

# HackMaster Kingdoms of Kalamar<sup>®</sup>

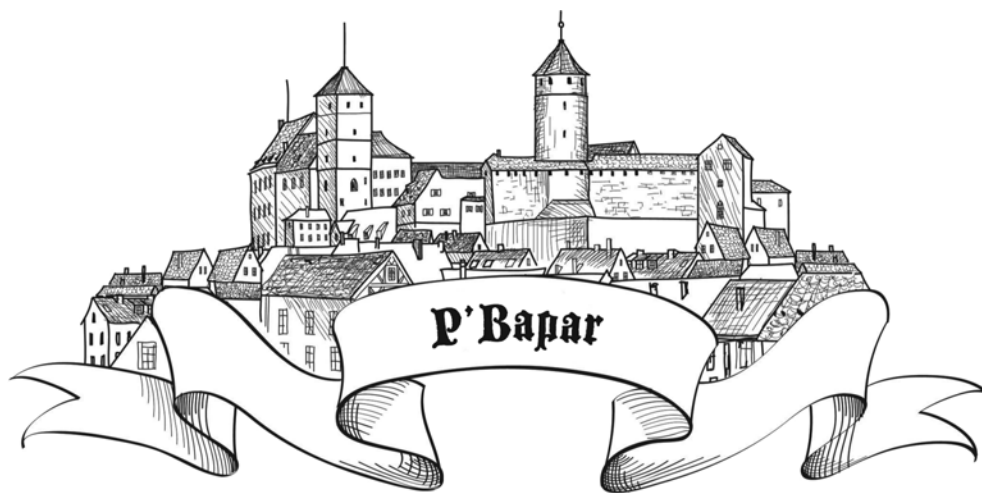
*Fantasy Campaign Setting*

## P'BAPAR



PART 6: THE NORTH WARD:  
BLUFFS NEIGHBORHOOD





## Part 6: The North Ward – Bluffs Neighborhood

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### NORTH WARD

The North Ward is the northernmost district in the city and a popular destination for locals and travelers alike. While the main avenues contain businesses that cater to travelers, the back streets of the North Ward are spared from most of the visitors. Locals have developed an independent spirit, though they remain welcoming.

Four bridges cross the Banader River, linking the North Ward to the Green Ward to the south and west. The landscape forces the roads downward toward a narrow breach of buildings and streets, constricting access before entering the Lower Ward. When weather is bad or at peak times, the streets become congested with wagons, horses and foot traffic.

An active place, tourists, travelers, mercenaries, merchants and adventurers pass through the North Ward on a regular basis. Shepherds, woodsmen, trappers, farmers and hunters come down from the mountains to sell wares or restock supplies. Those seeking commercial transactions can quickly enter the North Ward, conduct their business, and leave without having to venture into the deeper and more congested portions of the city.

The influx of travelers attracts criminals, troublemakers and thieves to the North Ward. Taverns and inns are popular places for victims. Talons patrol the ward at regular intervals, though these guards are mostly active only from midday to midnight.

Many guild leaders and merchants live here, but the majority of residents are low- to middle-class residents, such as artisans, laborers, guildsmen and tradesmen. Neighborhoods are relatively free of street gangs, but organized crime and guild thieves are never far away. The influx of travelers and commerce makes land expensive in the North Ward and particularly so along the busiest streets.

Businesses in the North Ward cater to travelers, tourists and merchants arriving from the west to conduct trade. While the Eldan Marketplace in the Lower Ward draws most tourists, shops and smaller markets in the North Ward do brisk business. Employment is plentiful. Sell-swords spend their treasures in taverns and gambling houses. Mercenary bands eager for new recruits ply the area. A young Baparan eager to make her mark on the world could do worse than starting here.

### BLUFFS NEIGHBORHOOD

Locals have nicknamed this portion of the city the “Bluffs” on account of the rugged terrain. As one moves away from the river, the streets rise upward into the hillside. This creates a confusing mess of steep streets, narrow and constructed alleys and stairwells. Traversing the Bluffs is a cardiovascular adventure, made all the more treacherous in the rain and snow. Those venturing to the outer reaches of the ward are rewarded with spectacular views of P'Bapar.

