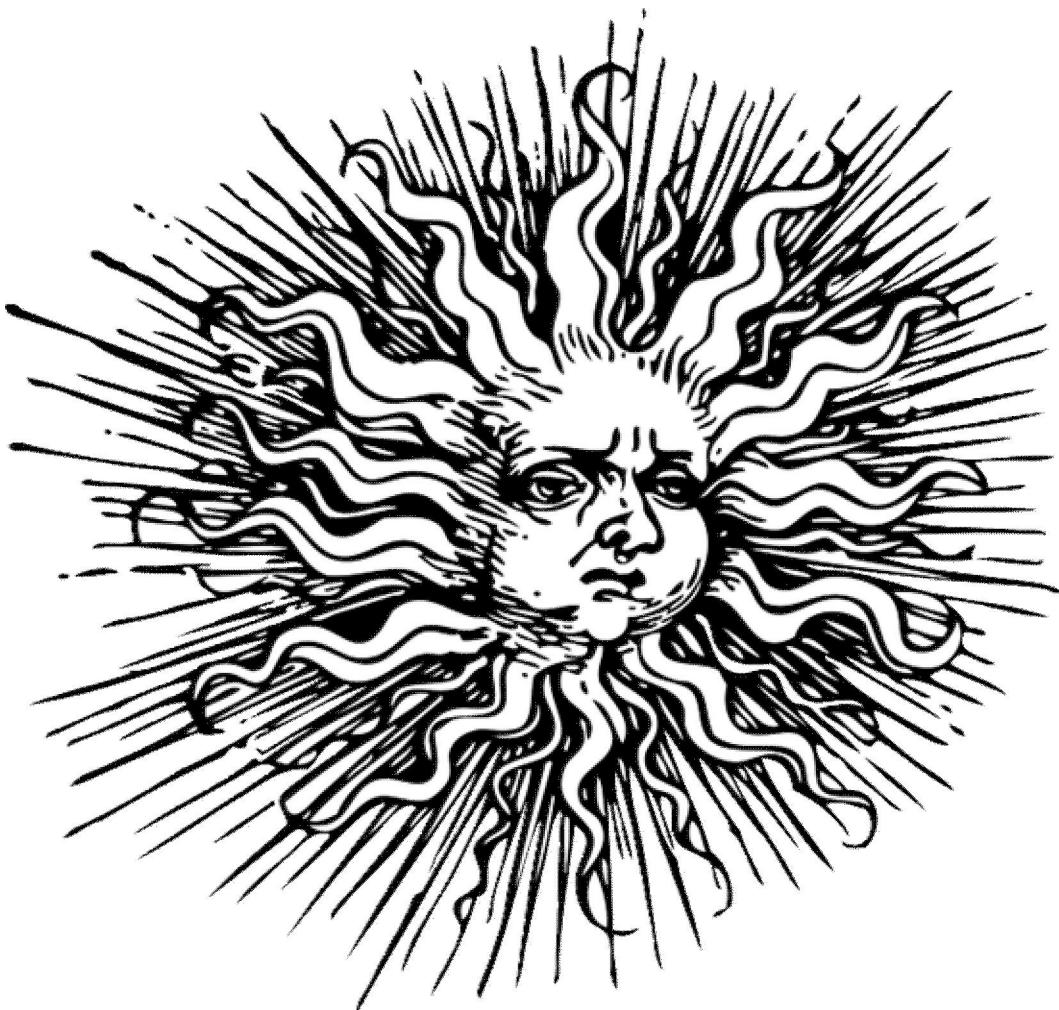


Pellinore

THE IMAGINE® MAGAZINE CAMPAIGN WORLD



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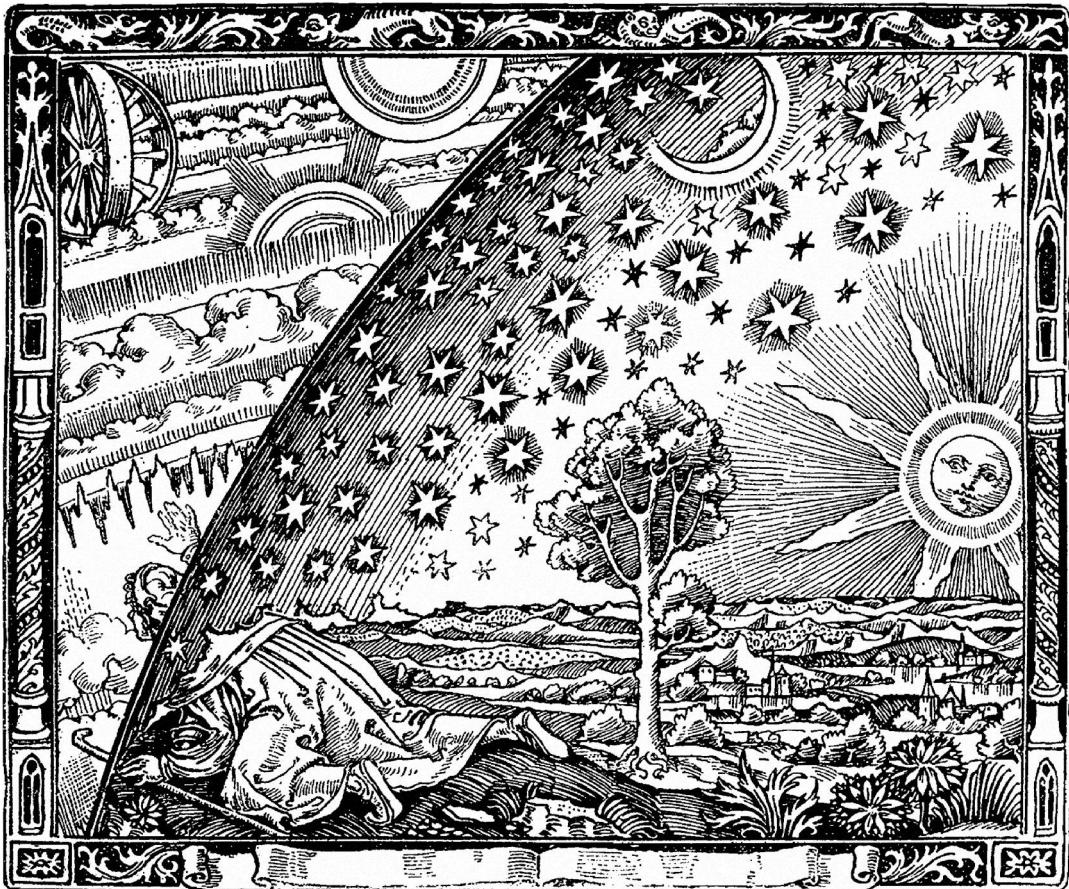
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PELINORE



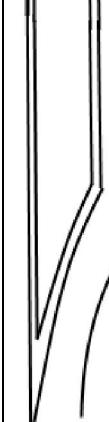
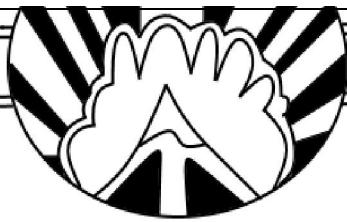
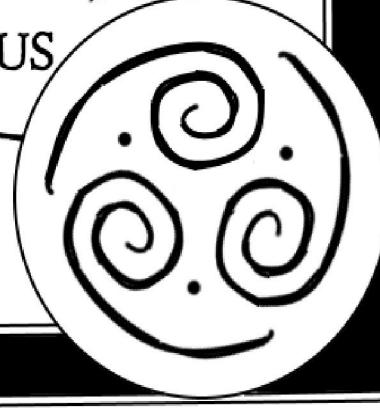
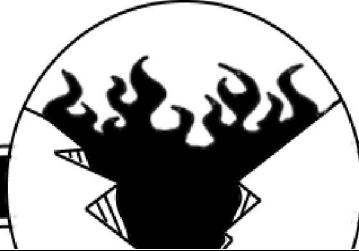
PART I: THE WORLD



PEL INORE



NOVIT HOC OMNIS,
ET ILLA EST SICUT DISCUS



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 LINES

The world of Pelinore is flat - everyone knows that - and its centre is at Worldheart. Now, you'll hear plenty of different opinions among sages about just what Worldheart is, but as yet no-one has travelled to the edges of the world and returned, so has nobody penetrated the mysteries of what lies at Worldheart. Rumour has it that a plain of grey land stretches from the edge of the world as far as the eye can see, that ships have sailed off the edge into nothingness, even that the world is round!

The civilised lands of Pelinore include the Theocratic Principalities, ruled with a rod of iron by the Council of Truth, the islands of the Splintered Lands with their myriad cultures, not all of which are 'human' by any means and the Tradecities of Xir, eternally squabbling with each other. Many places you might know of already; like Borth, that little port with the beacon (from **IMAGINE Magazine #1**), or once-proud Varit, destroyed in the war between two noble houses (**#3**). But these are just the beginning....

PELINORE - A READER'S GUIDE

All of these places - and many more - will be explored to come, creating solid background campaign material for DMs to draw upon. So how will Pelinore 'work'? We want it to do at least two jobs, and possibly a lot more as it develops. The first of these is the simplest - a section at the start of many modules will give the DM the location on Pelinore where the module is set, or in the case of Brief Encounters a suitable range of locations. It could also include some more general material related to Pelinore as a whole. Gradually this information will build up into a world setting. This will be advisory only, a DM will still be able to use any of the modules in his or her campaign (as happens now), but the overall result will be a campaign background for DMs to use as they wish, with as many of the magazine scenarios included as suits each group's needs.

Secondly, Pelinore gives us the opportunity to publish useful material that we haven't been able to use before, pieces that are too short, for example. We have always managed to avoid the trap of publishing endless lists of new monsters, magic items and spells without any form of context. We still won't produce lists, but with Pelinore to set things in there are all kinds of possibilities.

Take a city or town for instance. Sooner or later, the players want to come up out of the dungeon, or in from the wilderness and have their characters wander around a city of some sort. Yet DMs often have neither the time nor inclination to create a city - after all, it's a LOT of work. But all is not lost. One of the first Pelinorean 'GM aids' is going to detail a city building or two, the non-player characters who live there and occasionally a brief plot outline for an adventure that could involve a party. DMs will get, in the space of three or four issues, the basis of a thriving town/city for adventurers to explore when they are not down a dungeon.

All the buildings will relate to one overall city plan, but the city is going to be big - very big. Without straining the bounds of credibility, we want there to be enough room to allow lots of variety in the city. Its inhabitants and, above all, culture - an 'Arab' quarter, or a merchants' quarter or as many others as you can think up.

The buildings in the beginning are based around a small market square just inside the city's western gate. We have tried to provide all the facilities that a weary, battle-scarred group of hardy adventurers would need for rest and recuperation after a hard day's adventuring. Included are an inn, an armourer's, an apothecary, a farrier's, a small shrine or temple, a drinking house and a weaponsmith's. That starts things off nicely, but in time we hope to add much more: houses, villas, hovels, markets, pubs, taverns, bowyers, fletchers, theatres, slavers, boatmen, horse-traders, moneychangers, moneylenders, butchers, bakers, candlestickmakers, wheelrights, builders, sagas, shipwrights, all kinds of craftsmen, mapmakers, scribes, libraries, a city watch station (or two), prisons, a thieves guildhouse, a gambling den, a wizard's (very traditional) tower or ten, halls, courts, temples, shrines, amphitheatres, race-tracks.....

You'll find more information about the city - in broad terms - in the section called 'The City League'. On the larger scale Pelinore is at a similar stage of development. A good part of the map that exists (in very rough form) still has signs reading 'Here Be Dragons!' all over it. Beyond the edges of that map little else exists in solid, mapped form. Some places, people and happenings have been 'placed' — the City League, the seaport of Borth and the Beacon at Enon Tor, the Order of the Black Rose (**IMAGINE Magazine** #11), Rosebury (**IMAGINE Magazine** #6). These exist on Pelinore as it now stands. But although large parts of the world of Pelinore are not fully defined, some guidance can already be offered about what could be 'beyond the horizon,' through the offices of a Pelinorean institution which is the source of much wisdom - and occasional falsehood - about the world. This is the institution that holds the knowledge of Pelinore in its keeping; the Order of Heralds.

PELINORE - A WRITER'S GUIDE

One thing quickly becomes clear when you start designing a world; there's a lot of work! That's where you comes in. We're sure many of you will have plenty of ideas of your own. but for now, try thinking along the following lines:

1 . Pelinore - a land of adventure. We are always on the look-out for good scenarios, and with Pelinore around we will need even more. Those adventurers who have already triumphed in Borth or Rosebury or Braeme (**IMAGINE Magazine** #17) need more adventures to go on - adventures which link together to extend the world of Pelinore. Your adventure could take place in one of the places we have already described, or just over the horizon, extending the scope of the original module. For example, what has driven the creatures out of the wilderness to the south of Braeme in Black Roses?

2. The City League - virtually a world within a world. All of that, of course, means detailed descriptions for DMs to help them run the city in their campaigns. If you don't want to write a complete module, then how about a single building? The list given on this page shows you some of the possibilities, but we can only scratch the surface. The more writers who contribute. the more 'alive' the City League will be.

3. The Guilds - Pelinore's major institutions need properly defining. All sorts of Guilds, for anybody from Wizards and Thieves to Butchers, Bakers and Candlestickmakers, could provide employment for brave adventurers - or powerful opposition to such freebooters. It's up to you!

INTEGRATING PELINORE INTO YOUR GAME

Most players eventually find that merely adventuring in one separate scenario after another becomes more than a little boring after a while. The beginning of each new adventure always seems a bit contrived - just why were you travelling in the caravan across the desert when you were suddenly thrown into The Lost City? You wonder why it is that you never run into old adversaries again. At that point, your gaming stops being a series of individual adventures, and becomes a campaign.

The major point about a campaign is that it recognises that there is 'life' going on all over the fantasy world in which your characters live, not just in their immediate vicinity. Just like in the real world, there are events taking place on every level, from the grand sweep of mighty Empires, warring, plotting and shaping whole continents, to the mundane activities of the lowest animals. When a DM considers what kind of campaign is to be run, one of the first difficulties comes from knowing just what needs to be worked out, and what can be ignored for now.

Clearly, most of the activity will remain centred upon the player characters, and the places, people and monsters they are likely to encounter. A campaign gives players more choice. Before, if they had a home base at all, they always left it in the direction the DM required in order for them to find their way to the 'Lost Caverns under the Dark Mountains'.

Now, the DM has to provide material that covers all the possible routes the adventurers might take. If they go south, they will come to Bereduth, north takes them to the sea, and to possible adventure with the Kosrean pirates. And so on.

Pelinore is a vast world. indeed, its boundaries are limitless. No matter how far your adventurers journey, they will always find another land, with its own hazards and rewards - a world as large as you care to make it.

The concept of the world is that it will be revealed slowly and organically, one piece at a time, like a gigantic jigsaw puzzle. Or should we say three jigsaw puzzles....

Think of it another way. The focus of the initial campaign concentrates on one small, but important, part of the world of Pelinore, namely the City League. This city is a vast edifice, sprawling for miles in every direction, with a cast of millions to be discovered. it is designed as a potential home base. Characters can live near the Westmeet Square, visit the taverns of Docklands to pick up clues to an adventure, find rest and healing when the expedition is over. They may even find adventure directly in the City itself, falling foul of the law, perhaps becoming involved with the intrigues of its citizens, or just visiting the sights as tourists!

When you consider the world of Pelinore as a whole, the City League is a very tiny part, yet it is being viewed under maximum magnification, with the characters and places being presented in great detail. And because it is so large, the whole of the League can never be mapped in this way. This means that you, the DM, can create places and people of your own, and place them within the city. We've left plenty of room for you own invention - and if you want to play ultra-safe, then place your creation in 'the Communities'. We guarantee that we will never map or detail any part of this area of the League - it's an open space for you to build on.

If we now reduce the magnification a little, we can observe the same process at the next level. On the inside of the cover of this special edition, there is a map of the County of

Cerwyn - an area which surrounds the City League. This represents the next level of Pelinore, the encounters within easy reach of the home base, the short adventures. At this level of magnification, there is a little less detail, but more ground is covered. You can use Cerwyn in exactly the same way as you use the City League. Your player-characters can adventure in places that are already detailed - perhaps playing one or more of the scenarios in this booklet. Or you, as DM, can make up adventures of your own.

Think about what you already know about Cerwyn, and what you have told your players. Then find a location in Cerwyn that will support your idea - a lair in the Kahgaz Mountains, perhaps, or a bandit camp north-east of Wicbold. Once again, if you find something that contradicts your view of a place, an event or a person, change what we have written, or leave it out. Or if you want to play safe, set your idea in the small towns of Amfleat or Arncastle, or in any of the hexes around them. Once again, this is 'safe' territory - we will never publish hard details of these areas.

The regional map pulls the focus back one stage further still. Now other domains begin to appear, and wilder country. Your characters are wandering further afield, and the opportunities for the DM to place ideas of his or her own become even greater. This time, the safe area is all that expansive plain appearing to the South East of the Sarpath Peaks - a huge, wild region, where the mapmakers of the City League fear to tread.

For who yet knows what will be revealed when next the magnification is reduced. More domains - kingdoms, dukedoms, principalities, republics and the rest; mighty oceans and islands; lands on the very edge of the world, the brink of Chaos; diamond-bright citadels held fast by the immovable natural laws of Pelinore. The world of Pelinore will be revealed in tantalising chunks, dragging your players on into greater and greater adventure, further and further away from their humble beginnings in the City League...



THE BIG WIDE WORLD

RUNNING A CAMPAIGN

There are two important points to be recognised here. First, these notes contain information which ordinary characters would not normally get to know. If you feel it is necessary to pass some of this information on to your players do so slowly and carefully. Second, where we give you information about the world which can be given to your players, you should remember that this is knowledge free of local perspective. Remember that truth is relative. If the characters ask questions you should make the answers consistent with their background and the place where they are currently staying. The world as seen from High Lygol is a very different place from that seen from the high steppes.

The way that a DM presents information about a campaign world is one of the most important elements in the success of that campaign; it is one of the key skills in being a good DM. Pelinore is being presented in such a way that could almost mirror the development of a character's own knowledge, moving out from the original base of operations. The DM should consider all his knowledge about the campaign world to fall into one of three categories. The first is that of common knowledge — for example, a character in the City League is going to know about the County of Cerwyn, and the way the law is administered in the League, and what languages are spoken commonly around him, even if this information hasn't been revealed to that player yet. Therefore, if a player requests information that his or her character can reasonably be expected to know already, tell that player there and then. This will include a wide spread of information of a basic kind - prices of common items, locations of important buildings in the City where the characters live, where things can be found and so on. Bear in mind what you, the DM, and the player have agreed about the character: if the character is the son of a merchant, he is very likely to know something about foreign lands, while the daughter of a lawyer will know how to go about hiring a lawyer for a trial.

The second category is that of unobtainable information. Here you must be guided by the likely top-limit of the characters' experience levels. If your players are running 37th level mega-MUs, traipsing about the multiverse, then this category isn't going to include very much (what on Earth are you doing mincing around the City League anyway?).

However, at 'saner' levels, the DM can consider all sorts of knowledge beyond the realms of any character in Pelinore. Thus, you can safely ignore all knowledge of celestial mechanics, nuclear fusion theory and the Creation. Because of the unique character of Pelinore, we are going to be ignoring the so-called laws of physics, and what have you. This is fantasy —forget what you know about the ways planets and stars move. So, for example, you can present the information that Pelinore is a flat world merely by stating that that is somebody's opinion, or is a commonly-held 'truth'. Whether it is or not doesn't matter - as far as the playing of the game is concerned, the world is (currently) flat.

That last statement contains information belonging to the third category: that is to say information which is not common knowledge, but is obtainable somehow. A low-level character might never have heard that the world is flat, but it is possible that such information will be gained one day. Likewise, characters learn about greater magic, foreign lands, new inns or new creatures. This information will come from personal experience, or from interaction with NPCs. The more obscure it is, the harder it should be for player-characters to discover it. If a character in a new town asks where the nearest tavern is, that

needn't take long to discover, unless there are strange circumstances. If that same character wants to know where Worldheart is, the DM should start a lengthy chain of enquiry, with scraps of information from dozens of sources, at horrendous cost, and lots of false trails - assuming the DM wants the players to go looking for Worldheart in the first place. In dealing with information of this kind, don't be frightened to change the 'truth' according to the source of the information. If a character asks a LG priest what the meaning of life is, the answer will be very different from that given by a CE thief!

There is one additional complication to all this. Because we hope that you will use Pelinore as a base for your own ideas, as well as for all the previously published material, certain areas are 'blank', that is open for you to map and populate as you will. Thus far, we have designated three 'safe' areas, at three different levels of play, where we guarantee never to publish detail. There's nothing to stop you ignoring anything herein, of course, if it contradicts something that you have personally designed; but if you want to play safe, then drop your idea into one of the following: a) In the City League, all that area known as The Communities; b) In Cerwyn, the small towns of Amfleat and Arncastle and the surrounding areas; c) Beyond Cerwyn, the area SE of the Sarpath Peaks.

To those three we are now adding a fourth - the continent of Aurianne. This continent is marked on the sketch-map of Pelinore; it is yours to do with as you will, it is deliberately left open for the individual DM to detail as he or she sees fit.

Think hard about what you tell players when you DM. All the information you possess is like a gigantic library, and anyone ought to be able to get at it if they know where to look. This is one of the main pleasures and chief penalties of running a campaign -deciding what categories of information there are and how to leak it in a manner likely to pique the curiosity of your players. If you do a good job, the players will think that they are determining the course of their adventures and you will have a first class campaign. If you are using the City League you do have a large advantage, as there are many libraries that, as DM, you could have the players visit if there is something in particular you think they need to know. Their existence means that information about the world, its history, geography, politics, and population can be presented to the player characters at a reasonably early stage if you want.

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD

Unlike any other gaming environment, Pelinore is much, much more than just a world. It is a symbol of the central struggle of Opposites. Law and Chaos, Good and Evil, Beauty and Ugliness, Happiness and Misery; more than just a battleground, it is often the very battle itself. Throughout Pelinore, struggles for supremacy between these Opposites are taking place. Sometimes the struggles are major events sweeping across continents, sometimes they are private battles in mountain fastnesses. Characters could live out their lives unaware of any of this or be involved as prime movers. Philosophers and Sages who have studied these matters know that Harmony is the route to peace. In order to achieve Harmony the Opposites must reside side by side in tolerant mutual acceptance. This is not the way of many, not least the gods! Each group of gods has a vital interest in the maintenance of their own extreme - be it law, chaos, good, evil or whatever - and only those who are truly neutral recognise the need for Harmony.

As can be seen from the map, Pelinore is a big place. As DM you will need to be aware not only of the relative positions of named sites but also of how to discuss them with your players. It spoils the fun if you simply present them with a map; the best way to do it is, after you have placed your own designs where you want them, to 'leak' geographical information to the players based on what they can actually see or gather from local NPCs. The continental map is far too big ever to be used as a playing map. it can only serve as reference, and we will be filling in the 'blank' areas, concentrating on those parts of the world within easy travelling distance of the City League at first. Keep it clearly in mind when thinking about the World of Pelinore. And don't forget that the continent of Aurianne, just a hop, skip and a teleport away from the League, is yours to develop.

WORLDHEART

Over the years tales of a place called Worldheart have reached the ears of the wise. Rumoured to be precisely at the centre of Pelinore. Worldheart is said to be Harmony itself. These rumours are given credence because they seem to be borne out by the facts. As the centre of Pelinore is reached life becomes more Harmonious (and less exciting for adventurers). As the rim is approached so Harmony disappears, giving way to outbreaks of absolutes - areas of total chaos or order, good or evil, or strange mixtures of extremes. This is adventureland, and the parts of Pelinore we will be exploring are to be found here.

Some insist that Worldheart actually exists whilst others maintain it is merely a metaphysical place - to be dreamed of but never reached. Inevitably many have set off in search of this fabled spot, but if any found it is not known; none have returned to tell their tale. Indeed, it is not certain that a normal adventurer would recognise it. For such a normal adventurer would find this place completely incomprehensible having been brought up in a world where there is so little Harmony in anything. It is possible that only adventurers approaching true personal Harmony (some ascetic Druids, perhaps) would recognise, and thus see, Worldheart. One can even imagine a robust mixed group of players walking straight through the place and never knowing!

As some kind of abstract goal Worldheart is meaningful, but no adventurer could seriously expect to find it; so we, as designers, have no intention of defining it. It is there to provide background and reason to the strange alignments and ambitions of the inhabitants of Pelinore. By all means let your players and NPCs discuss it and seek it; but remember that those that approach the kind of mental attitude needed to see it would gradually stop wanting to — for all the usual reasons of greed and mayhem, anyway.

Around Worldheart grew up the Perfect Kingdoms, realms where it is said only the exalted may walk, though they walk with the Seven Great Kings. Further from the centre are other lands, from massive Empires to small Principalities, and beyond them still more lands, and seas, and yet more lands. And at each remove from the centre, from where Harmony is, other forces gain temporary dominance, and life is more precarious One such place is the area of those states known as the Theocratic Principalities, where everyone follows a Lawful Good alignment. Eventually, it is said, there is the Rim, where absolutes reign, allowing new forms to venture into existence. It is adventure incarnate, a frontier beyond which even the gods cannot remain unaltered.

GEOGRAPHY OF PELINORE

Pelinore is designed to accept the ideas of thousands of garners, therefore it has to be large. Just how large though.... well, what mere mortal is ever going to be able to map it all? The commonly accepted wisdom of the greatest (and most expensive!) sages in the City League is that the world is like a plate with a ragged edge. From Worldheart to the closest point on the Rim is impossible to measure - is it constant anyway? - but, at the very least, the distance must be many thousands of leagues. Likewise, no-one has ever managed to find out how deep the world is, but there must be a reasonable amount of substance under the surface, or a few more miners would have disappeared.... (incidentally, many Dwarves believe in a God of Miners who waits on the other side with a net).

Quickly through a few basics. Yes, there is gravity (but not always - and not always to the same extent or in the same direction!); yes, there is an atmosphere, several miles high; yes, there are volcanoes, tapping a huge well of magma beneath the surface of Worldheart itself, and channelled through ducts to the outer lands; yes, there are stars, and one of them acts as a Pole Star for the measurement of direction (although some churches prefer to use maps that accept only Worldheart as a fixed point, no matter how distant). Climate works very differently, with centres of energy around which pressure centres are formed. Weather conditions tend to be very localised, particularly close to the Rim. The climate is stable and boring at Worldheart, growing progressively wilder and more interesting further out. The area around the City League is fairly temperate, with a high pressure centre to the south-east in the Steppe country, and a low pressure centre off to the west over the sea. Because these centres 'pulse', there are 'seasonal' variations of a sort. In 'winter', the wind is westerly, wet and very cold, while the 'summer' sees week after week of a monotonous hot wind known as the Sarpathic, after the range of mountains it passes over.

The City League lies between Worldheart and the Rim though as no-one your players is likely to meet will know exactly where, it will be easy for you to be indefinite. The geography of the area immediately around the City League and the County of Cerwyn is shown on the regional map. It is reasonable to assume that most of this area will be vaguely known by most player-characters, and that their birthplace is likely to fall within its bounds.



TIME

Time runs naturally throughout Pelinore - even close to the Rim, clocks run quite smoothly. The units of time are very similar to those we are used to, although the rationale is very different. The year is measured by watching the Pole Star, which appears to be higher in the sky in the 'summer'. Careful measurement of this change has led scholars to work out their 'year' as 360 days. These are quite arbitrarily divided into ten equal 'months', which most people near the League name after the usual events of that time of year (see the table below). The 'week' is another arbitrary division, which varies in many countries. In the City League and neighbouring states there are five 'weeks' of seven days in each month, with the thirty-sixth day being designated the Month-day, a holiday.

Scholars differ as to how day and night occur. Some maintain the existence of a War of Light being waged by the gods though they are hard pressed to explain the regularity of the alternate periods. Others say that the Celestial Dragon is eternally circling Pelinore breathing great flame to provide light (and incidentally causing clouds and meteorological anomalies on the way). Yet others say the light comes through a tiny hole in the sky which at night is closed. Whatever the truth Pelinore is subjected to nights and days and sunsets and sunrises in the 'normal' way (the best course is not to worry too much about it).

MONTHS of the YEAR		DAYS of the WEEK	
City League	Cerwyn	Xir	the WEEK
Parade	Festival	Newtax	Kerdreth
Shriven	Shrivetide	Grain	Lian
Dibble	Delve	Seacalm	Avann
Afterdibble	Easetide	Earlycrop	Movenlidreth
Tarmenine	Tarmen	Highwine	Theros
Armstide	Joy	Harvest	Preas-ir-khan
Harvest	Harvest	Afterharvest	Obrerra
Revel	Bration	Lasttrade	
Evenmas	Evenmas	Store	
Pharastine	Pharast	Account	

Tarmenine, Tarmen, Pharastine and Pharast are named after local deities (see **The Gods of Pelinore**) and Armstide is named after the Katar (Master-at-Arms). The Xir calendar is widely used by journeying classes. Normal notation is for individual days to be named, then the number of the week, the month, then the year: thus Kerdreth 1 Festival is New Year's Day, and Pharast Month-Day is the last day of the Cerwyn year.

THE GODS OF PELINORE

INTRODUCTION

The gods of Pelinore are numerous; some famous, some obscure. They live in their own plane and cannot leave it, but are able to project a tangible 'form' onto the prime material plane which might appear as a person, a creature or even an artifact. In this way the gods may interfere with day-to-day life. What is more, this is the only way the gods may interact one with another. The material form can be hurt or killed, but this has no effect whatsoever on the god, who can create another at will.

Different gods have different attitudes to clerics and followers. Some roundly ignore both, others interfere quite often. No god can control followers - those who choose to worship cannot be stopped; but the gods can force clerics to adopt certain standards, both in the shrines and outside them. For example, a god may insist that clerics and all worshippers must be neutral and will refuse to give the clerics their full quota of spells if non-neutral worshippers are admitted to holy places.

THE NATURE OF THE GODS

Pelinore as a physical place exists in a near-void. Beyond the Rim, existence has no meaning. Individual DMs should interpret this in any way they choose, for some high-level campaigns might wish to make this 'void' the source of extra-dimensional or temporal adventures. But whatever is beyond the edge of the world, that is where the immortals came from, attracted to Pelinore because of its physical reality. The Gods are immortals, because nothing can ever happen to their 'true selves'; those Gods who suffer 'death' while meddling in Pelinore merely return to the void and continue as before.

The Gods were initially quite powerless to act in this new world, except to use it as a place for their own encounters of love and hate, but it proved possible for them to do much more once intelligent beings began to believe in them. At this point, they became deities as we think of them, able to alter physical reality, either directly, or through their servants. Each took on some aspect; the sky, war, love, weather - many aspects proving popular, and being duplicated. The Gods worshipped in the Domains are merely the strongest in that part of Pelinore, where they are supported by believers and clerics. Elsewhere, there might be another Sky-God than Tarmenel, and should the worship of a God wane, that God will become steadily less powerful to do anything about it (as in the case of Malsenn, see [Imagine #26, Tellhalter](#)).

It is through the influence of Gods that Pelinore has become the way it is. Individual Gods find it difficult to hold large numbers of followers over vast tracts of land. Thus Gods, and therefore religions, temples and clerics, tend to be concentrated in specific places. Where a particular God, or group of Gods, are particularly influential, such a place can take on the 'character' of the deities concerned; thus the Theocratic Principalities, ruled by deities of Lawful Good alignment, are an area where acts of Chaos just do not occur. There are many other areas of an 'extreme' nature, and, of course, there is constant struggle between the Gods for supremacy. As already has been seen, in the Domains, and even beyond Bereduth, the greatest of these struggles is between Tarmenel and Pharastus, but there are many others.

All this poses one question for player character clerics; how do they get their spells? Spells can still be treated as power granted to the most loyal servants of a deity to further that deity's objectives. That power will still be available, even when clerics are far from home, unless they are in a place completely dominated by a differing alignment. Otherwise, the only difference is that it will be virtually impossible to find a temple or clerics of your religion. Other clerics, worshipping a God of the same aspect and alignment as yours, might help, or they might think your God was trying to make a take-over bid!

THE STORY OF THE GODS

In the early days of Time, the God Urrumaa moved Hubwards from the Rim. Coming as far Hubwards as he dared - the powers of Gods are lessened close to Worldheart - he found the area now known as the Domains sparsely populated by Gods. Only the ancient deity who appeared as the Green Man and Gnome-God Maggirumnar were in the area, but many Humans were moving in at the same time. Urrumaa, probably with a mate, produced two children: a daughter Ledeii, whom he placed in charge of the laws of humans; and a son, Csthenkes, whom he made responsible for their freedoms. Since the humans seemed to need something to follow, this, he believed, would provide it for them.

But this wasn't enough for the humans. They needed more than just laws and freedom, so from the Gods of Dontaldur and the Splintered Lands Urrumaa found a God of Love, Mordrenn, to marry Ledeii, and a Goddess of War, Keisha, to marry Csthenkes, and represent the other concerns of mortal life. Mordrenn and Ledeii had two children, again one boy and one girl. Eldest was the girl, Fianna, who learned both her parents' skills and by tempering Law with Love became the Goddess of Judgment. Their son Valbure was apprenticed to Maggirumnar to bring the Humans and Gnomes closer together, and from this apprenticeship Valbure became a great swordsmith.

Keisha and Csthenkes had three sons. The eldest, Tarmenel, became the God of the Sky and married the beautiful Fianna. Together, they had one son, Rissinis, who took over the responsibility for the weather over the sea from his father. The middle son, Saith, studied his mother's arts of war but rejected his father's belief in the importance of freedom, choosing instead the path of discipline. Their third son, Pharastus, was annoyed at the popularity of his brothers and lack of any clear area of responsibility for him to take on, and he grew up bitter and vengeful. He began associating with non-humans and their Gods - the Orcs and Giants. Seeing that Pharastus was unhappy, his parents went back to Keisha's kin for a suitable bride, a beautiful Sea Goddess called Onjura. For a while, Pharastus was happy, and the world was a rich and peaceful place, and during this time Pharastus and Onjura produced one child, who was later to become the Forgotten God.

Onjura's arrival was ultimately to change both the Gods and World. The seas around the Domains were the province of a sahuagin God now known to humans as Abex/Sritanna. The sea-elf worshippers who followed Onjura to the Domains found themselves in a bad position - although the sahuagins were not unfriendly, they would not allow the sea-elves to move into their territory. Incident followed incident, and gradually relationships deteriorated, until the sahuagins and sea-elves were at war, killing each other whenever they got the chance - a war which is still going on. Onjura appealed for help for her worshippers from the other Gods, but only Pharastus made any real effort to help her, and he had few worshippers. The other Gods pointed out that their followers were helpless beneath the

water. so Onjura's elves died. The formerly bright, happy sea-Goddess became a grim, unhappy deity mourning her losses.

Enraged by what he saw as their callous abandoning of the elves, Pharastus decided to revenge himself on the other Gods by calling upon the worshippers of his friends to attack the human lands. Many and great were the battles of that era, and they were not all in the World. Hardest hit were Ledeeii (who had said "They are in the wrong, they are invading the sahuagin lands") and Maggirumnar (whose followers occupied the lands most desired by the Orcs and Giants), both of whom were so weakened by the rush of sneak attacks on their worshippers that the combined might of Pharastus and the Orc and Giant gods was enough to vanquish them. The defeat of these two caused the rest of the Gods to unite to crush the rebellion, although not all of them joined in whole-heartedly: Keisha assisted both sides by spreading rumours, both true and false, and advice on battle-tactics; Csthenkes, seeing civil war between his sons, was unsure of what to do, and stood by and dithered; and, of course, no-one knows which side the Forgotten God was on.

Gradually, painfully, the Gods crushed their foes, revenging themselves on the Orc and Giant gods and doing their best to devise some way of killing Pharastus (the Gods are nothing if not resilient and the Gods of the Orcs and Giants have re-emerged, probably through the persistence of their followers; but they now confine their affairs to those of the non-human deities who have their own petty squabbles). It is a measure of the frustration and anger of the alliance that they even attempted the impossible - the killing of a God. Keisha argued for banishment instead. and so it was that Pharastus was sent to Shadowland, the lands of the Dead. Frustrated at his survival, the other gods turned on Keisha and, as appropriate punishment, tore her into three parts, so that in future she could side whole-heartedly with both sides in a dispute (although the effect of this on her powers meant that it wouldn't really matter which side she was on). The three resulting entities, Grea, Hrea, and Trea, were each impregnated to prevent them re-fusing.

Mordrenn, severely weakened by the loss of most of his clerics (who shared the temples of Ledeeii) was confused in mortal minds with the images of Ledeeii, whose strict regimentation and desire for human sacrifices did not merge well with a god of Love, so lovers sacrificed to the kinder Fianna, and ultimately to Mielsen; but the remnants of Mordrenn's cult lasted until the fall of the Almete Empire a mere 1400 years ago. Csthenkes, now confused and weary, had been deserted by most of his worshippers, who had turned to the other Gods to find some more positive leadership than "Do as you feel is right". He decided that nothing was worth the effort it took; nothing can be achieved without discipline, but the sole purpose of discipline is to gain freedom. which is the antithesis of discipline. He became the deity of despair.

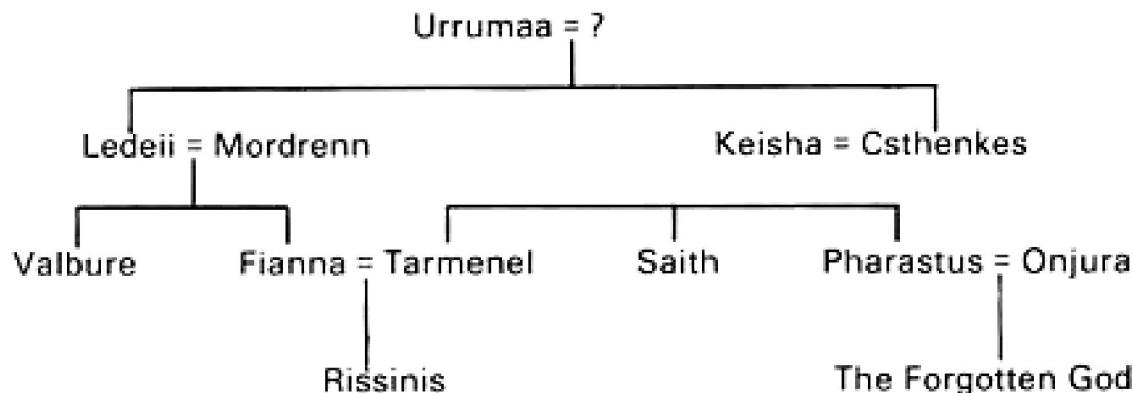
Ledeii's position as spiritual leader of the disciplined, uncaring humans was taken by Abex the sahuagin-god, although diverting his attention to do so allowed the last remnants of Onjuna's sea-elves to entrench and hold out long enough to get the population back up to a viable level.

Valbure was possibly the least-affected of the Gods, coming through the Godswar without damage. As one of the Gods who beat Keisha, he fathered Fealans on Grea. Similarly, although more hurt by the fight against his brother. Tarmenel was not seriously damaged and fathered Mielsen on Trea.

Fianna's losses through the Godswar were mostly made up for by extra support she gained from mortal lovers after the War, and was able to support her husband's recovery through this extra strength. Saith, leader of the Gods' forces (he had to prove himself - like Pharastus he had no area of responsibility, he was "just another warrior-god") found himself the deity responsible for Vengeance, his few remaining worshippers all good, powerful warriors and clerics. So he decreed that his followers should be as highly trained as possible, and the setting up of Schools of the Warrior Arts for all his worshippers ensured a good supply of paladins among his followers. His son by Hrea, Dayleeh, was inspired by his example and has followed in setting up rigorous regimes for his worshippers to follow.

Onjura, never banished but able to reach Shadowland because of her psychic links with Pharastus, now acts as her embittered husband's contact with the Gods and mortals, and on her travels to visit him she accompanies the souls of the Dead through the perils of the Planes Between. As such, she is worshipped by all those who have lost a loved one, despite her connections with the god of Death.

Knowledge of the non-humans and their deities has never been sure and their origins are obscure. Some scholars tell the following tale; the races of Gnomes, Orcs, and Giants, left without Gods watching over them for a time and starting from small, scattered populations, diverged widely. The Gnomes in the mountains became taller, stronger and more fierce, and developed into the race known as dwarves. those in the lowlands became Smaller and more peaceful, becoming the halflings we know so well, and the Gnomes in the hills, in contact with both other races and living in the area they have always favoured anyway, stayed as they were to this day. Similarly, the Orcs diverged into the now-familiar humanoid races, goblins, ogres, and so on - but not kobolds, who are descended from some of Abex's sahuagin cut off from the ocean by the war. And the Giants developed into all the Giant races we know today. These new races developed new gods that stand alongside the old. Most of these cannot stand comparison with the real Gods, of course, with the exception, perhaps, of the dwarf-God Grunnundergon who was the Net-God before the Godswar and was chosen by the new dwarves of the mountains. Of course, the idea of the races being linked in this way is the purest obscenity to any member of the races concerned, so it's not advisable to repeat this theory in public!



THE GODS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS

In Pelinore, where the Gods themselves need followers if they are to exist, the choices PCs make when they are considering which to follow matter a great deal. The clerics of each deity are expected to 'recruit' believers at every opportunity, and PC clerics should never miss an opportunity to show the local populace just how wonderful their deity is. There are three types of 'worship'. Believers merely accept that the God exists; typical believers in the god Fealans would make a small donation at a temple in return for the good fortune that brought them some little treasure. Naturally, it is possible for an individual to believe in any number of deities, and most ordinary NPCs will have their own pantheon of preferred Gods. Followers are more dedicated, and act in dedication to one, or occasionally a larger number, of deities. Regular visits to temples, donations and favours will occupy much time and money. A follower of Mielsen would give the finest treasure to the nearest temple, and would spend time thinking up poetry, or pursuing a quest for a coveted member of the opposite sex. Lastly, of course, there are clerics, who dedicate themselves professionally.

It is possible that characters will change preferred deities (Mielsen might only be followed when a new love appears), or that they will ignore them all, but remember - the deities of Pelinore act only in their own interests; clerics will receive no spells, followers can expect no heavenly intercession when things go wrong unless the deity has received proper worship - and is in the mood to help! It's no good calling on Valbure the first time your sword breaks unless you have proven yourself worthy.

ABEX / SRITANNA

- GOD OF CHARISMA AND DOMINANCE -

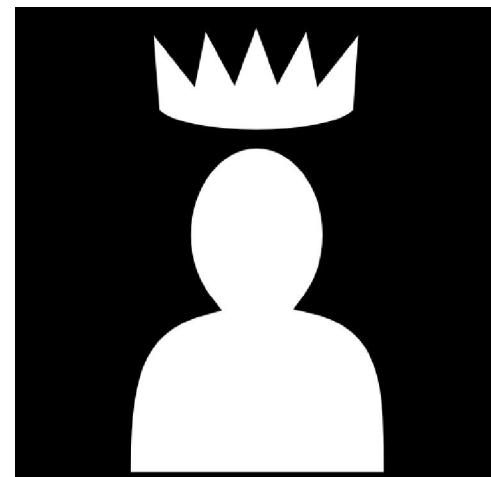
Gods' Alignment: Lawful Evil

Clerics' Alignment: Any Evil

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: For each point of Ch over 14, victim's saving throw vs. *quest* or *command* is reduced by 1. *Control undead* at 1st level better than normal. Gain *hold person* as MUs at a power at 5th level. Cannot use *bless*, *chant*, *resist cold*, *resist fire*, *prayer* or *feign death*. Min Ch 15

Clerics' Weapons: May use whip

Formerly a deity worshipped by sahuagin; now 'borrowed' by certain men. Followers can be of any alignment but are normally fighters. This god values worship through deeds; the more others fear the clerics (all LE, Ch 15+), the higher they are in the god's esteem. Abex/Sritanna never intervenes directly, but can offer advice on the best route to power. This must be obeyed or the god will slay the follower without a second thought. Always appears in male form (Abex) to females and in female form (Sritanna) to males.



CSTHENKES

- GOD OF DESPAIR -

Gods' Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Only 1st-level Clerics

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Only those without hope turn to this god of pessimism and defeat. The clerics who serve him give up all hope of worldly wealth, achievement or progression and so remain forever at first level. Csthenkes never interferes in the prime material plane and when those whose final hour has come turn to him, he will accept their homage but do nothing.



DAYLEEH

- GOD OF VIGOUR -

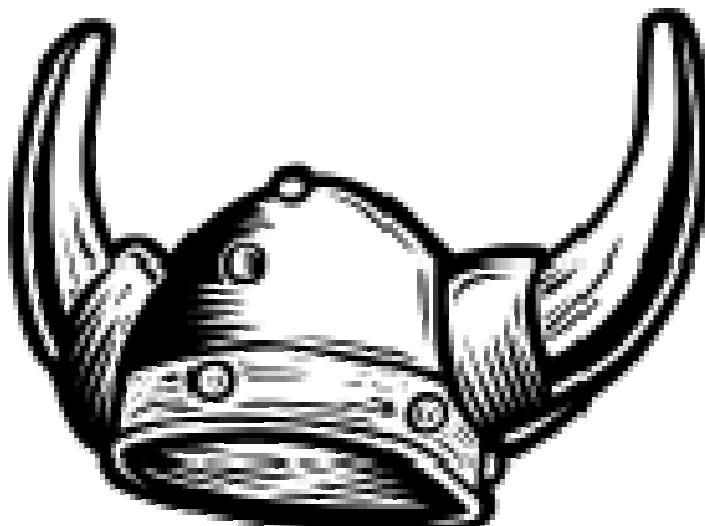
Gods' Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any Lawful

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Gain 1 point of Constitution at 3/5/7/9 levels. Spend 4 hours every day in worship / training to gain spells (in addition to normal requirements)

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Dayleeh is worshipped in the civilised fleshpots of the Domains. Clerics value physical prowess and achievement as much as spirituality. Throughout the Domains, many Circuses and Arenas are dedicated to Dayleeh and those who compete there make ritual obeisance. Despite neutral alignment, Dayleeh ruthlessly demands that all clerics adhere rigidly to their regimen of physical activity. Even when adventuring, clerics of this god must put aside the required time to earn their daily spells.



FEALANS

- GOD OF PRETTY THINGS -

Gods' Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Must have been at least T3 before converting to cleric. Gain all *detect* spells one level earlier than usual

Clerics' Weapons: Leather armour only, no shields

By implication, also a god of thieves. Fealans is a great meddler in the affairs of Pelinore at a trivial level, appearing as a child or magpie. Followers are normally neutral in some respect - Fealans is not an 'extremist'. They can be detected through their habit of carrying a painted tile with a likeness of a gem or some similarly valuable item.

Temples are normally small. Although a target for other thieves and the authorities due to reputation for great wealth, they usually hold little of value as donations are spirited away to some secret location. This gives rise to further rumours of huge hidden hoards.

Clerics must once have been thieves. They disdain all armour and most other forms of clothing. Believers eschew all weapons except - in extremis - daggers (of the best possible quality).

FIANNA

- GODDESS OF JUDGMENT -

God's Alignment: Chaotic Good

Clerics' Alignment: Any Chaotic

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Clerics may be male or female, human or half-elven, and must have a charisma of 12+. They may only reach 5th-level if they have Cha 15+, in which case they gain one point of charisma at 5th-level. Likewise, they must have Cha 18+ to reach 9th level, when they gain another point (this can put their charisma up to 20, or even 21 if a **tome of leadership & influence** has been used). The year's major ceremonies are on the Equinoxes. *Detect lie* is a third level spell (*undetectable lie* is still fourth).

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Lady Fianna, since she will be unfamiliar to many of you, who have spent your lives in the Country of Cerwyn. She is the daughter of Ledeii and Mordrenn, taking some of the attributes of each in her position as Goddess of Judgment, tempering a strict interpretation of the Law with the mitigating circumstances of Love. She takes after her father more than her mother, being generous and good. Indeed, until she trained Mielsen to take over the position she succeeded her father as Goddess of Love for a while. Her training of Mielsen to take over the role was her own idea: she felt that a God of Love should not have militarised followers, but as Goddess of Judgment she needed the power to back up her judgment. She also instilled in him an abhorrence of violence, to discourage his followers from becoming



violent - she had seen the effect on Mordrenn of his followers going into battle and wanted to spare Mielsen that pain. The temples and priests of Mielsen rely on the warriors of the cults she has been able to persuade to support her: Saith's paladins, Tarmenel's warriors, and of course her own.

These are the deities with whom she is on the best terms, and her followers are under instruction to help their cults in any way they can without asking payment, the importance of solidarity between the Gods having been partially learned in the Godswar. The same injunction applies to Mielsen's cult, obviously, and her own son Rissinis' followers. On the contrary, followers of Abex or Pharastus or the humanoid-gods are fair game. By siding with the god-killers they have, she feels, judged themselves. But followers of Onjura, who nowadays are limited to a few sea-elves who don't worship the newer sea-elf gods, are able to ask her help, for they are the victims as much as anyone, since their only fault was that their ancestors followed their deity to her new home, even though that home was someone else's territory. This is the best example of the tempering of Law with Love she represents, as reflected in her Holy Symbol; a set of scales, with a Book of Law exactly balancing a heart.

This idea that Law is not absolute, incidentally, is the reason that the worship of Fianna has been suppressed in Cerwyn, but it isn't easy to enforce. After all, her priests can claim help from those of her husband Tarmenel and her other allies, and it is impossible to tell what is going on in private services in the Temples and, just to add insult, Tarmenel's Temple Without Doors which dominates the City League's skyline is topped by the Hand of Fianna above the Floor of Judgment.

GREA, HREA AND TREA

- THE DISSEMBLERS -

Gods' Alignment: Chaotic Good (Grea), Chaotic Neutral (Hrea), Chaotic Evil (Trea)

Clerics' Alignment: Any Chaotic

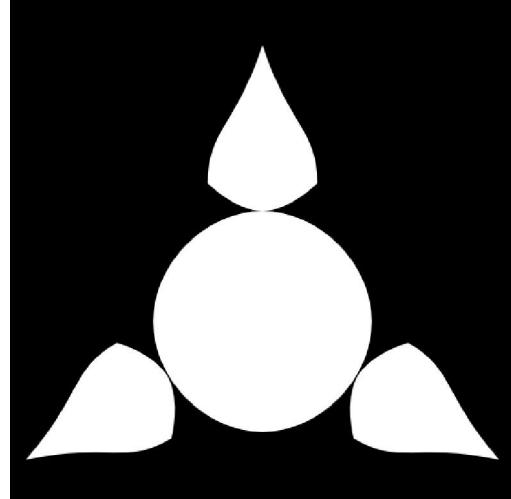
Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Immune to *detect lie*. Gain *change self* at 3rd, *misdirection* at 5th, *non-detection* at 7th level. Learn these as normal. May not use *augury*, *commune*, *divination*, *true seeing* or *know alignment*.

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Grea is the White Liar. She lies for fear that truth will hurt the hearer; she is invoked by lovers and others in matters of the heart. She is the patron, however temporary, of those who lie to help their fellows.

Hrea is the Grey Liar. She tells untruths and spins a web of deceit and illusion for no reason. She is capable of lacing her lies with a small dose of truth to give them substance. Hrea is far from malicious, she is simply indifferent to the fate of her fictions. Hrea is the sister invoked by musicians, poets or playwrights. She is also, as mistress of illusions, increasingly seen as a patron suitable for illusionists and diplomats; indeed all those who live by not revealing the whole truth.

Trea is the Black Liar. She lies to cause pain and deceive for ill-purposes. She is invoked in war by spies, diplomats, lawyers, the guilty and the cruel. Those who lie out of



habit are thralls of Trea. Because of her black nature, her most devoted followers are sometimes unable to distinguish truth from falsehood even where it stares them in the face.

The sisters have a unified clergy, who profess to follow all three equally, though each wears the colours of their chosen Mistress of Untruth. Naturally, the Temples emphasise the worship of Grea and Hrea, while keeping Trea in her proper place - the darkness at the heart of the Temple and all lies...

Their temples thrive in a modest way as almost everyone tells lies - and feels the need to make donations so these are never discovered.

THE GREEN MAN

- GOD OF GROWTH AND ABUNDANCE -

God's Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any Neutral

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Must become moderately intoxicated before acquiring spells

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

The Green Man concerns himself with the plants and creatures of the natural, mundane world. He is interested in the produce of nature, especially that used in the making of beers, ales and wines. This is reflected by his symbol, the hop — foundation of the finest ales. He projects many guises (gardener, brewer, forester, etc.) for his dealings with mortals amongst whom he favours the simple folk of the countryside. Known by many regional names (the Green Man, Barleycorn and Mother Nature's Son are but three), he is called upon by peasants and smallholders dependent on the whims of nature to increase their crops and to help them celebrate harvest in the manner that only he can.

His love of living creatures is broadcast by his songs. Many and beautiful they are! These songs are his peculiar magic and he uses them to encourage life to grow and prosper to his will. The Green Man is rarely found without a song on his lips and never without one in his heart.

The Green Man has few permanent worshippers. Some, however, choose him as their patron deity. although he takes little interest in them and will only influence the spheres of natural abundance. His clerics must become moderately intoxicated before sleeping in order to regain their spells. Many druids respect him.



GRUNNUNDERGRON

- DWARVEN GOD OF MINING -

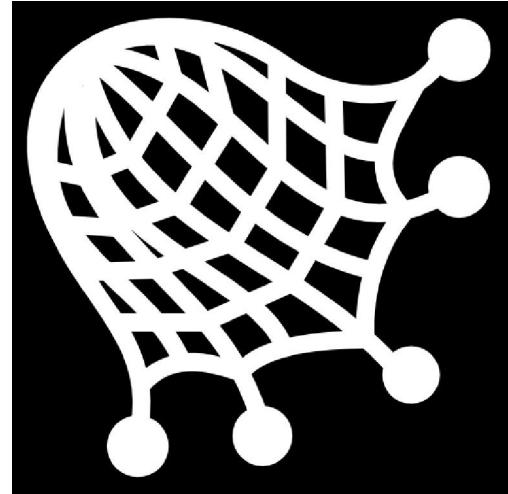
God's Alignment: Chaotic

Clerics' Alignment: Any

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Dwarves only – no special abilities

Clerics' Weapons: May use pick

Grunnundergon is the god dwarves look to for maintaining safety in the mines. Although he now has been given full responsibility for all mining activities by his followers, his origins were much more specific. He was originally the Net god, who caught dwarves who mined too deep and fell through the underside of the earth.



HESLOR

- GOD OF FIRE / WAR -

God's Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any Chaotic or Neutral

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: +1 damage in melee. +2 Saving Throw against all fire/heat attacks. *Resist fire, cure serious wounds, cure critical wounds, flamestrike* and other fire/healing spells 1 level earlier. No turning ability. May not retreat from combat.

Clerics' Weapons: Any; use oil as missile



Heslor is a deity who has left his great days behind him. Once worshipped throughout the Domains by all those who engaged in warfare, he has now hardly five temples to his name, as fighting men turned to Valbure. A few followers uphold his worship still, although he is now mostly a god revered by humanoid tribes (particularly bugbears and gnolls), and has taken on the elemental aspect of being a fire deity. Now his domain is the damage of life and property through war and fire.

Most remaining Heslor clerics attach themselves to the staffs of military men where they urge them into battle and to raze towns and villages. The destructive nature of those humanoids that worship him is caused by this battle-lust, fuelled by martial shamans.

Followers are all male, usually lighters, and mostly chaotic or neutral in alignment. Such temples as do exist are small, offering hospitality to lighters – particularly wounded ones who can be nursed back into the fray. One such temple is hidden in the New City area of the City League. Most of the others are in Bereduth, although there is one near Cloke in SW Cerwyn.

MIELSEN

- GOD/GODDESS OF ROMANCE -

God's Alignment: Chaotic Good

Clerics' Alignment: Any non-Evil

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: No *cure* spells, gain *detect/dispel* spells 1 level earlier. Non-combative. If forced, fight at -5, lose all spells until forgiven.

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Mielsen has temples in every major town or city and occasionally in unexpected locations. These take the form of open gardens bestrewn with flowers and shady walkways, often with a complicated maze leading to the shrine. Worshippers are expected to bring something of beauty as a love token; a painting, fine fabrics or jewels are most usual.

Clerics perform marriages, birth ceremonies and record oaths. They also brew love philtres, but only to administer to two willing parties.



ONJURA THE WEEPER

- GODDESS OF MOURNING AND DEPARTURES -

God's Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any neutral

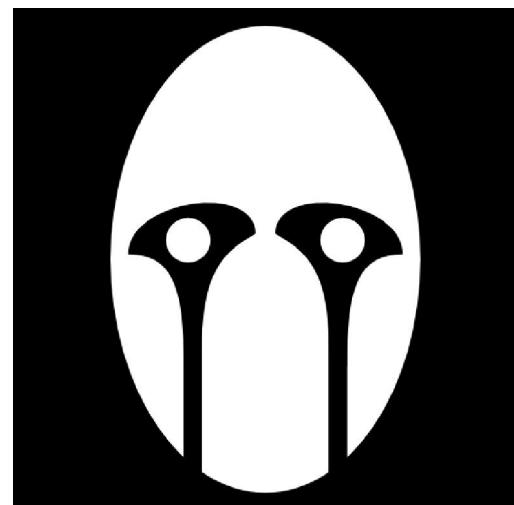
Changes to Clerics' Abilities: No *cures, resurrection* or *light* (*darkness* is available).

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Onjura is not a goddess of death, nor is she connected with the afterlife. It is her function to watch over the journey of the soul from the world to its final destination, wherever that may be. Onjura is also the goddess of mourners, although she gives no comfort, save the knowledge that the dead will be cared for - at least for a little while longer.

Onjura's clerics officiate at funerals (usually in addition to clerics of whatever god the deceased worshipped) and gather temple funds in payment for their services at this ceremony. Servants of Onjura dig graves and maintain graveyards and extract a toll from relatives for doing so. They also act as "professional mourners" when required, weeping and wailing over the corpse. It is not unusual for wills to include a small sum set aside for this and it is believed that for truly massive donations Onjura's clerics will provide surrogate wives, husbands or concubines to be thrown onto funeral pyres, if this is required.

Onjura is often invoked before taking leave on journeys. Small statuettes of the goddess may be placed at the mouths of harbours. Next to outside gates or doors, or on headlands (where she can watch the departed ship for the longest period).



PHARASTUS

- GOD OF DEATH -

God's Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Clerics' Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Turn paladins 2 levels better than normal. No *cures* or *resurrection*. When fighting at 4 hp or lower, enter 'death frenzy' and fight on for 1-4 rounds at 2 attacks per round

Clerics' Weapons: May use edged weapons

As god of death and all things evil associated with death, Pharastus is not worshipped publicly at all.

Indeed, were it not for his æons old hatred of Tarmenel, his name might never have arisen above the low murmurings of his evil acolytes. As it is, following his persecution of Tarmenel's priests, Pharastus is not only well known as the god of killing, murder, mutilation and mayhem, but his name has become synonymous with all of these things.

None will ever admit to worshipping this god and no cleric will ever confess to following him. However, secret, evil shrines exist throughout Pelinore and it is safe to assume that any town of any size will have some vile reminder of this deity.

RISSINIS

- GOD OF FISHING -

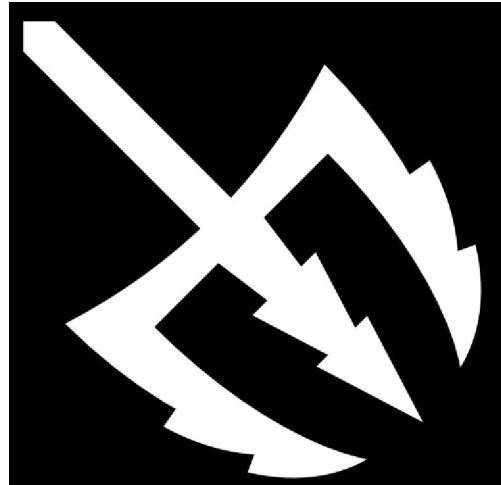
God's Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Cannot *locate object* through earth or rock. No *stone tell* or *earthquake* spells.

Clerics' Weapons: May use trident

Worshipped widely throughout the Domains, Rissinis intervenes most regularly to save the lives of worshippers threatened by bad weather or other misfortune while fishing at sea. Clerics are drawn from the ranks of the saved, and operate a simple religion based on the observance of obscure rituals rather than spell-casting.



SAITH THE PROTECTOR

- GOD OF VENGEANCE, GIVER OF LAW -

God's Alignment: Lawful Good

Clerics' Alignment: Lawful Good

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: No *raise dead*, *resurrection*, *regenerate* or *atonement*. *Cure disease* as Paladins upon reaching C3. Get *quest* as 3rd level spell

Clerics' Weapons: Standard

Saith is a violent god at times, but compassionate. in his aspect as a warrior he is favoured by paladins, who make up the bulk of his followers. In his peaceful aspect he is a healer. especially of plague and pestilence; a bringer of plenty after famine; the ender of pain and strife. The common populace often turn to Saith for deliverance in times of siege or plague.

Those clerics who do follow Saith are men and women of a scrupulously lawful and good nature. They are the ones who serve the god in his peaceful aspects, bringing succour to those who suffer – and collecting tithes for doing so. The warlike aspects of Saith are served by paladins, for whom his vengeance taking on the forces of evil are seen as the model for paladin-like behaviour. Nevertheless, such actions must always be just and needful, not simply gratuitous and wanton destruction.



TARMENEL

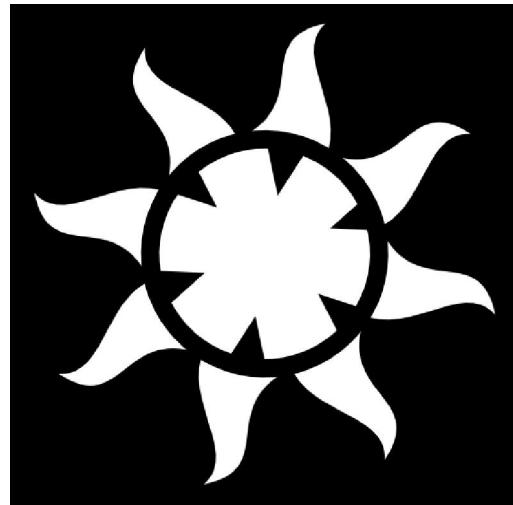
- GOD OF THE SKY, AIR AND WEATHER -

God's Alignment: Neutral Good

Clerics' Alignment: Any non-Evil

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: No *stone tell* or *earthquake*. No *locate object* through earth/rock. Only 1st & 2nd level spells when out of sight of sky. Gain powers once per day as spells: *feather fall* at 3rd, *fly* at 6th, *control weather* at 11th level. No dwarves or gnomes

Clerics' Weapons: Standard



Tarmenel, who holds sway over the sky and thereby the quality of air that is breathed and the weather that controls so much of life, is a god known throughout Pelinore. In the days long before history, there was a tacit agreement between the gods not to interfere with the prime material plane, but Tarmenel could not resist aiding a particular idyllic group of sheep-herders to a position of authority and power. Albeit this power was benign, the other gods did not approve. Only Pharastus dared intervene and he made it his business to wreak havoc wherever Tarmenel's influence stood. Eventually Tarmenel withdrew from daily interference, but his worship has thrived and lived on. Many look to Tarmenel for aid, not least those who depend upon the weather (adventurers and sailors, in particular), for success.

URRUMAA

- GOD OF MEMORY -

God's Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: When 5th level may repeat any 1st or 2nd level spell already cast

Clerics' Weapons: Standard



Urrumaa, although famed throughout the Domains and beyond, is a god with many followers but almost no clerics, shrines or temples. As a god of memory he is frequently called upon, but rarely worshipped. Some say he is the father of the gods but others deny this. Ferociously maintaining that 'she' is their mother. Whatever the truth, Urrumaa is considered ancient, even amongst those to whom age is almost meaningless. Urrumaa has never interfered on the prime material plane.

VALBURE

- GOD OF SWORDS -

God's Alignment: Neutral

Clerics' Alignment: Any Lawful or Neutral

Changes to Clerics' Abilities: Minimum D 15. No *spiritual hammer*, all other spells gained 1 level later

Clerics' Weapons: Use non-intelligent swords only

Valbure is the god of swordsmiths and sword users, although rarely worshipped to the exclusion of other gods by his followers. He is, however, invoked by many of those involved in the manufacture of weaponry and armour, whether to lend his strength to what is being made (in the case of swords) or to withhold his vengeance from those who dare to create armour and other, meaner weapons.

Valbure is also invoked by those who use swords professionally, both to ward off misfortune and to wish it upon the opposition ("Valbure may his knife chip and shatter"; "Valbure, give my swordarm strength", etc.).

Clerics of Valbure are martial folk, who set up permanent shrines where they worship and dedicate swords to the god (usually enchanted weapons of some type). These temples also provide protection for their localities in the form of skilled and armed swordsmen, and training for all those willing to worship and donate tithes. The clerics are well respected by most secular authorities for they do not proselytize, but do provide a solid military cadre and weaponsmiths.

Valbure's clerics hold meteors to be especially holy and will pay good prices for meteorites, as the iron in them is often of the finest quality and the "skymetal" is believed to have fallen from Valbure's own anvil.



THE CULT OF SAITH THE PROTECTOR

Saith the Protector is a deity governing war, vengeance and relief from suffering. He has two aspects. one as a bringer of vengeance and justice, and the other as a bringer of relief from suffering.

ECCLESIASTICAL ORDERS

Saith is a deity much favoured by the ruling classes as an embodiment of the law by which they rule, and magnificent temples to Saith the Lawgiver may be found in the citadel districts of many large cities. The ecclesiastics who man these temples are standard clerics, and they may also have *protection from evil* as a 1st-level spell. At level 3 and above this spell extends to cover chaos as well as evil. Each temple will have a number of guards drawn from one of the martial orders - normally the Knights Judiciar. These guards will all be 1st-level clerics and paladins.

Saith's other aspect, as the reliever of suffering, is venerated in smaller temples which may occasionally be found in the poorer quarters of a city. These temples, which also act as hostels for the down-and-out and those who are suffering through no fault of their own, are run by a small priesthood loosely connected with the Order of Respite and the Knights of Mercy (see below).

As the lifter of blight and famine, Saith is worshipped in several country areas, normally at small shrines on village greens. His rustic priesthood consists of normal villagers (generally level 1-4 freemen who have a small amount of training to give them the abilities of level 1 clerics. Saith is represented in these areas as a lord of the manor figure, and the cult plays an active role in the collection of tithes and taxes. In some country areas, Saith is worshipped jointly with the Green Man, the two representing the contrasted wildness and order of the natural world. This cult tends towards neutrality and preaches an almost druidical doctrine of a supreme Law of Balance. It is discouraged by other sects of Saith-worship, but has not yet been declared a heresy, since it poses no political threat and to put it down by force would create more trouble than it would be worth.

MONASTIC ORDERS

There are two main monastic orders serving Saith. First is the Order of the Divine Word. Closely connected with the temples of Saith the Lawgiver, it is a teaching order, and in many cities it has a state-granted monopoly in the running of law schools. An offshoot of this order is the Ring of Truth, a semi-secret society ostensibly serving charitable and mutual aid functions. Most of Pelinore's legal profession belongs to the Ring, and membership, signified by a secret hand-shake and other coded signals, can be a great advantage in dealing with legal matters.

The second monastic order is the Order of Respite. The order has few monasteries, since most of its members travel widely, relieving suffering wherever they find it. The few small monasteries and convents act as hospitals and home bases, and the Order of Respite runs several temple-refuges in larger cities. Monks and nuns of this order are standard clerics, and they can use all healing spells at their normal level. Some houses also specialise in herbalism and non-magical healing. The order has a strict ascetic code, and it is considered a sin to enjoy any luxury or profit which might be used to benefit others. The

greatest sin of all is waste, by which nobody profits. This is in marked contrast to the Order of the Divine Word and the temples of the Lawgiver, whose members may accumulate immense wealth on the pretext that those who serve the law must be respected and wealth breeds respect. There is sometimes considerable friction between members of the two denominations of Saith's worship, but this has never broke out into open hostility.

MARTIAL ORDERS

Again, there are two main martial orders serving Saith, each devoted to one of his aspects. First, and most powerful, is the Grand Order of Paladins. These clerics and paladins exist to smite evil and lawlessness wherever and whenever it may be found, and to avenge injustice and wrongdoing by force of arms. The Order is a proud and haughty organisation, composed almost entirely of the younger sons and daughters of noble families. Entry into the order is by introduction only, and the postulant must have Intelligence, Wisdom and Charisma of 12 or more. Induction takes place at first level, and the novice is trained with equal emphasis on theology, weaponcraft and the law. When a Paladin is ordained, he/she is simultaneously empowered as a magistrate of the Religious Order Judiciaries.

Paladins of the Order normally travel singly or in pairs, each accompanied by a squire (Fighter 1-2 or freeman 1-4). They travel in search of lawlessness and injustice, and put it down whenever they find it. They can hear cases and deliver judgement in any town, village or other place where there is no higher-level representative of Saith. The greatest sin to Paladin is to withhold or mitigate judgement because of fear, favour, corruption or pity. Corruption is punishable by death in all cases. Members of the Order tend to be haughty, overbearing and high-handed, and while they are always treated with the utmost respect to their laces, few genuinely welcome their coming. All money paid in fines to a Paladin belongs to the temple, and they pay an additional tithe of 25% of all monetary income. They expect to receive free board and lodging wherever they go: those who neglect this duty are deemed to have no respect for the law and dealt with accordingly.

The Order of Paladins has temples and training schools in a few major cities; occasionally these might provide training facilities for followers of Saith who are not members of the order. Lesser martial orders include the Knights of Mercy, who are sworn to poverty and travel the land performing works of charity in the same way as the monastic Order of Respite. These knights may own only horse, armour, shield, two weapons and the clothes they stand up in: everything else is used to relieve suffering wherever they find it. There is enmity but no open hostility between the Knights of Mercy and the Order of Paladins.

HERESIES

The dual worship of Saith with the Green Man in some rural areas has already been mentioned; while it is technically a heresy, it has not been officially renounced as such. The most important and dangerous heresy of Saith worship is that preached by the Clandestine Order of the Knights Rancorous, a sinister underground cult which is active in a number of cities. The creed of the Knights Rancorous is that lawbreakers must be punished by any and all means, even if the law must be broken in the process. The cult is of Lawful Evil alignment, tending towards Neutral Evil, and consists mainly of fighters and assassins. It has been rumoured that the Knights Rancorous have been led away from Saith by a devil posing

as a more warlike aspect of that deity. At various times the Knights Rancorous have infiltrated the Order of Paladins and the temples of Saith the Lawgiver with the purpose of agitating for a more hard-line approach and greater brutality. The Knights Rancorous are sometimes approached to provide assassins for people who believe that they have a legitimate grievance, but it is not unknown for them to kill the client as well as the target. on a charge of conspiracy to commit murder. They have also been known to make an example, in various ways, of magistrates whom they believe to have been too soft in handing out sentences. It is variously rumoured that the Knights Rancorous have infiltrated the Knights Ocular and that the Knights Ocular have infiltrated the Knights Rancorous - the truth is anybody's guess. The Knights Rancorous have been denounced as a heresy by all major denominations of Saith worship, and part of the duty of all priests of Saith is to destroy them at every opportunity.

Finally, of course, there is the Order of Blue Light (80) whose lack of martial zeal is seen as cowardice by some, and outright heresy by others.



THE CITY LEAGUE

*The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind.*

The Tempest (Act IV, scene 1)

When a major trading route crosses another, merchants soon gather. When one of those routes is a river then villages and eventually towns swiftly grow. Such a town grew here. From early times the merchants formed guilds and sects and appointed a Clerk-at-Arms to organise their well being and protection. The Clerk, and after him his son and then his son's son, performed his duties excellently and caused the town to prosper and grow into a city.

Time passed.

The city thrived in amazing fashion. Subsidiary towns were formed on the city's borders; villages appeared near those towns. Trade and industry flourished, turning what was once just one city into a group of cities cooperating and treading under the eye of the Clerk and his increasing bureaucracy. This vast edifice is now a full league and more across. And as the city grew so the post of Clerk grew with it. The Clerk became the hereditary ruler of this League of Cities, named after both its nature and its size. He also acquired a new name - unable to cope with his (by now) lengthy title, the people referred to him simply as 'The Katar'. The Katars accumulated fantastic wealth and built themselves 'The Punctilio' - a stupendous palace in which courtliness and etiquette became the norm.

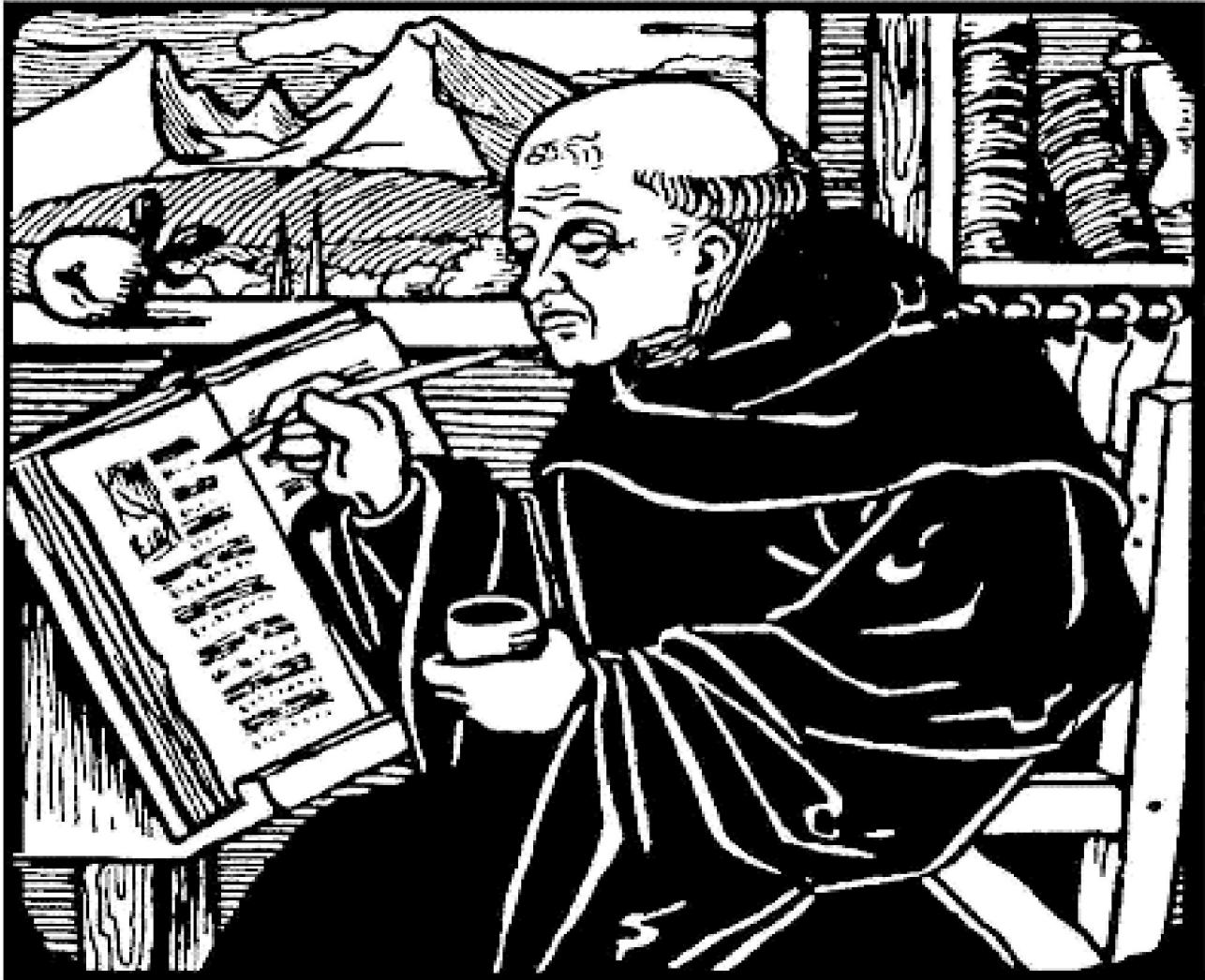
Outside, the League also grew. Its byzantine bureaucracy was unable to prevent trade from flourishing in relative calm and security, so attracting merchants of all races and beliefs. Today the City League is a unique potpourri of cultures and styles. Cities and subcities jostle cheek-by-jowl with each other; the whole being lorded over by the grandly titled Knight Puissant, Clerk-at-Arms, First Servant of the City League, his vizier and his court. Order is kept by the ubiquitous Knights Ocular, who watch and report and punish on behalf of the bureaucracy - a bureaucracy where anything can happen, given time.

What of names? No single name could withstand the strain of being stretched over the unimaginable size of the place. Within the League lie Punctilio, the courtly centre; The Hill, a community that grew around Punctilio; the Capitol, seat of the largest library in this part of the world; the Temple of Ten Thousand Ravens, where the Redempts administer city justice, Docklands, a bustling riverside community; The Borough, thick with streets of commerce; the New City, now centuries old, with wide avenues choked with the detritus of periodic riot; and the streets of the Communities, the southern reaches peopled from far and wide.

Names? The inhabitants call it t'League.

Felix Pursuivant,

First Assistant to the Junior Herald



THE ORDER OF THE HERALDS

The Honourable Order of Heralds is an organisation whose origins are obscure - and as the chief- archivists of 'civilised' Pelinore, the Heralds have had plenty of opportunity to 'lose' any documentary evidence as to their origins and true status. One thing is clear - the Heralds are now vital to the running of Pelinore, whether in times of peace or war.

The Heralds own histories claim that they were founded in 'the Halls of Worldheart', and that they spread from there at the decree of a great ruler named Prias. Originally, they dealt with such matters as the organisation of tournaments, private wars and lineage of noble families. They still deal with the record keeping aspects of warfare - listing casualties and arranging the ransom for captured nobles (some sources claim they take a 25% commission for this service). Over the years since their foundation, the Order has gradually 'acquired' a number of additional tasks and duties, although who - if anyone - ever gave them the authority to do so has never been determined. The Heralds themselves never allow the question to be debated...

IT'S A LIVING

THE ECONOMICS OF LIFE IN THE CITY LEAGUE, CER WYN AND THE DOMAINS

This article will show how some NPCs make their living in the City League and the lands beyond. DMs should find this useful in two ways. First, it will serve as an indication of the level of income and expenditure of various kinds of NPCs, which in turn should help the DM decide how to react when money is being discussed with a player-character. Second, it will help the DM at those times in the campaign when the PCs want to start earning money from other sources than the nearest underground cannon fodder. A Thief who, through good fortune, ended up owning a locksmith shop, might only be interested in how much can be earned through burglaries of his customers - but the DM should also try to keep tabs on the expenses and earnings of the 'front'.

The following are examples of various levels of Pelinorean society. Some are based on City League or Cerwyn characters already published; the DM should be aware that much alteration and variation is possible.

One particular use for this information concerns the old question of bribes or paying for information or services, or what an NPC might offer the party to do a job. Assuming every NPC asks the same question when confronted with a PC bearing silver — "what's in it for me?" - the bribe must be worthwhile. Thus the handful it takes to get a peasant to tell everything about life in his lord's house isn't going to mean a thing to a Guard Captain or a Chandler.



THE PEASANT

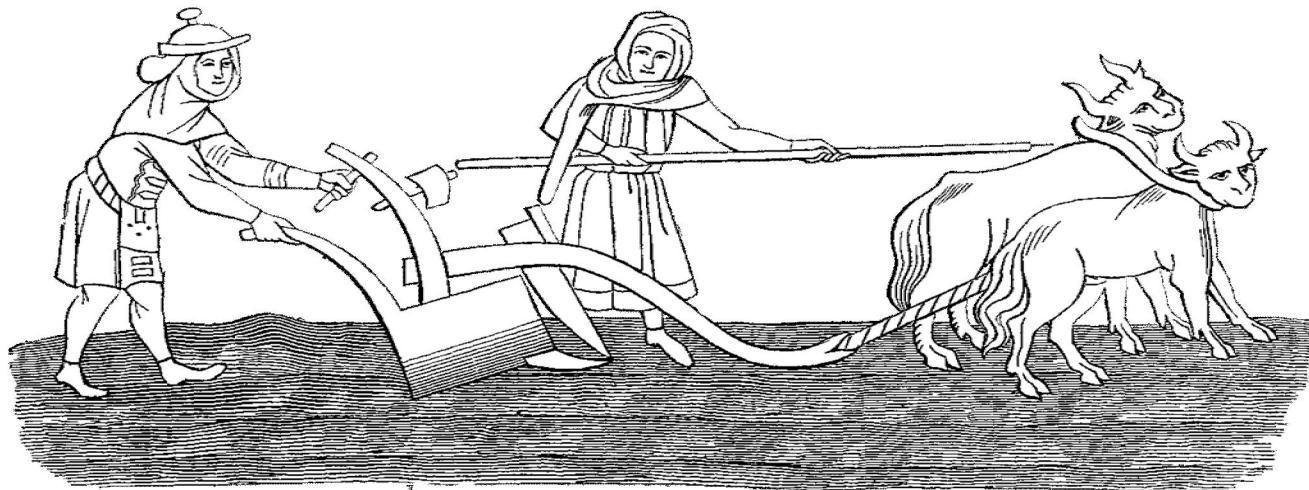


The lifeblood of Pelinorean life, but, of course, the most underprivileged and impoverished. Woe betide the adventurer who ends up having to scratch a living - no matter for how short a time - as a peasant or labourer.

INCOME: Not a lot. Some rural peasants might never see any coin that isn't copper-coloured in their lives. Farmers exist at subsistence level, tied to a lord who takes most of the produce of that individual as payment for rent, protection and other 'dues'. On good land, or in mild times, there might be a surplus of grain; other bonuses might come from snaring a rabbit or fox so that the pelt can fetch 1-4gp, or from some skill, like brewing or weaving, that can be sold to others in the community. Of course, in bad years, peasants either scrape through or die.... There are very few alternatives to this style of life for the poor and untrained; deckhand on a ship for 2gp/month and enough food to keep body and soul together, or labouring on some building works or highway for a meal and a copper piece a day.

EXPENDITURE: Few peasants face much expenditure paid in coin; some taxes, the rare luxury of a feast or a new household item. Mostly, the peasant pays through service, working the lord's demesne. If lucky, he or she might - over years or even generations - save enough to take the first step out of the rut. Two dozen chickens for a gold piece, or a cow for 10 - maybe even a cart and mule for 50gp if things have really gone well over 4-5 years. But a one room farm and a few acres cost about 2,500gp in Cerwyn, so once the cow stops giving milk and the mule dies, the peasant will be back to square one. Perhaps that's why so many of them become adventurers?

QUICK RECKONER: Annual Income: 5-40gp, Expenditure: 10-30gp



THE LOWER GUILDSMAN

/ FREEMAN



The first step up the social ladder; a million miles away from what 99% of peasants and labourers can expect. Basically, junior guildspersons have one or two things going for them. Maybe they actually own (or rent) a wagon and a few horses (270-360gp), and can ship goods along safe roads, perhaps earning 6sp a day for each passenger, or 1% of the value of the cargo carried. More likely, this class of person rents a small shop or a market stall, to sell non-specialised goods to townspeople. Running the business with the family means that everything sold is money in your pocket, but it's a full-time job, and the margins are small. A junior craftsman, able to produce and sell something like a lantern, or work a backpack out of scrap leather, would do better.

INCOME: Compared to the peasant, this group makes money hand-over-fist. A

travelling merchant, riverboatman or pedlar would be active nearly every day of the year - keeping well away from the City League on Festival Days - selling the goods that peasants and lower-level guildfolk require; pots and pans, rope, sacks, tools, lanterns, oil. Most will be pretty poor quality stuff, but when you're selling to people who think silver coins are wonderful things, you have to cut corners. Even so, a small travelling pedlar ought to be able to make 2-5gp a day in rural areas, and maybe 11-20gp in a city like High Lygol or 'T'League. Add that up, and a small business could make 300gp or more a month. Regular calls, and markets for better quality materials - or running expensive, illegal or dangerous cargoes - would carry even better pay.

EXPENDITURE: Of course, being a small trader costs a lot more too. The goods you transport, or those you sell but don't make yourself, carry little margin for profit. A pair of 2gp boots will have been bought for 15sp; a mirror will cost 7-8gp from the manufacturer, to sell at 10gp. Therefore, 300gp of goods sold in a month will cost 220-240gp. The real profit comes from goods you make yourself, from cheap materials. Most pedlars will have at least one such line; ale, candles, leather-work, cloth, wooden boxes, etc. If the raw materials are cheap, all that matters is the time it takes to make the item.

But, although you can cut the costs of the goods, there are still the overheads. First, taxes. You can't afford the time to work off your obligations in service, so taxes have to be paid in hard cash. It might only be 1-3gp a year to pay the Poll Tax to the treasury of Cerwyn or the League, but there will be district taxes, sales taxes, road tolls - not to mention 'unofficial' tax collectors at the gates to most cities. Then there are your living expenses. Out on the road you will have to pay 2-5sp a day to keep yourself fed and watered and 1sp a day

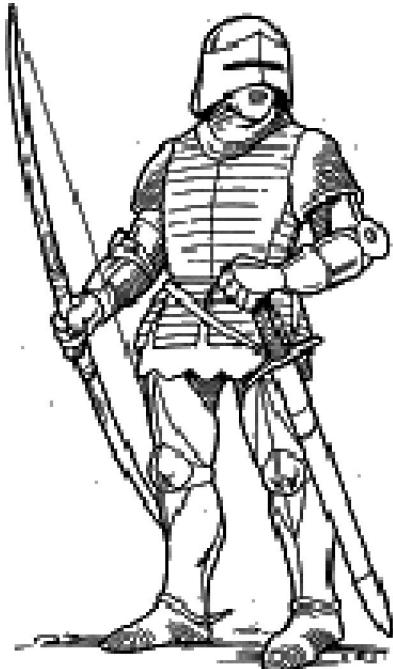
for stabling or for mooring charges; renting a stall in a town market and paying for your upkeep could be 1gp a day. Add Guild dues, donations to religious groups and the like, and that could make the total overheads 10-25gp a month in the countryside and 20-40gp in town.

