

World of Arkara: Gazetteer of the Canterbury Isles



by Charles Bice

This product uses the OSRIC™ System.

The OSRIC™ system text can be found at <http://knights-n-knaves.com/osric/>.

THE CANTERBURY ISLES

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the Canterbury Isles, the first supplement for the World of Ariakus, the old-school fantasy setting for the OS-RICTM system. The Canterbury Isles are a frontier region, removed in many ways from the troubles of the rest of the known world but these idyllic isles have become a hotbed of racism and intolerance thanks to the influence of priests of Therran the White.

Once, over a century ago, the humans were welcomed to the isles by gracious elves. Now those same elves look at the descendants of the men and women they welcomed and sharpen their arrows and spears, believing war will eventually come.

Meanwhile the dwarves have almost completely vanished, in a move interpreted by both the humans and the elves as getting out of the middle of the coming war. Both sides have sent urgent calls for alliance into the mountains but their messengers have not returned.

Now is the time for heroes. But will they decide the conflict in favor of one side or the other or find a way to prevent a senseless war before it can begin?

OVERVIEW OF THE CANTERBURY ISLES

ACCORD

Accord was the site of the first human landing in the Canterbury Isles in the year 2419 (almost 200 years ago). This was not an intentional landing but an exploration ship smashed on the nearby "shrimp" island (presently home to the Tiger Moon Monastery) during a driving storm. The captain of this vessel managed a heroic effort to create rafts from the wreckage of his doomed ship and get most of his crew to shore, despite repeated attacks by Batrachians and Lizard Men.

Once ashore, things were not much better for the crew until they made contact with a group of hardy elves from the forests to the north. Still keeping to his original mission, the captain eventually met with Kohia, the Lady of the Wood and not only secured the lumber he would need to rebuild his ship but also purchased the entire island "south and west of the Bulwark Range", the extent of human habitation on the island to this day.

BANDIT WOOD

The Bandit Wood is home to a belligerent group of "wild" elves that are hostile to everyone, even their own kind. These rebels have left the company of their fellows in the Stormwood and the Quietwood to seek solitude.

The elves in this wood will attack any humans on sight and inflict +2 additional points of damage on any successful attack against humans.

BITTER PEAKS

The Bitter Peaks are the northernmost area of the islands and are subject to the full force of the frequent storms that sweep down from the Hold of the Snow Queen. This actually affects the few other creatures that reside in the mountains more than the dwarves, who enjoy the solitude brought to them by the storms. Unfortunately, in the solitude, something terrible has happened to these dwarves. They have fallen under the influence of a particularly large and dangerous White Dragon named Powder. For generations the dwarves of the bitter peaks were locked in a brutal war against a clan of ogres who also resided in this range. Last year, these ogres slew the Mountain Lord in a raid. His wife approached Powder "woman to woman" and offered her anything in return for revenge.

With the dragon's help, the dwarves exterminated every ogre in the Bitter Peaks, down to the smallest child. In return for her revenge, the Lady Joasia paid a terrible price. Her clan would serve the dragon until the end of her life and the lives of her progeny. While many of her subjects believe this is a terrible turn for their clan, Joasia finds the arrangement satisfactory. She got her revenge and is happy to do whatever the dragon asks in return.

Recently, a bull White Dragon has been seen in the Bitter Peaks and many of the dwarves believe Powder is ready to mate and bear a clutch of eggs. The prospect of serving one nearly immortal creature of pure evil was bad enough but faced with the prospect of being indebted to an entire clan of the foul creatures has driven some of the younger dwarves to contemplate drastic measures.

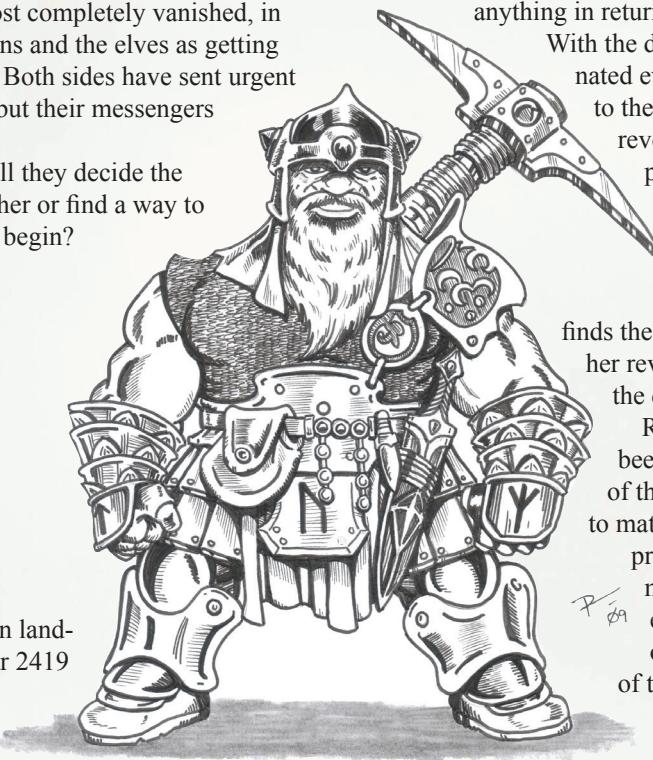
What those measures will be they have yet to decide but desperate schemes to hire someone to assassinate Lady Joasia and plans to hire a band of stout adventurers to slay Powder before she can mate are the most popular.

BULWARK RANGE

The Bulwark Range absorbs the brunt of the many storms that hit the eastern isle, protecting the fertile farmland that lies to the west of the range. Lord Bratumil, a wise, ancient dwarf that has the universal respect of everyone living in the Canterbury Isles, even the humans, rules these mountains. Indeed, Bratumil would stand the greatest chance of mediating a peace between the elves of the Stormwood and the humans of Bondaea, if he could be convinced to intervene.

Unfortunately, Bratumil has other things on his mind and is unable to intervene at the present time. Something has driven the ogres in the Bulwark Range mad and at almost the same time, Bratumil lost contact with his sister and brother-in-law, who rule the nearby Bitter Peaks.

If someone were to solve Bratumil's "ogre problem" and find out what is wrong with his sister, he would be willing to intervene and forestall the coming war. Given that the ogres are in a



murderous frenzy, the task of anyone seeking Lord Bratumil's aid will not be an easy one.

DALUNA ABBEY

Daluna Abbey is a jointly consecrated temple to the sisters of Arkara's twin moons: Dannos and Lunos. This remote monastery consists of approximately 50 monks (cloistered clerics) who work on copying holy texts of the twins while living an extremely ascetic lifestyle.

They are protected by a contingent of holy warriors dedicated to the twins, mostly Fighters but also many Crusaders and a small number of Paladins. The Paladins train the Crusaders and Fighters and the entire body of warriors protects the abbey from the marauding monsters common to the isles.

MILLER'S BEND

While the Lady of the Wood and the Duke of Bondaea edge closer to a war neither really want, the residents of the small hamlet of Miller's Bend might tell you the war has already begun. This community makes its living off the lumber they cut from the Millwood, which is drawn up the wide calm river on barges pulled by mules on the shore. The wood is then cut and treated in Miller's Bend, before being shipped overland to Bondaea, where it is sold to merchants who transport the valuable wood throughout the known world.

Recently, a group of renegade elves have moved into the wood, which was ceded to the humans as part of the original accord and begun attacking the loggers, killing them for the "murder" of the wood. The lumberjacks, rather than ask for aid have responded in kind, trading passing ships for weapons and even hiring mercenaries. In short, there is a private little war going on here.

Unknown to either side, both humans and elves are being manipulated by sinister, outside forces. A pair of succubi sisters has been manipulating the leaders of both the humans of Miller's Bend and the renegade elves of the Millwood. Posing as beautiful new consorts for their respective leaders, they whisper promises of glory for ending this "threat" and label any thought of calling for outside aid cowardice.

Whether they are simply enjoying the violence, chaos and bloodshed they are causing or have an even darker purpose for their actions is unknown at the present time.

MILLWOOD

This forest was originally ceded to the humans almost 200 years ago as part of the original agreement between Lady Kohia and the humans who crashed on the island. Most of the elves had never had contact with humans and were shocked at the way they began to cull the wood, cutting down trees in their prime. The elves always took trees near the end or were fire hazards and only the word of Lady Kohia that the Millwood (as the humans named it) was off limits stopped an attack then.

Recently, an ambitious elven noble and his consort left with a force of elves and took up residence in the forest where they immediately began attacking the human loggers. At first they only conducted acts of sabotage, ruining saws or poisoning the mules needed to carry the wood upriver but have been getting more and more aggressive of late.

