sons (masons) donates many hours to help rebuild townhomes and walls.                                                      |
| 29-30 | Flitche's (pawn shop) is where many battlefield scroungers go to sell valuables and mementos taken from the corpses of the fallen.    |
| 31-32 | Cracked Jugs (tavern) is run by a bartender whose only rule is "no talking about religion, money or politics."                        |
| 33-34 | The Jabber (chapel) is said to be cursed since its head priest went insane after seeing the senseless suffering of war victims.       |
| 35-36 | Danglers (hanging square) has seen plenty of use lately, what with all the deserters and spies captured in town.                      |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|-------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 37-38 | Stockwall (garrison) houses the few local guards who haven't already gone off to the battlefield; only old men and boys live within.                                                        |
| 39-40 | Bastion (main gates) is overseen by a guard captain who enforces a hefty safe passage tax on anyone coming or going.                                                                        |
| 41-42 | Bone's Throw (prison) is where deserters, spies, and other rabble-rousers are tossed to await judgment and execution.                                                                       |
| 43-44 | Dogmaw (dump) is a stinking crevasse townsfolk often visit to toss unwanted items into the depths, be it night soil or a body.                                                              |
| 45-46 | Slicknails (looters) is headed by a band of thieves who raid the homes of people killed by soldiers.                                                                                        |
| 47-48 | Helping Hands (lenders) is glad to offer anyone insurance policies or high-interest, emergency loans.                                                                                       |
| 49-50 | Light's Touch (healers) is run by a married couple who somehow remain joyful and hopeful amidst the violence.                                                                               |
| 51-52 | Pickering's (remains collector) offers—for a fee—to search old battlefields for proof a particular person is dead.                                                                          |
| 53-54 | Summation (death tallies) is run by a team of clerks who carefully notate the names and number of all those fallen in battle.                                                               |
| 55-56 | The Restless (spirit soother) tends the nearby battlefields, sending the souls of the dead to eternal rest so they don't haunt the town.                                                    |
| 57-58 | Copper Cobbles (landlord) has struggled to keep much of the property it owns from being reduced to so much rubble and ash.                                                                  |
| 59-60 | Chum's (cook) once-expansive larder and kitchen has now been reduced to serving scraps of meat and greatly aged cheese.                                                                     |
| 61-62 | Crack n' Sunder (slaughterhouse) is owned by a butcher who has somehow procured a constant supply of fresh — if questionable — meat. No matter, his customers don't ask too many questions. |
| 63-64 | Tramplin's (stockyards) is kept under heavy guard by soldiers using the livestock as emergency rations.                                                                                     |
| 65-66 | Fitted Fashions (tailor) devotes much of its labour to producing or repairing army uniforms as well as flags and regiment standards.                                                        |
| 67-68 | Rattlerag's (tinker) sells anything in stock for a single copper coin, so long as you don't ask where the goods came from.                                                                  |
| 69-70 | Knuckle's (martial school) is headed by an elderly monk who teaches townsfolk the art of bare-handed self-defence.                                                                          |
| 71-72 | Gravelute (bards) has been hard-pressed to pen the jaunty tunes it used to be known for in such a sombre atmosphere.                                                                        |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|-------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 73-74 | Mudcloak's (rebel HQ) is a tiny drinking house that conceals a young, yet growing band of rebels full of righteous fury.                                                                        |
| 75-76 | White Flags (diplomat) has seen at least three negotiators come into town, with each dead within a month of trying to secure peace.                                                             |
| 77-78 | Dusty Aisles (market) used to be open every day, but now opens weekly...or whenever a supply caravan actually makes it into town. Otherwise only beggars can be found here                      |
| 79-80 | The Jut (saboteur) is a supposed goods store that is rarely open, as the proprietor is often away destroying bridges or blocking supply routes.                                                 |
| 81-82 | Hoister's (mercenaries) is in-between contracts right now, but is surprisingly loyal to whoever pays for services rendered.                                                                     |
| 83-84 | Ragged Roost (slum) has swelled with the tents and ramshackle huts of refugees from the war. Tensions between the newcomers and the residents are slowly rising.                                |
| 85-86 | Crumdrum (soup kitchen) is run by a pudgy cook who seems able to make meals out of dirt and dried leather.                                                                                      |
| 87-88 | The Pens (orphanage) is bursting at the seams with newly orphaned waifs who now contribute to the local begging schemes. The place is a madhouse and the few remaining staff are exhausted.     |
| 89-90 | The Pockle Stage (puppeteer) has eschewed its long-running shows for poking fun at whatever side is currently losing. Eventually, he's likely to get into serious trouble with the authorities. |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 91-92  | Waverly's (seamstress) stocks rolls of thread and linen in the colours of every side involved in the war, just in case.                                                                                                      |
| 93-94  | Morning Mist (cafe) has somehow remained opened amidst the turmoil, serving fresh eggs and biscuits every morning.                                                                                                           |
| 95-96  | Mudtoe (cobbler) offers free boot repair to townsfolk but charges double for officers. The proprietor is a spy for the enemy.                                                                                                |
| 97-98  | Curs (kennels) sells the finest war hounds and trackers coin can buy, though the kennel master won't sell them to just anyone. The dogs are in high demand, but the training takes many weeks and thus prices here are high. |
| 99-100 | Crimson Trails (blood tracker) has made a decent profit tracking slaves, spies and deserters via blood magic.                                                                                                                |



