

ROBERT L. ASPRIN
**thieves'
world**

The Spirit Stones



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fasa

The Spirit Stones

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The Palace written by Lynn Abbey

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the s'danzo

By Lynn Abbey

Whether in Sanctuary or Ranke, Ilsig or Caronne, the S'danzo form a readily identifiable enclave. No matter how unfamiliar the surroundings, the weary traveler will always recognize the colorful clothing and homes of the S'danzo. And, of course, they will recognize him — but that is another matter.

The S'danzo have no attraction for permanent property beyond what they can load onto a cart, so although they may have lived in the same ramshackle quarter of town for generations, there is always a sense of impermanence to the S'danzo dwellings — as though the area could be completely abandoned in a single night. Their neighborhood stands firmly between squalor and luxury; you will not see the starving or ailing outside a S'danzo shack. Indeed, as a whole, they seem to enjoy robust health even in the worst of times. (Perhaps because in the worst of times the townsfolk are most interested in knowing their fate). The S'danzo are well known to take care of their own; the traveler will be safe from any other criminal element of a town if he chooses to rest in the S'danzo quarter, but he will certainly not be safe from the S'danzo themselves. It is not, however, that the S'danzo are violent, or even that they flaunt the laws of whatever community surrounds them; it is simply that they make their livings off the gullibility of the suvesh (a suvesh is a pushover) and a stranger is most often the most gullible suvesh of them all.

The S'danzo do not, however, encourage outsiders to loiter about their society. The weary traveler or life-long neighbor is not apt to get more than a superficial view of the S'danzo culture; and that view will most frequently be in a darkened room, redolent with incense and masked by the dissembling talents of a mature S'danzo woman. It is certainly true that some S'danzo women possess a clairvoyant talent in an extreme and accurate degree; it is equally certain that a great many of the S'danzo women plying their traditional trade have no more precognitive ability than the hapless querent handing her his silver coins. Those few S'danzo who have left the strict confines of their culture admit that the amoushem — the "little grandmothers", elderly women who no longer ply the trade but who teach it and tend the younger children as well — carefully instruct the girl-children to cloak truth and falsehood alike in deceptive, prophetic phrases. The reasons for this, they say, is because the future and even the past are mutable; the best vision can only interpret momentary patterns on its surface. But this too may be only so much mumbo-jumbo for suvesh ears because no S'danzo truly leaves his/her culture.

The S'danzo population of an area is fairly constant and the casual observer might easily think that the individual households are equally stable. The less-casual observer knows they are not. The womenfolk of the S'danzo generally remain in locale all their lives, but the menfolk rarely spend more than a few months with any single community group (illness or injury may, however, anchor a man for a good deal longer than that or force him into "retirement"). It would seem that at about the same time that the young

women begin answering suvesh questions in darkened chambers, the young men join their fathers and other men of the community on a lifetime of cyclic journeys through the far-flung S'danzo culture. The young man will find his prospective wife on one of his early journeys and will visit her with about the same frequency as he returns to his birthplace — or about once a year.

It is only during the first year of marraige — or until the birth of her first child — that a S'danzo woman might travel with her new husband. The remainder of the time, S'danzo tradition demands that she remain in one place tending children and fortune and maintain unswerving chastity under pain of death. As in any reasonably large population there are exceptions to this and it is not inconceivable that a S'danzo woman might run away to the Red Lantern Street of one town or another to escape her fate — but it is an unfortunate girl from some other stratum of society bartering the S'danzo mystique for her own survival. In practice most S'danzo women do not seem that unhappy with their lot in life.

And, in many ways it is not a bad lot. Although their men swagger and would squander whatever money they could extract from their womenfolk, they are only around for a short time out of every year. The men who are constant guests in the community are generally better behaved and frequently work as day-laborers elsewhere in the city or town. If the woman in question, or her family and friends, possesses any reasonable measure of the S'danzo Sight there is little her husband can do to surprise her. Because of this it would appear that the women have most of the actual power in the S'danzo community, making most of its decisions, guarding such fortunes as it possesses and indulgently tolerating the petty tyrannies of the men. They are the guardians of tradition and continuity in a society which, to all observances, has remained pretty much the same since the founding of the Ilsig kingdom — and may predate that considerably.

The traditions as rituals of S'danzo society are, however, largely unknown to the outside world. They preserve their own language which, though it has borrowed and given words to many other tongues, is quite different in structure and sound from any other known language. Additionally almost all the S'danzo are illiterate and there is no body of literature available to scholars for study. Those few S'danzo who do learn to read and write must do so in another language as there is no indication that the S'danzo have ever had an alphabet. When asked, the S'danzo usually say that writing is just another form of hard property which would tie them down. Despite their relatively stable communities it appears that the notion of enforced permanence is anathema to S'danzo men and women alike. Some observers have pointed out that the S'danzo women use fortune-telling cards which are marked with some sort of writing, however those cards which have been examined by scholars have proven to be covered with either gibberish or trite doggeral inserted by the non-S'danzo artist who painted them.

The practice of religion — another method by which the scholars learn about a culture is almost entirely absent among the S'danzo. They acknowledge the existence of all gods but worship none of them. Though the S'danzo Sight is pre-eminently a magical power, the people have a superstitious dislike of magic and magicians. They will not knowingly answer a magician's questions and claim that divine interest in an area or event causes such distortions to the fabric of time that their predictions are all but invalid. While it might at first seem that this avoidance of higher powers (as the S'danzo directly acknowledge the gods to be higher powers and indirectly grant the same status to the more powerful magicians and priests) is yet another carefully woven deceit to protect their livelihood from the dangers of reality, it is also true that the S'danzo will go to great inconvenience and some cost to avoid dealings with higher magics and divinity.

Having no gods, the S'danzo have practically no formal religion. There are ritual words to accompany the birth of a child and prescriptions on the use of a mother's Sight both before and after the birth — but these are family matters of no concern to any god or goddess. Even the rituals surrounding the dead are directed exclusively toward the remaining, living members of the family. No S'danzo has ever seen the afterlife, hence there is no belief in one. The S'danzo say they have the power to curse — but it is likely that this is simply a careful application of the foreknowledge implicit in their Sight — and not some magical invocation of higher powers. Anyone who has gone to a S'danzo woman for advice will immediately argue that the S'danzo are an intensely religious community because within the darkened S'danzo rooms there is often much talk of known and forgotten gods, of complicated rituals and expensive offerings and, of course, the power of the dead to affect the living. One can only point out that the S'danzo women would scarcely be able to earn their livings if everyone saw the world as they do. It might be added that very few people have ever witnessed the performance of the elaborate rituals the women insist must be performed — as a rule the querents simply give the S'danzo money to purchase the ingredients and for the inconvenience of performing the ritual and in return receive the S'danzo's assurance that the ritual was, indeed, performed. It cannot be stressed strongly enough that the S'danzo regard the limitless gullibility of the Suvesh as the source of their well-being. And they nurture suvesh gullibility much as a farmer fertilizes his fields. Even S'danzo like Illyra or Moonflower who are in full command of the Sight and inclined to tell their querents the truth would feel ethically and morally at fault if they did not continually work to maintain or increase the S'danzo myths within the suvesh populations.

In this vein, one frequently hears tales of mystic S'danzo princesses or sorceresses and fabulous S'danzo treasure. Among themselves there is neither aristocracy or true sorcery. Some of the amoushem, by virtue of simple longevity, act as arbiters of domestic and communal disputes. Some of the clearer-Sighted women assume a position of wisdom and leadership, often at a very early age. Among the men there is a hierarchy of strength and brazeness. But nothing is fixed from year to year, much less from generation to generation; there are no heirs-

apparent waiting to take control of the entire, far-flung S'danzocommunity. For a short period of time one man or woman may seem to accrue to unusual influence and perhaps truly have dreams of changing the S'danzo way of life but, paradoxically, the deep-seated S'danzo dislike of permanence often manifests itself as a profound reluctance to change — for to change to something different they might have to acknowledge what they are.

Legends of S'danzo treasure are, however, a slightly different matter. Most of the time they are stories told to suvesh with little or less basis in fact, but there is at least one tale told in many versions among the S'danzo themselves which speaks of treasure and of the great calamity of the loss of that treasure. It is, perhaps, their only myth and attempts to explain their existence.

As the story is commonly told, shortly after the completion of creation, when the races of mankind were still immortal and the world was full of magic but after the All-mother and All-father had retired to their cave for eternal rest, there arose a dispute between mankind and demonkind as to which species should have dominion over the remainder of creation. Mankind, speaking in council, suggested a great contest wherein all the races of mankind and demonkind could demonstrate their talents to determine which species was more worthy of the honor. Demonkind agreed and mankind busied itself with the construction of a great amphitheater.

But demonkind had only pretended to agree with mankind's plan. As the great amphitheater neared completion and the hoard of spirit-stones, the crystals which contained the essence of each thing the All-mother and All-father had created, were put on display the demons executed their own plan. In the depths of a moonless night they stole the great mound of spirit-stones and carried them into the bowels of the world where the only light was fire. While the races of humankind slept in preparation for the exertions of the games, the demons cast the spirit-stones into the hellfires and waited while the flames burnt out all magic and immortality from the races of mankind. By the next rising of the sun, the contest was but a vague memory in the awaking minds of the races of man. In some subliminal way they felt the torment their spirit-stones endured in the demons' hellfire, as did every other created thing, but they accepted the domination of demonkind without question and wandered away in small, unhappy groups from the site of the amphitheater.

Now, as it happened, two of the spirit-stones of mankind had wedged in a crack and had not fallen all the way into the flames. They felt the terrible heat of the hellfire, but not the actual flames; they released their immortality with the rest, but they retained a glimmer of magic and the S'danzo man and woman which had been created from them also retained a glimmer of magic. Thus the S'danzo drew apart from the other races of men and did not join them as they dwelt, no better than the other animals, upon the face of creation. The S'danzo wandered far until they completed a great circle and returned to the long-abandoned amphitheater where the contest was to have been held. They did not, of course, remember anything of the time before the demons had cast the stones into the fire but their lingering magic was strong enough to tell them that this place had once been important.

The couple took up residence in the amphitheater. The man had to wander far and wide to bring food back for them and their family — for now that they were no longer immortal their number increased in the manner of animals — but the woman would sit on what had been the spirit-stone platform and sift the ageless dust through her fingers for hours on end. And in time she came to have a vision.

She saw the malignant forms of the demons dancing around the great pool of hellfire into which they had cast the spirit-stones. She saw the spirit-stones of herself and her husband, wedged in the eternally steaming stones which contained the hellfire but at first she did not understand what she saw.

Time passed differently in those days and though she was mortal and would age as all mortals do, still several hundred years had elapsed between when the stones had been cast into the hellfire and when she understood the visions she had while the dust ran through her fingers. Thus by the time she could explain what she saw to her family, there were many sons, daughters, grandchildren and the like living in the amphitheater. They all sat and listened to her then they listened to her husband as he described what he had seen in his wanderings — wanderings that included, it seems, incursions into the territory of demonkind itself.

At length, and after much discussion, it was decided that the S'danzo would leave the amphitheater. The women would live in some city and the men would journey into the land of demons to rescue the spirit-stones from the hellfire. They gathered their belongings, which were not many, and departed. And it was like this: when they reached the crest of the foothills beyond the amphitheater they turned around to gain one last look at the place which had been home and birthplace to so many of them — and it was gone from sight, as if it had never been there, their one and only edifice of immortal mankind. In this way, it is true that the S'danzo have no homeland.

They journeyed in silence, unimpressed by what they saw of mankind's recent building. The dominion of demons had become the dominion of gods. The races of mankind were no longer brother and sister to each other but separate countries, frequently unfriendly and at war with one another. At the last great city before the lands of demonkind, the S'danzo family split in two, the women promising to remain separate from the other races of mankind and the men promising to return as soon as they had rescued the spirit-stones of mankind from the demon's hellfire.

The legend does not record exactly how the S'danzo men extracted the spirit-stones. One might assume that as the demons did originally, they stole them. The S'danzo had never thought of themselves as warriors, but perhaps they conned and tricked the demons out of their ill-gotten gems. Whatever, the legend continues with the return of the menfolk to the city bearing with them not merely the spiritstones of the S'danzo and the other races of mankind, but the bulk of all the spirit-stones as well. The demons, who had in the time of their domination become like gods, were naturally unimpressed by the spectacle of the unfearing, un-worshipping tribe of S'danzo enjoying the greatest treasure of creation and, being what they were, they turned the rest of mankind against the S'danzo,

driving them out of the city and slaying many of the men and women at the same time.

But the demons no longer had the spirit-stones roasting in their hellfire and their dominion over mankind would never be so complete as it had been in those first years after the loss of man's immortality. They could not incite the remaining races of man to annihilate their S'danzo brethren and return the spirit-stones to the hellfire. Demonkind had to be content with the decimation of the S'danzo race and its virtual exclusion from the power and benefits of civilization.

The weakened D'danzo, however, gave demonkind a sort of victory they could not have gotten on their own. When they could no longer defend themselves from the hatred of their brethren races and protect the spirit-stones, they hid the stones themselves. And, as frequently happens in such legends, the hiding place was lost to knowledge and memory. It is not even known how many spirit-stones there might have been, or if they had all been hidden in the same place. One version of the legend says that the women still look for the stones in their way and the men as well. It is certain though that if the stones should be found again, even though they would no longer possess the secrets of immortality and magic, they would be gems of rare beauty — marked by the serenity and power of creation and the brilliance of the hellfire.

standards and assumptions

Spirit Stones is a *Thieves' World* Adventure which emphasizes planning and thieving ability. During the course of the adventure, the players must recover three valuable (to them), but apparently worthless "spirit stones". In doing so they travel through the world of fences, feuds, and the seedier side of the city. Three to five players can attempt to retrieve the stones in an adventure designed to reward the skills and discretion which serve a thief best.

DICE CONVENTIONS

To convert to any system using three six sided dice divide the value by 5 to obtain the number. For example a 75 if divided by five will give a value of 15, a 45 of 9, etc.

15-3	45-9	75-15
20-4	50-10	80-16
25-5	55-11	85-17
30-6	60-12	90-18
35-7	65-13	95-18+
40-8	70-14	

The "skill" listing reflects both the general skill of the individual in his trade and the specific skill with which the character can employ the weapons listed. An individual in Sanctuary can safely be assumed to carry all but the most awkward of their weapons. To convert a skill value for RuneQuest multiply the skill level by 20% for each weapon for fighters and 15% for thieves and other groups.

This adventure is centered in the City of Sanctuary and in order to utilize it fully you should have a copy of *Thieves' World* from Chaosium. All of the locales and characters in this volume are inspired by the *Thieves' World* anthologies edited by Robert Asprin and published by Ace Books. A reading of these books will give the judge and players greater insight into the City of Sanctuary and its inhabitants.

This adventure is not designed for use with any specific system. Chaosium's *Thieves' World* is approved for use with AD&D, C&S, Dragonquest, The Fantasy Trip, RuneQuest, Traveller, and Tunnels and Trolls. The general physical qualities of each character are described briefly and it is up to each judge to decide exactly how they convert to the system being played.

For convenience, two areas are presented in statistical form: a measurement of skill in the character's chosen trade, and the character's individual characteristics. The skill of each character and the various abilities needed by his trade is rated on a scale of 0 through 9.

- 0 Totally unskilled or unfamiliar. This is the skill a peasant would have with a sword the first time he picked it up or a sailor the first time he tried to ride a horse.
- 1 A novice who has rudimentary knowledge of his craft or skill.

- 2 Apprentices are commonly at this level. They have enough skill to be noticeably above the common crowd, but are far from being truly skillful in their use.
- 3 This is the level of the least competent who is still able to earn a living. The common soldier, man-at-arms, mugger, or journeyman fall into this group.
- 4-5 These are both measures of greater professional ability.
- 6 By this point hard effort and natural ability are required. A person at this stage of accomplishment has been noticed as being good at whatever he does.
- 7 This is a truly skillful individual. He is visibly a cut above the others in his trade and often admired or followed by those of lesser ability. Here are the guildmasters, the captains-of-the-guard, the sea captains, and the like.
- 8 Few exceptional individuals reach this category of accomplishment. These are the elite, and the number in any type of occupation is few, e.g. the Hellhounds.
- 9+ This classification includes the few individuals whose skill is great when compared with anyone in the Rankan Empire. These are the great warriors such as Tempus and the Great Wizards.

Each individual mentioned in this adventure is rated for six personal characteristics which are meant primarily to serve as means of comparing different individuals. Much more detailed information can be found in the descriptions themselves. The characteristics are measured as compared to a percentage of the general population. A Might rating of 70% would show that the character is physically mightier than 70% of the population. Ratings below 15% are reflective of incapacitating weakness in that area. For convenience, ratings are given in 5% multiples. If the total population were rated, a bell curve would result.

MIGHT

This is a measure of the physical ability that can be exerted by the character. This could range from the strength of a blow from a sword to the force which the individual could exert on a door or iron bars.

INTELLECT

Measures the ability of an individual to assimilate and use information. The emphasis here is not on pure IQ, but rather on the ability to use what information is available to cast a spell, plan a theft, or analyze a problem.

KNOWLEDGE

Measures the information that the character personally retains, from both formal training and streetwise experience.

STAMINA

Stamina is a measure of the ability of a character to continue functioning after extended periods of stress, with wounds, or under any form of duress. It also reflects how disease resistant and robust the individual is.

COORDINATION

Measures the manipulation and general movement of the hands or body. This is a concern not only for theft and fighting, but also for balancing, climbing walls, not slipping on wet surfaces, and the like. Reflexes are significant in this measurement.

APPEAL

Reflects the appeal of the individual to those with whom he interacts. As such, it will vary if the individual is acting in an unusual way or is dealing with a situation far afield from his normal area. For example, a lady who works on the Street of Red Lanterns may have a relatively high Appeal rating, but if she is attempting to rally warriors, her Appeal would be far below that listed. Tempus, on the other hand, would have great Appeal as a commander, but rather less if attempting to convince a scholar to change his views.

ADVENTURING IN SANCTUARY

MONEY The monetary system of Sanctuary is rooted in poverty. The most common coinage is copper pieces. If the players were as rich as most gaming characters they would not be wandering S'danzo. Each character should have a limited amount of money to start the game. It should be remembered that this is literally all the wealth that player has in the world and if it is used up in bribes, etc., he will need to find a quick way to obtain more.

SIZE A good discussion of the size of Sanctuary is included in Chaosium's *Thieves' World*. As a rule of thumb you might insist that it takes three minutes to traverse a normal block hurrying, five walking, and one running. This means that it would take about 45 minutes to go from the Avenue of Temples to the Bazaar if the party doesn't dally along the way. Double this time for winding and unfamiliar streets as in the Maze.

VIOLENCE Prince Kadakithis is determined to bring law and order to Sanctuary. Outright violence and hack and slash behavior will quickly get the entire party imprisoned or hung. This is an adventure requiring finesse, though there may be a need to fight. If the adventurers of the party go about bashing heads and starting fights, they are likely to bring the authorities down upon themselves.