Of course, the reason for this behavior is the same as that of the humans in Miller's Bend (see above for more details).

NORTH SHORE

North Shore is an isolated farming community and is known for its large crops of Rye, which flourishes despite the generally cold climate. They mill this rye into flour and sell it in Bondaea. North Shore is also known for the excellent whiskies they make from their staple Rye. Those who visit this tiny hamlet (which is not a great many people) also find their pumpernickel bread magnificent.

Several months ago a group of adventurers passed through North Shore with a treasure map to a mysterious cave north of town. This cave was well known locally for weird noises and smells and was avoided by the inhabitants of the area. While the adventurers were never seen again, since they ventured into the cave, livestock and even the occasional citizen of North Shore have gone missing.

Any hardy souls willing to investigate the cave will be promised 200 gp by the town council if they are successful in ending the attacks.

Grimlocks and numerous traps inhabit the cave complex. The Grimlocks were once men who were cursed by some greater evil deeper in the cave complex and forced to help that greater evil guard an item. What this greater evil is and what it guards are up to the game master.

PRAIERETON

Prairieton is another of the agrarian hamlets that support the population of the Canterbury Isles, as well as producing a surplus of food that is sold in Bondaea. Sheltered by the Bulwark Range, Prairieton produces large quantities of corn, oats and potatoes. It also supports large populations of cows and sheep.

Unfortunately the herd animals have drawn some unwanted guests to the hamlet's vicinity. A large pack of dire wolves has arrived in the area and has been feasting on the local populations for some time. A bounty has been offered by the town in the amount of 50 gp per dire wolf pelt delivered to the town elders.

There are a few little complications to this bounty offer, neither of which the town council is aware. First, the creatures preying on the local flocks are not dire wolves but worgs. Second their arrival in the area is not a random hunting pattern. They have been pursued into the area by a group of goblins that seek to capture the young of the pack and train them as mounts.

There is also a small wood far to the east of Prairieton, which served as a source of lumber in times past. The locals no longer go there, preferring to trade excess crops for lumber in Bondaea. If asked why, they will relate tales of the forest being haunted. When a local farmer was found mutilated in the wood, these stories were widely believed and the locals have not gone there since, with one exception.

That one exception happens to be the daughter of the Mayor of Prairieton, a plucky young lass who has studied the ways of magic at the Jadakan University and believed these tales of haunting were old wives' tales; the mutilated man was caught by a bear she argued. After heading into the wood she has not been seen since.

In fact, this small wood has become home to a clan of Quicklings. They have captured the poor girl and driven her near to madness but have not yet harmed her. For the moment, she is entertaining to them. Eventually they will grow bored and slowly torture her to death like the hapless farmer she thought mauled by a bear.

If someone should bring his daughter back for burial, the Mayor of Prairieton would reward him or her with 200 gp. If someone should actually bring her back alive, the Mayor would reward him or her with every scrap of gold he has on hand, amounting to 500 gp. Alas, the girl's mind is shattered, barring magical healing.

QUIETWOOD

Prior to the departure of a group of renegade elves for the Bandit Wood, this realm seemed to live up to its title. For millennia Kaimana, the royal consort of Lady Kohia, has ruled these lands. The rising tide of racism among the humans has caused a rift in this once peaceful community, something unheard of in the entire history of the elves on these islands. Kaimana has allowed the elves to leave for the Bandit Wood in peace but has sworn to them that if they attack humans outside the Bandit Wood, he and his fellow elves will attack them.

Primarily because of the rift they have caused in the elven nation, humans will be quite unwelcome in the Quietwood but they will not be attacked.

SHELTERED SEA

These quiet, peaceful waters teem with fish. It is said that they are so calm, quiet and warm that a man could swim from the eastern isle to the western isle, floating on the surface when he got tired. While this has never been proven, these waters are breathtaking in their beauty and in calmer times pleasure ships from the Kingdom of Damask were not an uncommon sight in these waters.

SKIFFTON

A group of independent fishermen built this village and over time, it has grown to a rather large size thanks to the abundant fish stocks of the Sheltered Sea. These taciturn, hard-working folk make quite a good living on the sea and have grown wealthy.

Attributing this success to Ostalonch, the god of the sea, they have built an elaborate temple to him, one of the most breathtaking temples to this god in the entire world. So ardent is the worship of Ostalonch here that a cult of whale riding has sprung up among the local population. Young men and women under the age of 18 go out on the sheltered sea at night and try to entice the mighty Leviathans to the surface with prayers to Ostalonch. If one comes to the surface, they lash themselves to the great creature, letting it take them wherever they will.

While many of these intrepid youth are never seen again, those who return have a great insight into the sea. Some become great fishermen while others become some of the greatest priests of Ostalonch the world has ever seen.

The truth of this ritual is stranger than even the villagers of Skiffton suspect. At the bottom of the Sheltered Sea is a vast underwater city of the sea elves. Like the humans of Skiffton above them, these sea elves hunt the abundant fish and worship the god of the sea.

When they encounter the whale riders from the surface, they are usually drowned. Occasionally, one has reached the sea elves

alive and they use magic to allow him or her to breathe water and survive the icy depths. There they induct the intrepid youth into deeper mysteries of Ostalonch than any surface dweller will ever know.

After erasing any memory of the sea elves and their hidden city, they call a whale and have him or her returned to his people on the surface.

These sea elves are under attack by the foul batrachians and lizard men. These creatures are dedicated to the service of Icarra and are determined to exterminate the sea elves. They have also begun attacking the surface of late, especially the elves of the Stormwood.

STORMWOOD

This turbulent pine forest seems cold and unforgiving to outsiders, wracked constantly by storms that sweep down from the Hold of the Snow Queen. But the elves of the Stormwood have lived here for millennia and those who have been invited to their cities deep in the heart of the wood tell a different tale.

In the heart of the wood lies one of the greatest elven cities in the known world, sheltered by a wall of pines from the cold and rain, this city exists in almost perfect weather year round. Only light rains and snows make their way through its protective forest boundaries and even in the dead of winter the temperature rises only a little.

Unfortunately, there is trouble in paradise. First, there is the growing tension between the humans and the elves. Elves have defected from both the Stormwood and the Quietwood in defiance of the Lady's wishes. Secondly, from the great lake in the south, where the elves have frolicked happily in the summer months for millennia, has come a large force of batrachians and lizard men. They have found a way into the lake from the sea and use this underwater passage to attack the elves when they least expect it, melting back into the ocean once they have mounted a defense.

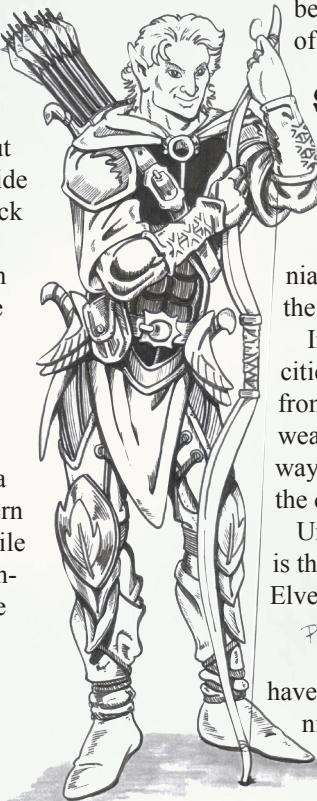
Because of this, what was once an idyllic spa for the elves has turned into a fortified boundary, with towers manned day and night by elven archers, watching the waters for the next attack.

TIGER MOON MONASTERY

This island used to be known as "shrimp rock". While the shrimp stocks off the island are tremendous (and ships from Skiffton still travel here routinely to take advantage of this), the island itself was rocky, cold, wet and inhospitable. Still, a group of the refugees from the Droplet Isles moved out to this island almost immediately and began importing wood for what they have named the "Monastery of the Tiger Moon".

While no one visits the island except for the occasional supply ship, sailors fishing the shrimp stocks report amazing sights of ascetics practicing bizarre and complex maneuvers that are part fighting style and part dance, at least to their untrained eye. While many of the refugees know bizarre but devastatingly effective open-hand combat techniques, even those pale in comparison to the stories of the techniques taught by these monks.

Occasionally a young man or woman will make the dangerous trip to the island. Some of these are descendants of the Droplet Isle refugees while others are native inhabitants from all over



the Canterbury Isles. Even a few elves have come here. Most are turned away but a few are accepted into the monastery, where they are never seen again, unless a fisherman glimpses them as they practice.

