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THE LAST CITY

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THE LAST CITY

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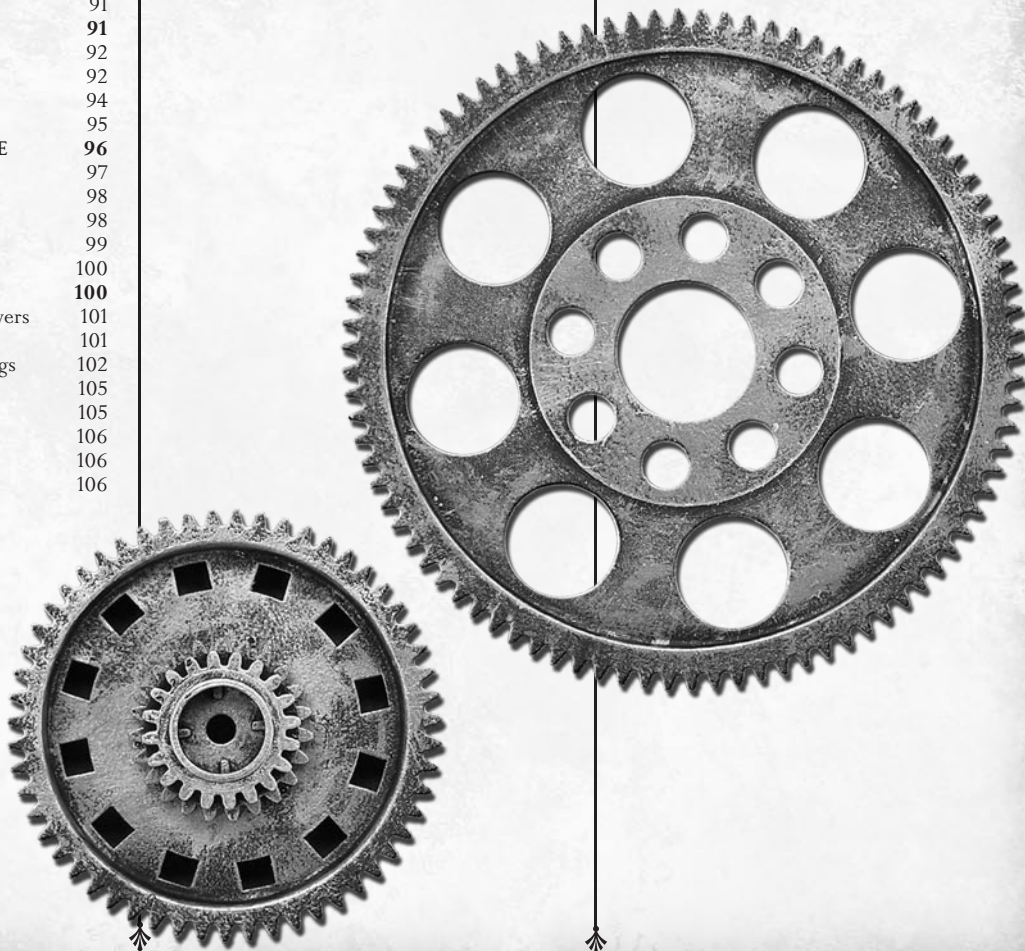
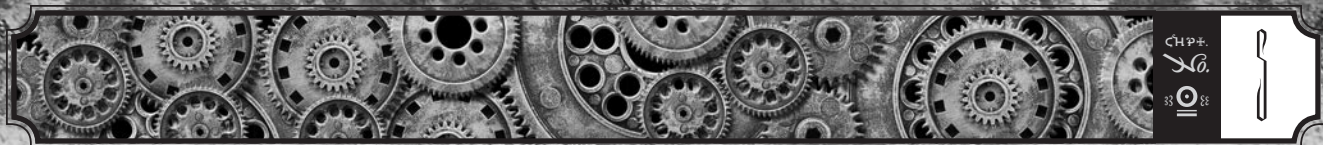




PLATE 1 *Protected within a mighty cliff, the central cavern
of Edge has never been threatened by the lunar rain.*



INTRODUCTION

AFTER A CENTURY OF LUNAR RAIN, MOST OF HIGHPOINT'S SURFACE IS RUINED. THE FORESTS ARE SHATTERED, THE GROUND IS TORN APART, AND MOST OF THE CONTINENT'S CITIES HAVE SUFFERED A RELENTLESS BEATING FROM THE SKY ABOVE. BUT ONE CITY STANDS AND THRIVES DESPITE IT ALL. FOR THE PEOPLE OF HIGHPOINT, EDGE IS THE LAST CITY THEY HAVE LEFT.



This sourcebook has everything you need to understand Edge. Whether you're a jaded lifelong resident or wide-eyed nomad visiting for the first time, **The Last City** will help you make the most of this unusual place. Everything sold on (and under) Highpoint passes through Edge. Everyone who travels the land is bound to stop here eventually. And each of them has a story for your characters.

The first section of this book, *Edge at a Glance*, tells you what you need to know for a short visit. It gives you a summary of

the city's four districts, mentions a trio of people everyone in town should recognize, and outlines a few of your recreation options. The *Low Water Festival*, high point of the city's year, is described

in detail. Finally, Edge's colorful history is also laid out here. From the first multi-racial trades to the source of the dwarf-drow hostility of High Docks, the city's past explains its present.

The second section, *Merchants of Edge*, gets right to the good stuff. Several of the city's most interesting and notorious merchants are found in this section, along with sample items from their inventories.

The third section, *From The Ground Up*, explores the city's four districts. Each has its own neighborhoods, its own citizens, and its own businesses. To say nothing of its feuds, plots, hatreds, and shopping.

The fourth section, *The Balance of Power*, delves into the people and factions of Edge. Several groups compete for dominance in the city. Some want money, others crave power, and a handful have more disturbing goals. Many of the city's key non-player characters (NPCs) are also presented here.

The fifth section, *Twenty Things About Edge*, presents a unique way of looking at the city. More than a dozen lists detail the great and small things about Edge, from its slang to its visitors to the best places to hide. Not only do they provide a wealth of information, with one or two rolls of a d20, these lists can provide you with encounters and even full adventure ideas.

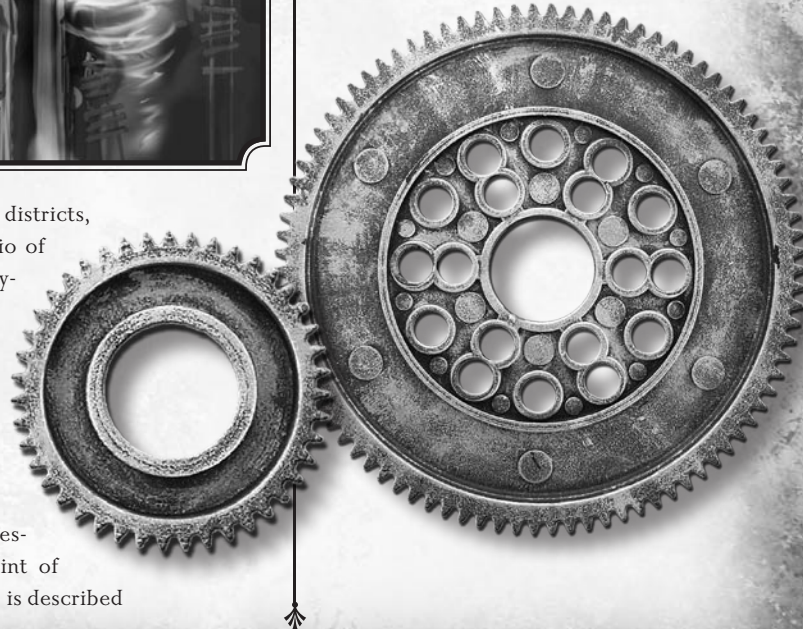
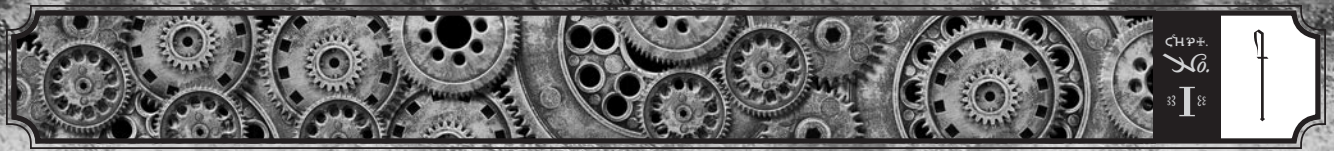




PLATE 2 Edge's great markets are packed during the annual Low Water Festival.



EDGE AT A GLANCE

EDGE IS THE HEART OF HIGHPOINT, A CITY WHERE ANYTHING CAN BE FOUND. OR MADE, BOUGHT, FIXED, SOLD, STOLEN, AND EATEN. ALL OF THE CONTINENT'S CULTURES ARE FOUND HERE, BOTH THOSE ABOVE THE SURFACE AND THOSE OF THE UNDERDEEP. TRADE DRAWS THEM TOGETHER. IT PULLS THEM UP THE ENDLESS RIVER, BOILING OUT OF A CHANNEL A THOUSAND MILES LONG. IT CALLS THEM FROM THE FARTHEST REACHES OF THE ENDLESS PLAINS AND THE FLATLANDS. IF YOU NEED SOMETHING, NO MATTER WHERE IN THE WORLD IT'S FOUND, SOMEBODY IN EDGE CAN GET IT FOR YOU.

This central role is an accident of geography. The Endless River, which runs from the west to the east across Highpoint, emerges from the underdeep at the midpoint of a mighty cliff and crashes to the land a thousand feet below. This cliff is the border separating the Flatlands above from the Endless Plains below. Different races began congregating here hundreds of years ago, and the city they built has become Highpoint's largest.

It should be noted that Highpoint is a nomadic land, and what qualifies as "large" here is no more than a medium-sized town by some standards. Edge has roughly 1,750 full-time residents, many of whom will stay only for a few months before striking out again; another 500 visitors are usually present, most of them traders. Although the city has grown somewhat in the last few years, it's still a land of transients.

Where To Go

Edge is divided into four districts, and many visitors will travel across three of them even if they're only passing through. The one that nobody misses is Cliffside. Built into the cliff face itself, Cliffside rises 2,000 feet straight up from the plains to the Flatlands, flanking the Endless River as it tumbles from the rock. Stairs, pulleys,

elevators, and a host of other forms of vertical transportation — even catapults — dot its face and sprawl along its top and bottom edges.

The area on top of the cliff is called Topside, and it's the gateway to the Flatlands. Topside has long been Edge's smallest district. Until the rise of the Stenian Confederacy, the Flatlands had few settlements of any size, so Edge only maintained a few buildings up here for the convenience of the occasional merchant who wanted to head west above ground. When the lunar rain began, it pounded Topside almost out of existence. Now the district is growing again, thanks largely to a number of Iron-tooth who have chosen to settle there.

Below the cliff, the district of Low Docks sits on either side of the Endless River as it makes its way across the Endless Plains. Warehouses, stables, docks, and all the apparatus of merchantry are found here. The cliff provided some shelter from the lunar bombardment, and the vitality of the plains kept a stream of travelers flowing in and out during all but the worst years. Low Docks, which is also known as Below, is the surface world's main trading post.

Midway up the cliff, inside the misty cavern carved out by the Endless River, the neighborhood of High Docks is the

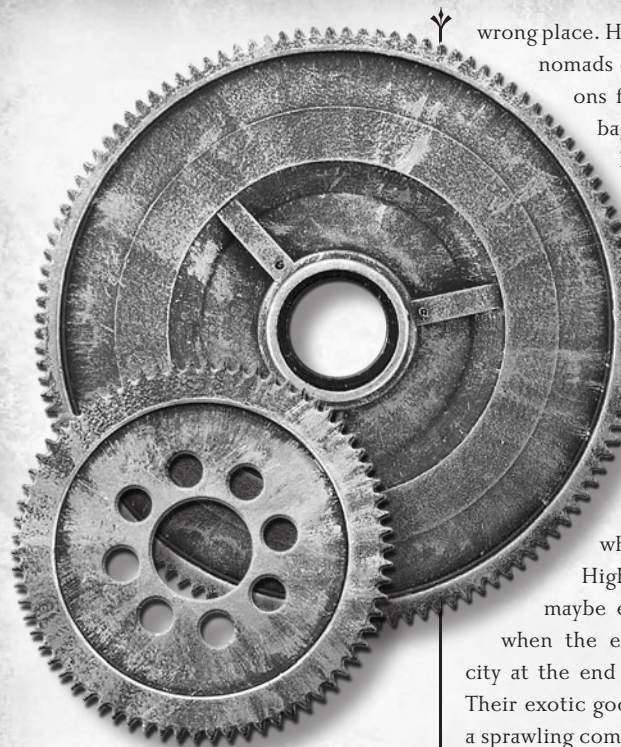
underdeep's main connection to the sunlit lands. High Docks is divided between two bitter rivals. A quartet of drow trading houses operate on the north bank of the river, while three dwarven clans maintain the south. Anything from the underdeep can be found here, including its unique dangers.

Who To Know

Edge has no strong central government. Instead several factions compete for control of one or more areas of civic life, with trade being everyone's top priority. Edge has few laws beyond "Fill your pockets and watch your back." Fortunately for residents and visitors alike, the one group that everyone trusts has actually earned that faith — the Church of Fhurlin is the city's government by default, and gives this place a moral core that balances its commercial exterior.

The head of the Church is High Priest Traksis Stols. This middle-aged dwarf has been High Priest for many years. More than three-quarters of Edge's citizens worship Fhurlin, a god of roads and travel, so Stols' words carry a great deal of weight here. Luckily for everyone, the High Priest is a fair and honest man who maintains the Church's neutral position in the city's constant power struggles. This keeps tithes flowing into the Church's coffers, allowing it to continue its good works. The Church's parish guard, led by the dwarven fighter Halfrid Robbs, is the only military force that everyone in Edge trusts.

After the Church, the largest organized group in Edge is probably the Stairkeepers Guild. This group, composed of several smaller factions, controls all forms of travel up and down the cliff face. In addition to mundane means like stairs and pulleys, the Stairkeepers offer a wide range of transportation for all budgets: catapults, steam-driven elevators, trained griffons, a host of spells, and even a special group of mech jockeys — the mech scalers — who'll climb the cliff with your mech for you. The Stairkeepers are led by Guildmaster



Bethena Stonefoller, a halfling universally called “Ma.” Her blunt manner and ruthless business practices have made her several enemies, including Porgrush Rotbellow, the half-orc who leads the Stairkeepers’ porters.

Politics in High Docks is a blood sport that few outsiders ever master. Tension between the drow and the dwarves here mirrors the hostility they feel all across the underdeep. The one individual capable of moving gracefully between the two worlds (and many others) is a rogue drow named Vinyanka Fleurdelaine. A professional go-between and negotiator, Fleurdelaine brokers deals between the two sides of High Docks, and often represents one or more of its groups in their dealings with the rest of Edge. Amazingly, she has no known staff or support network beyond her impressive charisma and formidable cunning.

What To Do

Edge offers as many diversions as anywhere else in Highpoint, but if you aren’t there to buy or sell, you’re in the

wrong place. Handmade saddles from the nomads of the plains, mech weapons from a reclusive inventor, bags of salt from the Wet Desert, slaves from the aboleth empires of the underdeep — Edge is a round-the-clock marketplace.

That said, nothing compares to the city’s annual Low Water Festival. The population of Edge increases tenfold as people gather from everywhere across and under Highpoint’s surface (and maybe even beyond it). It starts when the endless traders reach the city at the end of the low-water season. Their exotic goods form the backbone of a sprawling commercial extravaganza, one that consumes every minute of Edge’s life for the next several weeks. The Low Water Festival was interrupted for a few years by the onset of the lunar rain, but it returned and kept on growing. Business takes place at all hours beneath awnings, sheltered in the cliff face, aboard privately owned Dignitary mechs outfitted for the occasion, and everywhere else.

A visit to Edge is also a chance to cut loose and forget the troubles of Highpoint for a while, whether it’s a visit for the festival or just a routine trip. Games of chance are popular here, and since the Church’s parish guard takes a dim view of cheating, many of them are reasonably fair. More athletic pursuits are also available. Cliff climbing is an exciting pastime, particularly if the people of Cliffside think you’re trying to cheat them out of their tolls. Some adventurous souls try cliff diving instead. Those with a slightly less suicidal streak can visit Topside and play a game of mech ball. Safer yet, the inns and taverns of Edge often play host to bards and storytellers of every style.

The area around the city also offers opportunities for excitement. Bandits,

including the infamous brigand Danel Maximillian and his Red Band, lurk along the roads and paths leading to the city, hoping to snare unwary merchants. The Twilight Gate and Duerok Alley in High Docks each offer a quick way to enter the sprawling underdeep, home of many exotic and deadly creatures. Monsters can be found aboveground as well, although

TIMEKEEPING IN EDGE

Edge uses the old Duerok system of timekeeping, which is also used by the Stenian Confederacy. Refer to the *DragonMech* book for full details. Here is a quick recap.

The system has six weeks per month and six days per week, over the course of seven months, for a total of 252 days per year. The days are Diggon, Axon, Digget, Suron, Suret, and Surol.

The seven months follow the natural cycle of high water and low water, as follows:

Arie: The first month of the year is when the waters are at their midpoint. It is roughly equivalent to spring.

Cammerce: The waters of the Endless River rise as the second month appears. Near the end of the second month is when the endless traders traditionally arrive in Duerok.

Highwater: The point at which the waters peak. At this time the endless traders traditionally arrive in Edge.

Duerok: A month of holidays. The hard-working dwarves of Duerok have only six holidays, all of which take place in this month. The six holidays (one per week) honor dwarven virtues: thrift, discipline, work, honor, strength, and valor.

Flero: By this time the waters have begun to recede.

Jealo: A time of want. The bounty of high water is slowly being consumed.

Lowwater: The waters of the Endless River are at their nadir. Everyone looks forward to them rising again and bringing the excitement of Cammerce.



the traders who frequent the city do their best to keep them under control. The largest such danger is posed by the roving orcs of the Endless Plains, who have recently appeared near Edge using surprisingly sophisticated single-operator mechs (described in detail in the **Mech Manual**).

THE LOW WATER FESTIVAL

Despite its relatively small size, the city of Edge is the trading capital of the world, the gateway between the underdeep and the surface world. Each year, thousands upon thousands of visitors, mostly merchants plying their trade, make the long and hazardous trek to the city, dreaming of the sale that will allow them to retire to a life of luxury and fatty excess. As a matter of tradition (and as a matter of traveling convenience), an astonishing amount of trade within the city is conducted during the third month of the year, Highwater, the time when the Endless River is at its highest level. So what's the natural outcome of a flood of hopeful tradesmen and buyers coming together all at once? A party, of course!

In Edge, the start of the month of Highwater (which marks the end of the low water season) is ironically synonymous with the Low Water Festival, a grand influx of traders and buyers from all over the surface world and the sprawling underdeep. Though nominally an occasion for serious business, residents and visitors alike consider the Low Water Festival to be an excuse for cutting loose, and for forgetting the troubled world's problems for a few weeks.

Morning Prayers with the Rising Sun

Each morning, as the sun clears the horizon, a priest of Fhurlin conse-

crates the Low Water Festival. Traditionally, the first and last days of the Festival are consecrated by the High Priest, with lesser priests assuming the prayer duties throughout the remainder of the festival. In theory the rules of the Church require all visitors and residents of the city to rise and join the priest in morning prayers, but in practice most are far too busy sleeping off the heavy drinking they've done the night before to bother. It is also city law that the Festival cannot be conducted during any day in which a priest of Fhurlin has not consecrated the event — in these times of uncertainty, this is one law that is strongly enforced, and on several occasions the city has sat quiet for days at a time when the priests have decided that proper respect is not being paid to Fhurlin. This is one of the few ways in which the Church uses its power to motivate Edge residents.

The law does not mandate, however, that a priest who is a resident of the city must perform the consecration, meaning a visiting priest can open the Festival if such a person could be found. A priest who does this is not likely to have many friends in the Church establishment for years to come.

The Merchant's Song

The Low Water Festival began as an impromptu gathering of merchants hoping to make use of the easy passage the low water season provided, and so it's only natural that the first people to rise each day are the merchants. Literally the instant after morning prayers are finished, merchant stalls across every district of the city throw open their doors or roll back their curtains to begin the business day.

During the Low Water Festival, merchants from every corner of Highpoint and beyond converge on Edge, bringing with them delights both exotic and mundane. Visiting duergar from the underdeep hawk plates of glowing fungus, side by side with Irontooth tinkers offering rebuilt steam weapons and razor-covered armor plates.

Because there are so many merchants competing for cash and valuable trade items, the markets take on an almost carnival air. Merchants hire bards, jugglers, street acrobats, and animal trainers to draw attention to their booths — and they pay a bounty of 3 coppers a head to street children and beggars who manage to bring buyers to their stalls.

It is not at all uncommon for brawls to erupt in the marketplaces as well, because while all the merchants share a common love of profit, they come from disparate cultures that may not have any fondness for one another. For this reason, the city always hires on small mercenary groups to serve as security, and the wealthiest merchants often bring private guards with them as well. These latter groups are often the biggest problem of all; the merchant enforcers imported each year are infamous for both their enthusiastic brutality and their willingness to sabotage or outright destroy the merchandise of their employer's rivals.

Few restrictions are placed on what can and cannot be sold during the Low Water Festival, though different cultures may frown on a vendor's merchandise. Many of the underdeep kingdoms, for example, do brisk business in the slave trade, and buyers travel up from the depths along the Endless River each year to buy slaves from the nomad tribes of the Endless Plains. This practice rarely sits well with other merchants, who speak each year of "doing something about the problem," but have yet to act. Narcotics trafficking is also brisk during the Festival, and many nomad tribes, particularly certain Irontooth Clans, trade mech parts for enormous supplies of drugs, which they use during pre-battle rituals.

Business is officially conducted from first light until the last moment of sunset, but unofficially trade deals are conducted long into the night: in the common rooms of inns, in the private offices of the local merchants, and in the makeshift tent cities that sprout up at the base of the waterfall each year.

Afternoon Entertainments and Evening Delights

Of course, business is not the only thing on the minds of those who travel to the Low Water Festival. Many visitors come to the city just to immerse themselves in the carnival atmosphere. Because staggering amounts of money change hands each Festival, and because so many diverse cultures come together to trade and make merry, entertainers from across the world flood the city, hoping to earn both gold and accolades. The truly lucky may find a wealthy patron to support them during the coming year. Bards wander the streets, and acrobats spin and tumble up and down the stairs from the time the sun rises until long after midnight.

As might be expected, the Low Water Festival includes several official competitions for entertainers, including a spectacular competition for wizards, sorcerers, and spellcasters of all sorts that is held on Suron during the second week of the month. This competition draws an enormous crowd, one so large that trading effectively stops for the day (at

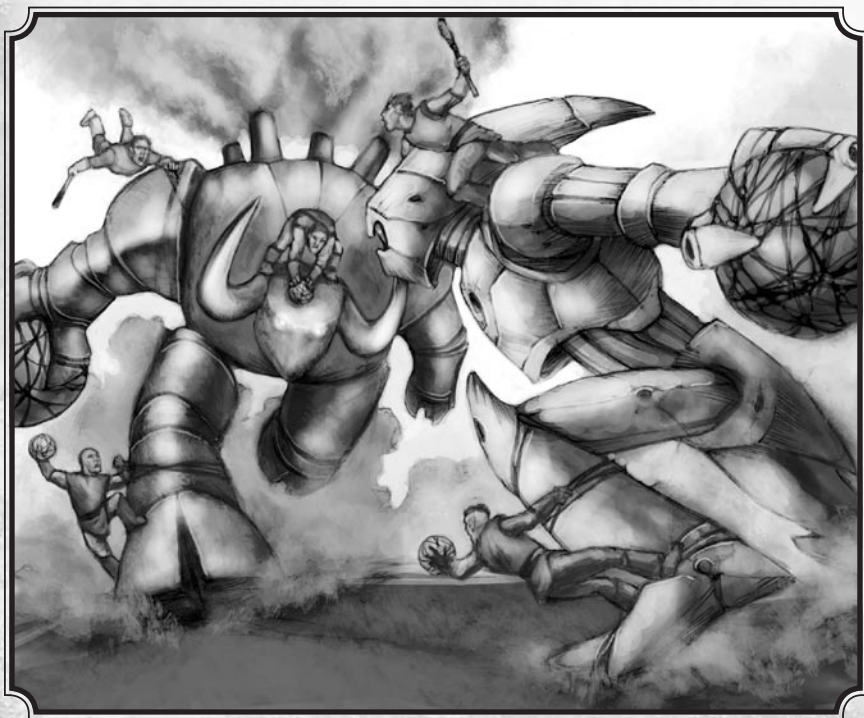
least by the Festival's standards; business is still quite brisk). During the competition, each worker of magic is invited to demonstrate one spell of his or her choice for the crowd's entertainment. The use of destructive magic is highly frowned upon, but the crowds love an explosion, so contestants have in the past called down lightning from the sky, communed with the spirits of the damned, and, in one memorable instance, summoned up an enormous whale and plopped it on top of an entire row of merchant's stalls. The winner of the competition is declared "Wizard-King of Edge," an honor that includes complementary lodging and free use of all Stairkeeper-controlled methods of cliff climbing. For the last 12 years, the winner of the competition has been Pergoron the Even-Handed, a dwarf conjurer from the ancient city mech Durgan-lok. Many whisper that the traders of High Docks bribe the judges each year, for every Festival a rival to the dwarves' mercantile power ends up dead by Pergoron's hand.

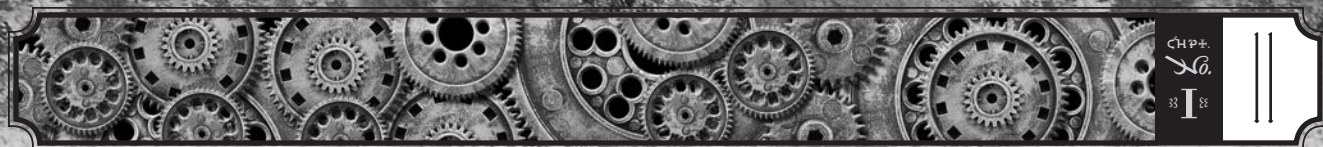
In addition to the competition for entertainers, there are always impromptu contests running all hours of the day.



Perhaps the most popular of these are the mech games, of which by far the favorite is the annual mech ball tournament, a contest of daring and skill in which teams of men and mechs do battle in a grand melee. The rules are simple, the game incredibly dangerous. Each team is composed of one mech, one pilot, and five warriors who begin the game clinging to the sides, arms, or legs of their mech. Each mech is armed only with an immense ball of canvas bound in copper wire, and each man is armed only with a smaller version of the same ball, and a cudgel; when the signal is given, the mechs batter one another with their "weapons," hoping to dislodge all the riders and send the other mechs crashing to the ground.

The winning team is the last mech standing with at least one rider still clinging to its body. Riders are free to pummel one another with their copper-bound missiles, but are not permitted to strike one another in hand-to-hand combat. This latter restriction is roundly ignored in play (hence the cudgels), and riders gleefully leap from mech to mech, braining one another with wild abandon. As might be expected, injuries and death are common, but no one seems to mind, least of all the spectators. In addition to mech ball, there are competitions of speed and skill, including mech dancing (which the Iron-tooth always win) and an incredibly dangerous contest in which mechs attempt to scale the cliffside in the shortest time; the mech scalers are prohibited from joining the latter competition.





Aside from the mech games, there are contests for feats of strength, daily foot-races up and down the greatest staircases, and even occasional cliff diving contests in which Edge citizens take on all comers in a test of courage and diving prowess. Bored merchants frequently back gamblers, or gamble themselves, as well as bank-roll wrestling contests between porters and dockworkers, between porters and mercenary adventurers, or even between adventurers and exotic animals and beasts imported for sale in the market. Traveling strongmen, martial artists, wrestlers, and boxers often make it a point to travel to the Low Water Festival when they can, as there is much money to be made.

As afternoon turns into night, and the merchants pretend to stop their business for the day, the taverns come alive. Because the permanent inns and taverns in the city cannot possibly hold all the revelers, each year dozens of entrepreneurs set up temporary canvas tent inns, carting in stoves and hundreds of pounds of salted meat, vegetables, and uncountable barrels of wine, ale, and other spirits. Occasionally, merchants from the underdeep set up inns and market stalls as well, selling plates of albino blindfish, or hallucinogenic mushrooms harvested from the back of immense underground worms, or the flesh of bats, insects, or even slaves — though it should be said they rarely tell anyone the origin of this last delicacy. Because so much money is made during the day, merchants and visitors to the city spend their money freely, and so the Festival becomes a veritable orgy of fleshy excess during the night.

To serve the needs of the merchants, hundreds of brothel madams and their workers (male, female and otherwise) pour into Edge during the Festival month. The Church of Fhurlin tolerates their presence, because the services they offer help to calm the city, and because they can be heavily taxed.

Of course, crime explodes with the influx of money to the city during the Low Water Festival. As the Festival begins in

earnest, ne'er-do-wells of all stripes flood into the city, most of them disguised as either wealthy buyers or vagabond entertainers looking to find wealthy patrons. Petty theft is rampant during the Festival, and though they wish it otherwise, the citizens of Edge are powerless to stop it. Or rather, the ones who don't indulge in it themselves are powerless to stop it. The High Docks is the only area that manages to stay relatively free of crime during the month of Highwater, since both the drow and the dwarves have a policy of very publicly throwing thieves they catch over the waterfall, always timing their executions so that the thieves strike the ground the instant the priest is finished consecrating the Festival for the day. The smartest criminals are those who carry out their thefts long before their victims reach the city; the "merchant" Solara Luna, for example, is in reality a doppelganger who devours a merchant on the road to the Festival each year, impersonates him, and sells his merchandise for pure profit.

FESTIVAL ADVENTURE SEEDS

The Low Water Festival offers many opportunities for adventure, both of the traditional sort, and of more unusual vintage. Here are some ideas to spark your imagination.

No Honor Among Tribes: Frederick Marschenson, an endless trader who has journeyed to the festival each year for more than 40 years, is dying. He doesn't want to go out anywhere but on top. This year, he's brought with him a cargo that is both incredibly valuable and amazingly dangerous; hidden in a bolt of moldering cloth are a set of mech plans he claims are from the First Age of Walkers. Frederick intends to sell the plans to the highest bidder, and to that end he has hired bards and criers to spread rumors of a "big score" available from an anonymous seller. But Frederick isn't nearly as clever as he thinks, and no less than a dozen representatives

from different mech and nomad tribes have discovered his identity. The only thing that has kept them from killing him already is the fact that each one knows the others are also aware of the true value of Frederick's treasure. The player characters (PCs) might be representatives of one of these tribes, guards hired by the Church to prevent a blood-soaked melee (High Priest Stols doesn't miss much), or even a third party hoping to claim the prize for their own use.

Righteous Anger: A half-orc Thurd merchant has come to the Festival, bringing with him parts of several L'arile Nation mechs. Elven merchants are, of course, furious about this. Toror, the Thurd merchant, insists that the parts were purchased legitimately from nomad tribes who claimed them in battle. The elves don't care, and want the parts removed from Toror's stall, preferably at the same time as his head is removed from his shoulders. Both Toror and the elven merchants are looking for adventurers; Toror wants them as a visible deterrent, while the elves want some "heroes" whom they can use as a cover story (that is, scapegoats) while their own agents do the dirty work.

Hungry Mouths to Feed: For the first time in recorded history, roving bands of starving children have poured into the city from the badlands around Edge. They've struck at the height of the Low Water Festival, when literally thousands of merchants and buyers have filled the city to bursting. Practically savages, these wild children not only steal food from taverns and merchants' stalls, they have also pulled down and slain at least two merchants foolish enough to wander the outskirts of the city at night. Everyone agrees that something must be done, but there is fierce argument over how the situation should be dealt with. A duergar merchant has volunteered to hire mercenaries to capture the children, so they can be sent to the underdeep to "work off their crimes." The Church wants the children captured as well, but have no interest in seeing them sent down to slavery. The rest of the merchants just

want something done, period, and already there are bounties on the children's heads.

A Dangerous Journey: Adventures involving the Low Water Festival do not have to take place in Edge. In the world of *Dragon Mech*, there is no such thing as an easy journey, particularly for merchants laden down with valuables for sale. The adventurers might be hired to be caravan guards for an Edge-bound merchant, meaning they would have to defend both the merchant and his wares. At low levels this might be a standard "heroes against the bandits" story, but at higher levels of play the adventurers might have to guard a caravan of illegal mech parts, keeping them safe from nomad raiders and the original owners of the parts alike. As an interesting twist, the adventurers might be hired by one merchant to keep a rival from making it to the Festival — ideally, the adventurers should have to stop the caravan without

killing anyone, and without alerting the merchant or his allies to the identity of the one who hired them.

The Honor-Bound Caravan:

The taking of slaves in war is a common practice among some nomadic mech tribes of the Endless Plains, and those taken as slaves are expected to serve their captors with honor. By unspoken agreement, it has long been understood that all slaves will remain among the mech tribes, and will not be sold to outsiders, for no others are worthy of commanding a nomad. But a tribal leader has chosen to ignore this tradition, and will sell his captured slaves on the open market at the Low Water Festival. This does not sit well with the slaves' kinsmen, who have determined to get their brothers and sisters back at any cost. As a twist on the unusual expectations, the adventurers have not been hired to recover the slaves, nor have they been hired by the tribal warlord to ensure the sale goes through. Instead they've been hired by the slaves, who are determined to fulfill their duties, no matter the outcome. The adventurers must escort the slaves to market, must ensure they are properly sold, and then must see that they are delivered to their new masters, no matter who or what they may be. Ideally, good adventurers will do their best to see that the slaves are, at the least, sold to kind masters — perhaps they can help the slaves' home tribe raise the money needed to buy their freedom?

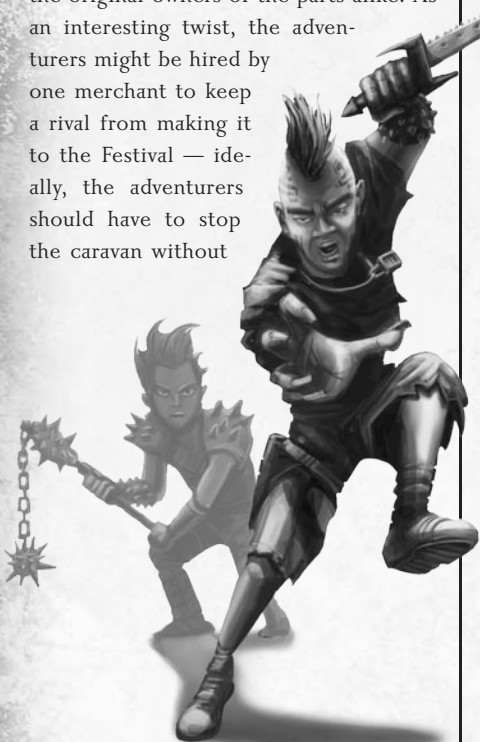
THE HISTORY OF EDGE

The Early Years

The city now called Edge has had many names. The halflings who settled the lower bank of the Endless River called it Shadowtown, because the massive cliff to the west cut off the sun in mid-afternoon. When dwarves first settled the south side of what's now High Docks, they named their hamlet Fog. Downriver, in the belly of the underdeep, a group of drow raiders had a small fortress dubbed Camp Throatlitter. It was the human nomads of the Endless Plains who first called this place Edge, because to them, the massive cliff rising from the plain was the edge of their world.

Nobody is certain who arrived here first (aside from a long-forgotten band of tortogs). A good way to start a feud between High Docks and Low Docks is to state an opinion on the question, because the dwarves and the halflings both say they founded Edge. The dwarves of Fog were the first to arrive in the area, but for years they only used the river cave as a temporary camp because of the floods, while the buildings of Shadowtown were the area's first permanent habitation.

Either way, people have lived here for centuries. The halflings and dwarves quickly allied with each other against the many dangers they faced — human brigands and orcish warbands on the plains, drow raiders and nightmarish monsters from the underdeep. Of course, the sheer cliff was a major obstacle to their partnership, so they began carving a simple staircase in the rock. It was difficult work. The halflings lacked the strength or stonemasonry to do it quickly, while the dwarves still saw Fog as a





remote outpost, and so they had other priorities. The project might have died, and the two communities with it, if not for the arrival of the Chemmik nomads.

Masters of horseback life, the Chemmik exulted in war with the hated orcs. They roamed the northwest bank of the Endless River, bringing them into contact with the halflings of Shadowtown, and the nomads took it upon themselves to help the “tiny-ings” defend themselves. In return, Shadowtown provided the nomads with fish and some crops. After a few months of this, the halflings happened to offer the Chemmik a few steel knives they’d gotten from the dwarves. The city of Edge was born in that moment.

One thing the Chemmik needed was metal. The nomadic life doesn’t involve much mining, so most of their iron and steel equipment was seized at high cost from the orcs. Suddenly they had access to metal without fighting for it. Shadowtown, already trading food to the small dwarven enclave, began using the Chemmik to acquire more exotic items from the nomads’ other trading partners. In turn the dwarves of Fog began eating better than they ever had, enjoying cloth and spices that they couldn’t find underground, and selling low-quality steel armaments faster than they could smith them. Work on the simple First Stair proceeded in a hurry.

This web of trade relationships grew as the dwarves and nomads both searched farther for goods to exchange, and it was cemented when the Chemmik elders decided that the nomadic life wasn’t for them after all. The tinyling village had become prosperous, and the tribe’s warriors had used their new weapons and armor to drive the orcs back for miles, so the Chemmik decided to settle with their small allies. Humans had always called this place Edge, and they continued to after they built permanent homes there. The name spread through all the plainsfolk, and over the years the halflings adopted it as well. But the town below and the dwarves above still saw themselves as two separate cities.

Darkness and Fog

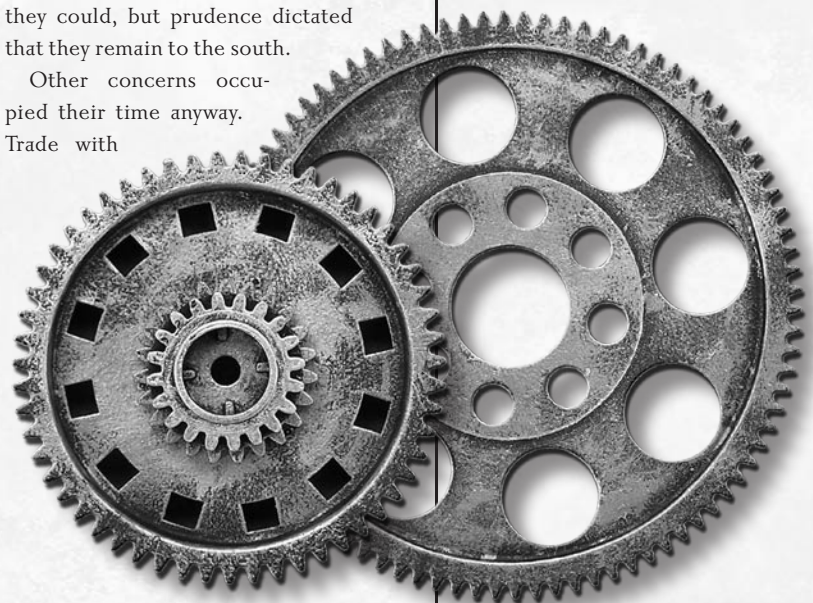
The influx of trade goods from the plains brought many new settlers to Fog. It also attracted their enemies. Fog was an outpost of the great dwarven city-state Duerok, and many citizens were sent to swell Fog’s numbers. Chief among these Duerein was a crafty cave ranger named Hali Fralief; her descendants still play a vital role in Edge. Fralief had many skilled stoneworkers under her command, and they began expanding the narrow river channel. Previously the dwarves here were hampered by the floodwaters of the Endless River, meaning that they had to retreat during high water months, but as the cave expanded they were able to build a larger permanent home.

The original dwarves had settled the south side of the river, where the water didn’t rise quite so high, but the stoneworkers began expanding both sides of the cavern. Soon both sides were habitable. Most dwarves kept to the south bank as a matter of tradition — the original settlers stayed on that side, both because of the water level and because fearsome creatures from the Stygian depths occasionally made their way out of a wide cleft in the north wall. The dwarves sealed it as best they could, but prudence dictated that they remain to the south.

Other concerns occupied their time anyway. Trade with

the surface was brisk, and the folk of Fog were beginning to draw on the wares of Duerok. But with all these goods passing through the underdeep, unfriendly eyes took notice. Goblin bandits poured out from hidden tunnels. Troglodytes harassed caravans, killing and eating whomever they caught. Most troublesome were the cunning drow. Using the fortified Camp Throatlitter as a base, they launched many successful attacks on both the dwarves and the other hostile races. The might of Duerok, combined with grudging agreements to expand their trading, eventually brought most of the dwarves’ rivals into the expanding commercial circle. Not the drow.

As most of the other underdeep power groups began trading with the ever-expanding town of Fog, the drow redoubled their efforts to prey upon the dwarves. They increased their overt raids, they inserted spies into the town’s operations, and their most powerful spellcasters looked for a way to crush the town entirely. Before Fog was founded, the drow had used the Twilight Gate as an occasional center for both commerce and raiding. They lacked the numbers to evict the rapidly growing dwarven force, so they made



alliances. Horrid things from the darkness below joined their ranks, as did rebellious elements among some of Duerok's nominal allies. Finally, the drow made a bargain with immensely powerful princes from the Elemental Plane of Earth. After decades of animosity, their war with Fog would finally come.

Two Become One

Typically, the drow had paid only scant attention to the sunlit world. Connections between Fog and Edge had grown strong. Several paths up the cliff had now been created, some stretching past the waterfall all the way to the Flatlands. A small trade hub now sat at the top of the cliff, and it considered itself part of Edge. The ongoing attacks from Camp Throatlitter were weakening connections between Fog and Duerok, but this just strengthened the link between the dwarves and the surface races. During the long years of dwarf-drow hostility, the folk of the Endless Plains came to Edge in increasing numbers. Most were just there to trade, but some of them stayed.

After three years of particularly intense flooding, the buildings along the lower banks of the Endless River were reduced to a shambles. As the city of Edge rebuilt, some of its residents decided to carve new homes well above the floodline — into the cliff face itself. The city had struggled repeatedly with the orc warbands of the Endless Plains, but now they had an impregnable defense against the lightly-armed raiders. As they lived within the cliff, Edge's citizens had more and stranger ideas about how to traverse it. While the races of the underdeep were fighting over commerce, the people of Edge were fighting gravity itself and winning.

Now the surface world began providing military help to Fog. It was their only reliable link with the underdeep (and the fabled endless traders, who by now had begun their annual trek), and they were

willing to shed blood to keep it. Although they weren't hardened by decades of endless struggle, as the dwarves and drow were, the surface races had the force of numbers and many magics unknown to the dark elves. The drow were forced back from the area around Fog by these newcomers.

At this time, the Church of Fhurlin became a major force in Edge. Its origins are as disputed as those of the city itself, with humans, halflings, dwarves, and even orcs claiming to be the first worshipers of Fhurlin. As years turned into decades and then centuries, many forms of government were tried in Edge. None stuck. The people in Edge were too independent and too worldly to settle for any particular leadership, but the city's good fortune instilled them with faith. Religion unified the people of Edge as they fought to help Fog. Jal Torbis, then the High Priest, led his own contingent of parish guard in battle against the drow more than once.

The drow retreated. But as their forces gave ground, so the ground rose to aid them. Their elemental allies shook the cave containing Fog with the force of a thousand siege engines, destroying the city's north side and nearly damming the Endless River. The dwarves were forced to cut their pursuit of the drow short and return home to rebuild; they did manage to finally destroy Camp Throatlitter before the great earthquake.

Other things were also shaken by the tumult. Fog's connection to Duerok was weakened as the drow turned their attention west. Many important trade routes were blocked. Fog itself was a shambles. The people of Edge helped their friends rebuild and, combined with the increasing distance from Duerok's forces, the governors of Fog finally decided to formally become part of Edge instead. They rebuilt portions of the north side and crafted three great bridges across the river, but with their

numbers reduced by warfare, they mostly stayed to the south.

The Lunar Rain

It took roughly 700 years for Edge to go from a small halfling settlement to a cliff-spanning trade hub. Periodically some orcish strongman or charismatic nomad leader would gallop in and "conquer" the city for a few years, and the drow continued to plague traders going to High Docks, but over time the city became quite peaceful and prosperous. Then the lunar rain began.

If not for Cliffside, the city might have died. The initial five years of rain pulverized the settlement above the cliff, and while Edge below was somewhat sheltered, buildings and trade roads still took a fierce beating. Even worse was the flood of refugees seeking a path into High Docks. They overwhelmed the town's residents, pushed past or cut down the security forces of the Stairkeepers' Guild, and flooded into the cave above. Unfortunately for them, these invaders were shortly met by another swarm of displaced people coming from the other direction. As surface dwellers invaded the underdeep, its residents ended up pushing east toward Edge. At the back of this subterranean mob were the drow.

Open warfare broke out between the motley underdeep horde and the furious dwarves, lasting for several bloody weeks before the drow arrived with a message of peace. They could keep these new invaders at bay, freeing Edge to handle the frantic surface refugees, but in return the drow wanted land. The dark elves had as much trouble as Duerok and the other dwarven strongholds when the lunar rain drove so many underground, and they lacked the dwarves' communal spirit and organization. Pressed hard from every side, the drow needed an outlet. In return for peace in High Docks, the drow wanted control of the largely unused north side.

That almost caused open warfare a second time. The dwarves were in no mood





to let their longtime enemies have half of their territory, even if it was a collection of mostly unoccupied buildings that still showed damage from the great quake. For their part, the drow carried themselves like emperors, condescending to their dwarven rivals and implying that unless their demands were met, the underdeep creatures with them would destroy Edge. Only a fool or a genius would try to negotiate a settlement between the two sides. The man who did, Guildmaster Shalmo Blackiron of the Stairkeepers, was certainly no fool.

A dwarf in his 247th year, Blackiron had been negotiating complicated agreements since before most of the warriors on either side were born. He realized that his city couldn't hold off the underdeep army while trying to cope with the surface refugees. But the drow were in a similarly bad position, whatever their claims to the contrary. If Edge managed to keep them at bay, the drow would eventually be torn apart by their motley and unstable alliance. During a marathon six-week negotiation session, Blackiron convinced the dwarves to allow the drow to occupy the north side of High Docks. In return, the drow were charged with keeping the forces of the underdeep at bay — at their own expense. The drow houses were also allowed to do business in Edge. While some complained about the increased competition, having the drow as partners rather than enemies caused the stream of underdeep goods to become a torrent.

Edge Today and Tomorrow

Since the early years of lunar rain, the city has been peaceful. Shalmo Blackiron, who died in disgrace among his people for letting the drow enter High Docks, brokered a deal that brought Edge a longer period of peace than it had ever known. Once the drow tasted the wellspring of commerce flowing through Edge, they stopped fighting the city. Their attempts to undermine it and control it, although subtle and devious, are no more clever

than those of a half-dozen other groups who've been there longer. The occasional raids by orcs and other wild folk of the plains have dwindled as the lunar rain pulverizes them. And so the tenuous balance of power in Edge is maintained, with the Church providing such leadership as the citizens demand.

Naturally, it won't last. Although the lunar rain is still a danger, the last thirty years have seen its fury die down. Trade routes are traveled more often these days. If anything, Edge is more important to Highpoint now than it ever was. The surface is safer, the underdeep is stable once more, and each world is hungry for things only the other can provide.

Not surprisingly, mechs tower over everything else in Edge's future. For the first time in a century, people and merchandise can travel under the night sky without fear. More trade means more profit for Edge. Mechs have also given rise to mechdoms, the first major nation-states that the surface world has ever known. Mechdoms offer Edge an amazing opportunity. As the hub for trade between the Stenian Confederacy of the Flatlands, the Legion and the L'arile Nation of the Endless Plains, and the wandering Irontooth Clans, the city is fast becoming a major political force of its own.

This power carries its own risk. Many groups have wanted to control Edge, but none have ever been large enough to make that happen. The four major mechdoms all are. So far none of them have tried, in part because the others would undoubtedly turn on them, but the danger is always there. Always a center of intrigue, Edge has seen its mercantile agents jostle for space with a new breed of spies and government agents.

The rise of mechs has also forced Edge to pay more attention to its own defenses. Steam-powered weapons have changed the rules of battle forever. Living inside (or even on top of) the mighty cliff is no guarantee of safety in the age of steam cannons. It's only a matter of time before someone assembles a fleet of mechs and

tries to conquer the city — or destroy it entirely. More subtle games are also being played with technology. Edge is the surface world's center for steam research, as inventors and coglayers of every kind can be found here. In the absence of a university or other organized form of steam scholarship, the steamcrafters of Edge are always competing, and not always as friends.

Finally, the greatest threat to the city might be spiritual. The lunar gods are making headway in their war against the deities of Highpoint. Fhurlin is revered throughout the city, and pockets of his worship are found everywhere above and below ground, but that isn't holding the lunar tide back. The Church has always been Edge's backbone as well as its soul. If its god dwindles, the consequences would be grave. Without a strong yet caring Church at its heart, Edge might well disintegrate into open warfare, with each clan and merchant group using all its power to try to control everything. Violence has yet to destroy Edge, and poverty is unlikely to ever befall it, but the war in the heavens may yet create its greatest challenge.



PLATE 3 In Edge, *anything* can be bought or sold.



MERCHANTS OF EDGE

EDGE IS THE ONE PLACE ON HIGHPOINT WHERE PRACTICALLY ANYTHING CAN BE PURCHASED. WHETHER IT'S FROM THE UNDERDEEP OR THE ENDLESS PLAINS, THE WET DESERT OR THE ELVEN FORESTS, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE IT CAN BE FOUND IN EDGE — WHATEVER IT IS. THIS CHAPTER INTRODUCES A VARIETY OF THE STRANGE MERCHANTS OF EDGE AND THE THINGS THEY SELL.

BAGRUNT'S DEAD THINGS

Reputable folk avoid this shabby tent and its foul-smelling owner, the orc Bagrunt Gargunu. He doesn't care — after fifteen years of selling items made with exotic materials like human skin and elven bones, Bagrunt is used to being shunned. He claims that all his items are taken in trade from plains orcs and their ilk. Some whisper otherwise, that Bagrunt is a shamanic sorcerer who makes many of the grisly goods available from his shop. Although this isn't true, Bagrunt does what he can to keep that reputation alive, figuring it's good for business. His tent has been found in every district of Edge at some time because most of the city's power brokers would rather shuffle him off to someone else's area.

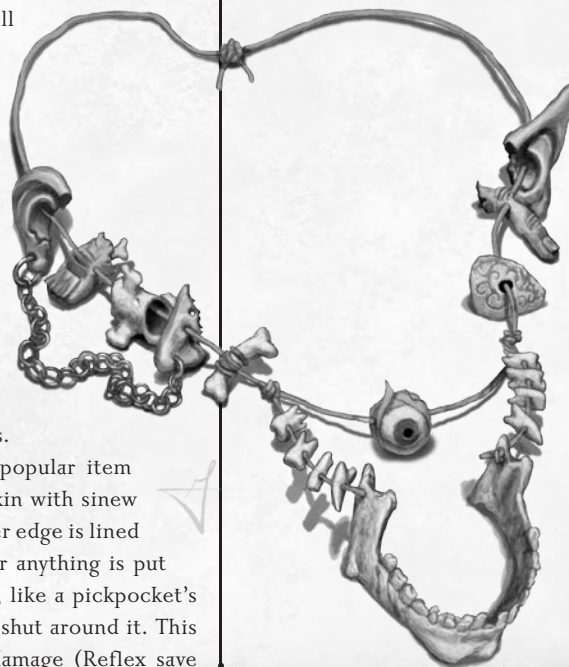
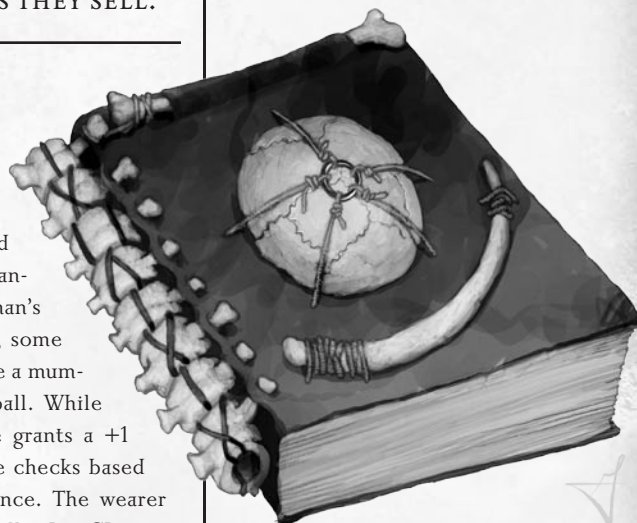
Merchandise

Flayed Book: The pages of these blank books are made of a supple leather, as are the bone-reinforced covers. Bone and leather come from the same sort of creature — one book might be all centaur, another is all elf — although Bagrunt can't guarantee that each book is made from only one individual. A flayed book makes a sturdy spellbook, as leather items have a hardness of 2 and 5 hit points/inch of thickness. Market Price: 25 gp.

Grue Necklace:

No two are alike! Each one of these necklaces is festooned with little bits of humanoid creatures: a human's ear, a dwarf's kneecap, some lizardfolk scales, maybe a mummified hobgoblin eyeball. While worn, a grue necklace grants a +1 bonus to all Intimidate checks based on the threat of violence. The wearer suffers a -4 penalty to all other Charisma checks, including other Charisma-based skill uses, but someone who'd wear a necklace made of kobold teeth and elf scalps probably doesn't care about that. Most grue necklaces rot away after 3 months. *Market Price:* 5 sp for Small wearers, 2 gp for Medium wearers, 5 gp for Large wearers.

Living Pouch: A popular item made of humanoid skin with sinew to tie it shut; the inner edge is lined with teeth. Whenever anything is put through the opening, like a pickpocket's hand, the teeth snap shut around it. This does 1d3 points of damage (Reflex save





DC 13 negates). The pouch also howls like a wounded creature when biting. It can be attuned to a particular person, allowing him or her to reach inside without being hurt, by feeding it three drops of that person's blood every day. A living pouch can only be attuned to one person per day. Faint transmutation; CL 6th; Craft Wondrous Item, *magic weapon*. Market Price: 350 gp.

Sacrifice Dagger: Each one of these broad-bladed masterwork daggers is enchanted to cause extra damage to helpless victims. The magic is weak, granting no bonus to attack or damage under most circumstances, but it does 2d4 extra points of damage when inflicting a coup de grace. Faint necromancy; CL 5th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *chill touch*. Market Price: 600 gp.

Thirsty Axe: Markeek Rawbones, a hobgoblin weaponsmith and an old friend of Bagrunt, brings a couple of these to him at every Low Water Festival. Each is a +1 *greataxe* that becomes a *bane* weapon under certain circumstances. Every *thirsty axe* is *bane* to a specific type of humanoid, as per the weapon property found in the DMG, but this ability is only activated if the axe is bathed in the blood of such a creature first. This requires roughly a pint of blood, although any blow with the axe

that causes 5 or more points of damage is also enough. When provided with blood, the axe absorbs it instantly and its blade glows a dull red color (casting as much light as a candle). The *bane* and attendant glow remain for 36 hours. Moderate conjuration; CL 8th; Craft Magic Arms and Armor, *vampiric touch*, *summon monster I*. Market Price: 6,320 gp.

Bagrunt Gargunu

In his youth, Bagrunt was a scout for various orcish warbands on the Endless Plains, but his real love was leatherworking. Clever, at least for an orc raider, he realized that he could live a safer and richer life if he made his living with the awl instead of the axe. Bagrunt traveled to Edge, struck up a brisk trade with some drow who were intrigued by his choice of leathers, and he's stayed in the city ever since. He hasn't abandoned his wild heritage; more than one horrified non-buying visitor has been chased out of his stall by a furious, sickle-waving Bagrunt. All orcs and half-orcs get a 10% discount from him, but humans and elves are charged 20% more.

Bagrunt himself is showing signs of age, but sheer meanness will probably keep him alive for many more years. He always

carries one or both of his favorite melee weapons, but he only wears his armor when in a particularly surly mood. Then again, he's usually in a surly mood, unless he's either helping an orc or humiliating non-orcish plainsfolk. His graying hair is tied back in a thick braid, and he wears several (useless) bracelets and necklaces covered with what look like shamanic charms.

Bagrunt Gargunu, male orc Exp6/ Rgr3: CR 9; Medium humanoid (orc); HD 3d8+6d6+9; hp 51; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16; Base Atk +7; Grp +9; Atk +10 melee (1d8+3/19–20/x3, +1 *keen battleaxe*) or +8 ranged (1d6+2/x3, +1 *composite shortbow* [+2 Str]); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d8+3/19–20/x3, +1 *keen battleaxe*) plus +8 melee (1d6+3, +1 *sickle*) or +8/+3 ranged (1d6+2/x3, +1 *composite shortbow* [+2 Str]); SQ Combat style (melee), darkvision 60 ft., light sensitivity, favored enemy (humanoid – humans) +2; AL CN; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +8; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6 (+8 with leather), Bluff +12, Climb +0 (+2 with rope), Craft (leatherworking) +12, Diplomacy +5, Disguise +1 (+3 in character), Escape Artist +0 (+2 with rope), Heal +9, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (nature) +9, Listen +9, Sense Motive +10, Survival +9 (+11 aboveground), Use Rope +7; Endurance, Great Fortitude, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Bluff), Track, Two-Weapon Defense.

Possessions: +1 *keen battleaxe*, +1 *sickle*, +1 *chain shirt*, +1 *composite shortbow* (+2 Strength), masterwork leatherworker's tools, *living pouch*.

CASTOR'S JUNK STORE

Called the Junk Store for lack of an actual name, this place of business is easy to find in Low Docks. Just look for the pile of bolts, cogs, broken mechs, and metal plating that covers the acre of land behind the shop. The Junk Store is near



the city's lower mech hangars and is frequented by the mech jockeys, coglayers, and merchants who make use of them. In addition to providing a wealth of spare parts and gadgets, it also has something many merchants miss while on the road: a friendly face.

Pall "Castor" Rober is said by some to be the friendliest steamborg in Highpoint, and few seem willing to argue the point. Always ready with a glass of home-brewed ale or cider, Castor rarely lets anyone get out of his store without a lengthy conversation on the intricacies of mecraft and Castor's latest inventions. With repeat customers, these conversations invariably turn to the customer's life and family, and Castor is always very interested in the stories of those who come through his store. While some say he is nosey, most find his interest flattering. Castor has no family of his own and instead sees his customers as his make-shift family, along with his neighbors and the whole of Edge. For this attitude and his cheerful willingness to help out others, he is well known and respected in the city. He has a close relationship with Kahad Foehammer and the pulleymen, whom he occasionally does repair work for and sells parts to. He also has numerous friends in the Church of Fhurlin and acts as something of a grassroots organizer for the Church in Low Docks.

The Junk Store itself is a large steel and wood building, built mostly out of junk itself, that sits in front of a large fenced yard filled with parts, broken-down

mechs, and lots of scrap metal. Castor makes a living selling spare parts from his junkyard; better quality parts he keeps in the building, along with devices of his own invention. Parts for building steam powers, mechs and mech components, and other technological devices may be purchased at 15% less than normal from Castor. Unfortunately not all his parts are of good quality and a DC 12 Craft (mechcraft) check is required to make sure the buyer does not buy inferior goods. The GM makes this check secretly. If it fails, the purchaser has bought a broken part and the devices built with the parts purchased malfunction the first time they are used.

The inventions Castor sells are reliable for the most part and some customers swear by them. A number of pulleymen wear his fall-catchers, though the bards of the city are not very pleased by his recent invention of a self-playing harpsichord. None of the items built by Castor are available as masterwork items; he works more from raw ingenuity than skill.

Weapons

Drill Dagger: One of Castor's first weapons, a drill dagger is a thin-bladed dagger covered with barbs, the blade of which spins when a button on the handle is pressed. If the dagger strikes a target, the spinning motion tears at the target's flesh, increasing the damage inflicted by the dagger. The spring powering the drill dagger only allows it

to spin for 5 rounds before it must be rewound, but these need not be consecutive rounds. When the dagger is spinning, it grants a +2 bonus to damage. Rewinding the spring of a drill dagger requires 1 minute.

Drill Rapier: A larger version of the drill dagger, it functions on the same principle. Drill rapiers may spin for 10 rounds before the spring must be rewound, but rewinding the spring of a drill rapier requires 3 minutes. The drill rapier grants a +2 bonus to damage when it is spinning.

Fire Darts: A complex mix of alchemy and precision craftsmanship, fire darts are large darts that hold a container of oil in their oversized head. This oil is lit by a piece of steel being drawn across flint when the weapon strikes home. The end result is that the fire dart inflicts a small amount of both piercing damage and fire damage. The oil continues to burn for 1d4 rounds, inflicting 1 point of damage each round until unless it is put out. Castor has made similar versions that use alchemist's fire; these inflict 1d4 points of fire damage while burning and cost 20 gp.

Other Goods

Belt Winch: A portable device Castor developed for the pulleymen, this is a spring-powered winch that is worn on a heavy leather harness. The belt winch can lift up to 200 pounds at 2 ft./round using the 100 feet of rope coiled within the winch. The winch can be hooked up

CASTOR'S WEAPONS

WEAPON	COST	DMG (S)	DMG (M)	CRITICAL	RANGE	WEIGHT	TYPE
Simple Weapons							
<i>Light Melee Weapons</i>							
Drill dagger*	250 gp	1d3+2	1d4+2	19-20/x2	10 ft.	1 lb.	Piercing
<i>Ranged Weapons</i>							
Fire dart	10 gp	1d2+1d3	1d4+1d3	x2	15 ft.	—	Piercing and Fire
Martial Weapons							
<i>One-Handed Melee Weapons</i>							
Drill rapier*	325 gp	1d4+2	1d6+2	18-20/x2	—	—	Piercing

*DAMAGE IS AS SHOWN WHEN THE BLADE IS SPINNING; SEE DESCRIPTION.

to larger lengths of rope, but this requires special external carrying cases that each cost 20 gp and have another 100 feet of rope. The winch requires an attack action to activate and runs for 10 minutes before the spring must be rewound. Rewinding the winch's spring requires one hour of work. The harness may also be attached to inanimate goods, such as boxes of trade goods, and the winch activated so the box will be lifted until it reaches its destination (or runs out of power). Market Price: 100 gp. Weight: 15 lb.

Glider: The glider is a large wooden frame covered with canvas that can be used to catch the wind and glide from great heights, although the maneuverability of the device leaves much to be desired. Gliders are available for Small and Medium creatures and the glider is one size larger than the creature using it. The glider is strapped to the user's back, requiring 5 minutes and at least 1 assistant to attach. It is treated as a suit of armor offering no AC bonus, +4 maximum Dexterity bonus, and an armor check penalty of -2.

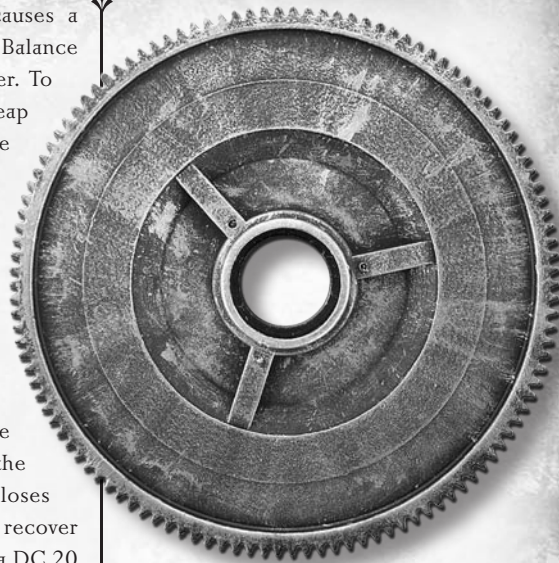
The glider can support only 200 pounds (for Medium creatures) and 100 pounds (for Small creatures) before the weight begins to negatively affect the maneuverability of the glider. Every 25 pounds

of weight above these limits causes a cumulative -1 penalty on all Balance checks made to control the glider. To use the glider, the user must leap off a great height and use the glider to catch air currents. The user of the glider gains a flying speed of 60 feet, but the wearer moves down 30 feet in altitude for every round of flight. The glider is assumed to have poor maneuverability, and making any maneuvers besides flying straight ahead requires the user to make a DC 15 Balance check. Failing the Balance check means the user loses control and begins falling. To recover from falling, the user must make a DC 20 Balance check; this is a standard action. If the user hits the ground before regaining control, he takes normal falling damage from the point where he lost control.

The user may glide until he runs out of altitude, at which point he must make a DC 15 Tumble check to land safely. If the Tumble check fails, the user suffers 2d6 points of falling damage. He may attempt to gain altitude with a DC 20 Balance check, with failure resulting in the user losing control and falling as described above. The user can take an attack action each round while flying, but casting spells

under these circumstances requires a DC 18 Concentration check.