A well-placed merchant with a good skill could still be quite comfortably off, and a small pedlar could have a surplus of 100gp at the end of a year. But the final item of expenditure is what keeps this class from really taking off - unless the gods are smiling on a chosen individual. If the boat is lost or ruined, that's 2,000gp and three months' trading down the river; if the shop burns down or is looted, that will be 3,000gp, all the stock, and four or five months' trading out the door. Horses get sick, carts lose wheels, bandits get greedy.

QUICK RECKONER:	Income	Expenditure
Town Trader	4,200- 7,200gp	3,200-6,000gp
Rural Trader	750-1,800gp	700-1,550gp



THE SOLDIER



Not everyone is cut out for commerce, and it's unlikely that many PCs will fancy the time involved in running a business. The best reserve occupation for a between-adventures fighter or thief has to be service in some arms-bearing organisation. This covers a multitude of possibilities, of course.

INCOME: At the low end of the scale, a character might find work as a bouncer, night-watchman or bodyguard. Employers tend to look on bravoes relying on the might of their sword-arm as a cheap resource, and pay accordingly, but it means a roof over your head, cheap meals, and a few silver coins to stand a round in the Five Ferrets. Of course, if times are hard, every peasant and his brother will be chasing those self-same jobs.

Coming up-market, there is steady work in the lower ranks of the military forces of all the Domains, and some useful opportunities in the Punctillan, Town/District/Guild/Religious Militias, and what-have-you. Assuming you get in, you'll get warm clothes, a bed, a few square meals and 1-5gp a month - standard pay from your employers. Anything you can make on top - looting, protection scams, or as an honest bonus for active service - is all yours.

Life in the cavalry or missile troops is better than for foot-sloggers. Beyond NCO there will tend to be a halt in the career of the adventurer-soldier or honest professional; the nobility hog all the interesting ranks for themselves.

EXPENDITURE: One of the real joys of the military is that there is precious little in the way of outgoings. For the lower ranks, equipment, weapons, food, quarters and day outings to neighbouring castles are all thrown in. NCOs are expected to buy their own equipment, but that has to be the wisest investment of all. How many town guards have you ever seen who wore anything better than chain mail? So, initially you'll have to pay out for better armour, weapons - a horse or three if you're in the cavalry. You'll pay for better rations, quarters and other perquisites as you advance through the ranks. But, even allowing for replacing all your gear every year, throwing 2gp a night away on food and drink, lodging in a small villa at 30gp a week, and buying a fully-armoured warhorse every year, you can't run up that big a bill.

QUICK RECKONER:	Income	Expenditure
Militiaman	12gp	0gp
Light Cavalryman	120gp	0gp
NCO	120-300gp	0-120gp

THE OFFICER

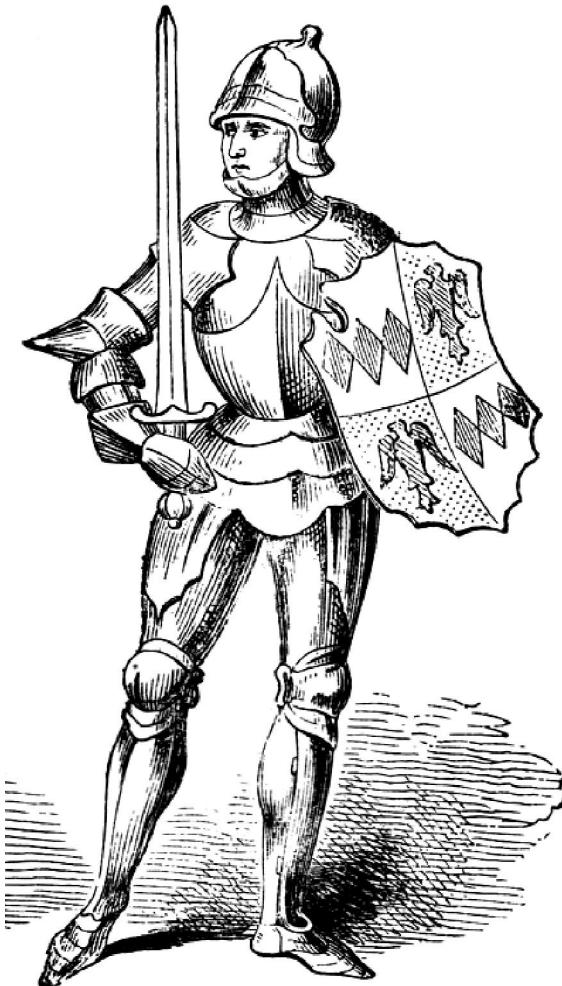
Principally military, this class also includes court officials, taxmen, customs officers and other government functionaries. These will typically be F5 or Fr5; some will be higher. In certain circumstances, PCs will be able to enter this class at about that kind of level.

INCOME: Most officers are employed by the State, although a few might be found among the ranks of powerful Guilds, religious organisations and mercenaries. Most ranks within this class will be filled by the nobility of the area concerned, and it's not the sort of work you can drop in and out of casually. But the money is good. A junior officer in the City League's Punctillan, a minor court officer, a dock master or a lieutenant could earn perhaps 40gp a month, while more senior officers, in charge of a company of men, a district militia, a harbour or the affairs of a government department would earn in excess of 300gp a month.

But the real fun and games start when you have one of those jobs where the paymaster expects you to look after all the details yourself. A colonel with his own regiment, or a plum job like Commander of the Punctillan or Master of Horse, attracts a lump sum for his or her services, and for all those he or she employs. A country that needed your regiment of 1000 light horse would happily pay a lump sum of 250,000gp to employ you for a year, expecting you to pay your troops and expenses out of that. Likewise, if you were placed in charge of the diplomatic mission of Bereduth in the City League, you would receive an annual grant of 100,000gp to pay for the building and staff. What you do with an amount of money like that is up to you, so long as you get the job done.

And with rank goes power. If you are in the right place at the right time, you can expect to attract a lot of people who will want to be seen with you. Junior officers will buy rank to serve under you, bribes will be offered for your guild to accept this job and not another, and so on. Until you get too greedy, there is a healthy living to be made out of your new status.

EXPENDITURE: Initially, there are some heavy expenses that go with your new rank. In most armies, navies and in the policing forces like the Punctillan, it is accepted that rank is purchased. The cost varies greatly. The lower officer ranks in the District Militia of the City League can be purchased for 250gp, while the rank of major in the Countess Flavia's Household Cavalry will set you back 3-4,000gp. You will also need to spend money on luxury items to give as gifts, and to impress your new colleagues. You will need the best quarters you can afford, and servants. A small villa with three or four servants - the right sort of accommodation for a young Punctillan captain -- would cost 250-300gp a month. One all-night party for all the right people could face you with a bill of 100gp. But you need to spend



it. It's the most unpopular officer of the customs department who gets to spend a long tour of duty at a toll bridge near the frontier, and the junior lieutenant who spends all day running inspections.

When you are higher up the ladder, these payments seem less important. Your costs are what you choose them to be. If your regiment of 1,000 cavalry is really only 400 men and 30 horses, and the upkeep of these is just 5-6,000gp, that's not a problem. Of course, if your employer ever finds out about your slight over-estimate, you'll be in deep trouble. Graft is almost expected - make sure you're not too honest, or you'll be missing out on a lot.

QUICK RECKONER:	Income	Expenditure
Militia Lieutenant	3,500-4,500gp	1,250-3,000gp
Commander Royal Escort (Cerwyn)	20,000gp	6,000-10,000gp
Senior Ministry Official	200,000-1,000,000gp	50,000-600,000gp





THE RICH MERCHANT

If trade has been your route to fame and fortune, then the pinnacle of your achievement will be to become a Guild Master. The really important Guild Masters have complete control over some expensive commodity in an area, and exploit it ruthlessly. Most governments will sell you a monopoly, the price being based on the total value of the commodity. For example, the monopoly to ship spice in and out of the Theocratic Principalities is held by one merchant. When he bought the 10 year monopoly for 3,000,000gp, the trade was worth 1,200,000gp a year. In the eighth year it nets him about 2,000,000gp a year. He was in the right place at the right time.

INCOME: Well, you tell us!

Some merchants with exclusive monopolies, or a rare commodity to

sell, or an exclusive transportation system, can make millions. Very often these transactions are in kind, that is to say that the merchant accepts payment for one lot of goods in goods of another type, and obviously it is difficult to keep tabs on a rich man's worth even when the payment is in cash. But, essentially, there are very few in this class who have to think twice about ordering a second bottle of wine with their meal.

The scale of their income makes them virtually impossible to bribe in cash terms, and if PCs want something from a merchant they will have to offer some service, or give something of great value (every rich man knows the virtue of rings of protection).

The only way to figure what an adventurer-merchant PC might earn is as a percentage figure of what they put into the business. If a PC invests tens of thousands of gold coin in an enterprise, allow a 5% chance of it all being lost, a 5% chance of it being doubled in a year, and a broad scale of profit and loss in between, averaging out at about a 5-7% profit. If all that doesn't sound a lot to your players, just tell them that the real money-makers are doing this kind of thing 18 hours a day, 7 days a week.

EXPENDITURE: In dealing with NI'Cs, adventurers will find that money can mean all or nothing to a rich merchant. If there is something the merchant wants badly enough, then the money he or she will pay for that item will be out of all proportion to its actual 'worth'. The ransom for a kidnapped child, for example. On the other hand, a rich merchant is likely to pay less than a small one to a group of tough-guys employed to look after a warehouse. That's how they got to be rich, after all.

A rich man shows he is rich by what he spends. Buying a great house, throwing the most extravagant balls, donating huge sums to the local monarch's favourite charity or to a temple; this is how a rich man climbs the social ladder. And even though the sums seem

ruinous, they are probably only a fraction of what the merchant has earned. But newly-rich PCs, earning money from a dirty profession like looting the caves of innocent dragons, have to spend even more to make the same impression.

A good DM can make a party with ten million gold pieces poverty-stricken overnight. Taxes are the best-known method, but don't be afraid to have your PCs robbed, swindled, talked out of donations, blackmailed, forced to pay ten times the price for everything; burn down their 90,000gp houses, have the Katar insist on a 150,000gp 'loan' for a great building project, and never forget that there is an army of people who have a claim on that wealth, from beggars to Guild Masters. If a PC wants to be a success in commerce, then it's goodbye to nights out with the boys, I'm afraid.

THE NOBLE

Dealings with the nobility, or whatever the uppermost caste call themselves, are the trickiest type to run. As with merchants, the actual wealth of a noble is not the point, it's how fast it goes up or down. Nobles can even be impoverished, while we have assumed that a rich merchant is someone who could find 10,000gp for a bribe out of petty cash. But nobles have several peculiarities, which mark them out from the herd. For example, nobles will have no sense of value, unless they are merchants too. If they think 20,000gp for a mirror is a fair price, they will pay it. They might, on the other hand, think 0gp is an equally suitable sum, expecting that the person offering the mirror wants to offer it as a gift. By the time you have spluttered that you thought the Duke might want to buy it, he'll be talking about horse racing. If you offend him by going on and on....

Hereditary nobles should be capricious, and conscious of their status. These are the people who think they have a right to something for nothing. Never make two dealings with them the same. Nobles who - like PCs, perhaps - gain title through actions or purchase, should expect to pay more often to get what they want. Being an aristocrat doesn't actually entitle you to anything outside of lands and title, but it opens many doors that have been closed up until now.



LAW AND ORDER

THE ADMINISTRATION OF PEACE IN THE CITY LEAGUE

Sooner or later in the life of every campaign there comes a time when even the most lawful of lawful good characters has a brush with the authorities. If your characters have chosen to live in the City League, you might as well resign yourself to the fact that it is more likely to be sooner. If you're a thief, or someone who enjoys a quiet night's mayhem in the local tavern, then it is likely to have happened already!

This article is for those DMs who, when the inevitable does finally happen, throw up their hands in horror. It is intended to provide a reference point from which the legal system of the League can be viewed. Whether you are introducing Pelinore as your campaign background or not, various individual components of the table can be ignored if the DM wishes to use another system; one could decide that the arrest of a suspect happened in an entirely different way. and then pick up the table from the trial onwards.

But before we get too involved in the mechanics, we had best take a hard look at the people and institutions responsible for the law in the City League.

Just like every other government function in the sprawling mass that is the City League, the administration of justice, law and order is governed by a bureaucracy of enormous size and complexity. It overlaps, confuses lines of authority, and provides endless anomalies and complexities to frustrate the ordinary citizen. Those who become embroiled in its mesh usually come to regret it.

Government in the City League is in the hands of the functionaries of the Katar, the hereditary Clerk-at-Arms, and ruler of the City. These operate from the environs of the Punctilio. The Katar has the constitutional power to codify commands through the process known as Enactments. These edicts serve to illustrate the essential policies of the Punctilio with regard to all matters: economics, foreign affairs... and the law. Once an Enactment is passed, tradition decrees that it cannot be revoked. not even by another Enactment from a succeeding Katar. instead, Enactments are refined and detailed by the By-Laws passed by the various lower tiers of government. In the course of the centuries that have passed since first the Katar's power was attained, literally hundreds of Enactments and many tens of thousands of By-laws have been passed. Each is administered by one of the Administration Departments at the Punctilio. which means that the civil service in the City League has grown to enormous size. with some departments operating staffs of many dozens, whilst others have a single Overseer.

The administration of this hopelessly unwieldy system is entrusted to a number of enforcement agencies of varying competence and legality. These patrol the City night and day, answering emergency calls, providing a degree of security, and causing the average citizen endless torment, since the old adage is quite true: "If a day passes when you didn't break a law in the League, then you must have been buried the day before."

POLICING THE LEAGUE

The various agencies can be reduced to six definable groups, with different powers and responsibilities.

1. The District Militia: Most of the policing is done by the hard-pressed men-at-arms of the District Militia. Each administrative area of the League has its own judiciary, and runs a militia under the watch of the Inspectorium. The militia are funded in each locality by the imposition of a sales tax; but since tax evasion at this level is rife, the pay is poor, and the militia are corrupt. The quality of each District's force varies depending on the general lawfulness of the community, and the level of wealth. Their morale is low, and they are known to have taken the law into their own hands on many occasions.

2. The Private Condottas: Each of these bodies was raised originally under the authority of an ancient City By-Law that allows tax bills in excess of 5000gp to be paid for by providing an additional police patrol. Now they are virtually private armies, employed by the wealthiest eighty or ninety private citizens as bodyguards and extensions of their strength, since the Punctilio's bureaucratic department in charge of By-Law 1780f-1783 Administration has no time to conduct inspections. The courts have little time for them, and it is well known that they have a fierce hatred for the men of the Punctillan.

3. The Knights Ocular: This mysterious and powerful Order has existed for almost as long as the City, and is inextricably bound up in its affairs. It is an incredible organisation - its members are made up of an exotic mixture of classes, answerable to a Master who is said to be of semi-divine origin. Further, despite their power and seemingly evil outlook - as far as can be gathered from the few texts in the public domain concerning them - they are tied to the Punctilio and the person of the Katar in an inexplicable way. When last a coup was attempted in the City, all nine MU conspirators in the Plot of the Jade Serpent - Wizards of 10th-15th level all - were dead within two hours.

No-one understands the motives of the Knights Ocular, but it is widely believed that the secret of their power must be worth a fortune of unbelievable size. They operate in an unusual way. Most of the members patrol the City, looking for all the world like ordinary citizens, observing and reporting. They never ignore any crime, preferring to report the miscreant to the Punctillan, and they have instant access to the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens. The party that finds itself involved with the Order of the Knights Ocular will be very sorry indeed.

4. The Punctillan: This is the direct arm of the Katar and the Punctilio, but one kept restricted after two past attempts at seizing power. Undoubtedly, they would have been abolished altogether if the Katar had been able to dispense with their services. Instead they are now led by a high-ranking cavalier who has sworn irrevocable fealty to the Katar, and are watched over by the Committee of Administration, the inner government cabinet. Such is the wealth of the City, that the Punctillan are more lavishly equipped than the armies of some Kingdoms.

5. Guild Militia: Numerous guilds within the City operate militia for entirely selfish reasons. Some, like the Mercantile Guild, have guards at major sites of commerce. Others, like the militia of the Guild of Thieves, ensure that all activities that fall within its 'jurisdiction' are controlled by the Guild. Some are vast - the Guild of Banks and Moneychangers Major employ over 1,000 men and women - but most have smaller

establishments. Everyone knows the Guild Militia to be bully boys, uninterested in the good of ordinary citizens. Very often, the patrol will handle the situation themselves, without recourse to the niceties of trials. On other occasions they will make use of ad-hoc kangaroo courts at the Guild headquarters. Here, the verdict is always guilty, and the defendant always gives his worldly goods away to the court officials.

6. Religious Orders: Five religious orders are large enough and have enough influence to operate independent judiciaries and police. Under the provisions of Enactment IV, these are empowered to prosecute cases of blasphemy. No By-Laws have ever managed to tie down exactly what constitutes blasphemous behaviour, so the orders tend to do as they wish, arresting whomever they fancy, and charging them with blasphemy no matter what the offence actually was. Religious wars and pogroms tend to be fought out in this way, with mass trials and bloody reprisals, until such time as the Katar or the Knights Ocular step in....

THE COURTS

Excluding the ad-hoc courts of the various guilds, and other disciplinary bodies within organisations, there are three main judiciaries within the City League:

1. Mayorial District Courts: Each administrative district of the City controls several courthouses, set up in buildings known collectively as the Athya. Nominally separate, the Mayorial Courts are served by a judiciary appointed by the Minister of Justice on the Katar's Committee of Administration, and the sinister Redemptor Committee of the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens. They are grossly overworked, poorly supervised, and consequently corrupt. Judges can be bribed to alter the verdict or the sentence; clerks can be bribed to bring forward - or delay! - the hearing of cases; even the Prosecutor-General's office, the court arm of the Punctillan, is open to influence. In the meantime, the defendant usually languishes in a district guardhouse. The Mayorial courts have the authority to try any case, but usually hand cases of a capital nature over to the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens. The preliminary hearing normally then only establishes guilt or innocence, passing sentencing over to the superior court. This tends to lead to a duplicate trial, as the judges there much prefer to conduct the whole case!

2. The Court of Ten Thousand Ravens: Below the Punctilio, there stands a vast marble building, three storeys high, covered in the excreta of a vast host of huge black ravens, who circle the towers and central dome. In times past, this building was the central temple of the Church of Xnath-pi-Xnath. This barbaric religion and its chief deity, a dark bird-god, vanished over three centuries ago, at which time the Temple was taken over by the Katar. From that point on, the Temple of Ten Thousand Ravens was the seat of the supreme judiciary in the City League, and the building became known as the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens - the two names are virtually interchangeable (the further away you travel from the City League, the more likely it is that the number of ravens will have changed as well!) The Temple is the only civil court with the power to administer death sentences, and a fair few of these have been handed out over the years. It is popularly believed that the eponymous ten thousand ravens of the Temple contain the souls of all the departed criminals. Cynics have been heard to observe that the bloated birds must have about two or three hundred souls each.

3. The Religious Order Judiciaries: The only other legally constituted courts in the City are the five run by the largest religious groupings within the locality. As previously

observed, these are only entitled to try cases of blasphemy. The most infamous of these, the Temple Without Doors, gets through about 200 cases a week on the strength of this, seizing those who have been caught stealing, engaged in violence - anything that can be shown to be against the teaching of the relevant deity, and thereby blasphemous. Sentences are harsh and carried out instantly. At the Temple Without Doors, victims are lead up a spiral staircase within the central crystal shaft, to be thrown off an open platform into a closed courtyard....

THE CRIMES

Long ago, a Katar by the name of Morgannis IV Lawgiver took it upon himself to codify the legal system of the City League. Through his famous Enactment CCCII, Morgannis, who was by preference a fisherman, and quite a good one at that, invented a system that was ludicrously simple. Over the intervening years, lawyers, judges, politicians and other Katars added to the system by a seemingly endless promulgation of By-Laws and other statutes, but the Enactment remains intact in essence. Basically, there are only ten crimes on the statute book, listed on the The Rap table in order of seriousness. All defendants are brought to trial facing one of these charges, usually with a codicil describing which of the thirty thousand By-laws have been particularly violated. Thus, there are no crimes labeled embezzlement, fraud, tax evasion or blackmail; these are all covered by one of the three 'robbery' categories. Also, there are no 'attempted' crimes, or conspiracy charges: the Enactment says that in the eyes of the Law, if you were going to do it - you did it!

Most of the crimes are self-explanatory. Historically, Treason has only ever been brought against those who have been directly sought to subvert the power of the Katar, as in the celebrated attempts by the Punctillan to replace him with a military dictatorship. The three robbery categories are differentiated solely by the amount of money involved. Affray is a catch-all for all the minor charges - drunkenness, fighting, creating a disturbance, traffic offences - that go to make up 90% of all legal cases. The unique category is the quite serious crime of Failing to Observe a Festival. According to the old, and recently superceded, League Calendar, 50 of the 350 days in the Old Year were designated Festival Days, on which it was forbidden to trade or to engage in any activity involving the passing of coin or promissory notes; or to hold assemblies of more than 30 people. The calendar may have changed, but the Festivals remain, imposed at a few days notice by the arbitrary and hopelessly inefficient Enactment XXVII Administration Department. The number of cases brought against this charge has dropped considerably over the last few years, as the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens ruled that the process adopted by the Department is illegal under the Restriction of Trade By-laws 3779-89g. The whole matter is fascinating to lawyers, but utterly frustrating to those individuals hauled up by the Punctillan or the Religious Orders, who can find themselves involved in legal proceedings for anything between 2 and 40 years!

THE LAW

Overleaf you will find charts that trace the legal process through from getting caught to hearing the sentence. It is easiest to follow, and allows the DM to get through cases fairly quickly where this is desired. Otherwise, the result can be 'predicted' using this method, and the DM can then alter the proceedings as characters get involved.

GETTING SPOTTED

Base Chance 20%

Use the Base Chance and the following suggestions to create a modified chance of attracting unwanted attention whenever a character is engaged in illegal behaviour.

Time/Weather Modifiers		Place Modifiers		Activity Modifiers	
Broad Daylight	+10%	Dark Alley	-35%	Noisy Fight	+40%
Just before dawn	-15%	Busy Thoroughfare	+15%	Opportunist Theft	-20%
Rainy Day	-5%	Crowded Market	-10%	Clumsy Burglary	+20%

DM should decide whether crime has been spotted by patrol (10% or other person (90%). If latter, roll on Time to Arrive column of Getting Busted table (and note that the person could act as a witness during the trial). In both cases determine what patrol is involved on Getting Busted table. If the criminals have fled by the time the patrol arrives, consult the Chance/Time to Track column of the *Getting Busted* table.

GETTING BUSTED

If a patrol is called. roll percentile dice

to determine which kind.

d%	Type; Composition	Morale	Chance/	Time to arrive (mins) ⁵
			Time to track ⁴	
01-40	District Militia (Dist); F2, d4+2 F1s	Low	1d/d00	d12
41-60	Private Condottas (PC); F3, d4-1 F2s, d4 F1s	Average	15/2d00	d20
61-76	Guild Militia (GM); d4+1 F1-4 ¹	Varies ³	12/2d00	d6 ⁶
77-86	Punctillan (Punc); F3, F2, d4+1 F1s	Good	25/2d20	2d8
87-98	Religious Orders (RO); C3, d6 C1s	Good	40/d4	2d20
99-00	Knights Ocular (KO); T1-6 or F1-6 ²	V Good	60/d4	d4

DM should alter the composition of patrols at times of civic unrest. in areas with high crime rates, etc. Should reinforcements be required. the DM should allow the first patrol to send for them: enough to handle the situation will arrive in d00 minutes

Notes: ¹Certain guilds — Thieves for example — will use other classes

²In the Advanced game these should be Cavaliers or Assassins

³Morale of militias from richer guilds is higher than for smaller ones

⁴The DM should make alterations to both chance and time to allow for the evidence the perpetrators might leave behind. Note that the Private Condottas and the Guild Militia will not track down anyone who has not committed an offence directly against their interests

⁵At night, all times should be doubled

⁶Guild Militia will not answer general distress calls; encounter should be rerolled

POLICE BRUTALITY

Roll percentile dice to discover the patrol's reactions

Patrol	Rough Justice	Law/ Own Hands	Open to Bribes ¹	Arrest & Charge ²	Court
Dist	01-10	11-15	16-35	36-00	1
PC	01-12	13-22	23-27	28-00	1,2 ⁴
GM	01-25	26-34	35-45	46-00	1 ⁵
Punc	01-05	06-09	10-12	13-00	1,2 ⁴
RO	01-12	13-20	-	21-00	3
KO	01	-	02	03-00 ³	2

Notes: ¹A bribe of 100gp x patrol leader's level will ensure patrol leaves characters) alone for now. If no bribe offered, treat as Arrest & Charge.

²Captive will be taken to gaol. If arresting patrol has no jurisdiction. they will hand over to someone who has. Check Court column to see which court trial will be heard in.

³ The Knights Ocular are unlikely to make the arrest themselves, but will call in the Punctillan to do so. They will ensure that no escape is possible. and will be the prosecutors when the case is heard.

⁴ Serious crimes may be taken directly to the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens.

⁵ Guild Militia are 60% likely to take the criminal before an ad-hoc court. Defendant will be found guilty. DM should consider just what the punishment might be, considering the Guild concerned.

Patrols indulging in Rough Justice will hand out an on-the-spot beating, or a 'fine' or somesuch.

Patrols taking the Law into their Own Hands will severely assault thieves. and may attempt to lynch murderers or arsonists. Only the arrival of a more disciplined patrol will halt this process.



THE RAP

DM should ensure that the crime is tried by the correct court and prosecuted by the correct authority.

Crime ¹	Punishment			
	Modifier	Prosecutors	Court	
Treason	250	Punc, KO	2	
Murder	100 (+victims level x5)	Dist, PC, Punc, KO	1,2	
Robbery (5,000gp or more)	80 (+victims level x2)	PC, GM, Punc, KO	1,2	
Arson	75	Dist, PC, GM, Punc, KO	1,2	
Theft (40-4,999gp)	50 (+victims level x1)	Dist, PC, GM	1,2	
Blasphemy	50	RO, KO	3	
Assault	40 (+victims level x3)	Dist, PC, GM, Punc	1	
Failure to Observe Festival	30	Punc, RO	2	
Pilfering (39gp or less)	25	Dist, Punc	1	
Affray	15	Dist, PC	1	

Notes: ¹Crimes tried in the Mayorial courts may be handed up to the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens where there is a possibility of a death sentence. The defendant will then be retried.

BEFORE THE BEAK

The DM should determine the delay before the trial.

The defendant may hire an advocate.

The trial's delay and the eventual verdict/sentence may be altered by bribes. The normal delay before the trial comes to court is d100 days in the Mayorial Courts. 2d20 days at the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens and d6—1 days at the Religious Courts. This time may either be shortened or lengthened by the use of bribes — see Greasing the Palm.

Advocates: Advocates cost 5gp per level (max 9) and 5gp per charisma point. Costs are cumulative. i.e. a 3rd level lawyer costs 5gp for the first level. 10gp for the second and 15gp for the third — total 30gp. A level 9, 18 charisma advocate would cost 1080gp. The lawyer's level and charisma replace the defendant's in calculating the Innocence Modifier.

Guilt Modifiers	Innocence Modifiers
Victim's Modified (see The Rap)	Defendant/Lawyer Level (2x level)
Court Modifier: Mayorial 50, Ravens 60, Religious 75	Defendant/Lawyer Charisma (2x Charisma)
Prosecution Modifier: Dist 50, PC 40, GM 30, Punc 60, RO 50, KO 70	Form Modifier: No previous convictions 30
Evidence Modifier: Confession 80, Caught in Act 40, Witnessed 20, Circumstantial 10	
Form Modifier: Each previous conviction 10, Each previous Not Proven 5	

Perform the calculation (Guilt Modifiers - Innocence Modifiers). Result is the percentage chance of being found guilty — see **Fair Cop**. Even if the calculation leads to a result in excess of 100 or less than 0. the DM should still make the percentile roll, since there are occasional travesties or justice — see **Fair Cop**.

GREASING THE PALM

Bribes may alter the time the case takes to get to court, the verdict, and the eventual sentence

Bribes may be offered to corrupt court officials. The costs in each of the courts is outlined below:

Court	Advance/Delay	Alter Verdict	Alter Sentence
	Trial (per day) ¹	(per point) ²	(per point) ³
1 Mayoral	1d4gp	10gp	5gp
2 Ravens	10gp	50gp	50gp
3 Religious	100gp	100gp	150gp

Notes: ¹The defendant should be informed of the date of his trial, although in the case of the Mayoral Courts this may not be 100% accurate. The bribe may then be offered at any time from the date informed — even if only approximately -- of the roll he will have to make to be found Innocent before that roll is made. The costs outlined are for each point reduction in the required Verdict Roll. It is not possible to offer a bribe that guarantees guilt or innocence - see Fair Cop. If a bribe is offered, but the defendant is still found guilty, then 30 should be added to the Penalty Modifier when sentence is decided. See **Society's To Blame**.

³ See **Going Down** and **Society's To Blame**. The DM should inform the defendant of the range of sentences available to the Court, before one has been selected. The costs in the table above are to reduce the Penalty Modifier by 1 point

Note: There is nothing to stop bribes being offered to make it more likely that someone will be found guilty, or given a higher punishment. The table above works both ways

FAIR COP

Once the calculation Guilt Modifier - Innocence Modifier has yielded a result, and any bribes have been considered, the result will be the Verdict Roll Required. The Verdict Roll is the percentage chance of the defendant being found guilty. The DM should make the roll, and inform the defendant of the resulting verdict. If the Verdict Roll is 0-3% above or below the Required total for Guilt, the verdict will be Not Proven.

Regardless of the Verdict Roll Required, a Roll of 01-04% is always guilty (even if bribes have been offered), a Roll of 05-05% is always Not Proven and a roll of 96-00% is always Innocent.

The Not Proven is a modified guilty verdict by which the Court acknowledges that, despite the verdict, the evidence against the defendant was not quite perfect. Thus, the defendant goes free, but a note of the verdict is retained by the Court which will influence any future trials —see **Before The Beak and Going Down**.

Example: A defendant ends up with a Verdict Roll Required of 55%, modified to 40% by bribes. On a Roll of 01-04 she will be guilty, and would have been found so even if she had the alibi that she was already in jail at the time; 05—06 would be Not Proven; 07-36 would be Guilty (the bribe wasn't enough!); 37-43 Not Proven; 44-95 Innocent and if the Roll was 44-58% the bribe will have been worth every gp); 96-00 Innocent, and she would have been Innocent on this roll if she had confessed and produced the missing jewels in the courtroom.

SOCIETY'S TO BLAME

Compare the Penalty Modifier

to the possible sentences

Bribes may alter the final sentence

Penalty Modifier	Punishment
less than +10	Warning ¹
-10 - +20	Fine 1gp x defendant's level ²
+10 - +20	Fine 30gp x defendant's level ²
+25 - +60	Fine 250gp x defendant's level ²
0 - +50	Dismemberment (loss of fingers, eyes, etc.) ³
+40 - +200	Banishment ⁴
+50 or more	Death
-10 - +25	Jail 1d4 months ⁵
+15 - +35	Jail 2d6 months ⁵
+25 - +60	Jail 2d12 months ⁵
+35 - +80	Jail d12 years ⁵
+50 - +150	Jail 2d20 years ⁵
+80 - +200	Life Imprisonment ⁵
+100 - +200	Slavery ⁶

Notes: ¹Although the defendant goes free, the conviction is kept on record

²If the defendant cannot or will not pay, add 10 to the Penalty Modifier and compile a new list, ignoring Fine results.

³The disfigurement should be appropriate to the crime - loss of fingers for theft, loss of ears for spying. Adultery is not a crime in the City League.

⁴If the convicted felon is ever found within the City League again, the case will be reheard. The -10 Form Modifier will apply to **The Hearing**. If the defendant is re-convicted, the DM should add 50 to the Penalty Modifier in addition to the +30 Form Modifier — see **Going Down**.

⁵There is no such thing as remission in the City League.

⁶Since slavery is discouraged in the City by a high tax on owners, the convict will be transported via the small coastal port of Borth to the Mercantile Tradecities of Xir, to be sold at public auction.

GOING DOWN

Bribes may influence the sentence.

Advocates may be retained at no additional cost if they were at the hearing.

Advocates: The advocates level and charisma replace the defendant's in calculating the Mitigation Modifier.

Sentence Modifier	Mitigation Modifiers
Punishment Modifier: (see The Rap)	Defendant/Lawyer Level
Victim Modifier: (if applicable, see The Rap)	3x level
Court Modifier: Mayorial 0, Ravens 50, Religious 10	Defendant/Lawyer Charisma
Prosecution Modifier: Dist 0, PC 5, GM 10, Punc 20, RO 10, KO 0	3x charisma
Form Modifier: Each previous guilty 30, Each previous Not Proven 15	
Bribe Modifier: If bribe offered but still found guilty 30	

Perform calculation Sentence Modifiers - Mitigation Modifiers. Result is the Penalty Modifier - see **Society's To Blame**.



GUILDS IN THE CITY LEAGUE

Over the millennia the City League, like all societies, has developed a system whereby tradesmen and women have formed groups to protect their own interests. These groups are known as Guilds. A Guild is formed to perform three important functions. Firstly, and most widely advertised, to maintain standards of production and quality - this is not a spurious reason as the reputation of a guild is very valuable. Secondly to provide an environment in which young people can be trained in the arts and sciences of the trade. And thirdly to keep secret some of the more important skills so that the sanctity of the Guild is preserved. Most trades and professions are represented by a guild and it is a mark of the antiquity and stability of a society how extensive and effective its system of guilds is. It hardly needs saying that trying to find a non-guilded tradesman in the League is like looking for hairs on a beholder - there aren't any!

The guilds are of various shapes and sizes. Some, such as the Seaman, have thousands of members and lax discipline and short apprenticeships. Others, such as the Perfumers, have few members with tightly guarded trade secrets and apprenticeships of such length only gnomes or dwarves can spare the time. Likewise, the political influence of the Guilds varies; in the past the Courtesans, Cartographers and Thespians, have been so powerful as to attract the hostility of the Katar.

Even listing and recording the huge number of guilds, much less categorising them, is a vast task. Felix Pursuivant of the Guild of Heralds did at least attempt it. The following are some extracts from that list.

GUILDS OF THE CITY LEAGUE

Amalgamated Guild of Apothecaries and Alchemists: Their title is the guild members' idea of a joke. Even so this is a large and very important guild. So important that it has split into many factions and is sponsored by many nobles and merchants. Once every five years local guild fathers and mothers meet to discuss developments in their field. These meetings are simply an excuse for a grand slanging match - the real spread of information is by the regular movement of apprentices from master to mistress and back again through bribery and deals. Any magic user worth his or her salt has a hold over some member of this guild.

Assassins: Run on classic lines this guild is in truth a series of cells linked in some mysterious, unknown way. The Assassins are much weaker in the City League than in other comparable urban locations, however, since so many professional killers end up as members or hirelings of the Knights Ocular.

Brewers: Although mostly concerned with normal brewing, the Guild also gets involved in the concoction of various arcane alcoholic potions used for diverse means by, for example, the Courtesans (qv).

Cartographers: A very small, discrete group who prepare maps and charts. Maps are usually available only on commission. The Cartographers have dozens of secret drawings and tomes that they use for their researches hidden away in a site known only to a few, very senior, members of the guild. They have close ties with the Courtesans (qv) and the Heralds (qv). Because of the powerful information they conceal the Cartographers are closely guarded and monitored by the Knights Ocular.

Courtesans: This large and powerful guild is steeped in antiquity and lore and is governed by rigid rules of conduct and discretion. It is said that no secret is unknown to the guild leaders. Because of this they work with two other guilds that control information - the Cartographers (qv) and the Heralds (qv). These three guilds are known within the League as the Triple Alliance and they wield huge amounts of power. The Courtesans also control several other, lesser, guilds such as the streetwalkers and the courtiers. They are extremely wealthy, and, at the top, benefit from the patronage of the Katar's court.

Heralds: Heralds are, technically, a subsidiary guild within the huge continent-spanning Guild of Messengers and Couriers. The Heralds maintain this fiction as it suits their purposes though they are actually an Honourable and Secret Order that pre-dates the City League and most recorded history. This is mostly due to the fact that the Heralds are responsible for recording history. They have vast stores in which can be found maps, charts, linealogies, dynasties and many, many forgotten contracts. They work closely with the Cartographers (qv) and the Courtesans (qv).

Linkboys: Linkboys are the men and women who hire themselves out at night to light travellers and revellers home after dark. Although in appearance they are lowly and in behaviour humble in actuality they are an important link in the information gathering processes that permeate the League. Consequently they have connections with Assassins (qv), Thieves (qv), Courtesans (qv) and Heralds (qv) - though not the Cartographers (qv), who find them a little rough.

Locksmiths: Having split away from the ranks of the Farriers and Armourers, in a struggle that was something close to civil war, the Locksmiths have become the League's tightest-knit and most ruthless guild. By bitter experience, they have discovered that no-one will buy locks or other devices if there is any suspicion that another party knows the secret of that lock, or owns a duplicate key. As a consequence, the Guild exercises two policies. First, it runs a savage campaign of brutality and political corruption aimed at the Thieves' Guild. Second, there is an unbreakable Guild law that nothing is ever committed to paper, and many locksmiths have even learned the discipline of forgetting the details of a lock as soon as it is made. The Guild Militia of the Locksmiths is a barbaric organisation, notorious for the way it deals with members who flout this rule. Even so, there are individuals who will sell the right kind of information for the right price - if you know where to look.

Lorists and Sages: This is probably the most loosely organised of all the guilds as its members tend to be very independently minded people. Lorists and Sages tend to deal with non-political information (unlike the Heralds, Courtesans and Cartographers who deal with little else).

Scribes and Lexicographers: This guild controls all translations and writings. Their power has not been changed by the invention of maniacal contraptions that transfer writing mechanically as they have taken care to include the building and operation of all such machines within their control.

Thespians (including Harpers, Minstrels and Jesters): This is another huge guild with branches sprawling hither and thither. It is not well organised or rigidly controlled and yet its leaders (and the leaders of the subsidiary Guilds) keep a close watch on how it behaves through a complex and efficient spy network. Much useful political information can be gathered by the Guild and so the Katar and The Knights Ocular (as well as the Thieves' and Assassins' Guilds) have their own spies planted within it. A tradition of the City is that

any adventurer who wants to ensure temporary notoriety should pay a Harper to write and perform songs that extol the buyer's bravery and virtue (irrespective of the facts). For as little as a few gold pieces, an 'off-the-peg' ditty can be amended to include the character's name in a tavern for an evening, but for a mere 1000gp, that same adventurer could have a 'made-to-measure' story sung throughout the inns and taverns of a whole district. It's a great way to 'advertise' that your services are for hire, and is in many ways the only way to get a commission from the Punctilio. Equally, for a similar sum, a rather less complimentary song could be sung about a rival in all the same places. It should be borne in mind that such songs could inadvertently draw the attention of undesirable elements to adventurers at awkward moments. Never have your story told when you need a few weeks of rest!

Thieves: The City is full of Thieves' Guilds, separated by area and alignment, divided by petty jealousies and bitter enmity, and hunted by the militias of rival guilds and the forces of the Katar. No two guilds have quite the same organisation, though most seem to be dominated by a single powerful character. One thing they do all have in common is a system of safe houses unique to that guild. A safe house is any place that will hide a fugitive thief who can provide the right password. They may be any normal trader's shop, or a private dwelling, and are normally identified by a symbol or mark visible from the street that can be recognised by a member of the guild. These properties will often have 'priest-holes' or secret tunnels. During periods of cooperation guilds may temporarily exchange information about marks or passwords - each changing their codes once the cooperation is ended - but woe betide thieves who try to take refuge in a house that does not recognise them!

Other guilds within the City League include: Bakers. Butchers. Candlemakers, Chandlers, Charcoalers, Clogmakers, Clothiers (a direct subsidiary of the Cerwyn Clothiers Guild), Cobblers, Coopers, Embalmers (cremation is widely practised in most parts of the City these days, and this Guild is declining rapidly), Gladiators (not technically a Guild, but a Brotherhood of participating fighters), Glassworkers, Hideworkers, Innkeepers, Jewelers (the League's reputation for jeweler is legend), Limners, Litigants and Lawyers (a vast guild serving the hideously complicated legal system - see #18). Longshoremen, Masons, Mercantylers, Metalsmiths, Millers, Moneylenders (dominated by a dwarven hierarchy), Ostlers, Perfumers, Physicians, Pilots, Potters, Saddlers, Salters, Smokers and Picklers, Seaman (a powerful Guild, utterly loyal to the Katar), Shipwrights and Ropemakers, Spinners, Tentmakers, Thatchers, Timberwrights, Turners, Weaponsmiths, Weavers, Wheelwrights.

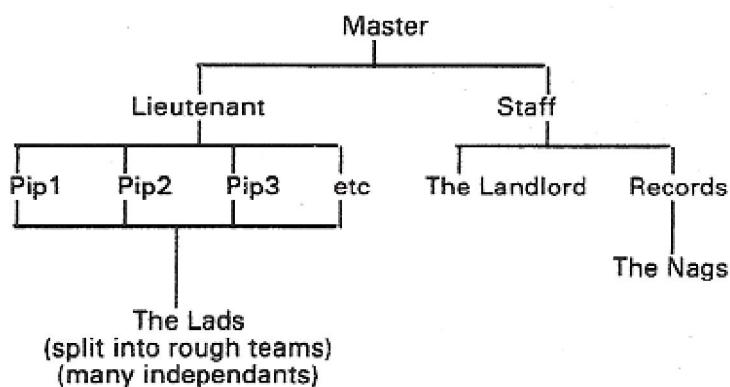


THIEVES' GUILDS

All these guilds, and most thieves' guilds throughout Pelinore, fall into one of two types: basically lawful (LN) or basically chaotic (CN). Thieves can be of any alignment otherwise in use in the campaign, and each would join the most suitable guild, although it is possible that in smaller towns only one of the two types would exist. In such cases, the thief character might feel quite uncomfortable having to join an unsuitable group.

LAWFUL-TYPE GUILDS

Lawful guilds are hierarchical organisations that own their headquarters. The officers of the guild have fixed duties and responsibilities; they seek authority for matters outside their control from their superiors and they delegate authority to their juniors. These officers decide which jobs should be done when, and control their guildsmembers' activity to ensure no 'over-fishing' in the locality; they also deal with handing out punishments to transgressors. Successors to these posts are selected in advance and trained up appropriately. Everything is done in a business-like manner. Being thieves, however, means that methods of advancement differ slightly from those accepted in the traditional business world. Thieves are expected to watch their own backs and if they fail in that duty then they fail as thieves and deserve their fate. It is quite usual that an ambitious young thief will find his route to the top aided by a series of unfortunate accidents to his superiors; similarly, ambitious young thieves often don't come back from tricky jobs. No one in the guild will do anything about these accidents unless the perpetrators make themselves obvious - the worst sin that can be committed by a thief is being obvious.



KEY

Master - Master thief who runs the guild

Lieutenant - Thief in charge of all active operations

Staff - Thief in charge of bureaucratic matters like maintenance of the guild house, safe houses and records of local activities

Pip - Specialist in one or more areas of operations, must be consulted before a specific job or scam is undertaken

The Landlord - Thief with specific responsibility for the guild house and the safe houses

Records - Thief that controls the record keeping functions— names of guild members, amounts collected from various organised events, dates of jobs, dates of big valuable shipments, etc.

The Lads - the mass of members

The Nags - the clerks working in records

Larger guilds would have more than one Lieutenant, many Pips, and several Nags, while smaller guilds would probably have only one man on the Staff side to control that whole area. Most well organised Guilds will also operate some kind of cell structure to minimise the possibility of discovery, with all the officers of the Guild operating through intermediaries (even with each other!) who know very little of what is going on. In some guilds, this structure may be so sophisticated that the Master, Lieutenant and Staff never meet, with even appointments to office being done by proxy, and being judged on reputation alone. This means that names are very rarely used, and identification is often only possible through a complicated system of code-words and ciphers, to prevent penetration by 'undesirable' elements.

CHAOTIC-TYPE GUILDS



The organisation of chaotic guilds is fairly unpredictable. Most are small groups of thieves ruled by the might of the leader or a faction within the guild. The membership is mutually suspicious and changes frequently; each constantly looking for the opportunity to overthrow the leader and take control. In large towns such small groups would soon be swamped by the efficiency of lawful-type guilds, so there soon arise confederations of chaotic-type guilds, wherein local guildsleaders agree to cooperate

over sharing safe houses, passwords and areas of operations. Periodically, a charismatic leader will emerge from one of the guilds and exert authority over all of them, giving rise to a temporary period of success and wealth. Inevitably, the leader will wane and the cooperative will either be led by another charismatic leader or will dissolve. These cooperatives are marked by occasional bloodbaths as certain groups try to seize control.

Chaotic guilds do not hold property for meeting places or safe-houses but arrange such matters on an ad hoc basis as need arises.

AFTER DARK IN THE CITY LEAGUE

Here it is, the definitive guide to the night life of your favourite city. And what a choice there is! For the discerning, money-spending adventurer, the entertainments on offer can make a big difference to status, prestige - and the amount of money left in the pockets.... Two things to remember. Most adventures start with a session in a tavern, where a rumour or an NPC provides the right starting point. If you have greater variety in the way your PCs spend their time between jobs, you can make them hunt work, searching for the one NFC who is hiring ne'er-do-wells for a foray into the Sarpath Peaks. Second, there's no finer way to keep your PCs on their toes than by introducing them to a few alternative methods of losing money, getting into trouble with the City authorities, or into a bruising brawl with some petulant sailors.



THE ENTERTAINMENTS GUIDE

Each category below has a few notes attached, referring to some of the normal activities in each place. **SL** is Social Level (see the appendix), the minimum level you should be (or appear to be) to get in. All NPCs should follow the same rule. **x** is the modifier to prices, a rough guide to the cost of food and drink. **T** is the percentage chance of a thief being drawn to a party member in any one hour spent in the establishment. **Mod** is the Place Modifier to the Getting Spotted chance, if you use the Law and Order tables.

Pubs: Obvious, but a normal choice. Several are detailed, like the Black Pig (**4**), the Blue Piper (**63**) and Fond Celine's (**11**). All have a complete stock of ales, wines and spirits, about 80% have food. Only people desperate for help, and unknowledgeable about where to find it, look for adventurers in these places. Most of the jobs on offer will be bodyguarding, thieving or other small beer. The Black Dragon, on the edge of the Communities, is a known haunt of the Adventurers' Guild, where work might be easier to find.

Pubs	SL 0	x1	T5%	Mod +5%
SL, x and Mod will be higher in better districts				

Clubs: A much greater level of entertainment can be had if you become a member of a fashionable club. The Cornucopia (33) is one already detailed, but there are others. Fat Ronned's is a connoisseur's drinking emporium, aimed at those prepared to pay for the best food and wines, where government officials vie for street credibility. The Carathenium is a gambling den, in which the members bet on everything. The High Walk in the New City can only be reached across a narrow plank bridge 150' up; fine enough when you're sober, but many a punter has fallen along way to the gutter after closing time. Abrasim's is just about the only club for magic users and illusionists anywhere in the known world; many of the clientele are very fond of magical jokes. Membership fees for any club should be at least 100gp a year, and PCs will need to be introduced by an existing member. Many people know these places are the haunts of adventurers, and come looking when they need to hire.

Cornucopia (33)	SL 4	x 3	T10%	Mod -20%
Fat Ronned's	SL 2	x 5-10	T1%	Mod -5%
Carathenium	SL 3	x 5	T12%	Mod +10%
High Walk	SL 1	x 1.5	T15%	Mod -35%
Abrasim's	SL 2	x 4	T0%	Mod -5%

Boxes: This is how to impress someone. Hiring or purchasing a box at one of the great event stadia makes sure people come looking for *you*, and not just any old adventurer. Boxes are available at the Arena (21), but they only come up for purchase at a rate of about 3 a year, and the nobility snatch them up. A box can be hired for a particular event for about 400gp. Don't go along when the animal baiting is on though, it's always crowded. Theatres, like Piper's (74), are good places. You can buy a box for 100-1000gp, hire it out for 1-3gp any night you don't want it, and find people beating a path to your door. The boxes at the Temple of Ten Thousand Ravens are good too; 600gp a year to watch your friends being prosecuted. Many of those who think they are innocent plead to the boxes for someone to help prove it. The Adventurers' Guild and several key individual entrepreneurs keep coming to the court for just that reason, and not just to throw mouldy fruit like some of the other patrons.

Arena (21)	SL 1	x 10	T0%	Mod +25%
Theatre	SL 3	x 10	T0%	Mod +10%
Ten-Thousand Ravens	SL 5	x 10	T0%	Mod +80%

Halfling Football: An impromptu event, organised at short notice and advertised by word-of-mouth. Invented by itinerant Dwarven construction workers, the game has been adopted by t'League, despite it's illegal trappings. Normally played in a large bar or warehouse, two teams attempt to get a halfling into the opposing goal by any means. The halfling is not usually a volunteer, but will normally agree to 'score' for one side or another in exchange for protection for the rest of the match; some, like Wolfstag (unbeaten in the last five years), become City-wide celebrities. The game is usually interrupted by the District Militia. Rumour has it that the Knights Ocular are the best team in the City....

Halfling Football	SL 1	x2	T12%	Mod +15%
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Bordellos: For fear of upsetting delicate sensibilities, we shan't make too much of what happens at these places. Suffice it to say that the rate for the entertainment varies from a few silver pieces to 250gp, and you always pay for quality (or for the lack of it). The most famous is Jetta's in Docklands, the garish permanent faerie fire cast on the building by a grateful patron being a famous City landmark. The Harp Club in Arena Way has specialty dance acts, and charges a 10gp entrance fee. The quickest way for a bored PC to create a little action would be to visit the Temple of Su-jo-tara, behind Piper's Theatre, with a cleric of any other deity. The rituals at this place are enough to make the hair fall out.

Jetta's	SL 5	x 5	T10%	Mod +5%
Harp Club	SL 3	x 3	T15%	Mod -5%
Temple of Su-jo-Tara	SL 1	x nil!	T4%	Mod -2%

The City Races: One way to prove your fitness. On two Festival Days a year, races are run through the streets, with special classes for horses, strange beasts, magical and mechanical mounts, and straight running. Watching is almost obligatory, participating can lead to adventures all of its own. Cheating is considered unsporting, but no class has ever been one without at least a little.

City Races	SL 1	x 1/2	T15%	Mod -5%
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The Immortals: *The* restaurant in the City League. The most famous dishes in the world are cooked here by Loperis, the great chef from Dontaldor; *Vampyre*, fried stirge in blood and garlic sauce; *Cockatrice au vin* etc.

The Immortals	SL 4	x 15	T3%	Mod +5%
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Galluf: This might seem crazy, but there is a club just outside the City where all the notables go to practice hitting a white sphere around the country with a slender mace, trying to make it fall down a hole that must be AC-15. While they wander around, they do all sorts of deals, and much of what happens in the City is decided during a game of Galluf. The Clerical and Ancient Club is the best, if you have 750gp for annual membership.

Galluf Clubs	SL 4	x 1.5	T2%	Mod -25%
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

ACQUIRING INFORMATION IN THE CITY LEAGUE



A bustling, cosmopolitan place like t'League presents all sorts of opportunities for a group of adventurers to pick up rumours and other snippets of information. Indeed, sometimes the player characters don't even need to search actively - it's amazing the stories that can be overheard at the bar of an inn, in the marketplace, and so on. This is not to say that information should always be handed out on a plate of course, since even the lowliest gossip-monger likes to be bought a drink or two!

It's when the PCs start asking specific questions that it can be difficult to decide whether or not the character being quizzed should be able to help. Even in the most detailed and well prepared of campaigns, the DM can't be expected to know the life history of every single city inhabitant. In adventures where the sources of information which the PCs must consult are already mapped out, it is easiest to assume that asking questions anywhere else will prove fruitless. But since every major NPC in t'League usually has a list of contacts, you might like to adopt the following procedure in those situations where you genuinely don't know whether a particular NPC has the information sought by the adventurers. Bear in mind, however, that the more obscure the information, the harder it should be for the PCs to discover it - don't let any random system ruin your complex plot just because the dice

indicate that Bert the local landlord knows all about it! And of course, every character will have his or her own particular way of expressing the truth of things, if only because of alignment.

First, decide what "level" of information is being sought:

Level 0 Knowledge common to a particular character class

Level 1 Knowledge common to residents(*) of an area, irrespective of class (e.g. the location of an inn famed for its fine ale)

Level 2 Knowledge common to residents(*) who are also a particular class (e.g. local thieves know, but clerics don't)

Level 3 Knowledge common to all long-term residents (**), irrespective of class (e.g. any specific location within the area of residence)

Level 4 Knowledge common to all long-term residents (**), irrespective of class (e.g. any specific location within the area of residence)

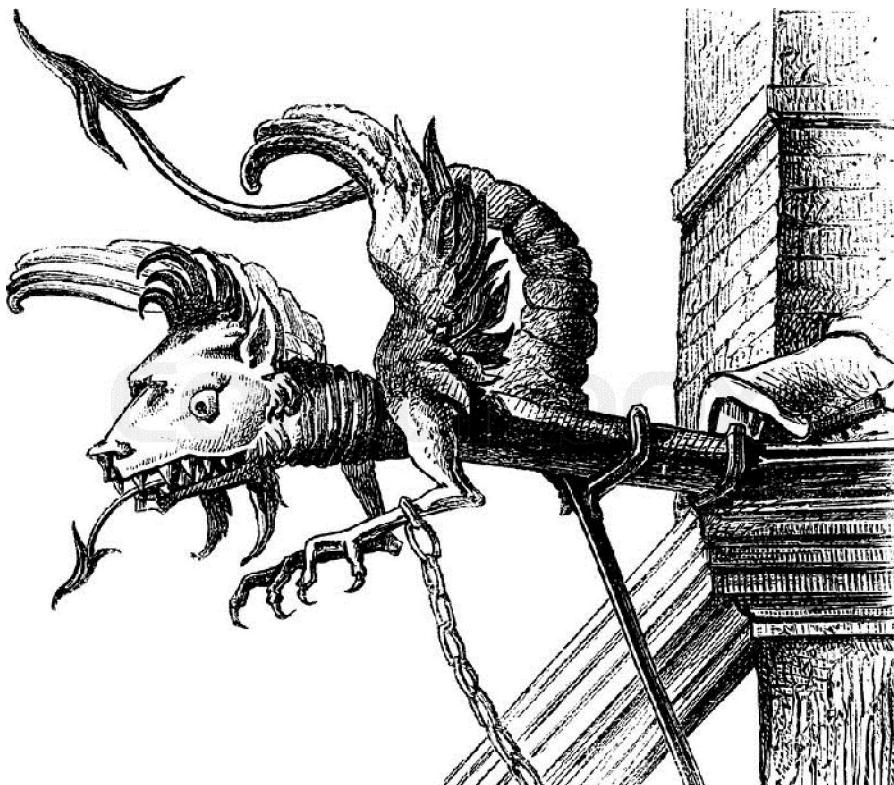
Level 5 Known only as a result of "education" (i.e. the NPC has been told, or learnt the information from a specific source)

Level 6 Known only as a result of research (usually only sages)

* a resident is someone who has lived in an area for at least 1 month

** a long-term resident has lived in an area for at least 1 year

Next, make a straight Intelligence check (on 1d20) for the NPC concerned, adding the 'level' of the information to the die roll. You may also wish to use the number of years of residence as a negative modifier. If the check is successful, the NPC has the answer required. If the check is failed by less than the information "level", the NPC can suggest someone else whom the PCs might ask (even if this has to be a sage!). If the check is failed by an amount greater than the information level, then the NPC is of no help whatsoever!



Inevitably the time will arise when the party will need to shell out some gold, and seek the help of an expert. Fortunately, the 'greatest city in all the Domains' is blessed with two extensive repositories of knowledge: the Midnight Monastery (84), and the Capitol (85). Of course, the learned sages based at these establishments are busy people, dedicated to their studies, and they charge accordingly if pestered by opportunist adventurers with foolish questions.

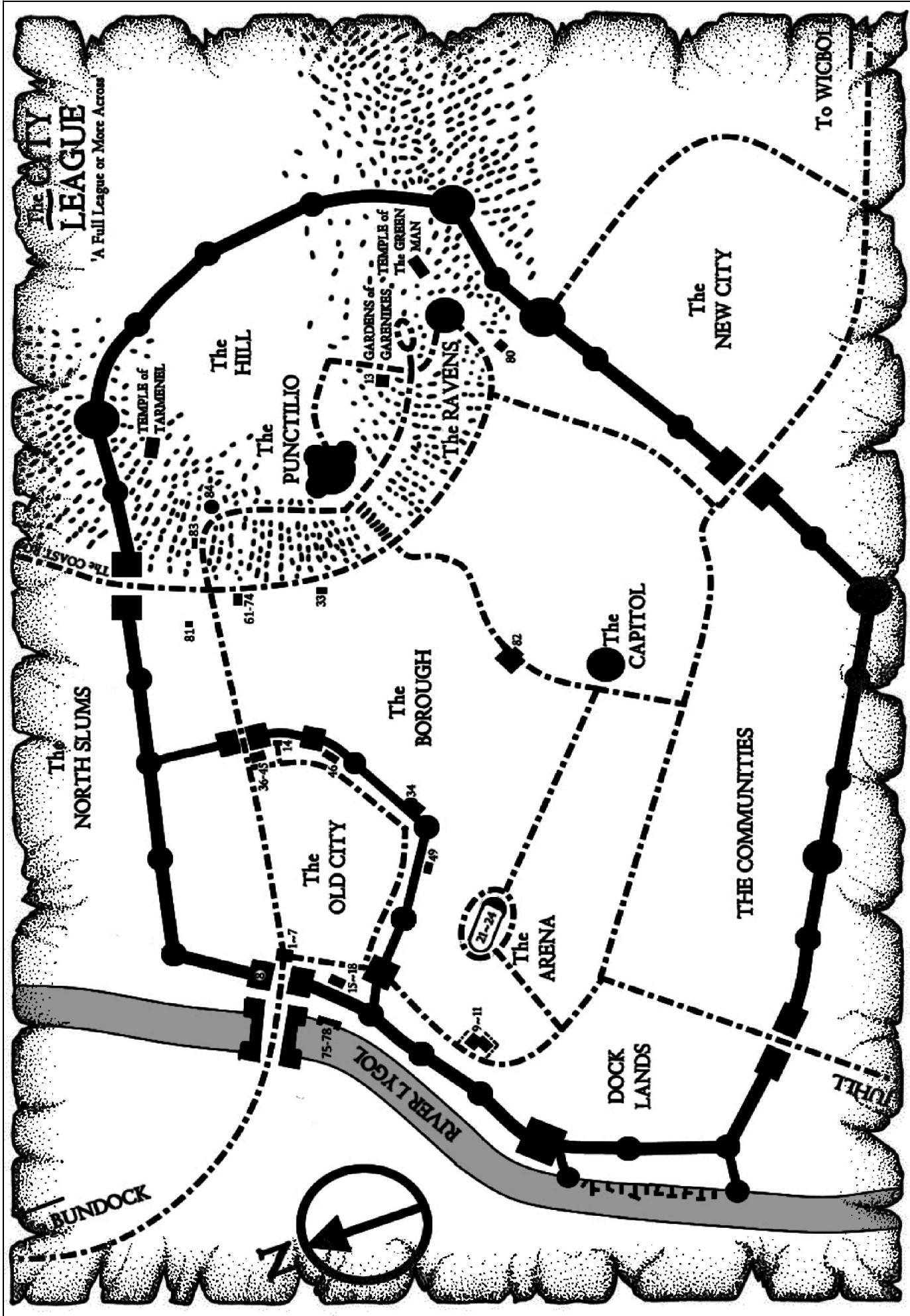


PELINORE



PART II: THE CITY LEAGUE





CITY LEAGUE MAP KEY

NUMBER	LOCATION
1-7	Westmeet Square
8	The West Gate
9-11	The Wynd
12	GM's Discretion
13	Carraway Keep & the White Order
14	Cock O'Th' Walk Tavern
15-18	North Docklands Court
19	Pablo Fanquay's Fair
20	GM's Discretion
21-24	The Arena
25-31	Gibbet Street
32	The Basilisks
33	The Cornucopia Gambling Den
34	The Old Bastion (Scorpion's Nest)
35	Thieves Around the Walk
36-45	Monument Square
46	The Asylum
47	The Deathcart
48	GM's Discretion
49	The Waxworks
50-60	GM's Discretion
61-74	Piper's Corner
75-78	The Old Wharf
80	The Order of the Blue Light
81	The House of the Dancing Dead
82	The Mercantyler's Guild
83	Turgarron House
84	The Midnight Monastery
85	The Capitol
86-99	GM's Discretion
100	Masterion

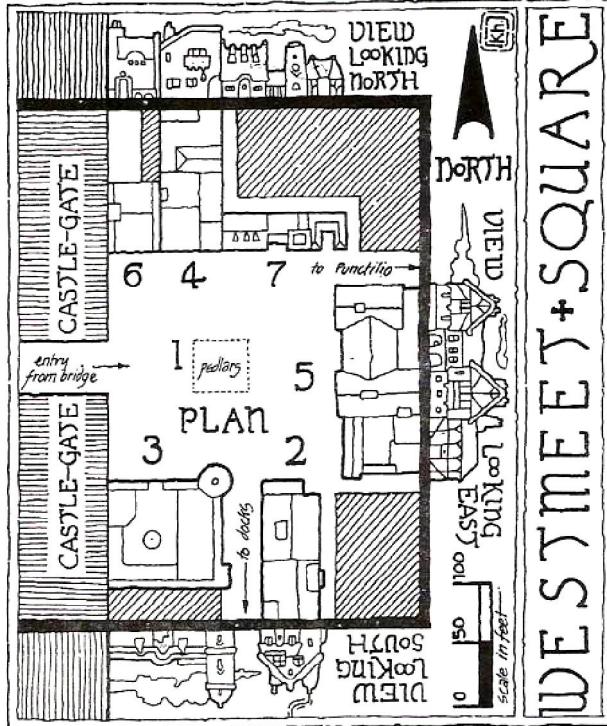
N^os 1-7: WESTMEET SQUARE

1a

Androgenes Metz; T7; CN; hp 28; AC 5; dagger and sling

½-Orc Male

S	12	▪ Filthy, smelly leathers, unnecessary eye-patch
I	12	▪ Sells matches/hankies/gewgaws at street corners seeking victims
W	7	▪ Dishonest(!), shifty, answers to nickname 'Phew'
D	17	▪ Knows members of the local thieves' guild and probably an assassin or two
C	8	
Ch	6	



1b

Nila 'Flossy' Jostle; A2; CE; hp 8; AC 4; Poisoned hatpin (1 point of damage plus poison)

Halfling Female

S	7	▪ Cheap silks over leather shirt
I	6	▪ Floozy, waits for custom in Square
W	8	▪ Flirtatious, dangerous, greedy, keen on blackmail
D	18	▪ Knows Phew (1a), and six or seven minor officials
C	13	
Ch	15	

1c

The Pedlars

The Pedlars are one of the many itinerant groups of traders who travel from square to square setting up their stalls. This particular group is typically nomadic, and although they will blow hot and cold during the cut-throat bargaining they love, they are all true neutrals. Interestingly, these four humans are albino brothers. From their stalls, adventurers may buy all normal, everyday items (like food, clothing and oil). The shops around the square must be approached for their specifics, however, since there is an unwritten City League law that forbids street sellers peddling the same wares as a shop within sight of it. Rumour has it that most pedlars are controlled by the Uncle - a mysterious figure whom everyone has heard of, but no-one admits having met. Such control would be worth a fortune to any who had it, and it is probable that it is the cause of periodic fierce, secret wars.

N° 2: THE APOTHECARY

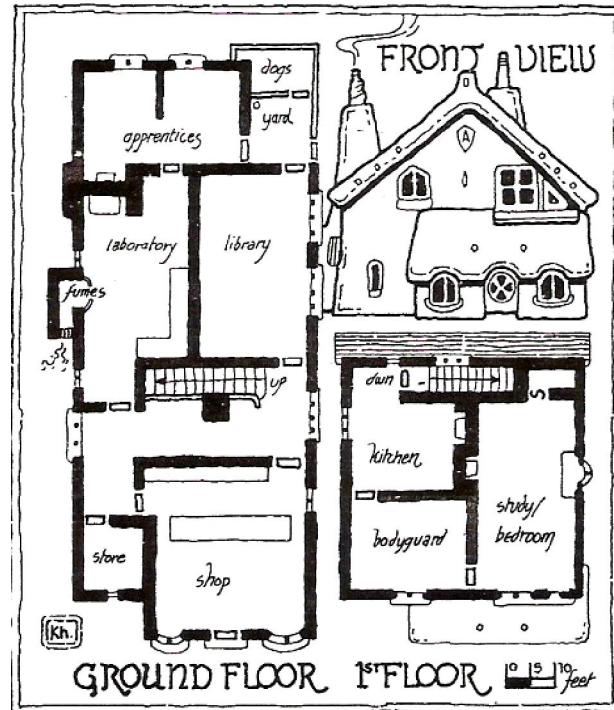
Myritis Ep-Stine is an old gnome who has run this apothecary for longer than most locals remember. In it can be bought the usual chemicals (including incense), as well as most of the components magic users need to cast their spells, unfortunately Myritis does tend to overcharge for things, but then he 'has to make a living, doesn't he?' Depending on the kind of campaign being run he may also prepare and sell potions. As he supplies the local MU school (9) with many of their needs they oblige him by making sure his bodyguard, Grimnix, is kept *charmed* to his service. Myritis is assisted by two unexceptional apprentices.

2a

Myritis Ep-Stine; Fr3; N; hp 11;
AC 10; unarmed

Gnome Male

S	6	▪ Grey and brown robes, black and silver skull cap
I	16	▪ Apothecary
W	12	▪ Avaricious, cunning, suave, old gnome
D	4	
C	9	▪ Knows local traders very friendly with inhabitants of the local MU school
Ch	12	



2a

Grimnix; F6; CE; hp 50;
AC 5; club

½-Ogre Male

S	17	▪ Animal skins
I	3	▪ Bodyguard <i>charmed</i> into service of Myritis Ep-Stine (2a)
W	5	▪ Stupid, brave, sly
D	10	▪ Don't know nuffink nor nobody and nobody loves him.
C	12	
Ch	4	

2c & 2d

Lance and Beaubritches are 2 apprentices to Myritis - male human youths who know the local serving classes

N° 3: THE TRAVELLERS' SHRINE

The City League is nothing if not an opportunity to make some cash and so the clerics of the town have agreed to establish this multi-denominational shrine just inside the gates. Visitors may enter the shrine, pray in one of the private booths and receive holy water or a *cure light wounds* spell from the resident cleric, assuming he or she is 'in'. Three fighters act as attendants, collect the money and show visitors to vacant booths (and clear up afterwards) or to the screen from where beneficence is dispensed. If any visitor behaves badly or aggressively one of the attendants simply rings the bell, and as the garrison is right next door.

Suggested prices are: Entry and private praying booth (5gp/turn)

Cure Light Wounds (125 gp per spell)

Holy Water (30 gp per vial)

No other clerical items are available.

3a

Amandaia Lamancha; C5; N;

hp 28; AC 7; mace in room

Human Female

S	14	▪ Rich maroon linen robes, boots, ring of protection +3
I	9	▪ Representative cleric at traveller's shrine
W	14	▪ Kindly but uncommunicative, distant
D	8	▪ Knows the whereabouts of most temples in Docklands and Borough, does not know any bureaucrats or merchants
C	14	
Ch	12	

3b

Link Pinthrip; Fr3; NE; hp 12;

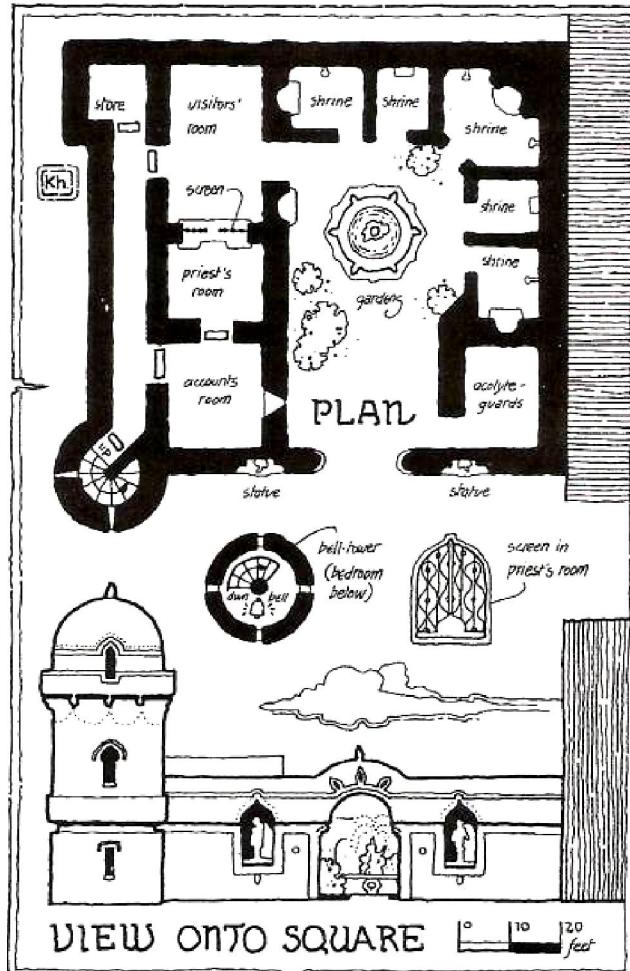
AC 8; shortsword

Human Male

S	14	▪ Leather uniform and seal of office on a thumb ring
I	13	▪ Official money collector for clerical group
W	9	▪ Officious, snide, overcharges
D	8	▪ Is familiar with local by-laws, knows several other petty functionaries
C	13	
Ch	9	

3c, 3d & 3e

Portia, Bold Mary and **Invidia** are the three acolyte-guards. Each is F2 with hp 14. They say they know no-one locally, keeping their own company and occasionally visiting their families living somewhere in Docklands. They wear severe short, black, tunics with small, jet adornments and thonged sandals. Invidia is the Scards' daughter (see **Black Pig, 4**) but she ignores them. Bold Mary is the daughter of the nearby miller (**10**)



N° 4: THE BLACK PIG PUBLIC HOUSE

An old scruffy local. The place has a well deserved reputation for good beer and good food served at sensible prices (unlike, some say, the **Ford Inn, 5**) and is therefore usually packed. Run efficiently by the landlord, despite his, now famous, imaginary tales of valour. There is very limited sleeping space on the floor after everyone has gone home. At the rear is a general purpose building that can be used at the DM's discretion.

Recommended prices: everything just below the norm.

4a

Hurnakar Scard; Fr2; LN; hp 9;

AC 3; unarmed

Human Male

S	16	▪ Gleaming breastplate over olive green tunic, brown trousers tied at the knee
I	10	▪ Brewer, publican, and professional coward
W	11	▪ Cocky, plausible, charming, craven braggart
D	11	▪ Knows everyone local but no-one well, resents Race (5a)
C	15	
Ch	16	

4a

Dinah Scard; Fr3; LN; hp 20;

AC 10; longsword in kitchen

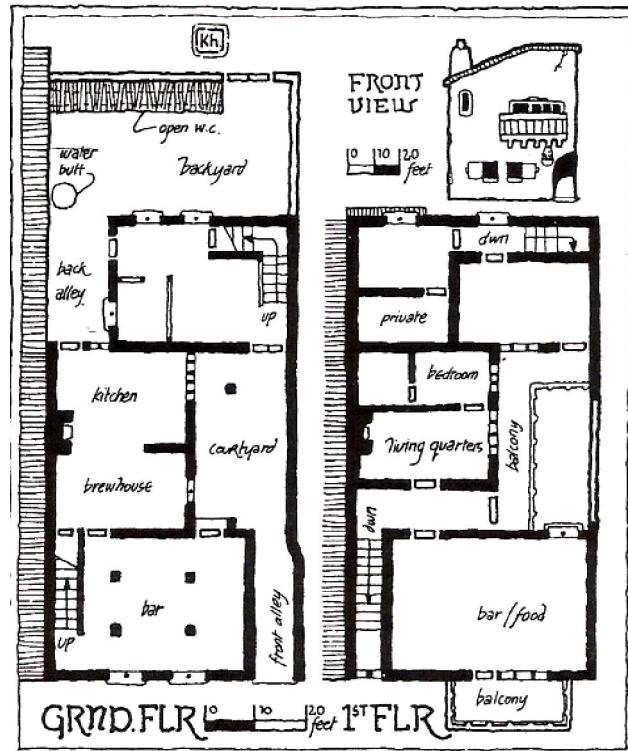
Human Female

S	16	▪ Yellow dress, brown cloak with crimson embroidery
I	10	▪ Brewer and publican
W	11	▪ Quiet, industrious, supportive, pines for her daughter Invidia who works at the Shrine (3)
D	11	
C	15	
Ch	16	▪ Knows the kitchen staff of the Ford Inn, confidante of Goldmeadow (5b)

4c &

4d

Beclurn and Beruth are the Scards' two disappointing sons. They help, listlessly, in the pub, being constantly urged to go adventuring like their father. But both Dinah and Hurnakar know it was Dinah's adventures that earned the money to buy the pub. Beruth knows more than he tells of Angovidinrix Blister (51)



N° 5: THE FORD INN

A building reeking of antiquity; the present structure stands on the site of the original way-station. It has been improved and extended over the centuries and now comprises a fine inn, a farrier's shop, a stable (with horses for sale or hire) and a tackle shop with a dwarf who repairs leatherwork. Recommended prices: all 50% above the norm, The inn is run by Race and his beautiful elven wife, Goldmeadow, both retired adventurers. This loving couple have been going through unhappy times over the last few years, brought about by the decision of their only son, Rathe, to undergo the rigorous and lengthy training at the Magic Users' School (9), where he is now a Conjurer. Rathe took orders under the Master of the school, Fiorratanis, despite the fondest hope of his father that he too would be an adventurer. Goldmeadow, however, understood her son's desire, and this caused discord between her and her husband. It has been three years since Rathe last visited his parents, and both miss him terribly. The subject is best avoided within earshot of Race, and most magic users who know the story stay clear of the Ford Inn.

5a	Race ; R8; LG; hp 60; AC 8; longsword in chambers, dagger Human Male	5b	Goldmeadow ; F6-MU6; LG; hp 35; AC 10; longbow in chambers Elf Female
S 17 I 15 W 15 D 11 C 14 Ch 11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Waistcoat over bright shirt, breeches, long coloured stockings, shoes with bright buckles, long clay pipe Landlord and nobody's fool Dignified, respected, careful One of the most famous people in the League, knows many important people, but no particular friends, studiously ignores Hurnakar Scard (4a) 	S 16 I 17 W 11 D 13 C 10 Ch 18	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Cheerful skirted tunic over trousers tied at ankles. No shoes, usually has flowers in hair Landlady Grave, lonely, polite, smells wonderful Although very famous, her only friend is Dinah (4b), avoids Burbury Flataxe (5d) <p>Spell Book:</p> <p>1 (1, 3, 12*, 15, 16, 20, 22, 27) 2 (6, 7, 8, 10, 13, 22, 23, 24) 3 (9, 12, 18, 24)</p>

5c	Berenord ; F5; LG; hp 30; AC 10; battleaxe in his room Human Male	5d	Burbury Flataxe ; F3; LG; hp 18; AC 5; battleaxe in forge Dwarf Male
S 15 I 12 W 9 D 9 C 9 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Black and brown shirt and trousers, brown boots, red neckerchief Follower of Race, now general factotum at the Inn Silent, troubled, noble, hairy Knows some druids from the Communities, but locally only workers at the Inn Berenord is a werebear. He is in full control of himself and periodically has to ride into the forests to roam in his animal form. 	S 16 I 7 W 12 D 13 C 10 Ch 13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Leather apron over chain mail shirt and grubby green trousers Farrier, long-time associate of Race (5a) Unusually talkative and friendly, opinionated, pig-ignorant Many acquaintances, few friends, secretly adores Goldmeadow (5b), Digger (5e) is his son

5e **Digger Flataxe**, Dwarf, F1, hp 7 is Burbury's son. He is the leather repainer and when his dad is not around behaves very much like him. Rather overfond of the odd tipple.

5f & 5g **Flaxen Billy** and **Jos** are the two, boring, uninformative stable boys.

5h & 5i **Potboy One** and **Potboy Two** (real names **Vax** and **Vox Bigant**) are twins who serve, brew and clean. They think and talk alike and are totally indistinguishable except that, when asked questions not concerned with the business of the Inn, One always lies and Two always tells the truth!

5j, 5k & 5l **Beryl Blister** and her daughters **Wilbertina** and **Angovidinrix** do the cooking. Angovidinrix is having a sweet romance with Beruth (4d).



N° 6: THE ARMOURERS

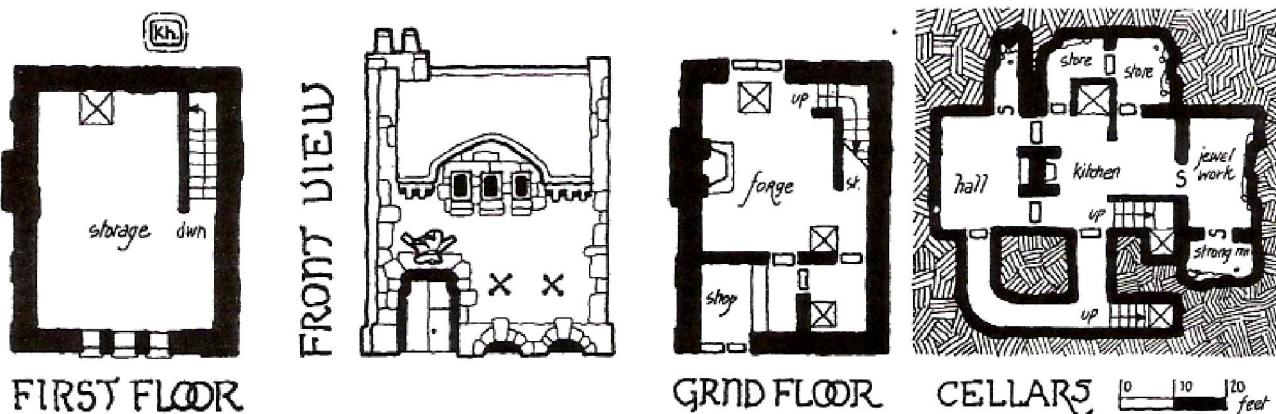
There is no love lost between the dwarven armourer, Gert, and her near neighbours, the elven weaponsmiths (7). The resident armourer had never been over-fond of the weaponsmiths, but since Gert took up residence the lack of warmth soon became hatred: she despises them. Good sense and a restraining partner mean that she restricts her violent assaults to the verbal kind, much to the amusement of the other occupants of the square. Nevertheless, she is one of the finest armourers in Docklands, and with Thokrin the jeweler produces articles of enviable quality (and price!). Whilst Gert and Thokrin lavish their skill and passion on the sumptuous items, their apprentices get on with the business of providing reliable armour for adventurers. A mundane activity which, if the truth were known, actually provides the real income of the business.

6a	Gert Rusty ; F6; NG; hp 40; AC1/1; battleaxe Dwarf Female	6b	Thokrin Silver-Eye ; F7; NG; hp 46; AC 8; unarmed Dwarf Male
S 17 I 9 W 12 D 11 C 13 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Immaculate, breastplate +2 over leather shirt and trews ▪ Armourer ▪ Hot-blooded, honest, Single-minded ▪ Knows and known by local dwarves, loves Burbury Flataxe - and makes no secret of it - and therefore hates elves all the more. 	S 14 I 15 W 15 D 13 C 12 Ch 15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Shining, intricately adorned, leathers over scarlet shirt, silver eye shield hides empty socket ▪ Jeweler ▪ Fussy, easily upset, lisps ▪ Knows and known by local dwarves, also knows one or two minor bureaucrats

6c **Kon Underock** is the F5 hp 20 shopkeeper who deals with ordinary customers. He also acts as cook and housekeeper. A friendly, stupid chap.

6d, 6e, 6f, 6g & 6h Gert has 5 apprentices - 3 dwarves (**Tolly Kobold-Killer**, **Baggy Bluenose** and **Biffer**) and 2 gnomes (**Kiril the Hungry** and **Paternoster Abstentangree**).

6i, 6j & 6k Thokrin has 3 apprentices - 2 dwarves (**Wampateak Imp** and **Mok Incer**) and 1 gnome (**Pinter Abstentangree**). It is by sheer coincidence that two of the gnomes are called Abstentangree as they are entirely unrelated. These youngsters work hard and get their fun chucking bricks through the windows of the local merchants.



N° 7: THE WEAPON DESIGNERS' WORKSHOP

Over the generations (and for an elf, a generation is a long time!) this group of weapon-makers have become renowned for their standardized weapon design. Almost completely lacking in flair, they produce straight-forward, reliable weapons at a sensible price; just don't ask for extras, that's all. The group is entirely male, and has been so since records were first kept. Periodically, as if answering some unheard call, a young male elf will arrive at the shop to work his apprenticeship, and an older elf will move on to new adventures. Currently five elves live and work in the workshop.

7a **Wetherlam**; F2-MU2; LG; hp 8;
AC8; longsword

Elf Male

S	12	▪ Green robes
I	13	▪ Swordsmit
W	11	▪ Aloof, cool, uncommunicative
D	16	▪ Knows no-one other than his colleagues
C	12	
Ch	12	

7b **Blencathra**; F2-MU2; LG; hp 8;
AC 7; longbow

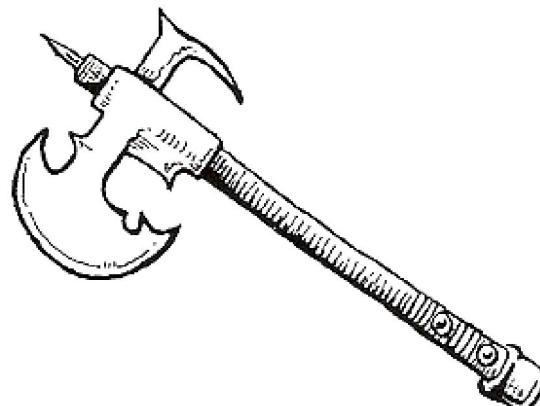
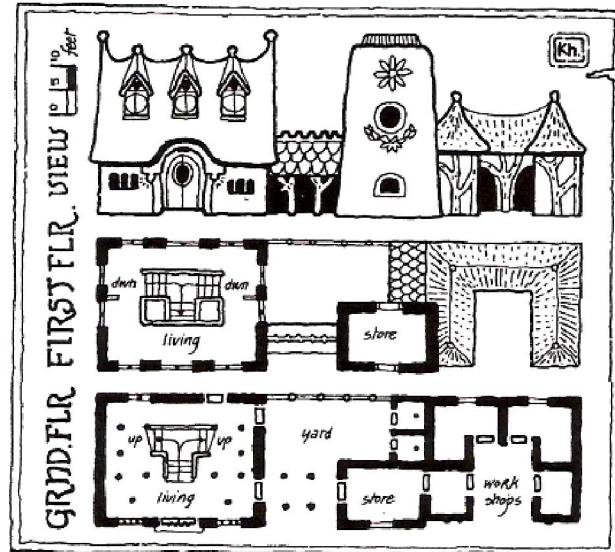
Elf Male

S	9	▪ Green robes
I	13	▪ Bowyer
W	8	▪ Aloof, chats endlessly about bows if pressed
D	17	▪ Knows no-one other than his colleagues
C	12	
Ch	9	

7c **Skiddaw**; F2-MU2; LG; hp 9;
AC 9; longbow

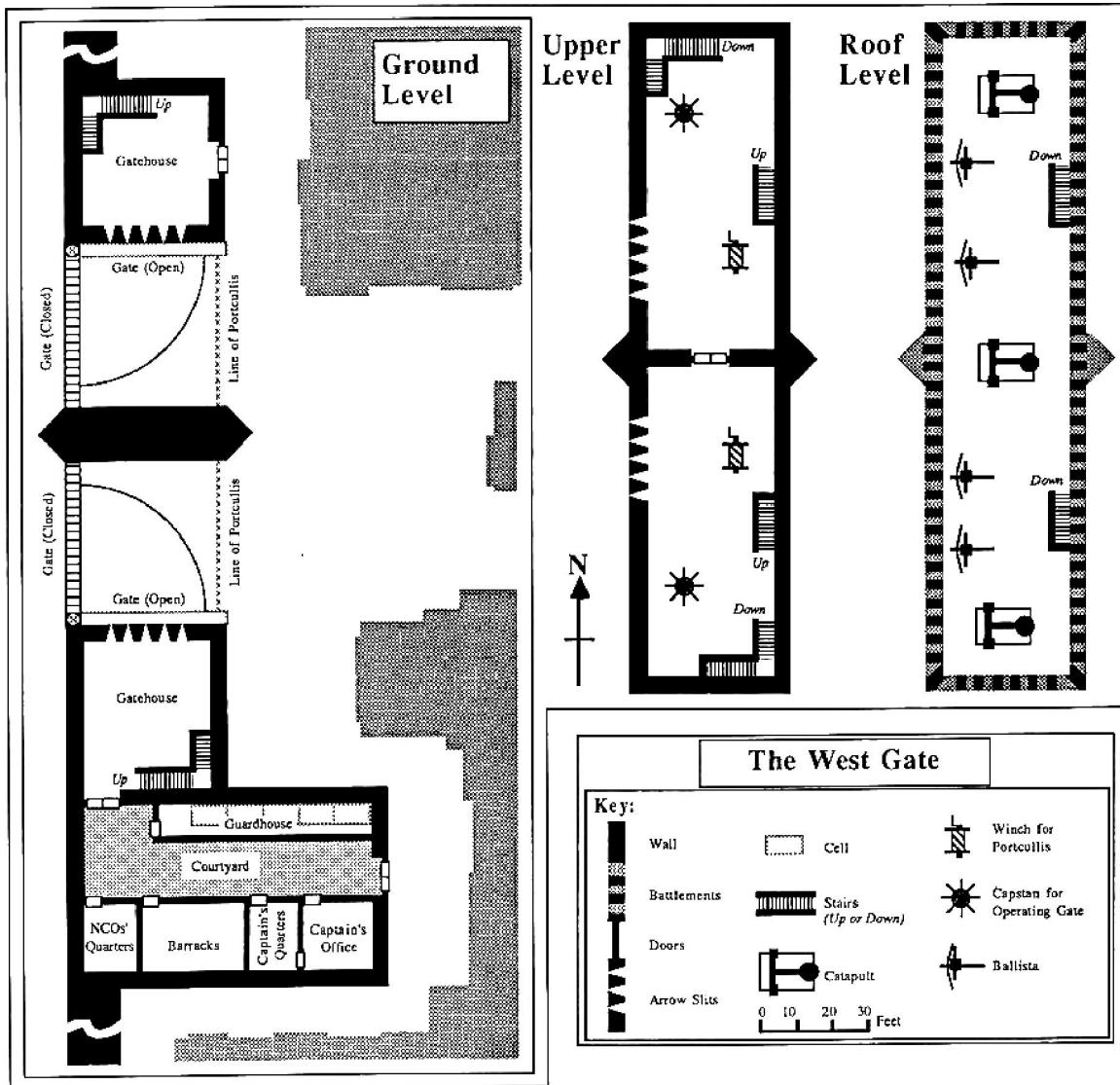
Elf Male

S	14	▪ Yellow robes
I	12	▪ Fletcher
W	14	▪ Initially aloof, friendly, humourous, cheeky
D	15	▪ Knows no-one other than his colleagues
C	8	
Ch	8	



7d & 7e **Lingmell** and **Grasmoor** are the two apprentices, the first performing basic blacksmithing and the second leather-work and carving. They, too, know no-one other than their colleagues.