Note to the game master: If OSRIC™ Unearthed is being used in the campaign this is where any Yamabushi will receive his or her training. It is far enough away to be remote and explain why the class (and martial arts techniques in general) are relatively rare, but close enough that the player does not need an elaborate story of how he came to wander the lands.

In general the “Drop Town” refugees of the city of Bondaea serve the same purpose, giving a ready explanation of how a Samurai or Ninja came to the west.

Of course, if the game master does not wish to use OSRIC™ Unearthed, then the monks here provide a bit of local color while steadfastly ignoring any characters’ attempts to learn their secrets.

CITY OF BONDAEA

The City of Bondaea is designed to be a source for urban adventures in your campaigns. Below you will find a general description of the city and its four quarters, along with detailed descriptions of many buildings. Many of the city’s buildings have been purposely left vacant, to allow the game master to place establishments appropriate to his campaign and his adventures there.

Permanent Residents: Approximately 1,000 (city proper); approximately 5,000 (city environs)

Standing Militia: 250 plus the Duke’s personal guard, which numbers 50.

Bondaea (pronounced Bond-ā-uh) is the capital of the human presence on the Canterbury Isles and is the home of Duke Anchien Zelan. His ancestors hired a large number of dwarven stonesmiths from the nearby Bulwark Range to construct the city and it is a fortress many military leaders have proclaimed could only be breached by siege or subterfuge.

The city’s four quarters are independently walled, with interior walls possessing the same battlements and fortifications as exterior walls. Thus, if someone penetrates one of the outer walls, he faces another gate, which allows fire from three interior walls.

Sadly, these fortifications are used as much to control the city’s residents, as they are to defend it from outside attack. A city dedicated to Zelos, the God of Justice and containing temples to half a dozen other Lawful gods, Bondaea has become a city obsessed with Law above all else. Driven primarily by the priesthoods of Zelos and Therran the White, the city has become a police state that severely restricts the rights of its citizens, especially demi-humans.

Upon entering the city, a visitor is given a day pass to the city. Upon renting a room at an inn, the inn will provide a guest with a visitor pass listing the name of the inn and the length of stay the visitor has paid for. The only inns that will sell a visitor pass to a non-human are those in the demi-human quarter.

At night all external and internal gates are locked. Characters with a guest pass for an inn will be allowed to enter the city from outside to return to their lodgings. No movement between internal gates is permitted under any circumstances.

Guards patrol the city in groups of 7-12 (6+1d6) both day and

night. By day, there is a 50% chance of encountering a patrol every 10 minutes and a 50% chance of being asked for identification. Those without a day pass are asked to leave.

By night, there is a 75% chance of encountering a patrol every 5 minutes and a 100% chance of being asked for identification. Those without a guest pass will be escorted out of the city. Those who have a guest pass will be escorted back to their lodgings.

If a group of guards is attacked, every member of the party will begin blowing a whistle they carry around their necks, while falling back to the nearest guard post. This will attract attention both from nearby guard posts but also the off-duty guards who are sleeping/relaxing at each guard post (which also contain barracks). 2d6 guards will arrive every round until the maximum number of guards (250) is reached.

At this point, if a battle is still ongoing, the Duke and his personal guard will arrive.

Noble Quarter: Duke Zelan’s Manor (#13) is at the heart of this richest quarter of the city. This is where the blue bloods make their home, the nobles and “new men” who grew rich on trade. This district is also home to many of the city’s temples, especially those to the Lawful gods the residents of the city have become obsessed by.

Arena Quarter: The Arena (#61) is the heart of this boisterous, middle-class neighborhood. Many inns and shops are here, as well as a large number of middle class apartment buildings that rise high above the city, rivaled in height only by the tenements of the demi-human quarter. These buildings are much nicer construction than the tenements however, being made of mortared brick by dwarven craftsmen. They rise straight and tall, allowing light to reach the clean streets below.

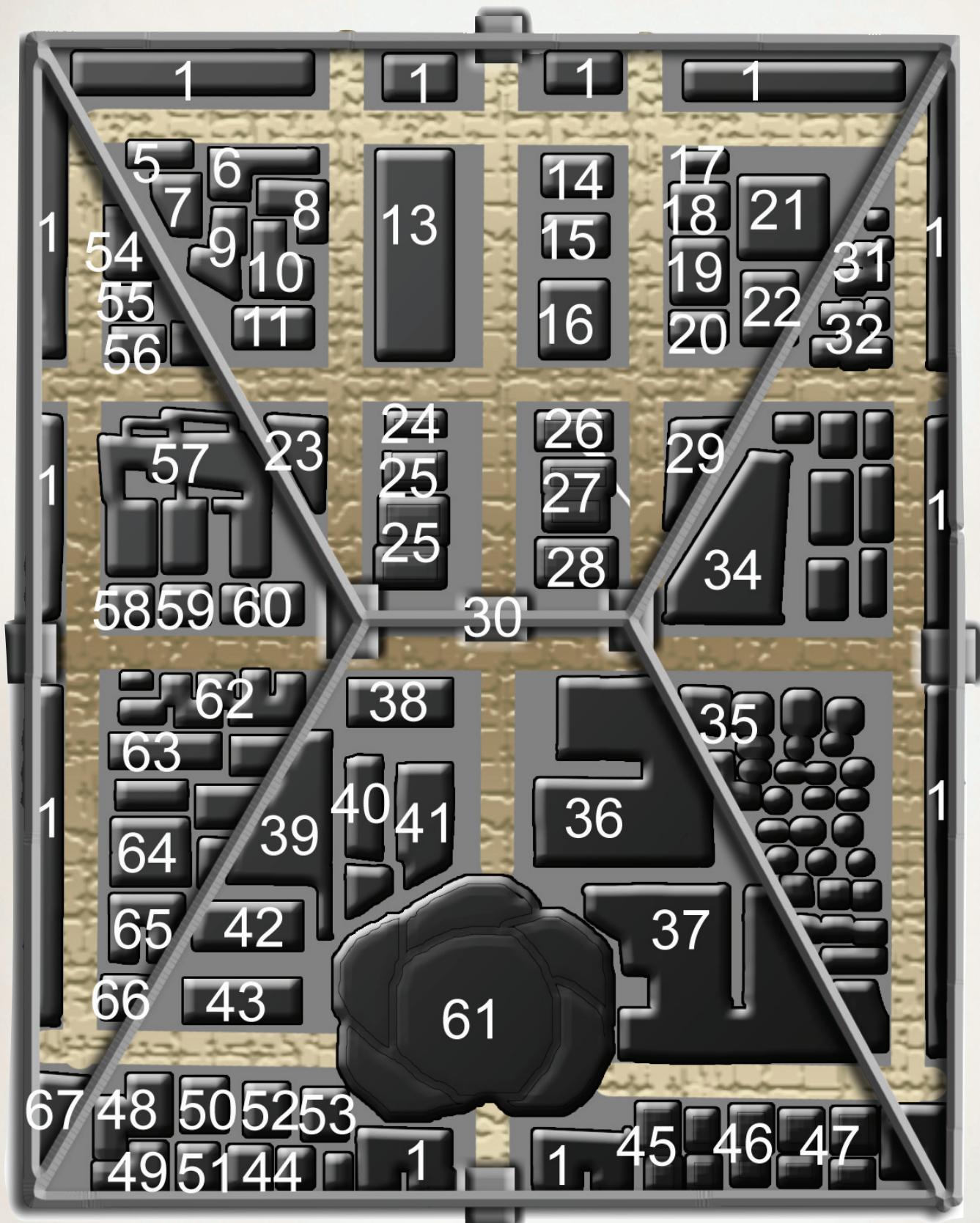
This city contains most of the city’s residents and the large, sturdy, utilitarian temples of its most popular gods: Kazatha, Lorenon and Zelos. The city’s nobles look down on this area of the city, and its temples and have even tried to convince Duke Zelan to force the temples of Lorenon and Kazatha to move outside the city, which has nearly caused riots.

This area also breaks with the rising “humans only” sentiment being pushed by the followers of Therran the White. Anyone who is a member of a craftsman guild can live here and a number of dwarves and halflings do, though not without occasional harassment by the Order of White.

Demi-human Quarter: Once a vibrant trading center between the humans and demi-humans, this area of the city has been transformed by the racist hatred of the Order of White into a slum where almost all demi-humans in the city are crowded after dark. The guard never comes here after dark, having decided to allow the Order of White to serve as an “auxiliary militia”. They do not prevent crime so much as act as the source, terrorizing, beating and occasionally killing any demi-human unfortunate enough to be caught outdoors after dark.

The safest part of the demi-human quarter, especially after dark, is the tenement district, ruthlessly controlled and protected by Jagged Ear’s Crew.