Gliders have seen use by a number of couriers and thrill seekers who leap from the top of the cliff and glide great distances, but there have been a number of fatalities as well. Because of this, Castor now only sells gliders to people who demonstrate enough coordination to safely operate them. The current record for the distance covered by a glider is 3 miles from Edge, and this record is constantly challenged by glider pilots. Some

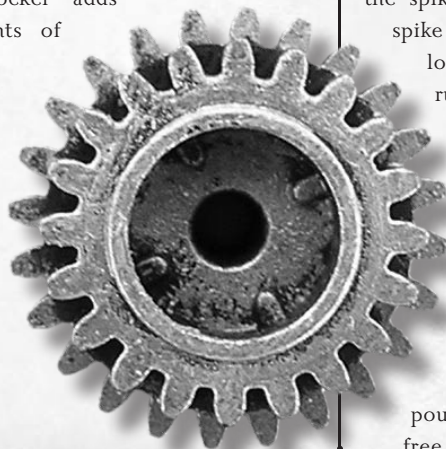




even hope to make this distance contest a part of the Low Water Festival. Needless to say, the Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings (see page 102) is most interested in Castor's creation. So far he has ignored their inquiries, sensing that the Von Stuk brothers' curiosity is more than casual. *Market Price:* 300 gp. *Weight:* 23 lb.

Fall-Catcher: A safety device created by Castor for the pulleymen, the fall-catcher is essentially a primitive parachute that slows the wearer when activated. When not deployed, a fall-catcher looks like an oversized wooden backpack with a large lever on its side. Deploying the fall-catcher is a full-round action. When the lever is pulled, the fall-catcher deploys a canvas hemisphere, held in shape by wooden rods, which are used to catch air as the wearer falls. Once the fall-catcher is deployed, the wearer reduces falling damage by -1 per die of falling damage. The fall-catcher does not slow the wearer entirely, but occasionally it has meant the difference between life and death. *Market Price:* 240 gp. *Weight:* 12 lb.

Lightning Shocker: This modification can be added to any weapon composed mostly of metal. The lightning shocker delivers a powerful electric shock through the weapon's striking surface using a primitive battery attached to the user's belt. This battery is attached to the weapon through a heavy copper wire, and the shocker adds 20 pounds to the weight of the weapon it is built into. The lightning shocker adds 1d4 points of



electricity damage to the weapon, but can only be used 5 times. Recharging the battery requires an hour of cranking a portable generator built into the battery. *Market Price:* 350 gp. *Weight:* 3 lb.

Steam Organ: The first steam organ was built for the Hole in the Wall tavern in Tip Town. It was an attempt by the proprietor, William Marshal, to find an instrument that could be heard throughout Cliffside. The experiment was successful, much to the annoyance of those who live near the tavern, since it took William several months to learn to play the organ (not that this stopped him from playing it at top volume in the meantime). Now steam organs can be found in a number of establishments around Edge, but due to the large amount of water required to play these massive devices, they are usually found near the Endless River. Steam organs are huge, complex devices made of hundreds of feet of pipes and valves, each custom built for the building that houses it.

Due to the volume of a steam organ, any bard is able to double the range of his bardic music abilities when using this instrument. *Market Price:* 800 gp. *Weight:* 240 lb.

Steam Spike: A device created to help the pulleymen build their jumlins, the steam spike is a modified version of the bore puncher that sinks pitons into cliffs to make climbing the cliff easier. Steam spikes are made up of two components: the spike and the spike launcher. The spike is a foot-long iron spike with a loop at the end that rope may be run through, while the launcher is a small steam engine that fires the iron spike directly into stone surfaces. The spike launcher takes 1 minute to build up enough pressure to fire, and when fired it will bury a spike in any surface with a hardness of 12 or less.

The spike will support 400 pounds of weight before being pulled free. Pulling a spike out requires a DC

25 Strength check. The spikes can be used as individual handholds, and rope can be attached to them. When used as a climbing aid, these spikes grant a +4 bonus to Climb checks. Castor is not pleased by recent reports that some rust raiders have gotten their hands on a set of steam spikes and have been using them to climb up mechs when boarding.

If a steam spike is used as a weapon, the user suffers a -4 penalty to attack rolls due to the unwieldy nature of the weapon. The steam spike launcher requires a full minute to recharge, so using it more than once in combat is unlikely. The steam spike may only be used in melee combat and counts as a touch attack. If successful, the target suffers 2d6 points of damage from the steam spike.

A steam spike set comes with 10 spikes; more spikes cost 5 sp each. *Market Price:* 380 gp (set). *Weight:* 24 lb.

Pall "Castor" Rober, male human
Smb7: CR 7; Medium humanoid (human); HD 7d8+21; hp 60; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21, touch 10, flat-footed 21; Atk +5; Grp +6; Atk/Full Atk +6 melee (2d8+1d4+1, buzzaxe) or +5 ranged (1d12, steam-breather); SQ Steam engine, artificial part +3 (+2 attack bonus, +1 natural armor), 3 steam powers; AL NG; SV Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Climb +11, Craft (mechcraft) +15, Craft (inventing) +10, Disable Device +12, Heal +9, Knowledge (steam engines) +12, Profession (engineer) +9; Die Hard, Endurance, Skill Focus (Craft [mechcraft]), Skill Focus (Craft [inventing]).

Possessions: Splint mail, buzzaxe with lightning shocker, steam-breather, masterwork artisan's tools (inventing, mechcraft), papers with scribbled invention ideas.

DELLA'S CURATIVES, POULTICES, AND WONDERFUL CONCOCTIONS

Located in Topside, the small herb and alchemy shop ruin by Della Constance is a popular establishment among the people of Edge. While most city residents shop at Della's store for spices, herbal remedies, and candies, it carries far more useful goods for the discerning adventurer. Della Constance is an alchemist of no small skill, though most of her time is spent preparing perfectly mundane goods for the people of Edge. In her cellar she sells a different style of product: alchemical items and poisons. While many in Edge know her real business is not in candies and spices, few realize just how nefarious her mercantile activities are.

Della has been an alchemist and poisonmaker her entire life, or at least that's the story she tells. Many people underestimate Della due to her small frame and motherly disposition, but at her core Della is a seeker of knowledge who sees no value in anything else, including the lives of others. Her early days were spent as an assassin, but she retired when she became more interested in the finality of death as opposed to the means of causing it. Della seeks to know all there is about poisons, alchemy, and herbs with the hope of eventually finding a brew that will make her stop aging, or even reverse the process. At some point in her previous career, Della developed a strong dislike of arcane magic and those who practice it, and she does not allow wizards and their ilk into her cellar. Despite her dangerous and deadly past, Della is not a violent person and prefers not to dirty her hands

when she feels someone has become a problem. She has numerous clients willing to do so for store credit.

Della is continually making goods for sale or researching some new concoction. She takes no holidays and sleeps little, but is always ready with a smile when people come into her shop. Della has been known to hire adventurers to seek out rare herbs or recipes in the regions beyond Edge. She is more than willing to pay top coin for any interesting alchemical discoveries brought to her.

Della has a number of contacts within the drow of High Docks whom she trades recipes and poisons with, but she has few friends or allies in the city. Most of her real customers are traveling merchants, adventurers, or assassins. When possible, Della avoids selling poison to residents of Edge so as not to draw attention to herself, but she does regularly sell less morally questionable alchemical goods. To gain access to Della's poisons and alchemical concoctions takes a recommendation from a trusted customer or many months of visiting the store to earn her trust. If Della is threatened, she has a number of repeat customers, including some very skilled assassins, who will come to her aid.

DELLA'S ALCHEMICAL GOODS

ITEM	COST	CRAFT (ALCHEMY) DC
Blooding brew	10 gp	15
Bug stink	120 gp	25
Climbing glue	3 gp	15
Purgative	10 gp	15
Spiderbag	100 gp	30
Stink stick	40 gp	25
Stomach settler	12 gp	15
Water lightning	5 gp	25



Alchemical Goods

Blooding Brew: A popular brew with warriors, when drunk this solution releases a powerful coagulant into the imbiber's system, enabling their blood to clot quickly. For 1 hour after drinking the brew, the drinker has a 30% chance to stabilize each round when disabled. Once this hour is up, the drinker must make a DC 9 Fortitude save or suffer a mild heart attack and take 1d4 points of temporary Constitution damage.

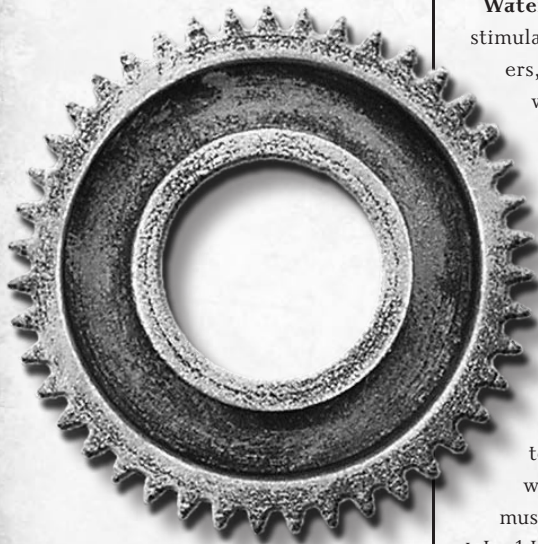
Bug Stink: Della originally developed this pungent candle as a way to keep bugs out of larders, but its smell had a rather unpleasant effect on nearby food. The candle, commonly called bug stink, has been used by some adventurers to ward off large insects. When a bug stink candle is lit, any creature of the vermin creature type must succeed at a DC 14 Will save to approach within 20 feet of the candle. This save may be attempted every round, and once made the creature is immune to all such candles for the next hour. If a vermin creature is within 20 feet of the candle when it is first lit, the creature must make a DC 14 Will save each round or flee outside the 20-foot radius. Once lit, the bug stink candle will burn for 1 hour.

Climbing Glue: A popular item with many of the porters and steppers, climbing glue is a viscous adhesive that is rubbed on the hands (and/or feet) before climbing. Applying the glue requires 1

minute and the glue grants a +4 bonus on Climb checks for 1 hour after application. The user gains a +2 bonus on opposed attack rolls to resist being disarmed. The user suffers a -4 penalty to Sleight of Hand checks while the glue is active. Removing the glue requires at least 1 minute of hard scrubbing, although alcohol dissolves it immediately.

Purgative: A rather unpleasant way to combat poison, a purgative helps a character throw up in the hopes of getting a poison out of their system before it does too much damage. When drunk by a character suffering from an ingested poison, a purgative grants the imbiber a second saving throw against that poison with a +4 bonus, but it automatically makes the character nauseated for 5 rounds. If the save is successful, the character takes no additional damage from the poison, having thrown it up before it could do secondary damage.

Spiderbag: An upgraded version of the tanglefoot bag, spiderbags are made using spidersilk from giant spiders of the underdeep. Spiderbags are used in the same fashion as tanglefoot bags except a DC 17 Reflex save is required to avoid being



DELLA'S POISONS				
POISON	TYPE	INITIAL DAMAGE	SECONDARY DAMAGE	PRICE
Blind brew	Injury DC 15	Blindness	Blindness for 1d4 hours	100 gp
Delaying additive	As poison	As poison	As poison	50 gp
Vertigo sink poison	Ingested DC 17	Vertigo (see above)	1d4 Dex	200 gp

glued to the floor or for flying creatures to remain airborne. Breaking the spider bag requires a DC 19 Strength check. Spiderbags turn brittle and break after 2d6 rounds, cracking and losing their effectiveness.

Stink Stick: A modified version of a smokestick, this item works in the same fashion. In addition, anyone caught in the smoke must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or become nauseated for as long as the creature remains in the smoke. Moving out of the smoke-filled area immediately removes the nauseated effect.

Stomach Settler: A substance made from milk and numerous types of fungus, stomach settler grants the drinker a +4 bonus on all saving throws to resist become nauseated for 1 hour after it is imbibed. If the character drinks or eats anything during this hour, the benefits of this brew are lost.

Water Lightning: Named for the stimulating effect it has on its consumers, water lightning is a drink filled with a secret blend of spices and plant extracts. A character drinking water lightning can recover from being fatigued with 1 hour of rest. It has no effect on characters who are exhausted. Water lightning is openly available for sale and many of Della's best customers for it are porters from the Stairkeepers Guild. If a character uses more than two doses of water lightning in a single day, he must make a DC 13 Fortitude save or take 1d4 points of temporary Dexterity damage due to the nervous shakes that overcome his body.

Poison

Blind Brew: A poison derived from a number of extracts from various cave creatures, blind brew renders the target temporarily unable to see. Favored by assassins and the particularly cruel, Della only sells it to special customers and considers it to be something of a signature item. In some assassin circles, using blind brew is referred to as "giving them Della's best."

Delaying Additive: A mixture that can be added to any poison before it is used, delaying additive keeps the poison from taking effect for 1 hour. Delaying additive may be used on any type of poison and has no effect on the delay between the initial and secondary damage. Mixing delaying additive into a poison requires a DC 10 Craft (alchemy) check. Failure means the both the poison and the delaying additive are rendered useless. There have been a few times Della has had to mix delaying additive poisons for clients, but she generally has those clients eliminated later in order to keep what she sees as idiots out of her shop.

Vertigo Sink Poison: Particularly useful in Edge, vertigo sink poison throws off the balance of the poison's victim, making it difficult for him to even stand up. It has been used in several murders on the cliff of Edge and some whisper that Ma Stonefoller is Della's best customer for vertigo sink. The poison is made from ingredients from across Highpoint that Della must pay a premium for, meaning that while it is an excellent way to kill someone in Edge without raising suspicion, the poison is hard to come by.

Characters who fail the saving throw against vertigo sink poison must make

a DC 10 Balance check each round to remain standing and a DC 20 Balance check to move. If the Balance check fails, the character falls to the ground and cannot stand again without succeeding at another DC 10 Balance check. If the character is making any other movement-related skill checks in the same round that she fails a Balance check, such as Climb or Jump, she has a -10 penalty to the other skill check. Thus characters given a glass of poisoned lemonade on the stairs of Edge may have a long fall ahead of them. While affected by vertigo sink poison, the character may fight, cast spells, and carry out any non-movement actions without difficulty.

Della Constance, female human
Rog5/Asn5: CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 10d6; hp 39; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Atk +6; Grp +5; Atk +8 melee (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger) or +7 ranged (1d4-1/19–20, dagger); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d4/19–20, +1 dagger) or +7/+2 ranged (1d4-1/19–20, dagger); SA Sneak attack +5d6, death attack; SQ Trapfinding, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge, poison use, +2 save against poison, improved uncanny dodge; AL LE; SV Fort +2, Ref +9, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 18, Wis 16, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Balance +7, Bluff +13, Climb +7, Craft (alchemy) +20, Craft (poisonmaking) +20, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +8, Gather Information +5, Hide +11, Intimidate +13, Knowledge (local) +15, Move Silently +11, Open Locks +9, Sense Motive +16, Spot +8; Skill Focus (Craft [alchemy]), Skill Focus (Craft [poisonmaking]), Stealthy, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Ring of protection +2, ring of invisibility, +1 dagger, 2 doses of wyvern poison, 2 doses of dragon bile, leather armor, 3 daggers.

Spells Known (4/3/1 per day; save DC 14 + spell level): 1st—*disguise self*, *detect poison*, *feather fall*, *obscuring mist*, *true strike*; 2nd—*cat's grace*, *invisibility*, *spider climb*, *undetected alignment*; 3rd—*false life*, *misdirection*, *nondetection*.

HICKORY, OAK, AND ASH

A trio of carved wooden beams stand Upright outside this simple Low Docks building, one of each wood that gives this shop its name. The shop's name is carved into (and through) each beam in Elven letters six inches high. When the sun is at the right angle, it spells out the shop's name in letters of light on the ground. The owner, an elf named Junulta, primarily trades wooden products from the L'arile Nation. She sometimes helps their agents in Edge and she regularly does business with the Jadeflower Trading Company.

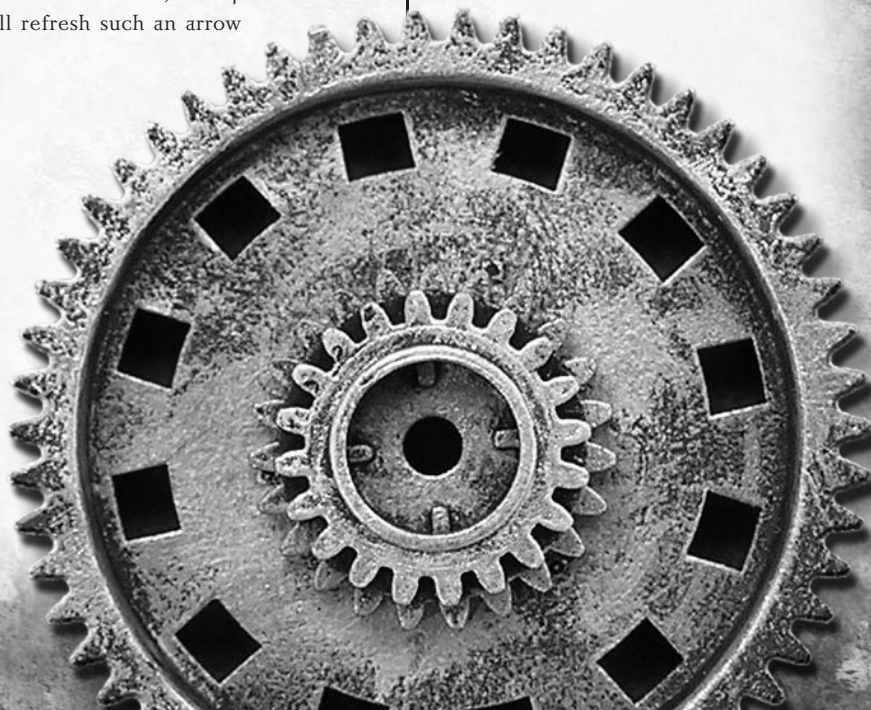
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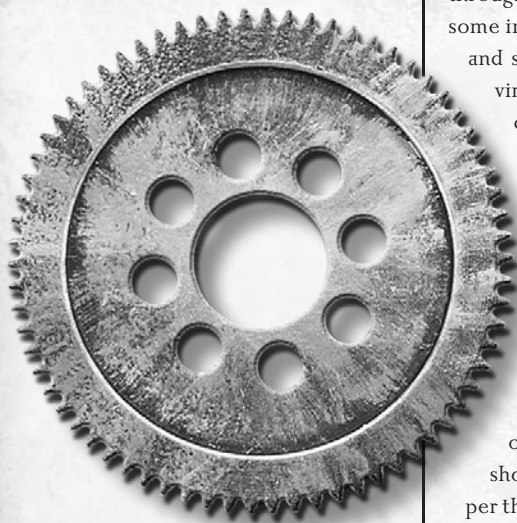
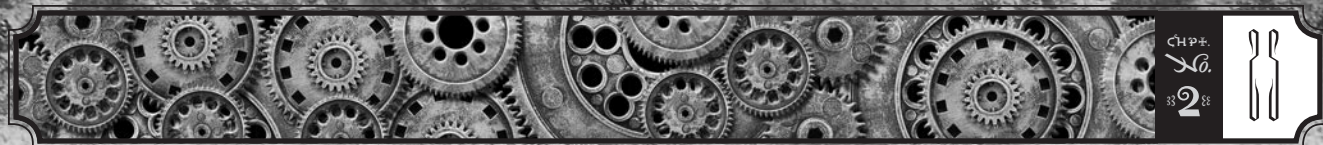
Alchemy Arrows: Made with heads of sharpened wood, these arrows are not as durable as their mundane counterparts. Their special purpose is to harm creatures who resist normal damage. Every alchemy arrow is considered to be both silver and cold iron for the purpose of overcoming damage reduction. Junulta creates these in her shop with a mixture that's been handed down in her family for generations. Each arrow retains its unusual property for one week before the mixture wears off, and Junulta will refresh such an arrow

for half the cost of buying a new one. Market Price: 8 sp each.

Barkboxes: These small boxes (6" by 4" by 3") have a rustic look, as each is made of bark-covered wood from one of the three trees that give the shop its name. When a command word is spoken, the box can be made to meld into larger objects made of the same wood. Trees, furniture, and even mechs are all possible recipients of a barkbox provided that they are large enough to entirely accommodate it. A barkbox reappears either when the command word is spoken or at the next sunrise, whichever comes first. Faint transmutation; CL 4th; Craft Wondrous Item, *pass without trace*. Market Price: 200 gp.

Oakheart Breastplate: Carefully carved from the heartwood of oak trees felled by natural disasters, each one is lighter and less restrictive than a typical breastplate. Druids are also permitted to wear them. The main drawbacks are that it doesn't provide as much protection as steel, and it is slightly more vulnerable to flame (the wearer has a -2 penalty to all saving throws against fire while wearing the armor). Oakheart breastplates are rare these days, as lunar meteors destroyed most of the trees that they were made from. Market Price: 320 gp.





Soarwood Bow: Junulta doesn't make these amazing bows, but they're the item she's best known for. Soarwood bows are composite longbows made of specially treated ash wood from the heart of Lilat Forest; the bows themselves aren't magical, but enchantments are woven around the groves of the forest. A soarwood bow is a masterwork weapon with a range increment of 150 feet and a minimum Strength bonus of +3. Shortbows are too small to be effective if made of soarwood. *Market Price:* 600 gp.

Wand of Power: An elven wizard has found a way to imbue wands with 5th-level arcane spells and Junulta occasionally has one or two for sale. Only special customers are permitted to buy these wands, which Junulta keeps locked up. Each *wand of power* has 20 charges of its chosen spell (they cannot hold more, nor can they be recharged in any known fashion). Junulta refuses to stock or sell *wands of power* from the schools of enchantment, evocation, or necromancy, saying she doesn't want to be responsible for any misuse of such dangerous magic. *Market Price:* 33,750 gp.

Junulta

Junulta seems like a typical elf to outsiders — her age is impossible to guess, her deep green eyes seem to look right

through you, and she's always smiling at some inner joke. She listens to everything and says little aside from extolling the virtues of her merchandise. Her only close companion is her familiar, an owl she calls Huichi. Junulta always has a pleasant greeting for customers, but otherwise she limits herself to answering questions and letting her merchandise sell itself. Some speculate that she's an agent of the L'arile Nation sent to gather information on other mechdoms, others say she's an assassin using the shop as cover, while still others whisper that she angered a coven of powerful druids who have sworn to kill her if ever she leaves the city. All agree that she's a remarkably skilled archer; occasionally she'll offer a custom-made longbow to a customer who can beat her in an archery contest.

Junulta, female elf Ftr6/Wiz6: CR 12; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 6d10+6d4-12; hp 37; Init +4; Spd 40 ft.; AC 18, touch 14, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +9; Grp +10; Atk +11 melee (1d8+2/x3, +1 spear) or +17 ranged (1d8+6+1d6/x3, +2 composite longbow [+1 Str] with +1 frost arrow); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d8+2/x3, +1 spear) or +14/+14/+9 ranged (1d8+6+1d6/x3, +2 composite longbow [+1 Str] with +1 frost arrow); SQ Low-light vision, elf racial traits; AL CG; SV Fort +6, Ref +8, Will +7; Str 13, Dex 18, Con 8, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4 (+6 with alchemy, +6 with bows and arrows), Concentration +8, Craft (alchemy) +19, Craft (bowmaking) +22, Jump +6, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (nature) +12, Listen +7, Search +4, Spot +7 (+10 in darkness), Survival +0 (+2 aboveground); Alertness (with Huichi), Combat Casting, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Far Shot, Manyshot, Point Blank Shot, Precise Shot, Rapid Shot, Skill Focus (Craft [bowmaking]), Weapon Specialization (longbow), Weapon Focus (longbow).

Possessions: +2 composite longbow (+1

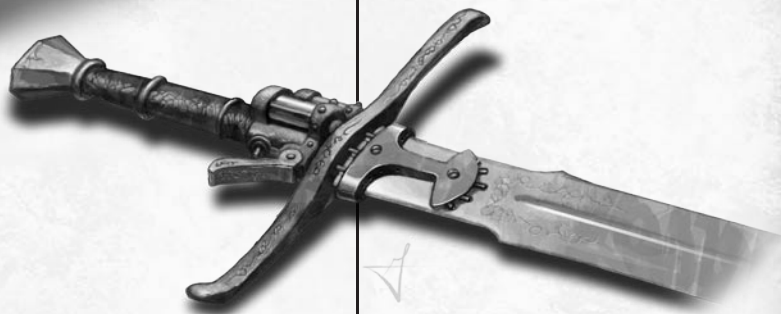
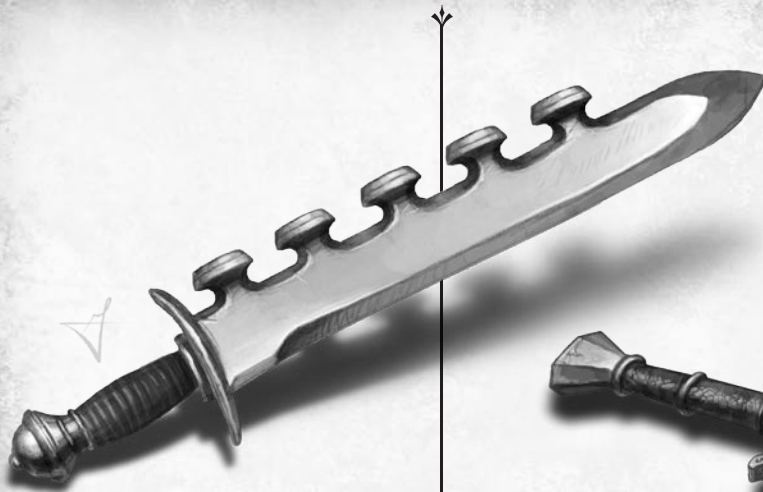
Strength), +1 spear, masterwork dagger, efficient quiver, 15 +1 frost arrows, 10 adamantine arrows, 25 alchemy arrows, 10 arrows, gloves of dexterity +2, bracers of armor +4, boots of striding and springing.

Spells Prepared (4/4/4/3; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—detect magic (2x), mending (2x); 1st—color spray, mage armor, true strike, unseen servant; 2nd—cat's grace, detect thoughts, protection from arrows, whispering wind; 3rd—flame arrow, hold person, keen edge.

IVISTI WEAPONS AND ARMOR

Located on the drow side of High Docks, Ivisti Weapons and Armor carries primarily drow weapons and armor and caters primarily to drow customers. Owned and operated by Diraz Ivisti, who is also the founder, this is one of the oldest businesses in Edge. It initially offered a wider selection of arms and armor, but with the influx of drow to the city, it has catered more toward their needs. According to neighborhood rumor Diraz Ivisti was an outcast from the drow homelands in the underdeep due to being on the wrong side of a political scandal, but when the drow came to Edge, he assisted in their acclimation to the city and was accepted back into the fold. Now Diraz is an ardent supporter of the drow in Edge, though he tries to stay out of political disputes within the factions of the drow. Diraz is a skilled swordsman and has been known to teach drow warriors on occasion, but now reaching his elder years he spends more time crafting swords than using them. This does not stop him from occasionally releasing a blistering verbal tirade at anyone who shows a lack of skill with a blade in his presence. The sarcasm and criticism of Diraz Ivisti is as sharp as any blade he has forged.

The Ivisti store itself is a large stone building that serves as storehouse, smithy, and showroom for Diraz's wares. While



Diraz is a respected swordsmith among his own people, he imports many of his other goods from craftsmen in the underdeep. In addition to the goods he carries, which includes masterwork weapons and armor of many types and a few specialty goods described below, Diraz can acquire almost any merchandise from the underdeep given enough time. He does keep a supply of poison on hand, but only sells it to his favored customers.

Diraz normally only does business with drow, but a few members of other races have wormed their way into his favor by doing him favors or proving themselves particularly useful to him. This often takes years of patience — and Diraz never suffers dwarves in his company. Outside of the drow of Edge, Diraz has no friends and few acquaintances, finding most other inhabitants of the city rude and uncivilized.

Armor

Cave Lizard Leather Armor: Made from the lizard mounts used by the drow of the underdeep, these light suits of armor are colored to blend in their surroundings when used in a subterranean environment. Cave lizard leather armor grants the wearer a +2 equipment bonus on Hide checks made in underground environments. These suits are normally only sold to drow assassins and spies, and any human wearing such a suit is likely to be eyed suspiciously by many in Edge.

Weapons

Diraz Rapier: A specially designed rapier, it has a number of black reflective surfaces along its blade that make it difficult to see when in motion. Diraz rapiers are considered masterwork

weapons and grant a +2 equipment bonus on all Bluff checks made when taking a feint action with them. Diraz rapiers are only available for Medium sized creatures.

Diraz Weaponbreaker: Similar to a short sword, this single-edged weapon has a number of large knobs across the back of its blade that can be used to entangle and break weapons. Diraz weaponbreakers are considered masterwork weapons and grant a +2 bonus to opposed rolls made during disarm and sunder actions. Diraz weaponbreakers are only available for Medium sized creatures.

Diraz Dagger: A small, thin bladed weapon, a diraz dagger is very difficult to spot when properly concealed in clothing or a boot. Characters attempting to find a diraz dagger hidden on a person suffer a -2 penalty on their Search or Spot checks. Diraz daggers are only available

DIRAZ IVISTI'S ARMOR

ARMOR	COST	ARMOR BONUS	CHECK PENALTY	MAX DEX BONUS	ARCANE SPELL FAILURE	SPEED		WEIGHT
<i>Light Armor</i>						30 FT.	20 FT.	
Cave lizard leather armor	130 gp	+3	–1	+6	10%	30 ft.	20 ft.	12 lb.



DIRAZ IVISTI'S WEAPONS

WEAPON	COST	DAMAGE	CRITICAL	RANGE	WEIGHT	TYPE
Simple Weapons						
Light Melee Weapons						
Diraz dagger	200 gp	1d4	19–20/x2	10 ft.	1 lb.	Piercing
Martial Weapons						
One-Handed Melee Weapons						
Diraz rapier	340 gp	1d6	18–20/x2	—	2 lb.	Piercing
Exotic Weapons						
Light Melee Weapons						
Diraz weaponbreaker	400 gp	1d6	19–20/x2	—	3 lb.	Slashing
Ranged Weapons						
Net	220 gp	—	—	10 ft.	5 lb.	—

for Medium sized creatures.

Spidersilk Net: Made from the silk of giant spiders and similar creatures, a spidersilk net functions in the same way as a normal net but is more effective due to the natural adhesive still present on the spidersilk. The DCs for Concentration checks to cast spells while entangled, for Escape Artist checks to escape the net, and for Strength checks to break the net are all increased by +5. The net has 10 hit points.

Other Goods

Shadow Candle: An item crafted only in the underdeep, shadow candles are an alchemical creation made from special fungi found only deep underground. When lit, the shadow candle emits no visible light, but creatures with darkvision who are within 10 feet of the candle can see twice as far as their darkvision would normally allow. Each candle only lasts for 1 hour. Market Price: 50 gp. Weight: 1 lb.

Blade Injectors: This modification may be added to any weapon during its construction. Blade injectors are small containers of poison connected to a nozzle that sprays the poison over the blade of the modified weapon, enabling poison to be quickly deployed with little warning. Activating a blade injector requires a standard action. The blade injector holds three doses of poison before it must be refilled. Anyone within 20 feet of a blade

injector when it is activated may make a DC 20 Spot check to notice the poison being deployed. Market Price: 45 gp.

Black Slas Spore Caltrops: These caltrops are coated in the spores of the black slas fungus. It causes intense pain in any wound it comes into contact with. If a creature takes damage from these caltrops, the creature must make a DC 14 Fortitude save to resist the effects of the poison. If this save fails, the character's movement is reduced to half normal and treating the wound requires a DC 20 Heal check. The effects of black slas spores wear off after 4 hours. Market Price: 100 gp. Weight: 5 lb.

Diraz Ivisti

A gentleman of leisure, Diraz Ivisti makes weapons and teaches skill with a blade for his own amusement, not for wealth. He is a stern and demanding teacher, always ready with a withering verbal assault for those students who disappoint him. Students who do so more than once are usually forced out by Diraz. The drow has become accustomed to a life of only moderate activity, but still thirsts for excitement. He occasionally challenges newcomers to Edge to duels to judge their prowess, hoping sometime soon he can find a worthy opponent.

Diraz Ivisti, male drow Rog4/Fgt4/Duelist5: CR 15; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 9d10+4d6+26; hp 103; Init +5;

Spd 30 ft.; AC 20, touch 20, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +12; Grp +13; Atk +20 melee (1d6+7/15–20/x3, +4 rapier of speed); Full Atk +20/+20/+15/+10 melee (1d6+7/15–20/x3, +4 rapier of speed); SA Sneak attack +2d6, precise strike +1d6; SQ Drow racial traits, SR 24, trapfinding, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge, canny defense, improved reaction, enhanced mobility, grace; AL LE; SV Fort +8, Ref +14, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Bluff +9, Climb +9, Craft (weaponsmith) +15, Intimidate +11, Jump +10, Listen +6, Perform (comedy) +9, Ride +10, Sense Motive +6, Spot +10, Swim +9, Tumble +13; Dodge, Expertise, Improved Critical (rapier), Improved Disarm, Mobility, Weapon Finesse, Weapon Focus, Weapon Specialization (rapier).

Possessions: Ring of protection +4, +4 rapier of speed, 2 vials of drow poison, 1 vial of wyvern poison.

SILVERHELM SMITHY

Located in the dwarven side of High Docks, the Silverhelm Smithy has a long tradition of quality workmanship that has been carried on for over a thousand years. The Silverhelm Smithy was originally based in a subterranean city and had been in business for over ten generations, but it was destroyed by the wars fought during the early days of the lunar rain. It moved to Edge 90 years ago, and is now run by Gorin Silverhelm and his four children, all but one of whom are highly skilled smiths. The lone exception, Olin Silverhelm, lacks a strong talent for the smithing arts and instead works the business side of the smithy, including making deals with customers. The Silverhelm Smithy sells to all customers except drow, who are not allowed to darken the smithy's door. Most of the Silverhelm Smithy's customers are dwarves and their goods are usually designed with dwarven aesthetics in mind, but a few members of

the Church of Fhurlin and the Graymanes shop here as well.

The Silverhelms are well known and respected in Edge and are fervent supporters of the other dwarves in Edge. Except for Olin, the Silverhelms are ardent dwarven traditionalists who believe that the city-mechs will eventually eliminate the dwarven way of life. Because of this, they do not particularly care for mech jockeys and coglayers, often charging them higher prices for their wares. Olin is not quite so old fashioned and simply sees the city-mechs as a phase in dwarven culture.

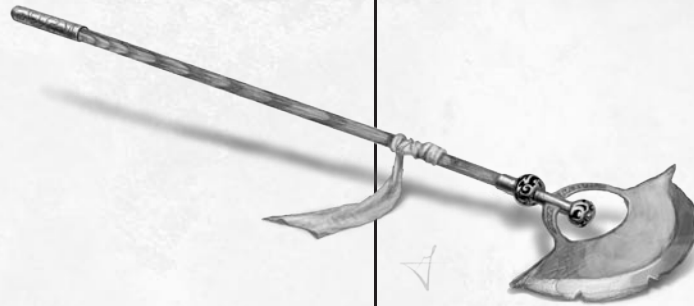
While all the Silverhelms except Olin are skilled smiths, they are also skilled wizards; they work to keep this a secret. The Silverhelms use their magical skills to produce ensorcelled weapons and armor, but they only sell these items to particular customers who have a long history with the smithy. The Silverhelms fear if their magical skills were public knowledge, they would attract much more attention from thieves in Edge and make themselves more of a target for their drow rivals.

The Silverhelm Smithy has most common weapons in stock and can make almost any other weapon within a few days. They have all types of axes and swords available as masterwork weapons and, given a few weeks, can usually create

other types of masterwork weapons. However, the smithy's specialty is traditional dwarven armaments as described below. All common types of medium and heavy armor are available as well.

Weapons

Avalanche Club: An ancient dwarven weapon that rarely sees use today, it is a large metal club so top heavy that only those of great strength and great stability may use it. Characters who have a Strength of less than 15 suffer a -2 penalty on attacks using an avalanche club, and races that do not have the stability racial trait suffer an additional -2 penalty. Characters attacking with avalanche clubs suffer a -2 penalty on opposed checks to attempt to disarm an opponent and on Bluff checks when taking a feint action.



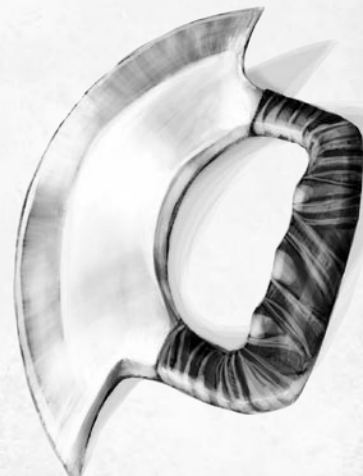
Bladespear: A bladespear is similar in appearance to a spear (it comes in short, normal, and long versions), but the head of the spear has been replaced with an axe-like half-circle blade. This transforms the bladespear into a slashing weapon. It is said to have evolved from the common shovel in a similar fashion to military pick weapons. Like several other armaments at the Silverhelm Smithy, it is a traditional dwarven weapon that does not see much use these days.

Fist Axe: One of the smaller traditional dwarven weapons, fist axes are close combat weapons that resemble axe blades with handles on the back of the blade, looking much like a bladed set of brass knuckles. Fist axes are considered martial arts weapons and are a traditional weapon of dwarven monks, who gain proficiency with them and can use them with their special monk abilities.

SILVERHELM WEAPONS

WEAPON	COST	DMG (S)	DMG (M)	CRITICAL	RANGE	WEIGHT	TYPE
Simple Weapons							
One-Handed Melee Weapons							
Short bladespear	10 gp	1d6	1d8	x2	—	4 lb.	Slashing
Two-Handed Melee Weapons							
Bladespear	15 gp	1d8	1d10	x2	—	7 lb.	Slashing
Long bladespear*	20 gp	1d8	1d10	x2	—	9 lb.	Slashing
Martial Weapons							
Light Melee Weapons							
Fist axe	80 gp	1d3	1d4	19-20/x3	—	2 lb.	Slashing
Exotic Weapons							
Two-Handed Melee Weapons							
Avalanche club	80 gp	1d10	2d6	19-20/x3	—	3 lb.	Bludgeoning
Warpick	45 gp	1d8	1d10	x4	—	12 lb.	Piercing

*THIS WEAPON IS A REACH WEAPON.



Warpick: A large two-handed pick similar in size to a greataxe, warpicks are a dwarven weapon specifically designed for use against constructs and similar creatures, attacking them as a miner does a stone wall. Warpicks are difficult to use and few non-dwarves grow accustomed to the top-heavy nature of the weapon. If the wielder of a warpick does not have the stability racial trait, the wielder suffers a -2 penalty on attack rolls made with the warpick. Warpicks ignore the first 3 points of hardness of any object they strike.

Armor

Heavy Griffon Barding: Recently the Graymanes have contracted with the Silverhelm Smithy to produce metal barding for the gnomes' griffon mounts. It took many rounds of trial and error to create armor that is light enough for the griffons to wear and yet thick enough to retain its protective qualities, but eventually they found a suitable mix of alloy and armor types. The majority of the heavy griffon barding is made up of metal plates, though there are sections of chain protecting the griffon's joints. The armor is thinner than normal plate mail



and is therefore less protective. While the only sets of heavy griffon barding made thus far have been for the Graymanes, the Silverhelm Smithy is willing to sell the barding to other customers. Heavy griffon barding does not interfere with the creature's ability to fly.

Lead Boots: A rarely used item of piecemeal armor, lead boots are an ancient dwarven type of footwear with

questionable tactical value. Lead boots are a pair of large, knee-high boots made completely out of steel and lead, making them extremely heavy. Lead boots make the wearer immune to caltrops and grant the wearer a +2 equipment bonus on ability checks made to resist being bull rushed or tripped when standing on the ground. Lead boots reduce the speed of the wearer by 5 feet.

Ramming Shield: Ramming shields are similar in construction to heavy shields, but are larger and have more weight concentrated around the grip of the shield. A short spike extends from the center of the shield. Ramming shields are designed to be held in front of the wielder when the wielder charges his enemies. The ramming shield grants its user a +2

AC bonus against attacks of opportunity provoked by the wielder taking bull rush or overrun actions. The ramming shield may also be used as a spiked shield.

Magical Items

The Silverhelms sell magic weapons and armor of up +2 enhancement bonus for 10% above the normal market price

SILVERHELM ARMOR

Armor	Cost	Armor/Shield	Armor Check	Arcane Spell	Speed		Weight
		Bonus	Penalty	Failure Chance	30 ft.	20 ft.	
Barding							
Heavy griffon barding	3,000 gp	+6	+1	−6	35%	—	100 lb.
Shields							
Ramming shield	45 gp	+2	+3	−4	20%	—	20 lb.
Extras							
Lead boots	25 gp	+1*	+4	−2	10%	—	20 lb.

*THIS ARMOR BONUS ONLY APPLIES WHEN THE WEARER IS WEARING LIGHT OR MEDIUM ARMOR.

of the item. They occasionally have more powerful items, but these are usually only custom made for special customers. Also the Silverhelms have perfected the following magical weapon special ability.

Crushing: A crushing weapon inflicts an additional +2d6 points of damage on any creature that is immune to critical hits or on any unattended item struck. Only bludgeoning weapons may become crushing weapons.

Gorin Silverhelm

A traditionalist in the strictest sense, if dwarves were not doing something a hundred years ago, Gorin has no interest in doing it now. He considers mechs an affront to the gods and wants nothing to do with them, despite what his son Olin says. Short-tempered and foul-mouthed, Gorin has little time for non-dwarves, especially those who think they know something of the smithing arts. Gorin is more patient with wizards, always looking to learn some new spells and techniques

when possible. Despite this interest, Gorin does keep his magical skills secret from casual acquaintances, fearing the attention they will attract.

Gorin Silverhelm, male dwarf Wiz9/ Ftr 3: CR 12; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 3d10+9d4+26; hp 70; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 13, touch 11, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +7; Grp +8; Atk +10 melee (1d10+3, x3, +2 *dwarven war axe*); Full Atk +10/+5 melee (1d10+3/x3, +2 *dwarven war axe*); SQ Dwarven racial traits, familiar (rat); AL LN; SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +9; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 18, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Climb +7, Concentration +11, Craft (blacksmith) +21, Craft (weaponsmith) +24, Craft (armorsmith) +24, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (Arcana) +13, Spellcraft +13; Alertness (with familiar), Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Rod, Craft Wand, Craft Wondrous Item, Iron Will, Power Attack, Skill Focus (Craft [armorsmith]), Skill Focus (Craft [weaponsmith]), Scribe Scroll, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: Bracers of armor +2, +2 *dwarven waraxe*, rod of thunder and lightning, masterwork artisan's tools (weaponsmith, armorsmith).

Spells Prepared (4/5/5/4/3/1; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—*detect magic*, *read magic*, *mage hand*, *mending*; 1st—*burning hands*, *endure elements*, *identify*, *magic missile*, *unseen servant*; 2nd—*bear's endurance*, *bull's strength*, *acid arrow*, *resist energy*, *see invisibility*; 3rd—*arcane sight*, *dispel magic*, *keen edge*, *lightning bolt*;

4th—*lesser globe of invulnerability*, *stoneskin*, *stone shape*; 5th—*permanency*.

TEZI'S DOJO

As much a school of combat as a shop for weapons, Tezi's Dojo is one of the few businesses in Edge that caters to Iron-tooth clansmen and monks. Run by Tezi Jai, a former monk turned Irontooth clan member after his original monastery was destroyed by the lunar rain, Tezi's Dojo is a place where one can find a calm space for meditation, training in the martial arts, or a good brawl (when needed). A strange mixture of quiet tranquility and raucous violence, Tezi's Dojo has been a presence in Low Docks for more than 50 years. It sits on the banks of the Endless River, some of which is diverted into the dojo grounds to supply a small garden, and is located in one of the farther sections of Low Docks. The building itself is a large structure containing meditation rooms, training areas, and a fully functioning smithy in addition to Tezi's own quarters.

Tezi Jai founded the dojo after suffering a severe leg injury that greatly reduced his effectiveness within his adopted clan. He settled in Edge, seeking to create a place where he could pass on his decades of experience to new students, half a dozen of whom can now be found in the dojo at any given time. While Tezi is only an adequate mech pilot, he is highly skilled in hand-to-hand combat, and Irontooth clansmen come from across Highpoint to learn his skills. Unfortunately, now Tezi is so ancient he is beginning to lose his mind and most of the instruction is done by his prized pupil, Gargi.

The dojo also makes and sells a wide variety of weapons favored by monks and the Irontooth Clans. Ever interested in new combat techniques, Tezi developed a number of new weapons over the years in the hopes of finding the perfect martial arts style, a quest he does not feel was successful. These weapons are sold to anyone who visits the dojo, but most residents

of Edge see Tezi as a crazy old man who associates with troublemakers, so many avoid him. Some of the children and adolescents of Edge have taken to hanging out in the dojo as a sign of rebellion against their parents, and several of these youngsters have begun taking martial arts lessons there. Due to Tezi's odd weapon designs, including several weapons that are designed to assist in boarding mechs, his work has unintentionally become popular with rust riders.

In addition to the goods listed below, most martial arts weapons can be found at Tezi's Dojo. The craftsmen of the dojo can produce masterwork weapons, but do not normally keep such weapons in stock.

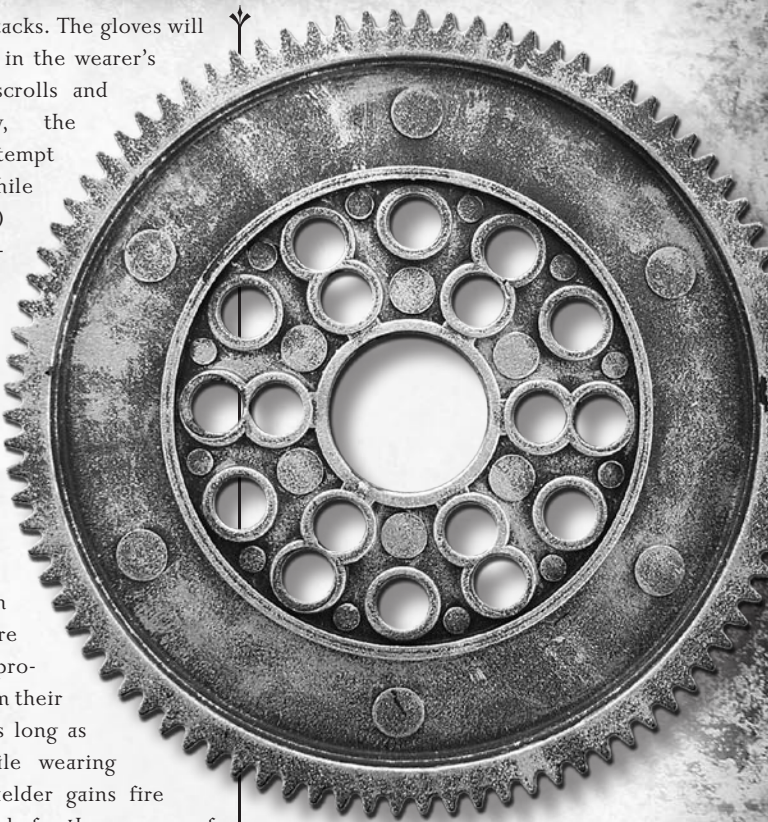
Weapons

Fire Gloves: Considered a foolhardy weapon by many, fire gloves are large leather and metal gloves that contain a reservoir of specially prepared oil built into the base of the glove. By opening a valve, the oil is allowed to flow over the gloves through a number of tubes, after which the wearer can bang the gloves together to scrape a small piece of flint on one glove against the steel of the other glove, lighting the oil on fire. The oil burns for 1 minute after it is lit, inflicting fire damage on anyone who comes into contact with the gloves, including tar-

gets of unarmed attacks. The gloves will also burn anything in the wearer's hands, including scrolls and rope. (Obviously, the wearer shouldn't attempt Heal skill checks while wearing the gloves.)

It takes a full-round action to remove the gloves, which will inflict 1d3 damage on the wielder if the gloves are still burning, and they cannot be extinguished without submerging them in water. The gloves are fire resistant and protect the wearer from their dangers, at least as long as they're worn; while wearing the gloves, the wielder gains fire resistance 3, but only for the purpose of resisting the gloves he is wearing. The oil used in fire gloves costs 10 gp per use.

Magnet Chain: A weapon favored by warriors who make a habit of boarding mechs, the magnet chain is a 10-foot length of chain with a ring on one end and a hook on the other. The hook and the 3 feet of chain closest to it have been mag-



netized, making the chain a valuable tool when trying to climb mechs. The wielder of the magnet chain gains a +4 bonus on Climb checks made to climb metal objects when using the magnet chain, and a +4 bonus on opposed attack rolls made to disarm an opponent (including the roll

Tezi Jai's Weapons							
Weapon	Cost	Dmg (S)	Dmg (M)	Critical	Range Increment	Weight	Type
Simple Weapons							
One-Handed Melee Weapons							
Pry dagger	10 gp	1d3	1d4	x3	10 ft.	1 lb.	Piercing
Exotic Weapons							
Special Weapons							
Spring spear	100 gp	Varies*	Varies*	x3	20 ft.	8 lb.	Piercing
Light Weapons							
Fire gloves	80 gp	1d2	1d3	x2	—	3 lb.	Fire
One-Handed Weapons							
Scissor sword	50 gp	1d6	1d8	19-20/x3	—	5 lb.	Slashing
Two-Handed Weapons							
Magnet chain	100 gp		2d4/2d4	x2	—	10 lb.	Slashing/Bludgeoning

*The spring spear either functions as shortspear, spear, or longspear.

to avoid being disarmed if such an attempt fails). The magnet chain is a martial arts weapon and can be used in conjunction with a monk's special abilities.

Scissor Sword: An unusual weapon developed by one of Tezi's students, the scissor sword is a longsword made of two different pieces, splitting the sword lengthwise. These two pieces are attached at a swivel joint where they cross at the pommel of the sword. When the handle of the sword is held tight, it functions as a normal longsword, but if the wielder slightly loosens his grip, the blade opens like a pair of scissors. Scissor swords grant the user a +2 bonus to opposed attack rolls made to disarm an opponent and to Bluff checks involved in taking a feint action. The scissor sword is a martial arts weapon and can be used in conjunction with a monk's special abilities.

Pry Dagger: Looking much like a chisel, the pry dagger is a dagger that has a flat, sharp point and a very thick blade. Pry daggers are designed to be stabbing weapons that can be used as a crowbar in a pinch, making them popular among warriors who board mechs.

Spring Spear: A recent weapon created by Tezi's student Gargi, the spring spear is a telescoping pole attached to a spear head that may be quickly changed in length to suit the situation. Spring spears may be used as shortspears, spears, or long spears, but changing between the types of spear requires a move action. Also, spring spears contain a single high-tension spring that can be used to deliver one extra-powerful strike during a combat, granting the wielder a +4 attack and damage bonus as a free action. This must be declared before the attack roll is made. It requires 10 minutes to reset the high-tension spring. The spring spear is a martial arts weapon and can be used in conjunction with a monk's special abilities.

Tezi Jai, male human Mnk12/Mcj4: CR 16; Medium Humanoid (human); HD 12d8+4d6-32; hp 34; Init +3; Spd 10 ft.; AC 20, touch 20, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +12; Mech Atk +8; Grp +15; Atk +11

melee (2d6-1, unarmed strike); Full Atk +11/+11/+11/+6/+1 melee (2d6-1, flurry of blows); SA Flurry of blows, ki strike (lawful); SQ Evasion, still mind, slow fall 60 ft., purity of body, wholeness of body, improved evasion, diamond body (SR 22), greater flurry, abundant step, extraordinary pilot, mech fingers – warrior instinct, hand speed, patchwork repair, push the envelope 1/day; AL LN; SV Fort +7, Ref +15, Will +14; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 6, Int 16, Wis 20, Cha 10.

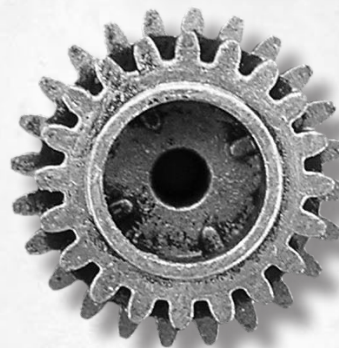
Skills and Feats: Balance +13, Climb +14, Craft (mechcraft) +10, Craft (weapon-smith) +18, Diplomacy +15, Hide +8, Jump +9, Mech Pilot +10 (+14), Move Silently +8, Sense Motive +20, Spot +7, Tumble +18; Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Improved Disarm, Improved Grapple, Improved Trip, Improved Sunder, Mechi-dextrous, Mechwalker, Mobility, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Stunning Fist, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Robes, walking stick, tribal decorations.

TURNSCREW TINKERS

This shop has no connection to the notorious Egwerd TurnscREW, but they regularly send him small gifts and bribes in the hope that they can continue using his name without complaint. The tinkers in this shop in lower Cliffside are a quartet of unscrupulous sorts (two gnomes, a dwarf, and a kobold) who do shoddy repair work for very affordable rates. They also buy and sell used steam-powered equipment without asking too many questions.

The four individuals who operate this shop are the quiet gnome Siliviar Clockthrottle, her braggart husband Moddick Clockthrottle, the impatient dwarf Gunnloda, and the sly kobold Umbep Scalefire. Moddick or Gunnloda usually deal with customers — he's eager to show off everything the tinkers have in stock, while she's in a hurry to get their money and move them out the door. Umbep often handles



transactions with shadier clients, a stereotypical role that he's resigned himself to playing. All three have some skill at coglaying, and Umbep possesses a touch of sorcery, but the brains of the operation undoubtedly belong to Siliviar. Her statistics are given below. The others are: Moddick (cog3), Gunnloda (cog2), Umbep (cog2/sor2). An unsteady-looking clockwork puppet called Scraps assists the four in their operations and guards the shop after hours. Siliviar created and maintains it, and she also uses it for other missions around Edge as explained below.

Merchandise

Steam Powers and Gear: The shop does a brisk trade in steam armaments, as well as steam powers and their components. What they don't have in stock today, the tinkers can usually get within a week. All such items are at best secondhand and few have been maintained carefully. Steam powers and steam gear bought from this shop cost 20% less than list price. However, if a natural 1 is rolled on any d20 roll while using these secondhand items, they automatically stop working and require repairs. If a secondhand steam power is part of a larger combination, the entire combination fails to work until the malfunctioning component is repaired. Wise steamborgs don't buy their innate steam powers from TurnscREW Tinkers.

Mech Weapons: In the grimy back



room, the tinkers often have two or three mech weapons of Gargantuan or smaller size scattered around in pieces. They'll be happy to rebuild and sell them to customers who don't ask questions; nosy types will be told that the weapons are a "special commission" and ushered out of the shop. These weapons have the same low cost and unreliability as the steam gear described above. The tinkers only sell commonplace mech weapons with mechanical parts: bomb launchers, bore punchers, buzzsaws, chain tentacles, flame nozzles, lobster claws, steam-breathers, and steam cannons.

Alchemist's Chattersword: It's as dangerous to the wielder as to anyone else, but for sheer intimidation value it's hard to beat this blade. This original Turnscrew Tinkers creation combines a chatterword with a reservoir that dispenses alchemist's fire while the blade is in motion. On a successful hit, the blade inflicts 1 point of fire damage in addition to the usual 2d6 slashing damage. Every time a strike with the alchemist's chatterword misses, however, the wielder must make a Reflex save (DC 15) or take 1 point of fire damage from the spray. One vial of alchemist's fire can be emptied into the reservoir, providing enough flame for 12 rounds of operation. If an alchemist's chatterword is sundered or otherwise destroyed while it has any fire in the reservoir, the weapon explodes, inflicting 1d6 fire damage on everyone within 10 feet (Reflex save DC 15 for half). *Market Price:* 185 gp.

Slugsprayer: The tinkers only have one of these odd weapons, which they hope to sell to either the Stenians or the Legion; they bought it from the endless traders and didn't ask questions. It looks like a small steam cannon connected to a large bin by an elaborate system of pulleys and conveyors; the bin is full of metal projectiles about twice the size of steam gun ammunition. When powered up, the contraption should be able to spit bullets out at unheard-of speed. Right now it doesn't work at all, and since the

tinkerers acquired it instead of inventing it, they don't know how to make the necessary repairs. The unusual size of the ammunition means that it would have to be hand-crafted, further reducing its utility. If restored to working order (requiring a Craft [blacksmithing] check of at least DC 35), the slugsprayer has the same statistics as a steam gun, except that it can fire as many times per round as the user's attack bonus permits. *Market Price:* 3,500 gp as is; if repaired, the slugsprayer could fetch 10 times that.

Siliviar Clockthrottle

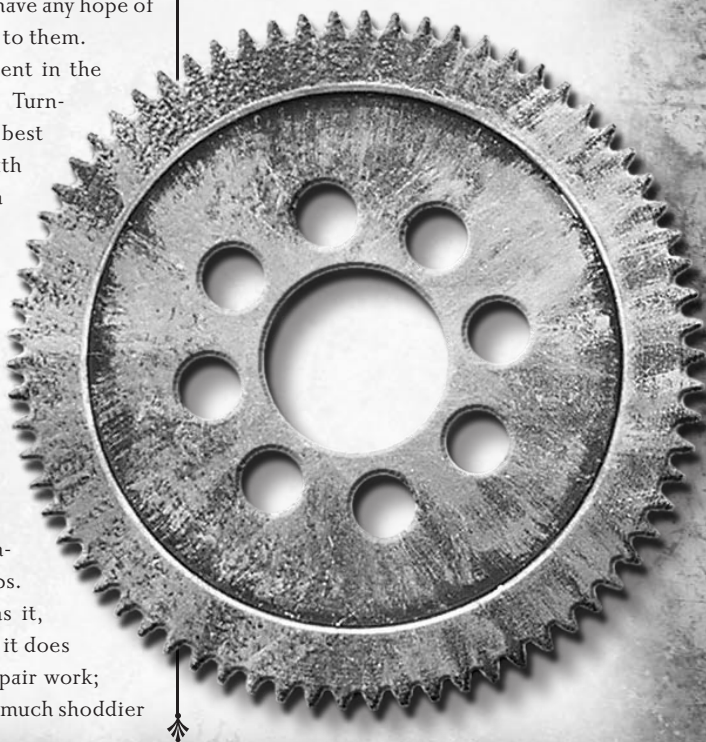
Like many coglayers, Siliviar Clockthrottle is happier dealing with machines than with people. The only reason she married Moddick was that he spoke the language of steam — but not quite as well as she does, a distinction Siliviar works to maintain. Edge has better and more honest coglayers than her, but none of them are allowed to work in her shop. She lets the others handle most of the interaction with outsiders. Only longtime customers who don't complain about poor workmanship have any hope of hearing Siliviar say a word to them.

Most of her time is spent in the cluttered workroom of Turnscrew Tinkers. She's the best mechanic and blacksmith of the quartet, and when they're actually worried about getting the job done right for a high-paying client, Siliviar handles it all herself. The others have learned to simply follow her lead. The individual she trusts most isn't her husband nor her old acquaintance Gunnloda, but the rickety Scraps. She built it and maintains it, and under her instruction it does a surprising amount of repair work; Scraps is designed to look much shoddier

than it really is. Siliviar recently outfitted it with a hidden optical orb so that she could send it around the city on errands that double as spying missions. So far she's only used Scraps to check out what the shop's competitors are doing, but if Umbep brought in the right sort of client, she'd expand her operation.

One of Siliviar's other steam creations bears mentioning. She integrated a rotator arm into a drill, giving her a fierce-looking melee weapon that whirls and spins and buzzes in an alarming fashion. Siliviar avoids combat, and if pressed into melee prefers to use a club, but she's found that this unnerving device is a good tool for intimidation. She often wears a suit of gearmail as well.

Siliviar Clockthrottle, female gnome
Cog4: CR 4; Small humanoid (gnome); HD 4d4+8; hp 19; Init +1; Spd 15 ft.; AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +2; Grp -3; Atk/Full Atk +2; Grp -3; Atk +2 melee (1d4-1 club) or +5 ranged (1d8 steam gun); SQ Low-light vision, gnome racial traits, machine empathy; AL NE; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +6; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 8.



Skills and Feats: Appraise +3 (+5 with blacksmithing, +5 with mecraft), Craft (blacksmithing) +12, Craft (mecraft) +18, Craft (weaponsmithing) +5, Disable Device +10, Heal +5, Knowledge (mechs) +16, Knowledge (steam engines) +17, Listen +9, Mech Pilot +8, Profession (engineer) +5, Search +6, Spot +4; Craft Steam Gear, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (flame nozzle, steam gun), Gearhead, Mech Weapon Proficiency (steam cannon), Skill Focus (Knowledge [steam engines]).

Steam Powers: Scraps (clockwork puppet + clockwork puppet + animator + discriminator + voice command + optical orb), imagemaker, ranger (on her steam gun), integrated drill and rotator arm.

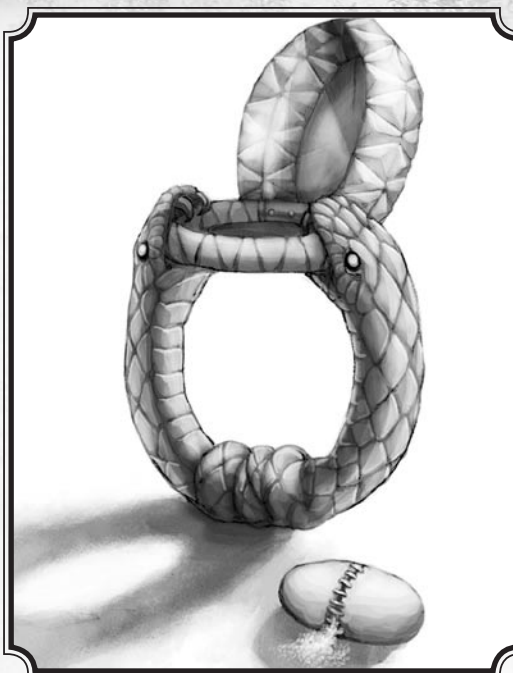
Possessions: Masterwork steam gun, club, gearmail, masterwork artisan's tools (blacksmithing, mecraft).

TWILIGHT CURIOS

A slathem named Fenjas manages this Cliffside shop, although the drow of House Envlock are its secret owners. They use Twilight Curios to sell surplus merchandise, exotic underdeep items, and untraceable stolen goods. Twice weekly, Fenjas closes the shop and spends the day traveling up and down the city, selling portable items to curious buyers in every district. Even the dwarven trading clans look forward to his visits.

Merchandise

Antidote Ring: This gaudy ring's name is slightly misleading. The large semi-precious stone on top is hollow. It flips backward on a hinge to reveal a pill-like concentrated dose of alchemical antitoxin, which can be swallowed to help ward off poisons. This smaller dosage only confers benefits for 20 minutes. Each antidote ring comes with one dose for



free, and Fenjas sells replacements. Market Price: 75 gp for a ring and one dose of antitoxin; 50 gp each for replacement antitoxin pills.

Blacktorch: A strange underdeep version of *continual flame* has been cast upon this twisted iron rod. It flickers with a black energy that looks like the shadows thrown by a guttering torch. Anyone with darkvision who stands within 20 feet of a *blacktorch* gets a 20-foot bonus to their darkvision's range. This enhancement isn't magical, although the *blacktorch* itself is, and the effect is destroyed if any amount of light is visible. Market Price: 150 gp.

Clockwork Spider: A popular purchase among first-time visitors to Edge, these toys are the size of a gnome's hand. When wound, they lurch forward on their eight mechanical legs for half a minute or so. With some ingenuity and a Craft (blacksmithing) or Craft (mecraft) check (DC 20), a clockwork spider could be equipped with a poisoned needle that would strike when the toy is picked up. Fenjas never sells ones with such equipment, but for a decent bribe, he'll point the buyer to a High Docks craftsman who will make the adjustment. Market Price: 15 gp.

Duerger Dust: Each pouch of this substance contains a mixture of glistening mica flakes, granules of carbon, and a greasy powder that defies recognition. It has two useful properties. The dust shows up clearly to those using darkvision, so it can be thrown in the air or scattered on the ground to make invisible things easier to find even deep underground. One pouch can also be thrown at a target as a ranged touch attack with a maximum range of 20 feet. If it hits, the target must make a Fortitude save (DC 13) or be nauseated for 1d3 rounds. This effect is considered a mild poison, so bonuses against poison and immunity to poison apply. Market Price: 50 gp.

Fey Brooch: When a command word is uttered, this spiraling silver brooch outlines its wearer in green *faerie fire*. The effect acts as if it were cast by a 5th-

level druid, and it endures for 5 minutes or until the command word is spoken again. A *fey brooch* can be used once per day. Note that anyone in earshot can speak the command word to activate or deactivate this power, not just the wearer. Faint evocation; CL 3rd; Craft Wondrous Item, *faerie fire* or drow creator. Market Price: 360 gp.

Moleskin Cloak: House Envlock is happy to sell these enchanted cloaks, but its members never wear them. The *moleskin cloak* is made of tough silk and lined with thick luxurious black fur. It grants the wearer a +5 bonus to all Hide checks made while underground. However, all drow receive a +5 bonus to Spot checks made to find the wearer, a magical property that House Envlock doesn't advertise. Faint illusion; CL 3rd; Craft Wondrous Item, *invisibility*, creator must be a drow. Market Price: 2,000 gp.

Pick of the Motherlode: This one-handed item is a boon to prospectors, for its crystalline head searches out gems and precious metals on its own. All Profession (miner) and Craft (mining) skills made while using this pick get a +2 competence bonus. The pick is designed for mining rather than combat, so if it's used as a

weapon, treat it as a light pick with a x2 critical multiplier. Faint divination; CL 7th; Craft Wondrous Item, *locate object*. Market Price: 8,000 gp.