The Cost of Living

It will be necessary for the party to eat, drink, and sleep while in Sanctuary. They are unlikely to succeed in regaining the lost Stones in less than three or four days and it may take much longer. Inns will expect cash in advance and shopkeepers in Sanctuary rarely extended credit to even regular customers. Prices will vary based upon the quality of the inn or merchandise. Each item the players need, beyond their clothes, a few utensils, and horses will have to be purchased. This may be additional weapons, shovels, rope, or even torches. Most items will be available in the Bazaar where the merchants will attempt to get the highest price possible.

The cost of surviving in the city means the party will probably run out of money even before they attempt to pay any bribes, buy drinks, pay for information, and the like. As nothing is free in Sanctuary and bribery (except with some high officials) is ingrained in the system, the players will need to gain additional silver pieces. The most likely way for them to do this is to make use of their thieving talents. Beyond the opportunities for profits available in the course of recovering the stones, there is always the possibility of their picking a pocket or committing some other theft. (Hardly an unusual occurrence in Sanctuary.) If the players attempt to pick pockets, it should be twice as difficult as normal due to the fact that most of the citizens of Sanctuary have come to expect theft and have learned to take precautions against such. Dozens of additional locations for the thefts are given in *Traitor* from FASA and *Thieves' World* from Chaosium.

the spirit stones

Even knowing the lights and clothes were for effect, the Amoushem who entered was an imposing woman. Unlike many of the "little grandmothers" this serress had grown more formidable with her years. Now she was turning the full force of her theatrics on the four of you S'danzo on the floor before her. She continues, "We S'danzo have never held to a religion. Religion is for the Suvesh. We who came before know our roots and need not turn to gods.

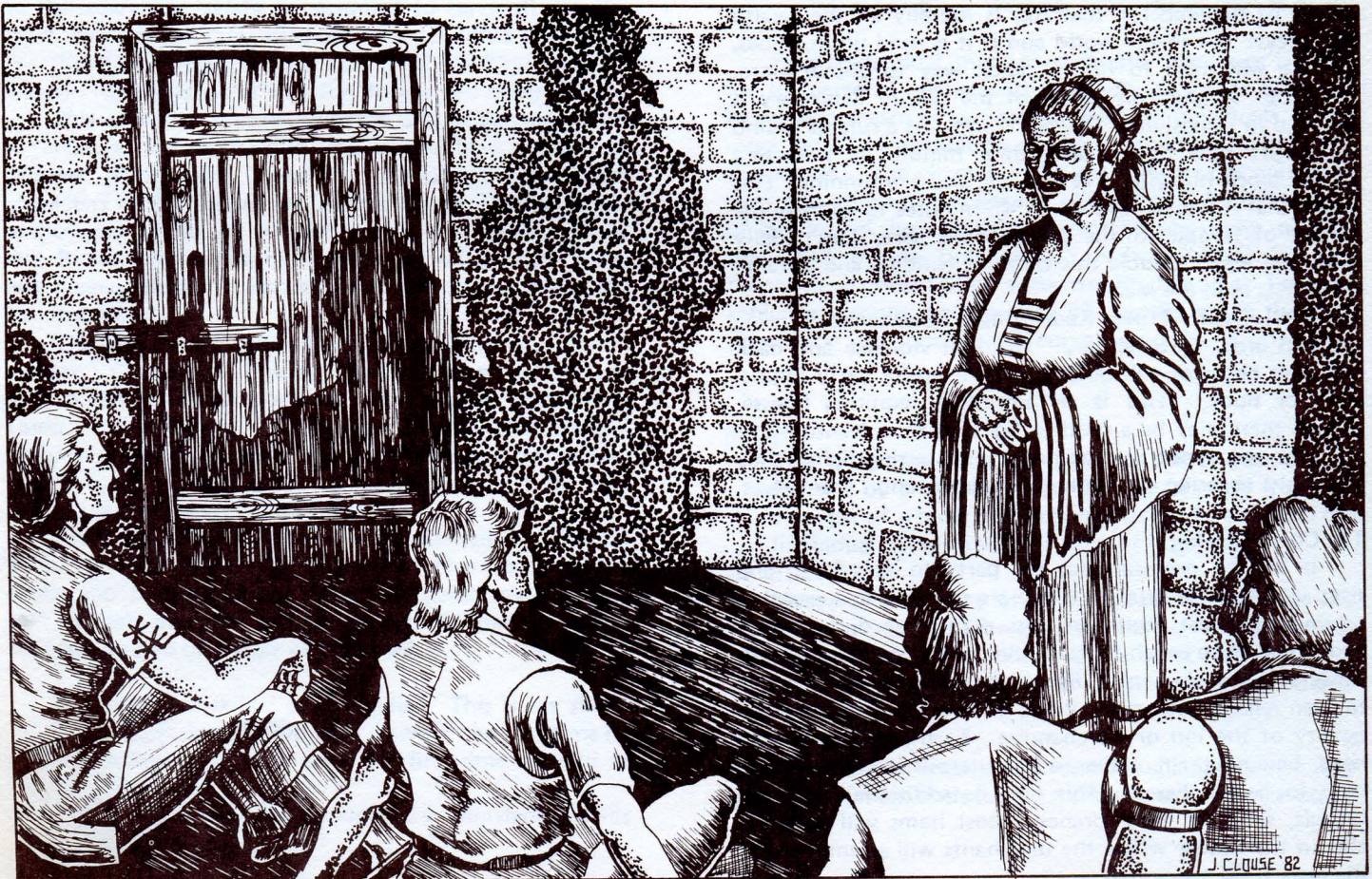
You have travelled for years and seen men hold sacred many things from gods to gold." She noticed a whince by the tall handsome man on the left, but continued "There is nothing of value to we who know, but the spirit stones. The spirit stones which were lost before Ranke, before Karmeesh, before even ancient Dlur. It has been so long that even we who search for them knew little of how they look."

Suddenly her voice became hushed. The room seemed to darken and draw in as the Amoushem whispered the revelation, "perhaps at least until now." The attention of all four young men was drawn to the small purse she pulled from her voluminous robe. With reverence the old woman took one of the the carefully wrapped stones from the purse. As she exposed the dull, black stone it was almost anticlimatic. On the table they appeared to be no more than ordinary pebbles. You all looked at each other

questionly, but the seress continued unconcerned. "We don't know for sure if these are truly spirit stones, but in the millenium, we have wandered they are the closest we have come. Picking up the oval rock she enclosed it in the palms of her hand.

"These three stones are half of those known to the people. No one knows if they are S'danzo stones, Suvesh stones, or even demon stones." She nearly spit the last. "Still, there is a life in them which says they may be the stones we seek. "Slowly the old woman opened her hands. From within, a yellowish light glowed. The formerly dull pebble now literally throbbed with life. Within it a yellow fire glowed making the Amoushem's hands a center of light in the dimly lit room. The formerly skeptical audience sat riveted in astonishment and reverence. For all the scoffing at religion they had done, here might be the one item every S'danzo is sworn to seek. Hesitantly the Seress returned the stone to its cloth. As if released from a spell the four of you began to wonder why you have been shown all this. Stirring anxiously you notice an elderly man has entered the room and waits by the door.

The Amoushem introduces him as Aparlem. It seems you have been chosen to escort him and the stones to Sanctuary and then Caronne. The cards have said each of you has knowledge that will be needed to guard the stones. "Even for S'danzo, you have each travelled far



and done many things," she adds while knowingly staring at each in turn.

One stone is to be left in each of the major cities West of Ranke so that each S'danzo male may view them and know what he seeks. Stealth and courage will have to see the stones to their destinations. You left the next morning. Such was the force of the Amoushem's presentation not one of the four of you considered other than to make the journey.

THE SEWERS OF SANCTUARY

There are actually two sewer systems which run under much of the city of Sanctuary. The first was evolved from the covered gutters of the city and the second was purposefully designed and constructed after Ilseg conquered the city. Neither is very successful in keeping the city clean or preventing a stench from prevailing the city on calm days.

Connected to the sewers is a smaller series of tunnels by one of the last of the governors for Ilseg. These have fallen into disuse and the Rankan officials are barely aware of their existence. All three sets of tunnels are in disrepair and are dangerous to wander. Those who have had cause to frequent them have told of massive rats, snakes, and less natural creatures dwelling in their dankness. All the sewers are still functional in varying degrees and the floor will be 2' to 20' deep with sludge and offal flowing slowly to the bay or to the Swamp of Night Secrets. (For a more complete discussion of the sewers see *Chaosium's Thieves' World*.)

It is likely the party will be made aware of the sewers no later than when they board the *Waverider*. One of the outlets of the system is into the water not far from where the merchant ship is docked. Even at night the stench makes the opening hard to miss. This partially accounts for the greater popularity of the Empire Wharf.

Discreet inquiries among the residents will disclose the sewers existence and their extensiveness. It is unlikely that the party will actually meet anyone who will admit they know even part of the system as there are few honest reasons to enter them. The residents of the Maze are the most knowledgeable on the topic due to the several entrances in that part of town.

Exploring the sewers is a dangerous activity, but they can provide undiscovered access to both the Old Wharf and the Temple of Shipri. As such the party may wish to venture into them. When they do so check once per block travelled or ten minutes spent for an encounter.

00-60	no encounter
61-70	2-12 giant rats
71-80	decomposing body (no treasure)
81-90	1-4 thieves, skill 2-4, engaged in a crime
91-95	5' deep pit hidden by the water
96-99	snakes (1-6 normal or one giant)
100	Magical monster or undead

Note that when the party exits the sewers there will be little question as to where they have been. Both the players themselves and their clothes will be stained and will smell horribly. At first their boots will leave footprints and traces of sewage behind as they walk. This will make it simple for any pursuit to discern where they came from.

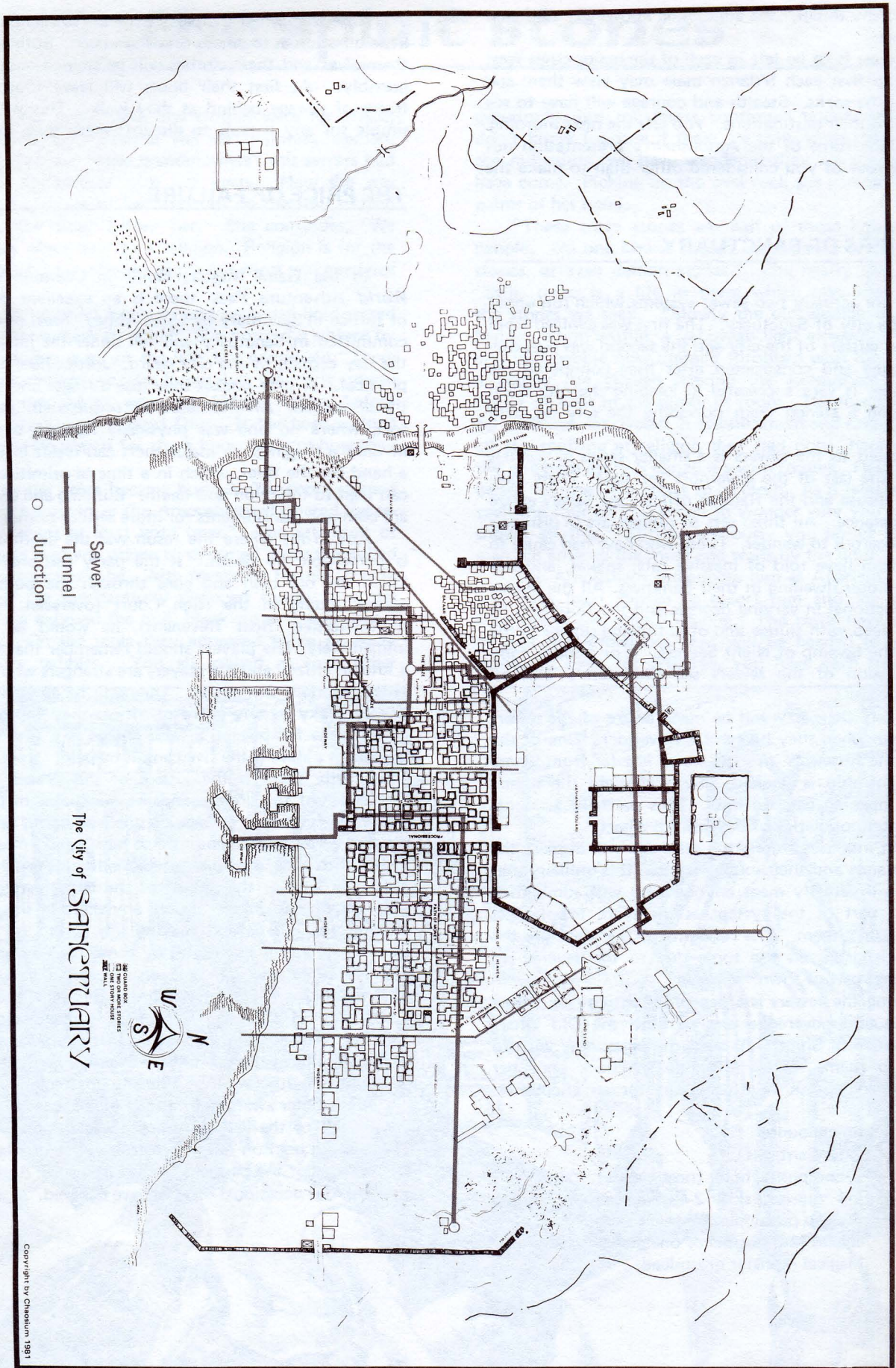
THE PRICE OF FAILURE

In the *Game Masters Guide* in *Chaosium's Thieves' World Adventure Pack* there is an excellent description of justice in Sanctuary by Lynn Abbey. Most of the crimes committed in Sanctuary will fall under the jurisdiction of the day captain of the city guard. Justice here is swift and physical. A pick pocket may lose a finger and be free by the afternoon. An attempted but unsuccessful theft of any sort, where no one was physically harmed, often results in only a flogging. A major theft can result in the loss of a hand for the thief, which in a time of primitive medicine can lead to infection and death. Blinding and enslavement are common punishments for more serious crimes.

Any crime where the result was the death of another is punishable by death. If the party can prove Khamer killed the old man and goes through the bother of the courts ending in the High Court (overseen by Prince's representative, Rost Revenant), he would be beheaded immediately. The players should remember that Khamer is a known citizen and the players are strangers who may have killed Aparlem themselves. They will be advised their case is very shaky by any guard or officer they approach. The punishment for placing a false charge is a fine and possible sale as a slave if the fine cannot be paid.

Finally there is the justice of the streets. Ran Tu, the leader of the urchins and the merchants of the bazaar are noted for taking revenge on one who harms one of their number. The private guards also have been known to take justice into their own hands when a thief is caught. This is especially true of the guards of the larger estates. Those who stir up too much trouble anywhere in the city, thus alerting the guards and making life harder on "honest" thieves, are often dealt with by those they inconvenience. This is double true if the players succeed in drawing guards into the Maze or disrupt business on the Street of Red Lanterns. On a happier note there is little assumption of guilt by association in Sanctuary. (It's rather hard not to deal with thieves in this city!) Even if one of the players is caught, the others will be basically unaffected.

A character awaiting trial for a high crime is kept in the "dungeon" of the Palace until the weekly court convenes. Those being held on lesser crimes are kept in a large room at the front of the barracks of the city guard. Both are well guarded, but occasional escapes have occurred.



the stones are lost

The scream brought all four S'danzo men to their feet. Without thinking weapons were drawn and feet hurried over the grass towards where the old man had disappeared. There had been pain and frustration in the scream.

The old man had taken to wandering away each night after camp was made. In the long weeks of the journey across the desert he had grown more withdrawn and haggard looking. The physical strains had long begun to tell on the old man. After coaxing Aparlem had told you four of the many adventures of his youth. Even as he told of loves and excitement there was more wistfulness than enthusiasm in his voice. In the last few weeks he had taken to walking often a mile from the fire and sitting for hours with his memories. At first one of the younger men would keep a watch over him, but after days of quiet you were out of the habit. Now you may have paid dearly for your laxity.

Breathing hard, you topped the hill the old man had disappeared behind. Yards below was the crumpled body of Aparlem. Further on, the red cape of a lone rider was receding towards the distant city. Before you could saddle and return to this spot the thief would have disappeared into the distant city. Fearing the worst you rushed towards Aparlem and eased the old man onto his back.

A trickle of blood flowed from his mouth and more poured from result of a well aimed slash into his left ribs. Three were visibly stove in and air bubbled from the wound. Amazingly the old man was still conscious and trying to talk.

"Scars . . ." he mumbled drawing his hand across his face in an "x" pattern. "Scars . . .", bubbled once more from the old man's mouth and he lapsed into unconsciousness. In a few seconds the last flicker of life was gone.

A few feet away the old man's knife lay in the ground. One edge was red with blood. He had extracted some price from the horseman. Searching the body confirmed your worst fears. The pouch and the priceless stones it contained were gone.

Your next steps were clear. You had failed in a trust from all the S'danzo. There was no option but to leave immediately for Sanctuary on the distant horizon and try to reclaim your people's heritage.

S'DANZO WOMEN

There is much skepticism and occasional ill will between the free traveling S'danzo men and the more stable S'danzo women. The number of "white lies" the S'danzo men tell their more settled counterparts are numerous and common. As such there is only a small likelihood of any of the S'danzo women in Sanctuary even believing they are seeking stolen Spirit Stones.

Most will be much more likely to assume they are being conned for free services, food, or something similar. Once the party has recovered the first stone there is, of course, much greater credibility when one can be shown. Still the S'danzo women will be leary of getting involved with outside men who are likely to be stirring up trouble.

Any mention that the party has been or will be involved with raiding a temple will get the condemnation, if not active interference, of the local S'danzo community. Trouble like that is a disaster to a tolerated minority and centuries of survival have taught the S'danzo the price of meddling with Suvesh religions in any way.

THE AUTHORITIES

Going to the authorities in Sanctuary will be frustrating at best for the players. The local Hell Hounds and their assistants have all they can do to hold down the city proper. Further, they will have little sympathy for the loss of a few stones whose only value is "superstition". Of the murder, there is no real proof of who attacked the old man except the word of four strangers on what they thought the old man was saying. If the party persists all they will do is bring the attention of the Prince and probably many of the less reputable residents of Sanctuary to the Spirit Stones.



the characters

SHELMUR

Might 55
Intellect 70
Knowledge 35
Stamina 60
Coordination 70
Appeal 75

Thief skill 5

Dagger, cudgel, 5 silvers, 8 coppers

Height 5'8" 150 pounds Age 32

Shelimur hates wizards and magic. He is not a typical S'danzo in that he prefers a few carefully planned thefts to the normal, honest labor by which the wanderers traditionally maintain themselves. So far he has been good enough not to have caused problems for the S'danzo in any city and so he is tolerated. Shelimur's charm and dark good looks have also aided in his keeping on the good side of the local S'danzo women.

