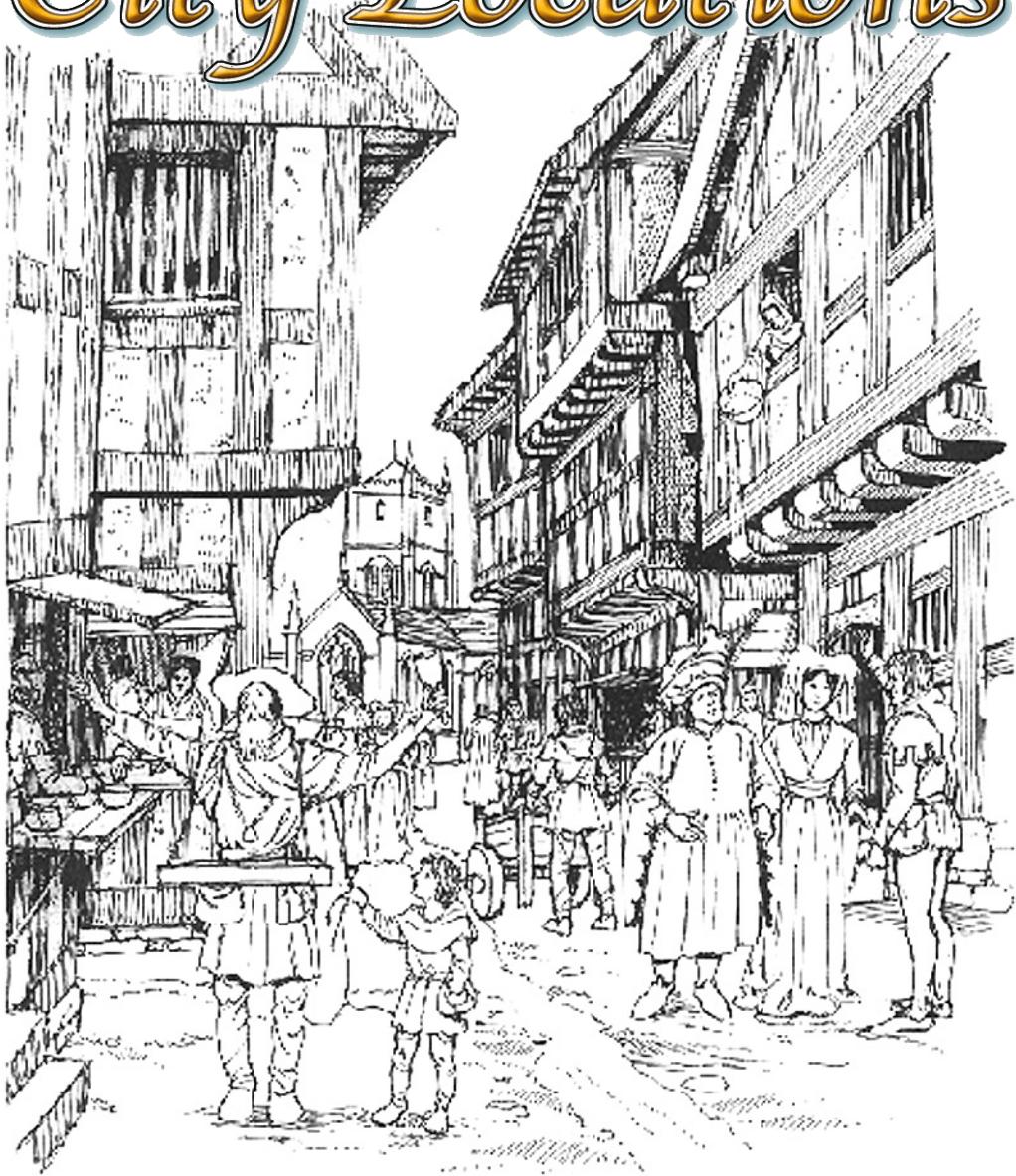


# 100 Fantasy City Locations



A D20-d100 Series publication

*October, 2004*

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## **Introduction**

Greetings!

This document is the first of a "**D20-d100**" series brought to you by the Enworld Internet community. (see "*Appendix Two: Contributors*", page 50), for a full list of everyone involved.) The principle is very simple: take some typical RPG subject, and make a compilation of items related to it. For instance, this first supplement lists various buildings (*and their inhabitants*) of the mundane sort that could be found in a typical fantasy city. The purpose is to ease the DM's job; when his PCs come to whatever town or city, the DM may have outlined its general characteristics, but not every building and inhabitant. Likewise, his urban adventures will generally detail only the important places (*the secret temple, wizard's tower, etc.*), not those around them. Then, if the PCs decide to enter any of these non-described buildings, the DM will have to improvise. However, in such cases, there is the risk that his improvisations may be bland or cliché.

This is where this document comes in handy. Roll a d100, read the description, and improvise upon it to create original and interesting locales for the PCs to intrude in. This supplement has been created for free by the members of Enworld's discussion forums. The process is simple: one begins a thread on a subject he is interested in and asks for other "Enworlders" to post their contribution on the subject. When 100 entries are reached, a PDF is done and then made available for free to everybody on the Internet. Just download it.

Future supplements in this series will include mundane NPCs for D&D 3.5, and mundane NPCs for d20 Modern / d20 Future. Then, many other similar threads may be begun, depending on the interest levels of fellow Enworlders; some examples of possible **D20-d100** series: **Traps** (*description of traps to use in any d20 game; maybe two threads: one for D&D, another for d20 Modern/Future*); **Plants & Trees** (*extremely useful for any wilderness based campaign, would describe what the plants are usually used for, their special characteristics, description, etc.*); **Customs & Traditions** (*a list of odd behaviors which could be found in various communities, with maybe associated superstitions, origins of such customs, and whatnot*); etc. So if you would like to get involved with such a compilation, don't hesitate to ask us, we can make the PDF and help begin the thread on Enworld's messageboards if need be. Also, if you like what we're doing, drop us an email, we'd like to hear from you!

Thanks.

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## Random Buildings / Inhabitant Table

The purpose of this table is to help you improvise all the buildings and inhabitants of your gaming cities, that are not directly related to adventures and campaign specifics - the buildings inbetween the important features of your fantasy city. Those buildings that adventurers often ignore, but that no city can really exist without. Generally when you design an adventure or city, you only determine buildings, places of interest, and NPCs that are important. However, you normally don't care about who is living next to the wizard's door (or at least, who is living next block). As such, if the PCs decide to intrude on some house at random, you normally wing it. Improvising this once or twice is relatively easy, doing it frequently can quickly become tiring. Generally, you keep inventing the same things over and over again, and the game could become boring. This is where this table comes in: roll a d100, read the entry corresponding to the result obtained, and from that you have a set of fresh ideas upon which improvise. Alternately, you can simply pick and choose from the table, if you prefer.

### **Important Features**

Note that when you design a city, there are some features that should be already determined. As such, these features are NOT found in the random table thereafter. The DM must assign where these features are found in the city. These features normally are:

- ◆ Inns.
- ◆ Shops for Adventurers.
- ◆ Temples.
- ◆ The Cemetery.
- ◆ City-Hall.
- ◆ The Market Place.
- ◆ The Prison.
- ◆ The Lord's Castle.
- ◆ Important Guilds (*wizards, merchants, etc.*).

## What Each Entry Contains

First there is the entry number, followed by a title. Underneath that is the online name of the original contributor. Then there is the location itself. Most entries are a simple description, while others are broken down into sections.

1	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Sergeant's Widow</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This is an old, two stories building, with a strong wooden door. Behind the house, there is a small garden where vegetables are grown. The proprietor is a widow with three young children. Since her husband died, she has been on hard times, and currently is very poor. Her husband was a sergeant in the city watch, and she still owns his equipment (*sword, halberd, and half-plate armor*). This woman would be glad to answer a couple of questions, if any, about the city watch, for a couple of silver pieces. Due to what her husband gossiped when he was alive, she gets +6 in Knowledge (*Local: city watch*), and knows the names and habits of most of the city watch's soldiers, even if they rarely frequent them.

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<b>2</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Scribe's Home</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanol

A new and pretty building with a brightly pink-painted door. It was built recently, to replace an inn that burned to ashes. Often, drunk people try to enter the house, still believing it to be a tavern, which upsets the proprietor. The latter is a scribe who delights in intellectual pursuits and hates vulgar people. He loves books, and has +8 in Knowledge (*Local: where to find specific books*) if asked where to find one. The scribe has often worked for wizards, thus knows a few of them in the city, although none is an important wizard. (*Of course, in settings where magic is reviled, the scribe will hardly ever admit this.*)

<b>3</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>“Haunted” Flophouse</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanol

This shabby looking building is supposedly haunted. Indeed, when you enter, there is a skeleton seated on a chair right in the middle of the corridor. However, that skeleton is just a skeleton, not an undead or anything, despite a clever system of strings animated by a wind-propelled mill on the roof, makes it look like his arms and jaws are animated. What's true however, is that the building inside reeks of urine and unwashed beggars, and is infested by rats and cockroaches. The ground floor is deserted with no sign of people living there. However, two beggars live on the 1st floor above. Most of the time they are totally drunk and sleeping. Given a few silver pieces or an appropriate drink, they have information about the criminal activities in this district: +4 Knowledge (*Local: crime and thieves*). When they don't know the answer, they make it up if they haven't been properly intimidated beforehand.

<b>4</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Adventurer's Mansion</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanol

This large two-storeyed mansion belongs to an adventuring party who is almost always absent. It contains numerous trophies, including stuffed monsters and odd weapons and armors from distant lands. Two domestics take care of the mansion in the party's absence: an old gruffy dwarf with a missing arm, who had been saved from a horrible death by the proprietors, and a mute strong woman visibly native from a distant country. Both are more than simple commoners and know how to defend themselves if need be. In any case, if there is a treasure chest hidden in this mansion, they don't know about it.

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<b>5</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Unlikely Fortress</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This mundane looking building is in fact a true fortress. While the doors and windows shutters look like plain wood, they are in fact thick iron inside. The walls are especially thick stone reinforced with metal bars. Inside, there is first an entrance hall with a counter, another reinforced metal door, and also a thick wall pierced with four arrow slits. On the other side of the wall is a corridor with seats in front of the arrow slits, obviously for archers to stand and watch. All the building is likewise fortified. In the basement there is a tunnel leading into the sewers (*it had been dug by thieves to rob the first proprietor*). The building originally belonged to a jeweler. Then, the jeweler was robbed by daring thieves who later bought the building for their guild, as the jeweler had gone bankrupt. Most of the thieves are currently missing, and three old women inhabit the building. They of course "know nothing about anything"; use of proper magic or intimidation wouldn't reveal much more to an investigator however.

<b>6</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Local Youth Lodge</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	dave_o

The building is a low-slung, long one-storey den, with exits all along its length. While most of the building is built out of stone, a good portion of it is made out of what is clearly barely refined lumber -- perhaps the kids who spend their time here are more industrious than they seem. Most of the youths inside have Knowledge (Local) +10, and fewer possess a level of Rogue. It would be wise to watch your belongings closely upon entry.

<b>7</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>A Small Chandlery</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This is small two story building in good condition, used by locals for household items, tools and cheap leather goods. The owner is a stick thin older man with a large mustache and his brother. They are friendly to locals and regulars, but business like with strangers. They live above the small cramped shop, using a set of outside stairs. At dusk the two men push all the goods up against the walls, and set up tables and tap a keg. The small bar can hold only about 10-20 people, and has no advertising but word of mouth. The two men serve and talk, and the bar closes early. They have great local gossip and are generally friendly, and the bar will typically empty out and close rather than fight.

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<b>8</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Immigrants Home</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This small crowded house is filled with recent immigrants, three or four generations or related families living in a small house, most of the able bodied will be out trying to find work during the day. The house can be clean or dirty, but filled with people either way. They will be happy to find someone who speaks their native language, or who is actually from there. One of the teenagers lives a life of crime, and has a midlevel position in the local thieves guild. Some of his loot is stored here and there may be some jewelry, which was given as gifts, but is far too expensive for them to sell easily.

<b>9</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Kobold's Hideout</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This building is abandoned and owned by an absent landlord. Squatters never stay long, but a good Gather Info check would be necessary to find out they think it is cursed. It is empty and anything of values has been taken long ago. A small family of kobolds lives in the basement behind a heavy stuck door (DC 23) which opens easily from the other side. The kobolds go out at night in heavy cloaks. They don't mind people moving in the house, but their sorcerer will use cantrips to encourage people to move on. Attempts to force the door will be met by violence. Or a party of low level adventures could be camped here, having been hired by the absent landlord to clean the place up, they will brag that they were offered 25-100 gp EACH ! and whatever they find. Especially good if PCs are 7th level +.

<b>10</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Lonely Half-Orc Blacksmith</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This sturdy stone house, is home and forge to a female half-orc blacksmith. This strong woman is well respected by her neighbors, for she is an honest and hardworking person and has lived here since her childhood. However, men tend to avoid coming in the vicinity, and as a result her job is not flourishing. The fact is that she would like to get a husband but fails to find any despite her efforts. There is a rumor she would have raped some men unfortunate enough to encounter her at night in the streets. However, evidences of such rumors still have to be brought. Yet, if she meets with some strong adventurer, she will be explicitly enterprising. If one provides her with a suitable (*and willing*) husband, she would become an invaluable and loyal ally. (*This woman is probably a 5th level warrior / 5th level expert, who served for a time in the city watch, but was expelled before all guards resigned*).

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11	<i>Title:</i>	<b>The Poor Orphanage</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanil

This is a small orphanage run by two women and an old paladin. The three are much burdened and cruelly lack of resources, since they are affiliated with no local church (*and if the city's government is evil, they tend to keep quiet and discreet*). They will ask for help if some wealthy looking adventurer happen to visit them, but can give nothing in exchange (*except maybe of taking care of an orphan the adventurers would have found*). In fact this orphanage would be ideal for an adventuring paladin to relieve himself of his excess of treasure.