Fenjas

Fenjas was born in a slathem city far to the south. He left home at an early age; a group of wandering dwarven peddlers and their exotic mech stoked the wanderlust in his heart. He drifted north for a time, eventually taking his travels underground to escape the lunar rain. In the underdeep he fell in with a mercenary band of drow who taught him their larcenous ways in return for his help obtaining certain treasures from an underwater stronghold. Once he'd helped the drow and learned their secrets, he secretly went to their enemies and sold them out. The drow adventurers died horrible deaths at the hands of their rivals, and Fenjas found himself with more money than he could easily spend.

Edge calls to people with that kind of money. Bearing a testimonial letter from his new drow allies — and dodging hired killers looking to avenge the group he betrayed — he came to the city and ingratiated himself with House Envoloek. They found his story amusing, and before

long they had come up with a way to make use of him. It pays well, and his employers keep the assassins away from him, so Fenjas is happy to stay put for a while. His conscience occasionally bothers him, but so far he's been able to soothe it with money; he isn't evil so much as wilfully amoral. His time with the drow gave him a preference for their style of dress and way of fighting, and this has given him a very interesting reputation around Edge.

As a note, Fenjas deliberately uses very little magical equipment.

While it's obvious to most people that the slathem works closely with one or more drow houses, House Envoloek doesn't want too many clues pointing to their connection with him.

Fenjas, slathem Rog5: CR 5; Medium humanoid (slathem); HD 5d6; hp 22; Init +1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +3; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +5 melee (1d6+1/18-20, masterwork rapier) or +5 ranged (1d4+poison/19-20, masterwork hand crossbow); SA Sneak attack +3d6; SQ Amphibious, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny

dodge; AL N; SV Fort +1, Ref +5, Will +0; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +11, Bluff +11, Diplomacy +10, Disguise +3 (+5 in character), Forgery +9, Gather Information +11, Hide +7, Intimidate +7, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +6, Move Silently +7, Profession (merchant) +10, Sense Motive +4; Persuasive, Skill Focus (Profession [merchant]).

Possessions: Masterwork rapier, masterwork dagger, masterwork hand crossbow, 10 bolts, masterwork buckler, 3 doses of drow knockout poison, *ring of protection* +1, antidote ring.

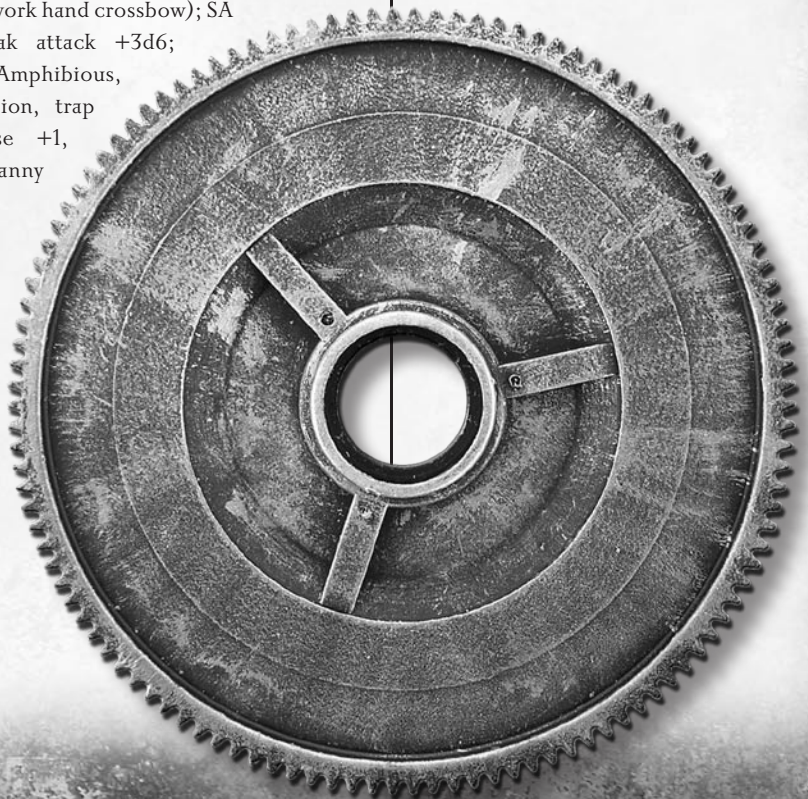




PLATE 4 *Edge is really several different settlements that co-exist peacefully (most of the time).*



FROM THE GROUND UP

THE CITY OF EDGE IS DIVIDED INTO FOUR DISTRICTS. EACH ONE HAS ITS OWN CHARACTER, ITS OWN NEIGHBORHOODS, AND ITS OWN WAY OF TAKING MONEY OUT OF YOUR POCKET. THEY ARE PRESENTED HERE THE WAY MOST (THOUGH HARDLY ALL) FIRST-TIME VISITORS SEE THEM — STARTING AT THE EAST END WITH LOW DOCKS, THEN CLIMBING CLIFFSIDE, FOLLOWED BY A STOP IN HIGH DOCKS AND FINALLY REACHING TOPSIDE. AFTER THAT, THE AREA AROUND THE CITY IS BRIEFLY DESCRIBED FOR THOSE RESTLESS SOULS WHO CAN'T FIND SATISFACTION WITHIN EDGE ITSELF.

LOW DOCKS

LAYOUT

The sprawling Low Docks area rests near the base of Edge's waterfall, though the main port lies 200 yards from the cliff, where the water is deep enough for the keels of most boats. Low Docks very much caters to the business of trading, meaning that mostly warehouses dot the landscape, although some taverns and inns can be found as well; the better entertainment venues and more interesting shops in Edge lie in High Docks and Topside, requiring passage up the cliff.

Most of the buildings here are made of stone, though the halfling hovels are made of mud-brick. The great cliffside looming above Low Docks does an enviable job of warding off most of the lunar rain. Particularly dense meteor storms may cause damage to Low Docks, but for the most part, the area from the cliff to roughly 300 yards out is fairly safe at night.

The port bustles with laborers loading ships with goods ushered down from High Docks and unloading goods to be trekked

up the cliff. As in High Docks, the Endless River divides the port into two sections. The drow do not have a foothold here, but the halflings do. These little beings have long made their home along the Endless River, and they refused to be left out of the mercantile bonanza that Edge has become. To this end, they built the toll roads leading from east of Low Docks to the cliff.

While it would appear that trading goods in Edge can be expensive — and it is — the returns received are far greater than anywhere else in the world, so few merchants complain.

LOCATIONS

The North and South Roads

The halflings families of Edge own these toll roads. Merchants traveling by land, or shipping merchants who do not want to load their goods into smaller boats and barges (also halfling-owned) to reach the city, must pay to have them transported along the North or South Road (so called because they lie respectively north and south of the river, though they actually run east and west), depending on where they docked their boat.

Halfling crews work diligently to main-

tain these roads, which run from the halfling communities further east of the river to Low Docks and Cliffside, where merchants can pay the various Stairkeepers to move their wares up and down the cliff.

Warehouse District

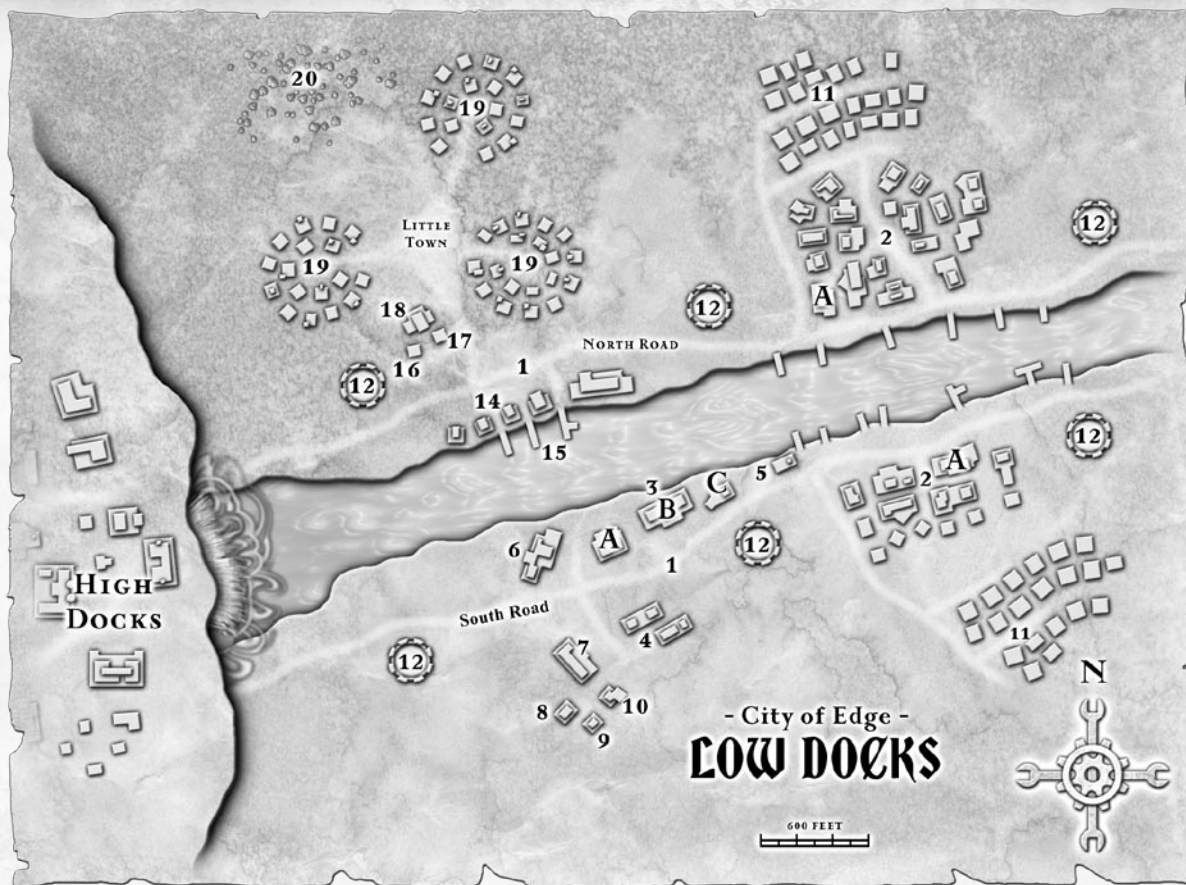
Large buildings of various sizes line the center of the port on both sides of the Endless River. The dwarves of Edge, particularly the Fralief clan, have a monopoly on the warehouse districts in Low Docks. Magic, traps, and the clans' guards protect the buildings from would-be thieves. An administrative building (Area 2A) housing the warehouse master lies within each warehouse district.

Warehouse Master

These buildings house the warehouse master and the warehouse clerks. Dahlia Duerok (Exp6), a portly, no-nonsense dwarf with thin graying hair, runs the northern warehouse. Seven clerks assist her. She employs more than 60 laborers of various races, who move the goods to the directed warehouses.

Geitter Fralief (Exp5/Brd2) runs the southern warehouse, and he employs eight clerks and 65 laborers. Geitter is a middle-aged dwarf with golden hair and blue eyes. He always has a smile on his face, a good attitude, and he wears brightly colored clothing of oranges, blues, and yellows. He's always happy because business in Edge is good! Despite his riches and finery, he can curse and carouse with the best of them. In fact, Geitter also owns the Dancing Dockhand (Low Docks, Area 5), one of the rowdiest taverns in Edge, where he occasionally performs on his lute and tells amusing bawdy stories.

These administrative buildings also contain apartments for the families of those overseeing the warehouses. The laborers live in the small houses in Area 11.



Auction House District

People in Edge buy and sell almost anything, and these auction houses specialize in specific types of goods. Admission to the White and Green Houses costs 2 sp (the Silver House costs 10 gp), and those admitted are given a stick with a wooden placard attached that has black numbers upon it for bidding purposes. As the bidders change daily, the numbers are recorded daily. Merchant houses often buy annual memberships to the auction houses, and they are given a standard — a forked rod that bears their house's symbol on a golden flag in the fork's center. Those with annual memberships have their own section in the front of each auction house. Those sections have plush seats and servants who deliver food and wine to the auction house's special guests.

The White House

This auction house got its name from the white flags that hang over its entrance. Any non-living, non-magical goods are auctioned off in this building. One can purchase crafted items, artwork, books, standard and exotic fabrics, spices, hides, weapons, armor, metals, gems, dry foodstuffs, rare wines, and other such items within.

The Green House

A green flag flies over the entrance of this auction house, and one can purchase almost any living thing within, including slaves, pets, livestock, captured monsters, and exotic plants. Foods susceptible to spoilage are also sold in bulk here.

The Silver House

A silver flag flies over this heavily guarded auction house. In addition to the guards, mundane and mystical traps protect much of this building, which auctions off items of magic. Admission to this building costs 10 gp, and all those admitted are stripped of weapons, magic items, and spell components. These items are kept in locked chests and armoires until their owners leave the building.

L'arile Nation sympathizers have a stake in this auction house, as does a guild of fairly benign svirfneblin; many of the items sold at the Silver House come direct from either the underdeep or the northern forests, though magical items from all over the world funnel through here. Extremely valuable and rare items occasionally make their way through this building, but no minor or major artifacts can ever be purchased here.



LOW DOCKS AREA NUMBERS

1. The North and South Roads
2. Warehouse District
- 2A. Warehouse Master
3. Auction House District
- 3A. The White House
- 3B. The Green House
- 3C. The Silver House
4. Fralief Mech Hangars
5. The Dancing Dockhand
6. Serenity's Edge
7. Golden Orb Inn
8. Alinfa's Ale House
9. The Laughing Dwarf Tavern
10. Jilted Jaques'
11. Laborer's Houses
12. Forts

Little Town

13. Kailyn's Carts
14. Little Town Market
15. Little Town Docks
16. Happy Halfling Tavern
17. Tiny's Tavern
18. Little Town Inn
19. Halfling Hovels
20. Orchards

Fralief Mech Hangars

Members of the dwarven Fralief Clan own these two mech hangars. While the hangars house a few of their personal mechs, the clan rents space in the hangars at the prices listed below. Guards and magical wards protect the mech hangars. The guardian mech Vadistock is often berthed here — free of charge, of course.

Hangar Space Rentals

MECH SIZE	PER DAY PRICES
Large	6 sp/day
Huge	9 sp/day
Gargantuan	15 sp/day
Colossal	20 sp/day

The Dancing Dockhand

Warehouse owner Geitter Fralief also owns the Dancing Dockhand tavern, which lies just off the southern dock area. This tavern caters to the hard-laboring dockworkers who toil this part of Edge, so it is a very rowdy place. The dockhands don't take kindly to rich-looking folks hanging out in their tavern, so you won't find many merchants mingling among this blue-collar crowd. Well-dressed adventurers would do well to avoid the tavern, in fact, unless they are looking for a fight. The tavern's close presence to the docks should alert travelers to its feisty nature.

The food here is just barely acceptable, and the booze is quite cheap (but watered down).

Serenity's Edge

This two-story inn caters to the merchants of Low Docks, mainly those just wishing to unload and load cargo without much excitement or incident (else they'd stay in High Docks or Topside). The human innkeeper, Tathe Loder (Rog4/Exp3; formerly known as Milos Gorosk), owns the inn. At 24, Tathe, a former member of a mech tribe, is very young to be owning his own place, but he fortuitously came into some serious wealth when he stumbled through a hole and into the cave home of a recluse who formerly served as a gearwright in the area of the Stenian Confederacy. The gearwright had died alone in the hole, and he left behind a sack of valuable gems and tomes filled with gearwright secrets. Tathe (then Milos Gorosk) sold the latter for a tidy sum, changed his name, and high-tailed it to Edge, where he invested his money in an inn. Although the inn has thrived, Tathe fears his fortune may come to an end if the Gearwrights Guild ever finds him and punishes him for releasing their secrets.

Tathe is a human of average height. He formerly had long dark hair, but he now keeps his head shaved and wears common clothes — nothing that would attract

attention. He is kindly and conversational, but he never really talks about himself, always directing the conversation back to whomever he is speaking with. Tathe has a good pulse on what's going on in the area, as he keeps his ears open, but he has so far not returned to his former roguish ways.

The inn houses a tavern within. Only those staying at the inn may frequent the tavern, as Tathe prefers to keep the riff-raff out. Anyone fighting or being verbally abusive is removed from Serenity's Edge. Tathe takes the peaceful name of his establishment very seriously.

The prices at Serenity's Edge are as per the PHB, but some exotic foods and wines are available at higher prices than the standard fare.

Golden Orb Inn

This two-story inn houses those most interested in attending the auctions. Alinfa D'Ralienra (Sor7/Rog9), an elf from the L'arile Nation, runs the Golden Orb. With strong ties to the Silver House, she helps spread the word about any unusual magical items arriving there that might be of interest to her clientele. Should her servants overhear any plots to attack the auction house, Alinfa does her best to foil them. Many of those working for Alinfa are rogues and bards. They help her collect information about what's going on in the world, especially in regard to who's moving items of interest to Alinfa, like gems and magical items.

The rooms at the Golden Orb Inn are decorated in red and gold tapestries. The furniture is fine and comfortable. While the inn does not have a tavern within, it does house several private smoking rooms, where servants serve drink and food.

Alinfa is a thin, comely woman with silver-blond hair and violet eyes. Alinfa also owns Alinfa's Ale House (Area 8), where she spends a great deal of her time when not at the auction houses.

Alinfa's Ale House

Alinfa D'Ralienra, owner of the Golden Orb Inn (Area 7), also owns this tavern, whose atmosphere is much better than the Laughing Dwarf (Area 9), but her brother Gilrile D'Ralienra (Rog7) actually runs it. Though the tavern specializes in imported L'arile ale and mead, any type of alcohol can be found here. The food is of good quality, and many elven dishes are available here. An elven bard usually entertains the crowds in Alinfa's establishment, and prices here are generally 10 percent higher than those listed in the PHB.

Gilrile appears to be a high-classed gentleman of some means. He has silver-blond hair like his sister, with very sharp, hawk-like features and a goatee. Gilrile helps Alinfa gain information on the merchants and adventuring groups traveling through Low Docks. They have a network of rogues who travel Edge's upper levels, and they have connections to drow houses in the underdeep.

The Laughing Dwarf Tavern

The Laughing Dwarf welcomes merchants, dockhands, and adventurers alike. This is a no-frills tavern: The prices are standard, the fare is standard, and there's nothing fancy about the one-story place. The owner, a dwarf named Jonis Keeter (Rgr4/Exp4), doesn't even offer any musical entertainment to his patrons, just his jovial laugh for which the place is named.

Jonis is a round dwarf of 110 years. His brown beard is streaked with some gray. A scar runs under his right eye, a wound he received during his days as a mercenary soldier. He has a friendly personality, and he enjoys spending time with patrons who make him laugh. In fact, making Jonis laugh usually earns a few free drinks.

Jilted Jaques'

Jaques Mandro (Ftr8/Exp3) opened his tavern in Edge after his betrothed left him for another man three days before their wedding. Afterward, this dwarven army captain from the Stenian Confederacy left his post and traveled to Edge. He brought with him all the money he had saved from his job and the not-so-legitimate squeeze tactics he used as a mech patrol leader, tactics he had learned from his own superior officers.

Jaques believes these past bad deeds somehow ruined his chance at happiness in a karmic sense, so he has changed his ways. Now, he tries to walk a middle path.

Jaques is a dwarf who is nearing middle age. He has a dark beard and dark hair. He is usually preoccupied with thoughts of his loss, even though the jilting took place more than twenty years ago.

Jaques pays a minstrel to entertain the patrons. The food and spirits here are good, and the prices are standard.

Laborers' Houses

These one-story stone houses have two rooms and house the dock laborers and their families. The homes belong to the dwarven clans who own the warehouses, and they allow the laborers to live in them rent-free for their services.

Forts

These 40-foot-tall towers house twenty-five dwarven soldiers each (War2). A lieutenant leads them (War4). A ballista crew remains on duty at all times. They alert those within of trouble with the sounding of a gong. The ballistae are magical (+1 ballista), as are many of their bolts.

LITTLE TOWN

The halflings have claimed this area of Low Docks. Because mostly only the little folk visit this area, everyone calls the place Little Town, even though it is really just another part of Low Docks. The halflings live in family-oriented communities, and their homes are made of hardened mud-brick. The halflings own two taverns and an inn in Little Town; these establishments cater to traveling little folk, so the furniture within is suited only to Small creatures.

The halflings make their living via the toll roads, food stands, and water transportation. Some of the halflings also herd sheep and goats or work the orchards (Area 20).

Kailyn's Carts

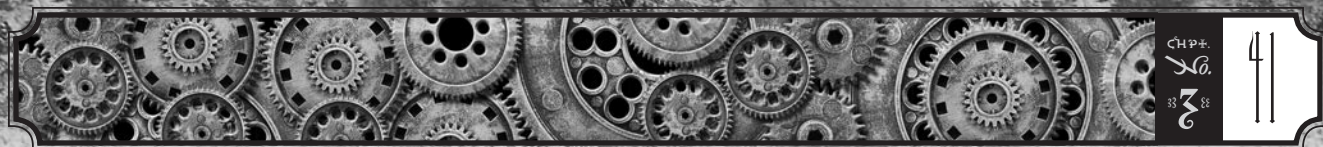
Kailyn Hossentoff (Exp5) builds, repairs, and rents carts from this shop. She employs twelve halfling craftsmen and thirty-five drivers and laborers of various races. Most of the carts are made for Medium creatures. A pen of oxen is attached to the eastern end of the building. The oxen pull the carts to the Stairkeepers at the cliffside.

Little Town Market

The market sells fresh fish, fruits, dried meats, and halfling desserts and pies. Each building houses three merchant stands. Some are walk-in spaces, while others are just counters where patrons order food. The smell of fruit and meat pies fills this area, bringing hungry customers, both large and small, to the Little Town Market.

Little Town Docks

The halflings keep their small boats and barges parked along these docks. These water craft have very low keels, so



the halflings use them to transport goods from the larger boats to the Stairkeeper loading areas. They also fish from the boats.

Happy Halfling Tavern

Lauringa and Nedder Hossentoff (both Exp3) own the Happy Halfling. Their thirteen children help them run the establishment, which has a very homey, family atmosphere. The furniture here is only suited for Small folks, and to date, no one larger has tried to enter the tavern. It would be difficult for them to do so, as the ceilings here are 5 feet high.

Members of the large Hossentoff family spend their spare time here, as do members of the Fiddlemoss family.

Tiny's Tavern

Tiny Diddledoe (Rog1/Exp3) owns this tavern, which is packed with halflings and gnomes at all times. All the furniture is made for Small folks, though Tiny welcomes the larger folk; their money's just as good. The ceilings here are only 6 feet tall, making taller beings stoop to enter. The tables stand just under 2 feet tall, so Medium creatures eating here generally sit on a pillow to eat with their Small friends. As halflings love a good meal, the food portions here are suitable for Medium creatures, and the food is wonderful. Tiny's wife, Matilda Diddledoe, is an excellent cook, and her cooking keeps the tavern packed at all hours.

Little Town Inn

Marico Fiddlemoss (Stk5/Exp2) owns the Little Town Inn. Marico, an only child, spent many years traveling with the Irontooth Jaguar Clan in his former profession as a stalker before returning to Edge to take over the family business when his widowed mother died. Marico has not yet settled down with a family of his own. He finds the halfling women in Little Town too tame for him. While the hustle of

Low Docks keeps him busy, the lure of the adventuring life keeps calling to him. He's been training an assistant to take over for him so that he can travel a bit as the urge takes him.

Marico stands just under 3 feet tall. He has dark hair and a hairless face. He looks much younger than his thirty-five years.

Halfling Hovels

The halflings' homes are a series of mud-brick hovels set in circular communities. Diddledoe, Hossentoff, and Fiddlemoss are some of the more prominent families in Little Town.

As a safety precaution, the halflings have tunneled underneath their homes. The tunnels head north, away from the river and Low Docks, and they provide them with hiding places for times of troubles; a few of the tunnels exit many miles to the north, providing an escape route if need be. The halflings have hidden dry provisions within the tunnel system, so they can spend many months below ground if hardship strikes. Outsiders are only rarely told of the tunnels, and never hear about those that exit to the north.

Orchards

On a series of low hills grow apple, pear, and peach trees. Halflings tend to the trees during the growing seasons, and the druids among the halflings keep the trees healthy and safe.

CLIFFSIDE

Cliffside is built along (and into) the cliff surrounding the Endless River's waterfall, stretching from the base to the top and covering an area half a mile wide. Across this vertical distance are scattered the residences of hundreds of people, most of whom are in the business of transporting people and goods up and down the cliff of Edge. The Stairkeepers are a major

force in Cliffside, but despite the wealth this mercantile activity generates, the neighborhood's exterior looks and feels like a shantytown due to the unusual construction techniques used to build on the side of a cliff. More prosperous residents of Cliffside live in small homes hollowed out of the rock face itself.

LAYOUT

Cliffside is divided into four major neighborhoods, delineated by vertical position. The rich live near the top of the cliff while the poor live near the bottom; the truly wealthy live in Tip Town, the only large amount of level ground in the neighborhood. It is common practice in Cliffside to throw waste out the window and let whoever happens to be below deal with the results, a practice the people at the bottom of the cliff do not appreciate.

Travel between the neighborhoods of Cliffside is primarily done using the stairs of the steppers. Most residents are Stairkeepers or have a Stairkeeper in their family, so they are allowed to travel the stairs for free as long as they don't abuse the privilege. Horizontal travel is difficult due to the lack of connections between staircases. The most common ways to travel horizontally are bridges built by the locals, often consisting of a few shaky planks strung together with rope. These are surprisingly safe, but locals find that the rickety appearance keeps undesirables away. Outsiders are rarely allowed to use these bridges unless they are trying to reach businesses in Cliffside. Riverhole is an exception to this, and it has the most numerous methods of horizontal travel of any of the neighborhoods. Generally an outsider doing business in Cliffside can expect to pay 2-5 silver pieces per day in tolls and fees.

Traveling the stairs of Cliffside normally requires a DC 5 Climb check, while moving across one of the rope bridges requires a DC 5 Balance check. The

CLIFFSIDE AREA NUMBERS

- I. Morchis's Wrecked Elevator
2. Ma Stonefoller's house
3. Stairkeepers Guildhall
4. Hole in the Wall Tavern (cave entrance)
5. The Howling Halls (cave entrance)
6. Gray Dragon Bar
7. Steam Cannon Batteries
8. Ma Stonefoller's Staircase
9. Home of the Ober wizards
10. Pulleyman elevator
- II. Graymane griffon aviary

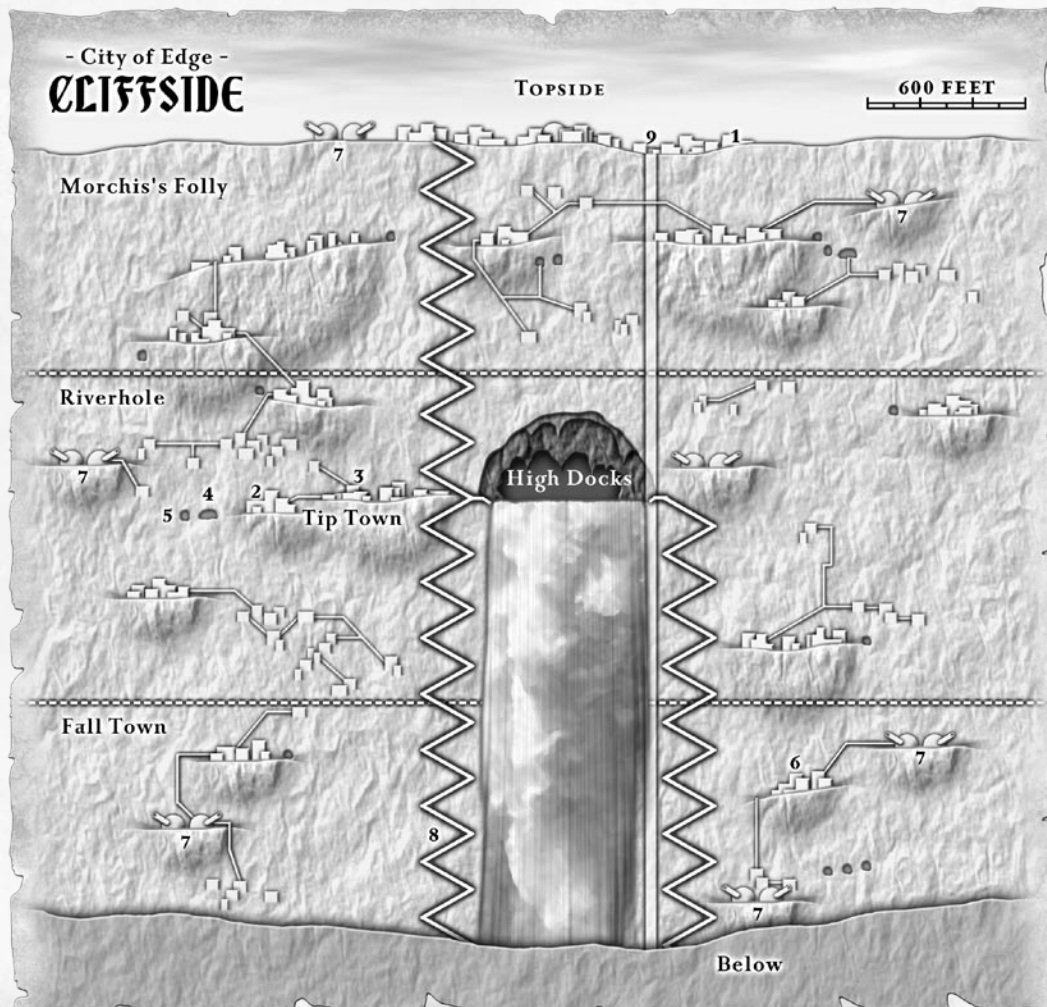
wooden walkways require no skill checks. Failure on either check means the character does not move for the round, and failure by more than 5 points (possible only for characters with a negative Climb or Balance skill bonus) means the character falls. Most residents of Cliffside have at least 4 ranks in the Climb skill and many have 4 ranks in Balance as well.

Morchis's Folly

The topmost settlement of Cliffside, Morchis's Folly butts right up against Topside. Anything built on level ground is considered part of Topside and everything built against the cliff wall part of Morchis's Folly, but there is no easily visible dividing line between the two. The stable buildings

of Topside blend almost seamlessly into the stilt-supported buildings of Morchis's Folly.

Morchis's Folly is named after the dwarf who first tried to build an elevator to serve the cliff of Edge. The elevator was destroyed by the lunar rain 95 years ago, but its skeletal steel remains still jut from the upper portion of Cliffside. These remains have been used to support a number of homes and other buildings, but the major structures have been left unused due to the common belief they are haunted. Over 100 people died when the elevator collapsed, and it is said on nights when the lunar rain is particularly harsh their spirits try to complete their last journey up the cliff. These restless spirits are none too pleased to find interlopers





blocking their progress.

The buildings of Morchis's Folly are much less dense than other areas of Cliffside. They are usually connected by stout wooden walkways instead of rope and wood bridges, though the settlement lacks the larger common areas that are found in Riverhole. The inhabitants of Morchis's Folly like their privacy and keep it by putting a bit of distance between each other.

This upper layer of Cliffside is inhabited primarily by pulleymen, upper rank steppers, and the Graymanes of the Stairkeepers, who have their stables located in Morchis's Folly. The other inhabitants are merchants and tradesmen who cater to the Stairkeepers, including several of the best taverns in Edge. A large percentage of all Stairkeeper business occurs in Topside, and while the guild headquarters is in Tip Town, Ma Stonefoller has her personal residence in Morchis's Folly. Her official residence is in Tip Town among her people, but she spends most of her nights above them in Morchis's Folly.

Riverhole

The busiest section of Cliffside, Riverhole is the region around the giant waterfall created where the Endless River breaks through the cliff. This is where the drow and the dwarves take the goods of the underdeep to trade them to the outside world, and it sees a constant stream of wares coming in and out. While it is not the wealthiest section of Cliffside in terms of residents or property value, more money changes hands in Riverhole in a single day than the rest of Cliffside combined.

Riverhole does not have many full-time residents. Only a handful of steppers, pulleymen, guards, and merchants live in Riverhole. Most of the rest of Riverhole is dominated by storage facilities, storefronts, and open air markets. Wood walkways lead through a vertical and horizontal maze of shops and trade houses, all supported on a complex lattice of wood and steel. Large wooden platforms act as common areas, from which wood walk-

ways radiate outwards toward different businesses or other platforms. This creates small neighborhoods that are named according to what platform they are located off of. Crafts are often grouped together around a single platform, creating a centralized area for buyers.

Some of these platforms are just entryways for larger shops and warehouses located within the cliff face itself. Rumor has it that a number of these shielded areas go much deeper into the cliff than the customary 20 feet, branching out into a labyrinth that runs as far as half a mile from the exterior. Although this is possible, no resident of Edge or of the underdeep has come forward with proof.

Riverhole is the most popular stop for the elevators of the pulleymen. Every few minutes, even during night-time hours, an elevator stops at Riverhole loaded with cargo. Riverhole always bustles as people come to trade, and while the neighborhood calms down slightly at night, the light-hating drow keep the place jumping even while most other races sleep. This allows a number of illicit activities to take place; minor crime is rampant in Riverhole both day and night. While violent crimes are more likely to occur in Falltown, pickpockets are known to work Riverhole by the dozen, hoping to score a few coins off inattentive merchants.

Despite the constant mercantile activity of Riverhole (and the number of petty crimes), illegal or illicit goods are rarely found here. The trade carried out in Riverhole is usually of large quantities carried out openly; secrets are hard to keep in such a populated environment. Still, a large number of groups from across Highpoint maintain agents in Rivertown, in order to keep abreast of any strange happenings in the market. If a small mechdom suddenly

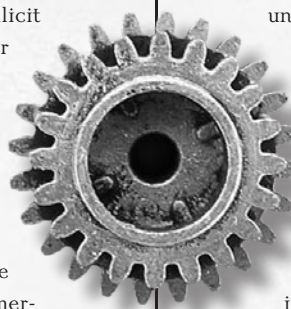
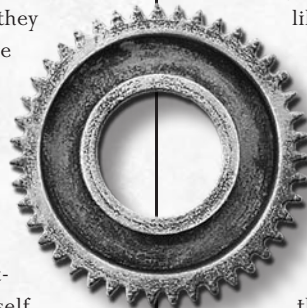
purchases a large number of swords and mech parts through Riverhole, there are many groups in Highpoint who would like to know if preparations for war are afoot.

Tip Town

Even though it's technically located in Riverhole according to its vertical placement on the cliff, Tip Town is considered its own region of Cliffside because it is the only flat land in the area. Tip Town is considered some of the most valuable property in Cliffside, partly because its external buildings have a stable foundation, and partly from decades-old snobbery. Tip Town is the seat of power for the Stairkeepers Guild and they own most of the buildings in Tip Town, the exceptions being the Hole on the Wall tavern, owned by William Marshal, and a number of homes built by some of the earliest settlers in Cliffside. Attempts by Ma Stonefoller to buy out William and the other property owners in Tip Town are notorious across Edge, but they have been largely unsuccessful. The last time she tried to intimidate William into selling out, he kept his steam organ blasting for an entire day as a response, making it impossible for anyone to sleep in all of Tip Town.

The surface of Tip Town includes the location of the Stairkeeper Guildhall, Ma Stonefoller's official residence, a small office for each of the other factions of the Stairkeepers, and a few homes. All the buildings in Tip Town are multi-story and of very stout construction. The winds in Tip Town can become fierce, especially in the winter months, and more than a few buildings have been blown off the outcropping entirely in Edge's history.

At the point where the crag supporting Tip Town attaches to the cliff, there are



two caves. One was claimed by William Marshal's grandfather and now holds the Hole in the Wall, which is one of the most popular taverns in Edge due to its many resident musical performers. The Hole in the Wall has one of the few steam organs built by Castor of Low Docks. While the caves in the Hole in the Wall were naturally carved by an underground stream that once flowed through them, the neighboring cave was cut out by hand in a time now forgotten. This cave is called the Howling Halls by most residents of Cliffside, due to the strange cries and calls emanating from it at night. In the early days of Edge, several tortog graves were found in the Howling Halls, but these were supposedly removed by settlers greedy for such prime real estate. The first settlers to move into the Howling Halls disappeared without a trace and since then nobody has been able to stay in the cave a single night without being driven screaming from the cave by voices, moving shadows, and even more horrific experiences. The Howling Halls are always visible on the edge of Tip Town, but only the foolish dare enter the cursed cave.

Falltown

The lowest level of Cliffside, Falltown is considered by most residents of Edge to be proof of the old adage that excrement rolls downhill. Inhabited by porters, steppers, and those who cannot find somewhere else in Edge to live, Falltown is one of the poorest sections of Edge. While the areas used by the Stairkeepers to conduct business are well kept and orderly, the rest of Falltown is a slum. The town gained its nickname because several of the first people to settle in Falltown did so using buildings that fell from Riverhole and Morchis's Folly. Many in Edge say you can tell a Falltowner by smell alone. While they have a reputation for being lazy and troublesome, in fact the people of Falltown are some of the hardest workers in Edge. Many of them travel the stairs from Topside to Low Docks several times a day

carrying over a hundred pounds of cargo each trip. Wise residents of other neighborhoods don't insult Falltown near its brawny residents.

There are few businesses in Falltown other than the Stairkeepers and most of the buildings are residences. A large number of abandoned buildings are found in Falltown, either due to structural instability or people getting enough money to move out of the neighborhood. Most in Falltown hope to eventually move up to Riverhole or into Low Docks, and luckily most are able to eventually realize this goal. Only the foolhardy and lazy remain in Falltown forever, since through the Stairkeepers there is always money to be made.

Crime in Falltown is common, particularly violent crime like muggings. Robbery is also prevalent, despite the fact that most inhabitants of Falltown have little worth stealing. The Step Watchmen keep a careful eye on all Stairkeeper property in Falltown and the crime rate drops noticeably in such areas, but between these oases of calm, the only forces to prevent crime are the Church of Fhurlin and the inhabitants of Falltown themselves. Porgrush Rotbellow has recently begun organizing his guild members into their own patrols of Falltown in the hope of getting crime under control. Porgrush has also been pushing within the Stairkeepers to use some of the guild dues to improve conditions in Falltown, saying the squalor reflects negatively on the guild, but thus far has had little luck.

Due to the lack of attention paid to Falltown by most of the factions in the city, it has become a haven for those who seek to operate in Edge unnoticed. A number of lunar cults have moved through the area over the years, not to mention some monstrous visitors that fed on the local populace. Such visitors are usually the target of concerted investigations if they cause too much trouble.

LOCATIONS

Gray Dragon Bar

The most popular bar in Falltown, it was — at least according to local legend — once located in Morchis's Folly, a particularly violent brawl knocked it off its supports and sent it plummeting all the way into Falltown. The Gray Dragon now rests unsteadily on a number of makeshift supports, and it constantly creaks and moves with the wind, giving the impression it will fall over at any time. Because of this brawls at the bar are not allowed, and any troublemakers are thrown out the windows by the bar's capable staff (the Gray Dragon is located 100 feet above the ground). It has become a popular meeting place for criminals, mercenaries, and others who wish to meet without threat of violence. The Gray Dragon has developed a reputation for discretion and secrecy, especially in the private rooms available behind the bar.

Hole in the Wall Tavern

The oldest bar in Cliffside, it has been in operation for more than 150 years through three different owners. The current owner, William Marshal, has been running the bar for 40 years since taking over for his father. The Hole in the Wall has a reputation for good food and an easy-going atmosphere, but it is most famous for the numerous musicians who perform there. The tavern is one of the best places for bards and minstrels to perform in Edge and get their name known, even though the tavern itself does not pay a great deal of money. High-ranking members of the Stairkeepers and many rich merchants often eat at the Hole in the Wall, and it is particularly popular among the traveling merchants coming through Riverhole. Some of the Hole in the Wall's regulars come in the hopes of seeing a ghost in the nearby Howling Halls or hearing the



Halls's cries. The specialty of the house is potato soup made using a variety of spices from the underdeep.

The Howling Halls

One of the oldest structures in Cliffside, the Howling Halls were built by tortogs who used the Halls as a grave site centuries ago. It is suspected that the tortogs also carved the original staircases located in Cliffside, since one of these leads directly to the Howling Halls. Why exactly the Howling Halls were used as a gravesite and what is buried there no one knows. Tortogs are not particularly common in the area and they built no other constructions in the area, making the Howling Halls even more curious. Early settlers in Edge removed several tortog corpses from the cave, but those original settlers disappeared without a trace the first night they stayed in the Howling Halls. Ever since, the Halls have cried out on dark, moonless nights with noises that sound like voices calling out in pain or terror. Everyone who has tried to stay in the Howling Halls on such a moonless night has fled in terror, filled with tales of voices whispering horrible things, moving shadows, and even attacks from unseen creatures. Whatever is in the Howling Halls seems content to stay in its cave, so the residents of Cliffside leave it be, not wanting to stir up whatever ancient evil lies within. The entrance is barred by a stout wooden palisade, but agile souls can squirm over it. Residents of Edge figure that anyone dumb enough to enter the cave isn't worth wasting a warning sign on.

Stairkeepers Guildhall

Located in Tip Town, the Stairkeepers Guildhall is the largest building in Cliffside. Five stories tall, it dominates Tip Town and contains all the meeting rooms, records, and vaults used by the Stairkeepers. Most of the dues collected by the guild are stored in this building, which is always staffed by at least 20 guards, some professionals and some Step Watchmen. Also,

one of the Ober family wizards is always on duty to provide magical protection. No one has tried to rob the Stairkeepers Guildhall in years, but that does not stop Ma Stonefoller from being paranoid about its safety. Most members of the Stairkeepers only go to the Guildhall once or twice a year to pay dues and attend meetings, with politically active members attending much more regularly. Unsurprisingly, the Graymanes and the mech scalers are rarely found at the Guildhall. Ma Stonefoller can be found in the Guildhall on most days, but most of the other Stairkeeper officers spend their days in the field.

The Steam Cannons

An integral part of the Edge's defenses, a score of steam cannons of various sizes are scattered across the city, usually in batteries of two or three cannons each. These cannons are operated and maintained by the pulleymen and are used against lunar dragons and other such threats. Most of the steam cannons are located in Riverhole. Due to the height of these cannons and a series of complex mathematical formulas, the cannons increase their range increments by half when firing at targets on the plains below the cliff. The steam cannons draw water from the Endless River and have several tons of coal and ammunition each, meaning they can fire for hours without stopping. Each battery is outfitted with protective metal walls and personal weapons, including many steambreathers, which can be used to fight off flying or climbing enemies. For a number of years, these steam cannons allowed the residents of Edge to breathe easy due to their long range and power, but the Legion's recent development of the so-called city killer steam cannon has made many of them nervous.

RESIDENTS

William Marshal

Owner of the Hole in the Wall, William Marshal is the third of his line to run the tavern and strives to keep his family tradition alive. While he works non-stop to keep everyone fed and entertained, he is also one of the biggest rumor mongers in Cliffside. Arrogant and morally flexible, William hates being told what to do and is more than willing to start rumors to hurt those who try to do so. He is very loyal to his friends and customers and uses his tight grip on the rumor mill of Edge to their benefit, with or without their knowledge. He also has a strong love of music in all its forms and is always on the lookout for new musicians to entertain in his tavern. Ma Stonefoller has a long standing dispute with William because he refuses to sell the tavern to her, and this has led William to become a strong supporter of Porgrush Rotbellow's faction within the Stairkeepers.

William Marshal, male human Exp4:

CR 3; Medium humanoid (human); HD 4d6+1; hp 22; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 11, touch 9, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +3; Grp +3; Atk/Full Atk +3 melee (1d6) or +2 ranged (1d4, dagger); AL NG; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Balance +2, Climb +4, Craft (brewing) +8, Gather Information +15, Intimidate +10, Perform (steam organ) +10, Profession (tavern keeper) +9, Sense Motive +11; Investigator, Martial Weapon Proficiency (handaxe), Skill Focus (Gather Information).

Possessions: Leather armor (leather apron), handaxe (meat cleaver), dagger (kitchen knife), flask of ale.

Six the Pickpocket

A common sight in the busy walkways and shops of Riverhole, Six is one of the many pickpockets who make their living from the merchants frequenting Riverhole. Only 4 feet tall, Six is still a child, but she is very skilled at her chosen profession and yet child-like enough to avoid punishment when caught. A consummate actress, she is always ready with a story about how hard her life is and how she just needs money to eat. While the regulars of Riverhole all know Six and steer clear of



her, there always seems to be some visiting merchant willing to help her (or just not paying enough attention to his coin purse). In addition to beggary and thievery, Six sometimes works as a guide for outsiders, and she is well informed about the criminals and illicit activities within Edge. She can be an excellent source of information, in exchange for a few coins.

Six the Pickpocket, female human

Rogl: CR 1; Medium humanoid (human); HD 1d6; hp 6; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +0; Grp -1; Atk/Full Atk -1 melee (1d4-1, dagger) or +2 ranged (1d4, dagger); SA Sneak attack +1d6; SQ Trapfinding, evasion; AL N; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +1; Str 8, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Balance +6, Climb +3, Escape Artist +6, Gather Information +6, Hide +8, Knowledge (local) +5, Move Silently +8, Open Locks +6, Sleight of Hand +9; Skill Focus (Sleight of Hand), Stealthy.

Possessions: Leather armor, 2 daggers, thieves' tools, diamond (50 gp).

The Ghosts of the Howling Halls

The Howling Halls are haunted by a number of ghosts who in life were tortog villains of the worst sort: members of one of the first lunar cults in Highpoint, long before the days of the lunar rain. How the tortogs came into contact with the lunar powers is unknown, but the lunar gods twisted these tortogs into murderous fiends who killed all they came across and even practiced cannibalism. These villains were finally hunted down and killed by their fellows after slaughtering hundreds of innocents of many races. The tortog avengers buried the cultists in the side of the cliff (which was not yet inhabited) and damaged the stairs they built to the grave site in the hopes that it would keep their evil spirits far from the homes of the tortogs, a tactic that has been completely successful. Most tortogs avoid coming to Edge because of ancient legends that



speak of a great evil that is imprisoned there, although the specifics have been lost to antiquity.

The spirits of the half-dozen tortog cultists now lurk in the Howling Halls trying to find new bodies that will allow them to carry on their evil deeds. The tortog bodies removed by the early settlers were actually the remains of a group of tortogs who tried to awaken the evil spirits of the Halls in the hopes of binding them, but were killed for their efforts. The settlers who removed the bodies were also slain when they tried to sleep in the Halls. Their bodies fell down into what is now Low Docks and remain there, but these bodies were first transformed into undead by the spirits. Thus the spirits have a number of undead minions in Low Docks, buried in the mud until they are needed. For now, the spirits seek to gather information about this new city built up around them and the state of the lunar gods, but they have inadvertently managed to scare off anyone who could provide this information. Due to ancient wards, the spirits cannot leave the cave they now inhabit, so they must wait for brave souls who seek to master the Howling Halls.

There are six spirits in the Howling Halls. An average spirit is listed below, but each may vary in skills and powers as the GM sees fit.

Ghost of the Howling Halls, ghost tortog Clr6: CR 11; Large undead (augmented humanoid) (incorporeal); HD



8d12; hp 60; Init -2; Spd 30 ft. (fly); AC 8, touch 8, flat-footed 8 or AC 21, touch 7, flat-footed 21; Base Atk +4; Grp +12; Atk +7 melee (1d4+4, bite); Full Atk +7 melee (1d4+4, bite) and +2 melee (1d3+2, claw); SA Malevolence (DC 15), frightful moan (DC 15); SQ Shell (only effective against ethereal attacks), manifestation, darkvision 60 ft., incorporeal traits, rejuvenation, turn resistance +4, undead traits, Death and Destruction domain abilities, rebuke/command undead; AL CE; SV Fort +13, Ref +2, Will +9; Str 18, Dex 6, Con -, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +12, Hide +4, Knowledge (Religion) +8, Listen +11, Move Silently +0, Search +8, Spot +11, Survival +3; Combat Casting, Great Fortitude, Skill Focus (Knowledge (Religion)), Stealthy.

Spells Prepared (5/4+1/4+1/2+1 per day; save DC 12 + spell level): 0—*inflict minor wounds* (x5); 1st—*bane*, *cause fear*, *curse water*, *doom*, *protection from good*; 2nd—*darkness* (x2), *death knell*, *desecrate*, *hold person*; 3rd—*animate dead*, *bestow curse*, *contagion*. **Domains:** Death, Destruction.

HAPPENINGS

People are constantly coming and going in Cliffside, to the point where the permanent population of the district is almost equaled by the transient population moving through at any given time. This influx of visitors combined with the amount of money changing hands in Cliffside means there is always some financial deal of note going on somewhere in the neighborhood. Everyone who comes to Edge travels through Cliffside sooner or later, and all those people bring their own stories and travails with them.

New Inhabitants of the Howling Halls

Recently, a group of merchants calling themselves the Gold Bear Trading Consortium have tried to lay claim to the

Howling Halls, ignoring local tales about the hauntings that plague the Halls. They have thus far used the cave as storage and placed a few guards outside, but no one has yet stayed in the cave at night. Although these guards keep deserting their posts due to the horrific noises, the locals are too scared of the Halls to try to make off with the Consortium's goods. While the Consortium looks to hire adventurers to investigate the Halls, some traveling thieves are setting up an operation to steal the goods.

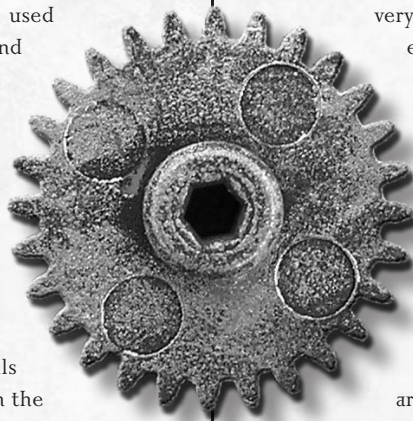
A Vampire in Falltown

Rumors of a vampire lurking in Falltown have begun to circulate through Edge. These whispers began after a number of citizens said they had been mentally controlled by a porter named Sangle Piet, who was found dead shortly thereafter with strange wounds on his body. The locals assumed the culprit was a vampire, given the wounds and the mental domination, and have begun organizing patrols of torch-wielding mobs and investigators from the Church of Fhurlin in order to find this beast before it can kill again. Unfortunately for the searchers, the culprit is actually a lunar skinstealer whose many hook marks were taken for fang marks. The skinstealer currently hides in Falltown, having possessed a local fishmonger while it slowly works on establishing a power base within the neighborhood.

The Fifty-Year Wind

According to local legend, every fifty years the winds around Edge kick up as part of some bizarre weather cycle no one completely comprehends. When the winds are agitated, they have been known

to blow people and buildings right off of Cliffside and make the whole area very treacherous for several days. Recently, the "signs" of the Fifty-Year Wind — birds migrating away from Edge out of season — have begun to appear, leading many residents of Cliffside to begin reinforcing their dwellings in preparation. Anyone caught in Cliffside when the winds hit are liable to be in for a wild ride.



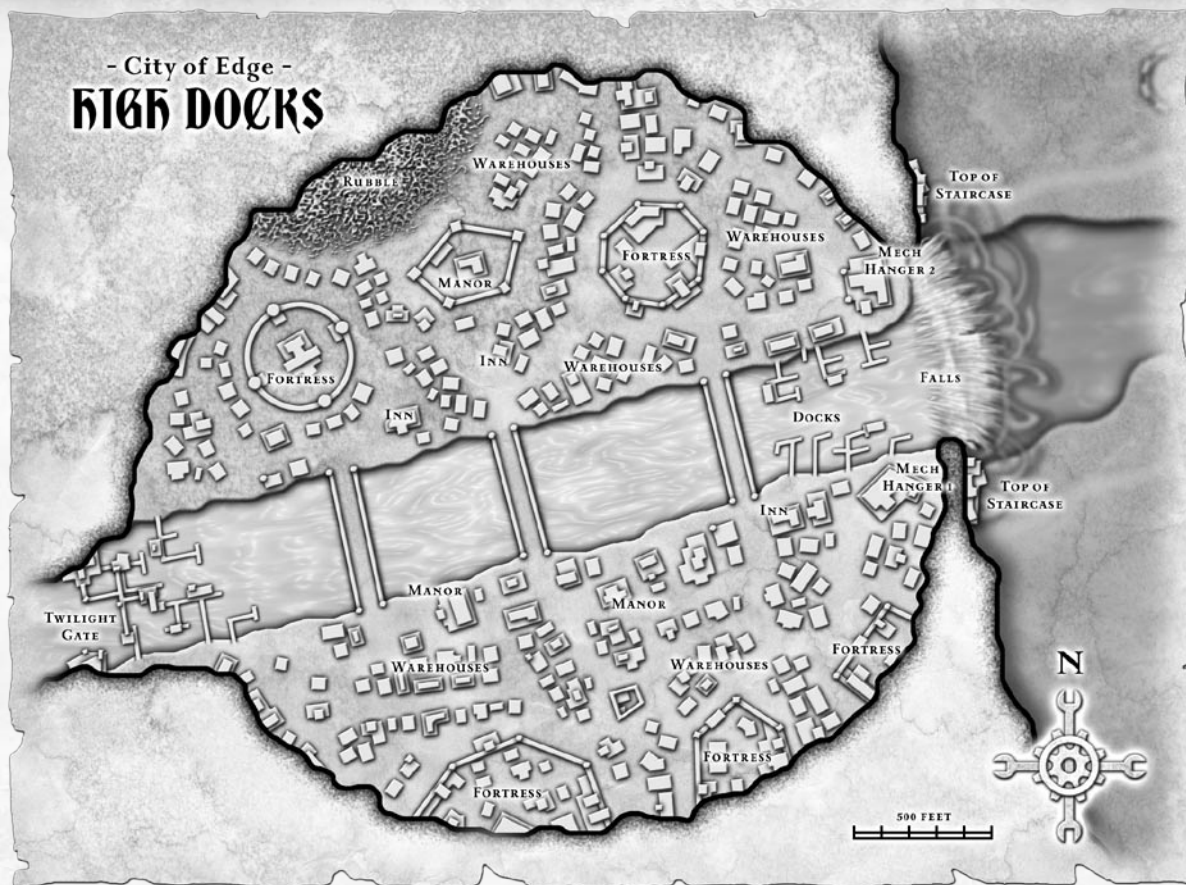
HIGH DOCKS

High Docks is a district divided by more than just the Endless River. It is divided by lines of commerce and of culture, boundaries as firm and unbreakable as any fortress wall. Even the two cultures who war for control of High Docks, the dwarves and the drow, are divided along lines of ancient lineage and of modern economic alliance. As a result, High Docks is perhaps the most divisive of all Edge's districts, and no one who does not live there can hope to ever fully understand the quicksilver nature of life and politics within.

LAYOUT

The High Docks district fills a wide cave set a little over halfway up the great cliff of Edge. The cave is circular, thanks to the efforts of its residents, and the top of its dome is easily 150 feet overhead. At its front, the cave opens onto the empty air and a dizzying drop of more than 1,000 feet, while the rear section of the cave grants access to the underdeep. Running straight through the middle of the cave is the Endless River, which flows

- City of Edge - HIGH DOCKS



up fat and swift from the underdeep, and then plunges over the front of High Docks as an immense waterfall. The ground upon which High Docks is set is mostly hard-packed dirt and rock, although when the banks of the Endless River occasionally overflow, the cave floor becomes a morass of sticky, stinking mud.

If they are feeling especially kind, the longtime residents of High Docks will caution new visitors to watch their footing, as there are many small potholes and countless numbers of sharp rock chunks jutting out from the ground. The only vegetation that grows here naturally is the array of lichens and mosses that cover every surface, plus the occasional crop of giant mushrooms. The dwarves and drow both work to keep these subterranean invaders under control. A handful of animals are found here: those that have been imported as pets, a few fish that brave the river's cur-

rent, and the endless number of pigeons and other scavenger birds that nest in and among the rocks on the cliff walls.

The High Docks district is heavily developed on both sides of the Endless River, though the ground within 100 feet of the river's banks is largely bare of any-



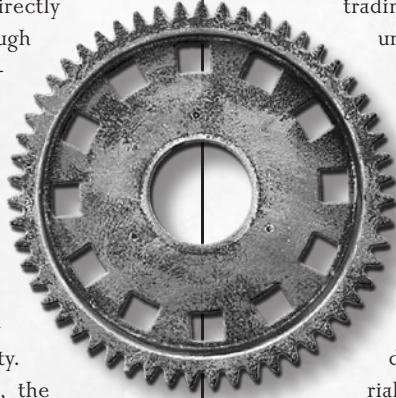
thing save docks, to accommodate for the great fluctuation of water level between the months of Highwater and Lowwater. Despite this precaution, it is not uncommon for the buildings nearest the river to become flooded when the river overflows its banks at the peak of Highwater. Most buildings are built on very high foundations, and most residents have taken to storing their valuables on high shelves. The buildings near the riverbank are also on average considerably taller than those further back, as the frequent flooding makes relying on cellars and basements for storage and living space impractical. As a result, the buildings in the center of the cave are often two or three stories tall, with living quarters on the bottom floor, and merchandise and other valuables on the second and third.

Near the walls of the cave, the ground is higher, and so buildings are frequently



constructed with multiple underground levels, to better conserve space, which is at a premium across the district. Those buildings which directly abut the cave walls often contain both underground cellars and chambers built directly into the rock face; though these buildings are furthest away from the Endless River, they are among the most sought-after real estate in the district, as they offer both unmatched room for expansion and incredible levels of security. As might be expected, the dwarven trading clans that control the south side of the district have snapped up all the property along the cliff face, and have no interest in sharing this “ideal location” with anyone else. The drow commerce houses that control the north side of the district likewise own the majority of caveside properties, but they are more than willing to rent out the warehouses they have created there to merchants willing to pay their exorbitant rates.

Compared to other districts in Edge, and especially compared to other cities of Highpoint, the buildings in High Docks are in relatively good condition. There are two reasons for this. First, they're in a cave, and only the buildings right at the waterfall's mouth are at risk of damage from the lunar rain. Second, because the district is the world's foremost hub of trade, plenty of money is available to spend on maintenance and new construction. On the downside, because there is so much money available for construction and so much need for new buildings to store merchandise, the district is laid out in a very haphazard fashion. In the old days, when trade was not so important, High Docks was a marvel of modern city planning with wide cobblestone lanes and buildings arranged in very neat clusters. Now there are warehouses planted everywhere, including directly across existing



streets, meaning that those who are not familiar with the district can easily lose themselves for hours in a bewildering maze of dark, narrow alleys.

Because the Endless River is the chief trading route between the underdeep and the surface world, the riverbanks of the district are choked with wooden docks. At any given time, a visitor will see scores of flat-bottomed skiffs anchored to these docks, most laden down with exotic materials poled downriver from the underdeep kingdoms, or with staple foods, cloth, and building materials brought by tradesmen of the surface. During the Low Water Festival, and to a lesser degree in the months around it, hundreds of skiffs and boats use this section of river, to the point where it is literally possible to cross from one bank to the other by leaping from ship to ship.

The portion of the river nearest to the waterfall is, as might be expected, not so busy with traveling, though there is still much need for workers willing to transfer goods brought up from the staircases to the district's many warehouses. In this area, the majority of merchandise is transported either by horse-drawn cart or by lines of burly porters snaking their way through the streets of the district.

Three arched stone bridges span the Endless River in High Docks, each wide enough to allow four large wagons to pass each other simultaneously. Yet it's rare for even one wagon to cross them. The dwarves and the drow are bitter rivals for every last copper piece traveling through here, and neither group sends anything to the other side of the district if they can possibly avoid it. If cargo is crossing one of the three bridges, you can bet that the group sending it is doing so with extreme resentment.

Because of the immense waterfall, the

High Docks district is often choked with mist. In the mornings, the mist is so thick that it can be difficult for a visitor to see his hands in front of his face, and more than one merchant has drowned or fallen to his death after stumbling on his way to a pre-dawn meeting. Ever capable of spotting an opportunity to make a bit of cash, High Docks citizens sometimes offer their services as guides through the morning fog; these mist-guides can be identified by the lit copper lanterns they carry at all times, and can usually be found clustered near the tops of the staircases each morning. They do especially brisk business during the Low Water Festival, when drunken merchants, besotted by wine and more exotic delights, fling handfuls of coins at them. It is an open secret that some of the guides are more than willing to roll their drunken charges for spare change, and that some of them are employed by madams (who travel with their girls to the festival by the dozens) to bring drunks to their pleasure houses whether they intended to go there or not.

It should be noted that a massive cave-in buried a substantial portion of north High Docks thirty years ago. Many of the drow immediately blamed the dwarves, accusing them of using their stonecunning to somehow influence the cave walls. This seemed preposterous to the dwarves, who had done no such thing; they accused the drow of trying to cover up the actions of their sinister underdeep allies, most likely ones involved in a plot against the dwarves.

In truth, it was a restless elemental prince whose presence in the walls of the cavern was long since forgotten. A relic of the ancient war that bloodied this cavern before it was truly part of Edge, this powerful earth spirit has been bound to the cavern for generations. Every now and then, it awakens enough to shrug, producing minor tremors. Thirty years ago, it happened to stretch itself enough to shatter a fault line in the cavern, inadvertently burying dozens of drow alive. The elemental spirit's presence has resisted any attempt to clean the rockslide up — every drow

attempt to repair the wall and reclaim the space is undone within 24 hours.

LOCATIONS

The vast majority of buildings within High Docks are either warehouses or small shacks and cottages housing one or more families of workers. There are, however, a number of interesting locations that adventurers might wish to visit when they travel up the stairs to High Docks, and some of these are listed below. A rough overview of typical houses and warehouses in the district is provided as well.

Warehouses

Scores of warehouses are scattered throughout the district, most of which are nothing more than immense sheds made of wood and stone. Many of the warehouses, particularly those far from the riverbanks, appear very small from

the outside; this is because they almost always extend below ground, with immense storage chambers carved from the rock to hold the most valuable products.

Because trade in the city of Edge is so brisk, you would be hard pressed to find a warehouse that isn't full to the brim with bolts of cloth, barrels of wine and beer, immense wheels of cheese, or more exotic merchandise from the underdeep, waiting its turn to be shipped across the Flatlands and Endless Plains and sold in stores across the world.

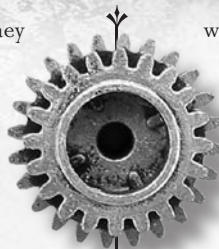
Edge doesn't have enough people to hire guards for every warehouse, no matter the value of the materials stored inside, so merchants rely upon the workers to keep their wares safe. For this reason, every porter and warehouse worker is armed with a cudgel or dagger, and most are ready to use them in the defense of their livelihood. The dwarves and drow each have guards whose sole duty is patrol the

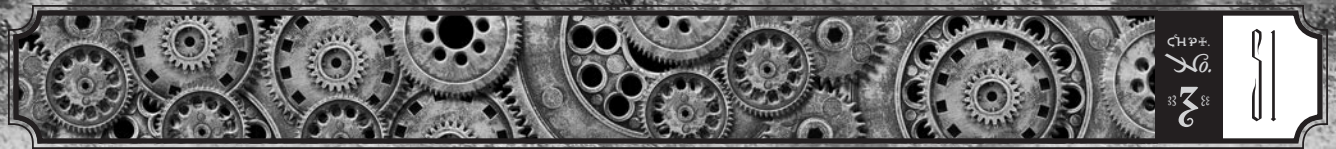
warehouses they own, but they have too much ground to cover to truly be effective.

Warehouse guards: The permanent guards employed by the drow and High Docks dwarves are well paid, and enthusiastically brutal in the performance of their duties. They know that regardless of their actions, so long as the warehouses are kept safe, they will face no reprisals. The following guard is typical of those employed by the trade clans. Though he is a dwarf, he is an independent mercenary, rather than a member of the clan proper.

Warehouse guard, male dwarf War2: CR 2; HD 2d8+4; hp 16; Init -1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 15, touch 9, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +2; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +6 melee (1d8+2, battleaxe) or +2 ranged (1d8, light crossbow); SQ Dwarf traits, darkvision 60 ft.; AL LN; Fort +4, Ref -1, Will +0; Str 14, Dex 9, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +4, Swim





+7; Weapon Focus (battleaxe).

Possessions: Masterwork battleaxe, masterwork light crossbow, masterwork chainmail, masterwork small steel shield, 10 quarrels, 50 ft. of rope.

Porter's Shack

The typical porter's shack is a tiny one-room bungalow, with a stone foundation and thin walls of rough wooden planks. Few if any porters' shacks have windows, as glass is a luxury most common workers can ill afford, meaning the shack is dark, smoky, and reeking of stale air at the best of times. Most porters' shacks are home to at least one family, and some hold as many as three, with everyone sleeping and eating together in a confused, cramped jumble. Porters' shacks are almost always found clustered together near the masses of warehouses that cover the district, and they are usually owned by whoever owns the nearest group of warehouses.

