

CITIES SHADEPOINT

A
FANTASY CITY
for your
TABLETOP RPG



SHADEPOINT

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Publisher's Choice Quality Stock Art © Rick Hershey / Fat Goblin Games

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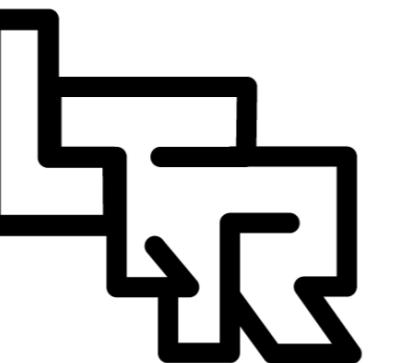
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Introduction

Cities are a part of almost every fantasy roleplaying games, but they are often overlooked as sites of adventure in favor of dungeon delving or wilderness exploration. They are treated as backdrops, hubs where the party return to after adventuring to sell their loot and gather new quests, before leaving the bustle of the streets behind to once more seek out fame and fortune in the wilds.

This does not need to be the case. Cities are hives of activity, where the high and low alike live and work side by side, colliding and interacting with each other on a daily basis. There is crime, love, commerce, scandal, and intrigue to be found, and a resourceful adventuring party could gain limitless fame and power without ever leaving the walls of their home.

Cities: Shadepoint is a fantasy city for use in tabletop roleplaying games, presented in a gazetteer format. It is intended primarily for use in games using the core Fifth Edition rules and setting, but is designed to be as system neutral as possible. It doesn't present rules for running city based campaigns, and there is no adventure module to be found here. Instead, this book gives you all the information you need to begin building your own adventures in Shadepoint or to use it as the basis for an extended campaign.

SHADEPOINT

They say the lifts in Shadepoint never stop moving, because the mines never sleep. There is always stone to be had, always money to be dug - and, always, the spectre of a dark, lonely death, down there in the depths of the onyx mines.

Small City * Population: 10,664

(79% Human, 9% Dwarf, 5% Elf, 3% Halfling, 2% Gnome, 1% Half-elf, 1% Other)

Standing on the edge of a deep canyon, Shadepoint dominates the landscape for miles around. The land here is mostly moorland, able to support a small farming community that

just manages to produce enough food to sustain the city. The nearest source of water is the river flowing through the canyon hundreds of feet below the clifftops.

The city is fairly small, and supported mostly by trade. Its economy revolves around mining the extensive seams of red and black onyx inside the cliffs that the city stands on. Though Shadepoint does have a small keep - a remnant of its origins as a military outpost - there is no ruling lord or monarch here. The city is now ruled by a council comprised of prominent guildsmen and representatives of the mining companies that operate in the city. The keep is used as a jail to house those awaiting justice in the High Court, and as a training ground and barracks for the militia.

Most of the buildings in the city are constructed from the onyx that is mined here. As a result outsiders often say that the city seems particularly dark even on the brightest of summer days. It is believed that this is where the name 'Shadepoint' originates.

PLACING SHADEPOINT

Shadepoint can be placed on any clifftop in your world. It does not have to be a canyon; Shadepoint could easily be a coastal city. Though it is not shown on the map, you should assume that Shadepoint is supported by a surrounding community of farmland that keeps the city fed.

GOVERNMENT

Shadepoint is governed by a council comprised of the heads of the city's trade guilds and representatives of the mining companies. The council has no official name beyond simply 'The Ruling Council', but the people who sit on that council are known colloquially as "The Board".

Given the makeup of the Board, their interests tend to run more towards protecting their own investments and ensuring that industry and trade in the city continue to thrive. This often leads to businesses - in particular the mining companies and the powerful merchant guilds - being treated preferentially to the general populace.

A small but vocal subset of the population believe the government is exploitative and corrupt. Throughout the history

of the city there have been attempts to unionize the workers in order to more effectively demand fairer representation, safer working practices in the mines, and a general increase in the quality of life for the average resident of the city. These attempts have been consistently thwarted and stamped out, often violently. Those who stand in opposition to the ruling council often refer to them as "The Directors".

There are traditionally six seats on the council, all of which are currently filled. Retiring council members appoint their successor directly, with the exception of the Master Merchant (detailed below). Although each member of the council has their own title and sphere of responsibility, in practice the six members work across all matters of life in Shadepoint. The six members of the council hold the following titles and responsibilities:

The Master of Arms is responsible for garrisoning and training Shadepoint's militia. This serves as the city guard, as well as a standing army in times of war. In times of peace the Master of Arms often hires out platoons of the militia as a private security force for some of the wealthier businesses and banks of Shadepoint.. The Master of Arms also oversees maintenance of the city walls. This position is currently occupied by Gelon Strauss.

The Treasurer is responsible for overseeing Shadepoint's annual budget, raising and collecting taxes, and releasing funds for public works and projects. They work closely with the merchant guilds and trading networks between Shadepoint and its neighbours, and are tasked with growing the economy in a sustainable and profitable manner. This position is currently occupied by Creseida Chain.

The Chief Justice is responsible for overseeing matters of law within Shadepoint. This often requires the Chief Justice to work closely with the Master of Arms, though there is of course more to the law than crime and punishment. The Chief Justice is responsible for drafting legislation, managing the courts, and negotiating treaties and agreements between Shadepoint and its neighbours. The Chief Justice also works with the guilds and mining companies on matters of law, and sits as Judge in the High Court when required to. This position is currently occupied by Zerran Rosenfeld.

The Master Mage is responsible for ensuring that magic is used safely and responsibly within the city limits. This position is one of the oldest seats on the council, and it is widely believed that it is largely ceremonial; Shadepoint does not house a large populace of magic users, being primarily an industrial city, though the mining companies and many of the banks do keep mages in their employ. Unknown to most is the fact that the Master Mage is also responsible for maintaining Shadepoint's network of spies and informants, many of whom are engaged in corporate espionage against rival mining operations. This position is currently occupied by Izorne Mattern.

The Speaker is responsible for communications between the council and the population at large. This involves announcing new policies and rulings, as well as holding regular public audiences where members of the populace can raise issues of importance to them with the hope of having them heard before the council. The Speaker is intended to be a neutral go-between, and has little say over the actual business of running the city. In practice, though, the Speaker has a large amount of influence over life in the city, as it is the Speaker who decides which issues reach the attentions of the council. This position is currently occupied by Eriembald Sesa.

The Master Merchant is a representative of the merchant guilds and banks of Shadepoint, and is the only member of the council who is elected rather than appointed. The person who will hold this seat is chosen by the heads of the various guilds within the city, and is expected to advocate for the needs of those businesses without preference for the organization that they were originally a member of. The Master Merchant works with both the Treasurer and the Chief Justice to ensure that the guilds are working within the law and paying their fair share of taxes. The Master Merchant is often cited as the most corrupt member of the council, regardless of who holds the post. This position is currently occupied by Jehane Kaon.

CRIME IN SHADEPOINT

As in any city that revolves around commerce and trade, crime is inevitable. This tends to take the form of burglaries

and muggings. The guilds and mining corporations have a tight grip on the lives of the general populace and a strong hand in how the city is run through aggressive lobbying (often in the form of bribery and/or blackmail), and as such any attempts to develop organized crime networks within the city tend to be stamped out quite quickly. There is certainly nothing quite so explicit as a Guild of Thieves in Shadepoint.

The laws and politics of the city skew so heavily in favor of businesses that crimes like theft and embezzlement carry sentences at least as harsh as those meted out for more visceral crimes like murder. Most punishments involve some form of indentured servitude in the mines, as well as public floggings in a square outside the High Court known as The Round. Execution as a form of punishment is rare in Shadepoint, though it is not entirely unheard of.



Mining Companies

Onyx Depths Mining Group

Onyx Depths is the oldest mining operation in Shadepoint. It was founded by the first Lord of Shadepoint (a position that no longer exists) when it was discovered that the city sat atop hills that seemed to be made entirely of black onyx.

The huge elevators that give access to the mines are owned and operated by Onyx Depths. The other companies pay for access to the elevators, as well as paying rent for the use of the original Onyx Depths tunnels that form the entrance shafts to the mines. The original Treaties of Excavation that were drawn up when the other companies were formed allow Onyx Depths to collect a portion of any proceeds made from the sale of goods mined from the Onyx Depths tunnels.

There has been at least a century of ongoing legal argument about what defines a tunnel, as Onyx Depths claims that anything that links up to one of their main tunnels - i.e. those served by the elevators - is a part of their tunnels. The result of this is that Onyx Depths claim their fee from every ounce of stone pulled from the mines. Netherstone Excavations have resisted this since their inception.

Onyx Depths is the wealthiest mining company in Stonepoint, and thus the most powerful.

Tunnelworks Mines

Of the three mining companies working in Stonepoint, Tunnelworks have the smallest operation. Their mine is nothing like the mazes of Onyx Depths and Netherstone; they rarely dig side tunnels, choosing instead to simply work outwards in widening the main tunnels licensed from Onyx Depths. The result is that their mine is made up of seven vast halls longer than the eye can see, some of them almost a mile wide in places.

Tunnelworks employ a large complement of engineers and artificers known as Internal Stability. They are constantly engaged in ensuring that no cave-ins occur, a job that is always increasing in both difficulty and importance as the

tunnels widen.

The history of Tunnelworks is pockmarked with disastrous cave-ins, and their upper mine has been abandoned for around a decade since Internal Stability warned that continued expansion might result in Tunnelworks compromising the operations of Onyx Depths on the levels above.