12	<i>Title:</i>	<b>The Argumentative Potter</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanil

This two storeys building is home to a couple who seems to spend their time arguing and screaming. Husband is a potter and works in his shop on ground floor, while his wife is a seamstress and works above. All the day they find new excuses to go to the other and argue about some inane subject which always degenerate in screaming and broken pottery. It has been like that for years, and those two don't want to divorce. Anytime they are suggested to do so, they have a new reason to explain they would really like to, but cannot.

13	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Mal'Sharaf's Apothecary</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Dakkareth

This rather run-down building houses an apothecary filled with strange substances and fetishes coming from as near as the nearest forest or as far as the mythical Qum, one continent away. Most remedies are cheap and absolutely mundane, some blatantly cross the border to charlatanry. Generally the apothecary looks dingy and disreputable and attracts a matching clientele. The owner, **Mal'Sharaf**, is actually quite an able herbologist and pharmacist, but his perceivedly strange methods (*he is from Qum after all*) cause people to have no trust in him, which is, why although famous in his homeland, Mal'Sharaf has to play on the superstitions of his customers to scrounge up the money for the ticket home. Understandably he is quite grumpy and ill-tempered, but if presented with an interesting problem and more importantly some trust in his abilities, he might be just the one to know an antidote to that mysterious poison - or mix an exotic and toxic mix for a customer with enough silver to his name ...

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14	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Joiner's Shop</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanil

This large building is in fact a joiner's shop. Inside there are all manners of wood, tools, and carpentry items such as barrels, chests, furniture, etc., all of excellent quality. Furthermore, the workers are polite, well mannered, and seem to be happy to work despite belonging to an "unsavory" race (*half-orc, goblin, or what not*). They work well and hard, without ever complaining. Some neighbors suspect the proprietor (*a charismatic human*) to rely on enchantment/charm magic to achieve this result; but the latter only pretends to be friendly and paying well his employees.

15	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Cloth / Tailor's Shop</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Turanil

The obsequious, wealthy and successful shop owner seems to work fast for decent fees. Unknown to all but his family, he employs illegal workers (*or slaves*), who rarely see daylight and work night and day in his basement for a little food. What he does to keep them quiet is unknown, but it seems these workers come from a distant place where they are scared to death to return. On the floor above the shop live the proprietor's wife and their five children, who also rarely leave the house.

16	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Doogan's Glass Works</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Hand of Evil

This group of five building is made up of office, shop, warehouse, lab and factory. **Doogan** imports sand from all over and is known to blow some of the most expensive bottles and glass works.

**Games notes:**

- ◆ Sand or Glass Golem
- ◆ Adventurers can be hired to retrieve 'sand' from different locations for different effects, such as from the Underdark or the Demonwaste.

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17	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Old Collapsing Mansion</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

It seems that this old mansion is on the verge of collapsing. Nothing stands upright clean, and the whole edifice is rickety. Thankfully, the buildings on each side look much more solid, and probably support it. Inside, everything is squeaky, and in some places one must be careful or risk fall right through the bad wooden stairs and floor. Yet, this house is clean and smells good of perfumes and flowers. A frail middle-aged woman and her 24 cats live in there. Some people pretend she is a witch, but she is before all a poor widow with a meager pension. If any strong fight erupts in this house, it has a great chance of collapsing entirely, doing 8d6 of blunt damage (*Ref save at DC=20 for half dmg*) to everyone inside. (*For example: a natural one on a melee attack would result in striking a wall or whatnot, with a 2% chance per point of damage of collapsing the house; while a Lightning Bolt would wield a 5% per point of damage; etc.*)

18	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Shabby Looking Taverns</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This three storey house harbors a small and shabby looking tavern with low prices and mediocre beverages. There are always 1 to 3 common prostitutes who take care of their clients above, while the tavern's owner lives on the last storey. Customers mainly come from the lowest social classes, and often include a few petty thieves and the like. If some wealthy looking traveler comes here, there is a chance that a pickpocket will later follow him to cut his purse (*2nd or 3rd level expert with +6 or +8 in Bluff, Hide, Move Silently, and Sleight of Hand*).

**Tavern Names:** Little Logan's, Terant's, Little Cave Tavern, The Secret Whiskey, The Harlot's Cloak, Illcott Tavern, Swine's Place, The Soldier's Door, Fat Nose, The Broken Gremlin, The Spiteful Groin, The Mad Table, The Idiot and Thief, The Kobold's Whisper, Philnt Tavern, The Loner's Cauldron, The Horny Spirit, The Fluffy Ale, The Lusty Fingers, The Lusty Nymph, The Green Tavern.

19	<b>Title:</b>	<b>A Good Travelers Inns</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This large three storey building is a good inn with rooms for the travelers, and stables for their mounts. Prices are usually appropriate to the foods' and beverages' quality, which tend to be average to fine. Inns often have informants who report to the city's officials or other important characters, of various informations gleaned there, including the arrival in town of suspicious or powerful freewheeling adventurers.

**Inn Names:** The Inn of the Laughing Boar, The Mad Gargoyle Inn, Kenman's Pub, The Adulterous Wife, Crusty Paulford's, The Gold Table, The Mermaid and Vulture, The Harlot and Archer Pub, The Jester's Glass, The Satin Monkey, The Hungry Sprite, The Lich and King, The Raven and Eagle Pub, The Inn at Willbury, The Wayfarer's Place, The Giant Spoon.

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<b>20</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Tomb of Kings</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Hand of Evil

Not really kings, but that is what this dark grey stone building has become known as. Two stories above ground, three below. Once the home to a powerful dwarf family, but now run down and abandoned to the homeless and the foolish. The house is mostly empty, but has become the lair for a local thieves guild, which has taken to making the building appear haunted. Using secret passages and rooms inside they either kill or run off all visitors. The underground parts of the house connect to the sewers and other places to allow the thieves access to the city.

<b>21</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Good Man's Assistance Shop</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Cthulhu's Librarian

This tall, narrow, one story building houses the office of a temporary employment agency, **The Good Man's Assistance Shop**. The steps leading up to the front door usually have between 5-8 poorly dressed, but clean, young men waiting, who offer up their services as day workers and personal assistants to anyone who shows an interest or approaches the building. The building is freshly painted, and the window looks in on a small display of a variety of tools, including shovels, picks, rope, measuring sticks, hammers, etc.

Upon entering the door, the first room is a simple waiting room with 4 chairs, a ledger on a stand in the corner, a door leading further into the building, and a reception window. Behind the window is a simply dressed middle aged man named **Lou** (*a 2nd lvl fighter who doubles as the shops guard*), who asks that all visitors sign in on the ledger, and ask if they are in search of employment or looking to hire someone. Regardless of the answer, he asks for a fee of 3 coppers for the shops assistance. Once paid, he will allow the visitors to pass through the door and enter the office.

In the office sits **Pierre LaCorbinere**, the employment agent (*3rd lvl expert*). Pierre will interview the visitors and either ask them to wait out front with his other clients seeking employment, or call one of the men in from out front and see if they will fit the needs of a prospective employer. Pierre is nothing more than he seems, a simple man who makes his money from finding and hiring out laborers to those in need of help. His rates for the workers vary from 3 silver/day to 3 gold/day depending on the work to be done (*the more dangerous the work or travel involved, the higher the rate*). He takes a 10% cut of the wages, and has access to up to 15 workers on half a days notice, and 50 workers on a full days notice.

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22	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Tolley's Tinkering Junkyard</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	die_kluge

**Type of Establishment:** Business

**Description of Establishment:** After violating numerous city ordinances, and getting thrown out of the upper city, **Tolley's Tinkering Junkyard** found its way into the catacombs beneath the surface. For **Tolley**, a gnome, (*Clr12/Wiz3, for full stats view his entry in Appendix One*), this was just fine. Tolley's Tinkering Junkyard is a hangout, of sorts, for tinkers, engineers, and just collectors of odd trinkets and junk. The Junkyard houses 200 square feet of rods, springs, weights, wheels, gears, and other assorted tinkering equipment. However, despite the apparent mess of it all, Tolley claims to know his entire inventory, and has a story to match every rod, screw, and spring in his collection to boot. Don't call it garbage to Tolley, either. He takes great pride in his inventory and when he's not spinning yarns about his adventuring days or the next big thing he's gonna build, he's hard at work in his shop. Local tinkers claim that if Tolley doesn't have it, it doesn't exist. Moreover, if your calculations are off, and that rod is useless to you now, don't throw it away, Tolley will buy it from you.

**Owner/Prominent Resident:** Tolley (whose full name is complex, and quite boring), is an eccentric gnome who retired after a life of adventuring and spends most of his days building crazy contraptions.

**List of Regulars:** Most fellow tinkers, and a high number of gnomes. Occasionally, people will come seeking cures from Tolley, since he is a high level cleric.

**Hooks:**

1. Tolley used to be quite an adventurer but retired after he watched a group of beholders eat his entire party. Tolley managed to escape somehow, although he rarely talks about it. Apparently, this incident happened not too far from town, but no one has yet to convince him to say where it occurred.

23	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Suffwort's Spice Shop</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Vanye

A bright, nearly saffron yellow, sign hangs in front of this small store. From the sign hangs large scale representations of spices in their raw forms. The store is run by **Jella Sudarn**, a handsome middle aged human woman. she runs the store while her husband is out making trades to bring in stock. She occasionally has need of adventurers to either guard her husband while on trip, or to retrieve some of the more unusual herbs and spices she uses.

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<b>24</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Public Baths</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This building is divided into two parts without communication between the two, each one with its own entrance: one for men, the other for women. Each one is otherwise made on the same design. There is a hammam (*hot vapor room*) with a pool which water is sometimes changed. Then, there are individual small rooms when one can take a bath in a tub, which water is changed with every customer. The hammam costs 1 sp, while the individual baths cost 1 gp; for 1 gp more, you can get a groom. It is said that some of them are cute and willing to prostitute themselves, but this is more of a rumor than a fact. The public bath has its own well, and the water is drawn by a couple of Half-Orcs who have developed great muscles over the years!

<b>25</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Muck Ponds</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Tonguez

Surrounded by a high stone wall, the rundown three storey house beyond may once have been a mansion. Now the paint is peeling and a pall of stale air and muck hangs over the place. Worst of all though is the stench rising from the muck ponds in the back yard extending all the way back into the swamp. For these are the infamous muckponds of **Pommy Muckracker**, the Nighthpot collector. Pommy is a hobgoblin and employs a team of goblins whose purpose in life is to clean up and dispose of the waste of urban living. Effluent from nighthpots, sewer drains, tanneries and abattoirs, even some say the last remnants from mortuary rites Pommy Muckracker will collect it all, dump it in his ponds and then have his workers sift there way through extracting whatever treasures they can find. Rumours say that everything else is left to Pommy's 'pets'...

<b>26</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Overcrowded Home</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This ordinary house is home to a very large family. As such it is overcrowded, with babies and children crying at all times, and women always busy cooking, cleaning, etc. The grandmother has become somewhat senile and believes to recognize a son or a daughter in anyone who enters the house. She is normally quickly interrupted by one of the other persons around. However, if a kind adventurer would let her talk, as she wants, she could suddenly enter a trance and become a channel for some otherworldly spirit. In doing so it is more than probable than the adventurer would get a valuable clue about one of his current problems. (*For this to happen: Cha check at DC 15*)

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27	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Retired Priests of The Church</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This is a large two storey mansion with an inner garden. It is a kind of small urban abbey, in fact an old people's home for retired priests of the Church. Those come from many parts of the surrounding region, and could be asked about a number of subjects pertaining to the Church life, especially about its recent past. The problem is that many are almost senile, or at least with a failing memory. This sad point also applies to their divine abilities: many of these retired priests are of 3rd or higher level; however, most of the time they are incapable to remember how to cast a spell, or would mistake one for another. Fortunately, their god is kind enough to only lend them innocuous spells. These old persons are watched over by several nurses.

28	<b>Title:</b>	<b>City's Oldest Building</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This sturdy and simple stone tower is said to be the first construction to have been built in this city, ages ago. This may not be true, yet it is the oldest of its current buildings. This four storey fortified tower is no longer inhabited, but used as a museum where several items of its history are kept (*things like the helm of the evil warlord who attacked the city two centuries ago; the great heavy iron key of the first gate; the first banner; some paintings depicting the city in ancient times; etc.*). Two city-watch soldiers guard the building, but the museum's items have no intrinsic value. In front of the tower is a public fountain, which is the oldest water source of the city, and still in use today.

29	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Outside Inn</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

**The Outside Inn** is a fine looking establishment is at the corner of a busy intersection in a nice part of town. It is a square stone building that is attached to adjacent structures. It has small stained glass windows. The interior is small with a bar - about 10 stools. It has no open tables. Along the front of the building there are alcoves are separated by partition walls. Each one has a swinging half door. These meeting/ drink alcoves are private and hard to see inside. It is a well-known hang out for cabals, secret trysts and traitors. The staff is mostly discrete. **Talbor**, (*7th com*), the owner will be cheerful, but closemouthed. The night bartender is a young man named **Larry** who is the nephew of the owner, he is greedy and vain, and will take bribes if he can get away with it. The barmaid **Rowenna** is playfully rude to all customers, she is the bars enforcer, (*Bard 6, Cha 16*) using silence, hold person, sleep and charm person if necessary.

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<b>30</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Poor Tenant Building</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Evilhalfling

This building has 3 apartments and an outside stair to reach the 2nd floor. One side of the ground floor is owned by a pair of prostitutes (*2nd rogues*), the other side by a poor city clerk. The clerk is desperate to get out of these living conditions and will do nearly anything for a good bribe. His status is too low to be worthy of most bribery, but at this point stealing documents would not be out of the question. The 2nd floor belongs to a family of halflings - 2 adults and 2 children. The stairs are rickety and may not support a human, certainly no one in armor. The adults work as hired gardeners for middle class city residents. The wife has recently uncovered a strange stone which she is convinced is talking to her. She pretends to be sick so she can listen to it, the eldest daughter runs the household.