Shelimur's hatred of wizards comes from an incident three years earlier. The theft was to have been the crowning point of his career. He had found an abandoned sewer tunnel that lead directly below the treasure room of the city's richest and greediest man. All of Caronne would be envious of his skill. For nearly two weeks he spent his nights in the stinking, damp tunnel silently digging upwards. One night he finally broke through the floor. Pulling himself up, Shelimur could see the piles of coins on the tables around him. With growing exultation, he carefully began to fill the bag he had brought. Then he began to sneeze.



They were loud, echoing roars shaking his entire body. Shelimur's eyes begun to water and he could hardly breathe. At the door he could hear the guards undoing the bolts. Clutching the partially filled sack, Shelimur dived through his hole and fled. The tunnel rocked with the

force of the sneezing. Finally emerging, Shelimur stumbled towards a nearby stream. On the way, he dropped the bag and the sneezing miraculously stopped. Feeling somewhat better, the thief picked up the bag, hurried towards his room and began to sneeze. Putting down the bag, the sneezing stopped only to start each time he picked it up. Finally in desperation, Shelimur buried the coins and forlornly trudged away.

The S'danzo thief was still frustrated and confused the next morning when he wandered into one of the local bazaars. Stopping to view the wares of a goldsmith, he began to sneeze once more. Walking a few feet away the sneezing stopped, only to begin again whenever he was within a few feet of the stall. It became clear to Shelimur that he had received a curse which was protecting the miser's vault. Gold he had touched, and now whenever he neared gold, he would sneeze uncontrollably. This is a rather upsetting occurrence to a thief and Shelimur found it ego shattering. For three days he drank and moaned. Finally the innkeeper (perhaps to get him to leave) suggested he find another mage to reverse the spell.

During the next few days Shelimur visited every wizard in the city. A few took his remaining money and claimed they could reverse the effect, but they failed. (Worse yet was that the great mages of the city refused to meddle with each others work). By their refusal they doomed Shelimur to what was for him a life of poverty and frustration. Thinking on this clannishness Shelimur soon came to hate magic and all who use it.

REVLIOR

Might 70
Intellect 75
Knowledge 65
Stamina 60
Coordination 80
Appeal 65

Fighter Skill 2 Thief Skill 4

Staff, mace, scimitar, dagger, seven silvers, three coppers
Height 5'9" 170 lbs. Age 30

Revlior is nicknamed "pirate" by his current group of companions. This nickname comes from the fact that Revlior spent nearly two years as a crewman on the Narwahl, a merchant ship which often engaged in smuggling to supplement its income. He is no longer with the vessel because the Rankan authorities have seized it on suspicion of carrying stolen government documents to Caronne. After all the illegal smuggling the ship did do, the crew found it amusing the vessel was lost for something else which they were sure it wasn't guilty of. Guilty or not, they were all out of a job and Revlior joined with several other S'danzo wandering across the desert towards Sanctuary.

The nickname was given in jest, but actually has a smattering of truth to it. Revlior was first a crewman on the "Cuttlefish" and less than a week into his first voyage the small coaster was seized by pirates. Rather than be sold into slavery Revlior was offered (along with the rest of the crew) a chance to join the band. In the next few weeks the pirates attacked two other small ships while Revlior tried to hang back. Late one evening Revlior heard one of the crew commenting on his reluctance and decided to flee. The next night a small skiff, Revlior, and a handfull of silver pieces were gone. Picked up by the Narwahl, he gave the captain, Tervellenus, a modified version of the original attack ending in his fleeing the coaster. When the story checked out in Ranke (the Cuttlefish was lost after all) he was accepted as part of the Narwahl's crew. There is a good likelihood (25%) of Revlior knowing at least one person every time he visits the docks.



AERLENTEIN

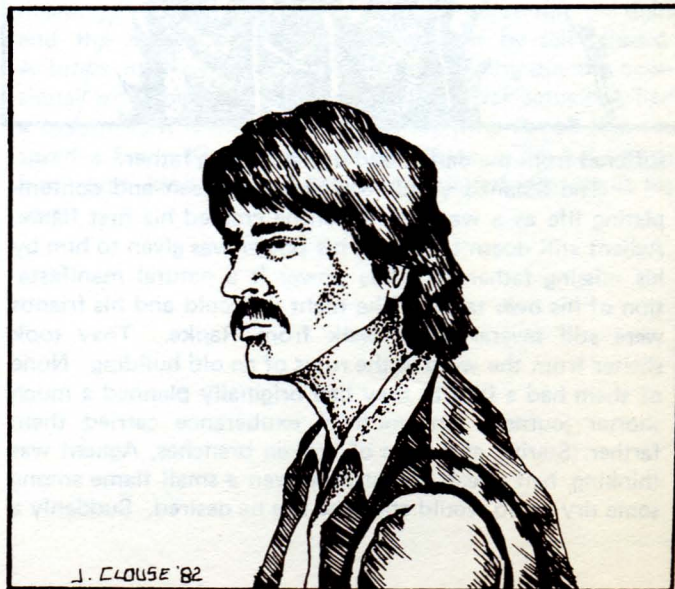
Might 75
Intellect 70
Knowledge 60
Stamina 80
Coordination 55
Appeal 55

Fighter Skill 2 Thief Skill 3

Staff, dagger, cudgel, nine silvers, eleven coppers
Height 5'7" 145 lbs. Age 28

Aerlentein, nicknamed by his travelling companions long ago, "the knife", was raised in Ranke. This will be his first visit to Sanctuary. (He should be played by a gamer who is not familiar with the Anthologies if possible.) His roots are in Ranke and he views this trip as merely one leg of a long journey back. In the past Aerlentein has served with many caravans and has gained much experience with both horses and camels. (Treat as Skill 3.) Unlike most S'danzo Aerlentein has no "wife" to return to in Ranke. Shortly after his last visit he received word Elissa, his wife, had died. When Aerlentein received more details it appeared she was killed while resisting slavers who attacked a party she was with on a beach some miles from the city. This let what was already an ingrained dislike for slavers into an active hate. There is no greater fear for the free travelling S'danzo male than to be trapped in one place as a slave. Aerlentein will now actively thwart and occasionally even attack slavers if the opportunity presents itself. He also takes extra delight in robbing slavers at every opportunity. Innate caution and the fear of reprisals against other S'danzo keep the wanderer from waging a more active war against slavers. So long as Aerlentein's activities don't cause them harm other S'danzo sympathize with the vendetta and will offer covert support.

Aerlentein wears dark clothes, often black and has brown hair and eyes. He wears a leather vest when traveling or expecting trouble that serves as leather armor equivalent. Along with the dagger he visibly wears on his waist a second is hidden in his left boot and a third smaller dagger strapped to his leg near his groin. All are balanced for throwing and Aerlentein is practiced at throwing from a crouch or while straightening up after retrieving the boot knife.



AGLIENT

Might 60

Intellect 55

Knowledge 60

Stamina 70

Coordination 55

Appeal 60

Thief Skill 4

Dagger, rope, whip, eleven silvers, ten coppers

Height 5'6" Weight 140 lbs. Age 27

Aglient's youthful looks often fool strangers into thinking he is several years younger than he actually is. Sometimes this comes in very handy when Aglient is wearing a disguise or charming an older woman for a free meal. This S'danzo has left behind a "wife" in Ranke reading fortunes in a bazaar. They have a young son and Aglient is always looking for a way to safely make a quick fortune that he could send back to them. This would add greatly to his prestige among the S'danzo; something Aglient desires very much.

Aglient has always felt that he has been looked down upon by the S'danzo. As he grew older Aglient learned that this was because his father, a S'danzo, had begun practicing magic. Magic is not appreciated by the S'danzo and Aglient's father turned out to be very talented. The community reacted by virtually disowning him a year after Aglient was born. Throughout his childhood, Aglient

bright yellow flame danced among the branches. Astonished, Aglient let out a startled scream and the flame disappeared. When Aglient's heart slowed, he tried to recreate the flame by concentrating on it appearing right among the dry twigs. In a moment the twigs were burning brightly. Even as Aglient's friends warmed themselves on the fire, they seemed to pull away from him with their inbred distrust of magic. The dark shadow of Aglient's father seemed to hover in the shadows behind their friend. After returning, the three friends began finding reasons to avoid the small boy's company. Within a month Aglient decided it was time for him to make his first journey.

Aglient has the power to create a small flame perhaps an inch across and three high. The flame will ignite a flammable material such as a match, but will itself stay burning even in a strong wind. It takes Aglient about 30 seconds to summon the flame and it will disappear if his concentration is broken. There is no limit to the number of times Aglient can produce the flame, but after two attempts within the same hour he develops a splitting headache. The S'danzo react with disapproval or withdraw when shown Aglient's talent and so he rarely uses it. The three companions know of the power and have overcome most of their reluctance to deal with their "magical" friend.



suffered from the dark cloud of his missing father.

The S'danzo youth was nearly sixteen and contemplating life as a wanderer when he created his first flame. Aglient still doesn't know if his power was given to him by his missing father or if the power is a natural manifestation of his own talent. The night was cold and his friends were still several hours walk from Ranke. They took shelter from the wind in the ruins of an old building. None of them had a flint as they had originally planned a much shorter journey, but youthful exuberance carried them farther. Staring at a heap of broken branches, Aglient was thinking, half asleep, about how even a small flame among some dry scrub would start the fire he desired. Suddenly a

khamer allard

Khamer smiled to himself as he galloped towards the city. It had been too easy to pass up. An old man wandering, perhaps alone, and clutching a large purse so protectively. From the shadow of the rock the nomad had been resting in, the age of his victim was obvious.

In a quick rush it was over. The old fellow had reacted with surprising swiftness and the blood trickling down Khamer's left arm attested to the sharpness of his blade, but then Khamer's scimitar landed with a satisfying crunch.

It took just a moment to slash the purse free and rush back to his waiting horse. Even the sound of others rushing over a nearby hill didn't dampen the satisfaction Khamer felt as he rode away. Guards mean the treasure must be more valuable yet. This was a pleasant bonus for what had been intended as just a short ride away from the smells and noise of the city and the Lily Garden where he worked. A most welcome and pleasant bonus indeed.

From the feel of the pouch, Khamer had expected gems or magical carvings. He was disgusted at the dull, nearly black stones laying on the table before him. These would barely bring a few silvers from Jaik in the bazaar; Calept would likely to offer him a few coppers. "Easily gained, easily lost" Khamer told himself as he scooped the pebbles back into their sack. He had better hurry to the Bazaar and sell them quickly. It was nearly the hour for the girls in the Lily Garden to start working and Amoli would be displeased if he failed to be at his post in the entrance when the customers began to arrive.

Khamer was right. Jaik offered him less than a silver each for the three stones and Khamer was in too much of a hurry to even haggle. Within a few hours, two satisfying fights with surly customers had improved Khamer's attitude greatly and he had all but forgotten about the casual theft that afternoon.

JUDGES NOTES

At this point the players have two options. Most will choose to pursue the obvious clue of a scarred man. Inquiries anywhere will point quickly to Khamer Allard at the Lilly Garden. He will be working there by the time the players reach the city. If this is the case the next section played will be the Lily Garden.

The second option is to try to outguess the thief. This should lead to the conclusion he will have to fence the stones. In this case the next section played will be the Jaik or Calept. *

Even greater analysis will point out there is no way for the thief to realize their true value. So long as the players don't mention the value of the stones, or their significance, they will be considered minor trinkets worth a few silvers at most. Should they inadvertently reveal their value the price will go up and there is the possibility (your option) of other gangs of thieves also trying to steal them for resale. If they really broadcast the value, there is even the chance (your option again) of having a major Wizard or the Prince

take an interest. If the later occurs the players will surely be brought in for questioning, but then released and followed, (by Shadowspawn?). Even the local S'danzo will have no knowledge of the stone's existence until told.

Whenever the party actually talks to Khamer he will, of course, deny any knowledge of the theft and sympathize with the loss of their friend. To help placate the party, he will suggest they check the local fences for anything stolen. If the city guards are not around, he will name Jaik Ali and Calept as possibilities. If the city guards are present, the players can get these names by bribery or deceit in the taverns or the Maze. At about the time Khamer tells the party this, two of the other guards from the Lily Garden will arrive. Khamer will then leave with them rather hastily. Should the party decide to revenge the death of Aparlem, it should be a separate adventure and not within the scope of *Spirit Stones*. The referee should remind the players that retrieving the stones is more important than revenge. From this point on Khamer will be on his guard and spend the next few weeks close to the Lily Garden and always with at least one of the other three guards.

KHAMER ALLARD

Might 80

Intellect 45

Knowledge 50

Stamina 75

Coordination 55

Appeal 25

Fighter skill 3

Dagger, Scimitar

Height 6'3" 210 pounds Age 30

Khamer was exiled from his desert tribe when he challenged the headman to a knife fight over the possession of a slave woman. His low appeal rating is partially the result of two large scars that cross his face in an "X" meeting near his mouth. The first slash cost him the fight and the second was added for spite as he fell blinded. A bitter man by nature, he enjoys throwing out the occasional troublemaker. Though he has never actually killed a customer, it is only a stern warning from Amoli that has saved a few. Khamer is fond of Aleena as she has shown him some kindness and has never taunted him about his scars.

the lily garden

The night the players arrive at Sanctuary, Khamer will be on duty at the Lily Garden. Amoli's Lilly Garden is one of the larger houses on the street of Red Lanterns. Khamer is one of four large bouncers Amoli employs to control the customers and protect her "girls". Khamer has worked there for several years and is a valued employee. The party will have great difficulty in even reaching Khamer as he will be on duty inside the doorway and so not visible when the players first arrive. Further any threats or violence will cause all four bouncers to arrive on the scene. The smallest bouncer towers over the tallest player character.

On the other hand tracing an "x" scarred man to the Lilly Garden will be easy. Khamer is not a very pleasant person and has few who risk trouble for him. Even the urchins in the bazaar know who he is and where to find him. As Khamer sometimes escorts Amoli's girls when shopping, virtually any stall owner in the bazaar, most innkeepers, and a large percentage of the males of Sanctuary know of the strangely scarred nomad. A few coopers will elicit the information from any of these. Khamer does have a few friends and there are many who will sell the fact that there are four S'danzo looking for him to the nomad. If the party is not cautious in their questioning there is a 75% chance Khamer will be warned. Once warned, he will make sure the players are bared from even entering the Lily Garden, but do little else.

If the party spends too much time skulking along the Street of Red Lanterns one of the guards from the houses is likely to call the watch. Well bribed, these guards ensure that there is no violence on this street. The guards will first ask, then insist the party leave the area. If they find the players on that street a second time they will escort them to the nearest inn and insist they pay for rooms and stay the night or be imprisoned as vagrants and for suspicion of theft. This inn will be the Golden Lion (as detailed in T1, Traitor).

Aleena is a whore of the Lily Garden, where she is relatively new and shows no signs of the Krrf addiction encouraged by Amoli, the madame.

ALEENA

Might 40

Intellect 55

Knowledge 45

Stamina 70

Coordination 60

Appeal 85

Human 5'4"

120 pounds

Age 22

carries a dagger in her sash

Aleena will not be easy to reach for questioning as she is a working girl and Amoli is always in need of money. During the day there will be a guard on duty at the doorway to see that the ladies are not disturbed. He will refuse entry to the brothel and, if challenged, will call out for assistance from the guards at the other houses. Amoli is not well liked, but there is an unwritten code on the street that will bring everyone together against outsiders who might threaten the girls. Nearly a dozen experienced, well-armed guards can converge on the scene within a few seconds. The guard on duty will be polite to any potential paying customers, but firm in insisting that the group return after sunset when the Lily Garden is open for visitors.

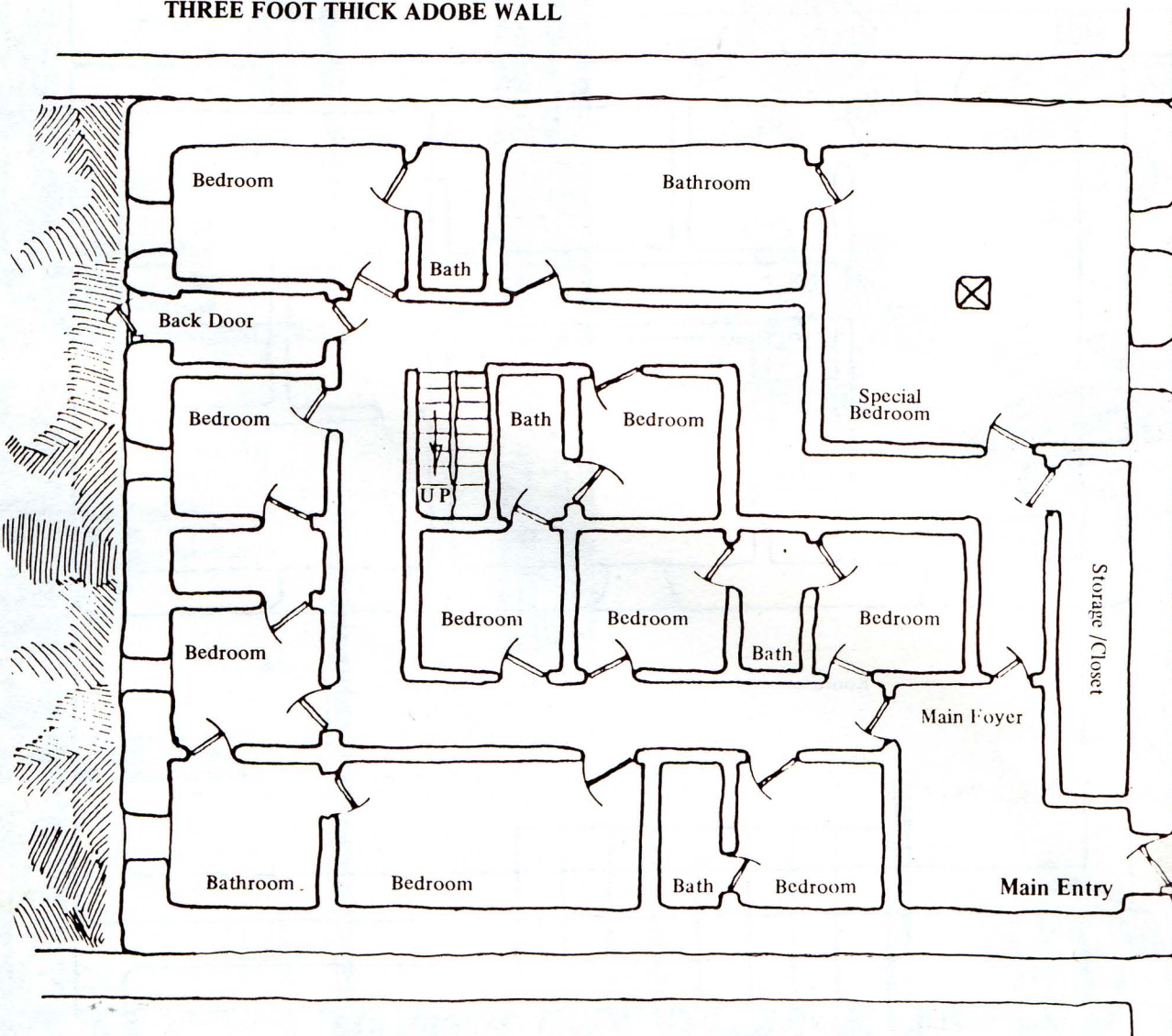
Arriving in the evening, the party will be quickly admitted to the Main Foyer where there are several benches and two guards by the doors to the rest of the house. Eventually Amoli will appear to ask the group's pleasure. If the group informs her that they all wish to question one of their girls about another customer, Amoli will react negatively. If the group presses this line, inform them that she is frowning and looking nervous. If they still press her she will explain that discretion is necessary in her business and will then ask them to leave.