Since the Bluffs Neighborhood is often the first district encountered by travelers arriving from the west, businesses and merchants here are hospitable to travelers. Those living here have grown used to seeing new and unfamiliar faces. Some long-time residents disagree with anything that disrupts their daily lives and therefore possess an attitude of elitism or disappointment about the influx of travelers. Luckily, these attitudes are limited to isolated groups of locals disinterested in the coming and goings of non-residents. The vast majority of Bluff residents welcome travelers, and their coins, with open arms.



## NORTH GATE (WINTER GATE)

Occupants: 10 Talons, 1 scribe from the scribbler's guild.

Services/fees: Various goods are taxed based upon the season, quantity, and guild influence.

The North Gate is the northern most portion of the two-pronged entrance to the city from the north. Locals refer to this as the Winter Gate because the River Gate (located in the Green Ward) is frequently closed during colder weather, rain, and winter storms, forcing travelers to use this entrance.

A large cantilevered gatehouse fifty feet in width and twenty-five feet high looms over the wall at the gate. An arched tunnel burrows through the wall beneath the gatehouse. A heavy wooden and iron portcullis is set into the tunnel ceiling several feet from the outermost wall. The guards lower the portcullis at dusk, preventing entry into the city during nighttime hours. A second portcullis is set at the midway point of the tunnel, though this one is only deployed during emergencies. Murder holes and arrow slits lining the tunnel provide defensive measures in the unlikely event of an assault upon the city. Such drastic measures have never been employed.

Ten guards work the gates. Five inspect wagons, horses and travelers entering the city in order to levy taxes or fees. A scribe, assigned to the gate on behalf of the Tariff Lord, collects monies and transfers them to a heavy iron lockbox stored inside the gatehouse. The other five guards linger nearby (in the tunnel, along the wall or near the gate) serving as ready hands and swords should the need arise.

Guards rotate duties throughout the day and whenever possible they slip off to the Dusty Lantern for a quick drink when they think they can get away with it. Guards and scribes working the gates are rotated to a new post on a weekly basis.

Unless the weather is poor, the North Gate is less active than the River Gate. The ability to earn a few extra coins (see Adventures and Interactions), the more leisurely work pace and access to a nearby tavern, makes the North Gate a desirable assignment for the guards.

## Adventures and Interactions:

▶ The guards at the Winter Gate run a well-known scam called the "horse tax". When they believe they can get away with it, they will tax incoming visitors anywhere from 1 tc to 1 sp (depending on perceived wealth) per



horse, mule or wagon entering the city. PCs routinely buying the finest clothing, wearing jewelry or expensive armor or carrying numerous weapons will be asked to pay even more than that. The amount is left to the GM's discretion.

Any PC with below average (or worse), or above average (or better) honor have a 25% chance of being targeted by the horse scam (assuming they have a horse, mule, donkey or wagon).

Frequent visitors are aware of this scam, but unsuspecting travelers routinely pay the fee.

Coins earned from the horse tax are spread among the guards and spent on drinks at the Dusty Lantern or pocketed.

► Pinar Chonad, a scribe, is a favorite of many of the guards for his illicit schemes. Pinar routinely skims money from the coffers of the Tariff Lord, either by collecting additional taxes or not documenting all of the taxable items a merchant is carrying and keeping a portion of the monies paid. Pinar is also very susceptible to bribery from smugglers, though he keeps this information relatively quiet.

He shares his wealth with some of the less idealistic guards in exchange for their aid in running and protecting his scams. Thus far he's been smart enough to avoid detection, but a hefty reward awaits anyone uncovering these crimes.

► Many smugglers and thieves believe it is easier to smuggle goods into the city through the North Gate. This is only partially true. When Pinar is on duty, he and his complicit guards are more readily bribed, but one must first know this is an available option. This has led to a bevy of rumors currently circulating through the city. Anyone using knowledge based skills or searching for information on smuggling might learn of this falsehood.