<b>31</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Daisy Mae Bob's Place</b>
<i>Author:</i>		jasper

Appears to be a run down house with the right hand side of front porch collapsed. It has not been whitewashed in a coon's age. Under the porch are 1d8 hound dogs. To the left and right of the front door are two halbreds. The owner is **Daisy Mae Bob**, (*level 5 fighter, weapon focus: halbred*), who is in her thirties and missing three of her front teeth. She is very overweight (*350+ Lbs*). She is getting into the spinster age and her standards for getting married are very low. Her brothers and the rest of her clan have a 20% of being currently visiting her.

<b>32</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Unstringed Mandolin</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Turanil

This pretty house has a (*fake*) mandolin hanging above the entrance, and is home and shop to a stringed-instruments-maker. The proprietor is a renown expert in his field, with a great passion for music (*expert 8th; Craft and Perform - musical instrument, at +15*). His son, a young man and novice bard, gives music lessons, mainly to young women of his age. In fact they all seem to be fond of him, and lately two of them have told to be bearing his child. There are thus problems to come very soon for this otherwise much-respected family. In fact, the charming novice bard is trying to figure out a way to escape from the city, but haven't found yet the guts to take on an adventuring life.

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33	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Elusive Noblewoman</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This nice mansion has two guards perpetually guarding its doorway. The proprietor is an elusive and mysterious woman. She sometimes goes out, but always with her bodyguard, a man dressed in black leather, while herself is always totally clothed and wearing a veil. Nobody ever saw her face and she usually avoid visits and encounters, so the wildest rumors about her have been heard. Yet, apart that she is obviously rich, nothing special ever transpired about this woman. One of her guards, who has been fired since, pretends that she is a rich but terribly ugly woman. She simply doesn't want that anybody may see her. One young noble, probably not very bright, wants to believe she is all the contrary extremely beautiful, hiding herself to not break hearts around. He fancies himself being in love with the woman, and often comes around, has some serenade given in front of her house, flowers sent, etc., to the woman who seems to be not aware of him.

34	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Dwarven Merchant Brothers</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This small but sturdy house, is a shop owned by three Dwarven brothers. The shop is on ground and first floor, while they inhabit the basement (*two underground levels*). They buy and sell all manners of exotic equipment. If you need an Adildar religious garb or a Sozodhan armor, either you find it here or you don't find it at all. Note these dwarves are hard bargainers, typically buying at 50% then selling at 200% of what could be considered a normal price. However, since they only deal in items hardly found anywhere else in this city, they have no concurrence. Only ordinary equipment can be found here though, as they never keep extremely valuable items that could attract thieves. Nonetheless, the dwarves always know to whom buy or sell rare things (*such as magical items*), for a consequent commission (*10% to 20%*). They could seem to be rich, but as they actually have few customers they just make a decent living. These Dwarves are experts 5th; Appraise, Bluff, Craft, Knowledge (*geography*), Spot, and Search at +8 to +12.

35	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Torch Factory Palace</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This house is a mixture of architectural styles. It was begun as a marble palace with huge doors, high windows, and statues. The building, however, was never completed, only the ground floor. The next proprietor added two storeys, but of a very mundane design and material, much contrasting with the regal ground floor. It has become a small factory of torches, sconces, and similar stuff. Now the ground floor is but a workshop; the workers live on the second floor, and the factory's owner on the third. The latter doesn't seem to mind using a palace architecture to such petty ends.

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36	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Porridge Pot</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This "building" is actually a collection of many roofed wooden platforms surrounding a central shed. Each platform contains 2-3 small, round, chest height tables suitable for standing to. The establishment is run by **Gorrie Ridgepoint**, a garulous old halfling with a full grey beard and bad arthritis in his knees. Customers come in and buy a serving of fresh hot porridge from the shed where Gorrie makes and serves it. The price is equal to the market cost of a wooden bowl and spoon plus 4 copper for the porridge. If you return the bowl and spoon he pays you half it's market value. The porridge is quite excellent tasting and word of mouth is slowly growing, spreading the knowledge of Gorrie's Porridge. Gorrie serves his porridge all day till dusk, at which time he kicks everyone out and locks the gates to the fence that surrounds The Porridge Pot. The only mystery is where Gorrie gets all his porridge... :-)

37	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Residence of Dubious Repute</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

The window shutters of this three storey house are always shut, yet the building is inhabited. Men are seen entering or leaving the house day and night, and they generally try to remain extremely discreet about it. People in the vicinity tell of prostitution, while others prefer to conjecture about some conspiracy or evil cultists. In any case, two young women who live and work there occupy the ground floor. The two floors above belong to a retired and paranoid rich merchant. Fearing all the time that thieves would intrude and rob him, he has secured and attached all of his furniture and valuable items onto the walls and floor with chains and nails. He also constantly keeps some weapons, a set of magical potions, and his two big dogs with him. He never leaves his house, having anything he may need delivered to his home.

38	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The House of Shadows</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

The House of Shadows is called as such by the district's inhabitants, for its weird design. The house has protruding buttresses, a small recess, two doorways (*for a house that would only need one*), plus other like features ideal for hiding. The building also has an exit to the other side, plus a concealed access to the cellar with corridors leading into other buildings' cellars. If the house has been built like this on purpose is unknown. However, most thieves and criminals know how to use it to elude pursuit when need be. The apartments in the two storeys above are rented to people who are seldom here, and the building's owner himself is rarely seen. Evidences would nonetheless have to be brought that the House of Shadows belongs to the thieves' guild.

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39	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Diseased Residence</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This two-storey house has a bad reputation. Neighbors think it is cursed. In fact, in the last years there has been more people dying in this house than in all the surrounding district houses together. All died of disease; only those who could pay the service of a priest to heal them were saved, only to fall ill again soon after. Now, locals will not accept to live there, but nonetheless rent it to the occasional stranger. The house is clean, and is certainly not under a magical curse. However, there is a lingering odor of refuse that doesn't want to leave the house, despite that it has been thoroughly cleaned. The answer to this mystery is to be found in the basement. Unknown to all, there is a secret trap undiscovered as of now, that leads directly into an especially foul part of the sewers. Some mold or ooze or whatnot resides there as well, that devours all rats that could come through the basement's floor and invade the house. However, the filthy air is full of terrible germs that seep continuously through the stones of the basement floor, bringing many diseases to the house's occupants. (*Every 24 hours spent in this building, one must make a Fort save DC 10 or get a disease.*)

40	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Seekers</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This old but clean building is the home of **Miles**, honest mage/thief who calls himself a Seeker. The door is open, but has a bell. A short hallway with a mirror leads to a second locked door. All the windows have shutters, can be barred and locked down. Miles finds lost things or watches people. He is a plain looking timid man, short three fingers from a terribly unlucky adventuring career. He is of sufficient level to be an Arcane Trickster, but disliked the requirements. His prices are low for the easy assingments, higher if the item is stolen, or the target to be watched dangerous. He mostly stays out of the thieves guilds way, specializing in returns, not punishing the criminal.

41	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Butcher</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This is a local butcher shop that has geese hanging in the window. Great smelling smoke drifts out of an open window into the street. The smoke and the frequent calls of "Fresh Meat!" are his primary form of advertising. The butcher - **Marty Rumblebelly** once served on the city watch and has a few levels as fighter. Unless this is a high magic city, most of Marty's meat is not fresh, it is smoke dried or prepared. He slaughters at least one animal a day and sells out of that type. In a magic rich enviornment he has meat hooks that keep whatever is hanging on them fresh, via ray of frost or purify food. Anything left this way too long develops an unsavory aftertaste. Marty keeps the meat deep underground in a well in his shop for refridgeration.

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42	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Mortorill's</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This is a long narrow single story building that is a single wide hallway with a row of long narrow rooms down one side. The owner, **Jacob Mortorill**, has a fascination with long items. Polearms, ladders, spears, stilts, poles, walking sticks, flagpoles, basically anything that is long. He has spent the last seventeen years collecting all manner of long things and will be most interested in acquiring an interesting or rare long item. His whole house is filled with these things, with the largest and longest of them being stored in his hallway, which is the primary feature of his home. Aside from his strange collecting habits, Jacob leads a quite life, collecting herbs in the warmer months and selling them, and selling firewood in the colder months. He unsurprisingly lives alone.

43	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Bat Hags House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This square three story building looks relatively ordinary from the outside. Inside however is a different story. All of the internal walls and floors have been removed, turning this building into a large shell. Hanging from the rafters at various heights are hundreds of bat boxes, suspended by varying lengths of rope. In addition to providing homes to literally thousands of bats, this building is also the abode and livelyhood of the **Kilna Sisters, Harna and Hilda** - two elderly women who live in a tent in one corner of the building. They make their living from collecting and selling the massive quantities of bat guano that the winged inhabitants produce. They are generally believed to be either crazy, witches, or both. In truth they are harmless and don't know a single spell, they are just a touch senile and a lot obsessed with bats.

44	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Incompetent Fop</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This three storey house is home to an arrogant and incompetent fop. He is the son of a rich merchant from a far away land, who wanted to get rid of him. As such, the son was sent there to take care of the goods his father would export, and make "an easy fortune". But then, fewer and fewer caravans came, and eventually the young fop remained alone and without money. Being incompetent he was unable to perform any job, and had to rent two floors of the house in order to survive. Now he would like to get back home but is terrified of travelling alone, and has no money to hire guards to protect him. Nevertheless, he may try to fast-talk some adventurers, promising them his father would pay handsomely for his return (*the fop is aristocrat 1st; with Bluff at +8*). However, the rich merchant remarried and has a new heir to whom he intends to give his wealth. He certainly does not want to see his idiotic son back, and will in fact pay the adventurers to actually return him to the city.

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<b>45</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Saint Alzrius' House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This is in fact the house where Saint Alzrius was born, a long time ago. It is now in the possession of a rich merchant who pretends to be very devout and is claiming that he is keeping the house because of the sainthood associated with it. However, the owner's real motive is that he secretly delights in preventing the church to acquire this house. For some reason, he is upset at people's superstition and idiocy, as well at the Church's power in the city (*whether this may be true or not*). As such, he does whatever he can to make the life of the pilgrims who come there miserable, trying to prevent them to pray in front of his house, or asking money to let them do so, etc.

<b>46</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Religious Fanatics' House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This large and gray mansion has several religious symbols of the city's dominant faith obviously displayed on its front wall and above the entrance. Yet, the building is clearly not an abbey or temple. It is in fact the home of a small community of zealots. Often, some of them will come to make some penitence of their own, right in the middle of the street in front of the house. At other times, a preacher will try to convert people to their faith, and predict some impending disaster on the others. Then, every day early in the morning, they sing religious songs aloud, windows fully open. The fact is, that most of the neighborhood strongly dislikes them, and would be glad to see those zealots leave. However, nobody has dared to speak openly against them, for fear of angering the Church. The local Church's clergy, on the other hand, has no great love of these fanatics, whom they see too radical and narrow-minded, and maybe wanting to step on their toes. However, none of these fanatics is a true priest, and they behave themselves, just indulging in angering the population in fact. Now, a clever person could probably convince them to create their own sect, and thus seed religious problems as well as a future schism.

<b>47</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Zork's Dockside Outfitters</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This shop located close to the waterfront serves as a supply depot for ships coming into the harbor. It mainly sells rope, tackle, fishing equipment basically everything needed for ocean voyages. The shop is owned by **Quientin Zork** a retired half elven pirate who lost his right arm battling the kings navy. He now spends his days outfitting merchant ships. Given his extensive contacts with both the pirates and the merchants guild he usually knows which merchants are carrying the expensive cargos. (+5 knowledge DC) For the right price he can be persuaded to share this information.

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48	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Beirra's Menagerie</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This grey barn-like structure has a pair of large barn doors in the center front that are usually kept barred shut and an ordinary sized door inset in one of them, that is used by visitors. The interior of the building consists of a single long hallway that runs down the center of the building and leads to an office. The latter contains the usual office contents (*desk, chairs, safe, etc*) and a door which leads to a small apartment off the back of the building. The remainder of the building consists of medium to small rooms, all leading off the central hallway. Each room, or more accurately stall, contains one or more animals. Beirra's collection is quite extensive and includes not only common farm and forest animals, but also rarer wild animals as well. Although it doesn't include any truly powerful creatures. All these animals are in fact for sale, and often finish as food in some noble's banquet. However, others are bought for different purposes, such as a exotic pets or what not (*and a druid or ranger could well find an animal companion in there*). The Proprietor, **Beirra Gorresh**, is a tall and corpulent man of uncertain origin (*maybe a Half-Ogre; Ranger 6th; Handle Animal +8, Profession: Hunter +10*). His voice is a hoarse grating croak and his laugh is a burbly chortle. He always assumes that he knows what his clients are thinking and makes snide or innuendo-filled comments to this effect whenever dealing with them. He employs three strong men (*War. 2nd; Handle Animal +5*) to help him in his job.

49	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Goblin Catcher</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This otherwise normal house has a cage hanging from a chain above the entrance door. Inside the cage is an imprisoned goblin, at times a living one is kept captive here, but normally it is a stuffed three-dimensional likeness. The house's owner is **Jargueld Tolran** "Goblin Catcher", an aging hunter who made a name for himself in slaying all sorts of goblinoids and orcs for a fee. He is now more or less retired, still accepting an occasional mission of eradication to protect some community of peasants, or to get back some kidnapped innocent. He otherwise counsels anyone who may have to fight orcs and goblinoids, and also acts as an intermediary finding appropriate adventurers and mercenaries for missions that he wouldn't do himself. Jargueld has no family but his niece, the latter being... a half-orc! The niece is the daughter of Jargueld's sister who got her in dramatic circumstances, and died when giving birth to the child, who is now a young adult.