If the group asks for Aleena by name, Amoli will inquire as to which sell sword they are asking for. Again she will react to any but a normal answer with a similar effect as above. If the group is asked to leave, only a large bribe (10 silvers, a gold piece or even more) can gain Amoli's cooperation, and further, she will still insist that the group pay five more silvers for Aleena's company. At any sign of a ruckus two more guards will appear to assist those on duty in the front.

The simplest way for the party to contact Aleena is either to bribe a guard at the door to fetch her during the day or simply to appear as a normal customer in the evening and request her services. If thrown out as a group, one individual returning later perhaps in different clothes, will not be recognized. As long as the party does not get violent, they are likely to reach Aleena eventually.

More detailed information on the four bouncers and the workings of the Lily Garden can be found in T1, *Traitor* also from FASA, Chaosium's *Thieves' World* boxed set, and of course the anthologies edited by Robert Asprin.

THREE FOOT THICK ADOBE WALL



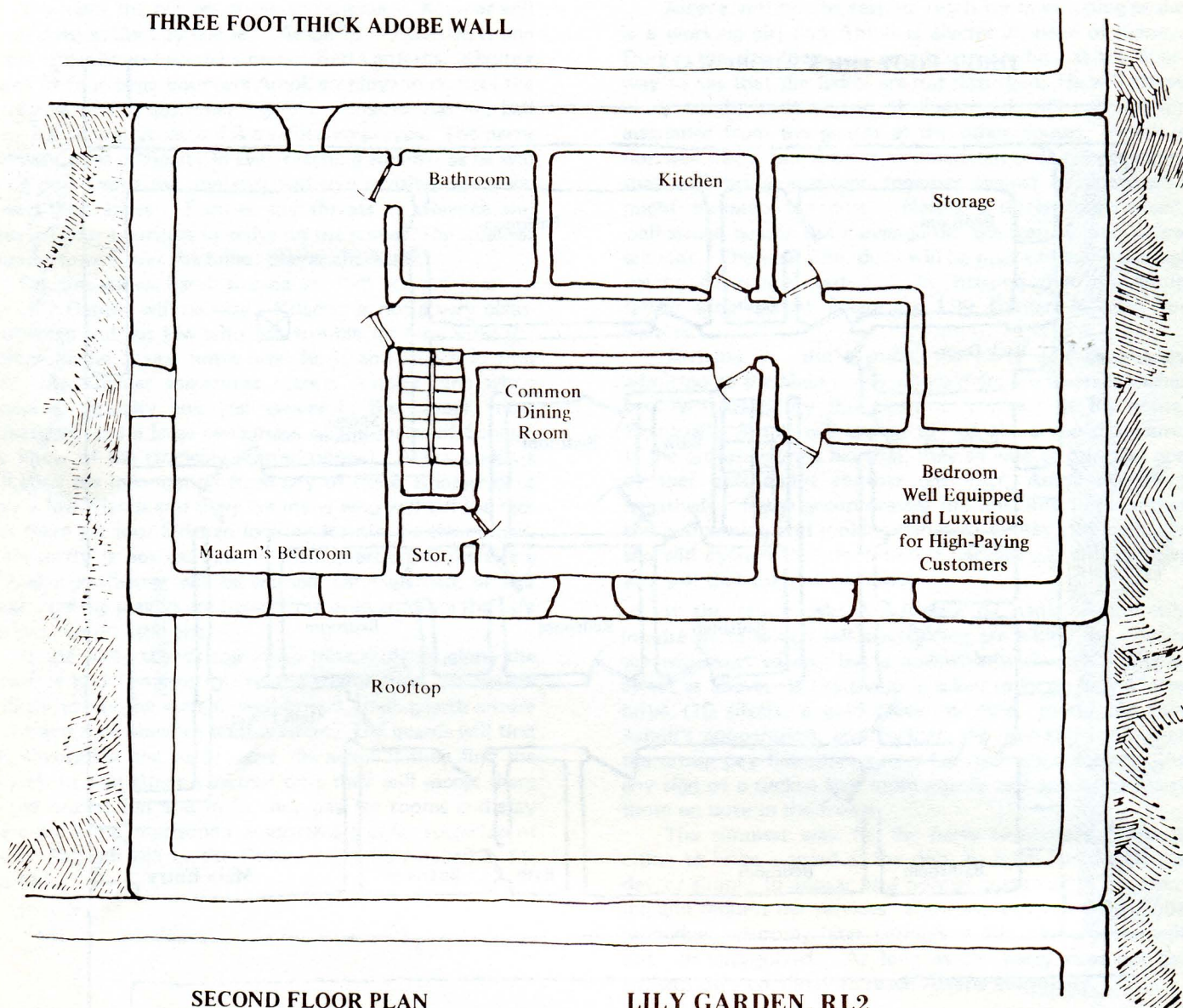
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

LILY GARDEN, RL2

ALL WINDOWS HEAVILY BARRED
SCALE : 1" = 10'

the lily garden

THREE FOOT THICK ADOBE WALL



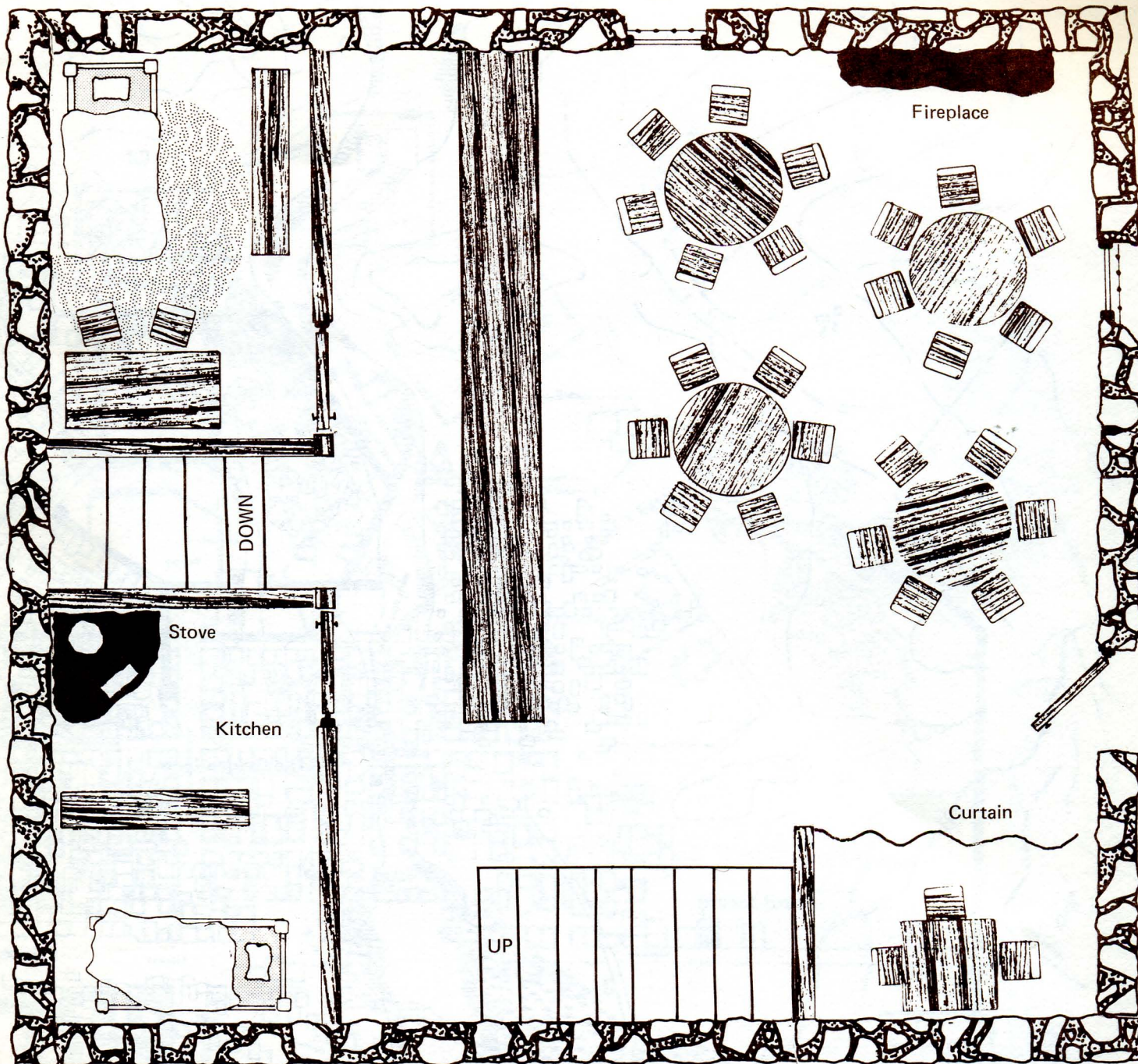
SECOND FLOOR PLAN

LILY GARDEN, RL2



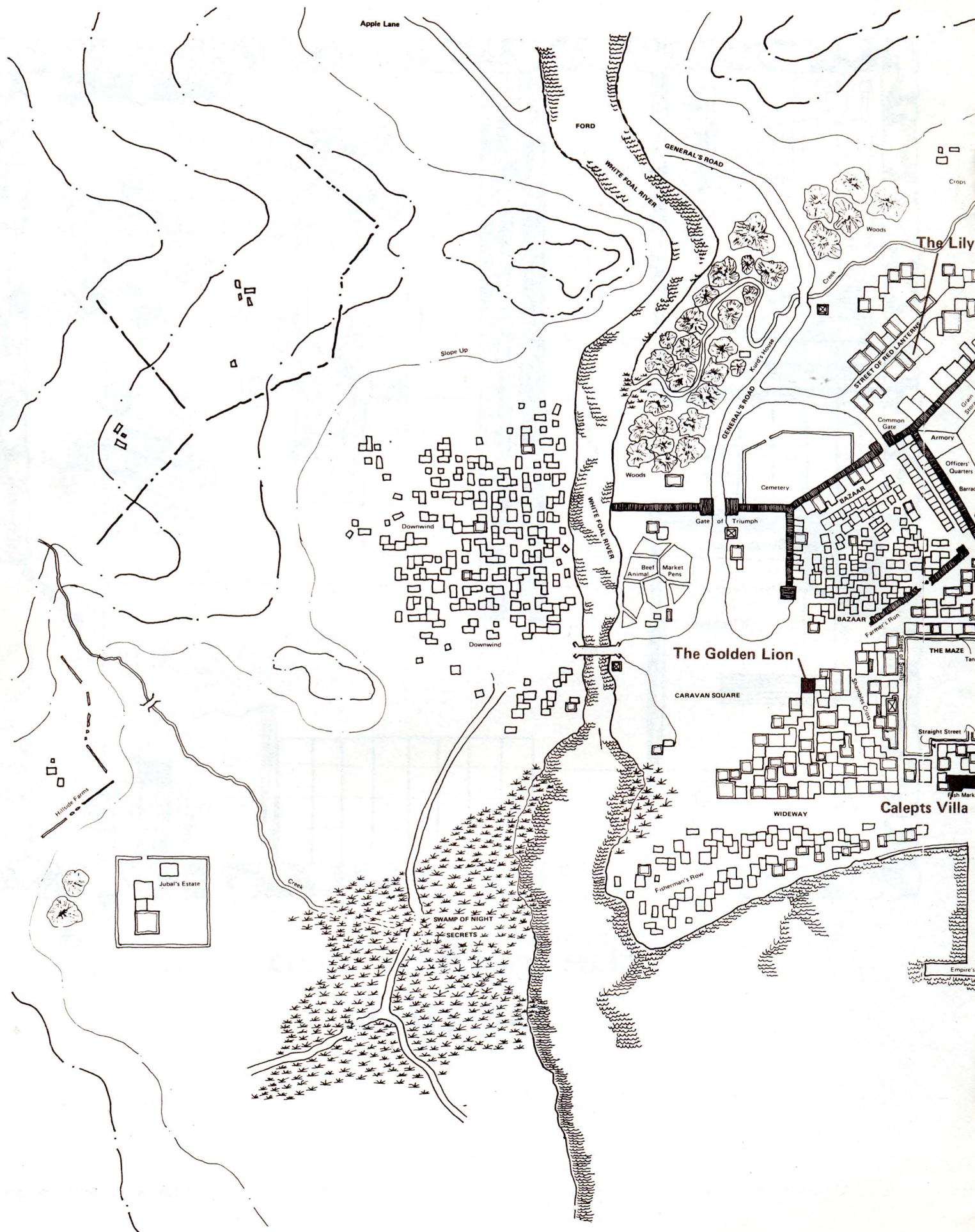
ALL WINDOWS HEAVILY BARRED

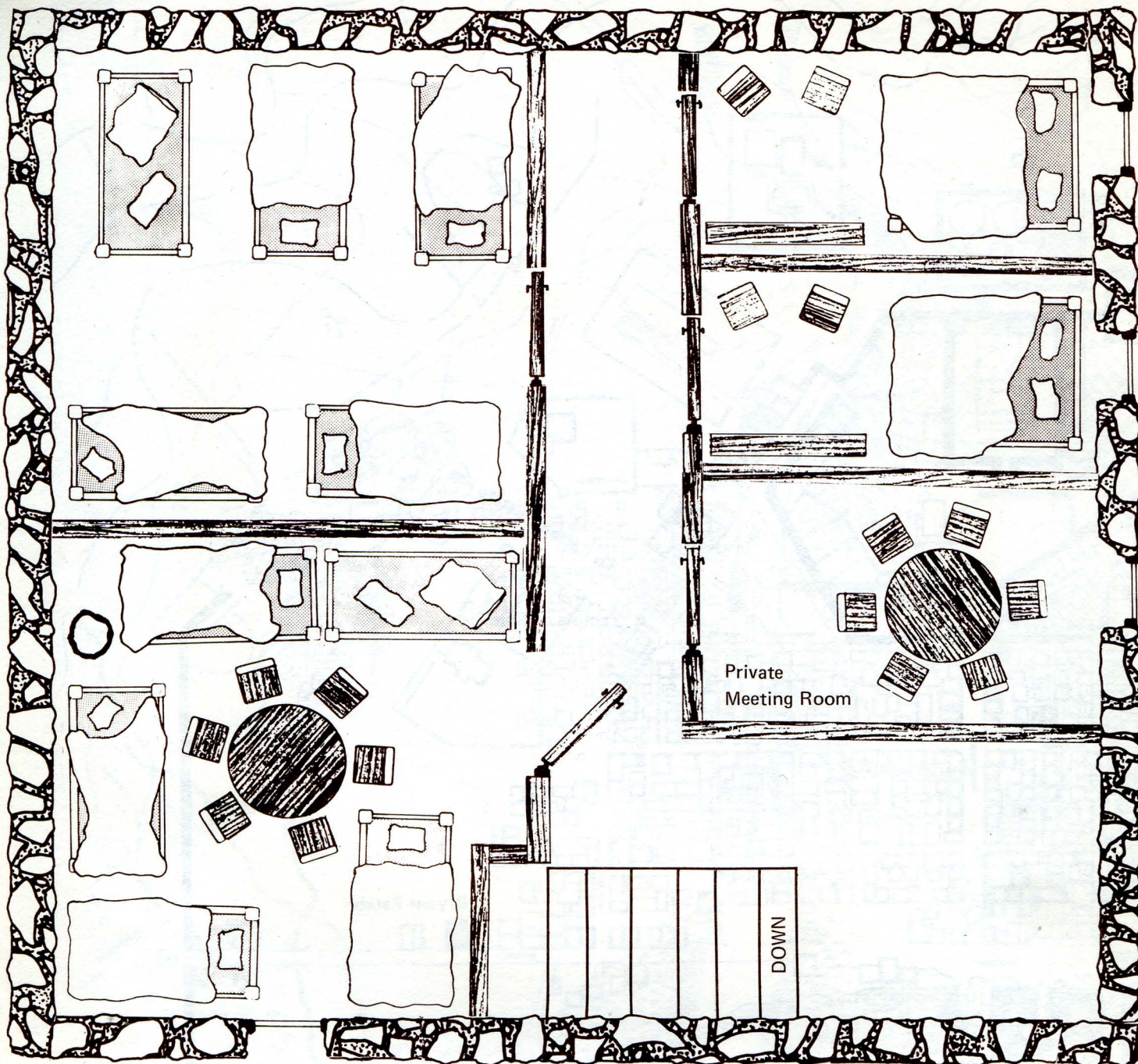
SCALE : 1" = 10'



the golden lion
1st floor

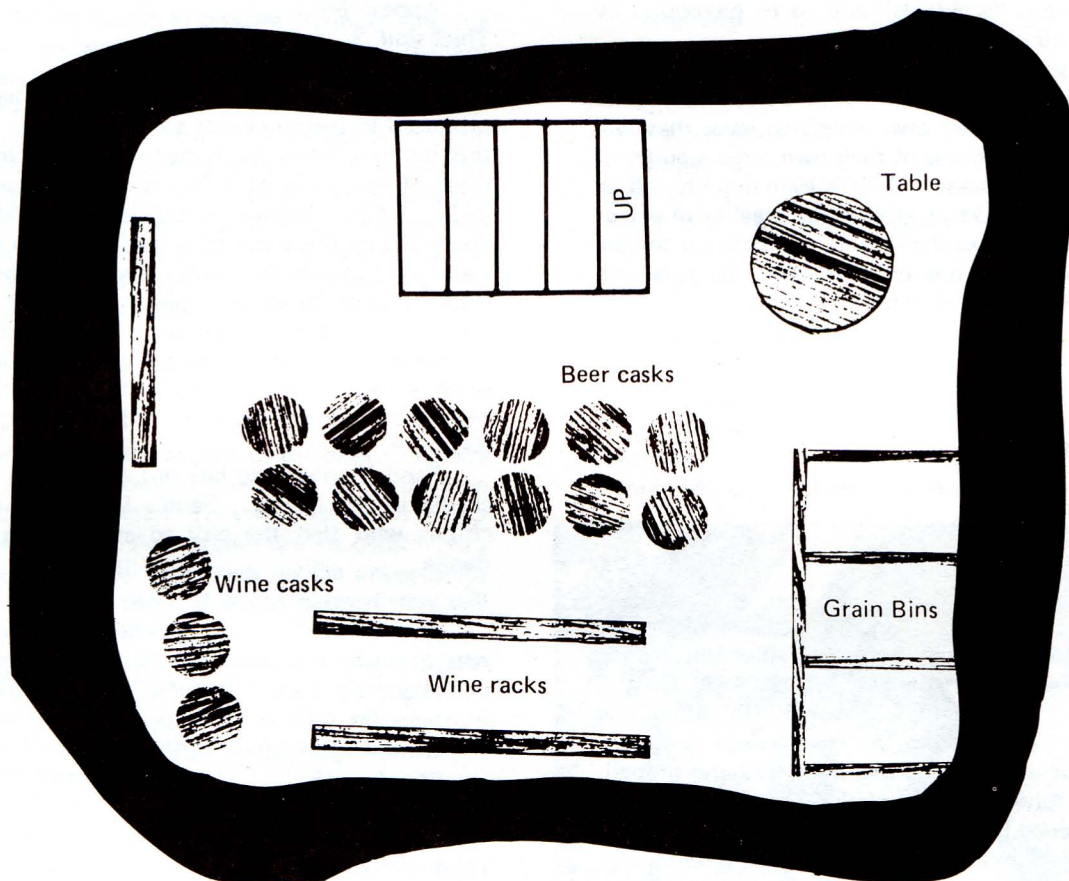
Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.





the golden lion 2nd floor

Scale : 1 inch = 5 feet.



basement
the golden lion

the bazaar

Guaquet Jaik Ali and nearly a hundred other merchants set up stalls in Sanctuary's Bazaar daily. Many of these stalls have been in the hands of one family for three generations. There is no written (or technically legal) ownership of a location in the bazaar. Still a new merchant who usurps the location of an established one is likely to have both numerous "accidents" and to be boycotted by the others and their regular customers.

