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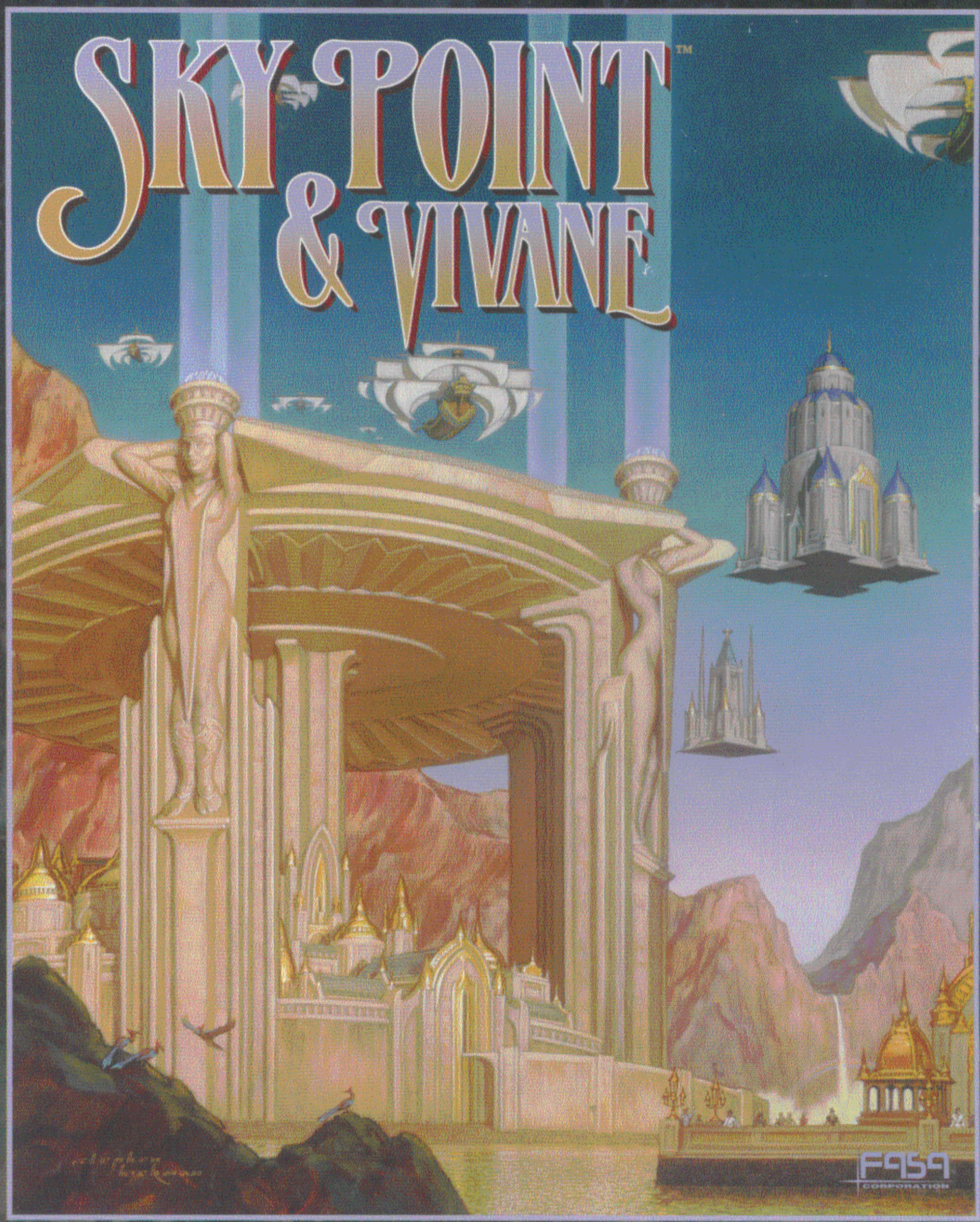

A CAMPAIGN SET FOR EARTHDAWN BY CARL SARGENT

BOOK ONE: BARSAIVIAN™ VIVANE

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FASA CORPORATION

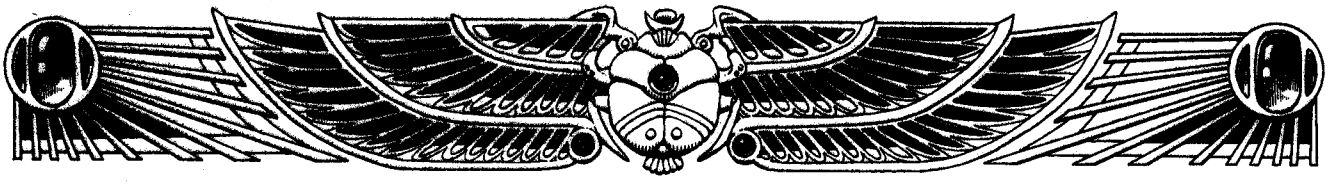


TABLE OF CONTENTS

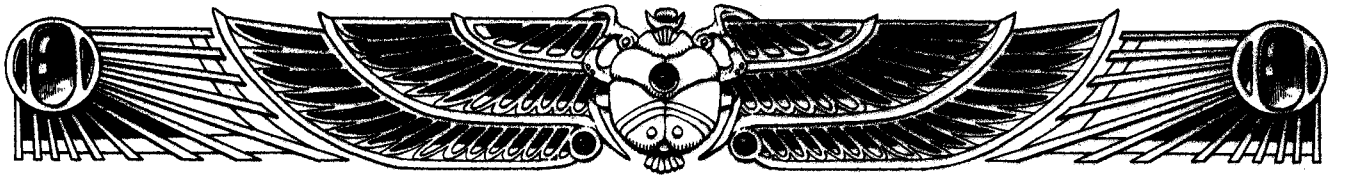
INTRODUCTION 4
- **Components** 4
  - Maps 5
- **How to Use This Product** 5

THE THERAN EMPIRE 6
- **Theran Provinces** 6
  - Creana 6
  - Indrisa 7
  - Marac 7
  - Talea 8
  - Vasgothia 8
- **Lands Visited by the Theran Empire** 8
  - Aznan 8
  - Araucania 8
- **The Different Races in Thera** 8
  - Elves 9
  - Humans 9
  - Obsidimen 9
  - Orks 9
  - Trolls 10
  - T'skrang 10
  - Dwarfs 10
  - Windlings 10
- **Therans and the Passions** 11
- **Thera and Barsaive** 11
  - The Power of Theran Names 12
  - Current Imperial Relations with Barsaive 12
  - Vivane and Sky Point 12
- **On the First Governor and the Conclave** 13
- **Theran Noble Houses** 13
- **The Imperial Armies and Navies** 14
  - Eighth Legion Warrior (Ork) 16
  - Eighth Legion Warrior (Human) 17
  - Eighth Legion Swordmaster (Elf) 17

ABOUT VIVANE 18
- **A Brief History of the City** 18
  - Vivane during the Scourge 19
  - The Therans Return 19
- **City Government** 20
- **House Politics in Vivane** 20
  - House Carinci 21
  - House Zanjan 21
  - House Thaloss 21
  - House Medari 21
  - House Narlanth 21
  - The House Conclave 21
- **Security in Vivane** 22
  - Mastrylith 22
  - City Militiaman 23
  - City Watch Patrols 23
- **Theran Law in Vivane** 24
  - Entering Vivane 25
  - Carrying Weapons in Vivane 26
- **Vivane's Economy** 27
  - Currency 27
  - Taxes 28
  - Prices of Goods and Services 29
- **Daily Life in Vivane** 30
  - Common Pastimes in the Theran Quarter 31
  - Barsaivians in Vivane 31
  - Magic in Daily Life 32
  - The Theran Calendar 33
  - Climate 33
- **Lands Bordering Vivane Province** 33

BARSAIVIAN VIVANE 34
- **Rivers of Vivane** 35
- **Local Government** 35
- **The Assembly** 36
- **Other Prominent Citizens** 37
  - Harellem Bilya 37
  - Dorina Tarn Rubaric 37
  - Fortin Dashan 38
  - Omasu 38
  - Tribas Koar 38
- **The City Militia** 39
  - Red Squad 40
  - Blue Squad 40
  - Green Squad 41
- **The Passions in Barsaivian Vivane** 41

THE MERCHANTS' QUARTER 42
- **Buildings and Streets** 42
  - Sneak's Wall 43
  - The Aquifers 43
- **Wallside** 43
  - House of Tales 44
  - Halls of Assembly 44
- **Riverwalk and Its Environs** 45
  - City Prison 45
  - Festival of Fish 46
- **Merchantwalk and the Walk Market** 46



Coldreach Vale 47
THE RIVERSIDE QUARTER 48
The Place 48
The Driftboat 50
The Tower of Feathers 50
Gingarach's Orphanage 51
THE EASTERN QUARTER 52
The Gate's Environs 52
The Sunrise Gate 53
Sunrise Gate Tavern 53
Masant's Hall of Dice 54
Tarralan's Tavern 54
The Beastmarkets and the Collat Brothers 55
Rachesteer's Emporium 55
The Half-Moon/Elvenhall 56
Endar's Workshop 56
The Tanneries 57
Harrudin's Tavern 57
THE BROKEN QUARTER 58
Getting Around in the Ruins 58
The Warrens 59
Drinking Houses in the Warrens and Ratside 60
Longshadow of the Warrens 61
The Corrupt Crater 62
Ratside 62
Kerryun's Traveling Kitchen 63
The Swords 63
The Ratside Players 63
High Gate 64
Old City Graveyard 64
SETTLEMENTS OUTSIDE THE WALLS 66
Darlenhold 67
HANDOUTS 68
Darlenhold Map 68
INDEX 69

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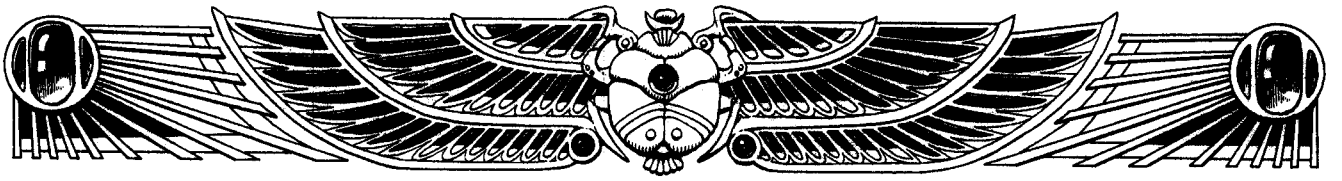


INTRODUCTION

The Theran Empire is the most formidable power in the world of **Earthdawn**, a bastion of military, economic, and magical might. Its lands span continents, and its magicians are without peer among those skilled in magical arts. The people of Barsaive—including most **Earthdawn** adventurers—feel the presence of the Theran Empire most strongly on Barsaive's own border, in the lands to the southwest of Barsaive that the Therans call Vivane Province. The center of Theran power in Vivane Province—and the base from which they intend to one day launch their reconquest of Barsaive—lies in the city of Vivane and the nearby military outpost at Sky Point. Anyone who listens to a handful of Theran Vivanians and an equal number of Barsaivians with some knowledge of the Therans will hear a babble of conflicting voices. The voices speak of law and order, rebuilding, education, wise administration, magical and military power, pride and dominion. They also speak of slavery, injustice, oppression, cruelty, exploitation, chill indifference, unkindness at a thousand levels of everyday life, souls empty of compassion, and resistant hearts full of anger and the desire for freedom. Such conflicts shape life in Vivane for Theran, Barsaivian citizen, and foreigner alike, and no simple truth or answer exists to settle the questions they raise. Vivane, Sky Point and Vivane Province are vibrant regions rich in possibilities for adventures that help build legends.

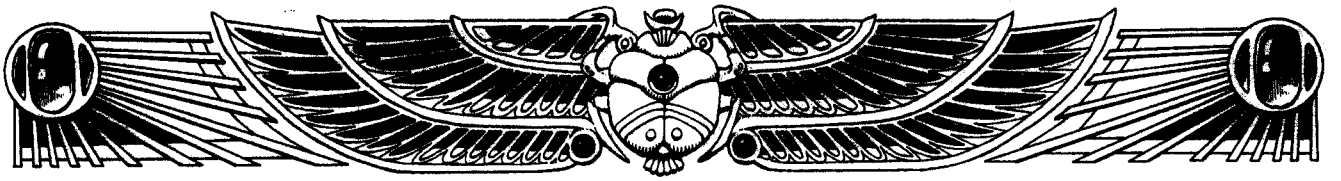
This boxed campaign set describes in detail the city of Vivane, the Sky Point base and the rough settlement below known as Vrontok, and the lands of Vivane Province. Gamemasters can use the information in this product to create adventures and campaigns set in these Theran-controlled regions. Players will find this set useful for fleshing out their characters' actions and devising a plan of attack for adventuring in Vivane, Sky Point, Vrontok and the lands beyond Vivane and the Barsaivian border.

COMPONENTS

The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set contains three books: **Barsaivian Vivane, Theran Vivane,** and **Vivane Province,** which includes descriptions of Sky Point and Vrontok. This set also includes two full-color maps: the City of Vivane map and the Vivane Province map.

Beginning with a brief overview of the Theran Empire and a general overview of Vivane, **Barsaivian Vivane** gives players and gamemasters a wealth of information about the areas of Vivane occupied by native Barsaivians. This book describes the places, people, ways, and mysteries of the only Vivane most Barsaivians ever know, from the relative wealth and security of the High Gate area to the ruins of the Broken Quarter.

Theran Vivane begins with a brief overview of the quarter of the city the Therans reserved for themselves and offers short descriptions of Vivane's movers and shakers. This book also describes the wonders the Therans have created for themselves, the opportunities to be found in the Theran Quarter, and it provides a guide to assist those determined to travel into the Theran part of Vivane.



The **Vivane Province** book is a guide to the Province of Vivane, describing Theran occupation forces, settlements, notable sights, places of wonder and mystery, events and rumors, and much more. This book also describes the military outpost of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok that grew up around the foot of the sky base. All manner of adventurers may seek fortune or magical knowledge in these Theran-controlled lands, and the gamemaster can use this book to create countless exciting adventures for **Earthdawn** players.

Each book in this set provides several handouts that the gamemaster can use as props in his campaign.

MAPS

The **Vivane City Map** shows the city of Vivane in detail. The city's various quarters and the locations of all the places described in the **Barsaivian Vivane** and **Theran Vivane** books appear on this map. The **Vivane Province Map** shows Vivane Province and the surrounding territory under Theran occupation and includes the locations of the places described in the **Vivane Province** book. The **Vivane Province** book also includes detailed maps of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok.

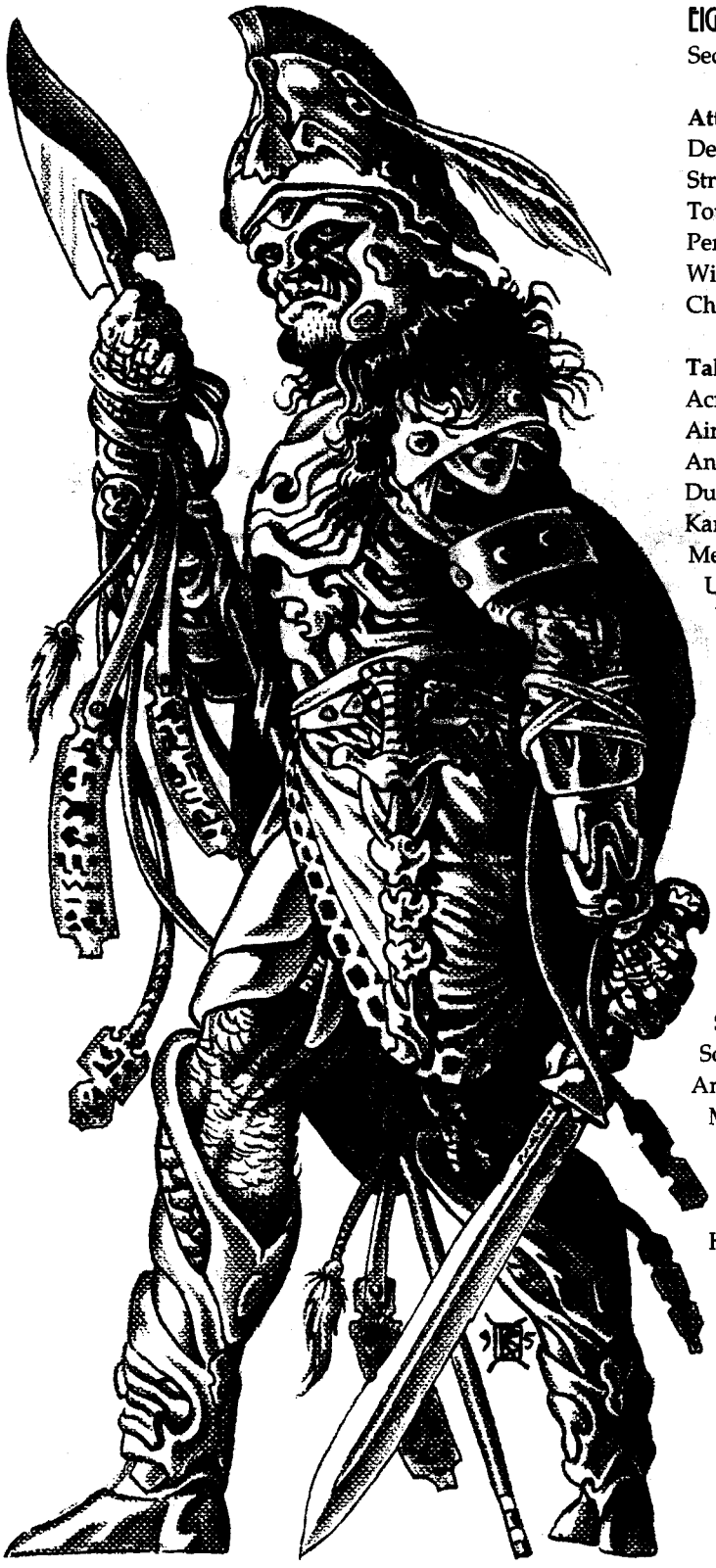
HOW TO USE THIS PRODUCT

The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set provides the gamemaster with information needed to run adventures and campaigns set in the Theran-controlled portion of Barsaive and the lands of Vivane Province. Because this product is intended as a gamemaster resource, it is written in a direct, informational style rather than as a fictional account of the area. Also, Therans and Barsaivians co-exist in relative harmony or outright hostility in and around the city and Province of Vivane, and so presenting all the inhabitants' different views of each other is an almost impossible task. However, in cases where certain important points must be understood, the words and ideas of noted Vivanians are presented as fiction for the gamemaster to consider.

Occasionally, information in this campaign set appears to contradict information presented in previous **Earthdawn** products. These seeming inconsistencies mostly reflect Barsaivian prejudices or the inevitable distortions produced by the distance over which such information must travel. In game terms, information given in this campaign set is correct.

As always, the gamemaster may alter the information and facts presented in **Sky Point and Vivane** to suit his own campaign. Uncertain information, rumor and innuendo do crop up, though most of the main text should be considered impartial and accurate. The gamemaster may use the rumors and innuendo provided as adventure hooks. Keep in mind that Vivane is a big city; the books in this boxed set cannot cover every last little detail. Instead, they provide a consistent framework for constructing adventures.

To use this product, gamemasters and players will need the **Earthdawn** rulebook (**ED**). Gamemasters running adventures and campaigns in this area may also find the **Earthdawn Gamemaster Pack (ED GM Pack)**, the **Barsaive Campaign Set**, the **Earthdawn Companion**, and **Creatures of Barsaive** useful. Suitable for adventurers of all Circles, the **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set should provide gamemasters and players with hours of exciting gaming.



EIGHTH LEGION WARRIOR (ORK)

Second Circle Warrior

Attributes
Dexterity (12): 5/D8
Strength (18): 7/D12
Toughness (19): 7/D12
Perception (11): 5/D8
Willpower (10): 5/D8
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative
Dice: 1/D4 - 2 (Heavy Infantry);
4/D6 (Light Infantry)

Talents
Acrobatic Strike (2): 7/D12
Air Dance (2): 7/D12
Anticipate Blow (1): 6/D10
Durability (2)
Karma Ritual (2)
Melee Weapons (3): 8/2D6
Unarmed Combat (2): 7/D12
Woodskin (3): 10/D10 + D6

Skills
Artisan/Runic Carving (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Ancient Weapons (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Theran History (1): 6/D10

Karma
Dice: D8
Points: 20

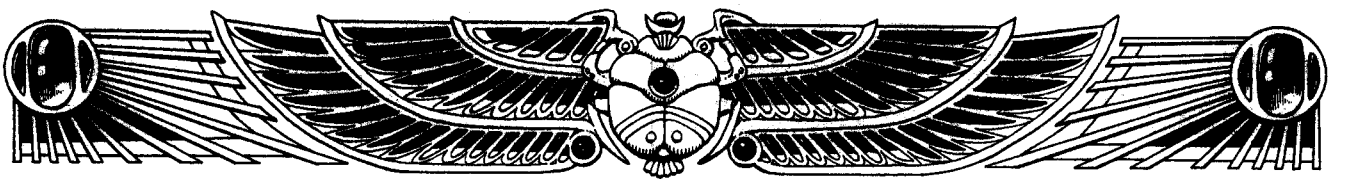
Movement
Full: 65
Combat: 33

Combat
Physical Defense: 7
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 10 (6*)
Mystic Armor: 0

Damage
Death Rating: 61
Wound Threshold: 12
Unconsciousness Rating: 49
Recovery Tests per Day: 3
Recovery Dice: 2D6

Equipment
Chain Mail/Footman's Shield (Heavy Infantry)
Hardened Leather Armor/Buckler (Light Infantry)
Battle-axe (Damage 13/D12 + D10)
Mace (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Dagger (Damage 9/D8 + D6)

*Light Infantry



EIGHTH LEGION ARCHER (HUMAN)

Second Circle Archer

Attributes
Dexterity (18): 7/D12
Strength (13): 6/D10
Toughness (11): 5/D8
Perception (15): 6/D10
Willpower (13): 6/D10
Charisma (12): 5/D8

Initiative
Dice: 6/D10

Talents
Avoid Blow (2): 9/D8 + D6
Direction Arrow (1): 7/D12
Durability (2)
Karma Ritual (2)
Missile Weapons (3): 10/D10 + D6
Mystic Aim (2): 8/2D6
Sprint (2)
True Shot (2): 9/D8 + D6

Skills
Artisan/Wood Carving (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/Theran Legends and Heroes (1): 7/D12
Knowledge/Theran Military History (1): 7/D12

Karma
Dice: D8
Points: 20

Movement
Full: 85
Combat: 42

Combat
Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 8
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic Armor: 1

Damage
Death Rating: 44
Wound Threshold: 8
Unconsciousness Rating: 34
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D8

Equipment
Hardened Leather Armor
Buckler
Light Crossbow (Damage 10/D10 + D6)
Medium Crossbow (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Dagger (Damage 8/2D6)

EIGHTH LEGION SWORDMASTER (ELF)

Second Circle Elf Swordmaster

Attributes
Dexterity (20): 8/2D8
Strength (13): 6/D10
Toughness (11): 5/D8
Perception (13): 6/D10
Willpower (12): 5/D8
Charisma (16): 7/D12

Initiative
Dice: 4/D6

Talents
Avoid Blow (1): 9/D8 + D6
Durability (3)
Karma Ritual (2)
Maneuver (2): 10/D10 + D6
Melee Weapons (2): 10/D10 + D6
Riposte (2): 13/D12 + D10
Taunt (2): 9/D8 + D6
Wound Balance (2): 8/2D6

Skills
Artisan/Runic Carving (1): 8/2D6
Knowledge/Ancient Weapons (1): 7/D6
Knowledge/Magical Lore (1): 7/D6

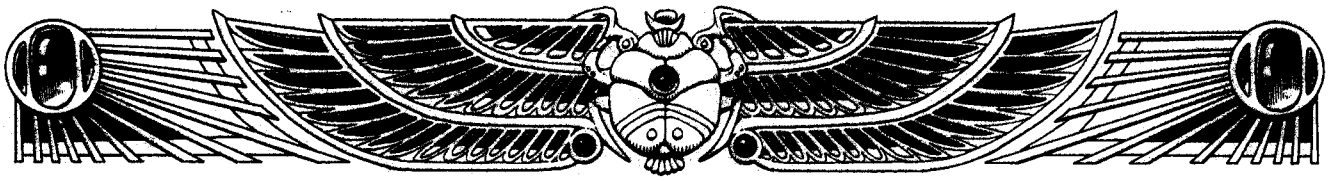
Karma
Dice: D6
Points: 15

Movement
Full: 110
Combat: 55

Combat
Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 9
Armor: 10
Mystic Armor: 1

Damage
Death Rating: 46
Wound Threshold: 8
Unconsciousness Rating: 36
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D8

Equipment
Broadsword (Damage 11/D10 + D8)
Chain Mail/Footman's Shield
Dagger (Damage 8/2D6)
Knife (Damage 7/D12)



ABOUT VIVANE

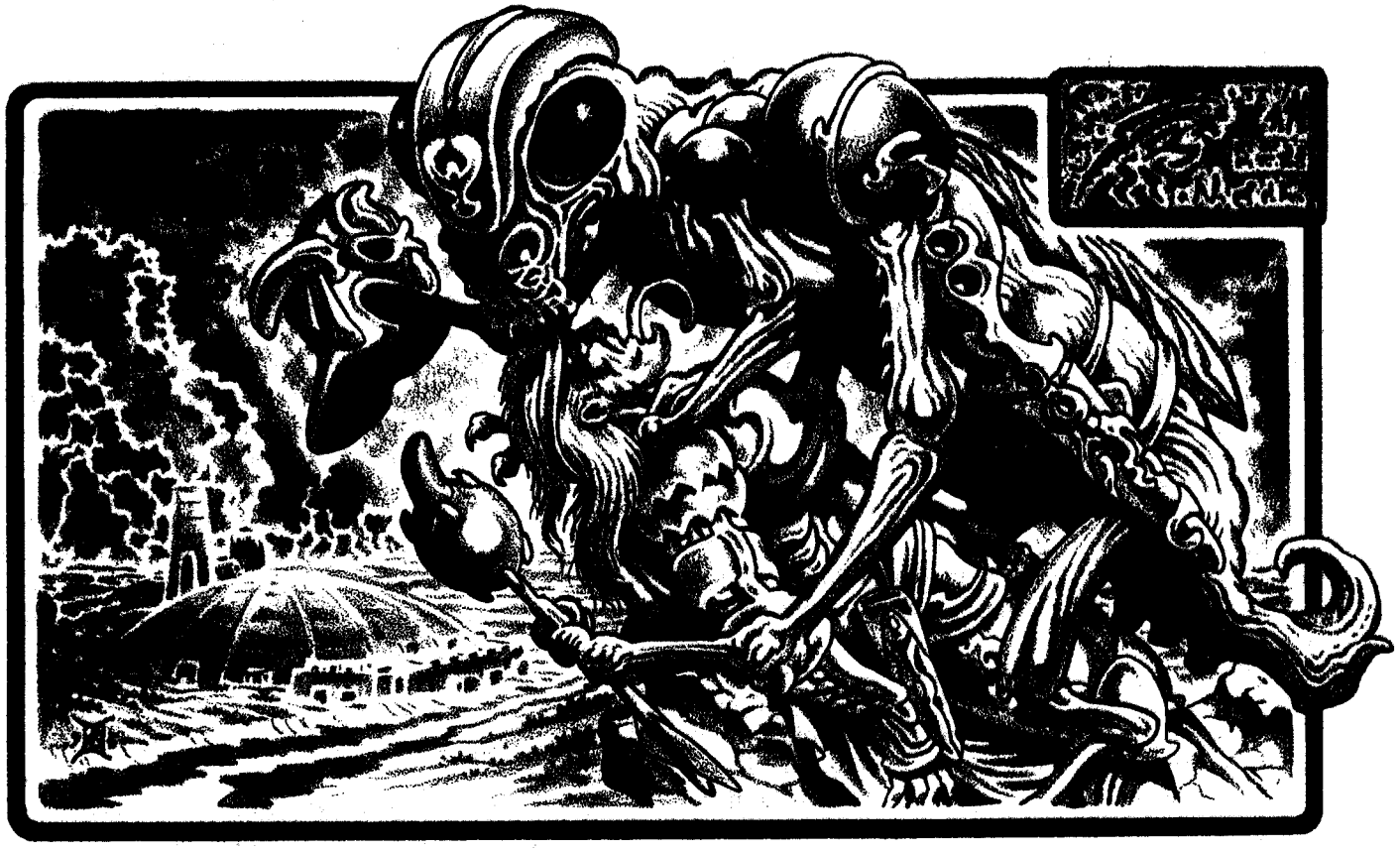
To the seasoned traveler, Vivane will seem both heartening familiar and unexpectedly strange. Much of the city—roughly two-thirds of the area inside the old walls—is home to Barsaivians who live very much like their countrymen to the northeast. All, however, live under the firm hand of the city's Theran overlords. The Theran Quarter will astound and amaze even the most worldly Barsaivian adventurer, though Theran travelers more used to the splendor of the Empire's capital may find Vivane somewhat parochial and dull. For Theran travelers, however, Vivane does offer a potentially rewarding chance to study the Barsaivian enemy in his natural habitat.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CITY

The first settlement at Vivane was recorded 399 years before the founding of Throal. The original village served as a winter camp for nomadic human clans, who surrounded their settlement with wooden palisades for defense. Later inhabitants strengthened the walls and constructed strong, easily defended buildings with stone from the excellent deposits at what would later become Balkaria to the west. Trade flowed easily down the Sturgeon River into and out of the burgeoning town and Vivane grew rapidly. Documents in the Eternal Library of Thera, dated 285 years prior to the founding of Throal, describe Vivane as having 7,000 inhabitants. Thirty years later, the town held 16,500 people. It continued to grow and prosper until the first Theran airship armada arrived in Barsaive in 277 TH.

The Therans conquered Vivane in 300 TH, using magical force as an essential part of their strategy. They wanted to take the well built and strongly defended city intact so that they could use it as a base for further incursions into Barsaive. The invaders used spells causing fear and other mind-affecting magic to terrify Vivane's citizens, together with brutal demonstrations of military might. The invading Third Legion had an entire cohort of mastrylith cavalry, and used these ferocious beasts to destroy the city's northern gates. Meanwhile, Theran elementalists held back the waters of the Sturgeon by a feat that led local people to rename it the Flamewalk River; they created massive standing walls of fire that flanked the Legion soldiers as they crossed the water and marched to Vivane's river gates. The elementalists also caused huge gouts of fire to burst from the river-front walls. General Xanmand, commander of the Theran forces, demanded the city's surrender, in exchange offering to spare the Vivanians' lives and let them keep most of their property. He got the answer he sought within an hour. (He kept his first promise; the second was conveniently forgotten.)

In the ensuing decades, Vivane swiftly expanded. An entire Legion needed living space, and young Theran nobles eager to make something of themselves rather than stagnate at home arrived in great numbers. Orderly building began in the area now known as the Theran Quarter, then spread in a far more haphazard fashion. Theran t'skrang began exploring the river in the areas surrounding Vivane and reported their discoveries to the Theran generals. During this period, the Therans built the fortress of Sky Point and from it spread conquest across most of Barsaive.



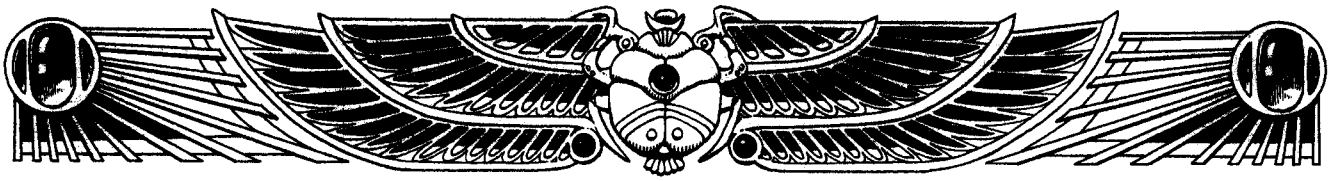
VIVANE DURING THE SCOURGE

Vivane prepared itself better against the Scourge than many Imperial cities. Hoping to preserve the city intact, the leaders of Vivane chose to construct a citadel surrounding it rather than abandoning the surface for shelter within a kaer. In addition to the dome covering the entire city, Vivane's rulers took the additional precaution of building a smaller dome to cover the area then known as the Old City, the area of Vivane bounded by the original city walls in which most of the Therans lived. They also gave the Old City powerful magical defenses. This extra protection proved to be a wise political move on the Therans' part. Though many of them chose to withdraw to Thera to ride out the Scourge, they knew that Vivane would be a vital outpost for re-conquest once the Scourge ended. The minority of Therans who remained in Vivane told the small number of Barsaivians dwelling in the Old City that Theran magic alone could preserve Vivane, and they made it clear that the Barsaivians in the Old City had been specially chosen for salvation from the nightmare of the Scourge. Simultaneously flattered and cowed, the Barsaivians living in Vivane's Old City continued to accept Theran leadership. Those outside the small dome, whom the Theran abandoned to an unknown fate, soon began to take their independence for granted.

Vivane also suffered less from the Scourge than most locations in Barsaive, possibly because the Horrors sensed the power of the citadel's core defenses. Beyond the inner dome over the Old City, weaker magical defenses and a lack of organization allowed the Horrors to make major inroads. Much of the rest of the city was shattered or at least badly damaged during the Scourge. Of the 80,000 or so people living outside the Old City, roughly two-thirds and possibly more were slain by the Horrors, but even that high figure was lower than the death toll in many less fortunate places.

THE THERANS RETURN

The Therans returned to Vivane sixty-odd years ago, in 1442 TH (1002 TE) and swiftly re-established complete control over the city. As part of the reoccupation, the Eighth Legion and the Seventh Fleet were relocated to Vivane and Sky Point. In the past six decades, rebuilding has proceeded in fits and starts in the areas beyond the Old City, often hampered by lack of funds. Sabotage by rebellious Barsaivians unhappy that the Therans abandoned their ancestors outside the Old City walls has also taken its toll.



Tales of Theran treachery and desertion handed down from ancestors who faced the Horrors still abound and often prompt Barsaivians to take vengeful action.

In the surrounding lands dubbed Vivane Province, Theran soldiers, airships and mercenaries have swiftly conquered most of the outlying settlements. The Therans are not numerous enough to populate or tightly control this wider area, but they can perform such necessary functions as moving armies and smaller detachments with impunity, collecting taxes and tithes and securing key resources. For the moment, a more complete re-conquest of Vivane Province is low on the list of Imperial priorities.

CITY GOVERNMENT

The four most important people in Vivane are the Overgovernor, the *akarenti*, and the commanders of the Eighth Legion and Seventh Fleet. Though in theory their roles are well defined, matters are more complicated in practice.

The Overgovernor of the city of Vivane, and also of Vivane Province, is Kypros. Rumor has it that Kypros was once a troubadour who found favor with the Overgovernor of another Imperial city, but if this is true the details are one of Kypros's better-kept secrets. A human in his early forties, Kypros is tall, lean, intelligent and ambitious. He wishes to be Overgovernor of all Barsaive and will take whatever actions he can get away with to strengthen his chance of obtaining that powerful position.

Kypros's position is not an easy one. The First Governor and the Theran Conclave, which appointed him Vivane's Overgovernor, hold him directly responsible for the city's and the province's fate. In essence, this means he gets the blame if anything goes wrong. As a result, Kypros is prone to caution. Rather than making grandiose plans to invade new territories, he places a priority on keeping the lands he already controls. Though a schemer and manipulator with few scruples, Kypros tends to do well by those loyal to him and is not malicious or vicious by nature. Though he has the power to make any decision he wishes regarding non-military matters in Vivane, he always listens carefully to the words of politically powerful Theran nobles in his city.

General Ilfaralek, a fifty-three-year-old human still in good shape, is the *akarenti*, or spymaster, of the city. He oversees the network of Imperial agents infesting Vivane and many towns and cities in Barsaive. Like Kypros, Ilfaralek is over-cautious at times. Because of his age and the prospect of retirement on a fat Imperial pension (which he will lose if he is held responsible for any major disasters), Ilfaralek settles for the quiet life whenever possible.

General Crotias, a fiery red-headed ork who often wears silvered armor, commands the Eighth Legion. A veteran of military campaigns in eastern lands, she has also tasted success in Barsaive. Crotias dislikes Kypros's caution and hungers for battle. She has positioned her own junior officers in key posts, and many people believe she wants Ilfaralek replaced. The two must work together from time to time; for example, Ilfaralek must notify Crotias of any threats to security and must sometimes ask her to loan him soldiers (for raids, ambushes, killing potentially dangerous subversives, and so on). Crotias officially takes orders from the College of War in Thera, though she rarely needs to consult them save in matters of major import. She has effective day-to-day command of the armies, though she must communicate with Kypros a great deal.

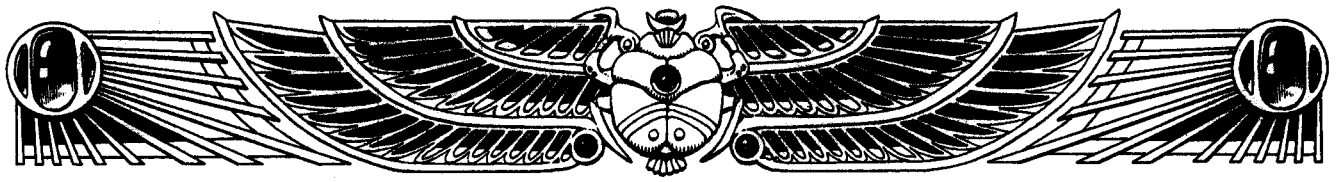
Admiral Tularch, an elf in her eighties, has a particularly difficult position. Her military history is less than distinguished, and she owes her position to Kypros. Their friendship is believed to have cooled in recent years, and if it has, Tularch will not long hold her present position. Her junior officers know this and have already begun an unseemly scramble to replace her. Tularch once served as temporary Overgovernor of Vivane but ruined her chances of winning the position permanently by taking rash actions. Her tendency to attack first and think later, combined with a famous capacity for holding a grudge, have given her both stunning victories and disasters. Her officers dislike her, believing rightly that she does not value the lives of those who fight for her.

The nominal leader of the Barsaivian majority is Quarique Oathstone, the portly human magistrate who heads an Assembly elected by all Barsaivian taxpayers (about a quarter of Vivane's Barsaivian population). Even the lowliest Broken Quarter dweller knows in his heart that Oathstone is a self-serving opportunist who has no power to influence Kypros in any way. A puppet and a figurehead, he has no real aim beyond padding his own nest and richly deserves his nickname of the Fearful Feather.

HOUSE POLITICS IN VIVANE

Five Theran noble Houses are of particular significance in Vivane Province, especially in the city itself. Members of these five Houses were the first to arrive in Vivane after the reoccupation and they moved swiftly to secure niches for themselves through mutual favors.

The following thumbnail sketches of the five most prominent Houses describe the prevailing qualities commonly ascribed to each of them. As with all stereotypes, there is some truth to them, but they do not apply to every



individual member of a given House. For example, beefy military officers exist in House Narlanth, and House Zanjan has its share of reclusive scholars and scribes.

House Carinci

Nobles from this predominately t'skrang House are Vivane's pre-eminent traders and explorers. House Carinci has obtained concessions from the Department of Bursaries to supply Vivane with much of the raw materials it needs, from food to building stone to wood to slaves. Because so many Carinci nobility are well traveled and urbane, many *kedate* and some airship captains come from this House. Admiral Tularch, for example, is connected to House Carinci.

House Zanjan

Sometimes called the "House of Steel," House Zanjan is noted for its glorious military history. Regular soldiers and excellent generals and admirals come from this House; General Crotias and General Ilfaralek are scions of House Zanjan. Zanjan nobility have a reputation for openness, bluntness and honesty. They are also the most likely to treat slaves well, regarding their own slaves as akin to a good bloodline of racing horses or destriers. They also often eschew the usual Theran practice of dynastic marriages, preferring to marry those who possess outstanding physical or mental qualities, rather than social standing.

House Thaloss

Regarded as slightly dull and slow by their more urbane counterparts, the nobles of House Thaloss have long dominated the Theran civil service. Slow they may be, but stubbornness and determination mark the most successful members of this House. The best of them are the most skillful politicians in Thera; Patracheus, Vivane's legendary Chief Secretary of the Department of Bursaries, is a scion of House Thaloss. Thaloss nobles often act as political fixers when a conclave has some key decision or appointment to make. They are rarely kings, but are often kingmakers. Dwarf families are a key minority in this House, and include among them some exceptional military engineers as well as architects, planners and stonemasons.

House Medari

A traditional rival of House Carinci, this trading House has negotiated a neat division of spoils with House Carinci in Vivane. While the Carinci deliver goods, Medari nobles act as the bankers, merchants, and arrangers of services such as contract labor, mercenary and slave warriors and guards, and so on. Members of House Medari have a collective reputation as dangerous political players likely to deceive and back stab whenever it suits their purposes, and so cities dominated by Medari nobles tend to be dangerous places to live. Fortunately for the people of Vivane, the Medari must share its power with four other Houses.

House Narlanth

The common Barsaivian belief that Therans are mostly near-emaciated elves and humans probably stems from too many meetings with Narlanth nobles. Members of this House are somewhat otherworldly and oddly apolitical by comparison with other Houses. Wizards and scholars of unusual devotion or eccentricity are common among the Narlanth, and this House has difficulty establishing and maintaining working relations with the others. Though other nobles acknowledge the importance of House Narlanth's contribution to magical defenses against the Scourge and to so many of the magical marvels of Theran life, such power also inspires fear and distrust. Narlanth nobles understand these fears, and many of them make a point of keeping to themselves so that their prominence will not make matters worse. Ironically, their very aloofness fuels just the kind of paranoia they try so hard to avoid. The fact that some of House Narlanth's family lines have a genetic predisposition to insanity has not helped their case.

The House Conclave

The House Conclave of Vivane has fifty-five members: ten nobles from each House plus Crotias, Ilfaralek, Tularch, Patracheus, and Kypros's right-hand lackey Jamzinnal, who acts as recorder for conclave meetings. The conclave meets monthly, and additionally whenever necessary, to make decisions concerning all non-military matters throughout Vivane Province. Usually, Overgovernor Kypros rubber-stamps these decisions or else presents the conclave with his demands (which *they* rubber-stamp). As the *karithini* in Thera proper does for the Theran Conclave and the First Governor, Jamzinnal and Patracheus act as go-betweens for Vivane's conclave and Overgovernor.

Most of the conclave's decision-making concerns such trivia as the cost of stone for repairing a sabotaged aquifer, the right age for educating Theran children in elementary Barsaivian grammar (and whether educating Barsaivian children at all is worth the trouble), or dutifully recording a protest from some tiresome wizard protesting the Relicshare tax. Many groups make representations to the conclave, and those who have conclave members among their own kin find it particularly easy to air their grievances or demands. These petitioners range from cultural groups who want to expand the Recitatorium to artisans'

groups seeking changes in taxation ("No tax on apprenticeships!") to downright eccentric people like the Petals of the Lily, a group that reveres a hallucinogenic lily found in upriver jungles and wants every public building decorated with a lily statue (and other ridiculous concessions). Craftsmen and artisans work through the Conclave rather than through guilds to institute change or redress grievances; groups of such skilled people present their concerns to conclaves at individual Houses or the overall House Conclave, and through them to whatever high official they need to approach to accomplish their ends. Artisans in the southern part of the Old City, most of whom have only tenuous connections with noble Houses, usually send a small deputation to Patracheus's offices at the House of Works. Only if that fails to get them anywhere do they turn to the House Conclave for more formal representation.

Of all the nobles in the House Conclave, Patracheus of House Thaloss is easily the most important. As Chief Secretary of the Department of Bursaries, Patracheus controls vast sums of money. The department receives special funds from Thera for various, often ill-defined purposes, and also collects province-wide taxes and tithes. Though officially the House Conclave decides how to spend these funds, Patracheus has enormous discretionary powers over the revenue. Often, the conclave considers it to be in their best interests to ignore the details of just where the money goes. For example, when Ilfaralek needs money to pay new spies, arrange an assassination, purchase a useful magical relic discovered by one of his agents, and so on, the conclave simply fails to question the expense.

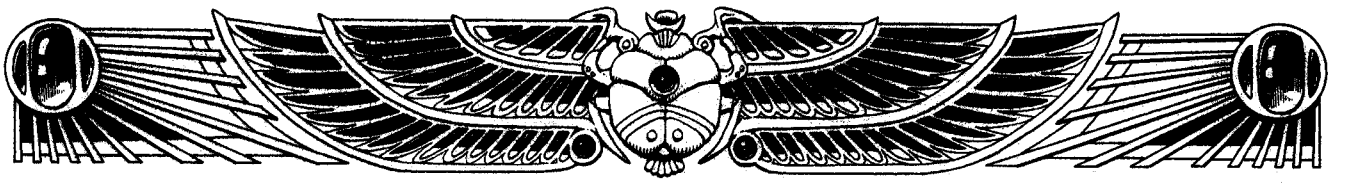
Though Patracheus is by nature a hedonist and a fop, he knows how to keep his trail squeaky clean—just in case someone decides to get awkward or becomes resentful enough of his power to start digging for dirt. Prevailing opinion calls him either a meticulous public servant or an astute deceiver, or both at different times.

SECURITY IN VIVANE

Vivane's main defenders, the Eighth Legion, number 4,200 soldiers and 700 cavalry. The foot soldiers are a mix of heavy and light infantry, roughly three of the former for every one of the latter. The light infantry use primarily projectile weapons in combat. Almost all the cavalry ride large war-horses, but the Legion also possesses ten war mastryliths that are kept in Vivane unless needed for a seek-and-destroy mission or a major assault on some outlying settlement. The Legion is composed of divisions (120 soldiers each) and cohorts (four divisions each), plus reserve troops and senior officers. A tenth or so of the Legionnaires possess magical armor and weapons and the Maracanium located in the southern barracks constantly (if slowly) creates more. At any given time, roughly half of the Legion is away from the city, garrisoning towns and cities both distant and nearby, raiding around the borders of Barsaive Province or patrolling the outlying lands of Vivane Province. (For more information and statistics for Eighth Legion soldiers, see **The Imperial Armies and Navies**, p. 13).

MASTRYLITH (15-TON WAR ELEPHANT)

DEX: 4	**STR:** 13	**TOU:** 11
PER: 4	**WIL:** 5	**CHA:** 4



Initiative: 5
Number of Attacks: 1
Attack: 6
Damage: 15
Number of Spells: NA
Spellcasting: NA
Effect: NA

Physical Defense: 5
Spell Defense: 6
Social Defense: 6
Armor: 10
Mystic Armor: 1
Knockdown: 13
Recovery Tests: 7

Death Rating: 90
Wound Threshold: 20
Unconsciousness Rating: 75

Combat Movement: 24
Full Movement: 48

Legend Points: 400
Equipment: None
Loot: None

Inside Vivane city, Watch patrols police in the Theran Quarter and certain parts of the Merchants' Quarter. The average patrol consists of one or two soldiers of the Eighth Legion, plus a number of Barsaivian trustees. The frequency and strength of these patrols varies from place to place; wealthier parts of the city have better security than poorer ones. Descriptions of each district later on in this book include the level of security for each. In addition to Watch patrols, many of the better areas of the Theran Quarter have permanent magical lighting along their roads, and some nobles employ their own security patrols.

In Barsaivian Vivane, the peace is kept and taxes are collected mainly by the City Militia. This police force is divided into three squads of two hundred to three hundred men each. The Red, Blue and Green Squads each have designated jurisdictions and draw their members from those districts. Wherever they serve, the City Militia are supportive of Theran authority and work hard at enforcing their own often idiosyncratic interpretations of Theran law. The Red Squad covers the Merchants' Quarter and has close links with the City Watch; this squad's members, well-disciplined and -trained, are almost all drawn from the ranks of Barsaivian trustees. The Blue Squad officially patrols the Eastern and Riverside Quarters of Vivane, but they rarely venture south into the latter. They much prefer the more obvious attractions of the Eastern Quarter's gambling halls and bazaars that sprawl in the shadow of the Sunrise Gate. The increasingly notorious members of the Green Squad administer justice in the Broken Quarter, such as it is. Far more often than not, they pretend to uphold the law while acting totally outside it; they run slave rackets for the benefit of the Therans, line their own purses with protection money extorted from those they are meant to protect, and so on. The Greens are almost out of control, but no authority with the power to stop them cares enough to do so. All three City Militia squads report to Oathstone and the Assembly, though this body rarely concerns itself with anything other than recovering as much tax revenue as possible before Kypros demands Thera's share from them.

(See **The City Militia**, p. 39, for more information.)

CITY MILITIAMAN

DEX: 6 **STR:** 6 **TOU:** 6
PER: 5 **WIL:** 5 **CHA:** 5

Initiative: 5
Number of Attacks: 1
Attack: 8
Damage: 11
Number of Spells: NA
Spellcasting: NA
Effect: NA

Physical Defense: 8
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 7
Armor: 6
Mystic Armor: 1
Knockdown: 6
Recovery Tests per Day: 2

Death Rating: 38
Wound Threshold: 10
Unconsciousness Rating: 29

Combat Movement: 35
Full Movement: 70

Legend Points: 100
Equipment: Broadsword, Buckler, Dagger, Hardened Leather Armor
Loot: None

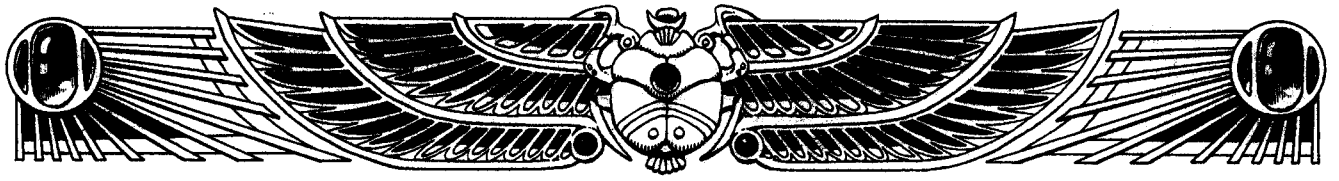
Vivane city and Vivane Province have a strong naval presence: the *Prestige* and the *Regal* plus the two dozen smaller vedettes of Tularch's Seventh Fleet, and Kypros's massive flagship *Ascendancy*. These airships make regular "fly-bys" over the city to remind any Barsaivians contemplating sedition that they had best change their minds.

CITY WATCH PATROLS

The frequency, speed of response and composition of City Watch patrols varies from district to district. A given district's security may be rated as Excellent, Good, Fair, or Nonexistent. Each of these ratings is described below. The adepts of the City Watch are rated by Circle and by the categories described in the **Rituals of Advancement**, p. 120 of the **Earthdawn Companion.**

Excellent Security

Only the Theran Quarter boasts Excellent security. Various types of patrols pass by every twenty minutes during daylight hours and every thirty minutes after dark. If someone raises an alarm, a patrol will arrive in 4 to 10 Combat Rounds. A summoned patrol may be someone's



private security force or an official Watch patrol; in general, Watch patrols turn up two times out of every three, except around public buildings where the Watch patrols exclusively. A typical Watch party consists of a Third Circle swordmaster equipped with ring mail, a footman's shield, a broadsword, and a dagger; a Second Circle swordmaster equipped with hide armor, a footman's shield, a short sword, a whip, a light crossbow, and a net; and three First Circle warriors equipped with hide armor, a footman's shield, a broadsword or two-handed sword, and a club or knife. There is a one-third chance that a novice magician, most likely a wizard or an elementalist, will accompany the Watch. The Second Circle swordmaster will also have poison-tipped crossbow bolts that cause Step 7 paralysis to targets and may carry some minor magical item as the gamemaster sees fit. (Some kind of potion is most likely, but the item may also be a few spike bombs, an enchanted net that paralyzes a victim much as the poisoned bolts do, and so on.) Members of the Watch may be of any race, and the gamemaster may alter their equipment accordingly; for example, a dwarf may carry a dwarf sword rather than a two-handed weapon. If encountered at night, the patrol carriers lanterns. Often, a patrol possesses a magical light source such as an enchanted lantern, which may project a blinding flash of light if the patrol includes a wizard with the skill to make it do so.

Virtually any individual building in an area with Excellent security has guards inside or around it. Official buildings are guarded by soldiers, and private residences by domestic slaves or henchmen well able to look after themselves. (The "handyman" at a Theran villa may be a semi-retired warrior who can still put up a good fight.) If necessary for the situation, the gamemaster should improvise details as he sees fit.

Good Security

In areas with Good security, interlopers can expect to encounter patrols every 30 minutes day and night. If specifically summoned, such a patrol takes 5 to 10 Combat Rounds to arrive at the scene. The composition of the patrol resembles those in Excellent areas, except that there is only a 1-in-10 chance of a wizard tagging along and each swordmaster has a 1-in-10 chance of carrying a minor magical item. In Barsaivian areas of Vivane, patrols are usually drawn from the City Militia. In this case, the gamemaster should reduce all members by one Circle to a minimum of First Circle, and the patrol should not include a magician. At night, City Militia patrols use ordinary lanterns.

Fair Security

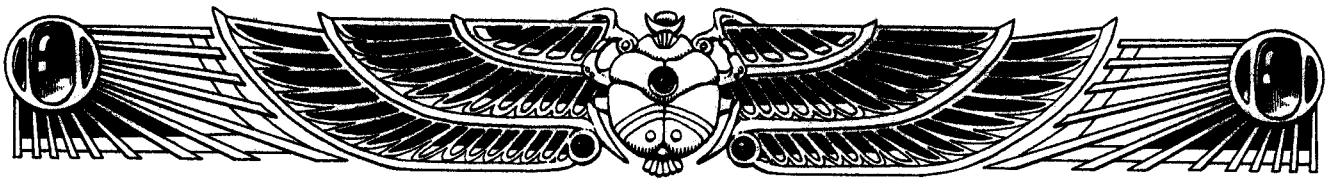
In districts with Fair security, patrols appear every sixty minutes during the day and every forty minutes at night. If someone screams for a patrol, it takes 10 to 15 Combat Rounds to arrive on the scene. The patrol's composition is the same as for Excellent security, except that the Third Circle swordmaster is replaced by a warrior; the Second Circle swordmaster has only a 1-in-3 chance of carrying poison-tipped crossbow bolts; the patrol carries no magical items; the First Circle warriors carry only clubs and nets as weapons; and the patrol includes no magician. Outside the Theran Quarter, such a patrol will usually be from the City Militia, with similar abilities to those patrolling in an area with Good security. At night, such a patrol carries ordinary lanterns.

Nonexistent Security

Security in these areas amounts to a pathetic rabble of vigilantes with minimal equipment (scraps of armor, clubs, knives, and so on). The gamemaster may invent details as he sees fit. In wilder areas of the Broken Quarter, members of the City Militia's Green Squad may be present, though they rarely bother to assist those in trouble. Often they happily join in the attack or may have instigated the trouble for their own reasons. A Green patrol is similar in numbers and equipment to those usually encountered in an area with Fair security.

Houses of Correction

These stout stone edifices (marked on the **City of Vivane** map) were originally cramped cells used to hold prisoners on short-term sentences; the shaming effect was as important as the loss of liberty. Currently, each of these considerably expanded buildings holds a Watch patrol equal to those for Excellent security, plus four cavalrymen and their war horses. Three out of every four cavalrymen are orks. They all carry equipment from the Ork Cavalryman archetype (p. 71, **ED**), as well as nets and broadswords (they use the latter if they must fight after dismounting). These guards are fast-response reinforcements, to be summoned by the leaders of ordinary Watch patrols. In addition to simply yelling or running for help, patrol leaders carry trumpet-like animal horns on a length of rope that can be whirled around the head to make a screeching noise audible for roughly four hundred yards. At the gamemaster's discretion, within the Merchants' Quarter one in four of these extra guards may be members of the City Militia's Red Squad, on special duty with the Watch.

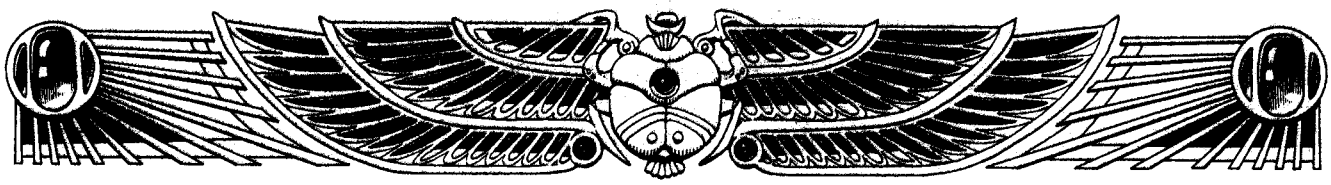


THERAN LAW IN VIVANE

Like any Imperial city, Vivane has its own code of laws. The spirit behind those laws and their exceptions is as important as exact penalties and offenses. All offenses are classed as either civic and/or criminal. Civic cases are disputes between individuals or groups regarding such matters as slander, libel, defamation, property disputes

wronged. The prosecution may demand slavery as punishment in any court in the city.

Vivane law prohibits the use of magical scrying and detective work, except under specific circumstances. Similar laws have existed for hundreds of years in Theran society and were originally passed to prevent nobles from spying on each other when they ought to be using their



minority finds the institution of slavery morally objectionable. The rest simply find it convenient.

In keeping with its frontier ambiance, fashions in Vivane are more colorful and vivid than in many Imperial cities. As in Barsaive, different races have their own customary styles of dress, and these are often dramatically emphasized in Vivane. Formal attire worn at conclaves and other major political gatherings includes various pieces of House regalia and different colors worn by nobles of different rank; the most senior prefer white, while those of middling rank tend to wear metallic colors. Slaves must wear black. Wearing any other color is an offense punishable by amputation or worse. The law treats dressing in a color other than black as a deliberate attempt to conceal a slave's true status, which would be done only for seditious purposes.

As might be expected, Theran is the language of official and commercial transactions in the Theran Quarter. Many Therans speak Throalic, or at least understand as much as they need to get by, but they tend to ignore anyone speaking it or else feign ignorance of what such a person is saying. Anyone speaking Throalic in the Theran Quarter is regarded by most people as a dolt or worse. Theran is also the favored tongue in most of the Merchants' Quarter, but Throalic is most often spoken elsewhere. The Barsaivian accent tends to shorten vowels, giving a clipped and somewhat abrupt sound to speech, and so well-bred locals, especially Barsaivian trustees, try to adopt a more "Theran" accent when they speak.

Because slaves are brought to Vivane from many lands and merchants travel to the city from places as far away as Marac, Indrisa, Vasgothia and Creana, a visitor may hear many languages spoken in all of Vivane's markets. In the taverns and gambling halls around the Sunrise Gate in the Eastern Quarter, where many traders and travelers stay, one may not hear a word in a familiar language for hours. The dazzling diversity of tongues and dialects that visitors may encounter from place to place add to Vivane's cosmopolitan atmosphere.

COMMON PASTIMES IN THE THERAN QUARTER

A visitor to the Theran Quarter can entertain himself at various cultural events, from concerts to public readings at the Recitatorium to performances at less splendid venues. Those favoring solitude for meditation will appreciate also the extraordinary beauty and wonder of the Hanging Ziggurats. In addition to high culture, the markets of Vivane often boast more common but also more dramatic entertainers: Maracian dancers, Indrisan illusionists, a Vasgothian with a trained bear only a little larger than himself, and other such delights. Gambling is another favorite pastime in the city. Vivanians love to play the game with checkered stones known as *sabaccara;* they bet on the outcome of gladiator battles at Darbeleezer's Pit, and sometimes even on worm or maggot races in disorderly drinking houses. One of their most bizarre pastimes is cow fighting; eight to ten specially trained cows are assembled in a ring, and spectators watch as they attempt to head-butt each other out of the circle. The cows' horns are often quite sharp, and a head-butt from a trained cow is no joke. As cows tend to be placid by nature, it often takes several hours for the ring to be cleared. Vivanians usually drink themselves silly during this long wait, and usually place bets for relatively small stakes.

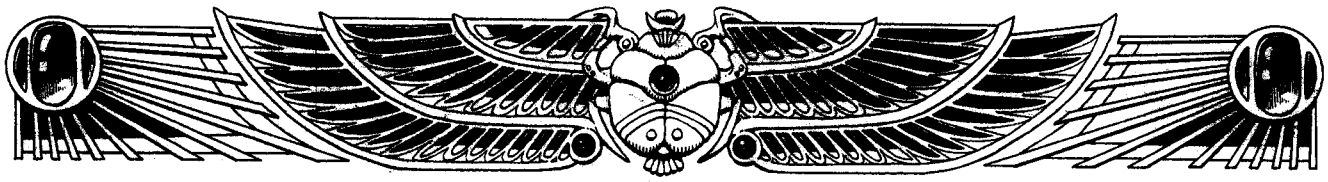
Theran Vivane has its dark side, of which Darbeleezer's Pit is but one example. Visitors should avoid the city's more dubious brothels, as well as the establishments that cater to the most depraved tastes of the jaded nobility. From time to time, unlucky customers at these establishments are found floating down the river. However, compared to certain places in the depths of the Broken Quarter where men with nowhere to turn risk their very lives for the promise of a little food or money, the Old City is a haven of quiet respectability and civilization.

BARSAIVIANS IN VIVANE

The obese, self-serving Barsaivian magistrate Quarique Oathstone and his Assembly of trustee puppets pretend to govern Barsaivian Vivane. They make recommendations to the Theran House Conclave, which pretends to take them seriously. In reality, this structure exists to pacify Barsaivian trustees and the minority of the Barsaivian electorate that pays the stone tax on their property. In fact, Barsaivians possess no real power at all in Vivane beyond the mundane administration of the City Militia and a number of lesser officials. Therans regard all Barsaivians as lesser forms of life, and though they treat trustees without hostility, they almost always patronize them.

Even though the Therans control the city, the majority of Vivane's free population is Barsaivian. Barsaivian visitors to the city will find, sometimes to their dismay, that Vivane's Barsaivian citizens regard the Therans in many different lights.

A fair percentage, perhaps a quarter or a third of the population, consider the Therans to be good or at least acceptable rulers. Thera has brought law and order and various amenities to most of Vivane, and many of its citizens can live without fear of being robbed, murdered or



Population of Vivane

Race	Therans* (approx. 20,000)	Free Barsaivians** (approx. 55,000)	Slaves† (approx. 20,000)
Elves	3,200/16%	4,400/8%	400/2%
Humans	7,400/37%	8,000/14%	12,800/64%
Orks	6,200/31%	14,000/25%	3,000/15%
Dwarfs	2,800/14%	23,500/42.5%	3,400/17%
Trolls	300/1.5%	5,500/10%	350/1.75%
Obsidimen	Handful	Handful	None
Windlings	Handful	Handful	Handful

*Roughly 15,000 live in the Theran Quarter, 5,000 outside it.
**Roughly 2,000 live in the Theran Quarter, 53,000 outside it. An additional 10,000 to 35,000 people may be living in the makeshift camps outside the city's boundaries, depending upon the time of year.
†16,500 live in the Theran Quarter, 4,000 outside it.

pillaged. Those who work hard can even earn a fair living and realistically hope that their children, who will be trustees as soon as they come of age, can climb even further up the social and economic ladder. Denounced by some as collaborators, these people throw in their lot with the Therans because they value the stability and security the Therans have brought to Vivane. As might be expected, those who hold such views dwell (or aspire to dwell) in or near the Theran Quarter or in the wealthier and more secure parts of the Merchants' Quarter.