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<b>50</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Yule's Ropewalks</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This collection of buildings are owned and operated by the Yule clan and employs over thirty men, women and children. It is a producer of a wide variety of ropes - everything from thin twine to massive cables. The bulk of the Ropewalk is taken up by the ropewalk building itself. This is a 500 foot long narrow building where they "walk the rope" when braiding the strands. Since the maximum length of rope that can be produced is determined by the length of your ropewalk, 500 feet is the longest single continuous length available from the Yule Ropewalks. There is also the Process Yard, a building where the raw hemp is processed into strands for ropemaking. Another building is the Tarhouse where ropes are dipped into large vats of hot tar. Tarred ropes are used for sailing ships where weather resistance is needed in the ropes. The other buildings are a collection of storehouses for the hemp fibres, finished ropes and various other ropemaking supplies. **Folstoke Yule** is the current elder of the clan and runs the Yule Ropewalks, he has been trying to buy out the property to one side of the Ropewalks for years so that he can extend his Ropewalk to 1000 feet, allowing him to be able to make ropes large enough to supply the King's Navy. The owner of that property has steadfastly refused however and Folstoke has long since lost his patience...

<b>51</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Honest Saulus The Money Lender</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This shop serves as a financier. Letting customers and characters place there excess wealth with **Saulus** who then uses the money to underwrite expeditions both sea faring and into the wild. Deals are usually for a flat rate plus a percentage of the gain achieved. Saulus is a very smart man and most of the endeavors he backs are successful. Saulus is a 5th level Diviner Wizard that allows him to keep an eye on his investments. Saulus' shop is modest, consisting of a high desk, a few chairs, and a back room thought to contain a safe, but in reality Saulus carries a portable hole in his pocket with all of his current cash on hand. He uses the back room to open and close the hole and at any given time he has very little money in the shop. Most of his business is conducted with letters of credit. Based on favors he has performed for high-ranking members of the Thieves Guild Saulus is on a very short list of untouchable businesses.

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<b>52</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Fenton's Import-Export</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

The building is a two-story structure filled with various bulk dry goods. There is an office on the second overlooking the main floor there is a stable around back for the caravan teams. The business employs twenty or so employees at any given time. This warehouse is a front operation for the thieves' guild. By setting up caravans the thieves guild is able to ship stolen goods past the city watch and out of town. Fenton is a high-ranking member of the thieves' guild. He is also a mid ranking member of the merchants guild. He is considered a successful and honest businessman by most, but the king's spymaster knows the truth has recently placed an undercover agent into the business.

<b>53</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Astronomer's House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This nice and sturdy stone house belongs to **Marcillius** the astronomer and astrologer. He lives on the third floor, while the ground floor is rented to a hat-maker and the second floor to a city clerk and his family. A narrow tower protrudes and rises high above the roof, ending in a small room containing a seat and a telescope. This is where the astronomer generally observes the night sky. However, his eyesight is now deteriorating due to age, and so Marcillius has troubles seeing the stars. As a result, he has grown incapable of making accurate astronomical calculations, and thus astrological predictions. Hence, the astrologer rents two floors of his house and doesn't consult anymore as an astrologer. Nonetheless, he is too proud to admit his failing eyesight, and prefers to tell all sorts of ludicrous (*and pseudo occult*) explanations to justify his not doing astrology consultations. On the other hand, Marcillius is writing a book of his own on astrology and astronomy, and is willing to teach his methods to others for a fee. (*Marcillius is an expert 5th; Knowledge astrology and astronomy at +12.*)

<b>54</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Dog Row Tenement</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Hand of Evil

From the streets the tenement looks like a block but once entered opens to a courtyard. Built to provide housing to the evergrowing working class, the tenements are a template building: Square, three story, red tiled roof, open balcony on the inside, small windows on the outside, center courtyard with well. They are also a marvel of engineering, the tile roofs catch rain and direct it to the well to provide the water needs for each tenement. Many have become extended family homes, some buiness centers, others have been run down and now are gang controlled.

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55	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Velnor's Butchery</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Goblyns Hoard

This is a rather plain two storey wooden building. The top floor is where **Velnor Craftan** (*a well built, slightly overweight man*) lives with his young (*and rather timid*) wife. They have no children and the local women are beginning to gossip that she is barren. The ground floor is taken up almost completely by the butcher's shop. Velnor only has 'standard fare' - pork, lamb, beef, chicken etc., but his sausages are known to be some of the best in the town. He guards the secret of their ingredients carefully. Velnor's abattoir is in a small shed behind the house and he does his best to keep it as clean as possible. The basement however is off limits to everyone except Velnor himself. And it is here that Velnor will bring any animals he can get down the stairs. The construction has left the place almost sound-proof, and here Velnor revels in the slaughter of his animals, cutting the joints of meat from them while trying to keep them alive. Velnor is not a cleric of (*insert your god of slaughter/death/torture/evil here*) but his private worship of cruelty to animals is well developed. Velnor actively traps cats and stray dogs to bring down here. Whether they are what makes his sausages so good is known only to him.

56	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Trask's Home of Eternal Rest</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This two-storey building is located near the cemetery and is the town mortuary. **Trask Frostling** is the proprietor. Trask is a quite but friendly sort who is an absolute perfectionist when it comes to preparing the dead. Also employed at the funeral parlor is **Drog Rockgrinder**, a Dwarf stone carver who handles the headstones. Drog is the complete opposite of Trask. He is a loud, dower, and miserable person who hates everything. Drog's personality amuses Trask - that's the main reason he keeps the Dwarf around; that and the quality of his work. The main room of parlor is a soft warm place with candles and drapes. Trask has an agreement with all of the local temples both good and evil and can cater to any type of ceremony. Drog's workshop and living space is in the basement. Trask lives on the second floor.

57	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Boarding House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanil

This large mansion with a garden is a boarding house run by a couple. There is an impressive turn-over of residents, as the husband who is jealous, always suspects male lodgers to turn around his wife. As such, he makes the life of the ones he suspects miserable, and tries to make them leave. Nonetheless, it is not the husband who is dangerous, but two of the currently paying guests. The first is trying to establish an evil cult in the city, while the other is a fugitive from another country wanted for (*political*) murder. They don't know of each other though.

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<b>58</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Nobles Mansion</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Turanol

This large manor house is surrounded by a garden and high stone walls, and is accessed through a large gate. This is the home of **Lord William Dunbar**, a noble. Once per month, Lord Dunbar gives a feast in his manor, to which are invited many people including rich merchants and adventurers, not only the aristocracy. As such, if the PCs have been successful in their last adventures, they could well be invited to these feasts. However, Lord Dunbar is a penniless and indebted wastrel. His feasts are almost never paid for, but the rich merchants who sponsor them believe that in associating with the nobility, they increase their prestige and could get interesting business opportunities. Lord Dunbar wants people to believe him to be rich and influential, but this is all but a facade. There is nothing of real value left in Lord Dunbar's estate, and he is always meeting with wealthy people and making deals with them to get money. (*Aristocrat 10th; Bluff, Diplomacy, and Knowledge - local at +15.*)

<b>59</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Sewer Maintenance Building</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This small single level building is used by the sewer workers to store their equipment and as their entrance to the pipe works that run under the city to carry out the waste and rain drainage to the harbor. This is only one of the many entrances that lead to the dark highway as the sewers are referred. The building contains poles, rakes, lanterns, a few collapsible boats as well as a few pole arms, which are sometimes necessary to fend off the denizens from below. There are six sewer workers currently employed two groups of three; each work 12 hour shifts. They are allowed to keep anything they find and they supplement their pay by receiving payoffs for not noticing anything that goes on down below. This is a dangerous job and it is very common for the workers to disappear. Due to the lucrative nature however there is no shortage of young peasants willing to take the risk. Tales of old Norton retiring after five years in the hole is enough for many to take the chance.

<b>60</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Grax's Unusual Edibles</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This shop sells unusual food items from pickled Beholder eyes to Xorn bloodshakes and everything in between. **Grax** is a Half-Orc former adventurer who realized that the only part of adventuring that he enjoyed was the eating afterward. He is a large, round fellow who loves to talk about his glory days. The shop is a market with all sorts of jars and containers. Everything is either dried or pickled so there is no need for cold storage. Some of his most interesting cuisine has wound up in the king palace (*Used to feed the royal hounds*). Grax will pay for fresh rare monster parts in good condition. Grax lives above the shop with his human wife **Mirna**.

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<b>61</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Mellim's</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This is a rickety looking four-storey building that leans slightly into the street, an impression that is visually exaggerated by the fact that each story is slightly larger than the previous until the top story is a full ten feet out further on all sides than the ground floor. The owner of this house is **Mellim Grob-dagarro**, an elderly man with startlingly bushy eyebrows that are literally long enough that he brushes them to the sides such that their tips blend into the hair at his temples. Mellim is a Scholar, (+4 ranks in gather information, +2 local law, +2 politics, +2 religion) a Scribe (+4 forgery), a Historian (+2 Knowledge: Ancient History), and a noteworthy collector of maps. Map-collecting is his passion in life with fully three floors of his home having the walls of every room lined with scroll shelves and most rooms having piles of scrolls and parchment maps and geographical treatises. People often come to Mellim in order to avail of his impressive collection. For a modest fee he will copy any of his maps and he is always interested in acquiring a new or interesting map. There is one further quirk to his map collecting habits though: Mellim finds an equal joy in owning a map, regardless of its accuracy or even if it depicts anything of any relation to the real world. In fact, many of his maps are of fictional or legendary lands or structures. This proves especially challenging for the would-be visitor to his library as Mellim neither distinguishes nor remembers which maps are real and which are imaginary... To make matters even more convoluted, several of Mellim's acquaintances are adventurers and a few of them even travel the planes and have frequently brought back maps for Mellim of these far distant extraplanar lands! For those adventurers knowledgeable or lucky enough though, Mellim can be an amazing resource of both rare knowledge and rare maps.

<b>62</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Drake's Livery and Stables</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

There are three buildings in this compound, they are a stable, a warehouse, and a two story house as well as a corral. **Drake** is a middle-aged man who loves animals. He has horses, mules, and donkeys. Drake is a widower who is raising four kids, two boys and two girls - they range in age from the youngest **Mirabella** who is 4, **Alex** who is 7, **Tellon** who is 11, and **Sara** who is 17. Drake will kill to protect his children and his animals. He will refuse to sell to anyone who he thinks will mistreat the animals. Drake is fair in his business dealings. The warehouse contains grain, saddles, bits, bridles, and other goods of this sort.

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<b>63</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Fortune Teller's Shop</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Turanol

A charlatan seer lives in this house, whose shop on the ground floor displays painted moons, stars, and other cheap symbols on a blue background. **Trania Whelto**s can actually cast a few spells, but she really has no divination ability of any sort (*Expert 2nd / Sorceress 1st; Bluff +10, Knowledge (Arcana) and Spellcraft +6, can cast Charm person, Nystul's magical aura*). Her foretelling are in fact always about love to happen, work to be found, spouse infidelity, having children, etc. These predictions are just scams, but using her Charm person spells and a few coins, Tralia has a coterie of usually poor women to spread around how a great seer she is. In addition, she sells useless charms and amulets to the credulous, using her Nystul's magical aura spell. Other than that, Trallia is a little bit of a nymphomaniac and will try to seduce any handsome male that may come to seek predictions from her. She has four children from four different fathers, and is a really rude and uncaring mother.

<b>64</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Wilim's Magnificent Traveling Theater Troupe</b>
<i>Author:</i>		crow81

This building is a run down two-story theater. It serves as a home base for the group. This group performs dramas and comedies written by **Wilim**. His troupe consists of six Humans, two Dwarves, three Half-Elves and a very, very fat Halfling. These actors are all male. They spend most of the Spring and Summer traveling from town to town performing their plays, during the Winter however they use the theater to rehearse and perform for the locals. Wilim is a 6th level Bard, proficient in the lute and flute. **Rolf**, a middle age Half-Orc who drinks a lot, maintains the theater. He keeps his job because of a promise Wilim made to his aunt before she died who happens to be Rolf's mother. The fee for a performance is 3 sp per person, 2 sp on sixtday at noon.

<b>65</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Ogre's Mansion</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Turanol

For some reason this house was built larger and sturdier than most typical humans homes. It seems to have been built to accommodate ogres comfortably. The entrance door is twice as large and high than normal doors, etc. However, no Ogre or similarly large-sized people (*such as Half-Giants*) have ever been seen living here. Of course, the neighborhood eventually came up with a weird rumor to explain the unusual size of this otherwise common house. People keep pretending that it was built for a megalomaniac who hired an alchemist to increase his size to that of a giant. Unfortunately the alchemist's potion proved flawed and lethal, and the owner died before being able to live there. The truth is that it was built for an unknown proprietor, but sold shortly thereafter to a local noble. It is again for sale, but at twice that of the surrounding houses.

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66	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Brewery &amp; Distillary</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

This nondescript three storey building is a half a block long. The building is home to huge tanks used in the brewery process. **Drew Knightly** is the royal brewmaster responsible for this installation. This brewery supplies 80% of all the liquor (*other than wine*) that is supplied to the taverns. The other 20% is under the control of the Theives Guild's smuggling operations. This facility makes mead, beer, distilled spirits, and dwarven ale. The assistant brewmaster is a 200 year old Dwarf named **Novi Barrelbelly** who is the real reason for the success of the facility. The crown charges a 2gp tax per keg tax in addition to the profit made from ownership of the brewing operation. All of the spirits delivered to the taverns is the same strength. However, it is quite a common practice by tavern owners to water down the booze in order to increase profits - a practice that angers the assistant brewmaster to no end.