Netherstone Excavations

Netherstone Excavations mine the deepest parts of the onyx mines, where the highest proportion of pure black onyx is found. Out of all the mining companies, Netherstone make the most use of indentured servants to man their operation. They have a reputation as the company with the worst working conditions in the mines, and are known to enforce their rule through violence and fear.

Working in the Netherstone mines is not something many people choose to do freely; those who do seek jobs here have usually exhausted all of their other options.

Netherstone are thought to have most of the council on their payroll in one way or another, and it is not often that complaints against the company - or reports of workers who have disappeared - are followed up on officially.

Guilds & Organisations

The information that follows is not exhaustive. Shadepoint is home to many groups and guilds, from public organisations providing crucial services (like the Lamplighters) to more shadowy operations like the spies of the Master Mage. Only three such organisations are detailed here; you should feel free to change these to suit your purposes, and create new guilds as you see fit.

Raw Earth Trading Company

Raw Earth works closely with the mining companies and the treasury, helping to negotiate trade deals with neighbouring cities and handling a large portion of the logistics of transporting ore from the mines to wherever it needs to be. They

keep premises on Leather Walk as well as maintaining a number of warehouses in Chepstow.

The Trading Company often find themselves at odds with the Guild of Scale Bearers, as the oversight and regulations of that organisation are often directly aimed at controlling and limiting the operations of Raw Earth.

The Guild of Scale Bearers

The Scale Bearers are one of Shadepoint's few regulatory bodies, ensuring that the merchants and traders operating in the city adhere to the same standards for weights and measures. The Scale Bearers are the only guild allowed to work directly with a member of the Council other than the Master Merchant, working with the Treasurer and the Chief Justice to write and enforce legislation covering trade and taxation within the city.

All merchants and traders operating within Shadepoint must be licensed by the Scale Bearers, and licenses can be revoked at any time. This power to effectively destroy businesses overnight has been wielded as a political hammer at several points throughout the history of the city, and has contributed directly to massive civil unrest on at least one occasion.

The Receiving End

The Receiving End began life as an adventuring party, who found it was much easier (though not necessarily safer) to set up shop in Shadepoint and assist the mining companies when they inevitably dig too deep and unearth horrors. They have a long history of working with Netherstone Excavations, since they are the company digging the deepest and breaking new ground in the mines.

The Receiving End have been operating in Shadepoint for around 40 years, and are much larger than the original adventuring company. The two surviving members of the original group - Sennezi Dalissi and Irontail - wn and operate the company, though they leave the day-to-day minutiae of the business to their Captains. They currently employ around 200 people.

Districts of Shadepoint

Shadepoint is divided into twelve loosely-defined districts. Though there is no formal delineation between areas within the city, locals are mostly agreed on where the borders lie and on what each district is named.

The entries below provide a broad overview of each district, focusing on each area's defining features and providing a number of local landmarks. These are places that most Shadepoint residents would have heard of, and can be used to help guide your players around the city. A labourer in Chepstow knows about the Spike even if he has never seen it; likewise, the idle rich of Citrine Hill know not to go near Tightwillow Pond at any time of day, but especially at night.

The rumours listed under each district are intended to provide you with some flavour to inject into your game in order to make Shadepoint feel like a living, breathing city. They should also serve as useful adventure hooks when planning your sessions in the city. In most cases, no indication is given to the truth of these rumours. You should feel free to change them however you like. There is also no reason why these rumours should only be heard within the district they are listed under.

Shadepoint is made up of the following districts:

- * [Chepstow](#)
- * [Citrine Hill](#)
- * [The Docks](#)

- * [Greatcoin](#)
- * [Hallowfield](#)
- * [Leather Walk](#)
- * [Leathetonn](#)
- * [Newden](#)
- * [Ravenwall Village](#)
- * [Ruthglen & Niestroth Croft](#)
- * [Shadepeak](#)



Chepstow

A tightly-clustered district of seemingly identical warehouses; tall, wide, windowless, and all built from the same dull grey stone. There is no onyx here, nor ornament; the warehouses of Chepstow are purely functional.

In the early days of the city's development the roads were kept wide, to allow for easy passage of goods between the warehouses and the Dock. As the city grew and more warehouses were erected the roads gradually began to narrow as more buildings began to encroach on the open spaces of the area. Now most roads in the area give just enough room for a cart to pass down them, and it is not uncommon to see teams from the various mining companies arguing in the streets when a road is blocked and nobody will give way.

There is no obvious border between Chepstow and the Dock, and those who work here see the two regions as part of one larger district. There is regular traffic between the Dock and Chepstow.

Landmarks

The Blunted Pick is a small, cramped alehouse catering primarily to dockworkers and warehouse labourers. A squat, single-storey building, the Pick (as it is known to locals) is usually busy from open to close.

Locals know that there are usually three distinct sets of regulars throughout the day, as the entire clientele of the Pick tends to change at once in tandem with the shift changes at the mines and warehouses. As the crowd is largely comprised of labourers and miners, it is generally well known that this is not a pub in which you start trouble.

There are no rooms to be had at the Pick. The

landlord is a one-handed ex-miner, a burly dwarf named Rubruk Gravelhide. The usual ale on draft is Red Duke Porter, brewed by Glass Bottom Brewing Arm.

The Glass Bottom Brewery is a large warehouse and brewery on the eastern edge of Chepstow, close to the city walls. This is where the Glass Bottom Brewing Arm manufactures and stores their beers.

Glass Bottom are one of the most popular breweries in Shadepoint, and their ales can be found in pubs all over the city, from Ravenwall Village to Greatcoin. The building itself is one of the more distinctive in Chepstow, as it is made entirely from red onyx.

The cogs are a pair of giant iron gears that lie beside the main road through Chepstow. These originally came from one of the giant elevator platforms that lead down to the mines. They were removed during repairs and were in the process of being transported back to the warehouse when the team moving them were waylaid by members of a fringe group who sought to shut down the mines and free the indentured servants working as labourers down below.

What followed was something of a mini riot in the streets of Chepstow, as the sabateurs were hunted down by off-shift miners and labourers. The cogs were swiftly forgotten in the ensuing chaos, and for some reason nobody has ever moved them from the place where they fell. They are weatherbeaten and coated with rust, but serve as a useful landmark.

Rumours

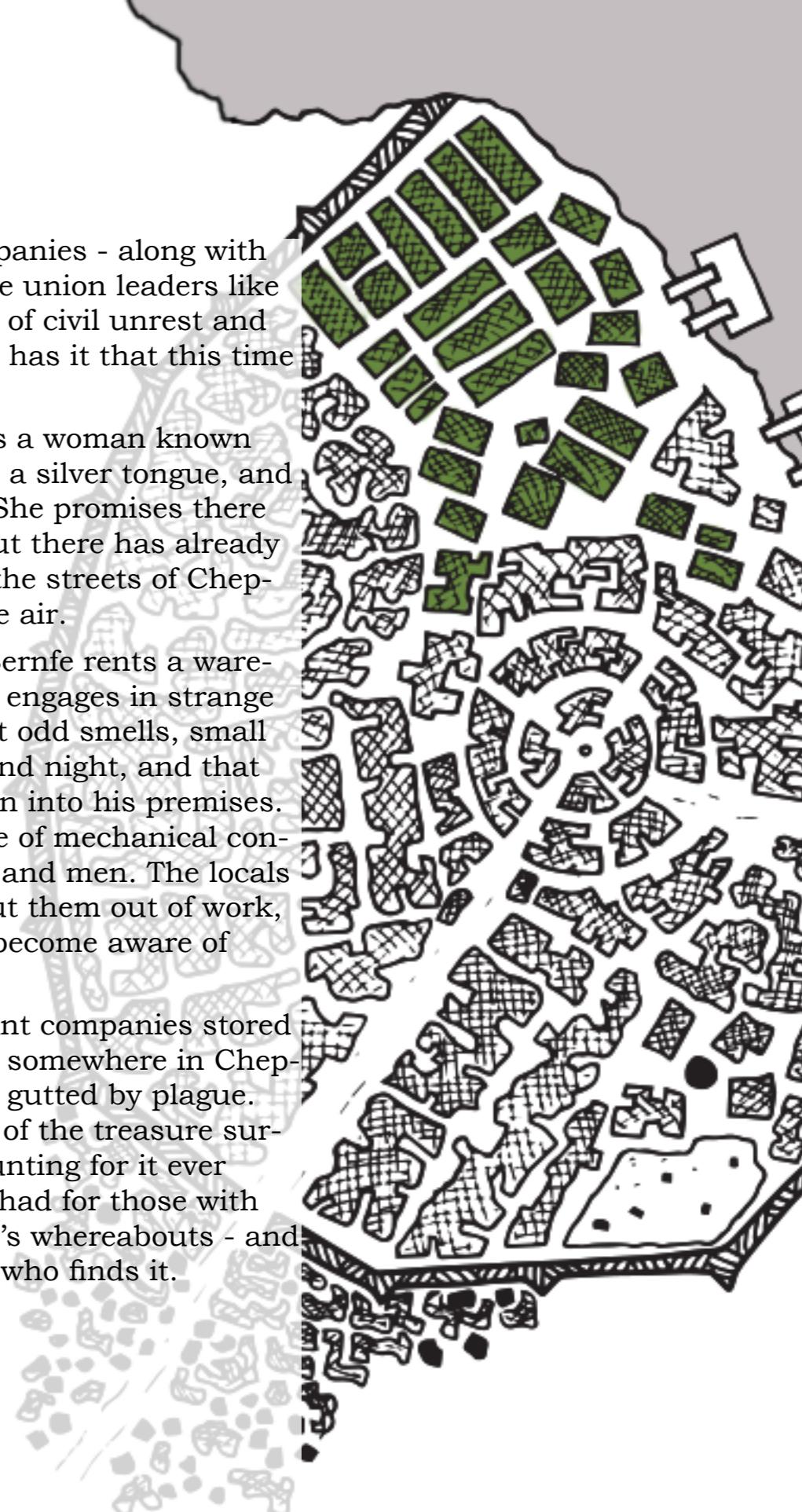
1. Word on the street is that the warehouse labourers are attempting to unionise - again. Last time

this happened the mining companies - along with the Council - came down on the union leaders like a ton of ore, resulting in weeks of civil unrest and fighting in the streets. Rumour has it that this time is different, though.