## WAR-TORN TOWN: FOLK OF INTEREST

Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the war-torn town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

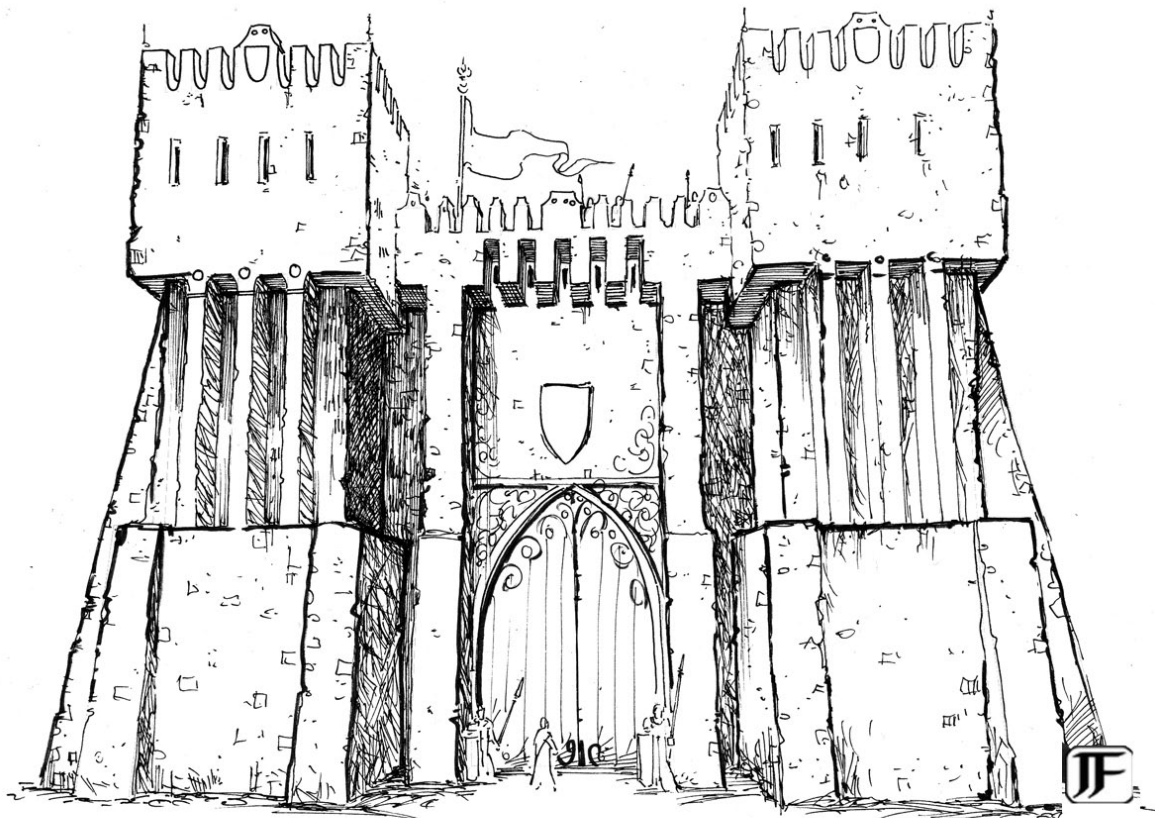
| D%    |                                                                                                                                                                            |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 01-02 | Hargbal Riog (LE female half-orc) does an excellent job extracting the mayor's "war tax", paid in coin or blood, from everyone.                                            |
| 03-04 | Laciri Bolz (NE female human fighter 1) doesn't fight for any particular side. She just enjoys cutting others down.                                                        |
| 05-06 | Swaure Lecole (LG male human cleric 2) is a bright-eyed healer whose joyful spirit remains undimmed by the devastation in town.                                            |
| 07-08 | Cama Meswig (LN female human cleric 2) uses her art to counter-balance any enemy scrying or attempts to magically scout out the town.                                      |
| 09-10 | Crancy Boffhorn (NE female halfling) keeps raising rent on the dwindling number of homes she owns as more are destroyed with each skirmish.                                |
| 11-12 | Tolwyn Lisam (LG male human) is a mason who lends his effort to help repair the battered and broken town walls.                                                            |
| 13-14 | Giemen Doringli (CE male dwarf) is a deserter ready and willing to kill anyone he thinks might turn him in.                                                                |
| 15-16 | Magsda Saraving (N female halfling) picks over recent battlefields, seeking anything she can sell for another meal.                                                        |
| 17-18 | Unaga Dushug (NE female half-orc) poses as a town guard while selling local intelligence to bidders on either side of the war.                                             |
| 19-20 | Gobilda Vinbairn (LE female gnome cleric 2) enjoys unleashing agonizing magics on enemy soldiers in the heat of battle.                                                    |
| 21-22 | Thoroda Wenbaran (NG female elf) is a waif who has grown up in town in the shadow of her father, a legendary warrior.                                                      |
| 23-24 | Ordvil Warlem (CG male human cleric 1) has nearly burnt the town down several times with his attempts to defend it with fiery magic. Next time, nothing bad will happen... |
| 25-26 | Slyn Ronath (N male human) is an ex-army cook whose skeletal frame belies his true love for fine foods.                                                                    |
| 27-28 | Hectar Jalbak (CG male dwarf fighter 2) has a broad grin that stays fixed even when his face is splattered with blood.                                                     |
| 29-30 | Mendraya Berea (NG female human cleric 3) is an elderly priestess who says blessings over the dead, whether friend or foe in life.                                         |
| 31-32 | Nacwen Renneso (NE female human cleric 1) is a snaggle-toothed crone who has been harvesting organs from dead soldiers for months now.                                     |