## Places of Interest in the Bluffs Neighborhood

### NI: ASSEMBLY OF POTTERS, GLAZERS AND CLAY WORKERS

**Occupants:** Valesin Blondol (guild leader/master potter), 6 guards, 6d6p guild members

This large, rambling, four-story building is home to the guild of potters and clay workers. The Assembly of Potters is one of the oldest guilds in P'Bapar. It was formed during the initial establishment of guild charters well over two hundred years ago. There are over five-hundred recorded members of this guild located throughout the archduchy, making it one the largest in P'Bapar. Despite the size of

its membership, over half of its members live outside of P'Bapar.

Members include: potters who make urns, dishes, clayware, vases and pottery; glazers; glassmakers; brick makers; as well as painters and artists specializing in decorating these objects. Members enjoy several benefits including temporary work and storage space, a discount on tariffs for exporting pottery and importing raw materials, a resource library, access to instructors, general legal and political representation and additional aid as needed.

Ten-year members enjoy the benefit of having their funeral expenses covered at the time of their death. Elevated officials in high-standing expect the same treatment for their family even though this is not memorialized in the guild charter. Guild leaders are powerful and influential people; the Commerce Lord is a frequent visitor, and the guild elders pander for favors at all times and quite often successfully so.

The guild house is an imposing structure, rising four-stories high. Intricate clay frescos and reveals are intermingled into the brick façade of the building. A hardened and glazed clay hippogriff in flight adorns the front double doors. Multi-colored clay tiles cover the steeply pitched roof, each hand painted in alternating colors of red, brown, orange and yellow. Five chimneys reach upwards into the sky, each decorated in red brick.

The first floor of the guildhall is dominated by an immense gathering hall and several administrative offices. Records and guild documents are all stored on the second floor, which is only accessible via a private, locked staircase. Only select members of the guild are even allowed access to this floor, and only then they must be in the company of an official assigned to protect the guild's secrets.

The third and fourth floors contain rooms devoted to instruction, meetings, and entertaining guild members and guests. Of particular note is an opulent lounge where members can relax and partake in refreshments and private entertainment.

The basement provides ample storage for members to rent, be it from too much inventory or for shipments or supplies that need temporary housing until they can be moved.

No one lives at the guild house, but there is always someone present. Security is handled by a private mercenary company called the Green Wardens. This group works exclusively with the Assembly of Potters, and all members of the mercenary company are required to be

members of the guild. There are always six armed mercenaries on the premises at all times.

In addition to protecting the guild house, the mercenaries provide protection for caravans and shipments for a reduced cost to members. The Assembly of Potters despises the idea of hiring “outside” help to protect their goods and do so only when the need is dire.

The current leader of the Assembly of Potters is Valesin Blondol. The aged master potter was elected to the post twenty-three years ago. He takes his role as guild master seriously and is heavily involved in the political realm, always seeking an edge in taxes and tariffs or concessions from the city on pottery and dishware imported or exported. He is a staunch supporter of both the Commerce Lord and E'Dos and he has proven a reliable ally to their political causes in the past.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Guild members living in the farther reaches of the city-state have a less idealistic view of their guild than those within P'Bapar. Glazers serving small villages and towns often feel slighted and unsupported by their guild. The potter's guild has a firm chokehold on prices and is extremely aggressive in driving artisans out of business. Many members within the city-state have discussed grass-roots efforts to remove themselves from the guild. When

this happens, Valesin calls in the Green Wardens to resolve the situation.