Anywhere from a fifth to a quarter of Barsaivians in Vivane actively dislike the Therans. Seeing the Imperials as oppressors, they try to avoid them. Most of these folk live outside the Old City. Despite their distaste for the Therans, only a small fraction of this minority is engaged in or sympathetic to active subversion. They have learned that when resistance leaders such as the infamous Tribas Koar (see p. 38 in **Barsaivian Vivane**) do something unpleasant to the Therans, the Therans send out soldiers from the Eighth Legion to round up a bunch of non-trustee Barsaivians and summarily execute them, usually around ten times as many as the number of Therans harmed. Plenty of these people realize that they could be the next victims, and they resent the "freedom fighters" for placing them in such danger. Others place their faith in Tribas Koar and the resistance, believing that subversive actions will either drive the Therans from the city or draw such an outrageously brutal crackdown from the occupiers that the ordinary people will rise up and cast them out of Vivane. As yet, neither seems more or less likely to happen.

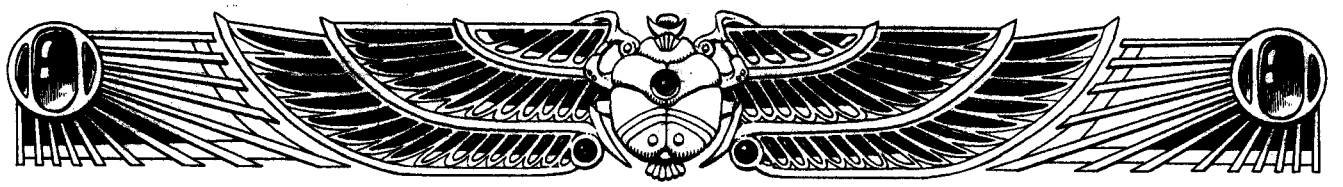
The rest of Vivane's Barsaivian inhabitants just want to get by. They make a living as best they can by trading, crafting, digging ditches, begging, or whatever. They don't much like the Therans, but they accept the reality of their position; it matters little who is in charge, their own lot is unlikely to change. These people tend to be skeptical about the possibility of throwing off the Imperial yoke. Many of them do not see it as a yoke at all—three generations of them have known nothing but Theran rule and have grown accustomed to it. As they see it, the Therans are in Vivane to stay and Barsaivians had better make the best of it. These people rarely help the resistance, but they do not usually inform on them either.

The few windlings in the city almost all actively oppose the Therans, and many are members of the resistance. Orks, still bitter about their historical enslavement by the Therans, also tend to be more hostile toward them than other Barsaivians. Humans and elves, as the most likely to become trustees, are frequently neutral or even supportive of Therans. In general, wealthier people of whatever race are more likely to welcome the Theran presence.

Magic in Daily Life

The most powerful Theran magicians are without peer in the known world, and Therans in general also excel at the practical uses of magic. The wealth of the Theran nobility and other prominent citizens has made all manner of magical accouterments available that make everyday life easier. From the magnificent aquifers of the Theran Quarter to humble devices such as wooden sticks impregnated with elemental fire that enable one to start a roaring fire in one's hearth with a little concentration, magic saturates Theran life. The Therans take such conveniences for granted, and many other cosmopolitan Vivanians are growing to accept them. To visitors, however, these and many other devices are far more common in Vivane than in their own lands. A Barsaivian visitor to Vivane, especially to the Theran Quarter, will find many startling sights.

Therans regularly use elemental air and magical wood from Vasgothian gloamoaks and elsewhere to eliminate friction on the wheels of carriages and wagons. Such vehicles can travel more swiftly and carry heavier loads than is



normally possible, and mounts can pull them for longer hours before tiring. The very wealthy use elemental fire and water to adjust the temperatures of their homes according to the weather, heating rooms on chilly nights and cooling them on warm days. The wealthy can even afford magical metal utensils that conduct heat to a localized area, so that pots or pans full of hot food are cool enough to the touch to be picked up safely. Enchanted cloaks that repel water are readily available, though many nobles still prefer to have slaves walk with them in the rain carrying protective parasols.

THE THERAN CALENDAR

The Imperial calendar is 442 years behind the Throalic calendar, so that the current year is 1507 according to Throalic reckoning and 1064 according to Imperial reckoning. The Imperial calendar is divided into 73 five-day weeks and 12 five-week months, with a five-day interregnum. Days and weeks are noted by their respective numbers; 5/2 denotes the fifth week, second day. The twelve months of the year—Strassa, Veltom, Charassa, Rua, Mawag, Gahmil, Sollus, Riag, Teayu, Borrum, and Doddul—are the same as those of the Throalic calendar, but the Theran and Throalic months of the same name do not begin and end at the same time. This causes no end of confusion to travelers from Barsaive who visit Vivane. Use of the Throalic calendar is forbidden, and the punishment is a large fine. Some elderly or recalcitrant citizens continue to use the Throalic calendar privately—but the Therans rarely bother to hunt for calendar-criminals.

The five-day week between the end of Gahmil and the beginning of Raquas is a holiday elsewhere in the Empire, but not in Vivane. The most important festivals of the Theran year celebrated in the city are the two days commemorating the anniversary of the First Governor's appointment (Veltom, 4/1 and 4/2) and Overgovernor Kypros's birthday (beginning 5/4 Sollus and usually lasting two formal holidays and another two days of relaxed, half-time labor). Festivals unique to Vivane include the New Year Feasting; the Celebration of the Waters, when the rivers rise as the ice high in the Caralkspur Mountains begins to melt; and the Festival of Fish (p. 46).

CLIMATE

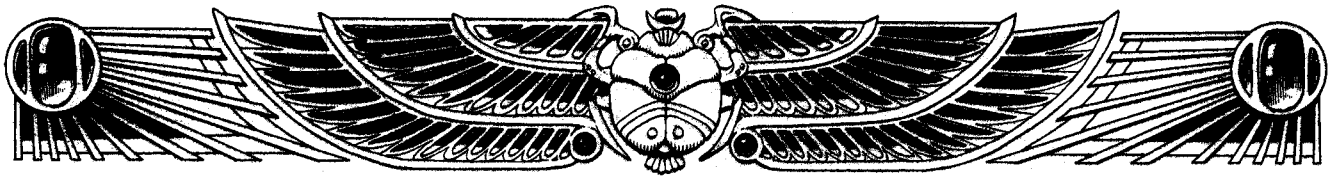
The city's proximity to a major river system shields it from extreme temperature, and the gamemaster is discouraged from using penalties to movement and such on the basis of excessive heat or cold. Temperatures in Vivane Province are livable during most of the year, but they can climb as high as 92 degrees Fahrenheit during the late months of Raquas and Sollus, and even higher during freak heat waves. Precipitation is average. The region's primary water supply comes from the vast Danaba-Flamewalk river system, which depends on the annual melting of ice in the Caralkspur Mountains. If the gamemaster wants rain, fog, hail or similar weather, it simply happens. (If the gamemaster really wants to penalize idiotic heroes for wearing plate armor in hot weather, he should create his own modifiers with all appropriate and malicious glee.)

LANDS BORDERING VIVANE PROVINCE

To the northeast, Vivane Province meets the lands of Barsaive (described in the **Barsaive** boxed set). To the southwest, the province of Rugaria flanks Vivane along the Stranchis and Bearsgold rivers. Settled earlier than Vivane because it is nearer to Thera, Rugaria Province encompasses the fertile lands of the huge Danaba River. The provincial capital of Bukara was built on a tributary of the Danaba rather than on the river itself because the larger river floods every spring. In fact, Thera wisely decided against building any major city on the Danaba. Bukara is sometimes called the Heart's-Leaf City because of the pattern of its construction; its defensive canals subdivide it into four walled sections. For more information on Rugaria and other borderlands, see **Beyond Vivane Province**, pp. 42–49 of the **Vivane Province** book.

Overgovernor Karafanel of Rugaria is an ambitious elf with many friends in Thera proper. The Third Legion, based in Rugaria Province, is noted for its numerous special troops (beastmasters, superb scout/ambushers, and the Stonegourd division of elementalists) who are well equipped with magical armor and weapons. This powerful western neighbor serves to secure Vivane to an extent, but Kypros must also make sure that Karafanel is not plotting his downfall so that one of his own lackeys may be installed in Kypros's place. So far Karafanel has given Kypros no indication that he intends mischief, but he is accustomed to keeping his plans to himself.

Karafanel's kila, the *Imperial Skywake*, is a monstrous vessel capable of traveling four hundred miles per day. Its gilded towers and marbled decks can be seen gleaming in the Vivanian sun whenever he visits Kypros. The Third and Eighth Legions periodically cooperate on major raids and strikes, and the Overgovernors pay each other courtesy visits at least once a year.



BARSAIVIAN VIVANE

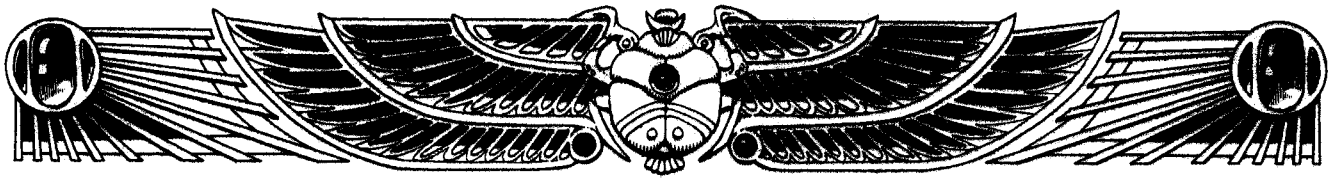
Present-day Vivane is split into two parts: Theran and Barsaivian. In certain areas the distinction is becoming less obvious. In others, the divide increases daily. Barsaivian Vivane, already severely damaged in places by the Horrors that invaded the citadel, took even more damage during the fierce battles of the Theran War. In the years since, some of the ruined buildings have been pulled down and rebuilt or patched up and renovated. In parts of the Merchants' Quarter the city's wealthier families have even built spacious Theran-style villas. In outlying districts, especially in the farther reaches of the area known as the Broken Quarter, the once-magnificent houses and towers of the prosperous are devastated shells. Paupers and dispossessed families huddle in the ruins; the less lucky among them live under temporary canvas roofs or out in the rubble-strewn streets. Though Vivane's Theran overlords initially made great efforts to clear away rubble and debris from the worst areas, in recent years such activity has slipped down the Barsaivian Assembly's list of priorities as fast as the monies intended to fund it slipped into the capacious purses of Magistrate Oathstone and his cronies. Nowadays, ambitious projects such as the fine new wall around the Merchants' Quarter are beginning all around Vivane—and the work of clearing the ruins has been palmed off to disreputable work gangs of slaves and criminals, where it is being done at all.

Like the Theran Quarter of the city, Barsaivian Vivane was originally ringed with strong walls. However, bombardment of Vivane by Theran forces at the start of the reoccupation all but destroyed the walls in many places. The original city walls were twenty-two feet high and seven feet thick, topped with walkways and battlements, and dotted with towers. In the northwest section of Barsaivian Vivane, bordering the High Gate, the walls have survived intact. Elsewhere, the walls range from partly intact sections that occasionally even retain their walkways, to a few inches of rubble. None of these sections are defensible, and anyone can walk around them to enter or leave the city. Only the zealousness of the City Militia and many ordinary citizens keeps itinerants out, and even they generally forestall only the least resourceful.

East of the Theran Quarter, in the shadows of its walls, stands the Merchants' Quarter. This prosperous area stretches from the flat wharf- and warehouse districts that line the Flamewalk River to the gently sloping rows of simple family dwellings that line the southern side of the Coldreach River. To the east of the bustling alleys of Merchant Walk—where one can buy almost anything, if one can find the right stall—a massive new defensive wall (nicknamed the Sneak's Wall by some locals) is being built to protect the trustees and the city's financial heart.

Further east, the riverbank slowly erodes into a shamble of old boatyards and dilapidated warehouses among which the city's least salubrious residents make their homes. Cut in half by the mud-choked mouth of the Coldreach, the area known as the Riverside Quarter is a shady collection of seedy dives and sharp operators, where cheap land and cutthroat merchants conspire to make life long and profitable for some, short-lived and painful for others.

North of Riverside, the ground rises slightly and leads into the Eastern Quarter, known to older residents as the Sunrise Quarter after the immense,



grandiose entrance to the city named the Sunrise Gate. Where once the gate had intact walls on either side, it now stands isolated in a field of rubble. Traders and other travelers enter the city via the Eastern Quarter, and its livestock markets, exchanges, and bazaars offer temporary homes to many indigents. Attracted by the highly exploitable combination of strangers to the city with newly earned money in their pockets, the many gambling halls and other places of "entertainment" as well as various kinds of inns and boarding houses have sprung up in this quarter.

To the north and west, the Broken Quarter creeps up the far side of the Coldreach's shallow valley. In the areas of this quarter closest to the Old City, the streets look all but untouched by the Theran bombardment; indeed, the stretch between the North Gate and the city's outer High Gate might easily be mistaken for part of the Merchants' Quarter. In more distant districts, however, the bricks and tiles of respectable houses give way to wooden props against crumbling walls and temporary canvas roofing, and then to tents and temporary shacks. The people in these parts of the quarter live in abject poverty, existing on whatever they can scrape out of the earth or wrest from each other.

RIVERS OF VIVANE

The original settlement of Vivane, established long before the Therans arrived in Barsaive, grew on the banks of the Coldreach, a small river that flows down from higher land to the north until it reaches the Flamewalk. A bridge across the Coldreach connected both halves of the original village. In time the village grew into a town, and its residents bridged the Flamewalk and the Coldreach's smaller tributary, the Longwater.

The Coldreach and the Longwater change dramatically according to the season. During the heavy rains, the waters flow swiftly and are crystal-clear, fresh and clean. When severe storms pass through, both rivers can rise high enough to burst their banks. The Longwater overflows frequently, drowning the land for several yards on both banks. If this flooding occurred in another city quarter, the authorities might take action—but as the Longwater flows mainly through Ratside, the worst part of the Broken Quarter, no one much cares that dozens of pauper's shacks and makeshift homes are under a foot or two of water (except the people affected, of course). Where the Coldreach runs along the northern wall of the Theran Quarter, the river's north bank is built up with slabs of stone; the south bank is bordered by the Old City wall. Down river, the people living at the bottom of Coldreach Vale have learned from experience and have abandoned the first two streets of their district to grass and mud and the occasional depredations of the waters. As the Coldreach nears the Flamewalk it broadens somewhat, eventually meandering between wide, low-lying mud flats. In times of flood these flats may be underwater for a month or more.

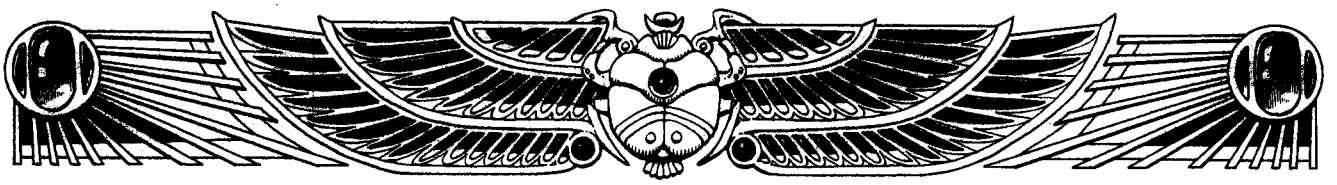
During the dry season both rivers become no more than tiny streams of filthy water trickling down the middle of a channel lined with cracked, stinking mud. The dried-up rivers can no longer remove the household and human wastes of the Broken Quarter's poor, and the neighborhoods closest to the riverbeds become extremely unpleasant. Not for nothing are they sometimes vulgarly known as "the Rivers of Dead Dogs."

For the rest of the year the rivers wend their sluggish way through Vivane, picking up all manner of unsavory deposits and yielding bucket-loads of murky, mud-saturated water barely fit for washing in and that certainly cannot be drunk with safety. Far from being Vivane's lifeblood, the waterways are a stinking stranglehold on its poorest people. Small craft cross the waters and travel up and down some stretches, though many of the bridges are too low to allow anything larger than a coracle to progress very far.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

The leader of the Barsaivian majority and nominal ruler of Vivane is Quarique Oathstone. Unctuous, overweight and ineffectual, he excels only in the bullying that all cowards commit to create the fear that replaces the respect they cannot earn. A human in his early fifties and a city assemblyman by trade, Oathstone was the perfect choice for Chief Magistrate from the Theran point of view: manipulative enough to ensure his own political survival among the Barsaivians, but neither powerful nor quite clever enough to challenge Theran authority.

Since his appointment more than a decade ago by Vivane Province's previous Overgovernor, Povelis, Oathstone has managed to appoint many of his associates and cronies to key positions in the Barsaivian Assembly, thus ensuring himself complete control of that body. Not that control does him much good; the more power he appropriated for himself, the more the Therans held him personally responsible for everything going on outside the walls of the Old City. These days Oathstone is so out of favor with Overgovernor Kypros that the latter can command of him whatever outlandish demand the Therans desire; Oathstone is in no position to bargain or refuse. As the Therans show Oathstone less respect, so do his own people. The ill-educated rabble of the Broken Quarter may well give him some respect simply because of his position, but they have never seen him and are not allowed to vote



for him (or anyone else). Those who count in Barsaivian Vivane, especially the old merchant families, know full well that Oathstone has no real sway with Kypros. However, they also know that a more powerful Barsaivian leader might encourage the Therans to abolish the position of Chief Magistrate entirely. In addition, those who continue pretending to be Oathstone's friends get the pick of all the best public commissions and contracts as long as he is in charge. This alone serves as an excellent reason to continue propping him up.

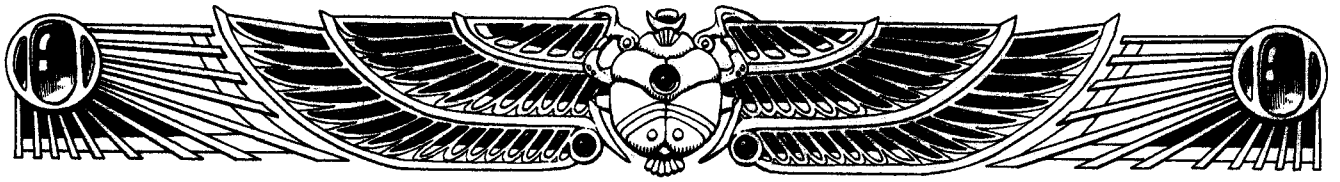
Oathstone is short and fat, and affects a stiffly pointed gray beard in a vain attempt to look sophisticated. He lives in a large villa near the Assembly building (just far enough away to permit him to be driven to it in a large, ostentatious coach). The villa—and Oathstone himself—are surrounded by bodyguards drawn from the City Militia; he also employs pretty servant women from all over the city. His taste is appallingly vulgar; both his clothes and the fittings of his villa show the worst excesses of failed attempts to copy the classical Theran style.

Oathstone's long-time friend and second in command is Jeran Darro, a one-time spice trader turned head of the City Militia. This position of power has changed Darro from a thin, nervous individual into a swaggering fool so ridiculous that whenever the common people get to drinking, someone can always be relied upon to impersonate him (to the crowd's great amusement). Darro believes he has finally reached the office for which he had always been destined; he insists that he is a great military leader, a general-in-waiting of almost legendary proportions. He sometimes dreams of leading a Theran Legion, marching gloriously into battle at the head of his troops. These delusions and Darro's deep-seated cowardice are known to the Therans and have led them to keep relations between the Theran Watch and the Eighth Legion at the kind of subtle distance typical between a dog and his master. From his gigantic office in the south wing of the Assembly building, Darro exercises his command with unstinting regularity, calling in the senior commanders of each Militia squad on a daily basis to hear detailed reports and issue trivial orders. If Darro did not have the ear of Oathstone and the support of many of his merchant associates in the Assembly, more than a few Militia commanders would gladly stand in line to rise up and remove him.

The third senior member of the ruling group is Unsara Ultaramis, another old acquaintance of Oathstone. Ultaramis is Leader of the Assembly, in charge of its rules and procedure as well as overseeing the granting of licenses, passes, tax exemptions and all the other mundane aspects of civic administration. In response to unusually severe rioting in the Broken Quarter four years ago, Ultaramis was appointed that quarter's special projects leader and charged with solving all of its manifold problems. Apart from a scheme to landscape the city graveyards and another to clear away rubble (and those filthy, potentially criminal families living in it) from the streets near her own large house on High Gate Road, she has so far had little success. A tall, plump elf in her sixties, Ultaramis greatly admires the Therans and speaks with an outrageously overdone Imperial accent. She always dresses in tailor-made clothes based on the fashions she saw on her most recent visit to the Recitatorium or the Concert Hall in the Old City. Of course, her half-remembered descriptions never quite capture the flair of the originals.

THE ASSEMBLY

The Barsaivian Assembly is made up of twelve elected representatives, plus Oathstone, the Assembly Leader, and the City Militia head. The latter two are technically appointed by the Assembly, but Oathstone's cronies in that august body have given him no trouble over his choices. Elections are held every three years, and all householders are eligible to vote. Eligibility, however, depends on the



house in question having four complete walls and a proper roof, and on the householder paying any outstanding taxes in full without fail the week before the election. In practice, these requirements mean that eight of the twelve representative posts are always drawn from the Merchants' Quarter. Plenty of candidates usually stand for each post, but almost all are wealthy merchants or professional people whose sole purpose in standing—whatever they may say in their pre-ballot speeches—is to increase their personal influence and prestige. Residents of the Broken Quarter usually greet such people with outrage and occasional riots. Most Barsaivian citizens, lacking the means to put up their own candidates, end up having to choose the least awful of a bad bunch.

In keeping with the illusion that the Assembly and Oathstone govern all of Vivane, one of the Assembly's representatives is supposed to come from the Theran Quarter. However, no vote is ever taken to elect this representative. Instead, the post belongs to the Overgovernor, and he never attends Assembly meetings. The Overgovernor summons Oathstone whenever Kypros needs him, a far more convenient arrangement for the busy Theran ruler.

Members of the Assembly are expected to attend meetings three evenings a week, unless another matter of great importance needs their combined attention. If a scandalously good new production is on at the House of Tales, or an assemblyman hosts a large and expensive banquet, a meeting may be canceled. Members are also expected to hold regular, open meetings to listen to the problems and comments of those they represent, but many representatives make these meetings as rare as possible. They tend to take place most often when enough pressure is brought to bear by local leaders, or by rioting crowds who threaten the lives of the representative's family.

OTHER PROMINENT CITIZENS

In addition to the three senior members of the Assembly, several other people are important and well-known figures in Barsaivian Vivane.

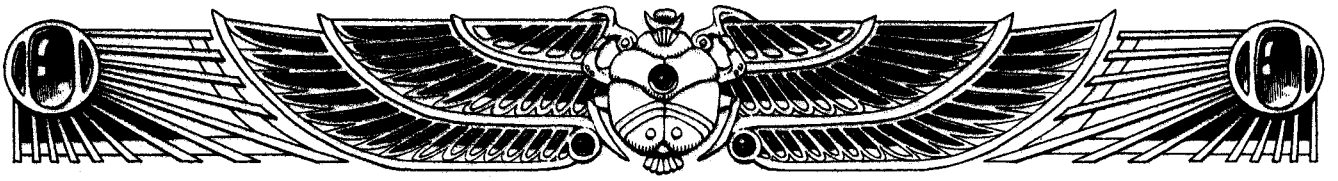
HARELLEM BILYA

The current patriarch of the Bilya family, Harellem is an elderly dwarf in his seventies. A city magistrate known for stern fairness, he still oversees every aspect of the family's affairs with a clinical eye for detail and an almost inhuman memory for contract clauses and the like. The Bilya family has traded in Vivane for many generations, and has risen to prominence in almost every aspect of the city's life. Originally, they specialized in overland trade with Barsaive, parlayed that activity into a controlling interest in warehousing and Vivane's dock areas and then took the same steps for shops and taverns. The family eventually bought up large areas of the Theran Quarter and the Merchants' Quarter, specifically the district known as Wallside. They lost almost all rights to the former properties to the Therans, but retained the latter. The Bilyas still own many of the largest houses and commercial properties in Barsaivian Vivane. Harellem has never stood for the Assembly, preferring to leave that to his younger brother Gordist, who has sat in the Assembly for six terms. Harellem Bilya is neutral toward the Therans; while their rule has done little good for some parts of the city, the presence of so many wealthy and cultured newcomers offers ample opportunity for forging profitable new trade relations. The Bilyas have secret trading connections with several Theran noble Houses, though they certainly cannot expect to join any through marriage. Harellem believes this is just as well, for the Therans may go away one day, and then how could he possibly convince his Barsaivian customers to trust the Bilya name?

DORINA TARN RUBARIC

The head of the Rubaric family, Dorina Tarn Rubaric is the young elven widow of its recently deceased patriarch, Erelsim. The Rubarics are the young pretenders to the Bilya family throne. Lacking their rivals' long-standing traditions and contacts, the Rubaric family has built up its power by collusion with the Therans in every possible way. The young men and women of the family serve in the Watch or at high rank in the City Militia (usually in the Red Squad); others work for prominent Theran businessmen and city officials as trusted clerks or advisers on Barsaivian ways. Senior family members run many of the trading establishments and routes not owned by the Bilyas and constantly seek to undercut prices and steal a march on desirable items.

Rather than slipping quietly into the background and leaving Erelsim's brothers and sisters to fight for control of the family, the thirty-six-year-old Dorina has instead maneuvered them against each other. She sent the most troublesome members to take care of pressing business far away from the central concerns of the family (in the case of Varkor, Erelsim's nearest sibling, to a crucial but distant post supervising family interests in Bartertown). Despite her slight build and fey looks, Dorina has a steely brain admirably suited for business and power plays. Rumors are rife that she is seeking a new husband—possibly even Darian Bilya, the heir to the Bilya fortune. Such rumors are not entirely baseless. One of the most prominent patrons of the arts in Barsaivian Vivane, Dorina Rubaric has her own



box at the House of Tales. She is also seen often in the Old City, attending productions at one of its great halls of the arts. Possessed of rare good taste for a Barsaivian (by Theran standards), Dorina manages to follow Theran fashions without looking gaudy or pretentious.

PORTIN DASHAN

The People's Playwright, as his wealthy patrons call him, is the latest sensation of the House of Tales. Despite his Broken Quarter background, he has found fame and fortune as manager of his own theatrical company and author of its greatest successes. He writes political allegories, weaving intricate conceits on the nature of life under Theran occupation into seemingly innocent and fun-loving romantic comedies. Those who have studied this work in depth have come to understand that he does not simply hate the Therans. He is a realist who explores the genuine problems of life under occupation through his work and reaches gloomy but accurate conclusions.

Dashan's much-publicized Fund for Broken Vivane, into which much of his money has gone, has made him a popular figure with many residents of the Broken Quarter. Few of them have seen his dramas, but most are more than familiar with his name and generosity. A handsome human in his late twenties, Dashan affects a rakish look, with long dark hair and sweeping clothes; the wives of many wealthy Barsaivian merchants vigorously vie to be his patrons.

OMASU

A famous obsidiman troubadour and trader, Omasu has not been seen in Vivane for several years, and the great house he owns on the Street of Knives remains shuttered. Despite his absence, his branch of the Overland Trading Company, based in a large hall just west of the Elf Bridge Square, continues to do good business. The company's caravans still carry goods to and from distant parts of Barsaive and beyond. Though he was always something of an enigma to his human and elven associates, Omasu is greatly missed. For many Barsaivians he symbolized the way occupied Vivane could survive—through trade and communication, regardless of who was in charge. Many hope he will soon appear again in the city.

TRIBAS KOAR

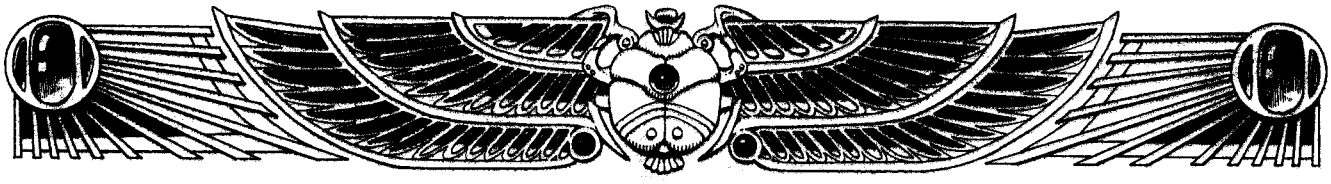
Tribas Koar is the infamous leader of the Barsaivian Resistance, the underground organization devoted to freeing the city from the Theran yoke. Ever since its brief success in booting the Theran occupiers out of Vivane many decades ago during the Theran War, the Resistance has taken on the trappings of a legend despite the fact that they ultimately lost. Tribas Koar is a dashing young human whose speeches and writings have roused many to rebellion and inspired loyalty to free Barsaivian Vivane among all his hearers. Quarique Oathstone lies awake many a night, debating endlessly whether to seek out Koar and bring him to justice (and thus be rewarded by the Therans) or to seek out Koar and help him overthrow the Therans (and thus be rewarded by the Barsaivians). Unfortunately, no one among all the Broken Quarter dwellers who claim to have seen and heard Tribas Koar speak can actually recall which of a long and tedious parade of rabble-rousers was him. They cannot remember precisely what he said, nor how he looked. (After all, the real fun started after the last agitator finished droning on: bashing Therans and their stooges from the City Militia until it came time to run away again.)

The gamemaster may consider the following options with regard to Tribas Koar. Whichever he chooses, however, the Resistance certainly exists, though its innermost workings are deeply hidden. An inner cabal of five commands an outer circle of thirty or so (who do not know the identities of the five); the thirty relay instructions secretly through contacts at every level of society in Barsaivian Vivane, but especially to local leaders in the Broken Quarter (from where they draw almost all of their real support). Most such instructions are simple reminders of Theran tyranny, but on occasion involve concrete calls to action. Such action usually means destroying some obvious symbol of Theran wealth or domination, usually the aquifers. The Resistance has not attempted a major disruption or open assault for several years.

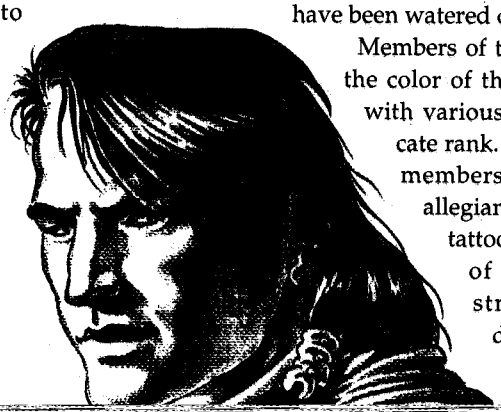
Resistance meetings usually take place in ruined houses in the most densely populated parts of the Broken Quarter, where the large concentrations of ordinary people serve as cover. The meetings are watched over by a small corps of well-trained guards who have become highly adept at diverting the Militia's attentions. Members of the outer circle have been captured on occasion, and one or more of them may be a Theran spy. So far, however, the inner core of the Resistance has remained unidentified and evaded capture.

Option 1

Tribas Koar does not exist; he is a mythical figure, created either deliberately or accidentally as a focus to raise funds from distant Throal and to rouse the emotions of the Broken Quarter's unfortunates. Through rumor and hearsay, the fictional Tribas Koar has apparently addressed every rally and fringe meeting set up through the shadowy influences of the Resistance. In truth, the Resistance delib-



erately exploits the confusion of such rabble-rousing events afterward; the word always goes out that Koar's was the best of all the speeches, and that he was the handsomest and most striking of all those present. His legendary skills as an illusionist allegedly help him to inspire the crowd, disguise his features, and allow him to escape unharmed. Adventurers who wish to join Koar or capture him for the authorities may be led a merry dance when they search for this nonexistent leader.

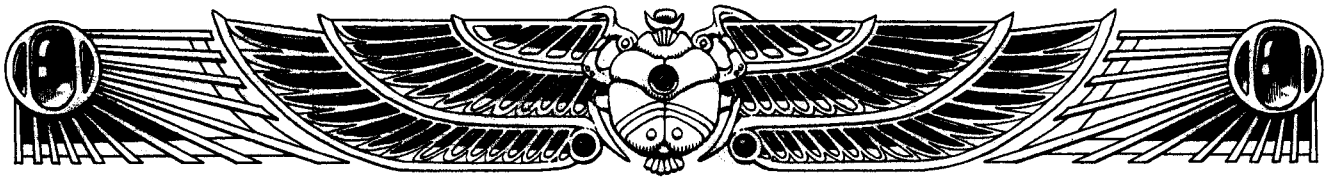


Option 2

Tribas Koar is a real and tremendously popular figure, always popping up to lead a rioting crowd against the North

people of the city. Many of the Militia's best men served temporarily with the Theran Watch, and learned certain tactics and methods from them. Those worthies trained newer recruits, who in turn trained others, and so on. Over time, the skills and discipline learned from the Therans have been watered down by Barsaivian middlemen.

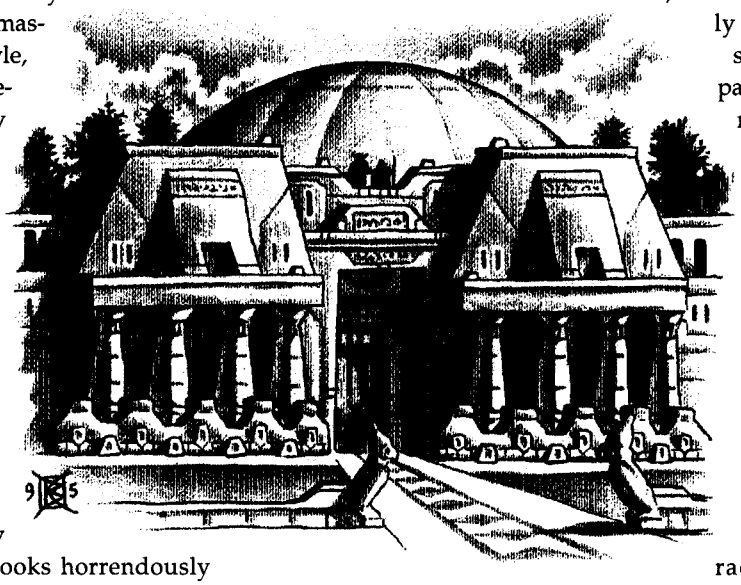
Members of the City Militia wear neckerchiefs in the color of their squad, appropriately decorated with various silver and golden threads to indicate rank. Many of the Green Squad's rougher members sport further indications of their allegiance in the form of bands of green ink tattooed around their necks. All members of the Militia encountered on the streets carry the standard gear described in the **City Militiaman** profile (p. 23). Though fairly new, this equipment is not always of



modifiers in these shops range from one and a half to three times normal prices, though few Therans would pay so much; the articles for sale are almost all bad pastiches of out-of-date Theran Quarter fashions.

House of Tales

After a visit to the magnificent Recitatorium in the Theran Quarter, Quarique Oathstone decreed that Barsaivian Vivane should have a similar establishment and commissioned the city's architects to design a new theater to be built on the Street of Golden Stars. The resulting House of Tales (named by Oathstone) is a misguided masterpiece of fake Imperial style, so close and yet so completely botched that many Therans who pass it struggle to repress their chuckles at the sight. The building has the usual twin fountains, but they have never worked properly. It has columns and wide marble steps, but they are ever-so-slightly unevenly spaced, and made of such poor quality stone that unsightly stone-chip plugs fill the cracks scattered over every surface. Inside, the foyer looks horrendously cluttered to Theran eyes: hanging tapestries, ornate portraits, carved screens and small wooden booths selling tickets and sweetmeats take up far too much of the available space. The auditorium provides relief for over-worked eyes, until one happens to look up at the ridiculously overdone ornate ceiling mural with its hideous invocation of changing seasons in the form of largely unclothed maidens representing winter, spring, and so on. The wealthy Barsaivians who visit in droves for every premiere are delighted with the building; they believe that they have matched the Therans at their own game, albeit in a gracefully understated way (none of that pompous Theran magic lighting and perfumery here, thank you!).

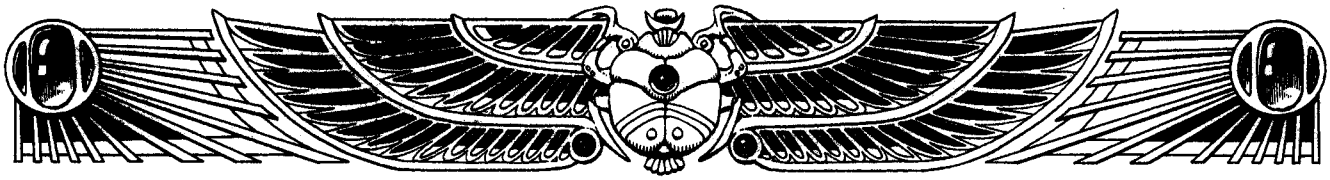


Tickets for an ordinary performance, whether a play or a recital by a selection of well-known troubadours, range from 5 to 20 silver pieces for a seat or 70 silver pieces for a box; some city families have boxes reserved for their exclusive use. Opening nights and special events often cost more. The director of the House of Tales is the elf Comran Erebor, a veteran of the city's dramatic scene and once Vivane's most dashing young lead. He discovered Fortin Dashan, and the brilliant young playwright and his company are always working up another of his popular dramas. Currently playing is Dashan's *A Love in Summer*, a romantic story of lost love aboard a sinking ship. With Dashan himself playing a thinly disguised parody of Oathstone in the portly figure of his long-running character Lord Wiffy Grease, the show is packing them in.

Halls of Assembly

Sandwiched between the Wallside and Merchantwalk districts, the Halls of Assembly (commonly known as the Assembly) sit at one corner of a large park. Built of white and pink marble in a more than usually tasteful approximation of classic Imperial style, the Assembly is a solid rectangular building fronted with columns and topped with a low dome. Twenty Red Squad Militiamen are on constant guard, both at the front doors and patrolling the grounds, and many more are available at the City Militia's main barracks just across the road. Security is Good near the Assembly, but extra patrols raise the chance of an encounter with the Militia to every ten minutes day or night. The building is fortified against magical attack and has a Spell Defense of 7 against spells and magical abilities. Oathstone keeps requesting Theran assistance in raising it to "a level more befitting the Assembly's important personages and responsibilities," and Kypros keeps turning him down flat.

Inside, the lower floors are a maze of offices occupied by Barsaivian Vivane's chief administrators and more mundane city clerks, tax adjusters and civic administrators. The original Recordkeeper's Office was located here, and even though all its work is now done by the House of Records in the Theran Quarter, several large rooms remain crammed with old files. Each Assembly representative is entitled to a suite of offices in the building, though few can be found in them on a daily basis. The upper level consists of several larger rooms, including Oathstone's private offices and the Assembly's large and under-used Grand Meeting Hall, which is situated under the dome.



Surrounding the Halls of Assembly is a sizable tract of well-maintained park land. The park is surrounded with seven-foot railings and closes its gates at night, but it is a favorite spot for romantic young Vivanians to plight their troth on warm summer evenings (or at least get up to the usual adolescent fumbling). Deer roam the park, and in mating season have been known to display aggressive behavior to walkers who harass them. The penalty for killing one of Oathstone's deer, should any starving member of the Broken Quarter's downtrodden multitude be desperate enough to attempt it, is slavery or execution (usually depending on whether the Therans want the defendant or not). Some cynics say the deer are deliberately placed near the Assembly to assure a good supply of extra slaves without unnecessarily irritating the Barsaivians by culling a few at random when the need arises.

From its chief barracks across the road from the Assembly, the City Militia keeps watch for trouble. The barracks is old and in need of repair, and probably could not withstand a genuine military assault. It has no defenses against magic, and its walls are less than a foot thick. It can hold three hundred militiamen, though it rarely contains more than half that number at any one time. The barracks is built around a small drill square, but very few men use it for its intended purpose (especially during hours when the nearby taverns are open for business).

RIVERWALK AND ITS ENVIRONS

South of the long, cobbled thoroughfare named the Street of Coins, the homes and tree-lined streets of Wallside give way to the district known as Riverwalk. In Riverwalk, the wealthiest residents of the Merchants' Quarter do much of their business. This district abounds with offices for Vivane's main trading companies, along with warehouses and some workers' dwellings. Along the south side of the Street of Coins, clustered near each other as if for support, are the trading exchanges where the prices of raw materials are fixed and fortunes are won or lost. From east to west, stretching from the corner of the Street of Iron almost as far as Wallside Lane, the exchanges are the House of Iron (metals), the House of Grains, the House of Meat, the Spice Exchange, and the House of Silks (fine cloth). There is also a House of Fish down on the eastern half of River Walk, where copious amounts of fish and shellfish arrive each morning to be traded. All of the exchanges open at dawn and work until noon, every day of the week. As a result, some of the more select drinking clubs and dining halls in the district have peculiar opening times for the convenience of their clients. East of the intersection of Coins and Iron Streets stands the Justice House, where everyday justice is meted out to lawbreakers. Therans who break the law can elect to be tried in the Theran Quarter; cases that require the judgment of the Chief Magistrate are usually heard in the Assembly. This part of the Riverwalk district has Good security, and all important buildings have two or three private guards. The guards should be treated as First or Second Circle warriors for game purposes.

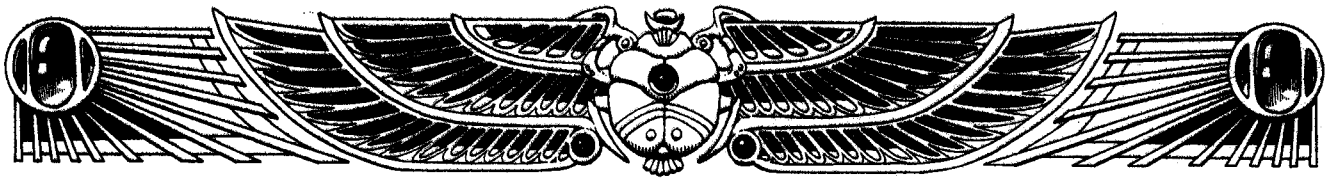
The southern half of the Riverwalk district serves the river. Along the quayside are many boat and barge builders, small and large (the large ones are both owned by the Bilya family). Serving them are net and sailmakers, oar carvers and keel caulkers, and a dozen other specialist trades. All work from small workshops, often with family rooms above or behind the artisan's working space. Security is Fair on this area's main roads, but nonexistent in the back streets and alleys that twist and turn between and behind them.

Fishing boats land east of the City Prison (see **Map of Vivane**). Fishing is not a large business in Vivane, but a dozen or so boats try their luck both near the city and further downstream on the Danaba. The main catches from the Flamewalk are freshwater crayfish and some trout and perch, depending on the time of year. Those who make the two-day trip to the Danaba can return with all manner of freshwater fish—even salmon, depending on the season. The quays near the landing area are dotted with sheds where fish and shellfish are gutted, cleaned, smoked and so on before being taken to the House of Fish for selling to the city's fish traders. The area has a certain piquant odor to it, though it is not overpowering.

At present, the scent of minor rebellion is in the breeze. Certain Assemblymen (no one is certain which) have proposed that once the River Wall along the riverside is finished, an arrangement like the one that already exists in the Old City should come into force: namely, that city authorities will rent the area between the wall and the river. The smaller fishermen know they will not be able to afford the prices likely to be charged and will inevitably face the choice of being bought out by a large company (most likely owned by the omnipresent Bilya family) or moving to the distinctly dangerous Riverside Quarter. The smaller fishing concerns have staged occasional strikes and sometimes more creative protests, such as the time they filled Oathstone's private office at the Assembly with several tons of rotting shrimp and fish heads.

CITY PRISON

At the south end of the Street of Iron, the squat shape of the Barsaivian City Prison huddles close to the river. The city's most dangerous criminals (and anyone whose



alleged offense involved a Theran) are detained in the Imperial Prison in the Theran Quarter; the City Prison holds the rest. Most of the inmates are such dangerous folk as tax defrauders and defaulters, other debtors, thieves and swindlers. Murderers, rapists, arsonists and suspected Resistance members are executed after a swift and summary trial, often watched by a large crowd of commoners, on the podium that stands just inside ornate outer railings. The outer railings are twenty feet high; the prison's inner walls are ten feet thick, thirty-five feet high and twenty feet deep. The prison is not as brutal as it might be. For example, most of its cells have windows (albeit far above the level where a prisoner might look out through the bars), but the stones are cold and the food is said to be disgusting. The prison is guarded by a detachment of thirty-two men from the City Militia, led by Danna Ursin, an ork captain and Fifth Circle swordmaster. She usually has a bawdy song on her lips, but her cheerful demeanor belies the serious nature of her work.

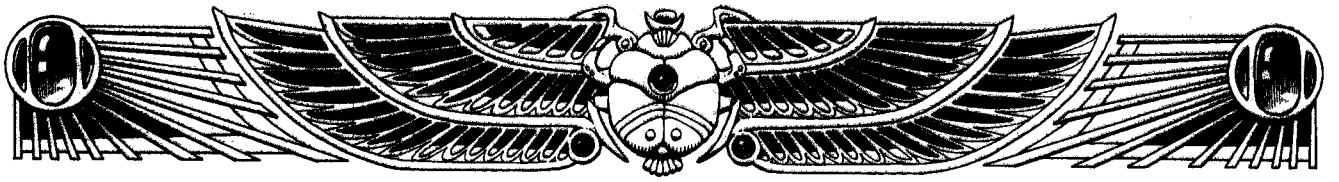
Festival of Fish

The Flamewalk River has long been the lifeblood of Vivane for communication, trade, food and water, and the citizens of the city have long celebrated this fact with the midsummer Festival of Fish. A light-hearted affair, it takes place over three long days and evenings on the River Walk. From stalls set up among the fishing boats and the sailmakers' and net-stitchers' shacks, people sell drinks and food, much of it on a fishy theme. Adults and children compete in various games, and boats and quays are decked out in bunting, colored flags and—after dusk—multi-colored lights both natural and magical. Many families who fish the river up- and downstream attend the festival, and many Vivanians travel across the city to take part (though the very wealthy tend to stay away, for the Festival is considered a little vulgar by the residents of Wallside). The many events include lucky dips for gold coins and trinkets in barrels of fish; fish throwing, fish launching, and fish catching; fish juggling, in both the live and the dead categories, with the freshwater lobsters always a crowd puller; fish racing in specially designed tanks; guessing the weight of a monstrous fish; fish-themed fancy dress balls where everyone performs dances with a fishy motif; and many more. Jellyfish strangling is perhaps the most absurd of these many contests.

The unwary may be persuaded to partake of Festival Pie, a local specialty served solely at Festival time. The pie consists of a bowl containing twenty live fish, each of a different species, and a large bottle of potent liquor to chase down each one. The crowd, of course, does their best to encourage a newcomer to finish the dish; veterans of the festival may compete in eating the dish at top speed or in large quantities. Whoever can get through the most fish before vomiting uncontrollably wins the contest, and the winner is nearly always a troll (a race legendary for its strong stomachs). The Festival is a good-natured event, though occasional late-night drunken brawling breaks out, which the City Militia ends by simply throwing everyone into the Flamewalk. Festival attendees who intend to drink themselves to sleep are advised to travel with sober friends.

Merchantwalk and the Walk Market

The heart of the Merchants' Quarter is the Merchantwalk district, home of the frantic bazaar known as the Walk Market. Many decades ago the marketplace was an open square of rickety stalls surrounded by shops. As the area grew, the stalls became permanent and the shops stretched all the way into the back streets. Roofs were built over the streets in many places, and the Walk Market is now a labyrinth of narrow lanes and alleys crammed with establishments that sell just about anything one can imagine if one knows where to look. Adventurers from Barsaive should feel thoroughly at home among Merchantwalk's stalls and taverns.



Most of the five hundred or so shops and stalls in Merchantwalk sell everyday goods: food, clothing, household goods and such. Some offer more unusual items. Though the most expensive and exclusive goods are more likely to be sold in the shops of the Old City or along the Street of Golden Stars, the observant visitor can find many surprising things in Merchantwalk. Apart from goods from Barsaive and Throal, little foreign merchandise is sold in Merchantwalk, as traders who have traveled a great distance know they will get a much better price for their goods in the Theran Quarter. Prices of everyday goods in Merchantwalk range from 10 to 20 percent higher than normal, often depending on how wealthy the customer looks. More unusual or exclusive items range from normal price to four times higher or more. Haggling is encouraged, even expected.

Though Merchantwalk is not officially divided into areas specializing in different goods, everyday items and especially foodstuffs are generally found closer to the Street of Knives while more exotic and expensive items are found closer to the Street of Silver. Walk Market closes shortly after dark—and in some areas the absence of lamps means the shops close earlier—but many taverns and eating houses remain open all day and night. Despite its maze-like nature, the Merchantwalk is not a particularly dangerous place. Petty thievery is much more likely to befall the visiting adventurer than violence. Pickpockets and sneak thieves operate everywhere and are very persistent, as are beggars and the gangs of small children who entreat strangers for small change. The local residents look after their own, and because many shopkeepers live in or above their establishments, a cry of alarm is likely to attract a large crowd within minutes.

The City Militia do not like patrolling the market. The area has Fair security, but the gamemaster should double the time between Militia patrols; adventurers will only encounter them once every two hours or so. Also, the Militia generally patrols only the wider streets and lanes; they do not venture down back alleys unless called here in an emergency, and even then the delay in obtaining sufficient light to see by may result in their arriving far too late to be of any use.

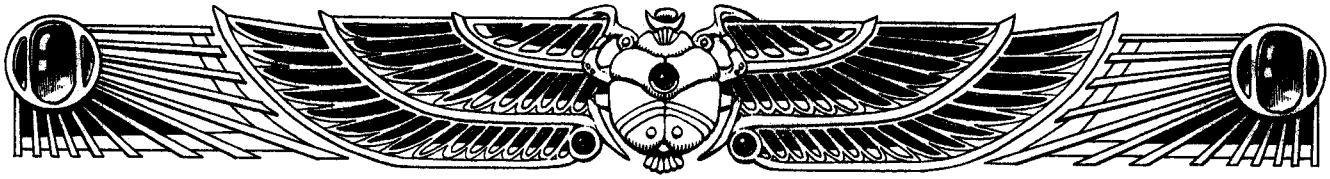
North of Merchantwalk is Elf Bridge Square, with its fine carvings and ornate murals. This wide, dusty, ancient crossroads still serves its original purpose. In the southwest corner of the square is a wide pool with fountains, at the back of which stand two large, almost-intact statues that were found thirty years ago beneath the ruins of a large house in the Broken Quarter. Some believe they depict the Passions Chorrolis and Astendar, but most scholars who have studied them believe they are simply large figures of ordinary people, possibly a wealthy merchant and his wife from a few centuries ago. The statues have no real significance, save that some followers of the aforesaid Passions occasionally come to the square to meditate in front of them or speak a few reverent words.

South of Elf Bridge Square, the quarter opens into an area of artisans' workshops and professional businesses. One may find carpenters and stonemasons here, as well as doctors, scribes, and scholars. Though Vivane has no university, the Merchantwalk district boasts several small private schools, where a dozen or so children of families who cannot afford private tutors come to pick up some learning. The area just south of the square is quiet and mostly respectable and has Good security.

East of the Walk Market, across the Street of Silver, is the district known as Silverside. Currently being redeveloped in the shadow of the new city wall, it has long been the financial heart of the Merchants' Quarter. Moneylenders and bankers, pawnbrokers, jewelers and antiquities dealers all ply their trades in Silverside. Prices of goods in this district range from 20 to 80 percent above normal and security is Good. The Assembly has ruled that Silverside's shops should emphasize art and craft, and so the city government offers small, easy-term loans to people wishing to open such select establishments as galleries, workshops, studios and the like. So far many properties remain empty, but the loan program is still in its early days.

COLDREACH VALE

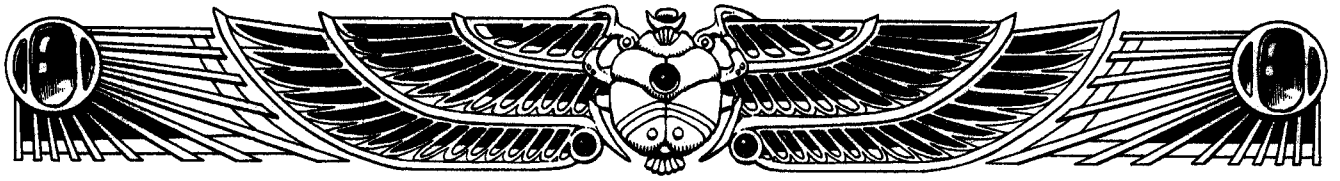
The northern part of the Merchants' Quarter, between the Street of Golden Stars and the Coldreach River, has long been home to those who work in the rest of the quarter. Coldreach Vale's neat cobbled roads lined with small, one- or two-story houses are mostly quiet and safe, even the ones that have a small tavern on the corner. This area has Fair security. A fair number of Vale residents work for the merchants of Wallside in some capacity. Many others find employment in the shops and exchanges of Merchantwalk as sales staff, bodyguards or general help. Still others work as warehousemen or laborers, loading and unloading barges. Some are skilled craftsmen who fashion metal or wood in the artisans' workshops that line either side of the Street of Knives. Some are lowly clerks who work in the Assembly building or in the offices of a great merchant family's business. Most of this district's people earn moderate wages. Some families verge on poverty, but most do well enough to be content. Of all the people in Barsaivian Vivane, the residents of Coldreach Vale best sum up the attitude, "whoever's in charge, it's not for us to question; we know our place."



THE RIVERSIDE QUARTER

Long before the Theran occupation, the entire northern bank of the Flamewalk River teemed with all manner of river-associated activities, from shipbuilders to silos where the wealthier merchants stored their grain. The eastern part of the riverbank, where the river begins its slow curve, has long suffered from erosion. In the past fifty years, and for many decades before, the Riverside Quarter has been slowly turning to mud. Parts have slipped into the river, and others are sliding toward it. The ancient docks have been replaced by temporary wooden platforms, but even these are being eaten away. Meanwhile, east of the Coldreach, deposits of mud and debris are developing into a shallow mud flat that is exposed in the heat of summer, but under several feet of water in the spring. Local people are angry that Theran elementalists have done nothing to arrest this process, and in their opinion, the Theran's failure to act shows just how little the occupying Imperialists care about the people of Riverside.

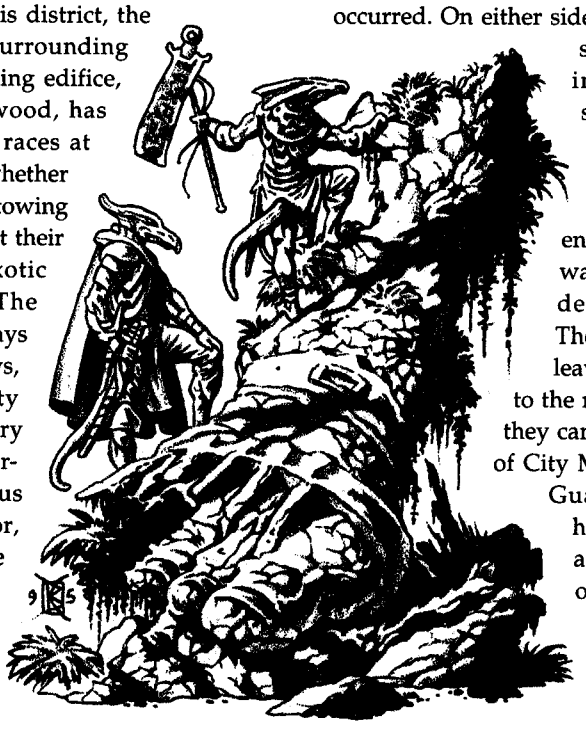
South of the Street of Wood, the only well-maintained road in the quarter, the



perimeter wall and the single strong wooden gate with help from the Eighth Legion.

South of the Street of Knives lie the Beastmarkets, a large open area full of livestock auction houses, trading exchanges, slaughterhouses and horse traders. Most of the animals sent to the city arrive at the Beastmarkets to be sold and killed, and the area smells dreadful. Many who work with the livestock, whether alive or dead, live in the narrow streets west of the Beastmarkets. Most of these families are related to farmers outside the city.

In the northwest corner of this district, the city's Stadium towers over the surrounding buildings. This large, rickety-looking edifice, constructed almost entirely of wood, has stood for many years and hosts races at least once a week. Horse races—whether flat or over jumps, with riders or towing chariots—are the best attended, but their owners sometimes race more exotic creatures in the Stadium. The Summer's-End sheep runs, two days of light-hearted races and sideshows, are a popular draw for many city families, especially those with very young children or addled grandparents. Except for certain prestigious horse races that they may sponsor, the wealthier families rarely grace the Stadium with their presence even though their private enclosures line the eastern side of the track. One notable exception is the Week of Gold, seven days of vigorous tournament games and races ending in the *ghamalk*, the legendary battle between teams drawn from the young braves of the two families who have enjoyed the most success in the week's games. The object of the *ghamalk* is to carry a goat's carcass into the opposing team's home territory. Many fortunes are won and lost as a result of this contest, and its outcome can affect prices on the exchanges and even the status of wealthy citizens.



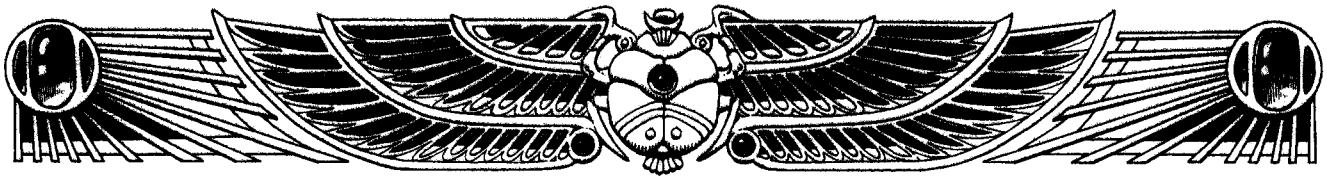
THE SUNRISE GATE

The Sunrise Gate was built to display the magnificence of old Vivane and also as a landmark that would tell travelers from distant parts of Barsaive that they were drawing near their goal. The gate, which can be seen for many miles to the east, is a succession of arches: the tallest and widest in the middle, and four increasingly smaller ones falling away on both sides. A statue of Chorrolis once stood atop the largest arch, a symbol of trade reputedly so well carved that it made the Passion look handsome and welcoming. All that remains of the statue are a pair of stumps poking out of two carved sandals, though interested parties who searched the rubble around the gate thoroughly enough could probably find enough fragments to piece together half the figure.

Surprisingly, the destruction of its crowning statue was the greatest damage the Sunrise Gate suffered in the Theran bombardment. Most of the stonework is scored with burn marks, but no serious structural damage occurred. On either side, however, the old city walls were smashed flat in many places, leaving the gate standing alone and somewhat forlorn. In order to control entrance to and exit from the city, the Therans constructed wide ditches protected by sharpened spears to block the holes in the wall. Nowadays, all but those most determined to avoid contact with Theran officials line up to enter and leave through the arches—departures to the north, arrivals to the south—where they can be scrutinized by the detachment of City Militia that is on duty at all times. Guard posts and a small mess hall have been built into the arches to accommodate them. The small unit of Eighth Legion soldiers also on duty use a fortified blockhouse on the southern side of the open paddock just inside the gate.

SUNRISE GATE TAVERN

Directly opposite the imposing edifice of the Sunrise Gate stands a tavern of the same name, often the first decent-looking building a visitor to Vivane will see. Tall and somewhat imposing, the tavern's frontage is decorated with vast painted letters that bid newcomers "Welcome to Vivane! Come in for fun!" in as many languages as the owners could think of (not all versions are accurately spelled). For those who cannot read the signs, they have thoughtfully painted a large picture of a buxom dancing girl and a barrel dispensing ale into a flagon held by a disembodied hand. At night the whole wall is flooded with light from light-quartz crystals strategically placed in curves in the letters and the girl's ample chest. The effect is enough to make an aesthetically minded traveler turn around and leave for somewhere less offensive to the eyes.



Inside is a large, odorous hall filled with tables and stools that are usually crammed with gullible greenhorns looking for the big-city excitement they have heard so much about. On a slightly raised stage at one end, a couple of tired dancing girls shuffle their feet in a vain attempt to warm up enough to get rid of their goose pimples; needless to say, they are nothing like the glamorous picture painted outside. At the other end is a long bar, the master of which serves all manner of watered ales and liquor for prices about twice as high as normal. The surly ork and human barmaids also offer a handy moneychanging service, for which the establishment charges a mere 100 percent commission. Those who protest the size of the fee are gently reminded that they already owe for their drink, and that no, they cannot leave to find a more reasonable moneychanger's nearby, and that yes, the Sunrise Gate Tavern requires a minimum exchange of 20 silver pieces (or whatever the barmaids can get out of the poorer suckers), and finally that the gentleman should please take up any problems with one of the courteous yet firm security guards—three troll brothers named Tog, Rog and Kog. Somewhat surprisingly, the Sunrise Gate Tavern belongs to the usually respectable Bilya family, who run it as a franchise with a fifty-fifty profit split between themselves and the workers. The establishment is amazingly profitable and the workers take home more than a subsistence living, despite having to pay 2 percent of the post-split profits to the City Militia as compensation for the latter having to deal with constant complaints.

MASANT'S HALL OF DICE

Almost all of the many gambling establishments clustered around the Sunrise Gate are designed solely to separate newcomers from what little money they have brought with them. Dotted here and there among them, however, are a few more respectable halls in which professional gamblers ply their trade with a reasonable expectation of making a living. The best is Masant's Hall of Dice, located just behind and to the north of the Street of Knives, close enough to attract a little passing trade but not close enough to have every last drunken Vasgothian staggering in to cause trouble. Masant's is a small, unassuming place, with dark windows and a bored-looking elf doorman. Few find their way to Masant's by accident, but all who knock at the door are allowed in—after all, those who don't know how to play are needed to provide some of the profits.

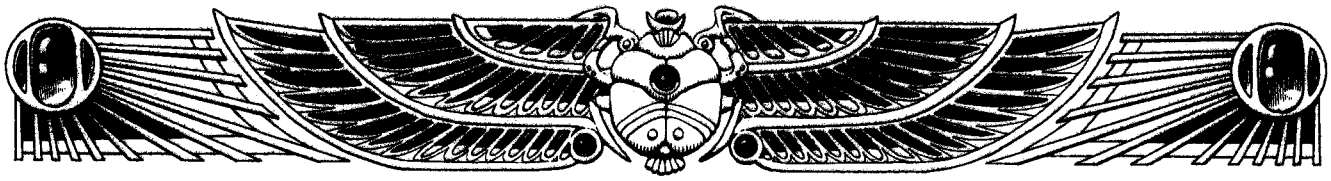
The favorite game at Masant's is the Dragon's Claws, which uses two octagonal dice marked 1 to 7 with the number 8 replaced by a dragon. The object is to roll combinations of numbers that add up to four or eight without rolling the dragon. Players may roll as long as they continue scoring, or stop at any time. One dragon up ends the player's turn; two dragons up puts him out of the round. The first to reach a total of 88 wins the current pot. The pot for each round starts at a number of silver pieces equal to the result of a dice roll by the winner of the last round; dragons turning up in subsequent rolls double or quadruple the amount.

The champion Dragon's Claws player—probably the best in the city—is "Lucky" J'roam, a dwarf in his late thirties who plays at Masant's every day. Masant himself—a somewhat cadaverous, middle-aged ork usually skulking in the back office, repeatedly counting his money—once banned J'roam from the Hall because he was always breaking the bank. J'roam regained his playing privileges by making a deal; he has an unerring sense of when another player is cheating, whether physically or magically, and he agreed to use his odd knack on Masant's behalf. J'roam now sits in on most games, and during breaks between his own games he wanders among the other tables, sniffing out trouble. Even this new arrangement, however, has not stopped Masant from accusing the dwarf of winning him into the poorhouse. Most drinks at Masant's are available to gamblers at one and a-half times the normal cost, and money can be changed at a 10 percent surcharge.