Tenement District: The Jagged Ear’s Inn (#35) is the cornerstone of this unofficial district of the city, in more ways than one. A number of pitiful demi-humans, mostly dwarves but also more than a few elves have fallen into poverty in the city and stayed there, rather than return home in disgrace. Most of these pitiful souls now live in this squalid tenement district, in wood frame



houses 3 stories tall or higher. These buildings bend and their roofs touch each other, which not only casts the streets below in eternal darkness but also makes a “high road” that only an intrepid and nimble thief can travel.

This is Jagged Ear’s base of power, from which he controls Bondaea’s underworld. Despite being in the demi-human quarter, Jagged Ear has a secret door through the wall, allowing those who pay him “homage” (a cut of their earnings) to come and go at will.

This area of the city squalid but crime free and cosmopolitan, with humans and demi-humans living side by side in the one area of the city where the guard dares not go. Jagged Ear protects this area as well and any crime or violence that happens without his order is punished severely.

Drop Town: As the city of Bondaea was being built, an amazing event happened: several ships full of refugees from the Droplet Islands crashed on the shores of the island. These refugees offered to help in the construction of the city in return for a part of it to call their own. Their craftsmen knew amazing techniques unknown even to the dwarves and many believe the city would have taken twice as long to complete without their assistance. In recognition of their tremendous aid, Duke Zelan awarded them a full fourth of the city.

Drop town is a wild, colorful, vibrant quarter, festooned with long paper signs adorned with calligraphy in their native tongue. They welcome outsiders so long as they are peaceful, while never letting them forget they are outsiders. Out of courtesy they only speak the Common Tongue when outsiders are around but as soon as those outsiders turn to leave, conversation shifts back into their native tongue.

Also, while a few signs of businesses near the Noble and Arena Quarters have signs in Common, most do not. The best way to get around the quarter is by rickshaw. These human pulled carts are extremely fast and their owner-operators know this quarter of the city better than anyone. They are also scrupulously honest and pride themselves on taking the customer directly where he wants to go.

This part of the city is not without its dark side however and Tetsu Te (loosely translated as the Iron Hand) ruthlessly controls its underworld.

BUILDING DESCRIPTIONS

The name of the building is in bold. If the building has a sign, this will be in italics.

1. Guard Posts/Barracks: At any given time there will be 1d10 guards at each of these guard posts, with the rest of the guards being on patrol. There will also be 12 sleeping guards at each of these posts at all times.

5. Studio of Zabratthus the Scribe: Letters drafted while you wait. Longer jobs by appointment. This small two-story building is the home of Zabratthus, his wife and their two daughters. He also employs three couriers of various ages (12, 13 and 16). His couriers can deliver a letter within the city in less than 30 minutes.

His oldest courier is an excellent horseman and can deliver a letter to any of the human towns and villages in the eastern isle (Accord, Daluna Abbey, Miller’s Bend, North Shore, Prairieton

and Skifftton) in 3 days or less.

Zabratthus’ couriers are all known to the city guard by sight and are never stopped, making them a good way to covertly pass information around the city.

Once or twice a week a group of thugs belonging to The Order of White will come in here and pressure Zabratthus to stop delivering letters by or to non-humans. However, Zabratthus’ oldest daughter is engaged to a Priest-Captain of Zelos so these visits are of the subtle “persuasion” variety.

At Zabratthus’ request, his daughter has not informed her fiancée of these visits but eventually she will and there will be trouble. The priests of Zelos are not fond of followers of Therran the White and are especially not fond of The Order of White.

8. Mansion of Eleanor Whistler: The Grand Dame of the city, Eleanor is a social and cultural institution. She is 80 years old but still quite active and sets the tone for what is acceptable in the city. When she joined the temple of Therran, the temple gained an even larger surge in worshippers among the city’s elite than it did when the Duke began attending services there.

13. Duke Zelan’s Manor: This is the home of Duke Zelan. There are signs that it was a comfortable, even warm place but these are marred by numerous fortifications, including barred gates over every door and window. The Duke is seen less often these days than in the past, though he still makes a complete wall of the city walls every morning and is in attendance at every major sporting event at the arena.

17. Temple of Pallantides

18. Temple of Atos

19. Temple of Therran the White

20. Temple of Dannon

21. Temple of Santarius

22. Temple of Drathor

29. The Lace Garter: A discreet gentleman’s club for the discerning patron.

31. The Freakshow: Specializing in the exotic, the unlikely and the bizarre. This detestable establishment is a whorehouse, offering girls of every demi-human and even a few humanoid races. It is run by Big Gerda, who is either an ogress, half-ogress, orc or half-orc depending on whom you ask. The few that have dared to ask her have found themselves tossed out into the street.

This establishment has a secret door that leads into the Noble Quarter, allowing Gerda’s patrons (who mostly reside there) to come and go discreetly, at all hours. If you don’t use the door as a customer, expect to pay a toll of 50 gp.

34. Haresprint’s Bakery: Halfling owned and operated family bakery. This venerable establishment has been in the city almost as long as there has been a city, when the Widow Haresprint ran it. Her two granddaughters, Drusilla and Anita, now run it. This enormous building fills the entire city with fragrant smells of

baked goods and is patronized by residents of every quarter of the city.

As the demi-human quarter has turned into more of a slum and a place for the Order of White to vent their racism, the sisters Haresprint have been given many chances to leave, with aldermen of the various guilds offering them space in the Arena Quarter. Thus far they have cheerfully refused to leave and their status as pillars of the community, high-ranking guilders and members of the church of Dannos have protected them. Even the Order of White seems to realize attacking them would be a step too far, for now at least.

35. Jagged Ear's Inn: This run-down building is much nicer on the inside and is known as a place where you can get anything, if the price is right. It is owned and operated by a scarred elf that is missing half of one ear and goes by the name "Jagged Ear". His crew controls the underworld of three-fourths of the city (excepting Drop Town).

One of the most common services he renders is passage in and out of the demi-human quarter through a secret door he controls in the back of the inn. Since the guard never comes into the demi-human quarter after dark, this is a handy exit for members of his crew but also freelance criminals. He charges a "toll" of 50 gp for passage through his secret door and asks no questions. The price is the same whether the traveler is a respectable looking elven noble or a half-orc dragging a corpse.

If a traveler can't (or won't) pay, his reaction is based on his assessment of the person in question. Someone alone, who appears injured or weak, might be literally turned upside down by his crew to see if he's carrying anything Jagged Ear wants. A group of well-armed adventurers will be allowed to "owe him". As long as the traveler doesn't push things or rub Jagged Ear's nose in it, he will avoid confrontation with those he isn't sure he and his crew can handle.

Such a group has been staying in Jagged Ear's Inn, free of charge, for almost two weeks. A group of Akirinoss, the infamous Elven Assassins' Guild has come into town for a job. They never speak to anyone but Jagged Ear and avoids them whenever possible.

36. The Crossed Swords Inn and Tavern: Considered by many the finest tavern in the city, the Crossed Swords is also an inn. Moderately priced (1 sp for a bed in the common room and 1 gp for a private room), the Crossed Swords is the most popular inn in the city for visitors attending events at the arena.

One of the hallmarks of the Crossed Swords are its fantastic breakfasts and the tavern is known throughout the Canterbury Isles for its biscuit and sausage gravy "eat all you want" specials. Every morning the inn is packed with guests, working men and a goodly number of city guard, along with many just passing through the Arena Quarter who couldn't resist the smell.

There is a secret door through the wall in the back storeroom that leads into Jagged Ear's Inn and allows safe passage to and from the demi-human quarter 24 hours a day.

37. Temple of Zelos

38. Temple of Kazatha: This sturdy, plainly-built temple is the most popular in the city to the working folk and during weekly services many craftsmen from the villages and farms that sur-

round the city (and make up 95% of its population) stream into the city to pay their respects.

39. Armorer's Guild

40. Ilzur's Apothecary: Run by a crotchety old alchemist known only as "Old Ilzur", this shop can assist a Magic-User in making a potion. Ilzur can also identify potions for a modest fee (50 gp). He is also quite active in the church of Drathor and can be seen there during weekly services, where he serves as an usher.

40a The Spectator Tavern and Grill: This is the building just north of the arena. This open-air stall hosts a full bar, as well as a grill for various meat and vegetable kebabs. As its name suggests, it was built as a place for spectators to grab a quick drink and/or bite to eat on their way to or from the arena. However, the quality of its food (and the convenience of being able to grab a drink "on the fly") has made this establishment popular year round.