N° 8: THE WEST GATE



First time visitors to the City League are likely to enter via the West Gate. Like each of the other 3 major entrances to t'League (the Coast Gate, the East Gate, and the South Gate being the other three) the West Gate has a well-fortified guardhouse and permanent detachment of guards whose duty it is to monitor those entering and leaving the City and make sure the proper entry and exit taxes are paid as well as no dangerous criminals go uncaught.

The gate has a permanent squad of 24 guards (F1, hp 5, AC 5, armed with longswords and light crossbows) divided into a day squads and night squad of twelve guards apiece. Each squad is commanded by a sergeant under the Gate Captain, Siedor. Both squads are housed in the barracks. The sergeants share a room while the captain has his own quarters and attached office.

The gate is closed from sunset until sunrise every day and all day during Festivals. Only by a direct order of the Katar will any exceptions be made to this schedule.

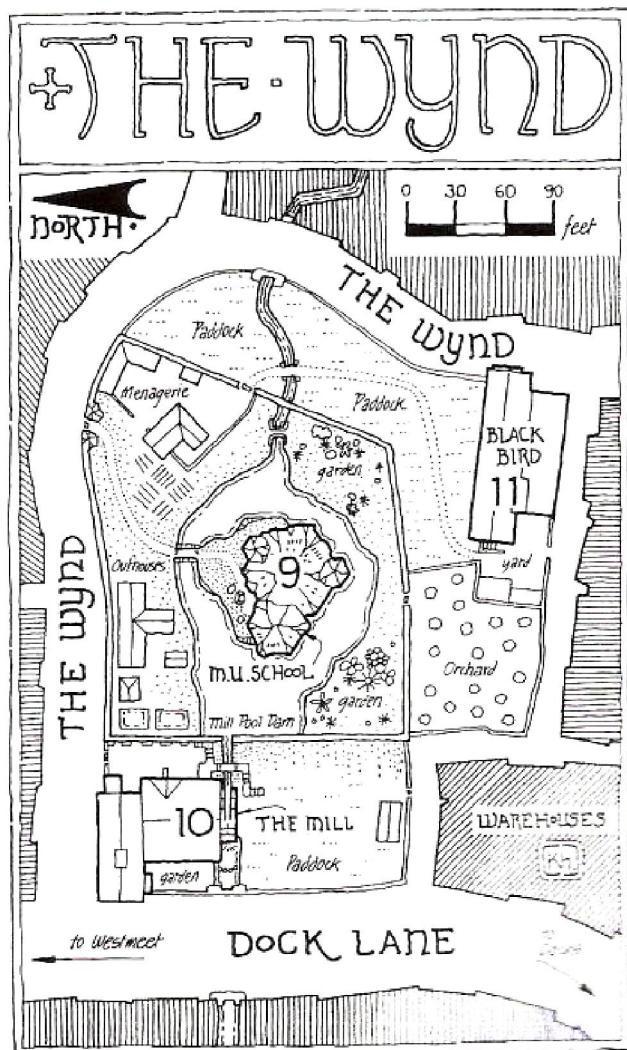
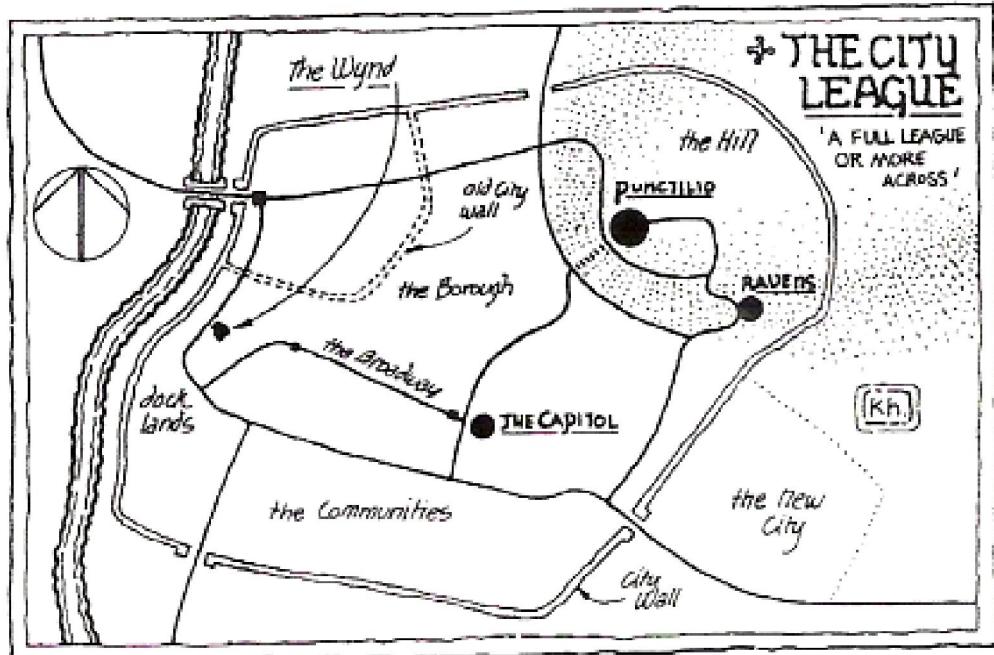
Visitors to the City are all assessed a flat entry tax. This tax must be paid each time anyone enters the City, except for those bearing an official waiver from the Katar. The tax rates are as follows:

Entrant	Tax
Foot Passenger	6cp
Horse or other beast of burden	2sp
Cart or Wagon*	1sp

*This tax is in addition to the beast of burden tax

8a	Siedor Angones ; F5; LN; hp 35; AC8; broadsword Human Male	8b-c The two watch sergeants are Eddan Razko (F3; LN; hp 17; AC 5; Str 17) and Salar Frizel (F3; LN; hp 15; AC 5; Str 16). Both are from working-class backgrounds and career guardsman who have worked their way up to their current positions through hard-work and determination. Both are loyal admirers of Captain Siedor.
S 16 I 12 W 14 D 13 C 11 Ch 9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Clipped, slightly jerky manner of speech and a brisk demeanor, always wears his uniform over a suit of chainmail ▪ Gate Captain ▪ Smart and efficient. Hard working and honourable. Like most of his fellow officers, he is a younger son of a minor noble family. Although a Gate Captaincy is not a glorious or demanding port in peacetime, he fulfills his duties to the best of his ability. ▪ Knows all of the men under his command. Familiar with most of the long-term inhabitants of Westmeet Square but not as friends. 	

NOS 9-11: THE WYND





N° 9: THE MAGIC USERS' SCHOOL

This Magic Users' school is the ironic result of the ambition of four men, brought to fruition by the bitter disappointment of one. Malachite Burwright (**9a**), Fiorrantanis (**9b**), Dispor the True (**9c**) and Porsena Mays (**9d**) were friends at a huge magical academy within the City who wanted to set up on their own. Tragedy struck when Malachite lost his right arm in an accident, ending his career. The tragedy was allayed when he inherited a swampy piece of land behind his family's Mill (**10**) on which he built a tower for his friends to use. The local people look on the school with much awe and pride. Since it brings much wealth into the district, anyone harming the place would bring the whole neighbourhood down around their ears. When dealing with MUs and Illusionists who want to learn new spells, the occupants always prefer to be paid in magical items and spells they do not have rather than money. No matter what system is used the price will be high. For example, spells will only be exchanged for higher level spells.

Available Spells: All cantrips, first and second level spells for MUs and Illusionists can be found here. Third to fifth level spells are restricted to those concerned with Alteration and Illusion/Phantasm due to the interests of the researchers. There are no spells above fifth level. These spells are not in spellbooks but are kept in scrolls, tomes and codices.

9a

Malachite Burwright; Fr8; NG; hp 34; AC 8; staff

Human Male

S	11	▪ Heavy leather greatcoat over long grey shirt, boots, only one arm (left)
I	18	▪ Steward of the MU school
W	14	▪ At peace with himself after a long struggle, mild but firm
D	11	
C	15	▪ Brother of Jasper Burwright (10a), brother-in-law of Fond Celine (11a), friendly with Mylitis Ep-stine (2a), well known amongst local trades people
Ch	12	

9b

Fiorrantanis; MU11; LN; hp 32; AC0; unarmed

Human Male

S	9	▪ White, silk shirt, crimson leggings strapped with leather, bracers of defence AC5 in the form of a silver head band
I	18	
W	12	▪ Wizard
D	16	
C	9	▪ Vain, haughty and distant, but wishes he wasn't
Ch	8	▪ Knows Jasper Burwright (10a), Fond Celine (11); his twin brother, Deorrantanis (50a). is a Redemptor at the Court of the Ten Thousand Ravens," his familiar, Wart (10j), is strategically placed in the nearby Mill (10)

Spells memorised:

1 (6, 16, 20, 22); **2** (4, 7, 8);
3 (9, 11, 13); **4** (24); **5**(20)

<p>9c Dispor the True; I10; NG; hp 27; AC 1; dagger Human Female</p> <p>S 10 ▪ Dark blue robes, blue suede boots, yellow cloak (cloak of displacement), ring of protection I 18 W 13 +4 D 17 ▪ Illusionist C 10 ▪ Rational, intellectual, doesn't suffer fools at all Ch 11 ▪ Knows Jasper Burwright (10a), Fond Celine (11a), many local beggars who she secretly meets and supports</p> <p>Spells memorised: 1 (1, 2, 3, 11, 12); 2 (2,7,12); 3 (5, 6, 11); 4 (6) 5 (3)</p>	<p>9d Porsena Mays; MU11; N; hp 24; AC 3; unarmed Human Male</p> <p>S 7 ▪ Brown jerkin and trews, red slippers, long clay pipe, bracers of defence AC6 in the form of leather wristlets I 18 W 15 ▪ Wizard D 14 ▪ The image of a kindly uncle, but can be surprisingly nasty C 9 Ch 16 ▪ Knows Jasper Burwright (10a), Fond Celine (11a), warm paternal friendship with Olivine (10c), popular for his tales in alehouses throughout Docklands, spends most his time growing competition vegetables (and cheating! -see spells); his familiar, 'BD' (11c), lives at the Black Bird (11)</p> <p>Spells memorised: 1 (22); 2 (-); 3 (-); 4 (17); 5 (-)</p>
<p>9e Safrine; MU4; LE; hp 12; AC 10; dagger Human Female</p> <p>S 10 ▪ Long, flowing, feminine gowns I 18 ▪ Assistant to Fiorrantanis (9b) W 9 ▪ Flirtatious, plausible, helpful, keeps her alignment secret D 14 ▪ Daughter of Jasper (10a). considers her family beneath her, secretly writes to a member of an assassins guild C 8 Ch 12</p> <p>Spells memorised: 1 (3, 18, 22); 2 (8, 24)</p>	<p>9f Droga Orcsdottir; I3; LN; hp 8; AC 7; dagger Human Female</p> <p>S 11 ▪ Delicately embroidered dresses in many lovely colours I 18 ▪ Assistant to Dispor the True (9c) W 12 ▪ Heroine-worships Dispor, inferiority complex, cleanliness fetish, brilliant D 17 C 14 ▪ Taken in and reared by Ograffa the Mapmaker (20a) as her real parents (his neighbours) beat her, she keeps to herself spending her whole time at the school or at her adopted parent's house; she is convinced the tiny trace of orcish blood in her veins makes her foul and ugly which is why she washes continually and dresses so beautifully and feels inferior - in fact she's a brilliant pupil and charming companion even though she's a little homely. Ch 11</p> <p>Spells Memorized: 1 (2); 2 (-)</p>

9g**Rathe;** MU3; LG; hp 13;

AC 6; dagger

1/2 Elf Male

S	16	▪ Long maroon cloak over colourful blouson and hose, ring of protection +2
I	18	▪ Assistant to Porsena Mays (9d)
W	13	▪ Shy, determined, dedicated, hard-working, trusty
D	16	▪ Son to Race and Goldmeadow (5a&b) but rarely sees them, no other contacts
C	16	
Ch	14	

Spells Memorised:

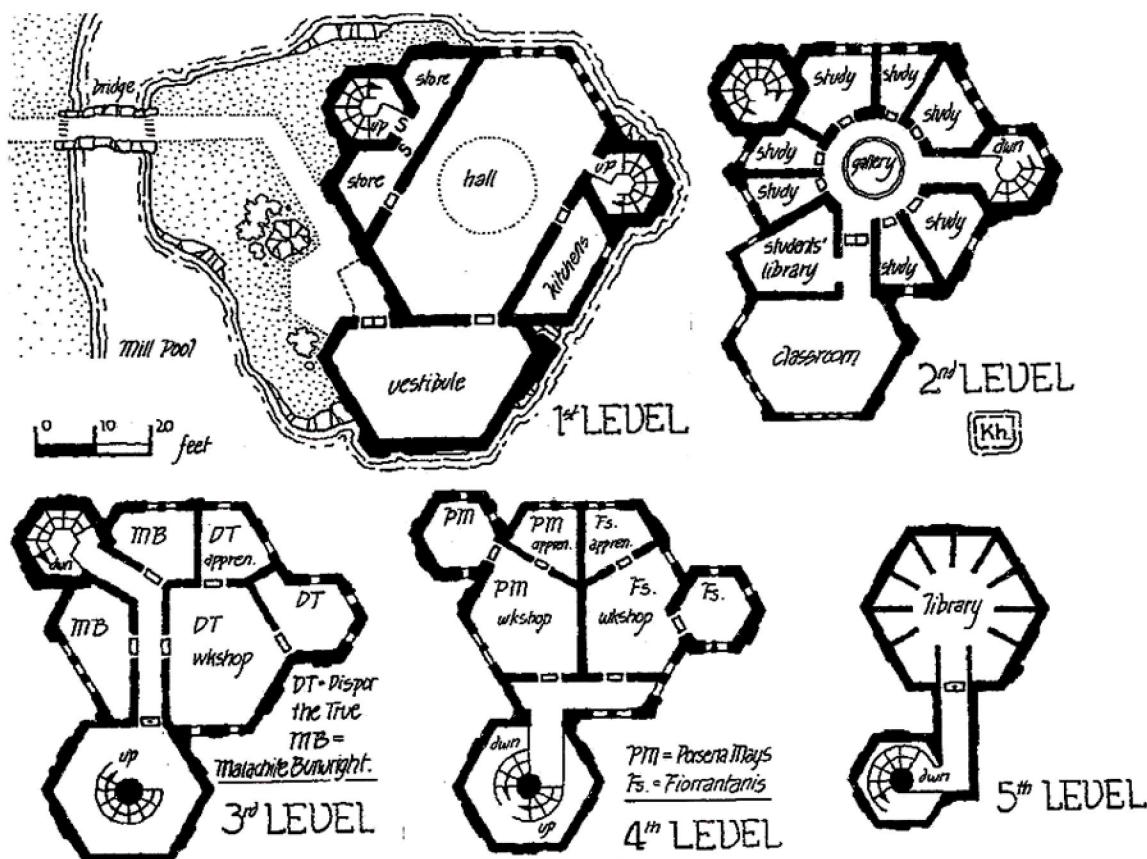
1 (22); 2 (-)

9h

Samuel Evening (Fr2; hp 10; Unarmed; Human Male) is the establishment's cook. He failed to become an MU at the school but stayed on as cook. Samuel will use cantrips to aid his culinary skills. He met Ja'n'it (**9i**) at the school and they married. He's very friendly with Manuel and Basil (**11d &e**).

9i

Ja'n'it Evening (Fr2; hp 9; Unarmed; Elf female) is the stock-woman who looks after all the livestock at the school. She met Samuel (**9h**) at the school and they married. The general chores are performed by the 30 youngsters who attend the school, under the watchful eyes of Malachite (**9a**), Samuel (**9h**) and Ja'n'it. Note that one of these is Thadric Burwright (**11b**). There are no dwarves at the school.



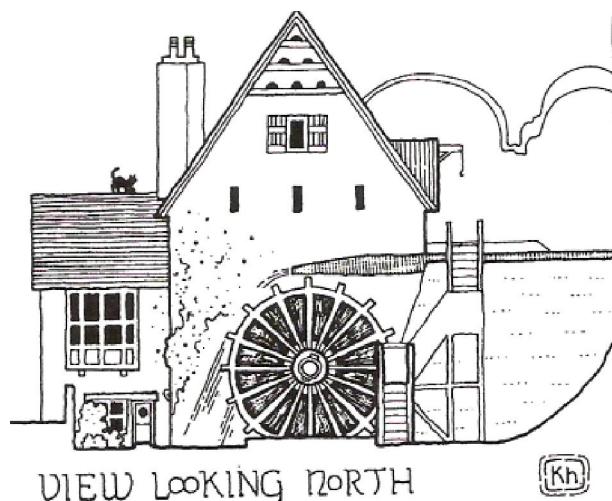
N° 10: THE MILL

Once this Mill must have had a sylvan setting; even today some trees are visible in the grounds behind it. Yet now it is just another building along the main thoroughfare from Westmeet to the Docks. Apparently a mill like any other, a closer look will reveal that this is a building of some antiquity, and though oft repaired and rebuilt the new blends nearly perfectly with the old. As with the building so with the family who have owned and managed it for all these generations: the Burwrights. The present miller is Jasper Burwright, named, like his two brothers, after a magical gem in the hopes that he might 'improve himself' and become a magic-user. Stubbornly, he has stayed at the mill determined to pass his time-honoured skills and the family name onto his sons. Alas for Jasper that he has had seven daughters. He lives there now with his daughters, his wife, his mother and his wife's grandmother. No-one knows whether or not it is for the want of sons that the miller spends many hours in the local ale-house. Be that as it may, the daughters care not; they mill the finest flour this side of the Broadway and are busy making their fortunes.

10a	Jasper Burwright; Fr5; LG; hp 22; AC 10; knobbed Stick
	Human Male
S 12	▪ Big, heavy; wears grey shirt and trousers, tight fitting red cap
I 13	▪ Miller (when Olivine (10c) lets him)
W 9	▪ Disillusioned, usually drunk and smelly
D 10	▪ Knows most of the local traders, is brother of Malachite (9a) and brother-in-law of Celine (11a), husband of Millipy (10b), father of Olivine (10c)
Ch 12	

10b	Millipy Burwright; Fr2; LG; hp 8; AC 10; unarmed
	Human Female
S 7	▪ Big heavy; wears grey shirt and trousers, tight fitting red cap
I 18	▪ Seamstress
W 15	▪ Phlegmatic, practical, tolerant
D 14	▪ Friendly with Celine (11a) and knows local traders, wife of Jasper (10a), estranged cousin of Framo (14j) - a thief.
Ch 16	

10c	Olivine Burwright; Fr3; LG hp16; AC 10; fists
	Human Female
S 17	▪ Huge (6'4"), beefy; wears grey smock over blue trousers, clogs, towel around waist
I 13	▪ Miller and proud of it
W 10	▪ Quiet spoken, occasionally violent and well respected
D 12	▪ Daughter to Millipy (10b) and Jasper (10a), a well known figure who works hard but socialises little, drinks at the Black Bird (11), where she is genuinely liked; she knows a surprising amount about the next door magic-user school because of her friendship with Porsenna Mays (9d).
Ch 11	



10d-g

Olivine's sisters, in descending order, are called **Safrine (9e)**, **Maratar, Emanlia, Bold Mary (3d)**, **Jasmina** and **Last Hope**. All are Fr1; hp6 except Safrine who is studying next door at the MU school (9), and Bold Mary who works at the Travellers' Shrine (3). Last Hope is not a nice name for a little girl, but Jasper had got desperate. In fact, she is the brightest of the bunch.

10h

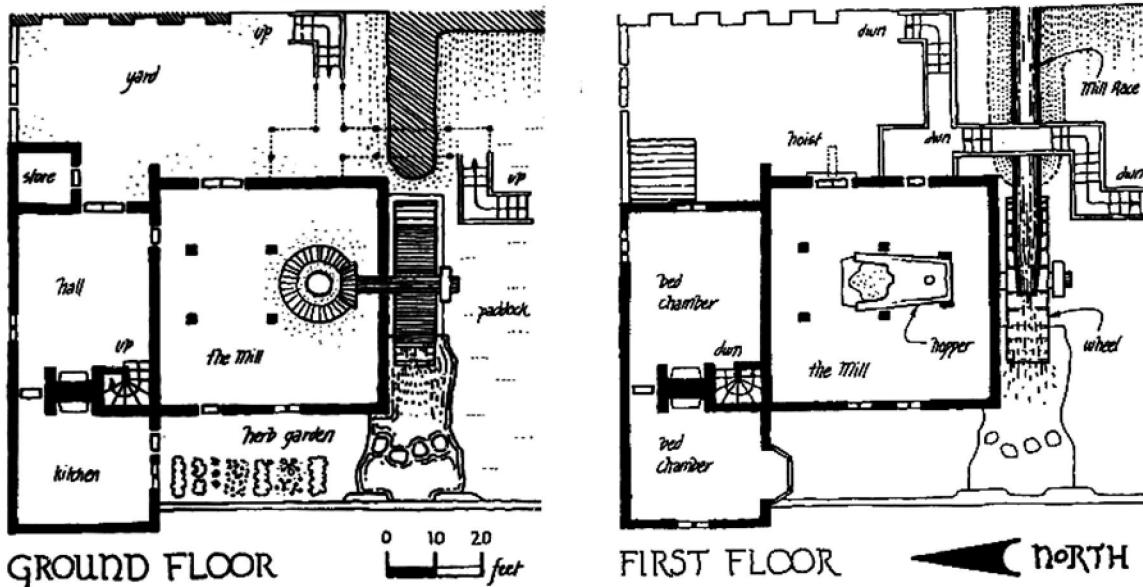
Pirea Burwright is Jasper's mother, she is still nagging him to become a magic user. Jasper's pretty fed-up of it.

10i

Mara Goodfellow is Millipy's grandmother, a bright-eyed sharp-eared old woman who has a pretty shrewd knowledge of most things that are happening locally - the richest source of gossip for miles around. The DM might have her meet the party in many places, from the Ford Inn (5) to the Black Bird (11) to the Docks to the local street markets. Universally known as 'Jolly'.

10j

Wart Burwright would not normally be considered here were it not for the fact that he is a very considerable cat. Named after the white spot on his nose (the rest of him being jet black) he is a well-known local personality, making free with the Mill and all the surrounding yards lanes and buildings. Although the Burwrights would never breathe 2 word of it he is also Fiorrantanis' (9b) familiar.

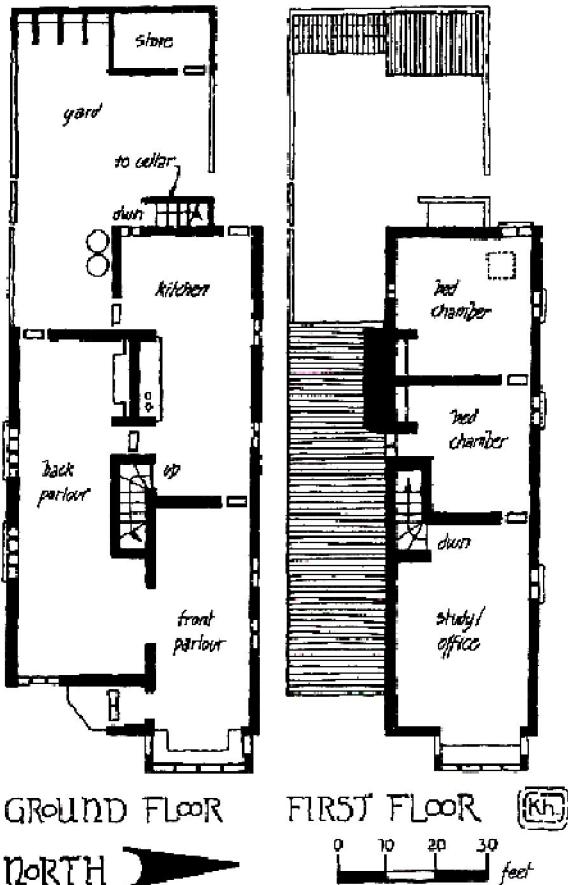


N° 11: THE BLACK BIRD (AKA FOND CELINE'S)

An unremarkable ale-house, the Black Bird has strong connections with both the Mill (10) and the MU school (9). Peridot Burwright was the owner until he was murdered by a wandering adventurer (some say it was a thief, others a paladin but it was hard to judge from the little that was left by' his brothers - Malachite (9a) and Jasper (10a). The ale-house is now belongs to Peridot's widow - Celine Burwright. She's often referred to as Fond Celine as she never recovered from the shock and sometimes appears simple. Still, no-one in their right mind would risk causing trouble in her popular ale-shop as, even if her two helpers didn't see the miscreants off, the mass of her customers would. The surest way to become the most hated person in Docklands is to upset Fond Celine. Recommended prices: as normal for your campaign.



VIEW LOOKING WEST



11a **Celine Burwright**; Fr4;NG; hp18; AC 10;
unarmed

Human Female

S	8	▪ Very pretty; wears colourful skirts and blouses, laced sandals, shawl
I	9	▪ Owner of the Black Bird
W	10	▪ Gay, child-like, gullible, then suddenly morose
D	12	
C	10	▪ Knows Malachite (9a) and Jasper Burwright (10a) - her brothers-in-law, friendly with Millipry (10b), wistfully friendly towards the sisters Burwright (3d), (9e), (10c-g)
Ch	14	

11b **Thadric Burwright** is Celine's son and he studies at the MU school where he is a day boy. He helps out in the Black Bird in the evenings; not the least part of that help is the fact that he knows how to improve the taste of the beer, thereby ensuring the pub's popularity.

11c **B D Aye** is a crow and is the familiar of Porsena Mays (9d). Known to the regulars as 'BD' he hops around the tap-room amusing the customers with his squawking and cocking his head on one side. Customers have been heard to remark: "You know, if I didn't know better, I'd swear he was actually listening...."

11d & e **Manuel** and **Basil** are the two devoted helpers. Both are F4 hp 37 and have swords and clubs in the kitchen. They were drinking in the ale-house when Peridot - friend to both - lost his life. They took an oath on the spot to stay and protect his defenceless widow. Both of them are well-liked locally and they are particularly friendly with Samuel Evening (9h) the cook at the MU school.

11f

'Lord' Morvan deGlay is actually NM although he purports to be Fr8. He is a regular at the Black Bird and can be relied upon for tales from far and wide (always coloured to glorify himself). He actually has visited the Court of the Ten Thousand Ravens and entered the Punctilio, though what he really did there is anyone's guess. A useful source of information, even if some of it is unreliable.

11g

Stike Nobro Tchips is a halfling (Th3, hp 12) who makes the astonishing claim that he has "been to the other side of the world". He says he got there "through some very deep caves" (wink-wink). Naturally, no-one believes this ludicrous story as it is common knowledge that if anyone did go to other side of the world they would fall off. Stike can be relied upon for endless rumours and hair-raising tales.

11h

Onne Parsite is an old woman who can be found in the Black Bird (**11**) most evenings. She is known locally as a fortune-teller; they call her 'Mother' to her face and 'Old Mother Fear' behind her back. Although she appears unkempt and ragged, she is Fr10; hp35 and her real name (which she keeps absolutely secret, along with her past) is Lady Miralex Fantona Hepsibah Gaunt, Duchess of Faler, Avenger Errant of Ordiniff, Bearer of the Pink Globe and Honour Par Sight-of-All. She has fallen far from grace and lives impoverished and forgotten in a mean cottage off the Wynd. Her fortune-telling powers are mostly imagined, but she has a sharp eye which allows her to make astonishingly accurate observations about those she speaks to. The DM can use her to frighten or warn the party, always taking care to enhance her air of mystery.

11i

A very occasional visitor (2% of the time) is **Feyr Johannus**, a journeying cleric (C2; hp 9) who spends the rest of his life journeying the County of Cerwyn, beyond the gates of the City. He is the best source of information locally about affairs beyond the City Walls.

11j

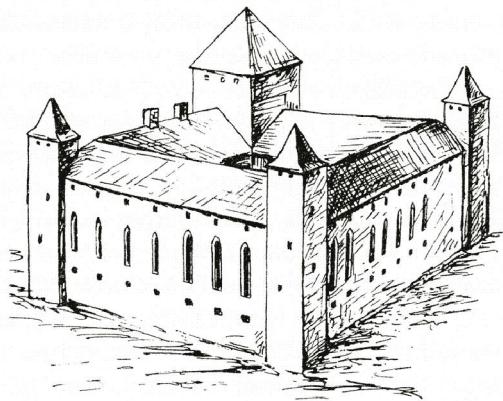
Silly Jarry is the ale-house muggins. He cleans, fetches and carries, and always with a happy, vacant smile. The regulars tease him, but Celine (**11a**) protects him as keenly as if she were his mother. He wanders in and out of the ale-house, sometimes disappearing for days, and can be found anywhere from the Docks to Westmeet, helping out whenever asked. He sleeps with the pigs and chickens at the next-door MU school. He appears so idiotic and harmless that he blends completely into the background, which suits him rather well for he is A13, hp 66 and a member of the Knights Ocular.

11k

Gervaise 'Dragonrider' Loftgringe is F2 hp16 and thrills all who care to listen with his tale of how he flew on the back of a dragon. The essence of the story is quite true, as Gervaise was once captured by a Wizard and flown away to his lair on a dragon. He escaped weeks later by simply walking out of the front door after he had been forgotten. Gervaise's tales rarely tell the whole truth, the Dragonride story invariably omits the bit about the Wizard and, when he relates his amazing escape, he always forgets the bit about how he walked free through the front door.



N° 13: CARRAWAY KEEP AND THE WHITE ORDER



There was a time, millennia past, when the League was merely a single city. Even before that, in the days when the Clerk at Arms was becoming known as the Katar, that city was no more than a town. In such times was built Carraway Keep. Situated on the crest of the Hill, near where the walls of the Punctilio now stand, the Keep provided the town with a lookout across the lands and was able to warn the inhabitants of any forth-coming attacks. As the town began to expand, however, better fortifications and watchtowers were constructed to protect the prosperous young city

from neighbouring provinces. As a result of this, the keep fell into disuse, and as the years passed, it slowly crumbled away and lapsed almost beyond repair.

It was at this time, just as the Keep was being scheduled for demolition, that a stranger rode in to the city and immediately bought the keep for his own. Within a year, the stranger rebuilt it to its former glory and extended it to some three times its original size. Few people didn't wonder about the stranger, yet none asked of him his motives, for his guise suggested that he may be some banished lord or usurped king from far-oft lands. However, soon news spread throughout the city of the true heritage of the Keeper of the Keep, and soon also did the purpose of the rebuilt tower. The stranger, who was known as Orrian, was a duke's son, and with wealth and skill aplenty, he proposed to establish the most powerful sorcerers' guild that had ever yet been beheld; and he planned to do this right in the City League, within the confines of Carraway Keep.

Orrian's scheme spread through the kingdoms like wildfire, and it was not long before young and old sorcerers alike beat a path to his door and asked to be admitted into his guild. Some were accepted but many were likewise turned away, for Orrian only desired to teach the best and most ambitious magicians. And so it was that the guild of Orrian, better known as the White Order, expanded and grew, even long after the old arch-mage had died. And still the guild grows, even today, some 1,400 years after its initial opening. It is said also that magic-users of the White Order are more proficient and of finer quality than any normal sorcerer, and such is this reckoning that those of the Order are now sought worldwide.

Historians are now wont to remark that it seems a strange coincidence that the White Order was founded at around the time that the Knights Ocular first became a force in the League. Wiser sages say that there could have been no League without the guidance of the Knights and that, anyway, for the Knights to be heard of implies that they had been in existence for many years before that. Whatever is the truth it is interesting at the very least that the Knights should have tolerated the development of so powerful an institution as the Order. Could there be some hidden connection, or is there genuine conflict?

JOINING THE ORDER

Player character magic-users may wish to join the White Order. Only characters who fulfill the desired requirements will be accepted. The GM should feel free to interpret these requirements as easily or as severely as seems necessary for the campaign. Since only the

best and most ambitious are welcome, the GM can use the Order as a carrot to tempt the greedy MU, and to place such a character in a restrictive and demanding environment. Just what other party members might make of all this should make for some interesting gaming.

REQUIREMENTS

Only those with the following attribute minima will be considered: Intelligence 16, Wisdom 15, Dexterity 15. The White Order will take human, elven or half-elven students. Illusionists will not be considered, and characters wishing to be split- or multi-class, will have their membership terminated. The Order will only take those of LG, LN, N or NG alignments. Chaotic or evil characters will not be considered and even true neutrals are viewed with great circumspection.

Characters' status within the Order is signified by the colour of their cloak and the type of staff carried. As a character rises in level, these insignia alter accordingly. The No Extant column refers to the number of magic users currently in each group - it is not a maximum for that group. There is no limitation on Light Blue students but the DM must control promotions very carefully. Player characters reaching the exalted status of Greys ought to be very rare and Whites should exist in only the most exceptional circumstances.

Level of Character	Colour of Cloak	Type of Staff	Nº Extant
1-6	Light Blue	Oak, unshod	87
7-9	Dark Blue	Oak, steel shod	43
10-15	Brown	Beech, copper shod	10
16-20	Grey	Beech, silver shod	3
20+	White	Yew, golden shod	0

BENEFITS AND RESTRICTIONS FOR MEMBERS OF THE ORDER

1. Upon membership, the magic user character must pay an initial fee of (1000 x character's level) gp.
2. First level characters joining the Order may spend an extra year training and obtain one extra spell for their spell book.
3. All characters may make use of the guild's facilities (laboratory, library, etc. Characters are also designated their own bed chamber within the keep which is theirs for as long as they are members.
4. Any training within the guild costs $\frac{1}{2}$ that of the normal price. However, those merely using the guild as a cheap source of training will have their membership terminated.
5. If a rise in level results in the character achieving a higher status within the order, a ceremony will take place at which the magic-user is granted his new cloak and staff. Either, neither or both of the items may be magical, according to the level of the recipient and any outstanding feats performed on behalf of the Order. The allocation of appropriate magical items and the ceremony is left to the DM's discretion and inventiveness.

6. All magical cloaks or staffs discovered while adventuring must be given to the Guild. All xp gained for finding the item are kept, and the donating MU's reputation will increase within the Guild.

7. Anyone treating membership lightly, or abusing the basic principles it espouses, or being unfaithful to the order will be asked to leave - and will be lucky not to meet misfortune in her or his future career.

8. The White Order is a society which obeys the laws of the city. Those who willingly break some of the laws of the city will be instantly dismissed from the guild even if not proven guilty by the courts.

MEMBERS OF THE WHITE ORDER AT CARRAWAY KEEP

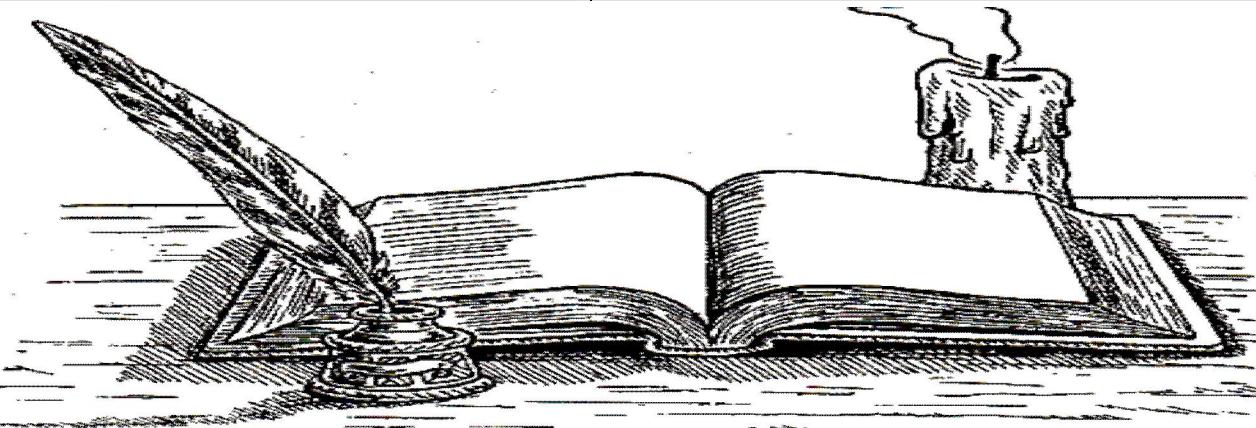
13a	Anarion the Grey; MU16; LG; hp 45; AC -4; staff and dagger +3 Human Male	13b	Sarron Silvertongue; MU10; LG; hp 26, AC 3; staff and dagger +1 Human Female
S 15	▪ Tall, middle aged man. grey hair and beard; grey cloak of protection +3 , white shirt, grey trousers, bracers of defence AC2 in the shape of a golden torque; beech staff, silver shod, which is a +2 weapon and stores 3 spells (c.f. ring of spell storing 1(16), 3(16), 6(5))	S 10	▪ Tall, good looking mature woman, streaked ash-blonde hair; red- brown cloak of protection +4, ring of protection +2 , beech staff, copper shod, which is a +1 weapon
I 18	▪ Master of the White Order, Wizard	I 18	▪ Mistress of the White Order, Necromancer
W 16	▪ Kind, knowledgeable and persevering. Feared and respected by all but the most ignorant	W 16	▪ Bears a strong resemblance to Anarion (13a), friendly, charitable but cautious and wary
D 17	▪ Rumoured to be the Son of Orrian(!), related to Sarron (13b), knows all students and staff at the Keep as well as most League dignitaries and (reputedly) the Katar himself	D 15	▪ Descendant of Orrian. knows all at the Keep, and many important people in the League
C 15		C 12	
Ch 13		Ch 17	
	Spellbook: 1 (2, 3*, 4, 6*, 16*, 20*, 22*, 24, 26, 29) 2 (2, 9*, 10*, 13, 17, 23*, 24) 3 (4*, 7, 9, 11, 16*, 17, 22*, 24) 4 (1, 4*, 7, 11, 16*, 23, 24*) 5 (7*, 8, 11, 16, 17*, 23) 6 (1, 5*, 8, 20, 23*) 7 (10, 12*, 15) 8 (6*, 10)	Spellbook: 1 (4*, 6, 9, 15, 16*, 22, 27*, 30) 2 (4*, 5, 6, 10, 12, 14, 15*, 22) 3 (3*, 4, 7*, 12, 16, 20, 24) 4 (2, 7, 13*, 18, 19, 21) 5 (4, 12, 14, 18, 20*, 22)	

13c	Firna; Mu9; LN; hp 16, AC 3; staff Human Male
S 7	▪ Long dark blue robe, brown boots. bracers of defence AC4 in the shape of a pair of silver armlets.
I 18	▪ Sorcerer
D 15	▪ Intellectual old, pleasant, kindly, knows a great deal about his trade.
C 11	▪ Knows all at the Keep and those from the Magic-Users' School (9); secretly very wealthy, with many contacts in the banking fraternity and the law, knows Fiorantannis (50a), several contacts among the worshippers of Saith
Ch 9	Spellbook: 1 (3, 4, 6, 13, 15*, 17, 22*, 30) 2 (7, 16*, 20*, 21*, 24*) 3 (4, 7, 10, 18*, 23) 4 (18, 19)

13e	Amras the Blue; MU6; LN; hp 20; AC 5; dagger Elf Male
S 15	▪ Beautiful blue embroidered robe, ring of spell turning and ring of protection +3
I 16	▪ Retired adventurer, assistant to Anarion and Sarron.
W 15	▪ Magician
D 16	▪ Cheerful and frivolous, loves rings
C 10	▪ Knows many throughout the town and all within the Keep
Ch 11	Spellbook: 1 (7, 9*, 15, 16, 22*, 25, 26) 2 (6, 9, 15, 21, 23) 3 (16, 19, 22*)

13d	Sharla; Fr8; LN; hp 28, AC 7; unarmed Human Female
S 8	▪ Long, flowing, light blue robes, soft brown boots, ring of protection +1
I 17	▪ Sage
W 18	▪ Charming, intellectual, kind and helpful
D 16	▪ Knows the locals, those at the Magic-Users' School (9) and all of the order
C 14	Spellbook: 1 (22*) 2 (6*) 3 (2*) 4 (22*)
Ch 10	

13f	Ash; F7; LG; hp 55; AC 0; longsword +2, giant slayer Human Male
S 18 ⁰⁰	▪ Chainmail shirt +3 , brown leather leggings, black leather boots. cloak of black with gold embroideries, gauntlets of ogre power
I 13	▪ Bodyguard to Anarion, Champion
W 13	▪ Stern and grim, extremely loyal. will die for his master; always alert and at hand
D 16	▪ Friendly with his master and all in the Keep
C 15	
Ch 15	



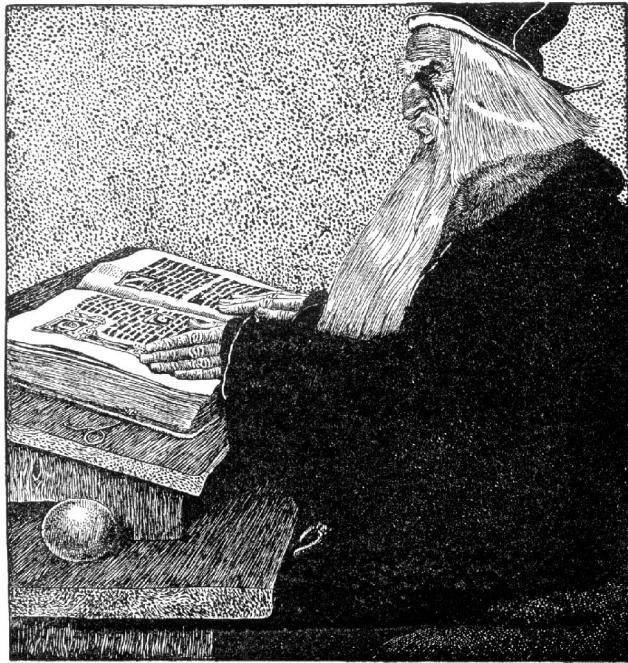
13g

Federe; F6; LG; hp 40; AC 5;

longsword and dagger

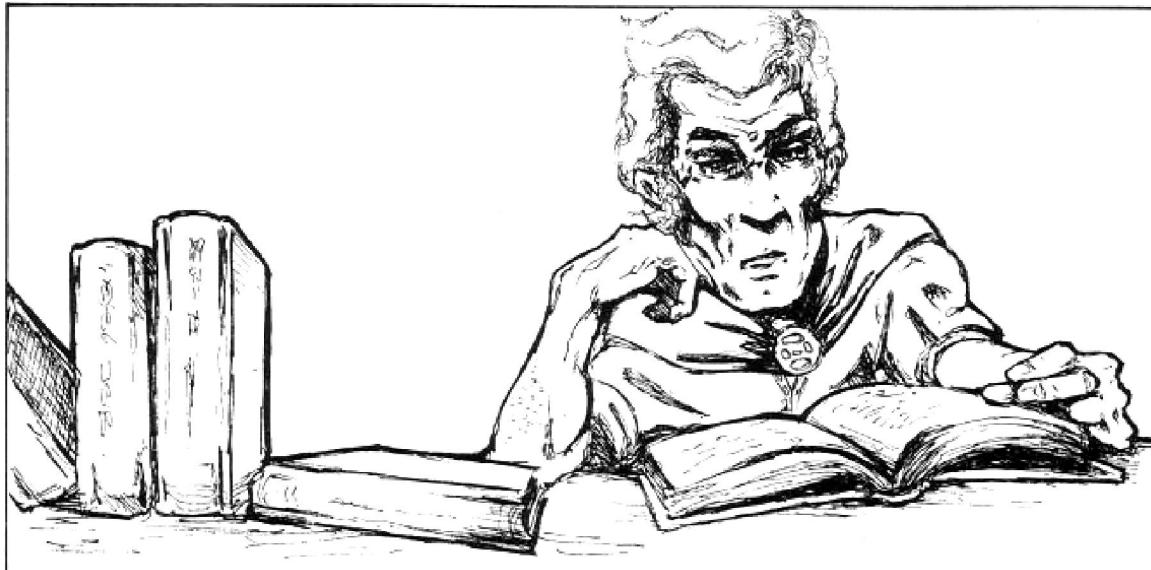
Human Male

S	17	▪ Chainmail shirt, brown leather leggings. Brown leather boots, crimson cloak with gold embroideries
I	12	▪ Bodyguard to Sarron, Myrmidon
W	9	▪ Thin and wiry, cheerful and mischievous but careful and always alert; fights with two weapons (longsword and dagger) due to high dexterity, will protect Sarron with his life
D	14	▪ Friendly with his mistress and master and all in the Keep. especially Amras; hates dwarves
C	11	
Ch	8	



PLOTLINES

1. The Night of Compulsion. When the White Order was established millennia ago, one legend has it that they came into conflict with the mysterious Knights Ocular. But what was the result? Both orders now exist, side-by-side, in the broil of the City, seemingly at peace. What is the secret?
2. The White Cloak. Orrian himself may have been the only true "White" in the history of the Order - certainly he is the centre of its mystery and power. When he was buried, it is said that his Cloak was buried with him. The order will do anything to protect the secret of its whereabouts, but just what is it and what are its powers? Characters of levels 8 and above, queue to the right!
3. Sharla. Although it is not readily apparent, Sharla is the odd-one-out at the Keep. Not a mage, but a Freewoman of some standing. but with spells available just the same. Furthermore. she seems to know just about everything of the history of all the Domains. and recalls it just as if she'd been there herself...



N° 14: THE COCK O' TH' WALK TAVERN

The Cock o' Th' Walk Tavern is an establishment jointly owned by two brothers, Arbal and Asakrin Stoutheart. The tavern has been the family business for generations, providing satisfactory meals and beverages at reasonable prices year after year and, consequently, bringing in enough wealth to keep the occupiers comfortable. However, when the brothers took over the management after their father's death, they introduced a new source of entertainment, legal yet dangerous, which has made the tavern unique and one of the most enjoyable drinking houses in the League.

For five years now the tavern has had a champion, the 'Cock o' Th' Walk'. Shortly after dusk, each evening without fail, the 'Cock o' Th' Walk' enters the arena within the tavern and takes on an individual in hand-to-hand combat. Whilst the preliminaries are observed, hundreds of gold pieces change hands in bets, side-bets and side-side-bets. The victor is awarded the Golden Cockscomb as a trophy and bears the title 'The Cock o' Th' Walk', but must return the following evening to defend the title against further opposition. The victor also gains the fight money paid by both contestants and on first becoming the champion may drink at will in the inn. The current champion, undefeated for an unprecedented seven weeks, is Ungol the 'Orrible (14f).

Contestants may use the pummeling, grappling or overbearing tables (**DMG** pp 72-3); the normal combat tables, counting 0hp as unconscious rather than dead; or the optional rules in **DRAGON Magazine** #83.

The tavern sells most types of food and drink, even if the quality is not what it might be. Although usually busy, from dusk until midnight the place is totally packed out. Brawls are quite likely to break out due to all the hustling and bustling that takes place. Also, undesirables like Bando and his friends (14g-i) and Hishael (14j) frequent the premises. There is a 25% chance on each visit to the tavern that someone tries to pick a character's pocket. Security in the tavern is maintained by the staff (14c-e) and the owners (14a&b). They will deal with miscreants vigourously and will insist that weapons (except daggers) and shields are left with the staff.

14a		Arbal Stoutheart ; F4; LN; hp 28; AC 8; shortsword	14b		Asakrin Stoutheart ; F2; LG; hp 17; AC 10; dagger
		Human Male			Human Male
S	16	▪ Red silk shin, brown trousers, red sash round waist	S	15	▪ White shirt, pale grey waistcoat, grey trousers
I	12	▪ Joint owner of Cock O' Th' Walk Tavern (14)	I	12	▪ Joint owner of Cock O' Th' Walk Tavern (14)
W	10		W	14	▪ Small and stocky, red faced, kindly but firm
D	16	▪ Jolly, talkative and hard-working	D	14	
C	9	▪ Brother of Asakrin (14b)	C	15	
Ch	11		Ch	10	▪ Brother of Arbal (14a)

14c	Isabel; F3; LN; hp 16; AC 7; mace and dagger Human Female	14d	Calvorn Chaospreecher; F4; CN; hp 23; AC 6; mace and dagger Human Male
S 12 I 13 W 8 D 15 C 14 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Padded leather jerkin and leggings ▪ Barwoman / bouncer ▪ Generally unhelpful and only interested in herself (and money!) ▪ Sister of Hishael (14j) whom she dislikes, knows Ungol (14f), believes Surreal (14h) stole back a ring she bought from him and wishes to betray him to the District Militia 	S 15 I 10 W 11 D 14 C 15 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Leather trousers and jerkin hidden beneath a green cloak ▪ Barman / bouncer ▪ Believes only in freedom and individuality, hates law and makes sure everyone knows it ▪ Friendly with Ungol (14f)

14e	Dalin 'the Dour'; F5; N; hp 43; AC 8; mace and dagger Dwarf Male	14f	Ungol the 'Orrible; F6; CE; hp 56; AC 6; unarmed Half-Orc Male
S 17 I 9 W 10 D 8 C 17 Ch 8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Grey shirt, leather waistcoat, gloves and leggings ▪ Bar-dwarf / bouncer ▪ Quiet, sombre, dismal and completely, staggeringly boring! ▪ Brother of Shoril Gemcutter (16a), has known Bando (14g) since he was little though they are hardly friends 	S 18 ⁸⁶ I 9 W 7 D 18 C 17 Ch 4	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Grey loin cloth (outside the arena: platemail +2 over grey shirt and trousers AC 0, broad sword +2) ▪ The Cock O' Th' Walk (normally Myrmidon) ▪ Tall, ruthless, utterly depraved capricious, fearless, all-in-all a splendid chap ▪ Independent, few friends and no family; Ungol is a magnificent brawler; he gains 10% on the base score to hit and 15% on the damage done (or +2 if normal combat rules are used)

14g	Bando Bushfoot; T6; N; hp 27; AC 7; shortsword +2 Halfling Male	14h	Surreal; T4; CN; hp 16; AC 6 longsword, dagger Elf Male
S 11 I 15 W 8 D 17 C 16 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Brown cloak and trousers, white shirt ▪ Filcher ▪ Jovial, bright-eyed and intelligent, but gambles without using his brains - and always loses ▪ Son of Goldy and Haff Brushfoot (17a&b) the cobblers (17), member of the local thieves' guild, knows Dalin (14a) and Shoril (16a) who is his parents' neighbour. 	S 16 I 13 W 8 D 18 C 12 Ch 15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Tall, slight, handsome, wears green cloak, grey shirt with white sash, green trousers, green cap ▪ Robber, also a fletcher ▪ A real heart-breaker ▪ Member of the local thieves' guild

14i **Eskis Coldbone**; T3; CE; hp 20; AC 6; longsword

Human Male

S	17	▪ Evil-looking; wears leather trousers, grey fur jacket, fur cap, brown shirt
I	8	▪ Cutpurse, also a hunter and furrier, bounty hunter
W	5	▪ Cutpurse, also a hunter and furrier, bounty hunter
D	16	▪ Stupid, vulgar and smelly
C	16	▪ Independent operator, infamous amongst rangers due to his hunting activities, knows many hunters and bounty hunters
Ch	9	

14j **Hishael**; MU6; NE; hp 27; AC 2

dagger+1

Human Female

S	14	▪ Stunningly good looking; wears silk laced skirt in white and gold, gold headband, dagger+1, bracers of defence AC6, wand of fire (12 charges), scroll bearing 1 (23), 2 (23), 3 (18)
I	17	
W	12	
D	18	
C	16	▪ Magician
Ch	18	▪ Crafty, malignant and very, very dangerous
		▪ Sister of Isabael (14c) whom she dislikes, knows Safrine (9e)

Spellbook:

1 (2*, 3*, 8, 9, 16*, 22, 25*, 30)

2 (2, 5, 9*, 10, 15, 24*)

3 (16*, 22)

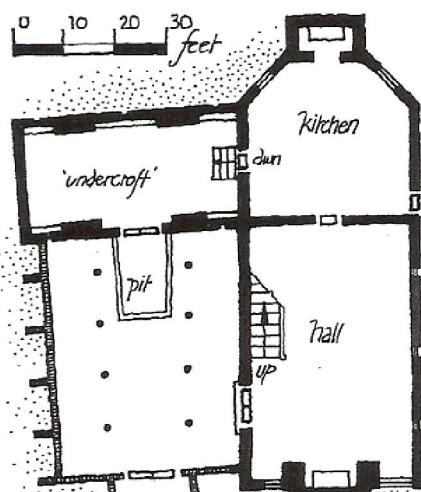
14k **Anatol**; R6; NG; hp 51; AC 3; longsword +2

Half-Elf Male

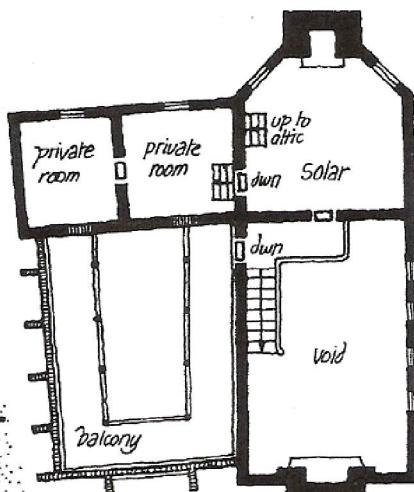
S	17	▪ Tall and wiry; green-stained travel cloak concealing chainmail +2, helm, scroll of protection from lycanthropes, boots of speed
I	14	
W	15	
D	12	▪ Guide and bounty hunter
C	16	▪ Shrewd, worldly wise, very neutral (good), hopelessly enamoured of Hishael (14j)
Ch	13	▪ Knows Hishael (14j)



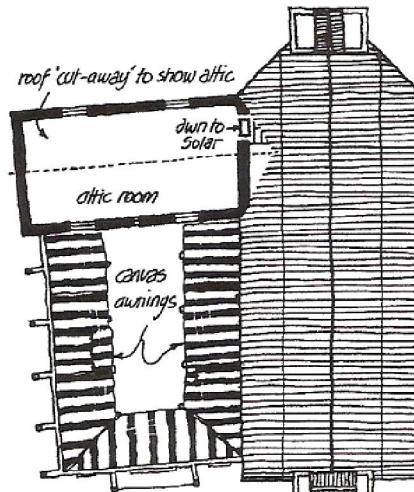
FRONT VIEW



GROUND FLOOR



FIRST FLOOR



ATTIC FLOOR

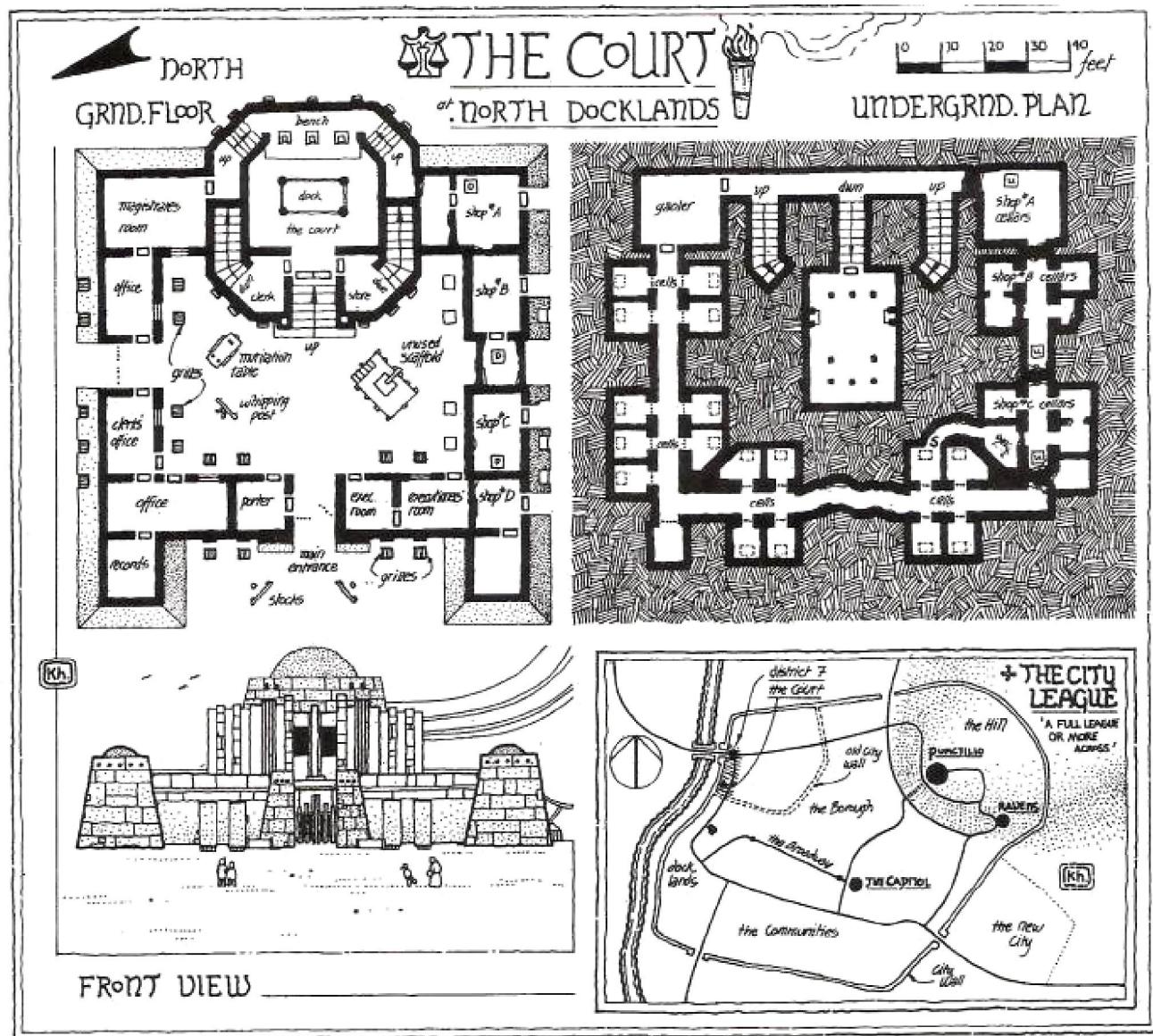
PLOTLINES

1. Why does an attractive, talented and powerful woman like Hishael spend her time in a dive like this; why does Anatol follow her; what have the mysterious Knights Ocular to do with it all? Someone, somewhere will be looking for answers -and someone to find them! The truth is that Hishael is luring attractive men (Ch15+) to her rooms (using spells if necessary) where she kills them, loots the bodies and uses the remains to concoct potions and poisons. She is being watched by Anatol who often thwarts her plans (the chance of her approaching an appropriate man is 75%, the chance of Anatol subsequently foiling her is 50%). Anatol has been hired by the Knights Ocular through a mysterious go-between; in fact he is supposed to have eliminated Hishael on behalf of the Knights, but because of his feelings for her is failing in his duty. He is very lightened that the Knights might come looking for them both.

2. If Dalin could be persuaded to talk, what secrets could he tell of the cellars beneath his brother's shop? Once those cellars housed prisoners; men and women with maps to hide, evidence to lose, treasure to bury for later recovery. Shoril isn't going to want to find strangers in his cellars, and with the courthouse right next door he won't be slow to call for help.
3. Sooner or later, Isabel is going to overcome her reserve, and challenge Surreal about that necklace. Or will she be looking for an ally to do the dirty work for her? And just what will the other occupants of the Tavern do when a loud brawl breaks out....



N°S 15-20: NORTH DOCKLANDS



N°15: THE NORTH DOCKLANDS COURT

In a sunny spot on a popular promenade alongside the docks stands a typical district courthouse. This once grand building has seen better days for it is slipping slowly into disrepair and decay and now its walls bear the graffiti of countless generations. One wing has been sold off to private entrepreneurs and now houses a short row of shops (including **16** and **17**). The trade of the courthouse goes on undisturbed; its inner courtyard periodically thronged with people who willingly pay to watch whippings, executions, dismemberments and worse; its officers and guards getting rapidly fat on the regular (and expected) bribes. Prisoners are thrown into their underground cells through grilles in the pavement. These grilles allow locals to abuse the inmates, or shower them with filth. They also give rise to the possibility of hair-raising escapes.

The Organising Magistrate (**15a**) selects local notables to sit with him in judgment. The officers and guards of the court are normal men and women, neither more nor less greedy than usual, although, inevitably, there is one rotten apple in the barrel - Petronna Goldenhair (**15e**).

15a	Gilas Widgery ; Fr7; LN; hp 29; AC 10; unarmed
Human Male	
S 13	▪ Grey haired, tall, grey and black robes, red hood
I 12	▪ Organising Magistrate
W 10	▪ Dignified, concerned, not very wise, complete snob
D 11	
C 8	▪ On nodding terms with many local dignitaries, but no friends, "scrupulous in his application of the court rules, but not averse to amassing a little wealth.
Ch 15	

15b	Mailai Frith-Lorendar ; Fr3; LN; hp 15; AC8; dagger of concealment +2
Human Female	
S 13	▪ Elegant, wears blue and silver suit and gold ring which is a dagger of concealment +2 (a ring which acts as a ring of protection +2 and can be turned into a dagger +2 , used and turned back again all in one round)
I 16	
W 13	
D 12	
C 10	
Ch 12	▪ Clerk ▪ Clever, ambitious, social climber, career civil servant ▪ Of modest background, Mailai scorned adventuring for a life of anticipated wealth as a civil servant. She knows you have to start at the bottom, what she doesn't know is that she's probably stuck here for life; she got the dagger of concealment from an adventurer she met one evening

15c	'Old' Daliel ; Fr3; LG; hp 14; AC 10; unarmed
Gnome Male	
S 9	▪ Ancient, scruffy, brown jerkin and filthy yellow hose
I 15	▪ Assistant clerk
W 14	▪ Intelligent, hard working, kindly, far too honest for his own good
D 9	
C 8	▪ A loner
Ch 5	

15d	Krad Earthdelver ; F6; NG; hp46; AC 5; battleaxe, shortsword or mace
Dwarf Male	
S 17	▪ Shiny chain shirt, steel helmet, padded leggings with leather cross-garters
I 9	▪ Head jailor
W 12	▪ Bluff, gruff, shrewd, businesslike
D 11	▪ Knows Burbury Flataxe (5d) and doesn't much like him
C 12	
Ch 10	



15e **Petronna Goldenhair;** F5; CE; hp52; AC 8; dagger, whip, blackjack. torture instruments

Human Female

S	16	▪ Black leather jerkin and leggings, hideous black leather skull cap and mask
I	11	▪ Assistant jailor and torturer
D	12	▪ Calm, polite, well-spoken and very, very nasty
C	17	▪ An adventuress, not a League native
Ch	16	

15f **Tiblin ana-Ristorin;** Th6; NE; hp 27; AC 3; concealed dagger, **staff +3**

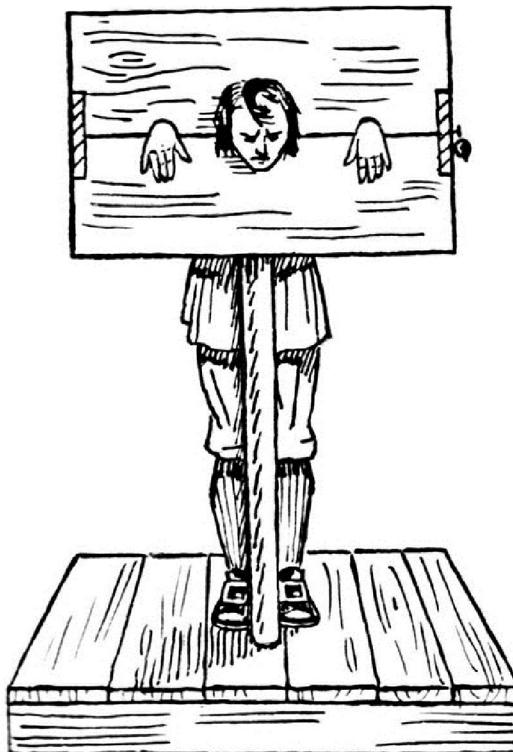
Halfling Male

S	17	▪ Ragged grey and brown robes, leather headband, bracers of defence AC4, ring of protection +3
I	9	▪ Stick salesman (Filcher)
W	12	▪ Feigns stupid, benign oaf; actually ruthless and intelligent
D	11	▪ Member of the local thief's guild; he wanders around in the vicinity of the court selling sharp sticks to passers-by so they can prod the prisoners through the grilles; this is a cover for his true trade - pick-pocket and mugger.
C	12	
Ch	10	

15g

The Chastiser. No details are given about this creature of mystery. The Chastiser appears hooded when called, to perform such corporal punishments as are demanded by the court.

Also working in the Courthouse are 6 minor clerks and 12 guards. The clerks will be met drifting about, apparently trying to kill time. The guards are all F2, hp 15 and they will be found chatting with one another around the courtyard. The guards are well trained, despite their appearance, and will act efficiently and quickly when called upon by either Krandle or Petronna. At night the guards take turns to patrol in pairs. Petronna has the disconcerting habit of roaming abroad at night, looking for 'fun'.



THE MAGISTRATES

In order to enliven proceedings at the court the DM may choose to have one or more of the following worthies sit for the trial of the PCs involved; it won't be long before their names are feared (or loved) throughout your campaign!

15h	Estorillian; Fr7; LN; hp 24; AC 10; staff-mace Elf Male	15i	Maker Redbeam; Fr3; NG; hp 14; AC 8; knobbed stick Gnome Male
S 12 I 11 W 13 D 8 C 9 Ch 11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Tall, equine, elegant, navy blue robes trimmed with hoar-fox Silversmith Arrogant, supercilious, coward Well-known and hated local boy-made-good, now lives out of the area but likes to return periodically to sneer and hand down vicious sentences; he always allows elves a +50 Mitigation Modifier; loves to be 'lenient' by 'reducing' sentences to dismemberment 	S 8 I 15 W 14 D 9 C 7 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Walks round looking like a court-jester with multicoloured padded jacket, hose and huge codpiece Cooper (and local guild-officer) Fire-brand, unbribable, hates authority, inferiority complex, swears he isn't a gnome Very well known locally and largely liked despite his eccentric habits; when sitting at the bench he 'rids the town of undesirables' by banishing or selling into slavery anyone he finds guilty of anything; he completely ignores all level or charisma modifiers when coming to his decision and woe-betide any gnomes that appear before him!

15h	Mareta the Wise; C4; LG; hp 22; AC 3; huge, strengthened, religious staff-mace Human Female	15i	Lirau the Red; F6; NG; hp 48; AC4; longsword +3 and dagger Human Female
S 18 ⁵¹ I 10 W 14 D 9 C 10 Ch 7	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Squat, powerful, wears breastplate over rough green habit Curate of a LG church Honest, disciplinarian, loud, kindly Runs a tight little church nearby (one of the few never to have been raided by the local thieves' guild); applies the laws fairly and squarely but considers those who make generous payments to her church or, even better, convert on the spot, to have redeemed themselves 	S 17 I 11 W 10 D 15 C 12 Ch 15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Medium build, head held high, red hair, wears velvet dress which conceals chain mail shirt Retired adventuress now living off her finds Shrewd rough-and-ready, but soft on plausible rogues Lil returned from her adventure to some years ago with a strong reputation for valour. She knows practically everyone locally, but has kept particular acquaintance with many adventurers, so that her house sees the comings and goings of strange people at all hours of the day and night. She is known as the 'adventurers friend' when sitting in justice, as she usually gives them the benefit of the doubt.

N° 16: GEMCUTTER

In part of the wing now let out as shops, Shoril the Gemcutter (**16a**) now plies his trade. He is F4; hp 25 and a dwarf. His brother, Dalin (**14f**) is a member of staff in the Cock O' th' Walk tavern (**14**). Adventurers can have rough gems improved in value here. Shoril's payment will be 20% of the improvement.

N° 17: COBBLER

Next to Shoril's is this homely cobblers run by Goldy and Haffo Brushfoot (**17a & b**) who are the parents of Bando Brushfoot(**14h**)- a thief who works around Glbbet Lane and The Walk (**14**).

N° 18: WHEN CONSTABULARY DUTY'S TO BE DONE

A patroller's lot is not a happy one; but nothing like as un-happy as that of the miscreant. Listed below are some patrols to help the DM persecute 'innocent' parties. Naturally if the DM feels the characteristics ascribed to the leader of one of the patrols would fit another, they can be changed round. Each patrol is suitable for a campaign of modest level; as always in the City League the DM should increase the level, hit points and numbers if required by the campaign.

District Militia Leader		Private Condotta Leader	
18a	'Corporal' Thirel ; F2; LN; hp 18; AC 7; footman's flail	18b	Borgrim Orceater ; F3; NE; hp 21; AC 2; longsword and dagger
	Human Male		Human Male
S 15	▪ Short and tubby, ring-studded leathers, red bandana	S 15	▪ Big, burly, wears breastplate over leather jerkin
I 9	▪ Leading militiaman, Warrior	I 11	▪ Leader of his condotta, Swordsman
W 9	▪ Basically honest, fearful of higher authority, cocky, bully	W 8	▪ Vicious, nasty, effective, coward
D 10	▪ Well-known locally and mostly ignored, can often be found in inns bragging loudly about his onerous duties	D 15	▪ Sucks up to anyone more powerful than he is, universally despised
C 12	▪ The group Thirel leads is made up of 6 1 st -level fighters (all hp 7) who jeer and laugh loudly at Thirel's comments; as a group they can't wait for someone to 'resist arrest', and their victims seem to have the unfortunate habit of continually 'falling down the cell steps, m'lud'.	C 12	▪ His band is made up from 3 2 nd -level fighters (hp 11) and 4 1 st -level fighters (hp 6) and it is their mood and courage that Borgrim draws upon. They are volatile and prone to handing out beatings whenever they feel they can get away with it. Borgrim on his own is not quite so tough — if an orc said 'boo!' to him he'd probably faint.
Ch 8		Ch 9	

Punctillan Leader

18c	Amir Schezuan XIV ; F3; LN; hp 21; AC 3; spear and scimitar
Human Male	
S 14	▪ Neatly attired in chain mail, dark with neat beard
I 9	▪ Amir (leader) of his squad, Swordsman
W 14	▪ Career officer, fair but rough when needed, cool, efficient
D 16	▪ Unknown locally, popular with his fellow officers
C 12	▪ His squad of 6 2 nd -level fighters (hp 17) is well trained and obedient, although they will 'discipline' the truculent or unruly. When Schezuan says 'come quietly and you won't get hurt', he means it.
Ch 16	

Guild Militia Leader

18d	Rontollo ; (most guilds) F4; CN; hp 37; AC 7; (thieves' guild) T4; CN; hp 24; Ac 8; longsword and dagger
Human Male	
S 13	▪ Ordinary looking, with large scar on forehead, studded leather or leather armour
I 8	▪ Guild militiaman
W 9	▪ Serious, fanatically loyal to the guild, uncompromising
D 10	▪ Stranger from across the seas but popular with his men
C 11	▪ The guild militiamen are mostly loyal mercenaries who are ready and often encouraged to take the law into their own hand whenever necessary. Justice to them is maintaining the honour of the guild.
Ch 12	

Religious Order Leader

18e	Impir Rokko ; C3; CN; hp 21; AC 3; mace
Human Male	
S 12	▪ Tall, skinny, clerical robes over breast-plate
I 12	▪ Priest
W 16	▪ Arrogant, raving, despotic, fanatic
D 9	▪ Who'd admit to knowing him?
C 8	▪ His band of 6 1 st -level clerics (hp 7) is scarcely less chaotic than he is and are most enthusiastic in their duties. His only goal is religious 'purity' - and a party's best means of escape is to gravel.
Ch 7	

KNIGHTS OCULAR

This group will be tall and shrouded, revealing little of sex or race, and will speak little and act as if each knows what all are thinking. It will be made up of fighters, cavaliers, assassins and other classes as necessary and in apparent contradiction of what might be expected. Often the initial encounter will be with a solitary individual, who will only be visible to the party if in an open, well-lit area, or if specifically and carefully searched out. Nine times out of ten, the party will never know that they were being observed by a member of the Knights. But if they see adventurers commit an

offence, or if the Knights have some reason to wish ill on an individual or group, they will almost always muster enough firepower (both magical and non-magical) to overcome any party of mere adventurers, no matter what their level - it's as if they have some uncanny way of knowing exactly what to expect in advance. Their behaviour is utterly ruthless, though rigidly lawful.

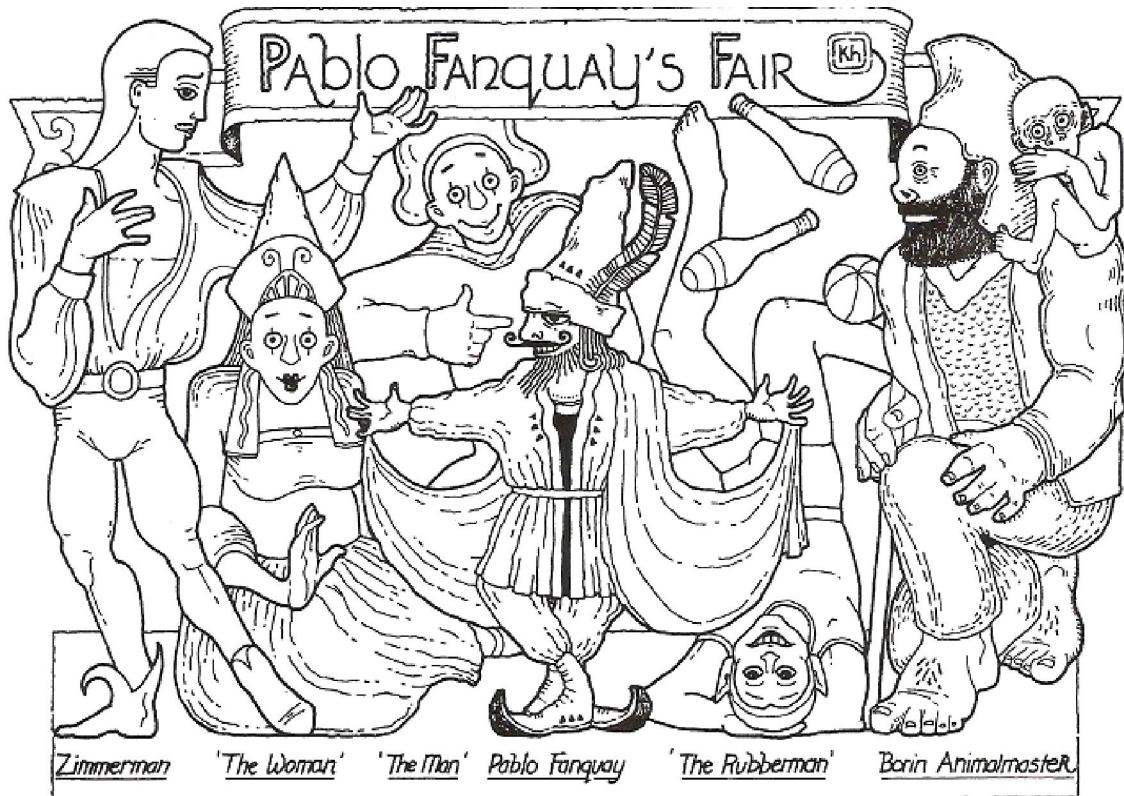


POTLINES

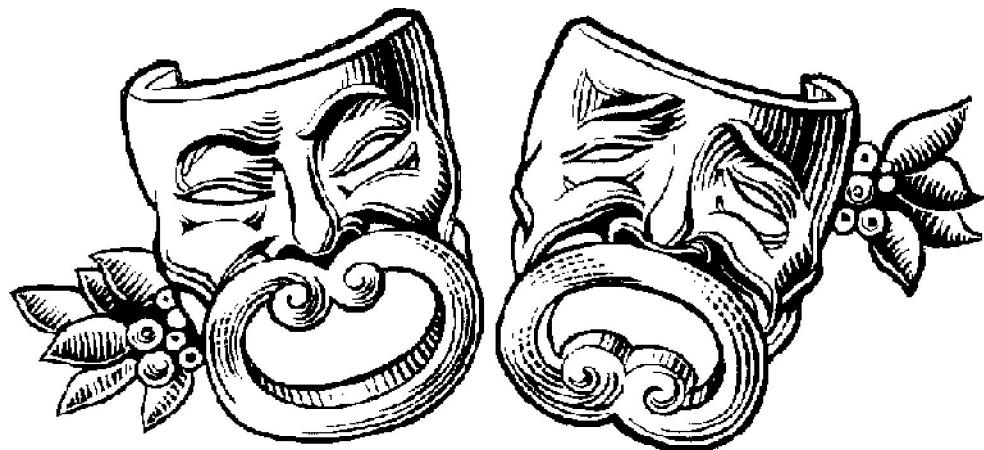
1. One of the chief weaknesses of all mighty bureaucracies is the absolute belief that 'if it's in the files then it must be true!'. Imagine what havoc, what carriages, or miscarriages, of justice could be perpetrated by someone bold enough to break into a repository of such files and leave a suitably forged document. There is such a repository in this Courthouse; a Courthouse where friends of daring adventurers might face trial..
2. There come occasions in the lives of most mortals when a complete answer to life's problems can be found in the granting of the wish 'if only I could disappear'. It is not given to everyone to have the wealth to get into such trouble and then get out of it. But what better way for a hunted young noble to escape than to persuade a band of trusty adventurers to help him organise a trial, and a fake execution. The problems would be many - who is the executioner and how is he to be bought, who can be trusted to 'bear' the body away, how to keep Petronna Goldenhair from delivering a messy coup-de-grace - but the rewards would be great.
3. It is not always the innocent who suffer miscarriages of justice. What if a guilty man is acquitted? Is it not possible that the outraged neighbours and friends of the bereaved would demand retribution, and failing to get the man retried would buy the services of outlanders to arrange false evidence of a new crime so damning that real justice could not fail to be done in the end.



N°19: PABLO FANQUAY'S FAIR



Pablo Fanquay's Fair has been a welcome sight around the labyrinthine streets of the League for many years. Although the individual performers come and go, Pablo manages to maintain high standards and so his Fair is hailed as the best. It's not an easy reputation to maintain; there are other Fairs, not all run by honest law-abiding citizens like Pablo. Bribing acts to move from one Fair to another is common practice, and star performers mysteriously disappear. But as few questions are asked of the past in the Guild of Thespians, star performers can mysteriously appear as well. The Guild of Thespians is a strange body; a performer is not expected to join immediately but only after proving his or her talent. It's interesting to note that there has never been a popular street performer that was not a member of the Guild. Pablo is a member as are all of his troupe. They live in brightly coloured wagons, moving from one site to another, never staying more than five nights in one location, and constantly harassed by petty officialdom over this by-law or that.... But even on Festival Days, with the restriction on the gathering of crowds. the show must go on!



19a	Pablo Fanquay; Fr10; CG; hp60 AC 6; whip Gnome Male
S 12	▪ Normally in brown leathers, but at show-time dons a scarlet robe with yellow trim and a tall green hat with a huge bright feather
I 17	▪ Showman (Thespian)
W 14	▪ Loud, charming, shrewd, devious and unscrupulous
D 16	▪ Claims acquaintance with practically everyone of note, all know of him but few know him - an enigma
C 15	
Ch 18	

19b	The Rubberman (aka Longelf); Fr6; LN; hp 30; AC 6; unarmed Elf Male
S 9	▪ Dull cloth smock and trews during the day, red trunks during performances
I 13	▪ Tumbler and Contortionist (Thespian)
W 12	▪ Selfish, introverted, mean, trustworthy, paradoxical
D 18	▪ No known friends, confidant of Pablo (19a) and is his deputy
C 12	
Ch 17	

19c	The Man (aka I'Nimma); Fr3; LG; hp 12; AC 10; unarmed Human Female
S 10	▪ Various costumes depending on the performance, always plays a man
I 17	▪ Mummer (Thespian)
W 14	▪ Warm, generous, caring, shy, stubborn, will of iron
D 13	▪ Twin sister of The Woman (19d), niece of Fiorrantanis (9b) and Deorrantanis (50a)
C 9	
Ch 18	

19d	The Woman (aka I'Nemma); Fr3; LG; hp 12; AC 10; unarmed Human Female
S 10	▪ Various costumes depending on the performance, always plays a woman
I 17	▪ Mummer (Thespian)
W 14	▪ Warm, generous, caring, shy, stubborn, will of iron
D 13	▪ Twin sister of The Man (19c), niece of Fiorrantanis (9b) and Deorrantanis (50a)
C 9	
Ch 18	

19e	Borin Animalmaster; R8; NG; AC 5; hp 60; trident and whip Human Male
S 17	▪ Huge, dark and bearded, wears chainmail over leathers
I 13	▪ Retired adventurer now Animal Trainer (Thespian)
W 14	▪ Jolly, loud, cheerful, secretly deeply sad
D 11	▪ A loner - Borin has a way with animals, he considers them his friends; his current collection includes a boggle, a dakon and two owl-bears
C 14	
Ch 13	

19f	Zimmerman; Th7; LE; hp 35; AC 8; dagger Human Male
S 8	▪ Handsome (for a human), tall, blonde, dresses in colourful silks
I 9	▪ Full-time thief, singer (Thespian); Zim sings beautifully but still makes more money as an expert pick-pocket
W 7	▪ Charming, mesmeric, sneaky
D 18	▪ Brother of Flossy Jostle (1b)
C 12	
Ch 18	

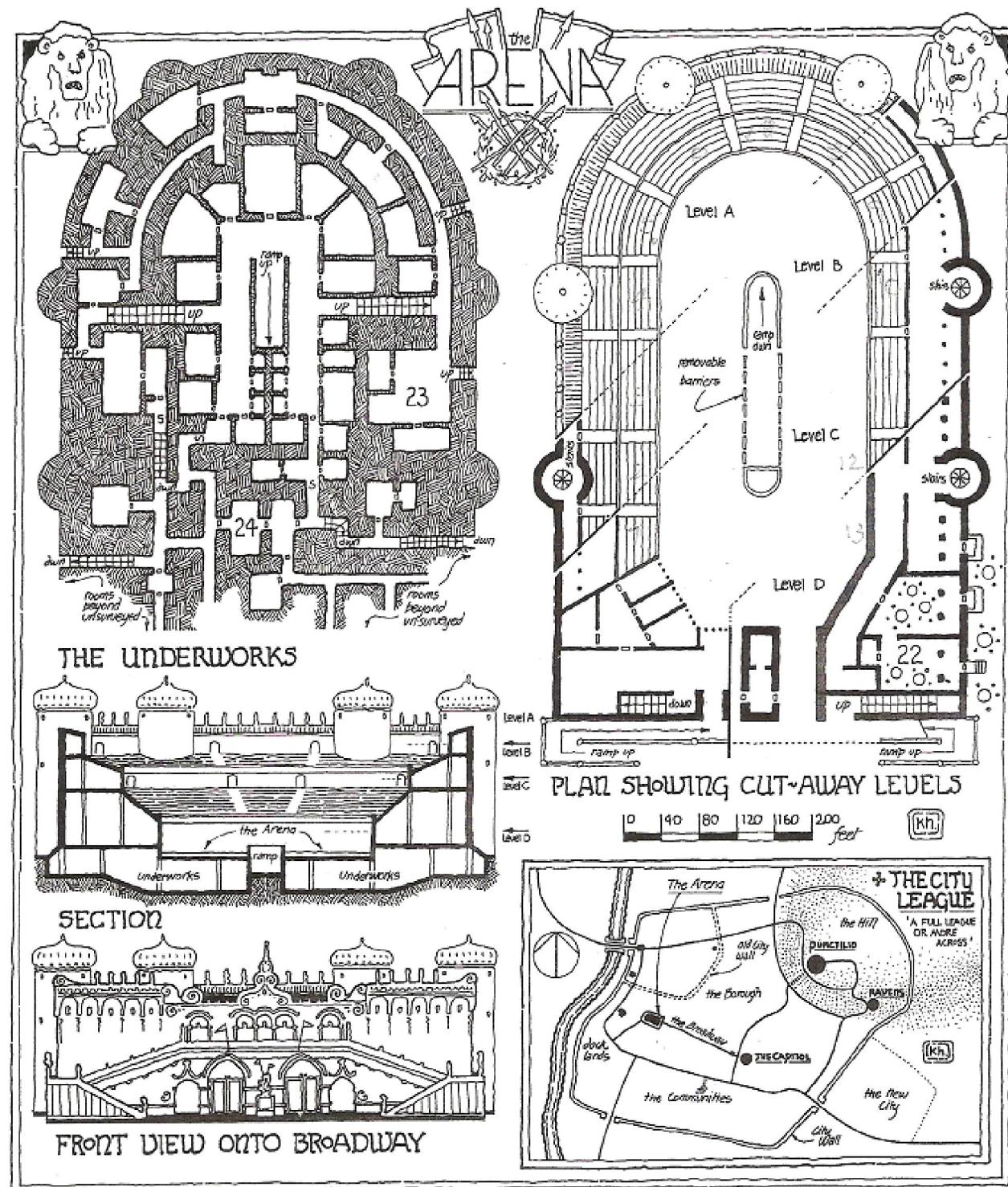
19g Accompanying the Fair are six boys and girls who clean and cook for the troupe and twelve men-at-arms who double as porters. The men-at-arms are all F2, hp 9 and are armed with spears and broad-swords.