There is a strong feeling of unity between the merchants who trade in the bazaar. While occasionally quite vindictive in enforcing their own unwritten laws, they will defend even at some risk one of their own, who is guilty of breaking some city ordinance. This is even more true if an outsider threatens, attacks or attempts to steal from any of them. Even a bazaar merchant who is distrusted by the others is still considered one of their own. So it is with Fend Clutchpurse and others of his ilk.

LEIPTERUM

Might 55
Intellect 50
Knowledge 60
Stamina 70
Coordination 75
Appeal 60

Woodcarver skill 1/Fighter skill 1
Human 5'4" 165 pounds Age 33

Leipterum inherited the stall from his father less than a year ago. Before this he had mostly worked at home preparing the wood for his father to work. His father was helping the wood carver from the stall several rows east of this area to cut down a large tree when his hand slipped. He cut himself badly on the saw blade. Though the wound was carefully cleaned by a healer, but the sap carried an infection and Leipterum's father died of blood poisoning.

When the accident occurred, Leipterum began working the bazaar rather than losing the space. Since his father died he has kept up the family business. The accident also upset the woodcarver who has been giving Leipterum free lessons in his art in an attempt to make up for the loss. Because of this, Leipterum has been able to dress up his otherwise ordinary cabinets and tables with passably good carvings. Pleasant and open, Leipterum is popular with the other regulars.

While resigning himself to being a cabinet maker, Leipterum has always wished he could become a Spy. Who he would work for is less important to him than the excitement and the deception. Unfortunately, he is a poor liar (in fact, not a very good haggler) and would hardly last a day. Still this has been his dream and any hint that you are someone important and/or secret will gain his unthinking assistance.

FEND CLUTCHPURSE

Might 65
Intellect 80
Knowledge 75
Stamina 45
Coordination 80
Appeal 55

Thief skill 3

Human 5'4" 160 pounds Age 28

Fend has a stall in the bazaar where he sells the wines produced in the vineyards around the city. Fend inherited this business when his father was placed in prison for the theft of the purse of a Rankan Noble some three months earlier. Fend follows in his family tradition and is not above lifting the purse of a customer who has sampled his wares a bit too much. Before taking over the stall Fend had made a poor living as a pickpocket and runner of odd errands for the more dubious citizens of the Bazaar. He resents authority and is always on the lookout for a quick silver piece. Fend will agree to do anything the party requests, but if there appears to be any risk, he will quickly disappear.

Fend is tolerated, but not trusted by the other merchants in the bazaar. Fend's father was once a Rankan citizen who fled the city to avoid being imprisoned in Ranke.

ARGENTIA

Might 55
Intellect 60
Knowledge 65
Stamina 45
Coordination 50
Appeal 35

Thief skill 3

Human, Female, Age 45 5'4" 160 pounds

Argentia sells candies, sweetmeats, sugared water, and small rolls from a small stand inbetween Berond and Al Hefam. She has a friendly, running feud with Al Hefam. Both inherited the feud from their parents who owned the stalls before them. Nominally it is because Al Hefam's horses and camels smell so badly they put off Argentia's customers. In reality Al Hefam takes extra pains to keep his stall clean. The horses and camels are also kept clean as Al Hefam does most of his business renting them to the better classes on an hourly or daily basis. (He will be leary of renting them to the party as they are not established in Sanctuary and so may decide to just keep riding). In the times of crisis the two have acted in the spirit of the friendship they really feel.

The old woman also has a secondary "business" which occasionally proves itself quite lucrative. Argentia acts as a center in information and advice for the dozens of urchins who frequent the bazaar and the entire city. She is thus privy to a surpsiring quantity of information. The urchins

feel loyalty and some affection for the older woman who rewards them with sweets, food if needed, and even allows a few to sleep in her stall overnight. The affection is sincerely returned by Argentium, who herself was an urchin until adopted by the former owner of the stall some forty years earlier. Among those who have benefited from Argentium's kindnesses in the past are Shadowspawn, several members of the guard, and dozens of other "citizens" of Sanctuary. Should anyone ever harm Argentium, they would be subject to retribution from many different quarters.

There is little likelihood of anyone harming Argentia because of how she treats the information she gathers. Her price is more often based on the questioner's ability to pay than the content. Further Argentia rarely will pass on anything likely to cause real harm to another. Still, this leaves a lot of information the ubiquitous urchins gather, often facts a grown man would never discover. Once she is sincerely convinced that the party wishes only to retrieve the stones, she will send out the urchins to find them (for ten silvers each one found). There is a 25% chance daily of an urchin hearing of one of the stones.

THE URCHINS

The Urchins are an integral part of the bazaar. At any time there will be from four to twenty of these children wandering through the bazaar. They will approach strangers with offers of service. Any urchin can be considered a thief in training. They will never pass up the opportunity to steal or con a few coppers. If one is harmed they will retaliate in gangs of ten or more.

The urchins are liked by the merchants of the bazaar and generally refrain from stealing from the stalls. The unwritten agreement is that so long as they refrain from stealing the merchants will offer some protection (or a hiding place) from irate customers.

URCHINS

CORI

Might 30
Intellect 70
Knowledge 35
Stamina 40
Coordination 70
Appeal 60 Thief skill 1

Human 4'1" 74 pounds Age 10

ROSE

Might 35
Intellect 65
Knowledge 40
Stamina 35
Coordination 65
Appeal 55

Thief skill 1

Human (female) 4'5" 75 pounds Age 11

JORD

Might 30
Intellect 55
Knowledge 30
Stamina 35
Coordination 60
Appeal 70

Thief skill 0

Human 3'5" 50 pounds Age 9

GRIFT

Might 45
Intellect 50
Knowledge 30
Stamina 55
Coordination 60
Appeal 35

Thief skill 1

Dwarf 8'2" 55 pounds Age 11

PIET

Might 40
Intellect 70
Knowledge 35
Stamina 40
Coordination 45
Appeal 40

Thief skill 1

Human 4'10" 105 pounds Age 12



DWIN

Might 30
Intellect 55
Knowledge 25
Stamina 30
Coordination 75
Appeal 75
Thief skill 0
Human 4'6" 60 pounds Age 8

LENEIB AM WILM

Might 60
Intellect 45
Knowledge 55
Stamina 70
Coordination 65
Appeal 30
Fighter skill 1
Human 5'7" 145 pounds Age 40

TESA

Might 30
Intellect 75
Knowledge 35
Stamina 45
Coordination 70
Appeal 80
Thief skill 1
Half elf (female) 4'0" 50 pounds Age 11

LEAPA

Might 50
Intellect 50
Knowledge 35
Stamina 60
Coordination 55
Appeal 65
Thief skill 1
Human (female) 3'11" 50 pounds Age 9

Leneib has in the four years he has owned his stall managed to turn a marginal business selling and renting camels, into a complete failure. The main cause for this is Leneib's dismal attitude. He was sure the business would fail and so he cared little for the appearance of his stall or his camels. Sure enough, he was right. The stall will contain three healthy, but poorly kept camels and will need cleaning. Leneib normally only exerts himself to clean when Fend becomes so irate at the smell driving away customers he threatens to beat Leneib or, even worse, cut off his wine credit. Many of the merchant's in the bazaar have tried to help the sad desert trader, but all have learned you can't help a man who has lost faith in himself. Leneib is not beyond making a quick silver piece, if there is not too much risk or effort involved. Should the party make any arrangement with the seedy looking camel seller there is a 50% chance he will fail to uphold his part of the bargain out of pure laziness.

Most urchins carry a small knife hidden in their belt.



J. CLOUSE '82

SHOPPING AT THE BAZAAR

The next morning Khamer will be escorting Aleena, his personal favorite, from the Lily Garden on a half day shopping spree in the Bazaar. Khamer's size and scars will make him visible even in the crowds. If the party does not happen into the bazaar by late morning one of the many urchins will find them and offer to tell where they can find Khamer for a copper piece.

The party will find Khamer and Aleena looking at the delicate jewelry of Nyssaia. Neither will notice them approach until they are standing next to each other. Khamer will then react based upon what the party does and says. The bodyguards main concern will be for Aleena. Further

he will have no interest in causing a fight in the middle of the bazaar. Those who do this have a tendency to find items they desire have been sold or the prices abnormally high.

If possible Khamer will attempt to get the party to talk with him. At the first opportunity, he will send Aleena away immediately and then flee into the crowds. A chase with drawn weapons by the players will cause quite a stir and will be sure to attract the city guards within minutes. (Remember they have no proof Khamer killed the old man.) Once the players are forced to stand quietly Khamer will speak with them, theoretically to see why they were chasing him.

fences in sanctuary

In a city where a measurable portion of the population lives off the rest, the status of a fence is not low. To their patrons a fence is as a farmer or innkeeper in maintaining the prosperity of Sanctuary. A fence must above all things be discreet. In a normal day any of the dozens of fences in Sanctuary will contact or be contacted by half a dozen of the Maze's residents. Incidental to their trade is the possession of the secrets of many of their "clientele".

A fence in Sanctuary can operate in many ways. The two most common styles are those who resell the goods they receive back into the city itself and those who have connections with one or more of the sea captains. There is an additional risk in a city as small as Sanctuary to reselling a stolen item. The original owner can show up and ask some very awkward questions. This is specially true of the more valuable and individual items such as jewelry, art work, and the like. This accounts for why there are only two fences who actively specialize in Gems and Jewelry. Guaquet Jaik Ali works in conjunction with two silversmiths who live in a villa outside of the town. These men remount or melt down distinctive pieces of jewelry. Calept el Hassem follows the second course of reselling the jewelry he is fenced to any of three sea captains. Because of this he actually makes less on each item, but is far safer from exposure. Calept also has the habit of encouraging those who compete with him to find another trade. To cope with this habit Jaik normally has one or more bodyguards inconspicuously placed in the bazaar or at his home.

Due to the hazards of their trade a typical fence (for any item) will pay the thief no more than 10% of the actual value for a stolen item. Calept often offers as low as 5%.

CALEPT EL HASSEM

Might 60
Intellect 80
Knowledge 75
Stamina 45
Coordination 65
Appeal 60

Fighter skill 1/Thief skill 2

Human 5' 10" 160 pounds Age 45

Calept has a dagger hidden up his left sleeve.

Calept is of desert nomad background, but has lived in Sanctuary for as long as he can remember. His father was a jewel thief who died when caught in too ambitious a theft. This left Calept, then fifteen and an orphan, with a small cache of this fathers earlier loot. When the unschooled youth tried to sell the small gems and jewelry to the only fence in Sanctuary then handling such items he was badly taken advantage of. Worse yet, the aging fence had laughed in the face of the bewildered youth. Three nights later the fence was found dead in his bed, three stab wounds the cause of death. Missing was a considerable quantity of silver and a few gems.

The suspicions of the Maze were confirmed when Calept reappeared two days later. He was well dressed, escorted by two surly bodygurads, and sporting a talisman which he claimed would curse any who harmed him. (The talisman was at the time false, but later under pressure from the local wizards he purchased a true spell which protects him from those who would harm him with a blade of any sort. (The wizards don't like those who claim to have bought spells and haven't, as it appears their magic failed when nothing occurs.) In the next few months Calept was able to convince his father's friends to sell him the gems and jewelry they stole. Calept in turn sold these to a smuggler who resold them in Ranke. In this way Calept

was always safe from a stolen item being discovered by its owner and avoided the bother of having to melt down or remount the jewelry. The disadvantage of this procedure is that Calept receives less for his items from his smuggler than they could be sold for or remounted. Because of this he has always paid poorly.

Calept's small payments gave rise to much competition, but over the years all those who competed with Calept have suffered from unfortunate and often fatal accidents. Because of this, the only competition for jewelry Calept has is Guaquet Jaik Ali, a relative newcomer. Jaik Ali has already survived one attempt on his life by Calept's assassins and Calept is in the process of planning another.

During Calept's years of prosperity, he has become very superstitious. This can be attributed to no one cause, but probably reflects the basic insecurity Calept feels. He knows few trust him and fewer yet can be considered to be his friend. What began as a precaution, now has become an obsession. Calept both fears and desires magic and charms of all sorts. He regularly visits the S'danzo women who value his fees and add to the obsession whenever possible. When faced by the party Calept will treat them with more respect if it becomes clear they are S'danzo. Even a passing word in S'danzo will show this by their correct pronunciation. Already nervous at the party's questioning, the Fence will nearly collapse when he realizes they are S'danzo.

There are three guards always on duty in Calept's villa. One of these will be in the room with the party and the others by the main gate. The party will be asked to check any swords in a box near the doorway, but are allowed to keep their daggers. If there is any physical threat the guards will rush to the cry of either Calept or the guard in the room. The guards are all mercenaries and can be bribed.

Being cautious, Calept has hidden much of his wealth in three different locations. The first of these is under his bed beneath a loose floorboard. On the bottom side of the floorboard is a meaningless hex sign meant to scare away any potential thieves. Kept here are jewels and pearls worth 300 silvers.

All of the windows on the outside of the Villa are barred with iron gratings. Except on the hottest nights both of the windows facing the alley are also closed with heavy wooden shutters. Even on a hot night there is a 50% chance Calept will close and bar the shutters on the window to his bedroom.

Besides the main house there is a stable and storage area. Kept here are two horses, a small wagon, and some miscellaneous supplies for the ships of Calept's contacts. Most of the floor is covered with dry straw. There are no windows.

The second wooden building was added several years earlier by Calept to house his guards. It is small, but dry. The windows are not barred and will be open. Two flower gardens (maintained by the handyman), two 10' rows of bushes standing about 5' high, and a sundial can be found in the grassy courtyard.

The rear of the villa borders on an alley. There is no door to this alleyway, but the grate on the kitchen window is latched in such a way as to allow it to serve as one if unlocked. The front of the villa opens onto the fish market. While hardly scenic and rather odorous, the market

provides cover for those who wish to see Calept. During the day the guards stand outside the door to screen all those who enter. Over each door and window, including the main gate there is a hex sign Calept was told would keep out evil spirits and bad luck. The Sundial also is inscribed with good luck signs. One is even painted on the outside wall of the stables.

There are two other routes into Calept's villa besides merely climbing over the wall. The next building to the East is a rather battered inn which serves seamen in port. This is the Mermaid's Rest. For a few coopers the party could rent a room for the night on the second floor and climb easily to the roof. This overlooks Calept's villa and has the added advantage of giving the party a good view of both outside guards.

The second route is more work, but less expensive. The back wall of the stables is in rather poor condition. Hiding behind the bushes one man could remove enough adobe and bricks to gain access in three to four hours. If done at night there is relatively little chance of detection as there are few who walk the street at night with it being so close to an entrance of the Maze.

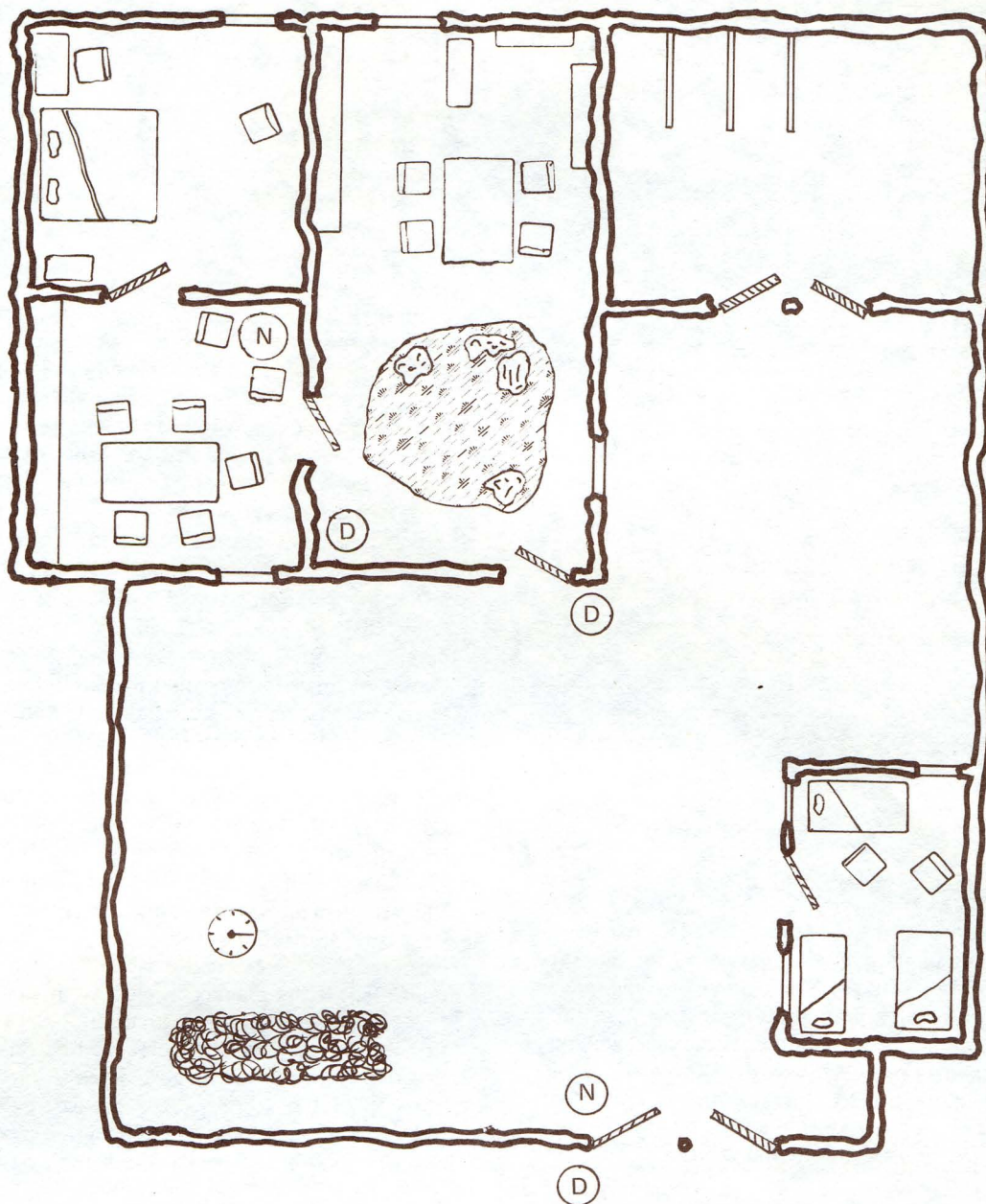
The second cache is buried under the sundial. Calept put 100 silver pieces here some years ago and has since told no one of them. This is his emergency money which he could return to reclaim even if disaster strikes.