67	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Deadman's Black</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This tiny shed is crammed against the side of a much larger neighbouring stone building. It is made of weather-blackened wood that is crudely nailed and tied together with a crude door on one end, but no windows at all. It is rumoured amongst the local children that a vampire lives in there and that all who enter become its next meal. Anyone who questions the local children will find them eager to tell you all about the city guard who went missing when he went inside to investigate. In truth, there is only an old bum that lives there and only comes out at night. He suffers from a rare disease that makes him painfully sensitive to sunlight and prone to poor circulation and constant thirst (*which he slakes with alcohol*). He has deliberately not tried to correct the vampire rumours as it tends to keep him unbothered while he waits inside for the sun to go down. The "missing city guard" is a complete fiction, spread by over-imaginative children.

68	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Topsail's &amp; Mizzenails</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This nondescript, whitewashed, two-storey building is owned by **Sarumael Burnik**, a merchant who dresses in puffy silks of vibrant colours. He has three men working for him who hand-make sails of a variety of types, custom fitting them to their clients' requirements. His prices are on average 20% higher than normal, but his quality of cloth and workmanship ensures that a Burnik sail lasts 2-3 years longer than most other sailmakers' sails. A successful-enough conversation with Sarumael (*Gather Information DC 12*) will include the names of some of his more important clients. An in-depth conversation with one of his workers (*Gather Information DC 15*) will reveal that Sarumael keeps detailed records on the numbers and types of ships owned by his repeat customers, along with notes on any sails or sail repairs they have ever had from him.

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<b>70</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Rotgut Ale</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This rough looking wooden building has no door in the doorway, nor glass or shutters for the windows. The Name of this tavern is a joke, since there is no "Rotgut Ale" on the menu. The furniture inside is mostly crude stools and benches surrounding old crates and barrels. Rotgut Ale mostly caters to Half-Orcs, Orcs, Hobgoblins, Bugbears, etc. The food is crude yet cheap. Fights are common and ignored. The "pansy" races such as Elves, Gnomes, Halflings and most Humans aren't welcome, and the "stuck-up, narrow-minded " Dwarves are definitely not welcome at all. The lighting is poor which serves the inclinations and activities of it's patrons just fine. The Ogre bartender complains if you don't dump your dead out back.

<b>71</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Memories of Thronginhold</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This one storey stone building has small windows that are usually barred shut. The heavy door is closed and is always guarded on the inside. Those seeking admittance better be Dwarves or be known inside, otherwise you are politely, yet firmly denied entrance. Once inside you are presented with what appears to be an ancient traditional Dwarven stronghold. In reality this building doesn't extend more than four stories below ground. It is a safehouse for travellers, mostly Dwarves, that provides food, rest, and even has such services as weapon and armor repair/creation from the forge, armory and leatherworks on the bottom floor. The building itself was built 100 years ago by **Borhimak Thanginhammer** of the Thronginhold clan using the stones of long-ago destroyed Thronginhold, a Dwarvenhold that was demolished by a Dwarven-Giant war that resulted in the near total annihilation of the tiny clan Thronginhold. The survivors mostly resettled among other larger, more established Dwarven clans, but Borhimak dreams of one day refounding his lost clan. If only he can gather enough former Thronginhold Dwarves (*or even willing converts*) to restart the clan - with him as the new clanfather of course. In the meantime, he has made "Memories of Thronginhold" as popular and as successful a haven for travelling Dwarves as possible. All the better to bring people over to his cause, he thinks. So far, he has successfully gathered 15 other Dwarves, a mixture of actual Thronginholds and newly converted. Most Dwarves however politely indulge Borhimak and his aspirations, wishing him good luck in rebuilding his lost clan, but nonetheless not are interested in leaving their own. The food is good, traditional Dwarven food with plenty of Dwarven ale on tap.

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## **100 Fantasy City Locations**

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<b>69</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Ginny's</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This small building is the height of an ordinary two storey building, yet has three stories, all of which are sized specifically for Halflings. Ginny's is a restaurant that caters specifically to the Halfling community. Diners will find only halfling sized furniture inside and on the balconies that surround the building at both the second and third floors. The doors are Halfling sized as are the dishes and even the meal portion sizes. Gnomes with a little bit of discomfort can squeeze into the chairs at Ginny's but any other standard PC race will be definitely uncomfortable, if they can fit in at all. The Halfling proprietors aren't prejudiced against "bigg'uns" (*their slang for any race larger than a Gnome*), merely pro-Halfling.

<b>72</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Ellainn El'etiethe</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This tall, white building with sweeping archways in front and a fenced-in treed garden on the other three sides is an eatery for the fae races (Elves, Gnomes, Halflings, Pixies, etc.). The lighting is bright and everything is clean and fresh. The waitstaff are all Dryads from the protected druid's grove that almost surrounds the building. There is light music playing gently in the background and several small fountains can be found hidden among the many clusters of plants both inside and out. The food is expensive but very tasty and beautiful to look at. There is a ward placed on the entrance that alerts the Griffon bouncer whenever someone of evil alignment attempts to enter. Aside from that, all people are welcome.

<b>73</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Watershed</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This squat-looking building is only one story tall and is quite wide in all dimensions. The roof is sloped from the outer walls down towards the center (*much like a funnel*) and leads towards a central reservoir that collects rainwater. Inside the building are many pipes that guide the water towards barrels. It is within these barrels that a supposedly magical process occurs that renders the ordinary rainwater into holy water. The various temples in the surrounding area vehemently deny the claims of the owner of this building, denouncing him as a charleton of the worst degree. Nevertheless, many people, especially amongst the poor and desperate flock to the watershed to purchase bottles of these purportedly divine waters. There is one curious aspect to this. Despite many instances of studying the water and repeatedly proving that it has no divine magical properties, many people have apparently been cured or brought good fortune by consuming, bathing in, or otherwise performing some form of meaningful ritual involving the water. This has baffled many scholars who have put forth numerous theories, each more bizarre than the last.

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<b>74</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Painted House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This building is painted in fantastic and exotic looking forest scenes. (*if in a desert city, it depicts enormous redwood forests, if in a northern city, it shows a steamy jungle, if in a wetlands it has a palm tree oasis, etc.*) The residents are a family who are originally from a distant land. The husband is an artistic painter who is unable to find decent commission work due to his lack of local connections. His wife takes in laundry in an effort to support their three children. The husband had painted the outside of the house as an advertisement, hoping that it would encourage people to hire him. However, all it has done is drive home to the locals that he and his family are not "one of them". It has also made the family even more homesick than before. The husband is depressed about it all and is spending more and more time at the nearby tavern. The wife is beginning to complain about this and has decided that if he doesn't clean up his act soon then she'll decide it's time for them all to move back to their homeland, even if she has to hire a group of travellers to escort them back...

<b>75</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Embassador Bread &amp; Cakes</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This small, red brick building has a large open window with white trim from which 1 or 2 people loudly and cheerfully call out to passersby, enticing them to partake of their fine baked goods. This bakery caters to the discerning eater of baked goods, with breads and cakes that are slightly sweeter than the standard. The Embassador Bread & Cakes enjoys a reputation for good food at good prices and is a favourite place to buy something as a treat. What isn't well known is that this bakery is actually a front. While the baked goods are legitimate, it is not the primary purpose of this establishment by far. Originally set up several years ago by a branch of the City Watch to capture a leading member of a thieves guild who had a sweettooth, it was deemed to be such a success that it was expanded into a secret group of its own that no longer reports to the Watch, instead reporting directly to the King's chief advisor. Their expanded mandate is to seek out and destroy secret criminal organizations within the kindom. There are already plans to set up Embassador bakeries in other cities and even some select townships within the King's domain as this secret service appears to be highly effective at reducing crime.

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76	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Ferndake's Trove of Treasures</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Ariddrake

This old two story building lies at the end of an alley in the poorer area of the city and has a slight lean to it as if something crashed into the foundation. **Gaven Fendrake** is a very old man bent with age who runs a house of curiosities. His shoppe is open only at night and is literally packed from ceiling to floor with odd baubles and merchandise. When he walks it sounds as if every other footprint is a hoof tapping the creaking floorboards. The local children believe he is cursed or a demon and often try to dare each other to steal something from his store but are always caught and quickly thrown out into the street. He does not seem like a good businessman because he usually won't sell anything for money but sometimes is willing to trade an item for a personal item.

77	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Madhouse of The Damned</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

Designed and built by wealthy escapees of an asylum years ago, this large mansion is a paradoxical arrangement of architectural features that clearly reflect the perspectives and states of mind of its designers. All sorts of nonsensical, mysterious and plain weird or disturbing features exist. Doors shaped like flowers or teapots, staircases that lead to brick walls or pits with sharpened stakes, windows that are boarded up, internal and external features blended on both the inside and outside, rooms of alien design with no clear purpose, rooms that appear to be recreating other things (*like forest scenes, a section of a marketplace complete with mannequin merchants and customers, a glass-enclosed room that is a traditional sitting room, completely underwater with fish and coral included, etc*), strange messages written on odd locations in even odder languages, beds nailed to hallway walls, sinks set into the floor, walls made of dishware held in place with silk netting, tables and chairs suspended 6 feet above the floor using ropes that extend straight out to the walls, windows on the ceilings, and practically any other bizarre thing one could think of is to be found here. The group of escapees who created this masterpiece mysteriously disappears soon after it was completed (?) and have never been heard from again. Some people think that they were recaptured, some think that they wandered away, others believe that the act of pouring so much into constructing this monument to insanity actually cured them of their mental ailments and they returned to their families, still others wonder about the strange, sourceless noises that emanate from the mansion at night and believe that "something else" noticed their madhouse and took claim of both it and its creators...

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78	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Crazy Clockkeeper</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

Not actually a business, this house at first glance appears to be one as it is literally festooned with timekeeping devices of all kinds both inside, outside and on all surfaces of this two storey wooden building. The sole resident of this unusual home is **Keyoc Bellirum**, an aged, ex-playboy noble who has dedicated his families moderate wealth (*the Bellirums were one a powerful shipping family*) towards collecting timepieces. He has thousands of clocks, sundials, watches, sandtimers, etc. of a bewilderingly large range of types and ages. He is quite willing to pay handsomely for a rare, unusual or ancient time recording device, working or not, it doesn't matter. In fact, the majority of Kayoc's collection is completely nonfunctioning and he has no interest or knowledge in making or repairing them. Keyoc believes that there will one day come a "Reckoning of Time" when all those who value time will be rewarded and all those who wasted time will be punished. This is also when all broken timepieces will be restored. He is completely unwilling to sell any of his collection. To Keyoc, a clock is a semi-divine relic, a symbol of the "Great Timekeeper" who sits in judgement of all actions against the precious time that they consume. Anyone who talks with Keyoc for more than ten minutes will be given an overview of his beliefs. Those with more than 4 ranks in Knowledge: Religion will recognise that there is no known religion, present day or ancient, that involves a Great Timekeeper or a Reckoning of Time, Keyocs beliefs appear to have originated in his own mind...

79	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Watchtower</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	crow81

In the center of the city sits a four story narrow building made of brick. This building serves as the fire, flood, riot, dragon, etc. lookout for the city watch. Given the large number of wooden structures the city watch needs to react quickly to fires usually keeping them contained in a few city blocks. **Old Eagle Eyes Cooper**, an 85 year old, deaf Half-Elf and his crack squad of searchers scan the city for large disturbances. The building itself is a 10 by 20 foot structure with windows only at the top (*think lighthouse*) In the room at the top of the tower there are four chairs each facing a different direction N, S, E, W, a beacon light, some carrier pigeons, and a large bell. Being in close proximity to the bell for 50 years has cost Cooper his hearing and some say his senses as well.

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<b>80</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>One Mistress Too Many</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

A large house with 38 wealthy widows. A wealthy man had a harem and was getting bored with his wives around about wife number 20, so he started collecting wives from nonhuman races. Starting with Elves, Gnomes, and Dwarves, then Orcs, Hobgoblins, and Bugbears, each successive wife became more and more unusual. His vampiric Illithid wife was the last one..!

<b>81</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Foxbird's Majestic Bestiary of The Arcanely Augmented</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

This low building is comprised of several towers, greenhouses, netted enclosures, stone sections, and tented areas all linked together in a somewhat labyrinthian conglomerate. The owner and proprietor of this residence/business is **Allieuwishimicai Hiarreimus Foxbird**: "Sorceror, Summonor and Artificier of Majically Blended Hybrid Beasts" as he bills himself. He creates fanciful creatures for use as pets, mounts, work animals, and guards. He doesn't make intelligent hybrids as he feels that to do so is unethical, he also makes sure that all his creations are sterile. (*again, to avoid the unethical practice of unleashing his creations upon the natural ecology*) Allieu(\*cough,cough\*)icai gives guided tours of his creations (*3 sp per person, children for free - must be accompanied by their guardian*), will sell select creatures to interested (*and wealthy, they're not cheap!*) individuals, and even take commissions for special creations that interest him. (*if you have to ask the price then you can't afford it!*)

<b>82</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Home of Hansel and His Wooden Wife</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

This cottage has a charming, well-kept appearance. A short, stone paved path leads from the white fence to the wooden door of this white house. Inside lives **Hansel Morrottin**, a simple labourer at a local warehouse. Several years ago his wife **Alecia** fell ill to a terrible wasting sickness for which there was no cure. Long after her death, poor Hansel was still deeply depressed and dispondent. Fearing that his son-in-law would waste away unto death through a simple unwillingness to go on living, Alecia's father (*an Archmage*) constructed an animated wooden automaton in the likeness of his dead daughter for his lonely and inconsolable son-in-law. This was intended to act as a reminder of his deceased wife and hopefully ease the grieving, however it was a stronger reminder than the old mage would have predicted. Hansel took to the wooden woman immediately, treating it as though it really were Alecia. The archmage initially attempted to explain to Hansel that this wasn't really Alecia returned to him, but Hansel became so agitated that the older man thought it wise to leave him be. Hansel is happy and contented now, living in marital bliss with his wooden wife.