PLOTLINES

1. It has been a worry to Pablo for some time that a crafty team of pick-pockets seems to be dogging the footsteps of his Fair. Although not a gnome to begrudge anyone a living, Pablo doesn't want to acquire a reputation that might prejudice his earnings. Thus he is quite likely to hire a few sophisticated adventurers to find out what is going on. In fact it is Zim who is picking pockets whilst he walks amongst the crowd singing. His singing is so beautiful, his normal chance of being able to escape detection is doubled (to 42%).
2. In the troupe are twins who are brilliant mummers. They enact the roles of ordinary folk with great poignancy; touching the hearts of all who watch with their carefully drawn portraits of everyday life. The DM can use them for several purposes; one of which is to introduce adventures to the players. In these days of great superstition, a mummer's show might attract great attention and it would not be hard for PCs to hear of it. They could then watch the show and receive what to them, seem like clear instructions. If questioned, the twins will always say that their performances appear to them in dreams and will offer no further information. For example, if a DM wants players to embark on module S1 (being a sadist) the mummers could tell of a wolf-hunter and her husband out on a hunt during which they found the entrance to the Tomb of Horrors. The mummers describe how to get there and even introduce some extra clues about the dungeon.



N° 21-24: THE ARENA DISTRICT



N° 21: THE ARENA

Situated at the north-western end of the Broadway so that its great pillars face the Capitol down the Broadway's length, the Arena is the centre of the city's sporting life. It is one of the few places in the League where the law against gatherings on festival days does not apply, and its Games are consequently heavily attended. Attendances have dropped, however, since the calendar change reduced the number of festivals, and because smaller arenas have appeared elsewhere in the City League (and in some towns in Cerwyn). Each

district has its own arena, known by its district name (Borough Arena, New City Arena, etc.), but throughout Pelinore this place is known as the Arena. Since running it is an expensive business, it is quietly subsidised by the Katar - a populace sated on vicarious thrills in the Games is less likely to be troublesome.

Games include man-to-man and man-to-monster combat; chariot, horse, monster and foot races; and execution by monster. Only Religious Orders now condemn blasphemers to death this way as the Secular Courts prefer quieter and quicker methods. The convicted prisoner is thrown naked into the Pit with a hungry beast. Traditionally, if the prisoner single-handedly defeats the three toughest monsters available, then he or she is set free (the chief prosecutor in the trial is then thrown to the beasts in exchange). These combats are called the Three Trials. Currently the Third Trial is an eight-headed hydra and as a consequence no-one has survived the Trials for some time. Within the Arena's confines are several enterprises that provide for the needs of the crowds, including two taverns, Zalu's (22) and Quarl's (23). On big days the place swarms with amateur and professional bookmakers (punters must seek their own redress against cheats as, technically, gambling isn't allowed). Beneath the building are housed the gladiators and monsters. The gladiators are a mixture of professionals and unwilling conscripts, all receiving regal treatment before a contest. Also in these Underworks are an armoury and a forge. Beneath the Underworks is the home of a Chapter of a Secret Cult (24), and beneath that are further chambers, long forgotten. The map (drawn by Ograffa the Mapmaker) shows only those areas that are known, although it is rumoured that other, more extensive, maps do exist.

Entrance to the Arena is by a series of doors that can be shut firmly when the Arena is closed or full. At one end is a special area reserved for the Katar, and beside it are prestige booths let out at Marrik's discretion. In theory it costs 250gp a day but in practice this sum can be multiplied as rivals vie to hire them. Other seats vary in price from 1sp to 100gp depending on how near to the action and the Katar they are. There is no better way of impressing business partners or country cousins than treating them to good seats at the games.

Of the following characters **21a** & **21b** live with their servants on the unmapped top floor of the Arena, the others unless otherwise specified live in varying degrees of luxury and squalor in the Underworks.

There are many other gladiators that fight in the arena, the ones listed below are simply the most able and famous. Most are captives of low level who fight to free themselves; but some are professionals who seek their fortunes in this desperate game. There is little petty jealousy amongst these stalwarts; their business is grim and they share a fatalistic camaraderie.

To assist Tarraneg (21c) there are nearly a dozen animal handlers who are specially trained to get the beasts safely into the arena and to patch up the wounded ones afterwards. They are all fighters of levels 3-5 with low intelligence and average hit points.

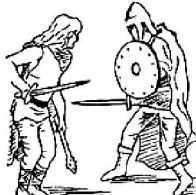
Around the arena are 50 men-at-arms divided into 10 squads. Each squad is led by a "Captain" (F4, hp 35). The men are levels 1-3 with average hit points. All are armed with longswords, nets and spears. They are ruthless and are quick to call on outside assistance if they get into trouble. Due to the special esteem with which the Arena is held, serious troublemakers will be dealt with by the Knights Ocular.

To complete the staff of the Arena, over a hundred assorted slaves and servants are controlled by Cossa Orkil under Tarraneg's watchful eye. They do most of the everyday work, and when the Arena is open, serve food to nobler viewers (a particular favourite being boar's tripe fried in auroch's dripping).

When the Arena is open, the opportunities for enterprising player-characters are virtually endless. The public areas will be filled to overflowing with people of all races and professions. In particular, thieves will find the environment perfect for earning a little dishonest money, while clerics from all the major religions will be found trying to persuade honest gamblers, hoydens and cutpurses to mend their ways.

21a	Marrik Calazar ; C5; LE; hp 25; AC 10; staff Human Male	21b	Aethelron Verthill ; Fr5; LN; hp 21; AC 10; unarmed Human Male
S 11 I 15 W 13 D 9 C 11 Ch 13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Middle-aged, dark haired, blue tunic, white trousers Arena manager and secret curate Obsequious perfectionist, always seems worried by something Has met the Katar and is on terms with much of the nobility due to favours he can grant with seats; knows the Secret Chapter (24) of which he is a senior member; keeps his religious background concealed and consequently would only learn spells in extremis or specifically for a function 	S 10 I 14 W 15 D 10 C 10 Ch 8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Young, blond, muscular: wears tight trousers and silk shirts open to the waist Arena manager's assistant Vain, self-important, boring Known by much of the nobility; very friendly with Erriados (21d); member of the Secret Chapter (24)

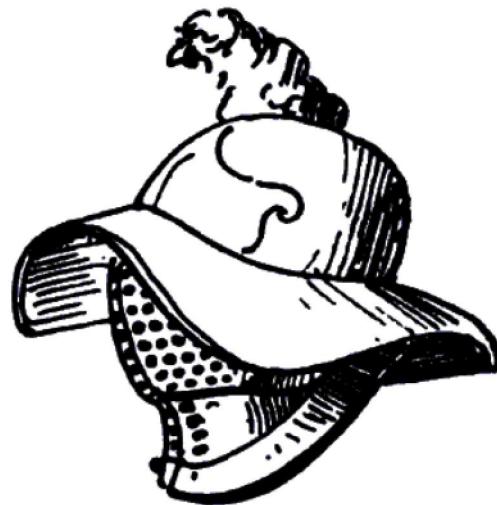
21c	Tarranag ; Fr7; LN; hp 24; AC 10; unarmed Human Male	21d	Erriados the Charioteer ; F7; CN; hp 63; AC 9; whip Human Male
S 18 I 17 W 12 D 11 C 10 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Massively built eunuch usually decked out in bright silks and heavy-duty boots Manager of the Underworks Martinet, cold, cruel, loves kittens Revered among games fans, invited to nobles' parties (he rarely goes); knows of but shuns the Secret Chapter 	S 16 I 13 W 13 D 16 C 15 Ch 13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Young, clean-cut, handsome; affects a thlight lithp which with his silky clothes makes him appear a fop; carries a jeweled riding crop when not using his whip Charioteer Hard, ambitious, cunning, ruthless Knows wilder sons of many nobles and Aethelron (21b); his history is shrouded in mystery and although he has noble bearing he never speaks of his past; the best charioteer known



21e	Ell Mestikor; F5; N; hp 40; AC 9; dagger (Arena: net & trident)
Human Male	
S 17	▪ Aging and much-scarred; bright, cheap clothing
I 10	▪ Gladiator
W 12	▪ Convivial and happy except when viewing his future
D 15	▪ Known by gladiators and in most of the nearby ale-houses,' having spent his purses and with his strength waning he will now do almost anything for enough money to allow him an honourable retirement, even facing the hydra...
Ch 10	

21f	Aqop; B9; CN; hp 102; AC 6; battleaxe ('The Divider')
Human Female	
S 18 ⁴¹	▪ Archetypal barbarian, huge and bronzed; wears furs, leathers and feathers to enhance her savage appearance
I 9	▪ Gladiator
W 7	▪ Wild, fun-loving, practical joker, heavy drinker, very superstitious
D 16	▪ Very famous, some acquaintances but no friends as she trusts only 'The Divider', once a slave, Aqop liked the Gladiatorial life so much she has stayed on and is now a prime attraction
C 18	
Ch 9	

21g	Sir Follor of the Ridge; F7; LN; hp 55; AC 9 (Arena: 4); longsword
Human Male	
S 17	▪ Tall, elegant, sumptuously dressed
I 9	▪ Gladiator
W 8	▪ Formal, serious, modest, preoccupied
D 15	▪ Many lighting acquaintances but will not admit to knowing anyone!
C 15	Sir Follor considers himself a cowardly failure following an error of judgment during battle - now he fights to rid himself of this self-inflicted ignominy
Ch 14	



N°22: MADAME ZALU'S TAVERN

Of the two genuine taverns that serve the Arena (along with the general food and drink supplied by the Arena's servants) this one is definitely the more up-market. With its colourful street awnings and parasols added to the mystique of its proprietor, Mme Zalu's is a very trendy place to be seen. Which is possibly why no-one objects to the horrendous prices. Mme Zalu used to run a fortune-telling stall in the various markets as a front for her burgling. Her dream interpretations were always very accurate, much to her own surprise, and one day a dream revealed a great treasure - somewhere beneath the Arena. She took all her savings and opened this tavern so she could search unhindered. Dreams are funny things - who knows whether the treasure she seeks is actually hidden in the forgotten chambers of the Underworks or is in fact the huge profit she generates in her popular tavern.

22a	Madame Zalu; T8; N; hp 30; AC 7; unarmed (Adventuring: poison dagger) Half-Elf Female	22b	Zoreen; T4; N; hp 15; AC 7; dagger Human Female
S 10	▪ Well-dressed, attractive, young, usually heavily made-up	S 12	▪ Slim and tall, dresses like a boy
I 18	▪ Tavern-keeper, Sharper	I 16	▪ Adventurer
W 11	▪ Bright, cheerful, pleasant	W 11	▪ Cheerful, aggressive, liar
D 17	▪ Many suitors, member of local thieves' guild, very famous	D 17	▪ Zalu's (22a) daughter; Zoreen makes the Tavern her base; she works as an independent which doesn't please her mother or the local guild
C 11		C 11	
Ch 12		Ch 14	

Zalu employs 10 fighter/guard/helpers (F2-5, average hp) who do the donkey work in the tavern and assist her in her secret forays into the depths of the Underworks.

N°23: THE GLADIATOR'S REST

Although rougher and scruffier than Zalu's, this too is a trendy drinking house, but for very different reasons. This is the place the gladiators go for refreshment when they are not 'working'. Consequently fight fans throng here to mix with their heroes and heroines. Actually to have bought Aqop a drink— now, there's something to tell your friends! The tavern is owned by an absentee landlord called Quarl (**51a**, Fr6, hp20) and managed by Angor Poddikan. There was a time when Poddikan was Quarl's boss and was fast developing a sizeable business empire. But Poddikan reckoned without the evil betrayal of his assistant. As Poddikan's fortunes faded, so did his mind, resulting in a complete collapse. Quarl seized his opportunity and took control of everything Poddikan had built up. In a rare moment of remorse Quarl established his one-time boss in this tavern. This story is public knowledge, along with the fact that Quarl also stole Poddikan's beautiful young wife Drassanna (**51b**), and there are many regulars of the Gladiator's Rest who would be delighted if the worm turned. To assist Poddikan there are 6 bar-staff/guards all F2, hp 8/10

23a	Angor Poddikan; Fr7; N; hp 21; AC 10; unarmed Human Male	23b	Melom; Fr2; LG; hp 8; AC 10; unarmed Elf Female
S 15	▪ Young, handsome, well-dressed; hang-dog expression	S 12	▪ Simply dressed: stunningly beautiful
I 13	▪ Tavern-keeper	I 16	▪ Peasant
W 15	▪ Perpetually depressed and lacking in self-confidence	W 16	▪ Charming, smitten, slow-witted
D 11	▪ Knows Quarl and local merchants	D 15	▪ Melom loves Angor (23a) who hardly notices her; she hangs around the tavern day and night; the regulars mock her, but she reacts only when they mock Angor
C 10		C 11	
Ch 7		Ch 18	

N° 24: SECRET CHAPTER

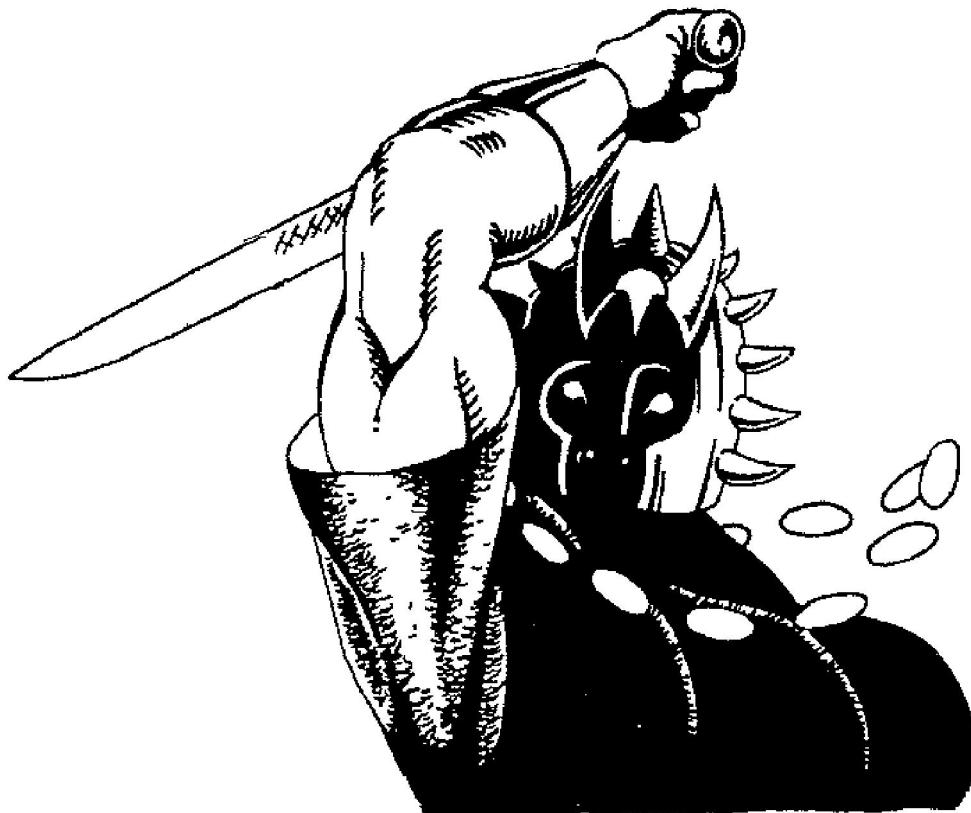
Beneath the Underworks lie the chambers used by a Chapter of a Secret Cult. Organised and controlled by Kanwas Pyral (24a) the Cult follows arcane teachings and has influence in many strange and powerful places. Healthy, honest folk shun the activities of the Cult for they debilitate the mind and rot the body. Nevertheless the weak-willed are drawn to it and it boasts some surprising members - judges, officials, military leaders and the senior staff of the Arena. Although the entrance through the Arena is the one most often used by members there are other entrances that lead to cellars and wells and sewers.

24a	Kanwas Pyral; M; C9; LE; hp 55; AC 1; horseman's flail +3 Human Male	24b Kanwas is always accompanied by a hooded follower (C7, hp 35) with similar spells but no magical items. Kanwas was once such a follower and succeeded his mentor just as this one will succeed Kanwas. The identity of the follower is known only to Kanwas who is passing on all his secrets secure in the knowledge that one day he will be murdered and usurped by this follower; such is the way of the Cult.
S 10	▪ Thin, balding; blue tunic over chainmail +4, boots of striding and springing, potion of sweet water, ring of shooting stars	
I 16		
W 18		
D 14	▪ High Priest	
C 14	▪ Grim, brooding, intense	
Ch 15	▪ Knows only senior Cult members, keeps close watch on City League leaders as far as he can	
Spells Memorized: 6/6/4/3/1		
1 (1, 2x2, 4x2, 7) 2 (3, 6, 5x2, 9x2)		
3 (5, 6x2, 11) 4 (2 rev, 6, 9)		

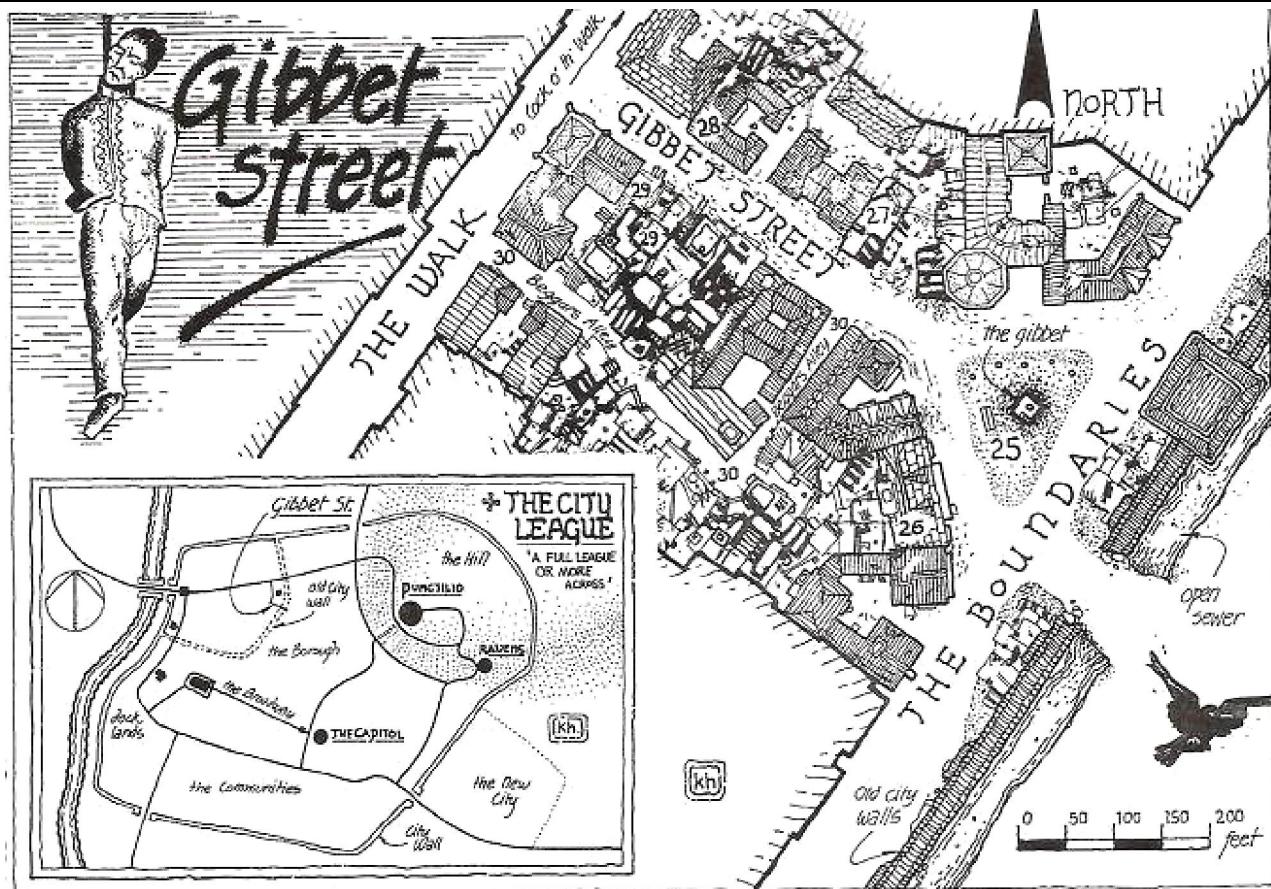


POTLINES

1. Nothing has proved quite as popular in recent years as the Third Trial by the hydra. Each appearance of this magnificent beast guarantees a full house at the Arena. Thus it is very definitely in the interests of the manager, Marrik (**21a**), and other interested parties, to keep the hydra alive, to keep the tradition of Trial by Beast going and to ensure that the condemned survive the first two Trials. Jealous local arena owners are unlikely to share these aims and are quite likely to offer generous rewards to adventurers unscrupulous enough, brave enough (and stupid enough) to kill the hydra or to find some other way of stopping the third Trial.
2. Some of the gladiators (Sir Follor and Erriados in particular) are real enigmas, obviously connected to some noble house and equally obviously hiding some dark secret. Perhaps there is some ancient wrong to be righted or avenged, some disgrace to be disproved or some truth to be unearthed. Whatever it is, there is sure to be money and glory in it somewhere for brave adventurers - or even cowardly ones!
3. It's inevitable that when you keep nasty monsters in your basement sooner or later one of them is going to escape and run away down secret passages. It's equally inevitable that you can't afford to lose such a valuable item, so you are more than likely to offer a huge reward to any party whose can go after it and fetch it back -unharmed, of course!
4. The story of Poddikan and Quarl might seem like the most obvious story to follow up, but this is not going to be as easy as it seems. Should characters try to track him down, they will find an infuriating trail of dead ends and mysterious silences. Middle men run all his business interests, shielding other middle men who will offer no answers. No home address can be discovered. Perhaps most disturbing is the fact that what leads there are all lead towards one place - the Katar's palace....



NOS 25-31: GIBBET STREET



Gibbet Street is in one of the oldest and most squalid areas of the city. The inhabitants are very poor and most of them suffer from illness or disability. The most common means of turning a penny are peddling, begging, trickery and straightforward theft. The main feature of the street is the gibbet - still used for unofficial hangings. This gibbet, its frequent occupants and the standards of behaviour of the residents mean that this is an area usually avoided. It was not always so, as the street has seen better times, though they were long ago. Now the paving is cracked and mud and dirt lie everywhere. Beggars Alley leads off from Gibbet Street and curves round to meet the Walk (14). Once it merely provided a rear entrance to some of the houses on Gibbet Street now it is one of the most dangerous thoroughfares in the League. If the beggars, drunks, pimps, thieves and assassins don't get you then you'll probably contract a deadly disease from the piles of uncleared sewage. There are two rules and two rules only observed by all the inhabitants of this area. The first is that no-one shall touch a victim of the gibbet and the second is that no-one shall touch or desecrate the death-masks hung on poles by the gibbet. Woe betide any stranger who breaks these rules as the only punishment in these parts is death by hanging!

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N° 25: THE GIBBET AND THE MASK-POLES

At the end of the street stands a gibbet. Stark and bare, its very shape is a brooding menace. Because of it the whole street seems to be in permanent shadow. It is dominant far beyond its size. Alongside it are five mask-poles upon which hang the death-masks of recent victims. These are horrible enough in principle, but their manufacturer - Daxol (26a) - is so skilled they take on an unwholesome menace of their own. Their presence casts a pall of gloom on an already unhappy scene.

N° 26: MASK WORKSHOP

A great tradition of the City League is the death-mask. Even convicted criminals are accorded the honour and this mask shop prepares masks for those hung on the gibbet. Making a mask is a highly skilled job and - carefully applied with make-up - it is almost indistinguishable from life. The process involves pouring hot wax over the face to be copied, so only dead faces can be done. Copies of masks can be bought for 20gp but the knowledge of how to apply the make-up correctly can only be bought for a minimum of 250gp - assuming Daxol Nabrish likes you.

26a		Daxol Nabrish; T7; N; hp 32; AC 7; dagger	26b		Arandul Nabrish; T4; CN; hp 20; AC 7; shortsword
		Human Male			Human Male
S	12	Willowy, old, brown clothing with short leather apron	S	8	Cheerful countenance; green clothes, red cap with feather
I	13	Mask-maker and Sharper	I	13	Robber and part-time minstrel
W	9	Tight-lipped, tight-listed, suspicious	W	8	Arrogant, proud and quick-witted
D	17	Knows the local militia and court (they don't! know he's a thief); member of the local thieves' guild, "no friends," father Arandul (26b) whom he watches through the window	D	17	Member of the local thieves' guild; Arandul sits singing by the gibbet picking the pockets of passers-by; if detected he flees to Beggars Alley; son of Daxol (26b)
C	15		C	16	
Ch	8		Ch	16	



N° 27: MANDREN THE LUNATIC

Mandren's hovel would appear unoccupied were it not for the foul smell and unholy noises that come from within. Mandren spends most of her life eking out a pathetic existence selling water. Periodically she has fits that cause her to rant and scream and assault anyone within reach. During these fits the locals often call in guards from the nearby madhouse to restrain her. This is not a popular job as Mandren trained as a magic user and on a scrap of paper hidden in her hovel she has the spell *stinking cloud* and periodically her lunacy takes the form of learning this spell and casting it up and down the alley. Those who save against the spell and stagger out of the cloud (taking a round to recover) will get mugged as they emerge.

27a

Mandren the Lunatic; MU3; CN; hp 12; AC 10; bite (d1-4)

Human Female

S

9

- Dressed in loose, filthy, torn rags; wild eyes and hair; would be beautiful if cleaned up and tamed

I

4 (16)

- Water Seller, Conjurer, Lunatic

W

3 (9)

- Stunned and sullen but coherent and reasonable between attacks

D

11

- No-one admits to knowing her but rumours abound that she is the sister of a high-born lady

C

16

Ch

14

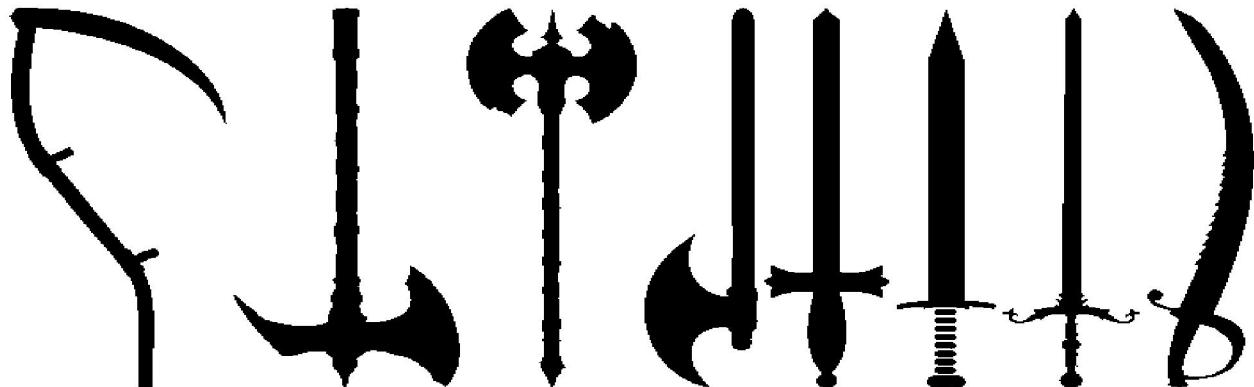
27b & c

If the asylum has sent any guards to look after Mandren they will be

Gragen Axbow (F4; hp26; AC5; Broadsword) and **Lolden Beltow** (F3; hp18; AC5; longsword). These are basically honest types who are well known locally and somewhat respected as they do not interfere unnecessarily in local activities. Visitors looking to them for aid are likely to see them whistling casually and examining carefully the eaves of a nearby building. Both love money, however, and (tragically) Gragen loves Mandren.

N° 28: WEAPONSITHS

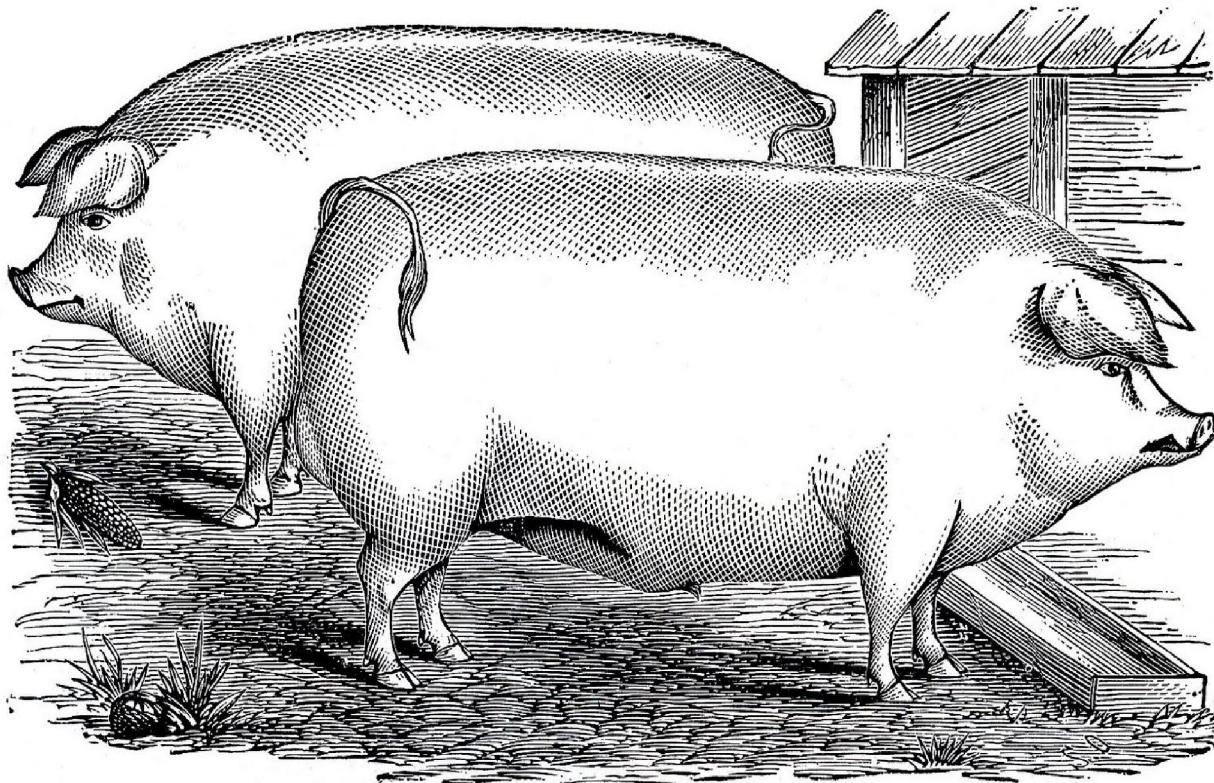
Once a thriving business, this weaponsmiths shop is now boarded up with 'For Sale' signs on it. The two weaponsmiths (Dokas and Milly) were murdered by their scheming daughter (Negalmis) who later disappeared in mysterious circumstances. No-one locally dares enter the premises as they are rumoured to be haunted. As a consequence most of the stock remains, stacked neatly in the store, including 2 **longswords +1**, 4 **daggers +1**, 1 **scimitar +2** and 4 **darts +2**. Unfortunately the building really is haunted as Dokas and Milly have become wraiths and Negalmis has become a spectre. For those who are interested the title deeds can be bought from Daxol Nabrish (26a) for 7,500gp. If players reopen the shop they will discover that Negalmis was not much of a business woman as she died owing over 2000gp in various debts to local traders.



N° 29: THE FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURS

Wadren is a teenager whose parents have recently died leaving him the house they lived in but little else. He is struggling to make a living breeding pigs - not without success. His next-door-neighbour, Holman, covets these pigs and Wadren's house. Holman sometimes resorts to stealing Wadren's piglets, killing them and selling them. Often Wadren manages to rescue them. It is quite likely a party walking along Gibbet Street will observe this ritual being acted out. Holman chasing Wadren (who is clutching a piglet under his arm) down the street and shouting, "Stop, pig-napper! Stop that boy!" Wadren will swear his innocence and is bright enough to call on the Butchers Guild Militia (who know him) to come to his aid if a party should side against him.

29a	Holman; F3; CE; hp 17; AC 8; longsword ½ Elf Male	29b	Wadren; Fr1; NG; hp 4; AC 10; unarmed Human Male
S 16	▪ Portly, ugly; mauve smock and brown breeches	S 8	▪ Slight, scruffy; yellow smock
I 10	▪ Layabout and slob, Swordsman	I 13	▪ Pig-breeder
W 11	▪ Convincing liar, ingratiating, smarmy, covetous, quick tempered and rude	W 8	▪ Pleasant, wary, determined, ambitious
D 9	▪ Not the sort to have many friends	D 17	▪ Well known locally
C 9		C 16	
Ch 5		Ch 16	



N°30: CITIZENS OF BEGGAR'S ALLEY

30a	Budlock; F1; N; hp 10; AC 10; dagger Human Male	30b	Ishbone; F-MU3; NE; hp 12; AC 7 longsword Elf Male
S 11	▪ Disheveled brown rags, crutch, filthy hair tied in pony tail with string	S 17	▪ Tall, lean; wears green leathers
I 14	▪ Beggar	I 16	▪ "Toll" keeper, Swordsman / Conjurer
W 9	▪ Convincing actor, greedy, amoral	W 6	▪ Cocky, short-tempered, brave and aggressive
D 11	▪ Well known character down the alley; feigns pathetic lameness to beg alms and runs off cackling if any are given	D 15	▪ Self-appointed leader of the local ruffians, Fit (30d) allows him this deceit; husband of Rarad (30c); ruthlessly exacts tolls from any who wander down the alley - the amount of toll varies according to the amount Ishbone thinks he can exact
C 15		C 11	
Ch 7		Ch 12	
			Spell Book:
			1 (3*, 6, 12, 15, 16, 22, 29*)
			2 ,(5, 6, 10, 12*)
30c	Rarad; F-MU3; NE; hp 12; AC 10 longsword Elf Female	30d	Fit; A6; LE; hp 34; AC -2 poisoned dagger Human Male
S 12	▪ Drab grey dress brightened by many coloured scarves	S 12	▪ Short and skinny; chain mail under grubby rags, eye-patch and white stick
I 12	▪ Swordswoman / Conjurer	I 13	▪ Killer
W 13	▪ Fickle, wayward, opportunist	W 10	▪ Shrewd, cunning, sophisticated, efficient
D 13	▪ Very well known locally; admired by all; wife of Ishbone (30d)	D 18	▪ Known as a not-very-successful beggar; has connections with the Knights Ocular, leader of local assassins cell
C 9		C 16	
Ch 17	Spell Book: 1 (15*, 20, 22, 23, 25*, 29) 2 (4, 5, 6*, 13, 22)	Ch 8	

30e	Lara; T4; CE; hp 13; AC 10; longsword and garrote Gnome Female
S 14	▪ Squat, ugly and unpleasant. 'filthy rags; always wears dull red scarf to cover angry scar around neck from attempted lynching
I 7	▪ Robber
W 6	▪ Mean, uncompromising, vindictive
D 12	▪ Idolised locally as a vicious back-stabber; leads a small gang of gnomish thieves in smash and grab raids against shops in neighbouring districts
C 13	
Ch 7	



N°31: THE BEAST HUNTER

Gross an Creer is a mercenary who hunts and captures dangerous monsters for sale to the Arena (21). When not hunting monsters for the Arena, he also accepts freelance contracts to procure both live monsters and monster parts for sale to the highest bidder - typically magic-users and alchemists involved in research. Being avaricious, as only a dwarf can be, he is very jealous of his trade, and will brook no competition. If subtle or unsubtle threats don't work, he will employ his lieutenants and numerous hirelings to assault any interlopers unwise enough to infringe on his business.

He operates from a house on the Walk, near Gibbet Street, which he shares with his two lieutenants.

31a	Gross an Creer ; F8; N; hp 72; AC - 1; battleaxe +3 Dwarf Male	31b&c Gross' two lieutenants will probably be the first to call, playing dirty tricks on the adventurers - loosing their captured creatures, wrecking their rooms while they are out. Nathes and Ryar of Kosre are T4, AC 6, hp 12, and use poisoned daggers if cornered.
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N° 32: THE BASILISKS

The Basilisks, so-called because 'They move so fast everyone else is turned to stone', are a street gang of the City League. They come in a variety of sizes - aged between 6 and 14 (apart from their leaders, who are slightly older) and work the streets as thieves and fighters. There are two main types of Basilisk - the fresh-faced and innocent, who can cry their way out of trouble if all else fails, and the precociously shrewd, who try not to get into trouble. One thing is true of all - they are born survivors. The harsh initiation tests inflicted on new members make sure they don't carry any passengers. These might, for example, consist of attaching a flag to the topmost tower of the Magic Users' School (9), or obtaining one of Petronna Goldenhair's whips (15e).

For most of the time, they are indistinguishable from any other band of scruffy kids. Their clothing is made up of a cunning mixture of rags and concealed leathers which are equivalent to AC 8. However, a group of Basilisks in full regalia would be an intimidating sight for the average citizen should they ever see them. This regalia is dark red leather armour and cloaks, which reverse to black. Around their left wrists are wrapped chains (1-6 points of damage) and they carry an array of other weapons, chiefly daggers and slings. It is, of course, necessary to maintain a tough image to warn off rival gangs - besides, it suits their egotism. They make themselves very useful to various of the upper echelons of local thieves' guilds and are therefore under some measure of protection. To ensure that this continues, the leader makes sure all contracts undertaken are carried out. Their base is a semi-derelict mansion set between the Walk and the Arena, whose absentee landlord has forgotten its existence.

The Basilisk leader for the past three years has been Fionn Messenger. He was brought up, after the death of his parents, by his sister, Siall (33c). She is a thief and already an accomplished con-woman (the Messengers have been a bad lot for generations). There is little love lost between brother and sister and their public insults are famous. However it would not do to harm one and leave the other out of the calculations - they have a strong sense of family loyalty and are ready to give aid or exact vengeance, if necessary.

Fionn has firm ideas about the running of the Basilisks and they are now one of the pre-eminent gangs in this part of the City League. They are well organised and available for hire in a number of capacities. However, as Fionn believes they should stay out of other people's quarrels, they prefer to fight only for themselves. They usually work as lookouts, distractors and spies. Their success at this depends largely on their youth - as spies they frequently go unnoticed and few suspect them of organised ill-doing rather than childish mischief. Under Fionn's leadership the Basilisks are better fed, clothed and have more pocket money than they would working for an adult fence - hence they attract the best recruits. Of course, Fionn is still secreting a substantial cut for himself as he now needs a foothold in some business on the right side of the law to extend further his operations.

Fionn's lieutenants are Kneft Mor (32b) and Grimling Ashnut (32c), the 'Iron Halfling'. Kneft, a young fighter, is strong and slow thinking - but not as stupid as he looks. He insists Fionn explain all his plans and on several occasions his slow examination of some hastily conceived scheme has saved them all from disaster. Grimling (Grim) is nasty and dangerous. Fionn believes he has Grim under control - that it is just a question of pointing him in the right direction. If Grim ever lost confidence in his leader, he could run amok.

32a	Fionn Messenger; T6; NE; hp 34; AC 2; longsword, chain
Human Male	
S 14	▪ Very smooth and flashy dresser, ring of protection +2
I 14	▪ Leader of Basilisks, Spy
W 9	▪ Clever, loyal, ambitious, egotist, pragmatist
D 18	▪ Knows many thieves, frequents Madam Zalu's (22) and the Cornucopia (33) for his leisure, often works for Harben Mousecraft (33e)
C 15	
Ch 15	

32b	Kneft Mor; F3; NE; hp 34; AC 8
bastard sword, chain	
Human Male	
S 18	▪ Very big, wears what looks like a rubbish bag
I 8	▪ Fionn's (32a) most faithful follower and bodyguard
W 13	
D 12	▪ Less stupid than he looks, obeys orders
C 18	
Ch 9	▪ As Fionn, but is in love with Zoreen (22b), and ensures the Basilisks leave her alone.

32c	Grimling Ashnut; T4; CE; hp 24; AC 4; shortsword, sling, chain
Halfling Male	
S 14	▪ Basilisk regalia well hidden under rags, cherubic looks
I 14	▪ Lieutenant of Basilisks
W 9	▪ Killer, sometimes insane, dangerous when frightened
D 18	
C 15	▪ After witnessing his mother's murder and enduring his father's failure to avenge it through fear, Grim has rejected the Halfling way of life for a 'tougher one'. He spends most of his time frightened and hiding it - it's when he can't hide it any longer that he's dangerous: those who know him deny it and avoid him
Ch 15	

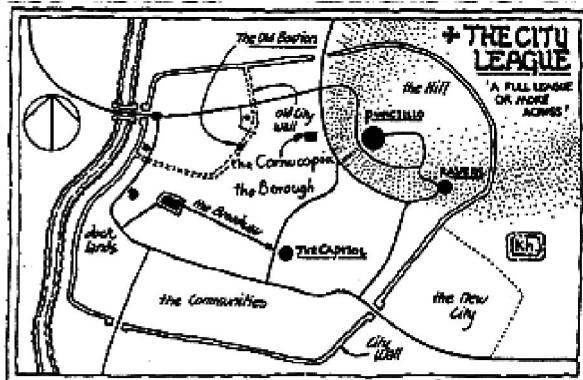
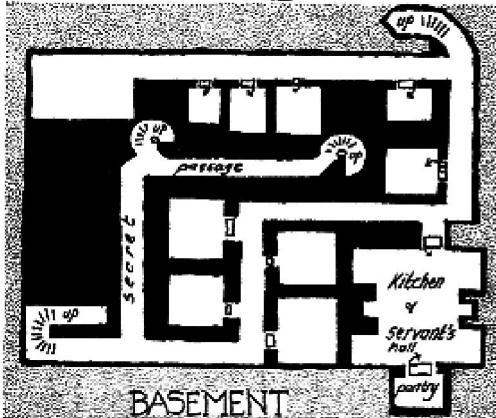
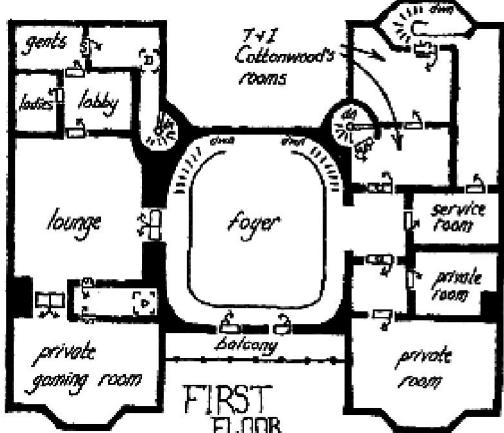
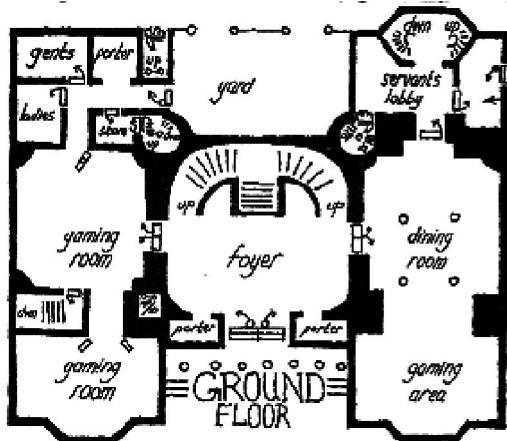
32d	Margaret, aged 13, but looking a very innocent 10, is the leader of the little ones (under 10s). She was rescued by Fionn from sale to a slaver (her parents were very poor). She is an excellent spy. Once when caught in the act of pickpocketing, she counter-accused her victim of assaulting her and embarrassed him into letting her escape.
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32e **Lucy** is 12 and is the exception to the rule that Basilisks are survivors - she frequently has to be rescued from trouble of her own making. However she has one talent which makes it all worth it - a perfect memory. Being accident prone she is a trial on any expedition - she will open every door and falls over things frequently and loudly.

32f **Giraldo** would dearly like to take Fionn's place. He is aged 14, T2, ambitious and afraid of Grimling. He is also not nearly as good a thief as he thinks he is. Fionn has taken to sending him on risky missions - Giraldo thinks he is being honoured - and one day he may not come back.

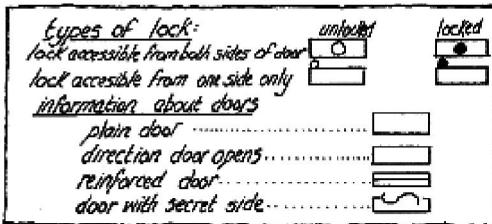
32g-v The majority of the rest of the Basilisks are the children of the poor; the very young ones, **Tirri, Jasta, Poppy, Llorrlla, Renn** and **Bandsa**, are 0-level thieves or fighters; **Farda Khan, Brerro, Lutt, Markham, Starbrow** and **Jiv** are 1st-level, **Zim, Farda Travent** and **Norden** are 2nd and **Grsska** 3rd. They all use chains as their main weapon and daggers or slings for missiles.

N°33: THE CORNUCOPIA GAMBLING DEN



The CORNUCOPIA

A Gambling Den



G1 de Wos!

In a quiet, residential street of the League is a discreet town house -the Cornucopia. Fashionable, spiced with intrigue, it is patronised by thieves, young sprigs and the scions of merchant families. Serious gamblers and corrupt officials provide leavening. Admission is solely for members (by invitation only) and guests. The Cornucopia is the place to go for deals of the expensive kind; here you can buy without taxes and sell without questions. For adventurers, to be invited here indicates a considerable rise up the social scale. It may be their first (and last) chance to mix with the nobility or with the aristocracy of crime. Prices for refreshments are ten times normal (and quality twice as good). The minimum stake for a game is 100gp, but no-one ever stoops so low. The place is rigged with magical devices to warn the staff should anyone use magic to enhance their chances of winning.

Anyone who makes a study of the Cornucopia will turn up secrets like a nest of worms. To start with, they may find out that Rugbucket (33a) is only the manager; further

investigation will point to Harben Mousecraft (**33d**) as the real owner. He is, in turn, fronting for Tom Cottonwood (**33e**), although this will be difficult to ascertain, as Tom appears to be working as an informant for Harben. And behind Tom is his wife, Imelda (**33f**). Tom was, in his youth, a low class thief, who made a good marriage to a respectable woman but could not quite give up his shady connections. His wife, Imelda, made good as a textile merchant and is welcome in polite society. Her friends find a lot to pity her for; her husband, they feel, always lets her down with his gambling debts and his dreadful friends. They know it was once rumoured that he was mixed up in something criminal, but she forgave him and pulled strings to get him off the hook.

Imelda doesn't mind the condescension, because she hopes to have the last laugh. She is not only a thief, but a very important one; the mastermind behind the Cornucopia - to say nothing of any number of daring burglaries and a lot of profitable smuggling. Tom and Harben do the groundwork, while she plans and carries out the crimes. In this way it is difficult ever to pin anything concrete on any one of them.

Almost any fairly important member of society might be seen here. Some come regularly, others only once. If you allow the party to frequent this site, be careful not to allow the players to ransack it just for fun because then you will have lost a valuable means of introducing the characters to interesting personalities at your discretion. Indeed adventurers who wantonly destroy this, or any other prime site, are likely to draw themselves to the attention of the Knights Ocular, as the Knights prefer things as they are - under control. The attention of the mysterious Knights is unlikely to improve their health.

MAJOR MEMBERS OF STAFF

33a	Garchin Rugbucket ; F5; N(E); hp 45; AC 10; longsword, dagger, knuckledusters; Human Male	33b	Greta Calkinnagrat ; F5/T6; CN; hp 29; AC 6; shortbow, shortsword, mace, sling Gnome Female
S 14 I 12 W 10 D 11 C 15 Ch 11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Garish shirt and breeches, once muscled, now fat. ▪ Ostensibly proprietor, actually manager of Cornucopia ▪ Vulgar, greedy, shrewd - makes people feel superior ▪ Knows gambling fraternity and some thieves; was F6 until he ran to seed, ex-bankrupt 	S 15 I 14 W 9 D 16 C 10 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Bright tunic over leather trousers and jerkin ▪ Major-domo of Cornucopia, Cutpurse, does not mix the two ▪ Ambitious but patient, sharp tongued and suffers no nonsense, tough as old boots; scornful of all other races ▪ Knows gambling fraternity and is member of secret association of gnome thieves

33c	Sally Messenger ; T8; NE; hp 40; AC 10; longsword, darts	33d	Harben Mousecraft ; T9; CN; hp 32; AC 5; longsword +2 (+4 vs. Lawful) , sling;
	Human Female		Human Male
S 14 I 14 W 10 D 14 C 13 Ch 17	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Pretty; wears flashy, revealing dresses or shabby cloak over leather armour Head croupier, girl about town and con-woman Selfish, cold, heartless, vamp Frequents Cornucopia, Madame Zalu's (22a). and other fashionable places - often with very wealthy escort; sister of Fionn (32a). 	S 14 I 13 W 11 D 17 C 14 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Black leathers or shirt and breeches, short. black cloak, fanciful black hat; ring of invisibility; amulet of proof against detection and location Thief Fashionable scoundrel and raconteur, self-seeking, astute. has difficulty resisting women Knows most rakes about town, tries to know everything about everybody; uses Basilisks (32) as an information service; habitué of Cornucopia, father of Elimy (33j).

33e	Tom Cottonwood ; T10; CN; hp 57; AC 0; longsword +2, dagger +1	33f	Imelda Cottonwood ; T11; CE; hp 52; AC 2; shortsword +3 (finds traps, sees invisible), dagger of venom, swordstick +1
	Human Male		Human Female
S 15 I 12 W 11 D 18 C 16 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Expensive, fashionable clothes; bracers of defence AC4, ring of protection from normal missiles, medallion of ESP Apparently Imelda's no-good husband, gentleman about town, actually owns Cornucopia and has citywide criminal connections, Master Thief Good natured as far as it is practical patient, vindictive Knows most upper class gamblers and therefore which of the nobility and merchants are corruptible. 	S 10 I 17 W 16 D 18 C 15 Ch 17	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Very expensive dresses in subdued colours; ring of protection +4, cloak of invisibility, scrolls with <i>invisible stalker, lightning bolt</i> and <i>fireball</i> Textile merchant, smuggler, Master Thief Practical first, then sentimental (about Tom, her children and Harben), ambitious, loves secrets and stealing Knows merchants, much nobility and enough judges; four children (33g-j) of varying alignments

OTHER STAFF

The staff, waiters, lesser croupiers and entertainers wear blue livery. 20% are T 1-3, 50% are F 1-4, and the rest are Fr 2-4. There are, in addition, 8 F8 guards (hp 80, AC1) armed with **broadswords +1**.

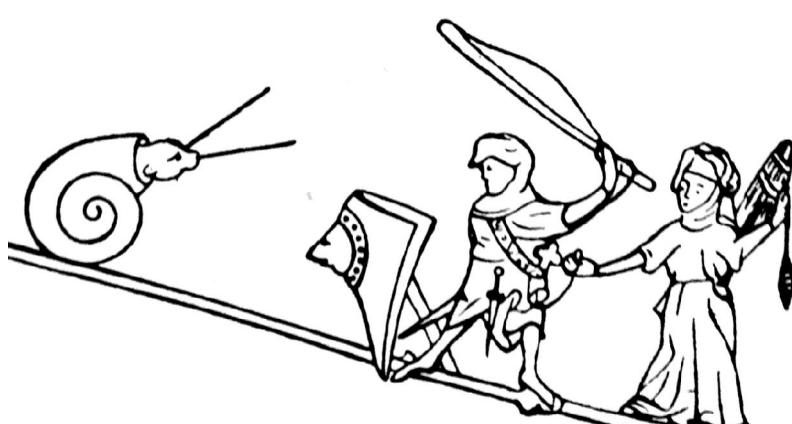
IMELDA'S FAMILY

33g-j

Rodern is the eldest. He is in the Punctillan, where his parents hoped he would be helpful to them. Alas, he is taking his duties seriously and they dare not even confide in him. **Karel**, the second, is their long term investment. He has been enrolled in the Magic Users' School (9). A fine lad, he spends most of his generous allowance around the Arena (21). **Floriann** is the youngest. Imelda wants her to be educated as a lady and make a good marriage (she fancies a titled grandson). **Elimy**, the third, was always a tomboy and is now a promising cutpurse. She, too, hangs around the Arena (21) and accompanies her father Harben (33d) to the Cornucopia (to her mother's private dismay). Elimy's plans would surprise Imelda. She hopes to beat Floriann to it and catch a noble of her own, but, if all else fails, an up-and-coming adventurer would do. Although Harben tries to conceal it, Elimy has guessed their relationship and has no compunction about using it to her own ends.

VISITORS

33k	One-eyed Sadford ; Fr8; NE; hp 36; AC 10; cutlass	33l	Vani 'Trust me' Vaniski ; Fr7; CN; hp 23; AC 10; sword-stick +4
	Human Male		Gnome Male
S 14	▪ Expensive but stained clothes, eye patch	S 7	▪ Blouson and trews, beautifully made; fresh-faced and honest-looking
I 13	▪ Merchant Captain, owner of <i>Happy Mary</i> and lesser ships, smuggler, regular gambler	I 16	▪ Fence
W 17	▪ Brutal, greedy, efficient, unpopular	W 15	▪ Calculating, careful suspicious, convincing
D 13	▪ Carries cargoes for Imelda Cottonwood (33f), knows Tom (33e) and Harben (33d) as well as many who appreciate fine wines, spirits and tobacco, bribes a number of officials. Sadford is attended by two bodyguards, F7 (hp 70; AC 2), who obey him in all things.	D 9	▪ Seen and known as a social parasite around the flesh-pots of the League and Cerwyn; known as a trader in lands beyond (Xir, the Theocratic Principalities and even Kosre); works as a fence whose proud boast is that he can obtain anything - at a price; he can't actually, of course, but players are likely to be surprised by what he can come up with even though they're very unlikely ever to be able to afford it; expert with disguises - can make himself unrecognisable even to his 'friends'
C 16		C 8	
Ch 8		Ch 16	

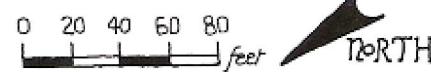
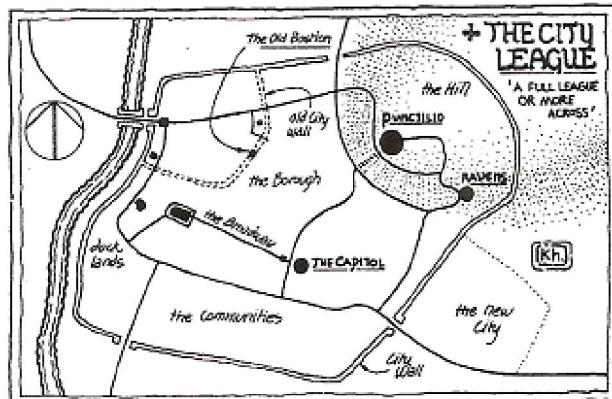
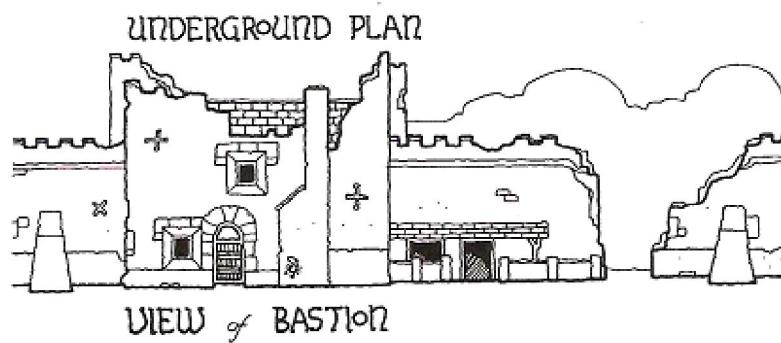
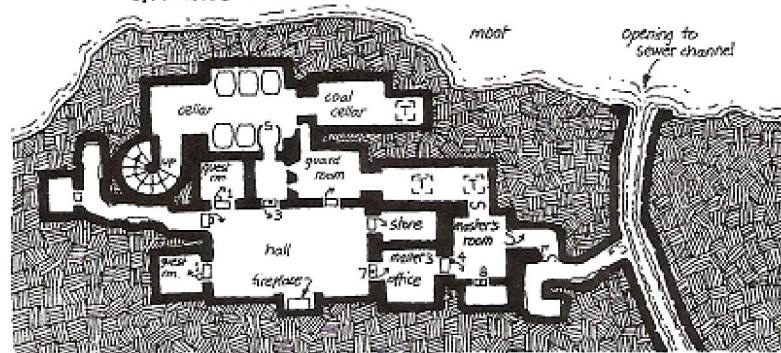
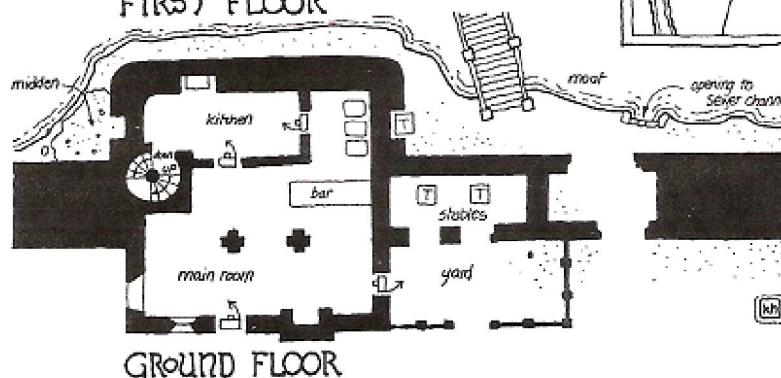
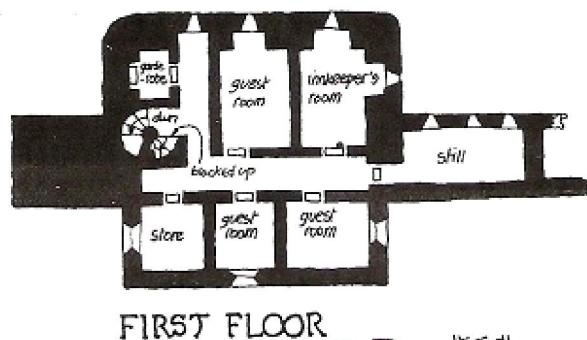


POTLINES

1. It's possible to overhear Sadford arranging to take another party up-river to a 'lost-site-of-guaranteed-treasure' and your party might want to go along for the ride. Sadford never questions adventurers about their 'sites', but he knows when they are on a fools' errand.
2. A male member of your party is propositioned by Elimy - he may quite like it but you can rest assured that neither Tom, Harben nor Imelda will like it one little bit.
3. During a visit to the Cornucopia trouble erupts, and in the ensuing confusion something is thrust into the hand of a PC. The something is likely to be unidentifiable, but interesting, and the following days should be quite exciting as the owner seeks his property, the authorities seek some stolen goods and your party seek the answer to the riddle.



N°34: THE OLD BASTION (AKA THE SCORPION'S NEST)



KEY

trapdoor in floor/in ceiling unlocked locked

lock accessible from both sides of door ○ ●

lock accessible from one side only □ □

bar or bolt □ □

difficulty in opening locks rated from 1 to 9

information about doors

plain door □ trapped door □

direction door opens □ magnetically-locked or trapped door □

reinforced door (see Alc and hips) □ door with secret side □

door with traphole on one side □ door with concealed side □

Throughout the City League, local thieves' guilds have set up Safe Houses. These are places where a thief on the run can hole up for a few days or evade imminent capture. The Safe Houses can be identified by the thieves who use them by some identifying mark or symbol. This mark is usually known only to local guild members. Some Safe Houses are simply shops with secret rear entrances, others are elaborate hide-outs with permanent staff. One such is the Old Bastion, so called because it occupies one of the ancient keeps of the old city wall which is now largely in ruins. To passers-by it looks like a rough ale-house,

which it is - superficially. Regulars know it as the Scorpions Nest; a reflection more of themselves than its secret.

The Safe House is beneath the inn and has only one entrance - from the inn's cellar through a secret door - which is constantly watched through a peep-hole. Although there is only one entrance there are several emergency exits. These range from the private one used by the Safe House Master, to the trap doors up into the stables to the last resort route up through the midden. There are only four regulars who run the Safe House. The Master, Fra-Ian (34e); the Store Keeper, Orf Noglinsdottir (34f); and two guard/helpers. When thieves are hiding in the house they largely look after themselves and take turns on look-out and guard duty; when no-one is staying there the guard work is done by Padhraig (34g) and Said (34h).

Sited right in the middle of the inn's main room is a long wooden table. Places at it are reserved for the most infamous of the regulars at the inn. Such a reserved place is regarded as a great status symbol and much blood is spilt over the right to sit there and the position taken - those sitting nearest the chairman being the most admired. The chairman holds his (and currently, her) position by main droit and occasionally leads the 21 members of the Table on lunatic adventures (raids on guard posts and the like). None of the members of the table know of the function of the inn as a Safe House.

WORKERS IN THE INN

34a	Squirvy Patch; T1(F4); CE; hp 37; AC 7; dagger Human Male
S	15
I	8
W	5
D	17
C	10
Ch	6
	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Scruffy, pasty, one-eyed, filthy leather apron over grubby jerkin and trewsInnkeeper, look-outSuspicious, quiet, jumpy, mean, wretchedKnows all the thieves and regulars well but is almost unknown outside the inn, which is the way he likes it; refuses to wear a patch over the unpleasant wreck of his eye which he swears was lost in a battle with a unicorn; began life as a fighter but has switched to thief



34b-d Patch's staff are three stupid scullions: **Beizchkwang** (M; F2; hp 16; AC 10; hp; F2; hp 15; AC 9) and **Brown Mim** (F; F1; hp 7; AC 8). Beizchkwang lusts after the gorgeous Angovidinrix Blister (5l) and consequently hates Beruth (4d); it's difficult to get these three to remember your order, never mind getting them to pass on any useful information about anything

SAFE HOUSE STAFF

<p>34e Fra-lan; M; T10; LE; hp 49; AC -2; longsword +3 (detect traps and invisible; know alignment)</p> <p>Human Male</p> <p>S 13 ▪ Short; pleasant face: beautifully decorated leather armour +2 over fine silks, bracers of defence</p> <p>I 15 ▪ Safe House storekeeper and cook, Burglar</p> <p>W 10 ▪ AC6 (worn as a head-band), ring of protection +2</p> <p>D 18 ▪ Master Thief, Safe House Master, retired Guild Master, owner of the Old Bastion (34)</p> <p>C 15 ▪ Superficially gentlemanly, devious, sharp, unscrupulous, very worldly-wise</p> <p>Ch 16 ▪ Known and revered amongst the brotherhood of thieves, his name has even been heard in polite society</p>	<p>34f Orf Noglinsdottir; T5; NE; hp 25; AC 8; dagger +2 (+4 vs. giants), poison dagger</p> <p>Human Female</p> <p>S 8 ▪ Ill-fitting clothes over corpulent body</p> <p>I 15 ▪ Safe House storekeeper and cook, Burglar</p> <p>W 13 ▪ Jovial, witty, poorly organised spiteful</p> <p>D 16 ▪ Would be recognised in the local markets, regular at the Cock (14)</p> <p>C 9</p> <p>Ch 8</p>
<p>34g Padhraig the Dip; T3; CN; hp 14; AC 8; shortsword and sling</p> <p>Elf Male</p> <p>S 12 ▪ Very tall and stooping: sharp dresser</p> <p>I 9 ▪ Safe House guard</p> <p>W 12 ▪ Arrogant, sly, grovels to superiors</p> <p>D 16 ▪ Well known in local dives</p> <p>C 9</p> <p>Ch 7</p>	<p>34h Said'h'rm'ra; T3; CN; hp 15; AC 4; longsword, club</p> <p>Human Female</p> <p>S 14 ▪ Swarthy; hooded robes; leather armour; scarf over mouth</p> <p>I 17 ▪ Safe House guard</p> <p>W 9 ▪ Clever, quiet, remorse-less</p> <p>D 18 ▪ Newcomer from Sarpath Mountains, Said works here as her incomprehensible accent makes it impossible to work elsewhere; brilliant young thief; has earned the envy and hatred of the Dip (34g) - knows this and won't leave before giving him reason to remember her</p> <p>C 11</p> <p>Ch 16</p>
<p>34i-n</p> <p>The Safe House typically has 6 fugitives at any one time, each fugitive staying a couple of nights at most. At busy times up to 30 thieves can be accommodated. Currently, the occupants are the Vigas brothers: Argen, Morr, Cap, 'Legs', Thorp and Kensal; hp 10; AC 7, armed with longswords. They do their own cooking and cleaning and act as guards and lookouts during their stay.</p>	

REGULARS AT THE INN

34o	Anbury ; A1; CE; hp 4; AC 5; jester's stick with hidden, poisoned, blade Human Male
S 13	▪ Bland, easily forgotten face; leather armour dressed up to look like a Jester's costume
I 12	
W 8	▪ Bravo; double agent for the Knights Ocular
D 17	
C 9	▪ Acts mute, foolish and amusing; observant, careful
Ch 13	▪ Known by few outside the inn; sleeps rough and seems to spend all day here; member of the assassins guild; he gets information to the KO through an impenetrable system of contacts and drops

34p	Cluzoh ; P2; LG; hp 16; AC 3; two-handed sword and dagger Human Male
S 12	▪ Disheveled, unkempt, hung-over; filthy plate mail
I 9	
W 13	▪ Keeper
D 7	▪ Depressed, alcoholic, desperate
C 8	▪ In this state Cluzoh wouldn't recognise his mother," came to clean up this 'den of vice', but 'they' got to him first - through the bottle
Ch 17	

34q	Tolin Swallow ; F6; CE; hp 50; AC 9; longsword +3 , dagger, mace, longbow ½-Ogre Female
S 18 ²⁵	▪ Ugly; dark jacket and bright red (stained) hose
I 8	
W 7	▪ Myrmidon, Chairman of the Long Table, Mercenary
D 15	▪ Loud, violent, sadistic
C 17	▪ Friend of Patch (34a) - which makes the fact that she knows nothing of the Safe House even more amazing; known by Long Table members and feared locally
Ch 6	

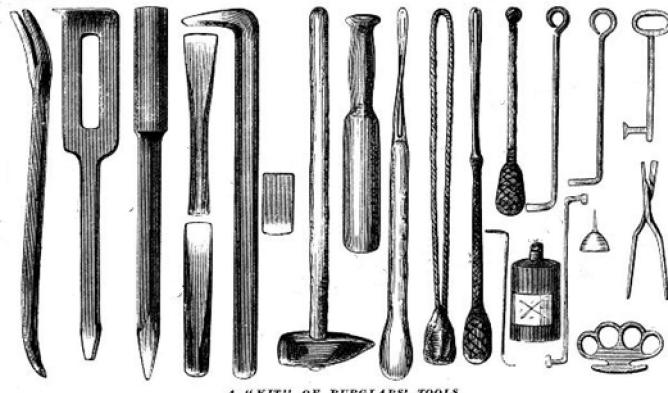
34+ There are 20 other members of the Table; they are a mixture of classes of levels 2-4 and are ruthless, ignorant bullies to the last.



N°35: THIEVES AROUND THE WALK

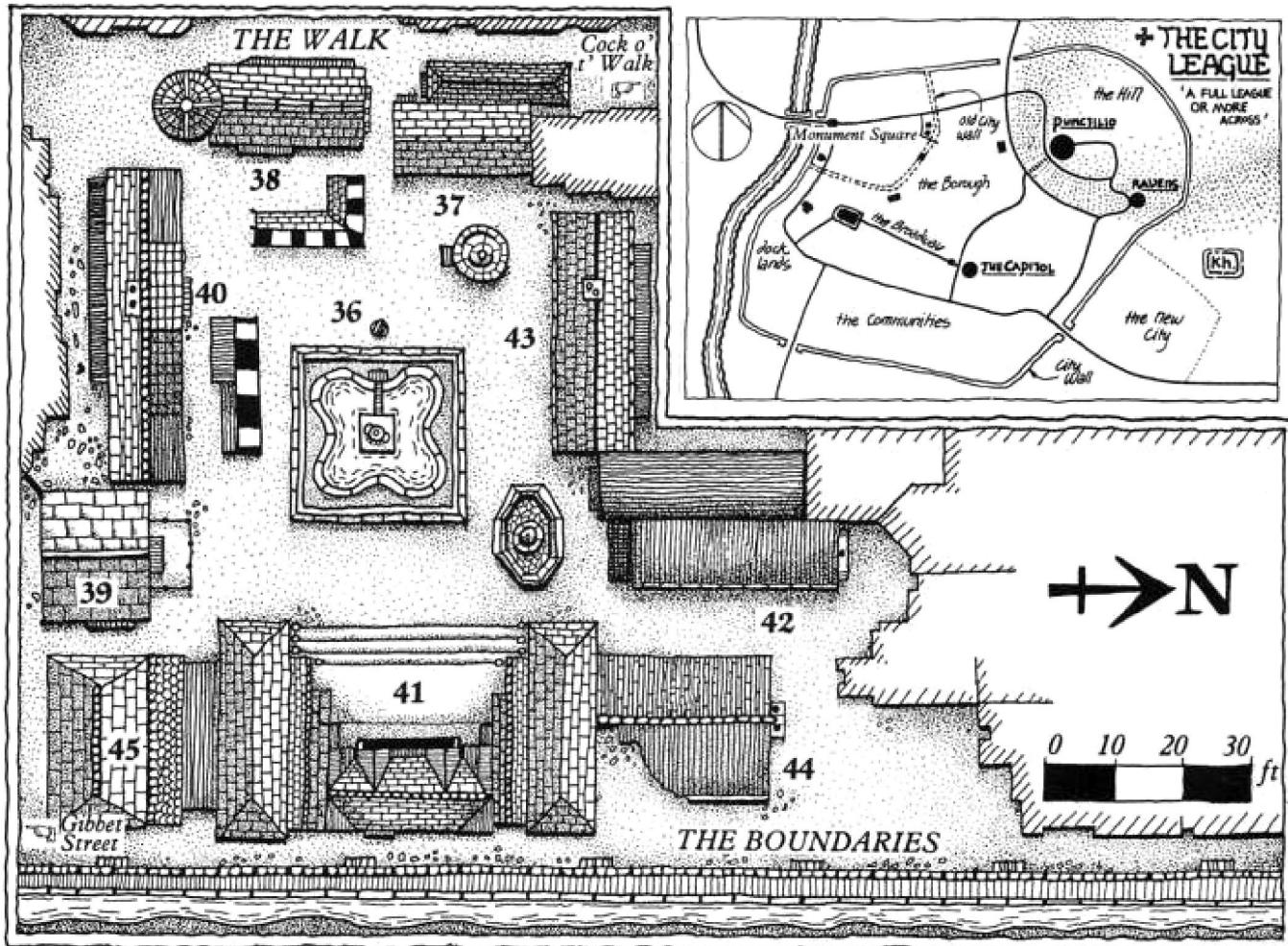
The thieves' guild that operates in the environs of the Walk is a lawful guild. It has 25 members, and about two score associated freelance thieves. By unfortunate circumstances (an inter-Guild war), the Walk Thieves Guild finds itself with only three Pips, an unusually small complement.

35a	Shear Dreeve ; Human Male; T10; LN; hp 63; AC -2; Guild Master; quiet & undemonstrative but efficient and thorough
35b	Bi-bij the Knife ; Human Female; T7; LN; hp 44; AC 0; Lieutenant; aggressive, reliable and faithful
35c	Greeslime the Wise ; Gnome Female; T7; N; hp 33; AC 4; Staff; smelly and unpleasant but brilliant record keeper most of which she memorises
35d	Sharpy ; Human Male; T5; NG; hp 25; AC 3; First Pip; ambitious and sneaky. in charge of the streets
35e	Khan Ai ; 1/2 -Elf Male; T5; LE; hp 24; AC 2; Second Pip; in charge of burglary and break-outs at which he is brilliant, after Sharpy's job and trying to kill him
35f	Quellia ; Human Female; T4; LN; hp 18; AC 5; Third Pip; brilliantly inventive, will go far if someone doesn't stop her, in charge of scams and protection
35g	"Ripper" Orccry ; Human Male; T5; LE; hp 27; AC 6; The Landlord; named after his hook (left arm) which prevents active thieving, desperate to get 'back into the mainstream' and will remove obstacles ruthlessly
35h	Anah Dzhohans ; Human Female; T5; NG; hp 24; Records; quiet, mousey, dull, known as "inky" in the guild
35i	Llarllarna of Catrellis ; Elf Female; T3; LE; hp 12; AC 8; Nag #1; vicious, vindictive. spiteful nature hidden behind fluttering eyelids and blushes, very pretentious
35j	Pierrio ; Human Male; T3; N; hp 13; AC 7; Nag #2 ; pleasant, unambitious, brilliant with numbers, fine athlete
35+	There are 15 T1-2 and apprentices working within the guild, each can be considered as hp 6; AC 7



NOS 36-45: MONUMENT SQUARE

Monument Square is a paved court situated within and adjacent to the old city walls. It was built in honour of the construction of the walls and the bringing of law and order to the City League. Now it stands a mocking testimony of the area's downfall; the stonework scored and vandalised, the flagstones cracked and mossy, the sanctuary in ruins.



N°36: THE WATER PUMP AND POOLS

Clean, drinkable water is in short supply in this area of the league, the streams' water is dirty and the nearest fresh water a good distance away. Residents must pay for their water. The water-seller is either Mandren (27a) or Solchar (36a) who sits on the stool provided awaiting custom. Since the water pressure below has long since diminished, pumping water can be a long and arduous task. For only a few extra coppers the water-seller will provide this service. however.

36a

Solchar Na-baroth; Fr1; N; hp

2; AC 8; unarmed

Human Male

S	17	▪ Looks too old and weak to pump water, but in fact well muscled and agile; wears ragged robes and a battered felt hat; face covered in warts and boils
I	19	
W	14	
D	15	
C	14	
Ch	6	<ul style="list-style-type: none">▪ Water-seller▪ Alert, constantly ready to please. avaricious and cunning but harmless▪ Friendly with Mandren when she is sane; knows each customer by name



THE STATUE

The statue honours peace, law and order, and sits on a graffiti-ridden sandstone plinth. The figure, cast in a bronze alloy, is of a robed woman bearing a sheathed sword and a large law tome. Her right hand is raised, palm forward, in what was originally a sign of peace; two of her fingers have since been broken off, and her hand now seems to be conveying some sign or message.

THE SANCTUARY

The Sanctuary's use has been all but forgotten. The locals consider it to be just another monument or perhaps a shelter for travellers or waifs. The roof was once thatched - and still is, after a fashion. Periodically (though not in the lifetime of the inhabitants), it is re-thatched secretly by night. Those who look closely will see the word 'Abazar' in magical script on the central stone pillar. If a person of good alignment, able to read the scrawl, pronounces this word loudly, the Sanctuary is surrounded completely with a *protection from evil 10' radius*. The spell can be triggered but once a day, lasting for 12 hours, and if the pillar is removed the Sanctuary will no longer function.

FLANCHE'S STALL

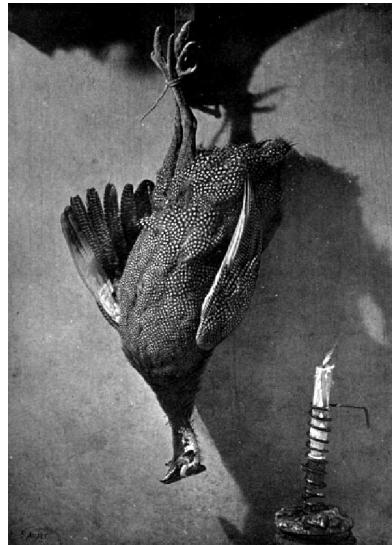
Flanche sells fowl at extremely cheap prices. Unfortunately much of the 'chicken', 'turkey' and 'goose' is in fact rabbit meat, which has been moulded into fowl-shaped cuts! Still, Flanche does say it's the fact that it's cheap that's important!

36b Flanche Longbourne; F4; N/CN;

hp 21; AC 5; broadsword and dagger

Human Male

S	13	▪ Wears chainmail under his white smock; bald, no eyebrows. sharp black eyes
I	14	▪ Foul fowl seller, ex-adventurer
W	10	▪ Self-conscious about his complete lack of hair after a nasty experience with a high-level evil cleric in his adventuring days; bad tempered, mean and spiteful but silver-tongued and quick-witted.
D	10	▪ Only Eblon (37a) will be his friend
C	12	
Ch	14	



SORROW & MORRITA'S STALL

Morrita sells sweetmeats and confectionery from the stall whilst Sorrow, her husband, keeps on the move with his advertising yell and tray of hot pies.

36c Sorrow Moonfist; Fr 3; LG; hp 6;

AC 10; shortsword

Gnome Male

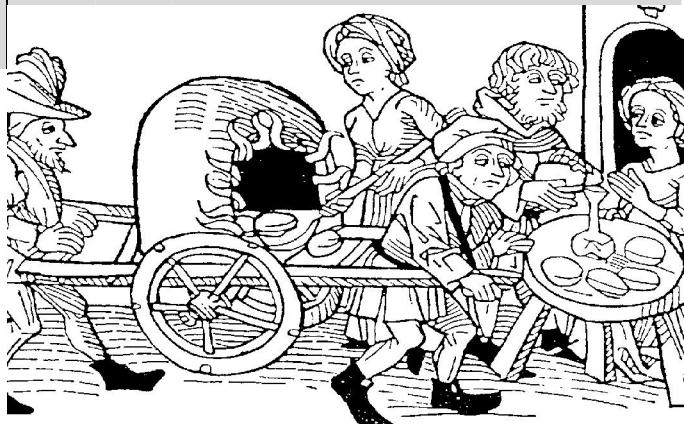
S	10	▪ Dressed in white shirt and breeches. carries a tray slung around his neck and yells the nature of his business intermittently; thin for a gnome, but rosy checked
I	10	▪ Confectioner and pie vendor
W	14	▪ Always weary and in a hurry; appears nervous and edgy about anyone new in the locale; sometimes seems a bit over-cheerful, inquisitive
D	11	▪ Knows something about absolutely everyone local; husband of Morrita (36d)
C	8	
Ch	12	

36d Morrita Moonfist; Fr 2; LG; hp 5;

AC 10; unarmed

Gnome Female

S	12	▪ Dressed in white pinafore and grey frock; curly brown hair and bright, cheerful green eyes; very short and thin
I	14	▪ Sweet seller
W	9	▪ Ignores comments about her diminutive height; generally cheerful and chatty - often too chatty to allow her husband to say anything!
D	10	▪ Wife of Sorrow (36c) and knows everyone he knows
C	11	
Ch	13	



SANBOW'S STALL

Sanbow is a kindly old lady who cultivates pot plants in her window and sells them on the square. She will always recommend her favourite to interested customers. a fern-like pale green plant she calls 'Elephants Thumps' - she doesn't know why, which is a mercy since little does she know that the plant is in fact a mild narcotic.

36e **Sanbow Goodhern**; Fr 1; LG; hp 5; AC 10; unarmed

Human Female

S	11	▪ White-haired, plump, slow mover due to arthritis; wears a crocheted shawl over a green wool dress
I	7	▪ Pot plant seller
W	9	▪ Old-fashioned and set in her ways;
D	7	▪ would be horrified to learn the true nature of her favourite plant
C	15	
Ch	12	▪ Prefers not to associate here



N°37: EBLON'S JUNK SHOP

Business is especially brisk for the time of year and the shop sprawls out onto trestles in front of the shop. Eblon, the proprietor, buys and sells most items - the price depending on the likely demand, and 'providing that it isn't stolen' (of course)! Any item bought from Eblon is 10% likely to be special in some way - ornate, shoddy, faked or even magical - however items are also 25% likely to be stolen considering Eblon's and his daughters' trade - thievery!

37a **Eblon Fairlorn**; T6; CN; hp 32; AC 9; shortsword, dagger and darts

Human Male

S	7	▪ Weasely and wiry. Lank, copper coloured hair and long fingered nail sharpened, greedy hands," dressed in grey robes
I	16	▪ Junk trader and thief
W	11	▪ Innocent mannered, appears absent minded, speaks harshly and fond of sarcasm and black humour; genuinely caring of his daughter, Joll (37b)
D	15	▪ Father of Joll (37b); friendly with Flanche (36b); member of local thieves' guild
C	16	
Ch	9	

37b **Joll Fairlorn**; T3; CE; hp 16; AC 4; longsword and daggers

Half Orc Female

S	14	▪ Plain looking (plain ugly!); large red nose, hardly a patch of clear skin under freckles, moles and warts. Not a child gifted with beauty. Wears a baggy red frock and a cheap leather choker bracer of defence AC 4 .
I	14	
W	12	
D	14	▪ Thief and occasional houri
C	11	
Ch	6	▪ Flaunting and always being ridiculed for it; conniving, scheming and hateful; does not know her true race - her mother burdened Eblon with her as a child and departed.
		▪ Daughter of Eblon (37a) and an unknown orc-woman; knows everyone who mostly either chastise or ignore her (or laugh and bitch behind her back); sometimes disappears with her father or Flanche (36b) and returns with a full purse!

N°38: FOLLY TAVERN

When Jarrow Downson, a rich merchant, decided to build himself a townhouse three centuries ago, he also decided, in his famed eccentric way, to include a four-storey tower! However, as the tower rose his business and wealth declined and he died a pauper. His descendants were left only the house, so this they converted into a tavern and local building of interest. His descendants still run the tavern today. Tanner and his sister, Jerris, have lived here since they were born and expect their respective children to continue the family business. The tavern is in the tower itself, with its all-round view and central, spiral staircase. It would make an excellent lookout post - for those who might need one.

38a	Tanner Downson ; F4; LG; hp 29; AC 9; broadsword Human Male	38b	Charmail Downson ; Fr2; LG; hp 12; AC 10; unarmed Human Female
S 18 ²¹	▪ Middle-aged but tall and broad shouldered; well muscled and well proportioned; wickedly handsome - black hair and sharp blue eyes; dresses in leaf green shirt and blue trousers	S 8	▪ Slender, blonde and voluptuous, dresses in a sky-blue gown and broad leather belt
I 13	▪ Stockman/chucker-outer and would-be adventurer	I 14	▪ Bar-lady
W 9	▪ Usually jovial and jaunty, humorous but sometimes moody - especially when he is arguing with the two ladies in his life, Charmail (38b) his wife and Jerris (38c) his sister, over his continual wish to go adventuring, like he did when he was young. rather than stay and run the tavern	W 10	▪ Flirtatious, enjoys being chatted up and pandered to, but faithful to her husband; shares Tanner's sense of humour, but not his view that adventuring, not barkeeping, is the road to riches
D 15	▪ Makes it his business to know every customer by name; few friends	D 11	▪ Knows most regulars - especially the men; very fond of Tanner (38a) and Jerris (38c).
C 16		C 16	
Ch 13		Ch 16	
38c	Jerris Downson ; Fr3; LG; hp 11; AC 10; unarmed Human Female	38d	Moridbar Downson ; F1; CN; hp 9; AC 8; scimitar and shortsword Human Male
S 13	▪ Middle-aged, plump, masses of curly black hair; dressed in mauve and blue marquee-like dress!	S 10	▪ Teenage son of Tanner and Charmail, unkempt, slim and slovenly
I 10	▪ Barlady and manageress	I 12	▪ Supposed to help with the tavern but rarely obliges!
W 17	▪ Henpecks her brother even more than this wife - but all three still get on like a house on fire; worldly-wise and understanding; heart of gold	W 14	▪ A prodigal son in so many ways; a loner and a taker rather than an earner or a sharer; prepared to entertain any proposition that sounds profitable
D 14	▪ Knows everyone local who come to her with their problems - a local agony aunt	D 16	▪ No friends
C 10		C 13	
Ch 14		Ch 14	

REGULARS AT THE INN

38e	Arribund Cracey; Fr1; CN; hp 4; AC 9; daggers Halfling Male	38f	Tarand; T3-MU2; N; hp 8; AC 8; longsword and darts Elf Male
S 12	▪ Dresses in brown breeches, white shirt and an embroidered waistcoat; sandy hair and snub nosed	S 13	▪ Shaven head, green eyes; wears grey robes
I 15	▪ Information gatherer and seller cum storyteller	I 12	▪ Freelance spy and lookout
W 6	▪ Sharp eared, greedy, invents stories and information snippets to please punters and take their money.	W 13	▪ Preoccupied, vacant, but once his attention has been gained sharp tongued, spiteful and vindictive; self-centred and greedy
D 15	▪ Knows about everyone local; only friend is Tarand (38f)	D 16	▪ Knows various guildmembers who provide work
C 11		Ch 9	Spellbook: 1 (3, 16, 20, 22, 27) 2 (2, 9, 10, 15, 19)
Ch 13			
38g	Leganni; Fr3; N; hp 10; AC 8; longsword and club Human Male	38h	Vardum T'Manion; F3; LN; hp 19; AC 5; battleaxe and light crossbow Dwarf Male
S 13	▪ Dusty robes, balding, weary traveller type	S 17	▪ Fat, stumpy and heavily bearded; wears his chainmail openly and with pride; sits in the corner quaffing beer; appears permanently drunk.
I 10	▪ Clothing trader	I 10	▪ Ex-gladiator, seeking employment as a bodyguard
W 15	▪ Mild-mannered; here on business from outside the City League, interested in clothing bargains but not selling; now a doppelganger, ugly tempered, clever and cunning	W 10	▪ Gruff but friendly if treated with due respect.
D 11	▪ No contacts - it's eaten them all!	D 11	▪ Although he has little money, he is very generous with it (unusual for a dwarf) and holds few grudges except to Tarand (38f) who's not only a 'damned elf' but a 'sorcerous warlock' too; everyone knows him, but he does not admit to knowing any of them!
C 11		Ch 13	
Ch 13	DM's Note: Leganni is a doppelganger, posing as the trader		



N°39: JACROND'S HOUSE

The house has a balcony and a secret cubby-hole beneath the stairs; this hides Abol, an assassin whom Jacrond is hiding. Jacrond is a mercenary, working for and believing in any cause which pays him well. He used to be a travelling acrobat and is famous locally for his spectacular rooftop escapes from brushes with the law.