The third and final cache is the largest. This is comprised of three bracelets, a pearl necklace, two gold rings, and a broach with a large emerald in it. The total value is over 1000 silver pieces, but a fence in Ranke or elsewhere will normally pay 10% - 15% of its true value. Calept pays 5% of true value. These are all items recently stolen in Sanctuary and Calept is waiting for his smuggler connection to arrive to pass them on. These are hidden in the false seat of the chair near Calept's bed. The chair is so heavy and overstuffed that the jewelry cannot be felt by someone sitting in it. At night one of the three guards is stationed inside the villa by Calept's bedroom door.

Calept's Location:

Days	
1-45%	in his office
46-60%	the Bazaar
61-70	the Maze
71-85	any temple
86-95	the docks
96-98	out of the City
99	in the Palace area
00	disappears for 6 hours
Nights	
1-65	asleep in bed
66-75	awake in his office
76-90	awake in bedroom
91-97	by the docks (not the Waverider)
98-00	disappears for rest of the night

During the day three sellswords guard the villa. They leave at night and live elsewhere, as does the cook and the handyman. Calept keeps three additional guards on the site. These he uses as his personal bodyguards and they also serve as the night watch. Normally Calept will be accom-



CALEPT'S VILLA

panied by one of these three anytime he leaves the villa. These guards all feel some loyalty to Calept and have been in his service for several years. Generally it is a soft duty (Calept hires people from the Maze to eliminate competition) and they will resent anyone disturbing their tranquility. As a result the night guards will be less than gentle with any intruder, but will not slay one out of hand so Calept can question the captive.

The Night Guards:

SECUNDUS

Might 75
Intellect 65
Knowledge 35
Stamina 60
Coordination 55
Appeal 45

Fighter skill 4

Sword, spear, leather, dagger

TRUCIUS

Might 65
Intellect 55
Knowledge 60
Stamina 65
Coordination 70
Appeal 40

Fighter skill 4

Short sword, dagger, leather

GAUTUS

Might 55
Intellect 60
Knowledge 60
Stamina 65
Coordination 75
Appeal 40

Fighter skill 5

Sword, spear, darts (2), leather

The watch changes at sunset and sunrise. If it has been an extremely strenuous day guarding Calept the guards just inside the gate will actually be sleeping in their quarters. If there is a noisy disturbance during the day, in the villa, there is a 25% chance each round of these men waking up and emerging unarmored with swords. There is a 10% chance before midnight and a 30% chance after midnight of each guard having fallen asleep.

PLETONUS

Might 65
Intellect 50
Knowledge 55
Stamina 70
Coordination 65
Appeal 55

Fighter skill 3

Leather, sword, dagger

ACHMEL

Might 70
Intellect 60
Knowledge 50
Stamina 80
Coordination 70
Appeal 60

Fighter skill 4

Shield, scimitar, dagger

MYLSERTIL

Might 75
Intellect 60
Knowledge 35
Stamina 75
Coordination 55
Appeal 45

Fighter skill 3

Leather, spear, short sword

All are well paid and basically loyal. If Calept is killed, they will fight only in order to divide his loot and keep the players from getting it all. Calept will prefer to bluff the party to talking peacefully and will not order the guards to attack even if threatened. Several hex signs ment to protect the room are on every wall.

Calept has not seen the stones (Jaik Ali bought them) and knows nothing of them. He will attempt to draw as much information from the players as he can about them, especially their value. To do so he will offer to help the party to recover them for a fee. The fee will be 50 silver pieces, or more money than the party has. Calept will agree to waive the fee if the party will kill Jaik Ali for them.

Calept has no intention of ever returning any "magic" stones to the players, but would be glad to use them to eliminate his rival. Should the party turn down the offer Calept will ask them to leave and they will be escorted out by his guards.

Calept will then hire a thief from the Maze to watch the party. This will be rather inept (but cheap) and should be easily spotted by the party within the hour. When cornered by the party he will merely say he was hired to tell Calept if the players regain any of the stones.

Should the party play upon Calept's superstition by threatening a S'danzo curse (whatever that is) he will practically break down and quickly admit that he knows nothing of the stones. If the party believes him, he will recover and make the offers given above. In this case, he will not send the thief to watch the party, fearing reprisals.

GUAQUET JAIK ALI

Might 60
Intellect 55
Knowledge 40
Stamina 45
Coordination 65
Appeal 70

Fighter skill 4

Human 5'8" 150 pounds Age 42



Jaik was once the trusted lieutenant of a successful desert bandit. His duties often consisted of searching through the booty and making sure that the best went to the leader of the gang. One day while checking the pack of a lone merchant slain by the others, Jaik discovered a small pouch of pearls, more wealth than the gang normally garnered in a year. Carefully returning the pouch to its hiding place, Jaik made sure that he himself was given the pack when the spoils were divided. That night, Jaik stole the best horse in camp and fled to Sanctuary.

Once in Sanctuary, Jaik began to worry that his former comrades would discover his deception and seek revenge. To prevent this from happening, he informed the local garrison of the location of their secret camp. When the party that was sent out returned, they boasted of how they slew all but a few who ran, panicking, into the desert. Since then, Jaik has lived in fear of the remnant of his former gang.

When Jaik first arrived in Sanctuary he discovered that there was only one man purchasing stolen jewels. Further, this fence offered only a pittance for valuable gems. Rather than lose so much of what he had risked his life for, Jaik decided to buy the stall of an ailing jeweler and sell the pearls himself. This turned out to be a great success. Further a chance acquaintance with a thief (caught trying to burgle his stall) helped Jaik establish contact with the residents of the Maze. Soon the word went out that Jaik paid better for stolen gems and as his trade grew, Jaik taught himself how to remount the gems received to prevent embarrassing coincidences in a small city like

Sanctuary. By the time the other jewel fence discovered that he had competition, Jaik was able to hire a bodyguard. Though a fence, Jaik tries to deal fairly with his sources and is well liked.

The big bouncer swayed from foot to foot. He seemed hurried, yet belligerent at the same time. There was little doubt in the fence's mind that he had stolen the dark stones on the counter. Still, they were hardly worth enough to have come from anyone important enough in Sanctuary to cause Jaik Ali trouble. The stones themselves were remarkably unexceptional. In a stream they would be hardly distinguishable from dozens of other smooth stones. The soft pouch they were in appeared to be more valuable than the stones themselves. Jaik mused for a while as the scarred nomad swayed nervously and then made an offer.

"Three silvers for the lot" he began. "That only because you have been a good customer in the past." Jaik expected to dicker and was actually willing to offer four on the value of the bouncer's friendship or at least a favor should he visit the Lily Garden. He was surprised when the thief merely nodded and handed the pouch to him. Wearing his best professional smile Jaik counted out the silvers and commented he would offer more for some good gems which could easily be remounted. Within seconds the bouncer left and Jaik began the task of packing away the jewelry he had on display.

The fence was only a few minutes into his task when a poorly dressed farmer or serf appeared before his counter. There was a nearly pleading look in his eyes and his hand was clenched into a tight fist. Questioningly, Jaik put on his best businessman's smile and asked if he could be of any service.

The story poured out of the unfortunate peasant. His daughter was grievously ill and there seemed no hope. Caften, the owner of the estate where he worked, had called in a surgeon, but after a few minutes he had left offering no more than a drug to ease the child's pain. He had but a few coppers and was looking for a suitable offering to the Shipri goddess of healing. Did the merchant have perhaps a flawed gem or bauble which might make a better impression on the goddess than his few coins?

Normally Jaik would have either disbelieved the peasant or been too busy to bother with such. Still, it had been a particularly lucrative day. A large merchant had landed and paid off much of her crew. An hour earlier Jaik had turned a nice profit on gems and trinkets more easily hidden or traded in distant ports. As a result he was rather pleased with himself and feeling abnormally generous.

With a little flair the merchant produced the pouch of dark stones he had just purchased from the nomad. Extracting one he placed it in the peasant's hands. "It's worth more, but four coppers then," he stated. The peasant fumbled as he unclenched his tightened fist to reveal six brown coins. Jaik was pleased with the visible gratitude and repeated thanks the poor peasant mumbled. In a moment the peasant had hurried off to the temple and the fence was feeling like a great humanitarian. He smiled as he completed the packing and actually whistled as he strolled towards his house.

The next day Jaik had hardly set up the stall when the young boy approached. The fence had seen him many times before. He was Bloome, the youngest son of a wealthy merchant, and a young man whose opinion of himself was second only to his families wealth. Long ago Jaik had decided it was more his duty to lower the boys level of the wealth than to disillusion him.

Bloome had reached a stage where he had begun to notice the charms of the many young women in Sanctuary. This has, in the last few months, led to a series of moderate purchases of some of the gaudier pieces Jaik displayed. Today the vacant look the youth had as he glanced over the stock betrayed an even higher level of infatuation.

The wily merchant had just begun to reach for one of the more expensive items on his back table when Bloome's hand darted out. He grabbed a small gold pendant of a wizard holding a pearl as if it were a crystal ball. "She just loves magic", he squeaked in his adolescent voice. Thinking quickly Jaik pulled the pouch Khamer had sold him from the bottom of his storage chest. With a carefully nosed secretness he told the boy to hurry around the counter. When the now confused, but interested, Bloome reached the back, Jaik began his patter.

"I have here two stones of great magical powers. Dozens of men have died to obtain each one." Seeing that the gullible youth was hooked, Jaik continued to invent a mystical past for the two still unseen pebbles. "They were once the sacred treasure of the desert peoples before even Ilseg rose. In them is found the essence of the power of the desert." The wily merchant's face took on an almost conspiratorial air as he clinched the sale.

"I have promised one of these stones to a wizard whose name I cannot tell. As a good customer I may be willing to let you have the other . . . for only five gold pieces." Only the glint in the merchant's eye betrayed his joy as he watched Bloome hurriedly dig out his pouch and pour the coins onto the counter. Several of the passersby hesitated when they heard the clink of so many coins, but a scowling glance from Jaik caused them to move on.

In the end Jaik settled for four gold, a few dozen silvers and even three coppers . . . this being all the love-struck youth had with him. As the man hurried away with his "magical" treasure carefully tucked in a pocket, the fence finally allowed himself painfully large, gloating smile.

The final stone was sold only a few hours later. The captain of the Waverider, Seth Fulwig, had dealt with Jaik many times before. Today he was gathering a selection of local jewelry which he might sell in Ranke or Caronne for a small personal profit. When the total cost was settled and the haggling ended, Fulwig found he lacked enough coppers to give Jaik the exact amount. Rather than give back a few coppers, Jaik offered to throw in the stone for the difference. At this moment Fulwig's protest was cut off by the sounds of a fight erupting from the tavern several yards away. Recognizing a few of the brawlers as members of his crew, the mariner absentmindedly agreed and swept the entire hoard of trinkets into a sack. Hurrying away he gave no more thought to the two coppers spent on a worthless pebble. The Captain was more concerned with extracting his crew before he had to pay real money to bribe them to freedom before he sailed at the end of the week. After carefully secreting Fulwig's payment, Jaik also watched the brawl, though with much less concern.

on the trail

When the party questions Jaik Ali he will at first deny all knowledge of the stones. At this point one of the party should notice that the pouch they were kept in is sitting under the back table of the Fence's stall. When this occurs Jaik will be willing to admit he saw the stones, but will not give the identity of those he sold them to or who stole them. If the party persists in its inquiries, he will offer to make them a deal.

The object of the deal is Calept. Calept, who is trying to kill Jaik, is superstitious. Among his other possessions is a tuft of Blue camel hair said to bring good luck. It is considered to be one of the most prized possessions of Jaik's competitor. If Jaik were to come into possession of the tuft, he might be able to discourage Calept from hiring any more assassins. Jaik will give the party a rough idea of Calept's house and tell them where one of the stones is, if they will steal the tuft for him. If the party refuses Jaik will simply turn away from them and arrange his wares. Two obvious bodyguards (the ones he keeps to protect himself from Calept's thugs) will appear to prevent even a threat of physical harm to Jaik. These are:

HINQUINUS

Might 85
Intellect 45
Knowledge 55
Stamina 75
Coordination 65
Appeal 60
Fighter skill 4
Human Age 37 5'10"

PLEIUS

Might 75
Intellect 70
Knowledge 45
Stamina 70
Coordination 75
Appeal 45
Fighter skill 3
Human Age 30 6'0"

Both are wearing leather armor and have swords. Further, at the first hint of trouble, several of the other merchants will come to Jaik's aid.

When the party agrees to the theft, Jaik will tell the players that Calept wears the tuft in a locket around his neck during the day and probably keeps it close by when sleeping. The fence will further warn the players that Calept has at least one bodyguard with him at all times and is believed to have three guards on duty every night. When they bring him the tuft Jaik will tell them the location of one of the stones. He will end by commenting they will have to act fast or there is no way they will get all the stones back.

If the party succeeds in obtaining the tuft Jaik will tell them of the stone purchased by Fulwig. He will add that it is probably kept with other jewelry somewhere in his cabin on the Waverider. Finally Jaik will add that he might be willing to talk further if the party can retrieve the stone without implicating him.

If the party succeeds in retrieving the stone without causing too great a ruckus or directly involving Jaik, he will offer to sell them the location of the second and third stones for 50 silvers each. (The price can be haggled down to 40 silvers each). This he will do, telling them first of Bloome and then of the peasant.

THE WHARF

The Waverider is currently docked at the inside of the "T" of the old wharf. While not in as good a condition as the new Empire Wharf, there is not landing fee for the old one. Once every hour three guards from the city watch will walk the length of the wharf. This takes minutes and is a regular part of their beat. They will then do the same on the two private wharfs just West of the Old Wharf. This takes an additional fifteen minutes. They then return to their guard station (and a fourth watchman) at the foot of the Empire Wharf. The main duty of the patrols is mostly to prevent smuggling, but anyone on the wharf with no reason will be ordered away. In the event of any unusual noise two watchmen will appear to investigate in 5 to 8 rounds.

Wharf Watchmen: Fighters skill 2, spear, dagger, leather

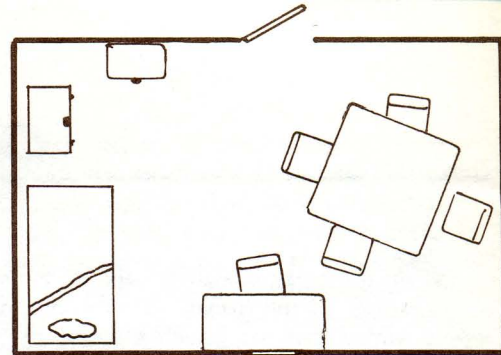
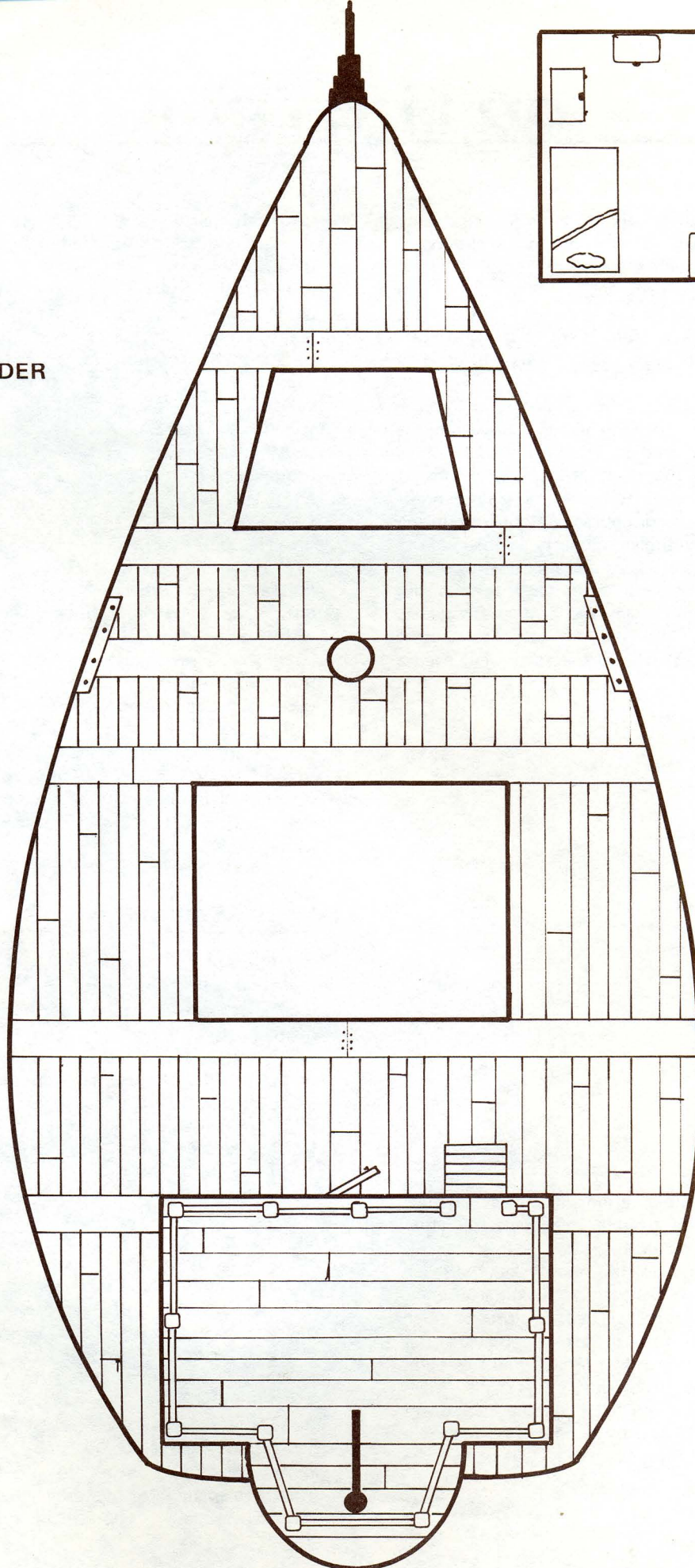
THE WAVERIDER

Most of the crew of the Waverider will be staying at the Mermaid's Rest. During the day, they will be wandering Sanctuary or sleeping off the excesses of the previous night. Most evenings they can be found there drinking or on the Street of the Red Lanterns. There will be 3-12 of the Waverider's crewman drinking and gambling with the locals at the Mermaid any one night. A generally friendly lot, they will be easily met by the party if they use the Mermaid's rest to sneak into Calept's villa.