Because their homes are so cramped, and because they have few coins to spare, most porters own nothing of real value. In order to brighten their generally dreary lives, however, they fill their shacks with all manner of inexpensive knick-knacks, like dyed curtains made of cheap cloth. The outside of the shacks are usually painted in a veritable rainbow of bright colors, and

the interior walls are often covered with mosaics cobbled together from colorful cloth and scraps of bright paper. Because of the mist and the altitude, fires are kept burning throughout the day, so a porter's shack is always warm, even if it's not comfortable in any other way.

Porters: The porters and dockworkers who call these shacks home are rough-hewn and coarse, but are far more worldly than the common folk of other, less cosmopolitan cities. In general, they like nothing better than to be left alone, but frequently gather together with their close friends for informal neighborhood parties. Most adults in High Docks stay near their childhood homes, so it's not uncommon for adult siblings and their own families to live next door to one another, and just up the street from their parents.

Porter, human male Com2: CR 2; HD 2d4; hp 6; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10, touch 10, flat-footed 10; Base Atk +1; Grp +2; Atk/Full Atk +2 melee (1d6+1, club); AL N; Fort +0, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Climb +6, Handle Animal +2, Profession (shipping) +5, Use Rope +3; Endurance.

Possessions: Club, more debts than anyone should have.

The Mech Hangars

Located at the front of the district on either side of the Endless River are two immense sheds, each of which is the home of one of Edge's two guardian mechs, Nardigrum and Vadistock. These huge hangars also serve as munitions and parts storage sheds, and so they are crowded with stacks of armor plating, and with replacement gears and clockwork mechanisms. Because the citizens of Edge are somewhat superstitious and feel gratitude toward the mechs, it has become a tradition for them to leave small offerings of food, wine, and coin outside the front doors of each hangar; first-time visitors to the hangars may be surprised to see heaps of rotting food as they approach.

In addition to housing the mechs, the hangars are home to the pilots and crews responsible for maintaining Nardigrum and Vadistock. At least one crewman will be found here at all times, and he or she will not take kindly to those who attempt to enter the hangar without a very good reason. Because the hangars are so close to the landings where merchandise transported up the cliff is dropped off, and because everyone in the city has a vested interest in protecting the mechs, a crewman simply has to shout for help to bring every burly porter within earshot running to his aid. Intruders who surrender will count themselves lucky to escape with just a beating; those who dare injure a crewman here, or who endanger the mechs or their supplies in any way, will most likely end up pitched over the side of the cliff.

Mech Crewman: The mech crewmen who support Nardigrum and Vadistock live



off public funds, and live well. They tend to be rough and tumble, and far cockier than any glorified mechanic has a right to be. Gregarious and prone to exaggerating their prowess as both fighters and lovers, they can be tiresome to deal with if you hang around them too long, but they're great fun at parties. The man described below is typical of an Edge mech crewman. He dresses in loose clothing, which is always heavily stained, and walks with an exaggerated strut. Among the most foul-mouthed of Edge residents, a mech crewman will mix his speech with a bewildering array of both obscure slang and obscenities, and will posture at anyone he doesn't consider an immediate threat.

Mech Crewman, human male Exp2: CR 2; HD 2d6; hp 9; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 13, touch 12, flat-footed 11; Base Atk +1; Grp +1; Atk/Full Atk +1 melee (1d4, dagger) or +3 ranged (1d8, steam gun); AL CN; Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +3; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Balance +7, Climb +5, Craft (blacksmithing) +6, Craft (mechcraft) +9, Disable Device +7, Knowledge (mechs) +9, Knowledge (steam engines) +6, Listen +5, Mech Pilot +7, Profession (engineer) +6; Skill Focus (Craft [mechcraft]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [mechs]).

Possessions: Dagger, padded armor, steam gun, 5 steam gun bullets, mech tools.

The Tippy Porter

The Tippy Porter is one of the two inns of High Docks. Located on the north side of the district, it caters primarily to the porters and merchants who ply their trade at the mouth of the Twilight Gate. The Tippy Porter is a three-story building with a common room on the first and second floor, and an immense kitchen that can serve hundreds of visitors. Of course, there are rarely that many people in the Tippy Porter at any one time, except during the Low Water Festival when merchants from across the world flood the district. To accommodate visitors, there are a dozen small rooms for rent on the third floor. During the off season, each room can be rented for only 5 copper pieces a night, but during the Low Water Festival, when space for rent is much in demand, the price can rise to 5 gp or more per night.

Most evenings, there are fewer than a score of patrons in the Tippy Porter, almost all of whom are off-duty porters who work for the various drow commerce houses. Despite the small number of patrons, the Tippy Porter is a raucous tavern at the best of times, and brawls are a nightly occurrence here. Most of the patrons are old friends despite this, and

when they aren't fighting, you can be sure that they will be concocting all manner of drinking contests, or arm wrestling, or trying to best one another in tall tales.

Madame Lucia: Madame Lucia is the owner and operator of the Tippy Porter, and most nights she's also the only worker. She's generally harried but good-natured, and has a keen eye for remembering faces, even over the space of years. Portly and in her mid-fifties, Lucia is ready to pass on the ownership of her tavern, but hasn't found anyone with both the money and the interest to buy it from her. During the Low Water Festival, Lucia hires a dozen or more temporary employees, most of whom are the wives and children of her best patrons.

Madame Lucia has an uncanny knack for collecting rumors. She's everyone's confidante and everyone's best friend. She knows who sleeps with who, and who hates them for it; she knows where the bodies are buried, who put them there, and what's in the grave with them; and most importantly, she knows who's selling what, what they paid for it, and what they plan to do with it. And, of course, she knows she can sell these secrets for a tidy profit.

Madame Lucia, human female Exp3: CR 3; HD 3d6-3; hp 10; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 9, touch 9, flat-footed 9; Base Atk +2; Grp +2; Atk/Full Atk +2 melee (1d4 dagger); AL N; Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +4; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 8, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +11, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +11, Listen +7, Move Silently +5, Profession (cook) +8, Profession (innkeeper) +8, Sense Motive +10, Speak Language (Common, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome), Spot +7; Skill Focus (Bluff), Skill Focus (Gather Information), Skill Focus (Sense Motive).

Possessions: Dagger.



The Twilight Gate

The Twilight Gate is the name given to the imposing structure that separates the drow side of High Docks from the underdeep. As a major road to the world below, and the key to the brisk trade between the drow and their allies, its strategic value is incalculable.

The Twilight Gate is immense, and every conceivable space and surface is filled with small warehouses, wooden docks, and storage chambers carved into the side of the cavern. To facilitate the transport of goods in and out of the Gate, scores of rope bridges span the north side of the cavern, most of which are rickety and in dire need of repair.

The Twilight Gate is eternally shrouded in darkness, and what little light filters past the steep walls that surround the district is quickly swallowed up by shadows, shadows that almost seem to writhe with a life of their own. The Gate is also eerily quiet at all times; footsteps echo dully, and voices are distorted by the river's dark water, by the thick air, and by the uneven cavern walls.

The drow are the acknowledged masters of the Twilight Gate. Patrols of a dozen or more drow warriors stalk the twilight caverns within a mile of the Twilight Gate at all times, but even they cannot stop everything that wishes to cross over into Edge. In recent months, there have been more occurrences of small but dangerous beasts finding their way into High Docks via the Twilight Gate, and though they would not admit it publicly, the commerce houses



are at a loss to find a way to stop it.

Twilight Gate Guards: The drow warriors who guard the Twilight Gate are elite troops, savage in battle and completely fearless. They will not retreat from their post unless directly commanded to do so, and will strike without mercy against any who attempt to storm the Gate by force or who attempt to sneak past them.

House Gloriatha guard, male drow
Ftr3: CR 4; HD 3d10+3; hp 24; Init +6; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 12, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +3; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +7 melee (1d8+1/19-20, masterwork longsword) or +6 ranged (1d8/19-20, masterwork light crossbow); SQ Drow traits, spell-like abilities (*dancing lights*, *darkness*, *faerie fire*, all 1/day, caster level 3), SR 14, light blindness; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Intimidate +5, Swim +6; Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Rapid Reload, Weapon Focus (longsword).

Possessions: Masterwork longsword, dagger, masterwork chain shirt, masterwork

buckler, masterwork light crossbow, 20 quarrels.

Duerok Alley

The south side of High Docks has always had its own connection to the further underdeep, but nobody gave it much thought until the drow took control of the north. Much of the district's subterranean contact comes along the Endless River, with perhaps a third of it streaming in from a handful of tunnels that connect the cavern to the underworld beyond.

Before the drow, this stream was a trickle. The dwarves preferred to use the river for their business, as it was faster and safer, so the various passages through the rock were the province of little more than secret shipments and wandering monsters.

Then the dark elves were granted dominance over half of High Docks. Part of their "payment" for this prime real estate was that they would keep the horrors of the underdeep at bay. Toward that end, the drow built the impressive Twilight Gate. Merchants felt safer, the drow had a new fortification, and all eyes turned to the dwarves expectantly.

Grumbling at the expense and effort — for the biggest underdeep menace they had ever known was the drow — the dwarven trading clans set to work on "improving" their own land routes. Instead of a mammoth structure like the Twilight Gate, the dwarves concentrated on the tunnels themselves, smoothing and widening them to ease the way for anyone wanting to transport goods overland (or, more properly, underland). They also installed a

series of simple but sturdy fortifications, each supported by a handful of cunning stonework traps.

These improvements did cause the tunnels to carry more merchant traffic, eventually paying for themselves with taxes and tolls. All of them now come together into one broad road-like passage nicknamed Duerok Alley. The mouth of the alley opens into High Docks. Unlike the Twilight Gate, the Alley doesn't have a specific guard force. The trading clans use troops of their own, often mercenaries (like the axe gangs described in Chapter 4), to defend it against incursion.

MacDundle's House of Coin

Consistency is important to keep the wheels of commerce greased, and so merchants rarely like to deal in multiple types of money, since what is nearly priceless in one part of the world is nearly worthless in another. To fill this need, various money exchangers are located throughout High Docks, the most prosperous of whom is MacDundle's House of Coin. Located against the riverbank near the lip of the great falls, MacDundle's is a one-story building, little more than a shack, filled with every imaginable type of currency. Shelves contain a dizzying array of coins from all over the world, and barrels stand filled with valuable mushrooms, the preferred currency of more than one underdeep kingdom. For a variable fee, depending on relative rarity, MacDundle's will exchange any currency for any other.

Because not every prospective client is able or willing to travel to MacDundle's, the House of Coin is an enthusiastic employer of mercenary adventurers. The owner, a wizened gnome named Del Fustibuntle, is especially keen to hire those adventurers who are willing to travel to exotic locations; because he has a vested interest in ensuring that every type of



currency he accepts remains viable, Del must sometimes take steps to ensure the survival of those who use it. This means that he has more than once taken it upon himself to hire mercenaries to protect small underdeep cities from the ravages of monsters, lest the box of glowing fungus he exchanged for gold coins lose all its market value.

Del Fustibuntle: Del looks like a fleshy mushroom. His spindly body, which is no bigger than a 3-year-old boy's, is topped with an absolutely enormous head that is all crooked nose and snow-white eyebrows. If he has any concept of cleanliness, he doesn't show it, and so he reeks of dirt, sweat, and pipe smoke at all hours of the day. As far as anyone can tell, Del never sleeps, because he is always wide awake no matter what time a visitor knocks on the door of his shop.

Del Fustibuntle, male gnome Exp4: CR 4; HD 4d6+8; hp 24; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 14, touch 12, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +3; Grp -1; Atk/Full Atk +3 (1d4-1 club); SQ Gnome traits; AL LN; Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +5; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +13, Bluff +8, Decipher Script +10, Forgery +10, Gather Information +5, Knowledge (dungeoneering) +6, Knowledge (geography) +10, Profession (moneychanger) +10, Sense Motive +10, Sleight of Hand +7, Speak Language (Common, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Terran, Undercommon), Survival +3 (+5 to avoid hazards and getting lost); Skill Focus (Appraisal), Skill Focus (Bluff).

Possessions: +3 ring of protection, club, and many mechanical and magical security devices.

RESIDENTS

It has been said that there are two types of people in High Docks: those who are taking your money, and those waiting in line to take your money. This is largely true. High Docks is a merchant's district, and none live there who are not connected in some way to the flow of trade. The district is populated entirely by dwarves working for one of the three trading clans, drow belonging to one of the four commerce houses, non-drow and non-dwarves who work for either one or the other, or hardy souls attempting to earn a living as independent merchants. Since the dwarves and drow are discussed at length elsewhere, the rest of the district's citizens will be discussed here.

The people who call High Docks home are an eclectic collection to be sure, a mob of ne'er-do-wells, rugged dock workers, and stubbornly independent merchants with the gleam of avarice in their eyes. If the drow and the dwarves are united by race, then the other residents of the district are united by the fact that they are not-drow and not-dwarf, and so must band together lest they be bullied into virtual servitude. As a rule, the people of High Docks are a mixture of rough-and-tumble sensibility and surprisingly wistful dreami-



ness. They liberally salt their speech with inventive blasphemies and curses, and have little use for fancy words or the sort of learning that is not directly useful in the conducting of day-to-day business, and yet they one and all dream of making that one big score so that they might retire to a life of lazy excess. Because they are exposed to people of every culture, they are also tolerant of personal quirks, and a visitor would be hard pressed to come up with a belief or cultural practice that would shock them in the least.

The High Docks district is busiest during the daytime, since that is when it is safest to attempt transporting goods up and down the staircases, but there is never a time of day when the streets are empty. Nighttime in the district is raucous in the extreme, with dockworkers and porters feasting, fighting, singing, and drinking in their homes or in the taverns that cater to them.

Politics and Economy

Though the entire city of Edge is nominally under the control of the Church of Fhurlin, it is a truism that those who control the flow of cash control the flow of politics. This means that in High Docks, the rule of law is set by the dwarven trading clans and the drow commerce houses. Miraculously, although they agree on almost nothing else, both the dwarves and the drow concur that this is the ideal state of affairs. As might be expected, both the Fhurlin priests and the independent merchants disagree, but there is precious little they can do about it. Fortunately for all concerned, the dwarves and the drow are sensible enough not to attempt to push their authority beyond ensuring that they are free to trade what and how they will.

First-time visitors to the district can easily become overwhelmed trying to understand the byzantine web of alliances between the various merchant groups quartered in the district. They often find themselves in dire straits when they attempt to broker deals between groups



that, unbeknownst to them, want nothing to do with one another. Savvy merchants who have made enough trips to the district to understand its unique ways do business either with the dwarves or with the drow, allowing local residents who understand district politics to function as intermediaries between the various factions. Several people in the district make their living this way, brokering trade deals between those who control the flow of commerce from the surface and those who control the merchandise that comes downriver from the underdeep kingdoms.

The south and the north sides of the district are firmly in the control of the dwarves and the drow, respectively. For the most part, the rules on both sides of the district are the same, with the only difference being in the enforcement of those rules. That said, there are a few differences between the laws of the south bank and the north bank that are worth noting here.

The dwarven trading clans require all merchants to purchase a special permit to conduct business in their half of the district. This is not an official law, and the Church frowns upon it, but has not seen an advantage in trying to stop it. In theory, a merchant need only purchase a single permit to conduct business with any south bank merchant or trading house, but in practice each clan recognizes only those permits that it has issued. A permit can be bought at any of the three clan offices, and the price varies depending

upon the value of the merchandise to be sold. In true extortionist fashion, the clan leaders will attempt to charge at least 20 percent of the value of the merchandise, but if the product is especially valuable to them, they can be “persuaded” to overlook the fee if the merchant is willing to deal exclusively with them. Those who do not have a permit can still attempt to conduct business, but will find it difficult to do so, since the non-dwarf merchants of the south bank know the dwarves can make life difficult for them. During the Low Water Festival, when many traveling merchants enter the district, the trading clans are unable to enforce their special permit “law,” meaning this is the only time of year when merchants can trade with absolute freedom.

For their part, the drow require no special permits. Instead, the ever-paranoid house masters have mandated that none but those they approve can travel visibly armed and armored through the district. To enforce their own law, they have taken to placing well-armed thugs on the north side of every bridge. These guards harass anyone attempting to cross, searching them for hidden weapons, and demanding either bribes for passage or the immediate surrender of all offending items.

Neither the dwarves nor the drow take kindly to thieves, and so those who would dare steal even a penny from a merchant’s pocket can be sure of dire consequences. Should the dwarves catch a thief on their territory, they will strip him of all possessions, beat him senseless, and then turn him over to the Church for appropriate punishment. The drow skip the niceties and just fling criminals off the waterfall or, if they are useful, ship them upriver to their houses, there to spend the rest of their lives as slaves.

In recent years, the dockworkers, porters, and independent merchants of the district have made a concerted effort to come together and present a united front against the dwarf and drow merchants who effectively rule the district. They hope that by uniting, they can force better wages and

living conditions from their employers, but so far their efforts have been stymied by fractious infighting between several ambitious independent merchants, each of whom wishes to be recognized as the movement's head; while each merchant professes to have his fellow citizen's best interests at heart, they are all more concerned with grabbing a larger share of profit than with helping anyone else. This may change soon, as members of the Church have recognized the movement's potential value in helping them loosen the grip of the dwarves and drow.

COPSIDE

As lunar dragons have not posed a serious problem in Edge for some time, the citizens have slowly begun building permanent structures atop the cliff. Needing large spaces to indulge in their favorite pastimes and not wanting to be too close to the drow, the Irontooth have led the surge to the populate Topside, building their arenas and gambling houses on the flat surface above. A few shops exist on this level, but most reside in High Docks or Low Docks. Topside's structures are made of strong stone, and they all show some damage from lunar rain. Laborers

and magic-wielders repair the buildings as best they can, but doing so is a never-ending process. Still, those residing here find the labor a mere irritation, something that few people can say, as the lunar dragons have destroyed other such attempts at surface living.

LAYOUT

Nearly 300 people reside on Topside, though hundreds more swarm the surface level to participate in the activities offered herein. The southeast side of Topside houses the mech hangars and taverns, and the southwestern side houses the brothels and gambling houses and the cliff-falling platform (Area 27). Visitors will find the north side of Topside contains the sports-related businesses, like the Arena (Area 1), Battleaxe Mech Ball Stadium (Area 3), the Battle Box (Area 2A), and the Unarmed Arena (Area 2B).

LOCATIONS AND RESIDENTS

The Arena

The Arena is the largest mech-fighting forum in Edge. Four Irontooth

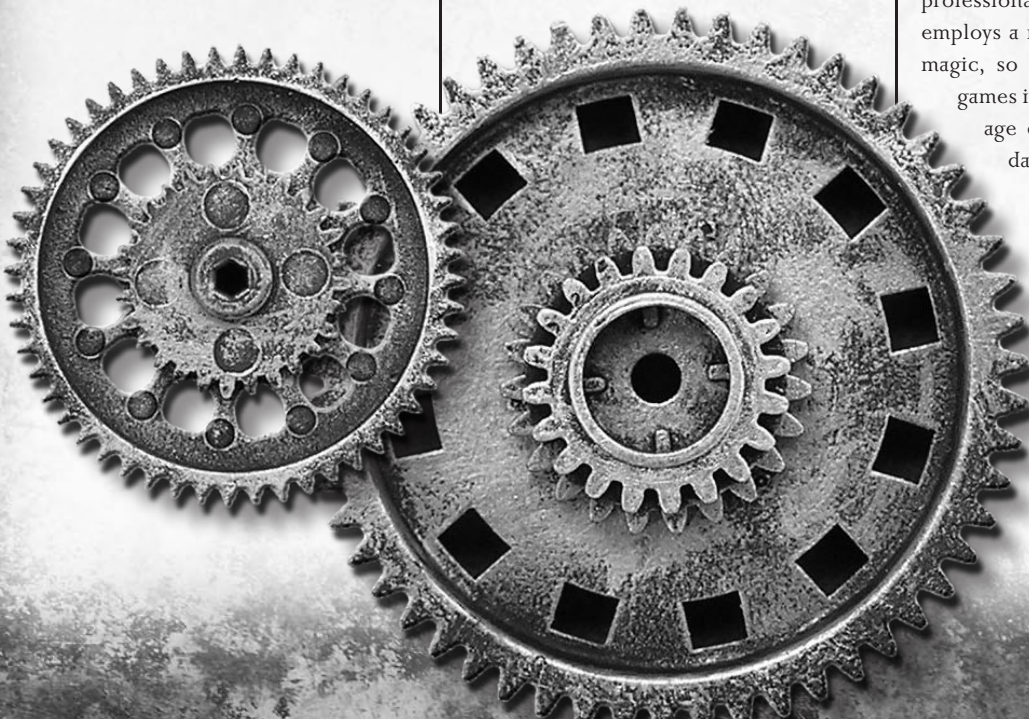
clans own stakes in the Arena: Bugbear, Battleaxe, Hawk, and Iron Maiden. The battles the Irontooth hold here are not clan honor matches; instead, each clan sponsors mech jockeys and gladiators, and their candidates battle for money. Any individual or institution in Edge can sponsor someone for the games, and many do, including the Stairkeepers.

Many of the best mech jockeys are Irontooth clansmen, so one of the represented clans usually wins most of the matches. Members of other Irontooth clans have been known to send mech jockeys to fight in the Arena during their travels through Edge. The Jaguar Clansmen, in fact, have won several memorable battles here, and of course the independent Irontooth mech scalers have been known to hold their own in the Arena as well. Occasionally, the Stairkeepers find someone with competitive mech skills to fight for them, but they fare best when sponsoring standard gladiators.

Gladiatorial Rings

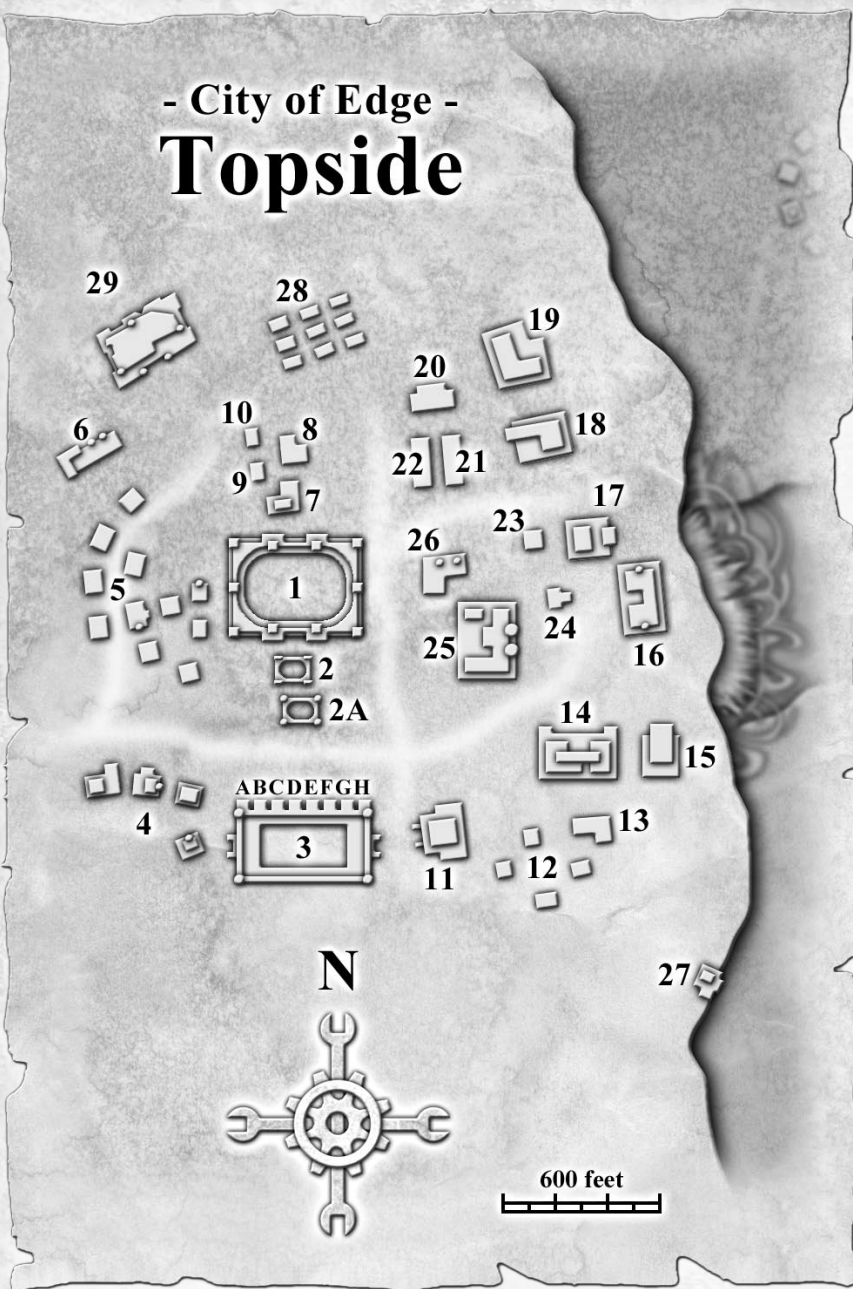
Maidda Minh of the Iron Maiden Clan owns the Battle Box and the Unarmed Arena, the two gladiatorial rings closest to the Arena. Those gladiators wanting to fight in the Arena must first prove themselves capable by fighting the professionals in these rings. Each arena employs a mage to check the battlers for magic, so sneaking such items into the games is quite difficult. Also, the damage dealt in the matches is lethal damage. Although the battles are not to the death, some combatants have died in the fights. Of course, Maidda provides healers to the combatants after each match.

Maidda (N female dwarf Ftr7) is a young 100-year-old dwarf who took over the business seven years ago, after her father Mordock was killed in fighting in his own arena. Though





- City of Edge - Topside



TOPSIDE AREA NUMBERS

1. The Arena
2. Gladiatorial Rings
- 2A. The Battle Box
- 2B. Unarmed Arena
3. Battleaxe Mech Ball Stadium
- 3A-H. Preparation Rooms
4. Irontooth Clan Houses
5. Irontooth Housing
6. The Iron Hall
7. Nado's Mech Repair
8. Federo's General Store
9. Dova's Magical and Mechanical Wonders
10. Heda's House of Herbs
11. Mech Scalpers' Hangars
12. Common Brothels
13. Paolata's Pleasure Palace
14. Spinner's
15. Topside Gambling
- 16-19. Irontooth Hangars
20. Common Room
21. Travelers' Salon
22. Merchants' Salon
- 23-24. Warehouses
25. Merc House
26. Rogue's Run
27. Cliff-Falling Platform
28. Howzer's Tenements
29. Lizard Pens

Maidda is a skilled fighter in her own right, she does not plan to make the same mistake her father did, so she no longer enters the ring.

The Battle Box

Warriors wanting to prove themselves with hand-held weapons come to

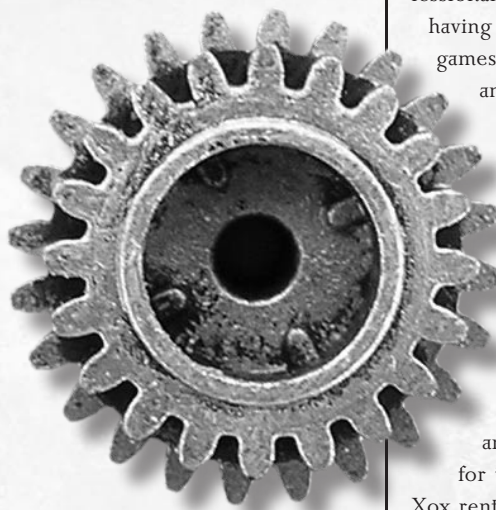
the Battle Box to gain the status needed to advance to the Arena. Advancing from this mini-arena requires defeating all five Iron Maiden gladiators (in separate though not consecutive battles). Three of the gladiators are steambots: Lightning (N speed-enhanced male dwarf Smb6), Stone (N armor-enhanced male dwarf Smb6), and Bear (N strength-enhanced male dwarf

Smb7). The other two gladiators, the most dangerous of the five, are Iron Maiden barbarians: Slayer (NE male dwarf Bbn8) and Bloody Bozz (CN male dwarf Bbn10).

The Battle Box's combatants cannot use magic. They are allowed to wear studded leather armor and the arena issues them masterwork weapons from its armory to use in the fights.

Unarmed Arena

Those wishing to prove themselves in unarmed combat come to the Unarmed Arena to gain enough status to advance to the Arena fights. As in the Battle Box, the warriors must face and defeat five of the Iron Maiden's best unarmed



fighters. The Iron Maiden unarmed gladiators include two fighters (N female human Ftr6 with Improved Unarmed Attack and Improved Grapple feats) and three monks (LN male human Mnk 6, 8, 10).

Combatants may not use magic of any kind, and they are limited to wearing regular clothing only. The damage dealt here is lethal damage.

Battleaxe Mech Ball Stadium

Clan Battleaxe first started the game of mech ball, and the other clans quickly picked up the sport. In Edge, an official Mech Ball League has formed. The MBL has sanctioned eight official teams, and they weigh petitions from amateur teams on a regular basis.

Lerjo Xox (LN male dwarf Ftr6/Exp4) of Clan Battleaxe owns the stadium where the professional teams play mech ball, and he and his clan sponsor a team called the Axers. Lerjo allows the professional teams to play in the stadium four days a week, and he rents the stadium out to amateurs the remainder of the time. One would think the amateur games would not be well attended, but that is not the case. The people of Edge enjoy the brutality of the sport so much that they do not care who's playing; they'll gladly watch and bet on any

team that shows potential. Many a professional team began as mere amateurs; having proven themselves worthy in the games, they soon earned sponsorship and acceptance into the Mech Ball League.

Preparation Rooms

Eight large rooms are attached to the Battleaxe Mech Ball Stadium and serve as prep rooms for the various teams. Lerjo Xox always reserves room A for his Axers, and room B is always held open for the Axers' opponent of the day. Xox rents the remaining rooms to teams wanting a permanent preparation area. Currently, the Anklebiters, Crushers, Dragons, Raptors, Steppers, and Umber Hulks rent space from Lerjo Xox. They also happen to be the better teams in the Mech Ball League.

Irontooth Clan Houses

These two-story stone buildings house the four major Irontooth clans in Edge: Battleaxe, Bugbear, Hawk, and Iron Maiden. The clans in Edge have a stronger alliance than their nomadic clan counterparts, as they have to rely on each other a great deal in a city swarming with various races and factions. Each clan also owns a piece of the Arena, and they have agreed to protect each other's business interests from those in the High Docks area. In terms of competition among themselves, it's each clan for itself. If they have disagreements that cannot be settled with diplomacy, then they sort the matter out in mech combat.

The clan houses have battlements atop them, and three ballistae rest on each roof. Half-roofs hang over each weapon, offering cover to the weapons and the guards who man them (N male/female dwarf War3). The guards can remove the half-roofs with the turn of a crank, which allows the defenders to attack flying crea-

tures if need be.

Irontooth Housing

Edge's major Irontooth clans built these 11 structures to house visiting Irontooth clansmen. Each of the smaller structures has a common room and four bedrooms set up to hold four members, while the larger residences have a common room and six private rooms. They reserve the bigger houses for relatives or important Irontooth members, such as Mech Lords, Clan Elders, priests, and famous warriors.

The Irontooth do not charge their fellow clansmen rent; they see housing their traveling comrades as a clan responsibility. They expect their guests not to abuse this privilege, however. Those occupants who overstay their welcome and attempt to become squatters soon find themselves given an ultimatum: Either leave (willingly or not) or work for them. Those who choose employment are given accommodations in a main clan house. Those forced to leave gain the enmity of the clans, becoming *persona non grata* in Edge's Topside. On some occasions, if the undesired guests have been particularly troublesome, the Irontooth hire outsiders to permanently dispatch them.

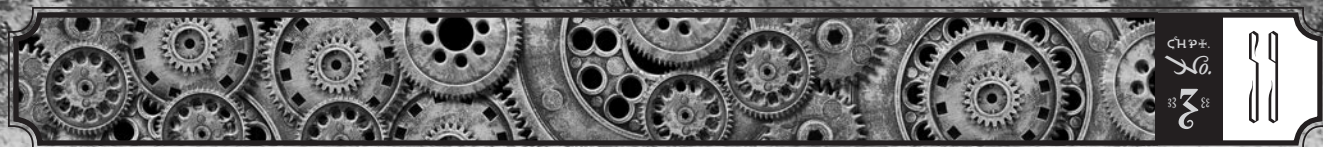
The Iron House

As a part of their hospitality, the clans also feed their visiting clansmen at the Iron House, providing them up to three meals a day. The fare is good, but not overly so. Gluttonous visitors soon find themselves unwelcome here.

The Iron House is a great hall with several long wooden tables. Diners sit on benches, and servants attend them.

Nado's Mech Repair

Nado Yode of Clan Hawk runs this mech repair shop. Nado can repair any mech up to Huge in his high-ceilinged shop. He and his laborers are willing to



travel to hangars throughout Edge to repair larger mechs, though he charges more to do so. Nado does offer a 10% discount to Irontooth requesting his services; otherwise, he charges standard DragonMech core book prices.

Federo's General Store

Federo Vro (N male dwarf Smb1/Exp5) is a middle-aged dwarf of Clan Bugbear. His store offers rations, cliff-climbing gear, some standard weapons, personal mech weapons, maps, standard poisons, and adventuring gear. While most of the equipment is new, Federo does sell some used items (Federo fences things for Irontooth scavengers).

Federo is very gregarious, and he enjoys telling tales of his mech-fighting exploits. Some of them might even be true. One of his eyes has been replaced with steamborg parts. His brother, Bader, runs the Common Room tavern.

Dova's Magical and Mechanical Wonders

Caja Dova (NG female human Con8) and her husband, Gorin (NG male human Cog8), run this shop, where magical potions, minor wondrous items (up to 4,000 gp value, 25% chance a specific item is in stock), magical melee and mech weapons (up to 4,000 gp value, 35% chance in stock), and mechanical items may be purchased.

Caja and her husband are humans. They were both born in Edge, but they traveled extensively as adventurers for over the past thirty years. Now in their mid-fifties, they have returned to Edge to enjoy their retirement as shop owners. The Irontooth treat them kindly, and they are considered a part of the "Topside Clans," the alliance of clans within the city. Anyone attempting to harm the Dovas gains the enmity of the Topside Irontooth.

Heda's House of Herbs

Heda Hattlehoff, a halfling wizard/alchemist of middle years, runs this herb shop. Spellcasters visit the shop to replenish spell components, and the more nefarious individuals purchase various poisons and drugs from Heda (N female halfling Wiz7/Exp4).

Mech Scalers' Hangars

Azock Dro of the mech scalers owns these two mech hangars. She offers her mech storage facilities for rent to those who use her mech scalers to bring their mechs to Topside. She also keeps her own mechs, five Raptors (described in The Shardsfall Quest) and four Barbagulas, in the hangars as well. The hangars can hold up to Colossal-sized mechs. Azock charges the following hangar prices:

MECH SIZE	PER DAY PRICES
Large	3 sp/day
Huge	4 sp/day
Gargantuan	5 sp/day
Colossal	6 sp/day

Common Brothels

These establishments offer nothing over the common brothel experience. Each of the major clans runs one of the establishments. An evening in these brothels costs 5-10 cp.

Paolata's Pleasure Palace

Paolata Sul (N female human Brd5/Exp5) manages and owns the Pleasure Palace. Her highly trained courtesans of various genders and races are more comely than those in the common brothels, and they pamper their clients with steam baths, massages, beautiful music, fine wines, and good food.

Paolata is a buxom blonde of considerable beauty. Though living on the surface can be tough, she insists on retaining a strong sense of refinery in herself and her courtesans, dressing elegantly and

observing the etiquette that her noble human ancestors practiced so long ago in their mansions and palaces. Even in this desolate, cataclysm-devastated world, Paolata believes there's a place for beauty and decorum. Paolata, a bard of some talent, supports other bards and artists with some of the proceeds from her brothel. Bards traveling to Edge can always find a few days' work in her establishment — longer if they are truly talented. An evening at Paolata's costs 2-10 gp, although the exotic entertainment can be far more expensive.

Spinner's

Patrons of this gambling house will find numerous card, dice, and roulette games taking place within. Spinner (NE male gnome Rog9), the overdressed gnomish owner, does not allow the more dangerous Irontooth games in his place, as they often cause serious damage to his furniture and laborers. Spinner's also employs bards, jugglers, dancers, and actors. There is always some type of performance going on within, and these shows attract just as many people as the gambling. Entrance to Spinner's costs 3 sp.

Topside Gambling

Topside Gambling provides a standard gambling experience, including some of the more dangerous Irontooth pastimes like bloody cards, dagger dice, and dart catching. Instead of shows, the dwarven owner, Roxx Vro of Clan Bugbear (N male dwarf Ftr2/Exp7), sponsors wrestling and boxing matches on a nightly basis, providing another betting venue. Patrons may even try their skills against the house's pros.

Irontooth Hangars

The Topside Clans each own their own mech hangar. Although the clan representation here in numbers is low, the Irontooth each own two Barbagulas,

four Raptors, two Fangbiters, and one Iron Maiden. Each clan also has twenty Ashigaru mechs (described in Second Age of Walkers) in the hangars. A contingent of ten experienced guards (N male/female War3) watch the buildings at all times and live within.

The Irontooth also rent space within their hangars to outsiders, although their prices are much higher than those of the mech scalars. The Irontooth do not consider hangar space as part of their hospitality responsibilities to their clansmen, though they may occasionally offer important Irontooth members a discounted rate. The hangars can hold up to Colossal-sized mechs.

The Irontooth will rent their housed mechs to mercenary groups and other Irontooth clans. They generally require some collateral, in the form of an item or items equal to one-third the rented mech's value. Most of the mechs have been

"acquired," not built or purchased, so they are willing to rent them to individuals who can cover the collateral. The collateral is kept in guarded storage and is returned to the renters upon return of the mech. Of course, the Irontooth do charge damage fees if they have to repair the mechs.

The Irontooth also use some of the hangar space as a warehouse.

Irontooth Hangar Space Rentals

MECH SIZE	RENTAL PRICES
Large	5 sp/day
Huge	8 sp/day
Gargantuan	10 sp/day
Colossal	12 sp/day

Irontooth Mech Rentals

MECH	RENTAL PRICES*
Raptor	50 gp/day
Barbagula	70 gp/day
Fangbiter	150 gp/day

*IN ADDITION TO THE RENTAL FEES, DAMAGE FEES MAY APPLY.

Common Room

This Irontooth-owned tavern offers standard fare at normal PHB prices. It contains thirty round tables that seat up to eight each. Additionally, the owner rents out flop space on the tavern's floor after hours for the price of 1 sp per night.

Bader Vro (N male dwarf Ftr3/Exp4) of Clan Bugbear and his family run the establishment. Bader's two sons are very muscular and skilled with waraxes and clubs (N male dwarf Ftr4), and they serve as the Common Room's bouncers. The Vros keep the tavern's building in good condition, so the patrons need not worry about leaks.

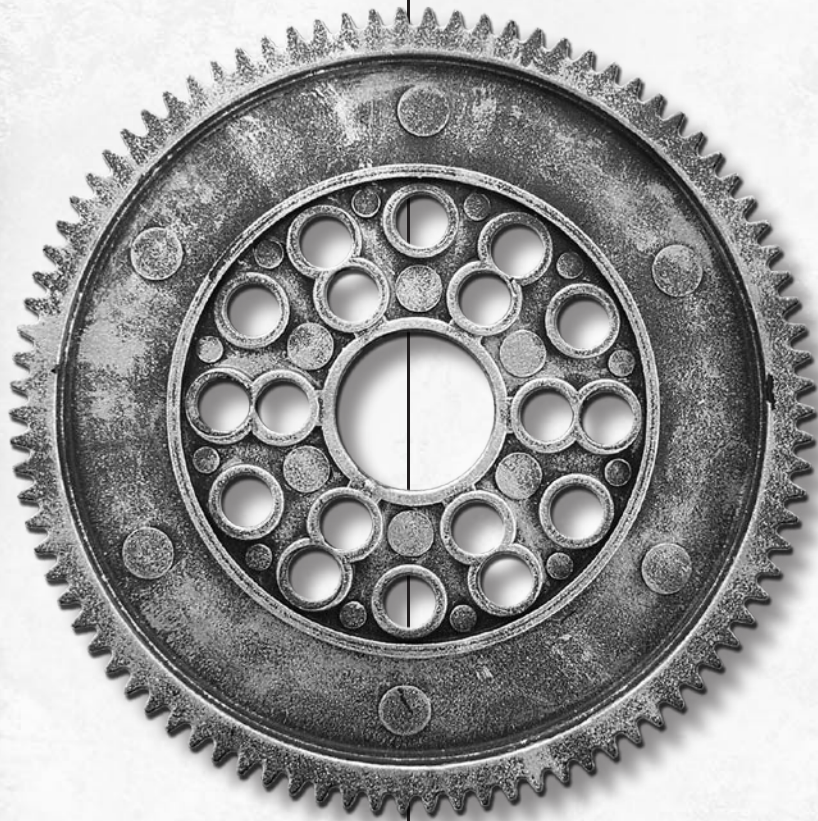
Travelers' Salon

The Travelers' Salon is a private club that considers itself a think tank on how to effectively bribe the Church of Fhurlin, Edge's unofficial government. In actuality, it has become little more than a social club, with members from Edge's various factions. Only those members who have officially joined the club may enter the establishment. Although the club sits across from its rival salon, the Merchants' Salon, the members do not act aggressively toward one another. Membership in one group makes you ineligible to join the other.

Otil Zoras (N male dwarf Exp10), an old dwarf born and raised in Edge, owns the Travelers' Salon. It's really an upper-class tavern with good food, wine, and furnishings. Joining the Travelers' Salon requires sponsorship by two current members and annual fee of 20 gp, which does not include the price of meals within. The club has 58 current members, of which Otil is the leader.

Merchants' Salon

Like the Travelers' Salon, the Merchants' Salon is a private club with the ostensive purpose of subverting the Church of Fhurlin's priests, but like its sister organization, it has become nothing





more than a social club. Only those with official membership may enter.

T'rela L'lori (N female elf Sor5/Exp4), a dark-haired, relatively young elven sorcerer formerly of the L'arile Nation, owns the salon and is the leader of the club.

Joining the Merchants' Salon requires sponsorship by two current members and an annual fee of 20 gp, which does not include the price of meals within. The club has 70 current members.

Warehouses

The Vro family of Clan Bugbear owns these warehouses. The Vro family uses them to house its own goods, but it does rent a portion of the space within to other merchants.

Merc House

The Merc House offers a training facility and lodging for mercenary groups for a monthly fee of 20 gp per group. The establishment's three staff members (N male/female Exp4) also handle hiring contracts for the groups, and they screen applicants wishing to join particular mercenary companies.

Rogue's Run

In addition to strength and prowess, the Irontooth also respect agility, and Rogue's Run provides a place to showcase those skills. This establishment is an arena of sorts for those wishing to test their reflexes. The owners, Davro (CN male dwarf Stk10) and Camila Trokla (N female dwarf Stk10) of Clan Hawk, formerly served the clan as two of its best stalkers. As they aged, they felt less inclined to perform such tasks, but set about to teach their trade to others in the clan. When their clan traveled to the outskirts of Edge thirty years ago, they decided to check out the most famous remaining city, and they found it very much to their liking. They took their life's savings and had a training center built on Topside. Though

some folks did seek them out as mentors, Davro and Camila soon found that those who came to Edge preferred to spend their time in less serious pursuits. They changed their business to meet the needs of the gamblers and fun-lovers around them. Thus was born the famous Rogue's Run.

The Troklas used their trap engineering abilities to simulate some of the more interesting obstacles they'd experienced over the years, and they set up a series of tasks to be completed to win their run. Finally, they offered up a cash prize to any who could foil their traps and gather the required items to succeed at the run. They also added a reinforced glass balcony over each part of the run that allowed spectators to follow the action, and they set up an admissions fee after allowing a look-see at the first such event. Word spread quickly about the new game, and spectators and competitors alike came to Rogue's Run.

Howzer's Tenements

Lord Howzer Drek (a.k.a. "Slum Lord" L Drek; NE male human Exp13), a merchant whose grown rich from slave trading, built these stone buildings as tenement houses with slave labor and now rents them out as apartments. The buildings show great signs of lunar rain damage, as Lord Drek has done little to ensure the needed repairs get made. Thus, many of the renters try their best to perform the repairs themselves. They uniformly resent their landlord, but his reputation as a slaver and his threats about their freedom have, to date, kept them from pressing the issue. That may soon change, however, as one of his newest tenants is a cousin of the powerful Ma Stonefoller.

Lizard Pens

The massive building is made from mech scraps. It houses the Irontooth's lizard pack mounts and racing animals.

THE SURROUNDING AREA

Edge attracts visitors from all across the Flatlands, the Endless Plains, and beyond. Edge is the only major stationary settlement for many miles in every direction, but a few small hamlets have appeared in recent years to cater to the many travelers going to and from Edge. In addition, a number of nomadic bands frequent the area. Edge is of high importance to every major faction in Highpoint and it borders a number of the most powerful groups, such as the Stenian Confederacy and the Legion. These groups often keep a number of mech units and other agents in the region around Edge, eager to keep an eye on one of the last cities of the world.

LAYOUT

Above Edge lie the Flatlands and below it the Endless Plains, making Edge the primary means of travel between these two sources of civilization, such as it is. Below Edge, the Endless Plains is now a blasted wasteland due to the lunar rain. It has little in the way of settlements or civilization of any type until one reaches Stilt City or the borders of the Legion. Some small villages have formed along the Endless River now that the lunar rain has begun to abate, but these are still occasionally wiped out by an evening of particularly fierce meteors. Despite some attempts to use the Endless River to irrigate areas of the plains below Edge, the lunar rain has thus far made such efforts fruitless. As one travels away from Edge into the Endless Plains, all signs of current civilization quickly pass away and are replaced with craters, cinders, and dust. There remains a single ancient road, called the Stone Way, that runs parallel to the Endless River for much of its distance before veering north until it disappears in the central region of the plains. This road

is the most common way to approach Edge among most of the travelers from the east. The Stone Way has suffered severe damage from the lunar rain, but it still remains the easiest way to cross the Endless Plains. A number of settlements have sprung up along it, most of which are at intervals equaling a day's travel, in order to provide shelter for travelers against the lunar rain. The largest of these, Ter-Zeid, is at the point where the Stone Way turns north away from the territory of the Legion. Ter-Zeid is a Legion stronghold that many traders avoid due to the tariffs Shar Thizdic has begun charging on travelers passing through his territory.

In addition to the Stone Way, the other major method of reaching Edge is along the Endless River. Decades ago, there were a number of settlements that relied on the river for transportation, but the lunar rain has obliterated these areas. A few bargemen have begun using the Endless River again in recent years, usually traveling via rafts or being pulled by

draft animals along sections of the Stone Way. A gnome calling himself Indigo Pete recently began piloting a steam-powered paddleboat up and down the river, allowing travel to and from Edge faster than ever before. The Legion uses boats (some allegedly filled with slave oarsmen) to travel the Endless River, but they have yet to row any non-human bondsmen into Edge.

A number of mech tribes and Irontooth clans travel through the region around Edge each year, most of which come to the city to trade. Only one mech tribe, the Bone Wolves, stays near Edge year round. A common sight in Edge, they come to trade with the city regularly. The Bone Wolves protect their territory from interlopers fiercely and are even willing to battle Irontooth clans to do so. Any mech tribe or visiting Irontooth clan that stays near Edge for more than a few weeks is likely to get an unfriendly visit from the Bone Wolves.

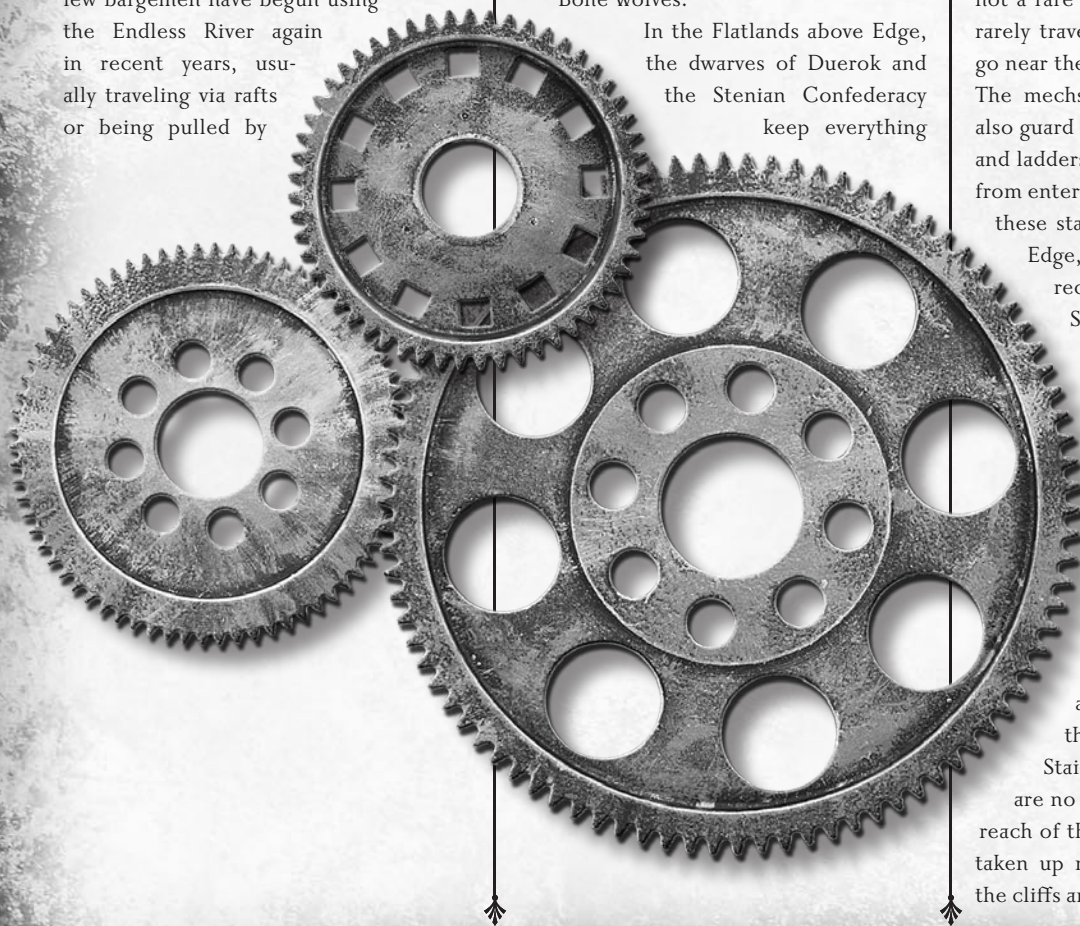
In the Flatlands above Edge, the dwarves of Duerok and the Stenian Confederacy keep everything

nice and orderly with regular patrols and assorted rebuilding projects. Like the Stone Way in the Endless Plains, a single stone road once connected Duerok and Edge. It was severely damaged by the lunar rain, but in the last two decades the dwarves of Duerok have worked to restore it in order to secure trade with the plains. Their hope is to establish a safe route above ground, away from their many rivals in the underdeep. A number of settlements have been built along this road at 12-mile increments, each with a heavy stone building in order to protect travelers from the lunar rain. The closest of these to Edge is the village of Level and similar settlements are found all over the area of the Flatlands between Duerok and Edge.

In addition to the stationary settlements of the Flatlands, a number of Stenian mechs patrol the vicinity, and city-mechs moving across the horizon are not a rare sight in Topside. These mechs rarely travel to Edge itself, but regularly go near the other settlements in the area. The mechs of the Stenian Confederacy also guard a number of cliffside staircases and ladders in order to keep undesirables from entering their territory. A number of these staircases are within 50 miles of

Edge, and the Stenian efforts always receive the hearty thanks of Ma Stonefoller and the Stairkeepers. Any Stenian mech that stops near Edge is likely to receive a few casks of ale from Ma Stonefoller in an attempt to stay on the Confederacy's good side.

On the cliff itself, there are no other settlements of note or climbing operations within a hundred miles north or south of Edge. There are some closer to Glatek and the Standing Dwarf, but the Stairkeepers have made sure there are no direct competitors within easy reach of the city. A few prospectors have taken up mining operations in some of the cliffs around Edge, but other than that





there are no populations of note in the cliffs other than a few nests of various flying beasts, including a number of griffon nests. Some rumors say there are passages to the underdeep along the cliff, ones that terrify from below use to sneak out into the surface world and cause trouble, but no such passages have been found.

LOCATIONS

Level

The Flatlands village closest to Edge, it was established by the Stenian Confederacy and Duerok 12 miles from the city to provide shelter from the lunar rain for travelers. It was originally named Karid by Duerok, but it has since been nicknamed Level by travelers who frequent it due to the fact it is built on completely level ground far from any cliff or other such dramatic terrain features. Level has a permanent population of just over 80 individuals, but is growing quickly. Its transient population is nearly as large as its permanent population, and the primary trade of the city is providing services to travelers going to and from Edge.

All the buildings in Level are required to be of stout stone construction that can withstand all but the heaviest lunar rain. In addition to a small standing militia, a Stenian Lancer mech is permanently stationed in Level to keep the peace. Signal fires and flares in Level can be used to summon larger mechs from the Confederacy in times of need, such as the Scale Hunter mech known as Dirias, piloted by Captain Morick Steamrunner. The leader of Level is a Stenian bureaucrat named Killian Goldhand, who is diligent to the point of obsession over all facets of keeping Level a profitable and prosperous settlement. Level is a very orderly and law-abiding place with little crime or trouble, though some travelers occasionally cause problems. After the second minor offense or first serious one, such troublemakers are banned from the village.

The Rain Field

A geologic oddity found 10 miles downstream on the Endless River from Edge, the Rain Field is an area where the terrain surrounding the river is particularly low, causing floods after any sizeable rain. The ground is swampy and soft for a good portion of the year. Lunar meteors that fall in the area often manage to avoid breaking up in the soft earth and instead are buried within the muck. The Rain Field, as this swampy area has become known, is filled with lunar fragments that some adventurous souls try to gather for the valuable minerals that these fragments contain. Mensite is found most commonly, although the odiferous moonstone (described in *Steam Warriors*) is also discovered here.

Unfortunately, the presence of all these lunar fragments seems to have had a negative effect on wildlife in the area, especially those creatures that drink from the pools of water in the Rain Field. There have been reports of animals developing strange mutations after drinking these waters, and 15 years ago a lunar dragon was spotted wallowing in the mud of the Rain Field. These days most people avoid the Rain Field just in case, and boats on the Endless River don't stop anywhere near it.

Ter-Zeid

The closest settlement of the Legion to Edge, it is one of the largest permanent trading centers in the southern plains. It has a population of almost 500 people with another 300 merchants and travelers in town at any time. The number of merchants has increased recently as the Legion has grown under the leadership of Shar Thizdic, but the number of non-human travelers to Ter-Zeid has dropped dramatically. Now there are almost no non-humans found in the settlement, and those who do arrive have a nasty habit of disappearing without a trace. Most merchants traveling to Edge from the Legion go through Ter-Zeid.

On the banks of the Endless River, the settlement is partially built of poorly constructed stone buildings and a scattering of tents, and on the nights when the lunar rain is particularly bad the inhabitants suffer greatly. The city has a standing contingent of soldiers on duty at all times plus a captured Skullcrusher mech, and other Legion forces are often nearby. Crime is rampant in Ter-Zeid, though the Legion soldiers on duty try to keep that fact away from the merchants so as not to scare them off. Ter-Zeid is led by Aman Suree, a long-time supporter of Shar Thizdic; his primary goal is to collect information about the world beyond the Legion in order to prepare for future Legion actions.

RESIDENTS

The Bone Wolves Mech Tribe

While several mech tribes and Iron-tooth clans come to Edge and travel in its vicinity for a few weeks each year, only one mech tribe stays within a few hundred miles of Edge for the entire year. Located close to a ready supply of parts, mechs, and work, the Bone Wolves have turned more into a group of nomadic dragon hunters than a true mech tribe. The Bone Wolves were originally a nomadic group of horsemen who traveled around the Endless Plains accompanied by the white-furred wolves they raised from birth and trained for war. They often warred with neighboring tribes and were known as warmongers, willing to fight for the death for the joy of combat. This all changed with the coming of the lunar rain, as the culture of the Bone Wolves was almost wiped out over the course of a few years. Most the tribe died early on due to lunar rain, and many of the survivors were lost to lunar dragon attacks.

Fifteen years after the lunar rain had begun, there were only a handful of the Bone Wolves left, and they were but a shadow of their former selves, skittish scavengers trying to slip from the memory

of the world. The small band of survivors thought their final day had come when a small lunar dragon found their encampment, but they were rescued at the last minute by a Scale Hunter mech piloted by a group of Stenian mech jockeys. The mech defeated the dragon, but most of the crew was terribly injured or killed in the battle. The survivors passed on the basics of mech operation to the Bone Wolves before they died, and thus the Bone Wolves became a mech tribe.

Since getting the Scale Hunter, which they named Valorous Fortune and still use today, the Bone Wolves have dedicated themselves to paying back the debt they owe those dwarven mech jockeys who saved the tribe so long ago. They have added several more mechs to their number over time and use them to travel around the region surrounding Edge, still accompanied by the white wolves they are named for. While the Bone Wolves try to hunt down lunar dragons and other dangerous creatures, they have no compunctions about warring with other tribes or Iron-tooth clans and do so regularly. The Bone Wolves now have a reputation as being skilled and honorable warriors, but their bloodlust has not abated with time.

All Bone Wolves have a deep respect for members of the Stenian Confederacy and help them whenever possible. The Bone Wolves earn the money needed to keep their mechs operational mainly by salvaging artifacts from the destroyed settlements of the world before the lunar rain, but they are not above raids when times are lean. While they accept other tribes that move through their territory, they do not take well to other factions taking up permanent residence near Edge.

The current leader of the Bone Wolves is Rasset Ironclaw, who also serves as the pilot of the Valorous Fortune. The tribe now numbers almost 200 members and has a pack of 40 wolves that regularly travels with it.

Rasset Ironclaw, male human Mcj8: CR 8; Medium humanoid (human); HD 8d6+8; hp 39; Init +6; Spd 30 ft; AC 17,

touch 13, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +6; Mech Atk +8; Grp +6; Atk +9 melee (1d6, rapier) or +8 ranged (1d10, steam gun); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d6, rapier) or +8/+3 ranged (1d10, steam gun); SQ Extraordinary pilot, mech fingers – warrior instinct, skill transfer, hand speed, patchwork repairs, push the envelope 2/day, roll with the punches – 1 increment; AL N; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Balance +9, Climb +11, Craft (mechcraft) +13, Listen +6, Knowledge (local) +7, Mech Pilot +13 (+21), Spot +11, Survival +5; Combat Expertise, Improved Initiative, Mechidextrous, Mechwalker, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Speed Freak, Track, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Masterwork rapier, +1 chain shirt, ring of sustenance, masterwork artisan's tools (mechcraft), steam gun, peasant outfit.

Captain Morick Steamrunner

Captain of the Scale Hunter mech Dirias of the Stenian Confederacy, Morick Steamrunner is assigned to patrol the territory around Level and Edge in order to prevent dangerous creatures or groups from gaining a foothold in the area. He and his mech are the closest symbol of Stenian authority to Edge and he is sometimes called to the city to give the Stenian point of view on city matters. While Captain Steamrunner is not a diplomat, his importance in the region is much larger than his rank would imply. He is a ready ally of the Church of Fhurlin, but does not trust most of the other factions in the city. If Edge is ever attacked, Captain Steamrunner is likely to be contacted to seek aid from the Stenian Confederacy. He has served in the mechs of the Confederacy for more than 30 years and is a decorated commander. Steamrunner was assigned this territory due to his previously demonstrated common sense and communication abilities. While stern and stubborn, beneath his gruff exterior lies the idealistic mech jockey who joined

the crew of Durgan-lok in the hopes of defending his people.

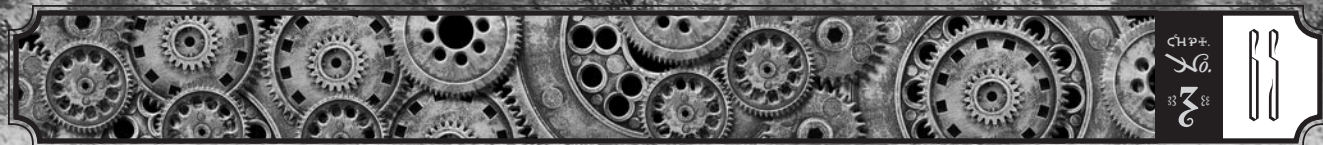
Captain Morick Steamrunner, male dwarf Cog4/Mcj3: CR 7; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 4d4+3d6+7; hp 31; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 15, touch 12, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +4; Mech Atk +4; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +4 melee (2d8, buzzaxe) or +6 ranged (1d12, steambreather); SQ Dwarf traits, machine empathy, integrated parts, 7 steam powers, extraordinary pilot, mech fingers – warrior's instinct, hand speed, patchwork repairs, push the envelope 1/day; AL LG; SV Fort +3, Ref +6, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +6, Craft (Mechcraft) +12 (+16), Diplomacy +4, Disable Device +9, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +9, Knowledge (history) +9, Knowledge (mechs) +12, Knowledge (steam engines) +12, Listen +4, Mech Pilot +14 (+17); Craft Steam Gear, Exotic Weapon Proficiency (buzzaxe, steam breather), Mechidextrous, Mechwalker, Persuasive, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Pilot armor, buzzaxe, steambreather, masterwork artisan's tools (mechcraft), steam powers.

The Red Band

The Red Band is one of the major impediments to trade in Edge. The Red Band is the largest bandit group within a hundred miles of the city, and they have hit every type of caravan and merchant imaginable in their 10 years of existence. Led by Danel Maximillian, rumored to be both a former adviser of Shar Thizdic and a man who nearly assassinated him, the Red Band numbers some 85 members, although they rarely travel in one group. They usually travel in three smaller groups, one of which is led by Danel and accompanied by the band's solitary mech, an aging juggernaut that has seen numerous modifications over the years. Most of the members of the Red Band are former nomads, outcasts from the Stenian Confederacy or the Legion, or criminals from Edge who fled



the city. The Red Band is not a tremendous military force, but it has managed to successfully evade every group that has come after them, including the Bone Wolves and a contingent of Stenian mechs. This has sparked rumors that Danel Maximillian has magical powers of foresight, but the reality is far more complicated.

The Red Band regularly works for Ma Stonefoller, attacking those who try to cross the cliff without going through the Stairkeepers. In exchange, they receive a tidy sum of gold — and warnings whenever anyone in the city mounts a bandit-hunting expedition. The Red Band has a number of hiding places in the mountains near ruined Rook plus a few in the cliff themselves, making it easy for them to disappear when needed. Ma Stonefoller and the Red Band have grown too embroiled to easily terminate the relationship, so they now have a vested interest in keeping each other in power and out of trouble.

Danel Maximillian, male human
Stk5/Ank5: CR 10; Medium humanoid (human); HD 5d6+5d10+10; hp 59; Init +8; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 14, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +8; Grp +8; Atk or Full Atk +12 melee (1d6+1, rapier) or +12 melee (1d3, whip) or +12 ranged (1d8, longbow); Full Atk +12/+7 melee (1d6+1, rapier) or +12/+7 melee (1d3, whip) or +12/+7 ranged (1d8, longbow); SA Sneak attack +3d6; SQ Trap-finding, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge, tools, connections III, rapid border +2, bloody invader, trample evasion; AL NE; SV Fort +5, Ref +13, Will +1; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Balance +17, Climb +13, Bluff +12, Diplomacy +6, Disguise +6, Gather Information +10, Hide +12, Intimidate +14, Jump +17, Knowledge (mechs) +15, Listen +2, Sense Motive

+7, Spot +10; Combat Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Mech Rider, Persuasive, Quick Draw, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Masterwork chain shirt, +1 rapier, gloves of dexterity +2, masterwork whip, 2 rust bombs, 2 magnet bombs, 3 flasks of alchemist's fire, 2 tanglefoot bags, tools.

HAPPENINGS

Flood Ruins

Recent heavy rains have swelled the waters of the Endless River below Edge, causing the river to overflow its banks in some areas. The shifting mud in one flooded area revealed a previously buried stone structure of unknown type, drawing the interest of a number of groups in Edge and beyond. Several groups have gone out to investigate the ruins, but thus far none of them have returned, and merchants

traveling through the area have reported no sign of them. This has spawned rumors about some ancient evil living in the ruins, killing any who venture near. In truth, the Red Band used their mech to create the stone structure as a lure, and they've been ambushing any group that wanders by. They'll probably move on to other tactics soon, but anyone going to investigate the ruins is liable to get a nasty surprise.