|       |                                                                                                                                                                              |
|-------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 33-34 | Arthleen Hirmar (LN female elf) is the mistress of a group of prostitutes who follow regiments for steady pay.                                                               |
| 35-36 | Nashal Danlebo (LG male elf fighter 2) is a refined fighter who ruthlessly tracks down deserters and brings them to justice.                                                 |
| 37-38 | Blanfaste Liogard (CE male gnome) is currently plotting to poison the well the next time an army occupies the town.                                                          |
| 39-40 | Mazair Thoad (CN female dwarf) is a would-be inventor who has failed to convince anyone her "improved" slingshots are a good crossbow replacement.                           |
| 41-42 | Murfak Vanndun (N male dwarf fighter 1) is a ruddy-haired soldier who's found he prefers getting drunk with the enemy rather than fighting them.                             |
| 43-44 | Starden Ravoriel (N female half-elf) is rather irate her retirement estate has been threatened by the violence.                                                              |
| 45-46 | Gotin Ropermble (CE male halfling cleric 3) has hired himself out to numerous clients as an efficient and effective saboteur.                                                |
| 47-48 | Ruthers Yapulco (LN male human) laughs too loudly at everything while his dark eyes hold a constant pain.                                                                    |
| 49-50 | Belgruk Gnaumo (LN male dwarf) has kept the local smithy open despite the building being sabotaged several times.                                                            |
| 51-52 | Doldalm Arnalsgo (NG male half-elf) is a tattoo artist who helps mask deserter and slave brands with his ink-work.                                                           |
| 53-54 | Illish Branlynn (N female gnome) has bright yellow hair and eyebrows and tries to pass as a human child when she begs for food or coin.                                      |
| 55-56 | Ramma Ealesen (CN female human cleric 3) runs the town orphanage and viciously defends her charges from any ill-doers, mostly because of the labour and profit they provide. |
| 57-58 | Ordwald Wyntols (LG male human) is a noble-born officer who has risked his troops to defend the town multiple times.                                                         |
| 59-60 | Gugul Ashburk (LG male half-orc fighter 2) loves this town and has a bit of a temper problem when anyone threatens it or its citizens.                                       |
| 61-62 | Orasem Carovo (LN male elf cleric 1) has been seen standing sentry on the town walls for weeks on end even though he's not an official guard.                                |
| 63-64 | Aneda Bertulli (LE female human) is rumoured to be in dealings with the mayor to "purchase" the town for unknown purposes.                                                   |
| 65-66 | Ardlen Hoffins (CE male halfling) has incited several town-wide riots just so he can loot a few homes he's had his eye on.                                                   |