This vessel is one of the smaller traders which regularly makes the trip from Ranke to Sanctuary. Its owner and master is Seth Fulwig, a basically decent man who has spent all his life trying to keep his ship afloat and solvent. He is currently waiting the delivery of a shipment of wines bound for Ranke and will leave four days after the party first contacts Jaik. Always being on the edge of poverty Seth has not been above a little smuggling or the transportation of documents. He is currently fairly solvent and even made enough profit on the last voyage to invest in some jewelry from Jaik on speculation.

The Waverider carries a crew at sea of fifteen men and her captain. Because she is so small Fulwig has become expert at either outrunning pirates or maneuvering into water too shallow for their larger vessels. When in port two hands always stay on board to prevent pilfering. These are

THE WAVERIDER



rotated daily and are likely (50%) to be less than alert during the night as they often bring a bottle or two of wine to overcome the boredom. The crewmen will be armed with short swords and small daggers.

The jewelry Seth bought, and the spirit stone, are hidden under his bunk which is in the stern of the ship, directly below the tiller. It can only be entered from the doorway on the deck and through a small hatchway directly below the tiller itself. The jewelry is hidden inside a large bag of dirty clothes in a smaller leather bag. The crewmen on duty are unaware of it entirely.

BLOOME

The richer merchants and leaders in Sanctuary are more than aware of the dangerous nature of much of their city. Because of this there is a constant demand for bodyguards. Most of the richer families, including Bloome's, have a bodyguard accompany each family member. While understood and welcomed by most, this is hard on the ego of a youth struggling into manhood. As such Bloome has gone to great effort to convince his father, Bryant, that he is capable of wandering the city alone. After weeks of argument Bryant has allowed Bloome to travel without his normal bodyguard. Unknown to Bloome, his father hired a new bodyguard who was to follow the youth and guard him without his being aware. Because he was at a distance Erngex was unable to protect Bloome from such foolishness as Jaik, but has so far been effective in protecting his person.

ERNGEX

Might 75

Intellect 80

Knowledge 70

Stamina 65

Coordination 75

Appeal 55

Fighter skill 3/Thief skill 3

Human 5'8"

Sling, short sword, dagger, leather armor

Erngex will be within twenty feet of Bloome at virtually all times. To prevent Bloome from suspecting that he is being watched, Erngex will only intercede directly with the players and the youth if Bloome appears to be in physical danger.

Feeling the vigor of youth Bloome often wanders about the city when he is not in his lessons. As his tutor only instructs during the morning this means that Bloome can be found all over the city during the afternoon. Recently Bloome has become a regular visitor at Amoli's Lily Garden and has become particularly infatuated with Aleena. Tolerating the youth and welcoming his coins, Amoli has ordered Aleena to treat him with extra care. In doing so Aleena, to the inexperienced youth's mind, appears to be showing great affection for him. Searching for some topic of conversation Aleena has casually mentioned her interest in magic. (Actually she is mostly interested in love philters.)

Expecting an expensive piece of jewelry Aleena was surprised at the dark pebble the rich boy presented to her with much mystery. Trying to hide her disappointment,

the whole listened patiently as he repeated the story Jaik had made up a few hours earlier. Trying not to laugh at the boy's gullibility Aleena soon found ways to change the topic and the stone sat forgotten on a table in the corner of her room. As always Bloome smiled as he left and Erngex smiled at the youth's expression as he followed him back to the family estate near the Gate of Gold.

Bloome has been ordered by his father to be at the estate by sundown. He will always be asleep in his room by midnight. Until noon Bloome is under the instruction of his tutor and is basically inaccessible. During the rest of the daylight hours, he will be at:

01-25 the Bazaar

26-35 docks

36-45 temple or Palace

46-55 beef market

56-85 the family villa

86-95 riding outside the city (horseback)

96-98 Lily Garden

99-00 the Maze

Bryant, Bloome's father values his family above all else. Because of this and his natural paranoia, the estate he maintains in the city is well guarded. Bryant's business includes most of the legal ways of gaining wealth in Sanctuary. This includes mostly foodstuffs, wines, and livestock. The wine the Waverider is waiting for is being shipped by Bryant. He also owns three coaster ships and a small villa ten miles Northwest of the city. If the players harass Bloome too much, Bryant will move him to the villa with heavy guards.

Bryant does much of his business from the grounds of the estate, though little of the product he is in are ever stored there. During the day there will be over a dozen servants, gardeners, grooms, and secretaries on the grounds. Guards will also be on duty just outside the gates and in Bryant's office. At night the guards withdraw to within the walls. Two are stationed at the guardpost near the doors of the bedroom and private office. All of the guards are skill 3 fighters armed with spears, short swords, and in chain mail armor. All stay on the estate and are supervised personally by Bryant.

The courtyards are neatly cut grass and flowerbeds. The Estate is a showplace for the local culture. Over a dozen fine riding horses are kept in the stables. There is also a dog which lives in the stables and will bark only if the building itself is entered. The hedges are thick and designed to give privacy.

There is considerable wealth kept in the Estate. Most of this is found in two locations. Bryant's private office and the adjoining treasure room. Because of this, both doors are heavily reinforced, double locked, and a bell in the main hall rings whenever either door is opened. This will attract both of the guards in the guardroom and they will raise a cry at the sight of a stranger. This in turn will attract the other four guards on duty. In a chest in the southwest corner of the office are three sacks. These contain 50 gold pieces, 30 silvers, and 60 coppers. On the table Bryant uses for a desk are seventy silver coins in neat stacks. This is the payment to Fulwig for transporting the wine and a contract for this sits under them.

The walls of the treasure room are lined with shelves. In identical sacks of 100 coins each can be found: 1200 coppers, 500 silvers, and 100 gold coins. On the top shelf of the north wall is a dark wooden chest measuring only a few inches across. There is only a 10% chance of the chest being noticed unless it is definitely stated that the players are searching the shelf, which is above eye level. There are pearls and opals worth over 1,000 silver pieces in this chest. Among the other items on the wall are a magical (plus 1) dagger, three rolls of a silk print, and several objects of art that are too awkward to carry easily.

There will be odd coins equal to ten silvers and twenty coppers in each of the bedrooms of the main building. Under a counter in the master bedroom is Bloome's mother's jewelry. There will be six pieces (three necklaces, a bracelet, an emerald brooch, and a ring set with a large diamond) valued at over two hundred gold pieces.

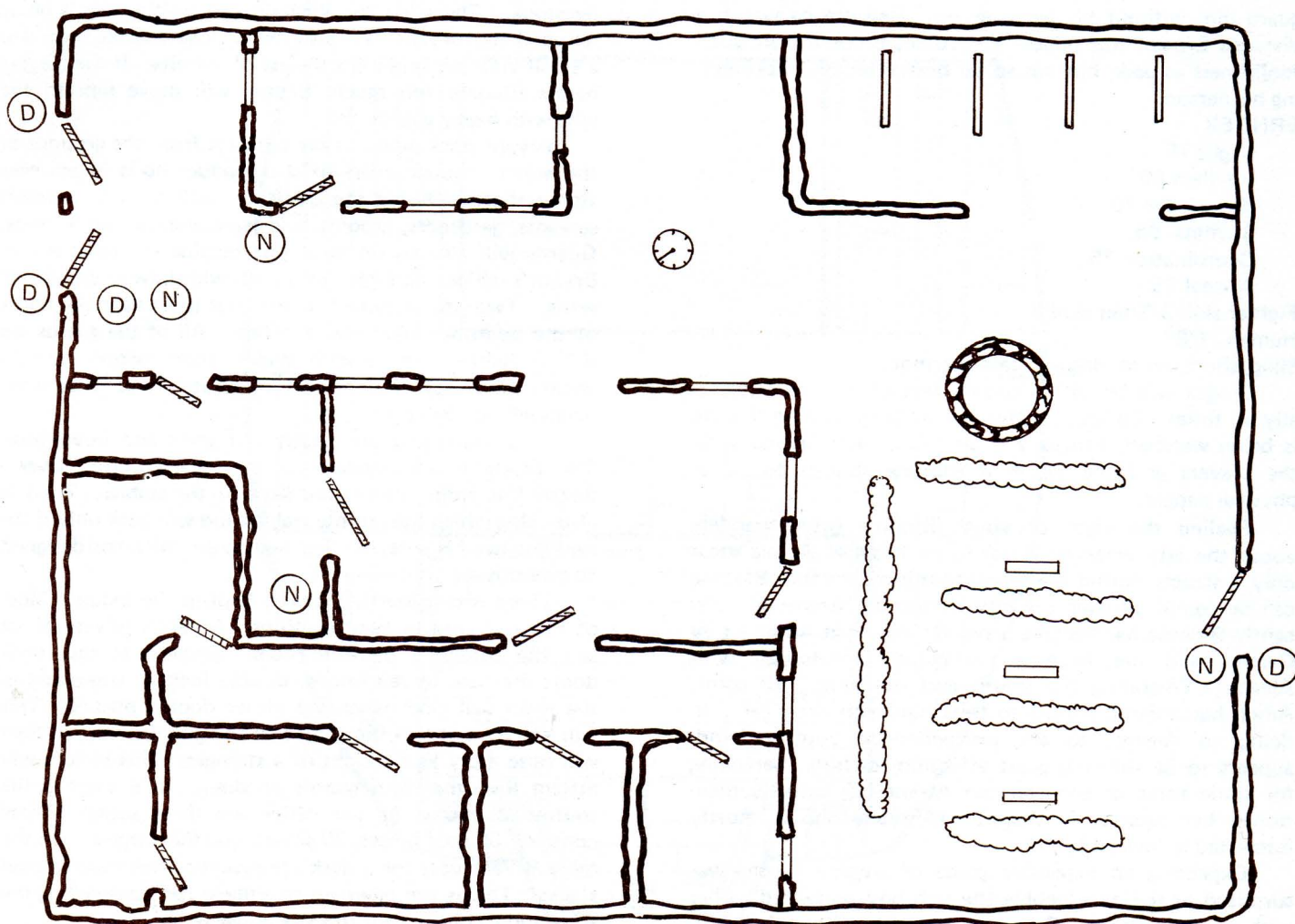
Bryant has a standing contract with one of the town's wizards to curse anyone who does bodily harm to any member of the family. This curse will make the attacker bind, but the identity of the culprit must be known for the curse to be cast.

CONTACTING BLOOME

The easiest way to contact Bloome is to head him off while he is travelling in the city. Among the crowds Bloome will react bravely, but if threatened he will admit that he gave the pebble to one of the girls at the Lily Garden. Being young and thinking himself noble, Bloome will refuse to give Aleena's name. If the players press, Erngex will "happen along" and intercede. Once Bloome is out of sight he will pass on Aleena's identity (feeling the youth would be well rid of her.) Inquiries among regulars of the Street of Red Lanterns, the urchins, or any normal source of information will also give Aleena's identity as Bloome has made no secret of his infatuation.

N= Night Guard Post
D= Day Guard Post

BLOOME'S ESTATE



CAFTEN'S ESTATE

Caften's Estate is typical of the more prosperous farming operations around Sanctuary. While the climate is poor for grains, it is ideal for grapes and similar crops. The original outside walls and main house of the estate were built many years before Caften became owner with the fall of the city to Rankan forces. The walls are of adobe two feet thick and All of the windows of the main building are covered with wrought-iron gratings which are decorative but effective. The small wooden building for housing the sell swords and the storage area for wines were added about fifteen years ago. The wine storage area is actually dug several feet below ground level to maintain a suitable temperature for the aging of the better wines. The only furniture in the sell swords' quarters is eight bunks with small chests below the lower ones.

The bedroom is also simple, containing a large, comfortable bed with several quilts and sheets. The chest on the right side of the bed is locked. If opened, all that will be found is the record of profits earned by the estate during the last ten years. This chest is nailed to a plank of the wood floor; it has a false bottom which is the only access to a strong box hidden by Caften. In this box are 21 gold pieces, 93 silvers, and 8 coppers, Caften's emergency money which he has told no one about. On the shelves can be found minor personal items and neatly folded clothing.

Six horses are kept in the barn, three of which are kept purely for riding. Caften will ride every day after lunch if business and the weather permit. The other horses are trained to pull wagons or plow in the fields. Behind the stable is the grape press used to produce the wines but now empty and clean. There are also four peasant huts. The peasant the players seek lives in one of these.

Caften treats the peasants who work his land like slaves so they dislike him but really have no-where else to go. Should one of the peasants see a thief enter the manor, they would say nothing. Caften does consider it a point of honor to protect his peasants from outsiders. The stream behind the house eventually runs into the White Foal River.

CAFTEN GROWER

Might 75
Intellect 70
Stamina 45
Coordination 60
Appeal 55

Fighter skill 4
Human 5'9"
180 pounds
Age 45

Caften is one of those nobles who nurtures a strong prejudice in favor of all things Rankan. Perhaps because he is a former Centurian, Caften is one of the more militant nobles. He commands the largest contingent of sell swords and prides himself on being more Rankan than those who live in Ranke itself. Caften truly feels that Rankans are inherently superior to all other people.

If the party approaches Caften's Estate they will receive a very unfriendly welcome. The estate itself is an hour's walk inland from Sanctuary. Most of the estate is surrounded by vineyards started from cuttings Caften had imported from Ranke. He is quite proud of his fields and will brag of them to anyone who will listen, even non-Rankans. Most of the local Rankans have heard more than they care to hear about these fields long ago.

If pressed Caften will call for the eight sell swords currently in his service, all of whom will back him, but none are anxious for a real fight. (They know how prejudiced Caften is, but he pays well).

Sell Sword 1	Fighter 4	sword, dagger
Sell Sword 2	Fighter 3	sword, spear
Sell Sword 3	Fighter 3	spear, mace
Sell Sword 4	Fighter 2	spear, dagger
Sell Sword 5	Fighter 2	sword, dagger
Sell Sword 6	Fighter 1	spear
Sell Sword 7	Fighter 1	spear
Sell Sword 8	Fighter 1	spear

All will be wearing leather armor and carrying small shields. The last three are new recruits and have had little training. They will only stay in a fight while Caften or the Fighter 4 are alive. If both are killed, they will flee.

If the party starts a fight with Caften, one of the field hands will run to the nearest Rankan neighbors and in about 10 minutes, 10 armed Rankans will appear at the estate. If the party has killed Caften the Rankans will be interested in meting out justice right there but if the party flees back into the city the Rankans will not follow.

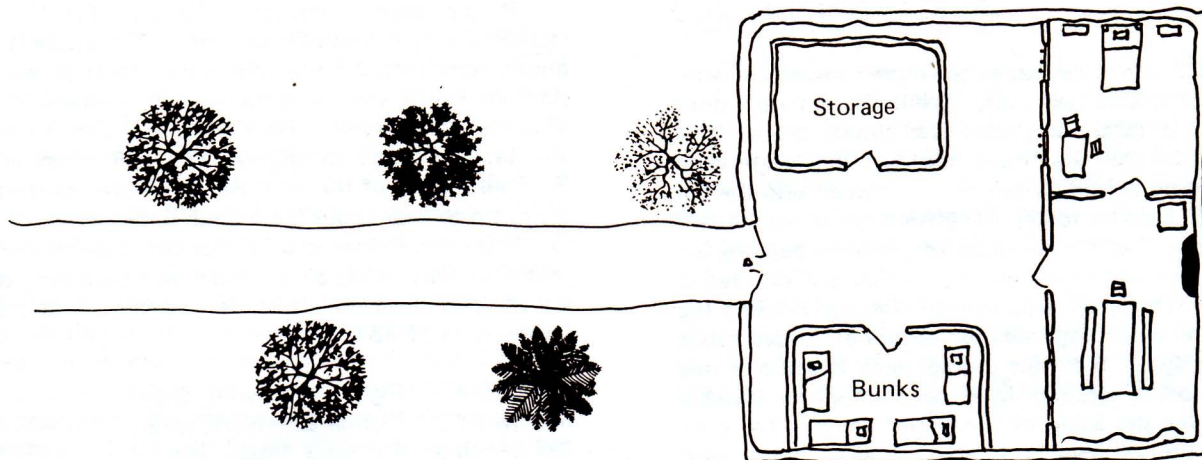
Caften is rumored to be very rich but a bit of a miser.

YANG

The peasant who purchased the stone is Yang. Yang was once a soldier, but was badly injured in a skirmish with bandits. He lived a while in Sanctuary on the mustering out monies he was given and then worked odd jobs for several more months. One day Yang met Ablia, the daughter of a peasant on Caften's estate. Yang was entranced by the young woman and she found the former soldier good company. A few months later they married and Yang moved in with Ablia and her father. The couple, a daughter, and the aging father all live in the one hut.

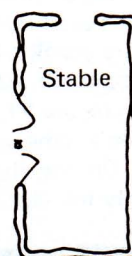
While poor and mistreated by Caften, they led a basically happy life until a few months earlier when the daughter caught a wasting disease. The young girl (age 10) has been gradually worsening ever since. Even Caften was touched by the plight of the child and sent for a Rankan physician from Sanctuary. The disease had already advanced too far for the physician's primitive efforts and all he could do was to leave a vial of a drug to ease the child's pain. Despairing Yang now has turned to Shipri, goddess of healing, whom he last entreated while recovering from the head wound which forced him out of the army.

When questioned, Yang will readily tell the party he donated the stone to Shipri in hopes she would help his dying child. Since then the daughter has made a definite improvement and Yang will speak of the goddess reverently. Further questioning will inform the players the stone is probably sitting in the "homage" bowl in front of the altar. Yang will be friendly, if the party is, and even cheerful when speaking of his daughter's recovery.