The leader of the new union is a woman known as Fernivel. She is said to have a silver tongue, and the ability to calm any crowd. She promises there will be no violence this time, but there has already been an increase in militia on the streets of Chepstow and there is tension in the air.

2. An arcanist named Zamza Bernfe rents a warehouse near the walls. There he engages in strange experiments; neighbours report odd smells, small explosions at all times of day and night, and that there is a constant influx of iron into his premises. He is said to be building a force of mechanical constructs that move like animals and men. The locals fear that his inventions may put them out of work, should the mining companies become aware of what he is making.

3. Years ago one of the merchant companies stored a vast treasure in a warehouse somewhere in Chepstow, only for their ranks to be gutted by plague. Nobody who knew the location of the treasure survived, and people have been hunting for it ever since. There is good coin to be had for those with information about the treasure's whereabouts - and a fortune to be had for anyone who finds it.



Citrine Hill

Citrine Hill is the wealthiest area of Shadepoint, where the idle rich and minor nobles hold court. It is built on the highest part of Shadepoint (excluding Shadepoint, where the keep stands), granting an exquisite view out over the edge of the cliffs.

Over the years the residents of Citrine Hill have frequently petitioned to have a wall built around this area of the city, and for passage in and out of the area to be restricted only to those of the right class. These attempts have always failed, largely because those spearheaded the efforts grow bored of the often glacial pace of lawmaking and turn their attention to newer, shinier projects.

Citrine Hill wears its wealth on its sleeve. The houses here are, without exception, mansions and palaces, with their own walled-off grounds. Many of the houses on Citrine Hill employ their own security forces, private mercenaries that owe their allegiance only to their employer and not to any of the guilds or companies of Shadepoint. The few shops that do business here cater almost exclusively to the fashion needs of the court.

Landmarks

The Display is a raised bandstand in the centre of a cobbled square. From midday to midnight it hosts musicians and orators, who perform for the residents of Citrine Hill in the hope of winning a patronage.

Permission to perform at the Display is granted only to prospective members of the Lyndale Tyar, an exclusive guild of musicians and performers based at the Golden Lute. These performances are funded by rich patrons of the Lute, who pay for a

month's-worth of Displays at a time (though this money goes directly to the Lyndale Tyar; the performers themselves work purely for exposure).

The Golden Lute is a two-storey member's club specialising in gourmet food, fine wines, and finer entertainment. The ground floor is dominated by a large stage with a podium in the centre of the room, where musicians and orators perform for tips and favour.

The owner is a half-elf named Laisa Bairnell (Ell, to her friends). She is also the founder of the Lyndale Tyar, and the person responsible for admitting new members. Those wishing to join the Lyndale Tyar must first perform in the Display before being allowed to take the stage in the Golden Lute. Laisa lives in the her rooms in the cellar of the Lute.

The Citrine is an artificial river that flows along the northern ridge of Citrine Hill. It is an exquisite piece of work that looks almost entirely natural, though it only runs for around half a mile. A vast construction of pipes, pumps, and other mechanical apparatus runs beneath the river for its entire length, circulating the water from the low waterfall at the Citrine's terminus back up the hill to the beginning of the river. The Citrine was constructed around 150 years ago, commissioned as a gift from a wealthy noble to the woman he intended to marry.

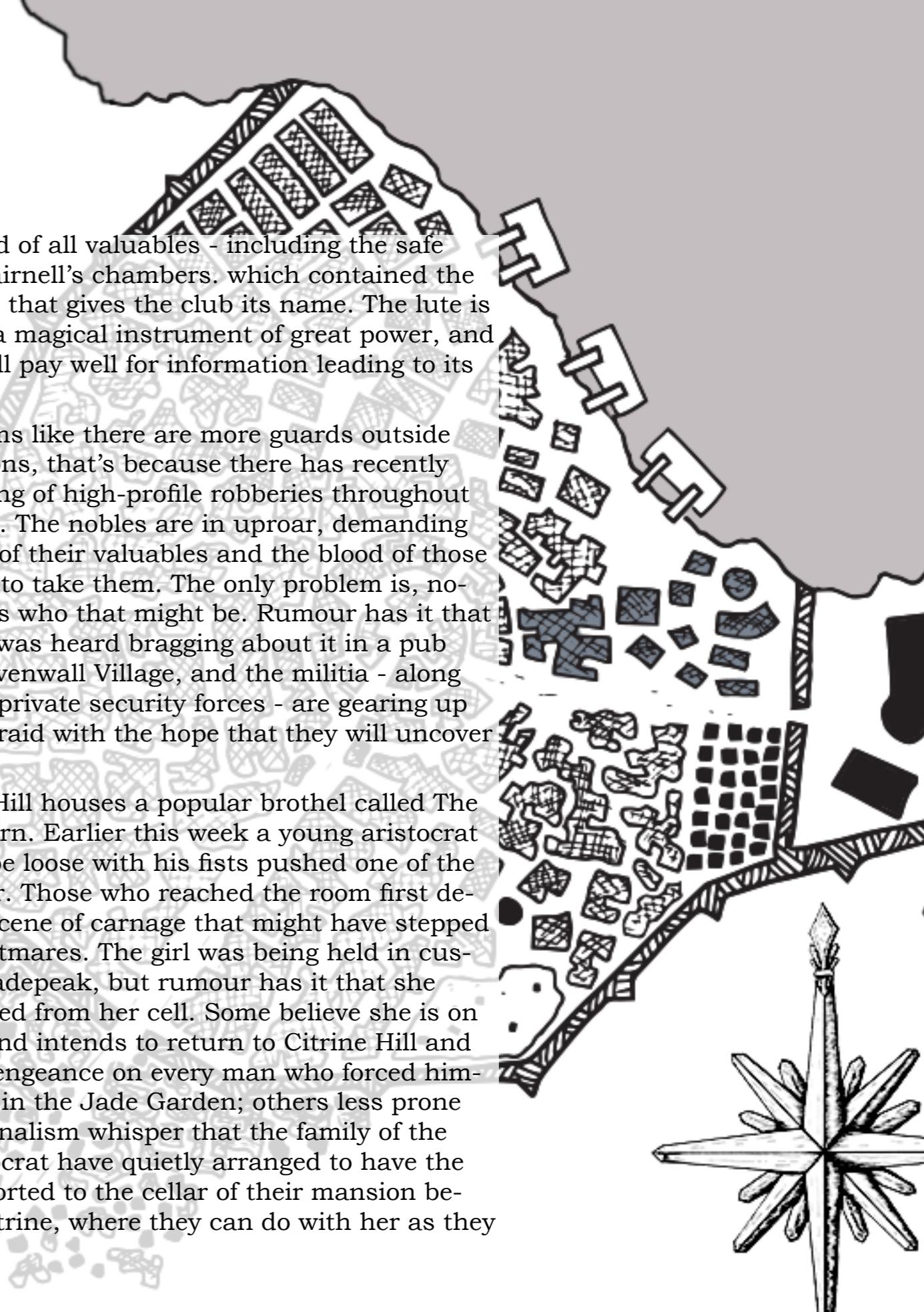
Rumours

1. A performance at the Golden Lute recently went horribly wrong, when the song the performer was singing caused everybody into the building to sink into a deep sleep. When they awoke they found the

place looted of all valuables - including the safe in Laisa Bairnell's chambers, which contained the golden lute that gives the club its name. The lute is said to be a magical instrument of great power, and Bairnell will pay well for information leading to its return.

2. If it seems like there are more guards outside the mansions, that's because there has recently been a string of high-profile robberies throughout Citrine Hill. The nobles are in uproar, demanding the return of their valuables and the blood of those who dared to take them. The only problem is, nobody knows who that might be. Rumour has it that somebody was heard bragging about it in a pub deep in Ravenwall Village, and the militia - along with a few private security forces - are gearing up for a huge raid with the hope that they will uncover a lead.

3. Citrine Hill houses a popular brothel called The Jade Lantern. Earlier this week a young aristocrat known to be loose with his fists pushed one of the girls too far. Those who reached the room first described a scene of carnage that might have stepped out of nightmares. The girl was being held in custody at Shadepoint, but rumour has it that she has vanished from her cell. Some believe she is on the loose and intends to return to Citrine Hill and have her vengeance on every man who forced himself on her in the Jade Garden; others less prone to sensationalism whisper that the family of the dead aristocrat have quietly arranged to have the girl transported to the cellar of their mansion beside the Citrine, where they can do with her as they please.



The Docks

After the onyx that the city's economy relies on, the Docks are Shadepoint's most well-known feature. The Docks are actually three enormous wooden elevator platforms suspended over the edge of the canyon, built by Onyx Depths in the first days of their operation in the city and still owned and maintained by that company to this day. These elevators provide the only access to the mines, lowering workers down the sheer face of the canyon to access the entry shafts in the canyon wall.