39a	Jacrond Bortell; Ac7; CN; hp 21; AC -2; staff and daggers (incl. dagger +1 , +2 vs. humanoids) Human Male	39b	Abol Noftin; A4; LE; hp 16; AC 8; hammer and dagger Half Orc Male
S 16 I 13 W 8 D 18 C 13 Ch 10	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Greying beard, hooked nose, dark eyes: wears leather jerkin and black trousers; ring of protection +2 ▪ Mercenary Thief-Acrobat ▪ Cunning and quick-witted; agile and graceful, seems jumpy, especially if armed and armoured ▪ adventurers knock on his door! Famed for rooftop escapes ▪ Occasionally hired by local Thieves' and Assassins' Guilds; knows a few local mobsters, e.g. Arribund (38e) and Tarand (38f); hiding Abol (39b) from the Law 	S 17 I 10 W 10 D 11 C 13 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Still dressed in his last disguise of a blacksmith; leather apron, thick blackened wool trousers, boots and dirty yellow shirt; brown tangled hair and protruding cleft chin; ring of protection +3 ▪ Freelance assassin ▪ Thoroughly nasty and bullying; presently especially on his guard, devious and manipulative ▪ Only local contact is Jacrond (39a); member of a distant Assassins' Guild

N°40: LILITH'S HOME

This house shows signs that it was once partially burned and then shoddily repaired; about five years ago now, when Lilith was eighteen, her house was mysteriously set alight. Local legend has it that vigilantes believed the entire family to be witches and consequently converted the house into a pyre. Lilith escaped with terrible burns and total blindness.

40a	'Lilywhite' Lilith; Fr2; LN; hp 6; AC 10; unarmed Human Female
S 9 I 11 W 15 D 12 C 14 Ch 15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Scars from the right side of her face to the small of her back, long black hair obscuring the worst (treat as Ch 6 on first sight); staring pale eyes; wears a grey gown ▪ Because of her blindness, her other senses are acute and she thus hires herself out as a guide occasionally ▪ Moody and brooding, intent on revenge, eccentric, calculating and deliberate ▪ Ostracised; knows everyone locally by sound and smell



N° 41: THE LAUNDRY

This building comprises of the various laundry pools, several washing lines (which some say are holding the place up!) and the home of the launderers, Mailicea and Chove, and their adopted halfling son, Ramal. Chove was a successful adventurer until he fell in love with Mailicea.

41a

Chove; I3; NG; hp 7; AC 7;

dagger

Human Male

S	11	▪ Wears white smock and green breeches; skullcap and ring of protection +1 , long moustache
I	15	▪ Launderer
W	11	▪ Although he badly wants to, does not adventure - <i>"I'm a married man now"</i> ; determined, resolute and caring
D	16	▪ Husband to Mailicea (41b), friendly with many magicians from the MU school (9)
C	9	
Ch	14	

Spellbook:

1 (3, 4, 12, 20, 22, 23, 27)

2 (2, 6, 15)

41b

Mailicea; Fr2; LG; hp 6; AC 10;

unarmed

Half Elf Female

S	8	▪ Slender - almost boney, thin face with sad grey eyes; wears a pastel shaded gown and a headband
I	13	▪ Launderess
W	14	▪ Shy and very timid, speaks softly if at all; once she is confident however; chatty, humorous and sparkle-eyed
D	14	
C	9	
Ch	17	▪ Knows only her family

41c

Renal; Fr1; LG; hp 4; AC 9;

shortsword and dagger

Halfling Male

S	13	▪ Wears brown trousers and blue shirt; usually seen pulling the huge wicker delivery basket on a trolley that appears far too heavy for him
I	14	▪ Delivery halfling
W	12	▪ Chatty, cheeky, helpful, inquisitive and cheerful; prone to enjoy rather too much wine than is good for him when his traits are usually extenuated
D	15	
C	10	
Ch	11	▪ Knows his adopted parents and everyone local, especially the laundry customers helpful enough to give his basket a push when he's going uphill; dislikes Arribund (38e) who is the bad apple in the barrel of halflings



N° 42: THE SCRIBES' WORKSHOP

Tambor and his large family live here. Tambor, the scribe, has a fair mastery of most of the human, demi-human and humanoid languages and can translate, dictate and compile or prepare legal documents. His wife, Ariana, concerns herself with the manufacture of paper and the preparation of quills and inks.

42a	Tambor Inis ; Fr5; LG; hp 18; AC 10; swordstick Human Male	42b	Ariana Inis ; Fr3; LG; hp 8; AC 10; unarmed Human Female
S 12	▪ Elderly, bearded and becoming shortsighted and deaf; wears a blue shirt and breeches	S 10	▪ Spindly frame, white hair tied in bun; primly dressed in mauve frock and yellow scarf
I 17	▪ Scribe	I 13	▪ Scribe's assistant
W 14	▪ Testy in his dotage but kind at heart; eager to see his eldest son, continue as a scribe in the family business.	D 11	▪ Suspicious and nosey, sometimes a gossip-manger; usually helpful and kindly. good natured; calls everyone 'deary'
C 12	▪ Knows buyers and family, Sanbow (36e) is an old flame	C 12	▪ Friendly with Jerris (38c); wife of Tambor (42a)
Ch 14		Ch 10	
42c	Dolgan Inis ; F2; CG; hp 16; AC 5; broadsword and shortsword Human Male	42d	Egrin Inis ; Fr2; LG; hp 8; AC 10; dagger Human Male
S 14	▪ Lean and handsome, wears chainmail and his swords openly and proudly; straw coloured hair and strong chin; extremely tall	S 11	▪ Plain and uninspiring to look at; grey smock conceals a last growing and premature paunch for 22 years of age, green trousers and blue woolly hat
I 8	▪ Swordsman	I 16	▪ Assistant scribe
W 12	▪ A young man full of ideals: would rather champion the cause of good than take over the family scribing business - in any case he's too clumsy to write neatly and never got the hang of languages; strong willed and stubborn; tends to bottle up feelings until they burst free in a cataclysm of emotion	W 14	▪ An excellent scribe despite his father's wishes for Dolgan to be the best; friendly but deadpan; wrapped up totally in his world; second son of Tambor and Ariana
D 7	▪ Friendly with Tanner (38a) whom he admires; first son of Tambor (42a) and Ariana (42b); also has contacts among the fighters at the Arena and the Punctillan; several drinking friends in numerous Inns	D 13	▪ Too busy for friends
C 15		C 9	
Ch 16		Ch 9	

42e-h **Balgor, Sandom** and **Chorrin** are adolescent sons ranging in age from 10 to 15; **Lora** is Tambor and Ariana's only daughter, presently she has a crush on Moridbar (38d).

N° 43: EMPTY HOUSE

This house is presently between owners but is not uninhabited. Nicton, a vagrant no-hoper, shares the back room with a multitude of rats, cockroaches and woodworms.

N° 44: KAILI'S TRINKET SHOP

Kaili, a weird old man, claims to be everything from a seer to a spellbinder to a creator of magical trinkets; most locals think that he's a fraud - and they're right, he is!

43a	Nicton; T2; CN; hp 11; AC 10; club and dagger Human Male	44a	Kaili Torsin; MU2; CN; hp 6; AC 10; dagger Human Male
S 10 I 14 W 13 D 14 C 17 Ch 8	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Unkempt, dirty and unsavoury; long tangled hair matted into a ponytail; dresses in rags Dosser and thief-at-last-resort Lazy and willing to break every moral code to turn an easy copper; scheming, disgusting and, probably, a bit crazy Knows only Moridbar (38d) who sometimes supplies him with food and other things in exchange for thieving tips and tall stories 	S 9 I 13 W 9 D 8 C 15 Ch 9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Wizened, bushy eyebrows, wild white hair, balding, crooked nose; walking stick he claims to be a wand, black robe, embroidered with stars, acts crazy Magician and more often than not creator of fraud magic; a failed magician - too clumsy by half! Brilliant actor, mystical air about him, greedy but spendthrift; pretends to be insane or perhaps in dotage Ex-member of MU school; prefers to keep to himself

N° 45: MINDON THE MERCHANT'S HOUSE

Mindon is a buyer and seller of metals in all forms and of all descriptions. He does not have anything to do with the actual trading, just the bargaining and the eventual deal.

45a	Mindon Bord; Fr7; LN; hp 30; AC 4; battleaxe and dagger Dwarf Male	45b	Sorahzh Bord; Fr4; LG; hp 11; AC 10; unarmed Dwarf Female
S 12 I 14 W 14 D 11 C 17 Ch 13	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dresses in fine chainmail +1, wears browns and greens including a feathered brown cap, long white beard and steely grey eyes Merchant A bureaucrat at heart, haughty, business like, professionally greedy, covetous, a hard bargainer and an upright, moral, stalwart citizen of The League Husband to Sorahz (45b); dislikes Eblon (37a) intensely and absolutely detests Eblon's daughter, Joll (37b); claims to have a son practising as a merchant in every major city in Pelinore 	S 14 I 14 W 10 D 9 C 13 Ch 11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dresses in a mauve frock with a jeweled belt; hair in pigtails and beard neatly plaited Book-keeper Haughty and proud; standoffish and never interferes; sharp tongued especially towards persons who make fun of her splendid beard; seems sour and unhappy; diehard romantic. Wife to Mindon (45b) and mother of many in her time; secretly admires Vardum (38h) often wishing that her Mindon was a great warrior instead of a successful business dwarf

PLOTLINES

1. Player characters are most likely to end up living in the environs of Monument Square only if they fall on hard times. With the exception only of the New City, the Square is one of the cheapest places to live in the City. Otherwise, their most likely contact is Eblon Fairlorn (**37a**), whose junk shop is a suitable outlet through which to sell the cheaper treasures found while adventuring. Any item worth 50gp or more can be sold to Eblon for half the listed price if a successful charisma check is made; otherwise he will only offer a quarter of the value. He is an expert bargainer, and very difficult to cheat!
2. Tanner Downton (**38a**) is very likely to be friendly to adventurers who come to the Folly. He will want to hear of their adventures; particular the treasure they found. He might even sound them out about taking him along. This might have some advantages for the right sort of party; Tanner will offer rooms in the tower, as secure a hiding place as can be hoped for. But should anything ever happen to him, the adventurers might wish they had never heard of him. Charmail (**38b**) loves her husband very much, and she is resourceful and wealthy enough to make life miserable for the party, bribing Law officers to arrest them, cajoling local toughs to rob them - and if all else fails, hiring Abol Noftin (**39b**) to exact revenge.
3. None of the regulars of the Folly are anything to admire - except, seemingly, Leganni (**38g**). So, when a brawl breaks out in the barroom, it's going to be quite a feast - with a little sting in the tail. The lights are relit, and the damage assessed - and suddenly Leganni has disappeared! The doppelganger will have killed and disposed of the body of one of those present, and have taken his or her form. Just how this is going to work out when the District Militia arrive is anyone's guess!
4. Lilith's injuries are terrible - but a cleric of a high enough level can do much to restore her to full health. If the adventurers are in any way responsible, Lilith will tell them the fact she has kept to herself for five years - she knows the face of one of the vigilantes who killed her family and burned her home. If the adventurers help her pursue the villain, who will they find? And what will they do when they find that the vigilantes will do anything to keep their actions a secret?
5. A book is found; and suddenly everyone's attention is focused on this backwater. Property developers, City magnates, the Katar.... people with power - all want to buy the Square. For the book shows how a building can be constructed over the Statue in such a way that the protection from evil extends to the whole building. What a prize! And with just a few scrubby houses and shops to get rid of, what is there to stop a ruthless purchaser from doing what he likes?



N° 46: THE ASYLUm

The Asylum, stark and grey, looks more like a fortress than a medical institution, with its thick walls and fortified gate-house. There are two classes of patients here: those who can pay and those who can't. The latter have to work to pay their fees, usually sewing or carving ornaments in the workroom but occasionally as cook or caretaker. Sometimes the courts order certain individuals to attend the Asylum for various periods - from a few hours to several years. The Asylum employs guards to ensure the 'safety' of such unfortunates and, sometimes, to restrain raving patients. Mandren (27a) is such a case.

On rare occasions a patient will escape; sometimes they get as far as the Cock O' Th' Walk (14) or Monument Square (36-45), but rarely further. It may, however, take the guards several hours to locate the escapee.

THE STAFF

46a	Thrandor Lox: C6; LG; hp 35; AC 6; mace in room Human Female	46b	Dornass Lox: Fr5; LG; hp 16; AC 7; swordstick Human Male
S 16 I 8 W 17 D 9 C 15 Ch 15	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Usually dressed in white tunic and skirt, black hair shorn short; bracers of defence AC6 Asylum warden and head analyst/surgeon Serene and always appears calm; sharp tongued but caring, ruthlessly upholds lawfulness Wife of Dornass (46b); knows everyone locally and within the Asylum; professional goodwill with the Cock O' Th' Walk staff; special friend of Amandaia (3a) 	S 9 I 14 W 7 D 15 C 9 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dresses in a leather tunic and grey breeches; neat beard, felt hat contains writing quills amongst gaudy feathers Asylum warden and office manager Contrasts with his wife - somewhat disorganised; hurried, harried and permanently behind with his tasks; helpful but rarely has time to listen, appearing blunt and absent-minded Husband to Thrandor (46a); knows everyone within the Asylum but has no time for any other friends or acquaintances

46c & d **Arar Sonant** and **Nomancholis Ip A'ra Bin** (usually called 'Loony' Bin by his friends) are asylum healers (C3; hp 13; AC 10; staves in rooms). Arar is capable but sometimes careless and often carefree. Bin is a lazy, aloof laurel-rester.

46e-i **Anatol**, **Wampateak**, **Portia**, **Lorma** and **Nobro** are acolytes-cum-students (C1; hp 5; AC 10; staves in rooms. All seem desperate to get on in the world but unwilling to work their way there. They seem surprisingly unconcerned about the patients and overconcerned with themselves. Anatol sees himself as very important and a natural leader of men. Ponia flirts unceasingly with Wadren (29b). Wampateak covets Arar's job and Nobro swears at the patients. Lorma is apparently the only caring one but her sweetness is just a facade. Pleasant bunch.

46j & k **Aman ana-Flistorm** and **Skull sucker** are asylum guards (F3; hp 19; AC 5; longswords). Both are fun-loving spendthrifts but basically honest. They are inseparable friends. See also Gragen and Lolden (27b&c)

THE PATIENTS

<p>46l Equion: Fr2; N but insane; hp 5; AC 10; unarmed</p> <p>Human Male</p> <p>S 11 ▪ Dressed in patchy, flea-ridden furs; hair matted and tangled, tied in a topknot; unshaven; grimaces and snarls</p> <p>I 15 ▪ Asylum patient</p> <p>W 8 ▪ A lunatic - convinced he is a lycanthrope - probably a werewolf; escapes regularly, especially on full-moons, and jumps out, snarling and grimacing, at passers by</p> <p>D 12 ▪ Refuses to speak to anyone</p>	<p>46m Baldo the Beast: F5; LN but insane; hp 27; AC 0; cursed berserking bastard sword</p> <p>Dwarf Male</p> <p>S 17 ▪ Wears rusted platemail; bright eyes; ring of contrariness</p> <p>I 13 ▪ Patient at the Asylum</p> <p>W 9 ▪ Baldo is a troublesome patient, he has two conflicting magical items - neither will let the other be removed, at present the entire asylum is fed up with him and all are plotting to dupe him into letting Thrandor near enough to cast remove curse; occasionally Baldo goes on midnight 'orc hunts' around the neighbourhood</p> <p>D 17 ▪ No friends!!</p>
<p>46n Sara Halftoe: Fr1; LG but insane; hp 5; AC 7; unarmed</p> <p>Halfling Female</p> <p>S 8 ▪ Brown and yellow gown, apron; innocent, friendly manner; sweet and childlike.</p> <p>I 14 ▪ Asylum patient and trustee cook</p> <p>W 10 ▪ Sara is a sad case, a kleptomaniac - stealing anything and everything that is available; remorseful, sad and innocent; frightened of her affliction; wonderful cook.</p> <p>D 17 ▪ Very popular with everyone in the Asylum as long as she keeps her fingers to herself</p>	<p>46o Daraphelia (& Natasha): MU4; LG; hp 9; AC 10; unarmed</p> <p>Human Female</p> <p>S 10 ▪ Talks to her 'invisible familiar' - a cat called Natasha; carries her 'wand' (wand of paralysation) which no one will believe will work, it does work but, being lawful, Daraphelia will not use it to escape</p> <p>I 17 ▪ Magician and falsely accused lunatic</p> <p>W 8 ▪ Daraphelia was sent here by a court who found her drunk in a gutter; she is, however, quite sane and tired of her week-long stay in the Asylum; the guards do not let her out and Thrandor has confiscated her weapons, spellbook and spell components; no one believes she is sane; Natasha is indeed an invisible cat</p> <p>D 14 ▪ Has friends in the Magicians Guild and needs them!</p> <p>C 14 ▪</p> <p>Ch 11 ▪</p>
<p>46p-y</p>	<p>Patients suffering from various mental diseases NM/F0 or Fr1- 2; hp 5-9; AC 10; these rarely escape to terrorise t'League.</p>

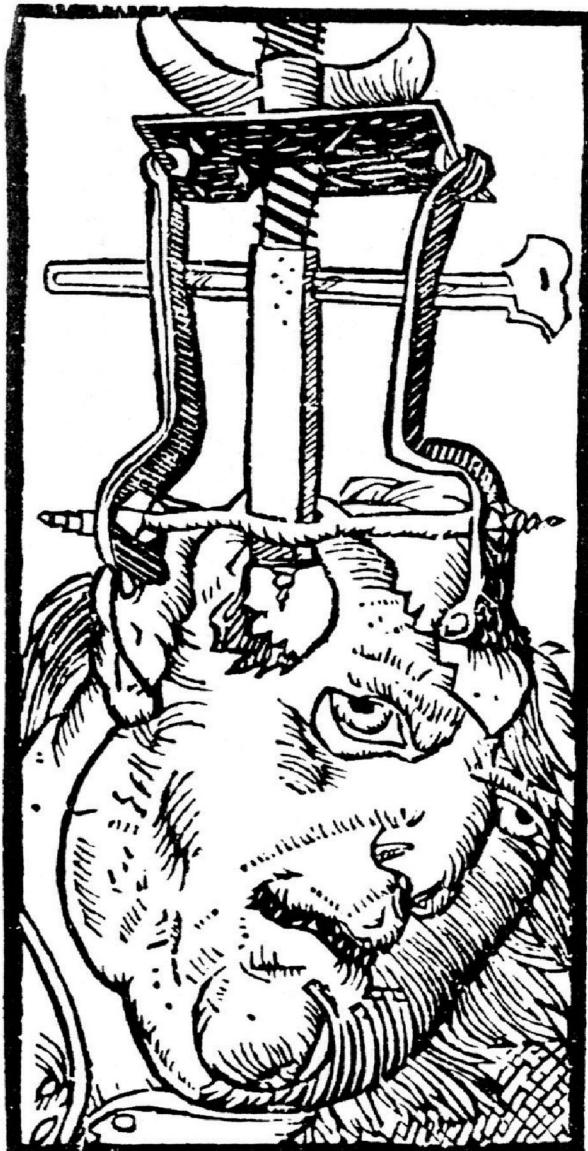
46z

'Oi': T1; NE; hp 4; AC 6;

unarmed

Human Male

S	8	▪ Dirty, unkempt, smelly
I	9	▪ Petty Pickpocket and poking-stick salesboy
W	5	▪ Noisy, aggressive, pushy little brat: demonstrates the effectiveness of his poking-sticks by poking passers-by, then offers to sell them as lunatic goads
D	18	
C	11	
Ch	5	▪ Stole the idea from Tiblin ana-Ristorin (15f) at the N Docklands Court, the Thieves' Guild frequently send someone down to run him off, but he always returns



N° 47: THE DEATHCART

The slow, steady beat of a drum heralds the approach of a deathcart - a common enough sight in rural Cerwyn with its black-draped coffin, solemn-faced chaperones, escort of clerics, and, on occasion, the professional weepers of the faith of Onjura. People avoid death-carts - death means disease and disease means death. Also, if you've even the slightest respect for or fear of the gods, you do not interfere with the remains of their departed followers.

This deathcart seems different somehow; it can't be the stony-faced cleric of Onjura, nor the weeping, veiled widow, nor the weary guard nodding in his saddle - perhaps it's the smell of gold, that distinctive, alluring aroma, that makes this particular procession seem strange...

A few months ago Tomlin and his merry bunch of adventurers were down at heel. It wasn't that their adventures were unsuccessful or lacking in bountiful, beautiful booty; it was because bandits '*liberated*' it, tollkeepers '*cough, er, accepted a few coppers consideration*' or thieves '*borrowed*' it on the way home. What was needed was a disguise. Perhaps by disguising themselves as the entourage of a newly-departed citizen and by hiding the treasure in the coffin, they could avoid their distinct loss of profit margin.

Tomlin and company can often now be seen returning home to Tellhalter, sometimes a saddle is empty, sometimes there is a new face, but usually the deathcart comes and goes unhindered.

47a **Tomlin (aka The Darra of Jarne, Nolik the Undertaker):**T8; CN; hp 30; AC 3; **longsword +1**

Human Male

S	8	▪ Weedy, pallid complexion, lank hair, lace a mass of scars; wears conventional robe and skullcap of a cleric of Onjura, bracers of defence AC 6 ; rides next to the driver on the cart
I	15	▪ Adventurer and would-be undertaker
W	9	▪ Fast talker, sly, deceitful and thoroughly lovable, a charmer. suave; physically weakened by ogres who decided to torture and maim their captive; worshipper of Hrea, the grey liar
D	18	▪ Knows Sheer Dreeve (35a), but after a misunderstanding avoids The Walk; knows Jarda Whitehand (CT3a) and avoids him also, for similar reasons; friendly with the leader of the Patricians (CT6); knows most Tellhalter women by sight at least).
C	7	
Ch	4	

47b **Jo-Lise Soarem:** D6; N; hp 27; AC 5; **hammer +1**

Human Female

S	9	▪ Dressed as the widow in a long, black, lacy gown and veil; black, hooded cape, ring of protection +3 ; dusky with sun, bleached hair even in winter; snub -nosed; rides on a pony beside the cart
I	9	▪ Priestess of Tarmenel, the Sky / Weather god
W	17	▪ Doesn't really approve of the disguise which she sees as effeminate; plays with other's emotions - particularly Offar's, who loves her but is afraid to show it too much; and Tomlin's, who enjoys her flirtatiousness; loves birds especially
D	15	▪ Religious contacts in most Cerwyn towns and t'League
C	13	
Ch	15	

47c

Offar the Blond: R5; LG; hp 40; AC 0; **bastard sword +3, longbow +1**
Human Male

S	18 ⁴⁵	▪ Plate mail, shield +2 , yellow hair tied in topknot; stern expression; poses as the company's bodyguard - rides quietly, head down, at the rear
I	14	
W	15	
D	11	▪ Adventurer
C	15	▪ Never lies and hates the dissembler gods and their people; stays with the party only to ensure Jo-Lise's safety; antagonistic towards Tomlin, whom he believes to be stealing Jo-Lise from him; resolute, long-suffering, boring, loyal, oversentimental and romantic
Ch	8	▪ Loves Jo-Lise; few other friends

47d

Imp Kornia Gemlight: F6; LN; hp 52; AC 0; **battleaxe +2**
Dwarf Male

S	14	▪ Chainmail+2 under rags, shield, conical helmet; pristine 3' beard; sharp eyes; rides to the fore beating the warning drum
I	10	
W	7	
D	16	▪ Adventurer and sometime gladiator
C	17	▪ Depraved, perverted and disgusting at his best; deadpan, arrogant and rude to all, heart of gold and loves children of all races; extremely generous and jolly when drunk (if you can ever call a dwarf generous - they all have their limits!)
Ch	6	▪ Knows the Karrysons (64a&b) and many other dwarves; rarely calls any non-dwarf a friend - if he does, it's a lie

47e

Duffas: I4; N; hp 13; AC 5; **dagger +2**

Gnome Male

S	8	▪ Ring of protection +1 and several other cheap rings; short, thin and watery complexion; sandy hair; dresses as a carter in brown smock and breeches
I	15	
W	14	
D	18	▪ Adventurer cum prankster
C	13	▪ Practical joker, fun loving, sometimes utterly lunatic with bad taste in humour and clothes; loves gambling and cheating; prefers cantrips to any low level spell
Ch	13	▪ Knows Malachite Burwright (9a) but keeps it quiet; friendly with the Evenings (9h&i), often plays tricks on Mylitis Ep-Stein (2a) whom he has disliked from a child.

Spellbook:

0 (Any 12)

1 (1, 2, 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12)

2 (1, 3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12)



PLOTLINES

1. The problem with Tomlin is that he never knows when to stop lying. Bluffing his way past the guards on the gates of the City League, and avoiding the bandits on the roads of Cerwyn was one thing, but Tomlin has now convinced quite a few people around the City that he is genuinely a High Cleric of the Faith of Onjura. The latest dodge then is to act as the Deathcart for important people when they pass on; and to divert the better fixtures and fittings of coffin and funeral trappings into party funds. And there comes a time when he does this once too often. This idea will work best if Tomlin and the others are introduced to the PCs through a third party like Mylitis Ep-Stein (2a), and if the two parties mingle a bit; Offar and Duffas would not be above signing on for single adventures with another group. and Tomlin might help the PCs start up a similar Deathcart dodge of their own. When the scheme falls foul after the 'funeral' of a powerful City League notable, both parties will find themselves the centre of much unwelcome attention; vengeful relatives of the many deceased Tomlin has cheated, hired assassins, the full majesty of the Law. The greedier the PCs have been in adopting Tomlin's ideas, the more they will be at risk. and their possessions - and their very lives - will be at risk as they flee the City until the heat dies down.



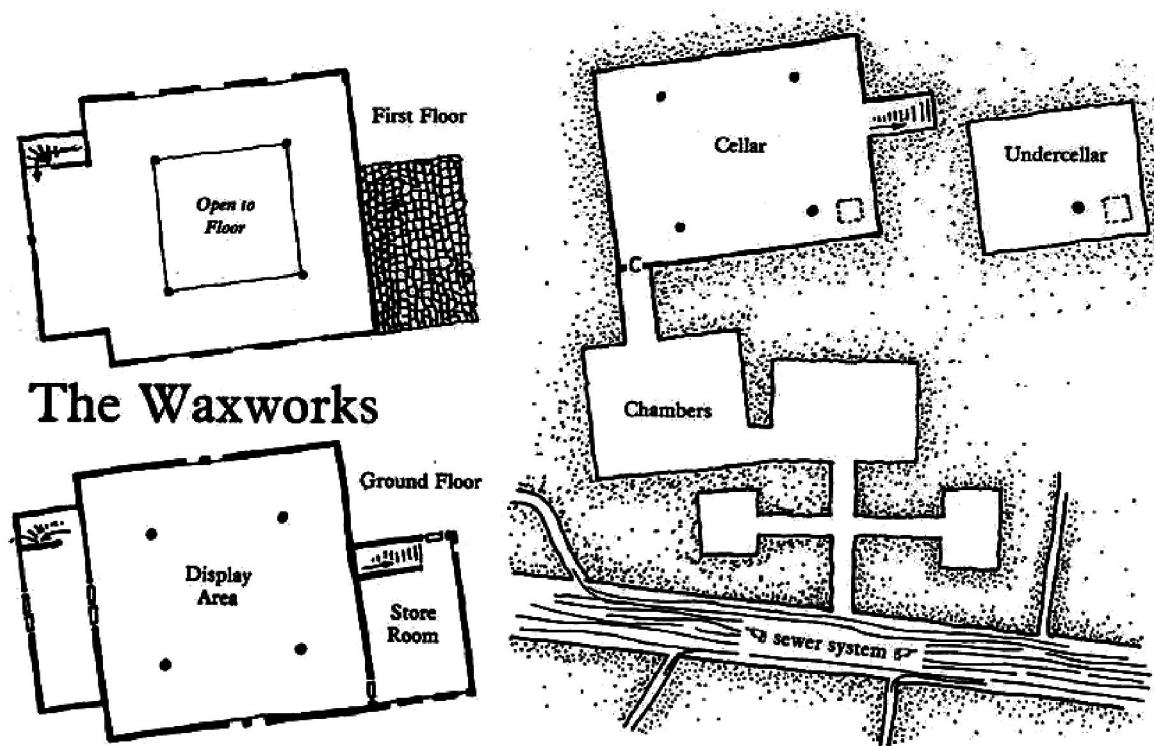
N° 49: THE WAXWORKS

A new waxworks has opened in the League in a rather upmarket part of the Borough not far from the ruins of the old city walls. As a public entertainment the waxworks are quite popular since this craft is unusual in the area and the figures on show are remarkably lifelike.

In actuality, the proprietor of the place is a somewhat lazy vampire by the name of Lorys. Rather than go out and take the blood of sleeping people, he has quietly built up a private store of captured thieves and beggars (and one or two more interesting characters) who won't be missed - or so he thought. These are the 'waxworks' - real people paralysed, painted with a wax paint and dressed up for display. He takes blood from one every night in a rota so the loss of blood never kills them and the paralysing fluid regularly given to them is fortified to keep them alive.

During the day the building is opened to the public who are charged 1gp each to look around. It is guarded day and night by two young chaotic-lazies called Bolx and Mrija. They know nothing of Lorys' real identity and do not ask as they are allowed to keep half of the take at the door. They aren't actually as good at guarding the place as they might be and often abandon it in the evening to visit the local hostelries. They sleep in the shelter of the eves and are not allowed in the building during the hours of darkness

Lorys uses the waxworks as a base - merely for bed and breakfast. During daylight he rests in the cool and damp of his coffin in the basement. At night he takes the form of a bat and roams the City - taking in the sights and sounds of the teeming metropolis, hearing and seeing things thought secret by those who have secrets to keep.



DM's NOTES

The layout of the waxworks is quite straightforward. It is a two storey, detached building. There is a small lobby in which entrance money is collected - kept in leather purses around the belts of the guards - leading into a large room in which are the 'waxworks'. These waxworks are astonishingly lifelike and will raise the suspicions of intelligent characters. The guards are vigilant, however, and overt attempts to touch (or pick bits off) the exhibits will be resisted. This is essential as the figures are warm to the touch! Beyond is a small storeroom with stairs leading down to a cellar. The nourishing drug that keeps the victims asleep and alive is stored here in large quantities as are the various props, paints and real waxworks needed to complete the tableaux upstairs. In the floor of the cellar is a secret trapdoor which leads to an undercellar in which is just one of the vampire's many coffins. A concealed door at one end of the cellar leads to a series of chambers, which in turn link with the sewers that run beneath the Borough. Lorys is cunning and dangerous, and has placed traps about the Waxworks. The most diabolical of these is a ***mirror of life trapping*** beneath the soil in his coffin; beneath that are gems worth 26,800gp.

<p>49a Lorys — a vampire; powers and abilities as the monster; rod of dominion, ring of protection +4, ring of regeneration</p> <p>Vampire Male</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Clad all in black, pallid complexion with red corneas around piercing black irises; bright red lips and yellow teeth Vampire Evil in every fibre, he avoids killing victims in order to maintain his 'collection' and so attacks to overpower unless in fear of his life; always awakes within 1 round of his coffin being opened Unknown in this guise though he occasionally appears as a nobleman in surrounding villages 	<p>49b Bolx; F6; CE; hp 50; AC 3; longsword +2</p> <p>Human Male</p> <table> <tbody> <tr> <td>S</td><td>16</td><td>Good looking and well-built; crimson surplus hiding platemail</td></tr> <tr> <td>I</td><td>7</td><td>Myrmidon</td></tr> <tr> <td>W</td><td>8</td><td>Slow of thought therefore appears charming; nasty and cheap; winning smile</td></tr> <tr> <td>D</td><td>12</td><td>Well known in local hostelries; somewhat feared</td></tr> <tr> <td>C</td><td>16</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>Ch</td><td>15</td><td></td></tr> </tbody> </table>	S	16	Good looking and well-built; crimson surplus hiding platemail	I	7	Myrmidon	W	8	Slow of thought therefore appears charming; nasty and cheap; winning smile	D	12	Well known in local hostelries; somewhat feared	C	16		Ch	15																			
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<p>49c Mrija; F6; CE; hp 44; AC 2; shortsword +3</p> <p>Human Male</p> <table> <tbody> <tr> <td>S</td><td>16</td><td>Long, brown, hooded cape over platemail; very dark complexion</td></tr> <tr> <td>I</td><td>6</td><td>Myrmidon</td></tr> <tr> <td>W</td><td>7</td><td>Superficially grumpy hiding a really unpleasant personality; loves torture</td></tr> <tr> <td>D</td><td>15</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>C</td><td>15</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>Ch</td><td>13</td><td></td></tr> </tbody> </table>	S	16	Long, brown, hooded cape over platemail; very dark complexion	I	6	Myrmidon	W	7	Superficially grumpy hiding a really unpleasant personality; loves torture	D	15		C	15		Ch	13		<p>49d Nila Scapul; MU5; CN(E); hp 14; AC 10; dagger +2</p> <p>Half-Elf Female</p> <table> <tbody> <tr> <td>S</td><td>15</td><td>Unkempt; unclean; very pale and prematurely grey</td></tr> <tr> <td>I</td><td>11</td><td>Enchanter, has lost her spellbooks and forgotten her spells; now assists Lorys with the Waxworks</td></tr> <tr> <td>W</td><td>6</td><td>Quiet, frightened, morbid; pitiful, but relishes death and the dead, always tries to please Lorys</td></tr> <tr> <td>D</td><td>9</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>C</td><td>11</td><td></td></tr> <tr> <td>Ch</td><td>12</td><td></td></tr> </tbody> </table>	S	15	Unkempt; unclean; very pale and prematurely grey	I	11	Enchanter, has lost her spellbooks and forgotten her spells; now assists Lorys with the Waxworks	W	6	Quiet, frightened, morbid; pitiful, but relishes death and the dead, always tries to please Lorys	D	9		C	11		Ch	12	
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49e	<p>Frinette; MU9; N; hp 30; AC 7; unarmed</p> <p>Human Male</p>	
<p>S 11</p> <p>I 17</p> <p>W 13</p> <p>D 14</p> <p>C 11</p> <p>Ch 18</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Dressed in normal wizard's garb; impressive rather than handsome; ring of protection +2; wand of cold Wizard; currently waxwork in tableau entitled '<i>The Conjunction of Phhasz</i>' Honourable to the point of stupidity; superior; snob; supercilious; fastidious; contemptuous of all lower 'spellmongers' Knows the staff at the Magic Users' School (9) but regards them as amateurs and inferiors; grudgingly respects reputation of the White Order, and Firna (13c); claims to be Grandmaster of the (totally fictitious) Order of Mountain Mages 	
	<p>Spellbook:</p> <p>1 (2, 3*, 4, 6, 12, 15, 16**, 19, 22, 23, 25*, 30)</p> <p>2 (5, 6*, 8, 9, 12, 14, 17*, 21, 23*)</p> <p>3 (3*, 4, 13, 14, 16*, 18*, 19, 21, 24)</p> <p>4 (1, 2*, 17, 18*, 22)</p> <p>5 (3*, 10, 14)</p>	<p>49f</p> <p>Lliarial Oakleaf; F6-MU6; N; hp 26; AC -1; longsword +3; longbow +2</p> <p>Elf Female</p> <p>S 15</p> <p>I 17</p> <p>W 13</p> <p>D 18</p> <p>C 12</p> <p>Ch 15</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Blackened chainmail +2 and red-brown autumnal camouflaged cloak; striking beautiful elf maiden, but hard and non-smiling Myrmidon / Warlock; vampire hunter (failed); waxwork in woodland elf tableau Superficially charming; grim, brutal, obsessed with personal crusade against vampirism and undead Knows no-one in City League except Lorys (49a) - whom she wants to kill regardless of the consequences - and his staff. <p>Spellbook:</p> <p>1 (3*, 12, 15*, 22, 23, 24*, 25*, 29)</p> <p>2 (10, 12*, 15, 19, 23*)</p> <p>3 (9*, 12, 16*)</p>

49g	<p>Lagwort; F4; NE; hp 30; AC 8; three daggers</p> <p>Human Male</p>	<p>49h</p> <p>Big Dunold; A5; NE; hp 40; AC 10; knobbed stick</p> <p>Human Male</p>
	<p>S 15</p> <p>I 10</p> <p>W 7</p> <p>D 12</p> <p>C 17</p> <p>Ch 7</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Stained black leathers and large, ill-fitting cloak; small and rat-faced Bodysnatcher; waxwork in 'City By Night' tableau Dishonest, slimy, repulsive, sees himself as a criminal mastermind, suffers from flatulence Partner of Big Dunold (49h), knew Lorys as recipient of not-quite-dead bodies and Aethelron Verthill (21b) as a supplier of corpses.

49g	Jisse ; T2; N; hp 9; AC 8; dagger Human Female
S 9	▪ Low-cut, tight dress; hard-looking
I 11	▪ Hoyden and pickpocket; waxwork in 'Strangler' tableau
W 14	▪ Streetwise; hardened professional
D 15	▪ Nodding acquaintance with staff
C 14	inmost cheap taprooms in Docklands; estranged half-sister of Flinn (61b); member of Sisterhood of Hoydens
Ch 12	

49h	Falla Nithoen ; Fr4; LN; hp 10; AC 10 unarmed Half-Elf Male
S 16	▪ Deep green doublet and hose; noose around neck
I 9	▪ Borough (District) Militiaman; waxwork of murderer about to be hanged
W 8	
D 10	
C 13	▪ Headstrong bungler; always knows better; overweeningly proud of Militiaman status
Ch 14	▪ Knows most of the Borough (District) Militiamen by sight

49k-v

There are twelve others in the display. **Colster, Briddn** and '**Mast-Head Torry**' are beggars; **Lura** and **Pollnia** are street-girls; **Caf, Melurian** and '**Clipper**' are the off-spring of out-of-towners who strayed off while their parents were involved in their various businesses - all are Fr1; hp 2. **Thurpis** (Fr2, hp 5) is a shopkeepers son; **Mardrevvir di Bartonia** (Fr3; hp 8) is a scribe-assistant to the Deputy Ambassador from Dontaldor to the Court of the Katar; **Bosjna** (T1, hp 1) is the apprentice-trainee to a locksmith; '**Lucky**' **Lessandra** (Fr 2, hp 5) is a tavern gambler. No-one is actively searching for these people. Although the Ambassador from Dontaldor might pay 25gp as a reward for saving his compatriot.

The displays at the Waxworks change regularly as Lorys slowly drains his way through the bodies. New tableaux are set up from the victims that Lorys finds during his nocturnal expeditions. The drained bodies are taken down into a cellar and used to feed Lorys' pets — a disgusting collection of stirges, ghouls and giant bats. These creatures also range into the ancient sewer system that extends throughout the Borough.





PLOTLINES

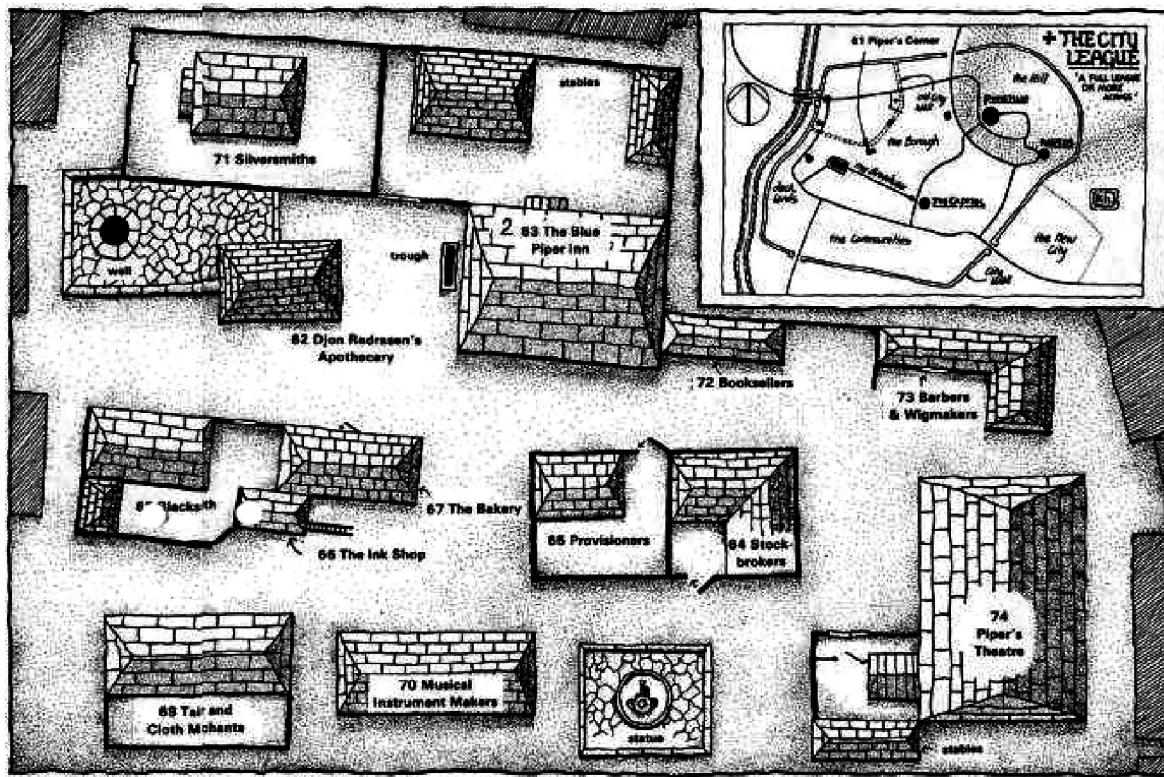
1. An NPC known to the player characters comes to them; complaining bitterly about having seen a relative in one of the Waxworks tableaux - although she disappeared months ago. The poor wretch was beaten up by Lorys' henchmen when he tried to touch the figure. By the time the adventurers get there, the tableau in which the figure stood has been replaced, and Lorys' assistants will not be very forthcoming about the fate of the 'wax' figure. Making a fuss will just fetch the District Militia. The PCs' only chance is to try and slip in at night, when everyone is bound to be asleep.

2. Frinette was paralysed while saying the command words for his wand, so when re-animated he will be heard to say '....uichi' - and then the wand will go off. He will not be particularly apologetic, insisting that the Order of Mountain Mages will protect him from retribution.

3. Releasing Lagwort and Big Dunold, along with the other victims,

will be an act of the great compassion - but the PCs will live to regret it. Lagwort is bright enough to recognise adventuring characters for what they are, and he knows adventurers are always loaded. He and Big Dunold will look for ways to divert the characters' possessions into their own care. And then there will be the matter of the Law. Releasing the victims is bound to make the adventurers famous in the Borough for a few days - so when Lagwort and Big Dunold start up their normal activities again, the District Militia and the Punctillan will be after them. Charged with three murders and six robberies, with plenty of previous convictions, Lagwort knows a guilty verdict will mean the death penalty, and so he will 'shop' the PCs in the hope that they will hire a big-time lawyer to get everyone off the hook.

N^{OS} 61-74: PIPER'S CORNER



N^o 61: PIPER'S CORNER

Piper's Corner, so named because, according to the locals, several ogres (the number varies depending upon the teller) were charmed to sleep by the Piper, thus saving the area from a terrible fate. The statue of the Piper and the Corners well form the social centres of the area, where neighbours meet to chew the fat, (occasionally) row with each other and enjoy the irregular (but frequent) public holidays.

Piper's Corner is a tightly knit community in the middle of the Boroughs. It is pleasantly sleepy for some of the day, but has a thriving afternoon and evening trade thanks to Piper's Theatre. The houses are all spotless and well-maintained, with a general air of self satisfied prosperity.

Normally, apart from people going to performances at Piper's Theatre, the most noticeable presence on the streets is that of Kulig (61) and his Borough (District) Militia, who are there to discourage pickpockets and other street criminals taking too close an interest in the audiences at Piper's Theatre (74).



61a	Boroughward Kulig ; F4; LN; hp 22; AC 7; shortsword, knobbed stick	61b	Flinn ; T2; NG; hp 8; AC 6; two daggers
	Human Male		Human Female
S 15	▪ Short, very smart in Borough livery	S 12	▪ 'Tomboy', scruffy jerkin over black leathers
I 14	▪ Investigator and patrol leader	I 14	▪ Pickpocket and Militia informant
W 12	▪ Honest, jovial, shrewd 'street cop', very observant, methodical investigator	W 10	▪ Streetwise teenage punk, but with a heart of gold
D 10		D 17	
C 13	▪ Well known locally, but particularly friendly with Pip Aleknight (63a) and Flinn (61b); having an affair with Xinthea (63c)	C 12	▪ Friendly rivalry/co-operation with Kulig (61a), who never punishes her when he catches her in other people's pockets; in return she passes on bits of tittle-tattle that she has heard; knows everyone in the area (by sight), and friendly with Jooble (74b) and Netta (74d); hates Sivanus (74c) because of his treatment of Netta
Ch 16		Ch 15	

61e-j Kulig's patrol is made up of 6 first level fighters (hp 9), who normally wear everyday clothes rather than District Militia livery.

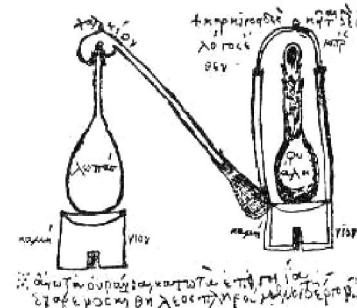
N°62: DJON RADRASEN'S APOTHECARY

Rendoulf Breeks stocks a wide range of herbs, spices, preserves, simples, medicinal preparations, comfits, tonics and coloured waters in this pleasant building. The Apothecary also stocks small quantities of the commoner herbs needed as spell components by wizards, as well as a discrete selection of so-called 'recreational' preparations.

Unknown to any in Piper's Corner, the cellar of the shop is no longer a storeroom, but a temple to Pharastus, where Rendoulf/Angstear performs acts of illicit worship, with the connivance of Mosaiche.

A thorough search will reveal a blue potion (the mind-altering drug). Rendoulf will claim it is a tonic for reducing the heat of blood. although it other apothecaries or herbalists are asked, they will not have heard of such a preparation. Anyone who drinks the potion will first collapse. then become violent for a period of 1-6 hours, then fall into a deep sleep. Afterwards - most worrying of all - the imbiber will remember nothing of what occurred while under the influence of the drug.

Flendoulf/Angstear is willing to lay down his life, or anyone else's for Pharastus. If anyone gets close to the truth, he will do whatever is necessary to silence them or make good his escape.



62a**Randoulf Breeks (Angstear);**C9; CE; hp 36; AC 10;
unarmed

Human Male

S	10	▪ Wears normal working clothes, leather apron, green hose
I	16	▪ Owner of Djon Radresen's Apothecary, secret and fanatical cleric of Pharastus
W	18	▪ Appears kind and slow witted; sly. cautious. and ruthless
D	9	▪ Known by all inhabitants of Piper's Corner
C	12	
Ch	11	

62b**Mosaiche; MU8-F4; CE; hp 26; AC 10**

unarmed

Drow Female

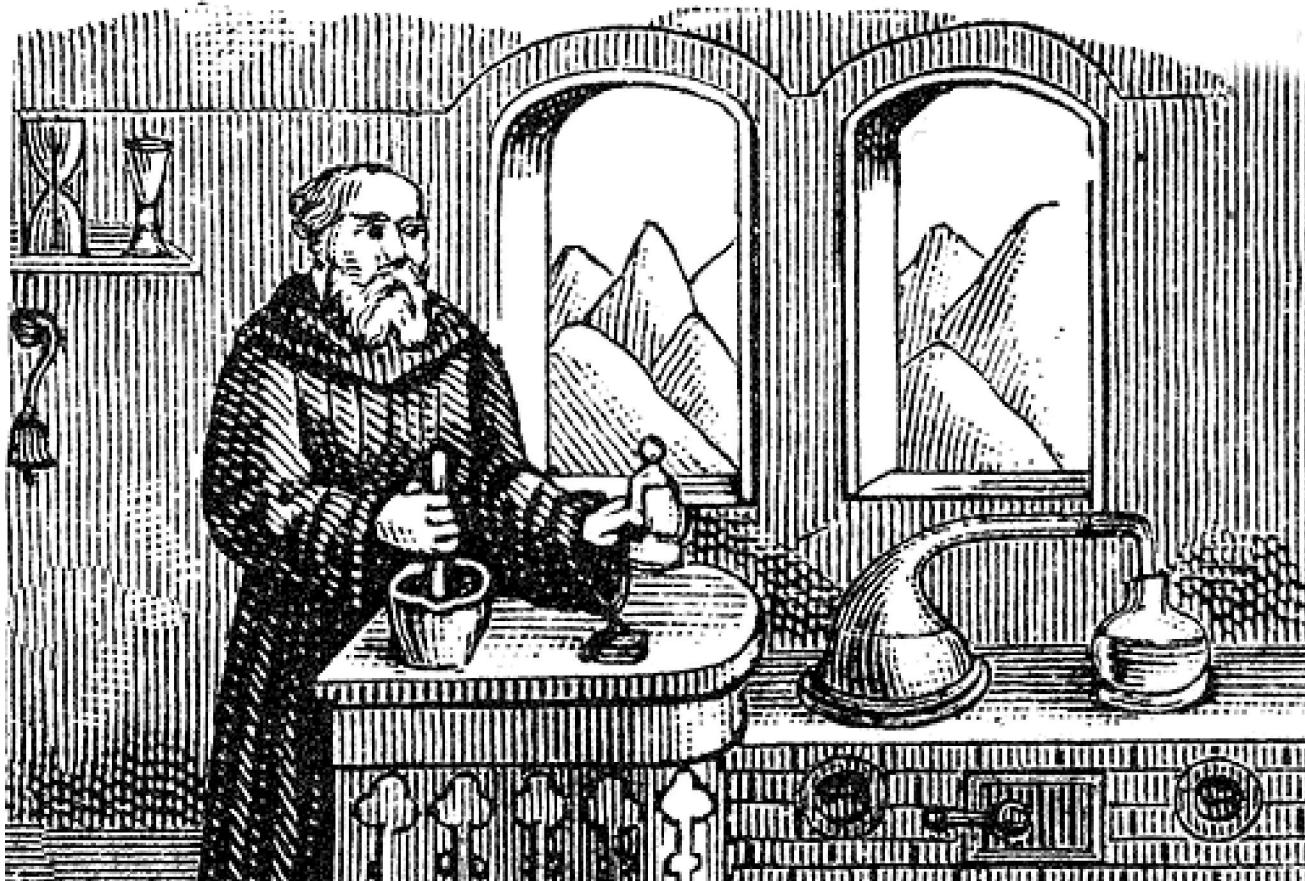
S	17	▪ Only appears in public wearing a black yashmack; deep red silk robes
I	18	▪ Wife of Angstear. Former drow noblewoman
W	9	▪ Foolish, headstrong, very very violent
D	12	▪ None in League, knows only Rendoulf/Angstear and Ellucasim (62c)
C	14	
Ch	17	

Spellbook:

- 1** (1, 3*, 6, 12, 16*, 22, 30)
- 2** (3*, 6, 14, 17*, 22, 23*)
- 3** (2, 4*, 12*, 18, 22)
- 4** (7*, 16, 18, 21)

62c

Ellucasim is Rendoulf's apprentice and is infatuated with the mysterious Mosaiche, to the point of killing Isbee over a chance remark made about her. Mosaiche and Rendoulf know of the murder, but their devotion to Pharastus is such that they will say nothing about it.



N°63: THE BLUE PIPER INN

The Blue Piper is a homely and comfortable place, catering to theatre audiences and the locals alike. Because of its popularity with the slightly-better-off, prices for drinks, food and lodgings are between 150%-200% of normal, with noticeable price rises coming into effect as Piper's Theatre (74) empties and the Inn takes over the custom.

63a	'Pip' Pere Aleknight; Fr 3; LN; hp 11; AC 10; knobbed stick Half-Elf Male
S 12	▪ Very smart, spotless apron over blue and yellow chequered jerkin and hose
I 11	▪ Innkeeper
W 15	▪ Nauseatingly bluff and hearty, sees much. says little
D 13	▪ Well known among League landlords for his upwardly flexible pricing policy; knows everyone except Mosaiche (62b) in Piper's Corner; very friendly with Kulig (61a) and Angkusteen Hammardius (74a); dislikes Rendoulf Breeks (62a) because the man is a quack.
C 14	
Ch 14	

63b-f **Maerie, Xinthea** and **Dawn** are the serving girls, professionally friendly, but vain creatures. Xinthea is very much in love with Kulig (61a) and jealous of his friendship with Flinn (61b). Perrin and Norbet are the cellarman and ostler respectively.

63g	Sir Rubin Hewd; P9; LG; hp 55; AC 10; longsword +2 Human Male
S 13	▪ Liegeman to Count Nortus d'Erebia of Bereduth
I 9	▪ Loyal, honest and noble, terribly worried about the murders
W 13	▪ Friendly with all at the Blue Piper, particularly Grame
D 14	▪ Merels (63h); friendly with Rendoulf (62a) and Ellucasim (62c) in the mistaken belief that they are helping him
C 9	
Ch 18	▪ Tall and distinguished, but weary, fevered and bedridden

63h **Grame Merels** is Fr2, hp 6 and a half-elf. Although giving the impression of an absent minded (somewhat untidy) school master, Grame is very sharp indeed. His only fault is that he tends to see the best in people rather than the truth.



N°64: THE STOCKBROKERS

64a-c

Yond Karryson and his son **Witsul** are both Fr4, hp 10 and dwarves. They make a handsome living out of trading in shares in various business ventures, specialising in high risk, high gain maritime projects. Customers buy shares in the various projects, speculating on the potential return from their investments while the Karrysons take a tithe as commission. **Jimes**

Panderly is Fr2, hp 7, their book keeper and junior partner, and he looks after the simple business of betting on horse and chariot races, the Arena, Guild elections, the outcome of court cases, etc. In fact, he is willing to offer odds on absolutely anything.



N°65: THE PROVISIONERS

65a-b

Duestine Scannel sells every sort of fresh and preserved foodstuff that can be imagined during the morning. During the afternoon and evening she and her apprentice **Melcorn** sell cooling drinks, mulled ale and wine in winter) and snacks to those visiting Piper's Theatre. They also have what they regard as an amusing sideline in that they supply old fruit and vegetables to theatre critics.

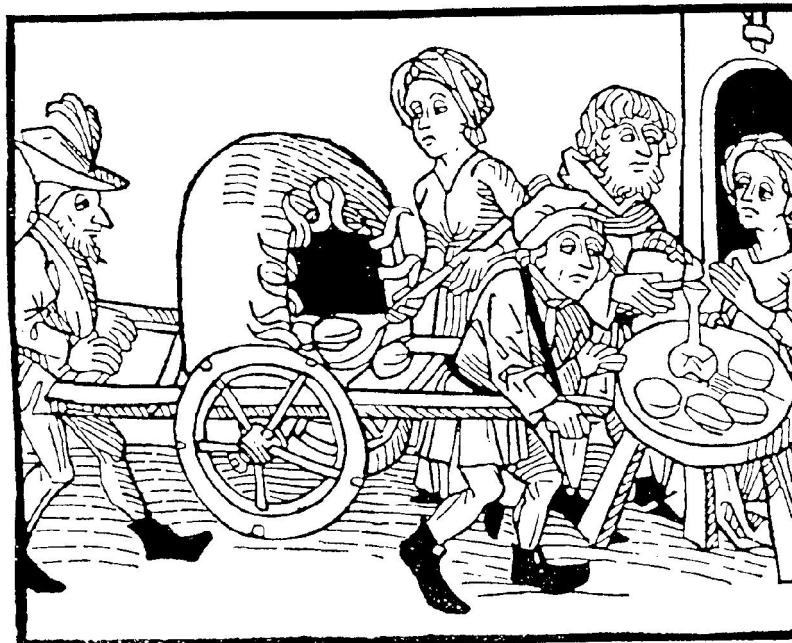
N°66: THE INK SHOP

66a-b

This rather small and less than imposing building is the home and shop of **Corvellas of Xir** and **Greer**, his dwarven colourgrinder. Both are Fr2, hp 6. Corvellas of Xir is very particular about whom he sells to, but his wares are the finest inks for all purposes, including many rare and exotic ones highly prized by magic users for their uses on scrolls and spellbooks. Greer is an expert on all such substances, and both she and Corvellas will pay good prices for components of interesting magical inks. The DM should note that Corvellas and Greer will be willing to talk about inks and their compounds and they will name drop shamelessly about the clients they have had (Sendrennial the Puissant, Cerwyn Master of Magics, for example) including, oddly enough, Rendoulf Breeks (62a), who bought some very expensive ink used in spellbooks. Neither of the two has any idea why an apothecary like Rendoulf should want such an exotic substance.

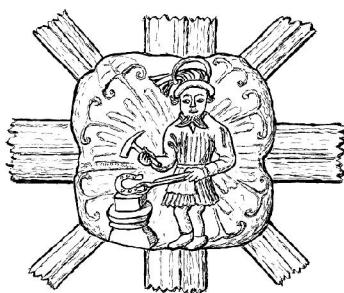
N°67: THE BAKER Y

67a-d **Jothre Crimp** and **Oupho** are, by their own admission, possibly the finest bakers and piemakers in the Boroughs. Helped by their teenage twin sons **Pyclet** and **Mouphin**, the couple have built up a thriving trade in midnight snacks for homeward-bound theatre-goers. Their most famous meat-pie, the 'Crimp's Special', is universally regarded as unsurpassed in tastiness, although no-one has been able to extract the exact recipe - or even details of what meat is used. Jothre and Oupho are especially friendly with Alee (73a) and Hanar (73b); the couples often dine together at the bakery.



N°68: THE BLACKSMITH

68a-c **Iron Tardy** is a broad, handsome middle aged man with strong hands and a good eye for metal work. In addition to shoeing horses, making tools and implements, and fine wrought iron work. He also turns out the occasional swordblade, just to keep his skill in trim - nothing fancy, but good, honest steel. **Brogan Rotvis** does not want to be a blacksmith, but has little choice but to work out his indentured apprenticeship. Bregan would like to be an actor, but will settle for anything more refined than working in a smithy. He is secretly in love with Flinn (61b), but believes (rightly) that she would have nothing to do with him. **Ordo** is a pleasant, well meaning, but very big clod, given to fits of terrible violence. He doesn't know about anything other than working the bellows, and is happy with the thought of being a blacksmith, providing somebody tells him what to do.



N°69: THE TAILOR AND CLOTH MERCHANT

69a-d

Although the business started by selling only pieces of finished woolen cloth from Cerwyn, **Niarris di Borth** has increased the range of his interests, with the tacit approval of the Cerwyn Clothiers Guild and the tacit disapproval of the City League Clothiers Guild. Niarris is convinced that the League Guild is out to 'get him', so, while polite. He always maintains his distance. Niarris is a shrewd trader. His reputation for quality clothes is based on the skill of **Touby** the cutter, **Mawmet** the seamstress and **Rios**, the finisher. These three live to produce beautiful garments, and take no interest in other matters. They spend some spare time at Piper's Theatre (74) and the Blue Piper Inn (63), on the look out for new styles and fashions.



N°70: THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS

This building stands out from the others in Piper's Corner, not because it is exactly dilapidated, just uncared for; the windows are unwashed and some roof tiles have slipped. The main workroom is piled with musical instruments of all kinds. Once the centre of a thriving group of craftsmen, only Crenafer remains here.

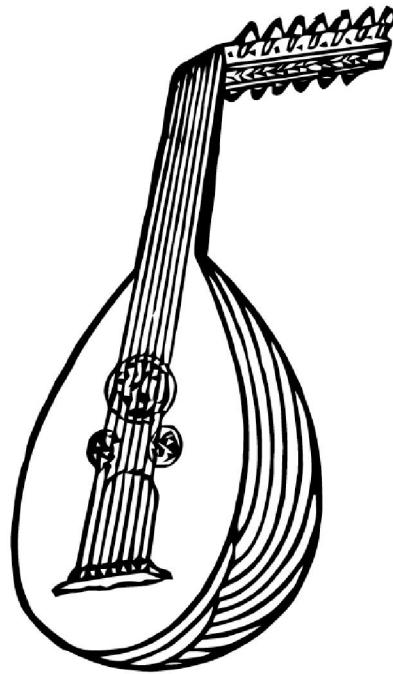
Crenafer keeps himself to himself. Emerging from the shop only to buy herbal preparations and drugs from Flendoulf Breeks and food from Duestine Scrangle (65a). The source of his money (in fact, his life savings) is a subject of speculation amongst the other inhabitants of Piper's Corner, as is his habit of spending most nights playing his lute while under the influence of the drugs from the Apothecary.

70a Crenafer; Fr 2; NG; hp 5; AC 10;

unarmed

Half-Elf Male

S	7	▪ Unkempt, scruffy, stained minstrel's garb
I	14	▪ Instrument maker, drug addict
W	9	▪ Slow and slurred, violent temper
D	13	▪ When crossed, shy and ashamed of what he has become, proud of his (still excellent) abilities with lyre and lute
C	14	▪ Afraid of Augkusteen Hammardius (74a), Kulig (61a) and Rendoulf Breeks (62a) as the Apothecary might one day refuse him drugs; friendly with no-one except his cat
Ch	16	



N°71: THE SILVERSMITHS

71a-c

Mardic, Cardne and **Pooreis Doit** are members of the Guild of Silverworkers, despite producing silver work only on commission and of a rather indifferent quality. The true skill of the three brothers (all are Fr3, hp 5) lies in the production of silver payment tokens (not true coins) for use by the journeyman and apprentices of various Guilds throughout the City. Most traders and merchants will only accept tokens from their own Guilds, which means that paying junior Guild members in this fashion keeps them permanently out-of-pocket and loyal to their Guild.

N°72: BOOKSELLERS

72a-b

Although the building is outwardly unprepossessing, **Luchaal Allumirior** and his journeyman assistant **Micifer** run a well-organised and somewhat eclectic bookshop. Theatrical scripts (especially works by Augkusteen Hammardius) and sheet music form the main stock of the shop, but the two also have an interest in historical works (they have a complete edition of Iacub's *Words to a Visiting Prince* of which it has taken Micifer two years to produce an illuminated copy, and 5 bestiaries. Despite the fact that they are supposed to be running a shop, the two are inveterate collectors and will pay good prices for interesting works.

N°73: BARBERS & WIGMAKERS

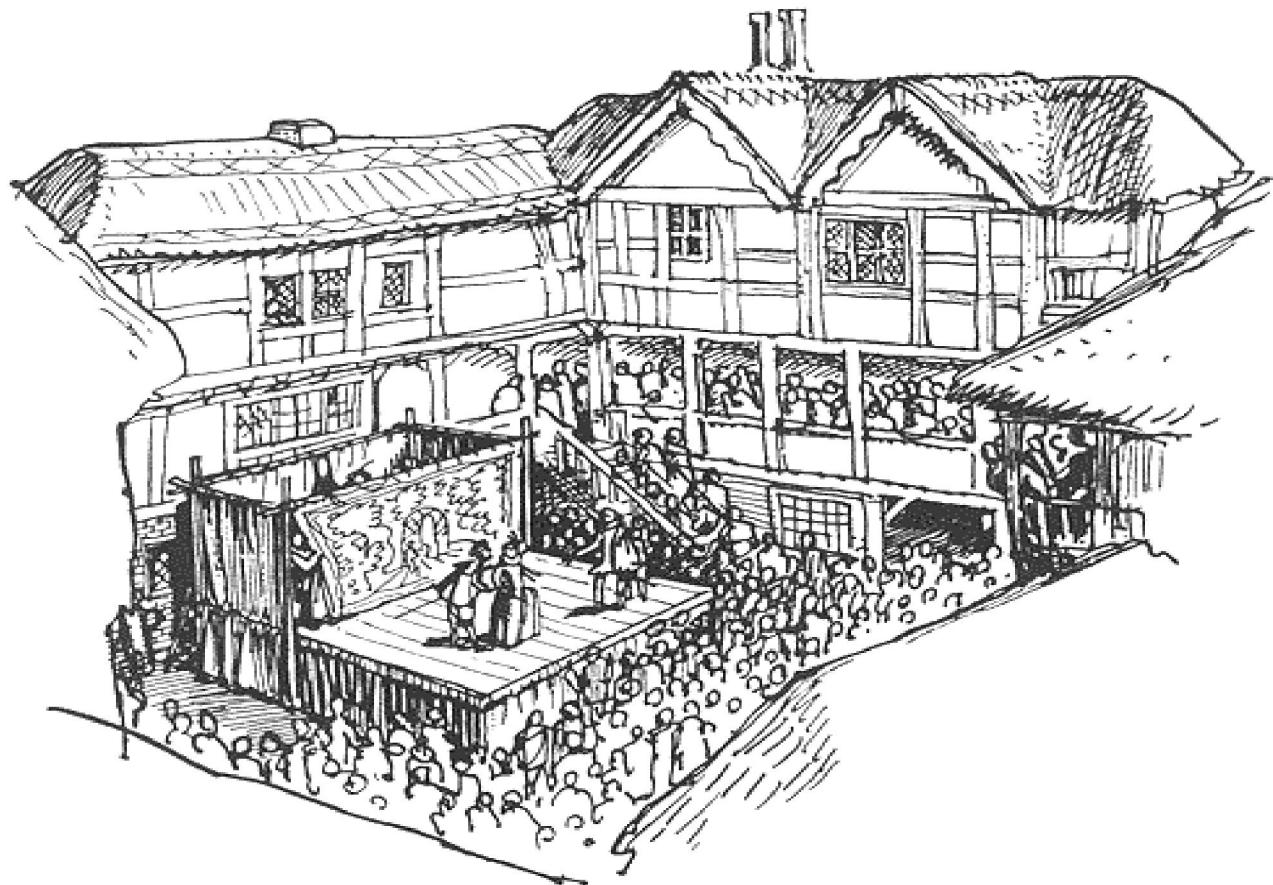
73a-c

Ales and **Hanar** run a small hairdressers and wigmakers. Alee is a gossip to those who are under his scissors, but is a rather sinister figure at first sight with a long scar running down his face. This is a legacy of his younger days as a horse mercenary (F4; hp 20). Hanar and **Nitily**, the apprentice, make wigs from the good quality hair from the shop, and have a good sideline supplying costume wigs to theatricals such as Augkusteen Hammardius' company and, more discreetly, to those who need a disguise - thieves, assassins, spies and, so it is quietly rumoured, the Knights Ocular. Hanar often receives bundles of food from her farmer cousin from Hyrpum. She is in the habit of taking these to the bakery for Oupho (67b) to cook, so there is some local speculation as to what might actually be in the sacks. The DM should feel free to encourage the adventurers in assuming that Alee, Hanar and the Crimps (67d) might be engaged in a Sweeney Todd-like enterprise, turning visitors to the barber's shop into a variety of tasty pies.

N°74: PIPER'S THEATRE

Piper's Theatre is nowhere near the biggest or most imposing in the City League, but the quality of the dramatic productions put on under the auspices of Augkusteen Hammardius is of the highest. Low and high comedies and tragedies, concerts, farces and sheer extravagances such as masques have all been presented at one time or another, and Augkusteen Hammardius' own *Night of the Jewels*, a comedy of errors set in a Thieves' Guild, is still occasionally mentioned as one of the funniest plays in years.

Piper's Theatre is small and intimate, with seating only for the selected few in the upper gallery and at the back. The main pit in front of the stage is an open area, where the most fashionable cliques go to see the latest productions (and well-loved favourites) and be seen. Ten District Militiamen will be the most conspicuous members of the crowd.



74a Augkusteen Hammardius;

Fr 4; N; hp 13; AC 10; longsword

Human Male

S	11	▪ Smart, but cut of his clothes is 20 years out of date
I	16	▪ Thespian, actor-manager and dramatist, rumoured to be a spy for the Knights Ocular (but who believes such an expansive ham would be employed for such purposes?)
W	9	
D	14	
C	12	
Ch	16	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Speaks with a clear ringing tone (as though constantly on stage), sensitive and vain, appalling ham actor but excellent administrator and writer, holds the concept of Theatre above all else. devotee of the Temple of Hrea, but still a witty and amusing man ▪ Knows and is known by all in Piper's Corner; member of the Thespian's Guild and tolerated on an informal associate basis by the Guild of Scribes and lexicographers; friendly with all his staff (74b-d) and Pip Aleknight (63a) and thinks that he and Kulig (61a) are friends; dislikes Duestine Scrannel (65a); hates Crenafer (70a) enough to strike him in public on several occasions for becoming an embarrassment to the 'profession'.

74b Jooble the Zany; F9; LN; hp 59; AC 2; dagger +3

Human Male

S	14	▪ Jester's motley over leather armour +2 , bladder on a stick
I	16	▪ Slapstick clown, comic actor, agent for the Knights Ocular
W	13	
D	18	▪ Professional bouncing flippant idiot and archetypal sad clown, sees everything and says nothing
C	15	
Ch	11	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Popular with everyone in Piper's Corner except Rendoulf Breeks (62a), Niarris di Borth (69a) and Luchael Alluminor (72a); particularly friendly with Angkusteen (74a), Pip Aleknight (63a) and Flinn (61b), dislikes and distrusts Sivanus (74c)

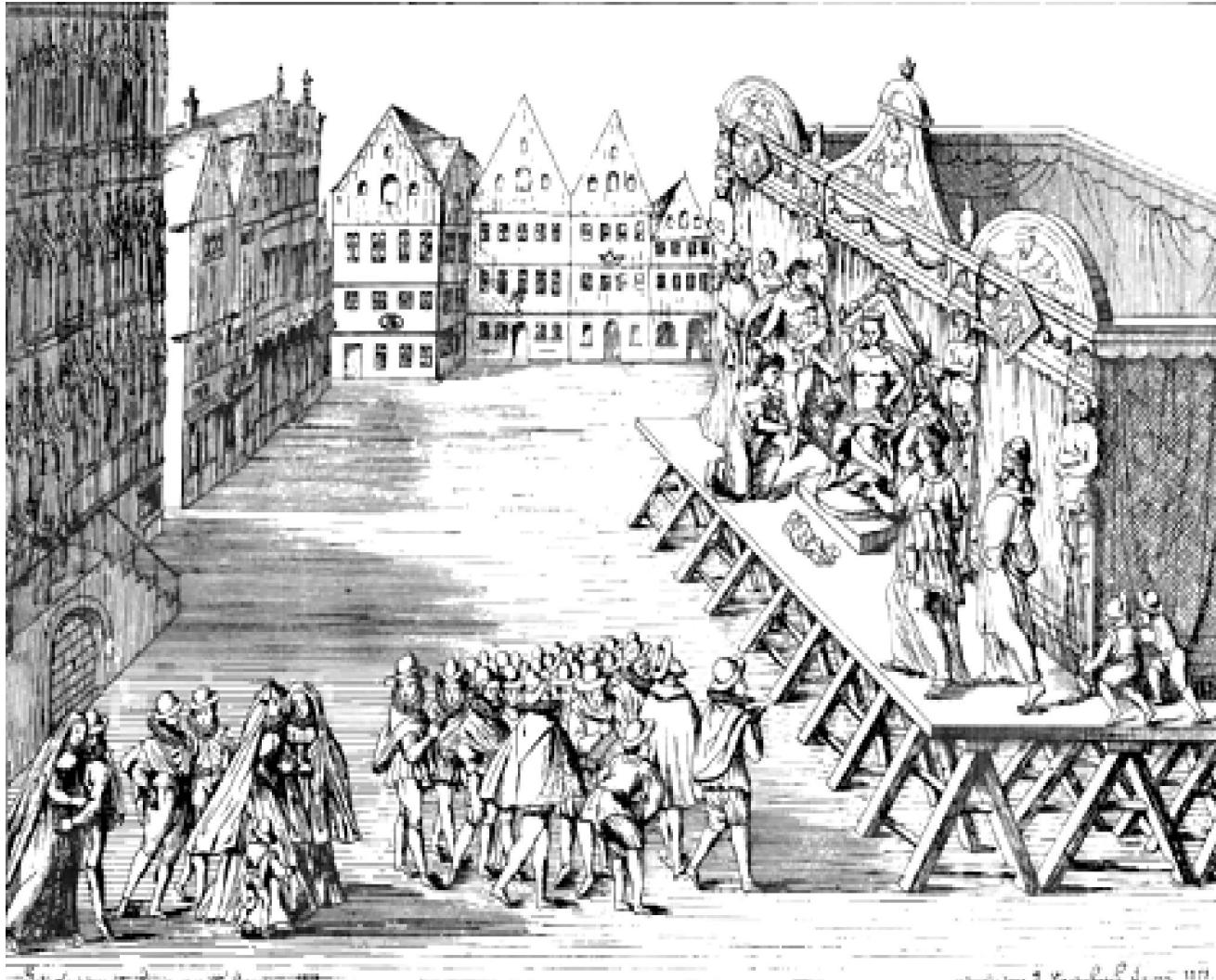


74c	Sivanus the Magnificent; MU1; N(E); hp 4; AC 9; dagger +1
Elf Male	
S 10	▪ Tall, sinister, dresses in blacks and greys
I 16	▪ Fancymaster in charge of magical and theatrical effects
W 12	▪ Sulky, silent, unctuously polite, hates everyone. never uses a kind word when a cruel one will do
D 15	▪ Sulky, silent, unctuously polite, hates everyone. never uses a kind word when a cruel one will do
C 14	▪ Sulky, silent, unctuously polite, hates everyone. never uses a kind word when a cruel one will do
Ch 16	▪ Knows Fiarrantanis (9b) and Dispore the True (9c) as they taught him magic; superficially friendly with the staff at Piper's Theatre, currently 'lives with' Netta (74d) at the theatre, but beats her cruelly; fascinated by Mosaiche (62b) but even he doesn't know why.

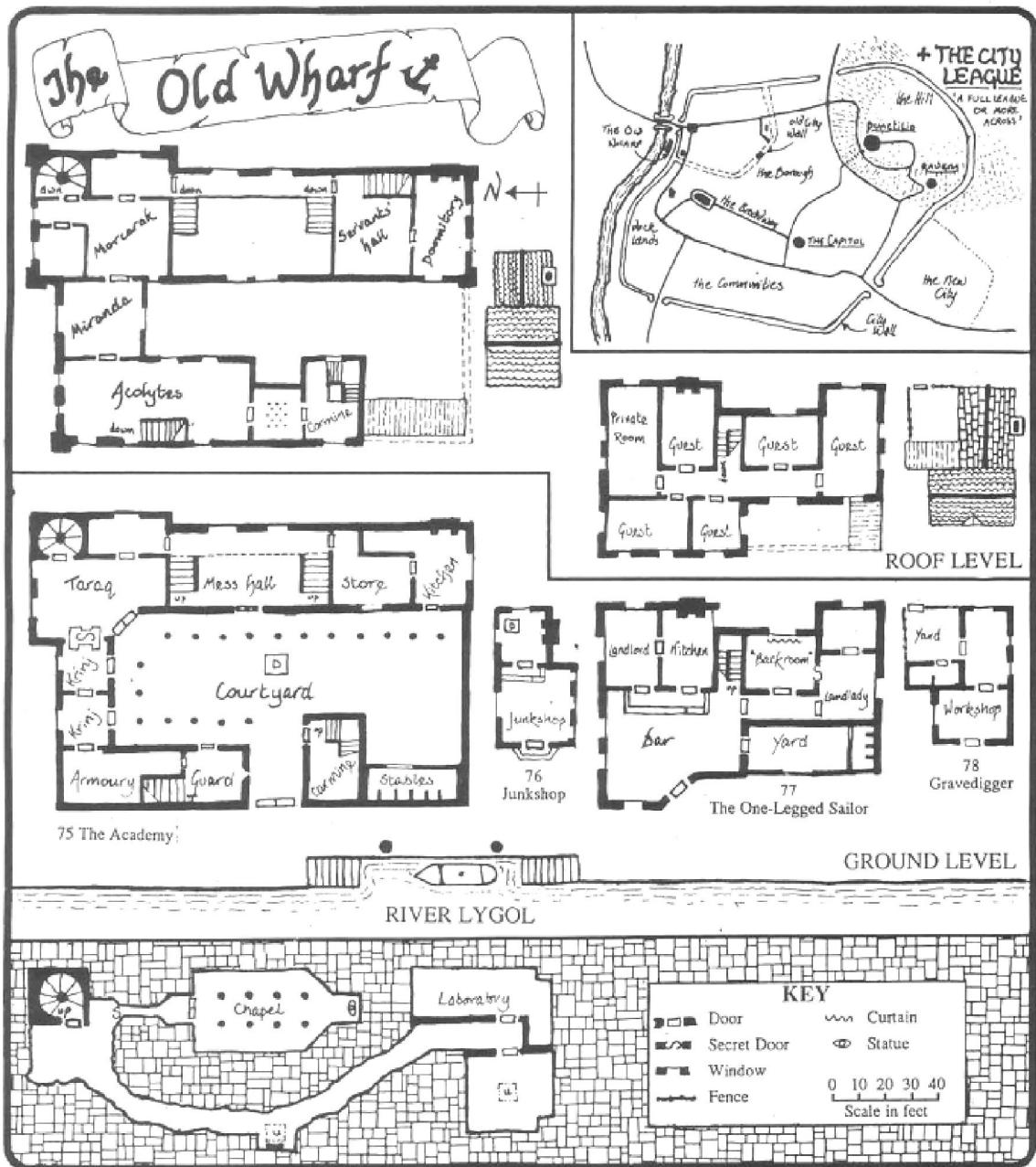
Spellbook:

1 (1, 5, 22, 29*) + Cantrips

74d	Netta; Fr1; NG; hp 2; AC 10; unarmed
Human Female	
S 12	▪ Very tall and very slender, wears gauzy dresses and silk scarfs
I 9	▪ Dancer
W 9	▪ A superb dancer, but a scared and nervous woman, infatuated with Silvanus (74c), believes he will protect her and that he will take her from this miserable place to dance for the Katar
D 17	▪ Her parents live in High Lygol, and she has no close kin in the League; lives with Silvanus; occasionally slips away to the Cornucopia to watch people arriving.
C 9	
Ch 15	



NOS 75-78: THE OLD WHARF



RO'AZHARKH - LORD OF UNDEAD

(Extract from the journal of Ignatius bar-Rimmon, Elect of the Order of Heralds):

"The darkest of evils lurk in the comers of the brightest of places. Amongst those who discuss such matters, it is said that the more worshippers a god has, the greater is his or her power. Yet, this truism does not take into account the fact that for some deities, it is not quantity that counts, but quality. Combine this idea with an obsession for secrecy, and you may begin to realise the nature of the power that a deity, espousing such ideals, may gain from a small but select conclave of followers. And I fear that the number and variety of such groups may exceed all bounds of expectation. Indeed, I am writing this journal within the seemingly secure walls of a Temple to Dayleeh, yet in the past few days since my arrival, I have chanced upon strange whispered meetings, and even overheard mention of a name long-forgotten: Ro'azharkh.

Perhaps it was more than chance that brought me to this place, for there are few, even among the Heralds, who still remember the evil of Ro'azarkh, first lieutenant of Pharastus... (Here, a number of pages are missing from the journal). "My 'investigations' over the last week have not gone unnoticed.

Nevertheless, I have learnt much of the Ro'azarkh Cult that is indeed festering within this holy place, like some hideous canker in the heart of a rose. There are assassins, and necromancers - a small group, but they are undoubtedly the elite here. Tomorrow, I will send this journal ahead of me, for I fear that such men as these will not respect even a neutral order such as mine. The very fact that I am not a member of the Cult and yet have discovered somewhat of their secrets, may well mean my death warrant."

(This journal may now be found in the Capitol, the City League's repository of knowledge, where it was deposited by Ignatius bar-Rimmon himself some 170 years ago. Some weeks later, the Herald is said to have been stricken by a mysterious illness which very quickly culminated in his death. Steps were taken at the time to root out the Cult, and expel it from the confines of t'League, and the Knights Ocular were said to have been involved. However, details of their actions and of the location of the particular Temple to Dayleeh, referred to in the document, are not currently available.)

THE OLD WHARF

Located on the banks of the River Lygol, in the shadow of the new City wall, the Old Wharf is no longer the bustling place it once was, before the great bridge was built. Until then, it had been the first mooring for many a merchantman, newly arrived from Xir with rich cargoes for sale in the markets of the growing city. Nowadays, the brige prevents all but the smaller vessels from travelling so far upriver, and many of these prefer the greater security offered by the Westgate moorings. Still, 'The One-legged Sailor' (77) sells some of the finest beer in the County, and business has picked up since Taraq Ul-or opened his high-class adventurers' training school, The Academy of the Inner Circle (75). All manner of fortune seekers and bounty hunters now pass through the area, seeking training at the school, and although few, if any, ever gain admittance, they usually leave a small proportion of their wealth with the tavern's landlord!

N° 75: THE ACADEMY OF THE INNER CIRCLE

Ostensibly managed by on Taraq Ul-mor, the academy is in fact run by its founder: Morcarak Dindelgon. This evil creature came to the area some years ago, and was supposedly 'chased out' by the locals not long after. Rumours of 'unnatural practices', and 'demon worship' were prevalent at the time. Far from fleeing, however, the half-drow cleric took refuge in the abandoned and derelict Temple of Dayleeh, under which she found that which she had long sought - a chapel to Ro'azarkh, Demon Lord of Undead. Summoning her consort, Ul-mor, she had him buy the site and refurbish it, using the adventurers' training school as a cover. Since then, she has secretly and carefully recruited an elite group of the highest calibre.

THE CULT OF RO'AZARKH

Only assassins (or potential assassins) are ever admitted to the Academy, and even then, only those who have the following minimum ability scores: Strength 15, Intelligence 15, Wisdom 17, Dexterity 15. Behind the lofty walls of the Academy, newcomers are initiated into the rites of the worship of Ro'azarkh, and receive first class training in the assassin's arts. Thereafter, their progress is identical to that of all priests of Ro'azarkh (and there are rumours of many similar 'cells' throughout the Domains and Xir). Those that survive to reach 2nd level are then trained as clerics (see notes on dual-classed characters, **PHB** p.33). On reaching the 7th level of experience, and at a cost of 10% of all experience gained, Clerics of Ro'azarkh begin to advance their assassination skill one level for each cleric level attained. This may continue up to a maximum of 9th level Assassin. However, of the assassin's thiefly abilities, only *move silently*, *hide in shadows*, and *climb walls* ever improve (and these function as usual at 2 levels lower than the assassin level). Furthermore, all clerics of Ro'azarkh may carry and use short swords, daggers, and garrotes (**UA** p.77).

Activities: The Cult currently have a number of projects in hand although not all of them are known to its head, Morcarak. Her prime concern is the development of a magical compound which will allow her to animate zombies with the power of regeneration. She is aided in this research by Stilg Heebly, a member of the Cult with alchemical skills. He is known in the area only as the eccentric owner of the local junk shop (**76**). Suitable candidates for the pair's experiments are occasionally provided by the Cult's acolytes, but since mass murder might well provoke investigation by the authorities (not to mention the Assassins' Guild), Heebly has also got an 'arrangement' with Aggor (**78a**), the local carpenter, undertaker, and gravedigger.

The above, somewhat costly operations are financed by the unpleasant practice of kidnapping solitary young men and women who are bereft of all family ties and connections. These unfortunates are drugged, and shipped out to Xir by 'reliable' merchant captains, and there sold into slavery by the Cult's contacts.

In addition, Taraq has recently seen the opportunity to make some money on his own account. Since many of the kidnap victims are newcomers to t'League, in dire financial straits, and have resorted to prostitution, Taraq is operating a protection racket, whereby local pimps and madams are required to fork out vast sums, or lose their 'employees'. Needless to say, Taraq is playing a very dangerous game, for if Morcarak should ever learn of his dealings, he will undoubtedly end up as the subject of one of her experiments.