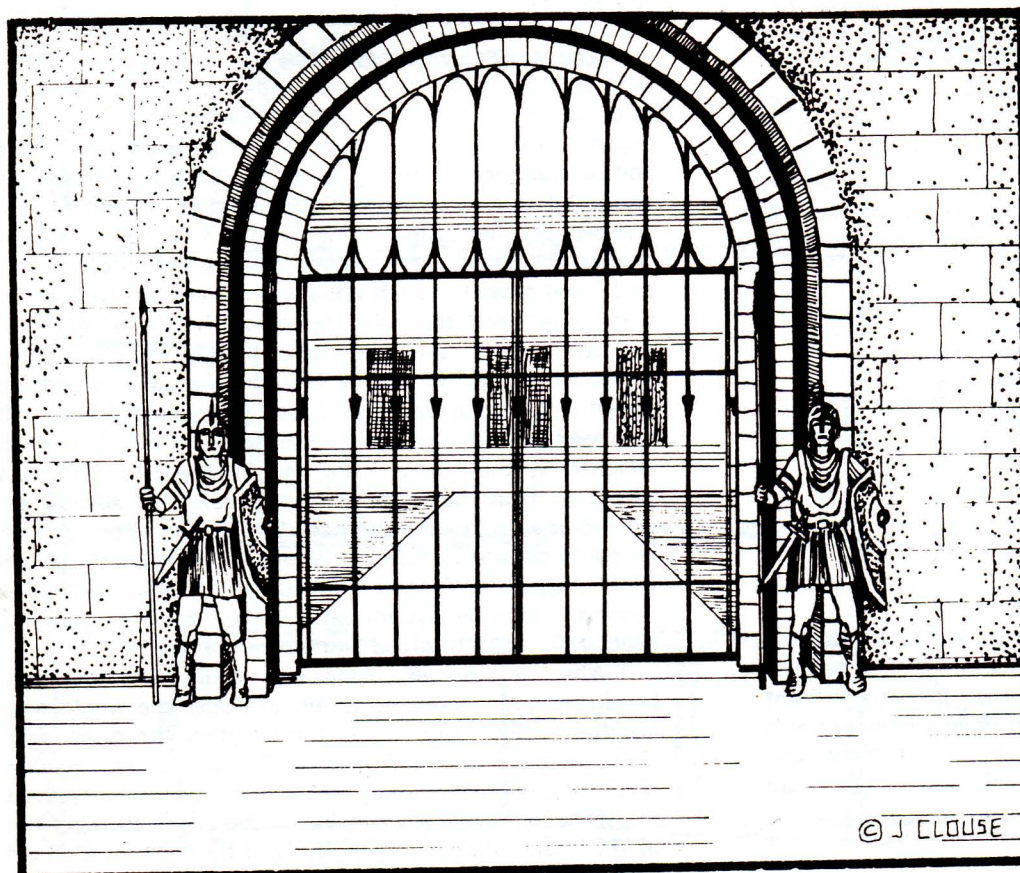
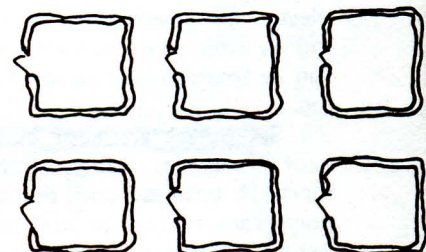


CAFTEN'S ESTATE

Scale : 1 inch = 20 feet.



Peasant Huts



SHIPRI'S TEMPLE

As temples go, Shipri's is not impressive. It sits far down the Avenue of Temples and is dwarfed by the large pyramid next to it. This is appropriate as the worship of Shipri has never been a major part of Ilseg religion, even before their conquest by Ranke. If anything, the trials of the war a century ago may have increased a goddess of healing's prestige.

The temple is made of local rock and brick. The worshippers enter through double wooden doors. These doors are always open (or at least unlocked) to allow those who would entreat Shipri's aid access at any time. The floor is made of large flat stones swept clean by the acolytes. Eight large pillars support a wooden ceiling nearly 30 feet overhead. Each pillar is coated in adobe and colorfully painted in shades of blue and green. At night, torches are lit on the alter side of the pillars providing some light to the central area.

The only items visible in the temple proper besides the pillars are the large, brass homage bowl and the alter itself. The bowl is nearly four feet across and shallow. It sits about two feet off the floor in a stone base two feet square. Behind the bowl is the alter dominated by the statue of Shipri. This statue is as impressive as the temple is not. It was donated by a sculptor who nearly two centuries earlier was miraculously cured of blindness while pleading with the goddess to restore his sight. The sculptor was a master and he spent the next two years carving a twenty foot high image of the All Mother. The sculptor's devotion is reflected by the amazingly lifelike image of a caring mother with her arms extended. This statue is made of white stone and sits on a wooden alter three feet high. Two wide steps allow the priests to walk easily to the base of the statue.

In a city such as Sanctuary, even the temples guard their wealth carefully. In the case of the temple of Shipri, there is little in permanent wealth as would be found in the Rankan god's temples. Most of the donations received by the temple of Shipri the All Mother go to feed the many orphans and urchins of the city. This is done at a noon meal each day prepared in a rented building across the street. The food is hearty and plain and given freely to any child under the age of 14. What little is left after feeding several hundred youths supports the priests and is needed for upkeep on the temple. Because of their charity to children the Rankan authorities are often friendlier to this temple than those of the other Ilseg gods. Still times are bad and there are many who would steal from anywhere, even a temple.

To prevent this theft, two priests are always in the main temple to "assist the devout". Hanging conveniently near the small stools they sit on are a bell and a mace. If there appears to be more trouble than the two can handle, the bell is rung. A second larger bell hangs high in the hallway in the back. When the bell is rung, a group of city guards will answer. Three of the city guards (fighters skill 2, spear, sword, scale armor) will answer the summons in 2 to 7 minutes. All of the remaining priests of Shipri will also hurry to assist their fellows. Traditionally the two priests and four acolytes stay in the temple and share this duty. The only variance is during the noon feeding when only one priest watches the Homage Bowl.

These priests are :

ERIDOT

Might 60
Intellect 50
Knowledge 80
Stamina 55
Coordination 60
Appeal 70
Cleric skill 3

JADOT

Might 65
Intellect 55
Knowledge 70
Stamina 70
Coordination 45
Appeal 55

Cleric skill 2 (Jadot is the younger brother of Eridot)

The Acolytes Are:

SHAWT

Might 70
Intellect 75
Knowledge 65
Stamina 50
Coordination 55
Appeal 65

Cleric skill 1

GREEN FOREST (half elf)

Might 45
Intellect 60
Knowledge 75
Stamina 50
Coordination 75
Appeal 60

Cleric skill 2

LUNARET

Might 45
Intellect 60
Knowledge 70
Stamina 40
Coordination 60
Appeal 55

Cleric skill 1

All of the clerics will wear loose robes while "on duty". They work rotating shifts and so who is on duty at any time is basically random. Normally at least one spell or potion of healing will be carried by each at all times. If they see an intruder trying to quietly sneak a few coins they will stop the thief and often let him leave with a good meal and a few coppers. While devoted to helping others and the worship of the All Mother, these priests realize that allowing everyone to steal, even those in need would prevent their doing any good works and so tend to watch carefully. Even at night there is only a 10% chance that one will be dozing.

The high priest of Shipri in Sanctuary is Mohan. Still a young man, Mohan has a head of curly hair which stands

out from his skull and eyes which clearly label him as a man with a "cause". His cause is, of course, the worship of Shipri as the All Mother and as the Healer. He is a true fanatic who works tirelessly for the temple and to promote the worship of the goddess. Because of his efforts to better the temple Mohan is less directly involved with the day to day charity and activities. During the daylight hours there is only a 25% chance he will be in the temple. He is more likely to be in the Palace grounds or dealing with the merchants for food or alms. If Mohan is present he will be very upset at anyone stealing from "his" temple and will react very forcefully.

MOHAN

Might 55

Intellect 50

Knowledge 80

Stamina 60

Coordination 60

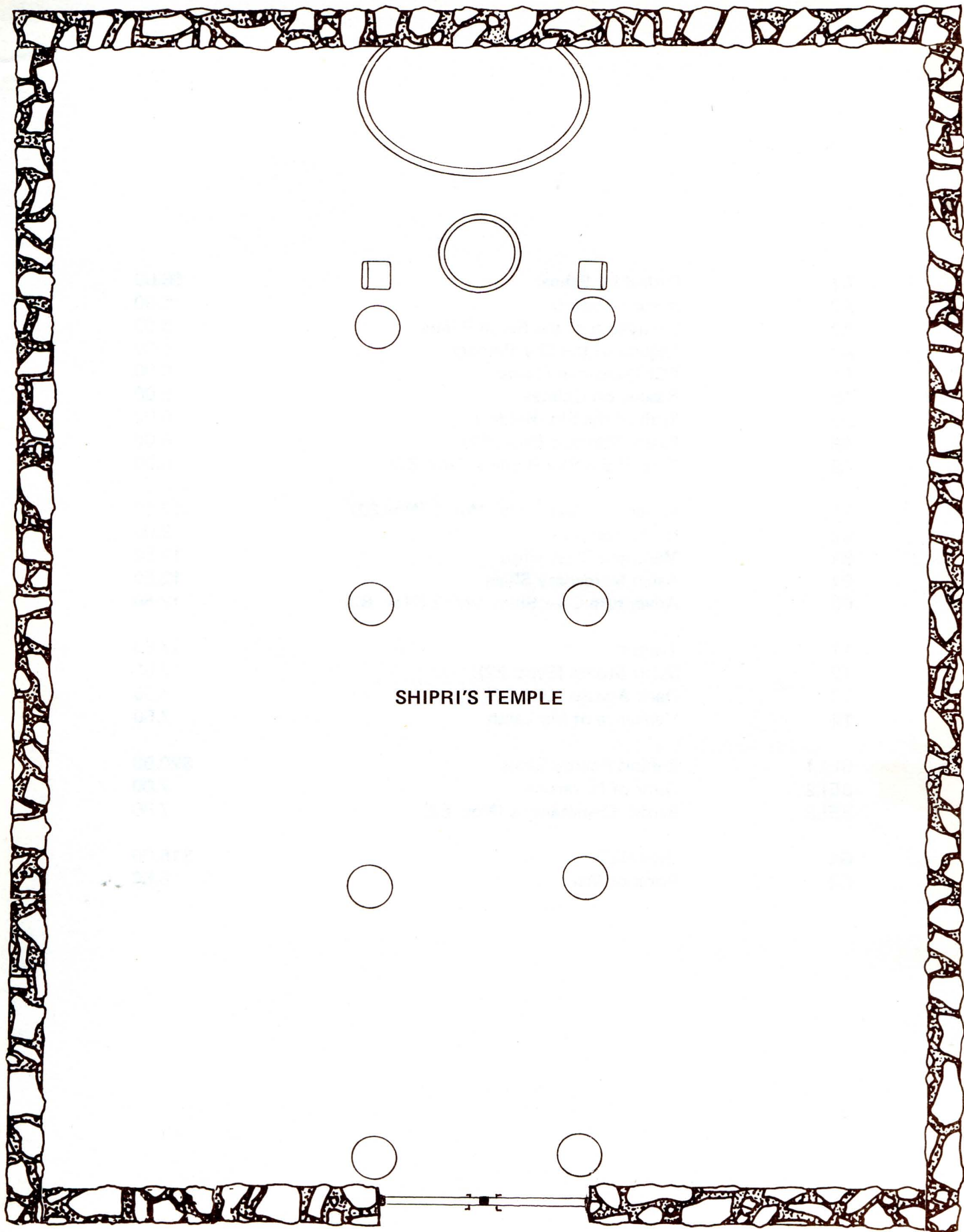
Appeal 85

Cleric skill 7

Staff with 10% (+2) to hit and damage, padded vestments. He will have at least one offensive miracle prepared.

The party has one final consideration in stealing back the Stone. The gods of Sanctuary are not always passive about events in the city. Should the players merely purloin the Stone, without replacing it with a suitable donation there is a 20% chance each day for three days that Shipri will curse the party with poor luck. The nature and cause of the curse will be subtle and will last until an appropriate donation is made.

There are three other possible ways to enter the temple besides the main door. The first is the windows which are unbarred, but set ten feet above the street. Each window is six feet tall and two feet wide. There are shutters on the inside wall for each window, but all will be open initially. If the party blunders and escapes these will be closed and latched as a safety measure for the next week. The second means of entry is the sewer system described earlier. A trap door visible from below, but not the floor, will open into the facilities if pushed upwards by two characters. Finally a trap door in the roof opens just behind the head of the statue of Shipri. The door is not barred, but the hinges squeak slightly when moved. This door is used to clean the statue's head and to decorate it with fresh garlands of flowers in the spring.



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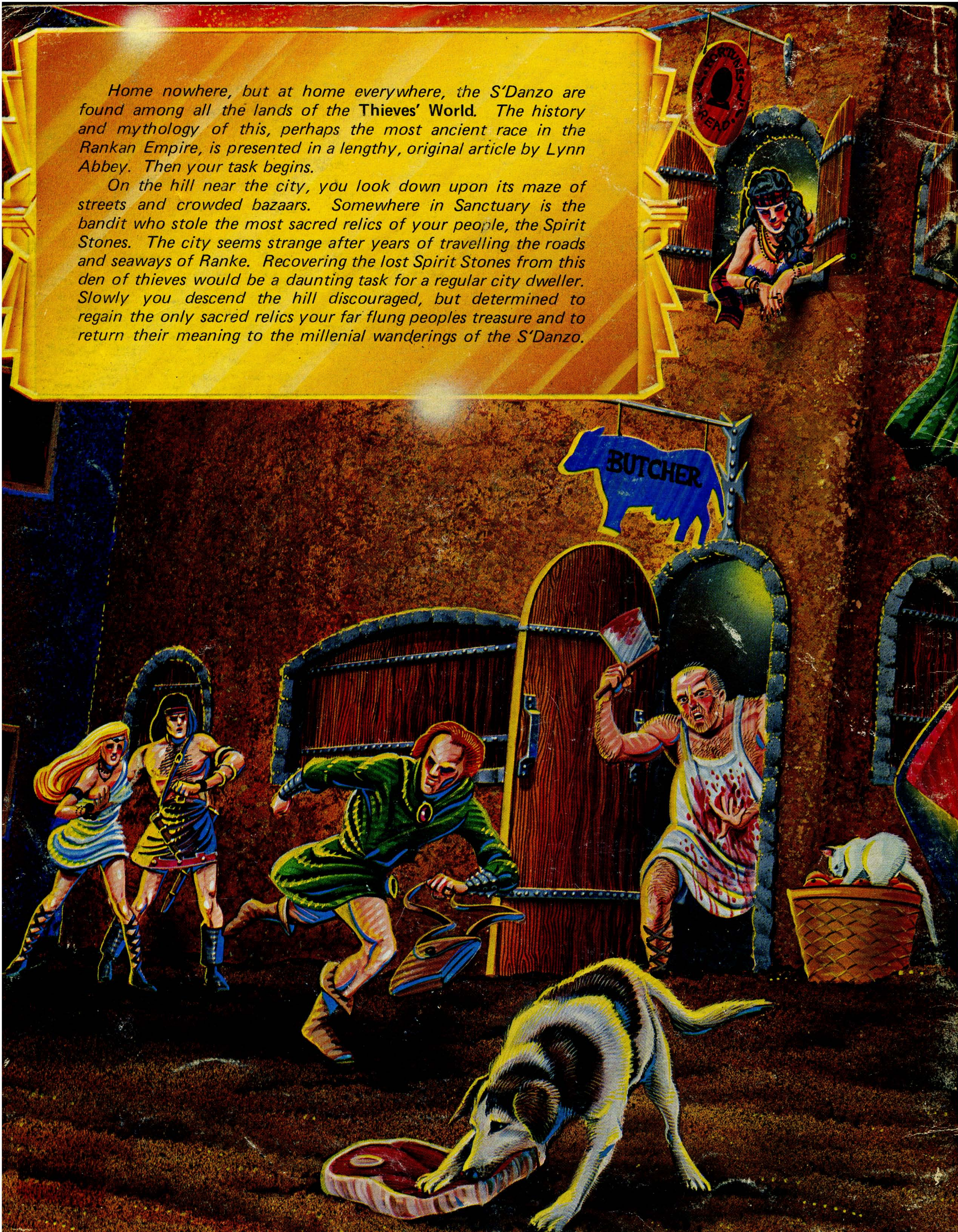
Home nowhere, but at home everywhere, the S'Danzo are found among all the lands of the Thieves' World. The history and mythology of this, perhaps the most ancient race in the Rankan Empire, is presented in a lengthy, original article by Lynn Abbey. Then your task begins.

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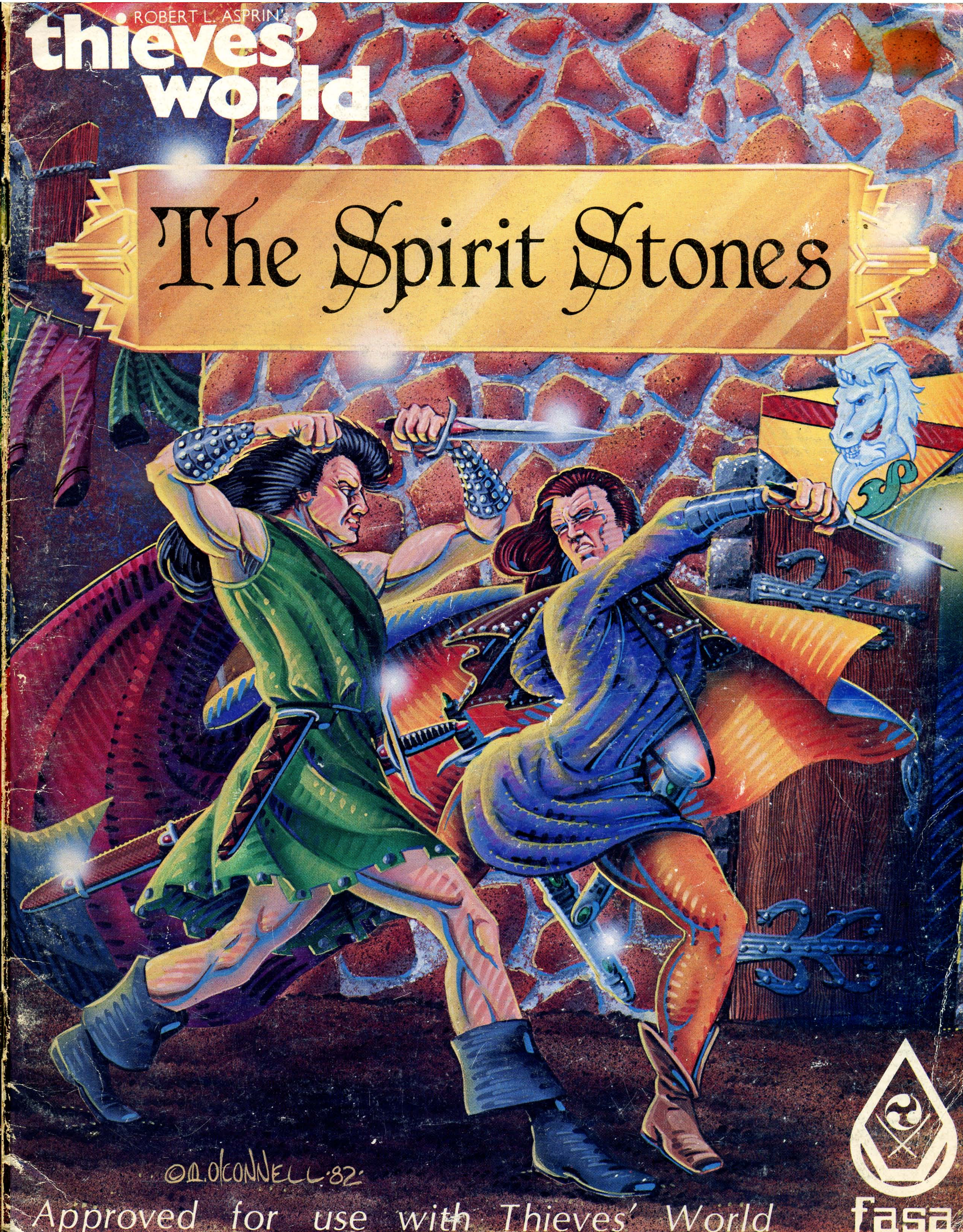
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ROBERT L. ASPRIN

thieves' world

The Spirit Stones



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