<b>83</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Laryveth Boarding House</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Ariddrake

**Leilla** and **Clara** are comely, twin, 1/2 Elven sisters that run a large well-kept, 2 storey boarding house in a decent part of the city. They provide rooms for girls that have moved from the country to the city to fill the staff requirements for local nobles. What they are in reality is a training ground for a group of expert cat-burglars. They have been operating in the city for years and have not yet been detected by the local thieves guild. Leilla lost an eye after local thieves in another city caught them working their turf, Clara was able to get away while Leilla was not so lucky. Since then Clara has been stalking thieves in this city and assassinating them. Thieves in town are spooked and believe it's a gargoyle that lifts them off the roofs and drops them to their doom.

<b>84</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Hanger's House</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Bran Blackbyrd

**Description:** Hanger's House is a large tavern run by **Albrecht Hanger**. (*Ftr1/Exp3, for full stats view his entry in Appendix One*), It was a rather large inn at one time, but the top floor was accidentally burned down one winter's night by a careless patron with a naked flame. Albrecht bought the inn for a song from the previous owner, but has yet to rebuild the top floor. Hanger's House serves anyone with coin in their pocket and thirst on their lips, but most of its customers come from the common working man, whose meager income is earned by the honest sweat of his brow.

The name of the tavern is something of an inside joke to the regulars. Meat hooks festoon the walls of the establishment and patrons who get too rowdy, violent, or in some other way offend Albrecht or his staff get suspended from one of said hooks. One such customer, who thought he was being clever, shed his belt and coat and handed them to a friend before acting the fool, thinking that Albrecht would not be able to "give him the hook" as it were. Hanger instead took the tack off the man's horse, saddled him, and hung him from that. Since then Albrecht has kept a few custom made harnesses handy, in case someone should cause a ruckus without benefit of coat collar or belt.

**Owner:** Albrecht Hanger lost his wife to a wasting sickness at 26. A childless widower, he left town as a merchant guard to busy his idle hands. He returned twelve years later and bought his tavern. Not much is known about what he did in what he refers to as "his wandering years". He can be brusque and no-nonsense, but is friendly, a good judge of character, and fair. He keeps a few baskets of Mid's several day old rolls handy for patrons to chuck at anyone whose hubris has landed them on a hook. They're too stale for the beggars to eat, but just right for teaching

humility. Any customer caught throwing anything other than a roll gets put on a hook himself; Albrecht might be strict, but he isn't cruel. The transgressors are let down after they've learned their lesson none the worse for wear and are welcome to return, if they can behave. The way Albrecht runs Hanger's House keeps the mood light and the environment safe. His prize possessions are a lock of his late wife's hair, and a sword he acquired while away. It's a merciful short sword that hangs from his belt at all times. The guard and handle resembles a crying woman with her arms outstretched; he's covered them with leather to avoid attracting attention.

**Other Notables:** Hanger usually has four or five serving girls to wait on customers. They are decent, modest women and anyone caught harassing them will end up on the wrong side of Hanger's sap (*or club, or sword as the situation merits*). **Thom 'Mid' Middlehouse** does most of the cooking and sells drinks behind the bar when he isn't preparing food. He's quick to toss Albrecht the club kept behind the counter, and pretty handy with it himself if he has to be.

#### **Hooks:**

1. There are rumors that Albrecht has already rebuilt the upper floor of the inn and that a powerful illusion makes it appear as if it's still a burnt out husk. Some who believe this gossip think that Hanger is using the hidden second floor as a meeting place for some secret organization or some such activity. Others who believe in the hidden second floor simply think he gives room and board to his more elite and favored clientele.
2. Albrecht can't abide idle gossip and rumor-mongering, but he does keep a sharp eye out and an ear to the ground. As the proprietor of a tavern, he has accrued a lot of information and, being something of an 'old soldier' himself, will share information he has gathered with any well-meaning group of adventurers that has earned his trust and respect. He also might allow confidants the use of the hidden backdoor or the secret passage that leads to the sewer.
3. Albrecht would very much like to find a new woman to share his life with him; unfortunately he can't get away from his tavern to find one. He's looking for a good honest woman who won't take crap from anyone (*himself included*) and can give him the children he lacks; someone with a sense of propriety and possibly a background similar to his own. In other words, he wouldn't say no to someone with a few adventures and battles to her name. It's not necessarily a 'sensitive' subject, but he won't appreciate strangers getting involved. If you've gotten close enough that he'll trust you with information; he might appreciate your help on this matter.

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85	<i>Title:</i>	<b>River Magistrate's Office</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Raven Crowking

This three storey building was probably once imposing, but it suffered heavy damage when part of the town collapsed. Now, its granite façade has shifted, and many of the decorations - once images of aquatic life and the administration of justice - have broken free. One corner of the building stands in water, making it difficult to enter.

Inside, a musty, moldering smell haunts the building, like parchment left to rot. Guards move forward to take visitor's (*including plaintiffs and defendants*) arms and armor before they are ushered into the River Court of the Magistrate's Office. It is usually a long wait. The Magistrate, dressed in a black robe with yellow trim, and a powdered wig symbolizing age and wisdom, sits behind a desk on a dais. There are four guards in the courtroom, in addition to the two escorts, but they seem more bored than alert. A smattering of witnesses sit in the gallery - local citizens, presumably, with an interest in these cases, or barristers in training.

There is a smooth, hard wooden plank along the front of the Court where supplicants are supposed to kneel. The black-and-yellow clad bailiff smites his oaken staff upon the floor - creating a hollow, ringing sound - and calls "Ye supplicants before the **Honorable Lord Magistrate Ottomus Frederickson**, kneel and be heard!"

86	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Memorial Square</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	JimAde

This bit of green in the midst of the city is a park and common area. At the center of the park is a sculpture depicting a group of ordinary townsfolk marching resolutely off to fight for their land. Small tables and benches dot the two grassy acres. Goats and sheep are sometimes allowed to graze here and it is a favorite spot for both romantic walks and discreet meetings. The park was established as a memorial to those who served and died in the city's last major war. The park was created with money donated by **Frelaf**, a near-legendary warrior who was inspired by the courage of the common people under his command. Frelaf (*Ftr10/Exp2*) still lives in town, though he is now retired, and can often be found playing chess in the park.

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87	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Sewer Trader</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Ariddrake

There is a forgotten sewer maintenance entrance in the back alley in the beggars quarter. The entrance was boarded shut after a giant rat infestation plagued this area. A vagrant named **Ratty** has taken up residence here (*male/female, hard to tell without getting kinda personal*). Ratty has a giant Rat as a pet and has names for at least 100 rats in the area. Ratty knows much information about the city, is said to be able to heal the sick, and is in general a kindly person. The problem is he/she is pretty much crazy and half the things she/he says don't make much sense ("*Kitty devil momma rat you robber baron !@#\$\$*").

88	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Merikulia Imports Trading House</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This low-lying terra cotta building is surrounded by well-shaded areas and an ochre brown wall. The inside of the building is a series of rooms, each of which has the walls covered in tile mosaics and the majority of the floorspace taken up with sculpted and terraced pools of varying depths and combinations of features. (*water temperature variances, waterfalls, current, depth, etc.*) All of these pools are linked together via underwater passageways, with some rooms only accessible through these watery corridors. The Merikulia Imports Trading House specializes in trading in corals, sunken treasures, and rare or beautiful seashells. Their clientele are the rich and artisans who cater to the rich. It is run by a Merfolk clan who always station a family or two of Merfolk to both run the Trading House affairs and to represent the clan to the surface dwellers.

89	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Kiva's Bakery</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Evilhalfling

This shop is first noticed by the wonderful smells drifting out in the street. during the day a large table just inside the window displays honey donuts, flakey pastries and cinnamon swirls. A small metal fence in the window blocks potential thieves, especially short ones - children and halflings entering the shop are watched closely.

**Kiva** is kind hearted and day old pastries are sold for half price, and at two days they are handed out at the back door after closing. Kiva is a retired 3rd level Monk and has fast hands and sharp eyes - improved grapple and combat reflexes make her a hard target. All the nieghborhood loves her and she knows many of the kids by name, and since she has been around a while, a lot of the low level thieves. She is always willing to trade gossip with customers, and has a ready, if distracted smile.

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<b>90</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Fabulous Bolistche Gardens</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This small cottage is surrounded by a large garden that has all manner of flowering plants and trees in it. There are even greenhouses for special plants that need special protection or temperatures. The owner of the establishment is **Jenna Bolistche**, a retired adventurer (*human, lvl 4 rogue, lvl 2 Druid*) whose life was forever altered when she met a Dryad in a distant grove of trees outside the ruins of some forgotten city. Jenna instantly fell in love with the Dryad and ended up staying in the grove for 6 months, talking with the Dryad and learning the woodland ways. Since she couldn't stay with the Dryad forever (*though she was sorely tempted to*) and the Dryad was unable to leave the grove, Jenna decided to console herself with her newest love: flowers. Giving up forever a life of dangerous treasure-seeking, she moved to the city and opened her gardens. These days, Jenna's favourite topic is new and rare plants. The Bolistche Gardens are open to the public (*2 cp per person*), and she also sells seedlings as well as cut flowers (*prices vary*).

<b>91</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>A House of Musicians</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This building is shabbily painted in a variety of mismatched colours and is in need of minor repairs. The front door is usually open and fragment of music can be heard from within. The house consists of a simple kitchen and many bedrooms. Some of the bedrooms were obviously once other types of rooms, but were converted as the occupancy levels rose. At any given time there are anywhere from 10 to 20 people living in this house, all of whom are either aspiring musicians or are dating one of the residents. The technical owner of the house is **Koss Weatherin**, a human male in his 50's. He was once a popular lutist and even would play for the highest nobles of the city. Now, he rarely plays at all and prefers to teach music theory to whomever will listen, especially young pretty girls... The remainder of the residents are a mix of amateur and skilled, aspiring or declining musicians of all types. Many of them are holding down other day jobs until their music career takes off. Some of them have been doing this for many years. On average, about 10% of the people living there are especially good musicians and will soon be moving on to greater things. The remaining 90% are of moderate to poor skill level and are the most easily enticed to pursue some else with sufficient convincing.

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## 100 Fantasy City Locations

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92	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Green Meats</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Bran Blackbyrd

**Description:** Green Meats is a butcher yard run by **Darden Green** (*Exp3, for full stats view his entry in Appendix One*). It has a small lower floor through which one can enter the small second floor, the stockyard, or the small root cellar. The lower floor contains cuts of meat, sausages and the like. The upper floor houses a beat-up desk and some chairs. Darden sells meat downstairs, but upstairs is where he does most of his business deals; negotiating prices on livestock and game with herders and hunters. The stockyard is surrounded by a fifteen foot tall fence and is accessible only by a heavy gate or through the ground floor of the business. Grates in the yard allow gore to run off into the sewer.

**Owner:** Darden Green is a tree trunk of a man. He stands five feet and five inches tall with a thick torso and solid arms and legs. He is bald, pale skinned, and almost always sweating. He's almost never seen without his bloody apron, but he does take off his laborer's cap when negotiating a business deal (*usually to mop his sweaty brow when a deal isn't going his way*). He has dark, mean eyes and a cruel, thin-lipped mouth. Despite this, he can turn on the charm when he wants to. He is utterly contemptuous of women and can only tolerate children long enough to send them on an errand; cheap labor, he likes. He keeps an iron-bound club in the store for tenderizing would-be thieves and always has at least one knife secreted in his apron. He is never without his large meat cleaver (*of masterwork quality*). He's not as strong as he looks.

**Other Notables:** None to speak of, Darden Green keeps to himself unless he's making a business deal. The company he keeps consists of two things; A striped cat that named **Skulk** that guards his office, and a vicious guard dog chained in the far corner of the stockyard named **Chance**.

### **Hooks:**

1. People disappear often enough in town that some wags insist there may be more than four-legged animals in the sausage. The fact is, Darden is always looking for an easy buck, and body disposal isn't something he'd turn his nose up at. Having grates that lead directly to the sewer behind his tall stockyard fence, and away from prying eyes, can only facilitate such skullduggery. What do you expect from a man who doesn't know why people suggest that he change his shop's name?
2. There are always some people who believe that there are fell creatures lurking in the city's extensive sewers, but not many take such talk seriously. Having said that, it's a fact that strange noises can sometimes be heard coming from the drains in Darden's stockyard. A steady supply of blood and entrails would be enough to attract all sorts of creatures; if they are down there, it's only a matter of time before they come out of the sewers looking for more. Not even Darden knows what is making the noises.

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## 100 Fantasy City Locations

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93	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Washerwoman's Guild</b>
<i>Author:</i>	SpiralBound	

**Description:** This unlikely organization has its headquarters in a large one-story stone building with lye vats in the back. The vats are where things such as sheets, linens, blankets, tablecloths and even sails are soaked to remove stubborn stains. Inside the building are several large rooms, each dedicated to specific types of washing. The bulk of the washing is of ordinary clothes which is washed in hot water and beaten by a team of energetic Half-Orc women. The more delicate nobles' clothing (*usually embroidered silks and the like*) are cleaned in cold water and gently hand scrubbed.

**Owner:** The proprietor is one **Elsie Gotternheim**, (*Com3/Exp3, for full stats view her entry in Appendix One*), a stout Human woman of near Dwarven proportions. She rules with an iron fist over both the 20-30 women under her employ, as well as over all other washerwomen in the city. Nearly all the washing that is done outside of ones own household is either done by Elsie's washers or by washerwomen who "voluntarily" join her Washerwoman's Guild. Membership in the Washerwoman's Guild affords the benefits of Guild prices for supplies, contacts and referrals for customers, and additional protection by the City Watch. Also, The Guild acts as a lobbying force within council.