TERRALAN'S TAVERN

On a quiet side street, located in a set of interconnecting cellars beneath an unmarked private house, is a watering hole owned by Terralan, a Rugarian Fourth Circle archer who suffers from a crippling arthritic disease. The arthritis has turned his hands into gnarled claws and made it impossible for him to continue advancing in his Discipline. Very few of the visitors arriving at the Sunrise Gate have ever heard of Terralan's place, and that's how Terralan prefers it. Knowledge of his establishment spreads by very discreet word of mouth between the handful of Barsaivian adventurers who know of it, and they do not mention it lightly. To gain admittance, a visitor must knock three times loudly on the front door, wait five seconds, knock three more times, and offer two Throalic silver coins when the eye-level panel in the door slides open and Terralan's dwarf manservant Hadurgan peers out (standing on a stool to do so). Of course, the visitor must also give the name of the person who referred him or her to the place.

Terralan's is a favored meeting place for Barsaivian heroes and adventurers new to Vivane. Food, drink and accommodation cost one and a half times the standard prices, and Terralan never allows anyone to stay longer than two nights. He also throws out anyone who raises his or her voice too loudly, causes or threatens any kind of fight, or speaks carelessly or seditiously (fearing that anyone stupid



enough to do the latter may well be a Theran spy). Terralan's makes an excellent spot for newly arrived adventurers to learn from Terralan or other seasoned adventurers the basics of life in Vivane—where to go, where not to go, and how to avoid getting ripped off, into trouble, or beaten to a pulp.

Visitors should beware Terralan's foul-mouthed pet Fitzroyal, an Arkhazid carnivorous parakeet alleged to have a special fondness for raw elf's ears, *fresh*. Wily and cunning, the bird excels at hiding behind furniture, then darting out to tear off its prize and make off with it into the cellars. Fitzroyal is also known for making slanderous comments of startling length regarding an individual's parentage, legitimacy and manhood (or womanhood) in a number of languages, dialects and accents ("Look at that face! Ugly or what? Why put teeth in it when it should have a tail over it to keep flies off?").

Terralan knows Rachesteer (see **Rachesteer's Emporium**), and can provide an introduction for guests who prove themselves diplomatic and discreet.

THE BEASTMARKETS AND THE COLLAT BROTHERS

Most of those who work in the Beastmarkets deal in traditional livestock: cattle, goats, sheep or pigs. They buy and sell the creatures in bulk, then resell them to slaughterhouses, leatherworkers, or more often to middlemen from one of the Merchants' Quarter's prominent families. The Collat brothers, human twins in their late twenties, have transformed the old family pig-trading business into profitable dealing in exotic animals. Their small compound, situated slightly behind the larger livestock markets, is crammed with cages and pens holding beasts and birds from all over the known world. The Collats have good contacts with many traders, and their Barsaivian background encourages some adventurers and Barsaivian residents to deal with the brothers who would not dream of doing business with the Theran owner of the Zootorium (despite the fact that Finallagreek the Red pays better). Finallagreek is a cause of much conflict between the brothers. Arrald Collat, the elder by nine minutes, is proud of his Barsaivian nationality and does not like the fact that the Theran ork zoo keeper can wave ready cash and get whatever she wants. His sibling Dackus, however, is more than happy to sell Finallagreek anything. Though Dackus justifies it by saying "money is money, and you can't live on air," Arrald thinks his brother is attracted to Finallagreek. As a result, a tremendous fight always erupts between the brothers immediately after the Theran ork makes her fortnightly visit to the Beastmarkets (a visit always marked by effusive gushing from one brother and a stony silence from the other). During this brouhaha each of the brothers sic small animals on the other, frequently doing each other no small injury. In their own trivial way, the Collat brothers symbolize many of the conflicts inherent in Barsaivian Vivane under Theran occupation.

RACHESTEER'S EMPORIUM

At first sight this lurid store looks like another tourist trap, though its location—near the Beastmarkets, just off the Cold Cut and well away from the Sunrise Gate—might indicate otherwise. The owner is a tall, fat, red-haired, middle-aged human named Rachesteer, with a good line of street banter and insults. To those who do not know him well, he appears a slobbish oaf eager to take money from witless newcomers drooling over the hideous atrocities masquerading as gifts in his Emporium. Badly carved wooden "spirits of the Flamewalk" (actually just nude river maidens) and awful portraits such as the foully sentimental *The Orphan Girl* (an alleged painting of a young woman said to have led the orphans of Vivane out of the misery of the city to a distant woodland paradise where they dwell to this day), are samples of the tasteless purchases one can make at Rachesteer's to bring a sample of real Vivane home to one's family and friends.

Underneath the mask of the greedy fool, Rachesteer is a resourceful and wily man who can supply interested buyers with armor, weapons, and equipment from well-hidden stores in his basement. The cost multiplier for much of this gear is one and a half times normal. Adventurers who know what they're doing, know of the place and want to buy good equipment on the sly come to Rachesteer's. Careful observation of the place will reveal a few visitors who clearly are not the kind of brainless idiots that buy the stuff supposedly sold in the Emporium. Standard armor and weapons and mundane equipment are always available; special items such as magical or crystal-plate armor and so on may be available at the gamemaster's discretion. Buying special items always involves some delay (as the gamemaster sees fit) and the cost is likely to range from one and a half to two and a half times normal prices or even higher. Rachesteer also acts as a fence for stolen goods, and so buying covert goods from him may pose a problem. Adventurers are warned not to buy anything too unique in design, lest it turn out to have been stolen from an owner in the city who can identify it.

THE HALF-MOON/ELVENHALL

Though the wider world is often unaware of it, not all elves live happy and purposeful lives among the forest

glades, wanting for nothing and sharing in the riches of the ages. Just like everyone else, elven families were beggared by the Theran reoccupation of Vivane. The fortunate elves managed to engineer alliances and pacts so that they could retain their wealth and continue to exert influence, whether as trustee Barsaivians or independent traders. Many more, however, became or simply remained poor. Many of these lived for years amid ruins and grew up ill-educated and rootless. Over time, these elven families gravitated together to form a community in the area known as the Half-Moon, so named because of its crescent shape. Its elven inhabitants have more recently earned it the name Elvenhall.

The residents of Elvenhall have planted it with trees, leaving completely ruined areas to grow wild with shrubs and undergrowth. In this slowly beautifying space, the elves have begun to construct small family homes. Other races are less than welcome in the area, though a few such families make their homes in Elvenhall. The City Militia do not patrol in the Half-Moon; the elves take care of any trouble. Visitors wishing to enter this district must walk down the long, tunnel-like, tree-lined avenue that leads into it. Unless they are led by an elf or a recognized friend of the area, they will be closely watched. At the first sign of trouble, they will be challenged by unseen guards, usually three Fourth or Fifth Circle archers, and many more reinforcements linger a horn's blast away.

Elvenhall is not wealthy but at its heart lies a small open marketplace surrounded by workshops and shops. The most exquisite and unique of the goods made and sold here never find their way to the Walk Market. Some elves who have come to live here are very old and may have many stories to tell about life far from Vivane.

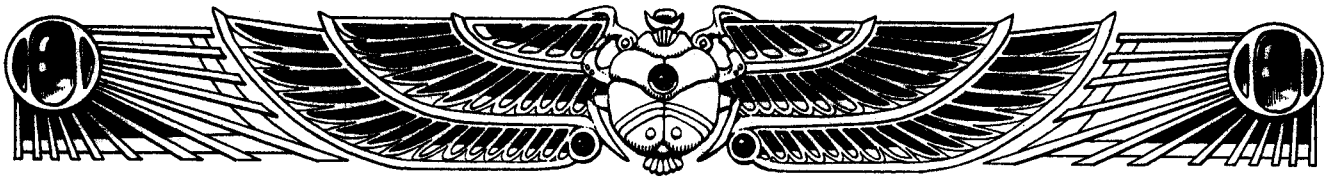
ENDAR'S WORKSHOP

A small workshop on the northern side of the Half-Moon market belongs to Endar, a former adventurer. He is at least 235 years old, maybe older (he has never revealed his exact age), and his weather-beaten face testifies to his extensive travels throughout the world. Nowadays this old elf carves arrows, dedicating them to the Passions and selling them to his elven fellows. Only a few of the elves of the Half-Moon, and perhaps one or two from outside with connections to the district, know that Endar has also made a set of magical arrows. Endar will sell these arrows for 3,000 silver pieces, but only to an elf recommended to him by someone he trusts. The process of being accepted by Endar, even after one has finally managed to meet him, may take more than three months. He has six magical arrows in all and will only sell the full set.

ENDAR'S ARROWS

Maximum Threads: 2
Spell Defense: 11

These six long bow arrows, in an undecorated leather quiver, look perfectly normal. Their fletchings are made



from azure-blue feathers, and the silver veins in the hard, gray-green stone from which their tips have been carved make the arrowheads gleam.

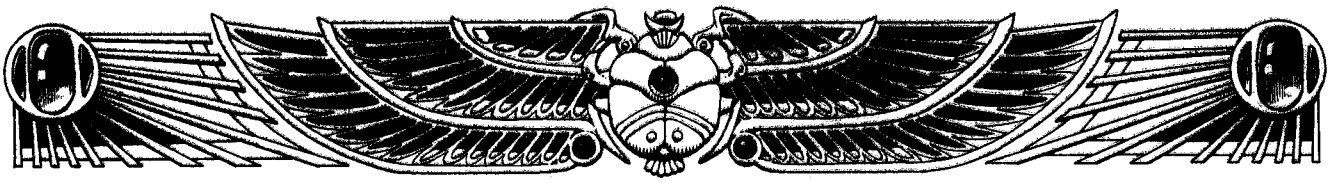
Thread Ranks

Rank 1 **Cost:** 200

Key Knowledge: The wielder must learn the Name of each of the six arrows. Endar will reveal one Name for each heroic act performed on behalf of elvenkind. (Such an act might be equivalent to a Zealous act of devotion a questor might perform for his chosen Passion. See p. 90.

will be even more isolated and able to ply their pungent trade undisturbed by health complaints. The City Militia rarely visits this district; security is Fair, but the gap between patrols is twice as long as normal. Near the major roads that enclose the district are several lanes of workers' housing and a few shops and taverns. North of the Street of Leather are many small workshops devoted to the making of boots, clothing, armor, saddles, furniture and so on. Most such goods are cheap and of low quality, but here and there one may find skilled craftsmen at work.

The skins sold to artisans in the Theran Quarter of the



bodies in exchange for food or protection for the night. The well near Oathstone's statue is much used despite the risk of contamination. Local people know that the well must open into subterranean tunnels or cellars, for whenever Coldreach and Longwater flood, thousands of starving rats come streaming out of the well in search of food or safety. This annual event gives the Rat Circus its name. Though many people swarm around Ratside's streets, none dare descend into the Undercity below for fear of disturbing the swarms of rats which they believe must lie beneath. (Why the rats only emerge at one particular time is unknown.) Repeated rumors speak of deadwalkers (reanimated, long-dead Therans) far beneath the Rat Circus, another reason to keep well out of the maze of underground tunnels. Such rumors may or may not be fostered by the Resistance to keep people away from their secret meeting-places.

KERRYUN'S TRAVELING KITCHEN

Food is hard to come by in Ratside, but one place to get a little nourishment is Kerryun's traveling soup kitchen. A bulky, motherly troll, Kerryun travels the tracks of the Broken Quarter in her one-horse caravan, dishing out watery soup and hard bread to any who want it. Every evening at dusk she sets up in an open area, and people soon emerge from the ruins to line up for sustenance. The troll is helped by Urfar, an equally bulky human whom Kerryun claims is her adopted son. Urfar watches the horses and makes sure no one causes any trouble. The food isn't particularly appetizing, and rumors persist that the occasional lumps of gray meat in the predominantly vegetable broth are likely to be from a dog or rat or worse. In fact, the philanthropic pair picks up supplies once a week from amid the rubbish behind an empty building on High Gate Road. The traveling kitchen is a cover for two of the best Theran spies in the Broken Quarter; Kerryun and Urfar are crack members of Ilfaralek's inner corps of undercover agents. They make reports most nights, usually by slipping a letter to a contact who lines up for food along with the genuinely needy. The reports are usually concerned with hearsay and rumors, but every now and then the spies manage to warn of real trouble brewing among the disaffected Broken Quarter dwellers. No resident of Ratside has ever voiced a suspicion that "Mother Kerryun" and her "son" are anything other than what they appear to be.

THE SWORDS

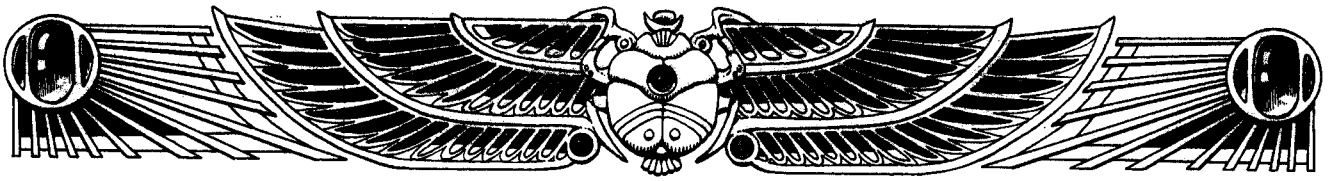
Deep in Ratside, some distance west of the old graveyard, a few mostly intact stone buildings huddle around a central yard known as the Swords. Here, men and women fight dogs, giant rats and each other to the death in a wide, deep pit. Unlike the Pit of the Theran Quarter, the Swords is no staged "forbidden pleasure" put on for the enjoyment of decadent nobles. The fighters, abducted from around the Broken Quarter, must battle for their lives. Those who win the weekly bouts live only to fight the next one. The audience comes from throughout the quarter and beyond, and though none dare speak openly of the existence of the Swords, rumor of it is known to many. Tales of its specialist "entertainments" have even reached the ears of some Therans, though none have yet visited the place.

The Swords is run by a gigantic human nicknamed Sword for the tattoo of such a weapon permanently emblazoned under his right eye. Sword is an ex-scorcher from the Badlands and a Fourth Circle warrior. He leads a loose gang of humans, orks and dwarfs, most ex-mercenaries and soldiers (Second Circle warriors); the gang takes a 50 percent cut of all bets on the fights. Recently, several of Sword's men ambushed a slave caravan bringing twelve Barsaivian slaves to the Sunrise Gate for sale. The captured slaves are being held in the cellar of the largest building of the Swords, which also serves as a mess hall and dormitory for Sword's rank and file. The gang is feeding them and keeping them reasonably healthy so that the first of them can fight in four days' time. The chosen slave will first face two huge mastiffs bought in the city for this fight. If he survives he will go up against the Swords' current champion, a bull-necked Maracian slave abducted from a work gang's night-pen several months ago. This champion has killed nine men and more dogs and rats than he can count, but is blind in one eye and has tetanus setting in as a result of his wounds. He is slowing up and may not win many more battles.

Current rumor has it that Sword has recruited mercenaries to capture a bear for him to use in future fights, as he is too cheap to purchase one from the Beastmarkets (and fears the attention such a purchase might bring).

THE RATSIDE PLAYERS

Not everyone in Ratside is a violent, subhuman beast living only to fight for the next crust of bread. Many are simple people, homeless and starving through no fault of their own but unable to do much about it. In the outer reaches of Ratside, away from the dog-eat-dog scrabble of the makeshift communities around the Rat Circus, people are trying to rebuild houses and re-establish settlements on their own. The Therans are plainly to blame for their predicament, but time has left these people apathetic about taking revenge for the wrongs done them. The Ratside Players, a motley dozen elves and human actors and handymen, is doing its level best to keep awareness of Theran wrongs alive.



The Players have established a small theater in a depression next to one of the city's old walls. They have put up and painted a proscenium arch and hung cloth and wood to make a semi-permanent stage. They use lamps and small illusions created by the group's leader and a Second Circle illusionist, Hemira, to perform surprisingly effective dramas for whoever comes to watch. Spectators donate whatever they can for the privilege of seeing the play, and shows can last several hours. The bill is always in two parts; the first is a straightforward telling of Theran history in Vivane from the Battle for Sky Point to the reoccupation and the present, while the second usually involves light-hearted fantasy. Hemira used to be in the Resistance, but left when she realized that many of its members wanted merely to hurt or kill as many people as they could get their hands on. She believes that the Ratside Players serve the Resistance cause by keeping the tales of Theran oppression and mistreatment alive, constantly retelling and spreading the truth of their situation among the people who need to hear it most.

HIGH GATE

Embodying the sharp contrast between rich and poor in Vivane, the High Gate district sits like an island of gentility between High Gate Road and the outer city wall. Spared any damage during the Theran bombardment that wrecked so many streets and houses close by, High Gate is graced with lovely old two- and three-story houses lining a handful of wide, tree-shaded lanes. Some Therans have villas in High Gate, but most of the residents are scions of old Barsaivian professional families. Retired magistrates and ex-soldiers, aging physicians and scholars, moneylenders and artists of one sort or another all make their homes in this district. Security in High Gate is Good. Many of the larger houses have their own private security staff, typically a novice warrior or swordmaster. Because Therans and Barsaivian trustees live in this district, the area is patrolled by the Theran Watch instead of the notorious Green Squad.

At the southern end of the district is a large, open plaza just in front of the North Gate into the Theran Quarter. At the center, on a raised surround of wide marble steps, is a statue of Overgovernor Povelis; it bears a small plaque stating that it was raised by "the grateful populace of all Vivane, with the heartiest hopes for fraternity and peace between our two great nations." The statue is missing its head and both arms; one leg is shattered, causing the statue to lean slightly. Metal rods have been bolted onto the stone as a temporary measure to keep it standing. This plaza is the focus of almost-weekly demonstrations by poverty-stricken Broken Quarter residents against Theran rule, the harsh conditions of their lives, the ongoing delays in rebuilding their shattered houses, the price of bread, and just about anything else they (or the Resistance, who agitate most of them) can think to rouse people's emotions. The Therans deal with such riots by simply locking the gates of their quarter and watching from the walls while the Barsaivian City Militia wades in with whips and clubs; only if things get out of hand or potentially threaten the Old City will the Therans use missiles and boiling oil against the rioters. As a last resort, they may call in a unit of the Eighth Legion riding war-horses to break up the riot. In more peaceful times, the Militia keeps the square free of traders and stallholders. Orators sometimes stand in Povelis's shadow, proclaiming their views to an often receptive and good-natured, if somewhat sarcastic, crowd of locals.

OLD CITY GRAVEYARD

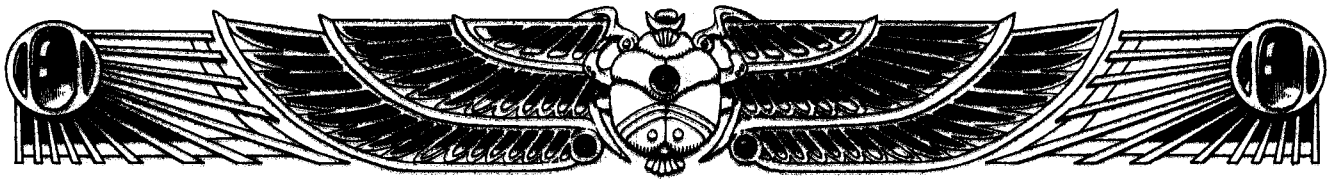
This burial ground contrasts starkly with the new graveyards to the northeast. Some of its oldest mausoleums were shattered by the Theran bombardment, but many new edifices of gleaming marble and fine stone have since arisen in mute testimony to the rich Therans' love of leaving something to remind the world of them after they have shuffled off this mortal coil. The Therans also adopted the practice, common to many of Vivane's wealthier original inhabitants, of constructing tombs four hundred feet or deeper beneath the earth. The corpses in these tombs are sealed in great stone catafalques and placed in cavernous burial chambers decorated with fine murals and etchings.

During the Scourge, Horrors feasted on the Deeptombs, as these deep catacombs are called. They made countless undead constructs in their attempts to breach the central dome of the Old City, and some of these constructs still prowl in the tombs' labyrinthine depths. Theran wizards have extirpated the most troublesome, and have sealed off certain areas of the Deeptombs where deadwalkers—the Vivanians' generic term for the undead—still lurk in the gloom. Magical wards and barriers prevent the undead from reaching the surface, and so the Therans regard it as unnecessary to go down into the sunken darkness and hunt down the few that remain. At least twenty Eighth Legion soldiers from the Northern Barracks patrol the graveyard at all times, accompanied by a nethermancer. The Therans firmly believe that no Horrors lurk in the Deeptombs, but one can never be absolutely certain.

New tombs are built only on the surface of the Old Graveyard. Nobody wants to go down into the Deeptombs, except for desperate and stupid grave robbers and perhaps a few of the more paranoid elements of the Resistance (they must know which areas are relatively safe, or they would not still be around). The hazards of the Deeptombs are compounded by the fact that, even though the southern edges of the graves are well protected by six-foot stone walls, water from the Coldreach has seeped down into the deeper catacombs over the decades. Many of the deepest graves and tunnels are now waterlogged or drowned entirely.

According to an obscure city government proclamation, only Therans can be buried in the Old Graveyard. Wealthier Barsaivians, however, regard it as a mark of status to be buried here; their tombs and gravestones are usually the most ornate (or lurid) to be found in the place.

Theran law requires city authorities at the House of Records in the Theran Quarter and Oathstone's offices to be notified of every death in the city. The body must be disposed of in a way that the authorities approve. This ordinance began as a public health measure, but has become something different. It costs money to dispose of bodies in approved ways, and a few unscrupulous people use the law to squeeze a few more coppers out of the common folk. In the case of the very poor who cannot afford a decent burial for Uncle Fred (or whoever), the city authorities take charge of the body and bury it in the pauper's graveyard at civic expense. Many Barsaivians fear, however, that Theran nethermancers will animate poor old Uncle Fred and use him as an undead slave. Such an indignity is not to be contemplated, and so the poorest Barsaivians often dispose of corpses as best they can. Frequently, they dump them down the nearest tunnel into the Undercity. As the Therans only keep census records of city dwellers liable to the attentions of tax-gatherers, the poor find it relatively easy to dump their corpses. In a really hot weather corpse-dumping can cause certain health problems, and the Therans sometimes send penal slave-gangs out body hunting in the Undercity when elementalists predict a savage heat wave. Stumbling onto one of these groups with their cargo of decayed, reeking corpses after a day's hard work digging rotting flesh out of waterlogged subterranean gloom is not likely to improve the casual adventurer's appetite for his evening meal.

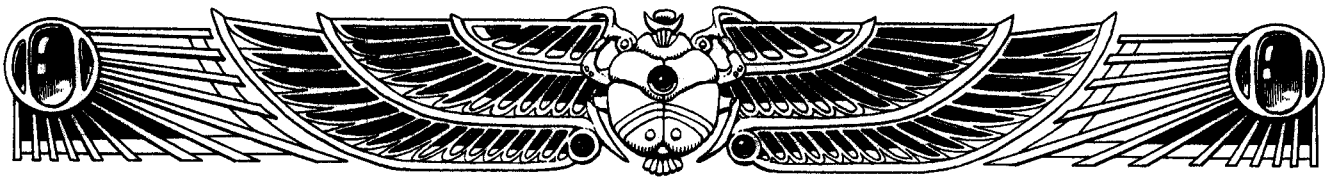


OUTSIDE THE WALLS

Even though much of its original outer walls lie in ruins, the city of Vivane maintains a definite boundary. In many areas of the Broken and Eastern Quarters, those living rough just inside the city do their damnedest to keep out those living rough just outside it. In places they have the backing of the City Militia, though the Green Squad are notorious for taking small donations to allow itinerants into the city. Anywhere from 10,000 to 35,000 people may live in the makeshift camps outside the city boundaries, depending upon the time of year. Many are transient agricultural workers, who are away working the land during the growing and harvesting seasons.

Not all who cluster around the walls and along the roads leading to Vivane wish to get inside its shattered walls. Many are content to live in their makeshift houses and shacks in the shantytowns outside the city, and in fact, they can find more food there and conditions are actually somewhat healthier than inside areas like the Broken Quarter. It is somewhat safer, too, as the Green Squad and the various gangs of robbers confine their predation to within city limits. Even if agitators try to work their mischief in one of the camps, perhaps suggesting that the inhabitants charge the gates and start sharing out the city's wealth, chances are one of the Theran spies in the camps will hear of it and pass word on to his contacts in Ilfaralek's department. The Eighth Legion usually handles any real trouble without breaking a sweat.

The roads leading to the city's four main gates—West Gate, High Gate, Sunrise Gate and River Gate—are the main routes into the city. Stalls and makeshift shops line these roads, along with a few solidly built inns and taverns that cater to travel-



INDEX

This index contains page references for the **Barsaivian Vivane**, **Theran Vivane**, and **Vivane Province** books. The notation **B** indicates references appearing in **Barsaivian Vivane**; the notation **T**, references in **Theran Vivane**; and the notation **V**, references in **Vivane Province.**

A

Abarna, Garavas, 50-51B
Adagir's Hiring Hall, 37T
Adventures
  framework for, 54V
  Theran characters in, 50-52V
Airship base, 10V
Airship fleet
  combat ships, 15V
  crews, 16V
  of House Carinci, 27-28V
  mining ships, 15V
  in Sigara's Crags, 34V
  of Sky Point, 13-16V
Akarenti. *See* Spymaster
Aldjekuul, 26-28V
Andreax, 13B
Antandair, 45-46V
Aquifers
  Merchants' Quarter, 43B
  Theran Quarter, 9T
Araucania, 8B
Arbiter-General. *See also* Andreax
  military appointments and, 14B
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
Arbitorium, 13B, 14B
Arboretum, 16T
Arcanth, Ulger, 14V
Arkhazid jungles, 38-39V
Armory, 6T
Army
  presence in Rugaria Province, 44V
  of Theran Empire, 14-17B
Arrows, Endar's, 56-57B
Artisans, 28B, 26-31T, 35-36T, 39V
Ascendancy, 10V, 13V, 14V
Assembly, 36-37B, 44-45B
Astendar, 47B
Aznan, 8B

B

Balkaria, 30V
Ballaize, 39V
Barbarian citizens, 25B, 30B
Barlakhan's Tavern, 41V
Barracks
  for City Militia, 45B
  of Sky Point, 12V
  Theran Quarter, 5-6T, 40T
  in Vrontok, 19V
Barsaive
  independence of, 12B
  Theran Empire and, 8V, 10V, 11-13B
Barsaivian Vivane, 34-35B
  City Militia and, 39-41B
  government of, 35-37B
  Passions in, 41B
  prominent citizens of, 37-39B
Basalt Spire, 4T
Battle of Tachrisauz, 11T
Bearsgold River, 5V, 24V, 25V
Beastmarkets, 52B, 55B
Bilya, Harellem, 37B
Bird tax, 29B
Boat yards, 27-28T
Borders, 33B
Bribery, 5T, 17T, 26B
Broken Quarter, 34B, 35B
  Assembly and, 37B
  buildings in, 58-59B
  City Militia in, 41B
  districts of, 59-64B
  entertainment in, 63-64B
  hostelries of, 60B, 61B
  Old Graveyard, 64-65B
  rivers and, 35B
  security in, 23B, 24B
  streets in, 59B
  taverns in, 61B
  tax collection in, 28B
  weapon laws and, 27B
Brothels, 31B
Brotherhood of the Bone, 11-12T
  in Theran Quarter, 6-7T, 14-16T
Bursaries, Department of, 6T, 22B
  moneychangers, 28B
  in Rugaria Province, 44-45V
  taxes, 7T, 28-29B

C

Campaign styles, 52-53V
Candriss, Rakland, 21T
Cara Fahd, 46V, 48V
Caralkspur Mountains, 4V, 26V, 34-37V
Cavalry, 6T
Cavalry riders, 28V
Census-takers, 28B
Cerask'allisha, 50B
Chief Magistrate, 35B. *See also* Oathstone (Quarique)
Chief Secretary. *See* Patracheus
Chorrolis, 38T, 47B, 53B
Citadel of Jerucz, 40V
Citizens
  rights of, 25B
  weapon carrying by, 26-27B
City Militia
  barracks, 45B
  in Merchants' Quarter, 43B
  relations with Watch patrol, 40B
  in Riverside Quarter, 48B
  squads of, 39-41B
  tax collection role of, 28B
  weapon law violations and, 27B
City Prison, 45-46B
Civic administration buildings, 6-7T
Civic disputes, 24-25B
Climate, 33B
Cloud Mountain, 8B
Coaching Inn of the Great Rounds, map, 61V
Coins, 27B
Coldreach River, 35B
Coldreach Vale, 42B, 47B
Collat, Arrald, 55B
Collat, Dackus, 55B
College of War, 14B
Combat vedette, 15V
Commercial districts, 24-30T
Concert Hall, 16T
Conclave
  Houses and, 14B
  of Vivane, 21-22B
Corianundrum's House of Goods, 29-30T
Corrupt Crater, 30B, 62B
Cow fighting, 31B
Crab Lane Warren, 23T
Crazanter's Eye, 34V
Creana, 6-7B
Crimes of Grievance, 25B
Crimes of Shame, 25B
Crossriver, 66-67B
Crotias, 11T, 40V
  Eighth Legion commander, 20B
  House affiliation of, 21B
  offices of, 6T
Crystal raiders, 8V
Crystal warriors, 42V
Culparn's Herbiary, 34-35T
Curlfist, Thoragur, 6T
Currency, 20V, 27-28B

D

Daily life
  magic in, 32-33B
  in Vivane, 30-33B
  in Vrontok, 20-22V
Danaba River, 5V, 41V, 44V
Dangranddin's, 25T, 26T
Daragast, Garagund, 11T
Darbeleezer, 21T, 23T
Darkkeeps, 5V, 28-30V
Darlenhold, 67-68B
Darro, Jeran, 36B, 39B
Dashan, Fortin, 38B, 44B
Deadlands, 37V
Dead Man's Hand, 61B
Death's Sea, 41V
Deeptombs, 64-65B
Defenses. *See also* Security
  Flamewalk River, 7-8T
  Sky Point, 12V
  Theran Quarter, 7-8T
  West Gate, 8T
Delaris Mountains, 46V
Dirty Dwarf, 61B
Dis, 11B
Disease, 33-34V
Disparater, 35V
Dockside district, 18-19T
  kinship bonds in, 18-19T
  the Pit, 21T, 23T
  security in, 18T
  shops/establishments, 19-21T
  taverns, 23T
  wharves, 19T
Dorazara's House, 23T
Driftboat, 50B
Dunglassed, 16T
Duradis, Holly, 50B
Duraglim's Hostelry, 30T, 44T

E

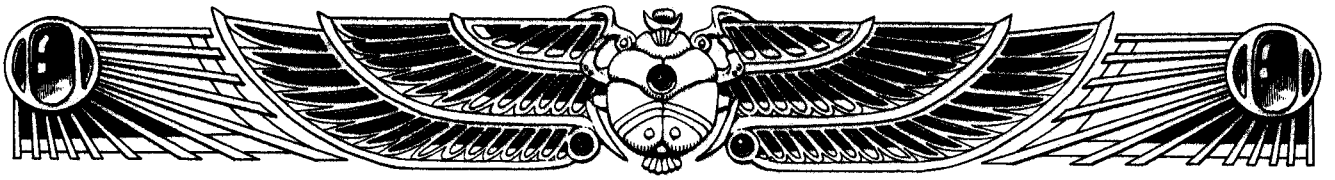
Eastern Quarter, 34-35B, 52B
  Beastmarkets of, 53B, 55B
  districts of, 56-57B
  gambling in, 54B
  security in, 22B, 23B
  taverns of, 53-54B, 57B
  tax collection in, 28B
  weapon buying in, 55B
  weapon laws and, 27B
Economy, 27-29B
Eighth Legion
  in Aldjekuul, 26V
  in Balkaria, 30V
  in Inshaldren, 24V
  political influence of, 20B
  river defense by, 7-8T
  soldiers of, 15B
  in Vrontok, 19V
Elemental
  earth enchantments, 4V
  elevators, 11V
Elvenhall, 56-57B
Elkanshara, 6T
Elsandriss, 4T
Emporium of Lamentation, 20-21T
Endar, arrows, 56-57B
Enlightened citizens, 25B
Entrance passes, for Theran Quarter, 25-26B
Erebor, Comran, 44B
Execution, 20V
Exit tax, 20V

F

Family membership, 14B
Famnarisen, 32V
Farming settlements, 6-7V
Farrosh, Ganian, 13V, 18V
Fashion, 31B
Festival of Fish, 46B
Fieldmen, 12-13T, 18T
Finallagreek, 30-31T
Fines, 25B
Fire-control system, 9T
First Governor. *See also* Kanidris; Silesazanius
  military role of, 14B
  position rotation among Houses, 14B
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
Fists of Fahd tribe, 48V
Flamewalk River, 35B, 67B
  boat travel on, 5V
  defenses, 7-8T
  hostelries, 6V
  and Theran Quarter aquifer system, 9T
Fleets, 14-15B
Forests, 46V, 49V
  of Lankarden, 41V
  travel through, 5V
Funeral establishment, 20-21T

G

Galloping lungrot, 33V
Gambling, 31B, 54B
Gareek, 28-29T
Garlen, 28T
Garusddin's Bookstore, 36T
Geographical Society of Vivane, 37-38T
Ghamalk, 53B
Ghareez. *See* Windling
Gingarach, Drewutt, 51B, 62B
Gladiator duels, 21T, 23T
Glorious Harmony, 15-16T
Goods, prices of, 29B
Government
  of Barsaivian Vivane, 35-37B
  of Creana, 6B
  in Rugaria Province, 44-45V
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
  of Vivane, 20B
  of Vivane Province, 7V
  of Vrontok, 17-18V
Governor's Hostelry, 34T
Grandwalk, 9-10T
Greatcrag Hills, 4V, 26V, 34-37V
Great Roads, 4V, 6V



Greenheart River, 39V, 49V
Guest tax, 20V

H

Half-Moon, 56B
Halls of Assembly, 44-45B
Hammerhills, 30V
Hammertail oil, 35T
Hanging Rocks, 37V
Hanging Ziggurats, 17T
Hanlash'antera, 16T
Harrudin's Tavern, 57B
Hartmallen, Radgund, 44V
Hashagak, 26T
Hatespitter, Guurshut, 48V
Haughrald, 10T
Hazards, 5V
  of Cara Fahd, 48V
  in Caralkspur Mountains, 37V
  in Greatcrag Hills, 37V
  of Hammerhills, 30V
  jungle, 33-34V
  of Landis, 49V
  in Morkant, 26V
  in Vrontok, 21V
Healers, 28T
Heavenherds, 12B
Hemira, 64B
Herb Gardens, 28-29T
Heritage tax, 28B
High Gate district, 64B
Hightor, 34V
Hildingrist Crest, 48V
Hills, 5V
Horm, Tall, 61B
Horrorfever, 33-34V
Horrors
  Arkhazid and, 39V
  jungles and, 31V
  and Lankarden, 41V
  and mountain settlements, 35V
  and Seraph Jungle, 46V
  and Stormhead, 40V
  Vivane and, 19B
Hostelries
  Broken Quarter, 60B, 61B
  Flamewalk River, 6V
  Great Roads, 6V
  Northside district, 34T
  Stranchis River, 6V
  Theran Quarter, 25-26T, 30T, 34T
  Vivane Province, 6V
House Carinci, 10B, 21B, 66B
  airship of, 27-28V
  in Antandair, 45V
  architecture of, 39V
  exclusive rights of, 7T
  residences of, 24T
  trading and, 39V
House of Correction, 24B
House of Fish, 45B
House of Grains, 45B
Household guard, 4T
House of Iron, 45B
House Krand, 14B
House of Meat, 45B
House Medari, 7T, 21B, 66B
House Narlanth, 20B, 21B
  in Antandair, 45V
  exclusive rights of, 36T
House of Records, 7T
House of Silk, 45B
House of Steel, 21B
House of Tales, 38B, 43B, 44B
House tax, 20V
House Thaloss, 10B, 21B, 45V
  exclusive rights of, 7T
  residences of, 14T
House of Works, 6T, 7T, 13T
  map, 41T
House Zanjan, 10B, 20B, 21B
  Overgovernor from, 13B
  residences of, 24T

I

Ildark, 34V
Ilfaralek, 20B
  and Brotherhood of the Bone, 12T
  House affiliation of, 21B
  offices of, 6T
  spies of, 7V
Ilkandrisen, Fessper, 44-45V
Imperial Museum of War, 5T
Imperial prison, 8-9T, 43T
Imperial travelers, 6B, 8B
Indrisa, 7B
Infantry, 28V, 15-17B
Inshaldren, 24-25V
Ipalanen's Carvery, 35-36T
Ironcrook, 39V

J

Jalallduddin, Razal al', 10B
Jamzinnal, 21B
Jaraleh, 7B, 28B
Jaroslavl, 38V
Jerucz, Argregen, 40V
Jerucz, Dagendren, 40V
Jhawn, Oril, 40B
Jungles, 5V, 30-34V, 38-39V, 45-46V
Justice House, 45B

K

Kanidris, 13B
Karafanel, 33B, 45V
Karaken, 31V
Karinthini. *See* Arbiter-General
Kaznarth's Emporium, 19-20T
Kedate, 13B
Kerryun's traveling kitchen, 63B
Khalifa, 10T
Kila. *See* Airship fleet
Kokala leaf, 6T
Korrurg, Ruom, 14V
Kypros, 13V, 19-20B
  decisions of Conclave and, 21B
  lifestyle of, 4-5T
  palace of, 4-5T
  Vivane Province and, 7V

L

Lafarellis, 26V
Landis, 7V, 39V, 48-49V
Landmarks
  Inshaldren, 24V
  Northside district, 38T
  Theran Quarter, 38T
  Vivane Province, 40V
Language
  in Merchants' Quarter, 31B
  in mountain settlements, 35V
  in Theran Quarter, 31B
  in Vivane Province, 53-54V
  in Vrontok, 21-22V
Lankarden, 40-41V
Lavernae. *See* Conclave
Law
  civic, 24-25B
  criminal, 25B
  in Vrontok, 19V
  weapons, 26-27B
Legion of Irregulars, 40V
Legions, 14-17B
Leonarus, 42-43V
Lesha, 14V
Little Bowers, 17T
Lochost, 11B, 41B
Longbone River, 40-41V
Longshadow, Umna, 61-62B
Longwater River, 35B
Lorafern, 42-43V

M

Magic
  use of, 25B, 32-33B
Magicians
  contracts with, 36T
  of Northside district, 36-37T
  of Theran Quarter, 3-37T
  Watch patrol members, 24B
Malanth, Prosparra, 32T
Maps
  Coaching Inn of the Great Rounds, 61V
  Darlenhold, 68B
  Duraglim's Hostelry, 44T
  House of Works, 41T
  Imperial prison, 43T
  Overgovernor's palace, 39T
  south barracks, 40T
  Theran Quarter, 39-44T
  towers, 42T
Marac, 7-8B
Maracanium, 6T
Maragann, Grogand, 11T
Marketplace, 24-25T
Masant's Hall of Dice, 54B
Mastasherana, 38T
Mastryliths, 5T, 7B, 22B
Mazanian, Arthaldus, 24V
Maze of Gilded Giants, 39V
Medicinal herbs, 8B
Merchants' Quarter, 34B
  Assembly and, 37B
  buildings of, 42-43B
  City Militia in, 40B
  districts of, 43-47B
  language in, 31B
  security in, 22B, 40B, 43B
  streets in, 42-43B
  tax collection in, 28B
Merchantwalk district, 46-47B
Midnight oil, 34-35T
Military
  appointments, 14B
  garrisons, 28-30V
  patrols, 6V, 7V
  of Theran Empire, 13-17B
Mining, 30V
  of Greatcrag-Caralkspur range, 34V
  at Morkant, 25V
  at Sigara's Crags, 34V
  at Stormhead, 40V
  vedette, 15V
Moneychangers, 28B
Mordain, 10T
Morkant, 25-26V
Mother Jurg's, 61B
Mountain
  settlements, 35V, 37V
  terrain, 5V

N

Navy
  presence in Rugaria Province, 44V
  presence in Vivane, 23B
  of Theran Empire, 14-15B
North barracks, 4T, 5-6T
Northside district, 32-33T
  artisans of, 35-36T
  employment opportunities, 37T
  Geographical Society, 37-38T
  hostelries, 34T
  landmarks, 38T
  magicians of, 36-37T
  shops, 34-35T
  taverns of, 37T

O

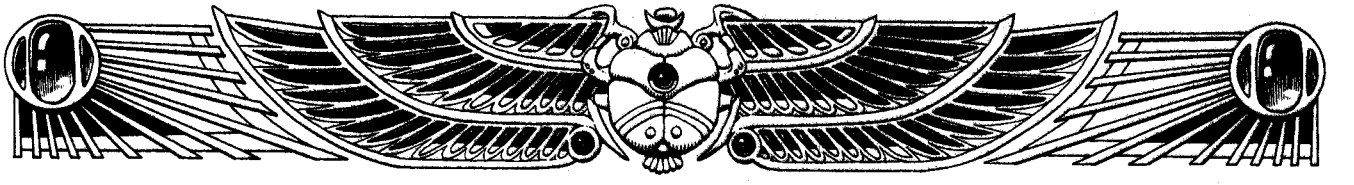
Oathstone, Quarique, 37B
  Barsaivian majority leader, 20B, 35-36B
  and House of Tales, 44B
Oil of astral sight, 35T
Oils, 34-35T
Old City, 19B. *See also* Theran Quarter
Old Graveyard, 64-65B
Omasu, 38B
Open markets, 24-25T
Orichalcum deposits, 34-35V
Orichalcum Wars, 46V
Ostrall the Howling, 41B
Outlaw Town, 22-23V
Overgovernor. *See also* al'Jalallduddin (Razal); Karafanel; Kypros; Povelis
  border relations and, 33B
  military role of, 14-15B
  palace of, 4-5T, 39T
Overland Trading Company, 38B

P

Parland, 41V
Passions
  in Barsaivian Vivane, 41B
  Theran attitude toward, 11B
Patracheus
  Chief Secretary, 22B, 6-7T
  House affiliation of, 21B
Penal colony, 34V
Permit tax, 29B
Pillars, 10V, 23V
Pirates, 5V
Pit, 21T, 23T
Place, The, 48B, 50B
Politics, 20-22B
Population
  of Aldjekuul, 27V
  of Antandair, 45V
  of Cara Fahd, 46V
  of Landis, 49V
  of Lankarden, 40-41V
  of Morkant, 26V, 27V
  of Parland, 41V
  of Vivane, 18B, 32B
  of Vrontok, 17V
Potions
  of healing, 35T
  tincture of wakefulness, 35T
  of weakhealing, 35T
Povelis, 35B
Praetori, 13B
Prestige, 14-15V
Prison. *See also* City prison; House of Correction; Imperial prison

Q-R

Qaras, Eljazer, 12T
Quaalshanera, 37T
Rachesteer's Emporium, 55B
Rafrancher's Claw, 30V
Raggok, 11T, 41B
  followers of, 38T
  students of, 12T
Rakland's Smithy, 21T
Rancardus's River Mill, 28T
Rat Circus, 30B, 62-63B
Ratside district, 62-64B
Ratside Players, 63-64B
Recitatorium, 14-16T
Redoubt, 24-25V
Regal, 14V, 15V
Relicshare tax, 28B
Reshalk, Vendra, 40B
Resistance movement
  activity of, 32B
  leader of, 38-39B
  meetings of, 38B
  Undercity use by, 30B
  in Vivane Province, 7V
  in Vrontok, 23V
Rested Legs, The, 25T, 26T
Righteous Viper tribe, 48V



River of Brilliances, 35V
Riverside Quarter, 34B, 48B
City Militia in, 40B
entertainment in, 48-50B
orphanage, 51B
security in, 22B, 40B, 48B
Tower of Feathers, 50-51B
Riverwalk district, 45-46B
Roseate, The, 25T, 26T
Rostallian, 26T
Roundhouse, 36-37T
Rubaric, Dorina Tarn, 37-38B
Rugaria Province, 44-46V
river travel in, 5V
Theran Empire and, 7V

S

Sabaccara, 31B
Scourge, 12B, 19B
Security. *See also* Defenses
in Antandair, 46V
in artisan's district, 26T
in Balkaria, 30V
in Ballaize, 39V
in Broken Quarter, 23B, 24B, 40B
at Citadel of Jerucz, 40V
at City Prison, 46B
in Coldreach Vale, 47B
in Crab Lane Warren, 23T
in Dockside district, 18T
in Eastern Quarter, 22B, 23B
excellent rating, 23-24B
fair rating, 24B
good rating, 24B
for Halls of Assembly, 44B
in High Gate district, 64B
in marketplace, 24T
in Merchants' Quarter, 22B, 40B, 43B
nonexistent rating, 24B
in Riverside Quarter, 22B, 40B, 48B
in Rugaria Province, 44V
in Sendernis, 25V
at Sky Point, 12V
in Theran Quarter, 24B
in Vrontok, 18-19V
for Walk Market, 46-47B
Sendernis, 25V
Seraph Jungle, 45V, 46V
Services, prices of, 29B
Seventh Fleet
in Inshaldren, 24V
political influence of, 20B
presence in Vivane, 23B
warrior, 16V
Sewage-collecting, 12-13T
Shand, 11T
Shazirani, Taraaq el', 16T
Shib'assera, 34T
Sigara's Crags, 34V
Silesazanius, 34T
Silverside district, 47B
Sixth Fleet, 44V
Sky Point
airship fleet of, 13-16V
buildings of, 10V
construction of, 8-10V
defenses, 12V
elemental elevators, 11V
garrison troops, 12V
languages of, 53-54V
palace, 10V, 12-13V
pillars of, 10V
platform of, 10-11V
purpose of, 13B
towers, 12-13V
Slave Market, 22V
Slavery
in Antandair, 45-46V
as criminal punishment, 19V, 20V, 25B
elven view of, 9B
in Landis, 49V
Lankarden's role in, 41V
Sky Point and, 10V
Theran view of, 31B
in Vrontok, 17V
Slave tax, 28B
Slave trade, 21V, 22V, 27B
Slave Way, 19V
Slaveyards, 32T, 34T, 52B
Sneak's Wall, 43B
Society of Foresight, 12T
Society of Radiant Effulgences, 12T
Songhand, Grasnara, 16T
South barracks, 5-6T, 40T
Southside district, 26-31T
Spice Exchange, 45B
Spymaster, 20B, 25B
Stadium, 53B
Starsearcher, Karrock, 10B
Stenchfoot, 33V
Stone oil, 35T
Stone tax, 29B
Stormhammer Jungle, 30-34V
Stormhead, 39-40V
Stranchis River
boat travel on, 5V
hostelries, 6V
Strategos, 15B
Streets
in Broken Quarter, 59B
in Merchants' Quarter, 42-43B
Striptrees, 43V
Sturmrend, Ganxmander, 44V
Sufik, 7B
Sunas the Skull, 60B
Sunrise Gate, 52B, 53B
Sunrise Gate Tavern, 53-54B
Sunrise Quarter. *See* Eastern Quarter
Swords, The, 63B
Sword tax, 28B
Syalanar, 26T
Syranita's Place, 30T
Syrannan, Akalab ka', 25T

T

Talara, Verulam, 13V, 18V
Talea, 8B
Tanneries, 57B
Tarlantennis, 26V
Tarlanth, 10T
Taxes, 20V, 28-29B
Terrain, 5V
Terralan's Tavern, 54-55B
Thera, 6B
Theran calendar, 33B
Theran Empire
Barsaive and, 8V, 10V, 11-13B
citizens, 25B
government of, 13-14B
Houses of, 14B
Imperial travelers of, 6B, 8B
military of, 14-17B
outposts, 34-35V
Passions and, 11B
provinces, 6-8B
races of, 8-11B
Vrontok and, 23V
Theran Quarter, 18B
aquifers, 9T
artists of, 35-36T
barracks, 5-6T
buildings in, 6-7T, 14-16T
census, 28B
commerce in, 24-31T
common pastimes in, 31B
districts, 18-23T, 32-38T
entering, 25-26B
Fieldmen of, 12-13T
Geographical Society, 37-38T
herbs/oils, 34-35T
hostelries of, 25-26T, 30T, 34T
Imperial prison, 8-9T
landmarks, 38T
language in, 31B
magicians of, 36-37T
maps, 39-44T
organizations in, 11-12T
Overgovernor's palace, 4-5T
parks, 17T
the Pit, 21T, 23T
prominent citizens of, 10-11T
roadways, 9-10T
security in, 24B
shops/establishments, 19-21T, 36T
Slaveyards, 32T, 34T, 52B
taverns, 37T
tax collection in, 28B
towers, 7-8T
Undercity and
border-crossing points, 29B
traps used, 29B
walls, 7-8T
wharves, 19T
Theran War, 34B
Third Legion, 33B, 44V
Throalic calendar, 33B
Tower of Feathers, 50-51B
Towers, 8T
of Ballaize, 39V
map, 42T
of Sky Point, 12-13V
Trade
jungle, 38V, 39V
in Landis, 49V
in Lankarden, 40V
in Merchants' Quarter, 45B
slave. *See* Slave trade
in Vrontok, 21V
Traders, encounters with, 6V
Trading exchanges, 45B
T'rask, Lorgo, 18V, 23V
T'rask's Men, 18V, 19V, 20V
Travel
in Broken Quarter, 58-59B
in forests, 5V
in hills, 5V
in Vivane Province, 4-5V, 7V
Treasury, 19T
Tribas Koar, 38-39B
Trollgraves, 37V
Trustees, 25B
T'ssisskar's Boatyards, 27-28T
Tuberculosis, 33V
Tularch, 18V, 20B
airships of, 14-15V
House affiliation of, 21B
Sky Point defense and, 12V
Twilight Peaks
crystal raiders of, 8V
Resistance movement in, 7V

U

Ultaramis, Unsara, 36B
Ulthrand, Darnagorm, 10-11T
Undercity
border-crossing points, 29B
entrances to, 30B
traps, 29B
traveling through, 30B
Upandal, 30V
Ursin, Danna, 46B

V

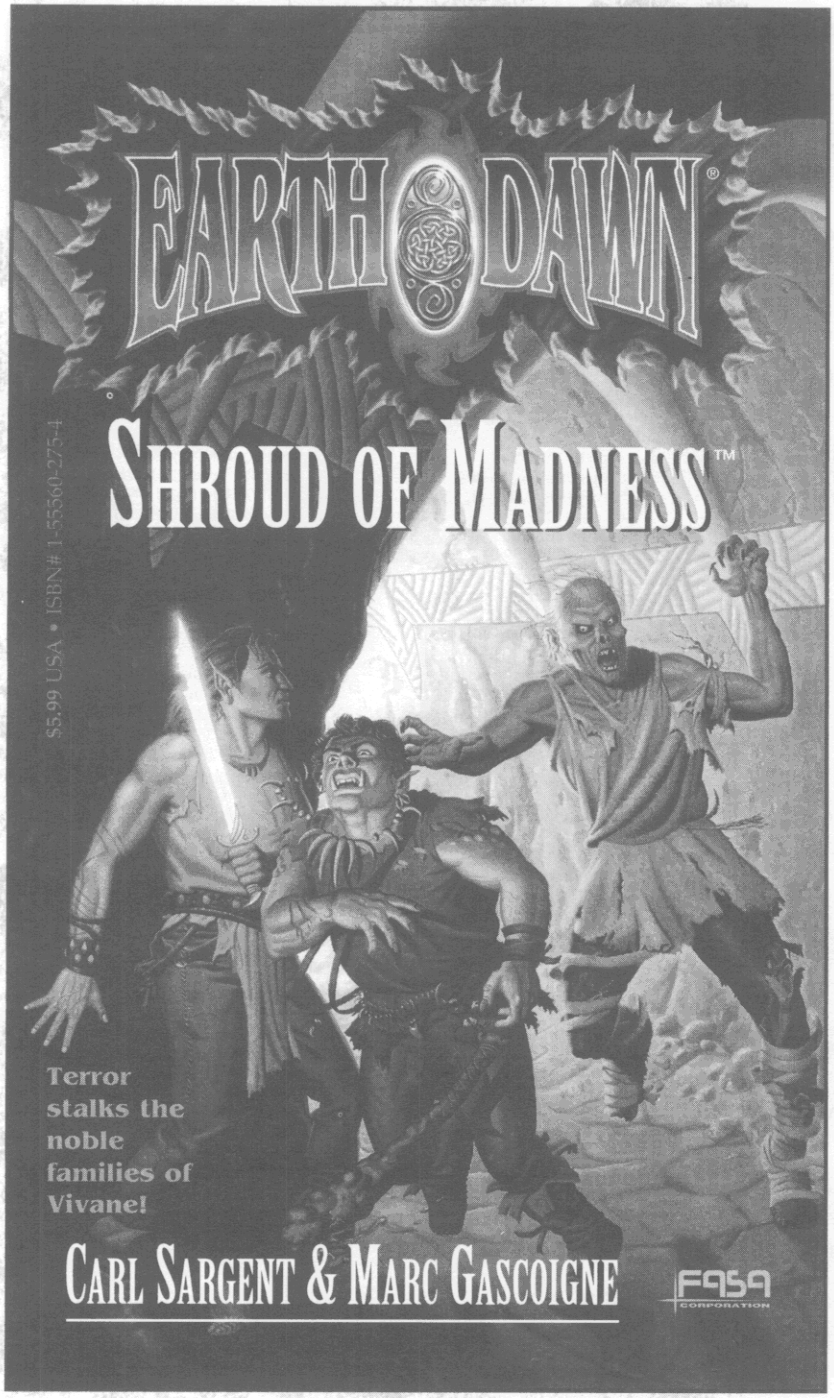
Vasgothia, 8B
Vedette fleet, 15V
Vestrial, 11B, 25V, 41B
Vilshane, Rancardus, 28T
Visitors, to Theran Quarter, 25-26B
Vivane
Barsaivian inhabitants of, 31-32B
borders of, 33B
campaigns, 52-53V
climate of, 33B
communities outside, 66-68B
economy, 27-29B
entering, 25-26B
government of, 20B
history of, 18-20B
Houses of, 20-22B
languages of, 53-54V
laws of, 24-27B
life in, 30-33B
magic and, 32-33B
population of, 18B, 32B
rebuilding of, 12B
reoccupation of, 19-20B
river travel in, 5V
Scourge and, 12B, 19B
security in, 22-24B
Theran Vivane. *See* Theran Quarter
Undercity of, 29-30B
weapons in, 26-27B
Vivane Province, 4V, 12B, 20B
adventures in, 50-52V, 54-60V
bordering lands, 44-49V
borders of, 33B
castles in, 28-30V
cities/towns of, 24-28V, 40-41V
farming settlements, 6-7V
forests of, 43V
hills of, 30V, 39-40V
hostelries of, 6V
jungles of, 30-34V 38-39V
landmarks, 40V
languages of, 53-54V
Lorafern, 42-43V
mountains of, 4V, 34-37V
Resistance movement in, 7V
staging encounters in, 5-6V
Theran rule and, 7V
travel in, 4-5V, 7V
Vrontok. *See* Vrontok
Vrontok, 10V
currency, 20V
daily life in, 20-23V
government of, 17-18V
inhabitants of, 17V
laws, 19-20V
location of, 16-17V
population of, 17V
prominent places in, 20-23V
Resistance movement in, 23V
security in, 18-19V
taxes, 20V
Therans and, 23V

W

Walk Market, 46-47B
Walls, 7-8T
Wallside district, 43-45B
Warrens district, 58B, 59-62B
Watch patrols, 22B, 23-24B
Weapons
aquifer system as, 9T
carrying of, 26-27B
of Watch patrol, 23-24B
Weavetrees, 32-33V
Wedge, 24-26T
Wharves, 19T
Windfolk, 43V
Windlings, 10-11B, 43V
ghareez, 8-9T, 10-11B, 34V

X-Z

Xandorn, 46V
Yaragend, 36T
Yard of Glass, 37T
Zalunchis, 24V, 25V
Zerajaboam, 36T
Zootorium, 30-31T



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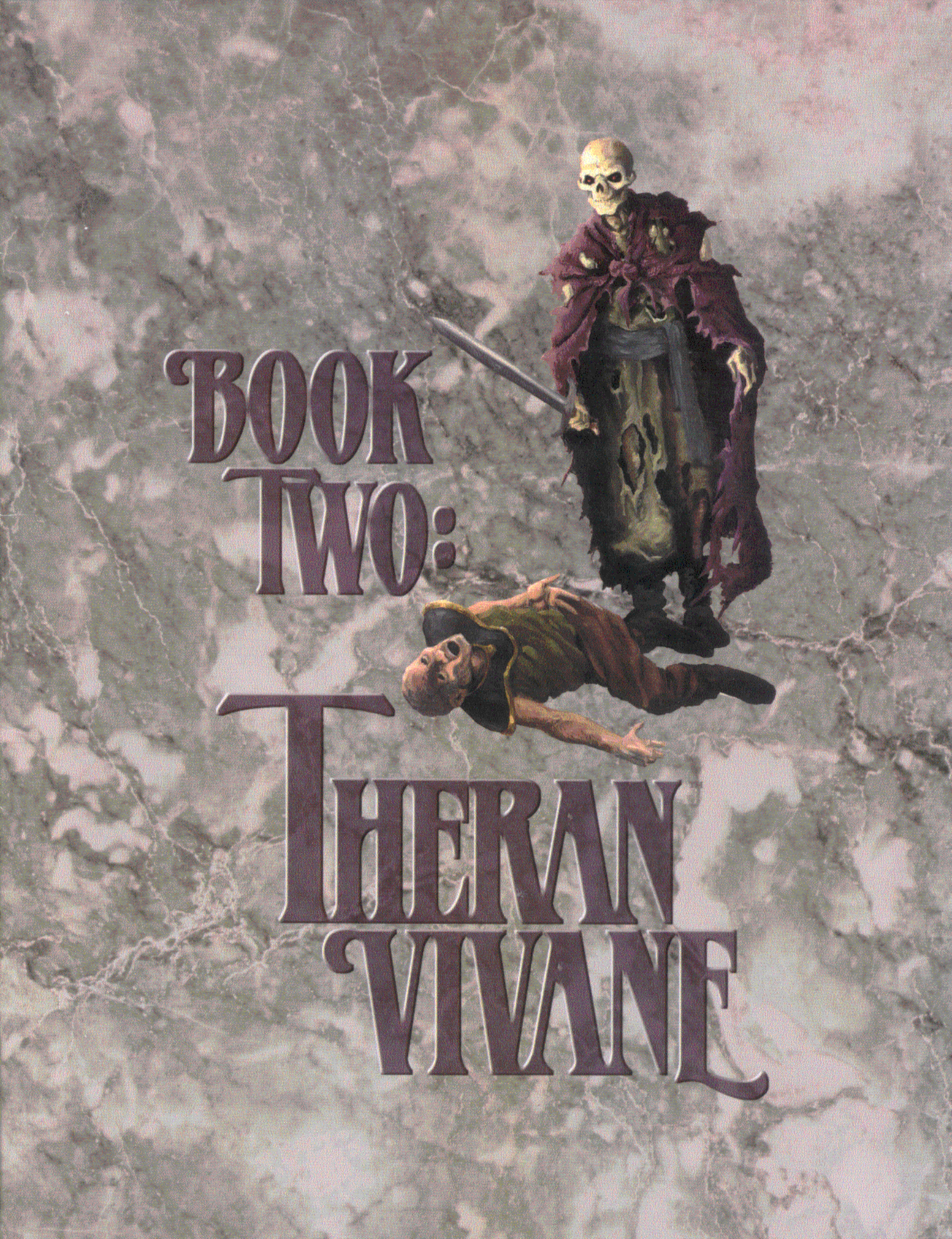
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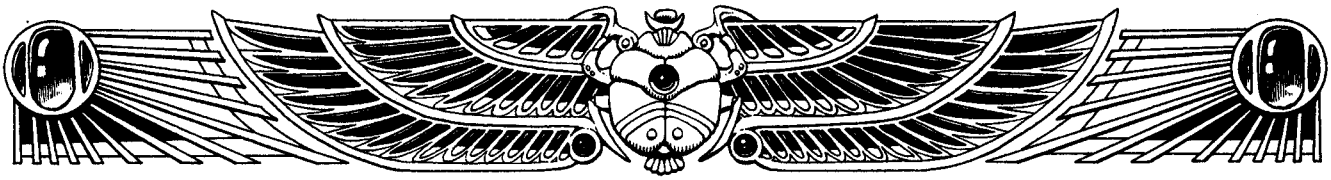

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION 3
THE THERAN QUARTER 4
- The Overgovernor's Palace 4
- North and South Barracks 5
- Civic Administration Buildings 6
- The Quarter's Walls and Towers 7
  - River Defenses 7
  - Other Walls and Towers 8
- The Imperial Prison 8
- Theran Quarter Aquifers 9
- The Grandwalk 9
- People and Power 10
  - Important Individuals 10
  - Organizations 11
- The Fieldmen 12

THE HEART OF THERAN VIVANE 14
- The Recitatorium 14
- Concert Hall and Arboretum 16
- The Hanging Ziggurats 17
- The Little Bowers 17

DOCKSIDE 18
- City Wharves 19
- Kaznarth's Emporium 19
- Emporium of Lamentation 20
- Rakland's Smithy 21
- The Pit 21
- Crab Lane Warren 23
  - Dorazara's House 23

COMMERCIAL DISTRICTS 24
- The Wedge 24
  - The Open Markets 24
- Southside Artisans' District 26
  - T'ssisskar's Boat Yards 27
  - Rancardus's River Mill 28
  - Herb Gardens 28
  - Corianundrum's House of Goods 29
  - Duraglim's Hostelry 30
  - Syranita's Place 30
  - The Zootorium 30

NORTHSIDE 32
- The Slaveyards 32
- Governor's Hostelry 34
- Culparn's Herbiary 34
  - Midnight Oil 34
  - Potion of Weakhealing 35
  - Oil of Astral Sight 35
  - Tincture of Wakefulness 35
  - Stone Oil 35
  - Hammertail Oil 35
  - Wizard Dust 35
  - Wizard's Marrow 35
- Ipalanen's Carvery 35
- Garusddin's Bookstore 36
- The Roundhouse 36
- Yard of Glass 37
- Adagir's Hiring Hall 37
- Geographical Society of Vivane 37
- Chorrolis's Needle 38

HANDOUTS 39
- Overgovernor's Palace 39
- The South Barracks 40
- The House of Works 41
- City Towers 42
- Imperial Prison 43
- Duraglim's Hostelry 44

INDEX 45

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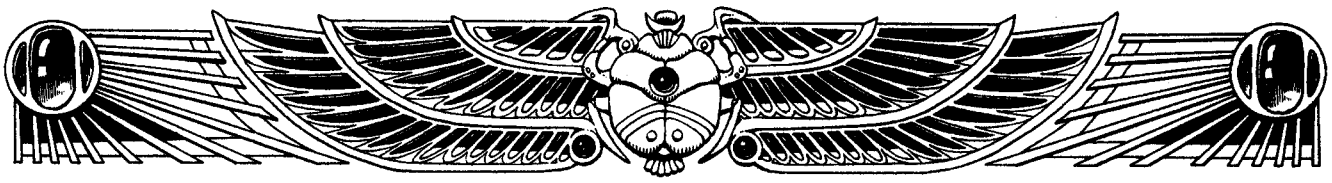
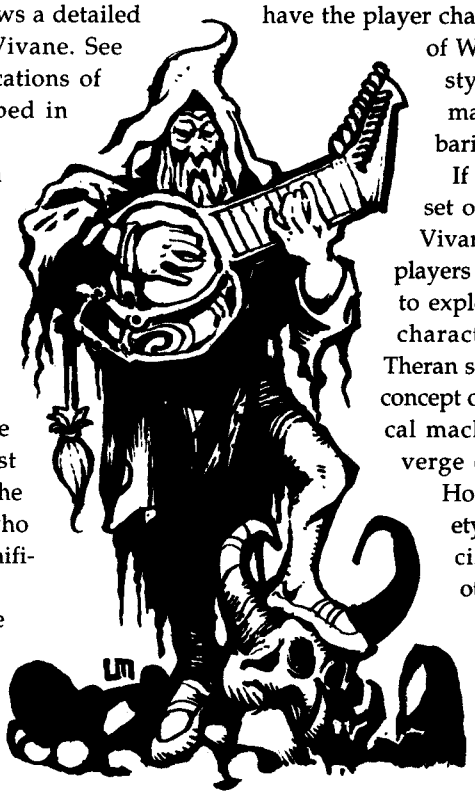


INTRODUCTION

Theran Vivane provides specific information on the Theran Quarter of the Imperial city of Vivane. For general information on the city and an overview of the Theran Empire, see **Barsaivian Vivane.** For information on the lands surrounding Vivane, see **Vivane Province.** The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set also includes a Vivane City map, which shows a detailed view of both Theran and Barsaivian Vivane. See the key printed on the map for the locations of sights, shops and civic works described in this book.