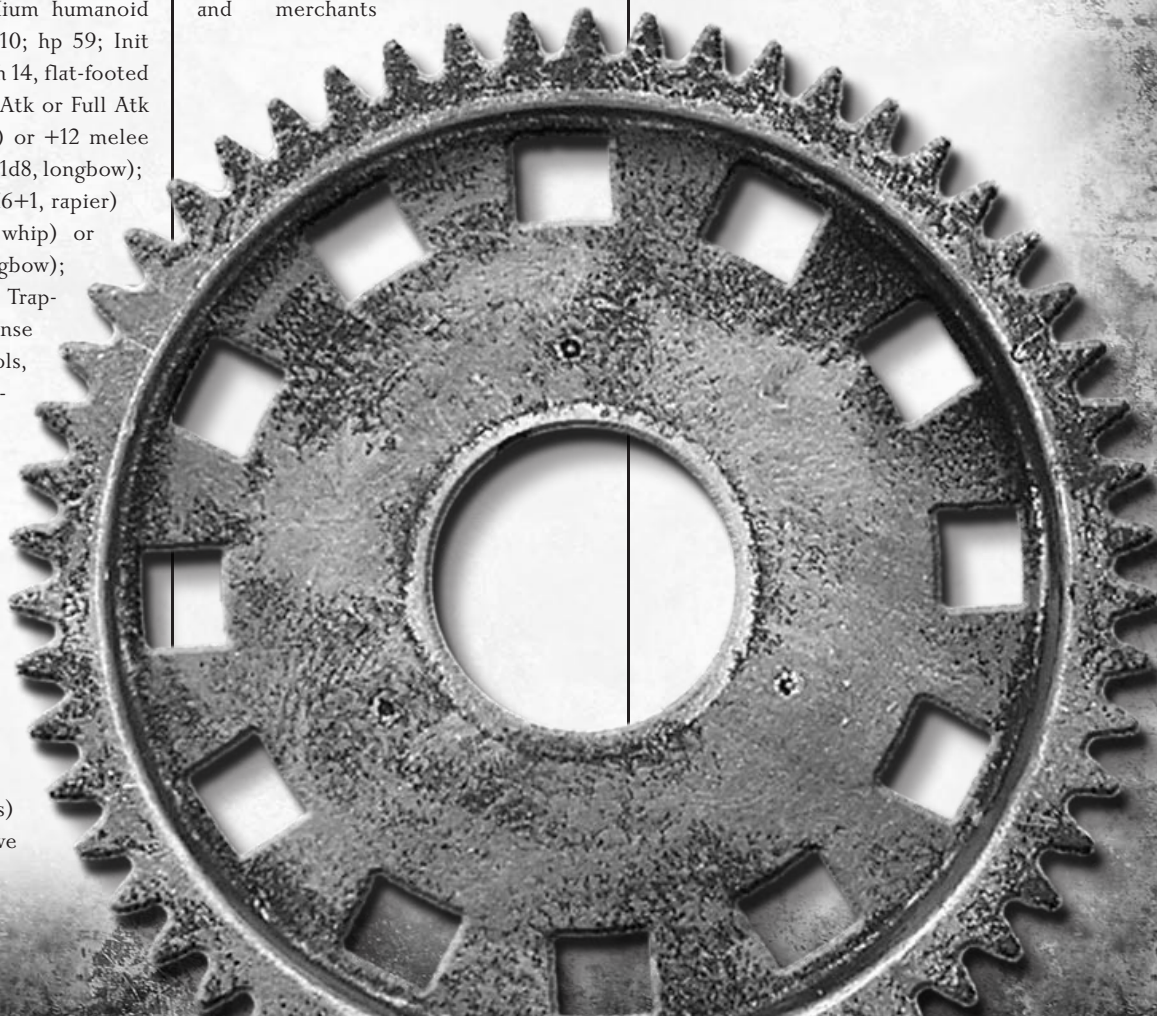




PLATE 5 *Edge is one of the few places on Highpoint
where religion still holds sway.*



THE BALANCE OF POWER

EDGE'S MAJOR FACTIONS ARE PRESENTED HERE ROUGHLY IN THEIR ORDER OF IMPORTANCE TO CIVIC LIFE. THE CHURCH OF FHURLIN COMES FIRST AS ITS INFLUENCE IS FELT EVERYWHERE. NEXT ARE THE STAIRKEEPERS, WHOSE NEAR-MONOPOLY ON VERTICAL TRAVEL BOTH UNITES AND DIVIDES THEM. THEY ARE FOLLOWED BY THE DROW AND DWARVES OF HIGH DOCKS; BOTH GROUPS HAVE INFLUENCE BEYOND THEIR CAVERNOUS HOME. A SMALL GROUP OF INDEPENDENT TRADERS HAS FORMED THE BLACKWATER TRADING LEAGUE TO FIGHT FOR THEIR OWN PROFITS AGAINST THESE LARGER GUILDS. ALL FOUR MAJOR MECHDOMS HAVE REPRESENTATIVES HERE AS WELL, AND THE CITY MAINTAINS TWO GUARDIAN MECHS ALL ITS OWN. FINALLY, EDGE HAS PROVEN A FERTILE BREEDING GROUND FOR CULTS, LUNAR AND OTHERWISE.

THE CHURCH OF FHURLIN

Fhurlin, The God of Travelers, Roads, and Merchants

Symbol: A circle with a center cross, symbolizing a crossroads.

Alignment: Neutral

Portfolio: Commerce, distance, merchants, roads, and travelers.

Worshippers: Adventurers, bards, merchants, and travelers.

Cleric Alignments: CN, LN, N, NE, NG.

Domains: Luck, Protection, Providence, and Travel.

Favored Weapon: Quarterstaff.

Fhurlin is a neutral deity who protects the roads and byways for all travelers, but he is especially fond of merchants.

Commerce makes the world go round. Merchants not only bring new goods into a community, but they spread new ideas and cultures wherever they go, keeping things in constant flow and opening "roadways in the mind," so to speak.

Fhurlin is also known as Fharlan, Fhlarnghn, and Flaryngng. His priests wear brown robes, which symbolize the simple earthen roadways they travel. In Edge they also wear golden headbands with a blue eye emblazoned on them, symbolizing that Fhurlin is always watching out for his flock. Fhurlin's priests build shrines and temples along well-traveled roads. Their largest temple lies behind the waterfall in Edge. Travelers flock to the city to sell and buy goods, making Edge the heart of Highpoint. As such, Fhurlin's clerics protect this most important destination for all to visit.

While in Edge or within 2 miles of it, Fhurlin's clerics receive a +2 bonus to

receive spells from him, as the large concentration of worshippers strengthens the deity's divine focus.

The Church's Importance in Edge

Unlike other places on Highpoint, religion retains a strong influence in Edge, and nearly three-fourths of the population worship Fhurlin in some form. These residents believe that Fhurlin watches over their city and that his personal protection has kept the lunar dragons at bay. For this reason, most citizens tithe regularly, and they refer to it as the Church (always capitalized by residents, to indicate its importance). No other deity or temple maintains much presence in Edge.

The Church provides the city with a de facto guard, lending its parish guard to keep the streets as safe as possible for both citizen and traveler. The Church also serves unofficially as the city's governing authority, with the high priest of Fhurlin effectively functions as the city's mayor. For even though the people of Edge have long resisted an organized government (the city has had numerous governmental failures), they freely accept the Church as a ruling body. Over and over again, the Church has proven neutral in the many political and mercantile power struggles that wrack the city daily.

The Church, as a whole, has rebuffed bribery and instead has worked for all the inhabitants' best interests. More than anything, the citizens respect this institution's unwavering integrity. In a climate where most anything can be purchased with enough palm greasing, the citizens find solace in an institution that remains reliable, honorable, and beyond reproach. In fact, an unspoken pact exists in Edge between the Church and the people: As long as the Church continues to work for the common good, the citizens of Edge will allow the Church to lead them in the unofficial manner that it does.

Of course, the people respect the Church for more than its integrity. The



NEW DOMAIN: PROVIDENCE

Deities: Fhurlin

Granted Powers: You cast conjuration spells at +1 caster level.

1 Endure elements: Exist comfortably in hot or cold environments.

2 Rope trick: As many as eight creatures hide in extradimensional space.

3 Create food and water: Feeds three humans (or one horse)/level.

4 Tiny hut: Creates shelter for ten people.

5 Fabricate: Transforms raw materials into finished items.

6 Heroes' feast: Food for one creature/level cures and grants combat bonuses.

7 Mage's magnificent mansion: Door leads to extradimensional mansion.

8 Limited wish: Alters reality — within spell limits.

9 Wish: As *limited wish*, but with fewer limits.

TRAVEL DOMAIN FOR CLERICS OF FHURLIN

Clerics of Fhurlin may choose the standard domain spells listed for the Travel domain, but their deity provides them with a few choices at certain levels. These standard spells and the optional spells are always open to the cleric; they need not permanently choose one spell over the other.

3 Phantom steed: Magic horse appears for 1 hour/level.

5 Overland flight: You fly at a speed of 40 ft. and can hustle over long distances.

6 Phantom steed, mass*: As *phantom steed*, except you can create one magic steed per level.

*Indicates new spell.

NEW SPELL

Phantom Steed, Mass
Conjuration (Creation)

Level: Brd 6, Sor/Wiz 6, Travel 6

Components: V, S

Casting Time: 10 minutes

Range: 0 ft.

Effect: One quasi-real, horselike creature/level

Duration: 1 hour/level (D)

Saving Throw: None

Spell Resistance: No

You conjure one Large, quasi-real, horselike creature per level. The steed can be ridden only by you or the persons for whom you specifically created the mounts. Phantom steeds have a black head and body, gray mane and tail, and smoke-colored, insubstantial hooves that make no sound. Each has what seems to be a saddle, bit, and bridle. They do not fight, but animals shun them and refuse to attack them.

Each mount has an AC of 18 (–1 size, +4 natural armor, +5 Dex) and 7 hit points +1 hit point per caster level. If a steed loses all its hit points, it disappears. A phantom steed has a speed of 20 feet per caster level, to a maximum of 240 feet. It can bear its rider's weight plus up to 10 pounds per caster level.

These mounts gain certain powers according to caster level. A mount's abilities include those of mounts of lower caster levels.

8th Level: The mount can ride over sandy, muddy, or even swampy ground without difficulty or decrease in speed.

10th Level: The mount can use *water walk* at will (as the spell, no action required to activate this ability).

12th Level: The mount can use *air walk* at will (as the spell, no action required to activate this ability) for up to 1 round at a time, after which it falls to the ground.

14th Level: The mount can fly at its speed (average maneuverability).



Church bonds citizen to citizen, citizen to traveler, and most importantly, citizen to god. This common link keeps the peace and keeps coin flowing into the city's coffers. As long as the Church remains strong, the people of Edge believe Fhurlin will shower his protection and favors on them.

The Temple of Fhurlin

The Temple of Fhurlin lies behind Edge's waterfall. Cave entrances rest six feet to either side of the waterfall's base, and they lead into a massive cavern area behind the waterfall. Within the cavern, a round, three-level temple rises like a massive column from the floor, extending to the height of the cavern some 70 feet above. Iron double doors rest at its waterfall-facing base, and guards stand watch at the doors. At its widest, the temple spans 100 feet in length and width. Murder holes dot the lower levels, and four manned balconies with battlements extend from the building at the height of 50 feet, offering protection in every direction. A series of tunnels lies beyond the cavern, and the temple's guards keep an eye on the various tunnel entrances.

The temple's lowest level houses most of the Church's guard, including Captain Halfrid Robbs, and the newest initiates. The second level houses the clerical fold and High Priest Traksis Stols. The upper level contains the ritual prayer rooms, classrooms, and the Church's administrative offices.

Church Organization

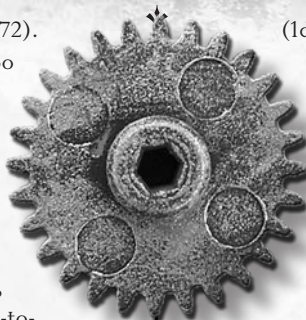
The High Priest, Traksis Stols, leads the Church of Fhurlin. In addition to his clerical duties, he serves unofficially as the city's mayor. Of course, his governmental authority is subject to the whim of the people. So far, the people of Edge have been pleased with his neutrality and beneficial policies, and they have allowed him to remain in power. Some still try to subvert him and his priests, though (see

Tempting the Faith, page 72).

And when his policies get too stringent, the people voice their opinion by lowering their donations, which generally has the effect of putting Traksis back on track, so to speak. A human priestess, Ebreda Denn, assists Traksis with the day-to-day business of both the Church and the City. She in turn has two mid-level dwarven priest assistants, Brayder and Zeer, who assist her with training the initiates. Traksis, Ebreda, and the two lesser priests constitute the Church's hierarchy; all other priests hold an equivalent rank and do whatever tasks they are assigned, be it mediating a problem between merchants, scouting for caravans, exploring territories, building bridges, or clearing roadways to aid travel. Currently, about 40 lesser priests serve the Church.

The Church also commands an army of 83 soldiers, one of the largest armies in the city. Captain Halfrid Robbs commands the soldiers. Two lieutenants serve the captain, and each commands four units of 10 men (each unit has one sergeant). About 75 percent of Edge's inhabitants worship Fhurlin, so the Church's followers number over a thousand. With the city's largest army and the most followers, the Church is a definite force to be reckoned with. The guardsmen protect the temple and serve as a city guard.

Traksis Stols, High Priest of Fhurlin, male dwarf C14: CR 14; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 14d8+28; hp 94; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC 22, touch 15, flat-footed 20; BAB +9; Grp +10; Atk +11 melee (1d6+2/x2) or +11 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2); Full Atk +11/+6 melee



(1d6+2/x2) or +11/+6 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2); SA Spells; SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits, spontaneous casting, turn undead; AL LN; SV Fort +10, Ref +7, Will +13; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 16, Wis 21, Cha 15.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +12, Craft (armorsmithing) +10, Craft (carpentry) +8, Diplomacy +24, Heal +10, Knowledge (religion) +13, Sense Motive +14, Spellcraft +17; Brew Potions, Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Negotiator, Scribe Scroll, Skill Focus (Diplomacy).

Possessions: +2 chainmail, +1 quarterstaff, light crossbow, dagger, club, pouch, *Eye of Fhurlin**, *potion of cure moderate wounds* (x2), 200 gp, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared (6/7+1/6+1/5+1/5+1/4+1/3+1/2+1; save DC 15 + spell level): 0—*create water*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *guidance*, *light*, *mending*; 1st—*bless*, *com-*

prehend languages (x2), *divine favor*, *endure elements**, *entropic shield*, *magic weapon*, *sanctuary*; 2nd—*augury*, *darkness*, *eagle's splendor* (x2), *enthral*, *make whole*, *shield other**; 3rd—*blindness/deafness*, *create food and water**, *daylight*, *dispel magic*, *glyph of warding* (x2); 4th—*air walk*, *discern lies* (x2), *divination*, *sending*, *spell immunity**; 5th—*flame strike*, *righteous might*, *scrying*, *spell resistance**, *true seeing*; 6th—*antimagic field**, *blade barrier*, *mass bull's strength*, *heal*; 7th—*blasphemy*, *greater scrying*, *repulsion**.

Domains: Protection, Providence.

*Indicates a domain spell.

+Indicates a new item.

Traksis Stols is a 180-year-old male dwarf. He has short dark brown hair and a close-cut beard. He wears the common brown robes of priests of Fhurlin and a handsome golden headband inscribed with a blue eye. He has served as the High Priest of Fhurlin in Edge for 50 years now.

In his early days, Traksis spent a lot of time in Duerok and then the Stenian Confederacy, but his travels eventually brought him to Edge. He found he enjoyed its fast-paced, melting-pot atmosphere as much as he enjoyed the road, for here all cultures converged in a common pursuit: commerce. He found that he could learn just as much about the world here as he could on the road, and he has devoted his life to protecting the city to which all roads lead.

Traksis serves the city as mayor and mediator, solving complex problems between merchants and keeping the peace within the city. His position as such resides solely in the citizens' hands, for they hold the real power in the city; so far, they have been satisfied with his poli-



cies and neutral stance toward the city's various factions.

When dealing with the merchants and citizens, Traksis is a very open-minded individual, and he tries very hard to not have favorites among the people. With his priests, however, Traksis is a serious, hard-edged fellow. He takes this nonsense approach toward his priests because he knows the Church's power is precarious. If the people don't feel they can trust the Church's priests, then they won't continue to support them in terms of faith and tithes. Without the Church's influence and stability, Traksis fears the city would become a chaotic, dangerous place. Already, too many factions control large numbers of troops, and if one faction believed its soldiers could enslave the people of Edge to its rule, civil war would break out. Internal conflict in Edge would leave the city dangerously vulnerable to invasion by others. In an effort to maintain the Church's integrity and reliability, Traksis keeps a careful eye on his priests via the *Eye of Fhurlin*. He often sends wayward priests away to serve elsewhere, as he cannot afford for any faction to have a priest in its pocket.

In addition to keeping his clerics on the straight and narrow path, Traksis spends most of his time working toward keeping mercantilism flowing unimpeded. He is also currently concerned with stories that have reached his ears about a number of growing cults in the city.

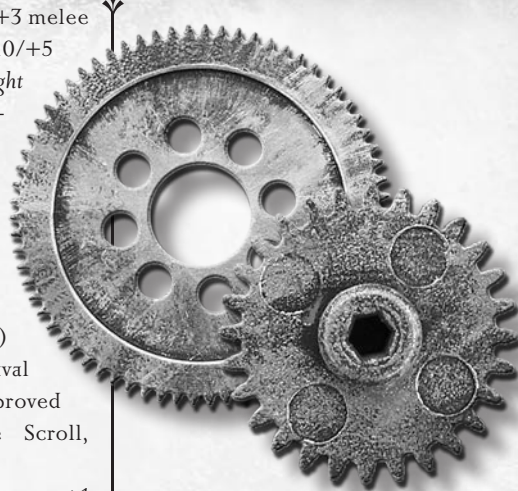
Ebreda Denn, Assistant High Priest, female human, Clr9: CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d8; hp 44; Init +7; Spd 30 ft.; AC 21, touch 15, flat-footed 18; BAB +6; Grp +6; Atk +8 melee (1d6+1/x2, +1 *quarterstaff*) or +10 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, +1

light crossbow); Atk/Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d6+1/x2, +1 *quarterstaff*) or +10/+5 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, +1 *light crossbow*); SA Spells; SQ Spontaneous casting, turn undead; AL N; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +9; Str 10, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 20.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +10, Diplomacy +19, Heal +13, Knowledge (religion) +12, Sense Motive +8, Survival +15; Craft Wondrous Item, Improved Initiative, Negotiator, Scribe Scroll, Weapon Focus (*quarterstaff*).

Possessions: +3 studded leather armor, +1 *quarterstaff*, +2 headband of protection, +1 *light crossbow*, dagger, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *scroll of cure serious wounds* (CL 5), *scroll of control water* (CL 9), *scroll of cure serious wounds* (CL 5), *scroll of remove disease* (CL 9), club, pouch, 100 gp, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared (6/5+1/5+1/4+1/2+1/1+1; save DC 13 + spell level): 0—create



water, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *guidance*, *light*, *mending*; 1st—*bless* (x2), *command*, *divine favor*, *longstrider**, *obscuring mist*; 2nd—*aid*, *bear's endurance*, *eagle's splendor* (x2), *enthrall*, *locate object**; 3rd—*create food and water*, *dispel magic*, *fly**, *magic vestment*, *prayer*; 4th—*divine power*, *spell immunity**, *tongues*; 5th—*righteous might*, *teleport**. Domains: Protection, Travel.

*Indicates a domain spell.



Ebreda Denn is a human woman in her late thirties. Ebreda has waist-long dark hair and a very pleasing face. Her voice is melodious, and people tend to hang intently on this peaceful woman's every word. Within the Church, her diplomatic skills are second only to Traksis Stols'.

Ebreda does not watch the priests as closely as Traksis. Although she admires the High Priest's great work in Edge, she feels his internal practices are too stringent on the whole. Right now, she remains content to assist him in his great responsibilities, but a part of her longs to hit the road and see all she can of Highpoint. As a human, she knows on her time on this

world is limited, so she plans to move on within five years. If something were to happen to Traksis, however, she is prepared to take over his responsibilities. Barring tragedy, though, the dwarven Traksis should have a lot of productive years ahead of him.

Brayder and Zeer, Ebreda's assistants (2), male dwarf

Clr6: CR 6; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 6d8+12; hp 42; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16, touch 10, flat-footed 16; BAB +4; Grp +5; Atk/Full Atk +6 melee (1d6+2/x2, +1 quarterstaff) or +4 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); SA Spells; SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits, spontaneous casting, turn undead; AL N; SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +10; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +7, Diplomacy +6, Heal +7, Knowledge (religion) +6, Survival +10; Brew Potion, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll.

Possessions: +1 chainmail, +1 quarterstaff, light crossbow, dagger, club, headband, pouch, *potion of cure serious wounds*, *scroll of cure light wounds* (CL 5), *scroll of cure serious wounds* (CL 5), 60 gp, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared (5/4+1/4+1/3+1; save DC 13 + spell level): 0—create water, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, light; 1st—bless, command, divine favor, entropic shield, longstrider*; 2nd—aid, darkness, eagle's splendor, make whole, shield other*; 3rd—blindness/deafness, create food and water, protection from energy*, stone shape. **Domains:** Protection, Travel.

*Indicates a domain spell.

Brayder and Zeer are 65-year-old twin brothers who both came into Fhurlin's fold while youths. Thirty years ago, hobgoblin bandits attacked their nomadic clan and killed everyone. In the chaos, they managed to run away, finding a cave to hide in. Huddled in that dark, cold cave, sleep overtook them and

odd dreams filled their minds. In these dreams, a road-weary old dwarf appeared to them, promising to show them to safety. When they awoke, they found they'd both had the same dream of Fhurlin, the Great Traveler. They followed the instructions he imparted to them in the dream, and, living off the land, they walked

their way to the towering cliff that appeared to them nightly like a guiding star.

Their journey took many weeks, but when they reached the cliff-city of their dreams, they knew they had found their new home. Immediately, they were drawn to the other side of the waterfall, and they passed through the cave entrance beside it to where the temple of Fhurlin lay beyond. At the temple's doors, they begged the guards for admittance and offered themselves to the priests within as initiates to the Traveler. They have served the city as priests of Fhurlin ever since.

The jovial Brayder and Zeer assist Ebreda and help oversee the other priests. They are natural teachers, and the other priests genuinely enjoy their lectures and company. Though the pair performs their duties responsibly, they have one bad habit: They enjoy playing pranks on others. Unfortunately, they do not contain their jokes to members of their own flock (or to lesser priests).

Halfrid Robbs, Captain of the Guards, male dwarf Ftr10: CR 10; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 10d10+33; hp 92; Init +5; Spd 20 ft.; AC 18, touch 11, flat-footed 17; BAB +10; Grp +14; Atk +18 melee (1d10+13/x3, +3 dwarven waraxe) or +11 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); Full Atk +18/+13 melee (1d10+13/x3, +3 dwarven waraxe) or +11 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits; AL LN; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +4; Str 19, Dex 12, Con 17, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Craft (armorsmithing)

+7, Handle Animal +8, Intimidate +16, Listen +3, Spot +3; Alertness, Blind-Fight, Cleave, Great Cleave, Greater Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe), Improved Initiative, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe), Weapon Specialization (dwarven waraxe), Toughness.

Possessions: +2 chainmail, +3 dwarven waraxe, light crossbow, 20 bolts, dagger, club, pouch, 10 gp, holy symbol, *potion of flying* (x2).

The 150-year-old Halfrid keeps his hair shaved closely to his head, and his beard is a mere goatee. Halfrid's chainmail, boots, and tunic are impeccably clean, but one should not assume that he is afraid to get them dirty — a fact the locals know all too well.

Halfrid runs a tight organization. He does not allow his men to goof off. If they aren't working or sleeping, they are training. He rarely gives them days off, believing that idleness leads to drunkenness and debauchery. He wants his men always alert. Too many forces threaten the city and the Church, and neither will fall under his watch.

Guardsman Lieutenant (2), male dwarf Ftr6: CR 6; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 6d10+15; hp 48; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 17, touch 11, flat-footed 16; BAB +6; Grp +8; Atk +9 melee (1d10+4/x3, +1 dwarven waraxe) or +7 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d10+4/x3, +1 dwarven waraxe) or +7/+2 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits; AL LN; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +2; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Handle Animal +9, Intimidate +9, Jump +6, Listen +2, Spot +2; Alertness, Cleave, Great Cleave, Power Attack, Rapid Reload, Toughness, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: +1 chainmail, +1 dwarven waraxe, light crossbow, 20 bolts, dagger, club, pouch, 50 gp, holy symbol, *potion of cure serious wounds*.

Typical Fhurlin Guardsman, male dwarf War3: CR 2; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 3d8+3; hp 21; Init +1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15; BAB +3; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +4 melee (1d10+1/x3, dwarven waraxe) or +4 ranged (1d8/19-20/x2, light crossbow); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits; AL N; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +1; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Handle Animal +6, Intimidate +6, Listen +2, Spot +2; Alertness, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe).

Possessions: Chainmail, dwarven waraxe, light crossbow, 20 bolts, dagger, club, pouch, 10 gp, holy symbol.

Tempting the Faith

On the surface, all the people of Edge seem content that the Church has remained the strong, neutral foundation of civic life. As members of various special interest groups, however, they feel frustration in their failure to buy off a priest or two. This continued failure hasn't stopped the various factions from trying; people of Edge aren't the complacent type, after all. On the contrary, secret clubs exist in the city for the sole purpose of sharing ideas on how to effectively bribe the clergy. (Mostly they share stories of their failures, as each faction would be too wary of the others gaining an advantage should an idea succeed.) These think-tank salons contain influen-

tial members from the various interest groups. As each club generally meets at a favored private tavern, the club assumes the tavern's moniker. Two of the largest clubs are the Travelers' Salon and the Merchants' Salon.

Members of these clubs do admit to a rare few bribery successes, though. Unfortunately for them, they have yet to establish any long-term agents, and the clergy members they have "turned" always end up leaving for new assignments elsewhere in Highpoint.

Basically, successfully bribing a clergyman has become little more than a game in Edge, and the clubs little more than social groups. And, in a way, the factions truly *are* content that the Church has so far justified their faith in its governance. After all, if that failed to be the case, they'd no longer support its leadership. Still, trying to tempt the clergy remains a favorite pastime.

Keeping (an Eye on) the Faith

Traksis Stols keeps an eye of the priests in his fold — literally. Like the lesser priests, Traksis wears a golden headband with an emblazoned eye upon it, only his headband is a minor artifact handed down to the High Priest of Fhurlin since before the lunar cataclysms. The headband is called the Eye of Fhurlin, and it allows the High Priest to see into the hearts of those who bind themselves to the Church in the Oath of Faithfulness, a ritual oath taken upon becoming an initiate in the Church. Additionally, Traksis has the priests renew their oath annually as a reminder of its importance.

When Traksis becomes aware of wayward priests, he tries to gently sway them back to the fold. If all else fails, he sends them away. The really bad ones he sends on dangerous quests, removing them from the Church's infrastructure in an effort to maintain the Church's strength, honor, and reliability.

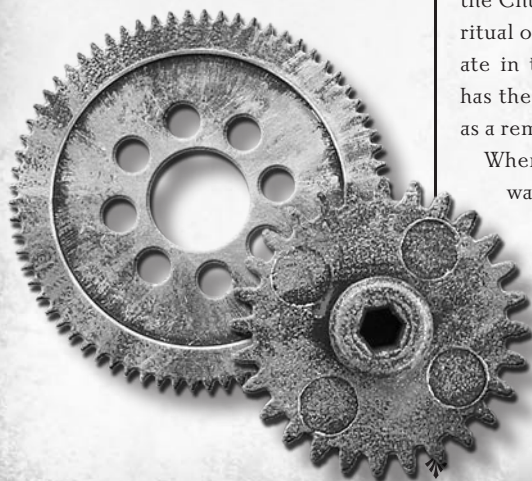
THE STAIRKEEPERS

The Stairkeepers Guild is one of the oldest mercantile groups in Edge. While the Endless River and the geographic location of Edge make it an excellent place for many peoples to come and trade, without the Stairkeepers these groups would all be divided by hundreds of feet of vertical distance. While the Stairkeepers work to keep people and goods moving up and down the cliff of Edge, they also work to prevent any such travel that does not line their pockets. The Stairkeepers are more than willing to allow new members to join, requiring only the proper dues and percentages be paid, but those who buck their authority do not make out well. Thus most individuals pay up rather than face the wrath of the guild. While the Stairkeepers welcome new members, anyone who has been in the business less than 10 years is considered new blood and not treated with the same respect as older members.

The primary concerns of the Stairkeepers Guild are making sure that no free methods of traversing the cliff exist, ensuring that all its operations charge

New Minor Artifact: The Eye of Fhurlin

The Eye of Fhurlin is a golden headband with a watchful blue eye emblazoned on it. The artifact protects its wearer as per a *headband of protection* +3. Additionally, the artifact attunes with those who take Fhurlin's Oath of Faithfulness within the wearer's presence. The item then grants its wearer the following abilities (at will) in regard to those oathtakers only: *atonement*, *discern lies*, *divination*, *geas/quest*, *mark of justice*, *scrying*, and *true seeing*. *Strong divination*; CL 20th.





their customers appropriate rates, and checking that these operations are reasonably safe. Every individual member of the Stairkeepers Guild is expected to pay yearly dues of 5 gp, with each member operation also paying 10 percent of its total income each year. The funds thus collected are used to pay guild officers, place necessary bribes with other factions in Edge, and compensate members for time they spend with the Step Watchmen (the Stairkeepers' militia). This money also supports the various groups that the Stairkeepers use to patrol the region around Edge (to make sure the city is the only easy means of scaling the cliff). The Stairkeepers' coffers are well stocked and the guild is one of the richest factions in Edge.

Three ranks are found within the guild. The lowest are stairsmen, who are the many workers that see to the daily operations of the various methods of ascending or descending the cliff; only those employed by others are of this rank. Stairsmen do not have a direct say in the daily operation of the guild or the selection of guild officers, but they do have influence through the ability to file reports of safety violations against their employers, the response to which is usually an investigation that can take several days and cause a loss of profits.

Anyone found to have frivolously filed a safety violation is likely to be drummed out of the guild in short order, and filing a safety violation against an employer is not likely to improve one's standing with said employer, so stairsmen don't do it lightly. The recent administration of Guildmaster Bethena "Ma" Stonefoller has paid less attention to the safety precautions of the guild, allowing some operations to deteriorate to a state where travel is obviously hazardous.

Above the stairsmen are guildsmen, those who own the various vertical travel operations. Guildsmen choose the guild officers and have the right to speak at any guild meeting. The guildsmen are supposed to be the decision makers for

the guild, with the Guildmaster and other officers serving mainly organizational roles, but Ma Stonefoller has managed through politicking and bribery to increase the power of guild officers to supplant that of the guildsmen.

The third rank in the Stairkeepers is the guild officers, who are selected from the guild ranks through a complicated political process. Originally guild officers could be removed from office by a majority vote of the guildsmen, but under Ma Stonefoller the rules have been rewritten to require unanimous consent. Guild officers may willingly step down, but their replacements must receive support from a majority of the guildsmen. The number of guild officers has varied over time, but there are currently eight guild officers serving. They range from Inspector General, who is charged with investigating safety violations, to Captain of the Stair, who commands the Step Watchmen and makes sure defenses and security for the Stairkeepers and their businesses are in place. The guild officers of the Stairkeepers are led by Guildmaster Bethena Stonefoller, called "Ma" by most Stairkeepers, who operates the largest stair/ladder conglomerate within the Stairkeepers; she also has a large investment in the many food and drink operations found in Edge. She has used this power base to control the entire organization for more than 20 years. While she outwardly projects the image of a benevolent grandmother, she is a political animal who does not react well when others try to cut into her business. Under her control, profits for the Stairkeepers have risen, but so have the number of mysterious disappearances among the guild's enemies.

The Stairkeepers are divided into six political and economic factions that have formed around the different means to travel the cliff of Edge. Each of these factions has a different agenda when it comes to the Stairkeepers, and the power struggles between them are nigh constant, but actual violence is rare. Cur-

rently the biggest conflict among the factions is between Ma Stonefoller and Porgrush Rotbellow, the leader of the porters and a man who readily opposes Ma.

STEPPERS

The oldest faction within the Stairkeepers Guild, the steppers are those members of the guild who service the staircases allowing travel through Cliffside. The stairs first used for such transit were carved in a time lost to record, but these older stairs are now only used by the poorer travelers through Edge due to their worn and sometimes dangerous condition. Erosion, near-vertical inclines, and thousands of passing feet have rendered these original stairs hazardous to climb, but some old stairs have been repaired and new stairs carved by particularly industrious steppers. These stairs are built along the face of Cliffside and weave through the settlements there.

The lone exception is a staircase boring straight through the mesa itself, creating a sheltered stair that is protected from the elements and the dampness of the Endless River. This new staircase was built 15 years ago by a dwarf named Stenner Blackiron, who has since become one of the most powerful steppers after Ma Stonefoller. Stenner Blackiron has recently been appointed Inspector General of the Stairkeepers, giving him further influence in the guild beyond his own wealth. In addition to stairs, the steppers control a number of crudely built slides that allow people to slide down the cliff face on specially greased wooden sleds. This is quicker and easier than walking down the stairs, but creates its own dangers due to the breakneck speed of descent and the possibility of a crash, which could cause a sled to leave the slide and take to the air over the cliff. Such accidental flights do not end well.

The steppers are the largest faction in the Stairkeepers and most support



Ma Stonefoller due to the favor she has shown the steppers in her guild policies. In addition to taking tolls and performing maintenance, steppers sell refreshments and other services to those using their stairs, and some work with merchants and innkeepers in Cliffside to steer travelers to certain places of business. The steppers are the faction within the Stairkeepers most tied to the people of Cliffside and are very popular in the neighborhood. Most of the steppers are humans or halflings, though there are a growing number of dwarves found in the group as Stenner Blackiron brings more of his kinsmen to help run his staircase.

Ma Stonefoller leads the steppers, with Stenner Blackiron serving as her second in command. She openly favors the steppers over the other factions in the Stairkeepers — which the Ober wizards and the mech scalers actually prefer, since it means she stays out of their business. The pulleymen, porters, and Graymane

animal riders are not so complacent and regularly struggle for more influence in the guild. As a result, steppers rarely get along well with these groups, particularly porters (whom the steppers think overstate their importance) and pulleymen (who are the closest competitors to the steppers in terms of price).

Bethena “Ma” Stonefoller

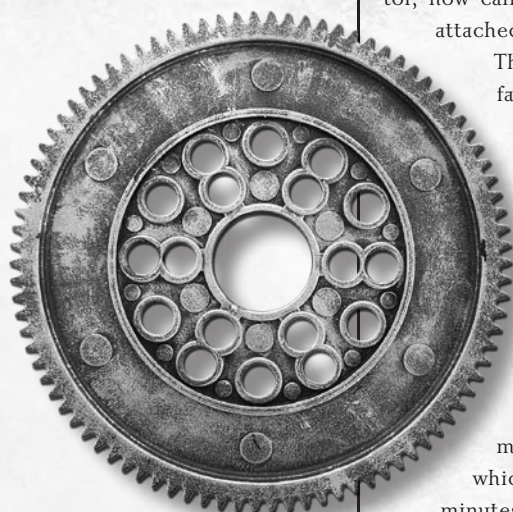
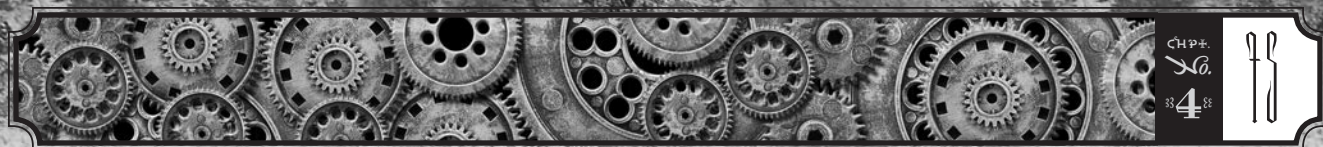
A native of Edge, Ma Stonefoller has been working in the Stairkeepers since her adolescence, which she spent selling lemonade and snacks to those who travel through Cliffside. She knows every facet of staircase operation intimately, but has little experience with the other factions in the Stairkeepers. This lack of familiarity is obvious in her dealings with these other groups, which she sees as always trying to muscle the steppers out of the vertical travel business through innovation and speed. While the

members of other factions don’t think of her with much fondness, the steppers and many of the folk living in Cliffside see her as a benevolent (if eccentric) grandmother. If anyone were to actually attack Ma Stonefoller, Cliffside could well erupt in riots as the whole neighborhood rose up to protect her.

In addition to controlling one of the best staircases in Cliffside, Ma Stonefoller and the Stonefoller halfling clan are the dominant force in the sales of refreshments to those traveling the cliff of Edge. Their lemonade booths are a common sight on most staircase landings, and they even sell snacks on the elevators run by the pulleymen. This business is a money-making machine for Ma Stonefoller and the profits helped her take control of the Stairkeepers. She has strong contacts with the merchants of Edge who provide the foodstuffs she needs, but her cutthroat bargaining posture and regular use of threats has not endeared Ma to her business partners.

She is a charismatic leader and organizer who easily establishes a familiar rapport with her followers; they think of her as family. For her, this is largely an act, because she is far more concerned about her own pockets than her followers’ welfare. She’s more than willing to cut corners that may hurt others if it means money for her; hence the reduction of safety precautions during her tenure as Guildmaster. Ma Stonefoller has lived her entire life in Edge and knows its places and people like the back of her hand. This knowledge, combined with her cunning mind and political savvy, make her a very effective leader. She is easily one of the most powerful people in Edge.

Guildmaster Bethena “Ma” Stonefoller, female halfling Exp6/Rog2: CR 8; Small humanoid (halfling); HD 8d6; hp 31; Init +1; Spd 20 ft; AC 15, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +5; Grp -1; Atk/Full Atk +4 melee (1d3-2, dagger) or +7 ranged (1d8, light crossbow); SA Sneak Attack +1d6; SQ trapfinding, evasion, halfling traits; AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +7,



Will +11; Str 5, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 16.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +11, Climb +11, Bluff +14, Diplomacy +16, Gather Information +9, Intimidate +14, Knowledge (local) +13, Profession (stairkeeper) +17, Sense Motive +19; Negotiator, Skill Focus (Profession [stairkeeper]), Skill Focus (Sense Motive).

Possessions: Leather armor, dagger, light crossbow, 20 bolts, climber's kit, 2 thunderstones, 2 vials of alchemist's fire, artisan's outfit, signet ring, *ring of feather falling*, *ring of protection* +1.

PULLEYMEN

While neither the most numerous nor profitable of the factions within the Stairkeepers, the pulleymen have the twin advantages of allies and innovation. The pulleymen operate the various mechanical conveyances used to travel the vertical face of Edge, the most important being the three huge steam-powered elevators that service the city. The first elevator in Edge was constructed by a dwarf named Morchis Stonehand in the early days of the lunar rain, but it was destroyed after a few months of operation by a massive lunar meteor strike. The skeletal metal remains of the eleva-

tor, now called Morchis's Folly, remain attached to the cliff of Edge.

The strength of the pulleymen faction lies in the fact their methods of travel up and down the cliff are faster and safer than the stairs, and yet are cheaper than any other method save the stairs or the mech scalers (and few passengers want to ride with the mech scalers). The primary method the pulleymen offer is elevator service, which takes an average of 30 minutes to travel from the bottom of the cliff to the top, compared to as much as 4 hours by stair. The pulleymen are also able to provide this service at a reasonable price, although guild constraints prevent them from competing directly against the steppers in terms of cost. The elevators are stout wood and steel machines that use powerful engines to raise wooden platforms, usually little more than 10 feet on a side, which can carry weights of up to one ton up the cliff side. The elevators can be modified to hold larger loads, such as mechs, but doing so commands a higher price. The elevators offer the only means (other than the mech scalers) for mechs to be transported across Edge, and even then the elevators can only transport mechs of Huge size or smaller. The elevators are favorites of merchants who do not wish to risk their goods in the hands of porters or who do not want to spend an entire day getting their goods up the cliff.

In addition to elevators, the pulleymen offer other inexpensive but risky methods of ascending or descending the cliff. New devices are constantly tested in the hopes of making the trip faster and more efficient. These devices are often experimental and have not been widely accepted by the traveling populace. They include catapults used to launch cargo into specially prepared nets, and rubber ropes attached to pulleys called

jumplines that travelers use to leap from the top of the cliff to the bottom. These methods are not very popular, except perhaps with adventurers.

The pulleymen are the third largest faction in the Stairkeepers, behind the steppers and the porters, but they are second in terms of influence due to their wealth and allies within the merchant community of Edge. The Blackwater Trading League is particularly close to the pulleymen, who have been cutting the Blackwater merchants deals on cheaper transportation under the table for several years now, despite guild rules against such activity. The pulleymen are led by a dwarf named Kahad Foehammer, who inherited control of his family's elevator operation after his father's death 10 years ago. Kahad is not a political soul, preferring to lead through example and efficiency rather than fast talking and deal making. Kahad and the pulleymen want to ease guild restrictions so they can lower prices to compete directly with the steppers, but have not been able to muster sufficient support in the guild to do so. Kahad hopes that by allying with the porters and the Graymanes, they can unseat Ma Stonefoller and alter the guild rules, but he has kept this true goal a secret from the porters. The porters will suffer if the pulleymen compete directly with the steppers, so Kahad prefers to keep them in the dark.

In addition to their commercial duties, the pulleymen are responsible for keeping the steam cannons and other steam powered defenses for Edge up and running, thanks to the large number of coglayers in their ranks. They provide this service in exchange for funds from the merchants of Edge and the Church of Fhurlin. A quarter of the pulleymen are seeing to these responsibilities at any given time, and the entire faction is required to man all the weapons mounted in Cliffside.

Kahad Foehammer

Head of the pulleymen, Kahad is more of an organizer than a leader. A hard worker and excellent businessman, he is not very skilled at energizing his followers, yet he gains support by steadfast dedication to his duties. He doesn't make speeches or spend much time politicking, instead working diligently to make sure that all pulleymen operations are safe and efficient, and that the pulleyman receive their proper voice in the Stairkeepers. While some feel this tactic of quiet leadership has cost the pulleymen in the face of Ma Stonefoller's rampant political maneuvering, most of the pulleymen feel that Kahad's methods will win out in the end.

Kahad is constantly working at his own elevator or dealing with guild activities. Officially in the guild he serves as Guild Quartermaster and is charged with working on behalf of the guild to secure supplies that many guild members need, such as coal, wood, and stone. This position has helped him make many contacts within the merchant community of Edge, most of who now use pulleymen services exclusively due to Kahad impressing them with his fair dealings.

Kahad Foehammer, male dwarf
Cog6/Exp2: CR 6; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 6d4+2d6+24; hp 49; Init -1; Spd 20 ft.; AC 13, touch 9, flat-footed 13; Base Atk +4; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +4 melee (2d6+1d3, chattersword) or +3 ranged (1d10, personal steam gun); SQ Dwarf traits, machine empathy, integrated parts x1, 10 steam powers; AL LN; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Climb +6, Craft (mechcraft) +14 (+20), Diplomacy +8, Disable Device +12, Gather Information +2, Knowledge (architecture and engineering) +14, Knowledge (local) +14, Knowledge (mechs) +6, Knowledge (steam engines) +14, Listen +6, Mech Pilot +3, Search +9, Sense Motive +10; Craft Steam Gear, Exotic Weapon

Proficiency (chattersword, steam gun), Gearhead, Mech Weapon Proficiency (flame nozzle, steambreather), Negotiator, Siege Weapon Proficiency (steam cannon).

Possessions: Chattersword, steam gun with 20 rounds, masterwork artisan's tools (mechcraft), stethoscope, wave-maker steam power.

THE OBER WIZARD FAMILY

Thirty years ago, Siler Ober, even then a wizard of no small ability, reached Edge one morning after a particularly nasty evening of lunar rain. The stairs and elevators were not open for business that day due to the repair work going on. Being an impatient youth full of his own power, Siler Ober cast fly upon himself and took to the air, scaling the cliff with ease. His trip attracted much attention. By the time he reached Topside, a crowd had gathered and several were clambering for spells that would allow them to travel to High Docks, having urgent business there. Siler Ober discovered quite to his amazement that a comfortable living could be made transporting people up and down the cliff of Edge, without the threats and travails of his previous life as an adventurer. Siler Ober cashed in his gear and bought a dwelling in Topside, where he set up shop selling his magical skills to those who need a quick means up and down the cliff. While the Stairkeepers initially reacted with hostility to his operation, Siler Ober was more than willing to pay guild dues in order to avoid conflict. Siler Ober was just looking for an easy way to make money, and even today avoids trouble when he can.

Siler Ober was the first wizard to go into the transportation business, but he has not been the last. Half a dozen other wizards, sorcerers, and apprentices have come to Edge looking to set up similar businesses. With the help of the Stairkeepers, Siler Ober has forced these competitors to follow his lead in

pricing and generally obey his orders. In fact, Siler Ober married his onetime rival Chelis Kinnanon (now Chelis Ober), and their children have likewise wedded several of the more recent wizardly arrivals in Edge. Because of this, nearly all the wizards in the Stairkeepers are related by blood or marriage to Siler Ober and are thus referred to as the Ober Wizard Family. Ober leads this family with a stern hand that doles out punishments and fines for any misbehavior or trouble, particularly when it interrupts his life of leisure. The Obers own residences in Topside, High Docks, and Low Docks, all of which are lavishly furnished.

The Obers all follow Siler Ober's orders, but relations are not so cordial between other members of the family. The second generation of the Obers, of which there are eight members, have constant squabbles over customers, inheritance and the favor of their parents. Gifted with arcane power and great wealth, the young Obers are among Edge's elite, but most inhabitants of the city consider them spoiled rich kids who have never done a day's work in their lives.

Within the Stairkeepers, the Obers want nothing to do with the rest of the guild and stay out of guild matters almost entirely. Their operation runs with little interference from the guild, largely because they have the best safety record of any faction. Since the Obers pay their dues, Ma Stonefoller and the





Stairkeepers leave them be for the most part. The only guild duties the Obers regularly take part in is working with the Step Watchmen, a chore Siler Ober assigns to whichever of his children have displeased him lately. However, all the Obers work to defend the city if it is attacked.

The business of the Obers mainly consists of casting *levitation* or *fly* spells. They also offer *dimension door*, *message*, and *sending* spells but these are less popular services. The wizards have a number of magical items such as *rings of feather fall* that they use, but woe to he who tries to steal from the wizards. Siler Ober is willing to do nearly anything to keep his business intact. If someone tries to jump off the cliff with one of the Ober family's magic rings, for example, Siler is not above casting *dispel magic* to show them the error of their ways.

Siler Ober

Siler Ober became an adventuring wizard because he wanted to be rich. He spent his early days searching ancient dungeons and doing what adventurers do, but upon discovering the demand for his skills in Edge he settled into a much safer way to make a good living. Siler has been in Edge ever since, living the good life off the payment he collects for his spells. He is one of the richest Stairkeepers in Edge and enjoys his wealth immensely. He cannot stand those who would disturb his idyllic quiet life, no matter what their reasons are.

Siler Ober, male human Wiz11: CR 11; Medium humanoid (human); HD 11d4; hp 30; Init +1; Spd 30 ft; AC 15, touch 11, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +5; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +6 melee (1d4+1, dagger); SQ Familiar (raven); AL LN; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +9; Str 8, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 19, Wis 14, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Concentration +14, Diplomacy +8, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (local) +10, Profession (stairkeeper) +11, Spellcraft +14; Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous

Item, Enlarge Spell, Extend Spell, Improved Counterspell, Iron Will, Scribe Scroll, Spell Mastery (*dimension door*, *feather fall*, *fly*, *levitation*).

Possessions: Robes, +2 dagger, spell component pouch, ledgers, spyglass, winged boots, bracers of armor +4, wand of *dispel magic* (34 charges), headband of intellect +2.

Spells Prepared (4/5/5/5/4/2/1 per day; save DC 14 + spell level): 0—*detect magic* x2, *read magic*, *message*; 1st—*feather fall* x5; 2nd—*levitation* x4, *spider climb*; 3rd—*fly* x4, *shrink item*; 4th—*dimension door* x4; 5th—*teleport*, *sending*; 6th—*mislead*.

MECH SCALERS

The newest faction in the Stairkeepers, the mech scalers have been in Edge only five years, but they've already carved out a niche in the market of vertical travel. Made up of outcast Irontooth clansmen, the mech scalers transport mechs up and down the cliff of Edge, using their incredible piloting skills and a series of specially made handholds to help mechs clamber up and down it. They are willing to do so with any mech of up to Colossal size, but their prices are not cheap. Moving a Large mech up or down the cliff costs 100 gp, and every increase in size doubles this cost.

With this service comes a skilled pilot, and the use of the mech scalers' network of handholds. For half the price, mech jockeys can try to climb the cliff themselves using the handholds, but few choose to do so. The mech scalers also offer passenger and cargo transportation up and down the cliff by way of strapping cargo netting and hammocks to mechs they are transporting; a handful of hardy souls are willing to undergo such a risky and

terrifying mode of transportation. If the mech scalers did not provide such a valuable service, they would probably not be accepted within the Stairkeepers due to the short time they have been in Edge.

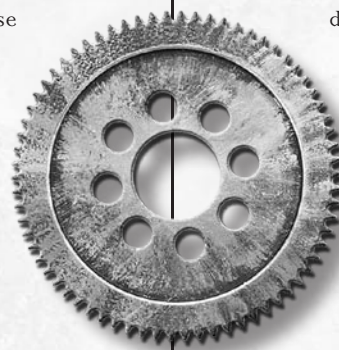
The mech scalers are known as troublemakers about town, often getting into brawls in Edge taverns, and they are said to have a particular dislike for dwarves. Within the Stairkeepers, they stay out of guild politics as much as possible, especially since there are so many dwarves in the guild. Due to the niche market they serve, Ma Stonefoller does not bother much with them, content to take her cut of their earnings and let them do what they will. The mech scalers live in a series of run-down buildings in the lowest parts of the city, surrounded by junk they have scavenged in the hope of building new mechs.

Azock Dro

Azock Dro is the leader of the Dro brothers and sisters who make up the mech scalers. She and her family were cast out of their clan when the padding on her mech's sword slid off in a joust and she ended up killing her opponent, the son of the clan chief. The two had exchanged angry words earlier in the day over advances the chief's son made toward one of Azock's sisters, so there was some suspicion that the death was not accidental.

In order to avoid possible retribution from the clan chief, the Dro siblings fled the clan in one of its more run-down mechs, barely making it to Edge before the machine malfunctioned.

Ever since, Azock Dro has led her siblings with the hope of eventually earning enough money to purchase their own mechs and start their own clan. She is more a war leader than



a merchant and is only just beginning to grasp the intricacies of life in Edge. Her bargaining style is basically “take it or leave it” and she barely tolerates the Stairkeepers getting a portion of her money. If Ma Stonefoller pushes for too many concessions from the mech scalers, she is likely to meet with a violent response.

Azock Dro, female human Mcj10/Mcd4: CR 14; Medium humanoid (human); HD 14d6+14; hp 70; Init +4; Spd 30 ft.; AC 17, touch 13, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +10; Grp +11; Atk +15 melee (1d6+1, rapier) or +15 ranged (1d6+1, throwing axe); Full Atk +15/+10 melee (1d6+1, rapier) or +15/+10 ranged (1d6+1, throwing axe); SA Unarmed mech damage +2d6, stunning attack; SQ Extraordinary pilot, mech fingers — warrior instinct and skill transfer, patchwork repairs, push the envelope 3/day, roll with the punches — 1 increment, special skill uses, agile mech +1, fast movement; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +15, Will +4; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 8.

Skills and Feats: Balance +21, Climb +21, Craft (mechcraft) +16, Jump +18, Knowledge (mechs) +16, Listen +13, Mech Pilot +24 (+38), Sense Motive +7, Spot +17; Combat Expertise, Combat Reflexes, Mech Dancer, Mech Fu, Mechidextrous, Mechwalker, Natural Pilot, Quick Draw, Skill Focus (Climb), Skill Focus (Mech Pilot), Speed Freak, Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: Pilot armor, rapier, 4 throwing axes, climber's kit, masterwork artisan's tools (mechcraft), 2 daggers, smokestick, sunrod.

GRAYMANES

Older than any faction of the Stairkeepers besides the steppers and porters, the Graymanes came to Edge shortly after the beginning of the lunar rain. The Graymanes were originally inhabitants of a now-ruined city in the Flatlands where they served as flying messengers and warriors, using their griffon

mounts for their speed and maneuverability. Most find this warlike past surprising considering all the Graymanes are gnomes, but the Graymanes say their small size makes it easier for their mounts to carry them.

The title Graymane refers to the name of the group's commander when they reached Edge 95 years ago, and while they have a new leader now, they've kept the Graymane name out of respect. Shortly after coming to Edge, the Graymanes found they could make a good living ferrying people up and down the cliff. While this mercantile existence did not initially sit well with the Graymanes' warrior spirit, they made up for this by patrolling around Edge of their own accord, seeking to bring order to the region. Because of this, the Graymanes have the best reputation among the people of Edge of all the Stairkeeper factions. Many are the stories of the Graymanes sweeping in to save travelers from bandits or orc raiders, although in terms of travel up and down the cliff of Edge, they are not so benevolent.

The Graymanes have 12 trained griffons they use to ferry goods. They have recently added a new group of recruits from the underdeep: a group of deep dwarves who ride giant spiders that also provide transportation. The two groups get along well and provide a united front against outsiders, especially within the guild. The current leader of the Graymanes, Klaine Skrier, serves as the Captain of the Stair and is in charge of the defenses of the Stairkeepers. He and his Graymanes also patrol the cliff for miles in each direction and “convince” travelers that they should traverse the cliff using the Stairkeepers' services in Edge. While the Graymanes themselves refuse to attack travelers crossing the cliff outside of Edge, Ma Stonefoller has used their reports and sent groups of thugs to break up operations found outside Stairkeeper control. Klaine Skrier has allied with the porters and the pulleymen in the hopes of changing guild policy from being so aggressive

in such matters. Due to Klaine's position within the guild and the good reputation of the Graymanes, their influence in the guild is greater than their numbers would indicate.

The Graymanes' primary customers are merchants and rich travelers who want to reach their destinations quickly, and who do not wish to deal with the temperamental Ober wizards. While the Graymanes don't move much cargo, they have harnesses for doing so when needed. The Graymanes live in a single dwelling in Topside that contains both their living quarters and the stables for their mounts.

Klaine Skrier

A warrior born and raised, Klaine Skrier now struggles to lead the life of a merchant when he hungers for battles and glory. While his patrols of the area surrounding Edge sate this desire somewhat, he hopes for the day when he finds some glorious cause to support or crusade to wage. Among the Stairkeepers, he is the person most likely to sympathize with adventurers and try to lend them a hand. Despite his desire for some excitement in his life, he is deeply loyal to his followers and sees their well-being as more important than his personal glory.

Klaine is a wise old soldier who has spent decades in the saddle leading others to war. He does not trust others easily and no one in the Stairkeepers (save perhaps the mech scalers) has proven themselves honorable in his eyes. He does not like mercantile matters and hates haggling, earning him a bad reputation among some of the merchants in Edge. As a result, the Graymanes do not make the money they could, but still make enough to live comfortably and keep their mounts fed. Klaine is almost always interested in buying horses in order to feed the Graymane griffons.

Klaine Skrier, male gnome Rgr14: CR 14; Small humanoid (gnome); HD 14d8+28; hp 115; Init +2; Spd 20 ft.; AC



18, touch 13, flat-footed 17; Base Atk +14; Grp +12; Atk +19/+19 melee (1d6+5/x3 and 1d4+4/x4, +3 *gnome hooked hammer*) or +16 ranged (1d6+2, mighty composite shortbow); Full Atk +19/+19/+14/+9 melee (1d6+5/x3 and 1d4+4/x4, +3 *gnome hooked hammer*) or +16/+11/+6 ranged (1d6+2, mighty composite shortbow); SA Gnome traits, favored enemy (humanoids [orcs]) +6, favored enemy (magical beasts) +4, favored enemy (humanoids [humans]) +2, wild empathy, animal companion (griffon), woodland stride, swift tracker, evasion, camouflage, combat style mastery (Two-Weapon Combat); AL NG; SV Fort 11+, Ref +10, Will +6; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Climb +19, Concentration +9, Handle Animal +15, Heal +12, Knowledge (geography) +7, Listen +7, Ride +20, Spot +12, Survival +19; Animal Affinity, Mounted Combat, Mounted Archery, Ride-By Attack, Track, Weapon Focus (gnome hooked hammer).

Possessions: +2 chain shirt, +3 *gnome hooked hammer*, mighty (+2) composite shortbow, quiver with 20 arrows, dagger, spyglass, 2 days of rations, 2 potions of cure light wounds.

Spells Prepared (3/2/1 per day; save DC 12 + spell level; CL 7th): 1st—*entangle*, *longstrider*, *speak with animals*; 2nd—*cat's grace*, *hold animal*; 3rd—*cure moderate wounds*.

THE PORTERS

The second-largest faction within the Stairkeepers, but also the poorest, the porters are laborers who carry cargo up the staircases owned by the steppers for a small price per trip. Most of the porters are half-orcs and all of them are hale and hearty folk, able to run up and down the stairs of Edge several times each day. The porters are largely beholden to the steppers for their income, and the steppers know this. The porters are not treated well by the steppers, and Ma

Stonefoller has worked to cut the porters' pay. For decades, the porters have accepted these events with little resistance, seeing as they had few alternatives for employment — but now an aggressive half-orc named Porgrush Rotbellow has become the leader of the porters, and he is not so complacent.

The porters usually make 1 sp per trip up or down the stairs, meaning they have to make several trips each day to make a decent living, though some generous merchants have been known to hand out tips. Porters are usually hired by poorer merchants, and they have the highest accidental fatality rate of any of the Stairkeeper factions. In order to fight these injustices, Porgrush Rotbellow has organized an alliance with the Graymanes and the pulleymen against Ma Stonefoller and the steppers. Thus far Porgrush has had little luck, but he and his followers are hopeful for the future.

Most of the porters live on the outskirts of Topside and Low Docks, in crudely made dwellings that look ready to fall over. All are of low economic stature and few have prospects beyond a life of hard labor. Some in the city consider them more a blight or group of thugs than laborers, but these are not people who see them run up and down the stairs of Edge four times a day.

Porgrush Rotbellow

Porgrush was born in Edge and spent most of his early years there, but when he turned 18, he left the city to explore the world beyond. Ten years later, much of which was spent with orc raiders, Porgrush returned to Edge with a new understanding of what could be accomplished in the world. Now looking for a way to make his mark in his home city, he joined the porters and quickly worked his way to the top using his leadership and organization skills. He appealed to the sense of being wronged that many porters possessed, and united them as they had never been before. With his allies,

Porgrush now feels he is ready to take on Ma Stonefoller and her followers.

Ambitious, Porgrush will not rest until he is the leader of the Stairkeepers. While not as amoral as Ma Stonefoller, Porgrush will do what he must in order to meet his goals, although he avoids acts that could negatively affect public opinion of him. He is always gracious in public, but tries to play up the common perception of half-orcs being stupid as much as possible. He has found that being underestimated is one of his best weapons.

Porgrush Rotbellow, male half-orc Rog4/Ftr3: CR 7; Medium humanoid (half-orc); HD 3d10+4d6+14; hp 49; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 15, touch 10, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +6; Grp +8; Atk +8 melee (1d8+2, warhammer); Full Atk +8/+3 melee (1d8+2, warhammer); SA Sneak attack +2d6; SQ Half-orc racial traits, trapfinding, evasion, trap sense +1, uncanny dodge; AL N; SV Fort +8, Ref +5, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 8, Cha 12.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Balance +7, Bluff +8, Climb +12, Diplomacy +8, Gather Information +8, Intimidate +11, Jump +12, Knowledge (local) +9, Ride +3, Sense Motive +6; Combat Expertise, Endurance, Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Power Attack.

Possessions: Studded leather armor, heavy steel shield, warhammer, artisan's clothes, dagger, 50 feet of silk rope, grappling hook, steel mirror, backpack.

THE STEP WATCHMEN

All members of the Stairkeepers eventually do time on patrol with the Step Watchmen. Led by the Captain of the Stair, a post currently held by Klaine Skrier, the Step Watchmen work to keep the Stairkeepers safe, prevent crimes in area the Stairkeepers control, and persuade travelers that using the options provided by the Stairkeepers to cross the cliff is the wisest idea. In the area surrounding Edge, Step Watchmen teams

approach any group trying to conquer the cliff on their own and attempt to talk (or intimidate) the climbers into changing their mind. Violence is rarely used by the Stairkeepers near Edge, although in the city itself, the inhabitants of Cliffside are not quite so peaceful. They pelt trespassers with garbage for trying to deprive the Stairkeepers of their livelihood.

Outside of Edge, the Graymanes patrol the cliff for miles in each direction, making sure no one else is trying to set up business crossing the cliff. While the Graymanes are reluctant to do more than intimidate possible competitors, they do report to Ma Stonefoller, who has little compunction about sending armed warriors to shut down such operations permanently. Ma Stonefoller also pays several bandit groups in the area to keep an eye on the cliff and to attack anyone who tries to cross them outside of Edge.

STAIRKEEPER SERVICES

The rates for using the various services of the Stairkeepers are standardized and there is little variation within each mode of transportation. Different modes target different customers: The stairs are for the poorer clients with time on their hands, while the beasts of the Graymanes and the spells of the Obers are for rich customers in a hurry. This division of the market is vital to the survival of all Stairkeepers and ruthlessly enforced by the guild. Anyone attempting to cut prices in order to drive another Stairkeeper out of business is likely to be thrown out of the guild if they do not stop after the first warning. The only group that breaks the pricing guidelines of the Stairkeepers is the mech scalers, since their stock in trade is the specialty market of transporting mechs up and down the cliff. Cargo and passengers are an afterthought to the mech scalers.

The rules for the various means of traveling the cliff are listed below, as are the costs and travel times. The travel times

are averages for people who seek to get to their destination, but to do so safely and with proper rest breaks when needed.

Catapults

When a character travels by catapult, make a DC 13 Knowledge (architecture and engineering) check for the pulleyman operating the catapult (most pulleyman have a +10 skill bonus). If the check succeeds, the character lands in the target net at the other end of the cliff and must make a DC 10 Tumble check or suffer 1d6 points of nonlethal damage. If the check fails, the character misses the net and takes 10d6 falling damage.

Climbing

The cliff of Edge requires a DC 25 Climb check. Without using the methods made available by the Stairkeepers, it will likely take many hours to climb the cliff — and the residents of Cliffside will not suffer such interlopers gladly.

Jumplines

When a character travels by jumpline, make a DC 12 Knowledge (architecture and engineering) check for the pulleyman operating the jumpline (most pulleyman have a +10 skill bonus). If the check succeeds, the character lands without difficulty but must make a DC 10 Fortitude save to avoid becoming nauseated for 1 minute. If the check fails the character takes 5d6 falling damage and must make a DC 20 Fortitude save to avoid becoming nauseated for 1 minute.

Mech Scalers

Climbers in mechs who use the handholds created by the mech scalers face DC 15 Climb checks, but the mech scalers charge 10 gp for the use of their handholds unless they are piloting the mech (for which they charge 100 gp). Passengers carried by the mech scalers are transported in mech hammocks and cargo netting, as the scalers are reluctant to let outsiders enter their mechs. Each passenger must make a DC 5 Balance check while hanging on to the mech hammock to avoid

STAIRKEEPER RATES AND TRAVEL TIMES

Between High Docks and Topside or Low Docks

Method of Travel	Average Time	Cost per Person	Cost for Cargo (per 100 lb.)
Catapult*	2 minutes**	1 gp	1 gp
Elevator	15 minutes	2 gp	2 gp
Feather fall***	4 minutes	20 gp	N/A
Fly	4 minutes	60 gp	N/A
Giant spider	4 minutes	14 gp	20 gp
Griffon	3 minutes	16 gp	22 gp
Jumpline***	2 minute	2 gp	2 gp
Levitation	10 minutes	40 gp	40 gp****
Mech scaler	2 hours	5 sp	2 sp
Slide	20 minutes	8 sp	8 sp
Stairs (exterior)	2 hours	4 sp	6 sp
Stairs (interior)	1 hour	8 sp	1 gp

*UP ONLY.

**INCLUDES PREPARATION TIME.

***DOWN ONLY.

****PER OBJECT OF UP TO 500 LB.



falling off during the journey. On each trip, there is a 10% chance that some piece of cargo will shake loose and fall to the ground below. Because of these dangers, few use the mech scalers for personal or cargo transportation.

Slides

Characters may only use slides to travel downward. Sleds hurtle down these reinforced chutes, and each sled can carry 500 pounds of weight. Each round the character is on the slide, he travels down 5 feet. Characters may travel faster by releasing the brakes on their sled, increasing their speed to travel downward at rate of 25 feet per round. Each round the sled travels at this accelerated rate, every person on board must make a DC 10 Balance check or be thrown from the sled and over the cliff, taking appropriate falling damage.

Stairs

Travelers on the exterior stairs who go slowly, essentially taking 10 on the Climb checks, can travel the stairs with no chance of falling. Travelers wishing to move at running speed must make a DC 5 Climb check each round. Characters who fail this Climb check more than 2 rounds in a row on an exterior stair (i.e., one on the outside of the cliff) fall over the cliffside and take appropriate falling damage.

Characters using interior stairs (those inside the surface of the cliff) do not have to make Climb checks.

For every 500 feet of vertical distance traveled on the stairs, a traveler must make a DC 10 Fortitude save or become fatigued.

THE DROW OF HIGH DOCKS

For the drow of High Docks, business is life — quite literally. Within the city of Edge, only the dwarves can match the drow in absolute dedication to economic mastery and in ruthless efficiency. But it has not always been this way. When the city of Edge was first established, the drow were less trading partners than they were ferocious opponents. The drow resented the presence of the surface races, as they had long ago claimed the Twilight Gate as their own. For centuries, they had used this major access point to the sunlit lands for their own economic advantage, harvesting plants and animals from above, and selling or trading them to the deepest kingdoms. They were also, though they would deny it vociferously now, intending to use the Twilight Gate as a strategic point from which to launch raids against the surface world.