Thanks to the patronage (and protection) the city guard, the Spectator is open 24 hours. Since movement after dark is restricted, its clientele is strictly the guard after dark but this is enough to pay the apprentice who runs the night shift.

43. Temple of Lorenon

44. Middle Class Apartments

45. The Sand Eater Tavern: This small tavern has a regular clientele of rough and tumble customers who don't like strangers. In fact these regular customers are assassins and bounty hunters being offered aid and comfort by the Temple of Moirai, which is hidden behind the tavern (see below).

Normally strangers are given a very cold shoulder for an hour or two and then "encouraged" to leave but the high priest of Moirai has asked them to look out for a strange, unusual and expendable looking group.

45a. Temple of Moirai: Ostensibly a storage area for the Sand Eater, storing overstocked whiskey and extra tables and chairs for when there are large athletic events in the city, this drab, unassuming building is actually a temple to the goddess of revenge.

The high priest of Moirai has a job offer for a likely looking group (in the opinion of the denizens of the Sand Eater). He wishes to meet with Duke Zelan and speak with him privately. If pressed, the priest will give a solemn oath on the temple of Moirai that the Duke will not be harmed or kidnapped.

If pressed even further, she will even allow the group to sit in on the meeting with the Duke. She knows what happened to the Duke's wife, the event that pushed him over the edge and into the arms of the priests of Therran.

46. Middle Class Apartments

47d. The Dog Pit: This is the bottom right of the four buildings in the 47 block on the map. This foul, out of the way building is home to weekly dog fights, where dogs whose owners have trained them for viciousness have them fight to the death while crowds bet on the outcome.

48. Blacksmith

49. Middle Class Apartments

50. Armorer

51. Middle Class Apartments

52. The Flophouse: Anyone can stay in this no-frills establishment, renting a bed for 1 cp a night. This building is four stories tall. A restaurant takes up the entire first floor, while the second and third floors are each divided into four large rooms, which each contain 12 beds. The fourth floor is the home of the innkeep and his family.

57. The Velvet Glove: This is the home base of the Iron Hand, from which they control all crime in Drop Town. This enormous, three-story building is largely made of paper, causing it to emit a bright glow at night as the paper is lit from the inside. The first floor is a massive gambling casino with games of chance of every description. The second floor is broken down into small suites for “entertainment” (primarily girls and/or opium). The third floor serves as the private apartments of Kurohyou, from which she rules her criminal empire.

61. Arena: This enormous building hosts athletic events of all kinds. The center and largest arena is the Hippodrome, which is used primarily for races of all kinds. However, as the largest arena, this arena also hosts combats to the death. These are rare but happen on the following two occasions: if two nobles have a serious enough disagreement, they may petition the Temple of Zelos to name their dispute a matter of honor and legally fight to the death; if two prisoners are awaiting a death sentence at the same time they may petition the Temple of Zelos for a trial by arms with the loser dying and the winner going free.

This building also has five outer arenas, which give it its distinctive rose-like appearance. Types of events held in these smaller arenas include: “Elegant” combat, which is combat fought to first blood (loss of 10 hit points or unconsciousness); archery competition (shooting targets with bow or crossbow); unarmed combat (fighting without weapons, until one target has lost 10 hit points or been rendered unconscious); wrestling (fighting until one target is pinned and cannot move).

The outer arenas can also be rented for private practice and there is a 25% chance that any given arena will be booked on a weeknight by a combat instructor teaching a specific combat discipline to a group of 11-20 students.

The arena always hosts athletic competitions of all types during the three high holy days (All Saints’ Day, All Kings’ Day and all Heroes’ Day), which are the first three days of the year. Beyond these days, groups of athletes can petition one of the city’s temples to sponsor an event. There is a 25% chance of a temple sponsoring an event on a given weekend (continue rolling until all 6 sub-sections of the arena are filled).

These athletic competitions bring a great number of tourists into the city on the weekends, both from the surrounding countryside and also from human settlements all over the Canterbury Isles. In happier times, the dwarves from the Bulwark Range were also quite fond of these events but the rising influence of Therran the White over the city guard has kept them away in recent months.

NPCs

AKIRINOSS

The Akirinoss are an ancient organization of elven assassins that have existed for thousands of years. Unlike most assassins, they do not work for money, instead identifying threats to elvenkind and marking them for death. However, they do not involve themselves in situations of their own free will. Due to an ancient, arcane and Byzantine code of honor, they will only become involved in a situation if they are asked. Then, if they determine the situation warrants their particular talents, the organization acts with ruthless efficiency.

This particular group is in Bondaea to kill Duke Zelan, who has clearly become a pawn of the racist Order of the White. What they do not know is that they were asked to do this by a member of that very order: Eleanor Whistler.

MALIA

Malia married an elven noble in her youth and lived an idyllic life for hundreds of years. She felt extremely lucky to have married such a handsome, dashing young noble and her only source of worry was that his work as an ambassador took him away from their beloved forest home too often, for too long.

Then came the terrible day when he was brought to her, dying. He was grievously wounded and with his last words told her that he wasn’t an ambassador: he was Akirinoss. Then he slipped his ring off and she saw he was neither handsome nor dashing. He was extremely ugly, with beady eyes, a hooked nose and a face scarred by combat.

Though she still loved her husband, the realization that she never really knew him, that he was able to lie with perfect precision every moment they were together, ended any innocence Malia had ever had. Appearing before the Akirinoss elder, she demanded her widow’s right: to claim his place in their society.

Having learned first hand the power of deception, Malia uses that as her greatest weapon. She will use her beauty (enhanced even more by her husband’s ring) and her wiles to get as close to her target as she can, either slipping a poison into his drink or getting close enough for a well-aimed dagger throw.

She carries a few poisoned throwing daggers, but reserves her Dagger +2 for opponents that close in hand-to-hand combat, when she chooses to stand and fight. She will usually retreat if face with strong resistance however, especially against a heavily armored opponent that she is confident she can outrun.

Joining the Akirinoss: To join the Akirinoss a character must fulfill four requirements: Be a member of the Assassin class, be a full-blooded elf and have a Lawful Evil alignment. Other elves and half-elves are allowed to assist the Akirinoss (provided they have levels in the Assassin or Thief class) and might even gain the status of trusted ally but they will never be admitted to the organization. The fourth, which is often the most difficult requirement to meet, is that a member of the organization in good standing must recommend a character. As you might imagine, gaining the trust of a centuries-old Assassin is not the easiest task to accomplish.

Any character admitted to the Akirinoss that later fails to meet one of these requirements for any reason (most often this would be an alignment change toward Neutral or Chaotic Evil) becomes a target of the organization.

Race: Elven MV: 120 ft. Class: Assassin Level: 10 AC: 5 HP: 40 #At: 1 Dm: 1d4+2 or 1d4 (thrown) AL: LE SA: Dex 16 XP: 1,220

Possessions: Ring of Charisma (17 charges), Dagger +2, Leather +1, 4 throwing daggers (all poisoned, -2 saving throws), 1 vial ingested poison (-4 saving throw, causes death by heart attack which looks accidental), 30 gp

ANITA AND DRUSILLA HARESPRINT

The “dynamic duo of Dannos”, the Haresprint sisters are one of the few bright spots in an ever-darkening Bondaea. This does not mean they are blind to the danger of the Order of the White or do nothing about it, however, just that nothing can flag their endless optimism. Indeed, they have been monitoring the group for some time and are an excellent source of information on the Order.

They are also at the heart of a growing resistance movement toward the Order of the White, especially among the residents of the demi-human quarter. In preparation for the worst, the city’s dwarven, gnomish and halfling residents have honeycombed the quarter with tunnels, hidden trap doors from which they can quickly attack or disappear, and tunnels that are only held up by braces they can easily knock out, collapsing roads right from under any attacking force. In short, the demi-humans are preparing to fight a guerilla war.

They adventured with Lord Bratumil when they were younger and can provide a map into the mountains for anyone wishing to meet with him, provided they believe those individuals have a chance of convincing Bratumil to intercede and delay a conflict between the elves and humans.

The sisters also know a secret way into the dwarven sewers, which lead out of the city. Though they seldom venture into the sewers, which they know to be unsafe, they also know the sewers are an excellent way for someone to enter and leave the city undetected. This is information they will only share with allies of good alignment. This is why Jagged Ear, despite nominally being an ally, has not been told of their secret sewer entrance.

For good parties that are injured fighting the “good fight” the sisters will also provide healing free of charge, as well as excellent baked goods for provisions during those long, boring trips into the wilderness.

In the city the sisters generally just wear normal clothing, preferring to go unarmored and take advantage of their natural halfling stealth. They both possess armor they could don if the situation called for it however.