The Theran Quarter section describes how the city works, including government buildings, defenses, main thoroughfares, the people and organizations that wield significant power, and the city's waste-removal system. The sections that follow provide details on each distinct area of the Theran Quarter, including the docks, the open markets, the locations where most artisans and craftsmen ply their trades, the public entertainment, and the people who own and manage some of the most significant establishments in Vivane.

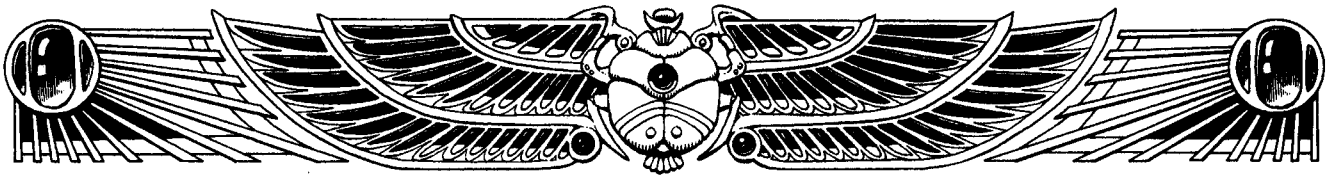


Adventurers who travel to Vivane will find the Barsaivian part of the city to be much like any other city in Barsaive, offering the same risks, the same amenities, similar types of people, opportunities for profit and obstacles to their goals. Theran Vivane offers very different challenges and a more alien atmosphere. The gamemaster may approach Theran Vivane in many different ways. For additional suggestions on playing the Therans and staging adventures in Theran territories, see the **Vivane Province** book.

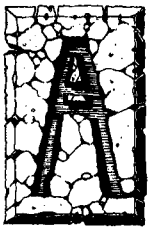
Any well-traveled group of adventuring heroes should be smart enough to find a way into and around the Theran Quarter. Regardless of their true purpose there, they must purchase a pass, but they must also be able to clearly and convincingly state their business in the Quarter. They could devise a clever ploy; rely on their legendary status; offer something of interest to a member of the Conclave or an influential House; show themselves to be a well-behaved, professional team; or take any number of other approaches. Once inside, they may still find it impossible to enter or explore certain buildings, such as the Governor's Palace, but the gamemaster may massage the guidelines given in the text as necessary to accommodate his game or campaign—if it suits his purposes to have the player characters conduct business in the House of Works or even create a Keystone Kops-style chase scene there, then he should make it possible for an uncommon barbarian to enter the building.

If the group chooses, they may create a set of Theran player characters to use in a Vivane adventure or campaign, giving the players and gamemaster alike an opportunity to explore the Theran sensibility. The player characters could be a part of any level of Theran society; they could embrace or reject the concept of slavery; they could be a part of political machinations or find themselves on the verge of being victimized by one or more House's plans; they could belong to a society dedicated to creating or finding a specific magical item or achieving some other goal; and so on.

The gamemaster may also choose to use the Theran Quarter as an object lesson for his group. Depending on his personal view of the Theran Empire, he can make the Imperials in Vivane part of a dark, forbidding, regimented and buttoned-down society, people who receive no joy from their magic and power and live only to crush the spirit from Barsaive. The gamemaster can also use the Theran Quarter as an example of another side of Barsaive's diversity, take a neutral stand on slavery and portray the Therans as simply misguided (according to modern sensibilities) rather than evil. He could use the Therans to demonstrate that greater good can emerge from a somewhat questionable practice and play up the heroic efforts made by Thera's founders in their efforts to benefit the entire world by saving its people from the true evil, the Horrors.



THE THERAN QUARTER



Also known as the Old City and the Walled City, the Theran Quarter occupies Vivane's southwestern corner. Surrounded by strong walls, the quarter has been extensively reconstructed by its Imperial occupants. Its buildings are built from the finest materials, and in places rise many stories above the wide, well-maintained streets. The land of the Theran Quarter is flat, sloping slightly down southward toward the banks of the Flamewalk River. Its dramatic skyline is often enhanced by the Overgovernor's ship, the *Ascendancy*, hovering at its moorings in the grounds of the palace.

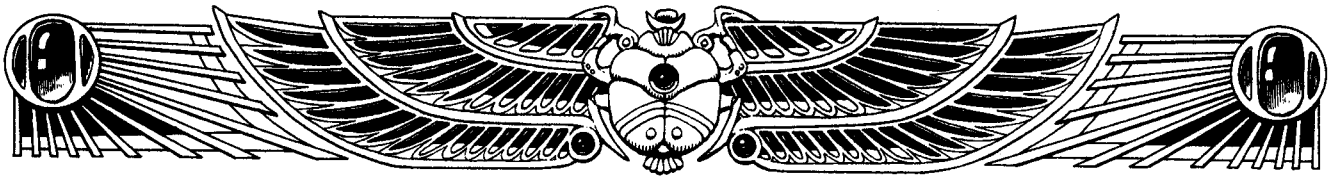
THE OVERGOVERNOR'S PALACE

The Overgovernor's Palace is not a single building, but an entire complex consisting of various structures (see the **Overgovernor's Palace** map, p. 39). Iron railings twelve feet high, topped with barbed spikes, protect the palace from intruders. In addition, every building in this complex has been enchanted to resist unauthorized magical entry. Each building has a Spell Defense of 24 against any spell intended to damage or breach the buildings, whether through the walls or underground.

The most striking feature of the palace grounds is the great Basalt Spire, at which the *Ascendancy* anchors. The forbidding black pillar stands a hundred and sixty feet high. An elemental elevator similar to those in the pillars of Sky Point (see **Sky Point and Vrontok,** p. 8 in the **Vivane Province** book) allows people to travel up or down the spire. A single, heavily guarded door blocks all but authorized users from the elevator. At the top of the spire is a platform to which the airship is anchored, and no less than twenty soldiers patrol this rope-bounded eyrie at all times.

The huge North Barracks stands on the northern edge of the palace grounds. In addition to the troops housed there, Kypros has installed his own personal household bodyguard in separate quarters next to his own residence. Forty soldiers are quartered in the household guard barracks, all of them at least novice swordmasters or warriors. Their average rank is Fifth Circle. The leader of the household guard is Elsandriss, a t'skrang Eighth Circle swordmaster who wears crystal plate armor and a lighthelm. The lighthelm is an enchanted helmet made of crystal that increases the wearer's Spell Defense by +3 and adds an additional +3 to the wearer's Spell Defense against any magical assault that might dim the senses of hearing or vision. A lighthelm can also project an aura equivalent to normal daylight up to a range of twenty feet in pitch darkness. The t'skrang and orks that form the majority of the household guard wear crystal mail that changes hue to fit the environment. The t'skrang soldiers carry broadswords, the orks two-handed swords. (Camouflage armor is hardly necessary for a household bodyguard, but they look great on parade.)

The palace stables are noted for fine horseflesh. Kypros has fifteen dappled Creanen stallions of the finest bloodlines, high-strung beasts that pout and prance in their ritual regalia. For game purposes, the stallions are war-horses, but with



Dexterity 8, Strength 10, and Willpower 9. The stables also house two mastryliths—vast, fifteen-ton elephant-like beasts that Kypros and Elsandriss ride on certain public occasions. These brutes are growing old and somewhat docile, but they still impress (and usually terrify) onlookers.

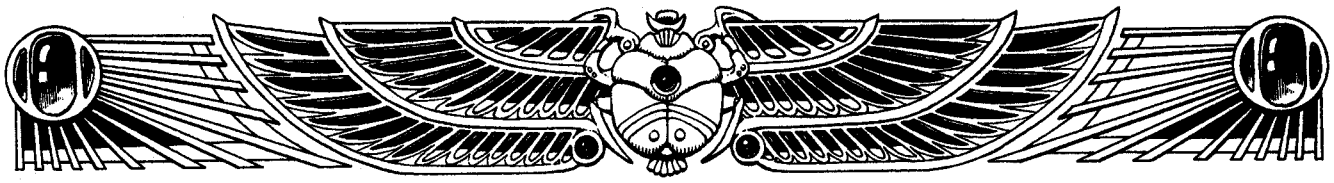
The palace complex also includes the Imperial Museum of War, where the Therans keep meticulous records and archives of military campaigns in Barsaive and the northern reaches of the province. Access to this treasure trove is restricted to authorized Theran scholars. This archive also contains all manner of rumors, sightings, legends and such pertaining to fabulous and exotic creatures, treasures, and unusual cultures, especially in the westward lands across the vast Caralkspurs. The Imperial Museum's collection would make intriguing reading for any heroic adventurer worth his salt. Unfortunately, the senior archivist, Lanzendrin, is an irascible Sixth Circle elementalist who has few qualms about unleashing magical chastisements against those who displease him. Rumor also has it that nethermancers have installed skeletal guardians in the labyrinthine libraries to attack intruders mindlessly and implacably. It is further said that many of the most valued tomes are festooned with enchantments that cause those reading them to lose their minds, fall into catatonic states, or gradually succumb to paralysis unless they receive the correct instructions from the librarians that allow them to read the books without harm.

A suite of chambers for important diplomatic visitors lies close to Kypros's own residence. This block of rooms is mostly built of white and rose marble and is ever so slightly ostentatious. Its luxuries pall, however, in comparison with Kypros's own home. Though the Overgovernor spends much of his time cloistered aboard the *Ascendancy*, he descends to his palace when necessary for meetings or preparing for public occasions. Kypros lives exceedingly well. Chambers containing pools of aerated elemental water scented with perfumes and herbs, an indoor garden with a crystal dome that houses tropical plants from around the globe along with fabulously colored jazarinthi birds from Araucania, gilded cage-rooms in which four brilliant and gifted *jaraleh* live, a gallery of diverse fine art, and even a small private theater where the Overgovernor may treat especially favored guests to recitations or concerts, are but parts of this magnificent whole. Kypros lives very exceedingly well.

The entire palace complex is out of bounds to the public. Only individuals with a personal invitation from Kypros can enter it, save for Ilfaralek, Crotias and Tularch (and the latter only in theory; she would not dare risk asserting her right to do so for fear of the shame of being turned away). The gate guards cannot be bribed to allow unauthorized entry, for such an action means immediate execution. From time to time members of the public may press their noses up against the railings and watch Elsandriss parading and drilling his troops, but that's as close as anyone gets. In the event of an attack on the palace, Kypros can send out his household division and the entire North Barracks can be emptied in minutes.

North and South Barracks

The North and South Barracks have identical layouts (see **South Barracks** map, p. 40). The North Barracks stands at the northernmost wall, between the Theran Quarter and the Broken Quarter; the South Barracks stands on the bank of the Flamewalk near the Merchant's Quarter. Flanking the south barracks are the river gates, placing the barracks between the two places of admission into the city used by riverborne travelers. Each barracks can hold up to two thousand soldiers though less than half that number are generally in the barracks at any one time; the others are stationed at guard points or out on city patrols.



The walls of each barracks are four feet thick, twenty feet high, and are enchanted to resist magical intrusion or damage with a Spell Defense of 16. The river gates at the South Barracks, eighteen-inch slabs of Vasgothian gloamoak, have the same Spell Defense. In addition, the wood from which they are built gives them other magical effects. Any Legion wizard standing within twenty yards of the gates gains +3 to his Mystic Armor and Spell Defense ratings, and can add +1 to the Effect Step of any spell he casts.

The stables at each barracks hold a hundred mounts and can accommodate fifty more. Three novice beastmasters and a pair of novice cavalrymen attend to these animals and take great pride in their appearance. The cavalry holds annual parades and competitions in riding, jumping, and dressage during the Festival of Kypros's birthday, and the senior cavalry officers want their mounts in fine condition and well appointed. The quartermaster's offices contain supplies of dried and preserved foods, water-purifying herbs and oils for soldiers who must travel beyond the city, blankets, equipment of diverse kinds, and so on. Quartermaster-Lieutenant Thoragur Curlfist presides over these stores at the South Barracks. This lumbering, one-eyed troll has a wild mane of bright red hair and a liking for chewing *kokala* leaf imported from Araucania, which makes him overexcitable and prone to hawk up copious quantities of phlegm from time to time. His mind is as keen as a dwarf sword's edge, and very little ever goes missing from his voluminous stores.

The armory holds a wealth of mostly mundane armor and weapons—the Therans store their magical weapons and armor in the Maracanium. The armory's tight-knit group of blacksmiths, fletchers, bowyers and weaponsmiths, twenty per barracks and mostly trolls and dwarfs, tend to reserve their highly prized work for officers. They make and repair chain and plate armor and ordinary weapons, leaving manufacture and upkeep of the more arcane items to the Maracanium.

The Maracanium, with its staff of weaponsmiths and wizards, makes magical weapons and armor. It also crafts armor from obsidiman skin, and the weaponsmiths tinker constantly with new alloys and whatever ores they can lay their hands on. Herbalists and wizards create potions needed by traveling soldiers, and from time to time work on a unique item for a senior officer's use. The Maracanium tends to produce mostly one-use items (potions, magical projectiles, and so on) but the lighthelms and crystal plate armor in which it specializes are superbly crafted and decorated. Most Maracanium artisans are t'skrang and elves.

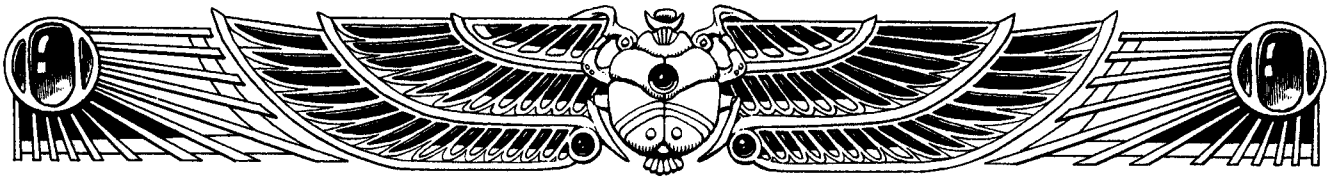
Senior officers at each barracks have a mess hall separate from the ordinary soldiers, and live in their own rooms. Holding cells and visitor's suites are also incorporated into the officers' quarters. General Crotias and General Ilfaralek have offices in the same building at the South Barracks, both with tight security (higher for Ilfaralek, given the nature of his covert work). Each of these generals directs an internal staff of a dozen or so, including a Sixth Circle magician.

The enigmatic General Elkanshara has offices at the South Barracks also. Her rank does not reflect any power of command, but rather denotes her privileges and status. An elf, Elkanshara is a Tenth Circle nethermancer and the Eighth Legion's resident expert on Horrors and other astral and magical menaces. Elkanshara is blind, but possesses astral sensitive sight to a staggering range of two hundred yards—a freakish ability for one of her race. She also possesses a silvered tiara, a magical relic crafted in Aznan, which provides her with powerful magical defenses against Horrors as well as adding +4 to the Effect Step of any spell she casts against them (or against constructs created by them, creatures possessed by a Horror, and so on). Elkanshara is a recluse by nature, and even the boisterous General Crotias dreads having to visit her for any reason. The elf's sinister reputation is further enhanced by claims from some Legion officers that she can create or summon a magical, ghostly steed capable of travel at seemingly impossible speed, and that despite her blindness she can use hand weapons with extraordinary deftness and skill.

CIVIC ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS

The enormous, sprawling House of Works (see the **House of Works** map. p. 41) is the heart of Vivane's Imperial civil administration. The Department of Bursaries, which occupies half the building, is the city treasury. Though only small amounts of money are kept in the bursary offices, all the paperwork relating to taxes, tithes and civil expenditure are located in this department. The place is a maze of offices occupied by scribes and functionaries, some whose eyesight is failing after years of poring over document after document. Untold quantities of papyrus and paper litter every surface. Sitting atop the entire structure, literally and metaphorically, is Chief Secretary Patracheus.

Patracheus plays a hundred roles in city life, including Census-Giver, conclave member for his noble House, chairman of a dozen groups of officials handing out contracts and concessions for various public works, Master of the



Aquifers (an archaic title indeed), Sealer of the Rolls (a title derived from the old practice of sealing wills with wax into coiled rolls of paper), and many others. He knows where every last official copper coin is spent, and for what reason. Married to a daughter of House Medari in a dynastic arrangement, Patracheus is politically almost invincible. Everyone in the Theran Quarter trying to make a living—and many outside it—knows that though he may not need Patracheus's favor to succeed, anyone who meets with his disfavor is lost. Almost all mid-level appointments in the Theran civil service owe something to his patronage, and his juniors are generally loyal to him, because they know that many of them would be swept out by any new broom replacing him. Certainly, Patracheus does not control all civil life, for no one man can closely scrutinize everything going on in a city of nearly 100,000 people. He has informants everywhere, however, and little escapes his attention for long.

The Department of Bursaries collects taxes through the census and its tax collectors and dispenses the collected revenues through various committees and groups. It also controls civic concessions, determining which nobles will be granted exclusive rights to supply city projects with skills and resources. Currently, for example, House Carinci has the exclusive right to import stone into the Old City for the purpose of constructing new buildings. House Medari has the exclusive right to supply the builders and laborers who construct such buildings. The right to supply architects and skilled artisans is currently split between Houses Thaloss and Carinci. City ordinances dictate that these exclusivities apply to privately as well as publicly financed work; if a Theran citizen wants to build an extension to his villa, he must buy Carinci stone, hire Medari laborers, and so on. These strictures cannot be ignored in the Theran Quarter, and though they are not quite law in the rapidly rebuilding Merchants' Quarter, that quarter's residents know that toeing the Theran line is a good idea if they want to end up behind the safety of the strong new city walls currently under construction.

The House of Records takes up much of the remaining space in the House of Works. This department is a functionary's paradise. Wills and commercial contracts are deposited in the House of Records, and a maze of bewildering laws pertains to swearing them out and getting access to them. Most oaths must be sealed in the presence of an appointed senior functionary of the House of Records to have any force in law. Marriage, birth and death documents stored in this department are vital for the purpose of determining inheritance rights, for without official records, an individual's very existence will be denied (and that individual will have no legal rights).

Adventurers of all stripes may find it best to avoid the House of Records. Security is not as tight as in certain other places, but the casual intruder who manages to get past the guards at the doors can never be sure who he may be standing next to when he sneaks a look at some document or other. Important commercial and official documents, of course, are always kept under lock and key. The staircases and corridors leading to Patracheus's chambers are sealed with barriers of elemental air and fire to repulse uninvited guests. Finally, over-ambitious revolutionaries should be warned that starting a fire in the House of Works is both useless and extremely dangerous. It is useless because enchantments employing elemental water will extinguish such a fire in seconds, dangerous because the penalty for such action is quartering by mastryliths in a public place. No trial is necessary; Overgovernor Kypros determines the guilt of an accused party.

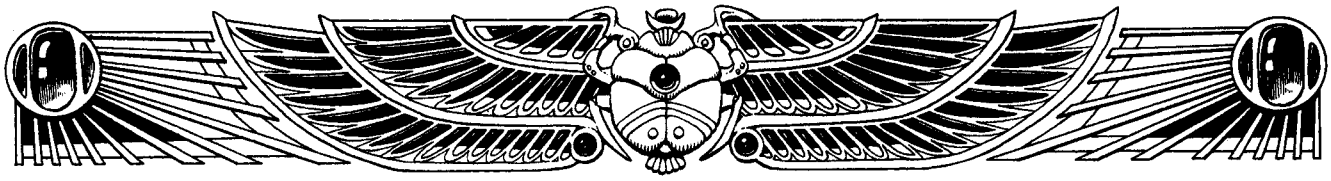
The House of Works also contains the workplaces of the lamplighters and the Fieldmen of the Old City (described in the following pages).

THE QUARTER'S WALLS AND TOWERS

The walls and towers around the Old City are all strengthened by powerful magic. An effective Spell Defense of 22 protects them from any magical attack.

RIVER DEFENSES

The walls bordering the Flamewalk River are eight feet thick, sunk fourteen feet into the ground and rise eighteen feet above water level. Battlements add thirty more inches to the walls' height; the battlements are a foot thick, leaving a six-foot walkway along which guards patrol regularly. The river walls have three gates: two smaller river gates where boats can off-load cargo on the wharves, and the huge West Gate with its thirty-five-foot-high defensive towers. The two smaller gates are twelve feet high and made of wood. They can be barred from inside the city and are defended day and night by twenty soldiers of the Eighth Legion. Because ambitious entrepreneurs attempt to smuggle all kinds of goods into the Old City, the least corruptible soldiers guard the river gates. For purposes of attempts to bribe them, the guards' Social Defense rises by +3 above their usual rating. The lieutenant serving with them—usually a Fourth Circle warrior—possesses a concealed magical medallion that adds +2 more to his Social Defense and +4 to his Spell Defense. The river gates stand right next to the South Barracks.



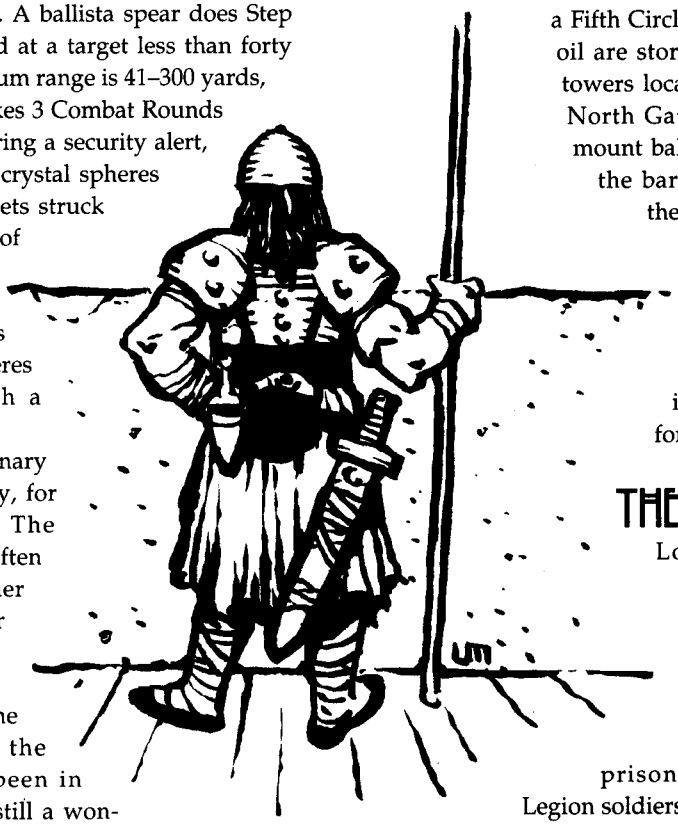
The huge West Gate and bridge has four towers, two on each side of the Flamewalk River. Each of these towers is occupied by thirty elite soldiers. Half of them are novice adepts; a third of these in turn are suitably equipped archers. All of the soldiers are equipped with ring mail, a footman's shield, a broadsword or occasionally a pole-axe, a medium crossbow, and a dagger. The lieutenants leading each unit are Sixth Circle archers. Four out of each thirty are a trained ballista crew, and each tower boasts one of these giant spear-throwing machines. A ballista spear does Step 20 damage, and cannot be fired at a target less than forty yards away. The ballista's medium range is 41–300 yards, long range 301–750 yards. It takes 3 Combat Rounds to reload. In time of war or during a security alert, ballista spears are tipped with crystal spheres containing elemental fire. Targets struck by these spears suffer damage of Step 16 from the elemental fire in addition to the normal damage from the spear. Targets within five yards of these spheres suffer splatter damage with a Damage Step of 10.

The West Gate's extraordinary bridge is used only once a day, for the two hours before dusk. The roads on both sides of it are often lined with merchants and other travelers waiting for their chance to cross into or out of the city for the night. Though the wooden replacement for the stone bridge destroyed in the Theran bombardment has been in place for many decades, it is still a wondrous sight for many visitors. The West Gate appears to be a solid slab of wood fifteen feet high; as the gatekeepers lower this magical device using pulleys and winches, the wooden "gate" expands into a drawbridge that covers the 220-yard span of the Flamewalk River. Lowering the bridge takes 6 Combat Rounds.

Ten feet above each of the four gate towers, and also the barracks and palace towers described in the following pages, hover blue crystal globes 10 inches in diameter. Magicians in the service of the Eighth Legion can employ these spheres to cast light equal to bright sunlight (as a searchlight) in a 30 degree arc to a range of half a mile, if they make a successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8. Magicians untrained in the use of these devices make this test against a Difficulty Number of 16.

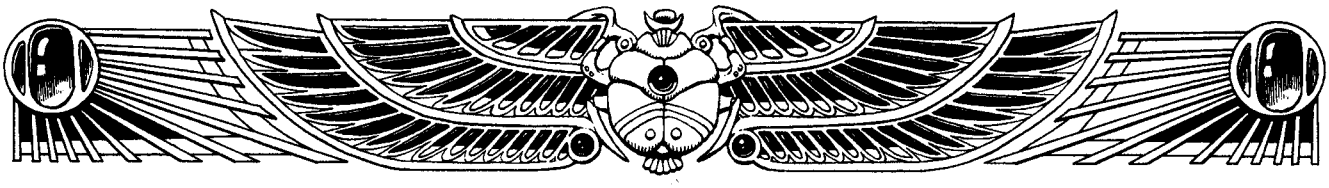
Other Walls and Towers

The rest of the Old City walls are twenty-two feet high and seven feet wide, with two-foot battlements and four-foot walkways. As shown on the Vivane City map, towers mark the walls at semi-regular intervals. For a typical tower layout, see the **City Towers** map, p. 42 Each of these towers is manned by twenty soldiers, a mix of warriors and swordmasters including half a dozen archers. These soldiers are novice adepts, commanded by a Fifth Circle archer lieutenant. Barrels of oil are stored atop each tower, and the towers located adjacent to the barracks, North Gate, and palace complex also mount ballistas. The towers adjacent to the barracks maintain dungeons in their lower levels, where prisoners and those apprehended trying to enter the city illegally (or attempting to smuggle proscribed items) are held prior to trial or incarceration in the Old City's forbidding prison.



The Imperial Prison

Located near the South Barracks, the Imperial Prison is a three-story building with dungeon cells a hundred feet below the ground. The **Imperial Prison** map, p. 43, shows the prison's ground level. Twenty Legion soldiers serve as guards on this level, commanded by a grim-faced Seventh Circle troll warrior of huge girth clad in heavy plate armor. The actual jailers are civil servants rather than soldiers. This forbidding citadel has no windows and is formidably protected against magical intrusion or attack with a Spell Defense of 24. Penal gangs are periodically released from the prison into the city for slave labor, then marched back inside at night. The cells contain magical shackles, and many criminals are also fitted with helms that magically render them placid and zombie-like. In the deepest dungeon cells, half a dozen *ghareez* (see **Windlings,** p. 10 in the **Barsaivian Vivane** book) interrogate and torture important prisoners (or any prisoner they feel like hurting). The other jailers do not enter these dungeons, and the *ghareez* do not emerge from their domain. Food and messages are left for



them in a small shaft leading down to their home, and prisoners sentenced to their tender mercies are left in a cramped, four-foot square holding cell until the windlings decide to come and fetch them. Very, very few of those sent to their dungeons have been known to return.

THERAN QUARTER AQUIFERS

The Old City's immense aquifer system (shown on the Vivane City map) is constructed of elemental stone with elemental water enchantments melded into its structure. The aquifers run eighteen feet above ground level, and where they meet the city walls, fountains spout water up to the walls' height so that guards on the battlements may draw water from them.

The aquifers are a magnificent sight. Crafted from immense blocks of blue-gray stone, they are lovingly decorated with arabesques, murals, and designs of many kinds (though in any one section, the style of artwork is always consistent). Most of the work reflects dwarf craftsmanship, as most of the great architects and artisans who designed the structures were dwarfs. Most Vivanians are proud of the aquifers' beauty and regal size, especially now that the construction of similar devices in the Merchants' Quarter imply that all of Vivane will eventually be supplied with water this way. (Residents of the Broken Quarter who must line up for hours at mud-tainted wells to get water do not always share their fellow citizens' appreciation for the marvels of Theran engineering.)

The water is initially drawn from the Flamewalk River into the western aquifers, where it is purified of poisons, debris and muck. The purification process makes it extremely difficult to contaminate the water in the aquifer system. The gamemaster may decide that tainting the water is possible, but the would-be defiler must defeat the aquifers' formidable Spell Defense of 22. City inhabitants take the purified water from various sluice points noted on the map. At each sluice point, descending pipes lead water down into small stone-lined pools from which it can be collected. The flow of water is magically controlled so that water flows down one side of the pipe into the pool and back up the other side of the pipe into the aquifer; the water flows in two directions within the same pipe. After coursing around the entire Theran Quarter, the water descends from the easternmost aquifers back into the river.

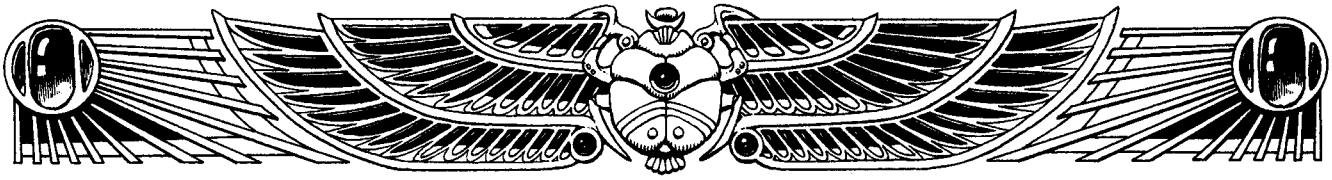
In addition to providing the Old City with a permanent source of fresh water, the aquifer system acts as a flood control. A successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 4 can "compress" the water in the aquifers to a mere fraction of its true volume. Each success level achieved allows the magician to compress water so that the aquifer system can hold 5,000 gallons more than normal. The total maximum additional volume that can be stored in this way is unknown, but it certainly amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons. If the Flamewalk River rises to dangerous heights, vast quantities of water can be siphoned off and stored in the aquifers.

The aquifer system can also function as a weapon. At certain points shown on the map, great stone valves lead up the city walls and terminate in the form of sculpted dragon heads. A trained magician making a Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8 (16 if untrained) can project a huge gout of elemental water forth from the dragon head as a missile weapon, with a splash radius of 10 yards. Short range for such a blast is 10–80 yards; medium range, 81–400 yards; and long range, 401–800 yards. Depending on the range, the jet of water does Step 7, 6, or 5 damage (for short, medium, and long range, respectively). This damage reflects the hammering, smashing effect of the raging spout of water battering the victim.

The aquifers also act as a fire-control system. Trained magicians of the Eighth Legion can draw water from the sluice pools by making a Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8 (16 if untrained) at the rate of 1,000 gallons per Combat Round, and direct the water at a range of up to 500 yards to counter fire nearby. In the absence of magicians, ordinary citizens can also battle fires by drawing water from pools all over the Old City with buckets.

THE GRANDWALK

Dominating the Theran Quarter's highways is the huge Grandwalk, running from the North Gate to the South Barracks. It is a hundred feet wide along most of its length, becoming wider in the center of the city, where the Ziggurats are built in the middle of the Grandwalk as an island of peacefulness. Five lanes make up the Grandwalk, each used by certain classes of people. The central strip, twenty feet wide, is built from huge stone slabs ten feet across and between twenty and sixty feet long. This roadway is reserved for the carriages of conclave nobles and their immediate families, and Legion soldiers when necessary. Flanking this central road are two thirty-foot-wide walkways, constructed of stone paving slabs two to five feet wide and five to twenty feet long. All other Therans except for slaves use these parts of the road. Slaves and Barsaivians must walk along the



outermost strips of the Grandwalk, which are made up of small cobblestones and are far more uncomfortable to travel. The road design reinforces the Theran Quarter's social hierarchy; a person's status in society can to some extent be ascertained from watching the part of the Grandwalk he travels along. The Grandwalk has twelve-foot-high wooden lantern posts at fifteen-yard intervals, with huge light quartz crystals contained inside glass spheres. At dusk, lamplighters from the House of Works travel the length of this highway and activate these crystals, extinguishing them an hour after dawn.

PEOPLE AND POWER

In addition to such important individuals as Patracheus, Kypros, Ilfaralek, Tularch and Zerajaboam (see **The Roundhouse,** p. 36 in **Northside**), other powerful people also live in the Theran Quarter. The following information describes significant people and groups in Theran Vivane.

Keep in mind that the power players listed are simply a selection of those with some influence who may be of particular interest to adventurers and gamemasters. Many others may exist, and the gamemaster should feel free to create additional gamemaster characters or alter the details of those described to suit his campaign.

IMPORTANT INDIVIDUALS

The following individuals are among the movers and shakers in Vivane.

Tarlanth

A tall, thin Medari noble in his early sixties, Tarlanth is the leading power broker in his House. He has his fingers in a huge number of commercial pies, especially those of a civic nature. His wife Cryselda is a Carinci noble, a glacial green-eyed beauty much younger than her husband. Tarlanth used his dynastic marriage to open a few advantageous doors and now operates virtual monopolies along with various Carinci nobles. Imports of material goods other than foodstuffs and public construction projects are among the linchpins of his power. Cold-hearted and ruthless, Tarlanth is a Theran supremacist with a particular dislike of Barsaivians, though he treats his slaves better than most. Tarlanth is ambitious and may well have his eye on the Overgovernorship in the event that anything happens to Kypros. Whether anything befalls the current Overgovernor may depend on whether Tarlanth's daring equals his ambition. Tarlanth's weaknesses are his aloofness and his failure to cement alliances, especially with the military.

Admiral Khalifa

Everyone knows this t'skrang noble by his Name, even though he is not an admiral at all. A powerful scion of House Carinci, Khalifa holds a monopoly on river trade west of Vivane. Anyone wishing to get a piece of this route must make terms with Khalifa and pay a tithe of roughly 10 percent of his profits to House Carinci. Khalifa has a cool disposition by t'skrang standards. Highly alert and intelligent, he is also a noted storyteller and conversationalist. Khalifa has few ambitions, but enjoys being influential and stores favors away for himself and his extended family. Kypros trusts Khalifa, and the military often turn to the t'skrang for the most reliable and up-to-date reports of what is happening in the westernmost parts of Vivane Province. Khalifa knows the upriver jungles particularly well and has excellent relations with the t'skrang who live there.

Mordain

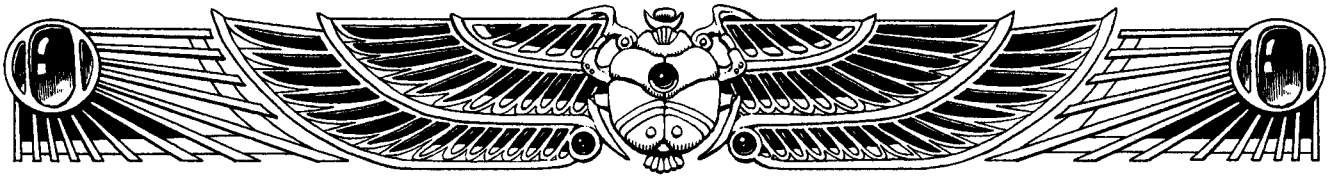
Patracheus's second in command at the Department of Bursaries is a fellow son of House Thaloss and is middle-aged like his master. (Patracheus knows better than to employ ambitious young men as his underlings.) Mordain lives in fear of Patracheus's superior intellect and occasionally withering sarcasm. Mordain himself, however, has considerable influence because he deals with many of the city affairs that Patracheus lacks time to deal with personally. As yet, Mordain has made no serious attempt to use this influence, but he has the potential to build himself quite an empire under the nose of his brilliant superior.

Haughrald

Haughrald is an aging Thaloss dwarf who oversees all aspects of civic construction. Though his strength is as an architect more than an administrator, he understands that his position requires that he recommend the best people for the job on many projects. He takes this responsibility very seriously, and so many seek to bribe or persuade him of their worthiness. Unlike many of his fellow officials, Haughrald is a model of virtue; he brushes off such approaches diplomatically and politely. Kypros and the House Conclave know his integrity and trust his instincts without fail. Haughrald knows the history of Vivane, including its renovations and constructions, extremely well. He has a soft spot for young dwarfs attempting to make their way in the world, provided that they are honest and hardworking.

Captain Darnagorm Ulthrand

The troll captain of the *Regal,* one of the Seventh Fleet's kilas, is a frequent visitor to Vivane. Darnagorm is an intriguing figure. His horns are perfectly symmetrical,



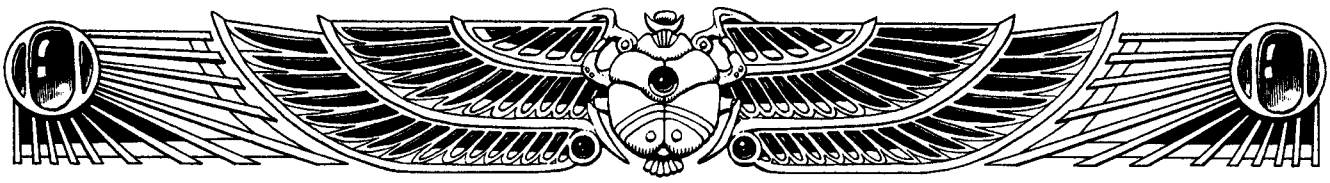
The cost of visiting the Recitatorium depends on the scale of the performance. For listening in on a rehearsal of a dwarf male choir, a mere 10 copper pieces might suffice. The cost is likely to increase significantly for visitors to the fabled Glorious Harmony, the fine restaurant in the heart of the building. The Harmony's superb t'skrang cook, Hanlash'antera, prepares fresh fish in sauces so perfectly balanced, blended and reduced as to make the mouth not so much water as flood uncontrollably. The famous head waiter, the dwarf Dunglassed, is unfortunately fond of telling customers whose looks he doesn't like (and he has wildly irrational dislikes) about the alleged ingredients of the sauces. According to him, these include the most tender morsels that can be extracted from children, usually with great suffering. He is lying, of course, but his accounts are so vivid that he puts even the most insensitive patron off his food. The restaurant also serves meat dishes, but good manners dictates that patrons only order and eat the excessively special preparations (grilled puma tenderloin with caramelized onion and truffle roulade, or tenderized espagra steaks with wild mushrooms, ozarabird paté, mustards and green vegetables, for example). The cost of a meal at the Glorious Harmony varies from 3 gold pieces (cheapskate) to 5 gold pieces (reasonable) to 12 gold pieces (exquisite) per head. The waiters expect at least a 10 percent tip; any customer who fails to live up to those expectations should not return to the Glorious Harmony unless he or she wants food poisoning. Leaving 20 percent, and making sure the extra 10 percent goes to Dunglassed, is good manners. To leave more is ostentatious and will gain the diner a reputation for being an uncultured oaf with more money than sense or taste (and Dunglassed will be very insulting if the offender returns). Many of Vivane's richest and noblest eat at the Harmony; anyone not attired in fine clothing will be turned away by two enormous trolls who normally throw out the kitchen trash and heft furnishings around.

Performers at the Recitatorium include troubadours of note from around the Empire—favorites at festival times—and the Recitatorium's resident performers. The Director of the Recitatorium is an ork by the name of Grasnara Songhand. Raven-haired and surprisingly tall and slender, Grasnara is startlingly pretty for an ork. She enhances her looks by dressing exquisitely in black, silver and dark blue silks. She may not know a great deal about art, but she likes what she knows. Her aesthetic tastes are surprisingly free of prejudice, despite a certain understandable preference for classical Theran styles—lavish big productions, starker qualities in solo and small-group performances, classical lines and subjects when the Recitatorium puts on one of its periodic gallery shows of art from around the Empire. Grasnara is often ready to give an unknown troubadour a chance to perform in one of the small basement chambers, but she is surrounded by a tedious and narcissistic group of mostly elven troubadours and hangers-on who are extremely tiresome to deal with.

CONCERT HALL AND ARBORETUM

Not far from the Recitatorium is the Concert Hall, a graceful building surrounded by a fine arboretum. The arboretum has trestle benches and bowers scattered all over it, and the best efforts of Theran elementalists keep the temperature of the gentle breezes at a steady 85 degrees Fahrenheit. Tropical plants flourish in this garden spot, from simple palm trees to exotic orchids and the towering knot of Zimmien's Pedestals—huge pitcher-plant-like flora, named for their discoverer, which produce magnificent crimson flowers nearly three feet in height. Less exclusive and less expensive than the Recitatorium, the Concert Hall is more popular with non-noble Therans and Barsaivian city dwellers. Performances vary from mime to drama to troubadour ensembles, and ticket prices vary considerably depending on the event, ranging from as little as 1 silver piece to 10 gold pieces. Recitals are given in the arboretum as often as in the four main chambers of the Concert Hall. During indoor performances drinks are served afterward in the arboretum.

The recently appointed Director of the Concert Hall is a dramatic individual, the Maracian elf and Eighth Circle troubadour Taraaq el'Shazirani. A striking-looking man, Taraaq is copper-skinned and silver-haired, almost seven feet tall, and of slim and graceful build. He always wears a cinnamon-colored robe embroidered with silver and gold. His large, brown eyes and angular features make him a great favorite with noble females. The extraordinary artistic coup of bringing a group of Maracian performers to the Concert Hall to present their spectacular blend of piercing songs and astounding dance swiftly cemented Taraaq's reputation. He is well traveled, with an extremely unusual background. Taraaq is an ex-slave, bought by a Theran master living in Creana who thought so highly of him that he allowed Taraaq to purchase his freedom. Subsequently, the elf earned the rare honor of Theran citizenship by saving the children of two noble families from death by drowning. Taraaq does not mind his history being known, though he takes no perverse pride in it. He is much more reticent about recounting his travels in other lands, however, unless an empathetic elven troubadour should befriend him. If they work care-



fully to win his trust, adventurers might find this beautifully mannered and charismatic elf a valuable source of information about upper-crust Vivane and the Empire at large. He likes Grasnara, and rumors of a liaison between them persist to the present day.

THE HANGING ZIGGURATS

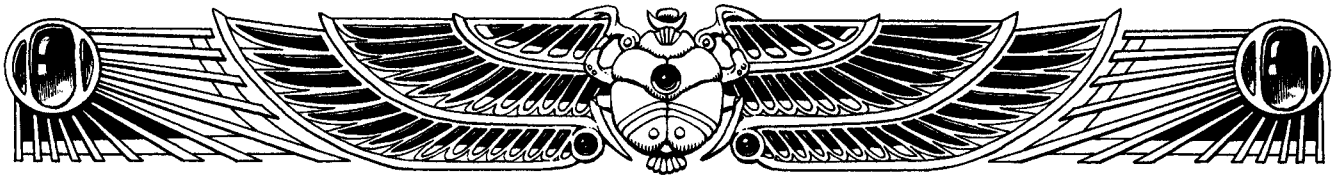
The Hanging Ziggurats greet the eyes as an impossibility. Spreading out from a stepped pyramid, the gardens and bowers of the Ziggurats hang apparently unsupported in empty space, a glorious riot of color with their rich green cocoons of grass, multi-colored plants, and spreading willow-like trees. Elementalists labored for four years to build these gravity-defying bowers, and the sight is a true wonder of the world.

The Ziggurats consist of eighty individual bowers, each with ample space for one person or a couple. A detachment of forty Eighth Legion soldiers, including a Fifth Circle elementalist, patrol at the foot of the pyramid. Entering the gardens costs 5 gold pieces, but the patrol only allows visitors to enter if there is a vacant bower, and usually only if the person paying is a Theran. Non-Therans may be able to enter if they are well-known trustee Barsaivians or if they make a successful Bribery Test; for the latter, the price of entry is 7 gold pieces. Once inside, the visitor walks up the 120-foot-high pyramid and steps off—seemingly into mid-air—to cross to an empty bower. Once ensconced there, the visitor swiftly falls into a state of reverie, fantasy, or dream, enjoying all manner of pleasurable sensations. The more philosophical tend to find their minds cleared of confusion and wonderfully focused on a task in hand; the Ziggurats enhance whatever the lingerer most needs and wants to have enhanced. Typical visitors who curl up in the comfort of the Ziggurats either sleep or daydream, unaware of the passage of time, until dawn comes. The Ziggurats are not used during the day, for only in the hours of darkness can their subtle, insinuating magic lull the conscious mind.

In game play, the gamemaster may allow an adventurer spending time in the Hanging Ziggurats to gain some inspirational clue or premonition regarding future events, thereby foreshadowing an adventure to come. Such clues should be germane without being too obvious. On the other hand, they should not be so riddle-like and obscure that they cannot be understood. In a dramatic conflict, for example, the adventurer may gain an Initiative Dice bonus to reflect that he received a forewarning. In this way, the clue gained in the Ziggurats has some effect in game terms. The gamemaster should also convey the delight and otherworldly nature of the place. It takes a great deal of something to step off into thin air and trust that one will not fall scores of feet to an unpleasant splattered death. In the Ziggurats everything seems more alive. The stars gleam more brightly and warmly in the firmament; the scents of plants are sweeter and more pleasurable; even the touch of cotton or silk on one's own skin is more sensuous, more comforting. The Ziggurats are a delightful place, and the player characters should understand and experience their true wonder.

THE LITTLE BOWERS

Created by the same intrepid traveler who carried plants and seeds to create the Arboretum, the Little Bowers is an open park less clogged with flora than the grand Arboretum. The Watch patrols the Little Bowers regularly, as thieves and swindlers consider it a paradise full of naive newcomers to Vivane. The Little Bowers are a popular courting ground for non-noble Therans and those Barsaivians living in the Old City but also make a good place for after-dark liaisons with other purposes in mind. For anyone who wishes to meet another person in a public place to discuss some delicate matter without risking the dangers of a too-secluded spot, this park is the ideal location. During the day and just after dark, jugglers, street musicians, gruff Vasgothians with trained dancing bears, Taleans with trained monkeys, street patterers, and sellers of disgustingly glutinous fruit syrups may waylay the unwary visitor and beg a copper or two, though true beggars are kept well away by the Theran Watch.

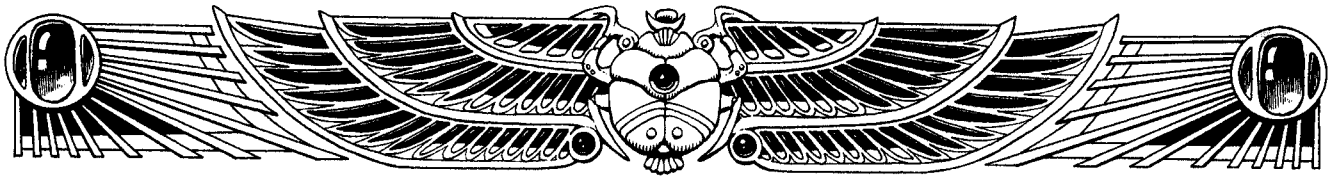


DOCKSIDE

The area known as Dockside, home to the poorest of the Theran Quarter's residents, actually stretches well north from the shoreline of the Flamewalk River. While the Docksiders' standard of living may seem like luxury to many of the truly wretched living outside the walls of the Old City, it is still low. A few Therans made destitute by fines or criminal prosecutions, denied inheritance, or the victims of ruinous personal expenditures live in Dockside along with large numbers of Barsaivians. Despite their penury, they feel no inclination to rebel against the residents of the Theran Quarter because they believe that life in Dockside, however difficult, is better than life outside the walls. Most Docksiders make a living as manual laborers, apprentices or semi-skilled assistants to the craftsmen of more prosperous areas. Those who hold down better jobs are instantly recognizable by their neater appearance and the quality of their homes.

Security in Dockside ranges from Fair to Nonexistent, except for the Treasury and the Imperial Prison (where security is Excellent). Most buildings in Dockside are only one story high; virtually all the houses are made of wood, and few have stone flooring. Roads in this district are often just paths, though cobbles have been laid on some streets and alleys. The streets would be covered in all manner of filth if not for the Fieldmen and their copper tokens, a weekly pittance that many families find necessary to survive. The extraordinary "crime" of excrement-stealing is not unknown, and desperate families often hoard their valuable (and stinking) stores in buckets beside their beds. Many families live in one-room houses without glass in the windows; other houses have no windows at all. In the warmer dry season, the interior of a Dockside house can be stifling (and the aroma one for the connoisseur, given the hoarding practice). A family of two adults with several brats, some domestic animals, and maybe a few old relatives into the bargain, may live, sleep, quarrel, and die in a single room. Day in and day out they breathe in the smoke that spirals up toward a hole in the roof from the fire over which decrepit pots and pans hang, cooking stews and soups of dubious ingredients. In certain parts of Dockside, anything that moves and cannot defend itself may well end up in a stew. Visitors are advised not to eat the concoction with pink tails hanging out of the pot. A family that owns a cow or goat is fortunate, for not only does such an animal provide milk, cheese and young, but its leavings add to the weekly copper count when the Fieldmen come along. Many families own a sheep (often kept on the roof) or a handful of chickens, and most have a mangy cur or a cat to keep vermin away. Such animals are highly prized as givers of milk, cheese, eggs or protection and families will fight to the death to protect what they own. In some ways, Docksiders regard these animals as family members in their own right.

Kinship bonds are strong and secure in Dockside. People ally with brothers, sisters, cousins and relatives through marriage to survive in a hostile world. People remember the debt they owe their parents for raising them when they were defenseless children, and so care for the elderly. Docksiders also have a strong sense of honor, especially dwarfs, orks and trolls. An insult to an individual is regarded as



an insult to his or her entire extended family. No one forgets a slight, and those who do not extract immediate vengeance will seek to do so at some later time.

For the cash-starved Theran adventurer, Dockside is the only part of the Theran Quarter in which to find a flophouse to lie in for a night. While these establishments are nowhere near as dangerous or decrepit as many in the Riverside Quarter, even the most foolhardy Theran would not set foot inside them after dark without substantial reinforcements. Lodgings in Dockside usually offer communal dormitories and little food. Among the lowly inhabitants of such an area, the visitor may find a revealing perspective on the down side of Theran life. However, even the poorest people in Dockside are much better off than the poor outside the Theran Quarter.

Dockside may seem an odd place to locate such an important department as the city Treasury, but history provides the explanation. The Treasury was built close to the river during Vivane's rapid expansion, and proximity to the South Barracks was the most important consideration in choosing its site. The windowless building has since become an island of security in a down-at-heel ocean of dilapidated buildings and even more dilapidated humanity. An entire division of the Eighth Legion is stationed at the Treasury, together with a dozen wizards and elementalists. The walls have a Spell Defense of 28 against magical attacks. Wagons convey Imperial coin to and from this building daily, flanked by a dozen cavalry outriders and a couple of magicians for good measure. The wagons themselves are said to be enchanted so that anyone attempting to open their doors will be burned to charcoal in an instant unless he carries one of the specially crafted and enchanted insignia of office belonging to Treasury servants. The coffers in which Imperial monies are conveyed carry traps consisting of venomous needle-bearing locks and hidden blades that can sever a hand, or worse. Because such precautions are well known, raids on the Treasury wagons remain rare events indeed.

Many Therans take advantage of the Treasury's overwhelming magical and physical security to safeguard their most valuable items, usually stored by city officials or by nobles who do not want to risk keeping these items in their own homes. The Treasury charges a steep fee for such private storage.

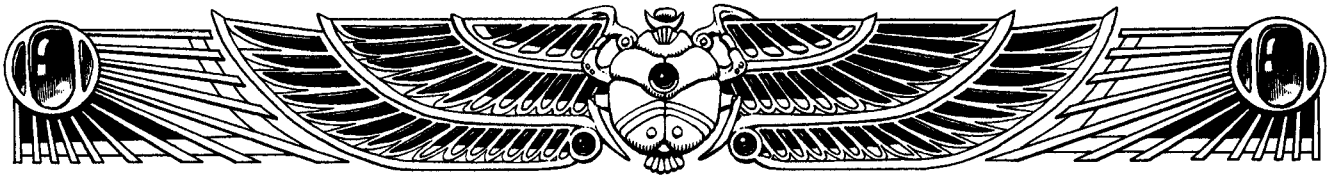
CITY WHARVES

Trading ships arriving in Vivane can dock at any number of wharves, generally ramshackle structures of stilt-supported wooden walkways and platforms, which lie between the Flamewalk River and the wall of the Old City. Traders must off-load their goods and passengers outside the city so that all supplies and people may pass though the river gates, where soldiers can inspect and officials tax the goods and travelers. Soldiers patrol the wharves and walkways to keep the peace and ensure that the riffraff common to such areas does not infest the Theran Quarter. Most warehouses in Dockside are heavily guarded.

KAZNARTH'S EMPORIUM

A sprawling shop stocked with basic foodstuffs, simple utensils, and common gear and weapons, Kaznarth's is the one location in this particular area where copper tokens earned from the Fieldmen can be redeemed. Goods bought at the Emporium cost 20 percent more than standard prices. The clientele are indigenous inhabitants of the Dockside and the slaves or servants of better-off families living elsewhere in Vivane. Slaves and servants travel in small groups, lest opportunistic thieves ambush them and steal their copper tokens or purchases.

Goods can certainly be bought elsewhere for less, and buying anything in Kaznarth's with genuine coin may attract unwanted attention. Nonetheless, adventur-



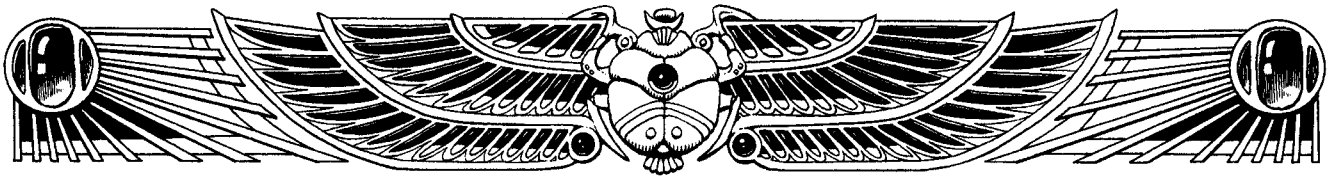
ers will find that the store's owner is worth getting to know. Kaznarth is a Third Circle ork warrior, tough and scarred, with his left arm severed at the elbow. In place of the missing part-limb is a length of strong black wood ending in a wooden construct that looks like a cross between a lobster's claw and a spiked mace. Ork scorchers captured him in Barsaive years ago and hacked off his arm. At some point since that incident, Overgovernor Kypros issued a special permit making Kaznarth a Barsaivian trustee as a reward for his commitment to the Theran Empire and its ways—though no one knows for certain what specific deed brought the lowly shop owner to the Theran ruler's attention. Having spent time in Haven and Bartertown, Kaznarth may be a useful source of information regarding those places. The gamemaster may even choose for Kaznarth to know useful people in those cities and use those connections to further his adventure. Kaznarth is rarely sober, having a prodigious thirst for *hurlg*, but he is eagle-eyed and can spot a potential shoplifter at fifty yards. He lavishes affection on a scrawny mongrel, irreverently (or perhaps not so) named Kypros, and has a couple of treasure maps salted away for a rainy day. The gamemaster may determine the nature and usefulness of these maps to suit his adventure, but Kaznarth will want at least 50 gold pieces for each of them.

EMPORIUM OF LAMENTATION

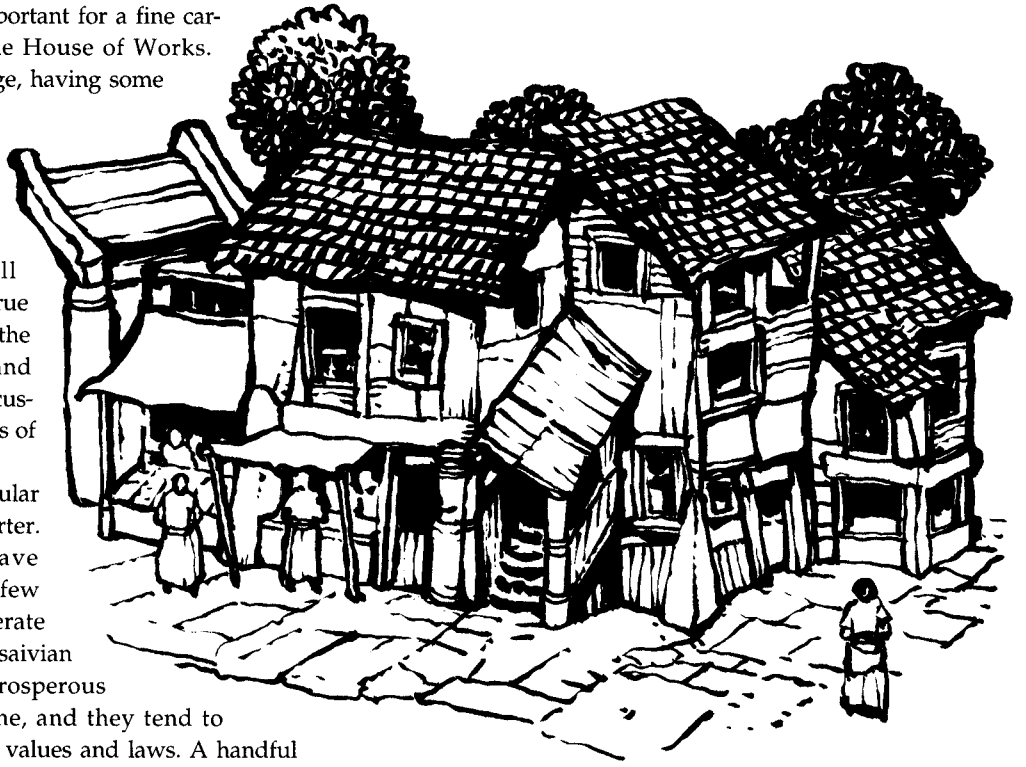
The Emporium of Lamentation is the Old City's busiest funeral establishment. Rich nobles and tight-knit families of many races make their own funeral arrangements, but many families caught in middling living standards turn to the Emporium of Lamentations for an affordable funeral. A large city must also bury or otherwise dispose of its deceased poor, and the city's sheer size has forced Vivane's rulers to enact laws regarding burial locations. The city graveyards (see the Vivane City map) are used exclusively for burial, and the House of Works pays 25 gold pieces to any family that agrees to have a corpse cremated. The city always cremates unclaimed bodies—the destitute lying in the gutter, a victim of a bar brawl found floating down the river—at least, in theory.

The Emporium is run by a dozen trolls distantly connected to House Thaloss, clad in black robes edged with silver and dark blue. They usually wear tasseled black hats and carry silver-banded ebony walking sticks. They affect a somber air for professional reasons, but tend to be bleak-humored, hard drinkers by nature. "Dying's been in the family for centuries," they often say, without cracking a smile. The trolls are a fastidious lot, and always smell strongly of soap. They run the business together and share all the monies equally.

The Emporium sells crystal-topped caskets to those inclined to such funerary practices and will mummify or cremate the dear departed upon request. They keep fine black carriages and horses at Rakland's Smithy just north along the Grandwalk for funeral processions. Everything about them appears honest, dutiful and reassuringly free of levity. As certain unfortunate bereaved



write is regarded as just as important for a fine carpenter as for any scribe of the House of Works. Speaking an additional language, having some knowledge of great literature or philosophy, having resided in some distant Imperial province and thereby acquiring knowledge of its people and culture, are all regarded as appropriate for a true artisan. This trait is reflected in the atmosphere of local taverns and hostelries, in which excited discussions often go on about all kinds of scholarly ideas.



This district is also less insular than many in the Theran Quarter. Many of the artisans have Barsaivian apprentices and a few Barsaivians even rent and operate their own workshops. The Barsaivian artisans represent the most prosperous ordinary Barsaivians in Vivane, and they tend to identify strongly with Imperial values and laws. A handful of cross-cultural marriages have taken place in recent times, usually between impoverished daughters of lesser Theran families and young Barsaivian men whose fathers have accumulated a decent sum of money or (less likely) property.

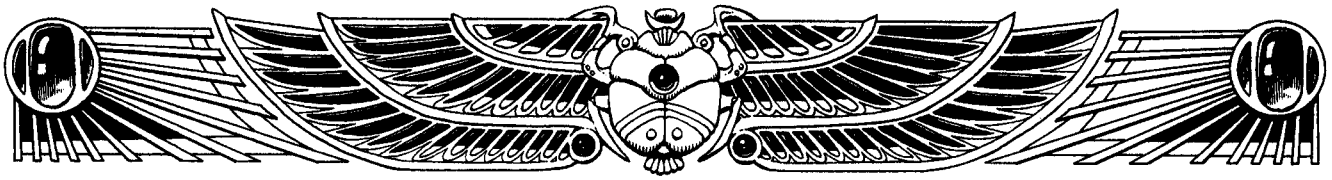
Several city ordinances prohibit antisocial activities by the artisans, meaning unacceptably noisy work practices. An exception is made in the case of the river mill, as city officials deem it essential that the mill be located in the secure Old City. Such work as hide tanning, however, is prohibited—the stench of this process is awful, and given the right wind conditions the smell would waft clear across the Old City. For this reason, leather workers must buy pre-tanned leathers from the Tanneries in the Barsaivian part of the city (see p. 57 of the **Barsaivian Vivane** book). The ordinances force the artisans of Southside to deal with workers outside the Theran Quarter's walls, ensuring a steady flow of goods and labor between the Old City and the "barbarians" outside its gates.

T'SSISSKAR'S BOAT YARDS

Like Barsaive's Serpent River, the Flamewalk River and its larger cousin the Danaba are both home to several t'skrang foundations and villages from which many of Vivane's artisans and craftsmen have come. Among the most notable of these is the master shipbuilder T'ssisskar, proprietor of T'ssisskar's Boatyards.

The extensive boat yards have the exclusive right to equip and refurbish river vessels owned and operated by the Eighth Legion. Because T'ssisskar is a powerful Carinci noble, Theran merchants make very sure their commissions also go to him. The t'skrang and his family—many siblings, cousins, nephews, and even more distant relations within his foundation—are deeply proud of their work, and T'ssisskar himself puts the finishing touches of elementalist enchantments on the fine river craft built in his yards. T'ssisskar will build anything from a stout canoe to a caravel-like ship such as the magnificent *Waterglider* he completed for his cousin Rass'kalist several months ago. Three years in the building at a total cost of nearly 110,000 gold pieces, this superlative vessel conducts trade upriver and also down river into Rugaria. An object of interest to any self-respecting pirate, the *Waterglider* is armed with two swivel-mounted fire cannons, and its crew includes two Seventh Circle swordmasters and a Sixth Circle elementalist.

Of the hundred and sixty boat yard workers, thirty are t'skrang of T'ssisskar's foundation, the rest are mostly unskilled or semi-skilled laborers. One notable exception is the sculptor, Tariskariz, a windling originally bought as a slave from Indrisa. Tariskariz puts the finishing touches on the prows of vessels and deals with the finer points of



paneling, decorating captain's cabins, and the like. Her work on the *Waterglider* must be seen to be believed. The ivory frieze in the captain's cabin took her eight months to complete and is a breathtaking work of art. So touched was T'ssisskar's heart by the quality of her work that he could not bear to keep the windling as a slave, and so he bought her freedom. She is not an Imperial citizen, however, and cannot legally leave Vivane. Though she could fly away, she is grateful to the t'skrang for paying the sizable sum for her freedom, and she knows nothing of Vivane Province. She grows homesick for Indrisa periodically, but T'ssisskar spoils her with gifts of Indrisan silks, spices, and foods from the markets. In the shipyards, she also has the chance to hone her skills with the finest materials and tools, an opportunity she would never have had back in Indrisa.