The area around the Docks is much like the dockyard in any port city, a constant hive of activity. The elevators are operational day and night, transporting workers, tools, and ore in and out of the mines, and there is constant traffic between the Docks and the warehouse district of Chepstow.

There is usually a visible militia presence in the Docks. Labourers for riving mining companies are known to come to blows regularly, and the city's petty pickpockets often operate here once the commercial districts begin to close for the day.

The Dock area is fairly small, and is dominated by the machinery of the lifts and the view out over the canyon. There are no real landmarks here other than the lifts themselves.

Rumours

1. The elevator operators are unhappy with their working conditions. Their shifts are

getting longer, and the machinery is not being maintained to the right standards. There have been a number of dangerous accidents in the past few weeks; the most recent saw one of the elevator cables snap, sending a platform loaded up with miners plunge hundreds of feet into the canyon below.

The operators are beginning to talk of striking; Onyx Depths have reminded them that they have no union, and that any operator who refuses to work can easily be replaced.

2. The past few nights have seen strange shipments loaded quietly onto the lifts and transported into the shafts leading to Netherstone Excavations under cover of darkness. A source says that he heard a deep, feral snarling coming from one of the large crates that was lowered into the mines. It isn't uncommon for strange creatures to come up out of the deeper mines, but why on earth would anybody be bringing them in from the surface?



Greatcoin (AKA Chargers)

Greatcoin - often called 'Chargers' by inhabitants of other parts of the city - is one of the most affluent areas of Shadepoint, the place where the bankers and high-end merchants do business. The roads here are wide, evenly-cobbled lanes lined with tall, leafy trees. The buildings are all detached from one another, standing alone on their own plots of land; many are ringed by high fences and guarded by armed security forces. Shadepoint's militia mount regular patrols through Greatcoin, moving along anybody who looks like they do not belong there.

This area is mostly given over to business, but there are a few smaller mansions and manors dotted about the neighbourhood. Those who live here usually have eyes on an even higher position in society, and often refer to Greatcoin as being a stepping-stone on the path to Citrine Hill.

Landmarks

Charken & Chain's Counting House is the most prominent bank in Shadepoint. The bank was founded here, but has arms in many other major cities. Without exception their branches are small and unassuming, often standing out starkly against the luxury of the buildings that surround their premises.

Small, squat, and absent any windows, Charken & Chain's does not look like a bank. They also operate without any visible security, though rumours abound that they employ powerful mages to protect the valuables in their care. They have never suffered a successful robbery in the history of their operation.

Monument (never 'the monument') is a wide public

square in the centre of Shadepoint. It holds a 12 foot high chunk of black onyx, one of the first to be pulled from the mines in the early days of Onyx Depth's operation.

The name 'Monument' refers to the square as a whole, rather than the obelisk itself (which has no official name). The stone was erected as a symbol of the wealth that was predicted to come to Shadepoint after the discovery of the onyx in the cliffs, and it is still considered good luck for those embarking on new business ventures to come to Monument and touch it. The stone is not guarded officially, but those with businesses on Monument have an unspoken agreement to police it and make sure that nobody attempts to vandalise it or interfere with it in some other way.

The Crimson Pearl Hotel is one of the most high-end guesthouses in the city, a converted mansion on the corner of Monument. The ground floor is given over to the bar area, a wide open space that takes up the entire floor (with the circular bar standing in the middle of the room).

The upper three floors house large, richly-appointed rooms whose price is counted in gold rather than silver or copper. Similarly, stays at the Crimson are usually measured in weeks or months rather than nights; several guests have lived here for years, and their ability to do so is an incredible symbol of their wealth and status.

The Pearl serves no beer, only fine wines and spirits served by the bottle rather than as individual measures.

Uncommon Incantations is one of the only businesses in Shadepoint that deals with matters of

the arcane. They buy and sell wondrous items and other items of power at hugely marked-up prices; their primary clientele are the idle rich, seeking these items not for their function but for the status of owning them.

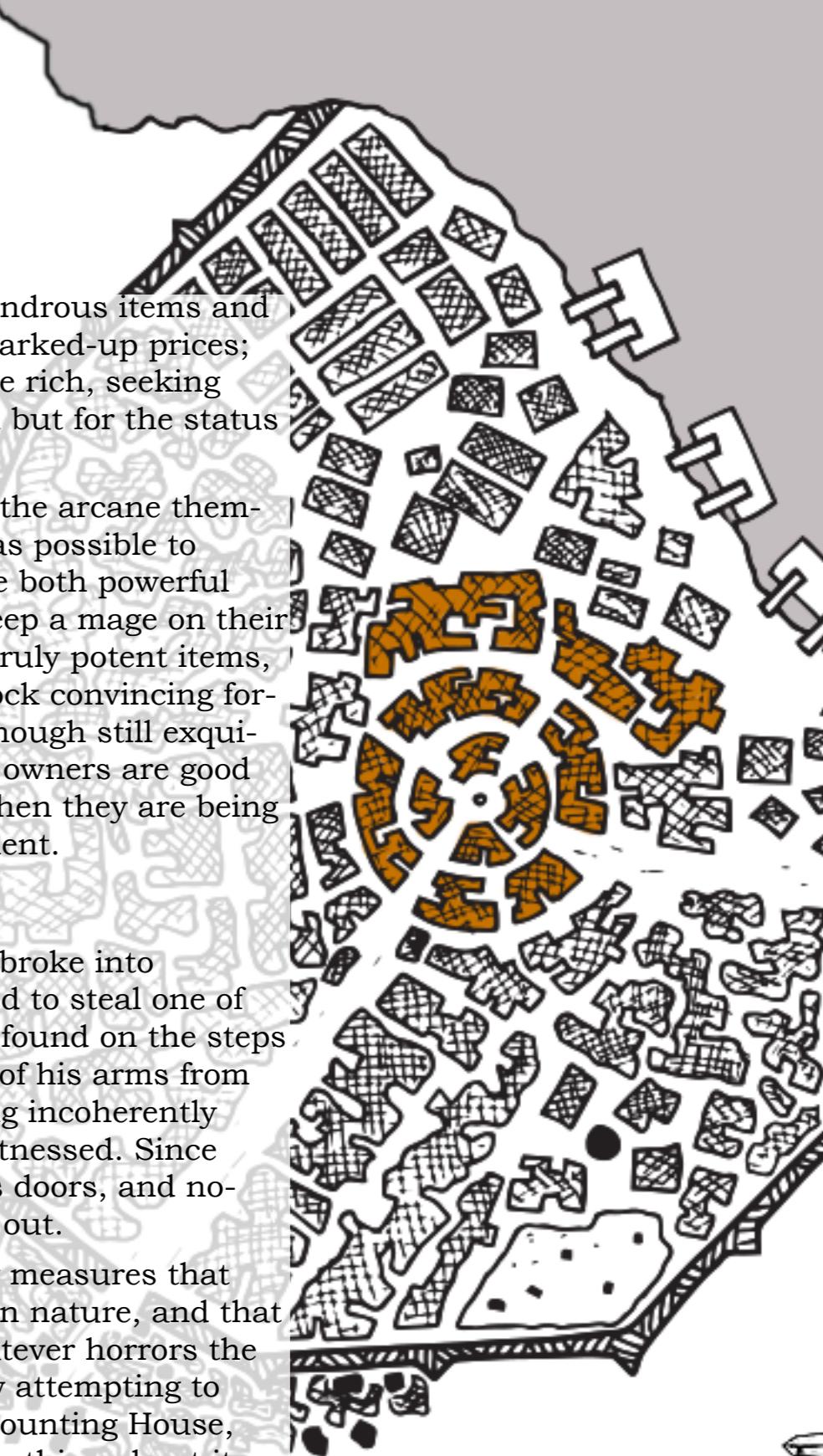
The owners are not students of the arcane themselves (though they do as much as possible to encourage the belief that they are both powerful spellweavers), and they do not keep a mage on their staff. Though they do sell many truly potent items, they have also been known to stock convincing forgeries, or to pass off mundane (though still exquisite) items as being magical. The owners are good at reading people and spotting when they are being conned, but they are not omniscient.

Rumours

1. Earlier in the week somebody broke into Charken & Chain's and attempted to steal one of the safety deposit boxes. He was found on the steps of Shadepoint Keep, missing one of his arms from just below the elbow and babbling incoherently about the horrors that he had witnessed. Since then the bank has not opened its doors, and nobody has been seen coming in or out.

Rumour has it that the security measures that thwarted the theft were magical in nature, and that they backfired in some way. Whatever horrors the would-be thief witnessed are now attempting to break into the city through the Counting House, and nobody seems to be doing anything about it.

2. Uncommon Incantation has just taken delivery of a breeding pair of netherlings, strange subterranean creatures coated in deep purple fur with



the texture of coal dust. Little is known about them, and the Master Mage has requested that the shop's owners hand the creatures over to him so that he can study them. This request was refused, and the Master Mage is fighting through the courts to attempt to take possession of the netherlings. Rumour has it that he has also resorted to other, less legal means of acquiring the creatures, and that the city is currently undergoing an unseen arcane war as Uncommon Incantation's owners fight off the attacks of the Master Mage.

3. A fortune teller named Bast Salpocnur has taken up premises just off Monument, reading cards and casting bones in exchange for gold. She has foretold that a period of great darkness is about to fall on Shadepoint, though she was loose on the details of this. Over the days since she gave that reading, she has begun to notice that her premises are under guard. She fears that somebody wants to silence her, but the cards will not tell her who is responsible for the thugs outside her door.