Note to the game master: The sisters possess levels in the Cleric class, which is not allowed under OSRIC™ core. If you do not wish to allow Halflings access to the Cleric class as a general rule, assume the goddess gave them special blessings for being LG twins (her preferred worshipper).

Race: Halfling MV: 90 ft. Class: Cleric (Dannos) Level: 8 AC: 9 (3 in armor) HP: 32 #AT: 1 DM: 1d4+3 (Drusilla), 1d6+2 (Anita) AL: LG SA: Dex 15 XP: 670

Possessions: Chain Mail (not normally worn), Small Shield (not normally carried), Hammer +2 (Drusilla), Mace +1 (Anita), Scroll: Dispel Evil, Blade Barrier (Drusilla)

Spells (3/3/2): Cure Light Wounds, Sanctuary, Sleep; Find Traps, Invisibility, Know Alignment; Dispel Magic, Glyph of Warding, Speak with Dead; Cure Serious Wounds, Sticks to Snakes

ARKIEL THE LOWLY

No one is sure where Arkiel the Lowly came from or exactly how old he is. In fact, no one knows anything about him prior to the day he arrived in the city and began to trade his skill as a street magician and storyteller for food, lodgings and occasionally gold.

To the city’s underworld, Arkiel is also known as an information broker. Some of the information he obtains simply by being on the streets 24 hours a day and blending in with the crowds. Even while he has a large, noisy group of children held captive by a gripping faerie tale, he can hear a meeting being arranged across the crowded square. Even with his uncanny abilities, however, Arkiel seems to have an extraordinary ability to obtain information.

What no one knows is that Arkiel the Lowly, wretched street performer who barely ekes out a living on the streets of Bondaea was once Arkiel the Far-Seeing, Seer and Court Astrologer to his majesty King Lucius Tuthian III of Damask. Once hailed as one of the most learned and knowledge fortunetellers in the world, Arkiel blames himself for not predicting Lord Illanyra’s treachery. He blames himself for all the tragedy, chaos and death that have followed in its wake.

He wandered the mainland kingdom for a time, using all his magical abilities to search for the lost heir, Prince Lucius. His skills led him to Bondaea, where he believes he will one day be reunited with the son of the king he failed. He hides his magical abilities whenever possible, posing as a simple street magician and storyteller, watching and waiting for the return of the prince.

At the game master’s discretion, PCs who were in service to the King of Damask, or whose parents were, may recognize Arkiel. Depending on whether their parents serve Illanyra the Pretender or attempted to resist him will determine how Arkiel reacts to being recognized. In the former case he will encourage them not to speak openly of his past, while in the latter case he will disappear and attempt to avoid them whenever possible. If the PCs wish to help him, they should be able to convince him of their good intentions either way (he is still a magical seer of great power and skill).

Should the PCs be recruited into helping him find the lost prince, Arkiel will tell them his abilities tell him the prince is very close and the time when they will be reunited is nearly at hand.

The PCs could also try to bring Arkiel to the attention of the Duke, but attempting to convince anyone in the city that this dirty, grubby, half-starved street magician is the former Court Astrologer of King Lucius III will bring laughter and disbelief, which Arkiel will play into, acting the court fool and street performer until he is able to quietly slip away.

He has had an entire second lifetime and is a master at playing to expectations and reinforcing his new identity. Revelations of his past, if believed, could be very dangerous for him. At the moment, the Duke and other city officials take no notice of him. Jagged Ear knows Arkiel is an independent thief but allows him to stay independent in return for the occasional “tithe”.

If Arkiel’s identity were somehow proven, city officials would attempt to bring him in, either to demand he serve the Duke or even to prosecute him for negligence in the death of the king. Jagged Ear, for his part, would come to see Arkiel as a threat and his guise as the humble street magician a way to gain the trust of the street urchins who are the next generation of Bondaea’s thieves. He would try to kill Arkiel, before the old man could kill him and take his territory. In short, proving Arkiel’s identity would likely land him in jail, or dead in the back of an alley in the demi-human quarter.

Of course, there’s another alternative. Arkiel does have the trust of the next generation of thieves and he is a highly skill magician and thief. If pressed too hard by Jagged Ear, especially if the stars continue to lead him to believe the Lost Prince is near, he might decide to kill Jagged Ear and

take over Bondaea's underworld himself. This is something he could almost certainly do.

But for now, he plays the humble street performer perfectly and tries not to let on just how dangerous a man he really is. Low-level Thief characters that hail from Bondaea might know Arkiel from their childhood. He tends to watch out for "his kids" and to these characters Arkiel could serve as a contact, source of information and even training.

Arkiel's Urchins: These street urchins are mostly parentless and are looked after by Arkiel. In return, they do favors for him, serving as additional eyes and ears while they are begging. Some of the older children have already graduated into valuable followers in their own right and Arkiel will occasionally have them perform jobs for him as long as they aren't dangerous. When using the urchins, Arkiel's first priority is their safety. Should anyone harm them, he will react with ruthless efficiency to make sure that person never harms another child.

Race: Human MV: 120 ft. Class: Magic-User/Thief Level: 11/12 AC: 2 HP: 29 #AT: 1 DM: 1d4 AL: LN SA: Dex 17 XP: 1,664

Possessions: 4 daggers, one sheathed on each wrist and one on each ankle, Bracers of Armor AC +5

Spells (4/4/4/3/3): Feather Fall, Friends, Jump, Magic Missile; Detect Invisibility, ESP, Mirror Image, Web; Clairaudience, Clairvoyance, Fly, Lightning Bolt; Dimension Door, Enchanted Weapon, Wizard Eye; Cloudkill, Secret Chest, Teleport

BARONESS ELEANOR WHISTLER

One of Bondaea's oldest and most respectable citizens, Eleanor is secretly a committed racist, high priestess of the order and a ruthless killer. She poisoned her husband years ago, becoming sole mistress of his lands and fortune and now she has single-handedly plunged the city into darkness.

It is her goal to remove Duke Zelan, install herself as leader of the city and then purge the city of all non-Lawful gods. After this, she will "cleanse" the city of its demi-human and Drop Town populations, removing any Lawful temples that refuse to assist her and the Order of the White in this "holy" endeavor.

It was she who poisoned Duke Zelan's beloved wife, though her target was the Duke himself. Still, she had duped a half-elven servant of the Duke into delivering the poison and even though she failed, she drove the Duke into the worship of Therran, greatly enhancing the prestige of the god in the city and allowing her to bring in many more followers of Therran, who will be most helpful when her plan comes to fruition.

This time she plans to operate more directly. She has invited the Akirinoss into the city, ostensibly to aid the oppressed elves in the demi-human quarter. When they make their move, she hopes they will kill the Duke, giving her all the excuse she needs to take control. If they fail, she plans to use the attack as a pretense to seek the "safety" of the Duke's manor, playing the frightened old widow so she can get close enough to him to finish the job herself.

Race: Human MV: 120 ft. Class: Assassin/Cleric (Therran) Level: 10/15 AC: 2 HP: 48 #AT: 1 DM: 1d4+2 AL: LE SA: Dex 16, Wis 18 XP:

Possessions: Dagger +2, Bracers AC +6, Potion of Invisibility, Potion of Gaseous Form, Diamond and Gold Wedding Band (5,000 gp value)

Spells (9/9/8/5/4/2): Command, Cure Light Wounds x5, Light, Resist Cold, Sanctuary; Find Traps, Hold Person x4, Resist Fire

x2, Silence 15' x2; Animate Dead, Cause Blindness x2, Cause Disease, Dispel Magic x2, Feign Death, Prayer, Cause Serious Wounds x2, Poison, Sticks to Snakes; Cure Critical Wounds x2, Flame Strike, Slay Living; Harm, Heal

BIG GERDA

Gerda, like too many of her kind, was born of rape. Her father was a human soldier who attacked an outlying orc village in the Bulwark Range who raped her mother during the attack on the village. Born into orc society, she knew she had no place there and after fending off a beating at the hands of her bitter and resentful mother she made her way to the city where her father dwelled. There she received an even worse reception from a soldier unwilling to even acknowledge that he had fathered her.

Confused and bitter, Gerda made her way to the demi-human quarter. She didn't fit in particularly well there either but eventually she fell in with a few of her own kind and managed to at last find a tiny bit of fellowship. With three other half-ors she formed The Bastards, a rough and ready gang of thugs that earned a respectable reputation as a group that could "get things done". At one time there were as many as 20 thugs in The Bastards, who took any outcast who could hold his own.