## **N2: STABLES**

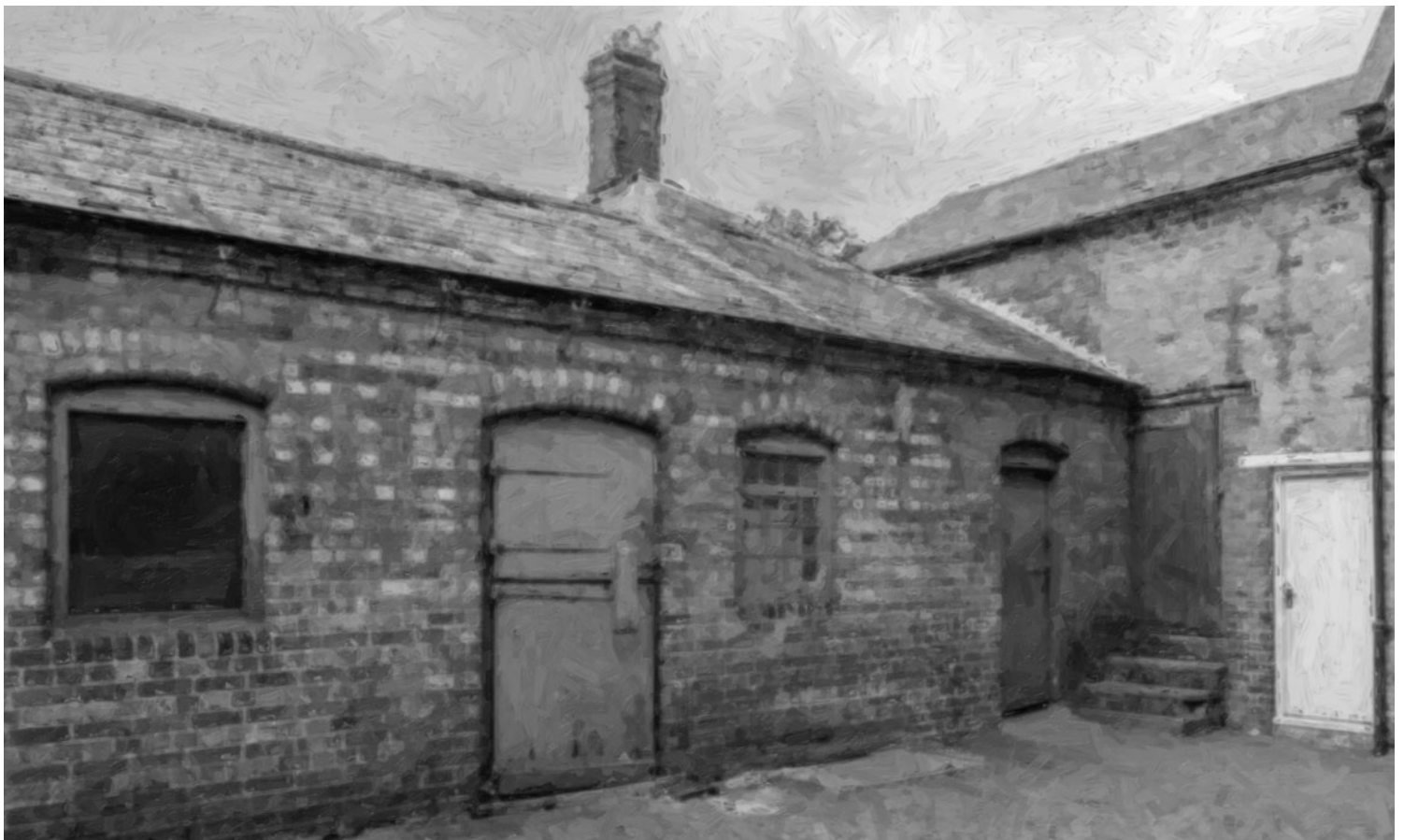
**Occupants:** Stable boys (Darbo Rand, Lelbren, and Kavi)

**Services:** stabling 2 tc/day/animal, 5 tc/day/animal with feed and grooming.

This stable is large enough to house twenty-four horses and six wagons. The Stables derive most of its revenue from temporary stabling of the mounts and beasts of burden passing through the city. A massive loft stores grain and hay while providing a place for the stable boys to sleep. Aside from the size of the place, this stable is much like any other within the city.