Hallowfield

Religion isn't a large facet of life in Shadepoint, but it also isn't explicitly discouraged. There are no huge temples, and no main deity is worshipped in the city (although the Chief Justice is currently working to change this). The few small temples and houses of worship that do exist are generally clustered into this small district that butts up against the walls.

There is one large cemetery in the city (marked in green on the map on this page), which can be found here in Hallowfield, but it is pricey to be interred there. If you die without wealth in Shadepoint, the chances are that your body will simply be burned and the ashes scattered off the edge of the canyon.

Landmarks

Southern Cemetery is Shadepoint's large municipal cemetery. It is one of the few green spaces in the city, a place where generations of the wealthy have been interred. It is not connected to any one faith, and is maintained by Council funds.

The Nine is an odd building in the middle of Hallowfield, a tall tower of black onyx designed to look like nine smaller towers wrapped around one another. It is hundreds of years old, and was erected in honour of a religion that has been largely forgotten.

There is no known entrance to the tower, and most people see it more as a strange statue than a building of any kind. Within Shadepoint's small religious community there

are groups interested in researching and understanding the purpose of the building, but their work is not widely known or particularly well funded.

Rumours

1. It is well known that the Chief Justice is a former Inquisitor, but Shadepoint has never felt the full force of a well-organised religious inquisition. That is now beginning to chance, as the Justice clamps down hard on anything resembling heresy to his deity. Stories of night-time raids on temples and other houses of worship are beginning to circulate, and there have been a number of high-profile deaths in Hallowfield in recent weeks.

2. Something strange has been occurring under cover of moonlight. In the past few weeks, increasing numbers of people have been congregating on Southern Cemetery at night, where they simply stand in silence staring towards a mausoleum carved out of red onyx. They all return home before light, and none of them remember making the journey. No harm has come to anybody as a result of this, but people are beginning to worry that it a precursor to something worse.

3. People are still reeling from a fire that tore through an orphanage earlier in the week. There was only one survivor - a young girl who was found standing atop the ruins completely unharmed. All she can say is that she saw a pair of giant leathery wings dart past her window shortly before the fire.



Leather Walk

Leather Walk began as one long row of tradesfolk - smithies, armourers, fletchers, tanners, and the like. Though it has spread into a fairly large district it has retained its original name, and most of the premises here are still given over to some form of trade or craft. If you need weapons and armour, new tack and harness for your horses, and the like, Leather Walk is the place to go.

There is something of an informal guild in operation throughout most of Leather Walk. Most of the tradesmen set their prices in line with one another, and there is an unspoken agreement not to repair or modify another's work if that person is still operating in Shadepoint.

Landmarks

The Trench is a long ditch dug down the middle of Leather Walk's original road. Before the district expanded, the trench was used as a communal slack tub for the first smithies to operate along the road. It is not used for this purpose anymore, but tradition keeps the trench filled with water from a local well.

The Stone is a huge stone carving of an anvil, a piece of public art donated to the people of Leather Walk several decades ago. It stands some 8 feet tall, and dominates the small square that it was placed in. These days it is a popular play area for children, and a good public meeting point.

Glass Anvil is one of the more popular pubs in Leather Walk. It stands in a repurposed

forge, and is owned and operated by the Glass Bottom Brewing Arm. The manager - a man known as 'Knuckles' Rayburn - is a former smith who lost his hand in a workshop accident. He caters to smiths and other tradespeople, and is happy to accept trade or services rendered in lieu of payment.

Rumours

1. A local smith named Bruthwol Hammerhand hasn't been seen much recently. Word is that he has begun building a strange suit of armour much bulkier than anything that could be used in combat, designed instead for use in the mines.

It is said that the thing has two enormous drills for hands that are powered by strange magic provided by a warlock operating out of Ravenwall Village. People are beginning to fear that Bruthwol doesn't know what kind of power he is dealing with, and that he is putting the city in danger.

2. The lands outside the city are growing more dangerous by the day, and the past few weeks have seen fewer and fewer shipments reach Shadepoint. Stores of iron and other ores are low, and work in Leather Walk is beginning to dry up. If this continues people won't be able to afford to feed their families - but the Council don't seem to want to hear about it.

3. Somebody has bought an old forge and is in the process of turning it into a brewery. New beer is always a good thing, but

Glass Bottom Brewing have always been good to Leather Walk and loyalty runs deep. The Brewing Arm have made it clear that no new brand is going to move into the district, and that sentiment is beginning to spread amongst the locals.



Leathetonn

Leathetonn serves as an overflow for Shadepack's military garrison, built in several waves over the years as the militia grew and space in the main barracks filled up. Many of the buildings in Leathetonn were designed to be temporary structures and have simply never ceased being used.

This is one of the few regions of the city constructed largely from wood rather than stone, any many people - particularly those who reside on Citrine Hill, which has a good view over Leathetonn - see it as little more than another slum. Given its military nature, though, Leathetonn is a fairly clean and well-maintained area of the city.

There are no businesses here beyond a number of small smithies and one general goods store; beyond that, it is purely a residential area for members of the militia.

Landmarks

Aldwin's General Goods serves as a one-stop shop for those living in Leathetonn, providing food, supplies, and an assortment of tools and other goods. The goods on sale are basic but of decent quality, but there are no real luxury items to be had here.

The Square is a roped-off area in the corner of the city walls that functions as both a training ground and an entertainment venue. It is an informal fighting pit, where people gather to drink and gamble on the outcome of unarmed combats. Most of the combatants are members of the militia simply due

to where the Square is located in the city, but outsiders are always welcome to try their skills here.

Rumours

1. A group of adventurers recently came through town looking for work. While here they made their way to Leathetonn, where one of their number took a turn in the Square. He won handily, and his group made a fortune at the bookies, but it is widely believed that he had arcane assistance in his fight. Now a small group of guardsmen are hunting for the adventurers, intent on getting their money back.

2. Something is going on down in the mines. Over the past few weeks, groups of militia have been sent into the tunnels with secret orders. None of them have returned, and nobody knows exactly what is happening. Now word is spreading that a much larger force is being garrisoned to venture below ground. Nobody likes the sound of it, and there is talk of mutiny until an explanation is had. Leathetonn is on the verge of breaking out into a bloody conflict between those who doubt their leaders, and those who insist that a soldier's job is to follow orders.



Newden

The Council have been fighting a losing war to control the spread of Newden for years, but the slum keeps getting bigger. It surrounds the gates of Shadepoint, spreading out from the walls into the moorland beyond, a visible cancer on the mouth of the city.

This is an incredibly poor area, and the militia are only present to keep the road clear and keep the locals away from the gates.

People travelling to Shadepoint for the first time are warned to keep one hand on their purse and the other on their blade as they pass through Newden, and not to stray from the main road. Those who disregard that advice are usually looking for something specific; the residents of Newden are destitute, and many will do anything for coin or food. Prostitution and drug use are rife in the area, and the few crooked pubs that exist here are just as likely to piss in their 'beer' as they are to water it down.

Newden is a constantly shifting landscape. Buildings that were here last week might collapse or be pulled down tomorrow. Parts of the slum are regularly gutted by fire, and the militia are just as likely to kick through walls to apprehend someone as they are to knock the door down. As a result, the only real landmarks here are the main road and the walls of Shadepoint itself.

Rumours heard in Newden tend to be twisted versions of the rumours that can be heard in other areas of the city (particularly Ravenwall Village and Rutherglen, as those

are the districts on the other side of the walls from Newden.

The militia are instructed to keep the flow of people from Newden into the city itself to an absolute minimum. Access to the city for newcomers often involves extended questioning by the militia to determine if they really are new to the city, or if they are residents of the slums who have somehow come across a decent set of clothes. It is not unheard of to hear tales of Newden residents attempting to scale Shadepoint's walls at night. These attempts are rarely successful.



Ravenwall Village

This is the poorest area inside the walls and the ward where the majority of the population live. The streets are narrow and cramped, the buildings tall and overpopulated. There are shops and drinking holes to be found here, but they are the kind of place where you need to keep a firm hold on your wallet.

Given its position at the base of the city walls on the west of the Shadepoint, Ravenwall falls dark slightly before the rest of the city. The areas immediately next to the wall are known to be one of the roughest parts of the city after dark. No lamplighters go there, and the militia don't tend to patrol that far out of town.

Landmarks

Tightwillow Pond sounds lovely, but it is not. This small pond is all that remains of a public works project that aimed to build public parks within the city. The project was short-lived, shut down when the Treasurer at the time objected to spending money in the most run-down area of the city where the residents "will not appreciate our grace". Tightwillow is filled with brackish water, surrounded by high buildings, and often serves as a meeting point for the city's indigent population. Those mentioning it will usually warn that it is a no-go area.

Timas House is the home of Myagko Timur Vladimirovich (known simply as 'Timas' to her neighbours). Time is a hedge witch who has been looking after the population of Ravenwall for decades, tending to ills and sickness,

delivering children, and generally dispensing advice. In exchange, the people of Ravenwall make sure that she has enough food, that she has wood for burning in winter, and the like.

Timas 'house' is actually the cellar level of a four-storey townhouse that fell into disrepair years ago. There are usually other occupants in the building too, but they mostly leave Timas alone unless they need her services. Her building can be found by looking for the strips of ash bark that are always drying outside her small window.