Like everyone else however, Gerda eventually got too old for the rough side of life on the streets. Also, of her four trusted companions, two were killed in various jobs gone bad. Eventually, her and Rumble, one of the founding members of The Bastards, and now her husband decided to leave the gang to younger toughs. They retired and founded the Freakshow, a whorehouse catering to the loathsome tastes of men like her father.

For reasons of her own, Gerda has never tried to have a relationship with either of the parents who rejected her but she has kept tabs on both. This is something she tries to hide as any hint of sentimental attachment could be dangerous for a woman in the rough and tumble streets of Bondaea, especially one who has as many enemies as her.

Race: Half-Orc MV: 120 ft. Class: Fighter/Assassin Level: 5/5 AC: 6 HP: 28 #AT: 1 DM: 1d6 AL: NE SA: 15 Dex, 16 Con XP: 328

Possessions: Leather Armor, Shield, Short Sword, Potion of Diminution

DUKE ANCHIEN ZELAN

Anchien (pronounced AN-ki-en) Zelan has been Duke of Bondaea and ruler of all human inhabitants of the Canterbury Isles since his 20th birthday, almost 30 years. As a young man he served in the armies of King Lucius III of Damask, until news of the untimely death of his father sent him home to rule. Upon the death of his father, wise King Lucius became like a second father to Anchien, guiding him through the transition from becoming a boy to a man and from a man to a leader.

Fifteen years ago, when Illanyra the Bastard killed King Lucius, and all the mainland realms fell into disorder and chaos, Anchien thought there would never be a worse day in his life. Then his wife was murdered during an attempt on his life. Worse, Anchien had been having an affair with the beautiful young half-elven maid who delivered the poison meant for him. The gods were speaking to him. A half-breed had killed his king, and a half-breed had killed the woman he loved; the next day Anchien left the church of Zelos forever and joined the church of Therran the White.

Since then, he has allowed his city to become a police state and brought

his duchy, all that remains of the once-proud Kingdom of Damask to the brink of war with the elves. He is on the verge of waking from a terrible dream, of recovering from his grief and beginning to right the many wrongs he has committed. But will he wake in time?

Race: Human MV: 90 ft. Class: Fighter Level: 12 AC: -1 HP: 68 #AT: 3/2 or 2 w/ Longsword DM: 1d8+7 AL: LN SA: Str 17, Con 16, Double Specialization w/ Longsword XP: 2288

Possessions: Longsword +3, Lance, 4 Javelins, Plate Mail +2, Large Shield +1, Signet Ring (8,000 gp), Ring of Fire Resistance, Potion of Levitation

FIRUZ, LAST OF THE RED GUARD

When Illanyra the Bastard killed King Lucius, the entire elite corps of imperial bodyguards, the Red Guard was wiped out along with him with the exception of Firuz, who had been sent to Bondaea to train the Duke's personal guard. Since that time, he has served the Duke loyally but not happily. His repeated requests to lead a force to aid Duke Malcolm in Northern Damask have been denied and the Duke seems inevitably to slip toward madness and despair.

Still, despite his unhappiness, duty comes first to Firuz and he will not leave his side. If the Duke were assassinated while under Firuz's protection however, he would commit suicide, throwing himself on his sword. The only thing that could pull Firuz from the Duke's side would be the appearance of an heir to the throne of Damask.

Firuz recognizes Arkiel for whom he is and is often seen at the Crossed Swords when Arkiel has the crowd spellbound with a story. He always tips generously and has on occasion exchanged a few words with Arkiel after his performance is complete.

Race: Human MV: 90 ft. Class: Guardsman Level: 15 AC: -2 HP: 68 #AT: 1 DM: 1d8+2 AL: LG SA: None XP: 3,392

Possessions: Longsword +2, Heavy Crossbow, 20 bolts, Plate Mail +3, Large Shield +1, Ring of Free Action, Potion of Stone Giant Strength

HER LADY OF THE STORMWOOD KOHIA

Lady Kohia has ruled the forests of the Western Canterbury Isle for over 500 years. Preferring to live in the Stormwood, her clan of elves is famously passionate and headstrong. This quality, which has helped the elves in their wars against the ogres, batrachians and lizard men of the Canterbury Isles is now leading them down a road to disaster. In her youth, Kohia walked the world of men, befriending a band of adventurers.

It was here that she saw how unstoppable dwarves, elves and humans could be when they worked together against the foul creatures of the world. But she also saw the dark side of humanity, a greed for power and wealth and most of all an all-consuming impatience that leads even the best-intentioned humans to their downfall.

It was the former that led her to "sell" the southern and western portions of the eastern isle to the humans. The impertinence of their captain, shipwrecked and barely able to fend off the rampaging Lizard Men of the southern coast amused her but she also knew that the humans would expand

quickly and would keep the plains and prairies of the eastern isle secure.

From her past experience Kohia also knew that the dwarves and the humans would bond quickly, both being interested in bending metals to their will, in digging them up and trading them. The dwarves were also literally between her people and the humans, serving as a buffer.

Unfortunately, Kohia failed to take into account how unfamiliar the elves that lived on this isolated isle were with humanity. Arriving only 200 years ago, the humans have already settled the entire range of the lands they were given. The speed of their expansion has shocked the elves, who have yet to pass through a single generation while the humans breed like bugs.

The human treatment of the southern forest, which they call the "Millwood" has also shocked and enraged the elves, watching the genocide of a proud and ancient wood, with trees clear-cut by drunken men who sang as they killed the ancient ones and hauled their carcasses up the river.

Even before the human leader began to follow the loathsome Therran, Kohia was hearing calls to drive the humans off the island. To the elven mind, the humans had just arrived and couldn't be that attached to these lands. But Kohia has seen how quickly humans come to bond with a land and knows they will violently resist being removed from it.

Beyond their rapid growth, impudent expansion and ill treatment of the land, their great walled city, Bondaea, built by the humans and dwarves together, is also a source of tension. It lures elves out of the forest toward its jungle of wood and brick, breaking up families as elves leave their mother wood. Worse, with the rising popularity of the Order of the White, those elves are treated like rodents and still they are unwilling to leave city.

Kohia has sent numerous messages to the dwarf king asking for his intervention and knows that if something doesn't happen soon a group of her people will attack the humans, at least until they are able to destroy Bondaea.

Race: Elf MV: 120 ft. Class: Fighter/Magic-User Level: 6/6 AC: HP: 29 #AT: 1 or 3/2 w/ longsword or 2 w/ longbow DM: 1d8+5 (Longsword) or 1d6 (Longbow) AL: NG SA: Str 17, Double Specialization w/ Longsword XP: 457

Possessions: Chain Mail +2, Longsword +1, Longbow, Horn of Blasting

Spells (4/3/2): Magic Missile, Message, Shocking Grasp; Stinking Cloud, Strength, Web; Fly, Lightning Bolt

JAGGED EAR

Jagged Ear was born Quidel in the Stormwood and really never did fit in to elven society. Like all societies, elven forests have their outcasts, those who seem to delight in breaking rules and defying conventions. With the arrival of the humans however, these elves have an outlet they never had before and many of the younger elves have actually moved to the Bondaea, leaving the forest behind forever.

Elves are long-lived but almost infertile and marriages of 1,000 years producing one child are not at all uncommon. Thus even the smallest migration out of the forest has proven a tremendous blow to the morale and future prospects of the Stormwood elves.

But of all the elves to turn their back on tradition and leave the forest, Quidel is perhaps the most troubling to the elves. He has embraced human values whole-heartedly and made a living from stealing and murder, concepts almost unknown in elven society. He has even adopted a new name, calling himself Jagged Ear.

The name comes from the aftermath of a duel with a rival who fireballed Quidel, burning one side of his body. While most of the scars have healed over time, he no longer can grow hair on the right side of his head and that ear had to be amputated. This gave him a fierce, deadly look, one he plays up

by growing the hair on his left side long and adopting the name Jagged Ear, reminding everyone how hard he is to kill.

Race: Elf MV: 120 ft. Class: Magic-User/Thief Level: 5/6 AC: 4 HP: 17 #AT: 1 w/ Longsword or 2 w/ Shortbow DM: 1d8+1 w/ Longsword or 1d6+2 with Shortbow AL: CN SA: Dex 18 XP: 361

Possessions: Leather Armor, Longsword +1, Dagger, Shortbow +2, 20 arrows

Spells (4/2/1): Jump, Magic Missile, Shield, Sleep; Invisibility, Web; Lightning

MOUNTAIN LORD OF THE BULWARK RANGE, BRATUMIL

Bratumil set out to explore the world with Kohia at a young age. Their parents decided that the risk of one of their precious heirs dying was worth the risk of allowing them to bond through adventure. In this respect, their gamble paid off beyond anyone's wildest dreams, and Bratumil and Kohia have guided the Canterbury Isles into one of its longest periods of peace and prosperity.