T'ssisskar also employs a small number of artisans not related to him who specialize in areas of shipbuilding of which the family knows little. They include a Theran ork sail-maker, a Barsaivian elf rope-maker who is also a skilled barrel-maker, and an eccentric one-eyed, bald Vasgothian dwarf nicknamed "Sticky Dumpling" who is an expert at making and applying tars, oils, resins and pitches.

The t'skrang at the boat yard know pretty much all there is to know about the Flamewalk River, the upriver settlements, and routes far down into Rugaria. They congregate after work at the Blackguard Duck, a boisterous tavern. The Duck is a good place to meet rivermen of many kinds without the risk of random violence one might encounter in Dockside. Visitors, however, would do well to read a primer of t'skrang tail etiquette before trying to ingratiate themselves with the Duck's customers.

RANCARDUS'S RIVER MILL

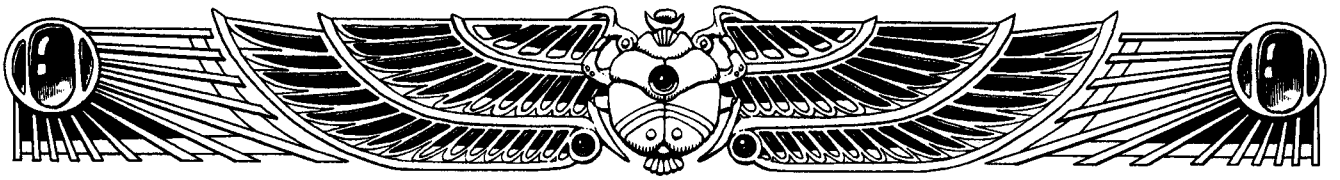
Rancardus Vilshane boasts that his family operated this river mill for a century prior to and even during the Scourge. The latter is unlikely, the former true. Overweight and spectacularly ugly, Rancardus is a friendly man who unfortunately suffers from body odor so awful that his customers give him a wide berth or deal only with his long-suffering servants and slaves. Vilshane hails from House Carinci, and has in practice an exclusive right to mill grain in the city. Two dilapidated old mills in the Dockside theoretically offer competition, but the flour they produce is only fit for feeding livestock or the poorer folk who live in that part of town. Rancardus's mill produces good-quality flour that goes into the bread of some of Vivane's finest eateries. Grain is conveyed to the mill by wagon or slave-gang after unloading at the wharves and stored in the huge bins next to the mill itself. Grain-grinding goes on day and night, with many people coming and going at all hours. Rancardus's mill is a good place to meet many of the Theran Quarter's ordinary working folk.

HERB GARDENS

At the junction of Westwalk and Traitor's Walk, devotees of the Passion Garlen maintain a clean, plain building of gray stone, named the Herb Gardens for the fine herb gardens surrounding it. Healers give their constant attention here to sick people among the artisans and middling prosperous citizens of the Old City. (The poor get help where they can, the rich go elsewhere for healing.) The excellent physicians at the Gardens have a fine library of books covering all manner of prescribed remedies from a score of different regions, and they cultivate medicinal herbs from many lands. The physicians also use magical potions, though they will not sell them. They direct any adventurers interested in buying such a potion to Culparn's (see p. 34). In an absolute emergency they may be willing to sell a Last Chance Salve, but at double the usual cost.

In game terms, a poisoned character who gets help at the Gardens before the poison actually takes effect adds +2 to his Toughness Step when making a Poison Resistance Test (p. 208, **ED**). Diseases should be treated as Debilitating Poisons with onset times varying by type; rabies is swift, typhus takes a week or so, tuberculosis can take months, leprosy still longer. As with poisons, quick treatment by the physicians increases a character's Toughness by +2. The effects of a disease should also be diminished if these healers are on hand to treat it.

No description of the pleasant and efficient Herb Gardens would be complete without mention of Old Gareek. This troll suffered a crippling disease as a child that left his legs withered and useless and confined him to an enchanted chair in which he can move around easily. At times the chair escapes Gareek's control and causes an accident, especially when the troll has had a bit too much to drink. Gareek is the Gardens' resident dentist, and he is exceptionally good when he has drunk just enough (the gamemaster determines just how much that is). He uses hypnosis as an anesthetic (treat as the Hypnotize Talent, pp. 108–109, **ED**). A willing patient may lower his Spell Defense per standard rules (p. 152, **ED**). To a resistant patient, Gareek offers copious quantities of brandy, always keeping the lion's share for himself. On a good day Gareek can extract the pain-giving tooth with a single yank, inflicting almost no pain at all. He also has the fortunate skill of



being able to staunch bleeding at once, though this effect only works with a hypnotized patient who has been ordered not to bleed. On a bad day, a visit to Gareek is a trip to a torture chamber.

Gareek has occasional minor attacks of hypomania in which he hurtles through the corridors of the hospital, a raving, chair-bound troll waving dental tools and reeking of brandy. It is best to get out of his way promptly.

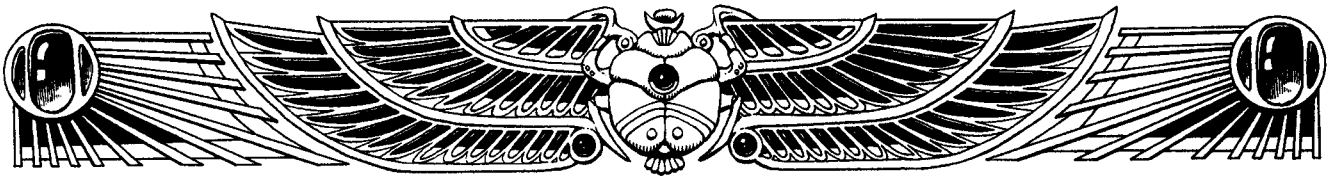
In addition to the potential for comedy to be found in inflicting toothache on a player character and subjecting him to Gareek, the troll can play one other important role. Gareek possesses a treasure map that shows the correct jungle trail by which one can find the legendary Maze of the Gilded Giants north of Jarosleth (see p. 37 of the **Vivane Province** book). He does not know exactly what he possesses, though he knows it is a treasure map of some sort. He might let something slip when drunk enough, but persuading him to sell the map will take some doing.

CORIANUNDRUM'S HOUSE OF GOODS

Many Theran Quarter artisans dislike dealing with the public, especially having to haggle and bargain. The sprawling store known as Corianundrum's House of Goods provides the sometimes shy or introverted artisans with a haven in which to browse through goods in peace away from the crowds of the open markets. The dwarf Corianundrum himself, the striking-looking offspring of a Vivanian father and an Indrisan mother, presides over the establishment like a benevolent minor deity in resplendent waxed mustaches and a brilliant emerald-colored turban. He can talk the hind legs off a donkey, and does an admirable job of selling the artisans' wares for them. Over the years his store has grown from a single-story shop into a four-story building (not counting the basements) stuffed with statuettes, cabinets, furniture of all kinds, glass, crystal, fine woods, spices, perfumes, oils, liniments, carpets, baskets, selected animals up to and including livestock the size of goats (constrictor snakes, trained mongooses and cats a specialty), and virtually anything listed in the Equipment section of the **Earthdawn** rulebook. Corianundrum even sells weapons and armor, but makes careful lists of all such sales. He reports the purchase of anything bigger than a dagger or belt knife to the House of Records. A customer buying a sword will likely go unnoticed by the overworked scribes, but anyone reported as tottering out with plate armor, a two-handed sword and a couple of bows can expect a visit from curious soldiers. Such large purchases can only be made if the buyer gives Corianundrum a place of residence, plus proof that he or she is staying there.

Corianundrum wears a magical bracelet that gives him Spell Defense and Mystic Armor Ratings of 20, as well as a Social Defense of 16 against flattery, bribery and magical coercion. He does not care for attempts to deal with him anything but fairly and if sufficiently annoyed, he may call on his two troll guards. They wear hardened leather armor and heft vast spiked maces that do Step 7 damage.

Adventurers can buy almost anything at Corianundrum's except magical goods. One can easily get lost in its labyrinthine floors and trip over an Indrisan



snake charmer or inadvertently fall into a huge wicker basket full of ozarabird feathers. Goods cost about 10 percent more than normal, reflecting the capital Corianundrum must sink into maintaining stock and the availability of so many different items. The dwarf's fourteen assistants are experts in dealing with the items they sell, from ice hammers and boots for hill walking to exotic aromatic oils. ("This one will make men mad with passion the day before and after the full moon, madam, but at other times it will make them melancholic and prone to indigestion.")

Browsing also allows the visitor to see and perhaps encounter all manner of patrons, from other adventurers to the wealthiest Theran nobles. Maps of the main floors of Corianundrum's appear in the **Handouts** section at the end of this book.

DURAGLIM'S HOSTELRY

If the quieter charms of the previously described hostelries fail to excite the more boisterous traveler, Duraglim's is the place to go. This large tavern offers twelve single, six double and two communal rooms (see the **Duraglim's Hostelry** map, p. 44). Many adventurers stay here when in Vivane's Theran Quarter, and proprietor Duraglim has wisely paid a considerable sum for magical sound-damping so that a veritable riot inside his tavern (which happens from time to time) sounds like a quiet gathering of monks from the outside. Some of the more raffish elements of Vivanian noble society congregate at Duraglim's for glasses of rich, dark ale, and the large tavern chambers usually echo with arguments, cheering, oath-yelling and attempts by troubadours to make themselves heard above the din. Real scum get turned away by members of Duraglim's family. They are particularly muscular dwarfs with strong shoulders, and can use whips, nets and heavy clubs effectively if necessary. If matters get out of hand, Duraglim has a special defense courtesy of Culparn's Herbiary: he sprays the area with a specially prepared fluid that reacts with skin to create a glutinous, foul-smelling adhesive. Anyone affected by it is overcome by the stench and must reduce all their step numbers by –2. Fortunately, the substance does not react with inorganic materials, and so after the stinking horde has been ushered into the street, the tavern smells perfectly clean. The spray evaporates within a minute or so unless contact with skin turns it to glue. A sprayed victim will discover that the muck takes about six days to remove, during which time his or her step numbers remain reduced.

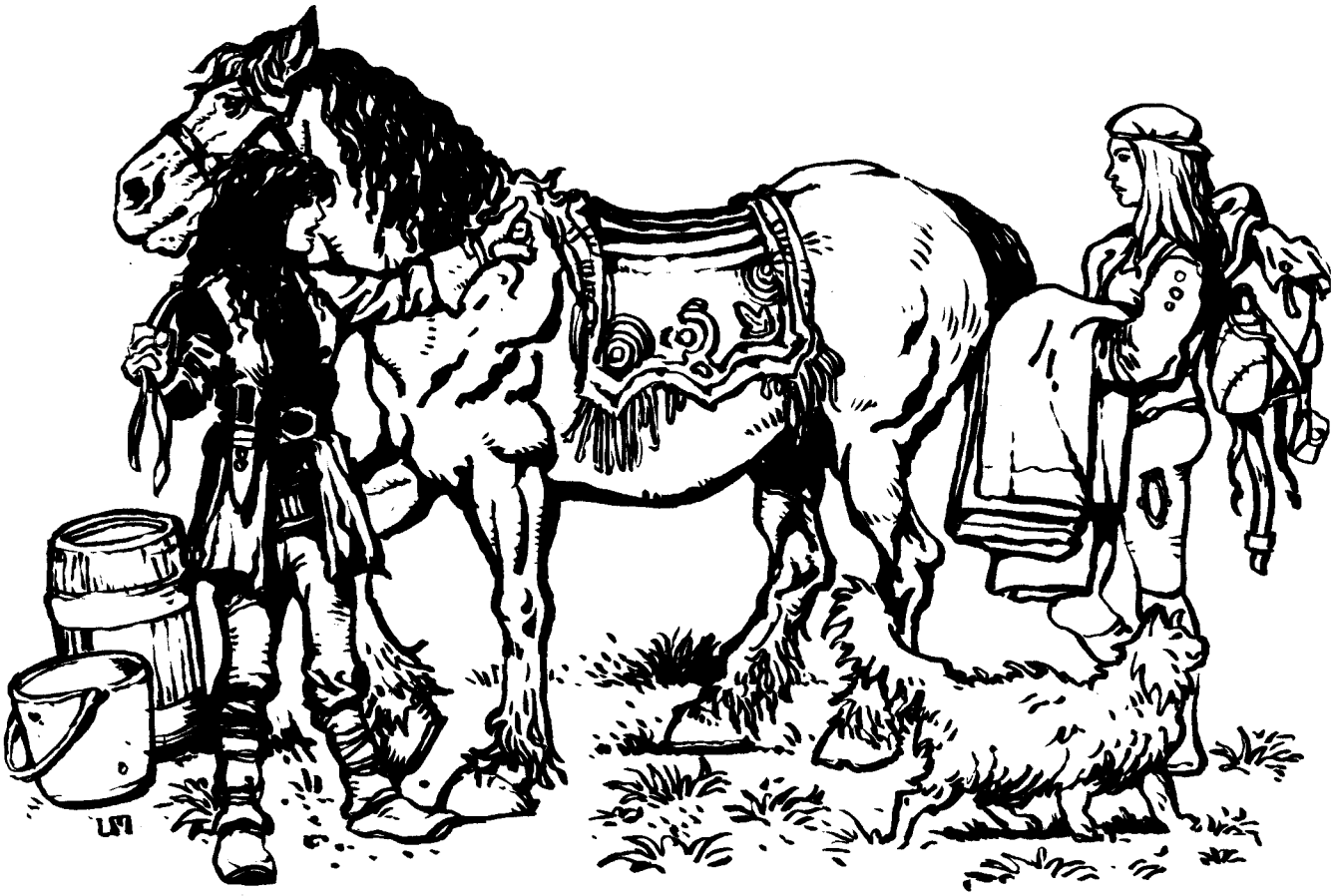
Rooms and meals at this hostelry cost the amounts listed in the **Earthdawn** rulebook (p. 266). In addition, this tavern makes a tidy profit out of the Vivanian passion for gambling. All kinds of games go on in private gambling rooms, and worm and frog races are common in the main tavern. A well-trained frog in good condition can fetch up to 100 silver pieces, though many frogs are worn out after a mere few weeks of racing life by the artificial stimulants often administered to them. Many Vivanians, both Theran or Barsaivian, take their frog racing very, very seriously.

The beers and spirits served at Duraglim's are exceptional. The food is adequate (though the elven cook Sulakina would be greatly offended if told so). All in all, Duraglim's makes an excellent first port of call for adventurers.

SYRANITA'S PLACE

Close by Duraglim's, conveniently situated for the reveler who wishes to go on enjoying himself after he tires of the tavern, is Syranita's Place. Wealthy nobles patronize this salacious establishment by arranging for Syranita to send over an appropriate employee, though less self-indulgent and less wealthy individuals go to the house itself. Syranita's is a small mansion, carefully hidden from sight by tall trees and boasting several darkened paths leading to its doors. The establishment offers various services: massage, absurdly over-perfumed baths, anointing with oils reputed to have all manner of wondrous effects (usually aphrodisiac or enhancing certain physical attributes), intoxicating substances, and more obviously carnal pleasures. Costs vary depending on what services are ordered and from how many people. The gamemaster can improvise, but prices should be excessive. Its ornamental fountains, leopard-skin coverlets, silk sheets and the like should be enough to warn away most sensible people from visiting Syranita's, but newcomers with more libido than brains risk a dreadful fate.

Syranita is a Seventh Circle nethermancer, and both she and her staff can usually tell which visitors are strangers to Vivane. These patrons may be unpleasantly surprised to discover that the bedmate they are happily entwined with in the semi-darkness is recently deceased, enchanted into unwholesome life by an Animate Spirit Object spell. These unusual courtesans attempt to strangle the luckless customer at his or her point of maximum weakness. If the attempt succeeds (and many do), the customer's goods are sold to a fence and his or her body becomes fodder for Syranita's nethermantic experiments. Syranita does not risk the enormous legal trouble of victimizing her regular clientele this way; for them, she reserves an expensive and depressingly predictable litany of carnal depravities.

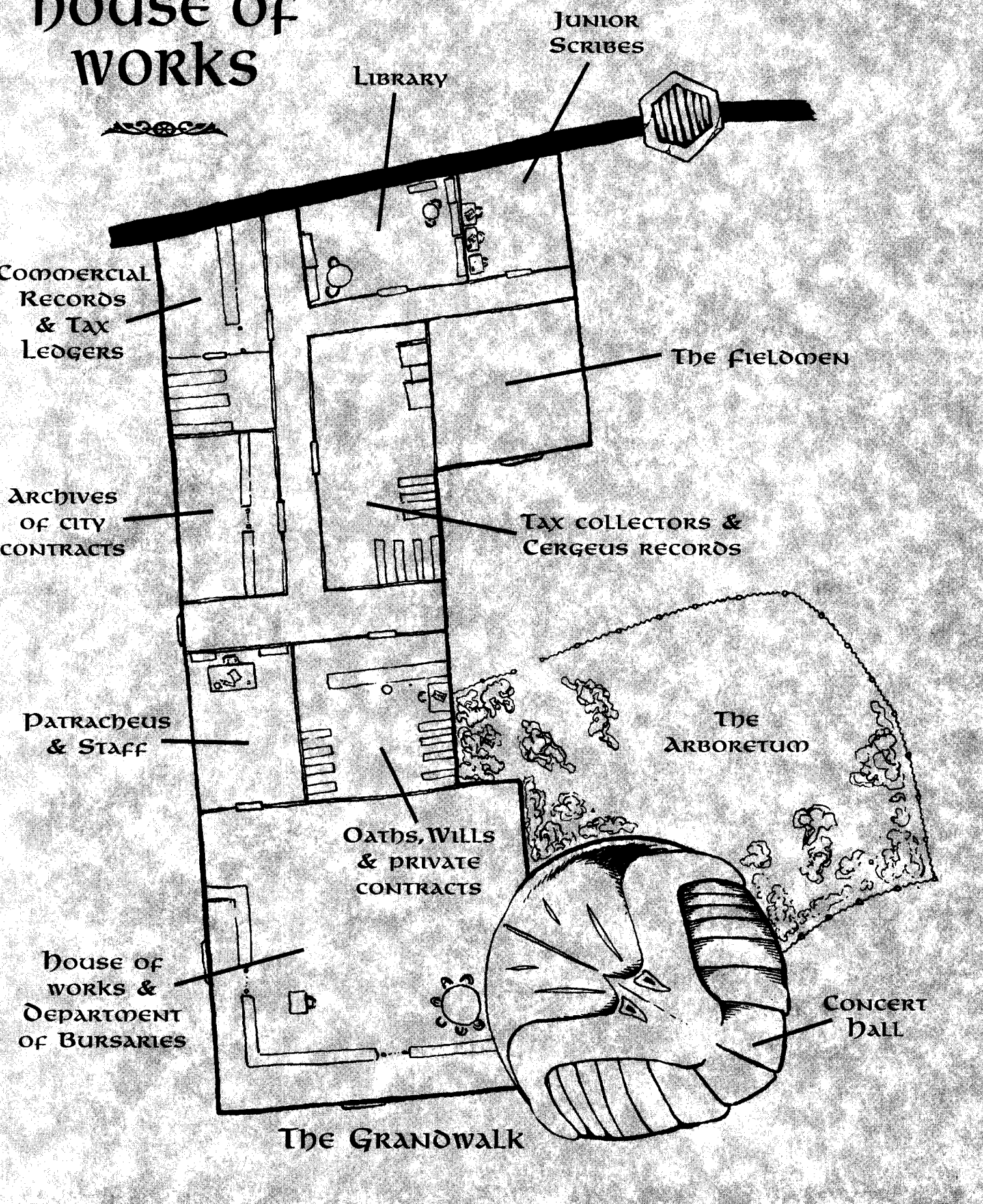


THE ZOOTORIUM

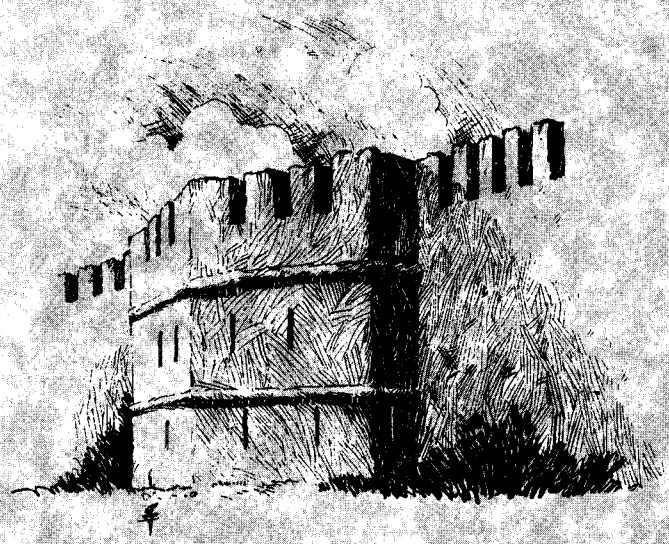
Just north along the Westwalk stands the Zootorium, owned and operated by Finallagreek the Red. Finallagreek is a striking female ork with wavy auburn hair and symmetrical port-wine birthmarks on both cheeks that seem to enhance her chiseled features. The Zootorium gets part of its funding from the city, the rest from a limited number of animal sales. Adventurers can buy mounts, beasts of burden, and rarer items such as trained hunting hawks at the Zootorium if they are willing to base prices, so it is cheaper to buy harness separately from animals. Among domestic animals, Finallagreek keeps only hardy hill goats.

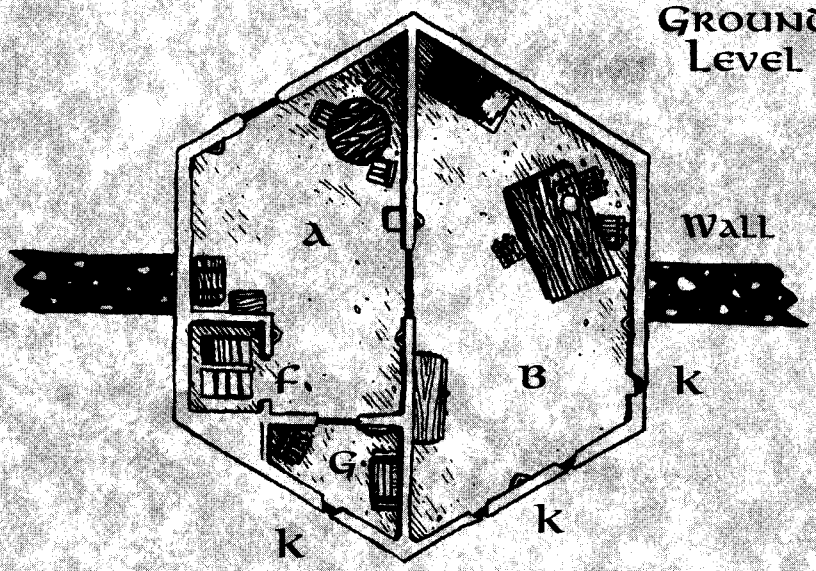
Zootorium exhibits are of reasonable quality, with the expected range of specimens from around the world. The great cats are the prize exhibits, but the flock of Emperor penguins on an icy, rocky shoreline are also popular. Rather than cages or bars, the animals are separated from the public by invisible barriers of elemental air. Fascinated visitors can press their faces unbelievably

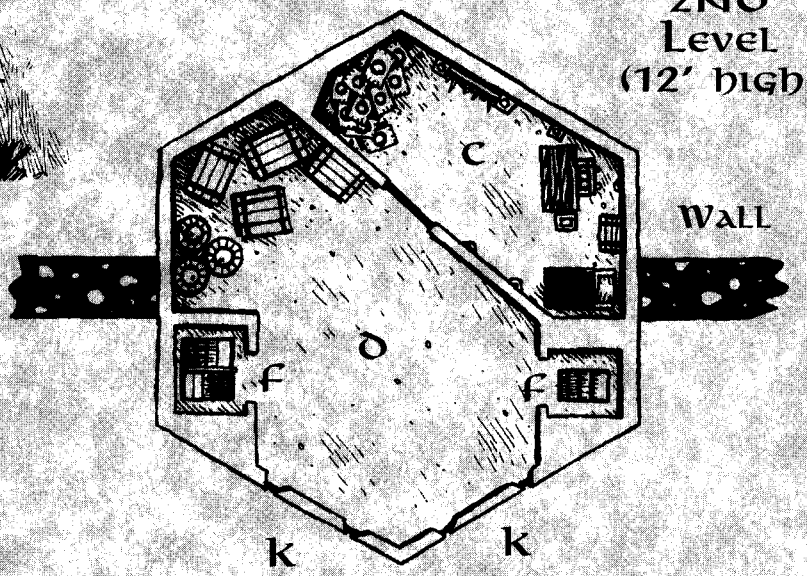
house of works

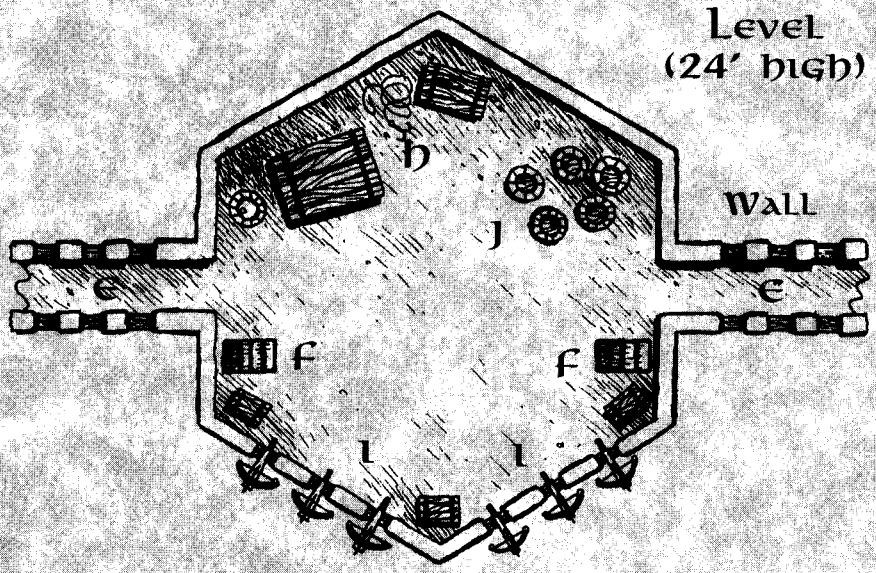


City Towers



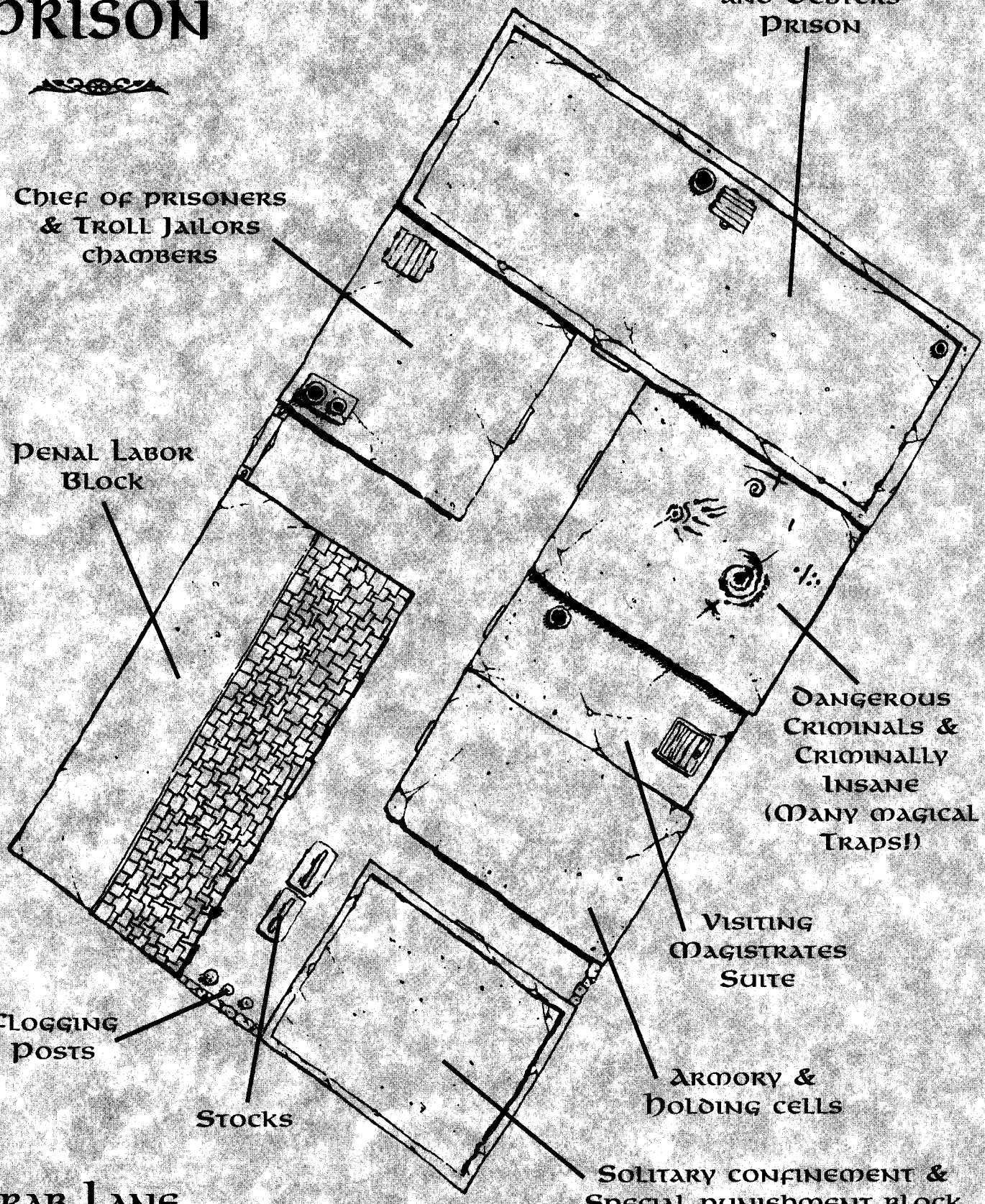






a-common room
b-restroom,dorm
c-officer(& wizard)
d-archer's gallery
e-battlements
f-stairs
g-lookout
h-bolt hold
(crossbow bolts)
i-heavy mounted
crossbows
j-oil barrels
k- arrow slits

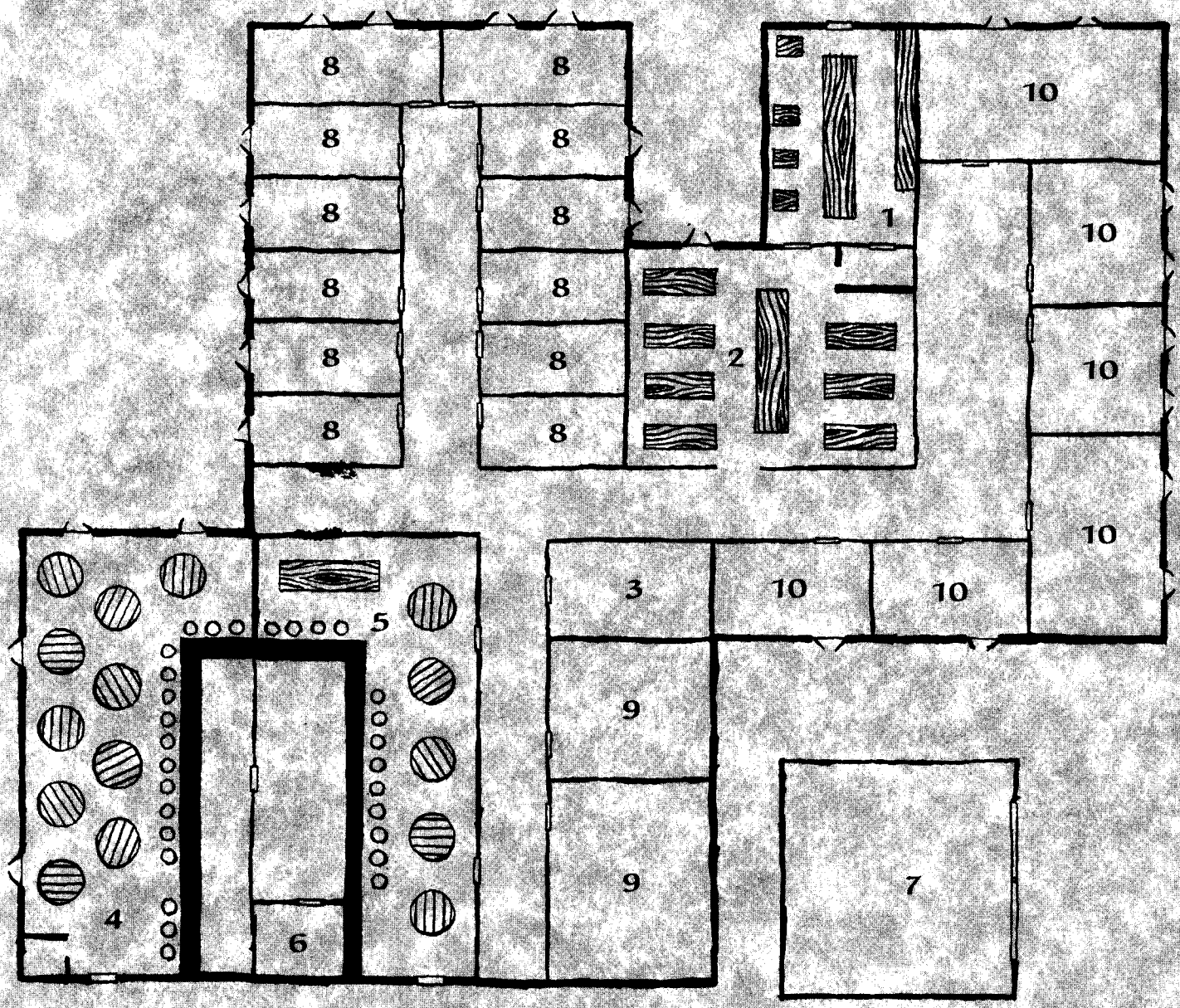
Theran Prison

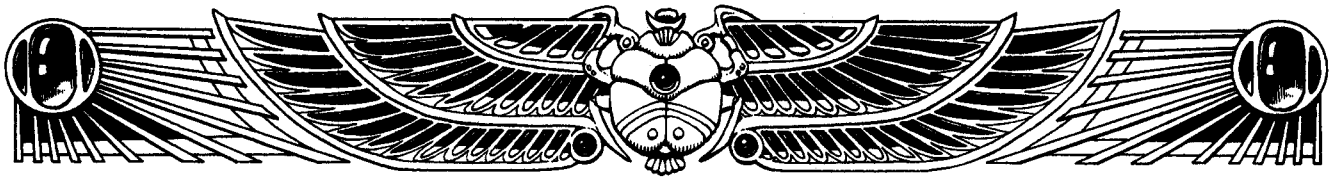


Crab Lane

Duraglim's Hosterly

1-Kitchens and Stores
2-Dining Rooms
3-Duraglim's Chambers
4-The Snug Bar
5-The Bar
6-Stairs to the cellar
7-Wood shed/ Cattle hole
8-Single bedroom
9-Communal flop room
10-Double bedroom





INDEX

This index contains page references for the **Barsaivian Vivane**, **Theran Vivane**, and **Vivane Province** books. The notation **B** indicates references appearing in **Barsaivian Vivane**; the notation **T**, references in **Theran Vivane**; and the notation **V**, references in **Vivane Province.**

A

Abarna, Garavas, 50-51B
Adagir's Hiring Hall, 37T
Adventures
  framework for, 54V
  Theran characters in, 50-52V
Airship base, 10V
Airship fleet
  combat ships, 15V
  crews, 16V
  of House Carinci, 27-28V
  mining ships, 15V
  in Sigara's Crags, 34V
  of Sky Point, 13-16V
Akarenti. *See* Spymaster
Aldjekuul, 26-28V
Andreax, 13B
Antandair, 45-46V
Aquifers
  Merchants' Quarter, 43B
  Theran Quarter, 9T
Araucania, 8B
Arbiter-General. *See also* Andreax
  military appointments and, 14B
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
Arbitorium, 13B, 14B
Arboretum, 16T
Arcanth, Ulger, 14V
Arkhazid jungles, 38-39V
Armory, 6T
Army
  presence in Rugaria Province, 44V
  of Theran Empire, 14-17B
Arrows, Endar's, 56-57B
Artisans, 28B, 26-31T, 35-36T, 39V
Ascendancy, 10V, 13V, 14V
Assembly, 36-37B, 44-45B
Astendar, 47B
Aznan, 8B

B

Balkaria, 30V
Ballaize, 39V
Barbarian citizens, 25B, 30B
Barlakhan's Tavern, 41V
Barracks
  for City Militia, 45B
  of Sky Point, 12V
  Theran Quarter, 5-6T, 40T
  in Vrontok, 19V
Barsaive
  independence of, 12B
  Theran Empire and, 8V, 10V, 11-13B
Barsaivian Vivane, 34-35B
  City Militia and, 39-41B
  government of, 35-37B
  Passions in, 41B
  prominent citizens of, 37-39B
Basalt Spire, 4T
Battle of Tachrisauz, 11T
Bearsgold River, 5V, 24V, 25V
Beastmarkets, 52B, 55B
Bilya, Harellem, 37B
Bird tax, 29B
Boat yards, 27-28T
Borders, 33B
Bribery, 5T, 17T, 26B
Broken Quarter, 34B, 35B
  Assembly and, 37B
  buildings in, 58-59B
  City Militia in, 41B
  districts of, 59-64B
  entertainment in, 63-64B
  hostelries of, 60B, 61B
  Old Graveyard, 64-65B
  rivers and, 35B
  security in, 23B, 24B
  streets in, 59B
  taverns in, 61B
  tax collection in, 28B
  weapon laws and, 27B
Brothels, 31B
Brotherhood of the Bone, 11-12T
  in Theran Quarter, 6-7T, 14-16T
Bursaries, Department of, 6T, 22B
  moneychangers, 28B
  in Rugaria Province, 44-45V
  taxes, 7T, 28-29B

C

Campaign styles, 52-53V
Candriss, Rakland, 21T
Cara Fahd, 46V, 48V
Caralkspur Mountains, 4V, 26V, 34-37V
Cavalry, 6T
Cavalry riders, 28V
Census-takers, 28B
Cerask'allisha, 50B
Chief Magistrate, 35B. *See also* Oathstone (Quarique)
Chief Secretary. *See* Patracheus
Chorrolis, 38T, 47B, 53B
Citadel of Jerucz, 40V
Citizens
  rights of, 25B
  weapon carrying by, 26-27B
City Militia
  barracks, 45B
  in Merchants' Quarter, 43B
  relations with Watch patrol, 40B
  in Riverside Quarter, 48B
  squads of, 39-41B
  tax collection role of, 28B
  weapon law violations and, 27B
City Prison, 45-46B
Civic administration buildings, 6-7T
Civic disputes, 24-25B
Climate, 33B
Cloud Mountain, 8B
Coaching Inn of the Great Rounds, map, 61V
Coins, 27B
Coldreach River, 35B
Coldreach Vale, 42B, 47B
Collat, Arrald, 55B
Collat, Dackus, 55B
College of War, 14B
Combat vedette, 15V
Commercial districts, 24-30T
Concert Hall, 16T
Conclave
  Houses and, 14B
  of Vivane, 21-22B
Corianundrum's House of Goods, 29-30T
Corrupt Crater, 30B, 62B
Cow fighting, 31B
Crab Lane Warren, 23T
Crazanter's Eye, 34V
Creana, 6-7B
Crimes of Grievance, 25B
Crimes of Shame, 25B
Crossriver, 66-67B
Crotias, 11T, 40V
  Eighth Legion commander, 20B
  House affiliation of, 21B
  offices of, 6T
Crystal raiders, 8V
Crystal warriors, 42V
Culparn's Herbiary, 34-35T
Curlfist, Thoragur, 6T
Currency, 20V, 27-28B

D

Daily life
  magic in, 32-33B
  in Vivane, 30-33B
  in Vrontok, 20-22V
Danaba River, 5V, 41V, 44V
Dangranddin's, 25T, 26T
Daragast, Garagund, 11T
Darbeleezer, 21T, 23T
Darkkeeps, 5V, 28-30V
Darlenhold, 67-68B
Darro, Jeran, 36B, 39B
Dashan, Fortin, 38B, 44B
Deadlands, 37V
Dead Man's Hand, 61B
Death's Sea, 41V
Deeptombs, 64-65B
Defenses. *See also* Security
  Flamewalk River, 7-8T
  Sky Point, 12V
  Theran Quarter, 7-8T
  West Gate, 8T
Delaris Mountains, 46V
Dirty Dwarf, 61B
Dis, 11B
Disease, 33-34V
Disparater, 35V
Dockside district, 18-19T
  kinship bonds in, 18-19T
  the Pit, 21T, 23T
  security in, 18T
  shops/establishments, 19-21T
  taverns, 23T
  wharves, 19T
Dorazara's House, 23T
Driftboat, 50B
Dunglassed, 16T
Duradis, Holly, 50B
Duraglim's Hostelry, 30T, 44T

E

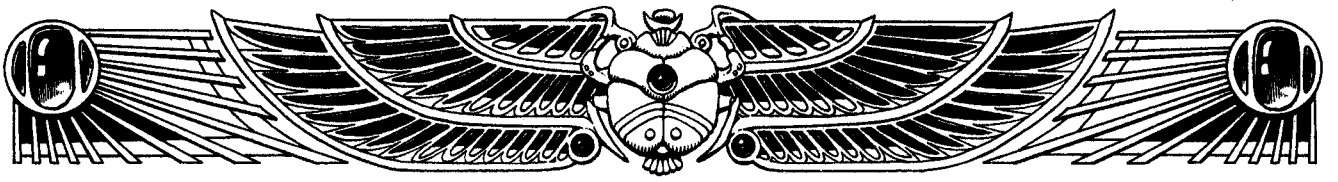
Eastern Quarter, 34-35B, 52B
  Beastmarkets of, 53B, 55B
  districts of, 56-57B
  gambling in, 54B
  security in, 22B, 23B
  taverns of, 53-54B, 57B
  tax collection in, 28B
  weapon buying in, 55B
  weapon laws and, 27B
Economy, 27-29B
Eighth Legion
  in Aldjekuul, 26V
  in Balkaria, 30V
  in Inshaldren, 24V
  political influence of, 20B
  river defense by, 7-8T
  soldiers of, 15B
  in Vrontok, 19V
Elemental
  earth enchantments, 4V
  elevators, 11V
Elvenhall, 56-57B
Elkanshara, 6T
Elsandriss, 4T
Emporium of Lamentation, 20-21T
Endar, arrows, 56-57B
Enlightened citizens, 25B
Entrance passes, for Theran Quarter, 25-26B
Erebor, Comran, 44B
Execution, 20V
Exit tax, 20V

F

Family membership, 14B
Famnarisen, 32V
Farming settlements, 6-7V
Farrosh, Ganian, 13V, 18V
Fashion, 31B
Festival of Fish, 46B
Fieldmen, 12-13T, 18T
Finallagreek, 30-31T
Fines, 25B
Fire-control system, 9T
First Governor. *See also* Kanidris; Silesazanius
  military role of, 14B
  position rotation among Houses, 14B
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
Fists of Fahd tribe, 48V
Flamewalk River, 35B, 67B
  boat travel on, 5V
  defenses, 7-8T
  hostelries, 6V
  and Theran Quarter aquifer system, 9T
Fleets, 14-15B
Forests, 46V, 49V
  of Lankarden, 41V
  travel through, 5V
Funeral establishment, 20-21T

G

Galloping lungrot, 33V
Gambling, 31B, 54B
Gareek, 28-29T
Garlen, 28T
Garusddin's Bookstore, 36T
Geographical Society of Vivane, 37-38T
Ghamalk, 53B
Ghareez. *See* Windling
Gingarach, Drewutt, 51B, 62B
Gladiator duels, 21T, 23T
Glorious Harmony, 15-16T
Goods, prices of, 29B
Government
  of Barsaivian Vivane, 35-37B
  of Creana, 6B
  in Rugaria Province, 44-45V
  of Theran Empire, 13-14B
  of Vivane, 20B
  of Vivane Province, 7V
  of Vrontok, 17-18V
Governor's Hostelry, 34T
Grandwalk, 9-10T
Greatcrag Hills, 4V, 26V, 34-37V
Great Roads, 4V, 6V
Greenheart River, 39V, 49V



Guest tax, 20V

H

Half-Moon, 56B
Halls of Assembly, 44-45B
Hammerhills, 30V
Hammertail oil, 35T
Hanging Rocks, 37V
Hanging Ziggurats, 17T
Hanlash'antera, 16T
Harrudin's Tavern, 57B
Hartmallen, Radgund, 44V
Hashagak, 26T
Hatespitter, Guurshut, 48V
Haughrald, 10T
Hazards, 5V
  of Cara Fahd, 48V
  in Caralkspur Mountains, 37V
  in Greatcrag Hills, 37V
  of Hammerhills, 30V
  jungle, 33-34V
  of Landis, 49V
  in Morkant, 26V
  in Vrontok, 21V
Healers, 28T
Heavenherds, 12B
Hemira, 64B
Herb Gardens, 28-29T
Heritage tax, 28B
High Gate district, 64B
Hightor, 34V
Hildingrist Crest, 48V
Hills, 5V
Horm, Tall, 61B
Horrorfever, 33-34V
Horrors
  Arkhazid and, 39V
  jungles and, 31V
  and Lankarden, 41V
  and mountain settlements, 35V
  and Seraph Jungle, 46V
  and Stormhead, 40V
  Vivane and, 19B
Hostelries
  Broken Quarter, 60B, 61B
  Flamewalk River, 6V
  Great Roads, 6V
  Northside district, 34T
  Stranchis River, 6V
  Theran Quarter, 25-26T, 30T, 34T
  Vivane Province, 6V
House Carinci, 10B, 21B, 66B
  airship of, 27-28V
  in Antandair, 45V
  architecture of, 39V
  exclusive rights of, 7T
  residences of, 24T
  trading and, 39V
House of Correction, 24B
House of Fish, 45B
House of Grains, 45B
Household guard, 4T
House of Iron, 45B
House Krand, 14B
House of Meat, 45B
House Medari, 7T, 21B, 66B
House Narlanth, 20B, 21B
  in Antandair, 45V
  exclusive rights of, 36T
House of Records, 7T
House of Silk, 45B
House of Steel, 21B
House of Tales, 38B, 43B, 44B
House tax, 20V
House Thaloss, 10B, 21B, 45V
  exclusive rights of, 7T
  residences of, 14T
House of Works, 6T, 7T, 13T
  map, 41T
House Zanjan, 10B, 20B, 21B
  Overgovernor from, 13B
  residences of, 24T

I

Ildark, 34V
Ilfaralek, 20B
  and Brotherhood of the Bone, 12T
  House affiliation of, 21B
  offices of, 6T
  spies of, 7V
Ilkandrisen, Fessper, 44-45V
Imperial Museum of War, 5T
Imperial prison, 8-9T, 43T
Imperial travelers, 6B, 8B
Indrisa, 7B
Infantry, 28V, 15-17B
Inshaldren, 24-25V
Ipalanen's Carvery, 35-36T
Ironcrook, 39V

J

Jalallduddin, Razal al', 10B
Jamzinnal, 21B
Jaraleh, 7B, 28B
Jaroslavl, 38V
Jerucz, Argregen, 40V
Jerucz, Dagendren, 40V
Jhawn, Oril, 40B
Jungles, 5V, 30-34V, 38-39V, 45-46V
Justice House, 45B

K

Kanidris, 13B
Karafanel, 33B, 45V
Karaken, 31V
Karinthini. *See* Arbiter-General
Kaznarth's Emporium, 19-20T
Kedate, 13B
Kerryun's traveling kitchen, 63B
Khalifa, 10T
Kila. *See* Airship fleet
Kokala leaf, 6T
Korrurg, Ruom, 14V
Kypros, 13V, 19-20B
  decisions of Conclave and, 21B
  lifestyle of, 4-5T
  palace of, 4-5T
  Vivane Province and, 7V

L

Lafarellis, 26V
Landis, 7V, 39V, 48-49V
Landmarks
  Inshaldren, 24V
  Northside district, 38T
  Theran Quarter, 38T
  Vivane Province, 40V
Language
  in Merchants' Quarter, 31B
  in mountain settlements, 35V
  in Theran Quarter, 31B
  in Vivane Province, 53-54V
  in Vrontok, 21-22V
Lankarden, 40-41V
Lavernae. *See* Conclave
Law
  civic, 24-25B
  criminal, 25B
  in Vrontok, 19V
  weapons, 26-27B
Legion of Irregulars, 40V
Legions, 14-17B
Leonarus, 42-43V
Lesha, 14V
Little Bowers, 17T
Lochost, 11B, 41B
Longbone River, 40-41V
Longshadow, Umna, 61-62B
Longwater River, 35B
Lorafern, 42-43V

M

Magic
  use of, 25B, 32-33B
Magicians
  contracts with, 36T
  of Northside district, 36-37T
  of Theran Quarter, 3-37T
  Watch patrol members, 24B
Malanth, Prosparra, 32T
Maps
  Coaching Inn of the Great Rounds, 61V
  Darlenhold, 68B
  Duraglim's Hostelry, 44T
  House of Works, 41T
  Imperial prison, 43T
  Overgovernor's palace, 39T
  south barracks, 40T
  Theran Quarter, 39-44T
  towers, 42T
Marac, 7-8B
Maracanium, 6T
Maragann, Grogand, 11T
Marketplace, 24-25T
Masant's Hall of Dice, 54B
Mastasherana, 38T
Mastryliths, 5T, 7B, 22B
Mazanian, Arthaldus, 24V
Maze of Gilded Giants, 39V
Medicinal herbs, 8B
Merchants' Quarter, 34B
  Assembly and, 37B
  buildings of, 42-43B
  City Militia in, 40B
  districts of, 43-47B
  language in, 31B
  security in, 22B, 40B, 43B
  streets in, 42-43B
  tax collection in, 28B
Merchantwalk district, 46-47B
Midnight oil, 34-35T
Military
  appointments, 14B
  garrisons, 28-30V
  patrols, 6V, 7V
  of Theran Empire, 13-17B
Mining, 30V
  of Greatcrag-Caralkspur range, 34V
  at Morkant, 25V
  at Sigara's Crags, 34V
  at Stormhead, 40V
  vedette, 15V
Moneychangers, 28B
Mordain, 10T
Morkant, 25-26V
Mother Jurg's, 61B
Mountain
  settlements, 35V, 37V
  terrain, 5V

N

Navy
  presence in Rugaria Province, 44V
  presence in Vivane, 23B
  of Theran Empire, 14-15B
North barracks, 4T, 5-6T
Northside district, 32-33T
  artisans of, 35-36T
  employment opportunities, 37T
  Geographical Society, 37-38T
  hostelries, 34T
  landmarks, 38T
  magicians of, 36-37T
  shops, 34-35T
  taverns of, 37T

O

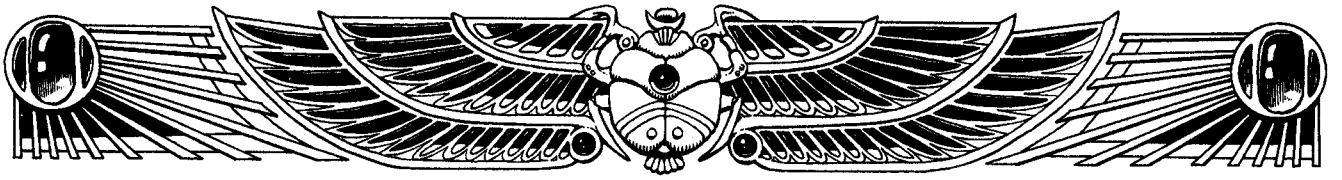
Oathstone, Quarique, 37B
  Barsaivian majority leader, 20B, 35-36B
  and House of Tales, 44B
Oil of astral sight, 35T
Oils, 34-35T
Old City, 19B. *See also* Theran Quarter
Old Graveyard, 64-65B
Omasu, 38B
Open markets, 24-25T
Orichalcum deposits, 34-35V
Orichalcum Wars, 46V
Ostrall the Howling, 41B
Outlaw Town, 22-23V
Overgovernor. *See also* al'Jalallduddin (Razal); Karafanel; Kypros; Povelis
  border relations and, 33B
  military role of, 14-15B
  palace of, 4-5T, 39T
Overland Trading Company, 38B

P

Parland, 41V
Passions
  in Barsaivian Vivane, 41B
  Theran attitude toward, 11B
Patracheus
  Chief Secretary, 22B, 6-7T
  House affiliation of, 21B
Penal colony, 34V
Permit tax, 29B
Pillars, 10V, 23V
Pirates, 5V
Pit, 21T, 23T
Place, The, 48B, 50B
Politics, 20-22B
Population
  of Aldjekuul, 27V
  of Antandair, 45V
  of Cara Fahd, 46V
  of Landis, 49V
  of Lankarden, 40-41V
  of Morkant, 26V, 27V
  of Parland, 41V
  of Vivane, 18B, 32B
  of Vrontok, 17V
Potions
  of healing, 35T
  tincture of wakefulness, 35T
  of weakhealing, 35T
Povelis, 35B
Praetori, 13B
Prestige, 14-15V
Prison. *See also* City prison; House of Correction; Imperial prison

Q-R

Qaras, Eljazer, 12T
Quaalshanera, 37T
Rachesteer's Emporium, 55B
Rafrancher's Claw, 30V
Raggok, 11T, 41B
  followers of, 38T
  students of, 12T
Rakland's Smithy, 21T
Rancardus's River Mill, 28T
Rat Circus, 30B, 62-63B
Ratside district, 62-64B
Ratside Players, 63-64B
Recitatorium, 14-16T
Redoubt, 24-25V
Regal, 14V, 15V
Relicshare tax, 28B
Reshalk, Vendra, 40B
Resistance movement
  activity of, 32B
  leader of, 38-39B
  meetings of, 38B
  Undercity use by, 30B
  in Vivane Province, 7V
  in Vrontok, 23V
Rested Legs, The, 25T, 26T
Righteous Viper tribe, 48V
River of Brilliances, 35V
Riverside Quarter, 34B, 48B



City Militia in, 40B
entertainment in, 48-50B
orphanage, 51B
security in, 22B, 40B, 48B
Tower of Feathers, 50-51B
Riverwalk district, 45-46B
Roseate, The, 25T, 26T
Rostallian, 26T
Roundhouse, 36-37T
Rubaric, Dorina Tarn, 37-38B
Rugaria Province, 44-46V
river travel in, 5V
Theran Empire and, 7V

S

Sabaccara, 31B
Scourge, 12B, 19B
Security. *See also* Defenses
in Antandair, 46V
in artisan's district, 26T
in Balkaria, 30V
in Ballaize, 39V
in Broken Quarter, 23B, 24B, 40B
at Citadel of Jerucz, 40V
at City Prison, 46B
in Coldreach Vale, 47B
in Crab Lane Warren, 23T
in Dockside district, 18T
in Eastern Quarter, 22B, 23B
excellent rating, 23-24B
fair rating, 24B
good rating, 24B
for Halls of Assembly, 44B
in High Gate district, 64B
in marketplace, 24T
in Merchants' Quarter, 22B, 40B, 43B
nonexistent rating, 24B
in Riverside Quarter, 22B, 40B, 48B
in Rugaria Province, 44V
in Sendernis, 25V
at Sky Point, 12V
in Theran Quarter, 24B
in Vrontok, 18-19V
for Walk Market, 46-47B
Sendernis, 25V
Seraph Jungle, 45V, 46V
Services, prices of, 29B
Seventh Fleet
in Inshaldren, 24V
political influence of, 20B
presence in Vivane, 23B
warrior, 16V
Sewage-collecting, 12-13T
Shand, 11T
Shazirani, Taraaq el', 16T
Shib'assera, 34T
Sigara's Crags, 34V
Silesazanius, 34T
Silverside district, 47B
Sixth Fleet, 44V
Sky Point
airship fleet of, 13-16V
buildings of, 10V
construction of, 8-10V
defenses, 12V
elemental elevators, 11V
garrison troops, 12V
languages of, 53-54V
palace, 10V, 12-13V
pillars of, 10V
platform of, 10-11V
purpose of, 13B
towers, 12-13V
Slave Market, 22V
Slavery
in Antandair, 45-46V
as criminal punishment, 19V, 20V, 25B
elven view of, 9B
in Landis, 49V
Lankarden's role in, 41V
Sky Point and, 10V
Theran view of, 31B
in Vrontok, 17V
Slave tax, 28B
Slave trade, 21V, 22V, 27B
Slave Way, 19V
Slaveyards, 32T, 34T, 52B
Sneak's Wall, 43B
Society of Foresight, 12T
Society of Radiant Effulgences, 12T
Songhand, Grasnara, 16T
South barracks, 5-6T, 40T
Southside district, 26-31T
Spice Exchange, 45B
Spymaster, 20B, 25B
Stadium, 53B
Starsearcher, Karrock, 10B
Stenchfoot, 33V
Stone oil, 35T
Stone tax, 29B
Stormhammer Jungle, 30-34V
Stormhead, 39-40V
Stranchis River
boat travel on, 5V
hostelries, 6V
Strategos, 15B
Streets
in Broken Quarter, 59B
in Merchants' Quarter, 42-43B
Striptrees, 43V
Sturmrend, Ganxmander, 44V
Sufik, 7B
Sunas the Skull, 60B
Sunrise Gate, 52B, 53B
Sunrise Gate Tavern, 53-54B
Sunrise Quarter. *See* Eastern Quarter
Swords, The, 63B
Sword tax, 28B
Syalanar, 26T
Syranita's Place, 30T
Syrannan, Akalab ka', 25T

T

Talara, Verulam, 13V, 18V
Talea, 8B
Tanneries, 57B
Tarlantennis, 26V
Tarlanth, 10T
Taxes, 20V, 28-29B
Terrain, 5V
Terralan's Tavern, 54-55B
Thera, 6B
Theran calendar, 33B
Theran Empire
Barsaive and, 8V, 10V, 11-13B
citizens, 25B
government of, 13-14B
Houses of, 14B
Imperial travelers of, 6B, 8B
military of, 14-17B
outposts, 34-35V
Passions and, 11B
provinces, 6-8B
races of, 8-11B
Vrontok and, 23V
Theran Quarter, 18B
aquifers, 9T
artists of, 35-36T
barracks, 5-6T
buildings in, 6-7T, 14-16T
census, 28B
commerce in, 24-31T
common pastimes in, 31B
districts, 18-23T, 32-38T
entering, 25-26B
Fieldmen of, 12-13T
Geographical Society, 37-38T
herbs/oils, 34-35T
hostelries of, 25-26T, 30T, 34T
Imperial prison, 8-9T
landmarks, 38T
language in, 31B
magicians of, 36-37T
maps, 39-44T
organizations in, 11-12T
Overgovernor's palace, 4-5T
parks, 17T
the Pit, 21T, 23T
prominent citizens of, 10-11T
roadways, 9-10T
security in, 24B
shops/establishments, 19-21T, 36T
Slaveyards, 32T, 34T, 52B
taverns, 37T
tax collection in, 28B
towers, 7-8T
Undercity and
border-crossing points, 29B
traps used, 29B
walls, 7-8T
wharves, 19T
Theran War, 34B
Third Legion, 33B, 44V
Throalic calendar, 33B
Tower of Feathers, 50-51B
Towers, 8T
of Ballaize, 39V
map, 42T
of Sky Point, 12-13V
Trade
jungle, 38V, 39V
in Landis, 49V
in Lankarden, 40V
in Merchants' Quarter, 45B
slave. *See* Slave trade
in Vrontok, 21V
Traders, encounters with, 6V
Trading exchanges, 45B
T'rask, Lorgo, 18V, 23V
T'rask's Men, 18V, 19V, 20V
Travel
in Broken Quarter, 58-59B
in forests, 5V
in hills, 5V
in Vivane Province, 4-5V, 7V
Treasury, 19T
Tribas Koar, 38-39B
Trollgraves, 37V
Trustees, 25B
T'ssisskar's Boatyards, 27-28T
Tuberculosis, 33V
Tularch, 18V, 20B
airships of, 14-15V
House affiliation of, 21B
Sky Point defense and, 12V
Twilight Peaks
crystal raiders of, 8V
Resistance movement in, 7V

U

Ultaramis, Unsara, 36B
Ulthrand, Darnagorm, 10-11T
Undercity
border-crossing points, 29B
entrances to, 30B
traps, 29B
traveling through, 30B
Upandal, 30V
Ursin, Danna, 46B

V

Vasgothia, 8B
Vedette fleet, 15V
Vestrial, 11B, 25V, 41B
Vilshane, Rancardus, 28T
Visitors, to Theran Quarter, 25-26B
Vivane
Barsaivian inhabitants of, 31-32B
borders of, 33B
campaigns, 52-53V
climate of, 33B
communities outside, 66-68B
economy, 27-29B
entering, 25-26B
government of, 20B
history of, 18-20B
Houses of, 20-22B
languages of, 53-54V
laws of, 24-27B
life in, 30-33B
magic and, 32-33B
population of, 18B, 32B
rebuilding of, 12B
reoccupation of, 19-20B
river travel in, 5V
Scourge and, 12B, 19B
security in, 22-24B
Theran Vivane. *See* Theran Quarter
Undercity of, 29-30B
weapons in, 26-27B
Vivane Province, 4V, 12B, 20B
adventures in, 50-52V, 54-60V
bordering lands, 44-49V
borders of, 33B
castles in, 28-30V
cities/towns of, 24-28V, 40-41V
farming settlements, 6-7V
forests of, 43V
hills of, 30V, 39-40V
hostelries of, 6V
jungles of, 30-34V 38-39V
landmarks, 40V
languages of, 53-54V
Lorafern, 42-43V
mountains of, 4V, 34-37V
Resistance movement in, 7V
staging encounters in, 5-6V
Theran rule and, 7V
travel in, 4-5V, 7V
Vrontok. *See* Vrontok
Vrontok, 10V
currency, 20V
daily life in, 20-23V
government of, 17-18V
inhabitants of, 17V
laws, 19-20V
location of, 16-17V
population of, 17V
prominent places in, 20-23V
Resistance movement in, 23V
security in, 18-19V
taxes, 20V
Therans and, 23V

W

Walk Market, 46-47B
Walls, 7-8T
Wallside district, 43-45B
Warrens district, 58B, 59-62B
Watch patrols, 22B, 23-24B
Weapons
aquifer system as, 9T
carrying of, 26-27B
of Watch patrol, 23-24B
Weavetrees, 32-33V
Wedge, 24-26T
Wharves, 19T
Windfolk, 43V
Windlings, 10-11B, 43V
ghareez, 8-9T, 10-11B, 34V

X-Z

Xandorn, 46V
Yaragend, 36T
Yard of Glass, 37T
Zalunchis, 24V, 25V
Zerajaboam, 36T
Zootorium, 30-31T

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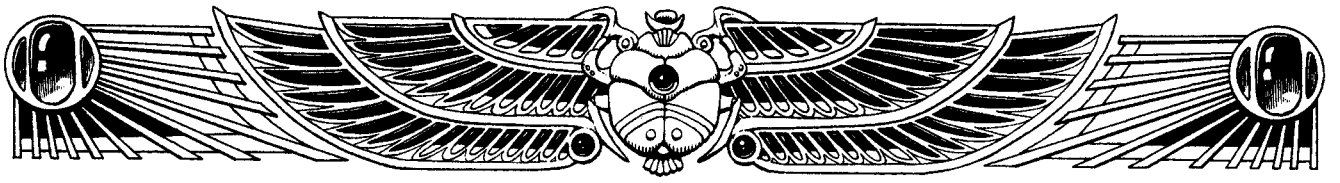

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABOUT VIVANE PROVINCE 4
- **Travel in the Province** 4
- **Staging Encounters** 5
  - Theran Military Patrols 6
- **Coaching Hostelries** 6
- **Provincial Farmsteads** 6
- **Theran Rule and Resistance** 7
  - Barsaivian Adventurers in Vivane Province 7

SKY POINT AND VRONTOK 8
- **The Building of Sky Point** 8
- **About the Fortress** 10
  - Construction of the Pillars 10
  - Construction of the Platform 10
  - Elemental Elevators 11
- **Sky Point's Defenses** 12
  - Sky Point Garrison 12
- **Sky Point Palace** 12
- **Sky Point's Airship Fleet** 13
  - The Ascendancy 14
  - The Prestige and the Regal 14
  - The Vedette Fleet 15
  - Airship Crews 16
- **About Vrontok** 16
  - Vrontok's Inhabitants 17
  - Vrontok's Government 17
  - Security in Vrontok 18
  - Vrontok Law 19
  - Currency and Taxation 20
  - Daily Life and Prominent Places 20
  - The Vrontok View of Therans 23
  - The Theran View of Vrontok 23
  - Resistance to Theran Rule 23

NORTHWEST VIVANE PROVINCE 24
- **Major Cities and Towns** 24
  - Inshaldren 24
  - Springs of Sendernis 25
  - Morkant 25
  - Citadel of Aldjekuul 26
- **The Darkkeeps** 30
- **The Hammerhills** 30
  - Balkaria and Rafrancher's Claw 30
- **Stormhammer Jungle** 30
  - Laraken 31
  - The Ghorizan Orks 31
  - The Tasharazan and Weavetrees 32
  - Other Known Communities 33
  - Hazards 33
- **Greatcrag–Caralkspur Range** 34
  - Theran Outposts 34
  - Mountain Settlements 35
  - Hazards 37

NORTHEAST VIVANE PROVINCE 38
- **Arkhazids and Nearby Settlements** 38
  - City of Ballaize 39
  - Maze of Gilded Giants 39
- **Stormhead** 39
- **Citadel of Jerucz** 40
- **Lankarden** 40
- **Parland** 41

SOUTHEAST VIVANE PROVINCE 42
- **Lorafern** 42
- **The Striptrees and Their Inhabitants** 43

BEYOND VIVANE PROVINCE 44
- **Rugaria Province** 44
  - Enclave of Antandair 45
- **Seraph Jungle** 46
- **The Lands of Cara Fahd** 46
  - Hazards 48
- **Landis and Its Peoples** 48
  - Hazards 49

ADVENTURING IN VIVANE PROVINCE 50
- **Playing Theran Characters** 50
- **Styles of Campaign Play** 52
- **Skills and Languages** 53
- **Adventure Ideas** 54
  - Adventure Framework 54
  - Shining Hammers 54
  - Beating Black Heart 55
  - Here Comes the Prophet 56
  - Village of the Damned 58
  - Deep Waters 58
  - Ship of Dead Men 59
  - Snake-Queen of the Seraph 60

HANDOUTS 61
- **Typical Coaching Hostelry of the Great Rounds** 61

INDEX 62

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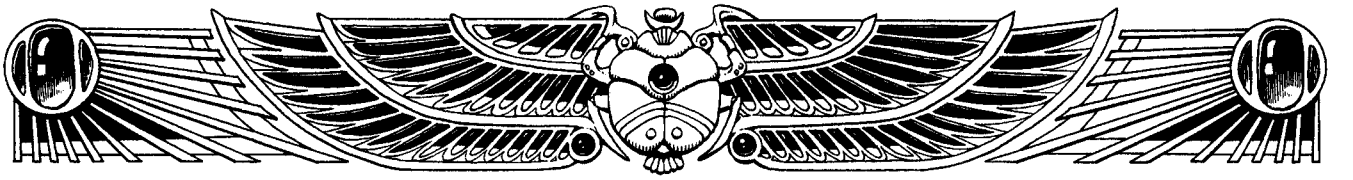
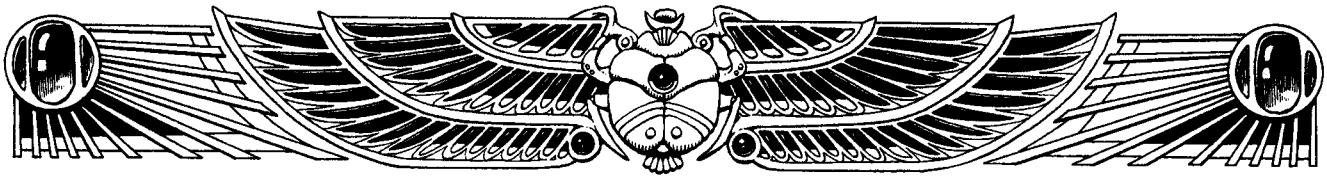
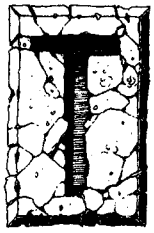
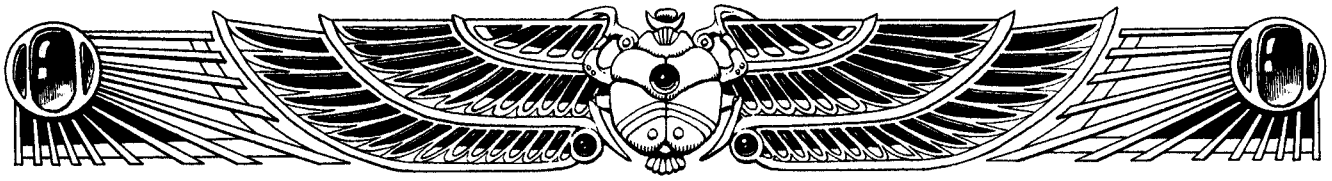




ABOUT VIVANE PROVINCE



This book describes the area that the Therans call Vivane Province, including the fortress of Sky Point and the settlement of Vrontok that lies in its shadow. This book also describes several lands bordering Vivane Province, including the Barsaivian territories known before the Scourge as the kingdoms of Landis and Cara Fahd. Major settlements and other sites of interest, wonder and peril in Vivane Province are described in the sections following this overview. The final section offers suggestions for running cam-



burned three Theran vedettes at Sky Point and killed their crews. Charged with re-establishing Theran supremacy in Barsaive, the new Overgovernor wrested control of Sky Point from the rebels and swiftly made it the spearhead of his navy's city bombardments and slaving runs.