Seam Hill is a stretch of cobbled road that has been rebuilt countless times. Locals discovered years ago that there is a seam of black onyx just beneath the surface here, and there are often attempts to tunnel to it from nearby cellars (or, occasionally, somebody will simply begin digging up the surface of the road).

The result of these activities is that the road is prone to potholes, and often collapses on itself. The mining companies know of this seam and have been working for years to uproot the residents and begin excavation, but some unknown benefactor has been siphoning just enough money into Council pockets to ensure that that hasn't happened yet.

The Double Ferret is a popular inn that is rumored to be haunted by the dead wife of a former landlord. Stories say that he locked her in the cellar after an argument and simply left her there, and that her spirit has re-

mained on the premises ever since. Whether there is truth to this or not is unknown, though the notoriety of the place ensures that it is always busy. This is often the first stop for newcomers to the city seeking to make a name for themselves.

Rumours

1. A child has gone missing from one of the mansions on Citrine Hill. Rumour has it that a coven of hags has taken up residence somewhere near Tightwillow Pond, and that they intend to use the child in one of their rituals.

2. A local man has been quietly digging beneath Seam Hill for years, mining out the onyx there and selling it slowly so as not to attract attention. Now something strange is happening; the onyx crumbles to dust as soon as he pulls it from the earth. Now people are worried that this same blight is afflicting the onyx in the mines beneath the city, and panic is beginning to spread that this heralds the coming of something truly awful to Shadepoint.

3. A bar fight in one of the seedier pubs in Ravenwall led to a member of the militia being stabbed to death. His body has vanished, and nobody seems to know anything about who did it. The militia want to know, though, and they have started kicking down doors to try and oust the murderer. If something isn't done, things could get very nasty very fast.



Rutherglen & Niestroth Croft

Once newcomers to Shadepoint have waded through the slums of Newden, Niestroth Croft & Rutherglen are their first sight of what lies beyond the walls. In reality this is one district, divided in two by the main road running to Greatcoin.

The northwest half of the district is Rutherglen, the bustling centre of Shadepoint's commerce; while the high-end boutiques are to be found in Greatcoin and Citrine Hill, Rutherglen houses the city's highstreets. Here you will find stores to suit most any need; grocers and butchers, tailors and cobblers, book shops, antiques and antiquities, spices, dyes, the list goes on and on. If something is for sale in Shadepoint, the chances are that you can find it in Rutherglen.

On the southern side of the Coin Road is Niestroth Croft, the residential part of the district. This is where the middle classes of the city live, those not destitute enough for the slums or Ravenwall but nowhere near wealthy enough to afford property up on Citrine Hill. Most residents of Niestroth Croft don't actually own their own houses, instead renting them from much wealthier landlords.

The streets are cobbled and uneven, sometimes tilting with an odd camber. They meander around the district with no real sense of purpose or direction, as though somebody simply cobbled the spaces between buildings in order to make the roads. It is easy to get lost between the three-storey buildings and narrow alleys of Rutherglen. Luckily, the combination of the high city walls and the

peak of the Spike mean that it is usually easy enough to regain your bearings.

Landmarks

The Spike is a tall, twisted tower of black onyx on the border between Rutherglen and Greatcoin. It currently homes Izorne Matern, the Master Mage. The tower was built by Onyx Depths Mining Company in the early days of their operations in Shadepoint as a home for the company's resident pair of spell-weavers, who were instrumental in helping Onyx Depths to dig so deep so quickly.

There has never been a large population of spellcasters in Shadepoint - and certainly nothing so formal as a College of Magic - but the Spike has always been home to at least one magic user since it was built. Local legend has it that the occupants of the Spike wage a constant war against horrors from the deep planes intent on spilling up out of the mines to ravage the city. It is seen as a dark omen for the Spike to ever stand empty.

The Cobblehouse is a weird quirk of architecture, a low cottage set back from the road between two tall townhouses that is entirely covered with the same cobbles that line Rutherglen's streets. To the uninitiated it looks like a massive bulge in the middle of the road, until closer inspection reveals a door and a pair of thin windows peeking out between the cobbles.

Nobody knows who built it, or why, and nobody has lived in it for generations. Local



children often play a game of knocking on the door and hiding, hoping to see somebody open it. Similarly, there have been many attempts at breaking into the Cobblehouse over the years, though nobody has ever reported success.

The Copper Lions is one of Niestroth Croft's oldest inns, standing just to the south of Shadepoint's main gates. It is a tall, crooked building, that looks like it is one strong breath of wind away from falling down.

The Lions has four floors; the lowest two are given over to bar areas, while the upper two floors house affordable guest rooms. There is a small coachhouse and stables out the back of the inn, and a cramped yard containing a freshwater well. The Copper Lions is renowned for its expansive selection of single malt whiskies.

Rumours

1. Late last night the residents along Turt Passage - a narrow residential street in the northeast of Niestroth Croft - were woken by a terrible shaking of the earth, and a sound from outside like an avalanche.

Those who went outside to investigate report seeing the road itself pulling itself out of the earth and devouring a house, whose occupants were vainly trying to drag themselves out of the windows. The story itself may not be true, but what does seem to be accurate is that there is now a second Cobblehouse in the city.

2. Briss & Boy's Butchery has always been on the lower end of cost and quality, but rumour has it that Mr Briss has begun to cut his meat with something less than savoury. Despite the rumours business is booming, and though nobody is exactly sure what this

new meat is, nobody seems to care.

3. Old lady Mirela has been a hermit for some 30 years, but recently she's been seen about town. She has been buying up enough food and supplied to fuel a small army, and keeps muttering about being prepared for the bad times that are coming. Nobody knows what she means, or where her money is coming from.



Shadepeak

Shadepeak is the highest point in the city, a rocky outcropping right on the edge of the canyon. The original keep was a military post built from sandstone. After the initial mining boom that kickstarted the city's growth, the keep was demolished and rebuilt in its current form. It is now a large, imposing black castle designed to appear as though it was carved out of one enormous chunk of black onyx. The sun rises almost directly behind the castle, and as morning breaks the shadow of Shadepeak Keep engulfs a large section of the city.

There are no landmarks in Shadepeak save for the keep and the castle walls. Inside the walls the Shadepeak is still a functional military unit, garrisoning the militia and holding the city jail. The keep itself is given over to the administrative aspects of running a city, holding the Council Chamber and the offices where the wheels of government turn.

Adventurers in Shadepoint will generally only visit Shadepeak under two sets of circumstances. Either they have caused trouble in the city and been arrested - in which case they will be taken to the jail at Shadepeak - or else their notoriety has grown to the point where the Council (or a member of the Council, at least) request an audience with them.

Attempting to get past the gates and on to Shadepeak without official business there is liable to end badly for anybody attempting it.



The Council

Gelon Strauss - Master of Arms

Gelon Strauss was born and bred in Shadepoint. He grew up in Ravenwall Village, and enlisted in the militia at the age of 14 as a means of escaping the poverty of his youth. He did not stand out particularly as a soldier; his rise to the position was not the result of any particular prowess or notoriety. Instead he owes his success to patience, tenacity, and simply outliving his peers.

Strauss is not one to rock the boat. His only real ambition in life was to escape Greatcoin, which he did decades ago. Now he is happy to simply preserve the status quo, only taking a stand on a matter if it threatens his way of life personally. He is not lax in his duties as the Master of Arms, but neither is he passionate about them - though he is much happier as a politician than he was as a soldier.

Cresseida Chain - Treasurer

Cresseida Chain is a gnome of indeterminable age. She is the daughter of Briceus Chain, the chairman and co-founder of Charken & Chain's Counting House. She has worked for her father since she was a child, and now oversees the day-to-day operations of the bank.

Chain has been in her position as Treasurer for the past thirty years. She is fairly well-liked on the council, and considered a fair dealer.

Cresseida is the first Chain to serve on the council. The position had previously been held by the Josca family for generations, always passing from father to son. Chain took office after a plague swept the city and eradicated the Josca line.

At the time there were rumors that Briceus Chain had always eyed a seat on the council, and that he used the plague as cover to erase the Josca family and ensure that his family controlled the Treasury, but these claims have never been substantiated and have been largely forgotten over the course of three decades.



ZERRAN ROSENFELD

Zerran Rosenfeld - Chief Justice

Zerran Rosenfeld is relatively new to the post of Chief Justice, only sitting on the Council for a couple of years. Rosenfeld is a religious fanatic, a worshipper of a harsh god of death and justice. His rise through the ranks of his temple was rapid and bloody. He was an Inquisitor, tasked with seeking out those who committed crimes against his deity and meting out the Church's justice to them. Rosenfeld is feared within his Church; it is widely believed (though not spoken of publicly) that Zerran always had a thirst for power, and that he used his position as an Inquisitor to remove rivals from his path.

Rosenfeld's time as Chief Justice has been marked by a dramatic increase in the severity of sentencing for even petty crimes. He is the worst kind of authoritarian, and is not above silencing anybody who speaks against him. He believes firmly that those in poverty are there through divine will, and that it is not the job of the state or the Church to attempt to help those who have not first helped themselves.

He is particularly distasteful of the various guilds of Shadepoint, believing them to be little more than churches to a false god of commerce. Unlike other Justices before him, who worked closely with the guilds and trading companies and were known to draft legislation that favoured the corporations, Rosenfeld has spent his time in office in direct confrontation with many of the guilds.

The only time he and the guilds are in agreement are those times when his crusade to rebuild the city in the image his god demands happens to align with the desires of the guilds; laws that remove personal liberties or remove worker protections are always welcomed, especially by the mining companies.