75a **Morcarak Dindelgon;** C8/A4; LE; hp 53; AC 0; **shortsword +2** and **staff of striking**

½ Drow Female

S	16	▪ Slim build; finely chiselled features clearly betraying her mother's race; chain +2 (no shield)
I	15	▪ High Priestess / Killer; head of Ro'azarkh Cult
D	17	▪ Ruthless, fanatic, devoted to furthering the cause of the Cult; still nurses thoughts of revenge on those who expelled her from the community: her name means 'Black Fang, Mistress of the Silent Horror'
C	15	▪ Only ever ventures out at night; her presence is not even guessed at by the locals; venerated and feared by all members of the Cult; working closely with Stilg Heebly (76a) on the preparation of a formula to produce regenerating Zombies; has contacts with other Cult groups throughout the Domains
Ch	18	

Usual spells memorized: (6,6,4,4,2)

- 1 (1x2, 4, 7 rev x2, 13)
- 2 (2, 7, 9 x2, 11, 14)
- 3 (1 x3, 16)
- 4 (3, 10, 11 rev, 15)
- 5 (4, 16)

75b **Taraq Ul-mor;** C8/A4; LE; hp 35;

AC 5; **shortsword +1** and dagger

Human Male

S	17	▪ Tall, swarthy with great hooked nose and black, bushy eyebrows; wears black leathers and ring of protection +2
I	15	▪ Patriarch / Murderer; manager of Academy, second-in-command of Cult; master of disguise; leader of all kidnapping raids
D	15	▪ Very suave, oily-voiced, lazy (most of his work is done by Krinj (75c))
C	10	▪ Well known locally, he has been careful not to upset anyone; the owners of The One-legged Sailor (77) are actually grateful to him for the increased business the Academy brings them; lusts after Miranda (75e); is using Krinj (75c) to extort money from Roxanne (77b), in return for 'protection' for her girls
Ch	15	

Usual spells memorized: (5,5,4,2)

- 1 (4, 6 x2, 7 rev, 8)
- 2 (7, 9 x2, 11, 14)
- 3 (1, 8, 16, 19)
- 4 (3, 11 rev)



75c	Krinj; C2/A2; LE; hp 8; AC 7; shortsword and garotte Human Male
S 16	▪ Squat with over-long arms; wears ill-fitting leathers
I 15	▪ Adept / Rutterkin; 'loyal' servant to Taraq (75b); terrified of Morcarak
W 17	▪ Thoroughly nasty piece of work; a bully and a coward; always trying to ingratiate himself with Taraq
D 15	▪ Known to all the locals and universally shunned; hates Taraq (75a), but serves him faithfully lest he reveal to Morcarak his habit of eating her 'experiments'; runs Taraq's extortion racket for him
C 12	
Ch 6	

Usual spells memorized: (4)

1 (6 x2, 16 rev, 20)

75d	Carmine; C7/A3; LE; hp 38; AC 2; shortsword +1 and garotte Human Female
S 15	▪ Severe-looking, with close-cropped black hair; wears chainmail +1
I 16	▪ Lama / Waghalter; head of Academy training programmes
W 17	▪ Very efficient: skilled at diplomatically turning away applications to enter the Academy from unsuitable types
D 16	▪ Knows all members of the Cult; her twin sister is Miranda (75e); has contacts among the Gibbet Street thugs (30); regularly checks out local inns (eg 4,11,38) for kidnap victims
C 15	
Ch 14	

Usual spells memorized: (5,5,3,1)

1 (3, 6, 7 rev, 13, 16 rev)

2 (9 x2, 11 x2, 14)

3 (1, 3, 8)

4 (3)



75e	Miranda: C6/A2; LE; hp 26; AC 2; shortsword and dagger of venom Human Female
S 15	▪ Looks as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth; tall and elegant with long, blonde hair, it is nearly impossible to find any similarities to her twin (75d); wears chain mail with cloak of protection +2
I 15	
W 18	
D 15	
C 11	▪ Canon / Rutterkin; supposedly one of the trainers at the Academy, she leads the acolytes on 'practice' assassinations (this occurrence increases as Morcarak's experiments progress)
Ch 17	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Velvet-voiced, and superficially charming, but with the unpleasant habit of dismembering her victims 'to collect souvenirs' ▪ Knows all Cult members; a very popular regular at The One-legged Sailor (77); encourages Haab (77d) in his advances, but merely considers his head a possible addition to her collection. <p>Usual spells memorized: (5,5,3)</p> <p>1 (2, 3, 6, 7 rev, 8)</p> <p>2 (7, 8, 9 x2, 14)</p> <p>3 (1, 8, 16)</p>

The Acolytes

Recruited since the opening of the academy, all are human, male, with the minimum ability score requirements of the Cult. Six are F1/A1 (AC 6, hp 4), but two are F2/A2 (AC 6, hp 7) and thus on the verge of initiation into the Clerical ranks. One of these, **Relpin** (**75m**) is the 'missing' son of Captain Bungle (**77a**), but since the acolytes only ever leave the academy on a night mission, and then in disguise, none of the locals know this.

A handful of 'servants' are kept largely for the sake of appearances, and were all imported from beyond Cerwyn by Taraq when he first opened the Academy. A real mixed bag (ex-convicts, runaway slaves, etc) they all owe their lives to him, and are absolutely terrified of Carmine. So, even if they know anything concrete about the Academy's real activities (which they don't - zombies do all the work in the 'sensitive' areas), they wouldn't tell anyone.

There is also a variety of animated skeletons and zombies, about the place, although these are never seen by the servants, and most of them are kept in the underground laboratory or chapel. Some of these have regenerative properties (1-3 hp/round, starting the round after they are first hit), others can only be hit by magical weapons, others are turned as if they were in the next higher band of undead, and nearly all have an extra hit die.



N° 76: HEEBLY'S JUNK SHOP

Right next door to the Academy, and between it and The One-legged Sailor, is a ramshackle one-storey building, which looks in desperate need of repair. Old Stilg, the owner, is regarded by the locals as a harmless eccentric, and his 'shop' is crammed with all kinds of bric-a-brac: broken household items, mouldering cloaks and tunics, worthless ironmongery, and even the odd rusting weapon. Things are piled on shelves, in cupboards, on the floor - in fact, every spare surface is covered in junk. Stilg will buy anything for a few coppers, and all items are for sale or barter. For every half-hour spent rummaging through the shop, there is a 10% cumulative chance that a customer may find something of use (but worth no more than 5sp).

In reality, Stilg is a skilled Alchemist (Skill score - 80%), and a member of the Ro'azharkh Cult. Beneath the shop is a well-equipped laboratory, linked by an underground passage to the cellars of the Academy. Here, Stilg works with Morcarak (75a) on undead animation. He is well-known as a friend of Aggor the gravedigger, and pays him 5gp for every 'usable corpse' he cart supply. Not one of the locals has the faintest idea that many of Aggor's coffins contain only rocks

As well as manufacturing the narcotic used to keep kidnap victims quiet during transportation, Stilg is an expert on poisons of all varieties (see **DMG**, p20). Supplies both of the drug and of a selection of poisons are kept in the laboratory beneath his shop. Needless to say, he makes sure that Cult members are well supplied. The blade venom used by the acolytes typically causes 25hp of damage (negated by a successful Saving Throw at +2), while that used by the Cult's higher echelons will be fatal if the victim fails a Saving Throw at +1.

76a

Stig Heebly: C4/A2; LE; hp 17;
AC 6; **dagger +2**

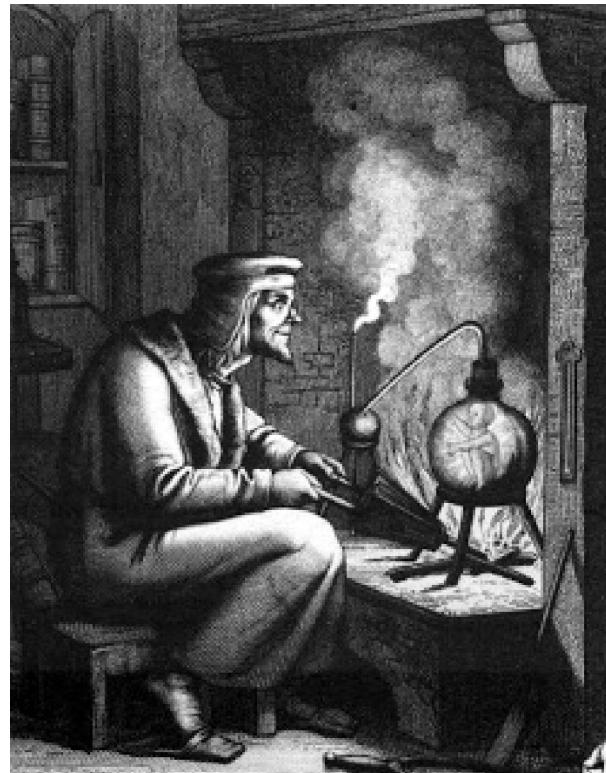
Human Male

S	15	▪ Thin and bony, with wild, wispy, grey hair; permanent 3-days beard growth; wears leather armour +1
I	18	
W	17	▪ Curate / Rutterkin; Alchemist (80%), member of Cult
D	15	
C	9	▪ Devoted servant of Ro'azarch first, and Morcarak (75a) second; plays his role of senile eccentric to perfection
Ch	7	▪ Mistrusts Taraq (75b); close friend to Aggor (78a), and well-known locally; regular at The One-legged Sailor (77).

Usual spells memorized: (5,4)

1 (2, 3, 6, 7 rev, 16 rev)

2 (1, 9 x2, 12)



N° 77: THE ONE-LEGGED SAILOR

This cosy little tavern is run by a retired sea-captain, and serves some of the finest beer to be found in Cerwyn. Cap'n Bargle is also justly proud of his extensive (and expensive) stock of imported wines and spirits (cynical comments about smugglers are likely to result in a character's swit and none-too-gentle expulsion!). Since his son disappeared 2 years ago, Bargle has been prone to bouts of melancholia. He believes the boy has probably 'run away to sea', but in reality, young Relpin has become an acolyte of the Ro'azharkh Cult.

Rooms may be rented at the somewhat steep price of 2gp per night, and wholesome, plain cooking is available at double standard prices. Complaints about prices will fall on deaf ears - there's no other inn in the area, and these days there are plenty of customers as adventurers come from near and far; first, to seek training at the Academy, and second to nurse damaged egos after they've been rejected.

The bar is decorated with all manner of ship's accoutrements, from brass bells to a ship's wheel. Inevitably, a noisy, green parrot swings on a perch over the bar and whenever Bargle makes a sale, it assures all the patrons with a loud squawk that, "*We're gonna be rich!*"

Entertainment is provided in a back room by Bargle's partner, Roxanne and her troupe of exotic dancers.

77a	'Captain' Bargle ; F4; NG; AC 8; hp 32; cutlass Human Male	77b	Roxanne ; Fr3; NG; AC 2; hp 11; stiletto (as dagger) Elf Female
S 16 I 15 W 17 D 15 C 12 Ch 6	<ul style="list-style-type: none">An old sea-dog, sun-tanned, and weather-beaten with sparkling blue eyes; wears leather apron, britches, and blue-and-white hooped stockings; always has a pipe jammed between his teethLandlord and co-ownerLikes nothing better than to spin great yarns about his days at sea; but given to self-indulgent melancholia after a few drinks, and especially if confronted with a young man of his son's ageRoxanne (77b) is his business partner; knows most of the locals including Taraq (75b), Krinj (75c), Miranda (75e) and Stilg (76a); his son Relpin (75m)	S 9 I 16 W 10 D 16 C 10 Ch 17	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Slim and attractive; wears brightly coloured, silk dressesEntertainments manager; beautiful singing voiceHard-headed business-elf, stands no nonsense from rowdy customers; takes good care of 'her girls'Partner of Bargle (77a), fiercely jealous of Miranda (75e); hates Krinj (75c) who collects 100gp 'protection' money from her each month; hopelessly enamoured of the faithless Haab (77d)



77c	Carroth (Milge the Faceless): F6/A6; NE; AC 5; hp 22; throwing daggers and light crossbow Human Male	77d	Haab; T5; N; hp 20; AC 6; shortsword +1 1/2-Elf Male
S 14 I 15 W 8 D 17 C 11 Ch 9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Sallow-skinned, slit-eyed, shifty-looking; wears leather armour and a ring of invisibility Myrmidon/Killer, spy for local assassins' guild who suspect that an 'independent' operation has been set up in the area Taciturn; rebuffs all conversations openers with a hostile grunt Knows nothing about the Cult (yet!), familiar with all the locals; Haab (77d) wrongly believes him to be connected with Knights Ocular who he thinks might be interested in his smuggling activities; knows of thieves' safe-house at the Old Bastion (34); knows Abol (39b) 	S 12 I 14 W 10 D 18 C 11 Ch 16	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Handsome sea-captain; tall and bronzed; wears velvet top-coat and lace-trimmed shirt with matching breeches and knee-length boots Captain of the 'Sea-skimmer' (small sailing ship/merchantman); skilled sailor and navigator Swaggering, self-confident, likeable rogue; 'ladies-man' Has Roxanne (77b) under his thumb, but is also trying his charms on Miranda (75e); has been used by the Cult in the past to transport drugged kidnap victims to the slave markets in Xir; his ship is always for hire (provided the price is right)

77e	Walithiel; R4; LG; AC 3; hp 60; longsword +1 Human Male	The Dancers Roxanne's six dancers are all Fr1 (AC 9/10, hp 3), and quite happy with their position, since most visitors tip very generously. She never lets them out unless chaperoned by ' The Bull ', a six foot, eight inch tall half-ogre, mute, eunuch (F5; AC 5; hp 40).
S 18 I 14 W 15 D 12 C 17 Ch 12	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Noble-looking; strong jaw-line; golden hair; wears chainmail and carries a shield +1 Swashbuckler/Courser A man of few words since his cultivated image is often spoilt when people hear his high-pitched, lisping voice Often stops at the inn between long, solitary wilderness expeditions; currently expecting to meet his orphaned cousin, but she's long overdue; knows nothing of the Cult, but is aware that the Academy used to be a Temple to Dayleeh; used to be an associate of Race (5a). 	

N° 78: THE GRAVEDIGGER



Just past the inn is the home of Aggor, who is rightly regarded as harmless, but completely insane. Once a skilled carpenter, he still makes a living by doing odd wood-working jobs. As the local undertaker and gravedigger, he is also responsible for disposing of the occupants of Gibbet Street (25) and this provides him with a lucrative side-line. Not that the City authorities pay much for his services, but Stilg (for reasons unknown to Aggor) is willing to pay gold for the corpses of once healthy citizens. Aggor thinks this is very amusing, and often dissolves into fits of giggles when he thinks of the sack of 500gp he has hidden in his workroom. He also has an old nag and a rickety cart, used to transport his subjects. Both are kept in a yard behind his house.

78a **Aggor**; Fr1; N (insane); AC 9; hp 4;
staff

Human Male

S	10	▪ A filthy, lice-ridden individual with blackened teeth and dreadful halitosis;
I	6	hunch-backed; wears disgusting, smelly rags
W	6	
D	15	▪ Gravedigger, local idiot; sells corpses to Stilg (76a)
C	15	
Ch	3	▪ Talks incomprehensible nonsense most of the time, but is occasionally lucid and anyone prepared to spend a few hours listening to him, may pick up a clue as to the Stilg 's 'purchases'; when out in his cart, he talks non-stop to 'Beauty', his old carthorse.
		▪ Known to all locally; occasionally visited by Stilg .

PLOT-LINES

1. Player Characters seeking training may be attracted to the area by rumours of the Academy's exclusivity, which is mistakenly equated with excellence, of course. Unless the character has the requisite alignment and ability scores, they will be asked to provide a resume of skills and experience and then politely turned away by Taraq (**75b**) or Carmine (**75d**). Once in the area of the Old Wharf, however, all sorts of rumours may reach the disgruntled PCs' ears.
2. Walithiel's (**77e**) missing cousin is the Cult's latest kidnap victim. She wrote to him at The One-legged Sailor (**77**) some weeks ago, explaining that with the death of her parents there was now nothing to stop her taking up amis for the cause of Good, and asking for his help. The ranger intended to talk her out of this idea, but is now quite worried about her. She arrived at the inn two weeks ago (a week before the ranger), but disappeared shortly afterwards. Walithiel may well ask a party of good-aligned adventurers to help him find her. Meanwhile, the Cult are holding the girl prisoner and attempting to find a suitable buyer through their networks. In time, unless the PCs intervene, she will be drugged by Stilg (**76a**) and shipped out to Xir by Haab (**77d**), or someone equally unscrupulous.
3. Haab (**77d**) is also a useful contact for groups seeking transport, or cargo space to other parts of the Domains. His vessel is a single- masted merchantman, currently moored at the Westgate Moorings to the north of the bridge over the Lygol. Of course, Haab is not beyond double-booking, and is not the most reliable of allies. Parties who have bought passage to distant lands, may well find themselves making 'unscheduled' stops where Haab has '*other business commitments*'.
4. As Morcarak's (**75a**) experiments progress, her need for suitable corpses will increase. The Cult will be forced both to increase the number of assassinations and to raid nearby burial grounds. The PCs could easily be witnesses to one of these night-time excursions and become involved in attempts to uncover the Cult's activities. Moreover, the Cult will also need to undertake more kidnappings in order to maintain Stilg's (**76a**) supply of rare and expensive chemicals. This will probably mean raids on establishments which are supposed to be 'protected' by Taraq (**75b**). If the Cult take any of Roxanne's (**77b**) dancers, she will spare no expense to track them down, and will, of course, immediately denounce Krinj (**75c**) to the authorities. This, in turn, could well result in the disappearance of Taraq, as Morcarak learns what he has been up to behind her back. In any event, Morcarak will soon have a sizable force of regenerating zombies at her disposal, and is more than likely to use them to gain her revenge on the locals, before turning them loose on any nosy PCs.
5. Eventually Relpin (**75m**), Bargle's (**77a**) missing son, is going to be spotted and recognised as he prowls the night-time streets on some mission for the Cult. When news gets back to Bargle, he will not hesitate to offer his life-long savings to anyone who returns his boy safely to him. Of course, even if the PCs track him down, Relpin is not going to accompany them willingly, and if taken by force, will try to slip back to the Cult later.
6. Sooner or later, any PCs engaged in investigations into the Cult are going to hear about the journal of the Herald Ignatius. This book may be consulted (for the usual fee) at the Capital Library. The question then arises as to who tore out the missing pages and why. Just who or what is Ro'azharkh, and what was the evil that was only remembered by "*few, even among the Heralds*"?

N° 80: THE ORDER OF THE BLUE LIGHT

One of the great mysteries of any campaign is just what is it that motivates a cleric to become an adventurer? In a campaign-less game, it is easy to imagine the cleric as a kind of souped-up Friar Tuck, but how do they fit into the adventuring mold otherwise?

In the world of Pelinore, we have shown how the Gods are only able to operate in the physical world through having worshippers and servants. Those humans and humanoids who believe in the existence of a God, and those who, in some way, follow the teachings or demands of a God, give that deity power. Of course, there can be no greater servants than the clerics and paladins who operate solely in the interest of that deity.

The adventurer-cleric or paladin is, therefore, not as strange an idea as it might seem. By performing heroic deeds in the name of a deity, a cleric enhances the power of that deity. And if a few other mortals can be converted - or removed from the worship of an opposing deity in some less subtle fashion - so much the better. Adventurer clerics are no different to their brothers and Sisters who run temples or perform rites; each activity is valuable to the deity.

Therefore, most deities have one or more specific Orders connected to their religion, which embrace adventurer clerics and paladins. It is likely that most PC clerics are members of an Order of this kind. Here, we take a close look at one such Order - The Blue Light Order of the Religion of Saith.

SAITH THE PROTECTOR - VENGEANCE-GIVER OF LAW

The religion of the LG deity Saith has a very simple organisation as befits its clarity of purpose. Many towns and cities will have a Temple dedicated to the deity, where clerics perform acts of worship and pursue activities central to the faith; as healers of plague and disease and aid-givers to the poor. Most temples also have a military Order of Paladins attached, which performs the functions of law-giving, judging and the pursuit of wrong-doers.

However, there is one group which is only tenuously under the control of the central hierarchy of the religion of Saith. It is to this Order that a few paladins and those clerics of an adventuring nature belong. The Blue Light Order is an 'unofficial' organisation, hidden within the ranks of the main religion. In fact, most worshippers of Saith believe this Order has forgotten the Command of Saith to his warriors *'To Pursue The Enemies Of Law With Steel And Shield, And To Revenge Their Wrong-Doings'*. For the zealous paladins of the central religion, members of the Order seem too independent, too willing to let others do the work.

But, curiously, Saith has found a place for these clerics and paladins, and has even granted them spells to aid their work. This religion-in-a-religion is the normal affiliation of all adventurers who serve Saith, much to the chagrin of those who serve the deity in other ways.

THE ORDER

The Order has no separate Temples or premises of its own, and exists under the shelter of the 'parent' religion, despite the opposition there. Its members are normally secretive about their affiliation, although the leadership of the Order are strong enough to

proclaim their position openly. They are chosen, it is said, by the deity himself. The current leaders are:

Title	Rank	Present Holder / Base
Blue Light	1 st Cleric	Hamilla (C8 - City League)
Green Star	2 nd Cleric	Valian (C7 - Xir)
Red Moon	1 st Paladin	Lastigan (P8 - City League / High Lygol)
Yellow Sun	2 nd Paladin	Hermial (P6 - Bereduth)

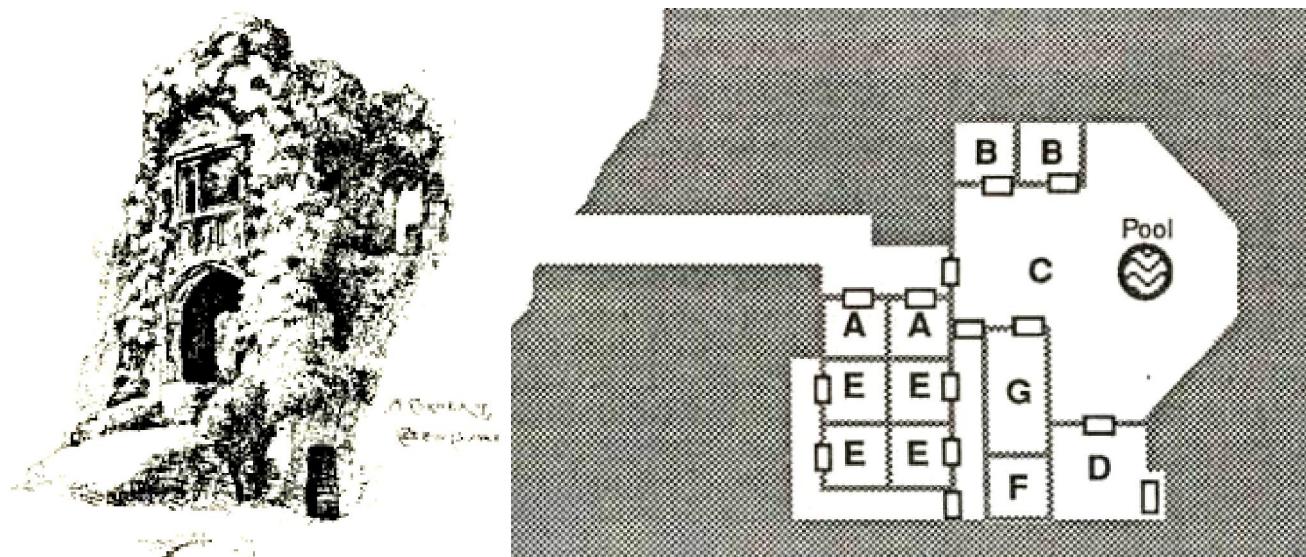
JOINING THE ORDER

The Order is open to all clerics and paladins of Saith, and application is normally made to one of the leaders named above. A lower member of the Order will interview the prospective member at the nearest Temple, and some sort of endurance test will have to be passed (DMs could devise something, or merely require PCs to have a minimum CON of 10). Clerics must then embark on an uninterrupted course of study for one month, after which their spell list will have altered to suit that given below. They will also know the new spells appropriate to their level.

Advancement through the Order is slow. Ranks are held until death or promotion. Beneath the leaders listed above, there are Grandmasters of the Order in each country of the Domains, and a Master within each temple. These leaders rarely adventure, and keep their position secret from outsiders. Clerics and Paladins may only advance to the 8th-level of experience in the service of the Blue Light Order. Once renounced, all benefits of membership are lost forever.

THE SHRINE OF SAITH

One place, and one place only, is sacred to the Order. An abandoned Temple in the City League, below the Court of Ten Thousand Ravens, is used once a year for meetings of the Order, which any member can attend. Notice of the meeting is normally given a month in advance. It is at these meetings that appointments are made to posts that have become vacant. All the leadership of the Order will attend.



The two rooms (**A**) are normally locked; during the meeting they will be occupied by acolytes and low-level paladins, acting as guards. Weapons and personal belongings will be stored in the two rooms (**B**). (**C**) is the Shrine. This is open all year round to passers-by, who use the pool as a receptacle for small donations to Saith. (**D**) is a smaller shrine used by the leadership of the Order for private meditation, while the rooms marked (**E**) are guest rooms for those who have travelled far to attend the meeting. Naturally these, and the Archive Room (**F**) are normally locked throughout the year while the Shrine has intermittent public use. The Keeper of the Shrine, Athnall, lives in room (**G**).

80a	Hamilla Vratin; C8; LG; hp 43; AC 2; mace +2 Human Female	80b	Valian of Longstone; C5; LG; hp 25; AC 2; mace Human Male
S 14	▪ Tidy, wears Blue Light robes over armour; wears bag containing potions of healing, potion of extra-healing, scroll of restore blood	S 16	▪ Tall, swarthy, vacant eyes; -wears green robes over armour; carries vial of extra healing potion on chain around neck
I 13		I 9	▪ Green Star - Second Cleric of Order
W 18	▪ Blue Light - First Cleric of Order	W 14	▪ Fanatic, but slow thinking; poor organiser: severe disciplinarian
D 10	▪ Quick-wilted, efficient, ambitious enough to know that membership of Order is holding her back	D 13	▪ Well-known in Xir, but only ever comes to City League for the meetings
C 16	▪ Knows Anatol (14k); known throughout City League, many enemies among the hierarchy of the Religion of Saith	C 12	
Ch 14		Ch 14	
80c	Lastigan (Knight Banneret); P8; LG; hp 56; AC 2; longsword +3 (detect evil) Human Male	80d	Hermial; P5; LG; hp 32; AC 2; longsword +1 Human Male
S 18 ³¹	▪ Red-haired, tall and exceptionally handsome; wears armour and red cloak	S 17	▪ Laughing, bright face and manner; radiates sensitivity; striking eyes; yellow robes over armour
I 15	▪ Red Moon - First Paladin of Order; Knighted by Katar for services to City League	I 12	▪ Yellow Sun - Second Paladin of Order
W 15	▪ Proud, loyal, industrious - the perfect leader	W 15	▪ Efficient deputy; occasionally reckless
D 12	▪ Famous throughout the City League, Cerwyn and Theocratic Principalities, many admirers; due to marry the Grand Mistress of the Order in Cerwyn, Tanora di Lygol-Regis (80e)	D 10	▪ Has lived in the shadow of Lastigan; secretly negotiating with the main body of the religion of Saith for reinstatement in the Order of Paladins with advanced rank.
C 15		C 12	
Ch 17		Ch 18	

80e	Tanora di Lygol-Regis; C5; LG; hp 30; AC 10; mace +2 Human Female
S	8
I	16
W	12
D	12
C	10
Ch	17
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Noble, striking good looks; despairs armour. wears red robes Grand Mistress of Cerwyn for Order Very intelligent, multi-lingual and an excellent administrator of the affairs of the Order in Cerwyn Part of the household of both the Duke of Bereduth and the Countess Flavia of Cerwyn, her forthcoming marriage is leading to a fast rise in her notoriety 	

80f	Athnul , the Warden of the Shrine. lives here. and is responsible for its maintenance. He is C2; hp 10; AC 4; and one of the lesser-known inhabitants of the entire city. If encountered at the shrine at any time other than during the Meet. he will appear senile and stumbling. He is, in fact, a very sharp old man.
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SPELLS

Once accepted into the Order and trained. clerics of the Blue Light are restricted to the following spell lists. Essentially, the purpose of the Order is to provide support for those who combat wrong-doing and evil, as opposed to the philosophy of the main body of the religion which is all for getting in there and smashing them yourself. Thus, the Order has a strong tradition of providing a service of adventuring healers who travel with those who do Saith's work, and help them stay in the fight.

Spell Lists

1

Bless (C1)

Create Water (C1)

Cure Light Wounds (C1)

Purify Food & Drink (C1)

Purify Water (D1)

Remove Fear (C1)

Slow Poison (C2)

Spell of Awakening (WD-Best of 1)

2

Create Food & Water (C3)

Cure Blindness (C3)

Cure Deafness

Cure Disease (C3)

Cure Dumbness (

Dispel Illusion (I3)

Remove Paralysis

Warmth

3

Calm Spirit

Cure Serious Wounds (C4)

Dispel Exhaustion (I4)

Dispel Magic (C3)

Neutralize Poison (C4)

Remove Curse (C3)

4

Cure Critical Wounds (C5)

Cure Insanity

Dispel Evil (C5)

Light of Incarnation

Restore Blood

Limited Wish (C5)

Raise Dead (C5)

NEW SPELLS

Cure Deafness/Dumbness: Level 2; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; AoE: creature touched; V, S; Cast in 1 turn; ST none

These spells will cure the relevant ailment, except in those cases where severe damage has been occasioned to the organ concerned.

Remove Paralysis: Level 2; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; AoE: creature touched; V, S; Cast in 7 segments; ST none

This spell will cure all types of paralysis, except where physical damage to the spinal cord is too severe. The spell can be used against the paralysis effect of monsters.

Warmth: Level 2; Range: touch; Duration: 1 turn/level; AoE: creature touched; V, S, M; Cast in 5 segments; ST none

This spell will confer warmth on the creature touched. enabling it to withstand non-magical freezing temperatures. The material component is an icicle.

Calm Spirit: Level 3; Range: 10'; Duration: 2 rounds/level; AoE: 1 creature; V, S; (last in 4 segments; ST negates

This spell will stop an insane or possessed creature from resisting the effects of certain spells (c.f. Insanity, **DMG** p83). During the casting of this spell, the creature must be immobilised, for at the end of the spell's duration, it will have one last bout of madness which will have three times the force of anything that has gone before. However, the creature will be open to spells in the meantime.

Cure Insanity: Level 4; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; AoE: 1 creature; V, S; (last in 6 segments; ST None or negates

This spell will cure any form of insanity. However, like most mind-influencing spells it cannot be used with certainty on an insane creature without the application of a *calm spirit* spell. If the latter spell has been cast. no ST is required; without it, a successful ST will resist the curing attempt.

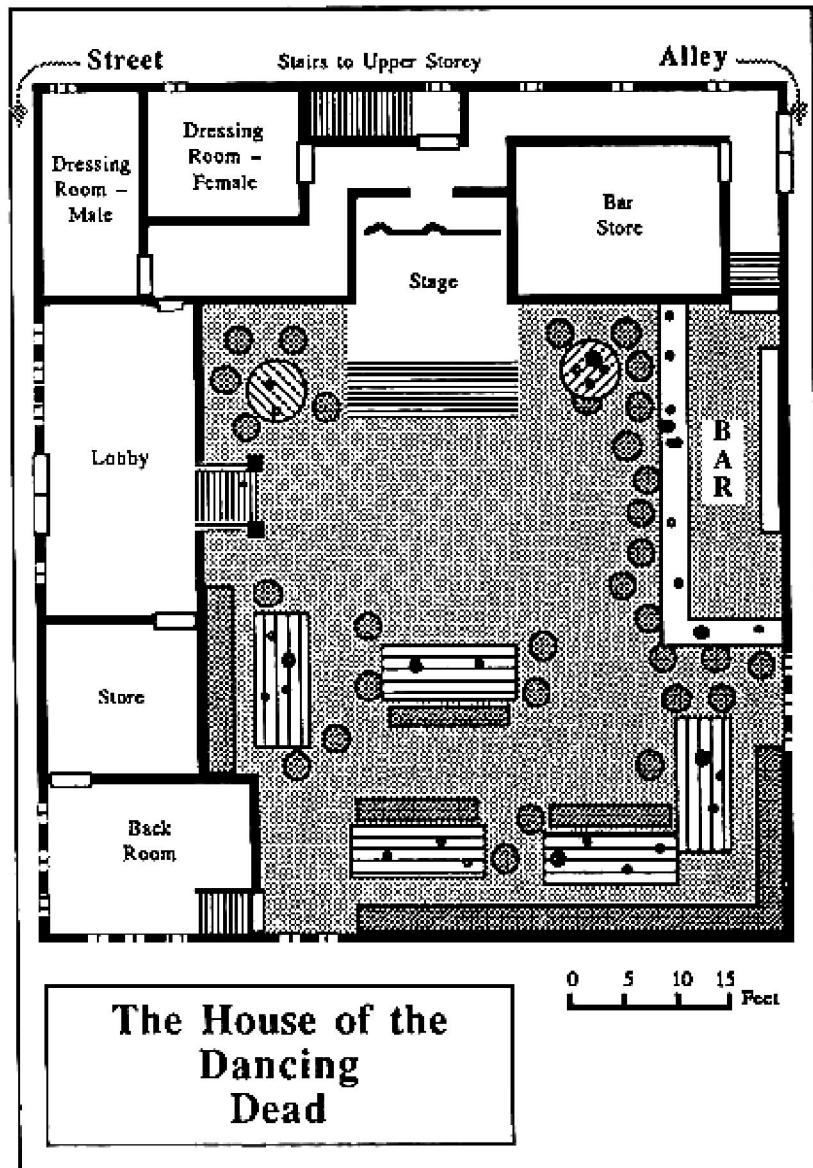
Light of Incarnation: Level 4; Range: 10'/level; AoE: 10' diameter sphere; V,S, M; Cast in 6 segments; ST special

Upon casting this spell, a blue light comes into effect, creating a sphere about the point of origin, into which no undead may venture, unless magic resistance or a saving throw permit. Furthermore. the spell adds a +2 bonus to damage for all those within the sphere and a -2 penalty on attacks from without it.

Restore Blood: Level 4; Range: touch; Duration: permanent; AoE: 1 creature; V, S, M; (last in 8 segments; ST none

This spell will restore blood to a creature at the rate of 1 pint per round up to a maximum of 5 pints. Each pint restored will heal 1d6 points of damage, up to the creature's maximum. The spell will only work to restore damage where blood has been let or drained. The caster must maintain concentration throughout the period of transfusion for the maximum quantity to be achieved.

N°81: THE HOUSE OF THE DANCING DEAD



The House of the Dancing Dead is a cabaret club on the fringe of the city's theatrical quarter, a favourite haunt of young rakes. The doors to the street are shaped like a pair of outsize coffin lids, and are painted black. Over the doors hangs a sign bearing a picture of a skeleton in men's formal dress, dancing with a rotting corpse in women's formal dress. The overall effect is of studied decadence, bordering on bad taste.

The club opens from dusk till dawn; the resident staff Salgin (**81a**) and the two bouncers (**81a & b**) sleep until just after noon and spend the rest of the afternoon preparing for the evening's opening. Visitors to the club in daylight will find it closed. Persistent knocking will raise a response sooner or later, but the nature of this response will depend on the time of day - in the morning it is almost certain to be unfriendly.

Armour of any kind (optionally heavier than leather), is not allowed in the club, and all swords and other weapons must be checked in at the lobby before any character is allowed into the club. If any character attempts to force a way into the club, the city watch will be

summoned. Technically the club is open only to members and their guests, but this can be dealt with fairly easily by generous tipping.

During opening hours, the club's lobby is manned by one bouncer, and the main room by the other. Both rooms are painted in dark colours, and hung with ragged and dirt-stained linens representing shrouds. The back wall of the main room and the proscenium arch over the stage are painted to represent an open mausoleum, with the stage in the 'door-way'. There is a 10% chance at any time during opening hours that some business is in progress in the back room - an illegal gambling session or a shady deal of some kind - which is not to be interrupted.

The club's clientele consists of well-dressed and obviously quite wealthy young men and women (with men noticeably in the majority), in almost equal proportions with colourful theatrical types. The four acts on the bill perform two half-hour sets each, one before midnight and one after, with a half-hour break between each set. There is a tendency, especially as the evening wears on, for patrons to give impromptu performances of their own in these breaks.

The first act of the evening, as always, is the house dance troupe, the Dancing Dead. The curtain rises on a graveyard scene, with fake tombs and headstones. In the wings, a stage-hand strikes midnight on an iron bell, and the dancers rise from their 'tombs' dressed and made up as ghosts.

After a group dance, each ghost comes forward, with Salgin giving a running commentary, and enacts the manner of her death, with the others taking various parts in the drama. The stories are always lurid and invariably to do with thwarted love, betrayal and jealousy.

Another dance ensemble follows, at the end of which Salgin appears on stage, dressed in a comic priest costume, and 'exorcises' the 'ghosts' one by one. The mock priest is often a caricature of a prominent figure in the city, based on recent news and events, and Salgin will include some subtle, and frequently highly contentious political commentary as part of the act.

The second act is a juggler, knife thrower and escapologist. After a fairly standard routine showing off these skills, he asks if there is anyone in the house from the city watch. There nearly always is, and he invites them to come on stage and help him fasten various ropes, locks and chains around himself. The volunteers then tie him in a sack, which is lowered into a large chest, secured by three huge padlocks.

Finally, the escapologist's muffled voice sounds from the chest, asking the volunteers to sit on the chest just to make escape absolutely impossible. Drinks are brought up to the volunteers, and when they are about halfway down their glasses, the escapologist strolls in from the wings, also holding a drink. Spellcasting is frowned upon in the club, but any character who has a magical item with a *detect magic* ability will discover that the whole act is accomplished entirely without magic. The performer will, of course, refuse to reveal his stage secrets.

The third act of the evening is a singer and lute-player. He starts with songs of his own, mostly ballads of love and broken hearts, and moves on to traditional songs, with the house musicians and the audience joining in. The final item is a drinking song; this usually turns into a contest between some of the hardier patrons, the final verse and chorus being repeated until only one contestant is left standing.

81a	Salgin Barrovynne; Fr3; NG; hp 5; AC 10; dagger Human Male
S 15	▪ Good-looking, foppish, wears a black silk cape and tall hat
I 12	▪ Owner / Manager
W 11	Very over-the-top camp theatrical personality, mostly a put on for the benefit of the customers, beneath it all shrewd and quick-witted.
D 14	
C 10	
Ch 15	▪ Knows everyone at the House. Maintains a friendly rivalry with Sivanus the Magnificent (74c)

81b	Ganno Baldrin; Human Male; F2; NE; hp 12; Str 16; AC 9; blackjack Mori Vanden; Human Male; F1; N; hp 7; Str 17; AC 10; blackjack
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Ganno and Mori are the club's two bouncers. They are typically uncommunicative and brusque and brook no troublemaking from drunken or violent guests. They are both loyal to Salgin and follow his orders.

81c	Sanna Dargo; Fr4; NG; hp 8; AC 9; unarmed Human Male
S 12	▪ Attractive, tall blonde; wears a diaphanous silk dress onstage and trendy embroidered dresses off
I 9	
W 9	▪ Lead Dancer/Choreographer
D 15	▪ Has been a dancer ever since she can remember, and is a seasoned and professional trouper. She is
C 14	hardworking and abrasive, expecting her dancers to measure up to her own exacting standards.
Ch 15	▪ Knows everyone at the House. Often at odds with Majia (81d) for her lack of seriousness



81d	Majia Frannol; Dancer; human female; Fr2; CN; Cha 17; hp 4; AC 10; unarmed
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Majia is, in many ways, the opposite of Sanna, and there is often friction between the two; she doesn't take dancing particularly seriously, and enjoys the lifestyle rather than the work.

81e	Vanya Sarden; Dancer; human female; Fr3; N; Cha 16; hp 6; AC 10; unarmed
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Vanya is a single-minded career girl, and may be difficult to approach unless someone can convince her that they have contacts that might be useful to her.

81f	Brea Garren; Dancer; human female; Fr2; N; Cha 16; hp 7; AC 10; unarmed
------------	--

Brea is the youngest of the troupe at fifteen, and still retains many of her illusions about a dancer's life. Sanna will say, rather scathingly, that she lives in a world of her own, but she is in love with dancing so there's no reason to complain. Brea has a dreaming nature; she spends a great deal of her time thinking about being discovered, but unlike Vanya she does nothing positive about it.

81g

Djann Alhasar; Juggler/escapologist; human male; Fr3; N; Dex 18; hp 8; AC 6; 12 throwing knives (throws as F3 + Dex bonus)

Djann is a very dapper and smooth-talking character, with an eye for a pretty woman and a taste for good red wine. He will be visibly nervous in the presence of any thief - he has been approached by the Thieves' Guild because of his various talents, but declined to join them or to do them any 'little favours', and he is expecting reprisals for this.

81h

Bargo Saldinor; Singer/Musician; human male; Fr3; NG; hp 6; AC 10; dagger

Bargo deliberately cultivates the image of the dissolute wandering minstrel, everybody's favourite drinking partner.

81i

Terren Davo; Barman; human Male; Fr3; N; hp 7; AC 10; dagger or bottle

Terren is a dour, taciturn character, known to regulars as '*the man who never smiles*'.

81j

Geddo Rabben; House musician, pipes and flutes; ½-Elf Male; Fr2; NG; hp 4; AC 10; unarmed

Geddo is a half-elf, raised among humans and showing little trace of his mixed blood. He is quiet and reserved, and mixes little with his colleagues.

81k

Ralt Persade; House musician, percussion; human male; Fr2; N; hp 5; AC 10; unarmed

In addition to drumming with the house band in the House of the Dancing Dead, Rolt has a day job as a market porter. As a result, by the time he arrives at the club he generally does not notice much of what is going on around him. He sleeps between sets.

81l

Elgo Rassen; Stage-hand; human male; Fr1; N; hp 3; AC 10; unarmed

Elgo is Salgin's nephew - his mother, who lives in on outlying village, thinks that Salgin has managed to apprentice him to a merchant house where he is learning an honest and respectable trade. Elgo does all the general fetching and carrying around the club, but knows little of what goes on except what he hears of the backstage gossip.

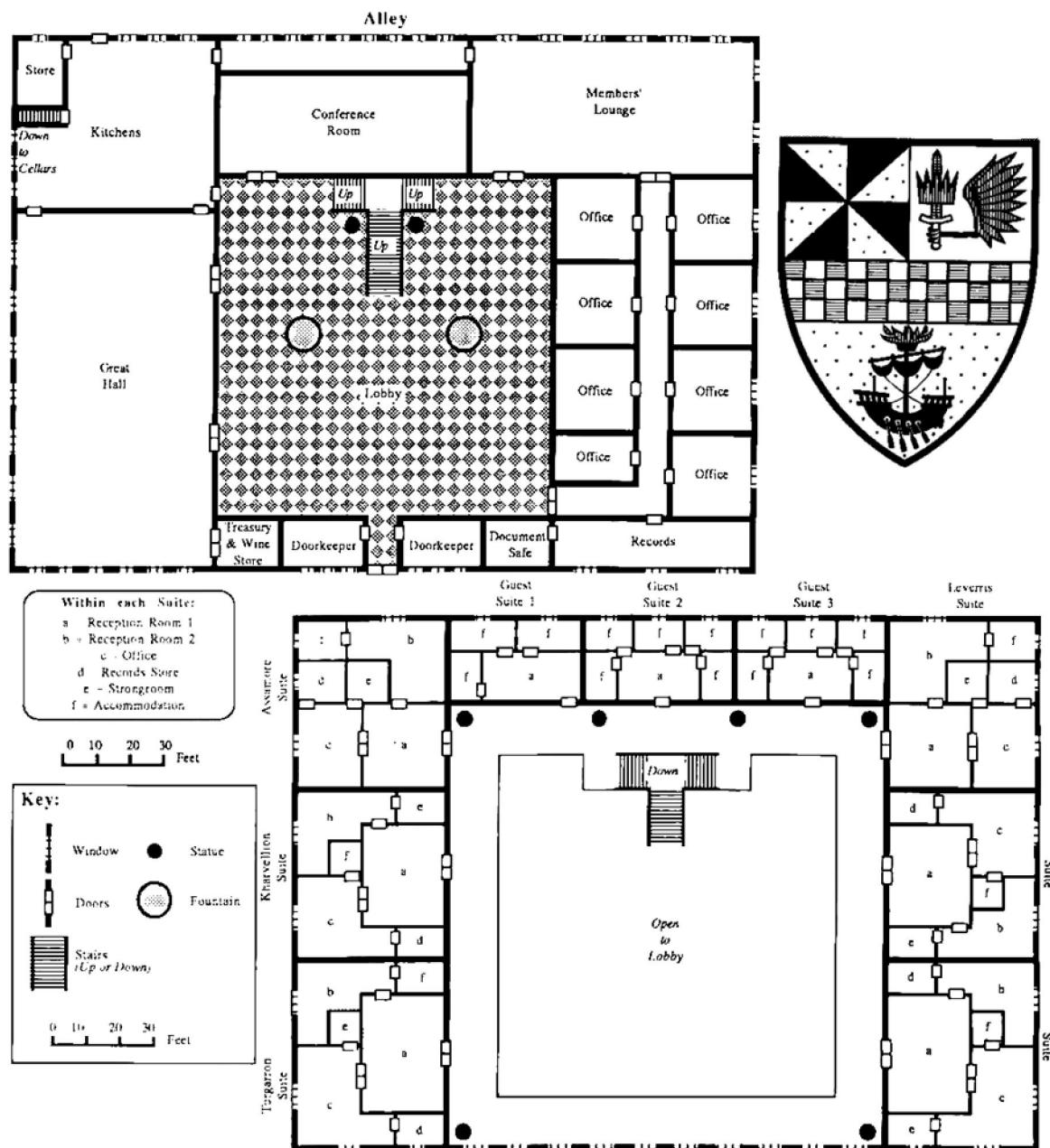
81l

Delgar Marindo; actor; human male; Fr4; CG; hp 7; AC 10; swordstick, dagger

Delgar is a tall, distinguished-looking man in his late thirties, and tends to overdress. He is currently very popular as a leading man in formal tragedies of the blood, love and rhetoric school, and tends to have an affected, over-formal manner of speech.



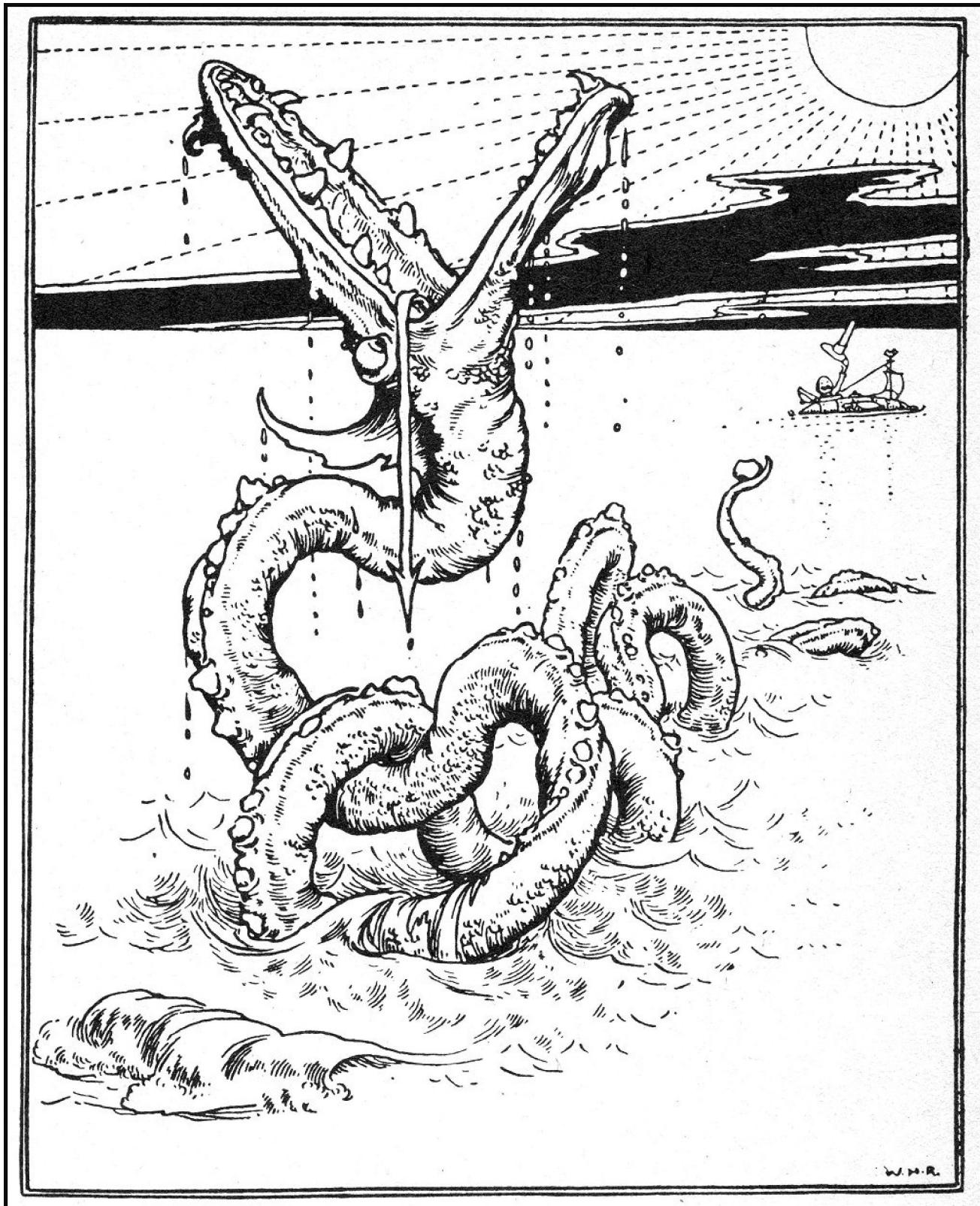
N°82: THE MERCANTYLER'S GUILD



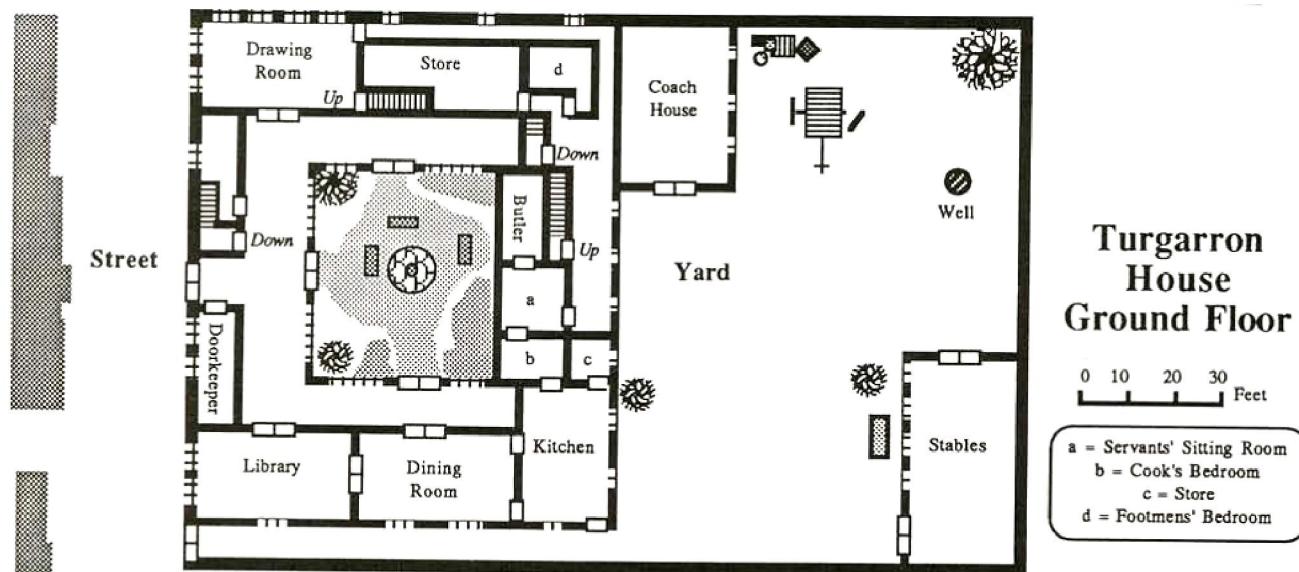
The guildhouse of the Mercantylers' Guild is a massive two-storey stone building dominating one end of a great square in the city's business quarter. A passage between the two doorkeeper's offices opens out into the huge lobby, lit by the glass roof which crowns the guildhouse. On the ground floor are the Guild's administrative offices, the Great Hall which is used for Guild business meetings, the members' lounge, and the kitchens which service the guildhouse. Stairs lead up to the first floor, which is ranged around the balcony overlooking the lobby. A great stained-glass window occupies most of the wall overlooking the square, and the business suites of the city's six great merchant families (Kharvellion, Assamo, Vidallon, Sardaion, Leverris, and Turgarron) are set on either side.

At the rear of the upper storey are three guest suites for the use of visiting merchants. The Family business suites follow a regular pattern: a reception room (Reception 1) where

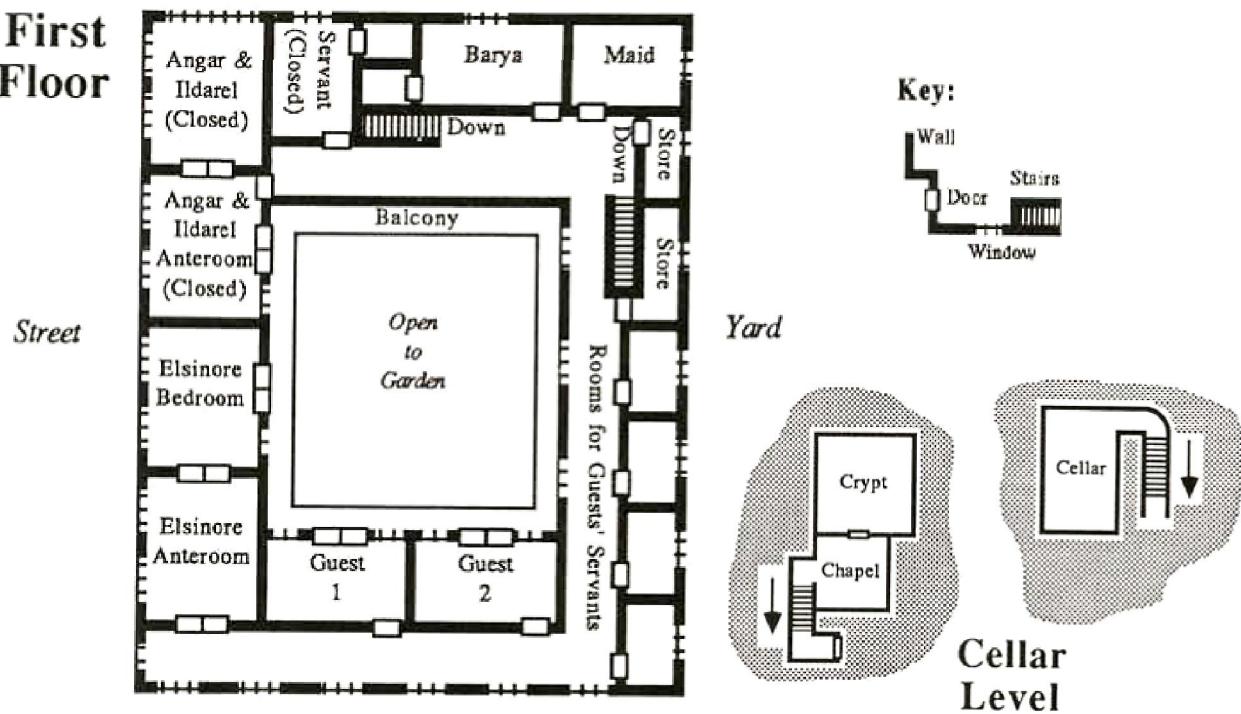
visitors are received and informal discussions can take place; a second reception room (Reception 2) used for serious negotiations and entertaining clients to dinner; an office with a records room and strongroom leading off; and a small bedroom (Accom) for occasional overnight stays. The guest suites are smaller, consisting of an office-cum-reception room and three or four bedrooms. While the Guild supplies the doorkeepers and looks after the overall security of the building, each Family is completely responsible for its own suite, installing their own security measures and controlling the circulation of keys.



N° 83: THE TURGARRON HOUSE



First Floor



83a	Elsinore Turgarron; Fr9; N; hp 25; AC 9; swordstick +2 , parrying dagger	83b	Ansar Turgarron; Fr5; N; hp 13; AC 9; rapier and parrying dagger
	Human Male		Half Male
S 12	▪ Distinguished looking man in his late 40s or early 50s	S 11	▪ Deep purple doublet and chequered hose
I 17	▪ Merchant prince, head of the Turgarron family	I 12	▪ Merchant; younger son of the Turgarron Family, rake
W 15	▪ Expects to be accorded the respect owing to his position. Shrewd enough to recognize fawning and has no time for sycophants.	W 10	▪ Nervous, easily agitated
D 14	▪ Knows nearly all of the members of the other five great merchant families in the League, ranking members of the Mercantyler's Guild and much of the local nobility including the Katar himself, has trading contacts throughout the Domains.	C 9	▪ Knows most of his father's associates, although on nodding terms only.
C 13		Ch 13	Regular attendee at Piper's Theatre and knows Augkusteen Hammardius (74a) whom he has commissioned for a play about his Family's history, friends with Vallo Sardayon, a scion of another Merchant Family and the popular actor Delgar Marindo.
Ch 15			

83c	Ango Huddes; Fr4; LN; hp 10; AC 10; unarmed	83d	Galla Vardan; Fr5; N; hp 13; AC 9; rapier and parrying dagger
	Human Male		Half Male
S 10	▪ A dignified and immaculate figure of about 50 in black formal livery	S 11	▪ Immaculate in white maid's livery; 18 years old.
I 15	▪ Butler to Turgarron Family	I 12	▪ Ladies maid to the Turgarron Family
W 15	▪ Absolutely loyal and protective of the family, discreet, quiet	W 13	for 4 years
D 12	▪ Knows all of the members of the Turgarron Family and their personal associates.	D 10	▪ Mousy, quiet
C 11		C 9	▪ Knows all of the members of the Turgarron Family and Ango (81c)
Ch 10		Ch 11	

83e	Barya Turgarron; Fr4; N; hp 4; AC 10; unarmed
	Human Female
S 8	▪ Green silk and lace gown; thin and slightly frail looking
I 12	▪ 14 years old; youngest of the Turgarron siblings; Lady of the Household
W 12	▪ Spoiled and used to wealth and privilege
D 10	▪ Knows all of the members of the Turgarron Family, acquainted with their associates on a social level only
C 9	
Ch 13	



N° 84: THE MIDNIGHT MONASTERY

So called because the cupolas of this magnificent, ancient, and (alas) now decrepit complex, are all painted a dark, velvety blue and gilded with moons and stars. The monastery's lofty, ivy-covered walls guard the only known Temple to Urrumaa in all the Domains. It is also the home of the Hermetic Order of the Silver Sunset (see below).

URRUMAA

Although he or she is famed throughout the Domains and beyond, outside of the monastery, very little is known for certain about the god/goddess Urrumaa. S/he is frequently invoked as a god of memory, but rarely worshipped.

There are those who say that Urrumaa is the father of the gods, but others deny this, maintaining that she is their mother. Whatever the truth, Urumaa is considered ancient, even among those to whom age is almost meaningless.

The monastery itself pre-dates even the earliest of t'League's settlements, and the temple to Urrumaa is the oldest part of it. There are three High Priestesses who never leave the monastery's precincts. They worship Urrumaa as the Goddess of Knowledge, accumulating and studying all manner of material pertaining to the legends, philosophy, and theology of human and demi-humankind, as well as such esoteric subjects as medicine, metaphysics, and the outer planes.

Routine administration (including receiving requests for consultation with the priestess/sages) are dealt with by the monastery's steward, Simran. He also supervises and organises the 30-odd novices - young men who have entered the monastery but not yet taken their vows and been admitted to the Order. Their duties include all the daily chores.

HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE

The following information is known only to Estelarsha, the most senior of the High Priestesses. Before she dies, the story will be passed on to Zremam, her successor. It is written here as it was told to her by her predecessor.

"My sister, well do you know that within these walls lies the truth about Urrumaa, Mother of the Gods. It is forgotten now outside this place, but, together with our brother monks, we have tried to keep the Knowledge alive. For here it was, as we all know, that Urmtmaa herself gave the Book of Knowledge to the first High-Priestess Shareth (may her name live for ever!). The common people have long-forgotten about this miracle, and all that remains is our reputation for learning. Yet their fleeting memories have served the goddess' purpose and helped to protect us from the prying of the curious and the acquisitiveness of the greedy. I believe that it was because of the existence of this book that throughout the long ages both monks and priestesses alike have dedicated themselves to Urrumaa's service. Alas that it should be so! You have waited long to receive the High Priestess' staff, and be granted access to this marvellous cyclopædia, as I did before you, yet only now as I prepare to discharge my office, can you learn the bitter truth. For your years of patience, through which you were sustained by the belief that one day, you alone amongst living peoples, would be granted an insight into the Goddess' heart, cannot now be rewarded. Yes, my child, the Book was stolen many, many years ago... Shareth's golden coffer is empty.

And now I go to my rest and, perhaps, the final enlightenment."

THE HERMETIC ORDER OF THE SILVER SUNSET

The priestesses' peace and the sanctity of the monastery are protected by some 20 student monks, who have made their own form of dedication to the goddess. Some of their time is spent in the scriptorum, copying and illuminating the monastery library's extensive collection of manuscripts, and the rest is split between guard duties on the monastery's battlemented walls, and solitary meditation in their starkly furnished cells. But whatever the monks' duties, they steadfastly maintain their vow of lifelong silence. Even the novices are instructed by signs and in writing.

According to legend (although it must be admitted that the only supporting documents are the property of the monastery), the Master of Dragons (who is now known only as "The Nameless One"), first appeared in the Domains shortly after the 'Book of Knowledge' was given to Urrumaa's High-Priestess, Shareth. Accompanied by a group of 20 cowled and silent monks, he had, so the story goes, been unveiled for many months, *"following a prophetic vision"* which impelled him to *"search for the gift of the goddess"*. The monks must have brought considerable wealth with them, for they at once started work on an ornate, and lavishly gilded shrine to protect the spot where Urrumaa is supposed to have appeared, and where it stands to this day. Even more remarkably, given the expense involved in erecting the shrine, the monks were also able to finance the construction of the rest of the monastery which was finished in less than a year.

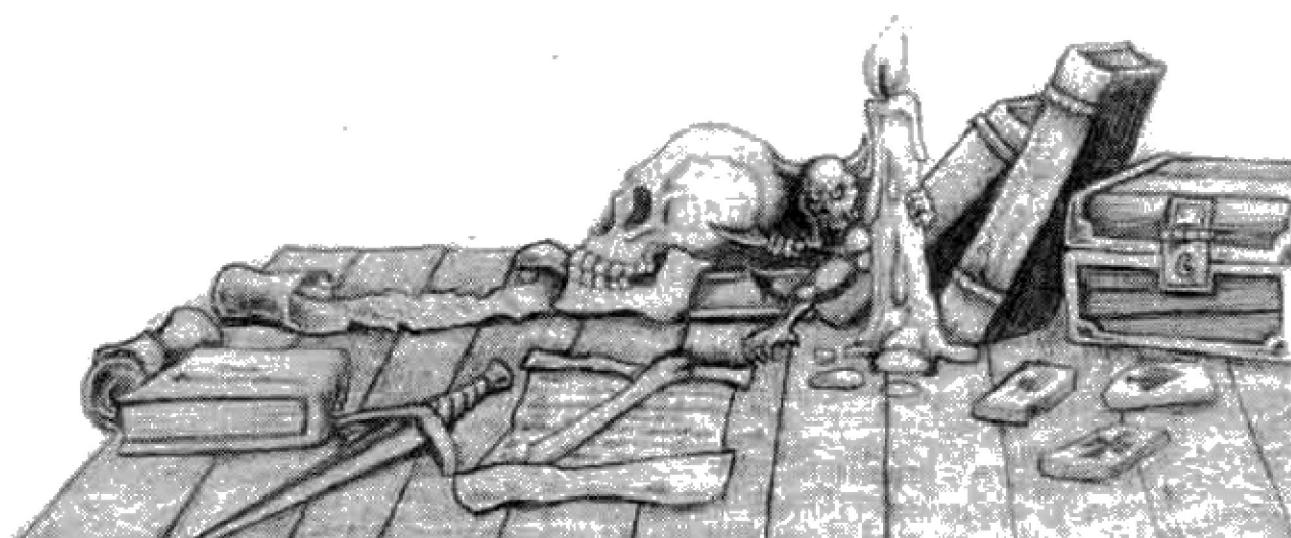
Of course, this was all a very long time ago. Far too long for the same Master of Dragons to be in residence. Surely? At any rate, the rest of the monks are mortal enough; their numbers are maintained and slowly augmented from the ranks of the novices, who have all, over the years, arrived mysteriously 'from distant lands', their faces masked by great, ochre-coloured hoods, their voices flat and emotionless. Only they know in what far corner of Pelinore their country of origin lies. They alone know the secret of the undeniable call which every so often, on or two at a time, summons them from their distant homeland, luring them to spend their lives in silence, within the walls of the Monastery of Midnight.

CONSULTING THE PRIESTESSES

Anyone may approach Simian (**84d**), the monastery steward, to ask for an audience with one or other of the Priestesses, but wealth is no guarantee of a satisfactory answer. All knowledge is considered to be a gift from Urrumaa, and may not be handed out to any Tom, Dick, or Harry! Indeed, although it is within their power, the sage/priestesses will never cast *augury*, *divination*, or *commune* spells. This is in addition to the normal restrictions placed on sages with clerical powers (see **DMG**, page 32). The questioner's approach is all important. Rudeness, arrogance, and/or facetiousness will be met with a stern rebuff, whereas humility, lawful behaviour, and a generous donation to the monastery restoration fund, should at least ensure that the question is heard. Assuming that the PCs make a favourable impression, Simran will inquire as to the general nature of the problem, and arrange an audience with the priestess who is best equipped to deal with it. Of course, if the players are being cagey and refuse to discuss the matter with anyone other than the sage, they could easily find themselves faced with a priestess whose fields of knowledge are entirely inappropriate... In any event, the DM always has the option of responding that *'it is not Urrumaa's will that such matters should be known to anyone other than her faithful'*

servants'. This will also be the answer given on occasions when the Priestesses are genuinely unable to answer a question!

84a	Esterlarsha ; C10/Sage; LN; hp 26; AC 8; staff of striking	84b	Zhemara ; C8/Sage; N(E); hp 25; AC 6; staff +2
	Human Female		Human Female
S 12	▪ Very imposing. Her long, raven hair and copper-coloured skin remain untouched by the years; her eyes are those of one who has lived long, and seen much: wears ring of protection +2 ; 110 years old.	S 8	▪ Very self important, with an over-erect bearing and a haughty gleam in her eye; wears bracers of defence, AC7 ; 89 years old
I 17		I 16	▪ Lama / Sage; future successor to Esterlarsha (84a)
W 15		W 14	▪ Being unaware of the theft of the Book of Knowledge, she behaves as one who has all the answers; secretly, she cannot wait for the demise of Esterlarsha, and has already made one or two discreet enquiries about certain toxic substances...
D 10		D 15	▪ Feared and avoided by Simran (84d), knows Fit the Assassin (30d), but he doesn't know who she is.
C 9	▪ High Priestess / Sage. 'Guardian of the Book'	C 12	
Ch 12	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Jealously guards the secrets of the order, but can be persuaded (by a suitably large 'offering') to research into areas not connected with the worship of Urrumaa. ▪ Knows everyone within the monastery; has contacts among many of t'League's nobility who have consulted her in the past. 	Ch 10	
Spells Available (4, 3, 3, 3, 2) - as C9		Spells Available (3, 3, 2, 2) - as C7	
1 (2, 8, 13*, 20)		1 (7*, 8, 16)	
2 (2, 4, 11*)		2 (2, 11*, 14)	
3 (6, 8, 13*)		3 (3, 8*)	
4 (4*, 5, 11)		4 (5, 4*)	
5 (4, 16)		Major: Humankind: Legends & Folklore; Theology & Myth	
Major: Supernatural & Unusual; Medicine; Metaphysics; Outer Planes		Minor: Flora	
Minor: Fauna			



84c	Xiltara ; C6/Sage; LN; hp 15; AC 9; staff 1/2-Elf Female
S 10	▪ Emaciated; wears her age very badly, appearing the oldest of the three; her robes are usually dirty and crumpled - much to Esterlarsha's (84a) annoyance; wears ring of protection +1 ; 76 years old
I 18	
W 16	
D 9	
C 8	▪ Eider / Sage; 2nd in line to the title of High-Priestess
Ch 6	▪ A born academic and recluse; hates crowds (more than 2 people); has no time to waste on petty matters such as her appearance, or eating; lives for her studies; suffers from rheumatism and hates drafts. ▪ Never remembers anyone's name, other than Esterlarsha (84a), Zhemara (84b), and Simran (84d).
Spells Available (3, 3, 2) -as C5	
1 (9*, 16, 19)	
2 (2, 11*, 14)	
3 (3, 8)	
Major: Demi-Humankind: Philosophy & Ethics, Theology & Myth	
Minor: Humanoids & Giantkind	



84d	Simran ; Fr6; N; hp 30; AC 10; mace Human Male
S 12	▪ Portly build, with weather-beaten features, and just a few strands of greying hair; normally wears monkish habit, but does have suit of chainmail 'for emergencies'; 45 years old
I 13	
W 10	
D 9	
C 16	▪ Monastery steward in charge of administration; weeds out those questions he considers unworthy of the priestesses' time; supervises the monastery novices.
Ch 15	▪ Somewhat pompous (he carries his heavy mace of office everywhere); extremely officious (writing down all sorts of irrelevant details about the questioner), his interviews can be cut short for a suitable fee. ▪ A great theatre-goer, well-known to the company of Piper's Theatre (74): occasionally attends the more gory events at the Arena (21), member of the Secret Chapter (24).

84e	The Nameless One ; Mk8; LN; hp 27; AC 4; bo-stick Human Male
S 16	▪ Tall and inscrutable; wears coarse, ochre-coloured robes, and black belt with 8 white tags
I 10	
W 18	▪ Master of Dragons; founder of monastery
D 15	
C 12	▪ Totally dedicated; never leaves the monastery
Ch 15	▪ Knows only his monks

The MONKS

There are currently 23 monks, living in the monastery: 12 of level 2, 6 of level 3, 3 of level 4, and 1 each of levels 5 and 6. It is hard to distinguish between them since all wear identical, ochre-coloured robes with great hoods which hide their faces. However, the number of white tags on their belts does at least indicate their level. There are no known records of the monastery ever having been attacked, but at any one time, a third of their number can be seen patrolling the walls, armed with light, repeating crossbows. (DMs familiar with Oriental Adventures might like to use suitable weapons from that book, and may even wish to design a special martial arts style, following the rules provided.)

The NOVICES

Like the monks, all the novices came originally from some unknown realm, far beyond the Domains. They are all Mk1, AC 10, hp 6. Since neither the monks nor the priestesses make any attempt to gather any followers from the inhabitants of t'League, and since what little is known of their life-style does little to attract any, the question of what would happen if a local should attempt to enter the monastery has never arisen.

Unlike the monks, the novices display a certain uninspired individuality in dress and appearance, and visitors to the monastery may occasionally hear them talk to one another - albeit in monosyllables.



N°85: THE CAPITOL

This magnificent edifice is the site of what is reputedly the largest library in this part of the world. Situated at the eastern end of the Broadway, its domed gate tower and columned portico (engraved by the famous dwarven stonemason, Kariz Kutbynd), can be seen for the whole length of that marvellous avenue, which of course, extends westwards as far as the Arena (21).

First built by order of Tristrannis II, some 500 years ago, all manner of extensions have been made over the years. Extra room has had to be found for the records generated by the hopelessly inefficient Enactment XXVII Administration Department; the Knights Ocular needed more room for the files they were accumulating on the populace; the Guild of Heralds wanted facilities to store their Pelinorean Histories; and of course, the library itself has increased 50-fold over this period.

Now, there is a vast labyrinth of store rooms (above and below ground) crammed with manuscripts and scrolls, ancient tomes, fading diaries of nobles long-forgotten, and all manner of esoteric and mysterious works on subjects and in languages too abstruse to mention. Nor is this complexity alleviated by an efficient cataloguing system. Methods of storage are constantly being revised, and new systems are usually introduced before the last reorganisation is half-finished, so there's no guarantee that any particular work, or subject can be located. The sages and their scribes know their way around fairly well, but even they can take days to find the occasional reference.

Moreover, all the above-mentioned organisations, obviously have certain interests to protect. The Heralds have accumulated some very interesting and potentially embarrassing pieces of information (in the interests of history) on all sorts of rich and powerful people. The Knights Ocular would dearly love to examine this material, but even they respect the neutrality of the Heralds, so they satisfy themselves by ensuring that no-one else can get their hands on it. Rumours that it is the Knights who are behind the continuing dis-organisation are, of course, treasonable...

THE FACULTIES

Academic activities are split into seven 'faculties', one for each of the sagely Major Fields of Knowledge. Each faculty is headed by a sage, assisted by half-a-dozen ageing and incompetent scribes. The Senior Sage is also head of the League branch of the Guild of Heralds, which makes him largely independent, and only responsible (at least in theory) to his guild - which is why the Knights Ocular watch him the most closely of all! Only three of the seven sages are fully detailed here, since any particular group of PCs is unlikely to want to meet more than one. Nevertheless, names and Fields of Study have been given for the other four.



Admittance to the Capitol is strictly controlled by the well-armed Capitol Militia. Characters may neither bear weapons nor wear armour beyond the gatehouse. All weapons, (and spellbooks) must be deposited with the sergeant of the guard, who also provides directions to the relevant faculty. Here questioners are met by a scribe who will admit them to see the sage – always assuming that he or she is not busy teaching, researching in the library, asleep, or otherwise engaged.

There is a small 'public' Reference Library which may be consulted on payment of a 5gp fee, but the catalogue system is likely to be beyond the comprehension of all but the most intelligent and persistent of PCs. Still, there is always a chance a character may stumble across something useful or interesting after a day or two!

85a	Caractus Darke ; Sage; LN; hp 22; AC 4; knobbed stick Human Male	85b	Panna Seer ; Sage; LG; hp 13; AC 4; Staff Elf Male
S 15 I 16 W 15 D 9 C 12 Ch 14	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Incredibly tall and well built, considering his age; a truly intimidating sight; sports a neat, goatee beard and bristling eyebrows; wears bracers of defence AC6 and cloak of protection +2; 73 years old Herald & Senior sage Somewhat short-tempered and impatient, he punctuates other people's speech with irritated throat-clearings, and tutts to himself if he thinks they are being inarticulate; favourite phrase is "<i>come to the point!</i>" Great friends with Malachite Burwright (9a); moves in the highest circles including the local judiciary. so knows all the magistrates (15h-k). <p>Spells Available (4, 4, 3, 3, 2) – as MU9</p> <p>1 (6*, 8, 17, 29) 2 (19, 21, 23*, 35) 3 (3, 6, 26) 4 (9, 23*, 32) 5 (7, 23*)</p> <p>Major: Humankind: Art & Music; History; Law & Customs</p> <p>Minor: Supernatural & Unusual; Demi-Humankind</p>	S 6 I 18 W 16 D 15 C 8 Ch 9	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Frail and doddery; always wears kindly, if somewhat absent-minded expression; twinkling blue eyes; silver-haired; wears robe of scintillating colours; 953 years old Sage First love is languages, likes to talk to visitors in their own language. but his failing eyesight means he often gets it wrong; great sense of humour; actually likes dwarves! Well-known. to the occupants of Carraway Keep (13); prefers to use the Scribes' Workshop (42) for his 'personal studies'. <p>Spells Available (4, 3, 3, 2) – as MU7</p> <p>1 (6*, 17, 29, 38*) 2 (6, 12, 21*) 3 (6, 24, 25*) 4 (26, 32*)</p> <p>Major: Demi-Humankind: Demography; History; Languages</p> <p>Minor: Flora; Fauna</p>

85d-g Other Sages

Bellix Drimbellar (N; Gnome Sage; casts as I8; **Major**: Physical Universe - Architecture & Engineering; Geography; Mathematics; **Minor**: Supernatural & Unusual).

Carras Rimmon (NG; Human Sage; casts as D3; **Major**: Fauna - Arachnids; Mammals; Reptiles; **Minor**: Flora).

Heluchar (NE; Human Sage; casts as D6; **Major**: Flora - Flowers; Grasses & Grains; Herbs; **Minor**: Fauna).

Methurtyd Vill (CG; Human-Sage; casts as MU5; **Major**: Supernatural & Unusual - Astrology & Numerology; Dweomercraft; Heraldry, Signs & Sigils; **Minor**: Physical Universe).

The Scribes

Each sage has half-a-dozen scribes as personal assistants. To a man they are ancient, doddery, and totally ineffectual. There seems to be an almost infinite number of these characters wandering aimlessly about the Capitol's corridors. They potter about, muttering to themselves, looking as though they haven't been in the fresh air for decades. Many of them are even dustier and more cobweb-covered than the tomes they are supposed to tend.

85h

Ellipsis Hobbsbawm; Fr6; CN; hp 14; AC 10; sword-stick

Human Male

S	7	▪ Owl-like features; his dome-like head is crested with a few tufts of wispy, grey hair: stoops so badly that he seem to have no neck; wears a strange, shroud-like garment; 118 years old
I	14	▪ Chief Scribe
W	16	▪ Incredibly inefficient, and cringing; always apologising and describing himself as ' <i>your ever so humble servant</i> '.
D	6	
C	9	
Ch	8	

85i

Gottun Himmel; A9; LE; hp 34; AC 3; **dagger of venom** & garotte

Human Male

S	14	▪ A thoroughly nasty piece of work; steely eyed with gold-rimmed monocle and jagged scar on left cheek; wears shiny, black leather amour +2
I	16	▪ Chief librarian also responsible for security, he is, of course a high-ranking officer of the Knights Ocular
W	10	▪ Paranoid sadist; ensures (one way or another) that no information which could possibly embarrass either the Knights or the Katar ever falls into the wrong hands
D	17	▪ Has many influential contacts but (nor surprisingly) few friends
C	12	
Ch	5	

The Capitol Militia

Ostensibly answerable to their Captain (AC 3; F5; 40 hp), they are in fact commanded by Gottun (85i). There are always 40 on duty in the Capitol at any one time (AC 4; Fl-4; ave. hps). Being well-trained, well disciplined, and terrified of Gottun, they are very swift to react to any alarm or other signs of trouble. After all, the contents of the Capitol are absolutely priceless and irreplaceable.



PLOT-LINES

1. The Nameless One (**84e**) really is the same Master of Dragons who founded the Monastery of Midnight hundreds of years ago. He is also the one who stole the Book of Knowledge at around the same time. This artefact, among other things. holds the secret of immortality (hence his inscrutable expression!). The price of this immortality is the life of the occasional monk, whom he "sends on an errand" from which the unfortunate man never returns. Player characters are unlikely to learn of these events at the Monastery, but there are some records in the Capitol which should arouse their curiosity.
2. The Secret Chapter (**24**) which conducts its strange rites beneath the Arena (**21**) has members in many strange places. Characters whose curiosity has been aroused by the eccentric inhabitants of the Monastery could easily spot Simran (**84c**) as he makes his way to a night-time conclave. Needless to say, what little information there is on the Chapter is to be found in the Capitol. Gottun (**85i**), being a devious individual, might just decide to leave some enticing snippet lying around in the Reference Library to attract the ever-curious adventurers...



N°100: MASTERION



Every campaign needs one. If your characters always thrash the living daylights out of their enemies, you don't know what you're missing. Wouldn't you sooner have them trembling in their boots, wondering when they'll run into their most dangerous foe again?

On the following pages, is presented the career of the Elven genius Masterion, a fighter and mage, a man who can be both good or bad, lawful or chaotic - depending on who has caused him the most trouble recently. When Masterion becomes your party's enemy, you've got a lifetime of trouble.

Masterion's career is presented as it would progress if the player-characters didn't tangle with him. When you introduce Masterion, use the notes

from his current level and all the previous levels to create a life history for him. From then on, the gaps in time between the various levels will be largely filled in by your players as they interact with him.

The key fact to remember is that Masterion can never be too difficult to kill. He should always be one or two levels above the best the party has to offer, and supplied with a liberal number of henchmen to act as cannon fodder when the fireballs start flying. Most of all, remember this guy is *smart*.

100i

Masterion; M; F2-MU2; alignment to oppose that of party; hp 14; AC 3;

longbow +1, potion of speed

Elf Male

S	16	On first meeting the party, Masterion will just have left the employ of the Countess Flavia of Cerwyn, having been a junior officer in her army for 5 years. By elven standards, Masterion is a youngster still, but has learned a lot as a veteran, fighting wars against bandits and the tribes in the Sarpath Peaks. His ambition now is to lead an adventuring band of his own, and the first contact the party should have with him will be as a competitor for a job. Because he demands a ridiculous sum of money, Masterion will not get it, and you know who gets the blame for that.
I	19	
W	15	
D	13	
C	12	
Ch	17	

Masterion will shadow the party to the site of their next adventure, looking for a chance to spring a sudden ambush. He will hit and run, firing two arrows at unarmoured opponents, and will then hide in the underbrush or in a shadowy place, or better still get right away from the party as quickly as possible. If he can, he will try to seal the party's fate by following them into the dungeon or whatever, and *wizard lock* a door behind them. Satisfied that his work is done, he will leave, convinced that the player characters will be slain.

100ii

Masterion; F5-MU4; hp 30; AC 1; longbow +1, ring of fire resistance

When next the party comes across Masterion, this should be preceded by a series of rumours about a fearless elven adventurer who has gone looking for a fabulous treasure in the Sarpath Peaks, and has been missing for six months. If the party expresses an interest in the story, they will be approached at a later date by a man who claims to have a copy of the map that Masterion followed. This map can be whatever the DM thinks fit; it should serve only to send the party off on their next adventure.

Masterion met with an accident while trying to follow the other copy of the map, and his group of mercenaries and treasure-seekers were virtually annihilated by barbarians in the Sarpath Peaks. By means of some pretty impressive magic, Masterion will manage to persuade the barbarians not to have him killed, and during the next six months rise to a position of some power within their group. He could not leave, however, for the barbarian leader has his spell book, and various other treasures he holds dear.

Even as the player-characters attempt to find the treasure themselves, Masterion will finally persuade the barbarians to 'elect' him Chief, after the previous post-holder is found poisoned. He will reach the site of the treasure after the party, and will find only that which they miss. Heading back to the City League to collect other of his belongings, he will hear tell of the party's exploits, and will be able to work out who robbed him of the prize he thought was his by rights.

His first reaction will be to challenge the party through an intermediary. He will send the only remaining member of his previous adventuring party, the halfling Robar, to see the player characters and demand that they hand over all his loot. It's not unreasonable to expect that the PCs will send Robnar away with a flea in his ear; Masterion will be gravely offended.

Over the next few months, Masterion will cause the party no end of trouble through intermediaries. He will cover his tracks well; having hired someone to steal money from the party's homes or rooms he will move to another inn himself, so that none of his hirelings can ever trace him. He has plenty of money, and will make life a misery for the PCs by arranging assassination attempts, robberies, frame-ups and for a series of wild goose-chases involving fake maps, etc.

100iii

Masterion; F5-MU6; hp 45; AC -1; longbow +3, scroll teleportation, ring of protection +2

Even Masterion's resources will not stretch to keeping the PCs occupied forever. He will be forced to leave the City League and perform some adventuring acts of his own. He will spend most of this period in Xir, and will restore much of his wealth, and increase his power to a frightening degree.

At a given point, Masterion will decide that the time has come to offer a fresh challenge to his enemies. He will build a great tower on one of the Xir Islands, and will stock it with a host of unpleasant traps and monsters. He himself will be at the top, with a *teleport* ready if things have gone badly, and an *earthquake* to bring the whole tower down after he has gone.



100iv **Lord Masterion**; F5-MU9; hp 56; AC -1; **longbow +3, longsword +2, wand of fire, ring of protection +2**

Still causing the party as much trouble as he can by sending hirelings after them, Masterion will by now have consolidated his power, and will be nearly capable of throwing the weight of an entire country at the player characters. He will have achieved the rank of High Councilor to the King of Dontaldor, a sprawling Kingdom near the Domains. His power within this resourceful Kingdom will be second only to the King himself; and since he will have used his charm and grace to woo and marry the King's sister, he will be in line to take over the country.

Using his most trusted retainers (including Robnar the Halfling, who has followed him throughout his career), Masterion will arrange for the deaths of the King's children, making it look as though they were killed by foreign adventurers — possibly engineering it to look like the deed was done by the player characters themselves. Now, with the King's permission, he will create an organisation of 'dedicated' professional killers of all classes, bounty hunters with the task of hunting down and killing adventurers all over Pelinore. Their symbol will be a rose, dripping blood. The player characters will start meeting agents of this group wherever they go.

100v **King Masterion**; F5-MU11; hp 68; AC -5; **longbow +3, longsword +2, wand of fire, ring of protection +2, rod of rulership**

From this moment on, Masterion will hunt the player characters without cease, regardless of expense or risk. Eventually, in circumstances that seem to show him to be entirely blameless, Masterion will become King of Dontaldor, and the resources of this great Kingdom will be his to command. His actions to secure the final defeat of the PCs will depend on how they have progressed by this time. If they are still active adventurers, he will pour fantastic wealth into the Order of the Red Rose. Different branches of this hydra-like organisation will spring up; The Assassins of the Blood, The High Rose Order of Chivalric Knights, The Rose Cabal, The Holy Order of the Infamous Death. Within these groups, high-level thieves, fighters, magic-users and clerics will operate against all adventurers, and against the PCs in particular. The DM should leave traces of the Red Rose at each location the PCs visit while adventuring.

Eventually, to rid themselves of this menace, they will have to go to Dontaldor itself, and end the feud once and for all. If the PCs become nobles or monarchs in their own right, Masterion will use a much more direct approach. He will declare war on the PCs and their dependents, and the host of Dontaldor will arrive at the gates of their capitals, in numbers almost beyond counting. The final reckoning with Masterion will probably cost the PCs everything they have, and will certainly leave Dontaldor ruined. On that last battlefield, the climax will undoubtedly be a challenge to solo combat from the Enemy himself, a fitting finale to a long war.