One of the stable boys (Darbo) is actually a member of the Sons of Silence. He's convinced the other boys that he has a girlfriend living elsewhere in the city, and he uses her as an excuse to sneak out at night and commit larceny.

Some mornings, Darbo is late in returning. For this he is often admonished or beaten by the owner of the stables – who lives in an apartment across the street. So far, the thief has resisted the urge to quit or stick a knife between the ribs of his employer. His work ethic and ability to



handle horses are the only things keeping the owner from firing Darbo.

Darbo's primary duty to the Sons of Silence is to use his position to uncover potential targets to rob (mostly mercenary bands or merchants stabling animals here). He then passes information to the guild for further action. Anyone with saddlebags bulging full of silver coins or valuable trade goods is quickly marked and followed. Darbo is paid a bonus for each successful job.

Only sixteen years old, Darbo is a promising recruit well on his way to becoming a life-long burglar. He has shown impressive discretion in knowing when to alert the guild to potential targets without creating panic and scaring away travelers from using the stables.

Darbo is cunning, and while he skims a few copper coins here and there, he doesn't take enough to draw notice. Once he builds up a large enough nest egg, he intends to quit his job at the stables and move to another residence in the city. In the meantime, he has been slowly trying to feel out another stableboy named Kavi in order to determine if the young man could one day fill the informational gathering role that he now serves.

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**Darbo Rand:** NE baparan Thief 3; HP 28; Init -1; Spd 7 (dagger); Rch 1'; Atk +4; Dmg 2d4p-1; Def +3; DR 0; ToP 10 /5; Luck Points 13; Hon 17

*Quirk:* Greedy

*Notable Abilities/Skills:* Climbing/rappelling 40, disarm trap 34, gambling 23, hiding 39, identify trap 45, language (Baparan 75), lock picking 34, observation 14, sneaking 41

*Proficiencies:* short sword, dagger, light armor

*Equipment:* dagger, lockpick set

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### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Darbo hides his ill-gotten gains in a small iron lock-box buried in the earth of one of the stalls. Inside is 4d10p tc, 1d6p cp, 1d3p sp, a small copper mug worth 1 sp, a fancy knife with a fake (glass) ruby in the hilt worth 7 sp, and a potion that Darbo hasn't had the courage to test (Potion of Healing).

▶ PCs with above average honor (or better); who tip the stable boys more than necessary; or who obviously flaunt their wealth or gear have a 40% chance of drawing Darbo's attention. Openly bragging about a large score, carelessly tossing around money, or other lavish exhibitions will automatically result in drawing Darbo's attention. Targets will be followed and relieved of their goods at the most opportune time, be it through a burglary, pick-pocket, assault or some other scam.

## N3: THE DUSTY LANTERN

**Occupants:** Seltron Olmmin (owner), Elnor Olmmin (cook/wife), Vale Ingamin (serving wench), Olita Celstern (serving wench), Lelten Novsin (serving wench)

**Services:** ale 5 tc mug, mead 3 cp/mug, tea 2 tc mug, common wine 2 cp/pitcher, fine wine 10-35 sp/bottle, goat's milk 2 cp/mug, morning meal (goat's milk, porridge, sweet bread) 2 cp, midday to evening-meal (a mug of cut ale, meat dish or stew, hard roll, cheese) 5 cp

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This ramshackle two-story tavern is located near the North Gate and attracts travelers looking for a quick respite before entering or leaving the city. Gate guards working the Winter Gate frequently drink here.

The Lantern offers food and drink but no lodging. A large taproom occupies nearly all the space on the main floor. A kitchen and a pantry/storage room are the only other rooms. The second floor contains four small taprooms available for rent for private gatherings. These rooms are open during the busiest of days. Kegs of ale and beer, food and supplies are stored in the basement. Seltron and Elnor live in a cramped room in the attic. They have no children as Elnor is barren.

The atmosphere at the Lantern is one of muted dankness. The windows are painted black and shuttered, casting a gloomy pall over the interior. Every other table is adorned with a small lantern which provides muted light.