More than fifty years after those tumultuous events, an uneasy calm lies over southern Barsaive. The Therans still fly their vedettes and kilas from the platform at Sky Point, seizing slaves and mining magical elements, fending off crystal raiders and other Barsaivian airships. The base still serves as the focal point for Imperial presence in the land, and the massive stone flagship *Ascendancy* still hangs impossibly in the air as a tangible sign of the Empire's ultimate threat. As yet, however, the day for retaking Barsaive has not arrived.

ABOUT THE FORTRESS

The airship base at Sky Point consists of an immense platform, more than two thousand feet across and seventy feet thick, supported by six gigantic pillars nearly eight hundred feet high. Skulking in the shadows at its feet, surrounded by defensive walls and ditches, the settlement of Vrontok vies for space with a large Theran camp; from Vrontok, slaves and mined elemental air and fire are sent to all parts of the Empire. From the platform, unless the weather is inclement, one can see clearly for many miles around. The great walled city of Vivane, fifteen miles to the northeast, is the largest landmark in a breathtaking panorama.

CONSTRUCTION OF THE PILLARS

The six pillars that support Sky Point's platform are each approximately three hundred feet in diameter and eight hundred feet high, melded together with immense magical force. The pillars are partly hollow, but braced inside with six cross-pieces; a cross-section of a pillar resembles an asterisk within a thick-bordered circle. Every fifty feet or so, the pillar is solid stone for about twenty feet before becoming hollow again. No means of access exists into the hollow parts of the pillars. From bottom to top, the pillars taper a scant twenty feet.

The bases of the pillars plunge almost 150 feet into the earth, sunk into shafts barely wider than the pillars themselves. After the pillars were initially sunk, the Theran engineers packed the gaps between pillar and shaft with stone, then melded the stone chunks into a solid whole. Above the ground, Theran workers piled mounds of stone around the bases of the pillars, covering them with soil and grass. As the pressure for space within the walls and ditches of Vrontok grew over the past sixty years or so, buildings and streets sprung up on the northern and northwestern mounds, rising up against the columns.

Where the pillars reach the platform, great arching supports stretch out to link each column, creating a cradle on which the vast slabs of the platform rest. Above the platform, each pillar becomes a tower. Most of the towers are the same dimensions as the pillar from which they rise and contain defensive cannons and barracks for the garrison. The tower in the southeast corner houses Sky Point's fortified palace (see p. 12, following).

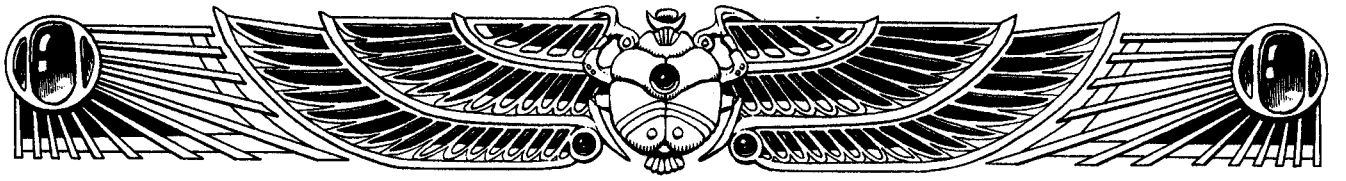
CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLATFORM

The airship platform is roughly pentagon-shaped, supported at each of its five corners by a pillar; the sixth pillar holds up the center. Beneath the platform, the huge arched supports form a pentangle supporting the center and each side. The arches distribute the platform's weight evenly between all six pillars, with no side taking greater strain than any other. Imperial mathematicians and engineers worked on the design for almost four years to ensure that it would work before a single stone was laid.

The platform extends for fifteen hundred feet along each of the five sides, and a little over two thousand feet across from one tower to the middle of its opposite side. It is slightly less than seventy feet thick, and is built of magically-strengthened stone constructed in a honeycomb fashion. Individuals segments were made on the ground and then carefully maneuvered into position by a kila, then physically and magically joined together. No means of access exists to the interior of the platform.

On two sides of the platform, a series of buildings join the towers that rise from the corners. These buildings, built into the platform itself, appear to hang over its side and offer spectacular but unnerving views of the surrounding area. At the southeast corner where these two sides meet, the large, fortified tower that many call Sky Point Palace rises several stories above the buildings alongside it, keeping watch over the platform and the surrounding skies. Other buildings stand at other points on the platform. Large slave pens sit near the southwestern pillar, in which newly arrived slaves wait to be transferred to the ground or into the rowing chambers of an Imperial airship. Near the northernmost pillar stands a large, open-fronted shed where airships are repaired and maintained; next to this are several smaller buildings in which mined materials and cargo are stored.

The narrow walkways around the open edges of the platform are enclosed behind three-foot walls topped



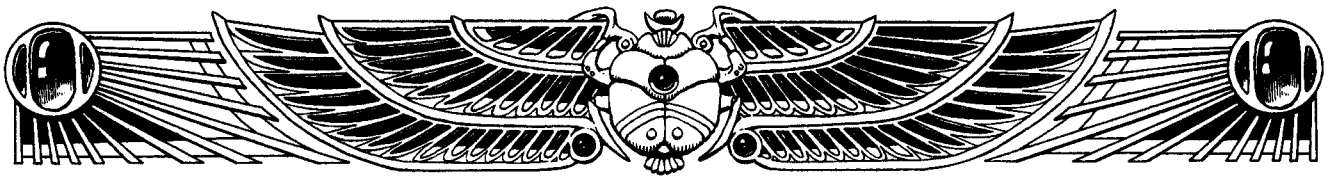
with ten feet of woven-cord netting. Only the edge of the platform facing northeast has no barrier. Long before the base was built, the Theran engineers determined that prevailing local winds and air currents made northeast the safest direction from which airships could take off and land. Because the winds at platform height can be ferocious, wide nets hang just below the northeast lip to catch anyone unlucky enough to be blown off the platform. Sky Point has an excellent safety record; in the years since the reoccupation, only one Theran a year has fallen to his death.

ELEMENTAL ELEVATORS

It has long been a source of legend in distant parts that Sky Point has no links at all with the ground beneath it—that one can only reach the platform via an airship or a levitation spell. In fact, another means of travel exists between ground and platform: Sky Point's elemental elevators.

A fantastic feat of engineering, the elemental elevator shafts are tubes formed from enchanted elemental earth and air. Held securely in these tubes, individuals can descend or rise on a "cushion" of elemental air as gently as a feather wafted on a breeze. The fortress has a total of twenty-four elevators, situated in groups of four on two sides of the east, southeast and southwest pillars. The elevators have several entrances; each level of the towers allows access to the shaft through a wide doorway lined with crystal. Anyone wishing to ride the elevator simply steps through the crystal-lined door and is carried either down or up. If someone on the platform steps onto an "up" shaft at the top of its ascent, nothing happens; The would-be rider must step back onto the platform and try the "down" elevator next door. The elemental air in each shaft can be switched on and off or its flow reversed, though only skilled elementalists of the Theran Legion can do so. Each shaft is large enough to comfortably accommodate four people, or goods as bulky as a horse. Larger cargoes must be raised to or lowered from the platform by other means, usually by airships, and such cargo is loaded and off-loaded in one of the two clear areas near the base of the southeastern pillar.

Each bank of elemental elevators opens near ground level onto stone platforms that sit atop the mounds at the base of the pillars. Steps and wide ramps take people down the side of each mound to ground level. Only Therans are permitted to use these elevators. All elevator entrances and exits are attended by several Legion guards to prevent unauthorized access.



SKY POINT'S DEFENSES

No force has made a serious assault against Sky Point since the Therans regained control of it more than fifty years ago, for good reason. Sky Point's height, combined with the defenses surrounding Vrontok and the ease of calling for reinforcements from nearby Vivane, makes the Theran fortress almost invulnerable to assault by land-based armies. The platform's height and isolation, however, leave it somewhat vulnerable to a concerted attack from the air. To guard against this threat, Sky Point's engineers equipped the platform with several defenses, any or all of which can be employed in the face of an attack.

Sky Point resembles an enormous castle raised above the ground, with a huge courtyard spread before its keep. Four of the fortress's five towers rise twenty-five feet above the level of the platform. The walls are between six and eight feet thick, and each tower is topped by a ring of battlements that protect various defensive weapons. On each of these towers are two cannons similar to those used on large kilas such as the *Ascendancy*, mounted on circular tracks so that they can be brought to bear on a target in any direction. These cannon perform exactly like their ship-mounted counterparts. During an assault, each of these towers is occupied by thirty elite sailors from Admiral Tularch's garrison, for a total of 120. Sixty of these are regular troops, evenly split between swordmasters and archers; the other sixty are trained cannon crews. Ship Combat rules apply to these towers (see p. 129, **ED Companion**). In terms of those rules, each tower has the following statistics:

Firepower: 25/30
Armor Rating: 30
Damage
  Critical: 25
  Derelict: 90
  Destroyed: 100

Each of these four towers is also equipped with a device for lighting the sky at night, which consists of a ten-inch globe of blue crystal that hovers about ten feet above the tower's summit. By making a successful Spellcasting Test against a Difficulty Number of 8, magicians among Sky Point's complement of soldiers and sailors can light these spheres to cast a searchlight as bright as sunlight in a 30 degree arc to a range of half a mile. This light may be aimed in any direction and at any angle except straight down. The Therans generally use these lights only for emergency drills or when ships must land during heavy nighttime storms, fog, or in low clouds, but one or more are sometimes used to supplement lanterns when a large flotilla of craft is due to land at night. These lights illuminate Sky Point so brightly that the fortress can be seen for many miles around.

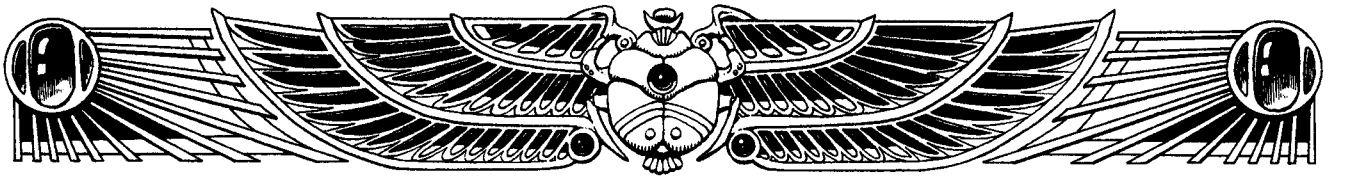
Sky Point is also well protected against magical attacks. The entire fortress, including the supporting pillars, has a Spell Defense of 24 against any attempt to damage or breach its structure with spells or magical abilities (see **Barriers and Structures,** p. 209, **ED**). As a protection against seige, the base of each tower offers a vast storage chamber extending deep inside the platform, safely protected from damage by more than ten feet of solid stone, brimming with supplies and armaments.

SKY POINT GARRISON

Most of Sky Point's garrison troops live in two long stone barracks that stretch out like arms toward Sky Point Palace from the two towers flanking it. The garrison consists of about eleven hundred of Admiral Tularch's men: four hundred airship crewmen and soldiers, five hundred support staff such as airship engineers, cargo handlers, and specialized navigators and landing pilots, and two hundred additional soldiers specifically responsible for platform defense and handling slaves. These soldiers' statistics and abilities are similar to those of the Eighth Legion (see **The Theran Empire,** pp. 16–17 of the **Barsaivian Vivane** book), and all of them are well trained and equipped to do their particular job. In addition to housing for the rank-and-file soldiers, the barracks also provide rooms for Sky Point's assorted functionaries and bureaucrats as well as their personal staff members and slaves, though most of these are customarily lodged in Sky Point Palace.

SKY POINT PALACE

The fifth tower, rising from the platform's southeast corner, is known as Sky Point Palace. The name was originally used sarcastically when Admiral Tularch was demoted to the rank of naval commander from her post as Overgovernor of Barsaive, but has since become common parlance. Sky Point Palace is larger than the other four towers, rising up seventy feet to a circular tower at its highest point. In this circular tower are Admiral Tularch's chambers; they include a meeting room lined with memorabilia collected by the admiral during her long career, and a small library. More often than not of late, the admiral's rooms remain unoccupied. Sensing that her political star is waning, Tularch has begun to spend more and more time away from Sky Point; she prefers to haunt Vivane and lis-



ten to the city's active rumor mill, hoping to ensure that if Overgovernor Kypros or anyone else in Vivane is plotting her downfall, she will hear of it quickly enough to do something about it. (The critical eyes of her superiors, of course, do not miss her frequent absences from Sky Point.)

Below Tularch's tower, the building spreads out along both edges of the platform. This portion of Sky Point Palace includes chambers for distinguished guests and high-ranking officers. The rooms are well-furnished and warm, with fine views of the fortress or the surrounding countryside. The largest and finest suite of these rooms is reserved for Overgovernor Kypros, though he stays most often in his palace in Vivane or in the stateroom of his kila, the *Ascendancy*.

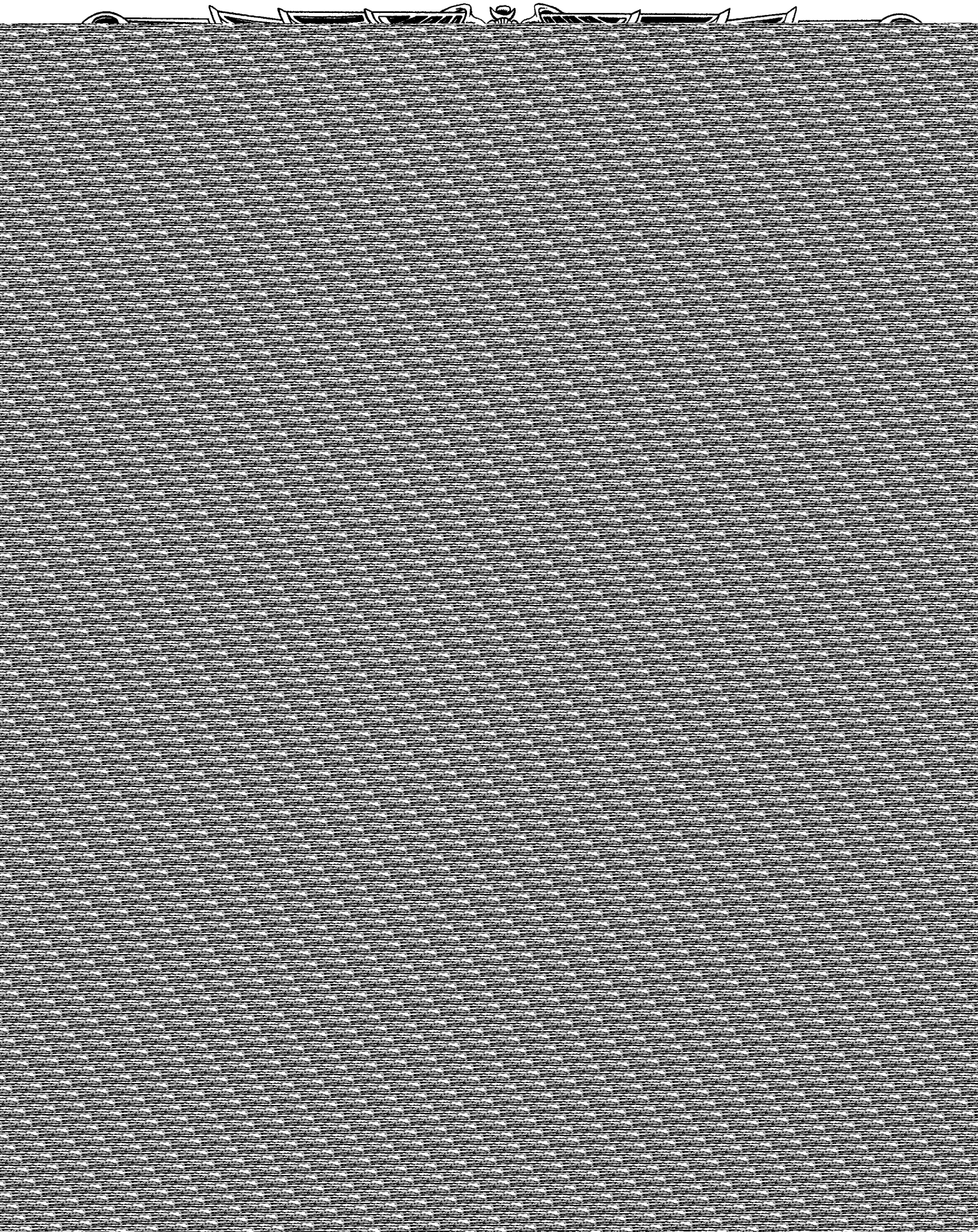
Also quartered on this level is Sky Point's second in command, an elf by the name of Verulam Talara. In Admiral Tularch's absence, Talara serves as Sky Point's day-to-day commander. Talara led a flotilla of vedettes in the southern part of the Empire for several years, until an explosion took one of her eyes and made her navigation untrustworthy. She has a fine tactical brain and has itched to get back into action ever since arriving at Sky Point. The only reason she has not demanded a transfer to somewhere more exciting is that she knows Tularch's position will soon be vacant and she believes she is the most likely candidate to fill it. Talara ensures the smooth running of Sky Point, from the successful mounting of slaving raids and mining trips to coordinating with Ganian Farrosh, her opposite number from the Eighth Legion based in the camp at Vrontok.

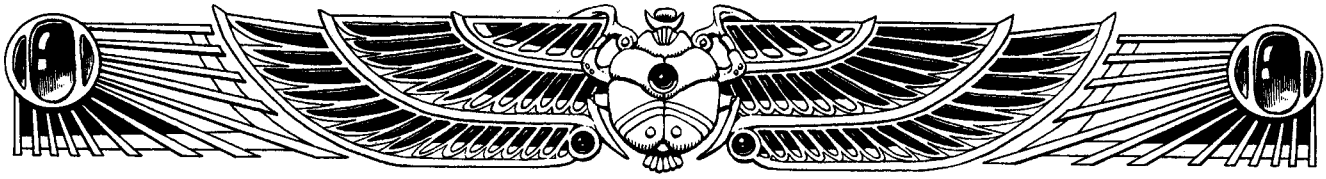
The second floor of the palace serves as Sky Point's center of operations. A massive open hall faces inward across the platform, overlooking the landing area through huge windows. In this hall, various expert navy staff and bureaucrats sit day and night, attending to every aspect of the base's administration. Smaller chambers on the outer side of this level house offices for Talara and her deputies, along with an ornately decorated meeting and dining hall. The palace's first floor houses more offices, open work spaces used by engineers and mechanics, and dormitories and mess halls for soldiers, airship crewmen and slaves. Just below the platform, a basement level contains generous stores of supplies and armaments, as well as the magical drives that regulate the elemental elevators. These vital mechanisms sit behind ten-foot-thick stone walls and well-guarded, iron-reinforced doors.

SKY POINT'S AIRSHIP FLEET

More than two dozen airships are permanently stationed at Sky Point, among them twelve combat vedettes, twelve more designed for elemental mining, and two larger kilas. Overgovernor Kypros's own kila, the *Ascendancy*, divides its time between Sky Point and the Basalt Spire in Vivane, as well as making an occasional foray over the southern regions of Barsaive. Additional craft occasionally also moor at Sky Point, as the fortress is a prime stop-off point for any Imperial airship traveling in the region. Slaver and merchant ships can also be seen at the base, though these customarily only stay for as long as it takes them to offload their cargo. Any non-Theran airships approaching Sky Point must obtain permission to land, and one of the base's combat vedettes drops a Theran pilot aboard by rope ladder, who then steers the airship to a suitable mooring point.

Each airship has its own designated landing area on the platform. The Overgovernor's kila has the prime spot, right in front of Sky Point Palace. The two other kilas have spaces on either side of the *Ascendancy*, in front of the barracks. The vedettes land in given areas according to their function. Those dropping off slaves land close to the slave pen by the southwestern pillar; those delivering or picking up cargo can land close to the northern tower and its cargo warehouses. Once any of these ships has made its drop, however, it must move away, usually to a position near the western tower. Non-Imperial craft may only touch down between the northern and northeastern tower, where an escort of twenty soldiers will meet them.





ceremonial trial proceeding and are then killed in front of a crowd of citizens. This spectacle usually persuades everyone else to keep their heads down, but on occasion a public execution has led to even more trouble when friends and family of an ill-advised choice of abductee rose up in protest. Twice, members of the Theran Eighth Legion enjoying the town's fleshpots in civilian dress came very close to losing their lives during one of the mayor's random roundups, and major breakdowns in Theran–Vrontok relations were only narrowly avoided. In general, Therans are not subject to Vrontok's laws or taxes. If a Theran soldier commits a crime, he or she is usually restrained, then escorted back to the military camp by Theran guards to await justice.

The usual method of execution in Vrontok is beheading, but T'rask can change this to quartering for certain crimes (notably slave-stealing). All executions are carried out on a platform that stands in the Market Place. Following sentencing, families and friends of criminals may be approached by T'rask's Men with the suggestion that a sizable donation to T'rask's pocket might help prevent their loved one from suffering an agonizing death by quartering and ensure a reasonably well-sharpened axe across the neck instead.

Walking around Vrontok wearing plenty of armor and armaments is a sensible survival precaution. However, an adventurer doing so should avoid straying near any "sensitive" Theran area to avoid attracting unwelcome attention.

CURRENCY AND TAXATION

Because slave raiders and regular traders come to Vrontok from many day's travel away and from all directions, a new visitor may be pleasantly surprised to find that just about type of currency used in the province or elsewhere is accepted as legal tender in this crowded, grubby town. The slave markets pay strictly in Theran coinage (often gold florins, but also in silver), and every vendor in Vrontok accepts these coins (though some traders may have trouble providing enough change for small purchases). Vrontok's merchants and traders will take any coin or token in exchange for goods with full confidence that they will be able to pass on whatever tender they receive when they buy something in turn. All citizens and regular visitors know the exchange rate for every type of currency, so little fiddling occurs unless the offerer of foreign coinage is plainly new to the town. Newcomers are ripe for as much swindling as the trader can manage, and local merchants often try to pass off as genuine an exchange rate three or four times the usual. If the buyer instantly objects and suggests the real rate (or anything close to it), the matter is not discussed further. If the buyer simply tries to haggle the rate down a little, however, the trader tends to charge whatever he or she likes.

Local taxes consist of three simple levies, ruthlessly enforced by T'rask's Men: the house tax, the guest tax, and the exit tax.

House Tax

The house tax, levied on the sale of any property, amounts to 25 percent of the price of the dwelling. The tax also applies to business properties and plots of land (though few of the latter can be had within the town walls). As the sale of all property must be witnessed by Mayor T'rask or one of his most trusted men and must take place in the office at T'rask's Hall (by the mayor's executive order), the tax is easy to collect. Failure to pay the tax or follow the rules for property sales results in the guilty party's immediate sale to the Therans.

Guest Tax

Once a month, every adult in Vrontok who is neither a property owner nor married to one must pay a tax of 50 silver pieces or the equivalent in whatever coinage or goods the person may possess. A person who fails to pay can either leave town or be sold as a slave to the Therans. Many people try to avoid this tax, but conditions in Vrontok are so crowded that just about everyone will snitch on his neighbor. When revenue from this tax falls especially low, T'rask often announces a bounty to be paid to upright Vrontoks who inform on welchers (usually 1 to 3 silver pieces per offender).

Exit Tax

Any person wishing to leave town or being forced out by his inability to pay the guest tax, must pay an exit tax at the gates. The penalty for failing to pay this tax, currently thirty silver pieces, is Theran slavery. If the supply of slaves drops too low, the tax often increases (and Mayor T'rask orders an immediate census of guests in Vrontok) to ensure that supplies are soon replenished.

DAILY LIFE AND PROMINENT PLACES

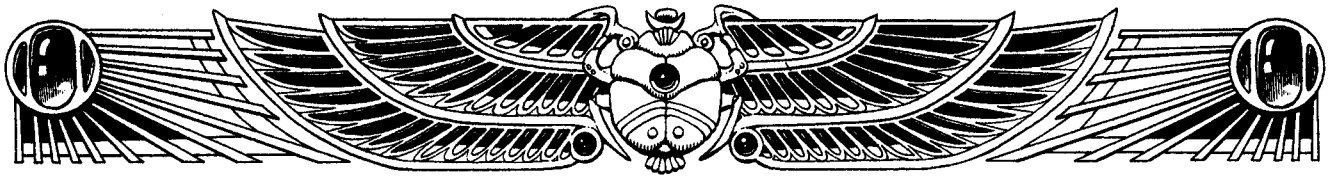
Vrontok is a wild and often violent town where easy money and rough brigands combine with strong ale and illicit pursuits in a hedonistic frenzy that only stops when the cash runs dry. People come to Vrontok from all over the Empire, usually to sell slaves but also to trade regular goods or simply to experience the town's dubious attractions. In its crowded streets one may rub shoulders with all kinds of people from distant parts, including ruthless

slavers and ork scorchers who are more usually found pillaging defenseless wilderness settlements in search of loot.

Many of those who stay in Vrontok for any length of time manage to do so because they are wealthy. Plenty of money circulates in the town, and every new visitor unused to strong ale and cheap dancing girls may soon be parted from his coin. Vrontok's rich, almost all of whom have found it expedient to be close personal friends of Lorgo T'rask, live in (relatively) large houses in quieter parts of town, most along Barracks Way opposite the Theran military camp. For every wealthy tavern-keeper, gambling-hall proprietor or brothel owner, however, Vrontok has a hundred gutter dwellers, paupers attracted by wealth and the prospect of lawless pleasure who have lost their fortunes and now must occupy Vrontok's rat-infested slums.

What passes for law in Vrontok represents a much looser definition than law in Vivane, and so an adventurer who keeps his head down can buy just about anything and also learn much. The ever-present hazards of meeting T'rask's Men or tangling with bandits and robbers of different sorts, however, require all adventurers to be able to look after themselves if they plan on staying in Vrontok for any length of time. Vrontoks are predatory, and more than a few adventurers seeking covert purchases and information about Vivane Province have met with allegedly helpful souls only to be swindled or waylaid and ambushed. Wise adventurers will make a practice of arranging a preliminary meeting in some open-air, public spot, and make certain that subsequent meetings occur in a location the adventurers know or can spy out and secure in advance.

Because Vrontok is a mecca for unscrupulous slavers and traders from all over southern Barsaive and Vivane Province, visitors may hear all manner of tongues being spoken in its alleys and slave markets—and witness many people using rudimentary sign language in a vain attempt to make themselves understood. Those who have dwelt in Vrontok since its reoccupation by the Empire have spent so much time dealing with those who speak only Theran that a guttural street slang has evolved, which mixes mutated and mispronounced words from Theran and Throalic as well as a smattering of individual words from a dozen other languages. Speakers of this language often use it to confuse newcomers, passing on secret details to accomplices



when negotiating a deal or staking out a merchant ripe for robbery. In the circular rat-runs of North Pillar and West Pillar, the street urchins speak nothing but Vrontok slang. Most adults can speak Throalic as well if necessary and all know at least enough Theran to buy or sell something.

Slave Market

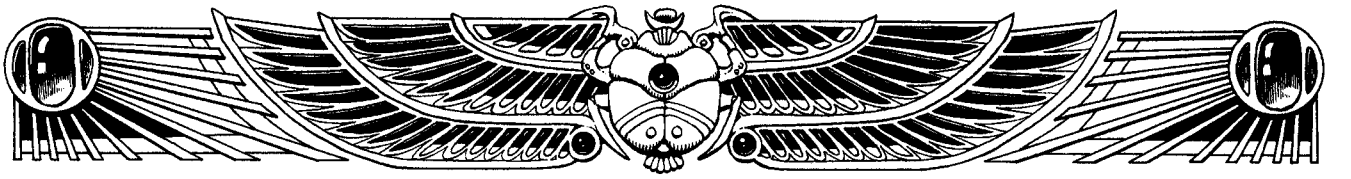
A newcomer to Vrontok usually visits the Slave Market district first. The district gets its name from the two large slave markets where raiders bring their prizes to sell to the Therans. The markets are little more than a collection of secure pens and an office, in which Theran officials—assisted by a small unit of the Eighth Legion keeping an eye out for trouble—pay out money according to the slaves' quality and quantity. The Therans reject very few slaves outright, but then they rarely need to; the lengthy forced march to Vrontok, clapped in irons or tied to one's fellow slaves, usually winnows out weaker captives.

Having sold his or her slaves, a new visitor with any sense will turn around and leave Vrontok before sundown; with luck, he may escape with his purse full. A great many, however, choose to wander up the Slave Way. This road is lined all the way to the Market Place with ale-houses and less salubrious businesses, all of which are devoted solely to extracting as much money from a hapless outlander as possible. The buildings appear well-maintained, but most are shacks hiding behind better-kept facades. Some employ people to stand outside and advertise the wares on offer, and the voices of these hawkers can be heard calling to the unwary at any hour of the day and night. Most of these places are bright, breezy and expensive, relying on gloss and dancing girls to attract customers.

Outlaw Town

The truly seedy businesses set up shop in Outlaw Town, where the dedicated pleasure-seeker ultimately ends up. Back-street hooch shops, gambling dens and brothels lurk in Outlaw Town, where the nature of their services is more than enough to attract trade without fake fronts and barkers shouting about the attractions to be enjoyed within. At the bottom of the district is the large Market Place, where all the usual goods and a few more exotic ones are up for sale to the willing buyer. For many traders coming from the south and west, Vrontok is the last stopping point before Vivane city.

On the north side of the market stands a low platform stained with a dark brown splotch of dried blood. The platform is the place of execution for many of Vrontok's most evil criminals and most innocent dupes. To the north of the market, the area degenerates rapidly. Large, well-constructed buildings give way to low, single-story shacks and lean-tos, some



only temporary huts that will disappear within a week or a month and be replaced by others. Gangs of street children sneak everywhere, picking visitors' pockets and stealing from market stalls. Hardly safe during the day, Outlaw Town is infinitely worse after dark. Nevertheless, people throng its streets in search of entertainment at all hours of the day and night, newly earned money burning holes in their purses.

North Pillar and West Pillar

Once the hapless visitor spends all his money, he most likely ends up in the slums that circle the north and west pillars. The real poor—those trapped by the promise of wealth that Vrontok continues to dangle just beyond their reach—live in these rat-infested warrens and rookeries. The mismatched buildings are constructed from whatever scrap their owners could salvage. They rise up in rows on top of each other around the foot of the pillars, seeking out the last inch of available space. The shadows beneath Sky Point are darkest here, and death and disease claim many. Some manage to eke out a living from crafts such as carpentry or cloth-weaving, but many more can only thrive by preying on unwary outsiders (and each other).

THE VRONTOK VIEW OF THERANS

In general, the people of Vrontok regard the Therans as fleas regard a dog. The Therans offer something they want—wealth—and so they cluster near the source of that wealth in great hordes. Unlike fleas, however, the Vrontoks know that if they continue supplying something that the Therans need—slaves—the Theran forces will continue to tolerate them as long as they don't irritate the Imperials so much that the annoyance outweighs the benefits. According to a favorite saying of many Vrontoks—probably first coined by T'rask in one of his interminable pre-execution addresses—the Therans and the town have saved most of them from having to take their chances out in the wild with all the slavers running around. The irony is that while everyone recognizes that they themselves are those very slavers, they fail to notice (or don't care about it, if they do) that the slavers are as hard at work inside Vrontok as they are outside it.

THE THERAN VIEW OF VRONTOK

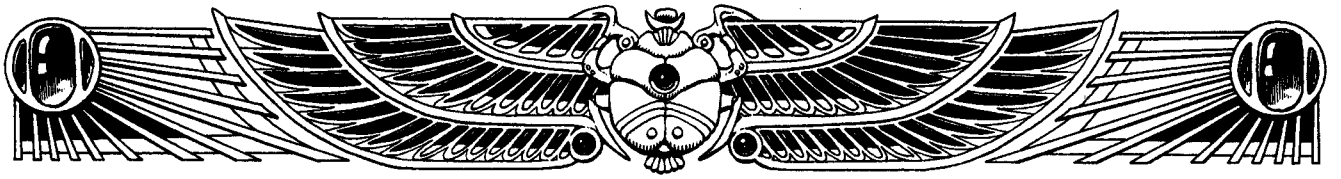
The rabble crammed inside Vrontok is a mixture of slavers and slaves, but most Therans see little difference between them. The Therans see every resident of or visitor to Vrontok as a useful tool that possesses the potential to provide the means of powering the mighty Imperial armies and navies that allow them to bring Thera's civilizing touch to every part of the Empire. The people of Vrontok, who would sell their own kin as slaves, are plainly lacking in every decent moral code, and therefore their living conditions and behavior need not concern an upright Theran. They sometimes get a little out of hand, but their odious leader and his band of thugs and gangsters soon rein them in. If they become significantly troublesome, the Eighth Legion can always be relied upon to flex its muscle and quiet them down again. Ultimately, all Vrontoks are slaves one way or another, at one time or another, and slaves have no rights.

RESISTANCE TO THERAN RULE

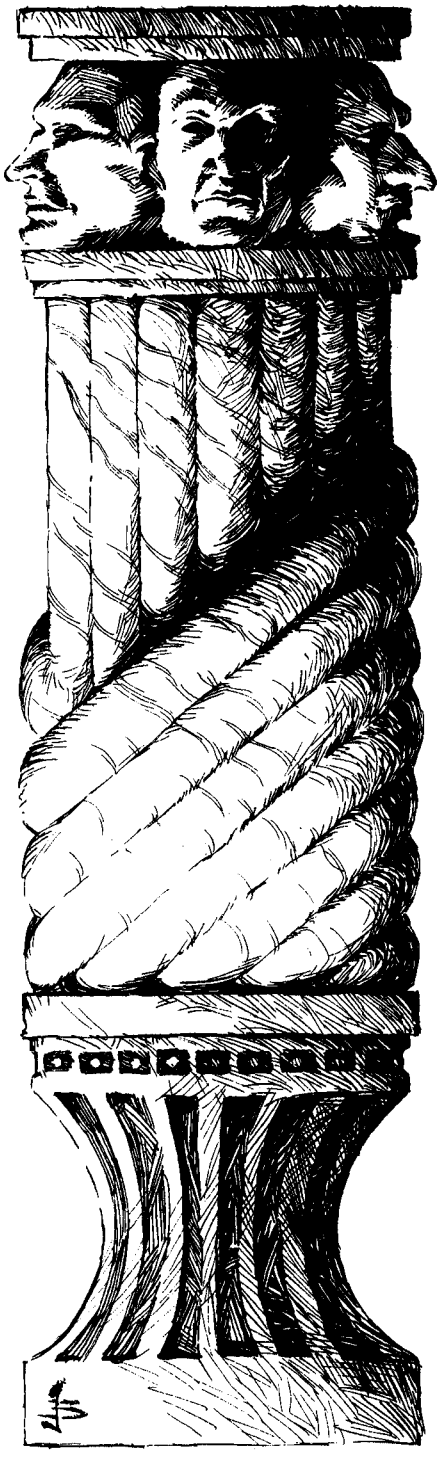
In Vivane, a cynical little game is re-enacted every year between the Therans and the Resistance. The Resistance sabotages a wall, an aquifer, or some other convenient target; if they feel ambitious, they assassinate some junior functionary. The Therans stroll out from behind their walled quarter, round up fifty hapless Barsaivians, and cut their heads off in public to discourage further Resistance activity. (To their credit, the Therans usually make a token attempt to select shadier characters for this privilege.) Everyone's honor is satisfied, and the Therans are not much bothered. If the Resistance stepped up their activities to significant levels, the Therans might get nasty, but as things stand everyone is happy enough (except the unfortunates executed, of course).

In Vrontok, the situation is different. Sky Point is militarily vital, and as an impressive visible link to the Great City it has great symbolic value. The Therans react strongly to any threat to Sky Point, and so even a sniff of Resistance activity in Vrontok meets with swift and savage reprisal from the Theran military. As a consequence, Mayor T'rask is determined to root out Resistance members or sympathizers. In addition, most of Vrontok's people have no qualm about betraying resisters for the reward they gain. It is even said that some utterly destitute people whose children are starving or suffering from malnutrition offer themselves to T'rask in order to get enough money to buy food or pay a healer. They pretend to be Resistance sympathizers and T'rask turns them over to the Therans, then splits the bounty with the family of the unfortunate in question. T'rask makes a profit, the poor sacrifice themselves for their children, and Kypros receives a glowing account of yet another successful rooting-out of subversives.

The Resistance has few members or sympathizers in Vrontok. Adventurers seeking opportunities to sabotage the Therans' primary military base should not count on getting any help for their efforts from the town's unfortunate inhabitants.



NORTHWEST VIVANE



The northwestern region of Vivane Province covers the lands west of the Flamewalk River and north of the Bearsgold River. The Greatcrag Hills and the Caralkspur Mountains border this region on the far west, and the Stormhammer jungles and the hills and mountains along the edge of the Wastes lie to the region's far north.

MAJOR CITIES AND TOWNS

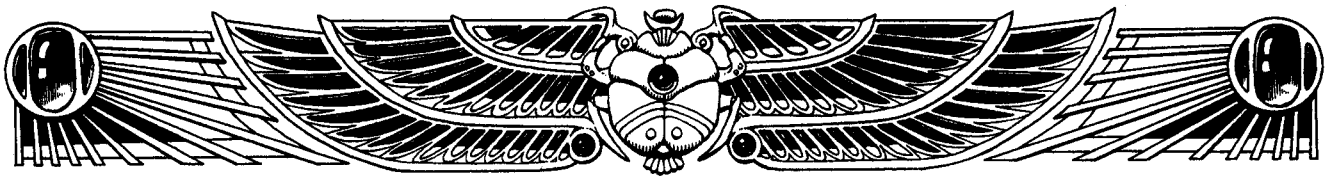
The great trading city of Inshaldren, the fashionable spa of Sendernis, and the unusual mining town of Morkant feature among the most prominent settlements in northwest Vivane Province.

INSHALDREN

This fortified, walled city stands two miles from the banks of the Bearsgold River. It lies close to Vivane Province's border with the province of Rugaria, and the Theran Legions of Rugaria and Vivane coordinate border patrols in the city. A full cohort of the Eighth Legion is stationed in Inshaldren at all times, along with at least two vedettes of the Seventh Fleet. Inhabited by 22,000 souls—roughly 3,500 Therans, 5,000 slaves, and the rest are Barsaivians or native Rugarians—Inshaldren is a bustling, noisy, prosperous center of trade and commerce.

In addition to its size and activity, several unusual sights and residents set Inshaldren apart from other Imperial cities. The city's unique canal system divides Inshaldren into four districts in a clover-leaf pattern, with one huge canal gate to the south and a land gate to the northeast. The canals draw water from the river, relying on sluice gates and elemental water magics to regulate water levels. The formidable Redoubt is another landmark: an imposing, four-towered castle 150 feet tall, with ornate gargoyles atop its battlements. Situated in the northeastern quarter of the city, the Redoubt is one of the original fortifications built by the Therans when they spread northeast from the Imperial base in Bukara. Enchantments laid on the Redoubt draw lightning to the tower during storms, and the captured lightning then powers the magical weapons with which Theran magicians can launch assaults from the structure in time of peril or siege. During peaceful times, the magicians amuse themselves by launching elaborate lightning-based fireworks displays on festival days. City Administrator Zalunchis, Inshaldren's ruler, has recently acquired as an advisor the unconventional Barsaivian wizard named Arthaldus Mazanian, a legendary magical researcher and tinkerer. Though Arthaldus takes matters of magic seriously, at times he greatly enjoys producing flashy and dramatic magical effects. Last Sollus, at the stroke of midnight, he conjured a hundred-yard dragon of lightning above the city. Unfortunately, a score of townsfolk reacted to this amazing magical feat by flinging themselves into the canals from sheer terror.

As a border city that thrives on commerce, Inshaldren is cosmopolitan and a bit more liberal in atmosphere than the city of Vivane. Both Barsaivians and Rugarians feel at home in Inshaldren. The city has few slums and suffered very little from the Scourge. The extensive labyrinths beneath the Redoubt kept the city's



population safe during that evil time, and the city has doubled in size in the years since. To hold the burgeoning population, Administrator Zalunchis has authorized the construction of a fifth loop in the canal system and a corresponding extension of the city walls.

Repeated rumors of a nest of Vestrial worshippers within Inshaldren recently gained new life when city guards fished the body of the senior clerk in the Department of Bursaries, a member of House Medari, from the canal two months ago. As they always do when someone commits an act of violence against a member of a noble house, city officials suspect the chaotic influence of Vestrial leading one house to conspire to create mayhem in another. If a group of Vestrial's adherents actually exist in the city, the Theran authorities will richly reward anyone discovering evidence of the group's membership or activity. (Of course, undertaking such an enterprise offers many types of danger—but what better way exists for an adventurer to build his legend?)

SPRINGS OF SENDERNIS

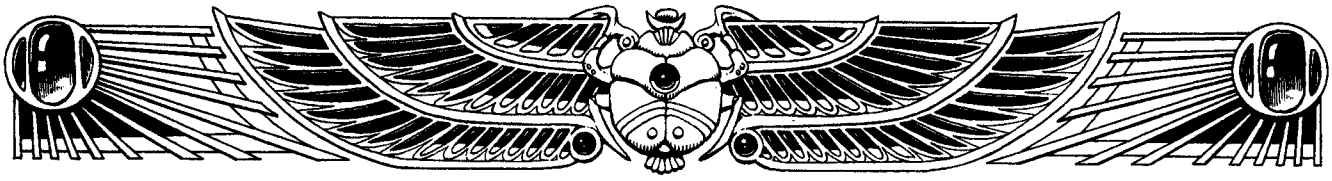
The small village of Sendernis lies by a natural spring from which water as warm as blood gushes into a maze of pools. The Therans embellished and built around the natural pools, turning Sendernis into a spa village where wealthy Therans could come to "take the waters," which are said to have healing qualities. Jaded, over-indulged Therans relax in the warm pools and enjoy the attentions of masseurs, herbal experts, and diverse but unremittingly banal entertainers.

A towering, elliptical fence of metal railings surrounds the entire settlement, and a private militia of twenty well-equipped trolls of unusual size and strength patrols the fence at all times. Only legitimate Theran visitors and their private retinues of slaves may enter Sendernis. Many spa patrons do not bring slaves at all, preferring to allow some of the sizable number of local slaves Sendernis employs to attend to their every whim. Mere adventurers, and especially Barsaivian natives who pursue that life, cannot gain entrance to this luxurious enclave: the spa represents the highest concentration of *extremely* rich Therans anywhere in the province, and so presents all too tempting a target for thieves. However, a tiny hamlet built around a coaching inn lies by the river roughly three miles south of the springs, and more than a few Therans occasionally skulk away from their ascetic spa regime to enjoy certain privileges forbidden them by the fastidious staff of Sendernis—overindulgence in rich foods, excessive amounts of drink, and carnal pursuits. Catering to Therans in search of pleasure, the hamlet has a startling array of luxurious and often depraved establishments of the type normally encountered in large cities. Adventurers can easily make this village an indulgent and interesting stopover. They may also encounter a few stinking rich Therans without the usual attendant slaves and bodyguards, which makes for interesting possibilities. The hamlet protects its wealthy customers with a well-trained mercenary militia, whose members regard non-Theran newcomers with justifiable suspicion: they are well aware of just how attractive thieves, Resistance assassins or kidnappers might find the town's clientele.

MORKANT

The city of Morkant is ringed by a mile-wide array of apparently natural basalt columns, each strangely twisted as if it was a giant, arthritic finger poking toward the heavens. The origin of these strange and sinister-looking stones is lost in a dozen variant myths, yet the stories attach no evil or brooding menace to them. Astral space remains untainted within a mile of this ring, and the wooden walls that the Therans built between the columns are as strong as the hardest stone. The Therans, astonished at the sight of the place, conducted careful magical studies and then built a city within the natural protection offered by the stone claws. Morkant has thrived since its founding, its location at the easternmost point of the Greatcrag foothills allowing it to support a number of satellite mining communities that ship their stone, copper, tin, lead and even silver through Morkant down the Bearsgold River to Inshaldren and beyond. The Bearsgold River takes its name from the earliest years of settlement in this region of the province, where, for nearly twenty years, miners in the lands near present-day Morkant consistently found gold nuggets in the river bed, shaped somewhat like bears' heads. Some of the earliest finds are on display at the City Museum, and the similarity is uncanny. Such finds are rare today, the gold rush fever they spurred a thing of the past.

The people of Morkant, nearly 4,000 in number, are noted throughout Vivane Province for their free-thinking ways. The Therans have maintained a military garrison outside the twisted spires ever since they discovered that their own soldiers stationed in the town were prone to disobey orders and act restive and rebellious. Residents of Morkant tend to be forthright to the point of rudeness, honest to a fault, and slightly irritable by nature. Arguments and fights are common in most taverns and at trading posts throughout the city, though most disagreements are settled by fisticuffs. Some attribute this innate argumentativeness to a subtle magical influence from the spires, but evidence of that is unclear. The Therans take a



slightly more liberal attitude than usual toward public order in Morkant, but step in swiftly whenever Therans in the city are attacked or robbed.

Morkant has more dwarfs and trolls among its people than most Imperial cities, and these races monopolize local mining. The city's population is largely a mix of Barsaivians, Rugarians, and natives of the local area, many of whom claim ancestry from nearby hill communities. More than a few gamblers, ruffians, thieves and rogues ply their nefarious trades in Morkant, but the ordinary people work hard and play hard. They have little respect for those who make their living any other way than by manual labor, and so do not hold adventurers in high esteem. To the boasts of a typical hero, the proud native of Morkant is likely to answer, "So you stole a hoard of gold from some ruined kaer by fighting a Horror! Me, I *earned* mine from hard work cutting stone. That's *real* money, boyo."

Hazards

Hazards in Morkant include avoiding fights, as well as coping with various menaces in the surrounding hills (see **Greatcrag-Caralkspur Range,** p. 32). Adventurers can find work on airships traveling into the Greatcrag Hills on slave raids; though well-paid, such jobs are extremely dangerous.

CITADEL OF ALDJEKUUL

Situated near the rising slopes of the Greatcrag Hills and the deadly Caralkspur Mountains, Aldjekuul is both citadel and city. This grim fortress was built by the Therans following a great battle at the site some 206 years before the establishment of the Imperial calendar (237 TH).

During the early years of exploration in the area that would later become Vivane Province, the Fifth Legion established an outpost at Aldjekuul from which to explore the Greatcrag Hills and the Stormhammer Jungle. The first division sent to the area was wiped out to the last man. In response, Overgovernor Lafarellis of Bukara dispatched three full divisions with airship support and a complement of specially trained magicians recruited from the isle of Thera. Magical divination had failed to reveal the fate of the lost division, and so the Overgovernor and his forces took the field without adequate knowledge of what they might face.

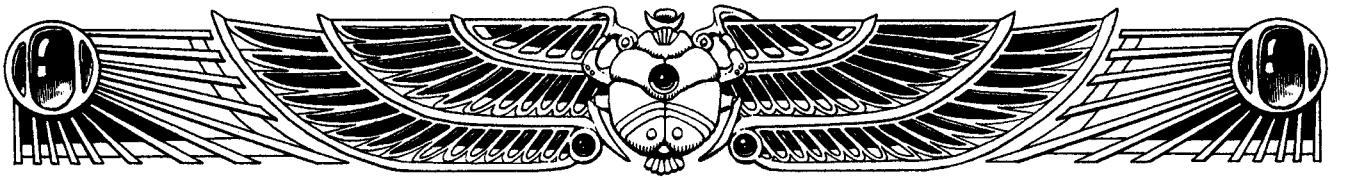
The Legion met an army of cave trolls, many clad in plate armor as fine as any the Therans possessed, marching and attacking with a military precision that the Imperials had never before seen among such brutes. The air around the airships grew thick with thousands of huge raven-like birds, some the size of an ork, that battered and buffeted the vessels. The ferocity of the troll attack astonished the Therans. Magic could not dismay or rout them. Clearly, some powerful magical force or presence commanded or controlled them and the massed ranks of equally well-disciplined ogres and orks behind them.

The wizard Tarlantennis, young and rash, was the only Theran to detect that controlling presence. Hovering near the armies in astral space was a creature of horrific appearance. No flesh covered its moldering bones, and a shroud of dead skin like the wing of a nightmare bat hung from each of its four outspread arms. Its eyes glowed green with malefic radiance: the thing looked like Death itself. As each body fell dead on the battlefield, a tiny light flickered at the tips of the thing's claws, and the dark aura around it grew stronger.

Tarlantennis directed his airship toward the creature and forced it to emerge from astral space. As the creature manifested, the wizard drove a magical wand into its chest. The wand shattered, creating a fireball that destroyed the wizard and banished the thing. The vanishing creature's scream echoed across the mountain slopes, mesmerizing its grim armies. While the trolls and their fellows stood stupefied, the Legionnaires hewed them down by the hundreds. Finally the creatures regained their senses, and the survivors fled.

Soon after this hard-won victory, a Theran nethermancer attempted to learn the spell by which Tarlantennis had banished the creature, using the Experience Death spell to relive the fallen wizard's final moments. The luckless nethermancer immediately contracted a mysterious wasting disease and took fifteen years to die, slipping into catatonic insanity shortly before the end. Throughout his years of suffering, the nethermancer endlessly sketched the creature that had destroyed his fellow magician. After his death, the Therans erected a twenty-foot stone statue of the creature outside the forbidding citadel walls and hung flaps of skin from the stone skeletal frame. They re-dress the statue with the skins of executed criminals at regular intervals. Some people swear that the thing's eyes glow pale green whenever someone in the citadel dies, and that if a child or innocent perishes, the statue seems to shudder as if in baleful delight.

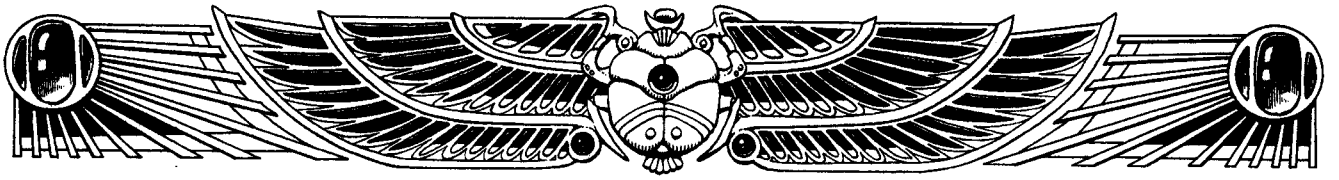
Ever since that unspeakable battle so long ago, Aldjekuul has remained a place of dread. No one has ever seen any creatures like the being the wizard killed, but many ferocious beasts live in the hills and mountains to the west and no Legion soldier cares to be posted to Aldjekuul. The Eighth and Sixth Legion, currently based in Bukara, between them contribute five hundred soldiers to the citadel. These soldiers have the thankless task of patrolling the roadway known as Death's Road southward



through the three great Darkkeeps, all the way to the southern city of Morkant.

In addition to the soldiers, 3,200 people huddle inside the city's double-thick stone walls, and the guards at the gates demand a very good reason for letting in anyone new. Nearly every building seems designed for defense against powerful foes. The city has a depressing history of surviving adversity: its noteworthy sufferings include the Great Plague of 112 TE, the brain fever epidemic of 173 TE that killed 70 percent of the children under seven years of age, the stonerot years of 211–230 TE, and more. The city remains viable only because it serves as an important early warning beacon for trouble brewing in the Caralkspurs, it helps to guard the trade road from the town of Laraken, and it acts as a support base for mining operations at Sigara's Crags. Aldjekuul is dark and gloomy, and all manner of dubious folk have fled to it from enemies or from justice in other lands and cities. The citadel's extensive underground labyrinths, built to protect the population during the Scourge, are said to hide countless undead creatures in their deepest recesses. Rumor has it that Theran nethermancers barely manage to keep these things at bay.

The city is hungry for slaves, who tend to lead short and brutal lives. House Carinci has built and maintains its



own non-military kila, the *Gloomwing*, the prow of which is decorated (in a morbid show of bad taste) with a likeness of the creature that stands outside the city gates. This vessel and its crew of trolls, noted for brutality, raids the settlements in the Greatcrags and on the edges of the Stormhammer Jungle for slaves. Sometimes the *Gloomwing* even crosses the Caralkspur Mountains and attacks lands to the far west, beyond the area shown on the Vivane Province map.

The weather around Aldjekuul is oppressive, and the general atmosphere takes its toll on all who stay in the vicinity. Even the City Administrator, Captain Loremius of the Eighth Legion, frequently falls victim to fits of depressive madness. For a full description of the citadel's hazards, see the description of the Caralkspur Mountains (beginning on p. 32).

THE DARKKEEPS

Each of these aptly named sites is a castle built around a central tower whose walls are two feet thick. These keeps are Theran military garrisons, each manned by 120 heavy infantry from the Eighth Legion, plus 40 cavalry riders to patrol Death's Road. A Theran elementalist stationed at each site uses a lightning-based mechanism to send signals from keep to keep and also to Aldjekuul and Morkant. To see these signals, the viewer must use a specially crafted lens of magical crystal that magnifies the lightning-etched signal from its distant source. These lenses allow signals to be seen for up to a hundred miles. Each keep's garrison also includes twelve griffin riders with beastmasters to train and look after the aerial mounts. The riders patrol in pairs, supplementing the vedette patrols. All of them are *k'stulaami* (see pp. 68–69, **Denizens, Vol. 1**) of varying Imperial origin. Any of these riders who are knocked from their mounts can remount in the air within 4 Combat Rounds.

GRIFFIN RIDER (K'STULAAMI)

Fifth Circle Cavalryman

Attributes
Dexterity (16): 7/D12
Strength (18): 7/D12
Toughness (13): 6/D10
Perception (11): 5/D8
Willpower (16): 7/D12
Charisma (16): 7/D12

Initiative
Dice: 5/D8

Talents
Animal Bond (5): 12/2D10
Avoid Blow (4): 11/D10 + D8
Blood Share (4): 10/D10 + D6
Charge (5): 12/2D10
Durability (5)
Empathic Command (5): 12/2D10
Karma Ritual (4)
Melee Weapons (5): 12/2D10
Rider Weaving (5): 10/D10 + D6
Sure Mount (3): 10/D10 + D6
Trick Riding (5): 12/2D10
Wheeling Attack (4): 11/D10 + D8

Skills
Artisan/Leather Working (1): 8/2D6
Knowledge/Barsaive History (1): 6/D10
Knowledge/T'skrang Lore (1): 6/D10

Karma
Dice: D6
Points: 15

Movement
Running: 75
Combat: 38

Note: May spend Karma on any action taken by mount except Damage Tests

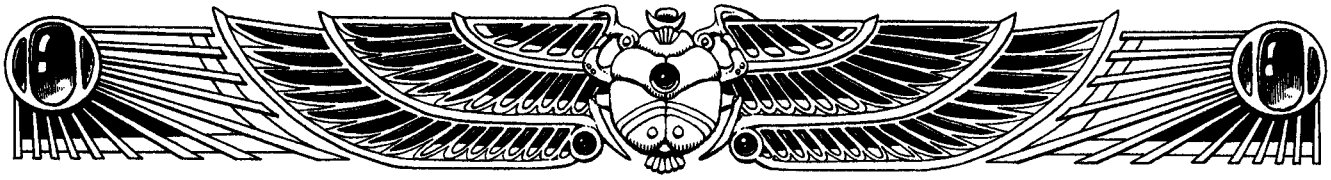
Combat
Physical Defense: 10
Spell Defense: 7
Social Defense: 9
Armor: 10
Mystic Armor: 4

Damage
Death Rating: 70
Wound Threshold: 9
Unconsciousness Rating: 57
Recovery Tests per Day: 2
Recovery Dice: D10

Equipment
Booster Potion
Broadsword (Forged +5) (Damage 16/D20 + D10)
Flail (Damage 12/2D10)
Griffin Mount (see p. 296, **ED** rulebook)
Magical Hardened Leather (Rank 3 Thread Attached)
Rider's Shield

Thread Weaving Notes
Rank 3 Thread woven to magical hardened leather armor

The cavalry's mounts are strong and healthy but rarely survive much beyond a year of service. Their Theran riders use herbal stimulants to gallop the beasts half again as long as for a normal day's hard ride, enabling swift patrols and instant responses to any threat from the hills. Visitors are unwelcome near the Darkkeeps, and the



Therans will waylay and interrogate anyone approaching the area. Two vedettes fly constantly above the entire length of Death's Road to alert the keeps to danger; an elementalist aboard each ship employs a lightning signaler like those used in the keeps, and can transmit a warning message in seconds.

THE HAMMERHILLS

This long strip of hills rarely rises higher than eight hundred feet. It is named for its periodic outcroppings, monoliths anywhere from fifteen to forty feet higher than the surrounding hills, that are shaped like the heads of great stone hammers. The dwarfs native to the Hammerhills attribute their landscape to Upandal and tell a variety of mythic tales in which the Passion created the hammers to inspire the dwarfs to greater efforts and finer craftsmanship. The many small hill communities in this area contain superb craftsmen indeed, many of whom migrate to Vivane or Inshaldren to make their fortunes and send back money or goods to aid their families. Even by dwarf standards, the hill dwarfs are a tight-knit people noted for their honesty and straightforwardness. They also tend to be insular and parochial. They listen politely to tales of faraway lands and adventures, but are rarely interested. The dwarfs do not resent the Therans much, as Theran authorities wisely chose to limit their influence to levying small taxes on them. A Theran military garrison at the stone mines of Balkaria protects these dwarfs from predators of all kinds, and the local people are grateful.