Spellbook: (Only spells normally memorised listed)

100i	100ii	100iii	100iv	100v
<i>Sleep</i>	<i>Invisibility</i>	<i>Charm Person</i>	<i>Protection Normal Missiles</i>	<i>Scare</i>
<i>Magic Missile</i>	<i>Shield</i>	<i>Web</i>	<i>Polymorph Other</i>	<i>Haste</i>
<i>Wizard Lock</i>		<i>Fireball</i>	<i>Polymorph Self</i>	<i>Ice Storm</i>
		<i>Dispel Magic</i>	<i>Wall of Force</i>	<i>Teleport</i>
				<i>Passwall</i>

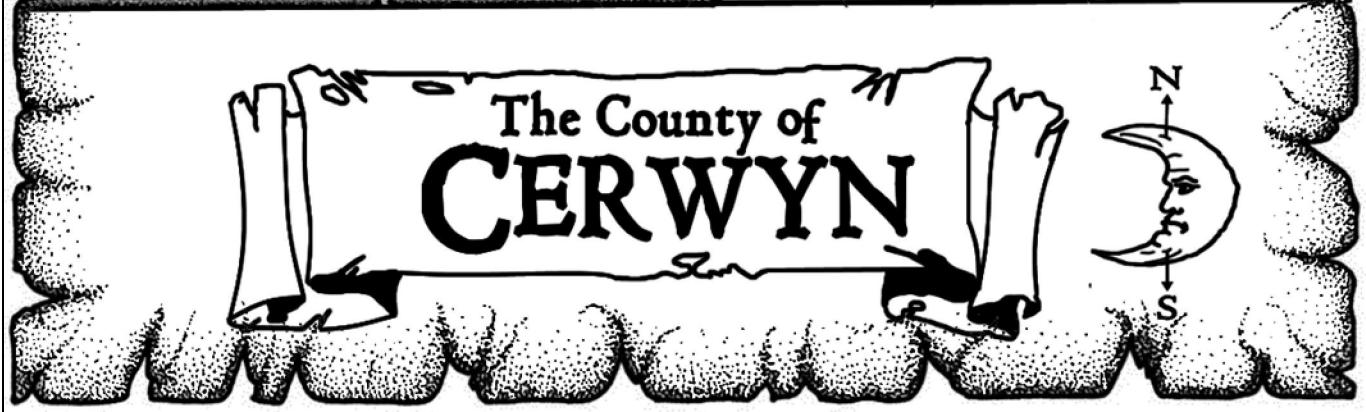
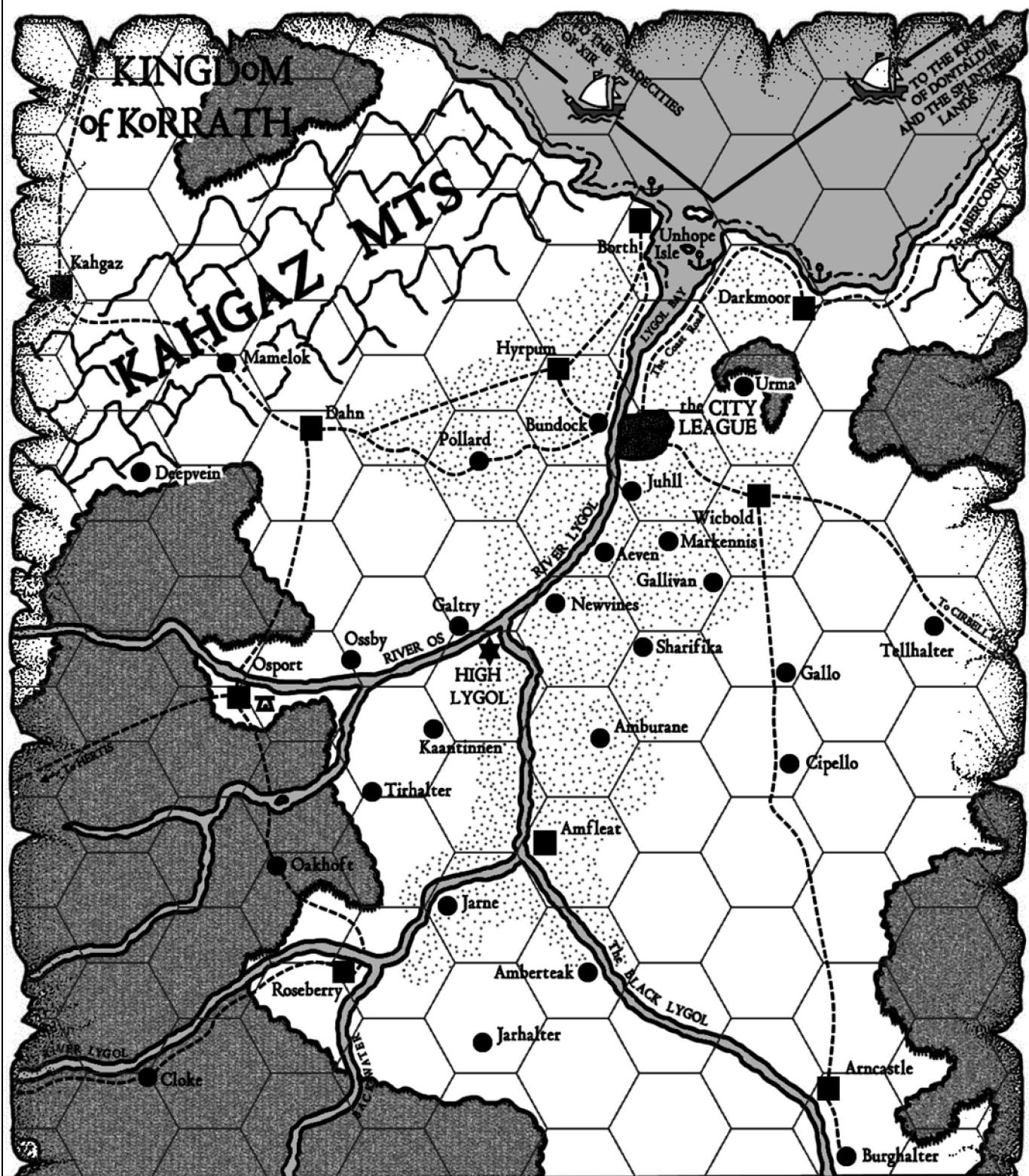


PELINORE



PART III: COUNTY CERYWN & THE DOMAINS





COUNTY CERWYN

CERWYN AND BEYOND

Brief details are given for several of the important Non-Player Characters who might be encountered by the player characters. The abbreviation 'Fr' stands for Freeman, an NPC character class described in detail in Appendix 2. If you don't want to use the class, a Freeman is, in many respects, similar to a Normal Man / 0-level character, except that some progression - based on age, influence and status - is possible.

The level of detail presented here is sufficient to allow DMs to alter, delete and create material to fit their conception of the world of Pelinore. Rather than containing specific adventures, this section of the Special Edition is a source pack for background detail and ideas to make a campaign seem more 'alive', or to provide some help for a DM whose players wander off the beaten track....

THE COUNTY OF CERWYN

The County of Cerwyn is one of the newest of the human domains that have been established in the old Empire of Almete. Established three centuries ago by a renegade Captain of Horse (Barnabus Micreta) from the Tradecities of Xir, Cerwyn is independent, in name at least. The County's position and resources mean that it is almost entirely dependent upon the good will of the City League for its prosperity.

Cerwyn has never been large —from the sea it stretches 70 mile inland along the valleys of the Lygol and Os rivers, and it is less than 50 miles wide, even by the most generous of estimates. Yet the County has always been prosperous, with a ready market in the City League for its harvests and excellent wines. The Lygol river valley is an exceptionally rich and fertile area, well protected against the worst excesses of weather which can strike the region.

The ruling House - the Micreta family - is also fortunate that by a quirk of fate and the turn of a card the title of Count also includes that of Steward of the Mines. This is an apparently demeaning title, until it is realised that the mines in question are the Osport silver mines - a rich source of the precious metal which provides the County's real wealth. The silver taken from the mines has financed the County for the last fifty years, paying for the extravagances of the House Micreta and their defences against their fellow rulers and the humanoid tribes who surround the 'civilized' area. The population of Cerwyn believe - as they have always been told - that the creatures in the surrounding lands are powerful and numerous. The truth is that they exist in numbers great enough to cause fear but little real trouble, except for an occasional raid during a bad winter.

The County seat is at the Castle of High Lygol, an ancient fortress from the days of the Empire of Almete, rebuilt under the direction of the first Count, Barnabus the Harsh. High Lygol is now more than a mere castle, a small market town having been built in the shadow of the fortress' towers. Other market towns - some semi-independent like Borth, Roseberry and Amfloat - are scattered around the County, but for the most part the population lives in small villages and hamlets (cf. Braeme).

The current title holder is Countess Flavia d'Erebia Gora Philipedes Micreta (Fr1, hp 4), 23rd of the House Micreta to hold the title since Barnabus the Harsh - a remarkable number of the Micreta family have died while young, or shortly after assuming the weighty

title. Countess Flavia is ruler in name only - a 15-year old girl is allowed little authority, save over her personal servants. The real power of the County currently rests in the hands of the Council of Guardians, as both Flavia's parents died in a tragic boating accident.

The Council of Guardians is made up of a group of Flavia's most trusted retainers - the County Marshall, her uncle, Sir Ewan d'Erebia (F11, hp 50/55); her Master of Horse, Lady Aramusa Quennet(F14, hp 70/77); Sendrenial the Puissant (MU16/I16, hp 33), her Master of Magics; and Sir Jeorge Fardwarm (Fr7, hp 24), the High Steward of the County. Unknown to any other Council members, Sir Jeorge is a very junior member of the Knights Ocular of the City League. It was he who arranged the 'boating accident' that befell Flavia's parents when it became obvious that the price of silver from the Osport mines was to be raised against the wishes of the Katar. Save for his subtle political manoeuverings to maintain the County's position vis-a-vis the City League (subservient, but seen as a vital buffer state), he is totally loyal to the House Micreta, which isn't quite the same thing as being loyal to Flavia. Flavia has three younger brothers, the oldest of whom, nine-year-old Flavus Barnabus, is next in line to the title.

Despite the political uncertainty of a Countess still in her minority, Cerwyn is still prosperous. her borders patrolled, her peasants lightly taxed (another benefit of the silver) and relations with the City League and the domains of Korrath and Bereduth have never been better.

Cerwyn is, in fact, something of a oddity. While the County seat at High Lygol and the City League are pinnacles of a (mostly) sophisticated civilization, a bare 30 miles away peasants live in border villages, and suffer attacks at irregular intervals by all manner of fell creatures. The reasons for this run deep, and have never really been of concern to anyone in authority.

The County is no bigger than a marcher dominion, and lacks a common border with any other human domain. While the silver mines provide the County's wealth, the agriculture and settlement of the region has been allowed to slowly decline — an almost unnoticeable decline, but a decline none the less. The County reached its largest extent some thirty years ago, and since then has been shrinking as the peasantry are drawn into the City League, where County Law has no force and the streets are crusted with gold. The Council of Guardians at High Lygol has not noticed these changes - wealth still flows into the coffers, the valour of the Countess' troops still holds the borders for the most part, and punitive raids still answer any incursion.

Within the walls of the City League the inhabitants have an attitude which is at once cosmopolitan and parochial - Leaguers are worldly-wise and conscious of their links with places far and near, yet they are also totally uninterested in the doings of the mudgrubbers just beyond their walls. As long as the silver of Osport, the harvest and the wines of the Lygol river valley continue to pass through their gates, and trade flourishes. the County is of no concern to them. Even the peasants who enter the City in the hope of bettering themselves (and generally end up doing jobs more ignoble than any they did before) adopt this attitude of superiority to their stay-at-home fellows.

The end result of all this is that while the League is a huge city, less than 35 miles from its gates lurk creatures who have little love for humans and their works. In between the two extremes are all levels of sophistication: the simple rustic peasant who toils in his lord's fields throughout his life; the Guildmasters of the market towns and the League, jealous of

their status and wealth; the bureaucrats and officials of the City League, their will enforced by mountains of paper; the courtiers of the Punctilio, almost unaware that a world need exist beyond the Katar's halls.

The Defence of Cerwyn: The County troops are the direct responsibility of the Master of Horse, Lady Aramusa Ouennet, a seasoned and talented commander of many campaigns who, at 32, has 'retired' from general warfare. In practice the Master of Horse always listens to - and usually follows - the advice of Sir Ewan in affairs relating to the defence of the County.

Lady Aramusa has a permanent force of 900 professional light cavalry (Fighters, levels 2-5), 1000 infantry levies (Fighters, levels 2-4) and the Household Troops (Fighters, levels 6-8) at her disposal. These cavalry are deployed in three troops of 100 each at Hyrpum, Dahn and Arncastle, to discourage any raids by the mountain dwellers, and a further 300 at Osport. Of the remaining 300, fifty are kept at High Lygol as a strategic reserve and the rest are divided into small road patrols, or occasionally assigned to roving patrols along the County borders. The Cerwyn Horse have a good reputation as skilled fighters, despite the fact that they have never had to take part in open warfare in the history of the County, their military duties being solely confined to the suppression of the humanoid tribes in the Kahgaz Mountains and Sarpath Peaks - and the occasional persuasion of recalcitrant tax-payers.

The 1000 levies are regarded as a lesser military force, but have the potential to acquit themselves well. Their duties are confined to river patrols, a garrison of 300 at Osport, and garrisons of 50 or so at all the other towns within the County. The Household Troops are a truly elite force of 180 heavy dragoons - mounted troops who can fight on foot if the need arises. All are armed with weapons of at least +1 quality, and armoured to match. They are loyal to House Micreta, although in the past their loyalty has been for sale to the individual family members rather than the whole House. The Household Troops are stationed at High Lygol, as the permanent garrison of the Castle. Their primary duty has been ceremonial for the last few years, but they are still a potent - though very small - field force. Countess Flavia idolises the Captain of the Household, Sir Querion Jundas (F8, hp 40/44) who is honourable enough to use his influence over the girl for what he considers is the good of all.

Taxes: The Council of Guardians have the power to tax the inhabitants and trade of the County to whatever degree they wish. The Osport Silver mines mean that taxes are, in comparison with many areas, relatively light, but they are still imposed. The Council also organises the collection of tithes, which are then disbursed to lawful and neutral churches. Chaotic religions and their associated free-thinking are not tolerated.

Once a year, by tradition on Midsummer's Day, a poll tax is levied upon everyone within the County borders - peasant, noble, foreigner or resident alike. Collection usually takes several days, so it has been known for travellers to pay the tax several times at different places within the County. The exact amount varies from year to year, and is usually no more than 5sp per peasant and 1-5gp per non-peasant. The lesser nobility (those who choose to dress in that fashion - adventurers are usually treated as lesser nobility for sole purpose of paying poll tax) are expected to pay at least 200gp for the privilege of living under County protection. Foreigners (including citizens of the League), again by tradition, pay at least twice as much. Immunity is granted by the Council to clerics of Lawful or

Neutral alignments, and those who have diplomatic immunity or sufficient political clout — City League Guildmasters rarely pay poll taxes.

A duty is levied by the County upon all trading goods that travel past High Lygol on the rivers - currently this is 1gp per man or horse load, 10gp per cartload and 50gp per barge or ship load. This duty is often increased for more valuable cargoes. Failure to pay this duty - or trying to avoid it altogether - is a serious crime that carries a penalty of forfeiture of the goods in question. This tax may be paid in cash or kind. A similar duty is levied upon all goods that use the County roads, paid upon entering or leaving any of the County's towns. This duty is set at $\frac{1}{2}$ gp per man or horse load and 5gp per cartload. Duties are payable upon any treasure that adventurers may possess - such treasure may well be traded. A dock fee of 100-200gp is also levied upon all goods that are landed at ports within the County, including goods landed at the 'independent' towns of Borth and Roseberry.

The Council also imposes irregular taxes upon items which it is felt will bring in revenue. In the past this has included taxes on such things as sheep, windows, swords (a distinctly unpopular measure that has never been repeated), hats, horses, roofs, etc. Typically the levy is set at 1sp per item for staple goods (sheep etc.) and 1gp per item for luxury goods.

Finally, in the past the Council has imposed 'Dragon's Bounty' upon various adventurers. These taxes have been levied at short notice 'to pay for the inconvenience of having a large transient population of freebooters and vagabonds'. As a one-off tax directed against a specific section of the community, sequestration of up to three-quarters of a successful adventurer's goods has been known.

All taxes must be paid with County coinage, on pain of imprisonment. In practice City League coinage is also accepted at face value, but all other coins must be changed in County coin. Fees of 10gp for sums less than 100gp, 50gp for sums less than 1000gp and 200gp for amounts above that are charged by all the County moneychangers - usually the town Guildmasters or the tax collectors themselves. County coinage is odd in that the higher denominations are predominantly silver - as is to be expected with the Osport silver mines in production. Few gold coins exist, and to make up for this deficiency $\frac{1}{2}$ gp silver coin (the half-noble), and a 1gp silver coin (the noble) are minted. Although rarely minted, a 10gp silver bar coin called the 'Barnabus' is also in circulation. On the assumption of the title by Flavia a 25gp silver bar coin was also minted. Its weight and size ensured that only 1200 were ever produced. These coins, while unusual, are honoured within the City League, Korrath, Bereduth, Kalos and Poritas, although beyond these areas many travellers and merchants have experienced difficulties in using them.

All taxes are in addition to the feudal obligations that the peasantry owe to their betters, and any church donations that people feel it necessary to make. Church donations are also in addition to the tithes the County treasury collects and pays on behalf of the population.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES

Specific details of all the various towns and villages on the map cannot be given here due to the restrictions of space. The details of towns and villages varies considerably, but on a broad view, the life as a peasant is the same the world over.

Virtually every hex on the map contains one or more villages - again, Braeme will serve as an example of a typical peasant community in a temperate area. Braeme is on the small side, even for a border village, but it does illustrate several points. Most of villages are larger than Braeme, with up to 500 inhabitants in a large village. Virtually all of them have a blacksmith, a temple and/or shrine of some kind (though there may not be a permanent cleric), and at least a tavern or meeting/residential hall for visitors and villagers. The larger villages (300+ inhabitants) may well (70%) support a manor house with a county steward or bailiff in residence or a small garrison of County soldiers — in reality little more than a patrol station.

The various towns in the region are all small - the lure of the City League as a market sees to that. None of the towns named upon the map, even High Lygol, have more than 7,500 inhabitants and the majority of the County population live in villages. All, except Borth and Roseberry are ruled by stewards or mayors appointed directly by the Countess' Council of Guardians. Osport and its mines are administered directly by the High Steward, Sir Jeorge Fardwarm, ostensibly on behalf of the Council (and secretly on behalf of the Katar of City League).

Borth and Roseberry are administered by Guildmasters - although by City League standards their guilds are small and insignificant - who are theoretically responsible direct to the Council of Guardians in all matters other than those relating to their guilds. In practice their authority is rarely challenged as long as the taxes are paid and the town militia has sufficient weaponry and turns out in sufficient numbers when required.

As the highest navigable ports - for seagoing vessels - on the Lygol and Oss rivers, Floseberry and Osport are expected to provide small armed river boats as part of their militia contingents. These river boats patrol the rivers above Osport and Roseberry and the Black Lygol, protecting the County's trade on the waterways. The patrols often extend as far as Sardmoor on the Oss and Bereduth on the Lygol in summer when the rivers are high. The Black Lygol is too shallow for anything other than skiffs and small barges except during the spring floods in its lower part, and is entirely un-navigable as it approaches the hills to the south and the land starts to rise.

Borth: Borth is a small semi-independent town, granted a charter 37 years ago by the Regency Council of the then Count of Cerwyn, Garus Renares. The town is administered by the local Guildmasters, a small group of men with almost absolute authority over the town's 2000 inhabitants. Although technically in charge only of matters related to their Guilds and trade, the Guildmasters treat almost all matters - civil and criminal - as having a bearing on their activities.

The town is a watering station for trading ships leaving the docks of the City League, 15 miles upriver, and it is the first landfall of many vessels arriving from far-flung ports. The Guilds reflect this pre-occupation by supplying seagoing men with their necessary goods - Ropemakers, Chandlers, Wherrymen, Shipwrights, Sailmakers, Pressmasters and Thieves (the Thieves' Guild is concerned in separating seamen from their money - they supply

gambling, floozies and rum rather than indulge in true thievery). The seafront is a maze of small businesses, seedy inns and dark alleys.

Although it is said that 'Only a fool puts his trust in a Borth-boat', Borth built craft are sound and seaworthy (the largest ships built are no bigger than small merchantmen, some 40' long at most), as would be expected of a town with a successful fishing fleet. This is due to the shoals of fish in the bay and surrounding waters, which grow to a prodigious size and tastiness. The annual Festival of the Deep — 'Shallows' would be more accurate, since all Borth's fishermen work inshore — takes place during the first week of Autumn. During that week all other activity in the town comes to a halt as contests are held to catch the largest fish, boats are raced with contestants from other sea towns and Borth becomes almost truly merry, before once more sinking back into its rum-enhanced merriment of returning and departing sailors.

All prices in Borth are as given in standard price lists, except that fish-based foods - such as dried fish for iron rations - are 50% cheaper, and all alcohol is 150% dearer. Boats and ships are available at standard prices, but must be ordered up to three months or a year in advance for new craft (depending upon size). Second hand vessels are available at between 60% and 150% of new prices. Crews can be hired through the offices of the Pressmasters Guild.

The town's other activity is considerably less savoury, and not one the Guildmasters are proud to have a part in. The island in the middle of the bay, Unhope Isle, is used by the authorities of the City League to house convicted prisoners, prior to transportation into slavery in the Tradecities of Xir. The town proper has little to do with this trade, except to provide food and water to the slave galleys and the watchtower and slave pens that are maintained on Unhope Isle. The Thieves' Guild maintains a closer interest, as 'freeing innocents unlucky enough to fall foul of City injustice' is a profitable occupation - especially when relatives pay well for the return of loved ones. The Guild charges a fee of 1000gp x the level of the person to be rescued for this service. Private competition from other groups - such as parties of adventurers - attracts swift vengeance.

Those of you with long memories will remember how, when Pelinore was born, we promised you details of the lands around the City League. This issue contains the first installment in the fulfillment of that promise. On this page you will find the official gazetteer of the County of Cerwyn. The gazetteer lists the important details that a DM will need to incorporate a particular place into the campaign, including all the towns and villages larger than a simple hamlet.

Following the gazetteer is an analysis of the town of Darkmoor, showing the important sites and listing the important NPCs. Now that you know the format we intend using for all these villages and towns, why not let us see your ideas of what some of the other places are like? Don't forget --Amfleat and Arncastle are 'no-go' areas, since they are to be left as areas where each and every individual DM can design as suits their version of the campaign; in other words, we will not publish details about these places even if they are submitted by readers.

As usual, we have adopted a numbering code to describe places in Darkmoor; the code is made up of Cerwyn, Darkmoor and a number. All-number codes, therefore, must be references to the City League. If you do not want to wait for the details of a particular place to be written up in a full-scale article, it is quite possible to extract important information

from the gazetteer below. So, for example, if you were to use the village of Kaantinnen, by looking at the table you would know that it is a village surrounded by a stone wall and ditch, ruled by a Burghermeister who answers to the Countess. The presence of the expensive wall implies a rich history and a position of strategic significance. Kaantinnen's population consists of about 100 Elves and 180 other demi-humans - but no humans. In fact, humans are going to be unwelcome in this village (perhaps something to do with relations with neighbouring Tirhalter, if you look through its stats). It is a community that makes a poor living from raids against others, both within and beyond the County. There is no County military presence, and no constabulary - perhaps lawbreakers in this violent village would be summarily dealt with. The community is not in regular contact with the rest of the world and so would know little of what is going on; equally, activities within the village are unlikely to have been heard of outside.

Name: From varied sources; the suffix -halter comes from a Dwarven word for an armed camp; Borth synonymous with shipbuilding; Preven known for wines; many Cerwyn citizens use their place of origin as part of their name, with the prefix di-, or just plain 'of'....

Size: Hamlets not listed - one every couple of miles or so, V = village (basic guilds), T=town (basic+trading guilds), LT= large town (+ relevant specialist guilds), C = city (any guild possible); Guild of Heralds has representative in every community larger than a Hamlet

Defence: Number describes type of wall, letter type of ditch; 1 = none, 2 = picket (5'), 3 = palisade(10'), 4 = stone wall (10'), 5 = stone wall+towers (20'); A = none, B = ditch, C = moat

Ruler: Clan = ruler selected from dominant clan or family; Marshal = ruler nominated by suzerain, leading by charisma or force or by respect of populace for suzerain; Elder = senior members of community followed by consensus; Guild = ruled by council of leading guildsmen, or dominated by one guild; Mayor = leader of a council elected by suffrage; Burg = (burghermeister) leader elected directly by suffrage; Seneschal = steward acting on behalf of suzerain, ruling with suzerain's authority. Some communities may have an exceptional, charismatic leader, e.g. the = MU in Mamelok.

Suzerain: C = Countess, CM = County Marshal, MH I Master of Horse, MM = Master of Magicks. HS = High Steward; brackets indicate rule in name only.

Race mix: all human except as noted; N = mixed non-human races. 0% indicates dangerous for that race

Class max: highest level for each of the common classes shown; question mark indicates a variable (normally low) level; a zero indicates that no overt members of that class would normally be tolerated

Wealth: 1-5 = poor-wealthy; relative to the size of the community

Garrison: number before slash = approx. number of fighters loyal to crown; number after = number of County Horse picketed there

Constabulary: number of civilian law enforcers

Religions: number of different religions with temples etc.; * = sites of special religious significance (undefined), x = sites of very important religious significance

Notes: C = cosmopolitan, news travels fast, sophisticated population, efficient law-enforcement if required, mixed alignments (average N), A = average, mixed alignments

(average N), I = isolated, news moves slowly, superstitious population, little come-back on PC behaviour, extreme alignment domination possible, unpredictable law-enforcement



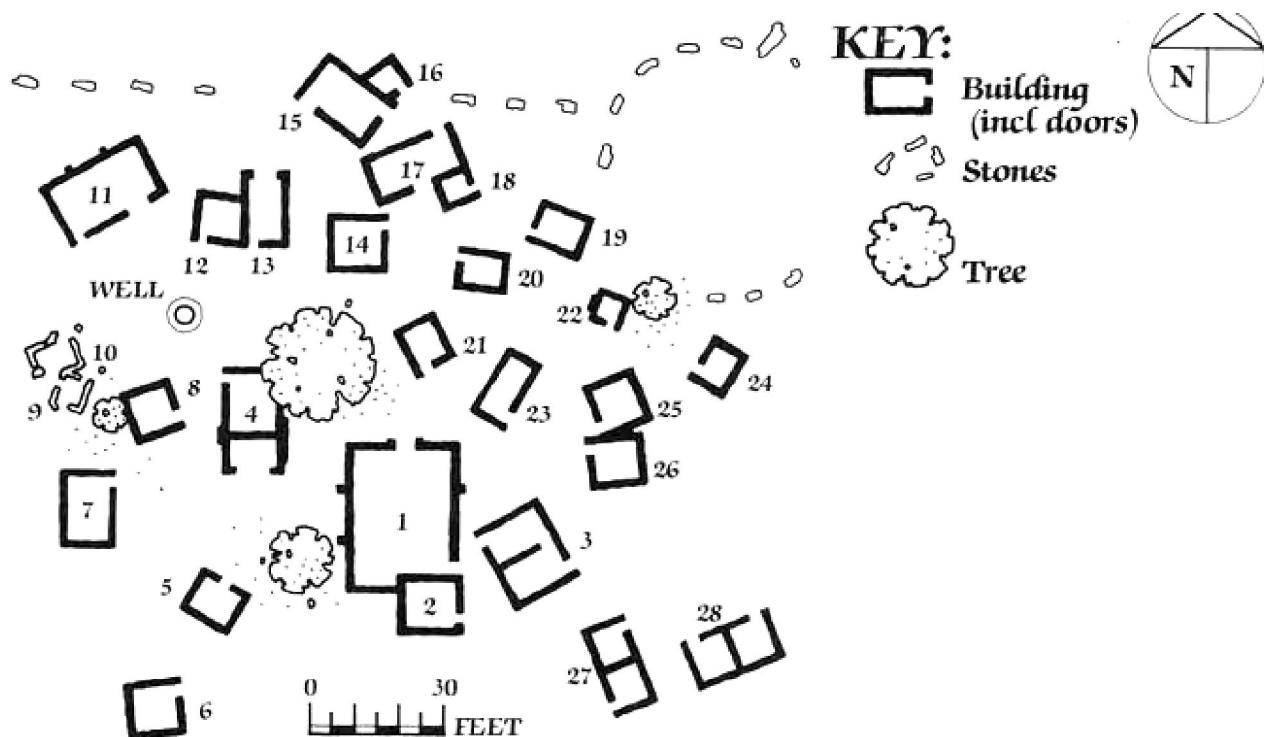
GAZETTEER OF COUNTY CERWYN

Name	Size	Def	Ruler	Suz	Pop	Race Mix	Class Max	Wlth	Source/wlth	G'son	Const	Rels	Notes
Amberteak	T	3B	Clan	(C)	950	N80%	F6 MU/C/T5	3	Farming/Trade	50/0	8	1	A
Amburane	T	2A	Elder	CM	1100	E15% G5% ½ 5%	F5 MU3 C/T6	4	Farming	50/0	15	2	A
Amfleat	LT	4C	-	CM		-	GM's Discretion	-		50/0	-	-	A
Arncastle	LT	5C	-	HM		-	GM's Discretion	-		50/100	-	-	I
Borth	LT	1A	Guild	Ind	2000	N20%	F/MU/C12 T6	4	Fish/Shipping	50/0	25	3*	A
Braeme	V	1A	Elder	CM	101	N1%	F2 C3 MU/T 0	1	Farming	0/0	0	1	I
Bundock	V	4A	Guild	HS	500	N80%	F/MU/C/T5	5	Trade	0/0	50	10	C
Burghalter	V	4B	Clan	HS	125	E25% ½ 25%	F10 MU8 C10 T4	1	Trade	0/0	20	3**	I
Cipello	T	1A	Mayor	MH	750	N10%	F/MU6 C4 T3	4	Farming	50/0	75	2	A
Cloke	V	3B	Guild	HS	150	G50% N20%	F5 MU7 C4 T4	1	Lumber	0/0	5	1	A
Dahn	T	4B	Burg	MH	1500	E30% D0%	F15 MU12 C5 T5	2	Trade	50/100	50	2	A
Darkmoor	LT	3A	Marshal	CM	2700	D20%	F9 MU? C6 T7	2	Fish/Farming	50/0	250	2	A
Deepvein	V	4B	Clan	Ind	550	D80% E0%	F9 MU3 C/T0	5	Mining	0/0	0	0	I
Gallivan	V	3B	Burg	(C)	450	E40% G10% ½ 25%	F6 MU7 C/T4	2	Farming	0/0	5	1**	I
Gallo	T	1A	Mayor	CM	1000	N10%	F/MU7 C4 T3	5	Farming	50/0	150	3	A
Galtry	V	1B	Guild	Cn	350	G35%	F/MU/C/T5	4	Wine	0/0	20	1	A
High Lygol	C	5C	CM	C	7500	N50%	??	5	Government	50/230	150	10**	C
Hyrpum	LT	2A	Mayor	MH	3000	E15% D5% G5%	F15 MU6 C8 T7	3	Farming	50/100	50	5*	A
Jarhalter	V	4B	Clan	(C)	500	N80%	F8 MU/C/T4	1	Farming	0/0	5	3*	I
Jarne	V	3B	Mayor	(C)	500	N50%	F7 MU2 C/T5	2	Trade	0/0	15	2	A
Juhil	V	1A	Guild	C	260	G15% E45%	F3 MU7 C17 T3	5	Wine	0/0	55	1¤	C
Kaantinnen	V	4B	Burg	C	280	E35% N65% H0%	F10 MU5 C8 T4	1	Fighting	0/0	0	3	I
Mamelok	V	2A	MU	HS	125	E75%	F4 MU15 C0 T0	4	Magic	0/0	0	0	A
Markennis	V	1A	Guild	C	310	G30%	F/MU/C/T4	4	Wine	0/0	20	2	C
Newvines	V	1A	Guild	C	350	G35%	F/MU/C/T4	4	Wine	0/0	15	2	C
Oakhoft	V	3C	Clan	Ind	175	N10%	F/MU/C12 T5	1	Lumber/Fight	0/0	1	5	I
Osport	C	4B	HS	HS	7500	D50% N25%	F20 MU15 C/T9	5	Mining	300/300	150	5	C
Ossby	V	2B	Guild	C	180	D20% N20%	F5 MU/C4 T5	2	Trade	0/0	5	2*	A

Pollard	V	2C	Marshal	MH	210	E25% D0% G0%	F8 MU8 C2 T2	2	Farming/Trade	0/0	75	0	I
Preven	V	1A	Guild	C	250	G25% E25%	F5 MU6 C3 T5	5	Wine	0/0	35	2	C
Roseberry	T	3B	Guild	Ind	1400	N80%	F12 MU/C10 T9	2	Trade	50/0	25	7*	I
Sharifika	V	1A	Mayor	CM	500	N10%	F/MU5 C3 T2	4	Farming	0/0	20	2	A
Tellhalter	V	5C	Cleric	Ind	350	N5%	F/MU/C/T16	1	Fighting	0/0	0	1	I
Tirhalter	V	4C	Clan	Ind	300	E0% G0% D0%	F10 MU5 C8 T0	1	Fighting	0/0	0	1	I
Urma	V	4A	Clan	CM	175	½ 80%	F4 MU3 C4 T9	1	Farming	0/0	0	0	I
Wicbold	T	4C	Sens	CM	1250	E0% N25%	F15 MU0 C10 T6	2	Farming	50/0	25	3	A



N° CBR THE VILLAGE OF BRAEME



THE VILLAGE

Braeme is located in a fertile vale, which has only come under human rule within the last thirty years. Although Braeme has a frontier position, and its fields and pastures are bordered by deep forest. The pastures around Braeme are good quality farming land, quite flat and well drained.

Braeme is an unremarkable place, although it is ringed by the remains of stone circles and avenues, built thousands of years ago. Most have fallen down, been broken or used for building. The partial circle in one corner of the village is the most prominent of these remains.

The village is so small that it does not have an inn or tavern. Visitors - a rare occurrence - are entertained at Father Jeffrey's house (3), or housed in the Temple (1). The finest buildings are the Temple, the Priest's House and the Smithy (4). All three are built of stone, with timber roofs.

Lately, the village has been plagued by increasingly bold raids from humanoids living in the wilderness to the south. (see **Black Roses**, IMAGINE Magazine #11).

THE VILLAGERS

The villagers of Braeme are, with two exceptions, simple non-adventuring folk - poor farmers, but proud of their links with the land. In the description of the village the inhabitants of each cottage or hovel are not detailed.

There are 101 villagers (Fr0/N; LN/LG/NG/N; hp as below; AC 10). The villagers can be split into the following groups: 30 labouring males, 4hp each - only this group has access to hunting bows or spears and can use them effectively; 35 labouring females, 4hp each; 15 active males, 3hp each; 12 active females, 3hp each, -1 combat ability; 4 sedentary males,

1hp each, -2 combat ability - these particular villagers are the Braeme Council of Elders; 5 sedentary females, 1hp each. -3 combat ability. There are also 46 children (hp 1 each) in the village.

None of the villagers is wealthy. At most the adults will have 1-6cp each, and the children may (30% chance) have a copper piece each.

CBr1 **The Temple of the Green Man:** No more than a simple hall, the Temple serves as a place of worship, hostelry, council hall and pound for stray animals, furnished with simple wooden benches and brackets for torches.

CBr2 **The Tower:** Attached to the temple is a 40' high tower, which was originally intended to take a bell until the Elders decided that it was too expensive. The tower gives an excellent view of the surrounding countryside - and a good field of fire

CBr3 **Father Jeffrey's House:** This house, is a two room building. It is warm, clean and comfortable. but poorly furnished. Father Jeffrey also uses his house for the important business of storing the village's supply of salt (used for preserving meat during winter).

CBr3a **Father Jeffrey:** C3; NG; hp 17; AC 3; footman's flail at home

Human Male

S	16	▪ Normally wears clerical vestments; in combat banded and a shield
I	12	▪ Village priest of the Green Man
W	15	▪ Kindly and dedicated to the well-being of his parishioners; poor
D	9	
C	12	▪ Knows all of the villagers in Braeme. Friends with Benbow and the village headman, Philo (CBr27a)
Ch	11	

Spells Memorized:

Command, Cure Light Wounds, Light, Cause Fear, Hold Person, Silence 15' radius



CBr4 **Smithy:** The Smithy is also a two room building. The larger of the two rooms is the forge itself. and the back room is the living quarters for the blacksmith and his family.

CBr5-8, 12, 14, 16, 18-21, 23-26 **Hovels:** The small cottages and hovels of the village are rude dwellings. constructed, for the most part, of wattle and daub, with one or two stones from the surrounding circles. Each of these cottages, regardless of size, looks much like any other, home to 3-6 adult villagers and 1-3 children. If the players ask for a description the DM should make one up, emphasizing the overcrowded, cramped conditions. the squalor and the damp. Life as a peasant is not easy.

CBr9-10 **Ruined Hovels:** These buildings no longer exist as complete structures. only heaps of ash and blackened stones. They have been burnt to the ground by raiders as a warning. The former occupants have been rehoused.

**CBr11,
13, 16, 17**

Barns: During the planting and growing seasons they are all but empty, awaiting the fruits of the harvest. These four buildings serve as the winter food store for the village, and the seed store for the following spring's plantings. The barns and other buildings dotted throughout the surrounding fields and pastures are fodder-stores and winter shelters for cattle and sheep.

CBr22

Smokehouse: This is communally owned village smoke-house, used during the autumn months for curing meat.

CBr27

Philo's House: This is a double-sized cottage built entirely of stones from the circles near the village by Father Jeffrey, Benbow and the villagers for the village headman, Philo and his family.

CBr27a **Philo;** Fr3; NG; hp 13; AC 10;

unarmed

Human Male

S	11	▪ Aging with grey hair, walks with a cane; wears simple peasant garb
I	12	▪ Village headman
W	13	▪ Crotchety but dedicated to his role as village elder and loyal to the folk of Braeme
D	7	
C	14	
Ch	13	▪ Knows all of the villagers in Braeme. Friends with Benbow and the village priest, Father Jeffrey (CBr3a)



CBr28

Benbow's House: This cottage is also built entirely of stone, plundered from the surrounding stone circles by the dwarf Benbow as his personal abode.

CBr28a

Benbow; F2; N; hp 20; AC 3;

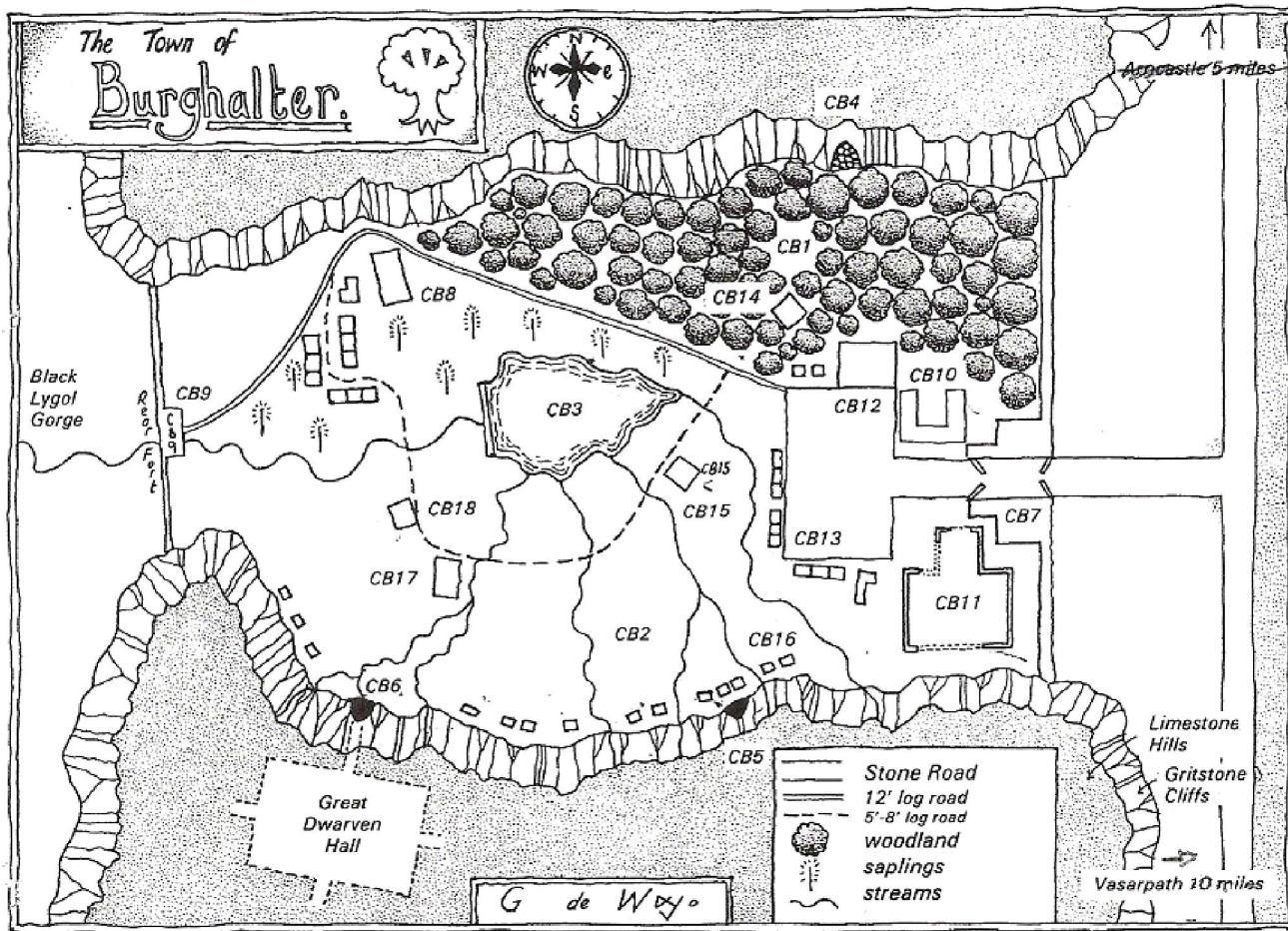
battleaxe & matched pair of heavy crossbows; 3 **+3 bolts**

Dwarf Male

S	17	▪ Nervous and slightly weary;
I	12	▪ Benbow was exiled from his people because of alleged cowardice and chose to hide in Braeme rather than adventure in the larger world.
W	9	
D	12	
C	17	▪ Nervous and slightly daft; proudly shows off 3 flies he claims he once caught at the same time
Ch	10	▪ Knows all of the villagers in Braeme. Friends with the village priest, Father Jeffrey (CBr3a) and the headman, Philo (CBr27a)



N° CB THE TOWN OF BURGHALTER



HISTORY

1283 years ago: The valley was colonised by dwarves. Defensive walls were built and the dwarves began diggings in the hard gritstone.

137 years ago: The dwarves sold Burghalter to a human merchant after a pyrrhic victory in the Sarpath Peaks depleted their numbers. The merchant sealed up the caverns and built an inn. The property changed hands on five occasions in the next forty years.

96 years ago: The Burghalter Inn was destroyed by giants, acting as mercenaries for a third party, who also cut off all traffic along the Arncastle-Vasarpath road. One year later the giants' contract was completed and they moved on, and at some stage in the next three or four years, Burghalter was taken over by a dark and evil Rakshasa cult. They re-opened the caverns with humanoid slave labour and extended them into a major complex over the next decade, finding traces of ancient workings below the surface of the valley.

8 years ago: Jelima Ganz, a good priestess of Amaras in the County of Bereduth, was kidnapped, transported to Burghalter and sacrificed.

7 years ago: Jelima's husband, Varlin, and his adventuring colleagues destroyed the Cult in a mission of vengeance. The Cult Temple was razed and the caverns cleared. Varlin decided to set up permanent residence here and re-named the village Jelima.

6 years ago: Varlin and a cleric named Solem consecrated the former Great Hall of the Dwarves as a temple. The community expanded as halfling farmers arrived, and a new inn

was opened on the original site to replace the one which was destroyed. The old quarry was screened from the rest of the valley by trees.

3 years ago: A silvery mallorn sapling was found in the northern half of the valley. 30 Elves, to whom the mallorn is sacred, leased the land from Varlin and his adventuring colleagues.

6 months ago: Varlin and Solem commenced work on a new temple.

DM's Notes: The new name of the village, Jelima, has not stuck among the population of Cerwyn as a whole; the DM should only describe the village thus when the PCs are actually present there. Note also that the details of the Rakshasa Cult should not be made known to the players, who should instead be informed of the popular belief that the giants were defeated by Varlin. There is ample opportunity for the players to discover the remnants of this cult if they choose to explore the caverns.

THE VALLEY

The valley lies among the foothills of the Sarpath Peaks, between the Vasarpeth-Arnycastle road and the Black Lygol River gorge. The sides of the valley are steep but by no means unclimbable by unarmoured characters.

The woodland is mostly oak and ash, and the soil is well drained by a network of rivulets and the drainage schemes of the halfling farmers. The roads are log roads, 5-8 feet wide, except for the road from the entrance to the Rear Fort, which is 12 feet wide.

CB1 **The Woods:** These cover the valley on the western side. Here live 30 adult Elves, tending the mallorn at the centre of the site.

CB1a **Lagoniturel:** Elven Priest; Elf Male; C7; CG; hp 34; AC 8; Ch 16

Lagoniturel is the only elf regularly seen by the rest of the community of Burghalter, as he buys their food and arranges whatever else they need. No-one outside of the elves knows the set-up in the woods; in fact Lagoniturel and his fellows receive a regular secret donation of silver from an outside source to maintain the mallorn and to be ready to take over the valley should the humans ever choose to leave. It would be a matter of great concern to the elves if human habitation were greatly extended in the valley.

CB2 **Farmland:** The halflings have cleared the woodland and now have good, fertile soil producing abundant goods under their care.

CB3 **The Lake:** A dwarf-built dam pens the many streams through the valley and the resulting lake has been stocked with fish.

CB4 **Sealed Tunnel Entrance:** Leads to the underground complex, but has been sealed by a solid stone wall.

CB5 **Northern Tunnel Entrance:** The trees cut from the southern end of the valley are stored here, cut to mature for the roof of the new temple. Beyond, the tunnels are sealed with stone walls.

CB6 **Southern Tunnel Entrance:** Many of the areas behind this entrance were in use as dwelling places while homes were being constructed. Two people still live here. Immediately behind the entrance is the former Dwarven Great Hall, now a temple to Tarmenel.

CB6a**Reeni Tayar;** Priestess; Human Female; C5; CG; AC 9; hp 27

Reeni looks after the underground temple and handles routine services while Solem sees to the building of the new temple. She is popular and well-known throughout Burghalter, and is married to the quarry foreman, Latel (**CB6b**).

CB6b**Latel Tayar;** Quarry Foreman; Human Male; Fr2; NG; hp 8; AC 10;

Latel is a Bereduthan, and deeply suspicious of those citizens of Burghalter who hail from other lands.

THE VILLAGE**CB7**

The Gatehouse: Ten F1-2 mercenaries on long-term contracts watch the main entrance to the valley. They wear chain, and carry shields, shortbows and broadswords.

CB8

Quarry Barracks: Five F1-2 mercenaries watch over the quarry. They can be alerted from the Rear Fort in time of danger. They are armed as above (**CB7**).

CB9

Rear Fort: Five F1-2 mercenaries watch the Black Lygol gorge from here. The narrow gate guards a flimsy drawbridge. The stream from the valley flows through an iron grille.

CB10

Burghalter Inn: The Inn has high-quality rooms for merchants and other passers-by at 3gp per night, and common rooms for guards, teamsters, etc. at 5sp a night.

CB10a**Megart Jonniker;** Inn Manager; Human Male; Fr 3; N; AC 9; hp 9

Megart is the third son of a noble who was implicated in a plot against the Katar of the City League by the Knights Ocular, but who was lynched by a mob before his trial. Megart and his brothers were stripped of titles and wealth and exiled. He came to Burghalter by chance, and agreed to work for Varlin - purely because, as a Bereduthan, Varlin was unlikely to care a fig for the justice of the City League. He hopes to raise some money to clear his father's name - and is fiddling the books. His birthright makes him rather aloof.

CB10b**Falli;** Chambermaid; Human Female; Fr 0/NM; AC 10; hp 9

Falli is attractive but very withdrawn. She alone knows on about Megart, including his thefts, but she is in love with him and says nothing. As one of only two unattached women in the valley (the other is one of the mercenary guards), Falli attracts plenty of attention from the guards and others, although she rejects them all.

CB11

Temple under construction: The vaults and foundations have been excavated and work is in progress on the walls. This temple will be dedicated to Tarmenel. It is impressive enough already to hint at great wealth.

CB12

Stables: There is room for up to 40 horses, although only two berths will be occupied. The standard charge is 4sp per night, but Yarred can spot adventurers a mile off and hikes the price up to 2gp.

CB12a

'No-Nose' Yarred; Teamster, Stable Manager; Human Male; Fr 1; N; AC 9; hp 4

Wears leathers and carries a whip. Yarred is an old horseman who lost the tip of his nose to a warhorse. He claims to have been raised by pegasi, though most people scoff however, he is very capable of raising and training pegasi, and would do so at a considerably cheaper price than some big-city trainer. Yarred is normally out in the daytime taking stones from the quarry to the new; temple in an old wagon.

CB13

Workers' Houses: The large house in each group is a communal dwelling for unmarried men. Varlin and the others have failed to recruit many married workers; consequently, after being paid the men often go off to Arncastle, where they are becoming known as a rowdy nuisance.

CB14

Solem's House: Endor and Castillo Solem's home is set back amongst the trees. Endor is a central figure in Burghalter, and his wife Castillo is a qualified engineer who is supervising his grandiose plans for the temple. She is, however, house-bound after an accident that has left her crippled, and is very unlikely to be encountered by PCs, even if they call at the Solem household.

CB14a

Endor Solem; C10; Human Male; CG; W 17; C 15; Ch 16; hp 61; AC 0; **Flail +3**

Wears strangely-cut, old grey suit a unique magical item which becomes **plate mail +2** when a command word is spoken. Also has a **cloak of protection +1**; also has **wand of magic missiles** (34 charges); **carpet of flying**, 6 pots of **Nolzur's marvellous pigments**, various scrolls and potions of his own making, and a special salve that inhibits a person's scent for 2-8 hours. Uses **flail +3** if expecting trouble, **staff +1** otherwise. Usually has curative, defensive and at least one high level offensive spell memorised.

Aloof to strangers, allowing only his truest friends to see his sensitive real self. Still enjoys battle-practice, but his burning ambition is to see the temple completed - it has cost him nearly every gold piece he ever had.

CB15

Ganz' House: An effusive house: open and cheerful to suit the owner. Varlin still has some adventuring wealth about the place, although he spends it quickly. One secret panel contains his dead wife's jewels (10 pieces, total value 30,000gp), another contains a bag of diamond dust (value 1500gp) and Bereduthan coin to the value of 14,000gp. The panels are trapped with **glyphs of warding**. Wages for the temple construction workers are kept in a locked chest, and consist of 1200gp in silver and gold coin. A book in the chest shows that there should be 200gp present, but 3000gp was stolen from this chest recently, and Varlin has been able to replace just 1000gp from his own resources.

CB15a

Varlin Ganz; C9; Human Male; CG; W 16; hp 44; AC

Wears clerical robes or **plate mail +1**. Uses horseman's mace or **club +1**. Also owns **boots of levitation, rod of cancellation, potion of speed, scroll of remove curse, raise dead, purify food and drink, and heal**. Normally has curative and offensive spells memorised.

Although a spendthrift and a happy-go-lucky type, Varlin's nature is clouded by the obsession he has with turning Burghalter into a monument for his lost wife. He still goes out adventuring, and might join a suitable party of PCs if approached. However, he has something of a hidden deathwish, and might prove to be as much of a liability as a help. Something which some people might find odd is that Varlin - and not Endor Solem - runs Burghalter, despite the fact that Solem is of a higher rank in the church of Tarmenel. This is because Endor considers 'civic' work beneath him and has 'delegated' the responsibility.

CB16 **Halfling Homes:** These dwellings are burrowed into the hillsides, and provide homes for the young halfling community who farm the southern half of the valley.

CB16a **Cholorodeny;** Farmer (thief); Halfling Male; T4; CN; I17; hp 10; AC 7

Cholorodeny (pronounced 'Chordeny' around the village) is a member of a Thieves' Guild based in the New City area of the City League, placed here to report on events around the valley, particularly on the arrival of religious relics for the new temple. He has one spectacular theft to his credit - he recently removed 3000gp from Varlin's home which the adventurer has never announced as stolen. The money is buried behind his home.

CB17 **Byloff's House:** A plain building with a slender tower. Tobek and Lana's 6 children can normally be seen playing outside.

CB17a **Tobek Byloff;** Fighter adventurer; Human Male; F8; CG; S 15; hp 40; AC 0

Wears lots of frills, lace and bright colours - or grim **plate mail +2**. Carries **shield +1**. Normally armed with **bastard sword +3**, also owns **longbow +2**. Has **ring of ultravision**, **boots of striding and leaping** and a rare magical item fashioned from a unicorn's horn that causes poisoned liquids to foam.

Tobek is an optimistic dandy and wine connoisseur, who tends to run roughshod over other people when involved in an adventure or when they are dealing with his wife. He and Lana are virtually estranged.

CB17b **Lana Byloff;** Magician adventurer; Human Female; MU 8; NG; S 6, I 16, D 7; AC 4; hp 24; AC 4

Wears dark green **cloak of protection +2**) fastened with a **periapt of wound closure** in the form of a silver spider-brooch with water opal eyes. Carries **dagger +1**. Also owns **wand of fear**, **wand of illusion**, **bracers of defence AC6**, a **ring of water breathing**, **rod of cancellation**, **potion of diminuation**, and several scrolls of her own devising. Unless prepared, normally has few spells memorised except those necessary for her researches.

Lana has been working on various aspects of magical research, which has estranged her from her family. On the last adventure she undertook with Varlin and the others, she was very nearly killed when charmed by a vampire. Quite weak herself, she has been trying to enchant some gems so that they would make the bearer impervious to all charm attempts, but has failed so far.

CB18 **Toreau's House:** A small house compared to the other adventurers, since Ardise and Ildros don't care much for visitors.

CB18a **Ardise 'Red Hand' Toreau;** Fighter adventurer; Human Female; F10: CG; hp 64; AC 0

Scruffy clothes or **plate mail +1** and **shield +2**. Uses **battleaxe +1** or **longsword +2**. Also owns **rings of feather fall**, **warmth**, **djinni summoning** and **fire resistance** (the first two are normally worn, the others kept on a 'watch chain' inside her waistcoat or armour), and six packets of **dust of sneezing and choking**. Her fascination with rings extends to non-magical ones as well, and she wears as many as a dozen, worth 100-2,000gp each.

Ardise is an uncompromising fighter, and a careless, insensitive and abrasive comrade. She is normally both loyal and courageous - but her passion for collecting rings has actually led her into a fight with Tobek Byloff which - astonishingly! - she lost. She is sullenly waiting for a rematch.

CB18b**Ildros Toreau, aka Thorn of Xir**; Historian; Human Male; Fr 5; CN; I 18; hp 17; AC 10

Ildros is the son of the magic-user under whom Lana served her apprenticeship. Formerly a noted historian in Xir, he now acts as Burghalter's record keeper, in his small office in the Inn, there is a huge map of all the surrounding wilderness, right up to the edge of the Steppe country. He will make accurate, smaller copies for 50gp each.

THE PEOPLE

The other citizens of the village are: 5 quarrymen, 10 masons and 10 builders: a foreman (Latel Tayar, **CB6b**), driver and cook. These work under Varlin and Solem's directions.

20 mercenaries under the command of Ardise Toreau (**CB18a**). One of these is the only other unmarried woman in the village (see Falli, **CB10b**). The guards are very protective of her.

30 elves under the guidance of Lagoniturel (**CB1a**).

30 halflings, with 14 children.

3 Inn staff

4 house servants for the adventurers.

THE POLITICS

Nominally, Burghalter owes allegiance to the High Steward of the County of Cerwyn. Jeorge Fardwarm. However, the village is beyond the recognized boundaries of the County, and as such is merely a trading partner covered by certain guarantees of military assistance. In return, Varlin and Solem have paid a large sum of money to Fardwarm for the right to establish their temple here. Varlin is also secretly negotiating to have Burghalter officially recognised as a part of Cerwyn and for at least half the garrison of Arncastle to be moved here, offering his services as a mercenary to extend Cerwyn influence further south and east.

Because of this, employment would be available to adventurers willing to journey into the wilderness, although Varlin would not reveal the full extent of his plans to just anyone. Varlin's imaginative and expansionist plans will inevitably cause problems as both the inhabitants of Burghalter and nearby towns and communities realise the full implications of what he has in mind. He is quite aware that the merchants who use Burghalter will support his plans, as they could look forward to the increase in revenues that a garrison would bring.

On the other hand, Varlin knows that the dwarves of Vasarpath will be concerned that the County's influence will be seen as approaching their independent town. Although he has had little contact with the barbarian tribes of the Steppes (and those cultures no-one knows of, which lie beyond), they are hardly likely to be pleased if they perceive even a small authority like Cerwyn extending its borders in their direction. Further, Varlin suspects, quite rightly, that the citizens of Arncastle will also be upset if they lose all or part of the revenues that the garrison has brought, along with the protection it has afforded them and their prestigious position as an honoured outpost of the County. He is completely unaware of the fact that some of the bitterest rivals to his plans will be his fellow adventurers, who have helped establish his position of authority within the town, and who use it as a base for their explorations into the mountains and steppes. They value the fact that Burghalter owes real allegiance to no-one, and are keen to make sure that no outside power increases its grip on

'their' little town. Lastly, the elves have their own secret ambitions for the valley where the Mallorn grows, hoping that one day it will be a shrine held by them alone; Varlin's plans can hardly be said to tie in with this hope.

RAKSHASA CULT

For many years, Burghalter and its environs were dominated by the evil minions of a cult that worshipped the dreaded (and, some say, mythical) Rakshasa. These horrid beasts are rumoured to be able to appear in any form in order to cause victims to relax for the fateful second which seals their doom - and guarantees the Rakshasa a tasty meal. It is unclear why anyone should choose to honour and worship these evil creatures; although such acolytes can be of use to the Rakshasa, the monster recognises allegiance to no-one and these same acolytes could one day follow the same path as the other unfortunate victims of the cult.

It was an enormous relief, therefore, to all those who live in this part of Cerwyn, when the cult was vanquished and driven from the district. Since the coming of Varlin and his adventuring colleagues, life has returned to what passes for normal in this part of the world - so much so that even the occasional disappearance of a member of a passing caravan has raised no memory of the cult.

These disappearances are signs that the time of the Rakshasa has not entirely passed. The remnants of the cult - which was crushingly defeated by Varlin - fled deep underground into passages and caves beneath the village that even the dwarves would not have known of. There they wait, slowly recovering their strength, until the day when they might once more threaten the security of the whole of the Domains.

DM's NOTES

There are no maps of the Rakshasa cult's lair, as it is made up of a tortuous network of cracks, tunnels, caves and underground rivers, far beneath the surface. Access to this network can be gained from the backs of the caves in the Burghalter valley (assuming the obstructions can be cleared without the interruption of investigating Burghalter citizens), via unnoticed and unexplored passageways. There is even a way down through the existing temple to Tarmenel. A fourth entry point exists beneath the new temple, being built in the middle of the village. Only the senior engineer, Castillo Solem, and the two clerics, Endor Solem and Varlin Ganz, know that the temple is being built on the site of a previous building - and even they do not know that this was a shrine of the Rakshasa cult. If PCs find the extremely well-hidden entry point (beneath a fake foundation stone), they will discover passage ways and tunnels that lead ultimately to the maze that the cult still occupies. This is the entry still used by cult acolytes on occasional forays into the night. And in this new centre of evil, they will find another shrine, built to honour something even more foul and horrid than the Rakshasa! Just what this thing is, the GM will have to think of- preferably in daylight...

As for the only mildly-terrorising members of the cult, there are listed below the acolytes and men-at-arms that are the remains of the cult. These are men and women of advancing years, long-starved of daylight. If desired, the GM could arrange for the party to meet one of the Rakshasa themselves...

CB19a**The Besotted One**; Chief Acolyte; Human Male; F12; LE; AC 0; hp 100; **ring of regeneration, mace +4**

This poor creature has long since forgotten his name, his past, why he came to be here or indeed anything that is outside his total adoration of the Rakshasa. Words like 'depraved' or 'evil' are almost meaningless when considering the complete control the monsters have over his mind and actions. Suffice it to say that he is a tool of the beasts, and will stop at nothing to lead the unwary or the weak to be eaten by them. If that is not possible, he will sacrifice his life to try and slay intruders - and it would be preferable to be slain rather than be taken alive.

CB19b**Reena**; Acolyte/Servant; Human Female; F11; LE; AC -4; hp 68; **ring of invisibility, gauntlets of ogre power**

Reena has embraced the cult wholeheartedly since being captured. She was once fair and attractive and her good looks were the cause of the demise of many a hot-blooded male, and thus she was most useful to the Rakshasa. In her later years, this has been replaced by a ruthless spite. Although she is as much of a cipher as the Besotted One - devoting her time to capturing innocents for her masters - she is more likely to flee if confronted on her own. Amidst a mass of fellow cult members though, she will be a formidable fighter .

CB19c-d**Servants**; Human Males;

C: F9; LE; AC -4; hp 565; **axe +3, ring of protection +3**

D: C6; LE; AC 0; hp 35; **flail +2**

These, the last of the servants, are anonymous and mindless - save that they will prove to be potent defenders of the cult. There are also 10 men-at-arms (F3, AC 1, hp 20/25. one has **sword +2**) who will fight to the death to protect the Rakshasa or their acolytes.

THE RED FINGER

Hidden on the cliffs above the village is an outcrop of strangely-coloured rock that juts into mid-air at an impossible angle, where it catches the rays of the rising and setting sun. These morning and evening rays enhance the rock's rich red colour, so that it almost seems to glow.

This geological accident has stirred religious thoughts in many and various people, and it has become a site of some religious significance for groups of gnomes and dwarves, who have seen it as a representation of the powers that control the earth. Similarly, many monsters have seen some significance in it that might not be immediately clear to men.

Sages who have studied it have remarked that it is probably the remains of a seam of metal that yields its colour when exposed to the air. These prosaic explanations have done nothing to diminish the awe and wonder in which it is held by those who consider it holy.

Today, the site is seen as something of a curiosity by the people of Burghalter, who pay it little heed. In a way, this is more than a little ironic, for it is the Red Finger which marks the furthest boundary of the raiding grounds of the barbarians from the Steppes. If it were not for this marker, the wild horsemen from beyond the Sarpath Peaks would have brought fire and ruin to the County of Cerwyn even more often.

Pilgrims come from strange and far-off places to see the Red Finger, and the people of Burghalter will often direct strangers to it, assuming that it is the cause of their visit, even though they pay it very little heed themselves.

DM's NOTES

The truth of the matter is that the rock is made of solid iron, and as such will have a very powerful effect on any use of materials nearby that might be influenced by such a large source of ferrous metal. Of course, it is possible that your campaign would not be influenced by such an artifact, in which case you should feel free to replace the material with whatever might have an effect on - say - spellcasters...

It is naturally quite likely that rumours of this strange landmark will circulate to sites far away from Burghalter, and that it might be possible to use the Red Finger as a means for getting the players to this part of Cerwyn in the first place.

CB20a

Far Sighted Gaspar; Hermit, lunatic; Gnome Male; I10; CN; AC 10; hp 20; 1 18; **wand of illusion** (disguised as a clay pipe]

The rock is guarded by an old gnome illusionist called Gaspar. He is highly intelligent and completely insane, although in a perfectly harmless and pleasant way. His insanity is not entirely due to the solitary existence he has led since first he came to sit at the foot of the rock; he must have been at least mildly eccentric to have done so in the first place.

He will afford no danger to anyone who visits the rock, but he may trick or confuse them by minor illusions designed for his own amusement. He will stop at nothing, however, if he feels that a visitor might have a mind to perpetrate serious harm upon this prized possession. In addition to the normal accoutrements of his life as a hermit, he possesses a wonderful and peculiar instrument that has earned him his nickname 'Far-sighted'. It is a long, hollow tube with pieces of glass in each end, that Gaspar says allows him to see things that could not normally be seen. Not many people, when given the opportunity to use this device, can make it perform in the way that Gaspar claims it does

CB20b

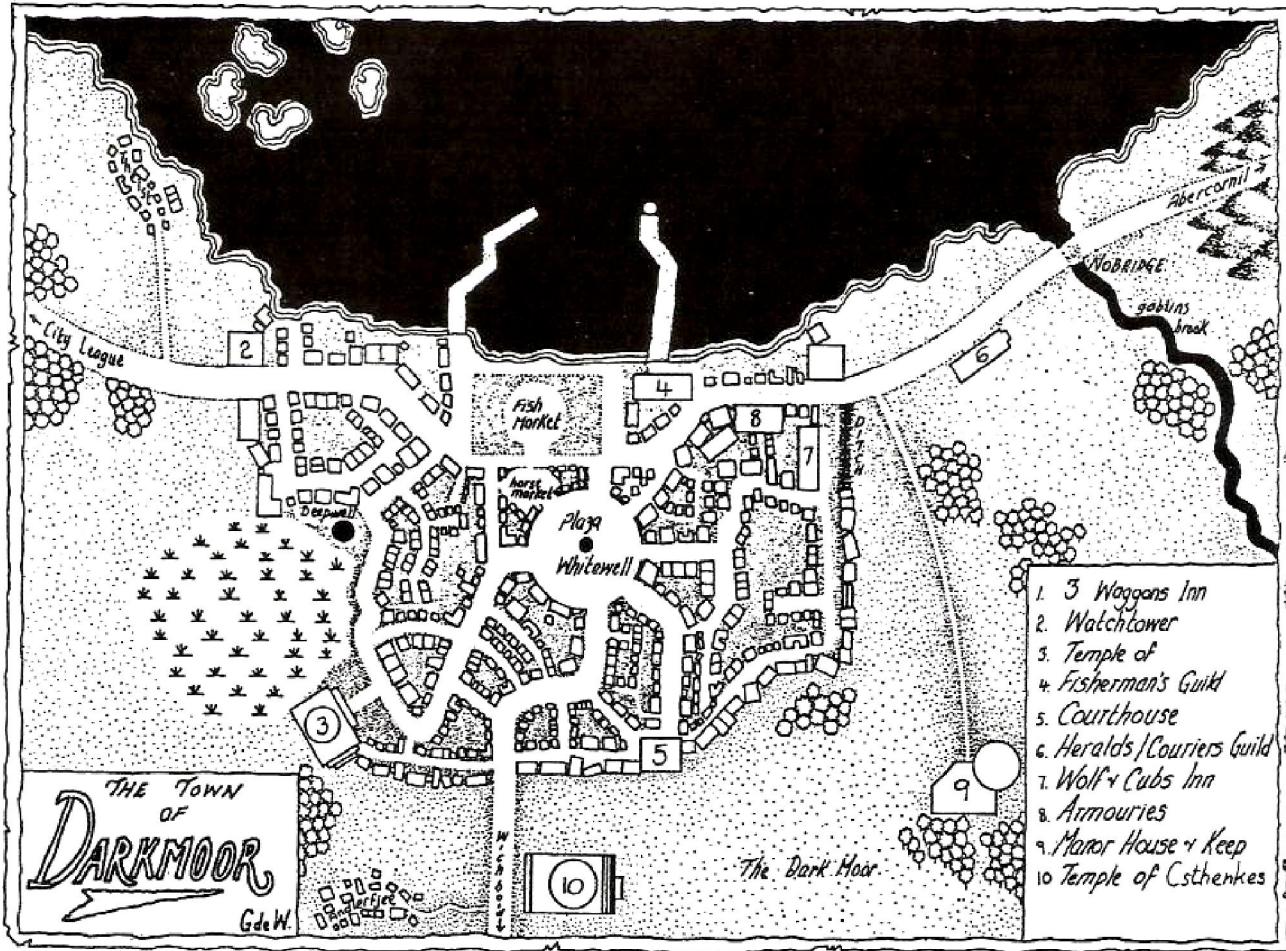
Crothone Bear; Tribesman; Human Male; B4; N; AC 4; hp 40; S 18; shortbow, spear

Whenever the PCs are at the rock, they will be observed secretly by Crothone and his fellow Bear tribesmen and women. This unfortunate group of barbarian horse-raiders have been 'exiled' here by the head of another clan within their tribal group, after a mistake involving the ownership of some deer horns. Having taken issue with the tribal chief, the Bear clan is in disgrace, and Crothone and his kin have been stationed here to watch the rock. Their instructions are simple; they are to remain at the rock until such time as the Red Finger shines no longer at Day-end, when the peoples of his tribe will lead the barbarian invasion of Cerwyn.

It has already been seven months, but Crothone has not neglected his duty for a moment. The tribesmen are masters of camouflage, and it is unlikely that the PCs will notice them while they are at the rock. However, if they do anything that causes the rock's glow to fail - blowing it to atoms might have the effect - the PCs will hear the howling war-cry of the Bears, and Crothone and his fellows will be off to tell the tribe the good news. Alternatively, if the PCs wander around the mountains about the Red Finger, the Bears might attack them or spring a few traps, just to while away another day.

Crothone is accompanied by 30 Bear tribesmen and women (B1-4; AC 2-4; hp 11-40; bows, axes, daggers) who will follow his orders without fail unless they would offend the honour of the clan.

N° CD THE TOWN OF DARKMOOR



Darkmoor is one of the closest towns to the City League, and one passed through by adventurers on their way east. It has a population of approximately 2700, scratching a living from passing trade, fishing and some animal farming. Even so, PCs might be attracted to stay awhile; since the forests and hills just a few hours east contain many tribes of goblins, hobgoblins and gnolls - not to mention the brigands operating from the steppes beyond. DMs could locate all kinds of encounters and adventures within a day or so of the town.

THE TOWN

Darkmoor is not a rich place. The dwarves and humans who live there are ruled by the County Marshal (on behalf of the Countess Flavia) through his representative, the Marshal Gasres (**CD 9a**). However, the garrison of County troops supposed to exist here has fallen to just 30, and the town has had to defend itself from the raids of humanoid species (three attacks in the last twenty years) through its own resources. The Town Meet pays 10,000gp a year to Riojar Andrej Luis (**CD 2a**), who maintains and trains a part-time militia of 250. There are few static defences, save a ring of houses with fortified outer walls, arrow-slits and a cleared area beyond, and two 25' towers. In an emergency, most of the citizens would fight, but forewarned of a big attack from the east, 60% of the population would flee to the City League.

The City is the major trading outlet for Darkmoor produce. The town was built when the bay was full of tasty Whidring fish, a local delicacy. These are long gone, and Darkmoor

fishermen compete badly with those of Borth. Goat cheese, meat and horses form the majority of trade goods.

Darkmoor is built about a central open area - normally jammed with fishermen haggling with League buyers - and the through route League-Abercornil. Much of its life revolves around the Fish Market and the weekly Horse Market; the two fresh water wells; the Temple of Rissinis and the Courthouse. Most of the built up areas consist of slum dwellings, small shops, etc. (this is equally true of the hamlets of Theist and Andlerfjee beyond the 'walls), criss-crossed by narrow alleys.

Its sole peculiar feature is the Nobridge. Thirty-five years ago, a gnoll warband broke up when the bridge it was crossing vanished - turned invisible by a transient mage adventurer. Perhaps he was a bit unstable, because he then made the illusion permanent. The bridge is crossed many times a day, but the DM might want to enforce an intelligence check before PCs cross it for the first time.

PEOPLE

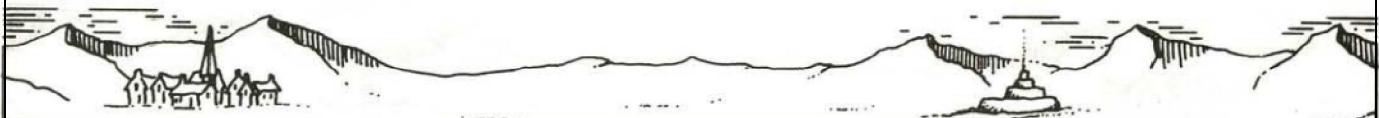
The population are fairly shrewd, and will try to overcharge strangers for most items on first acquaintance. They are largely neutral in alignment, with few thieves beyond petty cutpurses, and no permanent magic users. It will not be possible to hire them as extra sword-arms for adventures, but servants and retainers will come cheap. Rumours abound about all the treasure that has been brought down from the mountains by adventurers in the past - and of others who never came back. A counter-rumour of impending goblin attack will cause a riot, and the PCs will find themselves on the wrong side of the authorities once the 'joke' is revealed.

CD1 Three Wagons Inn; Probably the first port of call for newcomers. A travellers' resting place. Rooms for 1gp/night, cheap food, grim ale and no wine. Few locals come here, but hard-up adventurers might be offered escort work by merchants.

CD2 Militia Houses; The two watchtowers act as training centres and barracks for the militia. The western one also serves as HQ for the Fighters Guild - which is also under the control of Luis. The militia are all F1, AC5, hp4 with spears and shortswords. They do not function beyond Luis' explicit orders, and maintain order in the town in a casual and arbitrary manner.

CD2a Riojar Andrej Luis; Militia Leader: Human Male; F7; N; AC 0; hp 43; S 15, D 18, Ch 16; uses **longbow +3**, longsword; **ring of charm person** (18 charges)

Luis is making a good living from this place (he is secretly buying a huge house in the City League by installments), and will react immediately if anyone tries to take over. He will use his charisma (or his ring, which is a very rare item given to him by a previous employer) to keep the Town Council on his side, and if ousted, will arrange for information about merchants' shipments to reach some bandits he knows of. His successors will thus start off with a string of failures on their records.



CD3 **The Temple of Rissinis;** Aborekket (**CD 3a**) and eleven acolytes (C1, AC 5, hp 4, tridents or maces) run the temple, which is dedicated to the LN fishing deity of Cerwyn and the rest of the Domains. All curative and water-related spells (up to 3rd level) are available here at 75gp/level, with modifiers of x2 for Good, x3 for Evil and x5 for Chaotic characters (cumulative). First time visitors requiring spells must drink at a fountain, which will reveal the alignment of the drinker.

CD3a **Aborekket;** Chief Priest of Temple; Human Male; C6; LN; AC 7; hp 30; W 16; C 16; **trident +3**, mace; **ring of regeneration**; usually memorises curative spells. Aborekket hates competing clerics. Before the arrival of the Temple of Csthenkes (**CD10**), Rissinis was the only deity worshipped in Darkmoor, and Aborekket does not want any more competition. If a cleric seeks his professional help it will only be granted to those of LN alignment with a charisma of 15+. Should a PC actually be a follower of Rissinis, then Aborekket will be obsequious and charming.

CD4 **Fishermen's Guild;** This is the local HQ for this world-spanning brotherhood. Mostly, it acts as a clearing house for the fisher fleets, putting sellers in touch with buyers. Large sums of money (d6x1000gp) accumulate here on deposit until catches are shipped out, kept in a strongroom with an iron door, thick walls and a stout lock (Lvl 2 Sliding or -10% Open Locks). Four local bravos are normally hired to watch the place during the night (F1 -2; AC 3; shortswords).

CD5 **The Courthouse/Meethouse;** The administrative centre of Darkmoor, a competing authority to the Marshal Gasres. A yearly poll elects a Council of Ten to handle local taxation, the militia, justice and relations with the City League. Taxes are a 10gp, annual head tax; the militia mops up the money; justice is cursory but usually lenient (use **Law & Order** tables from #19, treating Darkmoor as Guild Militia, and giving the Court modifiers of 85 on **Before The Beak** and -10 on **Going Down**); and relations with the League are one-sided.

CD5a **Matrexes di Regines;** Landowner, Head Councilor; Human Female; Fr5; LN; AC 6; hp 15/20; I 14; Matrexes is in her second term. Her administration is no different from any recent predecessor, handing over responsibility for defence to Luis. She is unlikely to change and thus the decline of the town will probably continue. Very popular with the voters, she has the key support of three.

CD5b **Carrodine of Kosre;** Horse Trader, Councilor; Human Male; F4; LE; AC 2; hp 20/25; S 15; C 4; **battleaxe +1**. An ex-soldier, now an exile, Carrodine is the victim of a curse which has left him prey to all manner of diseases. There is a 75% chance of him missing a Meet, which is a pity since two other councilors follow him. and he has suspicions of Luis' activities.

CD5c **Raf Oresdeep;** Councilor; Dwarf Female; F6; LG; AC 1; hp 25; S 18(66); D 15; **two-handed sword +2; chain +1; shield +1**. Oresdeep looks after the interests of the Dwarvish minority, and does it very well. Two others sit on the Council with her, and the excellent work of the Dwarves in building has shored up the town. Known opponent of Carrodine and disagrees with everything he says - but also concerned about Luis. Sister of Raf Delvefar (**CD7a**).

CD6 **Messengers & Couriers Guildhouse;** The Messengers & Couriers Guild operates a series of watch stations along the road to Abercornil, at five-league intervals. This End-station houses 20 Couriers (Fr3; AC 7; hp 10; longswords) and has a stable for two dozen fast horses. They keep the road safe (-ish), and act as a banking service for adventurers from the League, transferring funds from their offices to like premises in the City, where it can be held until collected.

CD6a

Landrennian ('Fast Lanny'); Herald; Human Male; R7; LG; AC-2; hp36; S16; W15; D16; C16; Ch16; **shield +3, longsword +2, 3x potion of speed, potion of extra-healing**. Sharp, bright and very agile, Landrennian has been good at everything he has ever tried, from his early days as a thief in the City League, to a reforming stint as a member of the County Horse, to an eight year adventuring career in the Splintered Lands, to this job. Guild Officer for the Heralds in NE Cerwyn. These days, he doesn't get involved when fights break out, or when there's a dispute between the Council and the Marshal Gasres. But if the chips were down, he might be the best person to turn to. He has treasure to the value of 12,500gp kept at the Guildhouse, savings he intends to use to marry Niori (CW2 - see **Wicbold**) and to build a new farm out in the wilderness.

CD7

The Wolf & Cubs Inn; Raf Delvefar runs a good hostelry. He knows adventurers have money, and this is the place in Darkmoor to spend it. Name your vice, Delvefar will supply. It's pricey (twice normal), but a hotbed of rumours and useful tips. 0-1 MUs, 0-2 Clerics, 1-4 Thieves and 1-10 Fighters can normally be found here, and they will sign on for adventures. Delvefar also boasts that you can leave anything in your room here, and it won't be stolen.

CD7a

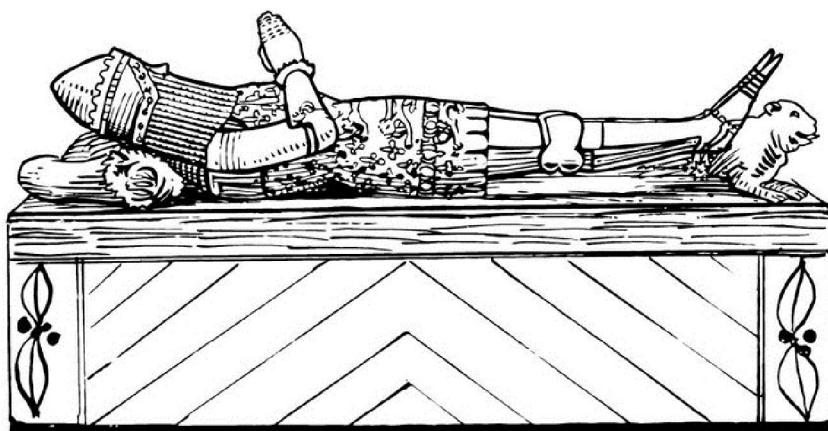
Raf Delvefar; Publican; Human Male; T7; CG; AC -1; hp 25; S16, D 18, Ch 16; **dagger +2, leather armour +3, ring of protection +2, ring of invisibility**, access to d6 magical items 'borrowed' from guests Delvefar is not short of money (cash, gems, etc. worth 10,000gp are cached in five secret compartments in his quarters), and rarely steals these days. He does have a ready market for miscellaneous magical items however, and there is a 25%/day chance that he will succumb to the temptation to 'lift' the belongings of a PC. Normally very friendly, and can sell 'hot' items for 50% value. Brother of Raf Oresdeep.

CD8

Armourers; The most important 'trade' guild in town, producing only leather armour, mostly aprons and gloves for various working-folk in Darkmoor. They are pretty good at their job, and can manufacture goods of great quality for normal prices. A specialty of theirs is to make very supple leather gloves which can be worn "while even the most dextrous work is performed" and which are 50% likely to resist being pierced by a needle in the meantime, just 250gp the pair, cash up front, six week wait.

CD9

Manor House/County Garrison; This fortified stone manor house, with its keep, food stores and signal beacon is supposed to be the visible form of the County Marshal's authority in these parts. Alas, his representative is the Marshal Gasres. Kanwas Gasres, On the last step of a long climb towards noble status, has fallen victim to old age and indecision. Thus, this difficult part of the County is now not only geographically distant from the centre, but politically as well. The garrison (30 F1 -2, AC 3; pikes and longswords) has dwindled through desertion and neglect, and morale is poor. The precept that the Marshal is supposed to serve on the local community to raise money for County administration has not been served for three years and the garrison has been paid out of the Marshal's funds; he is now nearly destitute.



CD9a

Kanwas Gasres; Marshal of the County; Human Male; F9; LN; AC 0; hp 55; S 13, W 7, C 6; **longsword +3 (Int 14, Ego 20, LN, detect chaos, detect undead, +5 vs. undead), plate mail +1, shield protection from normal missiles +3, medallion of ESP**

Kanwas is 78, and increasingly senile. For long periods he will be under the control of his sword *Lifesheart*, which has only one aim, that being to be transferred to someone better able to wield it against undead. It is manipulating Kanwas to find a suitable mate for his grandson or granddaughter, who can be given the sword as a wedding gift. Thus, it is known that the Marshal is looking to marry his grandchildren off. And there will be 1-3 suitors at the manor at any one time, each LN and of levels 5-8. None, however, has yet met Kanwas' own stipulation - that the prospective spouse give him 20,000gp to pay off the garrison, and to return to High Lygol to see out his days. Should a PC suitor come forward with the money, the marriage will be rushed through. Alas, all are being misled. Although the title of Marshal is hereditary, the old man has decided that it will go to whichever of his grandchildren marries second; thus the PC will end up with Lifesheart, a graceless spouse, and will remain as far away from being one of the County nobility as before.

CD9b

Krisnetta Gasres; no profession; Human Female; Fr7; LE; AC 10; hp 28; cosmetics of a magical nature appear to make her Ch 18 - they take five hours to apply correctly. Krisnetta hates Darkmoor, and intends to leave at the first opportunity, be it marriage, the death of her grandsire, or whatever. She is selfish, noisy and otherwise thoroughly unremarkable.

CD9c

Bregan Gasres; no profession; Human Male; Fr7; LN; AC 5; hp 35; 17; **longbow +1**

Bregan is dense, listless and useless. If he ends up in charge there is the distinct possibility that things could get even worse.

CD10

Temple Of Csthenkes: Csthenkes is a Neutral deity whose province is misery. Its philosophy is fatalistic, morbid and soporific. About 25% of the population of Darkmoor have turned to this cheerless deity; served by 20 spiritless acolytes in a grey temple, offering purified food from rubbish tips to the poor. Csthenkes worshippers will be found mostly among the most uninteresting members of the community, and the acolytes are all C1 , AC 7, hp 2, armed with no more than their ability to make all human endeavour seem utterly futile.

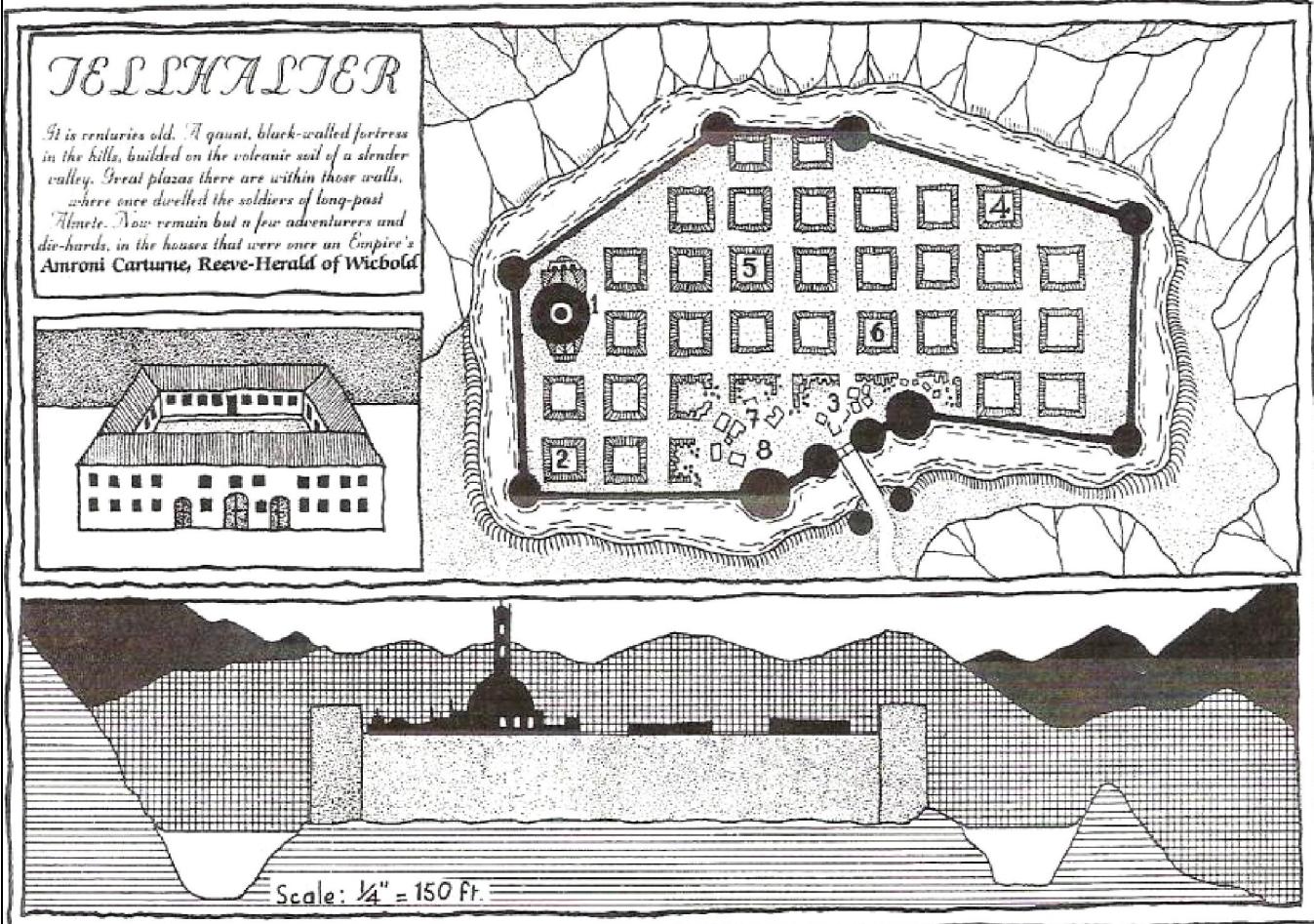
CD10a

Dedderrek; Acolyte; Human Male; C1; N; AC7; hp4

Dedderrek tells adventurers he has something important to pass on. He has. Anyone spending more than a few seconds in his company has a 15% chance of catching a miserable disease; save vs. poison or be helplessly sick for d4 days, check every d4 weeks. Many poor people in Darkmoor have it too.