Shadowy tables on the periphery provide opportunity for shady dealings. Rowdy patrons more interested in drinking than privacy are drawn to the center of the taproom, where the light is the brightest. Should they desire, astute listeners can easily pick-up interesting bits of gossip as many backroom deals take place in the darkness of the tables.

Despite the ambiance, most come here for the food and drink and not for the conversation or atmosphere. Fare is relatively cheap, and the quality is well above-average. In addition to the expected refreshments such as ale and spirits, the Lantern is also known as a fine importer of exotic wines. Several prominent merchants, lords and other people of importance rent the smaller taprooms on the second floor and hold gatherings and wine tastings several times a year. No one is entirely certain how Seltron is able to procure so many rare and expensive wines or where he hides them.

### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Seltron's expensive wine collection is stored in a secret wine cellar, which is only accessed through a



locked, secret passage in the storeroom in the basement. He carries the only key inside a small pouch sewn into the interior of his boot.

Information about the location and contents of that cellar would be extremely valuable to anyone interesting in selling, buying or drinking wine.

▶ Seltron procures most of his wine from a single importer out of Bet Kalamar. He pays handsomely for his purchases, but part of the increased cost is the secrecy. The supplier, a wealthy wine merchant, considers Seltron a friend; but should that relationship sour or his finances dwindle, he'd quickly find another distributor to import his most popular wines into the city.

▶ The tavern sits atop a tunnel leading into the under city. The tunnel is accessed by prying up a large slab of stone in one corner of the inn down in the storeroom. Doing so reveals a narrow shaft that drops thirty-feet into a tunnel below. Few know this tunnel exists, and almost no one uses it. Seltron and wife are unaware this entrance exists.

#### N4: DARISEK ARMS AND ARMOR

**Occupants:** Morisato Darisek (armorer and weapon smith/owner), 2 assistants

Morisato Darisek is part smith and part artist. He works day and night to perfect his craft, all the while torturing his young apprentices, whom he seems to lose at an accelerated rate. A perfectionist, Morisato expects nothing but the best from himself, his assistants and his customers. Dealing with the temperamental artisan can be a taxing affair, but the payoff is usually worth it.

Morisato's primary business comes from the sale of what he calls "day-to-day" blades and armor. These items are stamped with his personal sigil (a swan) and cost 1½x the book rate (largely on reputation alone). He doesn't move a tremendous amount of inventory, but he makes up for it by crafting exceptional grade weapons which sell at a much higher cost. These weapons are constructed on a commissioned basis only. There is almost always a waiting list; and completion of a weapon or armor can take up to a year, depending on his workload and his inspiration for the project in question.

Morisato employs two assistants, neither of which he considers an apprentice. These are young men looking to learn from the smith and hopefully petition to apprentice at a later date. Unfortunately, Morisato is demanding to the point of being unreasonable and nearly impossible to work for. Most assistants don't last six months, though the

particularly determined and gifted have been known to last a full year or even two. In the last decade he's only taken on and trained a single apprentice. Morisato is guarded and only teaches those showing true promise. Lessons are difficult and taxing both in teaching style and in execution, which is no accident.

The master smith lives on the second floor of his workshop with his two (current) assistants. He has little time for social engagements, but his reputation ensures he is invited to many gatherings. It is rare for Morisato to accept an invitation, but on occasion he will do so, much to the shock of the inviting host.

Morisato is not an active member of any guild. For a while this was a point of contention, but Morisato's attitudes and personality creates enough conflict that both the smith and the guild are happy to let him continue his existence as an independent artisan.

Morisato is able to craft armor and blades from average "day-to-day" quality to extraordinary (up to +2), and everything in between. Even so, he doesn't accept commissions lightly. Payment is required up front for custom work. The design process is taxing for the



customer and will result in several prototypes and redesigns (whether the customer wants them or not). Morisato considers these functional works of art, and he will not be dictated to by a customer or compromise his vision.