When the first Edge settlers arrived and began to establish permanent structures, the drow raided them again and again, boiling up from the depths of the Endless River to pillage and slay, and to steal away slaves by the score. This pattern of raid and retreat continued for many years, until the coming of the lunar rains. When the rains struck and the surface races began to scramble for the sanctuary of the underdeep, the drow were forced to unite with the other subterranean kingdoms to hold them at bay. The losses on both sides were staggering, but eventually the drow were forced by their allies to sue for peace, for the threat of absolute annihilation had given the surface races a desperate strength the deep dwellers could not match.

In typical fashion, the drow managed to twist even imminent defeat into a victory, at least after a fashion. They “permitted” the surface races to remain in Edge with-

out fear of further raids, and also volunteered — at great cost to themselves, as they made sure to point out — to “force” the other underdeep kingdoms to sue for peace. They were able to make this ruse work by playing on the xenophobia of the surface peoples. The drow were, by far, the least alien of the hostile underdeep nations, and so it was felt that they were innately more trustworthy than the things which gibbered in the darkness.

In the century since the lunar rains began, the drow have continued to play upon this xenophobia, to their great profit. Despite the fact that they were always the most actively hostile underdeep race, they are now considered the “Ambassadors of the Shadowed Deep” and are the only subterranean group that the surface kingdoms will openly trade with on a large scale. This suits the drow just fine.

Drow Culture in High Docks

The drow in High Docks are like caged snakes, or perhaps more like spiders trying desperately to conceal their venom. They play at the civility of the surface races, and channel their naturally predatory interests into business, rather than more bloody pursuits.

For the High Docks drow, nothing is more important than maintaining the façade of legitimacy; the dark elves who live within Edge are civil to a fault, and always impeccably dressed and polite to outsiders. They favor long (almost ankle-length) silk coats in either indigo blue or black, and they speak in even, measured tones no matter how passionate the conversation. When the drow act, they do so dispassionately, and even when they throw someone who has wronged them over the waterfall, they are careful to hide their grim joy.

Despite their play-acting, the drow of High Docks are not good people by any stretch of the imagination, and they cannot always hide their predatory natures. They radiate a palpable sense of

menace at the best of times, and have no problems using intimidation or outright threat of economic ruin and even death if it suits their purposes. They are also prone to isolationism, and consider themselves superior to just about everyone — while a drow is always polite, he isn't always nice.

The drow of High Docks, and to a lesser extent the drow in the closest twilight kingdoms, have a peculiar affectation worth noting here. They are fond of using branding and tattoos as a way of marking their allegiances and commemorating their greatest accomplishments. Each time a drow is adopted into a commerce house, he is tattooed with the house mark, and it is considered a point of pride for a drow to have multiple house marks, as it is a sign that his talents are much sought after. At the same time, however, a drow with too many tattoos is considered talented but untrustworthy, a prejudice that savvy non-drow merchants have begun to use to their advantage.

The Commerce Houses

The drow in High Docks are organized into four large commerce houses, each of which is far larger than their presence in High Docks would lead one to believe. The visible members of the commerce houses are like the tip of the iceberg, and for each drow merchant who lives and works in the High Docks district, there are a hundred more scuttling unseen in the depths of the earth.

While the drow houses in their great kingdoms below the earth are still organized along familial lines, led by an aged matron controlling the whole house with an iron fist, the commerce houses are much more mercantile. Matters of family are put aside in the interests of profit. In fact, all the commerce houses are collectively owned by multiple families of drow, and while those families still war for supremacy in the shadows, the commerce houses are mostly left untouched by these conflicts. The key word is "mostly." While

each family house recognizes that business concerns must trump blood, none would hesitate to seize absolute control of a commerce house if they felt they could do so without destroying its usefulness.

The four drow commerce houses effectively control the northern side of the High Docks district, and are the acknowledged masters of trade between the surface world and the underdeep kingdoms. The hierarchy of a commerce house is reminiscent of both traditional corporate and organized crime structures, with a single drow heading the house (she answers only to the matrons of the families who have invested in the house), and a number of lieutenants reporting directly to her. The lieutenants in turn control a variable number of rank and file workers, and are largely left to broker deals independently. Within High Docks proper, almost all drow will be at least of lieutenant status. Aside from a few guards who remain within the city on a permanent basis, providing security for the north side through an agreement among all four houses, lesser workers stay in the underdeep. They are brought to the Twilight Gate only to transport merchandise or to work as bodyguards, enforcers, or leg-breakers.

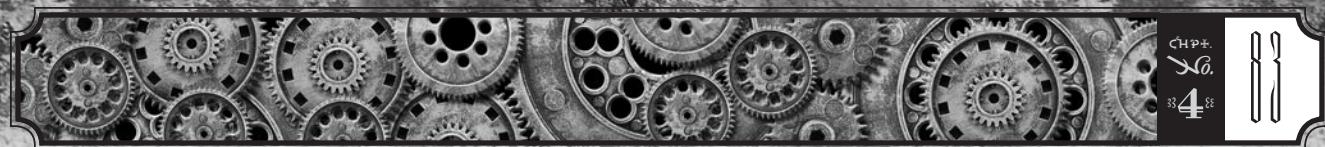
Unlike most organized crime families, it is not uncommon for a drow lieutenant, or even the head of a commerce house, to jump from one house to another if she receives a good offer. After all, each commerce house is controlled by multiple families, and most of these families have some level of influence within multiple commerce houses. In fact, the practice is so common that the great families employ independent agents whose sole duty is to monitor the commerce houses, and attempt to lure especially promising drow from one house to another so that the family might see increased profit. Known as headhunters, these independent agents are both feared and respected by the drow, and by the underdeep races, for each of them possesses frightening powers. It is an open secret that in addition to work as recruiters,

the most ruthless headhunters are also dangerous enforcers, who root out those who intend a family or commerce house harm, and leave their brains leaking out of their ears.

Business Interests

The High Docks drow are not merchants in the traditional sense, in that they do not manufacture and sell products of their own creation. Instead they are brokers and facilitators, arranging trade deals between the surface races and the twilight kingdoms, and transporting goods between buyers and sellers. Perhaps surprisingly, the drow take their self-appointed position as facilitators between the lands above and the lands below very seriously, and would not willingly betray their clients. Of course, this has never stopped them from attempting to eke as much profit out of a deal as they can; thanks to their unique position as trade ambassadors, the drow largely control the flow of information between the merchants of the underdeep and the surface, and so they determine which lies and which truths are disseminated.

While each of the commerce houses is basically a brokerage, they all have their specialties, those products and services they have claimed as their own territory. There is nothing stopping any of the houses from taking on whatever trade they wish, but by unspoken (and uneasy) agreement, they avoid stepping on one another's toes whenever possible. This is actually made somewhat easier by the presence of the rogue drow Vinyanka Fleurdelaire, who has insinuated herself as a theoretically neutral diplomat/mediator between the drow and everyone else. Although the other drow hate her because she has created an artificial position for herself that directly cuts into their profits and influence, they have also come to depend on her to steer potential clients to the proper house, which reduces the chance of deadly turf wars.



House Adonweire

House Adonweire is the youngest of the four commerce houses. It's a reorganized and revitalized descendant of the first drow commerce house, House Darkonweire, which fell after the head of the house was revealed to have been siphoning off profits for her family house. Less than five years old, it is also the least influential and most ambitious of the houses, fighting hard to regain the territory its ancestor lost to the other houses. Antarian Telluran, a savvy warrior who has distinguished himself over long centuries as both a soldier and diplomat, leads House Adonweire.

In its glory days as House Darkonweire, the commerce house had a stranglehold on the trade and transport of both minor magical items and valuable alchemical components found only in the depths of the earth, most of which were purchased from a worm-farming nation of albino frogmen who live along the shores of the Endless River hundreds of miles from the Twilight Gate. Now House Adonweire seeks to reestablish its dominance of both those industries, which has been usurped by House Envlock.

House Adonweire maintains several large warehouses along the northeastern wall of the High Docks district, and operates out of a two-story manor house surrounded by a high stone wall. Though Antarian has only three lieutenants under his command, each of them commands an impressive number of soldiers, most recruited from the armies of the families who have invested in the house. House Adonweire is unique in that they prefer to hire mercenary adventurers to deal with trade disputes and to guard their underdeep flotillas. Antarian uses outsiders not because he does not trust his own people, but rather because he wants to establish strong ties with the surface world, in hopes that his house will appear less insular and xenophobic than his rivals.

House Envlock

House Envlock controls much of the flow of magic between the surface world and the underdeep, having seized the trade routes established by the now-defunct House Darkonweire. Envlock is also the primary source of funguses and blooming roots from the twilight kingdoms, and the primary importer of vegetables and fruits grown in the gardens and orchards of the surface lands. Because the members of the house have worked so hard to artificially inflate the prestige of owning surface-grown vegetables and fruits among the nobles of the underdeep, they actually make far more profit from the sale of apples and oranges than they do from the comparatively rare trade in powerful magical artifacts.

The leader of House Envlock is a young drow named Deliria Monfriere, a fiendishly skilled alchemist, and though none know it but her, the long-lost heir to the family Obteriere. Deliria faked her death and fled her kingdom long ago, in the wake of a coup that left her immediate family dead and the house under the control of a distant cousin. She currently has six lieutenants.

House Envlock controls all the warehouses along the north side of the High Docks district, and also owns many of the buildings in every other district. The House is headquartered in a small fortress built directly into the walls of High Docks; the fortress is surrounded by a lush orchard that blooms year round, and which contains every conceivable type of fruiting plant, all artificially grown by Deliria herself.

House Gloriatha

House Gloriatha's power comes from one source: its iron-firm grip over the trade of weapons and armor between the underdeep and the surface world. House Gloriatha is the largest of the commerce houses, and by far the wealthiest, because in the time of lunar

rain there is no such thing as too many weapons. The leader of House Gloriatha, Cornellius Stavos, has personally overseen the forging of alliances with a dozen underdeep kingdoms, most notably tribes of orcs, lizardfolk, and duergar, as well as a number of nomad and mech tribes. In order to maintain his profits, Cornellius and his lieutenants take a more actively militant role in world affairs than the other houses, hiring mercenaries to stir conflict both above and below the ground. Cornellius is careful to maintain plausible deniability, and so all the work in sowing war is done through intermediaries. Many of these are psionically or magically powerful beings from the underdeep, those with a vested interest in seeing that the larger kingdoms spend their time and resources fighting each other.

Ten lieutenants serve House Gloriatha at any given time, most of whom remain in their position for only a few years. Competition to reach prominence within the organization is fierce, and Gloriatha is the commerce house that settles its internal affairs in the way most reminiscent of the great families. Assassination is common, and it is not unheard of for lieutenants to make war on one another, though never in a place where outsiders might see it.

House Gloriatha dominates the center of the eastern side of High Docks, and owns every business and warehouse within their territory. Life within those areas of High Docks controlled by the House is hard; rent is typically double that of anywhere else, and merchants and families within the area must pay what is in essence protection money to the House to avoid trouble.

The House is headquartered in an impressive two-story mansion that is actually made from two adjacent manor houses connected by new construction. The mansion is guarded at all times by a pair of drow monks, and a ranger who commands the allegiance of a fiendish crocodile, which she (usually) keeps

locked in a very sturdy iron cage. Alone among the drow, the members of House Gloriatha don't throw thieves over the waterfall, but instead into the waiting jaws of their pet.

House Venaka

To put it bluntly, the members of House Venaka are snakeheads, dealers of flesh and misery who profit immensely from the illicit slave trade. The majority of their buyers are the underdeep kingdoms, who do not share their surface counterparts' loathing of buying and selling living beings. Because so much of their business is between the twilight kingdoms, only surface-worlders with a vested interest in slaving have any idea where the majority of House Venaka's profits come from, and house master Telewan Mistefleure works to keep it that way.

As a cover for their slaving activities, the lieutenants of House Venaka have made inroads in the spice trade, specializing in the brokering of salt taken from the duergar slave mines in exchange for the harvest of the worm farmers of the Flatlands and Endless Plains. On those occasions when it brokers a slave trade deal between a surface kingdom and an underdeep nation, the House is always careful to disguise the sale under the guise of another deal — forcing soon-to-be slaves to pole blocks of salt up the Endless River, for example.

House Venaka controls the westernmost tip of High Docks, in and around the Twilight Gate. Their warehouses are small, at least above the surface, and are used to hold only spices and other mundane items. Underneath their warehouses, however, are mazes of soundproof rooms, all of which are used to store slaves for shipping to and from the underdeep. The House manor is set before the first of these warehouses, the better to intercept those with prying eyes.

Vinyanka Fleurdelaine

Vinyanka Fleurdelaine, known as the Night-Blooming Rose or the Flower which Blossoms in Shadow, is the foremost voice for the drow on the surface world. She is the go-between who brokers major trades between the drow commerce houses and topside merchants, between the drow houses and the various tribes and nations of the underdeep, and between the highly contentious and competitive drow houses themselves. For this reason, she is perhaps the most influential woman in the city of Edge, and by extension, in the entire world. Unfortunately for Vinyanka, her wide-reaching influence comes at a high cost — she is alone, without allies, without friends, without kin, and without hope of escaping the position she fought so hard to achieve.

Vinyanka is an anomaly among the drow, who traditionally prefer to stay secreted away in the underdeep, plotting their intrigues against one another, interacting with the surface races only when the opportunity for immense profit presents itself. Vinyanka has always been fascinated with the surface world and its peoples. From a young age, she immersed herself in their lore, first by reading every available text from the great drow libraries, and later, when she grew dissatisfied with secondhand accounts that contradicted one another as often as they agreed, by abandoning her house and setting out to explore the surface world directly.

She spent several decades as a vagabond and adventurer, never staying in one place for long, but always endeavoring to absorb as much of a region's lore and customs as she could before taking to the roads again. During these long years of learning and hardship, she amassed a staggering amount of knowledge, most all of it of immediate, practical use.

Unlike other adventuring sages, who spend their lives immersed in the study of history and myth, Vinyanka's passion was for current beliefs and customs — those ritualized practices which make each culture unique, and which define the ways in which its people react with one another, and with outsiders. During her adventuring years, she also became very skilled with sword and spell, and with the engineering of the great war machines that stride the surface world.

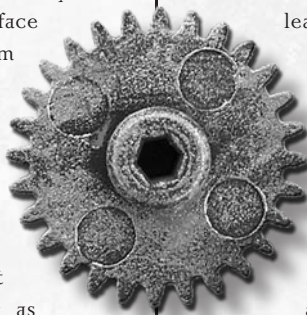
When at last Vinyanka was satisfied that she had learned all there was to know of the surface world, she returned home to the endless caverns beneath Edge, there to find that her house had disowned her, and that no other house was willing to step forward and adopt her. For a drow, there is no greater shame and no greater punishment than this, as total disowning is tantamount to a death sentence. Vinyanka fled back to the city of Edge and traded in favors and adventure-won gold for a fine manor in High Docks, where she established herself as a sage for hire. For a time, she was content with this relatively quiet life, as her work allowed

her to indulge in her twin passions:

learning about the world, and accumulating gold, jewels, and other finery. But as Edge's importance as a trade hub grew, and as the drow houses began to establish themselves as the brokers of trade between the surface races and those who lurk within the underdeep, Vinyanka sensed

an opportunity to increase her own position.

Nobody's fool, she was wise enough to approach the High Dock dwarves first, whom she knew were the key to her success. She negotiated with them in their language, dressed in the manner they believed appropriate for a woman, and proved herself fluent in their customs; in this way she won their favor and grudging respect. Once the dwarves began to deal





with her, the other surface merchants fell all over themselves to ally with her, more because they feared the dwarves gaining an insurmountable advantage than because of any faith in Vinyanka. From there, gaining the reluctant cooperation of the drow commerce houses was a simple matter, as she played off the drow's instinctive paranoia to convince each chair that they could agree to use her services as an impartial go-between and profit — or refuse and lose ground to their more forward-thinking rivals.

To a one, the drow houses fell in line, although none were happy about it.

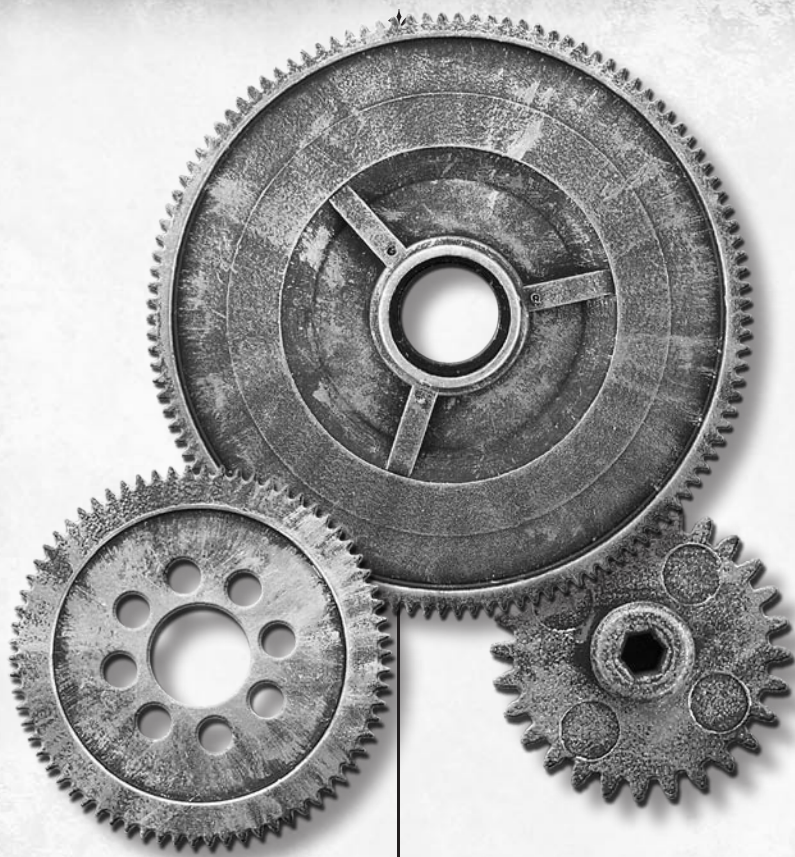
Today, Vinyanka relies on the same strategies to conduct her business, and so she is the broker between brokers. Vinyanka knows that her position is one of artificial importance, and that the only reason her clients need to use her services is because she created an artificial demand for them. The ultimate social chameleon, she flawlessly adopts the mannerisms of each of her clients, and once she has wormed her way into their business, she carefully plants the seeds of paranoia, so that they come to distrust everyone but her. This paranoia is the key to her success; she is everyone's ally and no one's friend, and trusted by all precisely because everyone knows she can be completely trusted by no one. It's an open secret that nearly every merchant in Edge and in the underdeep would like to see her brought low, but none dare move against her lest her other "allies" leap to her defense to save their own business interests.

Vinyanka is just two centuries old, but possessed of cunning unmatched by all but the eldest drow matrons. An attractive drow, her obsidian skin, ashen-white hair,

lithe build, and immense wealth and power make her much desired as a lover or potential wife. Unlike most drow of Edge, Vinyanka is not heavily tattooed, having fled the underdeep before ritual tattooing and branding came into vogue; her one concession to drow fashion is a tattoo across her lower abdomen, chosen as always to maximize her image as a woman of all cultures. It reads, in archaic drow, "The path of my choosing." Vinyanka dresses in a myriad of styles, always with an eye for the latest fashions, and always chosen for maximum effect. She favors long dresses, usually made of black spider's silk and trimmed with expensive lace and furs, or long coats worn over silk shirts and tight breeches, but always switches her outfits to match her client's tastes when conducting business.

Roleplaying: Vinyanka can fill any number of roles in your campaign, from ally to deadly enemy. As the chief negotiator between the drow and the surface merchants of Edge, Vinyanka has a vested interest in cultivating allies among visiting adventurers, and will undoubtedly approach any moderately competent group, typically with offers of employment as caravan guards or third-party security during important meetings. Likewise, since her livelihood (and indeed her life) depends upon maintaining control of trade negotiations, she will take an active interest in any ambitious would-be merchant. If the party attempts to establish themselves as a trade power within the city, she will quickly move to gain their favor. Should the party decide against her services, she will do all in her power to crush them economically, turning the other merchant houses against them as best she can.

Vinyanka Fleurdelaine, female drow
Brd12: CR 14; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 12d6+24; hp 76; Init +2; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 14, flat-footed 12; Base Atk +9; Grp +9; Atk +11 melee (1d4+2, dagger); Full Atk +11/+6 melee (1d4+2, dagger); SA Spells; SQ Bardic music (countersong, *fascinate*, inspire courage +2,



inspire competence, *suggestion*, inspire greatness, *song of freedom*), bardic knowledge, SR 23, drow traits, light blindness (bright light blinds for 1 round); AL CN; SV Fort +6, Ref +10, Will +12; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 15, Int 19, Wis 12, Cha 23.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +24, Concentration +17, Decipher Script +12, Diplomacy +24, Gather Information +21, Knowledge (geography) +22, Knowledge (local) +19, Perform (string instruments) +21, Sense Motive +19, Speak Language (15 additional languages chosen by the GM), Use Magic Device +13; Iron Will, Skill Focus (Bluff), Skill Focus (Diplomacy), Skill Focus (Knowledge (geography)), Skill Focus (Sense Motive).

Possessions: +2 keen dagger, ring of protection +2, harp of charming, hat of disguise, scores of outfits worth 100 gp or more each. In addition, Vinyanka can borrow most items worth 5,000 gp or less from her clients.

Spells Known (3/5/5/4/3; save DC 16 + spell level): 0—*dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *ghost sound*, *mage hand*, *message*; 1st—*charm person*, *disguise self*, *feather fall*, *undetectable alignment*; 2nd—*calm emotions*, *detect thoughts*, *eagle's splendor*, *invisibility*; 3rd—*charm monster*, *clairaudience/clairvoyance*, *displacement*, *glibness*; 4th—*detect scrying*, *dimension door*, *freedom of movement*.

Spell-Like Abilities: 1/day—*dancing lights*, *darkness*, *faerie fire* (CL 12th).

THE DWARVES OF HIGH DOCKS

The dwarves of High Docks are rooted in the ways of Duerok, but they've branched out to become their own small mercantile empire. They form a link between the "civilized" races of the

underdeep (the ones which don't openly enslave or eat each other) and the world above. Duerok has had an interest in the area since before the ranger Hali Fralief expanded the dwarven presence in this cavern centuries ago. However, generations of separation from their home city, combined with regular exposure to other races, caused the dwarves here to think of themselves as a group apart. Now they are closely allied with Duerok, but first and foremost they're citizens of Edge.

The Trading Clans

The High Docks dwarves are loosely divided into three trading collectives, which they refer to as clans. Each clan is directed by between ten and fourteen members, with up to hundreds of other dwarves and workers of other races filling in the ranks. Most of these workers rarely stay in the city for more than a week at a time, as they are eternally driving caravans of merchandise across the Endless Plains and the Flatlands, or poling barges up and down the rivers of the surface world.

Though all three trading clans are united by their dedication to the preservation and renewed glory of the dwarf race, that does not stop them from being bitter economic rivals. Every member of each clan is determined that it will be he who leads his clan to glory, and all understand that in this struggle for dominance, there is room for only one winner. Despite their fierce internal rivalry, though, they come together without question whenever an outsider challenges any of the other clans; so long as they exist, none but dwarves shall stand as the world's dominant mercantile empire. Indeed, nothing can unify them faster than a threat from the drow across the river.

Dwarf Culture in High Docks

The dwarves of High Docks are almost ridiculously concerned with matters of honor, pride, and tradition, so long



as those traditions do not interfere with profit. Such fastidious adherence to tradition affects all their transactions, and so a merchant who wishes to establish a link to the trade clans must either adapt himself to their ways or come with an offer so good it cannot be refused.

The trading clans are exacting in their dealings and conduct their business exclusively in the dwarven language. They open and close every meeting with ritualized prayers of thanks to their gods (even though they have lost much meaning since the lunar rain began) and seal every trade pact with the ritual of splitting stone, in which a solid granite block is split in two and each partner in the agreement given one half the stone. It is considered a sign of a fair agreement when the stone splits directly down the middle with only one stroke of an axe, and a sign of trouble to come if the stone crumbles to fragments.

The dwarves absolutely control all properties on the southern side of the High Docks plateau, and are merciless landlords, charging their tenants just enough to avoid crippling their businesses. The vast majority of Edge citizens who live on High Dock's south side work exclusively for the trade clans, and are more indentured servants than they are workers. The dwarves regulate all aspects of their lives, and pay them in script which is near valueless as currency outside of dwarf-run mercantiles. As a result, most porters and dockworkers in the dwarves employ actually end up in debt to the dwarves, ensuring that they will never leave their service. Some of these workers are trying to ally themselves with Porgrush Rotbellow of the Stairkeepers, but so far Rotbellow has chosen to avoid conflict with the High Docks merchants.

Business Interests

Unlike their drow counterparts, the trade clans do not bother to stake claims over specific commodities. Instead, they openly compete with

one another for the favor of merchants and alliances with power groups across the surface world. Of course, each clan has its favored traders and favored merchandise, but none of them are afraid to undercut the others.

As the drow control the flow of materials in and out of the Twilight Gate, so too do the dwarves largely dictate the flow of trade between the surface nations and the underdeep's dwarven powers. These latter groups especially fill the trade clans' coffers, for the dwarves are even now somewhat reluctant to deal with those not of their race, particularly in light of the way the other nations attempted to overrun the dwarfholds in the first years of the lunar rain. As a result, the High Docks clans have a virtual lock on trade of every sort of item between the dwarf clans, and especially between the dwarf clans and outsiders. The trade clans have serious stakes in farms, worm farms, armorers, mining operations, orchards, textile mills, logging operations, and other such industries across Highpoint. They use these connections to their full advantage. The Edge clans have a lock on trade flowing out from the dwarf clans as well, and function as go-betweens for dwarf craftsmen, particularly miners and armorers, and the non-dwarf kingdoms.

The dwarves compete directly and indirectly with the drow. Each group is pursuing the same clients, and they have a shared history of violence, so neither race publicly cooperates with the other. Doing so would be a deathblow to their ability to function within their own communities. A series of brokers and middlemen work between the trade clans and the commerce houses, gathering information and arranging deals without either race having to directly work with the other. For weeks at a time, these brokers are often the only people who cross the bridges spanning the Endless River.

Clan Talwar

The dwarves of Clan Talwar have the bitterest rivalry with the drow, for they compete directly with House Gloriatha in one of Highpoint's most lucrative fields — selling arms and armor. Many have speculated that the two groups could reap unheard-of wealth if they would set aside their enmity. In fact, one ambitious young Talwar attempted to broker a deal that would have provided the dwarves with crystal weapons from the duergar in return for quality steelwork from Duerok. That Talwar scion was chased out of north High Docks by a pack of insulted drow, only to be beaten senseless and dumped in the Endless River by his enraged kinsmen.

There are ten senior members of the Talwar clan who live and work in High Docks, and hundreds more buyers, caravan drivers, and guards spread out across the world. During the High Water Festival, at least half of these far-flung clan members gather in Edge, to discuss commerce and to determine the course of business for the year.

The Talwar clan controls the southern half of the western side of High Docks, and owns all the businesses within that area, as well as almost all the homes. Talwar has seen the most trouble from organized groups of porters, who are attempting to push for more authority over their own lives. The Talwar clanhold is built into the walls at the plateau's edge, directly to the west of the enormous mech hanger that anchors the riverbank. The clanhold is a fortress in its own right, and contains literally hundreds of chambers built into the rock face. This multistory catacomb houses armories of the most valuable magical weapons, as well as living chambers for visiting members of the clan.

Clan Fralief

Clan Fralief is the most diverse of the trade clans, with connections to hundreds of different commodities. They trade weapons in limited quantities, import and export vast amounts of marble, timber, and cloth, and are the acknowledged masters of the spice trade on the surface world, with access to the products harvested in dozens of worm farms. Clan Fralief even maintains a healthy business relationship with the hypsies, trading colorful bolts of cloth and wagon parts for trained animals, which are traded to the drow, who ship them in turn to the twilight noble courts of the underdeep. But their strongest relationship is with the city-state of Duerok, and to many outsiders, this clan is Duerok personified.

Because the dwarves of Fralief have so many business interests, they have the steady income of the clans. At the same time, however, they lack the powerhouse allies of Zothrot and Talwar, and so cannot gain access to the rare commodities the other clans enjoy. Clan chief Gust Fralief would dearly like to correct this weakness, and is actively seeking out adventurers willing to explore ruined cities in hopes of recovering potentially valuable relics with which to attract the most powerful buyers.

Clan Fralief is wise with its investments, and the thirteen senior clansmen who live and work in Edge collectively control a significant portion of the city's wealth, and have invested heavily in city works. The Fralief dwarves largely bankroll the two mechs that protect the city, and also donate significant money toward the maintenance of various Stairkeeper projects. Though they ask for nothing in return, it goes without saying that

they are treated favorably by most of the citizens of Edge; Ma Stonefoller has been working to cultivate Gust Fralief as an ally. Fralief is the largest trade clan, in terms of clansmen working outside Edge proper; there are hundreds and hundreds of dwarves carrying the Fralief symbol watching over farm production or supervising shipments and deliveries of valuable commodities around the world.

Clan Zothrot

The dwarves of clan Zothrot have one advantage the other clans cannot (and perhaps would not) match: strong economic ties to the orc hordes of the Endless Plains. The Zothrot dwarves use this advantage to its best effect, and send massive caravans of raw ore and timber to the orcs year round. The Zothrot clan also does brisk business in mech parts, sometimes gained from legitimate sources — but usually gathered in trade from the orcs, who are only too happy to sell stolen parts they cannot use in exchange for raw materials. Despite

their close ties to the orcs, and despite the fact that they turn a blind eye to the source of most of the orcs' trade goods, one commodity the Zothrot will not deal in is slaves, no matter how much the orcs press them. As a result, the orcs have turned to House Venaka, which has strained their relationship with Zothrot somewhat.

Clan Zothrot is the smallest of the trade clans, with only seven senior members living and working permanently in High Docks, and fewer than two hundred other clansmen roaming the Endless Plains. Despite its small size, Zothrot commands immense power; the orcs don't want to see their best connection

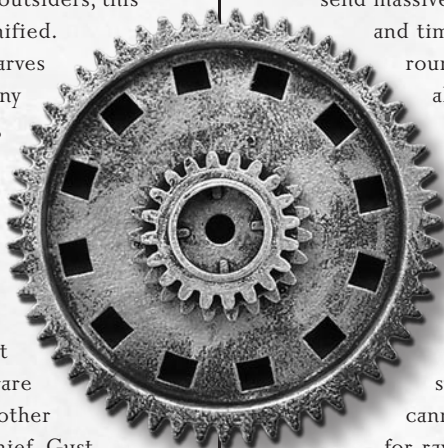
to the civilized world destroyed, and so will send manpower and mechs to aid the dwarves whenever and wherever they are needed. That arrangement might change if the orc hordes ever organized around a single strong leader, so Zothrot agents are always looking to nip such individuals in the bud.

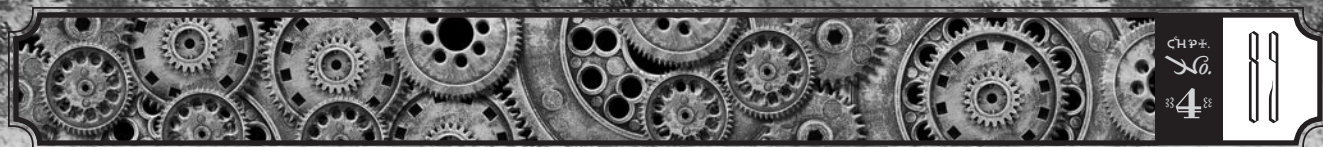
Clan Zothrot controls the southernmost areas of the High Docks plateau, including the majority of warehouses close to the underdeep. Though they do the least amount of trading with the underdeep nations, they have no interest in giving up these prized warehouses; instead they rent them out to the other clans, or to independent merchants, for outrageous fees. Clan Zothrot's clan hold is built into the walls against the southwestern edge of the plateau, and is anchored by the hulking remains of a mech's torso, purchased from an orc warlord and planted here as an abject warning of the clan's true power. The mech is little more than a spit-shined metal shell, but could easily be refitted to hold a power source and even weapons. The Church of Fhurlin has absolutely refused to allow the dwarves to do this, of course, and for now the clansmen seem content to let the matter be.

The Axe Gangs

The often-chaotic drow have managed to turn their side of High Docks into a fairly orderly place, with the four commerce houses cooperating to fund one group of guards who police the northern half of the district. Interestingly, the lawful dwarves have the opposite situation. Each clan is responsible for its own protection, and each senior member of the clan often makes his or her own arrangements, so at any time a dozen or more groups of dwarven guards and mercenaries might be carrying out their duties south of the river. Locals call these varied groups "axe gangs."

The axe gangs are a raucous bunch. Each one is well armed and well paid,





giving them more confidence than sense. Although the axe gangs are theoretically all working for the good of the dwarven trade clans, they spend as much time opposing each other as they do on stopping actual threats. Duerok has long had a proverb that says, "War is commerce carried on by other means," and the axe gangs prove it. In addition to the usual mercantile intrigues taking place in High Docks, the axe gangs regularly use threats and violence to gain advantages for their employers. Most of this violence is just loud brawling, but every now and then some foolish mercenary will draw a weapon and real blood will be shed.

The rest of Edge tolerates this situation as long as it doesn't cross the river or travel the cliff. Even the Church of Fhurlin is willing to put up with it, provided the trading clans punish the flagrant offenders and make restitution to any victims. More than once, the drow have tried to take advantage of this apparently unstable situation, but every attempt has failed. If there's one thing the axe gangs like less than each other, it's the dark elves.

Visitors to the dwarven side of High Docks would be wise to give the axe gangs a wide berth. These warriors are a law unto themselves, each group backed by one (or more) wealthy patrons with an agenda to pursue. They aren't likely to chop someone to pieces in the middle of the street, but if an axe gang suspects that someone is threatening their employer's interests, they're likely to chase the suspicious person into the Endless River without asking too many questions.

Typical axe gang mercenary, dwarf War4; CR 4; HD 4d8+8; hp 26; Init +0; Spd 15 ft.; AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18; Base Atk +4; Grp +6; Atk/Full Atk +8 melee (1d10+2/x3, masterwork dwarven waraxe) or +5 ranged (1d10/19–20, masterwork heavy crossbow); SQ Darkvision 60 ft., dwarf traits; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +2; Str 14, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 6.

Skills and Feats: Climb +3, Intimidate

+5; Iron Will, Weapon Focus (dwarven waraxe).

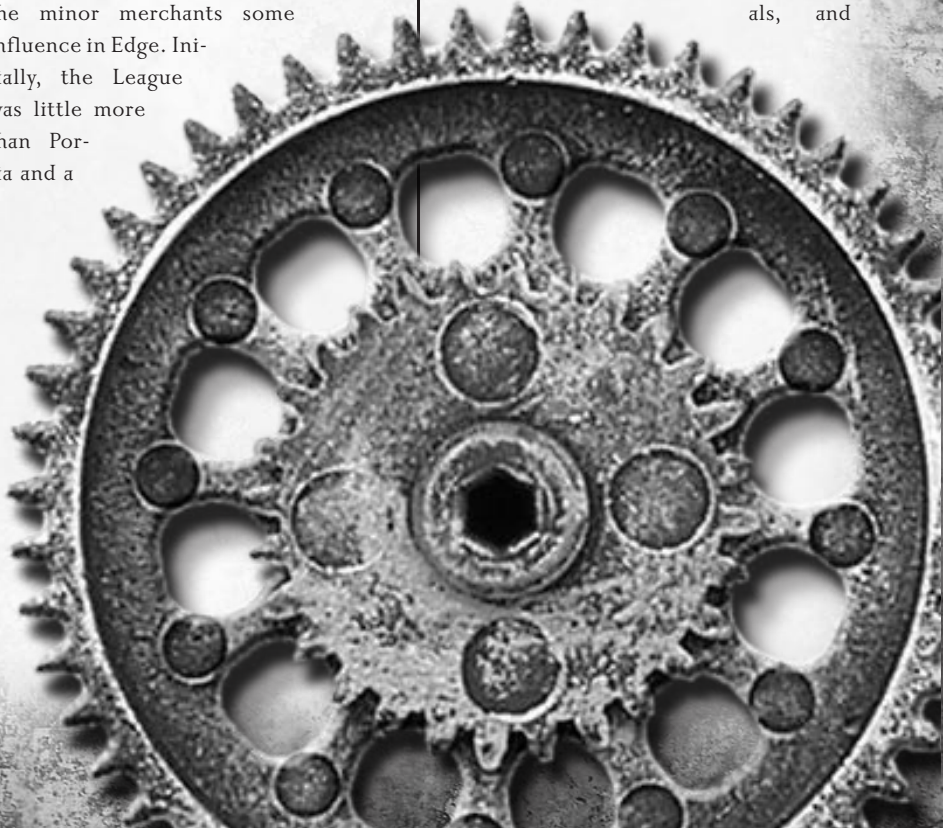
Possessions: Masterwork dwarven waraxe, masterwork banded mail, masterwork heavy shield, dagger, masterwork heavy crossbow, 10 bolts.

THE BLACKWATER TRADING LEAGUE

Trade is the lifeblood of Edge and throughout its history merchants have come to the city from far and wide in the hopes of making a hefty profit. While most of the city's merchants are allied with or members of one of the major factions within the city, such as the dwarves and drow of High Docks or the Stairkeepers of Cliffside, not all are so lucky. For many decades there was precious little communication among these unaligned merchants of Edge. This changed 50 years before the lunar rain began when Portia Blackwater, a deep dwarf merchant with a number of mercantile contacts in the underdeep, founded the Blackwater Trading League with the hope of getting the minor merchants some influence in Edge. Initially, the League was little more than Portia and a

small group of her friends trading goods among themselves at a reduced price, but as the Stairkeepers increased in power and began raising prices on their services, the benefits of a united merchant's guild became apparent. While the League was created as a tool to ease the lives of merchants in Edge by helping them communicate and cooperate, the need for a united front against the Stairkeepers' monopoly is what really helped the League grow into the mercantile force it is today. The League has worked as a unit to fight the Stairkeepers and their rate hikes, recently turning most of their business to the pulleymen instead of the steppers, hoping to thereby cut down on Ma Stonefoller's influence. The League has a strong relationship with the pulleymen, who often cut League members a deal on transit up and down the cliff.

In the 150 years since its founding, the Blackwater Trading League has grown to encompass most of the merchants in Edge who are not deeply tied to one of the other factions in the city. The League has few rules regarding its members, acting instead more as an avenue for communication among merchants to organize shipments, raw materials, and



exchanges among themselves. It also provides a united front when bargaining with other factions in Edge. The major League rules are that all League members get a 10% discount on goods and services when dealing with other League members, certain limits are placed on competition and unseemly behavior between members, and quality guidelines are followed to ensure that each guild member produces goods that will not earn the League a bad reputation.

While there are many competitors within the League, they are forced by League rules to keep their competition fair and within certain pricing guidelines. Anyone caught breaking League rules is kicked out of the League and usually driven out of business as their sources of raw materials and other goods dry up. While the Blackwater Trading League does not interfere much in the daily operations of its members, relying on their own desire for profits to keep them in check, its members react strongly to anyone who betrays the trust the League puts in its members. They are not a violent group by any means, but the economic clout they wield in Edge is becoming powerful.

The Blackwater Trading League is currently led by Guildmaster Wena Blackwater, granddaughter of the League's founder. The Guildmaster of the League is selected by consensus among guild members, all of whom are business owners who operate within Edge or travel through it at least two times a year. In recent years, a number of traveling merchants have joined the organization for the reduced prices its members share among themselves, and these new members have provided a new outlet for the League across Highpoint. While the League has not always been led by members of the Blackwater family, Wena Blackwater has retaken her grandmother's position after turning her family's business into one of the most profitable smithies in the region. Under Wena's leadership, the League has developed a close alliance with the pulpleymen of

the Stairkeepers, and the overall growth of the League has been stimulated by establishing more contacts beyond the city. The goal of the League is profit, so as long as its members are profiting sufficiently the guild works to support the status quo.

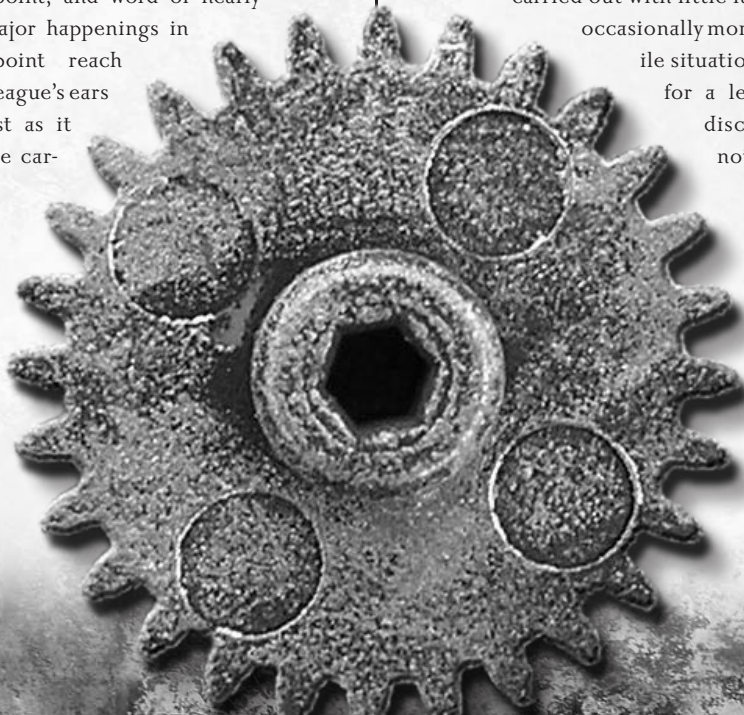
The Blackwater Trading League is one of the strongest supporters of the Church of Fhurlin in the city, and League members regularly make large donations to the Church in the name of keeping the city orderly and calm. Otherwise, the League tries to stay out of Edge's internal politics, its members feeling that in the long run politics are bad for business. They are regarded by most Edge residents as a neutral party that sells to everyone, and so they have few enemies in Edge, other than those who would disrupt its peace.

The League has two secret operations that only the senior guild members and the leaders of the Church of Fhurlin know about. The first is a network of contacts in and around Edge to keep the League apprised of any attempts to harm the city, since such efforts would also hurt profits. The League has paid off nomad chiefs, traveling merchants, and even dusk runners to keep it informed of events beyond Edge. This effort has created one of the largest information networks in Highpoint, and word of nearly all major happenings in Highpoint reach the League's ears as fast as it can be car-

ried. One primary concern of the League is keeping the city safe, so they share this information with the Church of Fhurlin and other groups as necessary. The Graymanes of the Stairkeepers have taken to flight to rescue travelers in distress more than once because of anonymous tips given by the League. The League also uses this information to forecast economic cycles and increase their influence relative to the larger factions, but this is a secondary aim to keeping Edge safe and profitable.

Its second security measure is hiring groups of mercenary troubleshooters to eliminate problems in and around the city before they become too large. This usually means hiring adventurers to hunt down bandits outside the city, to look into reports of people who go missing, or to investigate claims of lunar cults in the city, but in the past the League has considered assassinating faction leaders within Edge who were causing trouble. While the League has not carried out such an operation thus far, they would do so if they felt the city was sufficiently threatened (and if they thought they could avoid being blamed). The League has a stable of two dozen adventurers that they usually hire for these operations, but they are always on the lookout for new mercenaries. While most of these missions are

carried out with little fanfare, occasionally more fragile situations call for a level of discretion not all



adventurers possess. Any mercenaries hired by the League will have to prove their ability in the field and in keeping their mouths shut before the League sends them on any missions of a sensitive nature. These missions, and the League spy network, are funded with donations from League merchants, though there are no required guild dues.

Wena Blackwater

A consummate businesswoman and a skilled smith, Wena Blackwater once believed that the Blackwater Trading League was a waste of time and that each merchant in Edge should go their own way. Raised in the comparative plenty of Edge, she thought that her grandmother would do better on her own instead of shepherding all these other merchants in Edge rather than spending time on her own business endeavors.

Wena didn't understand the world beyond Edge, so her grandmother arranged for her to spend several years with a group of League merchants who traveled beyond Edge selling wares across Highpoint. During this time, she explored much of Highpoint and spent time among several nomad groups, including the Tlan of the Endless Plains, from whom she learned she had a special talent for music. After seeing that Edge was a precious island of order in a massive sea of chaos, she gained a new perspective on the energy her grandmother dedicated to making the city peaceful and profitable. Eventually, Wena inherited her grandmother's business and became leader of the League on her own merits.

Wena has become one of the most proactive League leaders in decades. Some members of the League grumble that she spends too much time trying to defend the city and not enough trying to make money, but these complaints have merely been whispers thus far. Because of her pro-Edge activities, she is popular beyond the League and has numerous

allies within the Church of Fhurlin. Wena is about as idealistic as a merchant can be and is very outgoing and friendly, always believing that your best customer is a friend.

Wena Blackwater, female dwarf

Brd8: CR 8; Medium humanoid (dwarf); HD 8d6; hp 32; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 16, touch 11, flat-footed 15; Base Atk +6; Grp +6; Atk +7 melee (1d8, masterwork longsword) or +8 ranged (1d6, masterwork shortbow); Full Atk +7/+2 melee (1d8, masterwork longsword) or +8/+3 ranged (1d6, masterwork shortbow); SA Spells; SQ Dwarf traits, bardic music, bardic knowledge, countersong, *fascinate*, inspire competence, *suggestion*, inspire courage +2; AL NG; SV Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +10; Str 10, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +12, Bluff +12, Climb +6, Concentrate +8, Craft (weaponsmithing) +12, Diplomacy +14, Gather Information +11, Intimidate +6, Knowledge (local) +13, Perform (sing) +13, Sense Motive +9; Iron Will, Negotiator, Persuasive.

Possessions: Masterwork chain shirt, masterwork longsword, masterwork light steel shield, masterwork shortbow, quiver with 20 arrows, masterwork artisan's tools (weaponsmith), merchant's scales, artisan's outfit, *pearl of power* (2nd level).

Spells Known (3/4/4/1 per day; save DC 12 + spell level): 0—*detect magic*, *know direction*, *light*, *mending*, *message*, *read magic*; 1st—*charm person*, *cure light wounds*, *feather fall*, *identify*; 2nd—*cure moderate wounds*, *suggestion*, *tongues*, *whispering wind*; 3rd—*cure serious wounds*, *glibness*, *scrying*.

THE FOUR MECHDOMS

All four of the major mechdoms — the Stenian Confederacy, the Legion, the L'arile Nation, and the Irontooth

Clans — have a presence in Edge. The Irontooth have woven themselves into the fabric of the city, especially the Topside district; they are primarily described there. While the Irontooth presence here is (relatively) benign, the other three mechdoms hope to use Edge to further their own agendas.

The city's military might pales next to that of a good city-mech. It would be possible for any of the mechdoms to launch an attack that could reduce Edge to rubble. Using force to take control of it is much, much harder. First, the city's geography makes it very difficult to attack and even harder to besiege, as would-be conquerors and lunar dragons have learned repeatedly over the centuries. The people of Edge have many places they can retreat to. Second, Edge is a city full of powerful and heavily armed individuals. Although the major mechdoms could marshal armies larger than Edge's total population, the city's defenders are on the average much more dangerous individuals.

Most importantly, no mechdom has yet dared make an open play for Edge because the other three would certainly unite against them. Although the Irontooth are too disorganized to try conquering the city, most of the clans would rally against anyone trying to take it for themselves. The Stenians are too rigid for the L'arile Nation's liking, the elves are too arcane and impractical for the Confederacy, and nobody trusts Shar Thizdic farther than they can spit a dead stirge. Edge is too valuable the way it is. The three organized mechdoms have reasons to want control of the city and everything passing through it, but they're each willing to enjoy a share of this rich prize rather than take the tremendous risk involved in seizing it outright.

Instead, the mechdoms have been forced to practice an art rarely found on the surface of Highpoint: politics. Edge is a problem that can't be solved by violence. Each mechdom wants to increase its power there, if only to forestall the



others, but doing so takes more than a squadron of Lancer mechs. It requires finesse and subtlety, negotiation and compromise; the mechdoms have been practicing these arts for years. However, the citizens of Edge began playing at factional politics several centuries ago. It seems unlikely that any outsiders will manage to tip the balance of power in their favor any time soon. But each mechdom is trying.

The Irontooth Clans

Although the Irontooth are generally a nomadic people, several Irontooth clansmen and outcasts have made their home in Edge, setting up shop or offering their services for sale. Though Irontooth from the various clans live and work here, four of the larger clans hold the most sway in Edge: the Bugbear (mainly the Vro family), Battleaxe, Hawk, and the Iron Maiden clans (these clans are described in the Irontooth section of *Second Age of Walkers*). Since the clans here are strongly allied, they often refer to themselves as the Topside Clans.

The Irontooth make most of their money in the entertainment industry, running gambling houses, brothels, and gladiatorial rings for mechs. The Irontooth also provide mercenaries, labor services, hangar space for mechs, and even rental mechs. Also, a relatively new group of Irontooth outcasts has joined the Stairkeepers faction, providing vertical transportation for both passengers and mechs. Azock Dro leads these daring Irontooth pilots, and she calls her group the mech scalers. Her pilots can move up to Colossal-sized mechs, but prices are not cheap. She also rents hangar space to those in need; she owns two mech hangars on Topside.

The Irontooth mainly live in Topside. They chose to live surface-side for two reasons: their dislike of the drow, and their need for space. It's no secret that the rowdy Irontooth do not get along well with the drow. They find the dark

elves aloof, arrogant, untrustworthy, and power-hungry; and they have not forgotten the centuries-long battles with the elven dark race their ancestors shared the underdeep with. Since the drow hold a lot of power in Edge, the Irontooth have had to learn to hold their tempers and tongues in the dark elves' presence. Living as far away from them as possible in Edge, and using go-betweens to handle business dealings with them, helps the Irontooth maintain their civility. Still, the drow do frequent the Irontooth's gambling houses and sponsor gladiators at the Irontooth-owned Arena, so the dwarves are forced to have contact with them.

Topside has also offered the Irontooth the space they need for their favorite pastime: mech fighting. Not only do they have the Arena for Large and Huge mechs, they also have enough room on Topside to hold larger battles outside of the Arena. As charging for admittance to these open-air battles becomes a problem, leaving them with only the proceeds from bets, the Irontooth rarely promote such combats. Instead, they reserve such fights for handling problems between their own clans.

Most of the Irontooth's combat- or mech-related pastimes and businesses take place at the Arena. These pastimes include mech jousting, mech climbing, mech beam fighting, gladiatorial combat, and mech ball (these are described on page 10).

The Topside Clans work closely together, often co-owning businesses, and they have protection agreements with one another. The clansmen also take care of their own in Edge, seeing hospitality to their traveling clansmen as an honored responsibility. To this end, they have combined their wealth and labor to build lodging and to provide food for their clansmen.

The typical Irontooth found in Edge is a 5th-level mech jockey, if accompanying a sizeable mech, or a 2nd-level barbarian if alone.

The Stenian Confederacy

Most people in Edge see the Stenians as their friends. They have good reasons to do so. The Confederacy is large, prosperous, safe, and offers its citizens a reasonable amount of freedom. It's the greatest power of the Flatlands and has a strong connection to the mighty kingdom of Duerok, so it brings a great deal of trade to Edge. The city and the mechdom have a good working relationship that allows the Stenians to pursue their enemies down the cliff in exchange for their help defending Edge against monsters.

This hasn't stopped the Confederacy from using hidden agents to manipulate events in Edge. They distrust the city's sprawling chaos, which could breed any number of threats to the stability of the Flatlands. Ideally, the city would agree to become a protectorate of the Confederacy, agreeing to accept Stenian laws and Stenian security forces in return for guaranteed protection from all threats, but the city has refused that suggestion more than once. Rather than force the issue, the Confederacy is working behind the scenes to mold Edge into the kind of city it would prefer. In an ironic twist they haven't yet acknowledged, the Stenians are trying to protect their new way of life by turning Highpoint's chief city into something that looks very much like orderly Duerok. They have the best of intentions, but as is sometimes the case with the Confederacy, they aren't concerned with the opinions of the people they're trying to reform.

The Stenian approach to this goal borrows from their mech tactics. They're trying to catch Edge's freewheeling culture in a pincer maneuver, hitting it openly with political pressure while secretly using economic leverage. Gathering information about their many rivals is a secondary priority. Edge is a bubbling stew of humanoid activity, but for every meaty fact that floats to the top, the Stenians find four worthless scraps of



gristle. They prefer to concentrate on a practical outcome — making Edge into a secure eastern outpost of their domain.

Openly, the Stenian pressure is good-natured. The Confederacy has a variety of agreements and arrangements with the various factions of Edge, notably the Stairkeepers, and their influence in High Docks is strong. When making deals, the Stenians often include clauses about security forces and protection, both to impose more order on the chaos of Edge and to provide an excuse for Stenian military units to be in the area. Merchants are usually happy to see Stenian mechs along the trade routes near Edge. The Stenians always encourage Edge to improve its own armed forces, or even better, to permanently garrison a large Stenian force for everyone's benefit. So far Edge is secure enough to not need such a garrison, and its various leaders are not foolish enough to fall for the Stenian ploy.

On a more subtle level, the Stenians use trade to a variety of ends. Aside from the security clauses previously mentioned, they have difficulty tying commerce to their military might, so they concentrate this pressure on individuals instead of Edge as a whole. Stenian officials like military officers and city-mech commanders choose their trade partners based on instructions from the ranks above them. These partners are chosen on their apparent sympathy to the Confederacy's aims, chiefly the creation of a secure and orderly city.

Agents in the field have to interpret these orders loosely, as few merchants in Edge seem overly concerned with order, but some choices are obvious. The Stenians refuse to deal with the

drow trading houses of High Docks, and they avoid Vinyanka Fleurdelaine whenever possible. Anyone selling weapons or mechs is investigated. If merchants deal only with "reputable" clients, the Stenians establish a trade relationship with them. Those who sell to the drow, the Legion, the orcs, or the rowdier Iron-tooth clans will get no Stenian money; the Confederacy also urges its partners to cut off trade with such untrustworthy dealers.

If a trading partner refuses to stop dealing with groups the Confederacy dislikes, the Stenians are willing to cut them off entirely. All the Stenian agents and their allies suspend dealings with the offender. Either the target of this not-quite-black-mail will relent and start toeing the Stenian line, or they hold out and quite possibly go bankrupt. Having used this tactic successfully on more than one weapons broker, the Confederacy is starting to use it in other spheres. Dealers in everything from coal to carrots are finding that traders from the Flatlands are starting to bargain as one large unit instead of independent individuals. The approach is working well enough that some of Edge's more subtle players are already plotting to unravel the Stenian trade network by all available means, for fear that the Confederacy could gain power out of proportion to its income.

Stenian money is also used to buy influence in the city when possible. The Confederacy makes donations toward the maintenance of the mech Nardigrum, and it also offers the Church interest-free loans for civic improvement. High Priest Traksis Stols accepted this money early in his reign, but when the Stenians began

hinting that they expected favors in return, he stopped. Stenian agents have had more success gaining influence over the Stairkeepers, particularly the pulley-men, by offering technical assistance and cheap replacement parts.

Contacts with the Stairkeepers are important to the Confederacy's goals. Controlling all traffic up and down the cliff is impossible, but the Stenians want to know about everything that makes the trip, especially mercenaries and mechs. Their network of spies and informers is concentrated in communities sympathetic to the Confederacy — dwarves, coglayers, people running from the Legion or the orc warbands. They lack the finesse of Edge's established power groups, but they do a good job of keeping the Stenian army informed of potential threats on their borders.

The Stenians have few long-term agents in Edge, but traders and travelers working for the Confederacy's goals are in and out of the city on a regular basis. Anywhere from five to fifteen of them might be present at a time. Those who have been working for Stenian goals for years might know each other, but usually they operate in relative ignorance and independence. They report instead to Stenian officers on large military mechs who coordinate their information and decide on the best courses of action. One Stenian operative in Edge is worth noting, a gnome singer named Jast Redrabbitt (Brd4). Sympathetic to the Confederacy ever since his twin sons gained citizenship on the city-mech Gorla, he uses his racial abilities to gather information from the various burrowing animals found in the caves and warehouses of the city. A more typical agent is a dwarven merchant (Exp3 or Exp1/Rog2), probably at the head of a large caravan from the Flatlands. At times, a seasoned coglayer (Cog6) will join them to monitor the flow of steam equipment and mechs through Edge.



The Legion

Everyone is welcome in Edge as long as they have the coin to pay for their visit. Members of the Legion, however, often find this welcome to be a cold one. For every human nomad who sees Shar Thizdic as a near-divine leader, a dozen other people look at him and find a ruthless manipulative warlord. Money from the warlord's land is as good as any other, but the people carrying it are often half-wild barbarians coming to town for the first time, heads stuffed with pro-human propaganda.

Shar Thizdic encourages this. Legion traders heading for Edge are always accompanied by hand-picked detachments of Legion soldiers, many of whom are selected from troublesome tribes like the brutal Jajanya and combative Zhekmir (both described in **Second Age of Walkers**; the two are traditional rivals). This adds to the perception of the Legion as an unruly and uncivilized bunch, a group of wild nomads who can't be expected to understand the intricacies of politics and commerce. As Shar Thizdic knows, the enemy who underestimates you is already beaten.

For the Legion has a more careful approach to the puzzle that is Edge. Cunning individuals, personally picked by Shar Thizdic from the Legion's top ranks, come to the city without revealing their allegiance. Like everyone here, they have something to sell and something else to buy. What they sell are the goods of the plains — hides, grains, herd animals — and things seized from merchants who earn the Legion's disfavor.

They purchase just enough other merchandise to avoid suspicion, but most of their money goes to buy information. How many Stenian mechs have been through Edge lately? What kind were they? Where was the Red Band last sighted? Why has a certain mine suddenly stopped producing iron? Who has had private meetings with the High Priest this week? Why was a certain bard kicked out of the Gray Dragon Bar? Who was the red-headed human woman in the company of the drow Cornellius Stavos (leader of House Gloriatha) last night?

After spending three to seven days in Edge, bartering goods and asking questions, these agents and their escorts (Legion soldiers from the middle ranks, dressed as mercenaries) leave the city. The agents always report to Rebirth and present their findings to Shar Thizdic and his inner circle of advisers. As a result, the Legion's top commanders have nearly as good an idea of what's happening in Edge as the city's own residents do.

Shar Thizdic plans to use this information to conquer Edge. His agents are in the early stages of a plan that he hopes will ultimately cause the prosperous city to open its doors and invite the Legion's army in as permanent guests.

The current stage is reconnaissance. Edge is a complicated place, and Shar

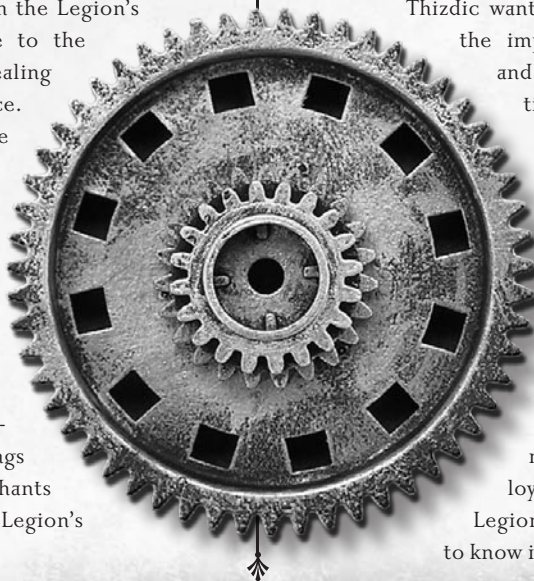
Thizdic wants to know who the important people and vital organizations are. He also wants to learn their weaknesses. If a rich merchant is also a notorious drunk, or if the leader of a particular militia has a disloyal spouse, the Legion's agents want to know it.

After using this information to create a sociopolitical map of sorts, Shar Thizdic will identify the hopes and fears of Edge's citizens. If he can discover something that most of the city fears, then present the Legion as their best hope against it, he may well maneuver the people of Edge into welcoming his dominance. Those who don't pay attention to Shar Thizdic would be surprised to know that he was capable of planning such a political maneuver. Anyone familiar with the way he united the disparate tribes of the plains wouldn't be surprised, although they would be wise to be concerned.

The greatest obstacle to this plan so far is the character of Edge itself. It's the most cosmopolitan place on or under Highpoint. Its citizens are hard to surprise and harder to frighten. At first, Shar Thizdic intended to use the lunar menace, but he hasn't found a way to present the Legion's military might as a shield against it, so that notion has been set aside for now. Instead he's thinking about following an old military axiom and using one of the city's strengths against it — its connection to the underdeep.

Already harboring a dislike of non-humans, Shar Thizdic finds the city's drow population especially repugnant. Their elegant cruelty and sinister cleverness worry him. They also represent the bizarre creatures of the underdeep, creatures he and many of his followers detest sight unseen. Most citizens of Edge don't share this dislike, instead seeing the dark elves as ruthless yet practical businessmen, but Shar Thizdic thinks he can change that.

For now his minions are busy with their reconnaissance. They cast their nets wide for information from across the city, but they sift carefully for information about the underdeep and intelligence from High Docks. All of it comes back to Rebirth, where Shar Thizdic and his inner circle examine and re-examine it, looking for the first links in a chain that they can ultimately wrap around Edge's throat and call a gift.



One thing that has so far escaped the Legion's notice is the growing number of lunar cults in Edge. They pose the sort of threat that all Edge would oppose. Lunar cults would be an excellent enemy to rally the city against, and if Shar Thizdic's agents were aware of the threat they pose, his attention would switch from the drow back to the moon.

In the meantime, this process is yielding useful information of all sorts. The Legion's ordinary trade missions have profited from this advanced research, learning details about their competitors' business practices and personal lives. It has also helped Legion caravans avoid bandits and make it to market before rivals with similar goods. Shar Thizdic pays little heed to this economic bonus, as his interests are military and political, but some of his commanders realize that their secret operation is providing obvious benefits. The biggest drawback is that only a handful of people are skilled and trustworthy enough to visit Edge and glean this kind of information without making themselves obvious. It has taken quite a while to build a clear picture of Edge, and even as that has come into focus aboard Rebirth, events in the city can and do change everything.

Some of his inner circle are pushing Shar Thizdic to increase the number of these special agents. So far he refuses. It requires operatives of extraordinary loyalty and discretion, and those are as rare in the Legion as anywhere else. For this plan to bear fruit, it must remain secret; the price of that secrecy is a slow pace. Twice Shar Thizdic himself has accompanied his agents into Edge to survey the city, drawing on his own early years as a wandering merchant, but he's reluctant to leave the Legion unattended for so long.

The elite Legion agents are all formidable figures. Each one has served for some time in the military and proven him- or herself in combat; they have also submitted to magical examination of their minds to verify their loyalty. Six

such agents are currently active, rotating between Edge and Legion territory with their small groups of guards. At one time there were eight, but one was killed in a fall from Topside and another committed suicide rather than be captured by a pack of lunar-tainted bandits. A typical advanced Legion operative has a variety of talents (for example, Ftr4/Rog5 or Bbn3/Brd8).

The L'arile Nation

The L'arile Nation recognizes the pivotal role Edge plays in the politics and commerce of Highpoint. The city is also a vital spot where military strategy is concerned, both for its central location and because it controls the easiest means of traveling between the Flatlands, the Endless Plains, and the underdeep. No place outside their borders is of greater importance to the L'arile Nation's long-term strategy.

Unlike most groups playing for power in the city, the elves' ultimate goal isn't to bring Edge under their control. They want the opposite: a free and neutral city that everybody wants to control and nobody can. Such a city would act as a shield against possible hostile moves by the Legion, the drow, Irontooth raiders, overzealous Stenians, and the whole long list of possible troublemakers. Any group attempting large military actions would have to devote a substantial force to keeping its border with Edge secure; the city's unique geography makes it a natural rallying point for those opposing an army. By watching the movement of troops around a neutral Edge, the L'arile Nation can improve its ability to gauge other groups' military intentions.

Edge is also valuable because it distracts attention from the north. All the plots and counterplots swirling around the city keep Highpoint's greatest spies and diviners busy, preventing them from watching the forests too closely. The secrets of the L'arile Nation aren't usually sinister, but they don't want outsiders

to guess at things like the extent of their plans for containing Shar Thizdic, or get a look at the powerful anti-steam magic their wizards are developing.

Finally, the L'arile Nation has ethical reasons for helping Edge stay independent. Freedom and individual liberty are vital in the culture of the northern forests; that's one reason Tannanriel is the only city-mech elves have created. Despite its name, the L'arile Nation is actually the less like a nation than either the Stenian Confederacy or the Legion are. The elves want a free Edge for the same reason that they treat Glatek as a partner even though they could conquer it. They see the world as happier, safer, and more prosperous when its residents are left alone to pursue their own interests, rather than obeying the whim of kings.