N° CT THE VILLAGE OF TELLHALTER



Of all the towns and villages in Cerwyn, Tellhalter is the most removed. In fact, it is dubious if it is in Cerwyn, since it is a self-governing Free Town beyond the recognised boundary of the Countess' authority.

But for adventurers, Tellhalter acts like a magnet. Barely two leagues away is the road that leads from Wicbold to the Cirbell Pass and thence to the Steppes - as clear a route to fame and fortune as one could ever find. Somewhere in the mountains above the pass is the fabulous City of the Mages - or so men say. There are no maps, nor records to show what might be found in the forested peaks, not a morning's ride away.

Tellhalter is an adventurers town where danger lurks in every street and no-one is to be trusted. So few of the inhabitants have any regular form of income, that from the moment newcomers set foot within the walls, every possession must be guarded.

THE VILLAGE

Tellhalter is a fortress, built in the time of the Empire of Almete, and its black walls are centuries old. It perches on the saddle of a narrow pass, on an ill-kept path. One gate breaches the wall, and a further bastion guards the bridge across the moat. Once, 20,000 men - or others - were quartered here, but there are only 300 inhabitants now, mostly humans. All of the buildings are made of the same black stone as the walls, dragged from who knows where. The dominant feature is a huge block building, with a slender tower rising into the sky, whilst no other building rises higher than two storeys. The rest of the fortress is

occupied by the plazas of domestic buildings the current citizens inhabit. The orderly plan is marred only in the Gate Quarter, where extensive damage has been shoddily repaired. In this area are a few inns and businesses. Other areas are claimed by individuals or adventurer parties, squabbling over precedence. The atmosphere is sullen and foreboding.

THE PEOPLE

Although the population is nominally 350, since at least 200 of these are of the adventuring persuasion, as many as 100 can be out of town at any time. The DM should record the comings and goings of those adventurers the PCs have dealings with, but should make it very difficult for the PCs to discover that information. Tellhalter is a very secretive place and one with no police or militia.

Money changes hands grudgingly in the fortress, and there is little outward show of wealth. The traders charge extortionate amounts for every necessity (five times the listed amounts), but the shops and stalls see customers rarely. Freshly returned adventurers may have a large cache of money, but it will be difficult to spot.

Among the leading lights of Tellhalter are a number of NPC parties. The DM should encourage the players to believe that their characters will be in competition with these for what commissioned work there might be - and that there might be times when they will be hired by opposing sides in a dispute. Life comes cheaply in a place such as this.

CT1

Temple Of Mordrenn: Everyone in Tellhalter visits this place eventually; it is the only public temple in the fortress. The huge Hall behind the main doors is three storeys high, and from galleries at the top there are access stairways to the tower, where only the priests of Mordrenn may tread. There are 19 priests (C9, C7, 2x C6, C5, 3x C3, 10x C1; all CE; plate and shortswords; spells as standard - emphasis on defensive, reversed curative and those that allow them to move unnoticed and take prisoners) besides Sairin. Only the 9th, 7th, and 1st level clerics are active adventurers, out 30% of the time. The 6th-level clerics officiate at the Ceremony of Servitude on each Avann-day, and all the clerics perform the necessary devotional duties.

Mordrenn is an ancient deity from the time of the Almete Empire, wherein he was a God of Love - known romantically as the Heart God. The cult died out, but Sairin has revived it, twisting it to her own purposes. When she discovered the temple, she believed Mordrenn required the sacrifice of young men and women, to obtain their hearts. This has perverted Mordrenn himself; without followers he knows he could no longer manifest himself in physical form. He scours the streets of Tellhalter in the guise of an old man (**CT8a**) looking for a cleric who might restore the true nature of his religion; he promises very little in return, hoping to find someone who will help him in the name of love.

For now, Sairin's is the only openly-operating religion in Tellhalter. She maintains that she is Priestess for a deity worshipped in Kosre whose province is reincarnation. There are few who disbelieve her. Most of the victims she requires are brought in secretly by her acolytes who prey on the hamlets of eastern Cerwyn, but when short, she has been known to pluck victims from the very streets of the fortress.

CT1a

Sairin Vertrille: High Priestess of the God Mordrenn; Human Female; C16; CE; hp 64; AC -1; S 15, W 15, D 15, C 14; uses matched **shortswords +3; plate mail +4; helm of teleportation; ring of invisibility; Hand of Mordrenn**.

Whence Sairin comes, or when, no-one knows. In fact, she is 45 years old - though she was born at the very death of the Almete Empire! She was magically suspended by the clerics of a Religion of Warriors and Death and was only restored by the intervention of another cleric, Corvet of the Glaive, some twenty summers ago. He is now dead, and the secret died with him. He left Sairin behind, dwelling in the tower above the disused temple, where she discovered

manuscripts relating to Mordrenn that allowed her to commence her evil religion. Now, all she lives for is the opportunity to extend her dominion. Any attempt by a cleric to found another religion, or to restore Mordrenn to his true faith, will be met with all the resources at her command.

Sairin uses her two matched, magical shortswords with great skill, although she is not genuinely two-handed. The Hand of Mordrenn is an artifact she compelled the god to fashion. It is a glove of silvered steel that stores a staggering amount of electrical power. If she lays hands upon another being, they will take 8d8 points of electrical damage; the glove may also be 'fired' as a wand of lightning three times a day, or at will on Avann-day. Only Sairin may wear it. Any other being that tries to don it must save vs. wands or take a shock equal to the full stored power of the glove - 18d8. After such an occurrence the glove will be powerless until the next Avann-day; only Mordrenn may alter its power.

CT2

Cord's Home: A part of one simple plaza houses one of the more famous sons of Cerwyn, Cord of Dahn. An adventurer for 40 years, he was the leader of the famous Red Gauntlets, a band that roamed the Domains. His home is poorly furnished and offers barely 130gp in treasure, although there are ten locked, trapped chests around the building, testimony to former grandeur. All are now empty.

CT2a

Cord of Dahn: Human Male; Adventurer; R16; LG; hp 74; AC -1; C 15 (6), Ch 17; uses **longsword +5/Holy Avenger**, a **crossbow +2** and a **shield +3**; Spells memorised usually curative, defensive and animal-related.

Cord is virtually impoverished. Having accumulated wealth estimated at over a million gold pieces in a long career, he retired, passing most of his magical goods to trusted lieutenants. Then, a terrible illness nearly slew him, and only a series of costly clerical spells halted the decline. He was left weakened, so that for every hour spent adventuring he will lose one point of constitution, down to a minimum of 6. He has come to Tellhalter to reform the Red Gauntlets, and will recruit any willing Lawful PCs. However, he aims high, and already one group of seventh-level adventurers has fallen at his side. He will extract an oath of loyalty from all who join him; who knows to what adventure it will lead them.

CT3

The Corin: A network of alleys near the Gate Quarter. An independent Thieves' Guild, operated by Jarda Whitehand, is established here, among the semi-destroyed buildings. The blocks are riddled by tunnels, secret doors and underground passages that only Jarda knows completely. Trying to track down an individual could be next to impossible. About 30 Thieves live here, in near poverty; drawn by the lure of 'easy' pickings on the frontier. Each will be T1 - 4, AC 4, armed with throwing daggers and shortswords.

CT3a

Jarda Whitehand: Thieves' Guildmaster; Human Male; T16; CN; hp 62; AC 4; D16; uses shortbow and poisoned dagger

Jarda is using Tellhalter and the thieves who dwell there as part of his design to become a great Guildmaster in the City League. Whilst maintaining an air of incompetence and poverty, he has located a vault, hidden in a maze of tunnels below the Inn of White Bells, and known to him alone. There he stores the loot he has accumulated a staggering haul of over a quarter of a million gold pieces in gold, platinum and gems, and a number of art treasures which might double that sum. The vault is so well hidden and defended that no-one has ever managed to penetrate it; Jarda trusts nobody. One additional quirk in his nature is that he also has no faith in magic, and will never employ magical items against even his worst enemies.

CT3b **Shmettling;** Jarda's lieutenant; Human Male; A10; NE; hp 40; AC 1; S 17, D 17, Ch 17; uses black-bladed **blade of venom +4**, wears **leather armour +4**.

Shmettling is a frightening individual, utterly immoral. He is Jarda's assassin. and kills without compunction. He has no motive for staying in Tellhalter - he is not enjoying any of Jarda's wealth - but since he gets so many opportunities to practice his art, he has never thought of leaving. Any threat the PCs pose to Jarda, and Shmettling will begin his work.

CT3c **Croan;** Fence; Human Male; Fr3; N; hp 12; AC9; hp 12; wears **helm of teleportation**

Croan appears to be independent of Jarda's Guild, but is utterly under his control; this halfling's wife is being held prisoner by a confederate of Jarda's in the League. It is through Croan that Jarda accumulates his wealth. The fence is a skilled manipulator of men, and pits individual party members against each other. Thus he will offer one 1000gp for an item worth three times as much, but with the bonus that he will tell the rest of the party that the item is next to worthless. He then takes the items and sells them in the League, and brings the money back to Jarda. This journey occurs every month, and is made in the greatest of secrecy.

CT4 **Cartennsen's Plaza:** Even by Tellhalter standards, the goings-on in this part of the fortress are shrouded in secrecy. Those watching the building at night have noted strange smells upon the air and lights in the sky. Most people avoid the place.

CT4a **Cartennsen;** Wizard; Human Female; MU16; LN; hp 46; AC 2; l 18; wears **bracers of defence AC2**, uses **wand of fireballs/wand of fire** (8 charges); **medallion of ESP 30'**.

Cartennsen gave up active adventuring five years ago, to take up experimentation in enchantment. One particular experiment has gone dreadfully wrong, and a ferocious demon is now contained within a chamber, held only by Cartennsen's magicks. While she has little difficulty in keeping the demon contained under normal circumstances, on approximately one night in ten it tries to break free, and she has to fight it. If anything happens to break her concentration on such a night....

CT5 **The Plaza of the Medusa Legionnaires:** This houses one of the NPC adventurer parties inhabiting Tellhalter. The Legionnaires are a noisy, quarrelsome group of chaotics, not particularly malicious, who use the fortress as a base. They will only be in residence 20% of the time, and normally carry a variety of wounds and ailments when at home. They rarely have any money, even after adventures; their first port of call is always Alnedius' (CT7). When first encountered, the party consists of F6, C5, MU5, F/MU4, F4, T4, C4 and F3 - there is a 50% chance of 1-3 of them failing to return from one of their forays.

CT6 **The Patricians:** A tiresome bunch of neutrals, much depleted by over-ambition. They are in residence just 10% of the time. and have another home in the City League. They are more inclined to be evil than the Legionnaires, and are more successful at holding on to money. They might have d100 x 100gp in their block at any one time, although their enormous appetite for fine wines usually evaporates whatever money they do find. The party currently consists of T8, F7, F7, C6/Dr6, but they could easily just fail to return one day.

CT7 **Alnedius' Club:** A squalid gambling den, inn and bordello, where the rowdy adventurers of Tellhalter generate the only truly regular income: Alnedius'. Prices are 5x normal, and the quality is lousy; but it's the only game in town.

CT7a

Alnedius; Club-owner; Human Male; T6; N; hp 24; AC 5; D 17; uses poisoned daggers, poisoned swords or just poisons the wine...

Alnedius doesn't intend to stay in Tellhalter long. With the money he is raking in, he can buy a proper club in High Lygol or even the League, and be respectable. For now, he just sits back and rakes it in. The club has been robbed every week or so for the last ten years, but he doesn't mind.... his three savage guard dogs have killed two men for every gold piece that has ever been taken.

CT8

The Gate Quarter: Food, drink and most perishables can be bought from the stalls in the 'market', but at 5x times normal prices. All other goods can be imported at double the cost again. These factors ensure no-one does business with the traders of Tellhalter unless they are really desperate, and why larceny is the cause of more money circulating than trade. There will be 1-6 traders, 2-12 T1-2s and 5-8 beggars here at any time.

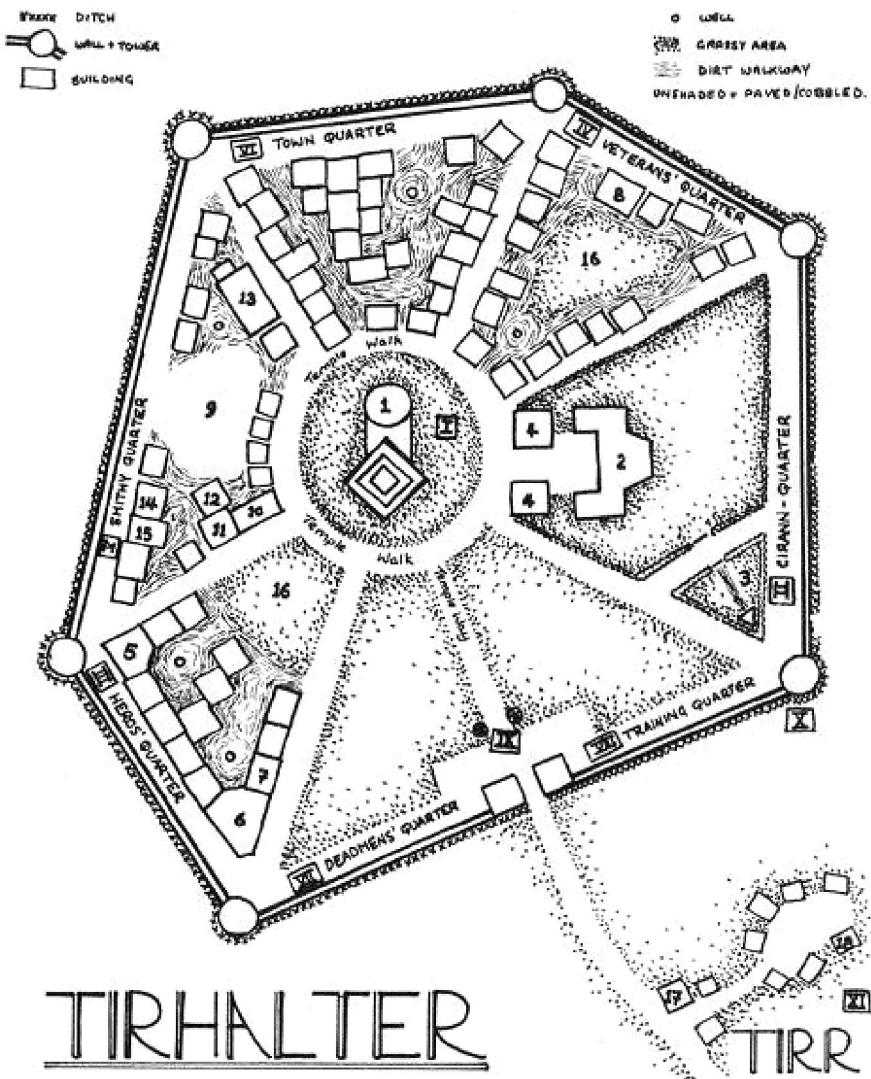
CT8a

The Old Man/Malsenn; deity; Human Male; Fr1; hp 1; AC 10; S 4; Ch 4; no visible weapons or means of defence

The only way Malsenn can manifest himself upon this plane is in the guise of a pathetically weak, diseased old man. He waits in the Gate Quarter for newcomers, and will badger clerics for aid, along with three or four other beggars. He doesn't want money though. instead he will beg them to restore the true religion of Malsenn. He will, if anyone will listen, relate the story of the malicious twist the worship of Malsenn has taken; everything, in fact, but his true nature. Should anyone mistreat him, he will appear again the first time that person is alone, and lay a curse. The person will then be left with an effective charisma of 3; surely to be reviled by everyone and everything until the inevitable end.



N° CTI: THE VILLAGE OF TIRHALTER



TIRHALTER

TIRR

Four generations ago, Cirann Olvorr, head of a large and powerful family, took it into his head to establish an institution for the training of fighting men. Being a loyal servant to the Count of Cerwyn, it was his aim to establish not only a new source of defenders for the embattled frontiers, but also an encampment in the marches which would itself be a bulwark against the humanoids of the Kahzgaz Mountains and the forests of the west and south. And so he came to the partially-ruined village of Tirre, and built a wall and moat about it, and replaced most of the inhabitants with the first apprentices of his College of Fighting Men. The buildings were replaced with low houses of solid construction, a few two-storey buildings for the College and an imposing three-story house for himself. The encampment soon became known as one of the finest armed villages on the frontier, and its name was thereafter Tirhalter.

But the initial flush of enthusiasm soon died away. Cirann, had over-stretched his budget, and was unable to spend money to find the Royal Patronage he needed. Few noble families sent their sons to the village, and the population fell to less than 300 from its height of 2000. Over the same period, three dangerous sieges came close to taking the town, and the cost of repairs completed the withering of the family fortune. Cirann became insular, bitterly complaining that the Count had let him down, and the College was almost forcibly closed.

Tirhalter underwent a transformation. Instead of keeping the peace in this part of the County, the village began to attract the kind of adventurous younger sons from poorer families who revel in battle for loot and plunder. The village became a base for raiding parties to strike out into the hills and forests, looking to draw the humanoid tribes into battle. But even this tactic was not entirely successful, for the feckless leadership of the Olvorr clan twice took large numbers of fighting men into ambush and death. It was almost inevitable that the inhabitants should slip into a kind of brigandage, aggravated by the racialist sentiments so commonly held by members of the Olvorr clan. Small groups of Tirhalter youths began causing trouble in the nearby village of Kaantinnen, and there was a pitched fight some years after. All this served to push Tirhalter further and further from the centre of gravity in Cerwyn, so that it was infamously known as a bandit town. This is over-stretching things a little, but a common Cerwyn saying sums up what Tirhalter has become. A man is said to have left his home and travelled the by-ways of Cerwyn. He went to Burghalter and became rich. He went on to Jarhalter and became wise. Next he came to Tellhalter, where he became famous. He came to Tirhalter to die, and that is all anyone remembers of him now.

TIRHALTER TODAY

Many of the houses stand empty, abandoned to the elements. Many others are in bad repair. Tirhalter is still in decline, though the impression can be given that it is a place of virile, aggressive action. Such money as the inhabitants do have comes from plunder; the farming carried out to the north and east is patchy and uneconomic. Sheep and cattle are grazed to the west, but the risk is always that they will be carried off. Tirhalter remains the fief of the only people in the village who can lay claim to have any property at all; the Olvorr clan. The key - indeed, the only - institution in Tirhalter is the College for Fighting Men. The head of the Olvorr clan still keeps up the pretence that this is a training centre for the sons of gentlefolk, but the present students are a rough and ready bunch of ne'er-do-wells, badly led though excellently trained. The students are taught the rudiments of battlefield craft, with emphasis on infantry tactics and weapon skills. The Fighters' Guild recognises the College, though it feels no need to be represented here.

The College is run entirely by the Olvorr clan, according to their own peculiar concepts. The present head of the family - who bears the name Cirann, like the founder - is the Master of Champions. His role is to supervise the actions of his deputies, the two Masters of Heroes and the two Masters of Veterans. Another member of the family, usually the youngest male with any fighting ability, is known as the Test of Veterans. Currently, the holder of this position is such a weakling that the Tests have been abandoned.

Students are accepted at Tirhalter at any time, provided they can meet the code of entry. This stipulates that the student must be a human, trained to date only as a fighter, with a clean record of legal behaviour throughout the Domains (not something that is checked up on), and able to pay fees of 1,500gp per 'term' (in game terms, the fees are to be collected at each level rise, as an alternative to the normal training system in the campaign). The candidate must swear loyalty to the Olvorr family and the laws of Tirhalter, and agree to take the God Dayleeh as his or her own.

RELIGION

Religion in Tirhalter is a fairly haphazard affair. Although Dayleeh is the only 'official' deity, several others are worshipped privately, and the practice is tolerated so long as this does not become incompatible with the official line.

CTi1

The Temple of Dayleeh: The Temple is a large building, the only one in the village allowed to rival the majesty of the Olvorr home. Its towers rise to three storeys, but otherwise it is a high-roofed, single-storey edifice. The southern tower contains living and training areas for the resident clerics, while the round northern tower holds a bell in its domed roof, and several areas for private worship (one of which is exclusively used by the Olvorr clan). The entire population of the village turns out on two weekday evenings and in the afternoons during the five Festival days of the summer. The clerics hold a monopoly on all medical services.

The business of the Temple is presided over by Ol-Antonn, family holy man for the past Dayleeh-knows-how-long years. His assistants are combative, but have some good qualities. In many villages, the priests of a monopoly religion like this would have enormous power and influence, but politics is not something that comes easily to a Dayleeh-worker....

CTi1a

Ol-Antonn; M; C8; LN; hp 68; AC 4;
mace +4

Human Male

S

15

▪ Very aged, white-haired, thin; wears grey robe which hangs on him like a sheet

I

12

▪ Priest of the Temple of Dayleeh and Master of Worship

W

18

▪ A decent man, but not pleasant; speaks his mind very audibly; highly practical, loyalties lie with Dayleeh, the Olvors and the people of Tirhalter - in that order

▪ A useful contact, as he knows everyone in the 'halter, also has Domain-wide contacts through religion

D

13

▪

C

7

▪

Ch

9

▪

CT1b-d

Gutonn; Human Male; C5; CN

Very silent, giving everyone a bad impression; his loyalties are to himself, and most people seem to know it; hates the sight of Rann and is very jealous of Hiero's popularity

Rann; Human Male; C3; LN

Likeable, though somewhat difficult to approach at first because of a brisk 'I'm busy' attitude; Antonn's most promising pupil; thoroughly dislikes Gutonn and has the knack for putting him into positions where he appears to be entirely in the wrong

Hiero; Human Female; C1; NG; hp 6; AC 7; Cha 18

Everybody's friend, doing her best to be likeable; knows a lot of secrets, since many confide in her; uses her information for the furtherance of the religion - a dangerous game

CIR ANN-QUARTER

This area is off limits to anyone who is not a member of the Olvorr clan, or does not have official business there. The students are encourage to beat the living daylights out of anyone who does not adhere to this rule.

CTi2

Olvorr Clanhouse: The Olvorrs live here, in the house that Cirann built to establish a dynasty. The original house was magnificently decorated and furnished, and later heads of the family have allowed further improvements. However, much of the recent work is shoddy, and the new furnishings are scrap. In many ways, the house is like a junkyard.

Eight people inhabit the house. They do not represent the whole of the Olvorr clan, merely the immediate family of Cirann. He was once as great a warrior as any that his family have ever produced, and even though age is telling on him, he is still someone few would choose to test. His weakness - an almost inherited one - is that he believes his own propaganda; the College will one day be the finest institution in the land, attended by all the noble families of Cerwyn, and that in the meantime a few indiscretions against the filthy dwarves and the sneering elves, and all the humanoid rubbish beyond the border is perfectly reasonable.

His wife, Niara, whom he met while in the service of the Count of Cerwyn (a brief attempt at a reconciliation during the life of his father), has borne him four sons and two daughters and is exhausted with life. Having such a motley brood of children has probably broken her heart. The eldest, Freirr, is a troublemaker and a true son of the Olvorr clan. He cannot wait to be head of the family and Master of the College for himself, so that he can step up the pillaging of other villages. He has the most appalling relationship with the other Master of Heroes, his uncle Iamsonn, who he has challenged to duels, was assaulted by students, and whose house he set fire to. Probably unbalanced, Freirr will make a fine Olvorr one day.

The twins, Jonann and Wilm, are quieter, but no less afflicted with the Olvorr lack of responsibility. Wilm is a violent hedonist, constantly trifling with girls in the village, and injuring students in training. He is probably the finest swordsman in the whole of Cerwyn, but is fatally doomed to keep trying to show it to everybody. Jonann was much the same, until a training accident which cut off a leg and shattered an arm. As a cripple, he has become the mouth-piece of the family, a clever and twisting demagogue. Both the twins are fiercely loyal to their father, and against Freirr.

Aya, the eldest daughter and the second Master of Veterans, is a tough tutor and a brash fighter, equally anti-Freirr, though for her own reasons. Ellas, the second daughter, is waiting for a reasonable marriage opportunity. Originally she showed great promise as a war-leader, but a silly romance has totally ruined her, and all her skills are gone.

Lastly, there is Calonn, the Test of Veterans. As such, it should fall to him to examine the skill of students after each 'term' of training. But Calonn is hopeless, normally being sick as soon as he has a weapon in his hand. Consequently, the Tests have been abandoned, and Calonn is a dilemma to his father, who cannot think of a thing to do with him.



CTi2a	Cirann Olvorr ; F10; LN; hp 68; AC 2; broadsword of dancing
Human Male	
S	18 ⁴⁰
I	13
W	8
D	17
C	16
Ch	13
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Very tall, but stooping with age; iron-grey, shoulder-length hair ▪ Master of Tirhalter, Master of Champions ▪ Absolutist; obeyed or feared, happy to settle disputes by the sword ▪ Well aware of his son's plans, but hopes nothing will happen; unaware of Tepol's intentions 	

CTi2b	Freirr Olvorr ; F8; NE; hp 39; AC 4; longsword of wounding
Half Male	
S	18 ¹¹
I	16
W	11
D	13
C	12
Ch	8
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ A younger, shorter version of his father ▪ Cirann's heir, Master of Heroes ▪ Wants to rule Tirhalter; plans to steal father's sword, kill him, and leave the sword planted on someone who can take the blame ▪ Knows most of what is going on, including the Students' unrest. 	

CTi2c-h **Wilm Olvorr**; Human Male; F5; CN; Master of Veterans

Jonann Olvorr; Human Male; F3; CN; D 3, W 5; Fights -4 to hit, no shield; near-insanity gives him 50% chance of being resistant to mind-influencing spells in addition to saving throws

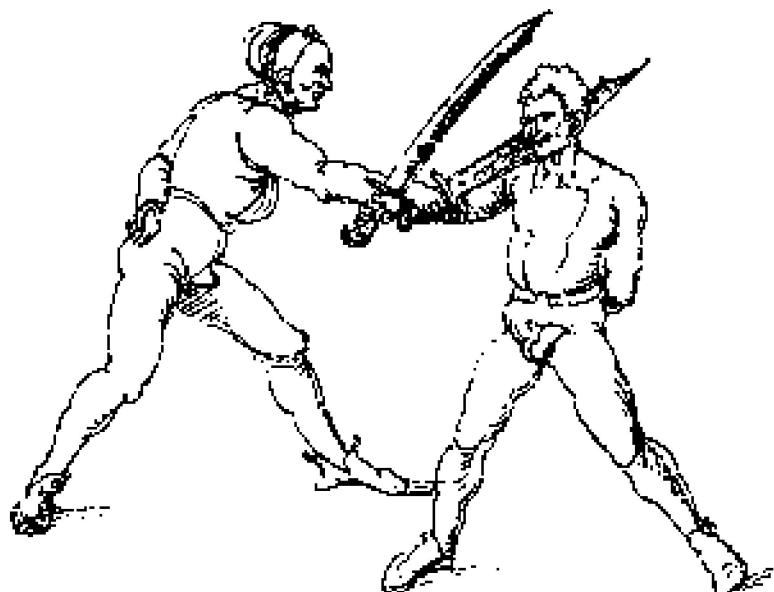
Aya Olvorr; Human Female; F5; N; Master of Veterans

Ellas Olvorr; Human Female; F4; N; Aya's twin; soon to become the third Master of Veterans

Calsonn Olvorr; Human Male; F2; NG; hp 12; S 17, W 7, Ch 15; Shortest and youngest of the Olvorr clan; has a surprising shock of red hair; Test of Veterans; knows most of the Trainees in the Veterans' Quarter because he fought nearly all of them!

Niara Olvorr; Human Female; Fr6 (formerly R5); N; hp 28; I 16, W 15; Ch 14; Plain-faced, but coppery hair and bronzed skin give her an exotic look; disapproves of the tension in the family and recognises Freirr as the cause; she has contemplated murdering him, but cannot stoop to such a deed herself; suspicious about Tepol (CTi7a).

CTi3 **Clan Cemetery**: Here lie the remains of many past members of the Olvorr clan. The triangular building to the southeast is the tomb and memorial of the founder of Tirhalter, beneath which there is reputed to be considerable treasure, though this is denied by all the Olvorrs who know that the wealth has been plundered over generations to maintain Tirhalter in the face of its economic decline.



CTi4

Gatehouses to Clanhouse: One of these is a stable-block, with servants' quarters above.

The other houses the family of Cirann's brother, Iamsonn. This junior branch of the family is completely in the shade, suffering from the ostracism and spite of Cirann and his offspring. Still, they have fared better than many other junior members of the family - they're still alive.

CTi4a

Iamsonn Olvorr; F7; NG; hp 40;

AC 1; **longsword +3**

Human Male

S 16

- Slight, wiry and nondescript; wears armour under normal robes; owns many protective devices as he fears for his life

I 12

- Master of Heroes

W 14

- Quiet and unremarkable; hides behind air of complete indolence; will do virtually anything to ensure the safety of his family

D 16

- Has hidden away for so long, most people have forgotten him; some Tirhalter villagers would prefer him to Cirann or Freirr any day

C 17

Ch 9

**CTi4b-e**

Tonn; Human Male; F2; N

Iamsonn's eldest son; a sad figure working through the College just like an ordinary student

Christo; Human Male; F2; LN

Iamsonn's second son; possibly the best Olvorr of them all and well loved by the other students and people of Tirhalter

Timoi; Human Female; F1; NG

A victim of many of Freirr's worst excesses, Timoi still remains charitable and caring, though this leaves her totally useless as far as the resistance to Cirann's family goes

Gillia; Human Female; Fr4; LE

Her life ruined by a marriage to a losing candidate in the family feuds, Gillia is a notorious drinker and a loose talker

HEROES QUARTER

These are the living and training quarters of the senior students. Fighters of level 4 and above train here under the tutelage of Freirr and Iamsonn. There are ten Heroes in the halls of this quarter, men who unable to pursue their careers elsewhere. None have come here for the training - many might be considered better fighters than either Freirr or Iamsonn - but because they need somewhere less public to hide. The Heroes are expected to be at the forefront of attacks on neighbouring hamlets and the raids into the forest and hills, but only two have any ambition beyond that. Denbras is the elected Champion, the most senior student. As such, he looks after the welfare of the others as best he can. In the face of the calculated spite of Freirr and the general lack of finance, this is a hopeless task. For

Denbras, the answer is to seek for more forceful leadership from the Olvorrs, to whom he remains loyal. In any conflict, Denbras would be important - most of the other Heroes follow his guidance - and he would only oppose Cirann if he or Freirr went too far. Otherwise, the Heroes are an obstruction to change.

Tepol is a different matter. He came to the 'halter after fleeing the Theocratic Principalities and travelling overland to Cerwyn. He became friendly with Cirann, and many believe Tepol was responsible for the death of Cirann's father and all his brothers except Iamsonn. His reputation, therefore, is as the hatchet man of the Olvorrs. He is, in fact, seeking to overthrow them, being in the pay of the Countess Flavia of Cerwyn, who would dearly love to have Tirhalter under proper control. Tepol has many supporters among the lesser students, but knows Denbras and the Heroes are too strong to overcome on the way to dealing with Cirann and Freirr. If additional help were to appear...

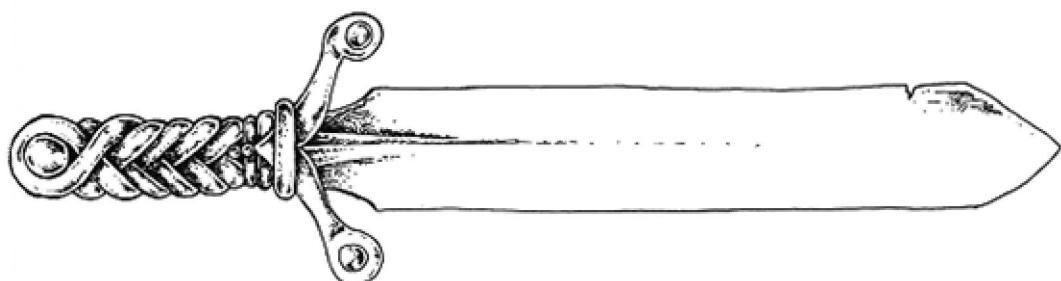
CTi4 Champion's House: The current champion is allowed to use this fine kite-shaped house. Denbras fills it rather inelegantly.

CTi5a Denbras; F7; CG; hp 43; AC 2;
longsword +2 giant slayer

Human Male

S	18 ¹²	▪ Very large, almost fat; bristly black beard and straggly hair; wears sword in sash around waist; thundering voice
I	12	
W	11	
D	6	▪ Champion
C	17	▪ Likeable; loves telling tall stories and rude jokes; drinks ale by the keg; if challenged, brave and strong, but not naturally quarrelsome
Ch	15	▪ Has plans to leave Tirhalter before much longer, being tired of keeping other students' morale up in the face of all the reverses, a strong Guild man, with many useful contacts in many armies

CTi6 Master of Heroes' House: Currently empty. Either Freirr or Iamsonn could take residence here if they wished. Freirr does not because he wishes to remain close to the seat of power, Iamsonn for exactly the opposite reason.



CTi7

Tepol's House: Tepol lives here with three other Heroes. This house is well-known as being the scene of lively political debates

CTi7a

Tepol of Borth; F6; NE; hp 40;

AC -1; **bastard sword +3**

Human Male

S 16

- Smiling, good-looking student; very fit; short hair, strong eyes; wears plate and **cloak of warmth** (protects

I 15

wearer from cold weather

W 12

conditions) - a gift from Cirann for services rendered

D 18

▪ Student - also Colonel in the secret service of Countess Flavia

C 17

▪ Ambitious, ruthless, skilled; smiles a lot, says little; has knack for seeing the right moment to make a move or change sides

Ch 10

▪ A servant of the Countess in High Lygol, but otherwise unknown

The other Heroes of Tirhalter can be found living or hanging around here. They are F4-5, AC 2-3, hp 24-29, armed with a magical weapon. Though they follow Tepol for the sake of entertainment, they are Denbras' to a man, and are therefore a prop to the continued success of the Olvorr clan.

VETERANS' QUARTER

The junior students, about 40 F1-3, AC 3-5, hp 8-17, armed with polearms or swords, live here. Most are impoverished younger sons of farmers, with a scattering of petty crooks from out of the way places thrown in. Unprincipled and uncaring, they will as happily follow a revolt against the Olvorrs as they would a raid led by Freirr against High Lygol itself, so long as there was money in it. Most follow Tepol, a few have been recruited by Iamsonn.

CTi8

Master of Veterans' House: Also currently empty, although Aya plans to move in once she is confirmed as a third Master of Veterans - an event which will further confuse the loyalties of the junior students.

TRADERS' QUARTER

CTi9

Smithy Square: A small market is held here twice weekly, with travelling pedlars adding to a small trade in home-grown foodstuffs, locally produced clothes and homewear and a thriving trade in ales and wines. This is also the area where potty thieves are punished in stocks.

CTi10

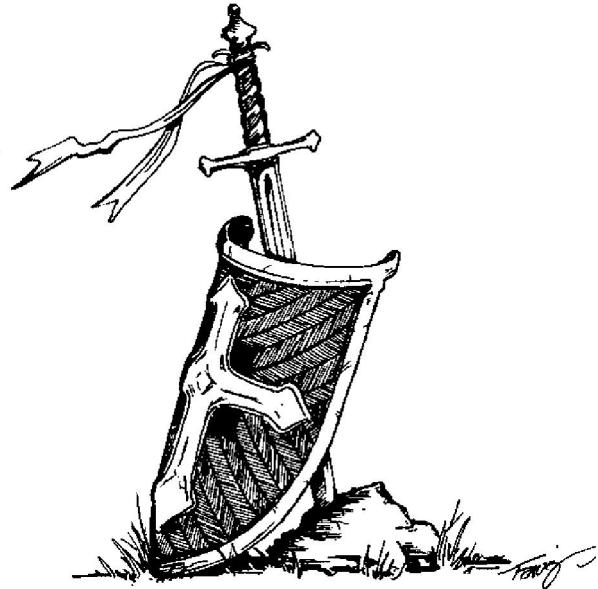
Smithy: The Smithy is the only profitable business in Tirhalter, producing the armaments needed for raiding and training. Graven Marda is a superior craftsman, with his own leatherworker and carpenter, and can make anything from a siege engine to a valuable dagger. Prices are high, but the Olvorrs buy nearly everything, so there's no complaint.

CTi11-12 Warehouse & Stable: Graven has quite a little trading empire. His warehouse has lot captured in raids on neighbouring hamlets, which he ships to far parts of the Domains to be sold. The stable houses the College horses. Seeing as he keeps his eyes open, Graven will be among the first to see newcomers to town; and since he has every interest in seeing things stay as they are, he will betray anybody to Freirr who goes along with his whispered ideas that things would be better here if only the Olvorrs were gone.

CTi12a Graven Marda: Fr3; N; hp 10;
AC 9; mace or club

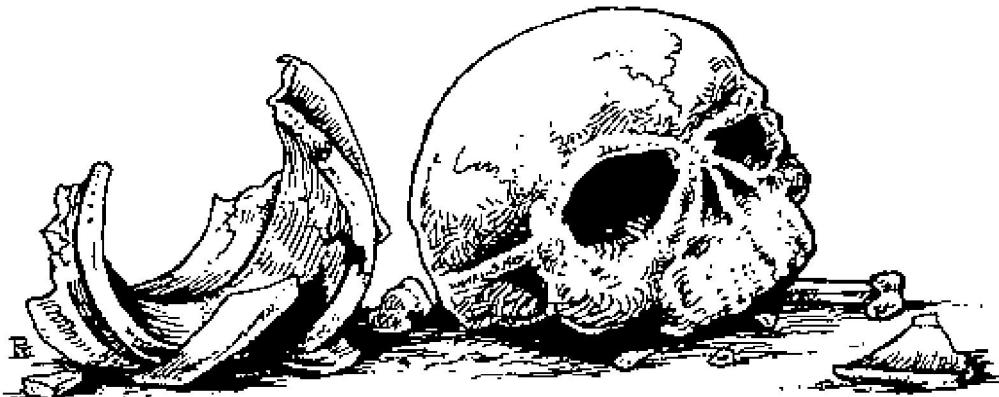
Human Male

S	11	▪ Over-weight, red-faced and thin-haired; wears gold rings and jewels, fine clothes and amulet of ESP
I	16	▪ Master Smith
D	13	▪ Vain, greedy, though very talented; tainted by a scandal in High Lygol, and very bitter, a manipulator
C	12	
Ch	9	▪ Rich, and has influence in Cerwyn through bribes and blackmail; uses his position in Tirhalter to stay out of the way until his enemies in Cerwyn are gone; much, much more than just a Smith



CTi13 The Stone Circle Tavern: A modestly good hostelry, with fine ale and reasonable prices. Lack of contact with outside world makes things like spirits pricey, but most things can be purchased after a little gold changes hands. Guest rooms are empty - this is no tourist resort, after all.

CTi14-15 Bank & Pawnbrokers: Tirhalter uses a system of currency based on barter and bearer bonds to make up for the fact that so little actual currency changes hands. The bonds are pieces of paper carrying fixed amounts in gp amounts; these are bought from the bank for the price shown plus 10%. The bank is even more important for the regulatory work it does on bartering, fixing the number of hens to be traded for a sheep, the worth of hay, the price of beer.... Add to that the fact that he runs the village pawnshop, and Kenet Osef runs a lucrative business, but for the fact that the Olvorrs take an official 40% cut, and Freirr collects an additional 20% for his private purse. Still, by only fixing high prices for a commodity when he has some, or by accepting inducements, Kenet is living well, which makes him a supporter of the regime, although not of Freirr.



CT14a	Kenet Osef ; Human Male; Fr4; NE;	
	hp 18; AC 9; swordstick	
	Human Male	
S	8	▪ Very good-looking, and well-dressed without being gaudy; carries
I	18	swordstick or some other concealed
W	16	weapon
D	9	▪ Banker, Money broker
C	15	▪ Avaricious, but not overly so; loathes
Ch	17	being in the pocket of others but respects their patronage
		▪ Loathes Freirr in the most venomous way; also has a strong distaste for Graven (too flashy), Iamsonn (owes money), Tepol (a wild man), and quite a few others; he is the only man who knows for sure that Tepol is out to topple Cirann and get rid of Freirr, so he hopes that he does the latter first, to that he can betray him and keep his lucrative business

TOWN QUARTER

The ordinary townsfolk of Tirhalter have made their community here, near an old well. They form the nucleus of a 'normal' community, though there are many of them who have fallen prey to the easy pickings that come from pandering to the needs of the students. About 150 adults have their homes here, mostly Fr1-2, Neutral and without any weapons.

DEAD MEN'S QUARTER

Students have to pass the final resting-place of fighting men and villagers alike on their way to and from the village - a warning against complacency.

TRAINING QUARTER

This, and the two areas marked 16 are outdoor training fields, where most of the weapon practice takes place. Archery butts, practice dummies and other items are scattered in profusion in these grassed areas.

GATES

The section behind the gates has one interesting feature; twin statues, 15' high, of armoured men wielding mighty swords. The figures represent the first Cirann Olvorr and the greatest Champion, Natan di Revorllers. The swords cross above the pathway, supposedly symbolising the setting of a challenge to excellence by these two great men. Those who would see the Olvorrs cast down tend to take a more literal view that the only challenge to Cirann can come from the Champion student. Tepol holds secret conversations with other plotters beneath the statues at night.

THE OLD VILLAGE

Beyond the 10' high stone wall, with its 15' high towers and the 10' deep ditch, are open meadows of patchy grass, broken only by a track leading south-east towards Roseberry. Just beyond the gates, a few tatty buildings from the old village of Tirre remain. In ten houses about 60 people live by herding sheep or scrawny cattle. The only feature of this hamlet are the small inn at 17, and the house of sooth-sayer, Freia, at 18. If the GM has some method for introducing prophecies into the game, then he or she might like to have Freia offer the PCs pronouncements on the future of the village and the Olvorrs. She seems to have some undefinable power; and she is never wrong....

CTi18a **Freia**; Fr4; NG; hp 18; AC 9; unarmed

Human Female

S	8	▪ A matronly, middle-aged lady with dark hair and white skin; wears a dark robe which acts like a
I	13	▪ dark robe which acts like a
W	18	▪ displacer cloak in poor light
D	11	▪ Sooth-sayer
C	7	▪ Confident, business-like, has great hatred for Freirr but hides it - she
Ch	15	▪ knows that Tepol is plotting to see him slain and she knows what the outcome of the revolt will be; loves silver
		▪ The most important of all the villagers, and the source of all their wisdom; has no reputation beyond the immediate vicinity of Tirhalter



PLOTLINES

Most action in Tirhalter will range around the fact that the village is ripe for revolt and that there are a number of different factions who might profit or lose through such a change. The following is a summary of the potential groupings, and the way the PCs may or may not be drawn into their web.

1. Cirann himself still has plenty of mileage left in him, though there are surely too many people lining up against him for him to survive long. This might make him one of the first to approach the PCs, offering money (not a lot, mind you) for protection. He knows Freirr is the main threat, but will not deal harshly with his eldest son. His support comes from Denbras, the Heroes, Kenet and Graven, but only the latter two will follow him anywhere.
2. Freirr is on his own, save for the fact that the Heroes and Veterans obey him out of fear and for money. Needing a power-base, he might offer the PCs some kind of partnership in

the running of Tirhalter, though it is not a deal he would want to honour. He is capable of shifting his ground to ally with just about anyone other than his father or Iamonn.

3. Jonann, Wilm and Aya would be another faction, at least at first, with Elias, Calonn and Niara in their shadow. All want to see Freirr removed, and might be able to find money to tempt the PCs to act. This

grouping has little future, however, since none of the students nor the population of Tirhalter support them, and they will divide into smaller groupings once Freirr is removed. Ellas might make some romantic connection with a PC, just to add further confusion to the story.

4. Iamonn, seemingly useless, has two major assets. First, he would be the immediate choice of the villagers, if Cirann and Freirr were gone (in fact, this is the only active opinion the villagers would put forward). Second, Cristonn would be a genuinely beneficial ruler for the village in a few years time. If the PCs began to look as if they were in a position to make changes happen, the villagers would approach them and ask for their own candidate to succeed, and suddenly the PCs would have important allies.

5. The Heroes and their leader, Denbras, are a floating obstruction to change, but assuming Cirann were gone, could be the vital component in deciding who took over.

6. Tepol and the Veterans are ready to take the first step in altering the current balance in the village, though Tepol has managed to achieve this with only Freirr and Niara getting at all suspicious. In any prolonged situation of unrest, Tepol could play an unbeatable trump card - the military strength of the County of Cerwyn, which could sweep away anything short of a village united against them.

7. And, of course, there are other groups with a healthy interest in Tirhalter. The humanoids of the hills to the west, or the villagers of Kaantinnen might be glad to see Tirhalter broken, and both would be sure to find out if the village were in confusion over disputed leadership, or if there had been much blood-letting. Several hundred orcs and goblins might settle the question of who owns the village rather more quickly than anything else...

The GM should not be afraid of using Tirhalter as a short scenario, involving the PCs in spiteful political battle, before allowing them to use the village as a base for operations in the Kahzgaz range and beyond. Once the matter is settled, other NPCs should be drafted in to provide a new background. The PCs should only be allowed to take over the running of Tirhalter if they are 8th level or higher. Otherwise, Flavia will take it herself.



BEYOND CERWYN

This section is an overview of the areas around Cerwyn and the City League. The sections below give brief notes - a thumbnail sketch of each of the domains shown on the map.

TOWNS AND TRADE

The towns, cities and ports shown on the map (except within Cerwyn) are the major ones in the region - those having populations of 15,000 or thereabouts. Smaller towns, villages and hamlets exist within all the domains. But these have been omitted from the map for the sake of clarity. In general, the level of population is similar to that described for the County of Cerwyn earlier.

The roads shown on the map are not paved highways, except for short lengths around various towns and cities. The roads are the easiest and most travelled routes that trade caravans take. Within the borders of the domains the roads are patrolled, but beyond those borders merchants and travellers fend for themselves and look to their own defences when using the roads. The nautical trade routes that are shown are the most important ones from the City League towards the Splintered Lands, Lands of the Priest-Kings and the Trade Cities of Xir. These routes are travelled by convoys of large, well armed ships which do not suffer too much from pirates and other ruffians. The coastal trade routes are not shown, but a healthy trade in most goods is carried out by smaller craft sailing between the smaller ports (and compared to the Docklands of the City League everything, save the semi-ruined Almetian naval station at Kosre, is a smaller port).

Direct passage to any port shown on the map can be obtained in the City League. From elsewhere, there is a 35% chance of finding a ship that will eventually call at the desired port (after 1-4 other ports of call). Such passages cost 10-100gp per league travelled (depending upon the level of comfort desired). Passages are never paid for cargo owners accompanying their wares. The cost of transporting cargo by ship or as part of a land caravan is usually half-tithe (5%) of the value of the cargo, regardless of its nature. Port fees of up to 400gp are also usually paid by the cargo owner. Merchant caravans welcome fellow travellers on the road -- an extra sword is always useful - providing some form of security is offered; an introduction from a trustworthy intermediary, for example.

The routes into the Steppe country through the Sarpath Peaks through Vasarpath and the Cirbell Pass, and south from Catstane, Cadfan and Marn are only in use during the summer months. Exactly what lies in the Steppe region is at the discretion of the DM.

Beyond the frontiers of a particular domain the density of population drops rapidly, and the forest and mountain regions have few human inhabitants away from the few independent towns and the trade routes. Although referred to as 'mountains' by the local inhabitants, they are, in reality, high moors and desolate heather covered peaks. The 'mountains' and hills have poor soil and offer little to attract peasants to work the land. The peaks and the forested areas are the homes to numerous small clans of humanoids. The clans are usually small, (50 individuals at most), but in the Sarpath Peaks and the wilderlands to the north of the Grey Hills tribes of several hundred goblins, hobgoblins, gnolls, orcs, kobolds, bugbears and other creatures have been reported. Except for raids during hard winters. these creatures - and the others that live in the lightly inhabited areas -

confine their activities to squabbling among themselves and attacking the occasional caravan.

THE DOMAINS

County of Bereduth: Bereduth is a large and relatively poor domain stretching along the upper valley of the Lygol river. Although established 200 years before the Cerwyn, Bereduth was always under pressure from the humanoid tribes from the surrounding peaks. By the time the County had suppressed these in a series of bitter campaigns and was strong enough to expand towards the sea Cerwyn was in the way, its armies paid for by Osport silver.

The ruling house of Bereduth --the d'Erebia family - have managed, by cunning diplomacy and several dynastic marriages, to ally themselves to the House Micreta. The current Count, Nortus (the brother of Sir Ewan d'Erebia, the Marshall of Cerwyn) has plans to marry his eldest son, Tyan (F7, hp 32/39), to Countess Flavia Micreta, despite the fact that the two are cousins, and Hellis II, Baron of Kalos also wants to marry the girl. Children of such a marriage would be heirs to the titles of Bereduth and Cerwyn.

Bereduth has a small population for its size, made up mainly of cattle farmers - in total no more than 40,000. The d'Erebia family's military forces are small. proficient and wholly occupied with the suppression of humanoid clans.

Principality & Kingdom of Korrath: At much the same time as the Barony of Kalos became independent. the Princes of Korrath also declared themselves to be sovereign rulers, although nothing could be further from the truth. The Principality of Korrath - in reality little more than the port of Emear and its surrounding fields - is the domain traditionally conferred upon the second born of the monarch of Korrath - but only for the lifetime of the King. On the death of the monarch the first born assumes the title, and the Prince or Princess become the High Lord of Korrath, the new monarchs chief adviser and war leader.

This system has ensured stable government under the same family, the House Vos Ambry, for the last 500 years, as provision is made for the monarch to be well schooled in the theory of politics and rulership, while the High Lord has the practical experience and cannot cause too much harm while learning the ropes of government.

The two halves of Korrath have different coinage and legal systems (in the Principality the only proof of innocence is Trial by Combat, while in the Kingdom Trial by jury is widely practised), but have a unified feudal army (some 2,500 troops if all are called out) and all taxes go to the Royal Treasury at Corratical.

The current Queen, Riella IV, her brother. High Lord Mirkus and her son, Prince Borutes I, rule a nation of 25,000 people.

Barony of Poritas: For the last 200 years, the Baron of Poritas has been just one man. Iren Fredeas Poritas was once the High Wizard of Poritas Magnae and Baron of Poritas; now he is only called Iren the Undying. As a result of a poorly-worded *wish* spell, the unfortunate Iren Fredeas is doomed to unending life, although he is now over 264 years old and suffers all the effects of such years, save senility. Even assassination attempts have proved unsuccessful - Iren Fredeas spent an interesting year of his life with poison burning in his veins.

Although Iren Fredeas' physical powers have long since failed, government cannot be legally passed on to another member of the family, as no one is sure what wording the old man used in his spell; all are afraid to depose him in case it results in the devastation of the Barony. Iren Fredeas does nothing to quell these fears, as he needs the comforts of his position to make his endless life bearable. Thus, Iren Fredeas' son, grandson, and great-grandson have grown old and died as Barons-in-Waiting. Other members of the family have realised the futility of their positions within Poritas and have made good marriages.

Were it not for the tragedy of his plight, the governance of such a domain by a body known as 'The Council of the Bedchamber' would be comic. However, under the Council of the Bedchamber the Barony has flourished. Save for the City League, Poritas is the height of art, culture, and politics in the region. and its 35,000 people live under a liberal regime where death is a rare punishment reserved for treason, murder, heresy, theft of goods worth more than 1gp, some cases of adultery and giving short measure.

The long, eastern frontier with the Cammarus See is marked by the GreyHills, a region of infertile uplands, largely given over to herders and a few minor orcish clans. The Grey Hills are breached by many passes, the major one being the trade route from the capital, Poritas Magnae, to Dolterion in the See. Further north, the area known as the Wilderlands is a high plateau of mountains and forests, marked principally by a climatic pressure centre about 40 miles north-east of Caer Darus, which sends out swirls of rain-bearing cloud over most of the sub-continent. This generates powerful winds, which whip along the coast from Skenos to Zimloth and beyond, providing fast passage for ships on their way to the Tradecities of Xir.

There are nine towns of any note. Poritas Magnae is the capital and seat of Baron Iren Fredeas Poritas, with a small population of courtiers, magnates, servants and traders. Argos is a trade port, with 9,000 inhabitants, dominating the out-bound trade routes from Cerwyn to the Xirian cities. Camath and Poria are minor ports dealing in localised trade within the Domains, while Skenos is a fishing and ship-building town with a generous reputation for war-galleys. Zimloth is a tributary town, nominally under the Baron's control, but operated by a Guild financed by Xirian city-states, and providing them with an advanced trading centre. Seahold is also semi-independent, from where the mercenary and privateering order of the Dagger Brotherhood operate their bloody trade. Barul is a farming centre. The total population of the Barony is about 35,000.

The citizens of Poritas are regarded as scrupulously honest men and women. Art, poetry and letters thrive in the realm of Iren the Undying. And so, occasionally, do adventurers, who can make for the Wilderlands, and find death or glory there.

Barony of Kalos: The lands of Kalos are, technically, a sub-fief of the Province Palatine of Kosre, but for 70 years the Barons of Kalos have never sworn fealty to the Admirals of Kosre. 209 years ago the Province Palatine of Kalos was established by the Huldoa family (see 'The Province Palatine of Kosre'), who had too many sons chasing too few titles at the time. The new Barons Palatinate inter-married with the ruling houses of Poritas and Korrath - a process which made the Huldoas somewhat independent in their outlook. Seventy years ago this independence finally surfaced, and Baron Hellis repudiated the name Huldoa, adopting instead Kalos as the new family name.

Since that time, the Barons of Kalos have enjoyed excellent relations with all the domains in the area, except the Cammarus See (with whom no-one has good relations), and

the Kosre, the former overlord of Kalos. The Kalos family have had the good sense to marry into many of the titled families of the region – and into money as well. Many of the younger members of the family are married into guildmaster and merchant families.

The development of the Barony was impeded in the first place by the Admirals of Kosre, who didn't want too powerful a subject state, and then by the need for defence against the revenge of the Admirals of Kosre. Since the break with Kosre, there has not been a single year in which at least a skirmish or a small running battle at sea did not take place between troops from Kalos and Kosrean forces. As a result, the Baron's troops, some 5,000 soldiers and 1000 sailors out of a population of 40,000, are the most practiced and proficient in the region.

The current Baron, Hellis Kalos II, (F11, hp 60/70) is negotiating with the Council of Guardians of Cerwyn for the hand of Countess Flavia, but so far without much success.

The Cammarus See: 367 years ago, the Prophet Naxos had a vision of a Holy Imperium, ruling the world from a city floating on a lake. The prophet's powers of persuasion were such that many flocked to his banners, and the Cammarus See was established as the first part of the Empire-to-be. The faith of truth, justice and absolute obedience to superiors would be spread from this stronghold by the sharpness of its proselytizers' tongues and swords.

In the intervening years the vision has become more than a little tarnished as the cares and pleasures of the world impinged upon the Hierarchs of the New Order. Strangely, the peasants of the surrounding dominions saw little attraction in exchanging secular masters for those who claimed direct authority from the gods, and the jihad to convert the world declined in vigour as the See grew richer.

The governance of Cammarus is the responsibility of the Hierarchs, an anonymous body of 27 men referred to only as the High Brothers. Although they claim religious status, the Brothers and their associated state/church bureaucracy, the Holy Order of the New Imperium, have no clerical abilities whatsoever. Within Cammarus this is seen as a sign that the land is filled with sin which must be rooted out.

As a consequence, all foreigners, (especially elves, dwarves, and halflings), those who are a little slow of wit, the ugly or old, people with blond hair or anyone who the officials of Holy Order dislike are denounced as sinners and enemies. The punishment inflicted is' usually exile and forfeiture of all goods, but death by stoning or impalement is not uncommon.

Surprisingly, the people of the Cammarus See (some 65,000) accept their lot, as they are unexposed to outside influences 'which would corrupt their souls'. When the See has been threatened by war the entire population - almost regardless of age and sex - has risen in arms to the defence of their land, their lack of military ability at all levels being compensated for by their fanaticism.

Merchants are allowed to land goods only at the port of Stanegard, and to import them by land only to Dolterion. Trade is always by barter, the chief products of the See being cloth and cereals, and supervision by the Prophet's Sons - the military - is strict. Traders are never allowed near the town of Cammarus, although diplomatic missions have been tolerated.

Province Palatine of Kosre: 1,400 years ago, the Empire of Almete fell when the Imperial generals fought for the privilege of occupying the Black Throne. The Empire dissolved into a mass of statelets, endlessly warring amongst themselves, while the barbarous hordes destroyed them one at a time.

In the last days of the Empire Ynys Kosre and its Imperial naval station were placed under the command of a once-barbarian admiral, Sceris Huldoa. In the years that followed the title of Port Admiral of the Kosre Fleet became hereditary within the Huldoa family, and the Province Palatine was established - the Huldoas claiming to represent the true heirs to Almetian greatness. Unfortunately for the Admirals, in the intervening years other domains have risen - domains which owe nothing to the Imperial legacy, save for Kalos which is a constant insult to the pride of the Huldo family.

Ynys Kosre is still the centre of the Province Palatine, although years of inattention have not been kind to the facilities at the naval yards - but the yards are still the biggest docks in the region outside the City League, and are the basis of Huldoa power. The 'Almetian Fleet' - a group of little more than state pirates - preys upon shipping, extracting 'Imperial tolls' (typically a tithe on a ship's cargo) for the most part and sinking one or two ships a year. The other domains in the region lack the naval power to put a stop to the Fleet's activities, or are content to pay the tolls in exchange for being left alone.

Under the present Admiral, Brekekekex Huldoa, Kosre has poor relations with all the other states in the area. Kosrean merchants, travellers and even their coins are treated with suspicion and contempt. Only in the City League - where the colour of a man's money counts for nothing - are Kosrean coins worth their full value; elsewhere only a skillful bargainer can hope for better than half the value of his coins.

The Province Palatine's overall population is approximately 80,000, of which 2,500 are under arms serving with the Fleet and a further 750 as a border militia.

By the pen of Scrimlos Vacuan, Rotemaster of Heralds, the Court of the Counts of Cerwyn, this day Midsummer's Eve in the 305th year of the County.



N° RB THE RANGER BATTALION



High in the mountains of the Sarpath range, near the source of the River Blackwater, is a small, fortified building. This building is perched on a hillside, jutting out from the rock, and seems inaccessible. From its narrow windows, there is a fantastic view over the Blackwater Valley, and over two other valleys. In a grim wilderness such as the Sarpath Peaks, this place is obviously built to survive the greatest dangers.

This fortress is known as Fastrock, the home of the Ranger Battalion. Fifty years ago, a trader and philanthropist named

Guillon, left a sizeable fortune in his will. One of the stipulations was that a series of forts should be built through the Sarpath Peaks to link up with cities far beyond, and that these forts should be manned by a group of the bravest fighting men and women, who would open a trade route, and keep it open.

However, Guillon's dreams were bigger than his fortune. By the time one fort had been built, and manned with the required number of heroes, the fortune was spent. Of course, the executors hadn't helped by gambling away most of it on some chariot races at the Arena in the City League.

But there is a particular brand of hero who will set about a dangerous and deadly task, even if it is utterly futile. And so, the Ranger Battalion lives on. 12 men and 5 women, dedicated to the eradication of all chaotic life in the Mountains, and living a perilous life right in the midst of their enemies. For a group of adventurers, looking for support on some quest in the highlands, they might be a great help. Then again, they might be the worst liability.

FASTROCK

One reason that Guillon's fortune was spent so rapidly was that the first fort, Fastrock, cost a sum beyond belief. The fort has many magical protections, not the least of which is that it has no normal entrance. Instead, there is a space below the fort on the valley floor which marks the bottom of a levitation column. One mounted figure at a time can be levitated up into the fort through a space in the floor, provided that both horse and rider are wearing Ranger amulets. Within the fort there are stables, barracks and various rooms designed for defence, that can fire all manner of magical spells (fireballs and webs in the main), missiles and other defence materials (boiling oil, rocks, that sort of thing) onto the mountain face or into any of the valleys below.

Permanent *anti-magic spheres* surround the fort, and the Rangers themselves keep a vigilant watch, aided by a complicated system of alarms and *magic mouths*. Clearly, if someone were able to *disintegrate* the mountain, the fort would be destroyed, but otherwise...

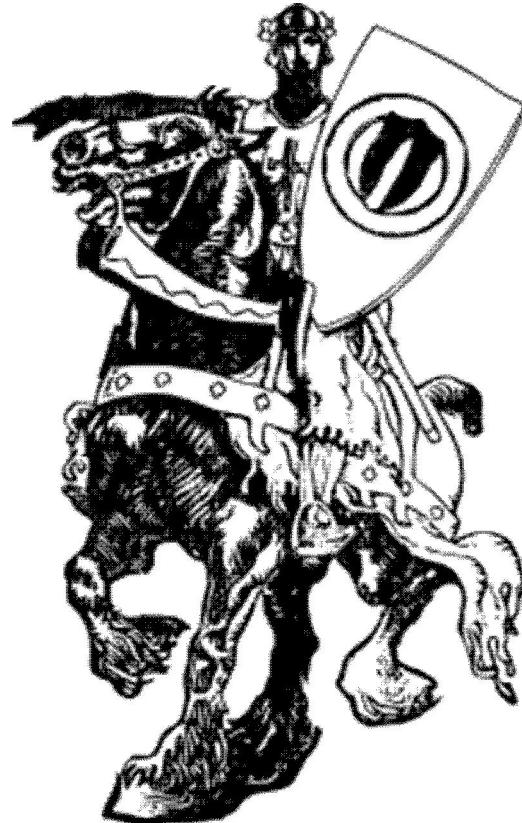
THE RANGERS

The dedicated members of the Ranger Battalion number 17, lead by Coronev the Immortal, a legend-laden figure who most of the PCs will have heard of in connection with a whole host of seemingly-impossible escapades. When the money ran out after the Battalion moved into Fastrock, it was he who persuaded the others to stay on, and try to fulfill the duty they had been given. The Rangers obey Coronev without question, even though there is no real reward in it for them, and only death as a long-term prospect. Fifteen years ago there were 55 fighters here; despite having attracted an average of 5 new recruits a year, Coronev has seen his force whittled away.

RB1	Coronev the Immortal ; R6; LG; hp 50; AC 4; longsword +1
Human Male	
S	18 ⁵⁰
I	13
W	18
D	12
C	16
Ch	17
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Tall, noble-looking, thin moustache; only wears armour when on a mission, otherwise wears simple working clothes ▪ Commander-in-chief of Ranger Battalion ▪ Proud of military achievements, has austere lifestyle; glorifies combat and abhors cowards. ▪ Has contacts in most cities. Gets supplies and recruit: from High Lygol, the City League and Xir, and visits old army friends there. 	

RB2	Levann-Cryft ; R5; LG; hp 39; AC 2; longbow +2, broadsword +1
Human Male	
S	18 ⁷⁸
I	17
W	14
D	14
C	16
Ch	9
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Very tall and muscular, scarred face, only one finger on left hand, wears leather armour o/f-duty, and plate outside ▪ Chief-of-Staff, Ranger Battalion ▪ Cynical, no-prisoner-taken sort of fighter, unfriendly to all ▪ "Today's friends are just tomorrow casualties" 	

RB3	Merlen the Grey ; R4; LG; hp 33; AC 2; battleaxe +1
Human Female	
S	16
I	14
W	14
D	9
C	16
Ch	10
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ▪ Large, powerful and robust woman, with short grey hair; rarely armoured, wears gaudy jewelry ▪ Adjutant, ranger Battalion ▪ Competitive, fierce, soft spot for horses; slight trace of vanity in her devotion towards ornamentation ▪ Has surviving family in Tirhalter, most women members of the battalion treat her with proper deference, several innkeepers in the City League know her by sight 	



RB4-17

The remaining members of the battalion are not rangers at all, but all potentially could be (i.e., they are all strong, intelligent, wise and robust enough); they are currently F 1-3, hp 7-24, AC 3-4. Were anything to happen to one of the leaders of the battalion, training would be offered to the most likely candidate among the 'other ranks' to take them to R1. The most likely to be so honoured at the moment is **Grevian of Thale**, the only male F3. **Lorsalla** and **Merrivia Lortes** offer the only competition. The F2s are **Prethen, Long Petres, Blandar Bluecloak**, and **Krepkes di Anthana**, while the junior members of the battalion are **Grevvann, Maks of Borth, Malts Redhair, Clerthana di Lystrum, Broos, Knerta of Twin Cross**, and **Eglannis**. There's not a lot to choose between any of them; they all have that same detached military air, and a fatalistic view of the future. They never question orders, fight with courage and a disregard for danger, and own nothing except a reputation. Two are worth some additional comment; Clerthana is a distant relative of the Countess Flavia of Cerwyn, while Eglannis is the son of the merchant Evrahann, a Borthite.

USING THE RANGER BATTALION

The Battalion is designed to allow a Pelinore DM to introduce a kind of 'Seventh Cavalry' element to adventures in the Sarpath Peaks. The PCs will meet the Rangers either through discovering their mountain fortress, or through seeing the Battalion in action. The normal activity of the Battalion is to journey out from their bastion (leaving three or four behind), and ride until they encounter some chaotic or evil creatures, which they will attempt to slay. Only the most horrendous losses (80% or more killed or wounded), will deter them in combat, otherwise they charge their opponents frontally and fight to the finish.

The Battalion will be prepared to offer a 'rescue service' to PCs, whereby they will attack a location at a predetermined time. This kind of help could be invaluable. However, Coronev is a man quite prepared to use his judgment in matters like this, and the party might find that the Battalion launches its attack just as the thieves are sneaking into the room full of sleeping guards.

Each DM must decide how strong to make the battalion, against the needs of individual campaigns, but in extremis the battalion can possess much portable hardware. In particular, Coronev could fly into action on some winged beast, with magical horns blasting out Ride of the Valkyries, and with a six-barreled rod of magic missiles blowing the terrain to pieces. Don't be afraid to portray the Battalion in a complete over-the-top manner. This is one time when the NPCs must be far grosser than anything the PCs can muster.



PELINORE



PART IV: APPENDICES



APPENDIX 1: MAJOR NPCs

Whenever NPCs are introduced, they will be described in a standard format. While all the stats will be for AD&D® games, the general information about each character will allow referees of other systems to quickly extrapolate whatever they need. The characters will be presented as follows:

Line 1: Identifying Number; Name; Class St Level; Alignment; hp; AC

Line 2: Weapon

Line 3: Race and Sex

Lines 4-10: Ability Stats in the form 'S 18', etc.

Lines 4-10: indented from the stats - details of character

- Appearance
- Occupation
- Characterizations
- Contacts

Additional information about characters will also be found in the general description of their 'haunt'.

MINOR NPCs

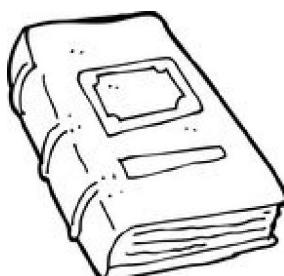
Less important NPCs will be described merely with their name and a few descriptive sentences. All are NM/F0 hp4 unless otherwise defined. It is of course, possible that an otherwise unimportant NPC gains undue attention in a game, in which case the DM should add whatever stats are required.

ABBREVIATIONS

The following abbreviations will be used in the NPC stats, in addition to the normal:
Assassin; **Acrobat**; **Barbarian**; **Bard**; **Cleric**; **Cavalier**; **Druid**; **Fighter**; **Freeman**; **Illusionist**; **Monk**; **Magic User**; **Paladin**; **Ranger**; **Thief**, **½ -ling**, **½ -Elf**; **Gnome**; **Human**; **½-Orc**

SPELLBOOKS

Spellbooks show level, followed in brackets by the spell as numbered in the rule book, with an asterisk if it is currently memorised; e.g. 1 (2,3*) means that the MU has the first level spells numbered 2 and 3, in her spell book and that number 3 is currently memorised. Full spell memory will not normally be allocated, to allow the DM flexibility.



APPENDIX 2: THE FREEMAN OR FREEWOMAN

A NEW NPC CHARACTER CLASS FOR USE IN TOWNS AND CITIES

Cities are not just populated by a mixture of exotic adventurers and thousands of zero-level fighters (NM/F0). There will be many representatives of the adventurous classes, and there will also be the social also-rans, the low-lifes, but a great many of the people will be Freemans and Freewomen, representing merchants, business people, functionaries, clerks, bankers and many other mundane trades. In order to allow these people a little more depth in this campaign, we suggest that DMs make use of the Freeman character class hereafter detailed. Note that this is not intended to be a class available to player-characters, and after a quick look, very few of your players will be that keen anyway!

CHARACTER ABILITIES

The abilities are as normal and are rolled as normal. There is no reason why these people should be any less or any more able than the average adventurer. In certain circumstances, the DM should reduce some ability scores to allow for the less-than-strenuous training that non-adventurers may have had.

BONUSES DUE TO CHARACTER ABILITIES

Strength: No attack/damage bonus, others normal

Intelligence: Normal language bonuses

Wisdom: Normal Saving Throw bonuses

Dexterity: No missile bonuses, others normal

Constitution: Ordinary (non-fighter) hit point bonuses

Charisma: Normal

CHARACTER CLASS DETAILS

Hit die type: d6

Max no hit dice: 9 (+1 hp for each level above 9)

Spell ability: nil

Level limit: none

Armour: any, but rarely worn

Shield: possible

Weapons: any, but only ever proficient in one

(-5 non-proficiency penalty)

Combat table: use magic-users combat results table

Oil? yes

Poison? yes

Racial restrictions: none

The level of a Freeman or Freewoman is not determined by experience points but by a combination of their wealth, age and influence. At 10th level Freemans and Freewomen become members of the nobility. Thus a simple bureaucratic flunkey would be Fr1, a



wealthy trader Fr5, a courtier Fr8 and so on. They may use any magical item that can be used by a fighter or a thief. Freemen and Freewomen save as fighters of the same level.

NEW WEAPONS FOR USE BY FREEMEN AND FREEWOMEN

Weapon	Weight	Damage	Length	Speed	Adjustments
Sword Stick	20	1-6/1-8	3'	3	as dagger
Staff-mace	60	2-7/2-8*	6'	8	as mace (foot)
Knobbed Stick	30	1-6/1-3	3'	4	as club

A **sword stick** is a walking stick that holds a thin, rapier-like weapon.

A **staff-mace** is like a quarterstaff with a heavy, ornate head that is both decorative for public appearances and dangerous.

A **knobbed stick** is like a short staff mace - a walking stick whose handle is strengthened and weighted to act like a club when required.

APPENDIX 3: SOCIAL LEVEL

This concept should be introduced to run alongside class level and charisma as a means for estimating the 'influence' or prestige of a character. It gives all adventurers a rank directly equivalent to the ranks of the Freeman character class, and thus compares adventurers to civilians. The table below shows how different classes would rise:

CHARACTER CLASS LEVELS

Cv / Pl	F / Cl	T	As	MU / I	Sl	Notes
			1	1	1	Poor beggars, nobodies
1	1	1	2-3	2	2	
2	2	2-3	4-6	3-4	3	Minor local reputation
	3	4	7-8	5-6	4	Regularly observed by the Knights Ocular
3	4	5-6	9	7	5	
	5	7	10	8	6	City-wide reputation within class
4	6	8-9	11-12	9	7	
	7	10	13	10	8	Name known all over the City
5	8	11	14		9	Brought to the attention of the Katar
6	9	12	15	11	10	Near-noble; involved in City politics

Social Level can be used to modify Reaction rolls by the difference between levels. Note that the Social Level depends on people knowing about you; if not a Guild member or an authentic self-publicist, then SL will be lower. Temporary SL increases can be bought by indulgent spending of money; 5,000gp buys a one-level increase for two weeks.

APPENDIX 4: THIEVES, LOCKS & DOORS

There are five (at least) different ways of locking a door:

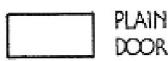
- (1) a tumble lock accessible from both sides (like modern mortise locks)
- (2) a tumble lock similar to type 1 but only accessible from one side
- (3) padlocks
- (4) bolts
- (5) bars.

The standard AD&D rules seem to assume that only locks of type 1 are ever encountered, as there is no advice to tell DMs how to cope with thieves faced with any of the other varieties. This has led to material presented in modules and magazines ignoring these variations and possibilities.

As can be seen from the key below (and on the map of the safe house in the Old Bastion #34) a great deal of information can be included with a few symbols. With this new knowledge the DM can make the adventure more or less difficult for the players depending on their inventiveness and the DM's attitudes to how a thief could deal with the various options. For example it may be considered that only type 1 locks can be picked from both sides of a door whereas types 2 to 5 are unpickable from the 'wrong' side; or they may require special, expensive, tools to do the job; or they may make no difference at all; or some, like bolts, may be unpickable under any circumstances.

Whichever way, as DM, you choose, you will have more options with these new symbols.

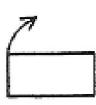
INFORMATION ABOUT DOORS



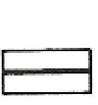
PLAIN
DOOR



TRAPPED
DOOR



DIRECTION
DOOR OPENS



REINFORCED OR
METAL DOOR



DOOR WITH
SECRET SIDE



MAGICKALLY LOCKED
OR TRAPPED DOOR



DOOR WITH
CONCEALED SIDE



DOOR WITH PEEPPOLE
OPEN END OF 'V' IS THE
DIRECTION OF VIEW



COMPLEX DOOR

TYPES OF LOCKS

LOCKED



UNLOCKED



LOCK ACCESSIBLE FROM
BOTH SIDES OF DOOR

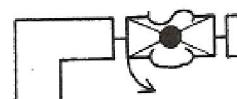


LOCK ACCESSIBLE FROM
ONE SIDE ONLY



BAR OR BOLT

EXAMPLE



SECRET DOOR, TRAPPED AND
LOCKED, OPENING INWARDS,
CONCEALED ON INSIDE

APPENDIX 5: MAKING A LIVING IN THE THESPIAN'S GUILD

Not everyone in the world makes their living from seeking out nasty holes in the ground and persuading innocent cockatrices and shambling mounds to give up their hard earned cash. Some people actually work for a living. Not least among this peerless group are those who work within the brotherly embrace of the Guild of Thespians. Nowhere is the distinction between the haves and the have-nots more clearly defined: a Thespian with talent can be assured of fame, food, and a fortune; one without could have fame of a kind, inedible food thrown at him or her, and be fortunate to escape alive. Even in the City League there are those who care genuinely about public opinion.

Counted among the Thespians you will find:

- **actors**, either singly or in bands, who with memorised word and studied movement recreate heroic deeds or moments of love unrequited;
- **yarners** and **jokers** repeating sagas of epic proportions and merry jests;
- **prestidigitators** astonishing the crowds with their sleight of hand (or, who knows, genuine magic!);
- **jugglers** apparently defying gravity and appearing to have four hands (those jugglers that already have four hands would be expected by the discerning crowd to appear to have at least six);
- **acrobats** performing death-defying stunts and fine feats of balance;
- **ventriloquists** causing consternation by casting their cries about the courtyards;
- **animal trainers** and their performing xorns, hoar foxes and gelatinous cubes;
- **dancers** enchanting all with their grace;
- **mummers** causing laughter and tears and never uttering a word;
- **singers** giving voice to the feelings of the ordinary people and keeping a wary eye open for any wandering bards (you might seek to emphasise their monopoly in that field);

...all these and more you will find - each one vying with the next for the praise and reward of the crowd.

What then of a PC who needs to make enough for a hot supper and a night's shelter? As can be seen there are many professions to lure him, all of which fall under the aegis of the Guild of Thespians. Naturally, a player will be well advised only to attempt those things at which the character would have a reasonable chance of being competent. Remember, though, that no PC would ever be as good as a trained Thespian - they simply would not have the time to acquire the expertise and polish. A magic-user or illusionist should have no fears of prestidigitation or ventriloquism, or of providing entertaining light shows to enhance the performance of actors or mummers. Thieves and thief-acrobats could reasonably expect to be successful as jugglers, dancers or acrobats - though the thief-acrobats should remember that the skills required in the class are not designed to be appreciated by a critical and ignorant public.

The most important ability needed by the PC is charisma. How much can be earned will depend upon charisma, the mood of the crowd and the local conditions.

In order to calculate how much is earned the DM should use the following procedure:

1. Establish how many people come to watch by rolling 1d12 and adding the result to the character's charisma

2. Apply the modifiers shown below to calculate the final number of people watching at the end of the performance. If you are not sure which option applies, roll 1d6 to determine the modifier in each case. The modifiers are cumulative. A fortunate soul with a high charisma could have as many as 240 people watching by the end of the performance.

MODIFICATION	DOUBLE	SAME	HALF
Area of City League	(1) Wealthy	(2-4) Normal	(5-6) Poor
Local Activity	(1-2) Holiday ¹	(3-5) Normal	(6) Day of Gloom ²
Neighbours	(1-3) Near Event ³		(4-6) Near Others ⁴
Weather		(1-4) Fair	(5-6) Rain

Notes:

¹ A holiday would be a day of public celebration like a Feast day or the day of a hanging; not to be confused with Festival Days, during which assemblies of more than 30 people are supposedly banned

² A day of gloom would be one on which new taxes had been declared

³ An event would be something like the Circus or a public flogging

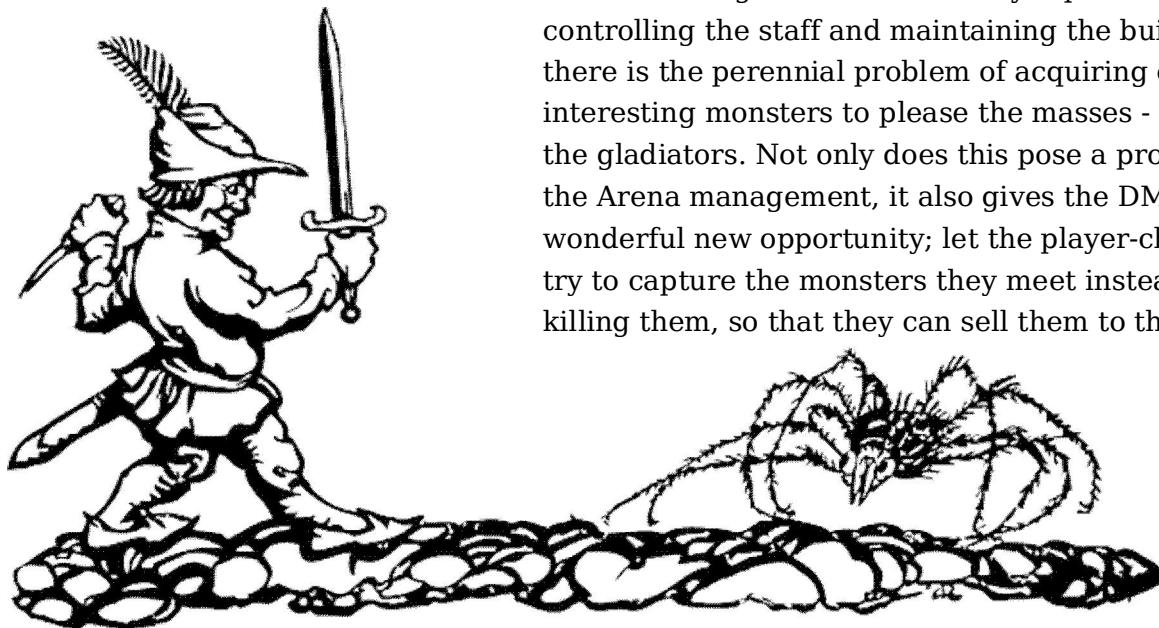
⁴ If the performance takes place near Thespians remember they are likely to take a very dim view of the competition and may well get a bit rough.

3. Each watcher will then throw 1d4 copper coins as reward for the performance. A successful performance may bring its own problems as if more than 150 gather to watch the District Militia will arrive in 1d4 turns to ask them to move along. In the meantime, the performers may find that they have upset a few travellers and traders by blocking the streets. Similarly if more than 200 copper coins are thrown then the local beggars and thieves will 'help' the PC remove them at the rate of 1d20 coins per melee round until the remainder are removed.

PC BREAKDANCING: A more entertaining way of achieving similar results is to get the player to describe the performance the character is going to give (make sure it's something possible), and then to act it out in front of you and the other players. You can then score the performance on a scale from 1 to 20 and multiply that score by the character's charisma to get the number of copper pieces thrown.

APPENDIX 6: MONSTER HUNTING

Running an Arena isn't easy. Apart from controlling the staff and maintaining the buildings, there is the perennial problem of acquiring enough interesting monsters to please the masses - and eat the gladiators. Not only does this pose a problem to the Arena management, it also gives the DM a wonderful new opportunity; let the player-characters try to capture the monsters they meet instead of killing them, so that they can sell them to the Arena.



Using this format, those boring hack-and-slay sessions will be gone forever, as the players will be struggling to keep the monster not only alive, but in good working order so as to get the best possible price for it. Capturing a really tough, combat-worthy monster could be worth more to the party than the treasure it was guarding. You could even get the characters going on monster hunts, as they develop clever techniques for capturing particular beasts. As with all nice things, however, beware of letting things get out of hand - adopt these restrictions:

- The Arena doesn't want boring monsters - who is going to pay to watch a bucket of green slime?
- The Arena doesn't want super-powerful monsters - who is going to pay to get turned to stone by a basilisk?
- The Arena doesn't want unfettered aerial monsters - who is going to pay to watch a harpie fly away?
- The Arena doesn't want damaged monsters —who is going to pay to see the coup de grace given to a land shark on 1hp.

The Arena's rate of payment was strictly laid down by Enactment XXXIV, and is monitored by the court officials. The same rate covers all the Arenas in the City League, although it is common practice for the smaller, district arenas to cheat on the rate, offering as little as one third of the rate below. The DM should calculate payment with regard to the XP values of the monsters captured and the frequency with which the monster can be expected to be found in the locality. The DM should refer to whether the monster is common, uncommon, rare or very rare (unique monsters should never be captured, and DMs who allow it to happen should end up in the Arena having to face them).

The payment received is:

Common monsters	$\frac{1}{2}$ x XP value
Uncommon monsters	1 x XP value
Rare monsters	5 x XP value
Very Rare monsters	10 x XP value

These payments should be modified by the amount of damage done at the time it is presented at the Arena. Calculate the percentage damage done to the monster and pay only that percentage of the maximum price. **Example:** A neo-otyugh (rare)

- XP value = $1500 + 15/\text{hp} = 1500 + (15 \times 54) = 2310 \text{ XP}$
- monetary value = XP value x rarity value = $2310 \times 5 = 11,550\text{gp}$
- damage% = (actual damage/total hps) x 100 = $(32/54) \times 100 = 59.26\%$
- cash received = monetary value x damage % = $11,550 \times 59\% = 6814\text{gp}$

This would probably be rounded off to 6800gp.

The XP values for monsters can be found with the other stats in the **FIEND FOLIO Tome** and **Monster Manual II**, on pages 196-215 of the **Dungeon Masters Guide** or calculated using the table on page 85 of the **DMG**. None of the money received in this way counts towards xps (unless you are using a 'buying' system similar to the one outlined in *What To Do With A Dragon's Treasure* - **IMAGINE Magazine** #17). The party should, however, get the same experience for capturing the monster as they would have had they killed it.

One last point. There isn't an unlimited demand for monsters in the Arenas. At each one that the party visits, the DM should make a roll to decide whether the manager is interested in the offer: perhaps allowing a 25% chance of the monsters) being rejected. The adventurers will then have to sell elsewhere (and the smaller District Arenas will always cheat on the price), or make a sensible effort of disposing of the beast. And should they start making too much money from the enterprise, then Gross an Creer (#31) and his numerous hirelings will doubtlessly take a very close interest.



APPENDIX 7: USING THE MODULES IN IMAGINE MAGAZINE & GAMEMASTER PUBLICATIONS

Five of the **IMAGINE Magazine** modules take place within the area given on The County of Cerwyn Map. These fixed adventures are:

- ***The Beacon at Enon Tor***, a Basic D&D adventure – set just to the west of Borth at the mouth of the River Lygol
- ***Jack of all Trades***, a multi-system (D&D, AD&D, and DRAGONQUEST) scenario set in and around the town of Roseberry
- ***Guardian of the Key to Time***, an intermediate level AD&D module
- which starts in the woodlands area between Roseberry and Osport.
- ***Black Roses***, an AD&D module set in the village Braeme
- The action of ***Round The Bend*** can take place in anywhere within the County borders of Cerwyn.

All five of the **Gamemaster Publications** modules are either set within Pelinore or include instructions on where they can be placed.

These adventures are:

- **(GM1) *The Flight of Eagles***, set in the Sarpath Peaks, far to the south of the City League.
- **(GM2) *Find the Lady***, set in the City League
- **(GM3) *In Search of New Gods***, set in Country Cerwyn, the City League, and the Land of the Priest Kings.
- **(GM4) *The Awakening***, set within any Dwarven delve. Possibilities include the western part of County Cerywn from Deepvein to Ostport or somewhere within the Sarpath Peaks.
- **(GM5) *The Rod of Seraillian***, set within the Barony of Poritas, across the sea north of County Cerywn.

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