**Other Notables:** Guild members are represented in council by Elsie's council representative, **Elojwyn T'Marquiesse**, (*Nob1/Rog4, for full stats view her entry in Appendix One*), a Half-Elven woman of great eloquence and determination who has successfully pushed through lower lye and salt prices, and an increase in the protection afforded guild members by the City Watch. All the influential members of the ruling class have their washing done by Elsie's Washerwomen of the Washerwoman's Guild, and this influence has been put to good use by both Elsie and Elojwyn in securing their political dominance. They are even slowly making grabs at non-laundering jobs in an attempt to bring them under the auspices of the Washerwoman's Guild. Elojwyn is never seen in public without both her face hidden behind an embroidered veil or her faithful female Bugbear bodyguard **J'Racca**, (*War4, for full stats view her entry in Appendix One*), by her side. J'Racca was taken in by the Washerwoman's Guild when she was found as a young cub, beaten, bleeding, and apparently left for dead in an alleyway. After being nursed back to health by Elojwyn, she regained full health with one exception, J'Racca is completely mute and can't make any sounds save whistles or clicks. She is fiercely protective of Elojwyn and Elsie and never leaves Elojwyn's side at day or night.

**Hooks:**

1. While technically it isn't illegal to operate as a washerwoman within the city, such "independents" are strongly "encouraged" to accept the invitation of the Washerwoman's Guild. This usually works, however there is a furtive movement afoot to found a "Free Worker's Alliance", an association of non-guild affiliated tradespeople from a number of different trades, including washerwomen. Should this plan be discovered by any of Elsie's

people, they will surely want to squelch it and will likely bring in other Guilds as this could threaten the entire guild structure. Suspecting that such a movement exists, Elojwyn is already campaigning in Council to make operating a business for which there is an established guild illegal within the City. She has already gained the support of a number of the other guilds who see this as a beneficial way to solidify their power structures as well.

2. As part of Elsie's plans to expand the power of the Washerwoman's Guild, she intends to bring other clothing aspects under her domain. She has been in long discussions with the tiny Embroiderer's Guild to convince them that their concerns would be better represented if they were members of a larger group such as the Washerwoman's Guild represents. She is also bringing pressure on the Tailor's Guild, the Weaver's Guild, and the Cooper's Guild to form deeper alliances with the Washerwoman's Guild. (*They are large enough that she can't simply take them over from the outside...*)
3. A number of the single human washerwomen who regularly work in Elsie's Washinghamhouse have been showing up to work late and with conspicuous bruises. They won't talk about it, claiming to have "fallen down stairs" or "tripped on the way to work". Elsie isn't pushing things, but has quietly put the work out to some of the heftier Half-Orc women that she'd like for them to follow some of these women to find out what is going on.
4. Elsie has never been married, and officially never had any children. However, 20 years ago when she was a "young slip of a thing" she did conceive and bore a child. Being unable to care for the infant girl at the time, she gave her up for adoption. Now, Elsie is just beginning to feel her own mortality and would like to find out the whereabouts of her erstwhile daughter. However, having an illegitimate daughter "somewhere" could spell political disaster for her and possibly even weaken the Washerwoman's Guild, so she is eager to find someone who can conduct this search in a discrete fashion.
5. Nothing is truly known about Elojwyn. She arrived on the doorstep of Elsie's 9 years ago and quickly worked her way up the ranks from assistant scullerymaid to Elsie's right arm and political representative. Her shrewd mind and natural aptitude for certain political delicacies has become invaluable to Elsie over the years. Yet, no one with the possible exception of J'Racca knows anything about her past, her family, or even what her face looks like. Elsie doesn't pry, nor takes kindly to anyone else making any insinuations about Elojwyn's desire for secrecy, yet such a total blankness regarding her past is at times unsettling. No one in the city ever knew her before she landed on the doorstep of Elsie's, it's as though she simply didn't exist before then.
6. Rumours have begun to circulate that there's more going on within the Washerwoman's Guild than just washing clothes. There's a growing amount of covert and underhanded activities happening - most of which both Elsie and Elojwyn are totally unaware of. If this rumour is true and there are secret illegal activities happening under the name of the Washerwoman's Guild, then Elsie and Elojwyn may have internal problems to deal with soon!

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## 100 Fantasy City Locations

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94	<i>Title:</i>	<b>Leather Head</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	Ariddrake

**Cardin Vatarack**, a huge muscular man with long, straight, sandy brown hair and blue eyes runs a leatherworking shop in this long, flat, non-descript, one story building. The front room is filled with shoes, saddles and harnesses and smells horrible due to chemicals coming from the back room. Cardin has what looks to be terrible rope burns around his neck and wrists. He rarely speaks but when he does it is but a hoarse whisper. Several children of various ages apprentice in his shop and are very loyal to Cardin because if it were not for him they would be on the street.

Cardin's history is a sad one before he setup his shop in the city that he will only tell people that have gained his friendship. Many years ago he lived with his tribal people to the north with his wife and child. An orc attack wiped out their camp and his wife was slaughtered before his eyes. He was knocked into submission and dragged behind a horse to be used as a slave, he remembers seeing his son walking beside him but does not know if this was a dream or not. He was left to die after he caught a fever and was cut loose to fed the carrion. For years after that he searched in vain for his son and slew every orc or half orc he came across. He settled into this city and now has little hope of knowing what really happened to his son.

95	<i>Title:</i>	<b>The Half-Celestial Shoemaker</b>
	<i>Author:</i>	VirgilCaine

A small, elegant building stands in a good neighborhood, not quite shabby enough to be called poor, not quite good enough to be rich. The building reflects the perfect looks of the owner, being a white wooden house with blue shutters and well-made but simple furnishings. This is the home of [insert name], a half-celestial...shoemaker. While he is well known for intervening in ugly bar brawls and muggings, and gives much money to those poorer than him, he is like the ashes of a fire -- his father and mother, a celestial and a great paladin, the fire and he the ordinary ashes. Other than his Good nature, golden skin, wings, and sparkling sky-blue eyes, [insert name] is unremarkable.

**Note:** I didn't mention a name because name styles vary widely, at least mine tend to, so why supply something that's going to get replaced anyway? In case you're grasping for names, try [www.squid.org](http://www.squid.org)

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## 100 Fantasy City Locations

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96	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Orange Wooden House</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

This building isn't officially any sort of business, however it does have a steady stream of clients. The building itself is a simple wooden house that has been painted a bright orange colour with a matching orange open cart by the side of the house. **Heiramn Gattelby**, his wife **Eirna** and their three children live here. Heiramn and his eldest son **Alec** collect discarded or unwanted furniture from all over the city. Sometimes it is broken, sometimes it is old and worn, sometimes it is simply no longer "in style" or "fresh" and the owners "simply can't stand to look at it anymore". Regardless of the reasons, if it is at all salvageable, then Heiramn will collect it. The back half of his house has been converted into a workshop and warehouse for the storage and repair of the furniture he collects. He refers to himself as a "Furniture Recovery Artist" and claims to be able to restore any piece of furniture to a condition that is better than when it was discarded... He fills the front of his house with the repaired furniture which he then sells. Since he doesn't pay anything for the original furniture, all he charges for are the replacement parts and his labour, thus his prices are quite low for what is essentially well restored moderate to expensive quality furniture. Many people who want to own nice and expensive looking furniture, but can't afford to commission a furniture maker to make them a set of furniture come to Heiramn's to see what he has available. Furniture that can't be restored is disassembled into its basic parts, sorted into different bins in his warehouse and saved to be used as parts to repair other pieces of a matching style. One never knows what kind or style of furniture you'll find at Heiramn's, but he never sells something that isn't sturdy and fully restored. Heiramn is doing this to first and foremost to feed his family, but he also loves the simple pleasure of finding something that someone else considers worthless and turning it into something that someone else considers valuable.

97	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Graven Wife</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SpiralBound

While not the official name of this terra cotta mansion, it is how many of the locals refer to it. It is the home of **Grenneile Valastum**, a middle-aged Dwarven businessman who has made his fortune during the past 200 years by owning several large marble quarries and thusly being the primary local supplier of fine marble used in public buildings and wealthy nobles' mansions. The only marble present at Grenneile's home though is a statue in the center of his courtyard. It is a life-size statue of his departed wife of 75 years. The lonely widower has made public for the past 60 years that any woman who can match the endearing qualities of his late wife will become his next bride and heir to his vast fortune as he has no children or close relations to bequeath his business and wealth to. Many women of all races, walks of life and motivations have tried to replace his wife, yet none have succeeded.

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## 100 Fantasy City Locations

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It is rumoured that Grenneile has placed his wife upon a pedestal, making his refashioned memory of her so unattainably perfect that no living woman can best the ghost of his recollections of the perfected version of what his dead wife was like. In reality, there is no such thing going on at all. Grenneile is a very pragmatic man and has long since finished mourning his late wife. While he'll always love her, he hasn't idealized her memory in any way. The true reason that no woman has been the equal of his wife is due to a fact that not even Grenneile knew of when she was alive - his wife had been half Dwarf, half Celestial. Since none of the applicants have had a celestial heritage, he hasn't sensed that same feeling from them that he used to get from his wife.

<b>98</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Jostal's Home For Wayward Pets</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	SpiralBound

This rickety, old two story house is slightly leaning towards its neighbour on the right side and none of the window shutters line up properly on the windows anymore due to the slanting tilt of the house. The interior of the building is filled to overflowing with all manner of household pets, predominantly cats, dogs, and caged birds, however the occasional rarer pet can be found living here too. The sole humanoid resident is **Jostal Blumber**, a male Gnome who failed the entry requirements to become a druid, but had an everlasting love of animals. By day, he works as an assistant in a local stable. In the evenings, he takes care of his many "lost children" as he calls them. People from far and wide bring him lost animals that they find. He takes them in, nurses them back to full health if necessary, and then finds them good homes. He seems to have an uncanny knack for assessing what sort of animal a person would most like to have as a pet, oftentimes before they even know that they want a pet in the first place. Very rarely do his matches not hold true to his initial assessment. His reputation for this unique form of "matchmaking" is such that recently young wizards have begun coming to him for their animal familiars, trusting in his ability to provide them with a better match than they would manage by simply relying on the random elements of the "Find Familar" spell alone. Again, Jostal's instincts have stood him in good stead, and his matches in these specialized instances are also proving to be well made. Animals that he can't find a home for become permanent and welcome residents of his home. He has such a gentle and loving way with animals that he has yet to have a single animal run away from him.

<b>99</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Andurel's Apothecary Shoppe</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	Imagicka

This is a simple two story shop doesn't seem to stand out. You wouldn't even know it was a shop if it weren't for the sign half hanging off a chain above the front door. The building is unkept. The peeling paint on the window sills and shutters boast of once bright colours inviting people in. Flower sills contain all manner of herbs, but some are overgrown, also looking unkept.

Inside the shoppe is all manner of herbs and salves, in bottles, and dried bundles. The shoppe looks well stocked despite it's unkept appearance. The owner is a middle aged man, rather thin, with ill-fitting clothes and messy hair.

The owner of the store, **Andurel** has let the shoppe take a turn for the worst. He is more preoccupied with the concerns of his brother **Durannith** who has an addiction to smoking halfling weed. Durannith spends most of his days smoking and gambling trying to make enough money to support his habit.

Andurel does what he can and gives his brother money whenever he can, but Durannith's habit is making things difficult.

**Hooks:**

1. Durannith owes money to some rather nasty loan-sharks. If the players come into the Apothecary to buy some supplies, Durannith will interrupt the transaction while Andurel is selling and talking about what the players might need. Durannith will beg and plead with his brother telling him he needs a bit of money badly. Andurel will send him away because he is 'busy with customers'. If the players ask what the whole situation is: Andurel will tell him his tale of woe.

If the players offer to help:

Andurel will send them on various missions to acquire plants herbs and other materials that grow in rare, strange and dangerous places. These materials will help the brothers economically for a while.

The players can go on to confront of loan-shark if they want.

If the players don't get involved and ask what the situation is:

The shoppe won't have what the characters need, and Andurel tells them to return in a day or so. When they return a number of a particular loan-shark's thugs will come into the shoppe looking to remind Durannith of his debts. Unfortunately roughing up the characters in the process, and trashing the store. Thus leading to confrontation from the loan-shark if the party in turn roughs up or kills the thugs.

<b>100</b>	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Random Entry</b>
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Choose any of the 101+ for a more fantastic or non-traditional entry; or simply select any of the 01-99 if you want to stick to the standard entries.

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### 100 Fantasy City Locations

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101	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Curl Up and Dye</b>
	<b>Author:</b>	die_kluge

**Type of Establishment:** Business

**Description of Establishment:** The **Curl Up and Dye** is a gaudy hair salon, ran by an even more gaudy, and more flamboyant halfling hairdresser by the name of **Oxford Brambles**, (*Exp5, for full stats view her entry in Appendix One*). Oxford is a talkative, ostentatious, effeminate halfling and is a source for much information among the elite and rich. Not only can you get a professional quality haircut and style here, but you can learn all the latest gossip and rumors from the Curl Up's hair stylists.

**Owner/Prominent Resident:** The Curl Up and Dye's proprietor is Oxford Brambles, a flamboyant halfling hairdresser who has owned the establishment for some 40 years. Oxford employs only the cities finest hair stylists, manicurists, and massage experts in this establishment which caters to the wealthy and elite.

**List of Regulars:** Oxford employs 10 other hair stylists, and there are at least 3-4 manicurists and 2-3 masseuses working on any given day. Oxford himself only cuts hair and is booked for months out at a time. Besides the employees, a mixture of the city's elite and wealthy come to the Curl Up and Dye for the latest gossip and a hair cut. A "who's who" of the city's wealthy can be found here on any given day.

**Hooks:**

1. Oxford has noticed one customer, a wealthy entrepreneur, who has come in every other week or so for a haircut. This wouldn't be so odd, except that the man's hair is always at least a foot and a half longer than his last haircut! Oxford wants to hire some adventurers to investigate why this man's hair grows as fast as it does.
2. Oxford is always trying to find "the skinny" on some incomplete tidbit of gossip. He'll provide discounted haircuts, massages, and manicures to anyone that can "close the book" on a few missing pages of Oxford's book of gossip.