Now though, just when his old friend Kohia could use him the most, as a go-between with the troubled Duke of Bondaea, Bratumil has too much on his hands to help, something that frustrates him bitterly. He has only scant reports but something terrible has happened in the Bitter Peaks, which are ruled by his sister and brother-in-law. At almost the same instant, the Ogres in the Bulwark Range have gone berserk, rampaging with a fury Bratumil has never witnessed.

Worse, all their rage seems vented on Bratumil and his people. Until this crisis is resolved, sending mediators to the humans and elves would be worse than useless, as they would be targets for the ogres and possibly a ready food source as well.

With winter approaching, Bratumil has a plan- one that he believes will severely reduce the ogre population and allow his people to regain control of the situation. His scouts have located the ogres' main food reserve. Especially with the hill giant they have recruited to their side, Bratumil knows that the majority of the ogres in the Bulwark Range would not survive the winter without this food supply.

Thus he seeks a group of adventures to make their way through ogre territory, find this food supply and destroy it or better yet poison it.

Race: Dwarf MV: 90 ft. Class: Fighter Level: 9 AC: -1 HP: 70 #AT: 3/2 or 2/1 w/ Battle Axe DM: 1d8+4 AL: LG SA: Con 16, Double Specialization w/ Battle Axe XP: 1,440

Possessions: Plate Mail +3, Large Shield, Battle Axe +1, Heavy Crossbow, 20 bolts, Potion of Flying

MOUNTAIN LADY OF THE BITTER PEAKS, JOASIA

Joasia was always a vengeful woman. She remembered every wrong done to her no matter how slight and always paid her debts in kind. Still, her tendency to hold grudges went unnoticed for the longest time. Since she was the daughter of the dwarven king who ruled the mountains of the entire Canterbury Isles, if anyone had a problem with Joasia they usually hid it.

When she married and went with her husband to rule the Bitter Peaks, it seemed Joasia had finally put her vindictive streak behind her. The moun-

tains were always infested with several strong clans of ogres and she and her new husband set about securing their holdings from these creatures with great zeal.

When an ogre chieftain killed her husband, Joasia vowed revenge and converted the next day from the worship of Pallantides to the worship of Moirai. After praying at her shrine for several days, Joasia knew what she had to do, and approached Powder, the most powerful being in the Bitter Peaks with a proposition. She would agree to bind the dwarves of the Bitter Peaks to her service for all time if Powder would help her destroy the ogres.

Powder kept her word and with her help Joasia killed every ogre in the bitter peaks. Now she fulfills her bargain, working her people to the bone to provide the dragon with the treasure it requires as a monthly tribute. She has also raised up a group of dwarves to serve as a personal guard to the dragon.

While Joasia realizes she has done a terrible thing and knows her brother would be furious at her submission to a rapacious dragon, she has no regrets. She got the one thing in the world she wanted more than anything else.

Race: Dwarf MV: 90 ft. Class: Cleric Level: 8 AC: 2 HP: 50 #AT: 1 DM: 1d6+2 AL: LE SA: Con 15 XP: 850

Possessions: Plate Mail, Large Shield, Heavy Mace +1, Cloak of the Bat

Spells (3/3/3/2): Bless, Command, Cure Light Wound; Detect Invisibility, ESP, Hold Person; Animate Dead, Bestow Curse, Cause Blindness; Cure Serious Wounds, Poison

CREATURES

Powder

Armor Class: 3 **Hit Dice:** 7 **Hit Points:** 56

Special Qualities: +4 saving throws

Spells (3/2 as M-U 4th level): (Charm Person, Shield, Sleep; Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement)

Treasure

5,000 cp; 4,000 ep; 5,000 gp

Notes: All coins in this horde are newly minted and bear the stamp of the dwarves of the Bitter Peak, including a profile of the Lady Joasia.

CHARACTERS

GUARDSMAN

Guardsmen are warriors specialized in awareness and protection. They serve and protect others, developing keen senses in the process. They can detect an attack before it occurs and if it does, they are willing to use their bodies as shields to protect their target. Most members of this character class serve as officers in city watches and local militias, where they detect trouble and organize a rapid response. Elite, high-level members of this profession serve as personal bodyguards to important individuals, such as nobles and kings.

The Guardsman Character

Minimum Scores: Str 9, Dex 6, Con 9, Int 3, Wis 10, Cha 3

Hit Die Type: d10 (max 9)

Alignment: any Lawful (Lawful Good, Lawful Neutral, Lawful Evil)

Experience Bonus: Con 16+, Wis 16+

Weapons Permitted: Any

Armor/Shield Permitted: Any

Weapon Proficiencies: 3+1 every 3 levels

Penalty to hit for non-proficiency: -3

Weapon Specialization: N/A

GUARDSMAN CLASS ABILITIES

Perception: Guardsmen have a 4% chance per level to Detect Illusion, Detect Invisible, Detect Poison, Find Traps and Hear Noise. All of these require a conscious thought on behalf of the Guardsman and reach a maximum of 100% at 25th level.

ADVANCED ABILITIES

Immune to Backstab x2 (5th level): At 5th level the Guardsman is immune to any extra damage from backstabs that inflict x2 damage. The Thief gains no bonus to the attack roll nor does he inflict any additional damage, though the attack can hit and inflict damage, it just functions as a normal attack. If the Thief is 5th level or higher (his backstab inflicts x3 damage or more) it works normally against the Guardsman.

Immune to Backstab x3 (9th level): At 9th level the Guardsman is immune to backstabs that inflict x2 or x3 damage. In all other ways this ability functions as the 5th level ability.

Immune to Backstab x4 (13th level): At 13th level the Guardsman is immune to backstabs that inflict x2 or x3 damage. In all other ways this ability functions as the 5th level ability.

Justice (10th): At 10th level the Guardsman receives the title of Justice and is given a small squad of Guardsmen to help him keep the peace. The character receives one 5th level Guardsman assistant, 1d6 2nd level Guardsmen and a number of 1st level Fighters equal to his level (this group will grow as the character gains levels). The character can refuse these followers, or station them at a friendly city or town if he does not wish to bring them along on adventures.

Intercept Attack (11th level): At 11th level and above the Guardsman can interpose himself between an opponent and a successful attack at just the right moment, taking the damage meant for an ally. The Guardsman must be within the range of his normal movement rate for this ability to work and he can only use it once per round. After using this ability the Guardsman is moved to stand directly in front of the person he protected.

GUARDSMAN SAVING THROW TABLE

Guardsmen save as a Fighter of equal level.

GUARDSMAN TO HIT TABLE

Guardsmen attack as a Cleric of equal level.

GUARDSMAN LEVEL ADVANCEMENT

Level	Base Experience Points required	Hit Dice (d10)	Notes
1st	0	1	Perception
2nd	2,000	2	
3rd	4,000	3	
4th	8,500	4	
5th	17,850	5	Immune to Backstab x2
6th	35,750	6	
7th	89,000	7	
8th	150,000	8	
9th	400,000	9	Immune to Backstab x3
10th	650,000	9+3*	Justice
11th	900,000	9+6*	Intercept Attack
12th	1,150,000	9+9*	
13th	1,400,000	9+12*	Immune to Backstab x4

* Constitution-based adjustments no longer apply

Each level beyond 13th requires 250,000 additional experience points and gains 3 hp.

CLOISTERED CLERIC (VARIANT CLASS)

The Cloistered Cleric (also known as a monk) is a priest who focuses less on combat and more on scholarly pursuits. This makes her a valuable ally in certain parties, where the cleric is more of a spellcaster and is not expected to supplement the front-line Fighters. They are identical to regular clerics except as detailed here.

Experience Bonus: Cloistered Clerics require an Int 16+ and Wis 16+ to gain an experience bonus.

Armor/Shield Permitted: Leather or Studded Leather + Shield

Weapon Proficiencies: 1+1 per 5 levels

Penalty to-hit for non-proficiency: -5

Spell Casting: Cloistered Clerics receive one additional spell of each spell level they can cast.

Saving Throws: Cloistered Clerics lead a demanding, ascetic lifestyle and gain a +2 bonus on all saving throws.

Cleric To-Hit Table: Clerics use the To-Hit table for Magic-Users.

Special: Cloistered Clerics learn two additional languages beyond those granted by race and Intelligence. Their bonus languages can be any language, including those of monsters or dead languages.

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