As a result, agents of the L'arile Nation support the institutions of Edge. The Church of Fhurlin in particular gets their help. Its benign neutrality and its ability to keep the city's politics in balance make it the perfect group for the L'arile Nation's purposes. It also represents the most vital god left in the world, and some sages of the forest say Fhurlin will play a pivotal role in the divine war. The elves and their intermediaries put information in the Church's hands, disrupt plots against it, and quietly encourage the city's dependence on the priests. This assistance is kept secret, even from the Church; anyone who knew the L'arile Nation was so heavily involved in the Church's activities would raise questions that might unravel L'arile plans for the next 20 years. High Priest Traksis Stols is a clever fellow, however, and he has deduced that the elves are aiding his church for reasons of their own, but he will say nothing as long as it seems to be for the good of his city.

L'arile operations in Edge are heavy on cloaks and light on daggers. Violence doesn't further their aims. Information, not power, is the treasure they hunt. Many L'arile agents have been in Edge for a long time (three months can be considered a long time in this town), making contacts and observing the power plays of other factions. These agents make liberal use of Charisma-based skills and subtle magic from the divination and illusion schools; enchantments are useful in the short term, but if discovered, such spells are certain to draw more attention than the L'arile Nation wants.

One thing to note about Edge is that very few of its residents are elves. As the L'arile Nation is almost exclusively elven, this hampers their secret activities. A few of its agents are from other races, primarily hyspy halflings and gnomes sympathetic to the ways of the forest. Others are half-elves. Many of these can and do pass for human (use of the Disguise skill permits this charade, as does the Blended Features feat from **Second Age of Walk-**

ers). The most impressive L'arile Nation agents are those who use magic to conceal their true nature. Some use extended *alter self* or *disguise self* spells for temporary missions. Others adopt *invisibility* to keep their activities a secret; one L'arile elf lived invisibly in Edge for six months with nobody the wiser. Those with a druidic background can use that class' wild shape ability, although few druids enjoy staying in Edge for long. Once a L'arile operative sneaked into the High Priest's quarters and cast *rope trick* there, allowing her to live there unnoticed and observe the Church's most secret activities, the better to help them. That operation was ended because of the risk, but it shows the lengths the L'arile Nation will go to.

Other exotic magics are also used to keep an eye on Edge, but powerful spells can have bad consequences. For example, many years ago a L'arile wizard summoned an invisible stalker and tasked it with keeping the Guildmaster of the Stairkeepers safe from assassins. The resentful elemental simply flew the Guildmaster to the top of a mountain and left him there. Experiences like that have prompted the elves to use more subtle methods of late.

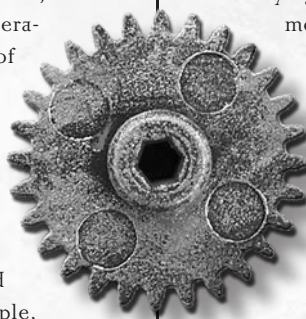
At any given time, the L'arile Nation has between five and ten agents operating in Edge. Most of these will be on long-term assignments requiring them to stay in town for weeks or months. Each one is given broad goals, such as "sow distrust among visiting Irontooth Clan members" or "encourage Porgrush Rotbellow to cooperate with the porters of High Docks," and they are free to pursue them however they wish. All of these agents have some spellcasting ability. The agents are all familiar with one another, and regularly cooperate against their rivals.

They stay in contact with the L'arile Nation through a system of enchanted

items — commonplace goods like inkwells and iron pots which have had *magic mouth* cast on them. The agents use this spell to send short messages back to the forest (longer messages can be sent by casting *magic mouth* several times and using that spell's delay feature to make the mouths talk in sequence), and they receive instructions the same way. The trigger for each of these items is to say, "Oh noble item, what news does the forest/city have?" in Elven, using the appropriate place. These apparently mundane items are transported back and forth by a group of elven and half-elven merchants based in Glatek.

The merchants are all members of the L'arile Nation. Their business is called the Jadeflower Trading Company (a reference to the components of *magic mouth*), and it is a legitimate business, albeit a small one.

The typical L'arile agent in Edge is a half-elf rogue/wizard (Rog2/Wiz2) with an emphasis on Charisma-based skills and non-combat magic; some are bards of equivalent experience. Less common is the skilled spellcaster (elf Rog3/Wiz7), who probably served in the military force aboard a L'arile village-mech for a time.



GUARDIAN MECHS OF EDGE

Edge is in many ways the cornerstone of Highpoint's civilization, and so it is in everyone's interest to see that it is protected from the ravages of lunar dragons, the lunar rain, and the other sorrows that haunt the surface world. For this reason, the nations and power groups of the world can be counted upon to leap to Edge's aid in the case of attacks and catastrophes. The leaders of Edge



are, however, wise enough to know that outside aid cannot always be counted on to arrive in time — and that those who depend too heavily on the protection of others inevitably find themselves under the thumb of their erstwhile protectors.

Given that Edge has thrived partly because it is seen as a truly free city, and thus as the perfect gathering point for the many peoples of the world, the idea of coming under outside control doesn't sit well with the citizenry, who are nothing if not stubbornly independent.

In order to ensure that Edge is protected from lunar monsters, and to make a subtle statement to those nations eyeing it hungrily, the city long ago dipped into its coffers to pay for a number of potent defenses. Of these, the greatest are the city's two mechs, the immense Nardigrum and the nimble Vadistock (others include the steam cannons mounted across Cliffside).

Both Vadistock and Nardigrum are old by mech standards, with Nardigrum being the older and less sophisticated of the pair, but both are extremely well maintained by a dedicated staff of coglayers and steam mages. Periodically, both mechs are upgraded with the newest technology, always paid for out of the taxes and tariffs leveraged from visiting merchants over the previous year. On several occasions, various nations have attempted to curry favor with the city by making gifts of weapons or armor for the mechs, but these parts are always either politely refused or immediately resold to the vagabond tribes that live near the city. Vadistock and Nardigrum are the beloved possessions of Edge, and the people of the city will not see them touched by others.

Though the citizens of Edge are not known for being overly sentimental, they have a great deal of affection for their twin defenders, and many consider them to be citizens in their own right, as worthy of respect and even admiration as the greatest heroes. Some people, in fact, assign Nardigrum and Vadistock

almost mystical qualities, seeing them as quasi-sentient beings akin to dragons and other mighty beasts of legend. It's common to see offerings of food, wine, cloth, cheap jewelry and other trinkets left at either the base of the cliff or outside the immense doors that seal their respective hangers — in reality, no one is deluded enough to see two big lumps of gearwork as truly living beings, but many citizens are superstitious enough to not take chances.

The crews who man Vadistock and Nardigrum are chosen by the leaders of the city (currently the High Priest in consultation with a dozen notable citizens), and while they prefer to hire from within the city, they will bring in mercenaries from outside if they prove themselves especially capable; there is no room for sentimentality in the defense of the city. The mech pilots and crews are paid exorbitant sums and given free run of the city, as a way of both ensuring their loyalty and acknowledging the fact that Vadistock's and Nardigrum's crews never seem to live for long. For their part, the crews of each mech take their jobs very seriously, and like many others within the city, they quickly come to view their titans as allies rather than as just machinery. Though they could easily take the offerings left for their mechs with none being the wiser, few if any ever do — it's common superstition among the pilots and crews that those who dare take what "belongs" to Vadistock and Nardigrum quickly regret the theft. Indeed, there have been several occasions when offenders died within days of pinching a wheel of cheese or a few coins from the heaps of offerings, including one particularly famous incident where Vadistock slipped from its chains and plummeted 500 feet to the ground, killing all inside, the evening after the crew and pilot gorged themselves on food and wine left outside the doors of their hanger.

Nardigrum and Vadistock are considered to belong to the entire city, but the responsibility for paying their costs

and controlling their actions falls to four groups. The Church ultimately controls the membership of the crews, hiring and training them. Mech costs are paid for by the merchants of High Docks — the drow are obviously connected to Vadistock, and the dwarves support Nardigrum. (Rivalry over which mech is more battle ready is quite high.) Finally, the members of the Stairkeepers contribute to a general fund which supplements the contributions of High Docks. This not only gives the Stairkeepers a feeling of ownership in the mechs, but it makes sure that neither side of High Docks holds too much control over the purse strings.

On any given day, Vadistock and Nardigrum will be found primed and ready for deployment within their twin, massive hangers as they are considered too valuable for constant use. To ensure that they are ready to defend Edge when needed, the city maintains a small but skilled force of advanced scouts, whose sole duty is to watch for the approach of potential threats and signal the mech crews with a combination of flares and horn signals. This is also dangerous work, as the scouts range many miles beyond Edge's borders in the performance of their duties.

The Cliff

Vadistock and Nardigrum are somewhat different from standard mechs in that they are primarily constructed to serve as mobile gun platforms, rather than as immense vehicles intended to stride across the surface world. This is especially true of Nardigrum, which is little more than an enormous artillery platform, but even Vadistock is built with the peculiar defensive needs of the city of Edge in mind.

The primary challenge in the defense of Edge is overcoming the city's vertical nature. Since Edge is built above, below, and inside a steep cliff, it is impossible for a normal mech to defend all sections of the city, particularly against flying foes. Since the leaders of the city feared

that stationing one mech at the city's base and one at its top would not provide Edge with the needed degree of protection, as the mechs would then be helpless to assist one another, they scrambled to come up with a way to ensure that both mechs could travel easily from Topside to Low Docks. The solution, proposed by the mech-wizard Derek Untarius, was to create a web of immense chains that spanned the length and breadth of the cliff, like a spider's web of steel links thick as a strong man's arm. The chains are spaced evenly both horizontally and vertically, to allow the mechs to move to the most advantageous tactical conditions, and are anchored to the walls, the base, and the top of the cliff by immense bronze plugs driven deep into the rock face. To facilitate the docking and deployment of each mech, pairs of chains on each side of the waterfall are attached to enormous engines set on the base and top of the cliff. These engines, which are powered by steam-driven turbines, seize and thread the chains, pulling Vadistock and Nardigrum up and down the cliff with surprising speed. These chains are off limits to any other mechs, including the mech scalers, and anyone caught using them will face the wrath of an entire city.

There are immense hangers on the top and bottom of the cliff side, each large enough to hold both Vadistock and Nardigrum simultaneously, though both mechs will never be stored in one location if there is any other option. When not deployed, Vadistock will almost always be found stored in its hanger in Low Docks, as its relatively small size and nimbleness makes it the better choice to maneuver through the maze of buildings clustered there. Nardigrum, conversely, is almost always docked in High Docks, whose mech-friendly lanes it can more easily navigate. It also reminds the Iron-tooth in Topside above that they need to behave.

Other Mechs

Vadistock and Nardigrum are good mechs, but they aren't the only heavy defenses Edge has. If the city is attacked, its residents will arm themselves against the foe; many of these residents have mechs of their own. The Irontooth of Topside always have an array of Barbagulas, Fangbiters, and Raptors available (the Raptor mech is described in **The Shards-fall Quest**). In Low Docks, the dwarves of Clan Fralief usually have a handful of well-maintained mechs stored in their hangars, although the exact composition of this force changes weekly. A trading group calling itself the Gold Escorts has a trio of Dignitary mechs and twice that many Vipers headquartered in Low Docks, although they are often out transporting passengers and trade goods across the Endless Plains. Their mechs are recognizable for the elaborate gilded crests on their chestplates, and because their blue traders' flags are edged with gold fringe.

Visitors to the city are also expected to contribute to its defense, especially visitors with mechs. This rule is familiar to anyone who spends time on a city-mech. In addition to any hangar fees, road taxes, and the like, visitors in mechs help pay for their stay by adding their constructs to Edge's armed forces. At times this is no more than a handful of battered transport mechs. During some seasons, like the time of the Low Water Festival, this can be dozens of powerful mechs with the latest armament. Locals who've been around a while talk about the Night of Midsummer Ice, when a small orcish warband drove their rickety mechs toward Low Docks, only to be met by a trio of Icicle mechs from the L'arile Nation (described in the **Mech Manual**). Using their linked *wands of ice storm*, the elven mechs smashed the orcish force from hundreds of feet away without suffering any return fire.

NARDIGRUM

Nardigrum, whose name roughly translates from old Dwarven as "Great Battle Drum" is a monstrosity of iron and bronze, bristling with exposed wires and squat cannons, a monolithic juggernaut that is graceless as a beached whale — but packs enough firepower to level a small city or shatter a lunar dragon with a single well-placed volley.

Nardigrum is truly enormous, a rival in size to all but the great city-mechs, and far larger than any opponent it is likely to face. Unlike other mechs, which tend to either resemble a humanoid or quadruped animal, Nardigrum looks like nothing so much as a bloated metal crab, with a relatively flat, clam shell-shaped body set within a larger iron ring, which is in turn supported by six squat, multi-segmented legs, set three to a side. Each of the legs is tipped with a four-pronged claw that can open and close as needed, and the middle pair of legs is considerably longer than the other sets, allowing it to angle the body ring as needed when attaching to or detaching from the cliff face. When attached to the chain web spanning the cliffside, which is most of the time, the iron ring is set perpendicular to the body and parallel to the rock face, with each leg tightly gripping lengths of chain. This allows Nardigrum to move about the cliff while still remaining a stable firing platform. On the rare occasions when Nardigrum's pilot takes it to the ground, the iron ring pivots slowly to come even with the shell body, claw legs opening to grip the earth one after another, in much the same way as a centipede slithers across the dirt. When Nardigrum moves, everyone within Edge knows it.

Nardigrum is powered by a steam engine the size of a small tower, which still barely supplies it with enough power to move at anything more than a crawl. When activated, the engine comes to life with a sputtering roar loud enough



to shatter glass, and sets the ground to throbbing. Nardigrum vents steam constantly; plumes of white fog rise from beneath its joints with every motion, and hot water runs in small rivers down its armored back, evaporating into mist wherever it touches exposed wire. After a particularly intense period of activity, the air around Nardigrum is as thick with moisture as the coast on a winter morning, and it is for this reason that the mammoth walker is sometimes referred to as the “Cloud Dragon” by longtime residents.

Nardigrum's primary weapon is an enormous cannon, the barrel as long as wide as a fortified tower, and reinforced on its base with a heavy iron cap several feet thick. The barrel is mounted on a pair of reinforced arms which project forward from Nardigrum's body. When

the cannon fires, the force of the shot rockets the barrel back and lifts the front of the mech, and if it fires when Nardigrum is astride the cliff face, the butt end jackhammers into the rock wall with enough force to knock things off shelves all across Cliffside.

Nardigrum

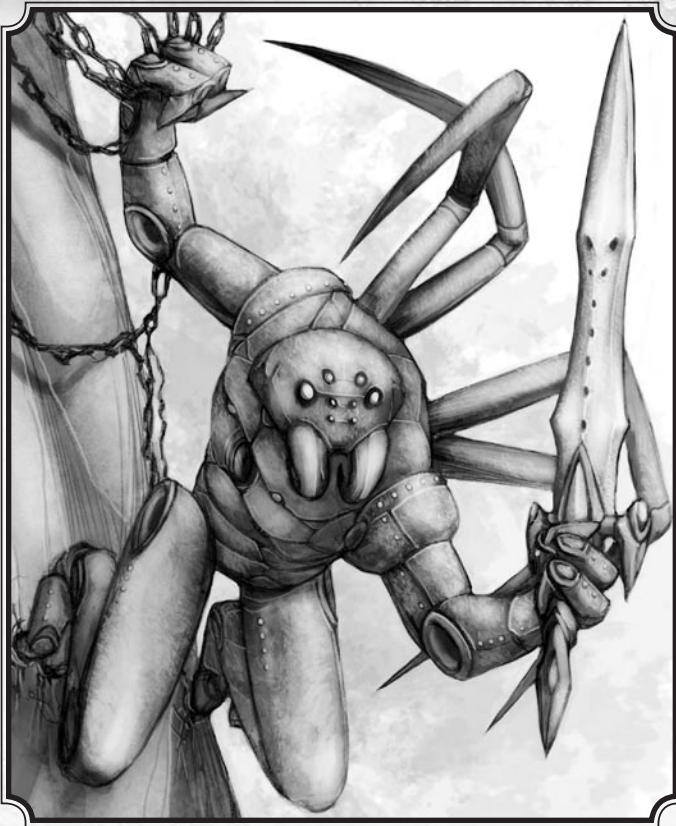
Size: Colossal III
Power Source: Steam
Payload Units: 64
Height: 45 ft.
Space/Reach: 50 ft. x 50 ft./25 ft.
Crew: 16
Firing Ports: 35
Hit Dice: 150
Hit Points: 825
Critical Thresholds: Green, yellow 412,
orange 206, red 82
Base Initiative: -3

Speed: 50 ft.
Maneuverability: Poor
AC: 2
Hardness: 16 (iron, Colossal III)
Base Melee Attack: +7
Base Ranged Attack: -4
Unarmed Damage: 2d12+15
Trample: Largest Gargantuan, safe
 Large, damage 6d6
Saves: Fort +0, Ref -4, Will -
Abilities: Str 40, Dex 4, Con -, Int -,
 Wis -, Cha -
Special: Armor plating, rock scaler,
 steady feet

VADISTOCK

Vadistock, whose name translates from the Drow tongue as “Cunning Spider” is the polar opposite of Nardigrum in many ways. It is small, relatively quick, and lightly armed, which stands in stark contrast to its partner. And yet, in its own way, Vadistock is as dangerous a foe and as stalwart a defender of Edge as the mighty Nardigrum.

Vadistock is tall and thin, built in a roughly humanoid shape topped with a spider-like mandibled head. It has two primary legs and arms, each of which is designed with multi-directional joints that allow them to bend forward and back with equal ease. When Vadistock is deployed on the ground, these joints are locked into the normal range of movement, but when Vadistock is moving along the walls, they are loosened to allow it to grip the cliff face behind it. In addition to its primary limbs, four spindly iron arms jut out like a spider's legs from the center of Vadistock's back. These arms, which are tipped with long iron spikes, stream out to a distance of more than 50 feet each, and are deployed only when Vadistock is moving along the cliff face; at all other times, they are folded across the mech's back. Vadistock moves by alternately gripping and pulling against the great chains, and imbedding its spiked tipped arms into the rock,



allowing it to scuttle up and down, and from side to side, with impressive speed.

An advanced clockwork engine that operates in near-absolute silence powers Vadistock, making it far quieter than most mechs of its size. It is armed with both long-range cannons and titanic melee weapons, which give it the ability to fight both flying opponents and enemies daring enough to set foot within the city itself. Vadistock was recently modified to accept the special requirements of its new pilot, Darius Solovox, an Edge-born mech jockey so dedicated to his craft that he has chosen to have himself permanently embedded into his grand weapon. This is an unprecedented event in the city's history, and one that leaves the citizen's both proud of Darius' dedication and fearful of what might happen should he ever decide to go rogue.

Vadistock

Size: Colossal II
Power Source: Clockwork
Payload Units: 32
Height: 60 ft.
Space/Reach: 20 ft x 20 ft./30 ft.
Crew: 3
Firing Ports: 20
Hit Dice: 96
Hit Points: 528
Critical Thresholds: Green, yellow 264, orange 132, red 53
Base Initiative: +2
Speed: 80 ft. (fast legs)
Maneuverability: Good
AC: 2

VADISTOCK ONBOARD WEAPONS

Location	Arc of Fire	Weapon (Damage, Range in Ft., other)	PLI	Crew
Torso	180° forward	Gargantuan javelin rack (2d8(x5)/x2/200 ft.)	8	2
Left arm	Melee	Gargantuan barbed sword blade (2d12+II/x3)	8	1
Right arm	180° forward	Gargantuan flame nozzle (2d8/x2/50 ft)	8	1

Hardness: 14 (steel, Colossal II)

Base Melee Attack: +3

Base Ranged Attack: +2

Unarmed Damage: 4d6+11

Trample: Largest Huge, safe Medium, 5d6

Saves: Fort -4, Ref +0, Will -

Abilities: Str 32, Dex 14, Con -, Int -, Wis -, Cha -

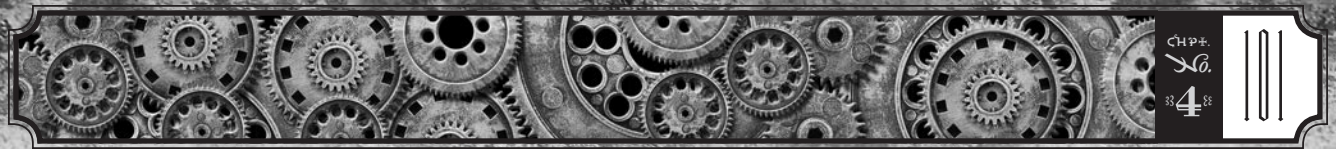
Special: Combat spikes, fast legs, rock scaler

New Trait

Rock Scaler: A mech with this option is specially constructed to allow it the range of movement to climb without awkwardness. Thanks to the special servos built into the mech, it suffers no penalty to DCs when making a Climb check. In addition, the mech is built to absorb the shock of impact, so it suffers no critical hits when a 6 is rolled on a falling-damage die. This raises the mech's base price by 10%.

CULTS

Zealots and fringe believers were once rare in Edge. The city has always been dominated by the Church of Fhurlin, which didn't leave much room for other faiths, and the well-traveled nature of its inhabitants meant that they kept open minds. In recent years, this has changed. Now all manner of strange faiths can be found lurking in the corners of this city. Many of them, although not all, are dedicated to lunar worship in some form. Four such cults — three lunar and one dedicated to a vile aboleth — are described here.



BROTHERHOOD OF THE ATTENTIVE POWERS

A relatively new cult within Edge, the Brotherhood of the Attentive Powers (also called the Attentives) have thus far avoided detection. The Attentives were founded two years ago by Father Ellis Samuel Pedil, who was previously a priest of a god of craft and metalworking named Khore whose worship was once common in Highpoint. Father Samuel was well known in Edge for his generosity, piety, and skill at the blacksmith's forge, but this all changed two years ago when his loving wife was killed during a mishap with a Stairkeeper elevator. Father Samuel was present at the accident, but due to the war the gods fight in other planes, he did not have the power to heal her that day and could only watch as she died in his arms. Father Samuel then lost his faith and replaced it with dark rage, knowing now in his heart that the gods did not care for the suffering of their subjects, and thus must all be evil and not suitable for worship.

Father Samuel wandered for days confused by Khore's abandonment of him,

asking why the world suffered, before deciding to find new gods whom he could trust to help Highpoint. He began worshipping the lunar gods and found them more than willing to lend him the power he wanted. After months of seclusion and study, Father Samuel returned to Edge as the leader of a new church, the Brotherhood of the Attentive Powers. Father Samuel claims his is a religion that welcomes all adherents and worships gods who are new to this world and need the power of worshippers in order to change it for the better. Knowing that people fear the lunar powers, Father Samuel has renamed them in order to deceive his followers, saying instead they are Star Gods from far beyond this world. Father Samuel preaches love, healing, and the crusade against evil, but he has been very fuzzy about what exactly he qualifies as evil. Thus far his small band of adherents, drawn from the poor folk of the area, has paid more attention to his fiery oratory than the details of his sermons.

Only a small number of his followers know the truth of the powers Father Samuel worships, and they know that if the Church of Fhurlin or anyone else were to learn the secret of their group, it would not last long. Because of this, while

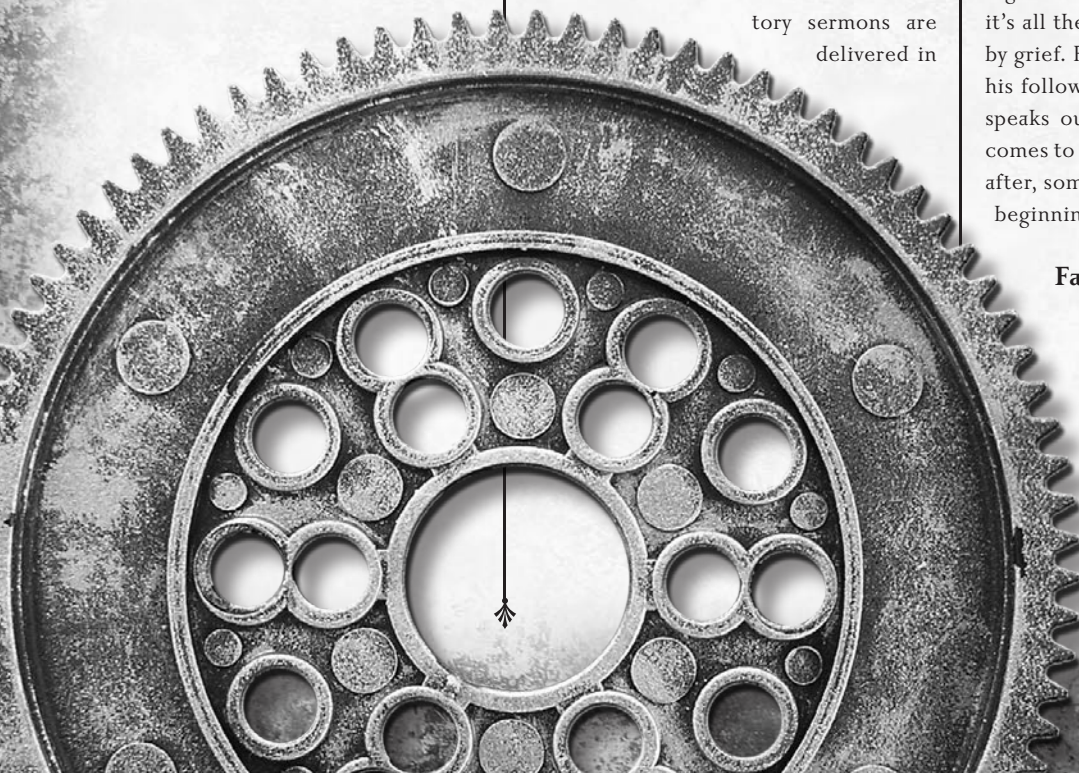
Father Samuel's introductory sermons are delivered in

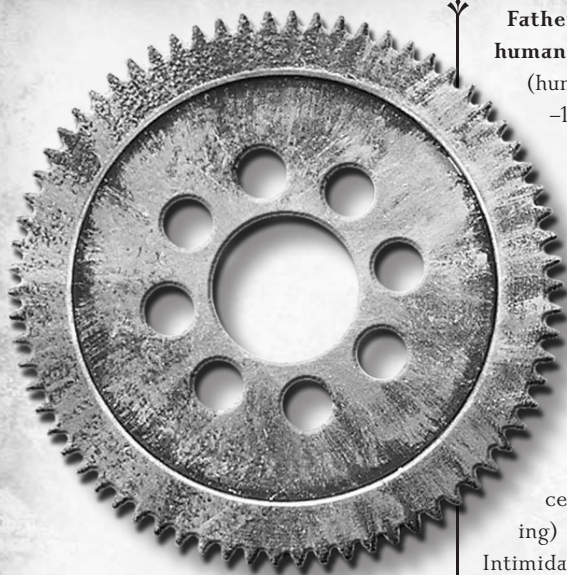
public, his real sermons are delivered in a secret cellar beneath his dwelling in Low Docks. For now he and his minions seek to increase their numbers and infiltrate the Church of Fhurlin in the hopes of subverting it to their cause. While their numbers among the poor have grown dramatically in recent months, few have joined Father Samuel's inner circle and no agents have been gained among the followers of Fhurlin. In the long term, Father Samuel hopes to turn Edge into the center of lunar worship in Highpoint, thinking that such status will permanently protect it from the lunar dragons. To this end, he is willing to work with almost anyone, especially other lunar cults. Most of his followers who know the truth are laborers and craftsmen, with a number among the porters and steppers of the Stairkeepers. Few have combat skills or other abilities of note, but they provide Father Samuel with an excellent information network. Father Samuel has hired a few thugs and bandits to provide muscle for his operations, disguising them as clergy, but has told them little of his true purpose.

The people of Edge have reacted to Father Samuel's seeming rebirth with confusion and sympathy, either believing his story about new gods or thinking it's all the product of a mind driven mad by grief. Few recognize the threat he and his followers present. Sadly, anyone who speaks out against Father Samuel often comes to an accidental end shortly thereafter, something the Church of Fhurlin is beginning to notice.

Father Ellis Samuel Pedil

Once a pious and good-hearted man, Father Samuel has used his reputation as such to create a church based on lies and deceit. Although he believes that ultimately he works for the good of the people of Edge, he is willing to use any means at his





disposal to do so. His desire to keep his operations under wraps has limited him thus far in terms of his nefarious deeds, but he plans in the near future to begin making “offerings” to the lunar gods that he hopes will bring him more power. Ultimately, he is willing to sacrifice anyone for his twisted goals, but he especially likes killing priests of the “false gods” such as Fhurlin.

When around outsiders, Father Samuel takes on the demeanor of a caring and fatherly priest who is always ready to advise his parishioners. In secret, his behavior does not change, but it takes on a deeply disturbing slant as he speaks of human sacrifice in the same genial way he talks about raising children or marital matters. He is perpetually calm except when preaching, during which he yields completely to his emotions, a practice that could someday ruin his charade.

While Father Samuel honors all the lunar gods in his secret ceremonies, Andakakilogitat is the god he primarily serves. Father Samuel receives spells and such from the lunar gods, but does not know much of what they consider religious ceremonies, so he has begun making up his own instead. Thus far the lunar gods seemed pleased with his efforts.

Father Ellis Samuel Pedil, male human **Clr6:** CR 6; Medium humanoid (human); HD 6d8+6; hp 33; Init -1; Spd 30 ft.; AC 14, touch 9, flat-footed 14; Base Atk +4; Grp +4; Atk/Full Atk +4 melee (1d8, heavy mace) or +3 ranged (1d10, heavy crossbow); SQ Rebuke/command undead, Chaos and Destruction domain abilities; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +8; Str 10, Dex 8, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Concentration +6, Craft (blacksmithing) +5, Diplomacy +8, Heal +7, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +5, Sense Motive +5, Spellcraft +4, Spot +5; Alertness, Brew Potion, Negotiator, Persuasive.

Possessions: Chain shirt, heavy mace, light wooden shield, heavy crossbow, quiver with 20 bolts, holy symbol, cleric's vestments, bell, 2 candles, healer's kit, *ring of mind shielding*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of nondetection*.

Spells Prepared (5/4+1/4+1/3+1 per day; save DC 13 + spell level): 0—*cure minor wounds*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *inflict minor wounds**, *mending*; 1st—*command*, *cure light wounds*, *detect evil*, *inflict light wounds**, *obscuring mist*; 2nd—*augury*, *cure moderate wounds*, *enthrall*, *shatter**, *undetectable alignment*; 3rd—*contagion**, *cure serious wounds*, *dispel magic*, *obscure object*. **Domains:** Chaos, Destruction.

*Indicates a domain spell.

SWORN BROTHERHOOD OF SILENT WINGS

Wise men say that there is a fine line between love and hate, and they speak the truth. Emotions are complex, serpentine things, and obsession is a disease that can twist the thoughts of even the strongest mind. Those who hate too strongly, who focus all their passion on one great foe, can find their rage turning

to respect, and their loathing to reverence—even love. So it is for the handful of men and women who have sworn allegiance to the Brotherhood of Silent Wings, a lunar cult dedicated to the clandestine worship of Erefiviviasta, goddess of flight.

The cult was founded in Edge twenty years ago by the twins Micah and Pronzac Von Stuk, former mech pilots and would-be inventors whose dream had always been to take to the skies in flying machines of their own devising. In the early days, the Brotherhood of Silent Wings was not a lunar cult at all, and was in fact a pact between the two brothers to take revenge against the lunar dragon who slew their third brother. In those first years, the brothers' fury shone like a hell-born star, and they were consumed by a hatred so fierce that it was legendary among other mech pilots. Micah and Pronzac spent years pursuing the dragon who slew their unfortunate sibling, but were never able to best it in battle. And so they threw themselves into research, absorbing every bit of knowledge they could about the dragons and their home. At first, they studied in the hopes of finding some clue to the dragon's destruction, but as the months became seasons and then years, both Micah and Pronzac began to study for the joy of learning.

Frustration at their inability to best the lunar dragon became grudging respect for its power, and then reluctant admiration, and finally unabashed love for the might of the titanic lunar beasts. In the following months, the brothers strove to learn all they could about existing lunar cults and studied the writings of heretical priests of the mortal gods. During this time, they attracted the first members of what would become the true Sworn Brotherhood, disaffected adventurers and scholars hungry to share in Micah and Pronzac's knowledge. But no matter what they learned, no matter the passion they developed for the study and worship of the lunar dragons and gods, the brothers never abandoned their original dream: to take wing and rise above the mud and dust.

Unlike many other lunar cults, who attempt to swath themselves in absolute secrecy, the Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings chooses to hide in plain sight. They openly advertise the cult as a loose association of inventors and scholars, all fascinated with the idea of flight, and cloak their religious fervor beneath a mask of good-natured bumbling and eccentricity. Micah and Pronzac can still count on their reputation as fierce dragon-hunting pilots to work to their advantage as well, since no one would believe it possible for them to have changed so utterly.

The members of the Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings believe the lunar rains were a sign from the heavens that the world of man is transitory, a grand cosmic mistake which the true gods have chosen to correct. They see the destruction of the world as inevitable and well deserved, and view the lunar dragons as harbingers of divine will, horrific angels whose very presence speaks of the true grandeurs that wait beyond the veil of mortal lands.

The Sworn Brotherhood is not a true apocalyptic cult, however, in that they do not believe the mortal races are meant to be wiped from existence. Members point to the fact that the lunar rains and the lunar dragons have not scoured life from

the world after more than a century. In fact, it could be argued that the members of the cult are ultimately very optimistic, even hopeful, about the ultimate fate of mankind. Their core belief, the vision which guides them in all their actions, is that the mortal races are intended to transcend the bonds of earth, to take wing and rise to the moon and then beyond to the stars, where an infinite paradise awaits. The fact that they pay homage to vile lunar abominations doesn't seem to disturb them.

The Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings has only one main goal, to reach the moon, but of course each member of the cult has his or her own interests. In addition, the members of the cult are wise enough to know that in order to achieve their dreams, and in order to help humanity see the wisdom of their ideas, they must cultivate both respect and power among "those without the vision to see their wings."

Since their particular passions and skills are considered eccentric at best, the members of the Sworn Brotherhood have not bothered to try to gain power among the major trading houses that effectively run the city of Edge. Instead, they work to cultivate favor with the technically minded Stairkeepers and various local coglayers, who are inclined to respect people with odd interests, seeing them as kindred spirits.

To show the practicality of their odd flying contraptions, the cultists have been working to create machines that can serve as an alternative to the traditional means of scaling the great cliff that splits the city. So far, their work has met with mixed results and mixed reactions at best. Most citizens consider their machines to be extraordinarily dangerous (which they are)

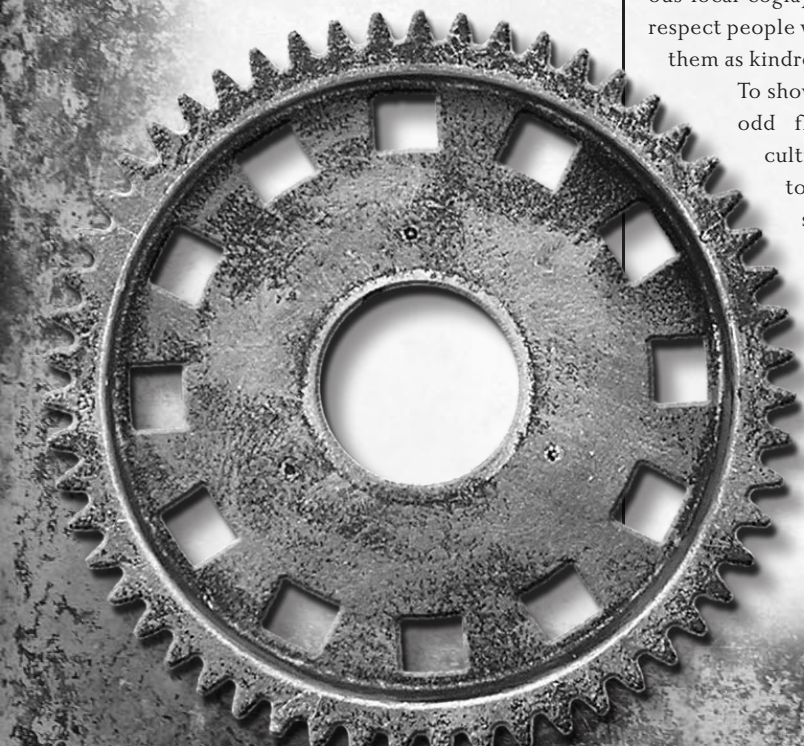
and likely to steal profits from everyone else (which they perhaps would). Some Stairkeepers have, in fact, taken it upon themselves to sabotage the work of the Brotherhood, though they rarely need to bother since the machines the cultists make never seem to work as anything but fast rides to an early grave. To date, the "war" between the cultists and the Stairkeepers has been good natured, at least on the latter's part. Micah and Pronzac, however, see this interference as an affront to their dreams, and to their goddess, and have reached the point where they are actively considering murder. In fact, Pronzac has confided to Micah that he has a plan to destroy the bulk of the staircase entirely, thereby forcing the citizens to turn to the Brotherhood and their devices.

The members of the cult are also interested in accumulating as much lore about flight and the lunar dragons and their goddess as they can. They frequently hire adventurers and traveling scholars to investigate these subjects, using their reputations as eccentric scholars and inventors to cover their true designs.

The members of the Sworn Brotherhood have taken the alien goddess Erevivivista as their patron, and in her name they offer sacrifices of animals, pray fervently, and conduct bold experiments in flight, in the hopes that they might find a way to her throne, and to the paradise they are sure she holds for them.

As many cults do, the Sworn Brotherhood gives blood sacrifice to their goddess as a form of worship. Unlike other cults, whose ceremonies are drenched in religious ritual, the members of the Brotherhood conduct their sacrifices in a manner more akin to an autopsy, capturing live flying creatures and then dissecting them, in hopes that their goddess will be pleased enough to reveal the secrets of flight that the animals hold within their flesh and spirit.

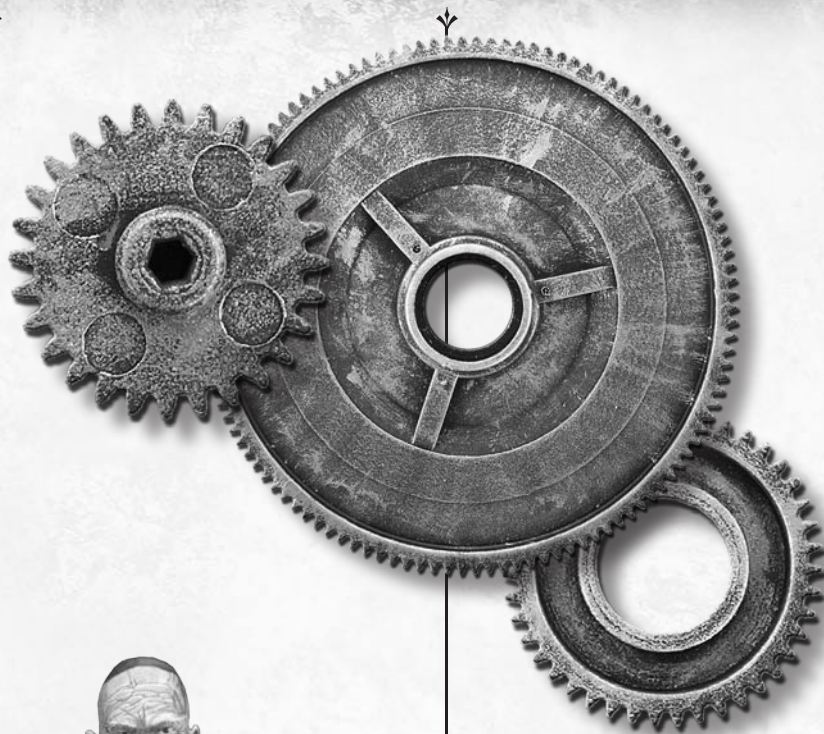
The most important rituals of the Brotherhood of the Silent Wings, however, are their festivals of flight, twice-



annual gatherings where each member of the cult attempts to achieve the seemingly impossible: taking wing without aid of magic. These events are very public, and are held on the west bank of High Docks, on the very edge of the great cliff. The goal of the Brotherhood is to cross the vast width of the river, soaring from one bank to the other in one long, continuous flight, although other demonstrations have involved primitive parachutes, crude air-screw helicopters, and on one memorable occasion a rocket capable of carrying a single passenger. These demonstrations universally end in failure, sometimes disastrously so, which makes them very popular spectator events; more and more viewers show up each time a new demonstration is held. The members of the Brotherhood have attracted a small but enthusiastic contingent of young assistants willing to help in any way they can — so long as they aren't required to actually fly the devices themselves.

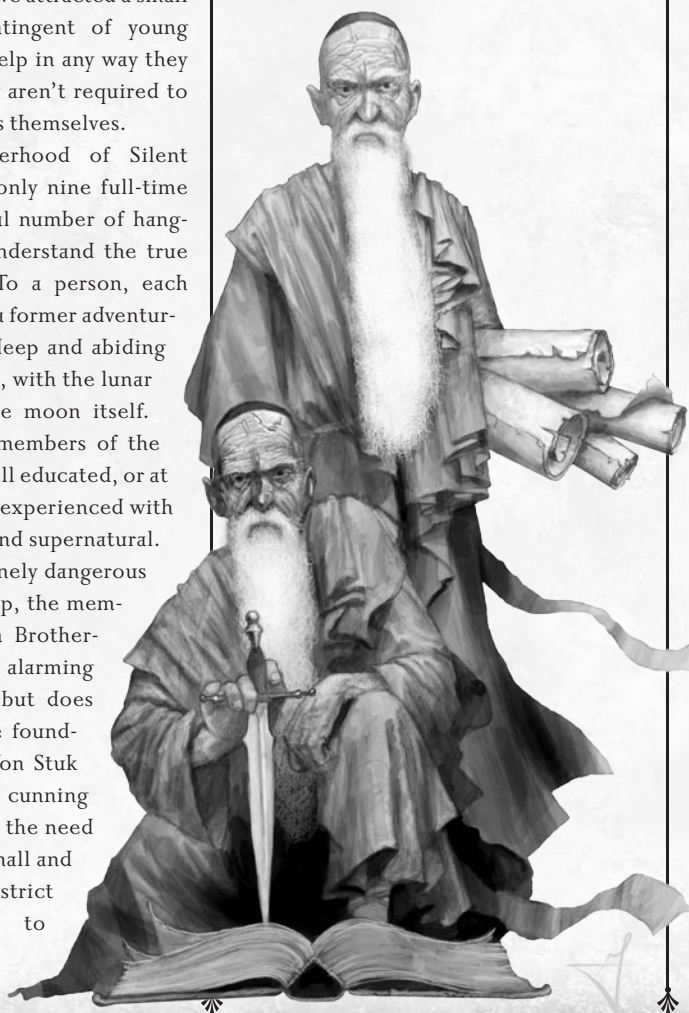
The Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings is small, with only nine full-time members and an equal number of hangers-on who do not understand the true nature of the cult. To a person, each member of the cult is a former adventurer or scholar with a deep and abiding fascination with flight, with the lunar dragons, and with the moon itself. For this reason, the members of the cult tend to be very well educated, or at least very worldly and experienced with matters both natural and supernatural.

Because of the insanely dangerous nature of their worship, the membership of the Sworn Brotherhood changes with alarming frequency. Changes, but does not grow in size. The founders of the cult, the Von Stuk brothers, are both cunning enough to understand the need to keep their group small and snobbish enough to restrict their proto-religion to only the most "worthy" candidates. In



every case, the current members of the cult have been handpicked by Micah and Pronzac, and were only brought into the fold after they had shown their passion and genius while assisting the Brotherhood in its more public flights. When a candidate is deemed worthy, they are followed and their private lives scrutinized, the better to weed out those who would not be amenable to the brothers' beliefs. Should a candidate still prove acceptable, they are approached with a personal invitation to "work with those who are like yourself, and achieve a feat your lessers dare not dream of." If the potential member agrees to join the Brotherhood without hesitation, then he is instantly and permanently granted membership into the group. From that moment on, the new member is expected to immerse himself in the Brotherhood's existing research, and to support the group in the achievement of its one shining goal.

To be sure, not everyone who is approached by the brothers accepts membership into the ranks of the Sworn



Brotherhood, but that has never proved an issue — after all, each candidate has very publicly assisted the Brotherhood during at least one experiment, and accidents do happen.

Micah and Pronzac Von Stuk

To say that Micah and Pronzac Von Stuk are half-mad is to do a disservice to the exquisite depths of their insanity. Years of frustration and misplaced adoration have twisted their minds into a treasure trove of ravings, mad fancies, and insane ambitions; they have crossed over to a new rationality, one wholly disconnected from sane experience.

Despite their madness, Micah and Pronzac possess a genius for their shared passions, and are among the world's foremost scholars on the subjects of lunar dragons and avians of all sorts. They are, in all respects, the epitome of both the mad scientist and the renaissance inventor, always planning and constructing convoluted devices with which to achieve their dreams and change the world forever. What they explicitly are not, however, is harmless. Neither Micah nor Pronzac has any compunction about crushing someone who stands in their path, and both still possess the finely honed skills of a warrior. Pronzac, especially, has a penchant for dreaming up cunning and elaborate death traps for his enemies, and he sometimes goes looking for conflict as an excuse to release the anger that is still clenched within the dark corners of his soul.

Micah and Pronzac are twins, identical in every respect save for a patch of scarred skin atop Micah's head, a legacy of their final attempt to kill the lunar dragon that slew their brother. They both dress to play up their reputations as eccentric scholars, wearing long robes and skullcaps, and cultivating almost waist-length gray beards. They almost always wear armor beneath their robes, however, and never go anywhere without a brace of knives hidden somewhere

on their persons. Micah and Pronzac are in their mid-fifties, and though still in excellent shape for their age, their faces are heavily furrowed with wrinkles, and they have begun to succumb to the relentless caress of time.

Micah and Pronzac Von Stuk, male human **Mcj9**; CR 9; Medium humanoid (human); HD 9d6+9; hp 39; Init +3; Spd 30 ft.; AC 16, touch 14, FF 13; Base Atk +6; Mech Atk +9; Grp +7; Atk +10 melee (1d4+2, +1 dagger); Full Atk +10/+4 melee (1d4+2, +1 dagger); SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +4; AL NE; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 19, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Skills and Feats: Craft (mechcraft) +16, Knowledge (engineering) +19, Knowledge (avians) +19, Knowledge (lunar creatures) +19, Knowledge (mechs) +19, Mech Pilot +15; Mech Walker, Moon Watcher, Natural Pilot, Skill Focus (Knowledge [engineering]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [avians]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [lunar creatures]), Skill Focus (Knowledge [mechs]), Weapon Finesse.

Possessions: +1 dagger, silvered dagger, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, leather armor, jumbled masses of tools, dog-eared books on flight or lunar creatures, various blueprints bundled under one arm.

THE CULT OF ABSOLOA'TI

Not all new cults in Edge are lunar-related. Some creatures from the underdeep have great power and influence, and they have taken advantage of the ensuing battle between the earthly and lunar powers to forward their own agenda. Absoloe'ti, a gargantuan aboleth, is one such underdeep creature. It lives in a large lake in a little-used cavern not too far from Falltown. Sixty years ago, a group of drow merchants fled to its cavern from a pursuing group of duergar, and the aboleth enslaved their leaders to its will. With its psionic powers and magic, it convinced them that it was a great deity who

CULT OF ABSOLOA'TI

Symbol: A triangular symbol with a circle of writing tentacles in its center.

Alignment: Lawful Evil

Portfolio: Dark water, oppression, slavery.

Worshippers: Evil water races, slavers, underdeep creatures.

Cleric Alignments: LE, LN, NE.

Domains: Law, Enslavement, Evil, Water.

Favored Weapon: Flail.

Absoloe'ti is a demi-deity with worshippers numbering just over 200 now. It (aboleth are asexual) appears as a gargantuan aboleth, and it possesses the powers of a 15th-level wizard, in addition to its growing divine powers.

When on the Material Plane, Absoloe'ti lives in a water-filled cavern near the underdeep's entrance to Edge. When not on this plane, Absoloe'ti lives on the Elemental Plane of Water. Three of Absoloe'ti's children reside in the lakes and waters near the upper reaches of the underdeep. They help keep an eye on their parent's growing religion.

Absoloe'ti wants to eventually control the bustling city of Edge, as it is Highpoint's most important city. Of course, doing so requires the destruction of the Church of Fhurlin. Its flock is currently plotting ways to rid Edge of the Church and its priests.

deserved their veneration; the turned drow and duergar leaders then brought others into Absoloe'ti's fold. Over time, the quasi-deity gained the ability to grant spells, and when it did so, a fervent few began serving it as priests.

Absoloe'ti's clerics and followers, who number just over 200 individuals of various races (including twenty clerics), believe they should work to enslave the residents of Edge to their deity's will. To succeed, they know they need to destroy the influence of the Church of Fhurlin.

NEW DOMAIN: ENSLAVEMENT**Deities:** Absoloa'ti**Granted Powers:** You cast enchantment spells at +1 caster level.**1 Ray of enfeeblement:** Ray deals 1d6+1 per two levels Str damage.**2 Hold person:** Paralyzes one humanoid for 1 round/level.**3 Slow:** One subject/level takes only one action/round, -2 to AC, -2 on attack rolls.**4 Black tentacles:** Tentacles grapple all within 15-ft. spread.**5 Hold monster:** As *hold person*, but any creature.**6 Dominate person:** Controls humanoid telepathically.**7 Forcecage:** Cube or cage of force imprisons all within.**8 Hold person, mass:** As *hold person*, but all within 30 ft.**9 Binding:** Utilizes an array of techniques to imprison a creature.

They are currently hatching plans to rid the city of the misguided priests, one by one if need be. They've already gained some information on the inner workings and layout of the Church by torturing a lesser priest whom they had captured.

Currently, Absoloa'ti's faithful run a slavery ring, selling their wares legitimately as merchants in High Docks. Absoloa'ti has control of a few members of House Gloriatha, and all its trade activities flow through that house. Its followers also participate in banditry, robbing underdeep caravans of rival merchants and attacking whatever travelers they happen upon.

Cult Shrine

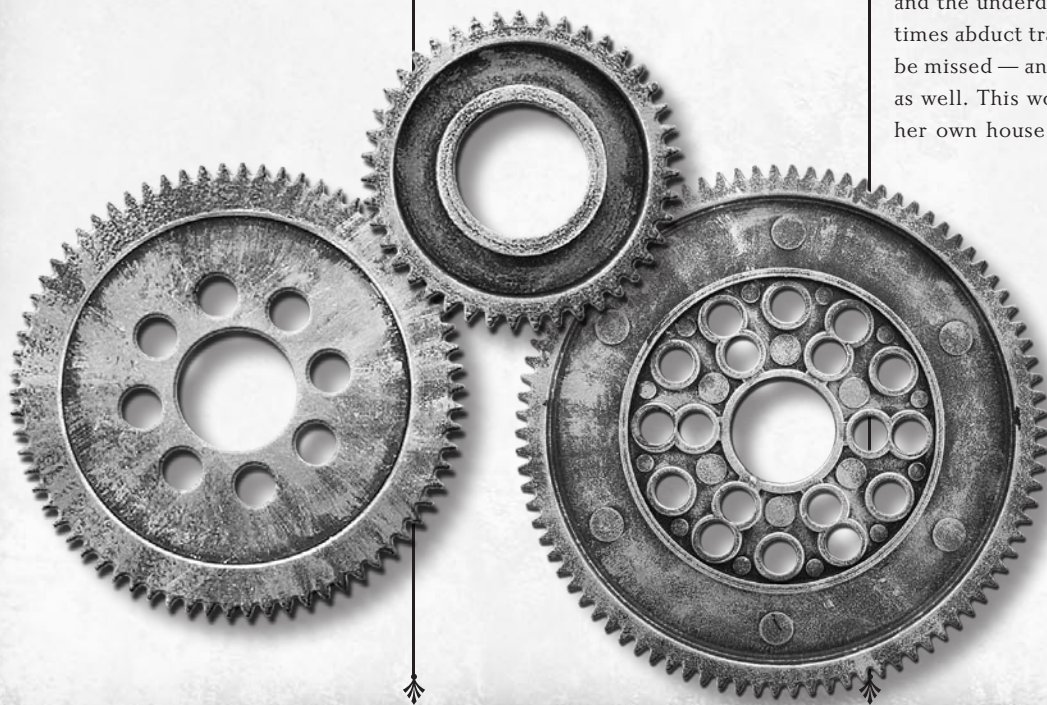
The cult has a shrine near Absoloa'ti's cavern. Five duergar clerics and ten to twelve duergar thugs remain at the shrine at all times. The shrine consists of three small caverns; two serve as quarters, while the third and largest one holds the altar to the aboleth they worship.

Cult Organization

The priestess Jeorienne leads the Cult of Absoloa'ti, and she keeps her power through a network of spies attached to House Gloriatha. She reports directly to Absoloa'ti or its aboleth children. The duergar clerics under her command remain in the underdeep for the most part, carrying out attacks on caravans as Jeorienne directs. The duergar are the largest part of the bandit ring. While the dark dwarves enslave races from the underdeep, the drow houses handle the aboveground abductions and the slave sales in Edge.

Jeorienne Gloriatha

Jeorienne is a noble within the drow house of Gloriatha. Sixty years ago, when she was but a young merchant learning the trade from an elder sister, the aboleth Absoloa'ti enslaved her to its will. Under its guidance, she gained power as a priestess, and she eventually took over command of the duergar bandits, her former enemies, who also served it. Now she runs a major slavery network in Edge and the underdeep. Her followers sometimes abduct travelers — ones who won't be missed — and sell them on the market as well. This would put her at odds with her own house if she did it too openly,





but thanks to Absoloa'ti's guidance, she has made enough secret contacts within House Venaka to cover her tracks.

Jeorienne spends much of her time learning about the Church of Fhurlin. Through her spies, she has gathered a great deal of information on its priests. Absoloa'ti has entrusted her with a mission to destroy the Church, but the great aboleth is not in any hurry. It understands that the entrenched institution will take time to destroy. Jeorienne has tried, like many other merchants, to bribe her way into the Church, but she has not met with much luck. Having grown tired of such attempts, she recently had her thugs kidnap a mid-level priest to gather more information on the layout of the Church's inner sanctum. This method has given her some good details, but she dare not abduct more priests for fear of being discovered. She is not yet ready to fight an open war.

Jeorienne Gloriatha, High Priestess, female drow Clr9: CR 11; Medium humanoid (elf); HD 9d8+9; hp 53; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 18, touch 10, flat-footed 18; BAB +6; Grp +7; Atk/Full Atk +9/+4 melee (1d6+3/x2, +2 light flail) or +7/+2 ranged (1d4/19-20/x2, +1 hand crossbow); SA Spells; SQ Darkvision 120 ft., drow traits, light blindness, rebuke undead, spell-like abilities, spontaneous casting, SR 20; AL LE; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +11; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 13.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +11, Diplomacy +6, Heal +13, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Spellcraft +10; Combat Casting, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Scribe Scroll.

Possessions: +3 splint mail, +2 light flail, +1 hand crossbow, dagger, potion

of cure serious wounds, scroll of cure serious wounds (CL 5), scroll of hold person (CL 9), scroll of cure serious wounds (CL 9), scroll of divination (CL 9), pouch, 150 gp, holy symbol.

Spells Prepared: (6/5+1/5+1/4+1/2+1/1+1; save DC 13 + spell level); 0—create water, detect magic, detect poison, guidance, light, resistance; 1st—cause fear, command, divine favor, doom, ray of enfeeblement*, summon monster I; 2nd—aid, bear's endurance, hold person*, resist energy, owl's wisdom, spiritual weapon; 3rd—bestow curse, magic vestment, prayer, searing light, slow*; 4th—black tentacles*, divine power, tongues; 5th—flame strike, hold monster*. **Domains:** Enslavement, Evil.

*Indicates a domain spell.

Spell-Like Abilities: 1/day—dancing lights, darkness, faerie fire (CL 9th).

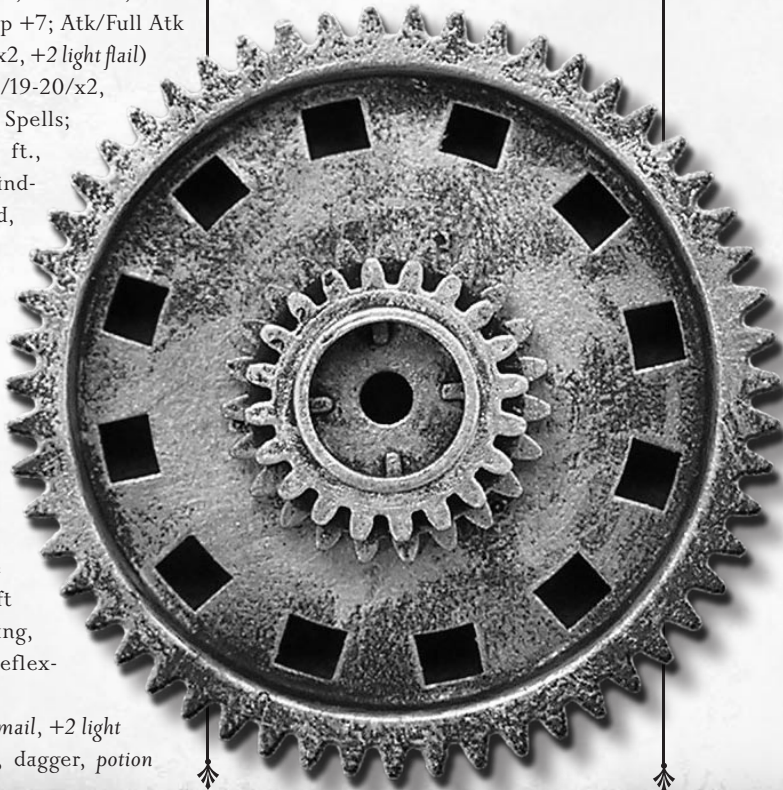
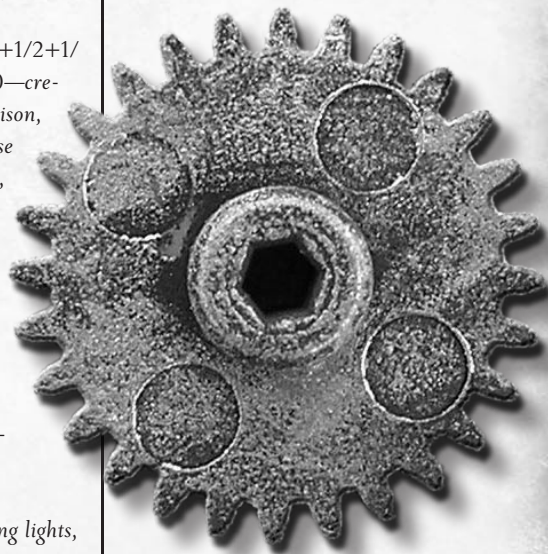




PLATE 6 *The sport of understairing is very popular in
Edge – and very dangerous.*



TWENTY THINGS ABOUT EDGE

20 PEOPLE WHO ARE JUST PASSING THROUGH

1. MADAME YSALLA FARKNOWER, A NOTORIOUS HALFLING HEDGE WIZARD (ADP5). SHE'S SKILLED AT MAKING POTIONS AND SCROLLS, BUT HER TRUE CALLING IS OFFERING LOUD AND EMBARRASSING ADVICE TO EVERYONE IN EARSHOT.

2. Caddiz dul'Emyrion, a drow trade representative (Ari2). He came to do business with House Adonweire, but his real goal was to see the sunlit world for the first time. So far it terrifies him. He compensates by being rude and pushy toward anyone he encounters who isn't from the underdeep.

3. Engong Elfkilker, a fierce ogre of the Flatlands (Bbn4). This one-eyed brigand is wanted by the Stenian Confederacy, and they've offered 500 gp to anyone who brings her in alive. Engong has no intention of going quietly.

4. Garvis, a gnoll troubador (Brd5/Rng1). A sweet and good-natured fellow, despite his feral appearance, Garvis is looking for a way to forget his love for the fair gnoll maid Jekthal, who abandoned him when he refused to eat a gnome for her.

5. Ssskah, a Thurd lizard-priest (Clr7). He is here pursuing legends of a lost city of snake-men. His stories say the city was swallowed by the earth for the blasphemies practiced by its inhabitants, and he would dearly love to learn those foul rites himself.

6. Lurskilik Gearbelly, a shifty goblin tinkerer (Cog4). He's carrying plans for mechs that he claims can replace Vadistock and Nardigrum. Perhaps they could. But he stole them from Egwerd Turnscrew's workshop, and now a host of angry Irontooth are hot on his trail.

7. Fergus, a grizzled dwarf worm farmer (Cmn1). Fergus was sent to Edge by his clan with a supply of gullet mash (the edible and nutritious, yet disgusting, glop that some giant worms have in their stomachs). He's supposed to trade the gullet mash for supplies, but he's had trouble finding anyone who wants the stuff.

8. Kenta Lionheart, a half-elf traveler (Drd10). She and her dire lion companion are only staying in Edge long enough to heal from a recent battle with orc raiders. Kenta hates being cooped up, and her lion frightens the horses at her inn.

9. Merrulchi the Reader, a human scribe, linguist, and translator (Exp9). Translating a lunar language is her life's ambition. Grim and ascetic, she has come to Edge following rumors of a lunar cult that could help her. She isn't advertising this mission, but she's not ashamed of her goal either.

10. Uk, a proud troglodyte spear-for-hire (Ftr4). He disdains his own race and left his underdeep home to prove that he was a great warrior. Bad experiences in the gladiator pits of the drow cost him his left eye, and his hatred for the dark elves is barely under control.

11. Cobb Thunloc, a dwarf mech jockey (Mcj10/Ftr1). Once the pilot of an independent Scale Hunter mech, Cobb was the victim of a mutiny. He managed to escape, thanks to his Stenian military training, and now he wants revenge on his

traitorous crew.

12. Applefeather, a humble monastery student (Mnk1). Humble, that is, for a half-fiend human with scaly orange skin, a forked tongue, and wicked horns. Applefeather is polite and helpful to a fault. He says he's on a quest to unlock the mystery of his soul.

13. Ipani the White Stag, an elf paladin (Pal 14). A follower of the old elven goddess Cynavar Sworddaughter (elven religion is described in **Second Age of Walkers**). Ipani was an adult when the lunar rain began. She hunts lunar creatures and their taint, and also seeks to prove her superiority over those who rely on steam power.

14. Groyot Lizardstalker, a displaced cogling (Crg6). He was banished from his home aboard Nedderpik for the crime of sharing tribal secrets with an outsider. Groyot is innocent, and now he uses his skills to stalk the doppelganger who framed him.

15. Kefava Nur, an amoral gnome mercenary (Rog13). She's a juggler, a fire-eater, a fortune-teller, a flute player, and a woodcarver. Kefava is also a skilled assassin looking for her next job. She has only one scruple: Once she gives her word or takes a contract, she never goes back on it, no matter how dangerous (or dull) the results.

16. Puulio Pual, a slathem sorcerer (Sor3). Claiming to be a humble merchant of Glatek, he's actually in town to meet with a L'arile Nation agent. Spies from the Legion were recently found in his city, and he was sent to consult with Glatek's L'arile allies on the appropriate response. Puulio keeps his magic a secret.

17. Tikt 27, a human steamborg (Smb10/Cog2). Already more machine than man, Tikt is here looking for assistance in becoming one of the assimilated. He has long since lost his sense of self.

18. Kryllak, an inexperienced elf bounty hunter (War2). This axe-wielding hunter has unwisely set his sights on the Red Band, and he's looking for allies help bring them in.



19. Laughing Qwellot, a derro wizard (Wiz5). Only his constant giggling betrays a hint of madness. Otherwise he seems calm and controlled as he wanders the markets of Edge, looking at everything but buying nothing.

20. Crushbone, an enigmatic greater stone golem (found in the MM). A huge and terrifying figure, Crushbone is methodically stalking up and down the largest staircases of Edge; it seems to be searching for someone. It hasn't harmed anybody, so Edge's various guard companies are letting it pass (and paying its tolls to the irate Stairkeepers), but they watch it like a hawk. The Graymanes have been approached about grabbing Crushbone in a griffon-borne net and dropping it well away from the city, but they are reluctant to risk their beasts this way. Divination magic suggests that Crushbone will leave Edge soon under its own power.

20 THINGS FOUND ON A STAIRCASE

1. A crumpled ragdoll. A child dropped it as her family trudged upward toward the Flatlands and, they hope, a place on a Stenian city-mech. They will be quite grateful if someone returns it and stops little Katya's sobbing.

2. A brass horn. This shoddy instrument was cast aside by a discerning bard. Anyone using it to make a Perform check suffers a -2 penalty.

3. A six-inch braided strand of grass. Two teenagers of the Tlan tribe ran away

from their home in the Legion and came to Edge to be wed. This is an unfinished betrothal bracelet they were making.

4. A glass eye. The con artist Waan Hekker uses these in an elaborate scam involving eyepatches and false wagers. He visits Edge every year for the Low Water Festival.

5. A flame-scarred boot. It's made of expensive underdeep lizard leather, and its owner cannot be found.

6. A torn note that threatens death. Written in Common on cheap parchment, this is the left half of a message to someone named Wystan. Apparently Wystan did something involving a woman and a large sum of silver, and he is now threatened with a fate involving red-hot meathooks.

7. A large crate (5 ft. by 5 ft. by 5 ft.) with no label or mark on it. This might be a mimic (from the MM) which has crept out of the underdeep in search of prey.