Izorne Mattern - Master Mage

Izorne Mattern lives alone in the middle of the Rutherglen district, in a crumbling onyx tower called the Spike. His home is one of the oldest structures in Shadepoint, outdated only by the keep at Shadepeak.

Mattern is the son of a middlingly-wealthy merchant family. He was destined to follow his father into the textiles business, but at a young age he began to manifest arcane abilities. His father petitioned the mages of the Spike to take him in and train him, and for the past 70 years Mattern has resided in the Spike.

Local legends say that allowing the Spike to stand empty for even a brief time signals doom for Shadepoint. As Mattern lives alone, he is careful about how often he ventures from his tower in order to avoid sparking undue civil unrest. As a result he is often absent from Council meetings, and only attends them when he feels it is of particular importance. The rest of the Council are generally quite happy for him to remain absent; many of them believe his role is purely ceremonial, and that he should have no say in the running of the city.

Mattern makes full use of his time in seclusion. As a child he was fascinated with the rumours surrounding the Spike, and the tales of a demonic horde constantly threatening to invade Shadepoint. Though he has since learned that these tales are a nonsense, he has made the study of demonology his life's work.

Eriembald Sesa - Speaker

Eriembald Sesa spent a decade leading a powerful mercenary company known as the Blue Flag, alternating between leading her forces in the field and playing politics with her various employers in court. She came to Shadepoint in an attempt to gain a foothold for her business, but the Receiving End were already established and fought hard against her.

After a brief, bloody war between the two companies, Sesa conceded defeat for the first time in her career and stepped away from the Blue Flag and entered the world of politics in earnest. She rose through the small, informal court of Shade-

point rapidly; she was accustomed to the games of much larger, more sophisticated courts than that of Shadepoint, and found the politics of the city transparent and easy to navigate.

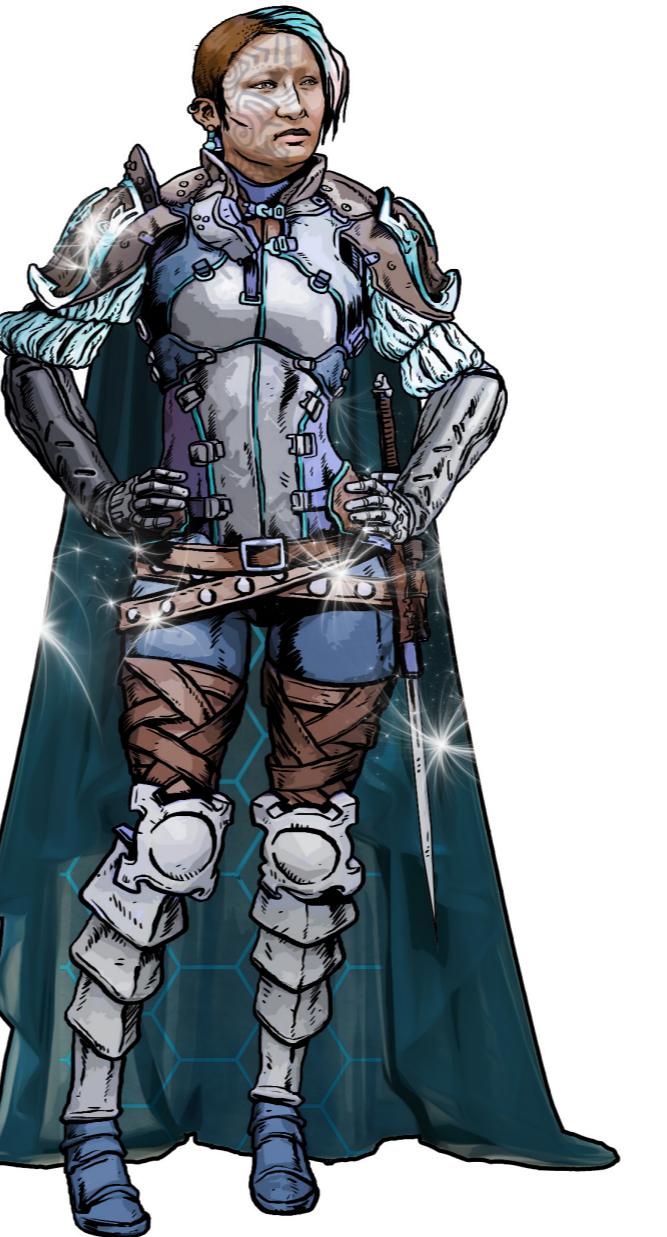
Though her war with the Receiving End may be over, Sesa has not forgotten the humiliation of defeat. Many believe that she still works to undo the company that put an end to the Blue Flag, and that she is simply playing the long game. Around 5 years ago one of the surviving members of the Receiving End - a once-mighty warrior named Rhi Niao - was found dead in highly suspicious circumstances. Gossip claimed that Sesa had a hand in it, but nobody ever acknowledged the rumours in a more official capacity.

Jehane Kaon - Master Merchant

Jehane Kaon is, unusually, a dwarf who has never worked in a mine. He began his career as a travelling salesman, trading primarily in jewelry and rare gemstones. Upon coming to Shadepoint he saw an opportunity, partnering with an artisan who specialised in working the black and red onyx mined beneath the city. The two made a fortune crafting and selling intricate rings and trinkets carved from the onyx, and soon moved into premises in Leatherwalk. A few years later they were able to upgrade, moving into a luxurious building on Citrine Hill.

After around a decade of living and working in Shadepoint Kaon's partner succumbed to a plague that swept the city, and Jehane was left to tend to the business alone. Knowing that he could not craft their trinkets himself Kaon sold the business and moved into a less hands-on role, buying up smaller companies and slowly building himself a small retail empire within Shadepoint. At this point his financial interests across the city are practically innumerable.

Jehane wields enough influence - has bought enough influence - to ensure that he has been elected to the Council without any opposition for the past 15 years. He is a businessman through and through; Kaon understands that money is the grease that keeps the wheels of the world moving, and sees no moral problem accepting payments from those who wish the wheels would turn in a specific direction.



ERIEMBALD SESA



JEHANE KAON

The Receiving End

The Receiving End began life as an adventuring party whose travels brought them more and more frequently back to Shadepoint. As they grew in power and influence they realised that it would be more efficient to outsource some of the less salubrious tasks they were asked to tackle, and it wasn't long before the adventurers found that life became much easier when they could sit back and let other people earn their money for them.

Only two members of the original party are still alive, and both still have an active hand in running the business. The Receiving End keep headquarters in a pair of townhouses in Greatcoin (where both the owners also live), and maintain a training complex and barracks for their employees in Leathettonn.

Sennezi Dalissi

Sennezi Dalissi was once a fierce protector of the natural world. She spent her formative years tending to a dryad's grove, before war brought soldiers and fire to her forests. After setting out into the world without a home or a direction she found herself drawn to a life of adventure, travelling the country helping to protect small communities from threats that they could not manage alone.

Her first impression of Shadepoint was one of horror; the mines constantly gutting the resources of the land the city stood on worked day and night, and there was always danger in the form of displaced horrors disturbed by the digging operations of the mining companies. Sennezi saw Shadepoint as a symbol of what happens when the humanoid races turn their backs on the gods of the natural world and begin to worship technology and currency instead.

Ultimately, though, few are able to resist the call of riches and power. As The Receiving End grew and the core group of founders found themselves called to arms less often, she began to appreciate her new life of luxury more and more. Sennezi is now very much retired from adventuring, and hasn't got her hands dirty in many years.

Rumour has it that Sennezi keeps a private grove on the roof of the Receiving End's headquarters in Greatcoin, maintaining her artificial forest through powerful magics. A few of the city's petty thieves engaged in a little upper storey work have attempted to get into her gardens and steal a trinket, but none have returned to tell of what they saw there.



SENNEZI DALISSI

Irontail

Irontail is closed-lipped about his origins. Mousefolk are incredibly rare - most people are probably completely unaware that there is a race of intelligent, humanoid mice at all - and Irontail has found it prudent to maintain as low a profile as possible for most of his life, to the point that many of the employees of the Receiving End aren't aware of the nature of one of the founders of the company.

Irontail's skills lie in the shadows. He excels at gathering information, and often works several steps ahead of the Master Mage's spies on those occasions when his interests align with theirs. His name was given to him by his adventuring companions, a reference to the heavy iron studs pierced into his tail that he uses as a bludgeon in combat. Whether he had a name before this was given to him is unknown, even to his closest friends.



IRONTAIL

Adventures in Shadepoint

The following hooks can be used as a starting point for adventures within the city, or to spark further encounters as your campaign develops. If you are ever in any doubt, of course, you can always decide that the miners of Netherstone Excavations have once again dug too deep and unleashed horrors on the city.

Guild Wars

The Master Merchant has died, and it is time to appoint a new one. Traditionally the new Master Merchant is expected to cut ties with the organization that they rose out of, but in practice this is rarely the case. As a result, each guild is always eager to ensure that their candidate gains the seat.

The process of choosing the new Master Merchant is meant to be straightforward. Each guild eligible to nominate a candidate presents their choice to the leaders of the guilds who are not able to make nominations, who then vote in a secret ballot to select the new council member.

The result of this is always a frenzy of political intrigue. Money flows as bribes change hands, vicious rumors about certain candidates sweep the streets, and more than one body turns up in the gutters with a few too many holes.

Your adventurers could become involved in any of the following ways:

1. A threat has been made against a particular candidate's life, and the party are ap-

proached to provide security.