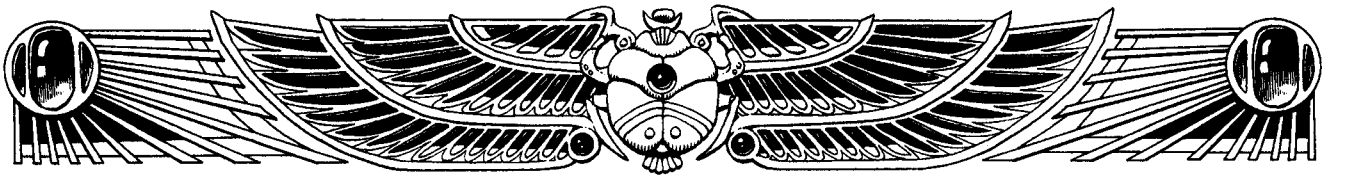
BALKARIA AND RAFRANCHER'S CLAW

The mines at Balkaria yield superb limestone, unusually hard and resistant to weathering. These qualities are so unusual that many believe deposits of elemental earth who protect it fiercely. On the first day of each year, the column oozes a thick black resin that the obsidimen collect in a carefully deliberate ceremony. After subjecting the resin to a variety of arcane alchemical operations, they use the resulting substance to anoint themselves at special rituals. What its exact effects are, the obsidimen do not say, and they never sell this substance to anyone. Fanatically reclusive, these obsidimen shun all contact with others, even those of their own kind. The Therans have left them alone, recognizing that a strange and delicate magical ecology is at work beneath Balkaria and loath to risk unbalancing that ecology and destroying their only source for the superb limestone.

From Balkaria, stone blocks weighing up to a ton are ferried on wide, sturdy carts down the road to the village of Rafrancher's Claw. By the edge of the river, pointing eerily toward Balkaria like an omen, stands the tall-as-a-troll limestone formation shaped like a claw that gave this village its name. Naturally, the dwarfs claim the claw as the work of the Passion Upandal. In Rafrancher's Claw the stone is loaded on to riverboats and dispatched down river toward the city of Vivane and, less frequently, Rugaria. The latter province has mines of its own, but can boast no stone as fine as Balkaria yields. Two to three hundred people live in Rafrancher's Claw, most of them traders and stonecutters, plus a few farmers, though the lands around these hills are best suited for livestock.

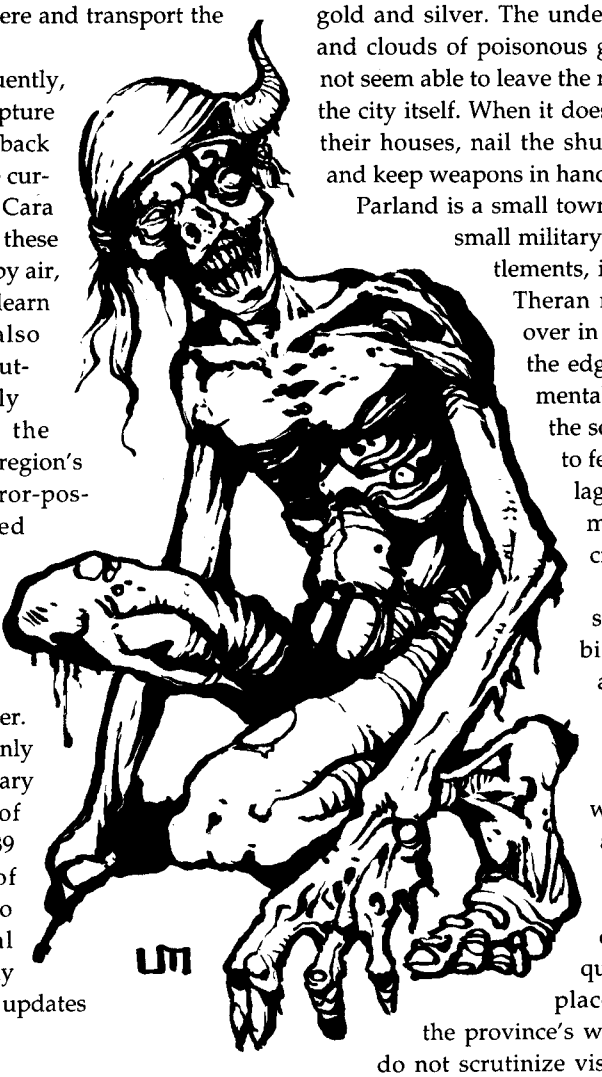
Hazards

The Scourge barely touched the Hammerhills, a fact that local dwarfs regard as a sign of Upandal's blessing. The local obsidiman Brotherhood regards it as a natural result of their Liferock's sustaining vitality. Most magicians and scholars put the Horrors' avoidance of the Hammerhills down to the area's poorly understood magi-



limbs) found by the first Therans to explore the river. Local people rarely fish for themselves, instead relying on Vivane for provisions and devoting their own efforts to capturing and selling slaves. A majority of slavers in this area of the province bring their captives to Lankarden and load them aboard airships en route to Sky Point. Mercenaries and ork scorchers occasionally bring their slave trains directly to Lankarden, though the Therans prefer to deal with these people elsewhere and transport the slaves in their own airships.

The Therans in Lankarden frequently, however, employ mercenaries to capture slaves for them, and also to bring back maps and information regarding the current state of affairs in Landis and Cara Fahd. The dense forests blanketing these lands make it difficult to map them by air, and so the Therans have much to learn about the region. The Therans also remain rigorously suspicious of outsiders. Because Landis was largely unprotected from the Scourge, the Horrors ran rampant through that region's forests, hills and mountains. Horror-possessed victims have entered Lankarden in the past, making local authorities wary of newcomers. As a form of defense, a small cabal of Theran nethermancers lives in Lankarden, including at least one of considerable power. This magician's identity is known only to a handful of senior Theran military personnel, including the rulers of Vivane (see **City Government,** p. 39 in the **About Vivane** section of **Barsaivian Vivane**). From time to time, General Crotias or General Tularch visits this outpost personally rather than relying on reports and updates from subordinate officers.

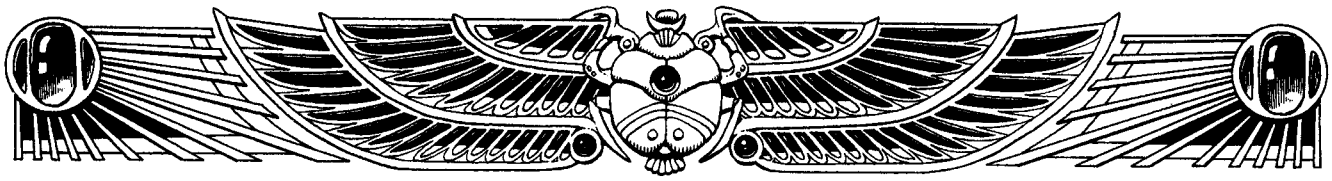


PARLAND

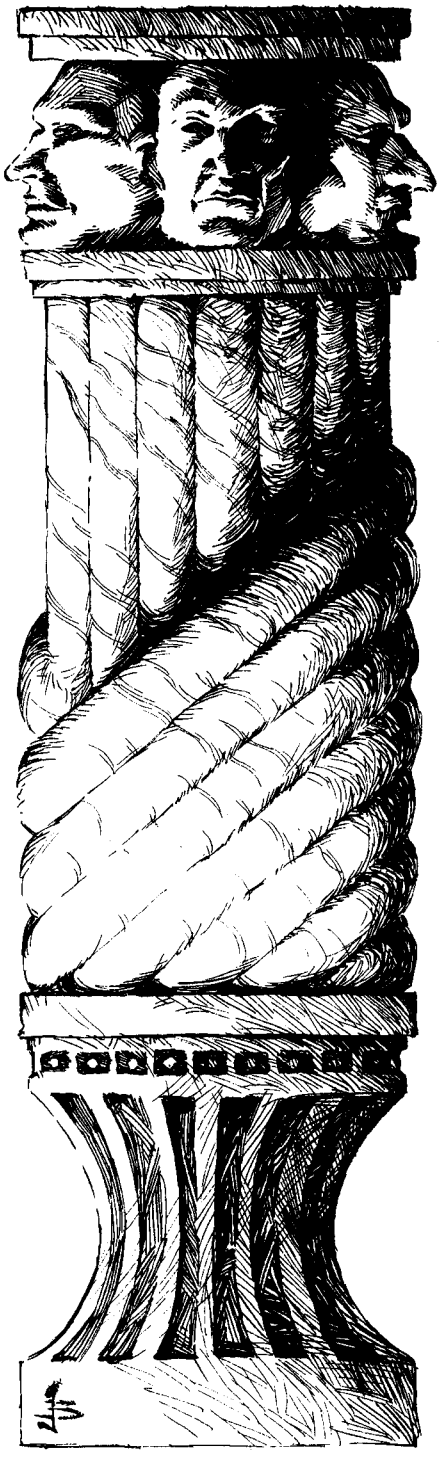
Parland lies three miles from the coastal estuary of the Danaba River, where the Danaba meets the Death's Sea. Palls of steam and walls of mist hang in the air not far from the coast, where the cool northwesterly winds clash with the heat of the molten lava. The few fishing vessels that operate from the coastal villages clustered around Parland navigate only the larger, cooler portions of the delta. In still weather the mists drift several miles inland, and tales abound of charred corpses walking in the mist and dragging any living creatures they find to a fiery death. No one knows whether some Horror survives in the life-destroying heat of Death's Sea or if these things are the mindless remnants of a long-gone Horror's constructs. The same tales say some of the walking dead wear thick chains of gold and silver. The undead are also said to breathe fire and clouds of poisonous green gas. Fortunately, they do not seem able to leave the mist, which rarely drifts as far as the city itself. When it does, Parlanders lock themselves in their houses, nail the shutters on their windows closed, and keep weapons in hand.

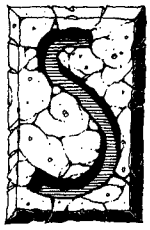
Parland is a small town, home to 2,400 citizens, with a small military garrison. Like most Theran settlements, it is surrounded by stone walls. Theran mining ships occasionally stop over in Parland on their way to sites at the edge of the Death's Sea where elemental fire may be mined. Food from the southern plains is sent to Parland to feed the residents of the small villages along the lower Danaba, and more often for shipping on to the city of Vivane.

The estuary yields fish, eels, shellfish and vast quantities of birds that congregate to eat the abundant fish and plant life. Stuffed heron is a Parlandian delicacy, and it is said that the chefs of the city know more ways to cook more birds than anyone else in the Theran Empire. Compared to other Imperial cities, Parland seems dull, polite, and quiet. Consequently, it makes an ideal meeting place for adventurers headed into the province's western lands. Theran authorities do not scrutinize visitors to Parland as carefully as those wanting to enter their vital capital of Vivane or applying to enter a grim outpost like Aldjekuul, and so adventurers will find it easier to get in and stay in. The famous and noisy Barlakhan's Tavern, run by a one-legged dwarf who claims his right leg was devoured by a monster from Death's Sea, is an excellent place for adventurers to meet others with information, rumors, advice and more.



SOUTHEAST VIVANE





Southeastern Vivane Province encompasses the huge plains south and east of the Danaba River, bounded on the west by the Province of Rugaria.

This wide tract of land contains no large-scale settlements, only small villages and hamlets. The only major road winds from just south of Parland to the margins of the Striptrees. This region's scattered inhabitants raise livestock, fruit and olives, and some run dairy farms. Food exported from these lands goes to Parland and the capital of Vivane. The Therans maintain few garrisons in these lands, though vedettes patrol regularly and keep an eye out for trouble. These lands are still being resettled; the pre-Scourge Theran inhabitants withdrew from southeast Vivane Province into their citadels, and the Horrors decimated the native population. Many local people have lived in this region for no more than a generation. The sparse settlements thin out to almost nothing within forty miles of the Seraph Jungle to the south, and raids from that quarter are rare. Farmsteads further south and those closer to forest or jungle mount better defenses than those in the middle of the great plains.

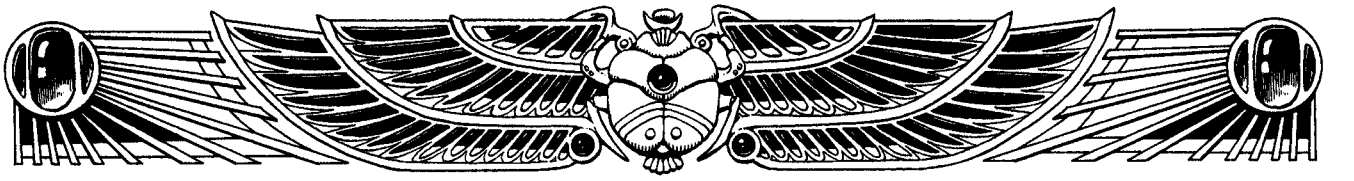
A long strip of flood plain and marshland covers part of this region, dotting the landscape with many streams and small lakes. Rather than building permanent settlements on the flood plain, local people travel there to fish, hunt, and forage for marsh hay. In addition to the semi-nomadic indigenous tribes that drift around the edges of the marshland, renegades and bandits also hide out in this forlorn area. They rarely raid the locals, however, for fear of Theran reprisals.

LORAFERN

The unusual place known as Lorafern lies at the western end of a side-trail off the main southern road, deep in a clearly artificial wooded copse about half a mile in circumference. The trees seem to burst with life and flocks of birds sing in their branches. In the heart of the woods stands what looks like a small house, built entirely of crystal with a central dome. The house is larger on the inside than seems possible, and only its single resident may understand the truth of that phenomenon.

The house was named Lorafern by the elven scholar and wizard who lives there. Leonarus, as he refers to himself, is of Theran origin and appears ancient. Most of his head hair is gone, though the thick white fringe remaining hangs below his shoulders. Unusual for an elf, he sports a magnificent flowing white beard. Though Leonarus lives alone and apparently defenseless, woe betide anyone who tries to harm him. An array of crystal warriors the size of trolls will spring instantly from Lorafern's walls. These formidable opponents can strike down an enemy with a single blow, no matter how powerful or resistant to damage the attacker may be.

Leonarus is kindly but aloof, preoccupied with astronomy and his studies of the properties of light. He builds lenses and crystal prisms with which to refract light and observe it. Leonarus has developed his own arcane theory of magical and natural forces, of which the understanding of light and its properties is a cardinal



feature. This theory is beyond the ken of any adventurer, especially when Leonarus begins to expound on such esoteric subjects as the nature of astral refractions or the blending of elements in the astral color continuum. Whether as a result of the elf's studies or for some other reason, astral space is Safe for a radius of eight miles around Lorafern.

Leonarus's knowledge and resources rival those of the Eternal Library. He has lived for a very, very long time, well beyond the natural life span of an elf, and he remembers events of antiquity with great clarity. However, his arcane interests consume his mind, leaving him with little interest in the deeds of adventurers. He remains unimpressed by any legends they may have to tell him. The old elf may know everything there is to know if the gamemaster chooses to use Leonarus in such as way, but his scale of values and interests may mean that he attaches no importance to matters adventurers find crucial and invests great significance in matters that adventurers do not consider worth the time of day. Leonarus places great value on magical treasures and relics associated with light and astral space, and can certainly research them or provide Key Knowledges about them. Items of fabulous magical and monetary value lie scattered casually around his home, and his wealth makes him a good patron for penurious adventurers.

Though Leonarus is kindly and well-mannered, his otherworldliness and arcane preoccupations make it difficult to establish rapport with him. He particularly dislikes flighty or flippant characters, whom he will simply dismiss from his presence. He especially disdains windlings and considers the whole race to be a frivolous lot. He takes well to anyone with genuine artistic skill or talent. This character makes an excellent resource that the gamemaster can use to feed ideas, information and hints to player characters, but they must work hard to catch his interest.

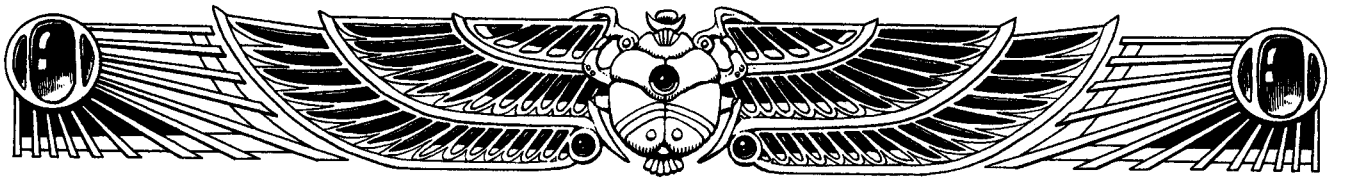
THE STRIPTREES AND THEIR INHABITANTS

This narrow tract of coastal land is named for the light, deciduous forest that covers it. An indigenous tribe of humans who call themselves Windfolk share the Striptrees with a small community of windlings. The Windfolk believe that the wind that whistles gently through the trees as it blows in from the hot sea is the breath of life itself—if it ceases to blow, their lives end. Periods of calm weather cause serious anxiety for these people, who engage in bizarre rituals to appease what they call the Soul-wind and cajole it back to them. The Windfolk are simple, naive and peaceful, living off such woodland produce as game and wild plants. They possess little of monetary value and display little lore or learning. Shy by nature, they avoid outsiders, and few foreigners ever come to their village.

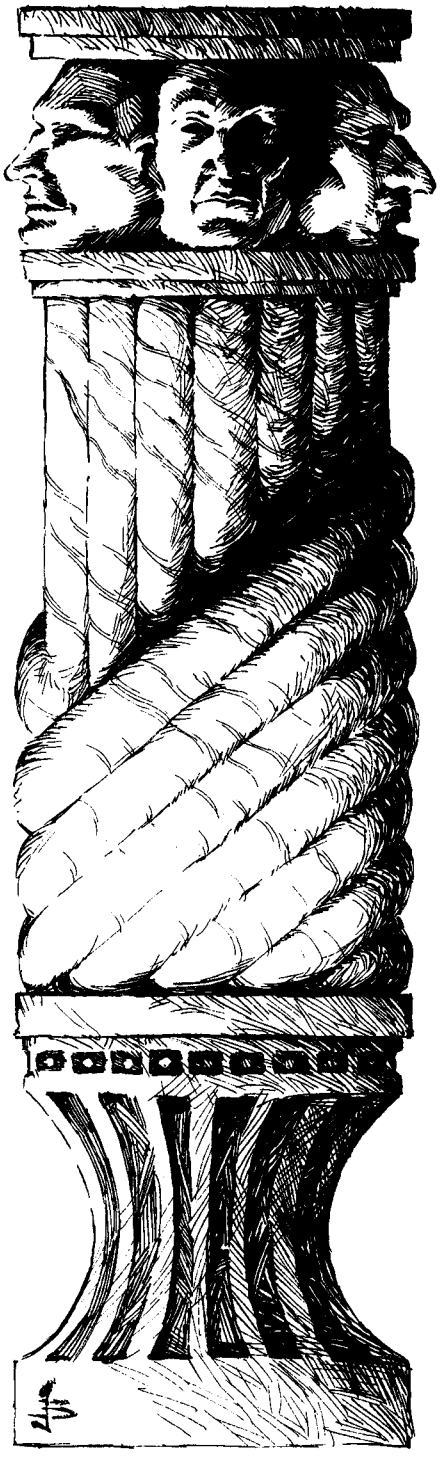
The windlings regard outsiders with extreme hostility and repel them with poisoned darts, tree nets, deadfalls, spiked pits, arrow traps and more. Several skilled beastmasters among them recruit forest animals to provide additional protection. These windlings worship a queen who lives in a knot of evergreen forest to the southeast. If the windlings could be persuaded to speak of her, a listener would learn that this singular individual has some measure of the skills and talents of a wizard, elementalist and illusionist. The queen's powers may be derived from some magical item, but the windlings will not discuss such matters.

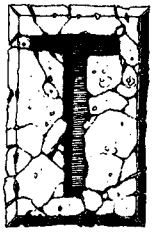
The windlings' hostility toward outsiders is the result of repeated Theran attempts to raid the Striptrees for resources and slaves. Their first attempt by airship met with an extraordinary defense. Some of the trees tore themselves from the ground and flew upward like deadly giant spears, ripping through the hulls of the ships and sending them crashing into the forest or the sea to the east. From the ragged holes where the trees had stood, hails of stones flew up and assailed the remaining ships. Not surprisingly, the Therans swiftly retreated. A second attack, this time by land, was repulsed by the windlings, their animal allies and more freakish magical antics. Strips of bark tore away from the trees, formed themselves into spears, and flew in a deadly hail toward the heart of the Theran infantry, and stones and rocks flew up from the ground to strike the soldiers. The Therans appear to have abandoned their attempts to conquer the Striptrees for the present, though they may return. They believe some strong and mysterious magical force led to their defeats, and they wish to understand it and command it.

The windlings possess considerable herbal lore and craft beautiful wood and stone weapons. They lack metals, however, and willingly trade for them. In return, they can provide fine medicinal herbs, wood of exceptional resilience and strength for crafting bows, resins for waterproofing boats, and more. Adventurers wishing to trade with the residents of the Striptrees, however, must first win their trust.



BEYOND VIVANE PROVINCE





This section offers **Earthdawn** gamemasters a brief guided tour to various lands adjacent to Vivane Province. The proximity of these regions to Vivane Province, and in some cases their importance to that province's Theran authorities, make it likely that many adventures in Vivane may also have something to do with these neighboring lands.

RUGARIA PROVINCE

The Therans conquered the lands that make up Rugaria Province earlier than those of the Province of Vivane, settling in the fertile upriver basin of the Danaba before spreading eastward. Rugaria is a well-settled land, and relations between the Therans and native Rugarians are much calmer than those between Therans and Barsaivians. More Rugarians have wholeheartedly adopted Theran culture, and many have risen to prominence in local government and business. Many of Rugaria's peoples naturally tend toward melancholy and stoicism, which may have led them to accept the Imperial yoke more readily. Certainly they are less likely to rebel than the more vigorous Barsaivians. Therans and other foreigners believe Rugarians are dour, unimaginative, and pragmatic by nature. This stereotype is partly true, but the Rugarians also feel grateful to the Therans for offering them protection from the Scourge. The Therans built large, expansive cities in this river basin, in which they housed considerable numbers of native Rugarians during that bleak and wretched time.

The Theran Third Legion and the Sixth Fleet, with its three kilas and twenty-two vedettes, are stationed throughout Rugaria. For the past several years, units of the Fifth Legion have also been stationed in the province as auxiliary and logistic support. The military hierarchy issues its orders from the provincial capital of Bukara, a large walled city of 82,000 people. General Ganxmander Sturmrend, a black-haired Zanjan troll noteworthy for his impeccable manners and for a surprisingly dispassionate nature, commands the Third Legion. Authorities on the isle of Thera regard him as a rising star, and it cannot be long before he becomes a Field Marshal at the College of War. Admiral Radgund Hartmallen, commander of the Sixth Fleet, is also an unusual figure. A dwarf of House Thaloss, Hartmallen began his career as an airship architect. After twelve years of active service, during which he acquired considerable knowledge of naval history and an acute sense of tactics, Hartmallen became a sailor and rose swiftly through the ranks. He has an excellent record; the Sixth Fleet has lost fewer vessels than most, and Hartmallen is happy to take the credit. Arrogant and rude, he occasionally finds himself cut down to size by the Overgovernor. Like many bullies, Hartmallen reacts badly to criticism. He is prone to bouts of black ill-temper, during which his junior officers have learned to leave him alone.

Rugaria's civil administration follows the standard Theran model. A weak and craven individual, Fessper Ilkandrisen, heads the Department of Bursaries. Ilkandrisen is the first native Rugarian to be appointed to this post. Unfortunately,

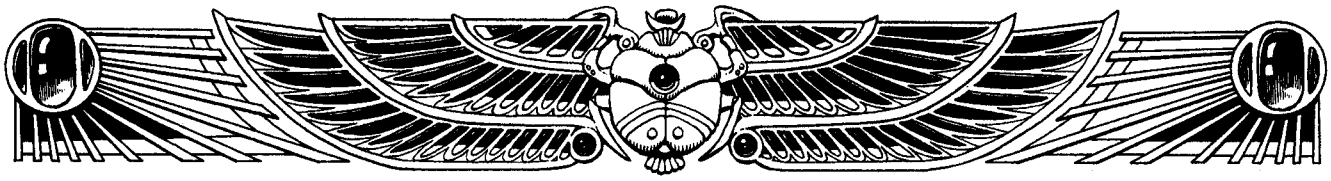
the appointment was not a reward for meritorious service, but a ploy by Overgovernor Karafanel of House Thaloss. By appearing to weaken his own House in appointing a native instead of a relative, Karafanel defused criticism of several appointments of his own House members to other important posts they normally might not receive. Ilkandrisen is an over-awed little stooge firmly in Karafanel's pocket, a fact which the other Houses are slowly beginning to realize. The first rumbles of discontent have just begun to filter back to the Great City.

Rugaria's importance to Thera rests chiefly in its overland air routes to the province of Vasgothia, several major orichalcum mines, and its military's ability to subdue all manner of threats arising in the Greatcrag–Caralkspur range. The province also boasts excellent agricultural resources, though farming along the Danaba often falls victim to the unpredictable springtime floods that ruin the crops. Few settlements exist south of the river, near the looming and mysterious Seraph Jungle.

ENCLAVE OF ANTANDAIR

This enclave is built along two small river systems, their basins shrouded by the vast expanse of the Seraph Jungle. Antandair consists of a scattering of hamlets, villages and farmsteads, together with a few small river-panning shanty settlements that have sprung up wherever silver nuggets and gems have been found in the river beds. Though technically part of Rugaria, the enclave is almost autonomous. The deeds to it are held by three families of Carinci nobles who have intermarried almost exclusively with members of House Narlanth, exchanging land rights through inheritance and a share of Carinci wealth for the magical prowess of that house.

The Antandair enclave is an evil place. Its cruel rulers care nothing for lives other than their own, and rumors allege that they use their staggering number of slaves for all kinds of sinister purposes. The enclave's total population is around 10,000, of which a quarter are servants and laborers and most of the rest are slaves. Fewer than 500



Therans rule over them all. The slaves are mostly Rugarians plus a few from other lands, including Barsaive. The Theran masters of Antandair use magic, narcotics and primitive surgical techniques to keep their slaves docile. It is whispered that Theran nethermancers practice experimental brain surgery and often castrate their male slaves to ensure passivity. Slaves are also used for blood magic and nethermantic experiments. Some of the Therans in the enclave are said to have lived well beyond the normal span of years, their lives unnaturally prolonged by the nethermancers' arcane dabbling.

Antandair's rulers pay their annual taxes and tithes directly to the Great City and maintain two kilas to prowl the fringes of the Seraph Jungle. When necessary, they import mercenary warriors to defend the enclave's outlying settlements from attacks by the tribes of the Seraph.

Some of the enclave's nethermancers are highly skilled and powerful, with considerable knowledge of arcane lore and the magical secrets of the Seraph. Adventurers headed toward that great jungle should attempt to learn what they can from these magicians. Outsiders entering the enclave arrive first at the walled village of Xandorn, where the kilas are moored. The nethermancers maintain a graveyard in Xandorn for nethermantic research purposes and regularly dump a few slaves into it. Visitors without money, goods, or a convincing reason for being in Antandair may be dumped in the same place, for the Therans deal coldly with people who drop in without warning.

SERAPH JUNGLE

This huge woodland is a mix of forest to the north and jungle to the south. Largely unexplored, the Seraph is a teeming reserve of wildlife, plant life, and tribal lands and settlements. It is also home to endemic diseases, dangerous creatures such as great cats and crocodiles, a few Horrors, and considerable numbers of cadaver men, demiwraiths and other undead. A mysterious, baneful magic deep within the Seraph causes many who die in the jungle to rise as undead. Nethermancers speculate that this unknown magical force has a special affinity for the Horrors, so that Horrors unable to exist in the physical world can still create and manipulate constructs and undead servitors. The unique dangers of the Seraph have cooled the ardor of Theran explorers for penetrating its depths. The Stormhammer and Arkhazid jungles offer so many resources that the Therans have no pressing need to exploit this woodland's hidden riches.

The tribes of the jungle, collectively known as the Seraphim, live in isolated pockets throughout the woods. Many reside in the hilly regions to better avoid the undead menaces. Their isolation from each other and the outside world, as well as the fragility of their existence, keeps them from developing any form of higher learning. Some do not even have formal languages, and many Therans do not consider them true Name-givers for this reason.

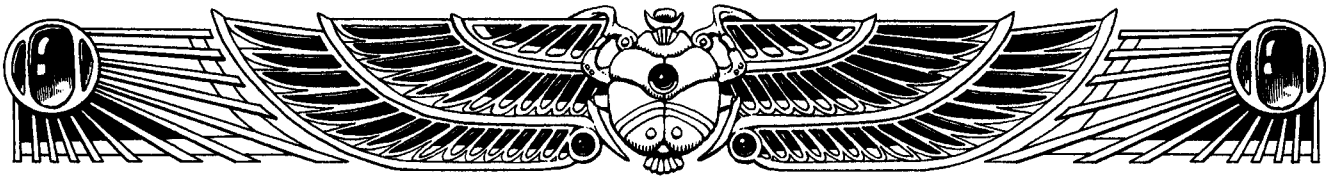
Among the few Seraphim societies recently encountered are a clan of humans who dress only in the skins of a giant green-and-yellow constrictor and strangle such a snake with their bare hands as a rite of passage. Other explorers' accounts tell of a small band of pale-skinned t'skrang who live and fish around the shores of a hidden inland lake, and who possess a collection of musical instruments crafted from jade in a manner no longer known to them. The t'skrang play these instruments with great skill to pacify hostile beasts and to persuade fish to swim into their nets. Theran observers theorize that the tribe's ancestors made the instruments, or that they came from some other ancient source.

The Seraph remains a closed book. Overgrown ruins of long-lost civilizations, caches of magical treasure, hoards of precious metals and gems, and other such mysteries exist by the hundreds in this deceptively quiet, brooding forest, awaiting discovery.

THE LANDS OF CARA FAHD

Long before the Scourge, when the Therans first subdued southwestern Barsaive, Cara Fahd was a mighty land whose fierce ork tribes lived in a state of semi-permanent war with the humans in nearby Landis. The lands of Cara Fahd—all gloomy forests, rugged hills and craggy mountains save for a narrow strip of fertile land on the escarpment of the Delaris Mountains—remain as harsh and fierce as its people, both then and now. Ancient Cara Fahd came close to destroying itself centuries ago in a great battle against Landis during the Orichalcum Wars. The orks of this land have always pillaged and plundered, their land too resource-poor to sustain settled agriculture and self-sufficiency.

Cara Fahd suffered greatly during the Scourge. The orks of the kingdom slew many Therans who came to Cara Fahd bearing the Rites of Protection and Passage, and so fewer people gained the knowledge to build kaers and citadels. Since the end of the Scourge, the lands of Cara Fahd have fallen into chaos. The former kingdom degenerated into a scattering of tribes and clans, most of them scorchers and raiders. The boundaries of the ancient kingdom no longer exist, and less than 75,000 Name-givers live in these lands. Roughly 60 percent of the inhabitants are



orks; the other races make up the remainder of the population in equal numbers.

Cara Fahd's ork tribes, many of them descended from the soldiers of a once-formidable and fiercely disciplined army, now survive as bands of robbers. Barsaivian ork scorchers possess the kindness of the most beloved questor of Garlen by comparison. Barsaivian scorchers often sell prisoners as slaves to the Therans; Cara Fahd orks kill virtually everyone who gets in their way. They take alive only magicians such as wizards and elementalists, whose abilities they prize and exploit. Rumor has it that a Theran wizard recently fell into the hands of an ork tribe and now works for his captors, having been granted the extraordinary (and dubious) privilege of marriage to the daughter of this war band's most prominent chieftain, Guurshut Hatespitter. He is also said to be kept in shackles, just in case.

The orks of Cara Fahd hate all outsiders, especially the Therans. Theran Legions often launch pre-emptive raids with airships which the orks are powerless to oppose. These raids force them to flee into caverns in the hills or the deep forests, a humiliation they find nearly impossible to bear. Ancient Cara Fahd's wealth from conquest and pillage, and the legendary magical weapons and armor that belonged to its great generals and warlords, still lie hidden and abandoned amid the bones of those whose villages were riven by Horrors. Adventurers can find much of value in these desolate and hostile lands if they are willing to risk the dangers. No one knows which, if any, of the settlements marked on ancient maps still survive, even in ruins. Few viable settlements remain anywhere in Cara Fahd; most of the people who live here belong to nomadic war bands that roam the lands and raid wherever they can. Life is short and brutal. The old and sick go to their graves early, and a chieftain only commands in his war band for as long as he can avoid a poisoned dagger in his back. Adventurers who hope to earn the respect of this land's people should travel with powerful warriors and strong magic. The marauding tribes lack decent armor and equipment and good quality mounts and might be willing to trade what information they possess for such things.

According to recent rumor, two of the prominent tribes in the area—The Fists of Fahd and The Righteous Vipers—have arranged a marriage that will bind them into a single new tribe with enough strength and influence to restore the kingdom of Cara Fahd to its former glory.

HAZARDS

Adventurers may frequently encounter hostile indigenous people and dangerous creatures common to forests and hills in the lands of Cara Fahd. Befriending one tribe or clan within these lands—a difficult task at best—can make instant enemies of half a dozen others, since internecine warfare is as common among them as every other kind.

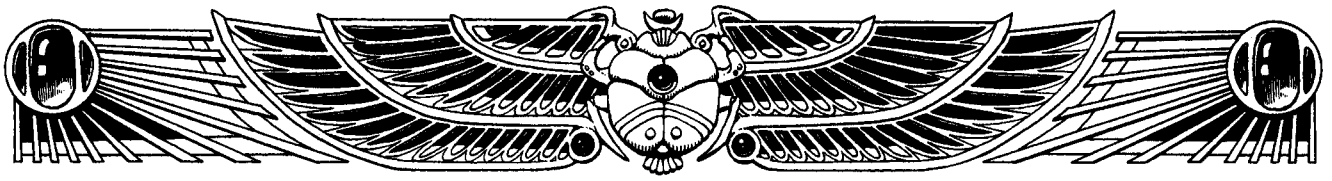
Hildingrist Crest

This ridge is the site of a recent major battle between an ork clan and two divisions of Theran soldiers from the Citadel of Jerucz. The Therans took their own dead back to Jerucz and the city of Vivane for burial, but piled the corpses of more than a thousand orks in a mass grave on the site. A few months later they were unpleasantly astonished to find those corpses burrowing slowly back to the surface, significantly less decomposed than they should have been. The Therans next attempted to cremate the bodies, but a vast fireball coalesced out of the funeral pyre and consumed fifty of the attendant Therans. More than a little shaken, the Therans dug a much deeper pit and buried the bodies again. Within days, the corpses again rose to the surface. These unpleasant creatures do not appear to be active undead; they simply lie on the ground, bleeding corrosive acid that evaporates into plumes of reeking, acrid smoke. The smoke drifts southward over outlying farmsteads, and only the concerted efforts of several Theran elementalists kept a cloud of this vile and dangerous stuff away from Jerucz itself.

Obviously, something beneath the earth is having an unusual and probably magical effect on corpses buried at Hildingrist Crest. The Therans' latest plan is to dig up the lot and bury or burn them somewhere far away from the battle site, as soon as they work out the logistical nightmare of digging up and transporting a large number of probably poisonous corpses. The likelihood of ambush by ork bandits complicates matters further, as does an ongoing administrative wrangle between Vivane city and the military authorities in Jerucz regarding responsibility for the operation. If the gamemaster wishes, he or she may devise some awful new development regarding the slain orks that somehow involves any adventurers who happen to be in the area.

LANDIS AND ITS PEOPLES

The Therans regard the region once known as the Kingdom of Landis as one of the areas of Barsaive Province no longer under their control. Indeed, the people of Landis



travel to and trade with free Barsaive on a regular basis, though they do not consider Throal the seat of their government. The inhabitants of Landis care relatively little for the fate of distant lands elsewhere in Barsaive; they have enough troubles closer to home.

Most of Landis is covered by forest, though a few towns exist that boast fine buildings, temples, and works of art. Most of the people who settled on and farmed the plains in the northeastern region of Vivane Province long ago withdrew to Landis, retreating into the forest and hills where they were less exposed to raids by Therans and the orks of Cara Fahd. Most major permanent settlements in modern-day Landis lie near the Greenheart River and on the slopes of the Twilight Peaks. The Therans control the lava fields around the twin volcanic peaks and conduct periodic mining operations there, but maintain no permanent garrisons. They swiftly could establish garrisons in the area if the local people attempted to dispute Theran claims to the fields or if elementalists native to Landis tried to tap the true fire in the lava.

The natives of Landis lead passive, melancholy lives. Because they squandered their resources on endless war with the orks of Cara Fahd, the people of Landis were unable to build a sufficient number of kaers and citadels to protect the largest part of their population, and so the kingdom suffered brutally from the Scourge. However, many tales describe isolated kaers and citadels constructed in Landis by individuals with the courage and vision to understand the true danger of the Horrors and rise above the ongoing conflicts between the two kingdoms. One of these gives credit to a renegade magician from the isle of Thera who constructed a kaer on the threshold of the Twilight Peaks. If this story is true, that kaer's fate remains unknown. Certain scholars suspect, however, that these tales represent only hopeful dreams spun to sustain the spirits of those people who faced the Horrors unaided. The total population of Landis is about 400,000, with a racial distribution similar to the rest of Barsaive. The ever-present threat of raids from Cara Fahd has led many of Landis's other Name-giver races to distrust orks, even when they are clearly peaceful.

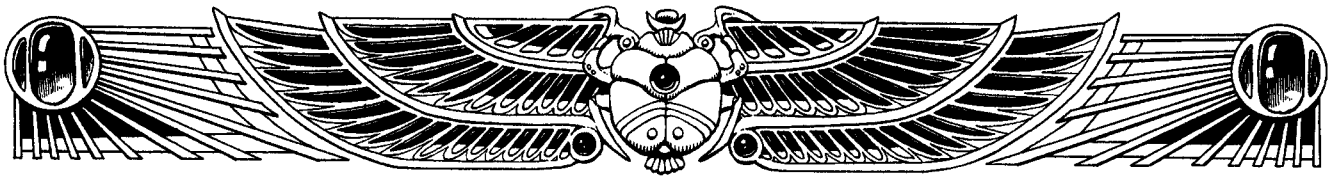
The people of Landis trade with the Therans, bringing fish, wood, hides and skins, and other raw materials to Lankarden and outlying villages in exchange for worked metal items, ceramics, baskets, clothing, and simple tools. This steady stream of commerce does not prevent Theran slavers from raiding this region often enough to put the population of Landis into a steady decline, as the natives are enslaved settlement by settlement. The Theran slavers who operate in Landis generally make their raids north and east, away from the villages that trade with the Imperials, and the local people realize that trade with the Therans safeguards them from enslavement.

Landisians mount few retaliatory raids, however, especially since the most recent lesson in brutality taught them by the Therans. A group of raiders led by two ork beastmasters and a pair of troll warriors raided a small Theran farmstead, only to discover that a most of the people they had killed were slaves and poor laborers, not the hated Therans. In response, Theran authorities sent a kila to round up all eight hundred people of a nearby river village. They killed all the old folk and children and enslaved the able-bodied adults. Passing by several other river villages on the way back to Lankarden, the airship crew dumped a few tortured corpses over the side as a message that any further raids against Theran settlements would meet with the same response. Landis has mounted no further raids, and adventurers speaking too openly of their intent to raid Vivane Province from these lands may find themselves betrayed to Theran authorities in Lankarden by a fearful Landis native.

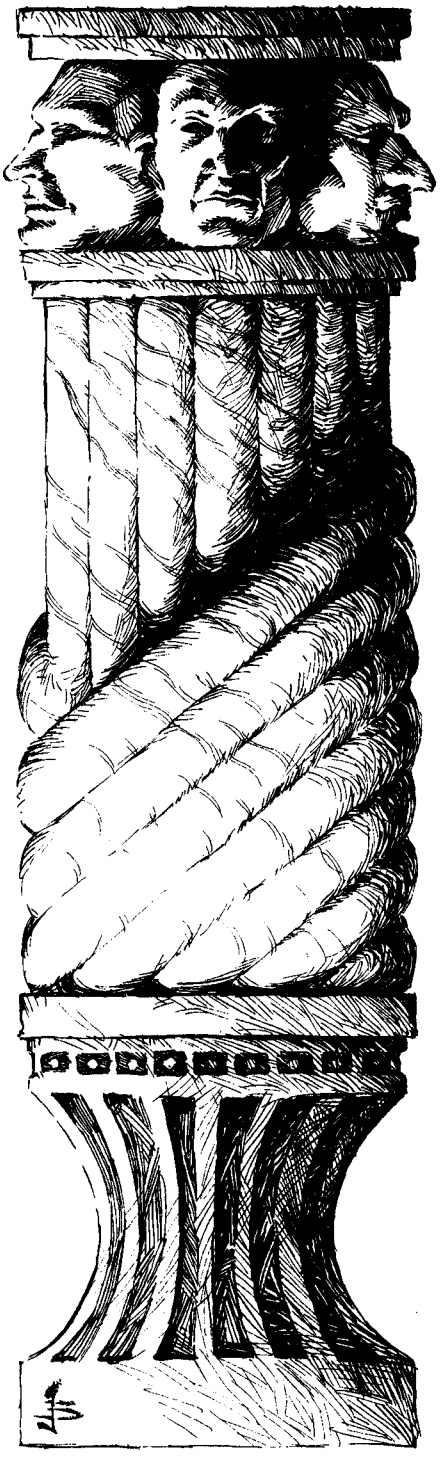
Like Cara Fahd, Landis is a once-mighty realm brought low by war and the Scourge. Within its abandoned settlements lie priceless historical records, as well as treasures and wealth. The greatest legends that aspiring adventurers might build in Landis, however, would tell of deeds performed to restore the spirits of a people possessed of the potential for great attainments in battle, magic, and culture. Heroic actions such as these would restore as much magic to Barsaive as the recovery of a vast treasure cache.

HAZARDS

Many towns and settlements in Landis have been abandoned since the Scourge, and Horrors still stalk these lands. Theran slavers, ork raiders from Cara Fahd, and creatures native to Landis's terrain can pose additional threats. The Greenheart River, though settled and fished along most of its length, still contains a small number of huge, usually torpid river serpents. On the approaches to the Twilight Peaks, adventurers may encounter creatures of elemental fire, in addition to the usual difficulties of traveling through mountainous terrain.



ADVENTURING IN VIVANE



This section offers a broad overview of different campaigning styles and themes that gamemasters can use for adventures in Vivane Province and Vivane city. Different gamemasters and groups of players may wish to emphasize different aspects of the Theran people and Empire, and the guidelines described here suggest various approaches to playing with different themes. This section also reprints a brief explanation of the adventure framework and includes adventure ideas that can be expanded using that framework.

PLAYING THERAN CHARACTERS

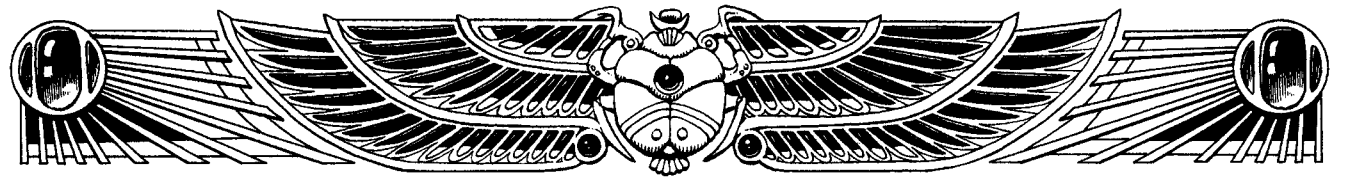
In Barsaive and beyond, everyone knows the Therans are bad. They raid defenseless villages. They enslave people. They pillage and steal. They mount wars of conquest. Aren't all these activities proof of their wickedness? Certainly the Therans do these things—but they see themselves and their actions in a far different light. The Therans have accomplished magnificent things in many areas, and untold thousands of people owe their existence to Theran achievements. Through Theran efforts, vast areas of the world devastated by the Scourge have been given a new lease on life because the caretakers of the world survived.

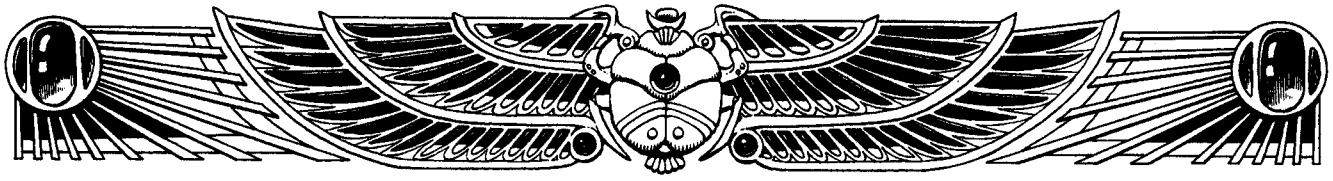
While the majority of non-Therans sincerely believe that the Empire represents an evil that must be eradicated, a certain percentage of more sensible folk recognize that Therans cannot be lumped together as a single entity. As with any other people, some Therans are wicked, depraved and inhuman; some are noble, philanthropic, generous and good-hearted; many are simply trying to get by in a difficult and dangerous world. In all honesty, the people of Barsaive describe themselves in no different a way.

Though much of the material published about Thera paints the Empire in broad strokes of cruelty, brutality and cunning deception, the gamemaster may choose to present the Therans in any number of ways. The **Sky Point and Vivane** campaign set may simply serve to give faces and names to the military power Barsaivians fear. The information in this set may also provide the gamemaster with ammunition to make the Empire even more frightening by revealing the true political, military and magical genius driving Theran society. This is no brute squad bent on mayhem; the Therans crafted their culture over hundreds of years and are following a precise plan to their ultimate goals. Because of the unique relationship between Barsaivians and Therans in Vivane, the gamemaster may also choose to explore the implications of those two cultures mixing and borrowing from each other. For example, Vivane might be the wellspring of a ground swell movement among Therans who accept the Barsaivian point of view and begin to protest against the institution of slavery.

The following passage offers the gamemaster one alternate view of what it means to be a Theran.

The indigenous people of Barsaive call we Therans murdering pillagers who conquer and enslave them without concern for their lives. No statement could be





more blatantly false. Many Barsaivian citizens in Vivane would call Therans decent people, without prompting and without a single Theran being present to overhear them. Were my claim not true, our great Empire would have perished long ago. If we truly mistreated the people we have encountered all across the world, we could never sustain our Empire's vast lands with the forces of one small, fragile island. The natives of our far-flung possessions would have risen in angry revolt long ago and sent the best of our armies and navy packing. But they have not done so. In fact, the many peoples of Imperial lands live well and happily under our care and have done so for centuries.

Our science and magic have progressed beyond anything achieved by other civilizations, and we can also boast superior attainments in many other spheres. We have discovered the arts and crafts of countless civilizations, brought the finest elements of them into our own culture and refined and developed them to new heights. Compare our openness, our willingness to learn from others, with the stubborn ignorance of the ordinary Barsaivian. These people know nothing of the outside world. They have never answered the urge to explore and understand as we have. No Barsaivian has stood on the multicolored shifting sands of Karnand and marveled; no Barsaivian has flown above the mile-high waterspouts of Tarazanika, set foot on the pyramids of Araucania, or brought back specimens of ten-foot flesh-eating flightless birds for scholars to study and ordinary people to marvel at. Such openness to new discoveries has enriched our understanding of science, art, and philosophy to a degree that Barsaivians sadly fail to comprehend.

A Barsaivian citizen might reply to our assertion by saying that our achievements are worth nothing because they spring from immoral acts. That these people accuse us of moral inferiority illustrates the importance of our continued efforts to influence their lives for the better. In his righteous anger, the Barsaivian dismisses Theran art and literature, science and magic, the aquifers, the great cities and the health and contentment of the people who live in them. He dismisses the fact that Theran magic saved untold thousands of people from the Scourge, even when his opponent gently points out that many of those who mutter darkly of Theran oppression are only alive to do so because Thera saved them from death in the first place. Barsaivian citizens contend that we are wicked despite our achievements, because our custom of slavery fills their hearts and minds with bitter anger and resentment.

We accept that we can never justify slavery to the satisfaction of such a person. We also accept the imperative to try to explain the widely recognized value of the institution. We begin by pointing to the myriad other cultures, completely unrelated to and developed independent of Thera's culture, that practice slavery in many forms. Among many other advantages, the traditions of domestic slavery and kin-extension supply a valuable and valued labor force, strengthen relations between families and villages and allow every member of a society to pursue a useful and honorable life. It was these other, long-established cultures' traditions that suggested to many of Thera's founders the virtues of slavery. We may also ask the Barsaivian to consider the tradition of the jaraleh, adopted from the people of Marac, who practiced it for centuries before Therans came to them. By the Barsaivian definition of the relationship, the jaraleh must be called a slave, but in truth, the jaraleh's beauty and wisdom instruct the master as often as he or she teaches the jaraleh.

If the Barsaivian accuses us of inventing these other cultures, we must point to the practice of slavery in lands familiar to the citizens of Barsaive, such as Cara Fahd. If forced to offer further examples of non-Theran slavers, we remind the Barsaivian of how efficiently the dwarfs of Throal performed their task as Imperial slavemasters, and how eagerly many Barsaivians sell their kin to "evil Theran slavers."

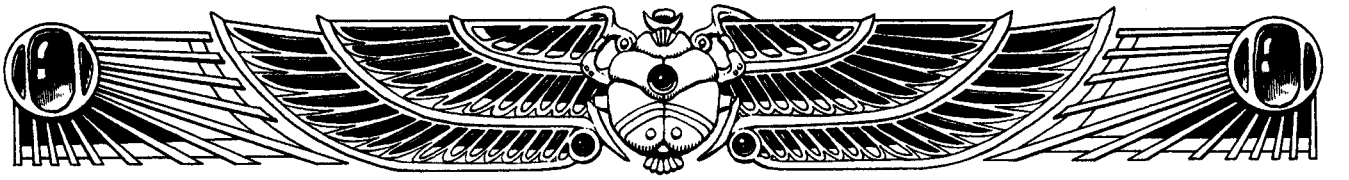
I do not dispute that some foolish Theran nobles mistreat their slaves. Those with any wit or brains do not, just as any wise Barsaivian does not mistreat a child. The wise among us treat our slaves as children who require discipline, training, and teaching. As assurance of our belief in slavery as a growing process, we point to the ever-growing number of slaves who have won their freedom through such learning and live now as free men within the Empire.

It is not moral weakness that prompts us to practice slavery. Rather, it is moral courage that allows us to willingly shoulder the burden of teaching and enlightening others. We cannot apologize for our culture and our ways. We must continue to hope that others will learn from our efforts and gain understanding accordingly. We are Theran; may we always be proud to be so.

—Theofarassten ka'Narlanth, elven wizard and philosopher, addressing the House Conclave in the City of Vivane

STYLES OF CAMPAIGN PLAY

The gamemaster and players may choose many possible styles for conducting campaigns in the vicinity of Sky



Point and Vivane. The most obvious style is the "freedom fighter" campaign, which will mesh well with many existing player characters. Characters in these adventures are probably natives of Barsaive and are likely to regard Therans as wicked, enslaving imperialists. Theran characters, in turn, may regard the Barsaivian adventurers as "terrorists" or some equivalent. Such a campaign should focus on such goals as stiffening the morale of villagers in Landis, thwarting Theran commercial and military operations in Vivane Province or the borderlands of Barsaive, ambushing Theran merchants or military patrols, assisting such enemies of the Therans as the crystal raiders of the Twilight Peaks, raising and/or assisting rebellions against Theran rule and becoming involved with the Resistance in Vivane. The latter may include seeking them out and supplying them with information, equipment, or weapons.

A second style might best be described as the "we're just ordinary guys" campaign. Characters in these adventures act in Theran-controlled lands just as they would in Barsaive. Vivane Province is just another place with big cities in which to talk, drink, pull purse-strings, get into scraps, trade and haggle, wine, dine, and flirt; its wider lands are there for the characters to explore, map, and seek adventure in. Substantial differences between Barsaive and Vivane include the Theran bureaucracy, the relative lack of regard for the Passions, the constant presence of the Theran military, the more cosmopolitan nature of Theran cities, and other such atmospheric touches. Campaign and adventure goals should focus on such elements as learning about and acquiring treasure from the borderlands, earning money on riverboats or as bodyguards for merchants, the delights of traveling a strange land and discovering its peoples and sights, studying Theran arts and sciences, gaining power and prestige within existing society through intrigue (difficult for non-Therans, but not impossible), and exploring wild lands. The latter adventure might allow characters to earn fame by returning with maps, travelers' tales, news of new cultures and contacts, and specimens of new flora and fauna.

A third possible style is the Theran campaign. Players in this kind of adventure may want to generate Theran characters, then go and stomp those "Barsaivian barbarian terrorists." Campaign goals might include gaining deeds of property in or near Vivane Province, fostering intrigue or aiding espionage between the Theran noble Houses, launching raids against upstart Barsaivians and seeking out secret societies of outlawed Mad Passions to destroy them. Players can generate Theran characters using standard principles of character creation, and Theran characters may follow standard Disciplines. The gamemaster should keep in mind, however, that windlings are rare in Theran lands. The gamemaster may want to suggest that some players roleplay Barsaivian trustees—if any take him up on it, he should make the players fit their characters' roles.

Campaign styles need not always be mutually exclusive. For example, a given band of adventurers might adopt one set of personas for adventuring openly in Vivane Province and an entirely different set for raiding it. This kind of subterfuge allows them to snoop inside the province, return to a base in Landis or elsewhere in Barsaive and then mount raids and subversive operations using the knowledge they gained from their earlier exploration. Characters will find it helpful to earn the trust of merchants, which will allow the characters to travel throughout the province acting as the merchants' escorts, allowing them to pass with far less scrutiny than if they were traveling alone.

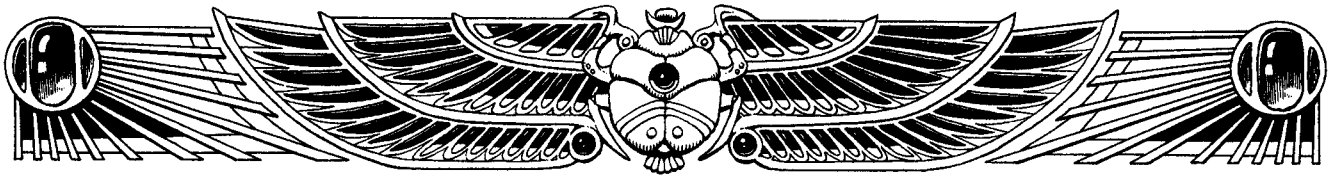
The gamemaster should take care not to allow characters to know everything that their players know. For example, players who have enjoyed roleplaying Barsaivian characters might choose to play Therans for awhile, but their Theran characters should not know Barsaive as well as their Barsaivian characters.

Therans in general are relatively wealthy. In the interests of game balance, the gamemaster should assume that Theran player characters are the children of ordinary middle-class Therans and should not allow players to run a son or daughter of a politically powerful and fantastically rich Theran family. Middle-class Theran characters may start play with anywhere from 120 to 200 silver pieces. Poorer Therans come from the lowest social strata, and few players will care to play adepts who are the scum of Theran society.

SKILLS AND LANGUAGES

When staging adventures and campaigns near Sky Point and Vivane, as well as in the rest of Vivane Province, the gamemaster must treat the use of certain social skills somewhat differently than in Barsaivian adventures. If player characters are non-Therans interacting with Therans, the difficulty numbers for many tests should increase by +1 or +2 as the gamemaster deems appropriate. This increase is particularly applicable to tests involving the Etiquette Skill.

Most Therans in Vivane Province speak Throalic, but regard anyone who cannot speak Theran as a lower life form. Adventurers give away their status by speaking Throalic. Dialects and local accents can also present a challenge. Therans tend to speak Throalic with an accent that



sounds nasal and stilted to native Barsaivians, and Rugarians speak it with broad vowel sounds that often make them hard to understand. The mix of mispronounced Theran and Throalic spoken in Vrontok is a special dialect that characters need to learn.

The gamemaster may want to have adventurers make Perception Tests when some important point must be made in conversation between people who do not comprehend each other easily. Go easy on these, however. The gamemaster should not simply demand Perception Tests for every such meeting; decide what level of comprehension seems reasonable and impose tests accordingly. If adventurers are dealing with a Rugarian scribe in Inshaldren, he probably knows Throalic well enough to speak to them. If they are dealing with a Rugarian farmer somewhere in the wilderness around Aldjekuul, sign language for "we need food" or "got a bed for the night?" or "seen any Bad Things hereabouts lately?" may be the best the adventurers can do.

ADVENTURE IDEAS

The locations described in this product offer the gamemaster a rich source of ideas for adventures in Vivane city and the wider province. The following specific adventure ideas are based on current rumors rife in the province, which adventurers may encounter in taverns, among fellow adventurers, from merchants and travelers, and others they will likely meet. Some tales may only be heard in certain places, and some may be old news by the time they reach the adventurers' ears. The gamemaster determines which rumors are red herrings and which are based on some seed of truth. In the latter case, the outlines for each idea suggest what may lie behind the rumors and reports. These outlines can be developed to fit into any of the previously described styles of campaign play.

ADVENTURE FRAMEWORK

No two gamemasters design adventures in the same way. Some prefer to plan for every possibility they can foresee, leaving as little as possible to chance. Others prefer a looser style, where they plan the most significant events in the adventure but improvise the rest. To aid gamemasters in preparing adventures, we have devised the following adventure framework. The adventure framework offers a method of outlining adventures that enables gamemasters to plan out the events of an adventure while maintaining as much flexibility as they need.

The adventure framework has five parts: **Premise**, **Setup**, **Events**, **Climax** and **Sequels**.

Premise

The **Premise** briefly summarizes the adventure and describes its major sources of conflict or drama.

Setup

The **Setup** describes how the adventure begins and how the characters become involved in it. This section may also include events that led to the adventure, and background on other ideas touched on in the **Premise**. This section is often the longest and most detailed in the framework.

Each of the adventure ideas described in this section begins with a rumor or tale, or some other setup that describes how the characters might get involved.

Events

Events describes encounters and events that occur during the course of the adventure. These may include situations that pose problems for the characters, actions by the adventure's antagonists, creature encounters, or simply unexpected occurrences. In other words, events represent the obstacles or problems the player characters must overcome to complete the adventure successfully.

Climax

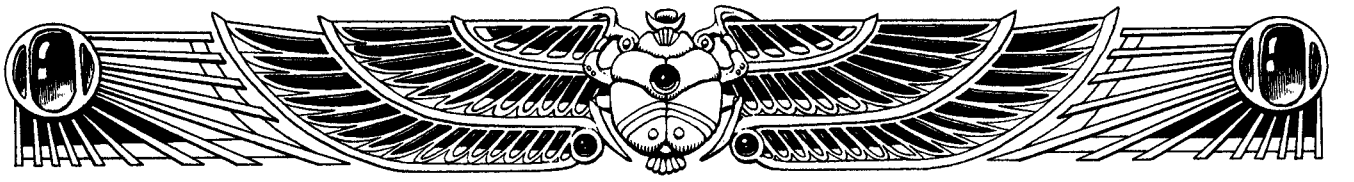
The **Climax** is the conclusion or resolution of the adventure. It describes how the adventure is likely to end based on actions that the gamemaster expects the players to take, and so it may differ considerably from the way the adventure actually ends. Because player groups often take unexpected actions, the gamemaster should consider planning for more than one possible climax.

Sequels

Sequels are adventures that might happen after or as a result of the current adventure. For example, sequels may feature the same non-player characters or include a magical item discovered in the first adventure. A theme, character or item that carries over from one adventure to a sequel or sequels helps create a sense of continuity in a campaign. See pp. 15–17 of the **Gamemastering Earthdawn** book in the **Earthdawn Gamemaster Pack** for more information about creating **Earthdawn** campaigns and maintaining campaign continuity.

SHINING HAMMERS

An ork war band from Cara Fahd has been obliterating human settlements in western Landis. The orks all wield warhammers that burn with magical fire, and all the evidence suggests that a magician must be aiding them. They are growing dangerous and adding recruits daily.



Rumors of the war band will worry several groups of people. A chieftain forging the fierce orks of Cara Fahd into anything like their ancient strength poses a potentially major menace for the population of Landis, greater Barsaive, and Therans in Vivane Province. This adventure also offers the intriguing possibility of Therans and Barsaivians allying against a common threat.

The orks, who have named themselves the Legion of Damnation, are some 2,200 strong. A Seventh Circle Theran wizard, a human renegade from Vivane, is their magician ally. He possesses a magical relic, a tiny gilded hammer on a silver neck chain. Touching the gilded hammer to any warhammer or similar weapon (it does not affect projectile or bladed weapons) increases the weapon's Damage Step by +2 for one hour per day. Its wielder's Spell Defense and Armor Ratings also increase by +2. The enchanted weapon glows with an inner fire whenever it strikes a target, hence the rumors of shining hammers.

The wizard, Arthonius Hazarald, is using the orks for his own purposes. He seeks a matching relic, a small ivory anvil, lost in the forests of Landis. Possession of both items makes them much more powerful than either item alone. Paranoid and corrupted by lust for power, Hazarald is prepared to continue killing people in Landis until he finds what he wants.

To end this marauding, the adventurers must find a way stop the wizard. They might kill him, or muster their own war band to rout his army. Alternatively, they might stumble upon the magical anvil in another adventure. A few weeks later, Arthonius hears of their discovery and sends agents to kill them and take the item. The arrogant wizard is too much of a megalomaniac for the characters to barter or negotiate with him, and the adventurers will get no peace until they deal with their tormentor.

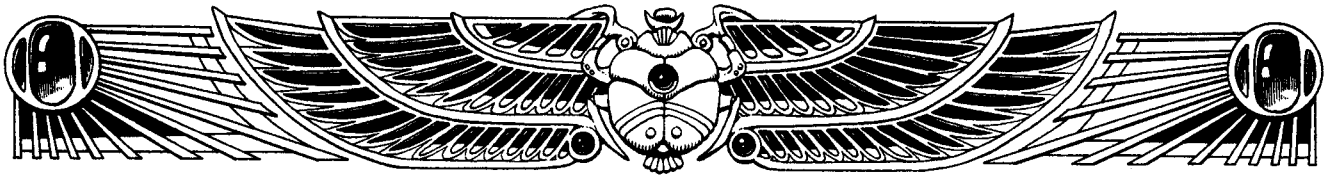
Another alternative is to make the magical treasures dangerous. The nature of their combined power may corrupt the mind of anyone possessing them, making that individual power-crazed and paranoid. The adventurers may decide to destroy the relics, or deposit them with powerful magicians or scholars in Throal or elsewhere. Finding such magicians might well become an adventure in itself.

The gamemaster may invent a history for these treasures. In yet another possible complication, descendants of the items' creator may come looking for them.