8. A daffodil wrought from silver. It radiates faint transmutation magic, as it's a living flower transformed by L'arile Nation magic.

9. A thumb-sized lump of glowing crystal. It sheds as much light as a candle and never goes dim, but the sickly green illumination it provides is just unpleasant.

10. A gaudy lacquered mask with three eyeholes. Sized for a small human (or particularly large gnome), this red-and-orange creation is apparently intended for someone who has a third eye in the forehead.

11. A sack of turnips. Nobody misses this.

12. A glass bottle containing perfume. An inexperienced pickpocket dropped this upon being discovered earlier, and it rolled into a dark corner. It's chipped but not broken, and the sweet floral scent inside could be sold for 25 gp to the right sort of buyer.

13. A tidy little pyramid of springs, topped with a gear. This is a shrine to Dotrak built by a visiting coglayer. Although the Church is tolerant, its parish guard will dismantle this pyramid

when they find it.

14. A bundle of feathers. An orc shaman from the Endless Plains thought this bundle would let him fly. They're fishing his corpse out of the Endless River now.

15. A leather cap decorated with finger bones. Whatever dwarf owned this apparently collected human and elven index fingers.

16. A tortoise shell. Once belonging to a common box turtle, this shell has been polished and carved with the letters of the Draconic alphabet.

17. An empty waterskin. A thirsty porter used this and cast it aside; he's now nearly dead from poisoning. Traces of the poison linger in this skin (arsenic, DMG chapter 8, only enough to inflict initial damage).

18. A pouch of game pieces. These carved ivory mammoths, walruses, and polar bears are half of a set used to play an obscure game called Glacier. The workmanship is crude but interesting. They could be sold for 10 gp as a novelty, although their owner would pay five times that for their return.

19. A loaf of savory-smelling bread. It's as warm as if it came out of the oven five minutes ago, and it tastes delicious even though it's been sitting here for three days. Some of Ma Stonefoller's associates in the baking trade are experimenting with magical preservation, and anyone who cuts it open will find a scroll entitling them to a free meal anywhere in Edge. So far none of the locals have dared eat the eldritch bread.

20. A thin bronze chain. A kobold peddler dropped it while hauling his goods down the cliff. He doesn't care if he gets it back, but he will try to sell everything else he's got to whoever returns it.

20 MISHAPS ON THE CLIFF

1. After a particularly cold morning, the mist on the stairs of Cliffside ices over, creating a treacherous climb for morning travelers. Anyone climbing the stairs



before noon suffers a -4 penalty on their Climb checks.

2. One of the cables used in the elevators of the pulleymen begins to fray, leaving only moments before it snaps and sends the elevator crashing hundreds of feet to the ground.

3. A porter drops the large crate he is carrying up the stairs, sending it careening down into the travelers below him. Anyone on the stairs below him must make a DC 10 Reflex save to avoid getting hit by the crate. Those struck by the crate take 1d6 points of nonlethal damage and must make a DC 5 Balance check to avoid

falling.

4. One of the Graymane griffons is feeling particularly stubborn and hungry. It attacks a horse on one of the pulleymen elevators, biting for several rounds before its rider gets it under control.

5. As the mech scalers pilot a mech up the cliff, it runs out of coal in mid-trip and must be refueled before it can continue. The mech scalers are willing to pay top coin for those willing to help transport the fuel.

6. A client of the Ober wizards decides he really likes his *fly* spell. He decides to zoom about for a while instead of landing directly. This results in a possibly deadly

drop when the spell expires.

7. One of the ancient staircases begins to crack under pressure, raining rocks down on those below. Anyone on the staircase must make a DC 7 Reflex save to avoid being pelted by rocks for 1d4 points of damage. Also, those standing on the collapsing portion must make a DC 10 Climb or Jump check (character's choice) to avoid falling when the staircase gives way the following round.

8. One of the clients of the Ober wizards, who was leased a *ring of feather fall*, tries to make off with the ring instead of returning it, sparking a chase through

Cliffside as the wizards try to recover their property.

9. A jumpline snaps while in use, sending the user plummeting to Falltown unless someone manages to catch him.

10. A miscalculation while firing one of the pulleymen cargo catapults launches a crate of iron goods into a house in Topside, knocking much of the building down in the process.

11. An unknown wizard casts a *dispel magic* spell on one of the Ober family's clients, sending the client falling to his doom. Now the Ober wizards need help hunting down the culprit and renewing their good name.

12. A safety violation report against one of the pulleymen elevators puts it out of commission for several hours, backing up travel for most of the day and causing many to seek other methods of travel. Naturally, this sends their nearest competitors into a frenzy.

13. While carrying a passenger down from Topside, one of the Graymanes spots a mugging in process in Falltown and swoops in to attack, taking the passenger on the ride of his life.

14. A load of goods traveling down a cargo slide hits an obstacle, sending it hurtling off the slide and onto a nearby staircase. Anyone on the staircase that is struck must make a DC 10 Reflex save or take 2d6 damage.

15. A huge meteor crashes to the ground one night, unusually close to Edge. It causes immense damage in Cliffside and lots of trouble for the Stairkeepers. Anyone on the stairs at the time must make a DC 15 Reflex save to avoid falling over the edge. All Stairkeeper operations are extremely slow over the next few days as repairs are made.

16. Due to poor maintenance, a mech being transported by the mech scalers breaks off a limb, making it impossible to continue. To save the mech, the scalers must climb out to the shoulder with spare parts and repair it while hanging several hundred feet in the air. Skilled volunteers will be paid well for their help.

17. Members of two rival mech tribes that travel near Edge meet on one of the stairs and a fight ensues. The combat quickly spreads and threatens to knock those nearby over the cliffs.

18. A thunderstorm strikes Edge, making all travel up the cliffs more difficult. All Balance and Climb checks made to climb the cliffs or travel through Cliffside suffer a -5 penalty.

19. Due to high winds, one of the buildings in Morchis's Folly breaks free of its supports and plummets down through Riverhole into Falltown. Anyone caught beneath it must make a DC 14 Reflex save or take 1d6 damage and fall down along with the building.

20. A lunar meteor of moderate size strikes Cliffside, destroying several homes, damaging a staircase, and cutting the lines to one of the elevators. Injured and dead abound after the disaster, and more will soon follow due to structural damage if the area is not evacuated.

20 SLANG TERMS AND INSULTS

1. Pig shifter: A porter who makes a living transporting livestock up and down the cliffside. Topsiders and High Dockers often deride those who live on the stair as "stinking like a pig shifter."

2. Dock rocker: A High Docks worker who complains too loudly about the drow and dwarf merchant houses. "Don't be a dock rocker" is a common caution among workers, and basically means keep your mouth shut.

3. Bent his lamp: High Docks guides are commonly called "lamp bearers." When a High Docks lamp bearer robs those he's guiding through the mist, he's "bent his lamp," referring to the common practice of lamp bearers braining unsuspecting drunks with the heavy brass lamps they hold.

4. A short swim to eternal glory: When a resident of Edge complains too much about his life, his friends often

remind him "It's just a short swim to eternal glory," meaning all he has to do is jump off the waterfall for all his troubles to end.

5. Wobbler: A visitor to Edge who recently decided to climb the cliff without any resting. Such visitors tend to walk around for days with horrible cramps in their legs.

6. Thinking like a flatlander: Locals like to think that they are savvier and more worldly than citizens of other towns. So when a local does something foolish, it's said that he's "thinking like a flatlander."

7. Drow negotiations: The drow commerce houses are famed for their brutality, so when a resident of Edge decides to settle a problem with his fists, he's decided to practice "drow negotiations."

8. Rode the water highway: Whenever someone falls (or is thrown) into the Endless River and is swept over the falls, they've "ridden the water highway."

9. A man's got to eat, but he don't have to eat garbage: Visitors to Edge often expect porters and other hired help to act more like slaves than businessmen. When a visitor oversteps his bounds this way, the local often says, "A man's got to eat, but he don't have to eat garbage," and then just drops whatever he's carrying, usually off the cliff.

10. Low Water prices: When a merchant charges an outrageous price for merchandise, he's said to be using "Low Water prices," referring to the outrageous markups most merchants set during the Low Water Festival.

11. Bitter lemons: Many of the residents of the stair supplement their income selling lemonade to those scaling the stair, and the cheapest never bother to sweeten the juice. When two residents of the stair are fighting for business, they'll scream back and forth that the other sells "bitter lemons." Over the decades, the phrase has become slang for any underhanded business practice.

12. A fourteen-blister afternoon: When a porter or dockworker's day is

especially hectic, he'll say he's putting in "a fourteen-blister afternoon."

13. Up the stairs backwards: When someone does something difficult just because she's showing off, she's said to be "walking up the stairs backwards," referring to a yearly contest between young bravos to see who can do just that in the shortest time.

14. Fungus muncher: The poorest citizens of Cliffside and High Docks often have to subsist on fungus stolen from the Twilight Gate, and so "fungus muncher" has come to be an insult for anyone who looks or is destitute.

15. Floaters: Topsiders and High Dockers refer to those who live in the shanties at the base of the falls as "floaters."

16. Brought the ball, but forgot the mech: Whenever someone shows up woefully unprepared to do his job, he's said to have "brought the ball, but forgot the mech," in reference to the games of mech ball played during the Low Water Festival.

17. The moon take 'em: When a local is really angry at someone, he'll often say "Let the moon take 'em" — in essence, he's saying he's angry enough to want someone dead. If he says it directly to someone's face, then it's time for knives.

18. Like a blind fish: It's not uncommon for blind albino fish to course their way up from the underdeep and end up plunging over the falls. When someone is acting "like a blind fish," she's walking into more trouble than she can handle.

19. Rock eater: A rock eater is an Edge visitor who attempts to scale the cliffside without using any of the Stairkeepers' methods. It's an incredibly insulting term, one synonymous with both stupidity and cheapness, two of the things that the people of Edge despise the most.

20. Goat: A slang term for a man or woman who climbs the cliff without effort. Being called a goat is actually quite a compliment, especially for those who are not residents of Edge.

20 MECHS IN THE HANGARS OF EDGE

1. One of Smiggenbopper's mechs, the Perambulatory Ogre mech called Blood Harvest. It's a well-known Iron-tooth clan mech that occasionally comes to Edge for repairs and parts. The pilot of Blood Harvest, Paze-Ti Azzerton (drow Mcj11, a former comrade in arms of Azock Dro), is always looking for a chance to further test his unique mech.

2. The Steadfast Mountain, a Stenian Bastion mech that is usually assigned to patrol the Flatlands and prevent unwanted visitors from crossing the cliffs. The Steadfast Mountain can be found several times each year in Edge and it is strictly run by the book by its captain, Seris Gratterstock (Mcj6/Ftrl).

3. The Restless Wind, a Talon mech owned jointly by a number of merchants from the Blackwater Trading League that use the mech to carry their wares across the Endless Plains. It makes regular rounds through the region around Edge selling to nomads and mech tribes, returning to Edge to renew its supplies when it empties out.

4. The Black Runner, a Barbagula mech piloted by an independent mech jockey named Pita Risalti (human Mcj12). The Black Runner is rumored to be a mech raider for hire, willing to attack anyone for the right amount of money. Within the region around the Edge, Pita keeps her activities to a minimum, not wanting to lose her primary base of operations.

5. The Bottom Walker, a Scorpion mech of the Stenian Confederacy that used a stair to climb down to the Endless Plains. That stair has been destroyed by lunar rain. Unable to return to the Stenian Confederacy until another special stair is built, it now patrols the bottom of the cliffs near Edge.

6. The Reborn Valor, a Skull Crusher mech that was captured from the orcs by soldiers of the Legion. It has since been

put to use as an escort for Legion merchants traveling to Edge, and there are rumors its crew occasionally uses press gangs while in Edge to keep the rowing benches full.

7. The Last Resort, a Totem mech owned by a group of nomads who usually travel through the mountains north of Edge mining the minerals found there. The Last Resort is always in poor shape when it comes into town once a year carrying the tribe's annual mineral harvest.

8. Viper 1, the first Viper mech ever built. It still remains in Edge on permanent display as something of a showroom piece. It rarely sees use except for demonstrations of its abilities.

9. Iron Bear, an Iron Maiden mech owned by an Iron-tooth clan that travels through Edge several times each year. Its crew is extremely proud of their mech and their abilities, regularly making challenges to mechs they meet. The crew of the Iron Bear has a long-standing disagreement with the mech scalers, and the two often brawl when they meet in Edge.

10. The Recovered Gallant, a Fangbiter mech that had been in the hands of a group of rust riders — before the rust riders attacked a merchant caravan that was better protected than they expected. Now the mech has been repaired, upgraded, and serves as a caravan guard for hire.

11. Cazard, an Incinerator mech that has been recently dispatched to the Endless Plains in the hopes of tracking down the Red Band and eliminating them. The mech and its companions only have a short time to accomplish their goal, so they are looking for all available information on the habits of the bandits.

12. Safe Harbor, a Dignitary mech owned by the Blackwater Trading League. It is used to carry cargo and escort merchants around Edge. It makes trips to Glatek several times each year, and can

be taken as far as Chemak for the right price.

13. The Weighted Blade, a Barbagula mech operated by a mercenary mech jockey named Paser Rike (gnome Mcj5). He was previously a member of a mech tribe that traveled in the northern plains, but the tribe was wiped out a few years ago by a lunar dragon. Now Paser Rike and his mech work for the highest bidder.

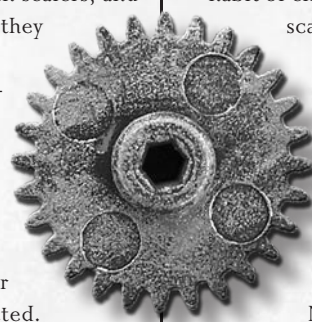
14. The Legged Vault, a Dignitary mech owned by the Blackwater Trading League that may be rented out by the hour by merchants and others who need a mech for a short time. The Legged Vault comes with a skilled crew. Although the crew is willing to face combat, they are very interested in keeping repair costs down.

15. The Vigilant, a Lancer mech of the Stenian Confederacy that is often assigned to accompany Stenian merchants heading to Edge. The pilot, Yuris Stonehammer (dwarf Mcj9), makes a habit of climbing the cliffs as the mech scalers do each time he visits as a test of his piloting skills.

16. The Eternal Guardian, an animated elven Lancer mech that is part of the L'arile Nation. It comes to Edge escorting elven traders from the north and its pilot, Suren Nassil (elf Mcj7/Mnk3), is known for picking fights with Stenian mech pilots while in town.

17. The Bonebreaker, a Skull Crusher mech that is believed to be owned by orc raiders from the far side of the Endless Plains. The crew of the Bonebreaker is completely made up of half-orcs who behave themselves while in Edge and often buy large quantities of weapons. Many suspect they are supplying their orc brothers.

18. The Safe Journey, a Talon mech for hire that transports merchants and other travelers wherever they need to go. The captain and owner of the Safe Journey, Miles Ironaxe (dwarf Mcj5/Brd1), will go



anywhere for the right price and is always interested in seeing places no one has been before.

19. The Manacle, a Viper mech used by a bounty hunter mech jockey named Fendis Rockaxe (human Mcj8/Rog5). Fendis offers his services to citizens and governments, claiming he can bring any criminal back to face justice. His most common customers are merchants looking to remove bandits and raiders from important trade routes.

20. The Wyrms Breaker, a Scale Hunter mech from the Stenian Confederacy that patrols the area hunting lunar dragons. While the dragons are no longer so common in the Stenian Confederacy, the Confederacy doesn't want them to simply regroup elsewhere and return in greater numbers.

20 POPULAR FOODS IN EDGE

1. Worm stew, made from Stenian worm meat and a small assortment of vegetables. A tavern mainstay in Edge.

2. Rat steaks, a meal only eaten by the poor of Falltown. Although it's of dubious health value, many claim the meat is quite tasty.

3. Blackrot Beer, a duergar beer shipped into Edge from the underdeep. While most surface dwarves find its taste too sour, gnomes are known to favor this drink.

4. Deepberry wine, a drow delicacy made from special berries that only grow in the light of certain phosphorescent moss.

5. Moss stew, a meal common among the poor of Edge, made up of various flavorful mosses and lichens that grow in the vicinity.

6. Fried mushrooms, a dwarven recipe that involves frying mushrooms in pig fat. A very popular but expensive dish.

7. Rock bread, a hard wheat bread with large grains in it that make it crunch loudly when eaten.

8. Paili Wine, a new wine from a specially sheltered vineyard in the Stenian Confederacy. It is the first wine made from surface grapes in many years that is available in quantity.

9. Muck pudding, an underdeep desert made from sugar and various mushrooms that have a strong sweet flavor.

10. Fire meat, a dish from the Legion. It is a heavily spiced piece of beef that many find far too spicy to eat.

11. Yak steak, a common meal among some of the local mech tribes such as the Bone Wolves. No spices are used in yak steaks, not even salt, though some are marinated in fermented yak milk.

12. Cliffside sandwich, a three-layer sandwich made of meat, vegetables, and mushrooms mimicking the three layers of Cliffside. It is especially popular in the taverns of Morchis's Folly.

13. Gorsh nuts, a combination of various nuts, berries, and other small foods that some Irontooth clans use for snack food on the trail.

14. White catfish, a common food found all over Edge pulled from various lakes of the underdeep. Few consider the meat tasty, but it is plentiful.

15. Black squids, a type of small black squid found in subterranean rivers that is considered a delicacy among dark elves.

16. Duerok Brew, the traditional ale of surface dwarves shipped regularly from Duerok.

17. Frycakes, a flat type of bread that is commonly cooked by putting on top of a steam engine until it is ready. It is especially popular among coglayers.

18. Hearth bread, stout dwarven bread made in massive ovens in Duerok and Stenian settlements in the Flatlands.

19. Greaser, an alcoholic drink made from fermented potatoes, a number of berries, and grease. Drinking it (and keeping it down) is considered an initiation among the pulleymen of the Stairkeepers.

20. Tadpole-in-a-hole, a common dish among the porters of Falltown. It is made by throwing cheese, bread, and whatever meat is available in a pot, then cooking it in one mashed-together whole.

20 THINGS AT AN ENDLESS TRADER'S STALL

1. Fresh vegetables. *Asking price:* 28x normal price.

2. A brick of salt wrapped in cloth. *Asking price:* 10 gp.

3. A clay pot filled with dirt. A toad lives inside the pot. The toad allegedly tells the future. *Asking price:* 100 gp.

4. Crushed flower petals in a small cotton sack. Their aroma is wonderful. *Asking price:* 5 sp.

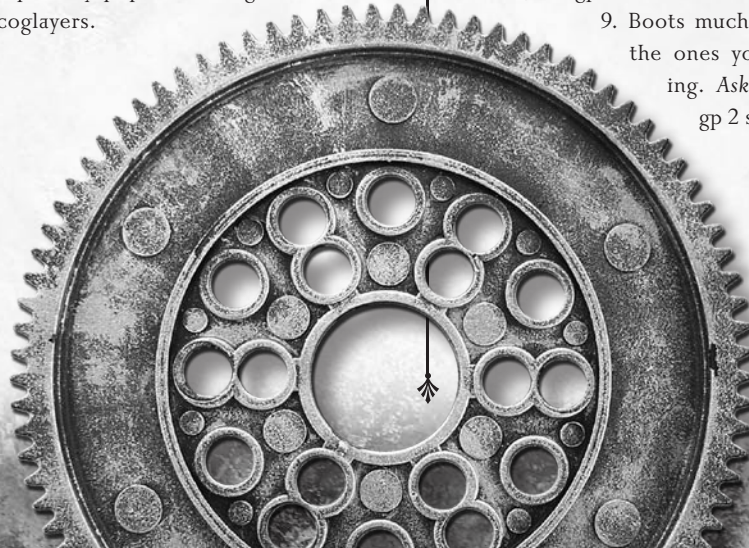
5. A longspear carved entirely from a single bone. *Asking price:* 8 gp 6 sp.

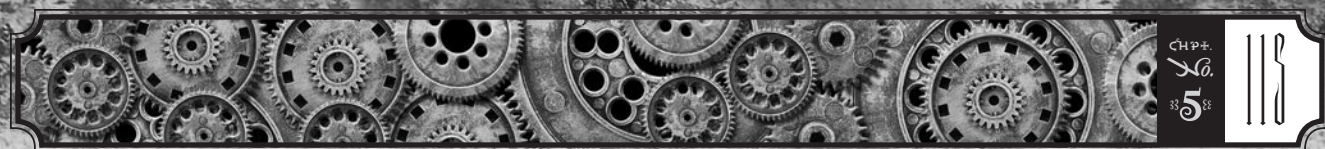
6. The location of an underdeep merchant who has exactly what you're looking for. *Asking price:* 40 gp.

7. A ruby the size of your thumbnail. *Asking price:* 875 gp.

8. The salvage rights to an abandoned mech in the roughlands. *Asking price:* 2,500 gp.

9. Boots much finer than the ones you're wearing. *Asking price:* 1 gp 2 sp.





10. One dose of a sweet-smelling pink powder. When dissolved in a beverage, this powder will cause the drinker to fall madly in love with you. *Asking price:* 60 gp.

11. Three syllables of an efreet sultan's true name. *Asking price:* 10,000 gp.

12. As many casks of whale steak as you can buy. *Asking price:* 4 gp each.

13. The deed to a small fungus farm in an underdeep war zone. *Asking price:* 350 gp.

14. Her boat, which she no longer needs. *Asking price:* 50 gp.

15. Several crumbling scrolls written in an ancient dialect of Dwarven. One of the scrolls has a drawing that looks like a mech blueprint. *Asking price:* 200 gp; only sold as a set.

16. Bales of raw silk. *Asking price:* 35 gp each.

17. A salve that detoxifies poisoned wounds. *Asking price:* 12 gp.

18. Several nuggets of a strange metal that catches fire easily and cannot be quenched by water. *Asking price:* 90 gp each.

19. The contents, sight unseen, of a locked iron chest the merchant cannot (or will not) open. The chest must be lined with lead, as scrying its interior is impossible. *Asking price:* 500 gp.

20. Nothing — but he'll buy every piece of equipment you're carrying for 15% more than market value.

20 TRADITIONS AND GAMES OF EDGE

1. Understairing: The various staircases that wind up and down the cliff are often quite narrow, making it difficult to haul bulky materials up the cliff face and leading to many slow-moving clusters of travelers. Experienced porters carrying items they can secure to their back often "understair," which is to say they climb up the stairs by going hand over hand underneath them, hanging suspended hundreds of feet in the air. Understairing

has become a contest of skill and daring among the experienced porters of the city, and they often challenge outsiders to prove their courage with an understairing race.

2. Stair Diving: Young Edge hooligans often challenge one another to leap from one stair's railing and drop to another landing far below. This contest is unimaginably dangerous, not only because the participants risk missing the stairs below and plunging to their death, but because they risk crashing through the oft-rotten boards that make up each stair.

3. Roof ta' Roof: Many of Cliffside's exterior buildings are built close enough that one can jump from roof to roof, and so many do, either to bypass slow climbers or to prove their courage. Roof ta' Roof is a popular game among nomad tribesmen and mercenaries visiting Edge during the Low Water Festival, because it makes them feel daring. For Edge locals, however, cheering someone just for jumping from one roof to another is like cheering when they pull their pants up; in other words, nice to do for children, silly for adults.

4. Right Passing, Eyes Open: When an Edge resident on the way up or down the cliffside wants a slower traveler to move out of his way, he always says the above as he comes within arm's reach of the one he wishes to pass. The listener, if he is from Edge, will always step to the left if he can, to make room for his fellow traveler. The custom began a little over a century ago, when a small-scale turf war resorted to multiple murders on the stair, and led to porters telling one another "right passing, eyes open" as a way of warning both of their approach and their alertness to foul play. The tradition continues today, though few remember its origin.

5. Bouncing Bones: A gambling game played by Cliffside dwellers, in which the participants take turns rolling handfuls of dice down a winding stair, betting on the highest total. Points rolled are multiplied by the number of stair flights that the dice rolled down before stopping. Dice

that fall off the stair aren't counted (and usually aren't found). Porters enjoy stopping their ascent to play quick games of Bouncing Bones with lemonade sellers and other vendors, much to the exasperation of merchants.

6. Dropsie: A children's variant of Bouncing Bones, in which an adult drops a copper piece (or other similarly valueless trinket) wrapped in bright red cloth off the edge of High Docks or Topside. Immediately after it is dropped, all the competing children immediately race down the cliffside however they can; the first to find the bundle gets to keep the prize within, and holds the bundle until the next year. The priests of Fhurlin sometimes host games of Dropsie in the days before the Low Water Festival, as they feel the god of roads looks favorably upon the game.

7. Final Journey: When a respected porter or dockworker dies, her body is bundled and either set adrift to tumble over the falls and on down the Endless River, or tied to the bottom of a barge carrying something other than food and carried upstream through the Twilight Gate, where it is inevitably devoured by the small predatory fish that lurk in its depths. Only porters and dockworkers are accorded this honor, for they toil from birth until death, walking endless miles but journeying nowhere.

8. Highwater Remembrance: When the Low Water Festival begins, the Stairkeepers place bundles of colored cloth, handfuls of tarnished coins, bouquets, or even old toys along the landings of the cliffside stairs to commemorate their brethren who have died during the Festival's many decades of existence. These items remain upon the stair for the duration of the Festival, and woe to anyone who tries to disturb them in any way; in addition to believing that the spirits of the honored dead haunt those who would steal their offerings, citizens believe it is their duty to ensure would-be thieves suffer more... earthly punishments as well.

9. Handing Over Knives: All porters

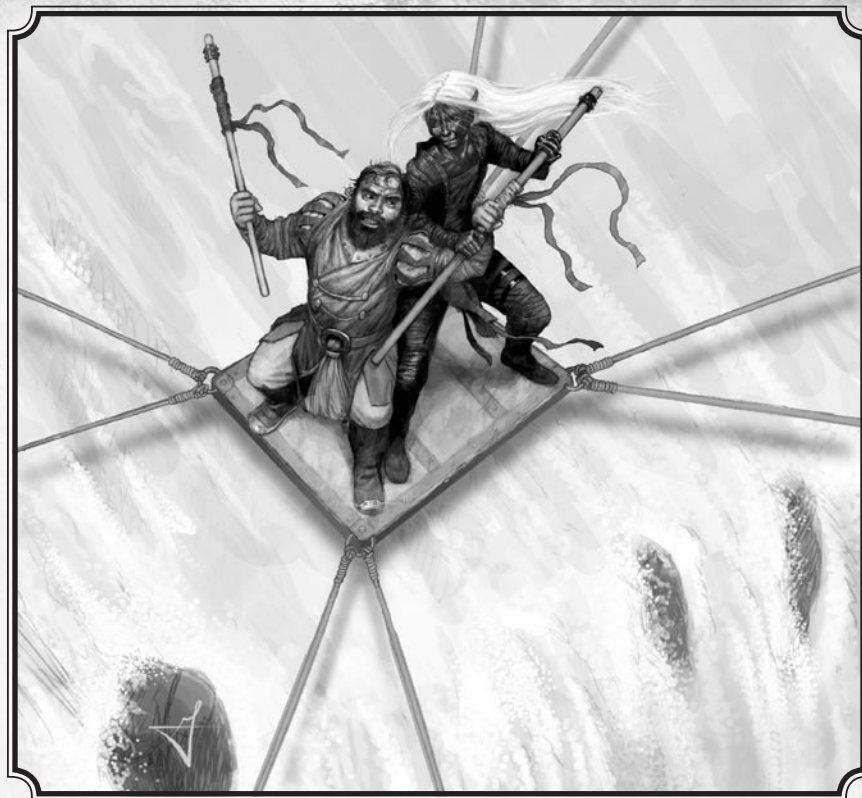
and dockworkers carry knives, and it is traditional for them to hand their naked blades over to customers when they begin transporting expensive merchandise up or down the cliff, or down the Endless River to the Twilight Gate. The knife is returned if and when the merchandise is transported safely. In olden days, it was permissible for a merchant to cut down a porter if he stole or ruined merchandise, but now the tradition is purely ceremonial.

10. Throwing Garbage: Stair dwellers often live one atop the other, and so it is considered rude for them to simply dump their waste out the doors of their homes, or indeed to dump their waste during the daylight hours. Instead, they bundle their waste into burlap or cloth bags and hurl it as far out from the cliffside as possible each morning. Those who do not follow this custom risk severe beatings, either from those living below them or from porters who catch a faceful of waste while carrying cargo.

11. Never Look Back: Most porters and dockworkers are devout followers of Fhurlin, and they consider it unlucky to look back once a journey has begun, as that shows a lack of surety and trust in the road ahead. As a result, superstitious porters and dockworkers face their destination while climbing the cliff or traversing the Endless River, and will not turn around for any reason.

12. Turning Back is Bad Luck: Citizens of Edge consider it very bad luck to stop a journey up or down the cliff, or along the Endless River, once it has begun. As a result, a laden porter or dockworker will not turn around to retrieve dropped or forgotten items once he has pushed away from the riverbank, or taken even one step up or down the cliffside. Enterprising children will follow overloaded porters, offering to retrieve dropped items for a few coins.

13. Assistance Pledge: Once a porter has agreed to carry merchandise up or down the cliffside, no other porter will assist him in carrying his burden, no mat-



ter the consequence, until he is directly asked to do so. Once that is done, however, the porter asked must immediately assist, though he has the right to demand reasonable payment for doing so.

14. Dropped Property: Items dropped by a porter or resident remain their property until sunset. If he or she has not returned to gather up his property by that point, it becomes the property of whoever claims it, no questions asked. By decree of the Church, this custom applies only to personal items; this means goods belonging to merchants remain their property if a porter drops them, but not if the merchant drops them.

15. Gifting: People who live in Cliffside consider it very good luck to gift the first porter they see each day with a token of food or a small glass of lemonade. It is considered bad luck for both the porter and the giver if the token is refused, and so early-rising porters are often stuffed by the time they reach the other end of the cliff.

16. Firm Price, Immediate Payment: Before a porter or dockworker agrees to transport someone or something up or down the cliffside, or up or down the Endless River, he must establish an acceptable price and receive payment. No porter or dockworker will carry cargo without being paid in advance, and once the price is set, the worker will accept no more and no less than that sum.

17. Blind Walking: It was once customary for every porter to, once a year, attempt to navigate his way up or down the cliffside blindfolded. While doing so, the porter would chant continuous thanks to Fhurlin for the blessings of the previous year, and the year to come. Under Ma Stonefoller's administration, the Stairkeepers now discourage this practice. She claims it's a matter of safety; astute observers say it's because this custom interfered with profits.

18. Ridge Riding: Especially brave dockworkers and bargemen will often compete in a game of ridge riding, in



which they attempt to swim back and forth across the Endless River while staying as close as possible to the edge of the great waterfall. Ridge riding is a very popular sport, and even wealthy merchants get involved, though they almost never do more than bet heavily on the outcome.

19. **Chain Scaling:** A tradition unique to the mech crews of Edge. Whenever a pilot or crewman joins the crew, he must climb up or down one of the immense chains spanning the cliff. This tradition is frowned upon by the Church, because it's resulted in more than one death. The crews don't care and don't listen.

20. **Barge Fighting:** A custom that has mostly passed into history, barge fighting is the legacy of ancient rivalries, from a time when merchant companies fought over premium High Docks land. Barge fighting is a formal duel in which two enemies fight with blunt weapons (usually barge poles or quarterstaves) on a 5-foot-square barge, which is suspended on ropes against the edge of the waterfall. They fight until one yields or is thrown into the water. On rare occasions, public disputes are still settled in this manner.

20 PEOPLE TRAVELING THE CLIFF

1. A plump and jolly halfling who calls himself Sir Lawrence the Sandwich King (Exp6). He's making his way through the various places of business of the Stairkeepers, selling sandwiches and other snacks to the hungry. He always knows the latest gossip among the Stairkeepers and is well liked through the neighborhood.

2. A squad of pulley-men carrying spare parts to one of their contraptions. They are worried about sabotage and are suspicious of anyone who ventures too close, especially outsiders.

3. A family of refugees from the Endless Plains, passing through Edge as they travel to the safety of the Stenian Confederacy. They have a few heirlooms

they are trying to sell to get more money for the trip, some of which may be minor magic items.

4. A porter, known as Braz the Mountain (human Cmn2) for his large stature and strength, carrying a large crate of weapons up to the top of Edge. He and his fellows have been carrying weapons all day and they think this means someone is preparing to start a war, a thought he is ready to share.

5. Marcus Longerin (human Exp2/Rog2), a safety inspector for the Inspector General of the Stairkeepers, making his daily rounds of the various Stairkeeper operations. Always looking for a bribe, he is more than willing to strand travelers who do not pay him to approve their chosen method of travel. Ignoring his request for a bribe can delay travelers by many hours as he slowly does his paperwork and drags out his inspections.

6. A group of Stenian soldiers returning home after hunting bandits. They are happy to be going home and they spend their journey up the cliffs singing traditional dwarven songs, much to the annoyance of everyone nearby.

7. A merchant from Glatek transporting goods purchased in Edge down the cliffs to a waiting mech. He is almost ready to return home, but is looking to hire on a few more guards for the trip east.

8. A drow looking for Ma Stonefoller to talk about Stairkeeper business. The drow has already been up and down the cliffs several times searching for the errant guildmaster, and this has done nothing to improve his mood.

9. Members of a mech tribe from the Flatlands are traveling down to Low Docks to get spare parts from Castor's Junk Shop. They are not comfortable in such a large, bustling city and react to everything with wonder and fear.

10. A group claiming to be escaped non-human slaves from the Legion territories. They say they are trying to reach the Stenian Confederacy. Paranoid and worried that they are being followed, the group is suspicious of any human who

eyes them strangely. These refugees have little money and may have to resort to begging to secure travel through Edge.

11. Some Irontooth clansmen are traveling up the cliffs via stairs or elevator while the mech scalers move their mech up the cliffs. This has put the clansmen on edge and they are ready to pick a fight.

12. Several dwarven stonemasons traveling up the cliffs to repair a staircase that recently broke. Ma Stonefoller demands that they work quickly, making them nervous, and they complain incessantly about the steppers.

13. A merchant named Lara Marsip (half-elf Exp1) from Stilt City overseeing her goods as they are transported up the cliffs of Edge. A very talkative person, she is full of rumors about current events in the Endless Plains and beyond. Lara is also particularly interested in historical artifacts, and is considering exploring the Howling Halls in the hopes of finding some tortog items.

14. An elf courier named Leres (Sor6) from the L'arile Nation transporting several cultural relics down the cliffs. These items are magical and the courier is concerned that someone has learned of his cargo and is going to try and steal it.

15. A small-time gnome thief named Phineas Trill (Rog1) who has recently stolen a large collection of precious gems from an orc tribe of the Endless Plains. Now he is trying to get to the safety of the Stenian Confederacy before the orcs catch up with him.

16. A steamborg seeking to return to the Stenian Confederacy in order to purchase his own mech with riches recently taken from a group of bandits. While he has the money for a mech, he is still looking for crewmembers.

17. A grain merchant moving his stock up the cliffs to sell to the settlements of the Flatlands. While he has plenty of drovers and porters, he's still looking to hire a few guards both for duty inside Edge and beyond.

18. A dark, cloaked figure (a porter taken over by a lunar skinsteler) trying

to cross the cliffs into the Stenian Confederacy under the cover of night. The skinsteler avoids attention and does a poor job interacting with terrestrial beings.

19. An anklebiter named Gaj Meneron (Stk5/Ank5) who has been hired to take out a Stenian Confederacy mech patrolling the edge of Confederacy territory so that a group of smugglers may run goods through its route. A secretive fellow, he wants to remain as unobtrusive and unmemorable as possible.

20. A coglayer named Kulli Suniron (Cog4) who is traveling to Duerok to study with the Gearwrights Guild. A hopeful and energetic student, she is interested in all things involving steam and mechs, and is all too eager to lend her expertise to anyone who needs it.

20 ITEMS FOR SALE AT THE LOW WATER FESTIVAL

1. **Cadyis bats:** Cadyis bats are a domesticated breed found exclusively in the underdeep. They are identical to normal bats, save for the fact that they can be trained to mimic speech in the same way that a parrot can. *Asking price:* 150 gp.

2. **Dented mech arm:** An iron arm for a Colossal steam mech, unremarkable save for a dent in the exact shape of a human body directly behind the fist. *Asking price:* 400 gp.

3. **Masterwork swords:** A cache of ten masterwork longswords, allegedly found in a ruined smithy in Rook. *Asking price:* 4,000 gp for "historical value."

4. **Coral:** Ten wagons full of coral received in trade from the slathem. The merchant claims the coral has "the hardness of stone." It is, in fact, identical in strength to stone, but only half the weight, and sufficient to construct a mech of Huge size or smaller. *Asking price:* 1,000 gp.

5. **Mensite:** A chest containing 5 pounds of mensite. *Asking price:* 2 pounds of gold per pound of mensite, and must

purchase entire stock.

6. **"Ancient" plans:** A set of plans claimed to be from the First Age of Walkers. A Forgery, Appraise or Knowledge (mechs) check against DC 35 will reveal the plans as forgeries, although they will produce a reasonably good Huge clockwork mech. *Asking price:* 10,000 gp.

7. **Hypsie-trained bears:** Four hypsie-trained black bears that have learned how to perform simple tricks meant to entertain crowds. *Asking price:* 500 gp for all four.

8. **Contract for Gur fruit:** Shar Thizdic has placed limits on what the Gur nomads can sell to outsiders, but a merchant has acquired the rights to sixty barrels of Gur apples. He promises they will be magically preserved to last one full year. *Asking price:* 300 gp for the rights, payable immediately.

9. **Barrels of albino trout:** Salted and preserved albino trout caught by slathem in the depths of the underdeep. *Asking price:* 25 gp per barrel, twenty available.

10. **Fire roses:** A Wisp family has brought seeds from the rare fire rose, whose blossoms are said to erupt into heatless flame under the light of a full moon. *Asking price:* 100 gp for 100 seeds.

11. **Dusk devil:** Infant dusk devil (true breed), suitable for training. *Asking price:* awarded to the highest bidder; bids start at 600 gp.

12. **Worm-grown fungi:** Baskets of fungi harvested from inside a worm farmer's prize beast. Worm-grown fungi are considered a delicacy. *Asking price:* 20 gp.

13. **Duergar wine:** Casks of duergar lichen wine, a bitter and extremely alcoholic drink that smells like beer and looks like horse urine. *Asking price:* 10 gp.

14. **Silver-tipped mech lances:** Three Huge lances, each of which is tipped in silver. The merchant claims they are "especially effective against lunar beasts." *Asking price:* 300 gp.

15. **Lizard-skin cloaks:** Traded from the Thurd lizard worshipers for live snakes. Sized for a human or half-orc.

Asking price: 15 gp.

16. **Darkmold poison:** A toxin harvested by troglodyte worm farmers. Contact poison; Fort save DC 17; 1d4 initial Con damage and 1 point secondary Con drain. *Asking price:* 200 gp per vial.

17. **Clockwork toy dragons:** Clockwork toys in the shape of lunar dragons that scuttle across the ground when activated, and release jets of harmless steam every 1d4+1 rounds. *Asking price:* 5 gp.

18. **Stavian woven bread:** Pieces of stiff bread woven into intricate, artistic shapes by the Stavian nomads, and suitable for nigh-indefinite storage. *Asking price:* 7 sp per day's supply.

19. **Duergar steam rifle:** Sinister-looking steam rifles of duergar make. These are identical to a standard steam rifle, save that it weighs only 6 pounds. *Asking price:* 400 gp.

20. **Nomad cloth:** Bolts of brown cloth that shimmer and change shade under the sun. Woven by dusk runners, this valuable material adds a +2 circumstance bonus to Hide checks made in desert or mountainous environments. *Asking price:* 15 gp per cloak's worth of material.

20 LOW WATER FESTIVAL EVENTS

1. A drunken merchant mistakes a character for an acquaintance, and invites him to get in on a great deal trading with some drunken worm farmers.

2. A wandering troubadour chooses the characters as the target of a dirty limerick, much to the amusement of the gathered crowds. It begins, "There once was a half-orc from Glatek..."

3. The characters stumble upon a merchant thrashing his son for selling bolts of cloth at too low of a price.

4. A hypsie juggling flaming torches and riding a bear wanders through the market square. Six more hypsies trail him, urging merchants to follow them to their wagons full of exotic treasures.

5. A priest of Fhurlin leads a small



group of porters in prayer as they ready themselves to haul squealing pigs up the cliffside.

6. A fistfight breaks out between two groups of rival merchants trying to sell the same products to one wealthy buyer.

7. An impromptu game of Roof ta' Roof takes place directly overhead as the characters attempt to cross the cliff. There are five Irontooth clansmen playing the game, and if they notice the characters, they will enthusiastically shout for them to join in. If the characters refuse, the clansmen will taunt them loudly.

8. A giant ball of cloth wrapped in copper wire crashes through an entire row of merchants' tents, causing havoc. A few moments later, a gang of whooping mech jockeys rush in and begin to roll the ball back the way it came.

9. A woman in a low-cut dress approaches at night. As she lewdly propositions a randomly chosen character, a drow appears and whispers in her ear, and presses coins into her palm. They wander off together.

10. A traveling entertainer puts on a Punch-and-Judy-style puppet show. The hook: A small gnome woman plays Judy, and a clockwork mechanism stars as Punch.

11. A merchant arrives in the city, his caravan of rare goods preceded by a phalanx of tortogs, and watched over by a rickety Barbagula mech.

12. A traveling wrestler sets up a ring outside the Topsy Porter (in High Docks) and challenges all comers to a bout. The wrestler is Curgon the Burly (male half-orc Bbn3 with Str 20, Improved Unarmed Strike, and Improved Grapple).

13. The characters are asked to witness the signing of a contract between two merchants. The contract is for the exchange of cloth for grain.

14. An illusionist creates a *major image* of a small lunar dragon, which is immediately "slain" by a merchant wielding a longsword. The merchant has hired the illusionist to attract business.

15. If the characters are obviously

adventurers, a merchant approaches them and asks them to accompany him to a tent tavern, so they can guard him as he finalizes a trade agreement.

16. A wandering festival visitor bumps into one of the characters, attempting to pick his or her pocket (female human Rog2).

17. A horse breaks loose from a merchant's wagon, and begins to run wild through rows of merchants' tents. The animal is considered hostile for the purposes of using wild empathy to calm it.

18. A half-mad beggar begins preaching of the moral failure of the mortal races, and claims the lunar rains are the punishment of the gods.

19. High Priest Traksis Stols and a half-dozen parish guards move in a processional through the rows of merchant stalls, stopping to bless those who ask for Fhurlin's favor.

20. The characters witness a lamp bearer leading a drunken merchant through the streets. The next day, the merchant is found dead, his body floating at the base of the falls.

20 PLACES TO HIDE

1. Inside a crate. Edge is full of crates, boxes, and the like; more than one fugitive has sheltered in them, and occasionally someone tries to leave the city this way. It's a great way to hide from prying eyes, but porters who discover that their cargo is alive are usually unhappy about it. They don't get paid for hauling the wrong load up and down the cliff, and they're liable to take it out of the offender's hide.

2. On the cliff. It's got plenty of narrow ledges and vertical fissures that an experienced (or desperate) climber can cling to for a few minutes.

3. Among the crowd. Many of the people in Edge are transient; nobody's likely to pay attention to a new face on the street. This is less true in High Docks, where a large number of residents

are employed by either the dwarves or the drow, but it's still worth a try.

4. Within the Church. Not only is the Church itself a large enough structure to hide inside, but most Edge residents worship Fhurlin. Someone claiming to share that faith is likely to get a few moments' trust from them, which can lead to even better hiding places.

5. With the pack animals. Above and below the cliff, stables shelter the horses, mules, and more exotic beasts of burden. The drow sometimes have huge lizards or giant spiders to haul their cargo. It takes some skill to hide with animals, but it provides shelter and covers one's scent quite handily. On the other hand, the stable stink doesn't go away for hours.

6. Under the river. This stretch of the Endless River doesn't have any permanent inhabitants that will recognize or threaten an intruder. A quick dunk below the surface is enough to shake off most pursuers.

7. On the cavern ceiling. In High Docks, nobody looks up.

8. Below the floor. Cliffside has many structures built off the cliff face. Someone clinging to the underside of such a building can be difficult to find, unless the building's inhabitants hear them moving underfoot.

9. In the back room. As Edge is a city that draws people with something to hide, many business owners and residents are willing to provide a few minutes' shelter in return for a few coins. Not being remembered costs more, of course.

10. Inside a mech. More and more mechs are drawn here from across Highpoint, and many of them (like the popular Dignitary model) are designed with passengers in mind.

11. Within the rock. A handful of spells allow one to meld with stone, pass through earth, and the like. For those without such powerful magic, well, shovels and picks can be purchased all across Edge.

12. Locked up in jail. The Church's parish guard maintains a small number

of cells, and they work with the Step Watchmen to keep troublemakers off the streets. Just be careful — the city's private militias are more likely to throw people down the waterfall than into jail.

13. Surrounded by beggars. Edge has its share of them. Some are diseased, others are annoying, a handful are frightening. As in cities everywhere, residents usually ignore them, and this willful blindness extends to those in their company.

14. Behind your own face. A good disguise isn't hard to come by.

15. In the night. Edge is never totally asleep, but after sunset the activity drops off. Someone wanting to avoid notice has an easier time when most residents are asleep. As is often the case, though, High Docks is an exception. Not only is it busy all the time, its primary residents function perfectly well without the sun.

16. In the light. The drow, and many other unpleasant creatures, shun bright light. This can work very well in the short term, although it's unlikely to stop a determined pursuer.

17. Within the guts of the machinery. Elevators, catapults, complex pulleys, and other machines are part of the city's commercial backbone. Aside from a few dedicated pulleymen and curious coglayers, nobody pays attention to their inner workings unless something goes wrong.

18. Beyond the Twilight Gate. Very few individuals are willing to follow someone into the underdeep, especially if that someone is capable of getting past the Gate's guardians.

19. In the merchandise. Merchants display their wares everywhere in Edge, and while one's back is turned, a sneaky character can duck into the racks or piles and get a little cover.

20. In the open. Sometimes the best defense is a good offense. If you stay in public, most enemies won't make a direct move against you, for fear of having their dastardly deeds seen. Edge is a transient and commercial place, but its inhabitants still stick up for the underdog.

20 HIGH DOCKS RESIDENTS

1. Donnie Stanz (male half-orc Com1): Donnie is a lifelong resident of the city, and though he has only one arm, he's known as one of the most dependable porters in the city — and also the most stubborn. He supplements his income betting first-time visitors double his fee that he can carry their loads up the cliff without stopping once; if he fails, he does it for free. He's yet to lose that bet.

2. Martine the Mighty: Martine is a mountain goat, probably the last one alive anywhere on the city side of the cliff. Locals say Martine can't die — not *won't*, but *can't* — and there are hundred-year residents of the city who claim to remember him from before the lunar rain. The trade clan dwarves have adopted him, after a fashion, and they would consider it a terrible omen were he to die. The goat doesn't technically live in High Docks, but he's a mascot of sorts for the district.

3. Marigold (female halfling Exp3): Marigold is, or rather was, a hyspie, until she was captured and sold as a slave to a merchant bound for the Low Water Festival. She was bought by dwarves of Clan Zothrot, and freed in exchange for her help setting up trade contacts with the hyspies. Now she works as a translator and occasional guide, and also dances for gold during the Low Water Festival.

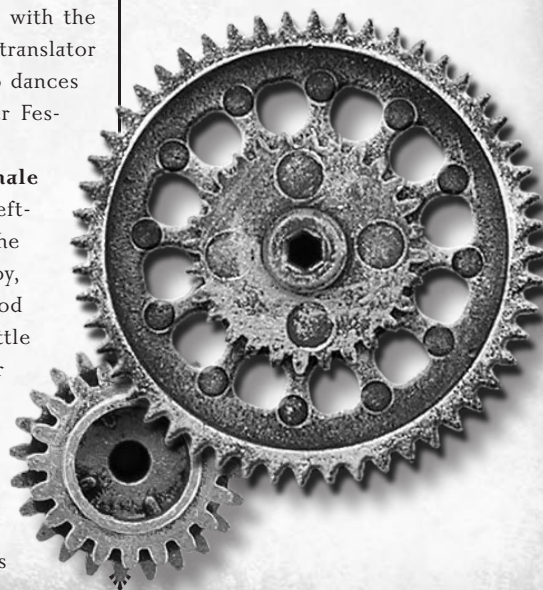
4. Leftidge Moore (male human Ftr4): At one time, Leftidge was a mercenary in the Stenian Confederacy's employ, but he lost his taste for blood work after a disastrous battle against a necromancer-led lunar cult. Now he's lost himself in the High Docks, and hires out as a porter, a dockworker, a barge poler, or anything else that will make him a few coins. He carries a shortsword, but it is

literally welded into its sheath by necromantic magic, so Leftidge mostly uses it to prop open doors.

5. Dunbine Collins (male half-elf Mcj9): Dunbine is the oldest member of the mech Nardigrum's crew, and its chief gunner. When not seated behind the barrel of his mech's massive cannon, he will be found seated in front of a tavern's massive barrel of ale. Dunbine is fond of picking fights with visitors to Edge, and relishes the look of surprise on their faces when every patron in the bar rises up to protect him.

6. Gratchek (female goblin Rog6): Gratchek lurks around the edges of the Twilight Gate from sunset to sunrise, and sleeps in the rafters of nearby warehouses at night. A killer and spy for hire, she earns most of her pay from the drow of House Venaka, who pay her to silence those who discover the depths of their slave operations.

7. Twine (male human Rog1): Twine is a 9-year-old boy, the eldest of his widowed mother's seven sons. Twine isn't his real name, but it's what everyone calls him. He spends most of his days sneaking in and out of warehouses, caravan wagons, and occasionally the rooms of adventuring parties, stealing food and other staples that his family needs. His





neighbors are sympathetic to his family's plight, and will hide him from the authorities when they must.

8. **Stulk (male war dog):** Stulk is Twine's best friend, an enormous black mastiff with teeth like steel pegs. Stulk is old now, and his fur is streaked with gray, but he can still tear a man to pieces when he wants to — and if someone threatens Twine, you can bet he'll want to. As payment for the trinkets he steals, Twine sometimes loans Stulk to merchants who need help carrying heavy supplies; longtime residents are used to the sight of Stulk padding up and down the various stairs, and feed him scraps of meat to help him keep his strength.

9. **Hayden (male gnome Exp3):** Hayden is a member of the Sworn Brotherhood of Silent Wings, and thus a lunar cultist. Independently wealthy following the death of his parents, Hayden has dedicated his life to the construction of a mech capable of independent flight. Most days, he can be found on edge of the waterfall, launching tiny scale models of his prototypes into the infinite sky. Most don't work, and needless to say the people who live directly below him are not enthralled by his experiments.

10. **"Lord" Ragnmire (male human Ari3):** Ragnmire lives on the very edge of the district, his home a precariously perched shack barely wider than a latrine. He claims to be over a century and a half old, and the lost king of the dwarves, but from what everyone can tell he's maybe 50 years old, and definitely not a dwarf, let alone the king of them all. The drow permit him to live on their half of High Docks both because he pays for his rent in gold, and because his claims infuriate certain of their dwarven rivals, which amuses them no end.

11. **Morning Glory (female elf Mnk7/Com2):** Morning Glory is a porter by choice, not by need. She came to Edge almost twenty years ago, after the abbot of her monastery told her she must learn humility before she could master enlightenment. And so she came to Edge,

the most crassly commercial place in the world, there to obey the whims of those who seek nothing beyond profit and pleasure. She still hasn't learned humility, and so she still hasn't left.

12. **Rhymer (female human Com1):** To make a living as a porter, you've got to have contract with the dwarves or drow, or you've got to look strong and dependable. Failing that, you try to have a good shtick. Rhymer does. She sings to and for her clients as she totes their wares, and has an amazing gift for impromptu rhymes and dirty limericks. It also helps that she's curvy as a mountain road. She does incredible business during the Low Water Festival, enough that she only works the rest of the year when she wants to.

13. **Red Stockings (male halfling Rog2):** Red Stockings, named for the hip-length red wool socks he constantly wears, works odd jobs poling barges up and down the Endless River, but isn't too concerned about earning a serious reputation as a bargeman; he'd rather be an adventurer. He's been working to convince Leftidge Moore to teach him the ropes, but Leftidge wants nothing to do with him. Red Stockings also pesters every visiting adventurer he sees, and won't take a hint to shut up and leave.

14. **Valentinia (female elf Exp5):** Valentinia works as an independent sage and accountant, and her home is crammed with hundreds of books tracking the profits and losses of a hundred merchants from both the underdeep and the surface world. She avoids working for the drow and the dwarves whenever possible, and enjoys helping fledgling merchants cut into either group's profits when she can. The source of this antagonism is a mystery.

15. **Vesper Nachtfleure (female drow Sor3/Rng5):** Vesper is a House Venaka snakehead, a minor slave trader whose chief duty is tracking down escaped slaves. Though she nominally lives in the drow kingdoms in the heart of the underdeep, she spends much of her time near the Twilight Gate, picking up

side work tracking down thieves who've stolen from Edge merchants.

16. **Stavios Mere (male dwarf Cog1):** Stavios is a new arrival to Edge, and the newest member of Vadistock's maintenance crew. Unlike his fellows, Stavios isn't arrogant. Instead, he's dangerously curious about the nature of the lunar dragons and lunar rain. He and Micah Von Stuk have begun a halting friendship, and Micah hopes to lure the young dwarf to the Sworn Brotherhood, so they can use his connections to gain access to Vadistock.

17. **Jessica Marchuk (human female Exp4):** Jessica is an old woman, well past the age where she can work as a porter steadily. Instead, she relies on the support of others, and spends her days urging the porters and dockworkers to stand up for themselves and claim a better position in society. Sensing the end of her life is near, she is determined to spark a major change in Edge before she dies, which may lead her to perform a rash act.

18. **Porter (male half-orc Bbn2):** Porter is, as you might expect, a half-orc who ports merchandise up and down the cliffside. No one knows Porter's real name, and he absolutely refuses to say it, so everyone just calls him Porter. He's violent by nature, though he refuses to kill regardless of provocation; he's a bare-knuckle brawler. For Porter, fighting is like a religious calling, and not a week goes by that he doesn't make a few copper pieces boxing in a tavern common room.

19. **Deckard "Clapper" Drum (human male Com1):** During the time of low water, Deckard does what he can to earn a living by begging, borrowing, or — when he must — actually working as a porter. During the Low Water Festival, though, he becomes a virtual dynamo of work, guiding hundreds of drunken merchants through the fog as a High Docks lamp bearer. His nickname comes from his habit of clouting his customers on their ears with simultaneous blows of his two lanterns, so he can steal their money and dump their bodies in the Endless River.

20. Rose (female half-elf Exp2):

Rose is the only prostitute who lives and works in the High Docks full time, a pretty woman with bright red hair and a penchant for snorting when she laughs. Rose lives on the eastern banks of the Endless River, and when she isn't selling her services as a companion, she can be found smoking a pipe on the roof of her two-story shack.

20 ENCOUNTERS NEAR EDGE

1. A pack of wolves driven mad by drinking the waters of the Rain Field are on the prowl looking for fresh meat.

2. A group of travelers, struck by a particularly nasty bout of lunar rain the night before, struggle to tend their wounded and make it to Edge before nightfall. All the while, bandits from the Red Band circle the travelers, waiting for them to succumb.

3. A group of Legion soldiers is on patrol outside their territory looking for Stenian spies who have fled toward Edge. They will question anyone they come across about the fugitives and may follow particularly suspicious travelers. Any non-humans are likely to get a rude reception from the soldiers.

4. One of the wild griffons of the flatland cliffs has decided to attack a small group of horse-mounted travelers in the hopes of getting a meal. The travelers have been fleeing from the griffon for miles thus far, but have not been able to chase it off or kill it.

5. A primary mech of a small mech tribe, the Storm Runners, has suffered a mechanical malfunction and the entire tribe makes camp while repairs are underway. The tribe may have to stay put for several weeks to affect repairs, or even send a runner to Edge in order to procure the parts needed to fix the mech.

6. A group of dronogs controlled by a lunar skinstealer prowl the area in the hopes of getting a humanoid host for the



skinstealer; the vile creature wants to infiltrate Edge. The dronogs will attack any creature they come across, and have already eliminated several caravans in the area.

7. A small squad of slathem explorers who have traveled down the Endless River exploring the Endless Plains. They are interested in what happens along the length of the river and the possibility of trade with the city of Edge. The slathem have a number of trade goods from the exotic west, such as items made of blood-red coral, that they seek to trade.

8. A small Irontooth clan traveling on its way to Edge. The clansmen are bored out of their minds. If encountered around evening, the clansmen suggest camping together for the night and holding a joust or other martial competition to pass the time. The clansmen are simply

looking for a good fight and some entertainment, and if given such they will be very grateful.

9. Several smoking dead roam aimlessly across the Endless Plains, their creator having died of natural causes a short distance away. Now these undead wander according to the last order of their leader, which was to bring people to him in the hopes that he could be saved. The undead will continue to attack and kidnap travelers in the area until they are destroyed.

10. The remains of a caravan wiped out by orc raiders. Several wagons lay burned, and a Lancer mech (Stenian model) lies broken among the rubble. The orcs left some treasure behind in hopes that the attack site would attract the interest of others — so they can return later and collect more victims.



11. The metal skeleton of an abandoned mech stands against the sky, mostly picked clean of useful components. Everything that remains has been rusted, but several trak trak wander around the area as if looking for something. Maybe Dotrak has some great purpose for this place or machine.

12. Confused by some recent seismic activity, a group of undomesticated giant worms surface nearby and inspect the area, looking for food. They are attracted to any source of noise or vibration, but if they encounter none after a few minutes, they return to their subterranean home.

13. A merchant heads toward Edge with a small caravan of armored wagons carrying pottery, glassware, and various miscellaneous goods. The merchant has a supply of interesting potions, poisons, and alchemical goods, although she will only show these to customers who seem disreputable enough.

14. A small group of brigands from the Red Band, hired by Ma Stonefoller to chase a group of entrepreneurs trying to set up a cliff elevator a few miles from Edge. These bandits are simply planning to go in, kill everyone, and then make sure no one knows what happened. Anyone they encounter on the way to the job is an impediment to the plan.

15. A steamborg named Morgil (human Smb2) who has gotten lost in the Endless Plains and is nearly out of water and coal. Unless he replenishes these supplies soon, he will die, slowly and painfully.

16. A coglayer named Urie Pendetter (dwarf Cog9) who, along with several companions, is searching the Flatlands for his mech. He and his companions were forced to abandon it due to a boiler leak. Now Urie hopes to find the mech before any bandits or other undesirables find it and strip it for parts.

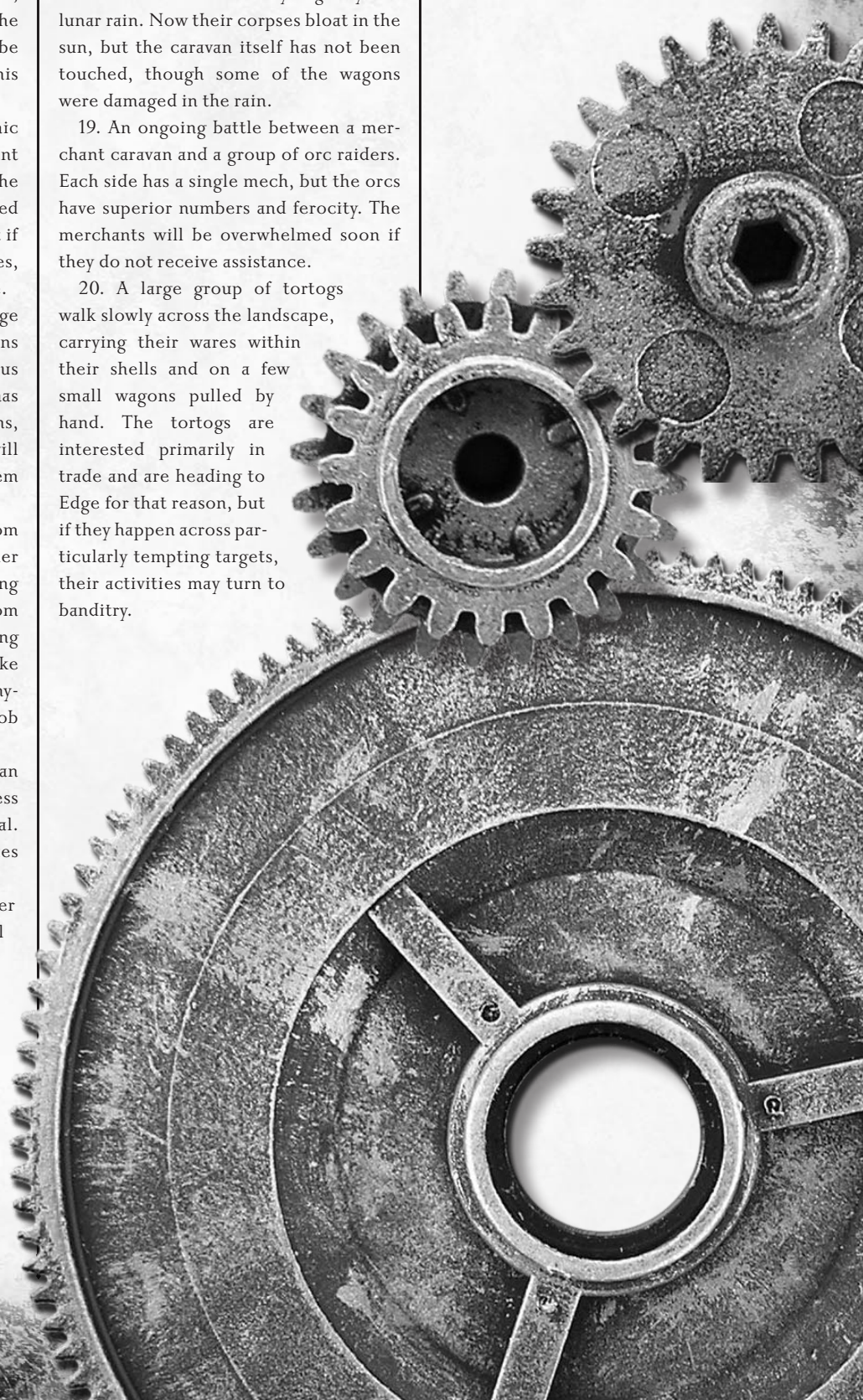
17. A small group of farmers who have found a region of the plains that they are trying to turn back into arable land. Their small settlement is barely a hamlet, but they hope some-

time soon to have an actual crop to take to Edge and sell.

18. A lifeless caravan — all men and beasts were killed off days ago by the lunar rain. Now their corpses bloat in the sun, but the caravan itself has not been touched, though some of the wagons were damaged in the rain.

19. An ongoing battle between a merchant caravan and a group of orc raiders. Each side has a single mech, but the orcs have superior numbers and ferocity. The merchants will be overwhelmed soon if they do not receive assistance.

20. A large group of tortogs walk slowly across the landscape, carrying their wares within their shells and on a few small wagons pulled by hand. The tortogs are interested primarily in trade and are heading to Edge for that reason, but if they happen across particularly tempting targets, their activities may turn to banditry.



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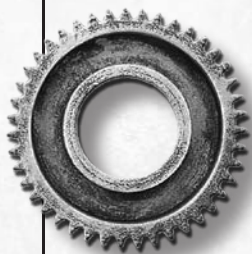
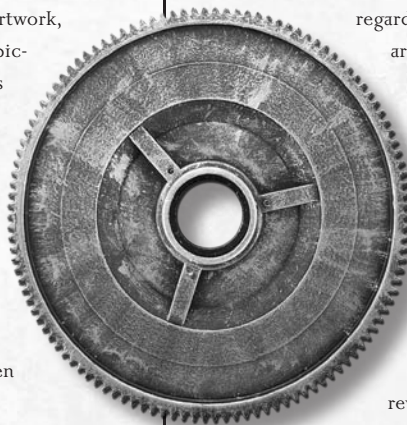
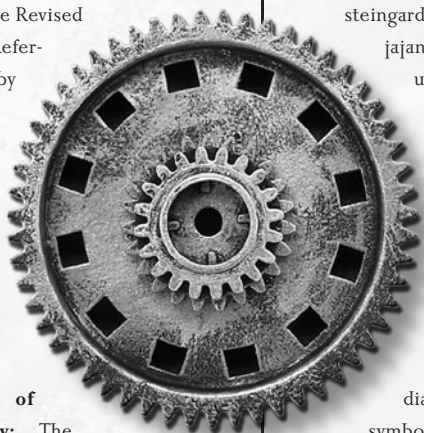
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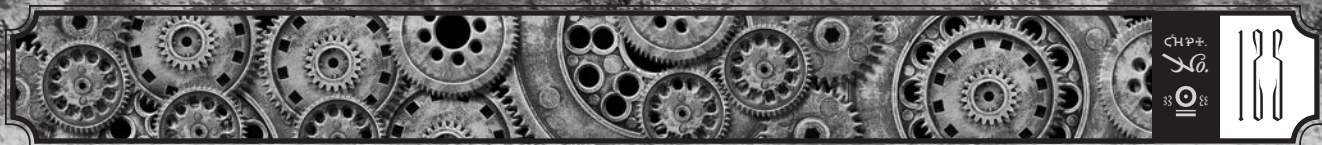
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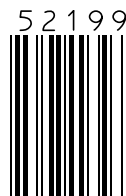


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