2. One candidate seems to stand head and shoulders above the rest, with an unimpeachable background and a refusal to get involved in mud-slinging with the other candidates. The party are tasked with digging up dirt on this candidate in order to prevent them from being appointed.

3. The party somehow come into possession of a large amount of money, with no explanation for where it came from. It turns out this was intended as a hefty bribe for a guild leader, and now the person who paid it wants the money back.

4. A member of the party is named in a scandal that threatens to undo the career of one of the candidates. Whether there is truth to the rumor or not, can the hero clear their name? And more importantly, who might want to stop them doing that - and what lengths will they go to to prevent that happening?

Cultural Revolution

Somewhere in the warehouses of Chepstow, progress is happening. Somebody has created a machine that people say prints words on paper, doing away with the need to hire a scribe and allowing the mass production of written material.

This technology has been seized upon by an upstart union leader named Fernivel, who was begun printing pamphlets and posters calling upon the miners of Shadepoint to join her and fight back against the exploitative

mining companies.

The mining companies are not happy about this development, and that they will do anything in their power to stop Fernivel's rise, prevent the unionisation of the miners, and destroy this new printing press. Its location is a well-kept secret, and the companies are keen to speak to anybody who knows where it might be.

Your adventurers could become involved in any of the following ways:

1. The party are approached by Fernivel, who has learned that the mining companies have recruited mercenaries who are planning to raid the warehouse where the printing press is kept. She requests their help in either moving it to a new location, or protecting it against the attack.

2. The party become caught up in an ambush intended for Fernivel. Seeing the group fight off the would-be assassins, the mining companies assume that the party are in the employ of the union leader. Now there is a target on their back, as the companies use their resources to attempt to remove Fernivel's apparent new protectors.

3. A bookish, educated member of the party would no doubt be fascinated by this new technology that makes reproducing rare texts so much easier. After seeing some printed flyers around the city, the party may become embroiled in the conflict simply through trying to find out more about the printing press.





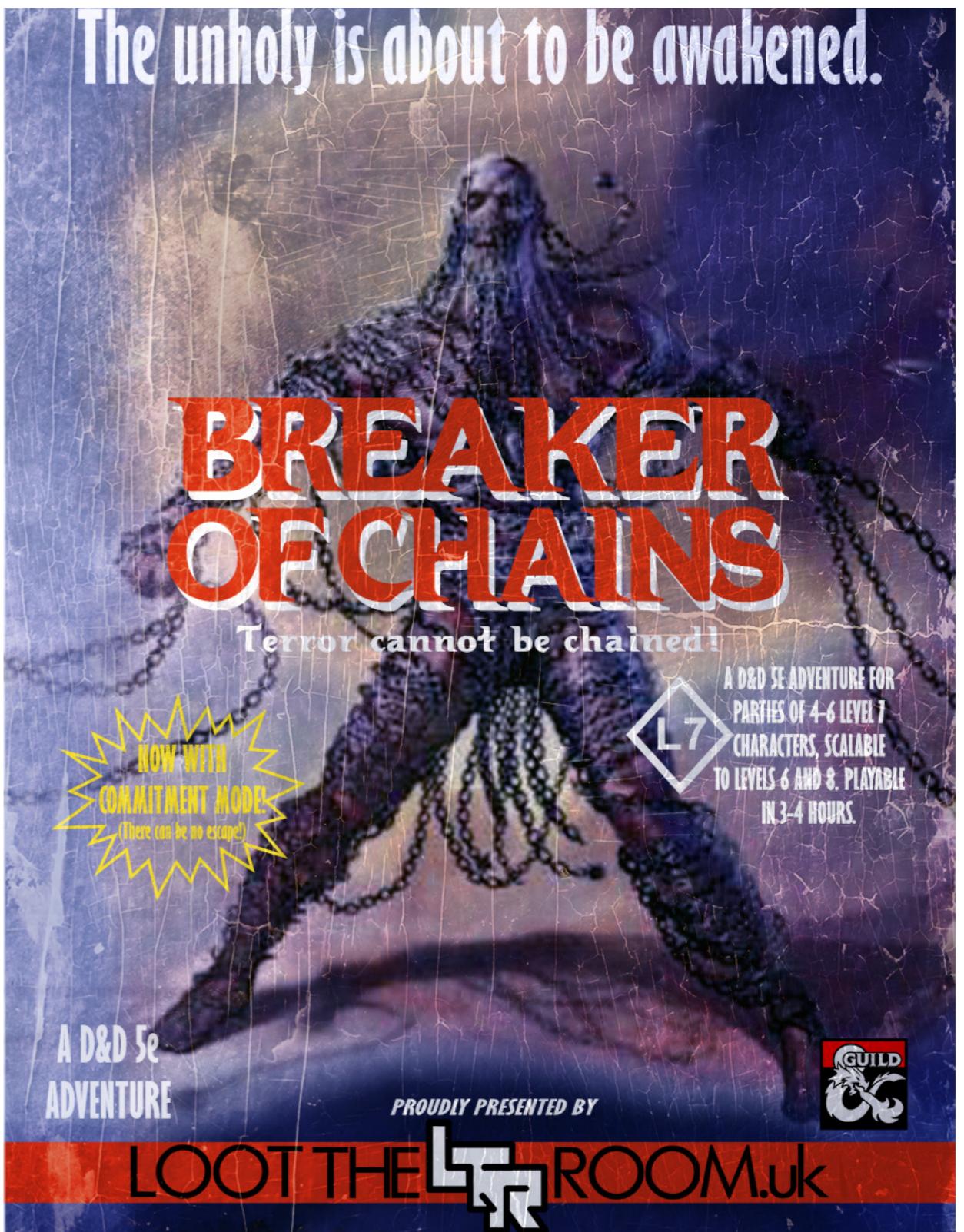
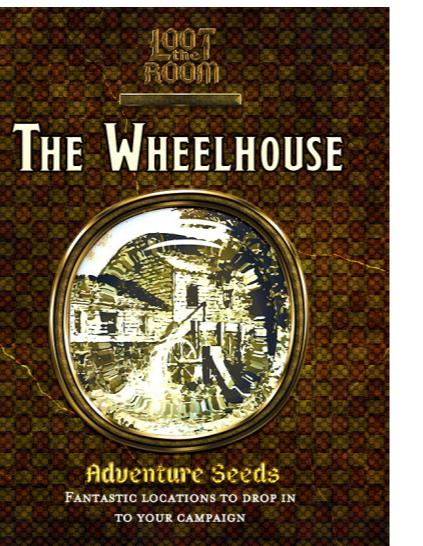
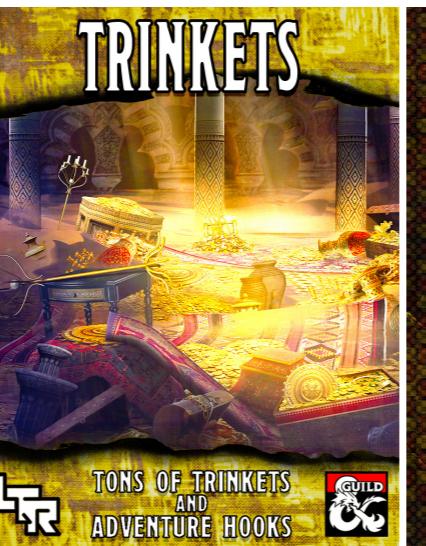
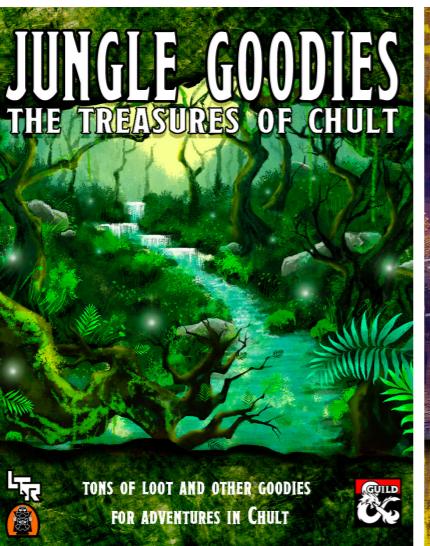
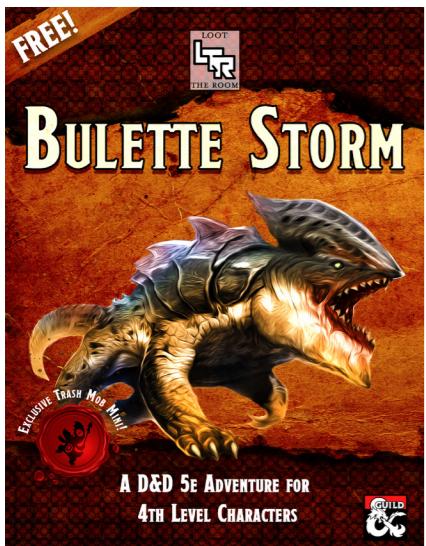


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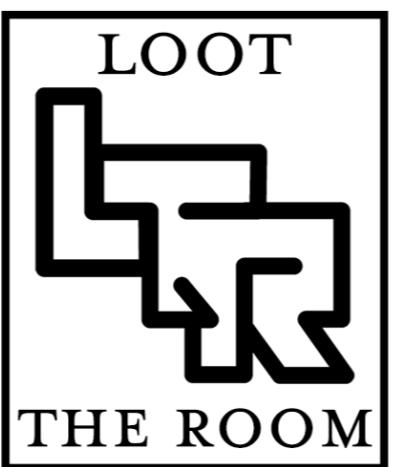
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