Prices for above average weapons generally follow the guidelines listed in the GMG (under quality of gear). A superior weapon (+1 weapon) will cost ten times the weapon's base cost while an extraordinary weapon (+2 weapon) will cost 38 times the base PHB cost (Morisato cannot craft above-average armor; he lacks the skill). Note that these works are reserved for the greatest heroes and kings, they are precious; and he creates them only under unusual circumstances.

Custom jobs take a minimum of 6d6p weeks. Morisato never issues refunds for impatient customers.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

- ▶ Some claim Morisato will grant a price break for weapons or armor that inspire him. This has never been verified, and asking the smith will result in an immediate refusal for a commission. Those failing a Gather Information skill check when inquiring about the smith might learn of this falsehood.

- ▶ Morisato only crafts +2 weapons as gifts or as a commission for extremely special occasions such as the coronation of a king or some equivalency.

#### **N5: GRIFFON SQUARE**

Griffon Square is a small open space in the north ward popular for lovers, duelists and neighborhood residents in search of a place to gather away from the bustling crowds. Despite the proximity to a nearby guard tower, the watch rarely ventures into the square on account of Lorr Mearo (see *N6: The Wooden Square*). The locals police this square quite effectively on their own, preventing minor fights or illicit dealings from getting too far out of hand.

Laundry hangs from lines draped between buildings, garbage collects in the gutters and old posters and graffiti covers the walls. A large fountain occupies the center of the space. Ten feet in diameter and constructed of worked and dressed stone, the fountain features a raised center with a stone statue of a nest with a clutch of baby griffons being fed by their mother, one claw raised and her wings extended outward.

The fountain is a poorly maintained. Moss grows in several places around the perimeter of the base. Murky, stagnant water resides inside the rim of the fountain collecting leaves, garbage and debris from the city. Once,

water shot from the top to cascade downward; but the pumps no longer work, rendering the fountain inoperable.

Still, children and adults routinely toss wooden squares into the fountain for luck. Anyone daring enough to plunge into the water could gather enough coins to pay for an evening of drinking.

It's rare to find Griffon Square empty. Prostitutes frequent this area knowing the guards won't run them off. Young impetuous men come here seeking female companionship, duels and other troubling activity. Linger in this area too long, on too many nights in a row and the locals are sure to take notice.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

- ▶ Those living in the square are friendly and tolerant. However, they despise excessive violence, harmful criminal activity, organized crime, and anyone setting up "shop" in their district. Anyone testing the patience of those living here should be prepared for a fight.

- ▶ Any violence in the square has a 25% chance of drawing Lorr Mearo's attention (*N6: The Wooden Square*). Lorr frowns upon people fighting without his permission, and he's sure to insert himself into any altercation.

#### **N6: THE WOODEN SQUARE**

##### **Occupant:** Lorr Mearo (owner)

The Wooden Square is a pawn shop with a reputation as a place to find odd, broken or unusual items. The small building is comprised of a single room stacked full of boxes, crates, barrels and bags of random items of varying condition. Anything and everything can be bought or sold here; and if the owner doesn't have an item in question, he's willing to go out and get it.

Lorr Mearo owns this downtrodden single-story building at the end of Griffon Square. Lorr buys just about anything he can get his hands on as cheaply as possible and resells it for a profit. He is also scrounger and scavenger. Some claim he is a liar, cheat and thief. One thing is certain; everyone agrees he is a complete bastard.

Lorr is opinionated, cruel, ruthless, fearless and altogether undesirable to be around. There is a lot of rampant speculation about Lorr, and most have no idea where fact separates from fiction. Lorr has killed at least two men outside of his building for various transgressions. When the guards came to arrest him after the second murder, Lorr strolled outside armed and ready to fight. So ferocious was his temperament that the guards let him off with a stern warning, happy not to have to face the crazed man in battle.



Most of the residents of Griffon Square tolerate Lorr because he keeps the riff-raff from settling into the area. If Lorr dislikes a person or activity, he will confront them about it; and he isn't afraid to use force. Everyone knows that if they linger in this area too long then the owner of the Wooden Square is certain to take notice.