Ship of Dead Men

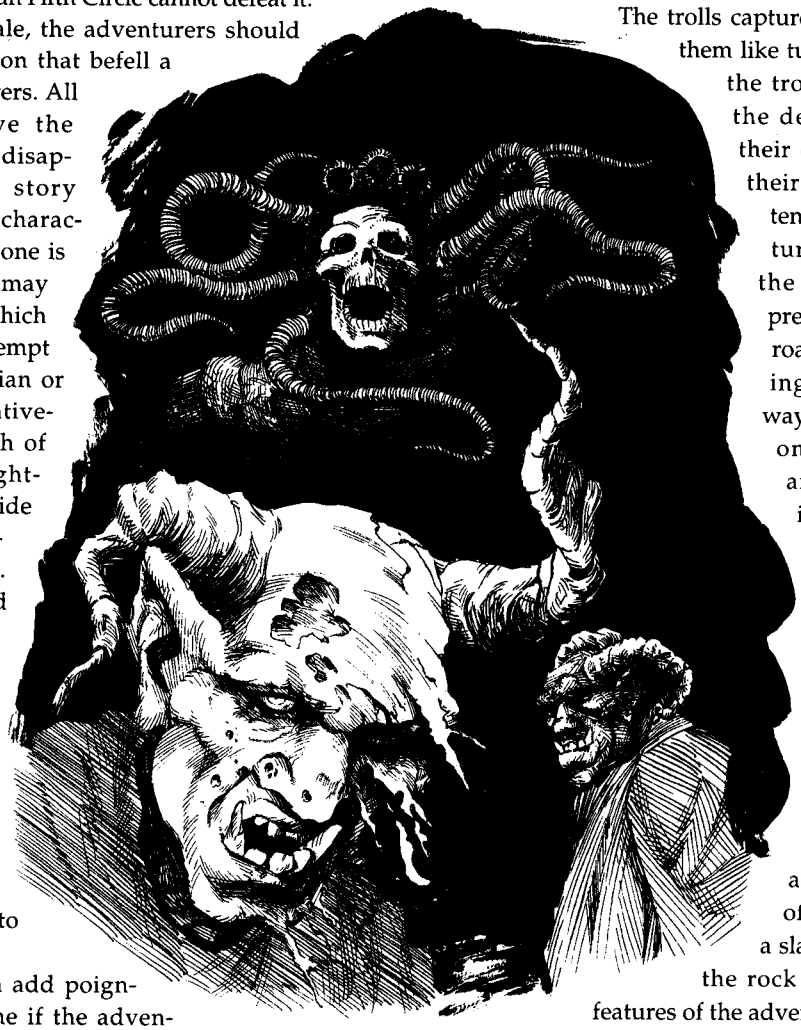
The adventurers hear repeated travelers' tales of a troll airship that moves through the Greatcrags in utter silence, often shrouded in corrosive black mist. No one knows where it comes from or the story of its origins. Recently, it descended on a caravan headed along the upper Danaba River and killed everyone except for a young magician. No trace of the magician's body was ever found. The dead men's faces were frozen in terror, as if fear alone had killed them. The airship has been sighted in the distance since then, and people are terrified that it will attack again.

The airship operates from a kaer deep in the western Caralkspur Mountains that was overcome by an insidious Horror during the Scourge. The trolls aboard it are undead servitors of the Horror, and the ship sails in search of magicians of all Disciplines. The Horror possesses a magical treasure known as the Basalt Skull, a powerful relic of great evil that bestows on the Horror the most terrible powers of all other Horrors. The Horror sacrifices captured magicians in a ritual that



gives it strength, and each time a magician is sacrificed near this treasure, his life force effectively allows the Horror to weave a thread between itself and the Skull. The gamemaster should adjust the number of lives sacrificed and threads created to suit the Horror's powers to the player characters' abilities. Overcoming this Horror should be difficult enough that adventurers of less than Fifth Circle cannot defeat it.

After hearing this tale, the adventurers should hear of similar destruction that befell a fellow group of adventurers. All of them perished save the group's magician, who disappeared. This second story should alert the player characters to the fact that someone is magician-hunting. They may encounter the airship, which will pursue them and attempt to take their own magician or magicians alive. Alternatively, they can go in search of the craft and follow sightings of it to the kaer. Inside the kaer, they must overcome the undead trolls. The gamemaster should base statistics for these opponents on those for an existing type of undead creature, adding standard troll racial advantages. Finally, the adventurers must confront the Horror itself, with the impressive array of powers granted to it by the Skull.



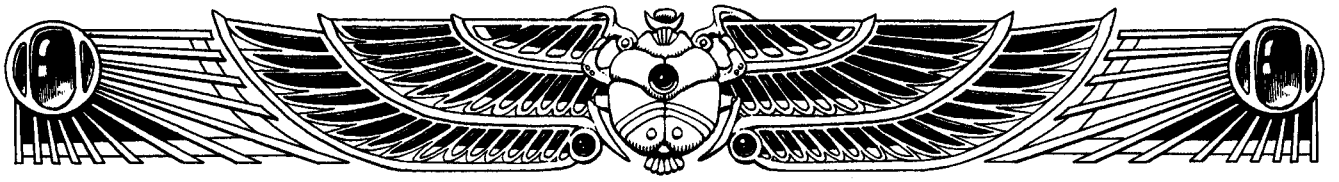
The gamemaster can add poignancy to this simple theme if the adventurers meet a troll who is the only living survivor of the kaer. He alone escaped before all the rest were corrupted into undead Horror-servants. The troll has a burning desire to obliterate the Horror but will feel mixed emotions as he destroys the corrupted remains of those he loved and called friends. Such a figure must be carefully roleplayed, for if done well, the survivor can introduce into the adventure an element of genuine tragedy.

HERE COMES THE PROPHET

You are wandering in the Greatcrags when ...

The gamemaster must set up this adventure with some pretext—perhaps another adventure hook—that sends the adventurers into the Greatcrag Hills. There, they run across a captured vedette sailed by a band of thirty cave trolls. The trolls capture the adventurers, truss them like turkeys and take them to the trolls' cave den. Once in the den, the trolls sharpen their dinner knives and lick their lips, poking the most tender parts of the adventurers' anatomy with all the skill of a fine cook preparing a select joint for roasting. Before the cooking actually gets underway, a troll looks closely at one of the adventurers and mutters something incomprehensible in cave-troll dialect. The other trolls come one by one to gawk at the adventurer's face and nod their heads, muttering vigorously. After a short while, they summon their chieftain. She stares at the adventurer in amazement, then stomps off and returns carrying a slab of rock. Engraved on the rock are the unmistakable features of the adventurer.

The trolls talk animatedly for awhile, and the chieftain manages to croak out some halting Throalic words. (The trolls occasionally raid into Barsaive and have learned a smattering of the local language.) She explains that the adventurer is a prophet, long spoken of among the trolls as the one who will lead them to the Great Standing Stone. There, the trolls will find all manner of heavenly and earthly delights—placid oxen waiting to be roasted, lots of gold, milk and honey running in streams, abundant animals to hunt, and so on. What a fortunate coincidence that the Prophet's likeness saved the adventurers from becoming troll dinners!



The trolls expect the adventurer to lead them to the Great Standing Stone. The adventurer will have to devise some subterfuge to gain his freedom, perhaps by claiming that he must travel by himself to the Stone and make some offering or perform some ritual. (Obviously, the adventurer cannot take the trolls along on his initial journey; he won't know where to go, and the trolls are bright enough to realize this eventually.) The trolls will buy a story of this kind, but they will keep at least two of the Prophet's fellow adventurers as good-faith hostages.

The trolls have a second rock carving that depicts the stone. The Great Standing Stone is a statue of a cave troll about 10 to 12 feet tall, though its true scale cannot be reliably determined from a carving. The trolls regard this etching as sacred, the Passions' bequest to them. They will show it to the Prophet, though the Prophet ought to know about it already. To avoid rousing suspicion, the adventurer might feign a desire to see the image that has sustained the trolls' faith for these many generations.

The adventurer, and possibly a few of his fellows whose assistance he allegedly needs, are set free to look for the statue. The gamemaster can lead these adventurers through the hills and mountains, keeping the pressure on with judicious reminders: "If you don't get back soon, the trolls will spit-roast your friends. What do you do now?" Eventually the adventurers meet some hillmen who have heard of the statue, but the hill-dwellers refuse to tell the adventurers where it is unless the adventurers help them first. Ideally, the help they require should be something difficult—say, destroying a nest of griffins or similar marauding beasts that have been eating the hillmen. When the adventurers finally find the statue, it is not easy to get to. It may be inside a cave occupied by extremely dangerous creatures, or in the depths of a kaer occupied by undead things, a Horror or two, and other hazards (sinkholes, deadly traps, stagnant clouds of choking gas, and much worse).

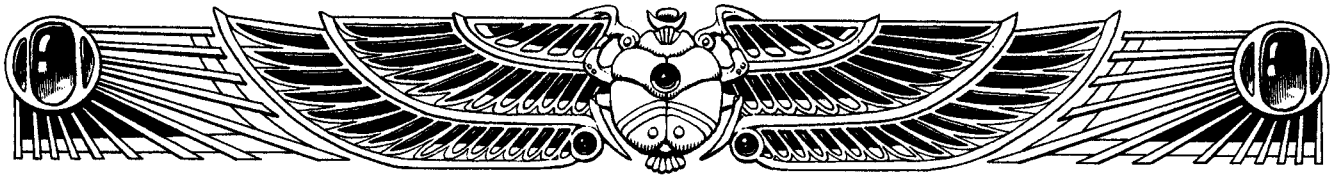
Once the adventurers find the statue, they must return to the trolls and lead them to it. The trolls feel a deep sense of wonder at the statue, and touch it gently with a little apprehension. They feel compelled to learn its history, to know who crafted it. Most of all, they want to know why they feel so strange in its presence.

The trolls have found a statue crafted by a questor of Astendar. Its magic subtly pacifies the trolls and fills them with a desire to learn about times and places beyond their limited understanding. The adventurers must somehow fulfill this desire. By educating the trolls, they can change a bloodthirsty, violent tribe into Name-givers capable of learning, understanding, appreciation, tolerance and the desire to communicate with others. Such actions are even more legendary than killing another bunch of monsters and grabbing some treasure, and Legend Points should be awarded accordingly.

VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED

During their travels, the adventurers reach a village near a forest or jungle. While they rest and eat in the village, they notice something odd: all the females of childbearing age are pregnant, most far advanced.

If the adventurers ask about this phenomenon, the males of the village attempt a little typical masculine boasting, but the adventurers can clearly see their deep underlying anxiety. Their womenfolk have all become pregnant within the past month or so, and their pregnancies seem to



be progressing with unnatural swiftness. Suddenly, a pregnant woman near the adventurers falls down; she appears to be entering early labor. As the adventurers look on, a writhing larva bursts from the woman's abdomen and kills her instantly. The thing looks around, utters a ghastly shriek, and attacks the adventurers. The larva is a Despairthought (p. 301, **ED**), but this hungry little Horror has no patience with the usual subtleties. It wants to enjoy lots of pain and suffering and kill, kill, kill!

The adventurers must work fast to prevent the village and the surrounding countryside from being slaughtered by a mass birth of these ghastly things. Should the adventurers attempt the extreme and immoral expedient of killing all the women, they will have to fight the entire village, and even if they succeed in their dreadful task, three-fourths of the Despairthoughts will survive. Alternatively, the adventurers may have to stave off a rash of suicides among the women that would liberate premature but viable Despairthoughts.

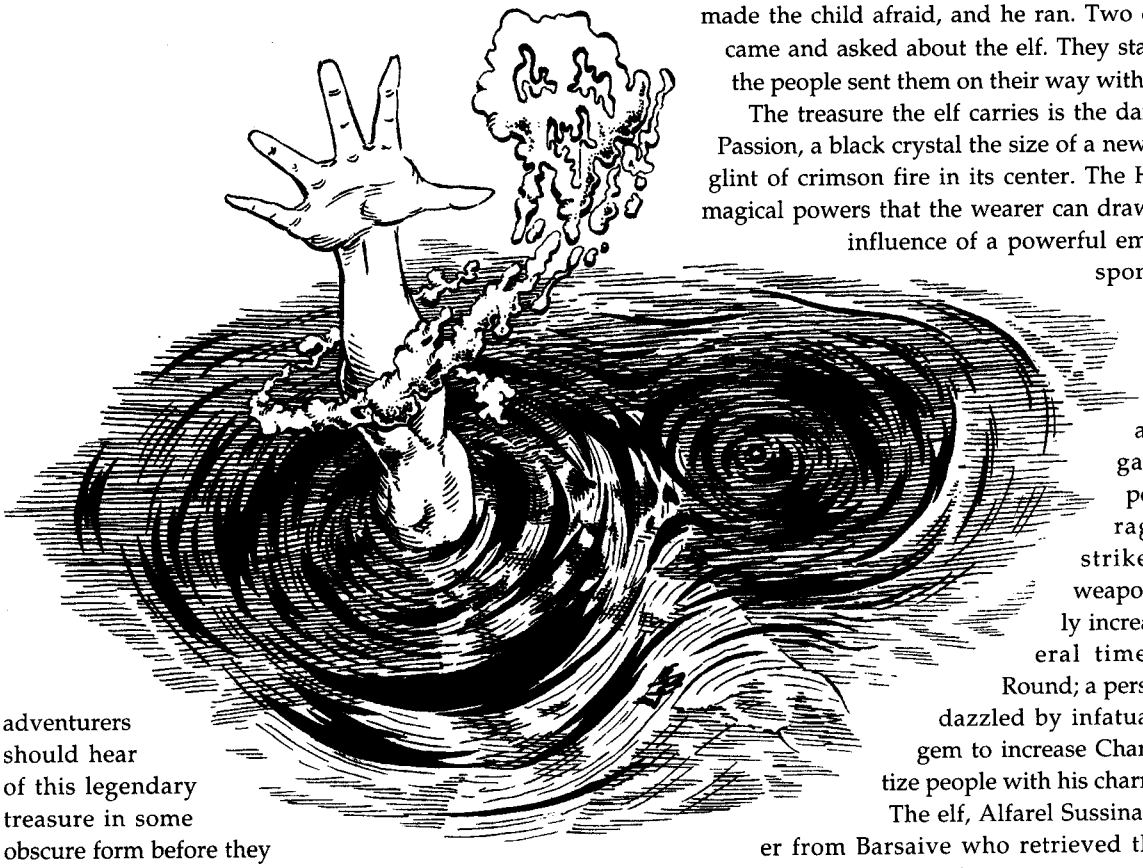
By asking the villagers, the adventurers can discover a strange event that occurred just prior to the pregnancies. Flocks of great ravens settled on the roofs of the village one night, and none of the villagers can remember what happened between then and dawn. Sightings of the ravens should direct the adventurers into the woodlands where the birds reside. A trail of clues lead them to a human beastmaster possessed by an incubus-like Horror that impregnated the village women with its ghastly seed. The beastmaster will send animal assailants to attack the adventurers every step of the way and should be of a high enough Circle to test the adventurers' skill. Eventually, they come upon the beastmaster in a huge tree house. Of course, adventurers trying to clamber up rope vines are sitting ducks for giant ravens and other hostile beasts. Armor becomes a major liability, slowing climbing and increasing the chance that the vines will snap. The beastmaster's death liberates the incubus-Horror from his body, and the adventurers must then face the Horror. The gamemaster can design the Horror to suit the strength of his adventuring group. It may also have protectors other than the beastmaster, such as a small nest of kreescra or similar minor constructs. Destroying the Horror also destroys its unborn offspring and saves the lives of the village women. By the time the adventurers return, however, a few more Despairthoughts may have been born and may turn the villagers against the heroes.

DEEP WATERS

Fishermen and rivermen have been disappearing along a stretch of the Bearsgold River near Morkant. Everything they wore or carried is left on the riverbank, neatly folded and arranged in same order every time. However, no sign of their bodies has ever been found.

The unfortunate victims are being dragged into the river by a small group of water spirits that consume their victims' life force to remain in the world. The spirits fear that they will die by dissolution into the "great formless ocean of elemental water" unless they take life to maintain their own. These spirits cannot be easily destroyed or banished by an elementalist or nethermancer. They can travel at incredible speeds in water and dissolve and re-form elsewhere. These characteristics make it almost impossible for adventurers to fight them. Simply placing a huge array of "Keep Out" signs in the vicinity also will fail, for local folk constantly come to this particular stretch of river for reeds, fish, and other vital resources.

After learning of this dilemma, the adventurers hear a legend about a magical treasure crafted of elemental water that can sustain the lives of these spirits. Ideally, the



adventurers should hear of this legendary treasure in some obscure form before they come anywhere near this troubled region of the Bearsgold. The adventurers must find the treasure, braving the usual array of terrifying creatures and hazards in the process, and then bring it to the spirits. They must also be able to communicate with the spirits in some way, perhaps through a nethermancer or elementalist. If the players need an image of these beings that they can grasp, try describing them as resembling mermaids or river maidens.

The adventurers can earn several rewards in addition to the usual Legend Points: the gratitude of the locals and possibly a material reward from them, as well as a gift from the grateful river spirits (gems, freshwater pearls, and so on).

BEATING BLACK HEART

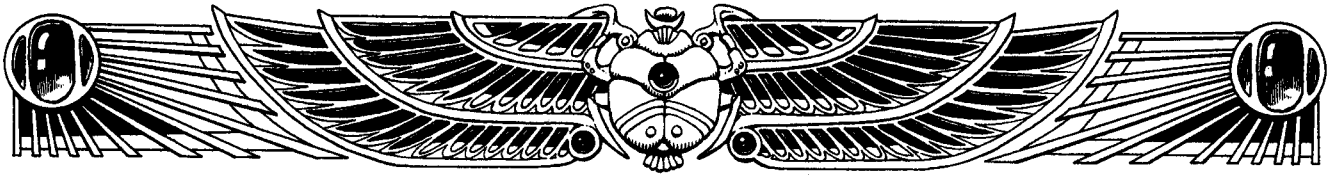
Upon arrival in a certain town, the adventurers learn that a tall, dark elf—clearly a stranger to these parts—recently passed this way. He was gaunt, possibly diseased, and had the look of a creature fleeing from death. Everyone shunned him. The elf kept clutching at his throat, and a precocious village brat says he saw a heart-shaped black crystal on an amulet around the elf's neck. The sight made the child afraid, and he ran. Two days later, riders came and asked about the elf. They stank of death, and the people sent them on their way without assistance.

The treasure the elf carries is the dangerous Heart of Passion, a black crystal the size of a newborn's fist with a glint of crimson fire in its center. The Heart has several magical powers that the wearer can draw forth under the influence of a powerful emotion that corresponds to them. For example, a genuinely terrified person can use the gem to flee at the speed of a galloping horse; a person gripped by rage and hate can strike out with a weapon that does greatly increased damage several times in a Combat Round; a person deeply in love dazzled by infatuation can use the gem to increase Charisma and hypnotize people with his charm.

The elf, Alfarel Sussinara, is a adventurer from Barsaive who retrieved the gem from the ruins of Parlainth. He fears it, yet cannot get rid of it for fear of whose hands it might fall into. For example, a brutal bandit could use it to wreak havoc. Alfarel seeks a way to destroy the gem, or a person so pure of heart that he can trust them with the treasure. He is also ill, suffering from chronic fever and a racking cough. He wanders from place to place on his impossible quest, trying at all costs to keep his own emotions in check lest the gem's power overwhelm him.

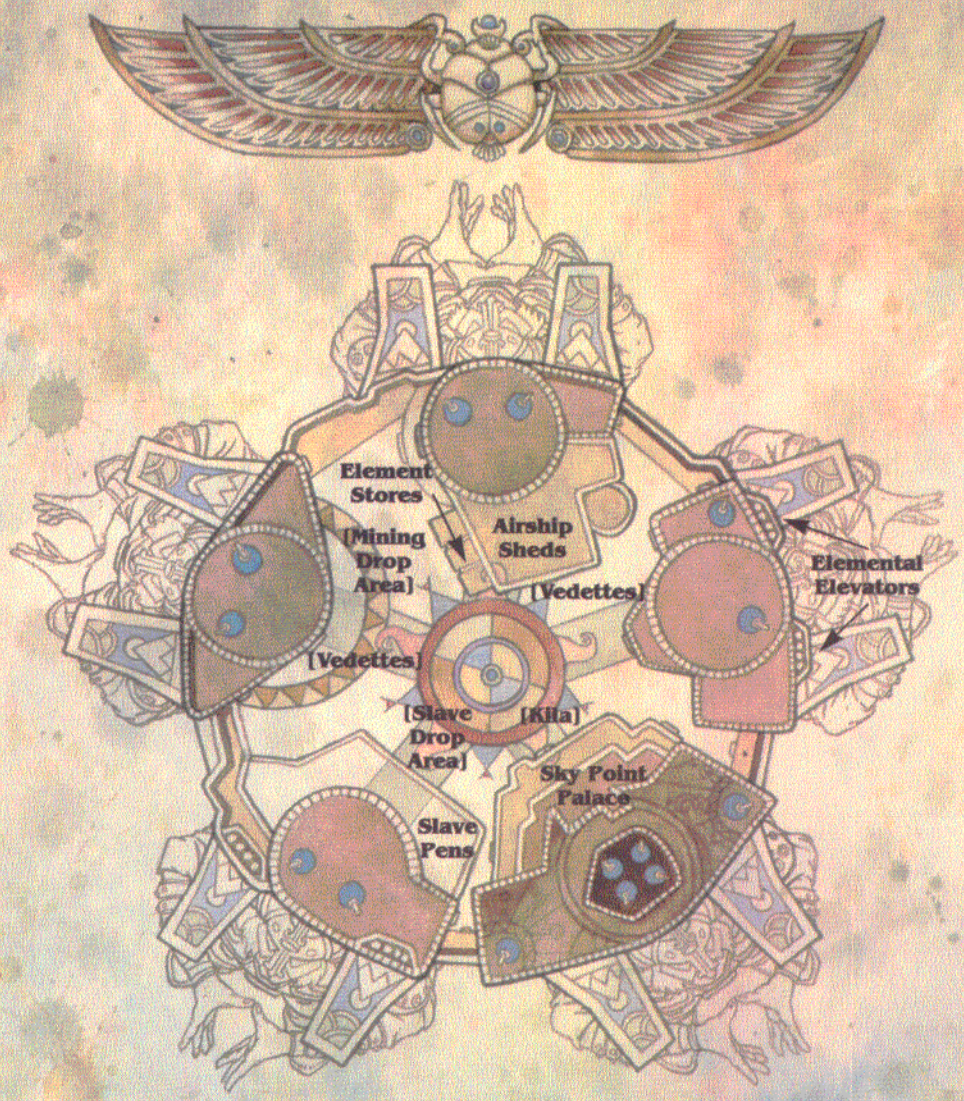
Two groups of people with a strong interest in the gem are pursuing him. The Society of Radiant Effulgences in Vivane (see p. 12, **Theran Vivane**) wants to use the gem for their decadent and unpleasant self-indulgences. A few of the Society's more vicious members were the riders trailing the elf; they plan to kill him and take the gem for themselves. A group of questors of Dis are also pursuing Alfarel. They regard the Heart of Passion as the antithesis of everything they believe in and they intend to destroy it. They are single-minded enough to kill anyone who gets in their way.

Player characters can easily get caught up in this adventure. They might be anywhere, minding their own



business, when Alfarel stumbles among them with murderous followers of either faction in hot pursuit. The characters barely escape with their lives, and more trouble is on

A Horror that lurks in the jungle has adopted the form of a snake-bodied human female. One of the primitive jungle tribes regards this thing as a deity and on its orders



Sky Point Platform

Battlements
Cannon
[Kila] Landing Area
One Level
Two Levels
Three Levels
Four Levels

0 200 400 600 800 1000
Feet

N
W E
S

Cover illustration by Jim Nelson. Back cover illustration by Jeff Laubenstein. Copyright © 1995 FASA Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

THIS BEING IN MY ESTIMATION SOME TWOSCORE MILES NORTH OF JAROSLAVL.

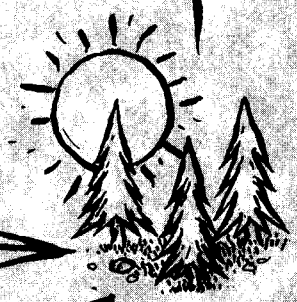
THIS BEING AN OVER-GROWN MARBLE ARCH THE HEIGHT OF A TROLL, DISGUISED BY ILLUSION & DETECTABLE ONLY BY TOUCH.

THIS BEING THE ENTRANCE

THIS BEING 130 PACES NORTH

THIS BEING A SMALL POOL THE SHAPE OF A KIDNEY.

THIS BEING 120 PACES EAST

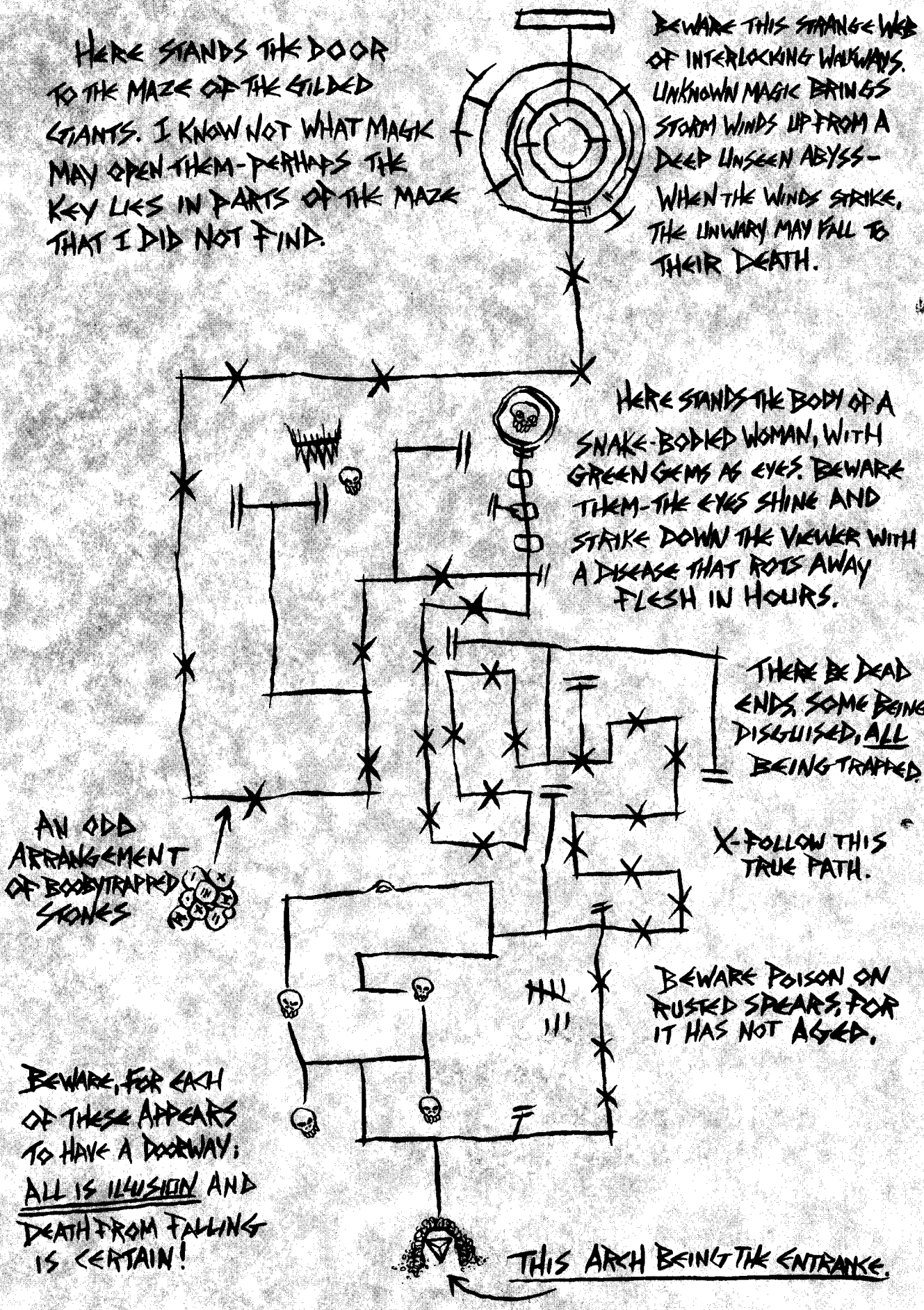


THIS BEING A KNOT OF TREES, WITH VINES THAT BEAR LARGE, ORANGE CAPPED FUNGI THAT I'VE NOT SEEN ELSEWHERE IN THIS AREA.

THIS BEING 50 PACES N. EAST

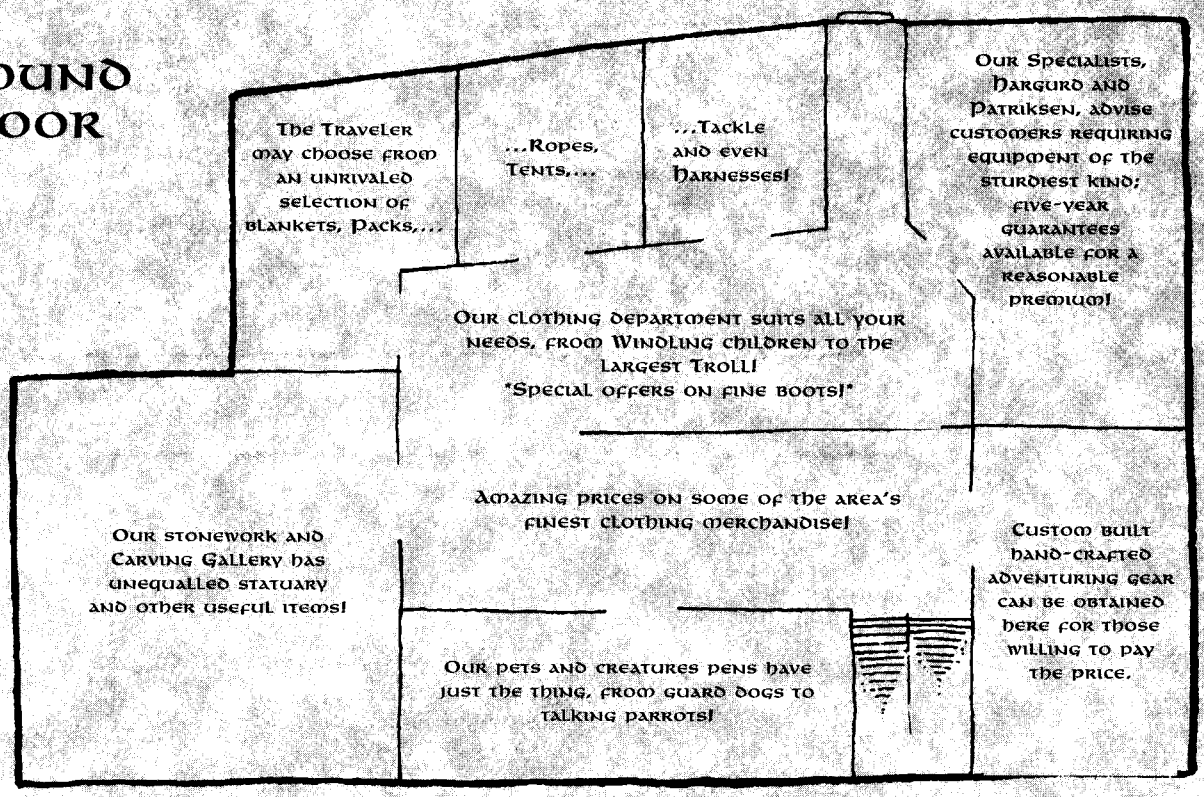
← HERE STANDS A WHITE OBELISK THE SIZE OF A TROLL, BEARING CARVINGS OF JUNGLE BIRDS.

THIS BEING A FAITHFUL RENDITION OF THE AREA BY KARUSKAR MA' NARLANTH, TRAVELER & SCHOLAR.


HERE STANDS THE DOOR TO THE MAZE OF THE GILDED GIANTS. I KNOW NOT WHAT MAGIK MAY OPEN THEM - PERHAPS THE KEY LIES IN PARTS OF THE MAZE THAT I DID NOT FIND.
BEWARE THIS STRANGE WEB OF INTERLOCKING WALKWAYS. UNKNOWN MAGIK BRINGS STORM WINDS UP FROM A DEEP UNSEEN ABYSS - WHEN THE WINDS STRIKE, THE UNWARY MAY FALL TO THEIR DEATH.
HERE STANDS THE BODY OF A SNAKE-BODIED WOMAN, WITH GREEN GEMS AS EYES. BEWARE THEM - THE EYES SHINE AND STRIKE DOWN THE VIEWER WITH A DISEASE THAT ROTS AWAY FLESH IN HOURS.
THERE BE DEAD ENDS, SOME BEING DISGUISED, ALL BEING TRAPPED.
AN ODD ARRANGEMENT OF BOOBYTRAPPED STONES
X - FOLLOW THIS TRUE PATH.
BEWARE POISON ON RUSTED SPEARS, FOR IT HAS NOT AGED.
BEWARE, FOR EACH OF THESE APPEARS TO HAVE A DOORWAY; ALL IS ILLUSION AND DEATH FROM FALLING IS CERTAIN!
THIS ARCH BEING THE ENTRANCE.

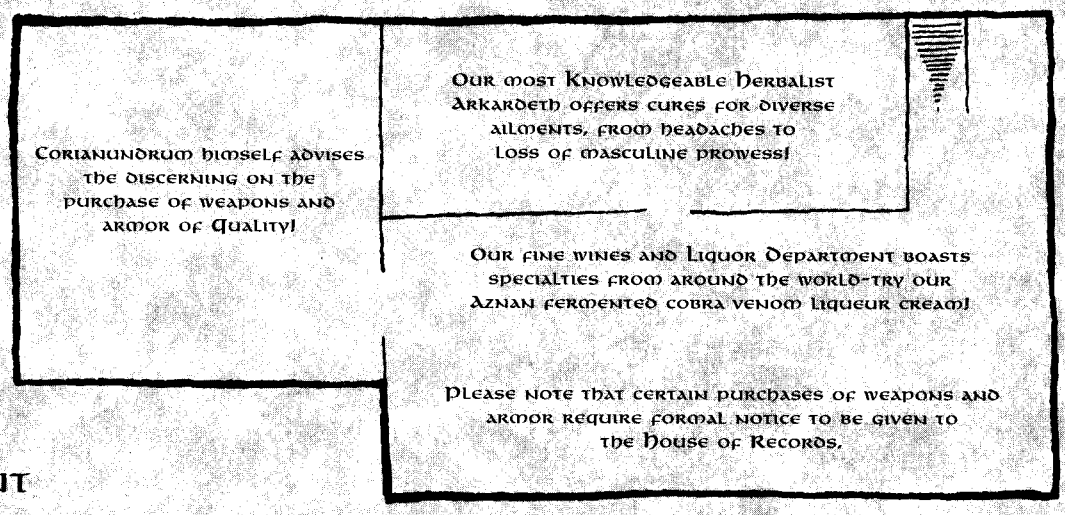
Corianundrum's Emporium

Ground Floor



Corianundrum cordially invites you to visit his fine Emporium!

Polite service and good prices at any time, guaranteed!



Basement

Second Floor

Our fine clothing department offers classical and fashionable attire for all events. *Special hire rates available during festivals!*

Our Carpet and Tapestry hanging Gallery carries the finest work from Araucania to Zerajav- our specialist elven and obsidiman art advisors are unmatched in expertise and selection!

Our Gallery of Exotica contains delights splendid and rare, from superb silks to fine spices, and diverse entertainments. Come & see the Sheboara, our resident Indrisian snake hypnotizer!

(Beware of the Mongoose!)

Third Floor

Our wicker and reed workrooms stock baskets and utensils to suit all requirements.

Our specialist Ceramics and Jewelry Rooms offer the finest crafts in all of Vivane.

Thieves Will Be Mutilated!

Our fine furnishing rooms offer items made by the finest artisians of the city and abroad, from simple cabinets to 20,000-florin luxury dining sets!

Fourth Floor

Hot drinks and other beverages.

Endless assortments of baked delights.

We call our top floor,"Garden of surprises." Take an herbal tea of kokaila with fine cream and peruse our wonders. Stock turnover is rapid and our holdings are subject to fluctuating supplies from distant lands.

But be assured, no one ever leaves the Garden without buying something!

A wild assortment of rare and exotic plants and vegetation

Enjoy our open-air Tea Balcony and see all of Vivane

DURAGLIM'S FINE HOSTELRY

The Pride of Vivane

ROOM CHARGES

DOUBLE ROOMS: *4 silver orrus per person per night. Weekly booking for 16 orrus.*

SINGLE ROOMS: *6 silver orrus per person per night. Weekly booking for 24 orrus.*

SHARED CHAMBERS: *1 silver orrus per person per night, including breakfast bread and beer.*

ALL DOUBLE AND SINGLE ROOMS HAVE DAILY BATH & INCLUDE BREAKFAST, SERVED FROM 6 AM TO 8 AM. DON'T BE LATE!

GUEST SERVICES

LAUNDRY BY ARRANGEMENT WITH OUR STARCHMAID, GERRIZUR. SHIRTS WASHED, STARCHED AND FLATIRONED FOR 4 CP EACH. RATES FOR OTHER ITEMS ON REQUEST.

PERSONAL VALET SERVICE BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE PROPRIETOR. WE RECOMMEND SHANGRUND & KARLANT FOR TOWN ESCORTS; THESE DISCREET BODYGUARDS ARE EX-SOLDIERS OF THE FINE EIGHTH LEGION, AND MAY BE HIRED BY THE DAY (2 IF PER VALET) OR BY THE HOUR FOR EVENING ENGAGEMENTS AND SUCH (1 SILVER ORRUS PER HOUR BY DAY, 2 SILVER ORRUS PER HOUR BETWEEN DUSK AND DAWN). VALET AND BODYGUARD SERVICES ARE NOT AVAILABLE OUTSIDE THE OLD CITY.

PREPARED LUNCHEONS AND PICNIC HAMPERS ARE AVAILABLE BY ARRANGEMENT. LET US KNOW BY MIDNIGHT OF THE DAY BEFORE YOU REQUIRE THIS SERVICE.

STANDARD PACKED LUNCHEONS, INCLUDING ONE BOTTLE OF GRAZGUND'S OLD IMPERIAL HURLG: 1 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

FINE PACKED LUNCHEON, INCLUDING HALF-BOTTLE OF RUGARIAN HONEYWINE OR AGED CAPARATHIAN RUBY RED WINE; 2 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

LUNCHEON OF DISCERNMENT, INCLUDING BOTTLE OF OUR HOUSE SPECIALTY WINE (VASGOTHIAN SPARKLING THUNDERWURZER), AND OUR SPECIALTY SAVORY CHEESE AND PATÈ TRAY; 9 SILVER ORRUS PER PERSON.

TRY OUR FINE PICNIC HAMPER FOR TWO PERSONS!

INCLUDES:

Medallions of Goat in Tarragon Jelly
Chakta Patè Terrine with Truffles
Smoked Eel with Soured Cream and Chives
Pickled Pig's Feet with Onion Marmalade
Fine Grain Bread and Sheep's Milk Butter
Bottle of Thunderwurzer
Half-Bottle of "Sunglimmer" Dessert Wine
Sweetmeats, Fruited Bread and Full Cream

For a mere 30 silver orrus! (returnable deposit of 2 IF for the basket; lace cloths and cutlery supplied)

Children and pets can be accommodated by advance arrangement • All payments in advance

DO NOT ASK FOR CREDIT, AS BEING THROWN INTO THE STREET OFTEN OFFENDS

Luncheon and Dinner

Luncheon is served from 11 AM to 2 PM. Dinner is served from 6 PM until midnight; last orders accepted at 11 PM.

Commencements (12 cp per portion)

Flamewalk River Fruits (diverse and fine white fish)
Stuffed Marrow with Medallion of Frog
Goat Liver Patè with Crumbled Toasts
Full Piglet's Head with Olive Paste and Currants
Gloamwood-smoked Talean Ham with Melon Surprise

Main Courses (2 silver orrus per person)

Crayfish with Black Butter and a Carpet of Tripe
Haruddin's Dumplings (Minced parcels of offal, meat and fats with herbs wrapped in goat gut)
Fillet of Gullion Eel stuffed with Minced Crab and cured, smoked Planarians
Boneless Breast of Chicken with Soured Goat's Cream and Spiced Chitterlings
Boned Shoulder of Lamb with Raspberry and Aniseed

All dishes served with vegetables of the day.

House Specialties

The Whole Hog: Pre-boiled pig's head, stuffed with goat liver patè and minced pork, crackle-roasted, served with blackened parsnips, caramelized onion marmalade and greens (2 lf)

Bear With Me: Wild bear steak served in a sauce of caramelized bone marrow, with side dishes of pickled pig's brains and wild boar and blackberry jelly (45 silver orrus)

The River Steamboat: A platter of river fish, served in chunks, with a boiling tureen containing five different sauces (tarragon, dill, soured cream and onion, spicy crab broth, and fermented prawn), cook at your own table! (2 lf; the management accepts no responsibility for accidents)

Desserts and Savories (1 silver orrus per person)

Garlic Goat Cheese and Biscuits
Fruit Ices (ask for flavors of the season)
Blackberry and Black Cherry Pie
Pickled Chitterlings with Onions
Cook's Specialty of the Day

Drinks

Imperial Hurlg: 3 cp per bottle
Dargamund's Peat (fine dwarf ale): 3 cp per bottle
Duraglim's Famous Rat Ale: 5 cp per bottle
Thundergut (exceptional troll heavy ale): 6 cp per bottle
Wine List on Request

Theran Vivane

T1- The Overgovernor's Palace
T2- The House of Works
T3- The Recitatorium
T4- The Concert Hall and Arboretum
T5- The Hanging Ziggurats
T6- The Little Bowers
T7- North Barracks
T8- South Barracks
T9- Houses of Correction (All)
T10- North Gate
T11- South Gate
T20- The Rested Legs
T21- Dangranddin's
T22- The Roseate
T26- Corianundrum's
T27- Duraglim's
T29- The Zootorium

Welcome to Vivane!

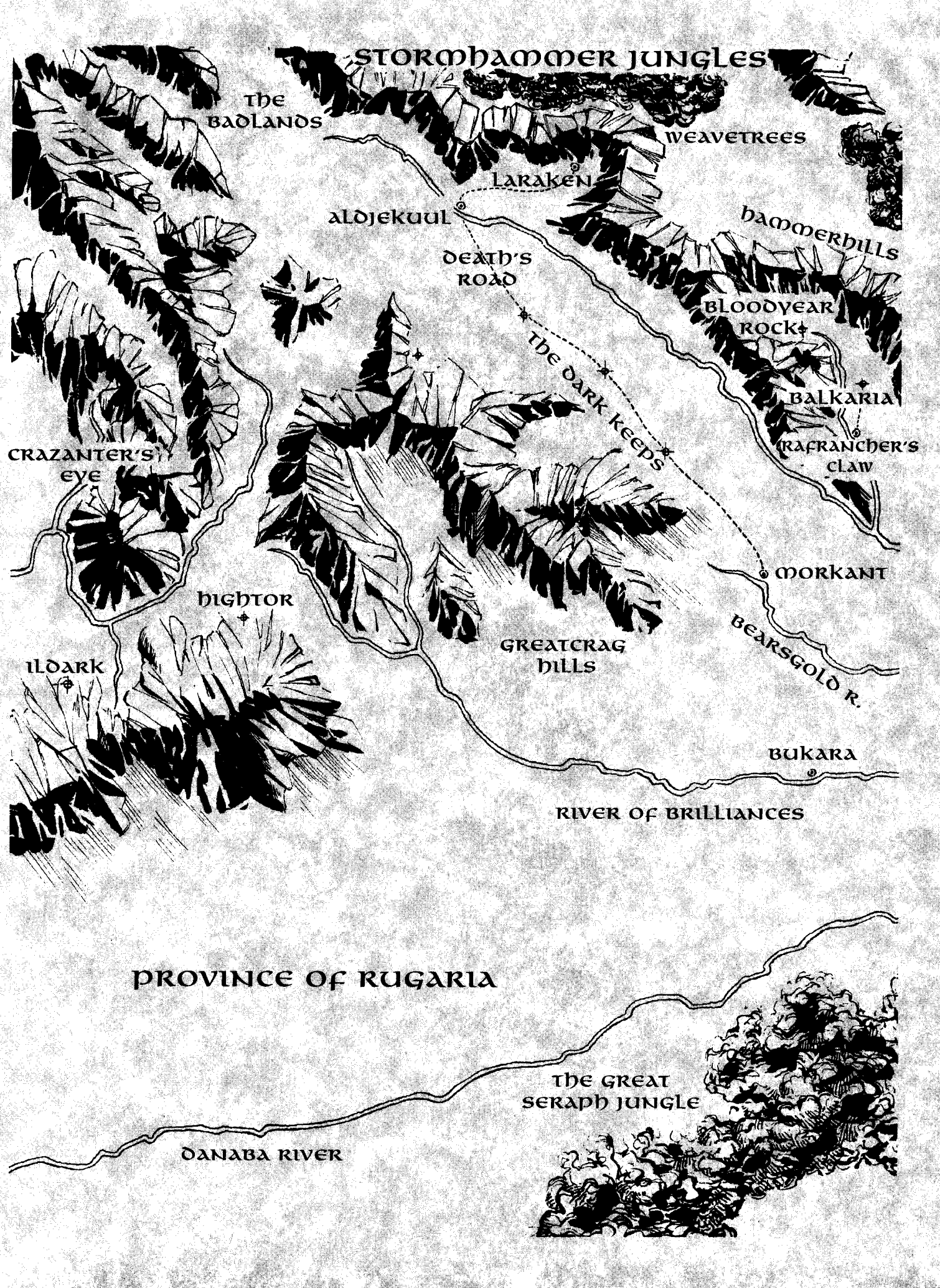
Vivane is famed throughout the Empire as one of its most beautiful cities. From the magnificence of our incomparable Recitatorium to the enchanting parkland of the Little Bowers, Vivane has much to offer the discriminating visitor.

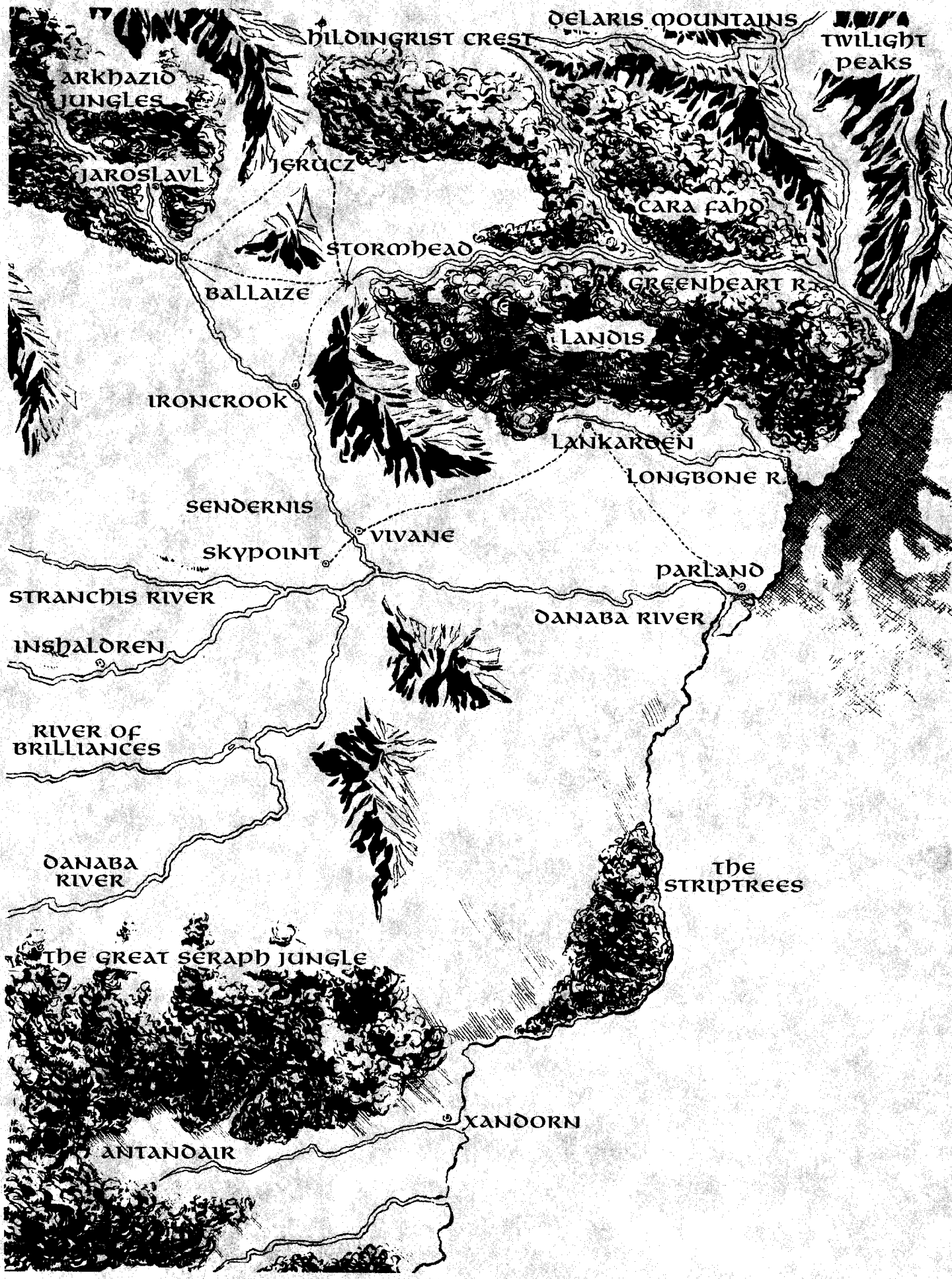
Our city boasts many fine hostelries. The Rested Legs, Dangranddin's, and the epicurean Roseate all offer excellent accommodations. Duraglim's Hostelry, whose enlightened proprietor has done much to offset the costs of preparing this map and guide, is the best possible choice; this establishment, so deservedly popular with so many, offers the traveler every amenity his heart may desire.

For relaxation, visit the Recitatorium. Gifted entertainers from all around the world will be visiting in the coming days and weeks; their Names and performance dates may be obtained by a simple inquiry. For an evening of less formal enjoyment, cross the magnificent Grandwalk and head to the Concert Hall. Visitors of a meditational bent may inquire of the Legionnaires at the Hanging Ziggurats about the extraordinary enchantments of those marvelous gardens and the refreshing peace they bestow. (The Ziggurats are open only to full Theran citizens.)

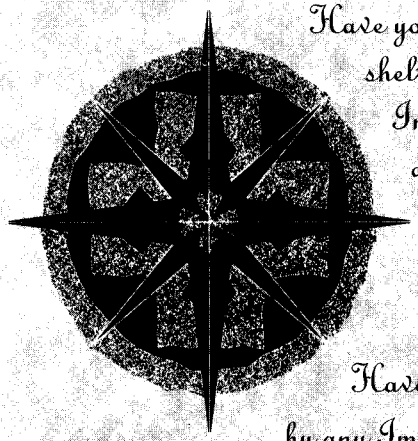
The visitor wishing to purchase goods in Vivane should pay a call at Corianundrum's, whose proprietor—another enlightened contributor to the costs of preparing this map and guide—sells everything from Araucanian snakeskin shoes to Zymorean crystallized fruits, hand-decorated by the finest windling craftsmen.

In the event of an emergency, visitors may contact our efficient Legionnaires and City Watch at either barracks or at one of the Houses of Correction placed around the city. While there, the interested visitor may also inquire about public executions of criminals, whose offenses vary from littering in the streets to more heinous activities. Please be sure to observe Imperial Law at all times.


STORMHAMMER JUNGLES
THE BADLANDS
WEAVETREES
LARAKEN
ALDJEKUUL
HAMMERHILLS
DEATH'S ROAD
BLOODYEAR ROCK
THE DARK KEEPS
BALKARIA
RAFRANCHER'S CLAW
CRAZANTER'S EYE
MORKANT
HIGHTOR
BEARSGOLD R.
GREATCRAG HILLS
ILDARK
BUKARA
RIVER OF BRILLIANCES
PROVINCE OF RUGARIA
THE GREAT SERAPH JUNGLE
DANABA RIVER


Delaris Mountains
Hildingrist Crest
Twilight Peaks
Arkhazid Jungles
Jaroslavl
Jerucz
Cara Fahd
Stormhead
Ballaize
Greenheart R.
Landis
Ironcrook
Lankarden
Longbone R.
Sendernis
Vivane
Skypoint
Parland
Stranchis River
Danaba River
Inshaldren
River of Brilliances
Danaba River
The Striptrees
The Great Seraph Jungle
Xandorn
Antandair

In order to qualify for this permit you must answer the following questions truthfully. Failure to disclose complete and correct information renders you liable to fines, imprisonment, enslavement or execution depending on the severity of the offense.



Have you ever been a member of, associated with, given funds to, or knowingly given shelter or succor to a member of any organization deemed subversive by the Imperial Conclave: that is, committed to the downfall of the Theran Empire by acts of violence, sabotage, public fomenting of dissent, propaganda, or similar activities?

Yes No (circle one)

Have you ever been fined, imprisoned, sentenced to enslavement, or likewise punished by any Imperial court or the Magistracy of any Imperial settlement or location, as a result of conviction for a Crime of Grievance or a Crime of Shame? If so, describe the nature of the offense and the location where it occurred, the date of your sentencing, the punishment prescribed, the location where sentence was passed, and the dates of imprisonment, amount fined, and so on:

Yes No (circle one)

Have you ever, knowingly and willingly while in full possession of your senses, defaced the Theran Imperial flag; damaged or rendered useless any item of Imperial possession; failed to yield observance and allegiance to the Constitution of the Theran Empire when so requested by an Imperial officer; or in similar manner opposed the interests, stated aims, or goals of the Theran Empire? If so, describe your action and the circumstances in which it took place.

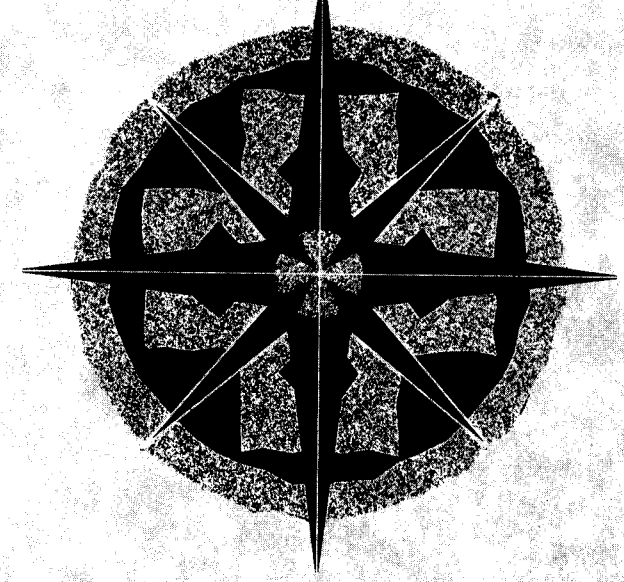
Yes No (circle one)

Is the purpose of your visit to subvert the Imperial Territory of Vivane by violent means?

Yes No (circle one)

You may be required to express allegiance to the stated goals and aims of the Constitution of the Theran Empire under certain circumstances during your stay. Failure so to do will render this permit legally null and void, and you will be subject to banishment.

Enjoy your stay in our fine city!



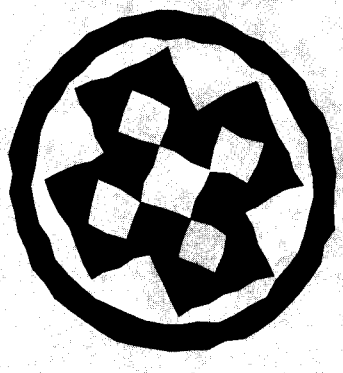
I, OVERGOVERNOR KYPROS, DO BY THE AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME BY FIRST GOVERNOR KANIDRIS OF THE GREAT CITY, PERMIT TO ENTER THE IMPERIAL CITY OF VIVANE THE FOLLOWING PERSON:

_____

Said person is charged to obey and observe all manner of Imperial Law during his stay within the city; not to disturb the Peace of Vivane for any reason on pain of imprisonment, enslavement, or execution; to trade and deal only in Imperial coin; and to observe the Imperial language during all acts of exchange and in dealing with functionaries and appointed representatives of the City of Vivane.

THIS PASS AND PERMIT BEING VALID
FOR THE FOLLOWING DATE (S):

_____

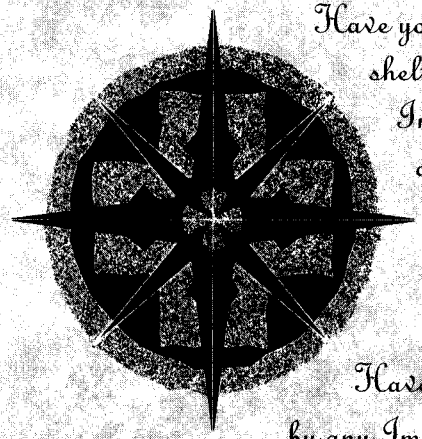


THIS SET BY HAND,

_____

Overgovernor and Supreme Magistrate Kypros

In order to qualify for this permit you must answer the following questions truthfully. Failure to disclose complete and correct information renders you liable to fines, imprisonment, enslavement or execution depending on the severity of the offense.



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Yes No (circle one)

Have you ever been fined, imprisoned, sentenced to enslavement, or likewise punished by any Imperial court or the Magistracy of any Imperial settlement or location, as a result of conviction for a Crime of Grievance or a Crime of Shame? If so, describe the nature of the offense and the location where it occurred, the date of your sentencing, the punishment prescribed, the location where sentence was passed, and the dates of imprisonment, amount fined, and so on:

Yes No (circle one)

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Enjoy your stay in our fine city!

LEGEND
City Quarter
District of Quarter
Aquifers
City Wall
T8 Location
Mud Flats
Parkland or Cultivated Greenery
River or Stream
Ruin
Ruined Wall
Tower
Uninhabitable Areas
Wild or Overgrown
750 Feet
B1
B2
RATSIDE
HC
HIGHGATE
HIGH GATE ROAD
BROKEN QUAR
RAT CIRCUS
LONGWATER
GRAVEYARD
THE ARROW
JERZEN ROAD
HC
WESTERN ROAD
COLDREACH
T39
T38
T32
T10
T33
T31
T7
NORTHSIDE
T36
T34
T9
T30
T9
T1
T35
T3
THERAN QUARTER

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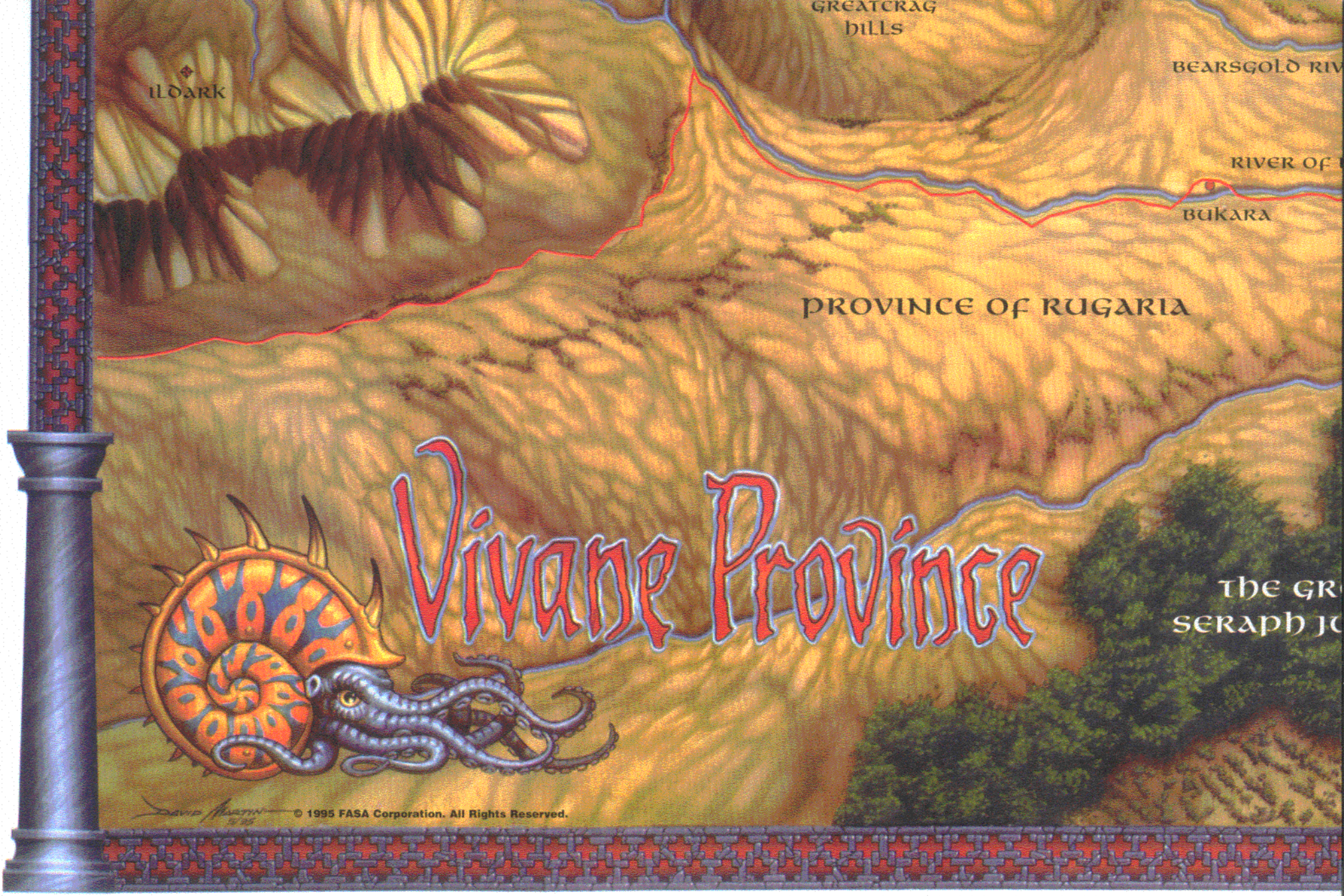
THE BADLANDS
STORMHAMMER JUNGLES
WEAVETREES
LARAKEN
ALDJEKUUL
DEATH ROAD
CARALKSPUR MOUNTAINS
SIGARAS CRAGS
THE DARKKEEPS
BLOODYEAR ROCK
CRAZANTER'S EYE
MORKANT
HIGHTOR

Delaris Mountains
Hildingrist Crest
Twilight Peaks
khazid
ngles
Jerucz
Jaroslavl
Cara Fard
Ballaize
Greenheart River
Stormhead
Flamewalk River
Landis
Ironcrook
Lankarden
Longbone River
Sendernis
Vivane
Skypoint
Parland
anchis River
Danaba River


Greatcrag
hills
Ildark
Bearsgold Riv
River of
Bukara
Province of Rugaria
Vivane Province
The Gr
Seraph Ju
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INSHALDREN
ER
BRILLIANCES
LORAFERN
DANABA RIVER
THE STRIPTREES
EAT
INGLE
XANDORN
ANTANDAIR
Legend
1 DAY
2 DAYS
4 DAYS
HILLS
MOUNTAINS
VOLCANOES
RIVER
FOREST/ JUNGLE
MOLTEN RIVER
WOODED HILL
ROAD
PATH/TRAIL
BORDER
TOWN/CITY
SPECIAL SITE (RUINS, ETC.)

SKY POINT & VIVANE™

In the southwest corner of Barsaive crouches the city of Vivane, the sinister Theran Empire's lone outpost in that ravaged land. Nearby, hundreds of feet up in the air atop towering stone pillars, looms the fortress of Sky Point. Sky Point holds a vast fleet of armed airships and massive, floating citadels, all capable of wreaking untold destruction on Barsaive. Together, these two landmarks pose a constant, menacing threat to the lives and freedom of Barsaive's people.

Sky Point and Vivane contains three books:

- an overview of the Theran Empire and the city of Vivane, and a detailed look at the Barsaivian section of Vivane.
- a detailed description of the Theran Quarter of Vivane.
- a complete guide to Vivane Province. This book describes the people and places of Vivane Province, the fortress of Sky Point, and the slavers' town of Vrontok that has sprung up in Sky Point's shadow. It also offers ideas and guidelines for creating adventures in and around Vivane Province.

Also included:

- two 17" X 22" maps depicting the city of Vivane and Vivane Province.
- Sixteen pages of handouts and props that can help gamemasters bring the city of Vivane and Vivane Province to life for the players.

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