|       |                                                                                                                                        |
|-------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 67-68 | Leddy Handston (NE female human fighter 3) is a gorgeous woman who enjoys collecting scars...but keeps her collection on other people. |
| 69-70 | Earlas Worook (CG male gnome fighter 3) steadfastly refuses any pay for the nightly patrols he makes around town.                      |
| 71-72 | Thorem Andeys (CN male human) is a slim man who makes a living selling spoils brought to him by battlefield scavengers.                |
| 73-74 | Debhik Venk (NE male human) is a bent and knob-jointed man who mutters bitterly at everyone and everything.                            |
| 75-76 | Vaarci Pentora (CE female half-elf) turns her velvety voice to haunting dirges and secretly delights in the grief they spread.         |
| 77-78 | Daerie Chaele (LG female human cleric 1) is a seer who keeps trying to see happier fortunes for the townsfolk, to no avail.            |
| 79-80 | Rumesto Glorehaven (LN male human fighter 2) is a renowned mercenary, here to make a fortune on the war.                               |
| 81-82 | Sungdas Jowal (NG male human fighter 1) is a smooth-cheeked youth who has survived several battles despite his inexperience.           |
| 83-84 | Halnasne Feudan (LE female half-elf) is constantly giggling as she tallies reports of the most recent dead.                            |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 85-86  | Rimthos Boldahk (N male half-orc cleric 1) is a hedge mage who creates cheap spells and charms...of questionable efficacy.                                       |
| 87-88  | Prack Cosken (CN male half-orc fighter 3) is an elderly, heavily scarred guard who seems embittered he isn't strong enough to fight in a real battle any longer. |
| 89-90  | Haeger Orwald (CG male gnome) is a town scout who reports in when soldiers are getting close.                                                                    |
| 91-92  | Georard Smuden (LE male human) is a wealthy moneylender glad to take advantage of people's need for immediate funds.                                             |
| 93-94  | Toble Marish (NE male halfling) is a four-fingered pickpocket willing to steal bread from a starving child to keep from going hungry.                            |
| 95-96  | Jalda Brivisil (CE female human cleric 1) enjoys accusing random people of being spies just to see what happens.                                                 |
| 97-98  | Lalhir Felas (N female half-elf) has kept a group of local mercenaries in her employ as private bodyguards.                                                      |
| 99-100 | Dala Nodds (LG female human fighter 3) is only sixteen but is considered a divinely gifted strategist, sought out by legendary generals for advice.              |



## WAR-TORN TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the war-torn town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

### D20

|   |                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|---|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1 | Within a day of the PCs' arrival, a fresh army has appeared to lay siege to the town, completely surrounding it and cutting off all supply routes.                                    |
| 2 | A supply caravan hasn't made it to the town in months and every nearby farm has been burnt to ashes. Starving townsfolk lie suffering everywhere the PCs look.                        |
| 3 | The PCs hear word the generals of the opposing armies have challenge one another to a duel to end the battle once-and-for-all...and the fight is to take place in the centre of town. |
| 4 | The town has been engulfed by rioters who are looting, killing, wrecking property and setting buildings ablaze.                                                                       |
| 5 | With most able-bodied fighters off to war, a gang of hooligans has taken to terrorizing the town, taking what they wish and beating anyone who opposes them senseless.                |
| 6 | A group of guards stops the PCs in the street and their captain accuses them of being enemy spies. They can either be escorted to jail peaceably or taken there in pieces.            |
| 7 | A hooded figure sidles up and offers the party a tempting amount of gold if you'd be so kind as to scout the town and report on the defences and nearby troop movements.              |
| 8 | The town's food stores have been broken into by a self-proclaimed freedom fighter who is now doling out bags of grain and goods to starving townsfolk.                                |
| 9 | An army recruiter has set up a tent in the middle of town, offering wealth and fame to anyone willing to sign up for the latest march on enemy territory.                             |

|    |                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10 | A weeping mother begs for the PCs' help, as her children have been conscripted into a makeshift army comprised entirely of little boys and girls. They march on the morrow.               |
| 11 | A black-robed priest stalks the city, claiming if the fighting doesn't end, the spirits of the slain will come to haunt the town and drag everyone's souls to Hell.                       |
| 12 | A PC realize almost every item being sold in the marketplace has been scrounged off dead soldiers—some of the goods still have relatively fresh blood and gore on them.                   |
| 13 | With a groan and loud crack, the town's main tower—damaged by fire and battering rams—begins to topple.                                                                                   |
| 14 | A PC suddenly realises the suit of shiny armour that just walked by was actually empty.                                                                                                   |
| 15 | With a bloodthirsty cry, a bunch of fighters wearing rebel colours surge out of the tavern and begin attacking everyone in sight.                                                         |
| 16 | Loyalist soldiers are marching through town, hunting anyone they even suspect of having sympathies for or connections with the enemy.                                                     |
| 17 | The party are cornered by the mayor's personal guard and ordered to cough up the mandatory (and hefty) war tax. Pay up, or else.                                                          |
| 18 | The guards have been in an uproar since someone broke into their armoury and made off with every spare piece of armour and weaponry. A reward has been issued for the equipment's return. |
| 19 | A person sprints through town, screaming that a devilish army has been spotted just beyond the horizon and they are laying waste to everything in their path.                             |
| 20 | A group of war prisoners are being marched to the gallows for execution, but a PC recognizes at least one of them as an old companion.                                                    |



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