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### 100 Fantasy City Locations

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102	<b>Title:</b>	<b>The Mukduss House</b>
<i>Author:</i>		Kilmore

This fine mansion is a sterling example of the finest houses of the city except for one tiny detail. It is built of sturdy lumber construction and sports fine marble and plaster details such as columns, stairwells, and other architectural details. Unfortunately, the building is on fire, blazing with a fiery orange flame that roars out the windows, sending embers and ashes wafting deep into the city.

Most passersby give the building little more than a little bit of fascinated attention, as this house has been burning like this for the last three years. Despite the ash and flame, and the charred appearance of the home, little has been consumed in the flames in that time. A blanket of ash covers the yards around the building and the burnt and abandoned lots adjoining it, and a volunteer fire brigade stands on constant watch to prevent the fire from spreading further.

Those who enter with fire protection spells find that they do not function in the house, and after a few survivors of the original blaze were rescued, there really hasn't been anyone that felt that exploring the house would be worth the considerable effort.

103	<b>Title:</b>	<b>Narrow House</b>
<i>Author:</i>		SamSpectre

At the end of an otherwise empty alley is a brick house that appears to have been constructed between two existing walls. An old wooden door hangs from a rotten frame with only a small rusted-bar window giving a glimpse inside the narrow house. No-one seems to come or go from the door. If asked, local vagrants will explain that they do not go into the alley of the Narrow House. They claim that late at night there are screams and the sounds of someone crying from behind the old wooden door. Last winter an old bum by the name **Corgar Rumbottom** decided that he wasn't afraid of the strange little building and its queer sounds, and so filled with bravado (*and alcohol*) opened the door (*it is always unlocked*) and went inside to escape the winter chill. Some say that late at night, if you listen very closely, his screams and pleadings now mingle with the others' from the narrow house.

Inside the house, the curious find a single room with a small table with a gutted wax candle, a rickety wooden chair in the far corner, and a heavy wooden bed with a fat feather mattress. The mattress has many large dark stains. Rats can be heard moving inside the walls and ceiling. Anyone who examines the bed very closely (*Search DC 15*) will find leather straps tied to each of the four bed posts, tucked underneath the fat mattress. When someone falls asleep on the bed, the straps animate and grab the person's limbs, securing each very tightly. Over the course of several minutes the straps then pull the person apart. Every round the person fails to break free of the straps, they are at a cumulative -1 grapple penalty. If the victim succumbs to the bed, the rats emerge from the walls and chew the body to pieces, carrying away the parts to store in the walls and ceiling. The soul of anyone killed in the Narrow House becomes a Haunt which dwells in this place until the bed is destroyed.

## Appendix One: Location-Specific NPCs

*From Entry #22, “Tolley’s Tinkering Junkyard”:*

**Tolley**, male gnome Clr12/Wiz3: CR 15; Size S (3 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 12d8+3d4+75; hp 145; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 20 (+1 size, +2 Dex, +7 Chain Shirt +3); Attack +12/+7 melee (+14/+9 vs. demons); SV Fort +14, Ref +7, Will +15; AL CG; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 20, Int 16, Wis 18, Cha 14.

**Languages Spoken:** Common, Gnome, Draconic, Dwarven

**Skills and Feats:** Alchemy +13, Concentration +14, Disable Device +5.0, Heal +13, Hide +6.0, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (religion) +10, Listen +8, Open Lock +3.0, Spot +7.0, Spellcraft +10, Tinkering +20; Alertness, Brew Potion, Improved Initiative, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Tinkering), Silent Spell (silent image), Still Spell (silent image), Toughness

**Cleric Domains:** Good, Invention.

**Cleric Spells Per Day:** 6, 6+1, 5+1, 5+1, 4+1, 3+1, 2+1.

**Wizard Spells Known (4/3/2):** 0th -- Arcane Mark, Dancing Lights, Daze, Detect Magic, Detect Poison, Disrupt Undead, Flare, Ghost Sound, Light, Mage Hand, Mending, Open/Close, Prestidigitation, Ray of Frost, Read Magic, Resistance. 1st : Charm Person, Color Spray, Identify, Mage Armor, Magic Missile, Silent Image, Spider Climb. 2nd : Arcane Lock, Blur, Continual Flame, Mirror Image.

**Possessions:** Toad familiar “Bubble” (SQ: +2 Con, Alertness), +3 chain shirt (with 0% arcane spell failure), Mace +2/+5 vs. Demons, Ring of dispel magic (dispels magic 1/day)

**Notes:** Tolley does not normally wear his armor and his adventuring gear, although he will usually always be wearing his ring. While wearing armor, Open Locks and Hide are +0.0 and +4.0 respectively.

*From Entry #84, “Hanger’s House”:*

**Albrecht Hanger**, 42, male Human, Ftr1/Exp3; CR 2; Size M (6 ft., 2 in. tall, 204 lbs.); HD 1d10+3d6+4; hp 30; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex)/17 with Breastplate; Attack +6 melee, +5 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +8; AL CG; Str 17, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 16, Cha 10.

*Languages Spoken:* Common, Dwarven, Orc.

**Possessions:** Short Sword (*Merciful*), Breastplate, lock of hair

**Skills:** Bluff +3, Diplomacy +4, Gather Information +7, Handle Animal +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (local) +8, Listen +7 (from Alertness), Profession (*Innkeeper*) +8, Ride +5, Sense Motive +6 (Skill Focus) Spot +6 (Alertness)

**Feats:** Alertness, Improved Unarmed Strike, Iron Will, Skill Focus (*Sense Motive*)

**From Entry #92, “Green Meats”:**

**Darden Green**, 39, male Human, Exp3; CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall, 195 lbs.); HD 3d6-3; hp 15; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (10 flat, 11 touch); Attack: +2 melee, +3 ranged; SV Fort 0, Ref +2, Will +4; AL LE; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 9, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Attacks: +2 (*1d6, Club*); +4 (*1d4, Cleaver, Masterwork*); +2 (*1d3, Unarmed*)

Languages Spoken: Common, Gnoll, Orc.

Possessions: Cleaver (*Masterwork*), Club

Skills: Appraise +5, Bluff +11 (*Persuasive*), Diplomacy +15 (*Negotiator*), Gather Information +4, Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +12 (*Persuasive*), Knowledge (*local*) +7, Listen +7, Profession (*Butcher*) +7, Sense Motive +9 (*Negotiator*), Spot +7

**Feats:** (Armor Proficiency: light, Simple Weapon Proficiency), Negotiator, Persuasive, Weapon Focus: Cleaver (as dagger but Slashing instead of Piercing)

**From Entry #93, “The Washerwoman’s Guild”:**

**Elsie Gotternheim**, female Human Com3/Exp3: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 3d4+6 + 3d6+6; hp 31; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6 (+3 Base, +3 Str) melee, or +6 (+3 Base, +3 Dex) ranged; SV Fort +6 (+2 Base, +2 Con, +2 Great Fortitude), Ref +5 (+2 Base, +3 Dex), Will +3 (+4 Base, -1 Wis); AL LN; Str 17 (+3), Dex 17 (+3), Con 14 (+2), Int 16 (+3), Wis 9 (-1), Cha 9 (-1).

**Languages Spoken:** Common, Goblin, Orcish, Dwarven.

**Skills:** Appraise +12 (+6 Rank, +3 Int, +3 Focus), Craft (Soapmaking) +7 (+4 Rank, +3 Int), Craft (Tailoring) +8 (+5 Rank, +3 Int), Craft (Embroidery) +5 (+2 Rank, +3 Int), Craft (Alchemy) +11 (+5 Rank, +3 Int, +3 Focus), Craft (Jeweler) +8.5 (+5.5 Rank, +3 Int), Decipher Script +7 (+4 Rank, +3 Int), Handle Animal +4 (+5 Rank, -1 Cha), Hide +3 (+3 Dex), Jump +4 (+1 Rank, +3 Str), Knowledge (Local Politics) +9 (+6 Rank, +3 Int), Knowledge (History) +4 (+1 Rank, +3 Int), Listen -1 (-1 Wis), Move Silently +3 (+3 Dex), Profession (Washerwoman) +5.5 (+6.5 Rank, -1 Wis), Spot -1 (-1 Wis), Survival +5 (+6 Rank, -1 Wis), Swim +7 (+4 Rank, +3 Str), Tumble +5.5 (+2.5 Rank, +3 Dex)

**Feats:** Great Fortitude, Run, Skill Focus (Craft (Alchemy)), Skill Focus (Appraise).

**Possessions:** She has many things of value, most notably her collection of treatises on ancient wars between the elder races. Reading such ancient tomes has become a passion for her as she's gotten older.

**Notes:** Elsie genuinely believes that she's working for the good of everyone. While not above using strongarm tactics to achieve her goals, she feels that they are in the affected people's best interests and that such methods are only necessary when they don't realize the benefits that allying with her can bring. She's very proud of the organization that she's made from nothing, and has plans to make it even larger and more powerful. Her only regret in life is not having a someone to share her achievements with and to pass it on to.

*From Entry #93, "The Washerwoman's Guild":*

**Elojwyn T'Marquiesse:** female Half-Elf Nob1/Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 1d8 + 4d6; hp 19; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 (+3 Base, -1 Str) melee, or +5 (+3 Base, +2 Dex) ranged; SV Fort +1 (+1 Base), Ref +8 (+4 Base, +2 Dex, +2 Lightning Reflexes), Will +4 (+3 Base, +1 Wis); AL LN; Str 9 (-1), Dex 15 (+2), Con 10 (+0), Int 15 (+2), Wis 12 (+1), Cha 17 (+3).

**Languages Spoken:** Elven, Common, Orcish, Goblin.

**Skills:** Appraise +8 (+6 Rank, +2 Int), Bluff +10 (+7 Rank, +3 Cha), Craft (washerwoman) +9 (+7 Rank, +2 Int), Diplomacy +7 (+2 Rank, +3 Cha, +2 Racial), Disguise +9 (+6 Rank, +3 Cha), Escape Artist +8 (+6 Rank, +2 Dex), Gather Information +9 (+4 Rank, +3 Cha, +2 Racial), Hide +2 (+2 Dex), Knowledge (Nobility and Royalty) +6 (+4 Rank, +2 Int), Listen +4 (+1 Wis, +1 Racial, +2 Alertness), Move Silently +9 (+7 Rank, +2 Dex), Perform (Oratory) +10 (+7 Rank, +3 Cha), Ride +6.5 (+4.5 Rank, +2 Dex), Search +3 (+2 Int, +1 Racial), Spot +4 (+1 Wis, +1 Racial, +2 Alertness)

**Feats:** Alertness, [Evasion], Lightning Reflexes.

**Possessions:** Ethereal Returning Dagger of Wounding, Hat of Disguise.

**Notes:** Elojwyn sometimes uses her Hat of Disguise to spy on people who may have information useful to the Guild. When she engages in such missions, she first drugs her faithful servant J'Racca, as her very presence would be a dead giveaway...

*From Entry #93, "The Washerwoman's Guild":*

**J'Racca:** female Bugbear War4: CR 5; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 3d8+6 + 4d8+8; hp 49; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (+4 Dex, +3 Nat.); Attack +12/+7 melee, or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +8, Will +2; AL CG; Str 22, Dex 18, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 11, Cha 8.

**Languages Understood:** Common, Elven, Goblin, Orc.

**Skills:** Climb +15, Craft +4.5, Gather information +0, Hide +6, Innuendo +2, Knowledge (nature) +3, Knowledge (religion) +4, Listen +3, Move silently +6, Search +5.5, Spot +3; [Alertness],

**Feats:** Blind-fight, Combat reflexes.

**Possessions:** Very little in the way of possessions, she lives a very ascetic existence.

**Notes:** Her only devotion and purpose in life appears to be the protection of Elojwyn. While she is mute, she is far from stupid and understands a surprising number of languages for a Bugbear. She is uncomfortable around other Bugbears, as she knows nothing of their culture or customs. She loves eating fruit of all kinds. She dresses as unobtrusively as possible in plain coloured clothes that are usually a dark brown, blue or green. J'Racca secretly wears brightly coloured clothing underneath her plain clothes - it's her way of feeling pretty despite being a brutish looking Bugbear. When they are alone in their private quarters, she can easily spend hours gazing at the ethereal beauty of Elojwyn and daydreaming of what could have been had she been born an Elf...

*From Entry #101, "Curl Up and Dye":*

**Oxford Brambles**, male halfling Exp5: CR 4; Size S (3 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 5d6+5; hp 27; Init +5 (+5 Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 16 (+5 Dex, +1 Size); Attack +4 melee, or +9 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +7; AL NG; Str 11, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 16.

**Languages Spoken:** Common, Goblin, Halfling.

**Possessions:** Ring of Mind Shielding

**Skills and feats:** Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +8, Gather Information +8, Heal +7, Knowledge (local) +12 (+2 skill focus), Listen +9, Perform +8, Profession (Grooming) +12 (+2 skill focus), Sense Motive +7; Skill focus (profession (grooming)), Skill focus (knowledge (local)).

## Appendix Two: Contributors

This project is brought to you by the Enworld Internet community, after an idea of Turanil (*Dominique Crouzet*), and a layout by SpiralBound (*Adam Bragg*), and contributions from Turanil, SpiralBound, crow81, Evilhalfling, Ariddrake, Hand of Evil, Bran Blackbyrd, die\_kluge, Cthulhu's Librarian, Dakkareth, dave\_o, Goblyns Hoard, Imagicka, jasper, JimAde, Kilmore, Raven Crowking, SamSpectre, Tonguez, Vanye, and VirgilCaine. Cover art by Brian Byron. Thanks everyone, your creativity made this possible!

## Appendix Three: Open Game License

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## **100 Fantasy City Locations**

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