Lorr has a secret he's managed to keep hidden. He is a wererat. At night he sneaks down into the under city to scavenge items to sell in his shop. This may also account for some of the rumors surrounding Lorr and his ability to enter combat with a fearless glee that unnerves his opponents. Astute shoppers may even notice that Lorr never sells anything made of silver, especially weapons; and he openly detests cats, even going so far as to kill them on sight if possible.

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**Lorr Mearo:** NE baparan wererat; HP 38; Init -2; Spd 7 (short sword); Rch 2'; Atk +7; Dmg 2d6p; Def +2; DR 13\*; ToP 16 /8

*Weakness:* silver weapons reduce DR to 3

*Notable Abilities/Skills:* listening 75, intimidation 42, sneaking 75, Initiative die two types lower, shapechange

*Proficiencies:* short sword, dagger

*Notes:* Lorr will do all in his power to avoid revealing himself as a wererat. During full moons, he closes his shop. He talks a tough game to potential adversaries but will almost always permit them to walk away as melee will surely reveal his supernatural DR. If battle cannot be avoided, he will kill an opponent regardless of consequences rather than let them spread the tale of his near invulnerability to weapons.

## Adventures and Interactions:

▶ PCs have a base 15% chance of finding any normal item they might desire in Lorr's shop. The quality and quantity of said item should be determined randomly. It is up to individual GMs to determine if any items of power or unusual nature appear in Lorr's shop.

▶ Lorr's ability to scrounge, scavenge or steal items makes him a good resource for prospective buyers. For the right price, Lorr will secure items by request; but he's no one's errand boy. If you need an item, he can likely get it, though it may not be exactly what you want or the quality desired (for example: he could procure leather armor but not Goran's leather armor that he inherited from his mother).

▶ Lorr refuses to deal in silver coins. He only accepts Copper Forbias or Wooden Squares. In rare instances when an item is exceedingly valuable, he will take gold, but these transactions are few and far between. If presented with silver coins he will insist the buyer return with copper or doesn't return at all. Lorr has circulated the rumor that he has no faith in the viability of silver as a currency as the reason for his dislike of the metal. It's a thin excuse, but helps dissuade people from thinking he's a lycanthrope.

▶ Lorr has a stash of coins and a travel bag hidden away in his bedroom in the attic of his shop in the event his secret becomes known.





## N7: BAPARAN SCRIBES

**Occupants:** Selbran Sapran (Owner/scribe), Bousrah Sapran (wife/scribe), Zan Sapran (son/scribe)

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A painted sign depicting a scroll and quill hangs outside this squat, three-story, stone building. The Sapran family (a family of halflings) offers scribe and translation services to those in need. The family has a rich oral tradition dating back as far as their forbearers can remember. They can trace their lineage back four-hundred years to parts of southern Brandobia.

The Sapran family is politically aware and actively involved in local politics. They are heavily vested in guild administration, city regulations, politics throughout the city-state, and taxes and levies. Every member of the family is opinionated and impassioned on matters of civic importance. They routinely engage customers in topical discussions, questioning their opinions on various appointments, laws and local news. Each family member manages to retain civility in such conversations, making it a point to separate politics from their business dealings, though their customers have a more difficult time of it.

Selbran speaks and writes Brandobian, Kalamaran, Baparan, elvish, orcish, dwarvish, and gnomish. Bousrah speaks and writes Brandobian, Baparan, Reanarese, Svimohzish, and elvish. Zan speaks and writes Brandobian, Baparan, Kalamaran, orcish, and goblin. Their prices are in line with the guild of scribes, though they have been known to drop hints about tips for difficult translations.

Selbran dislikes working for mercenaries, adventurers and treasure hunters; and he despises deciphering “treasure maps”. He often feigns the inability to do so when such work is brought before him. This is a result of a job he performed several years prior that led to the demise of a party of stupid mercenaries who misunderstood his translation. The lone surviving member of the group attempted to seek vengeance, but luckily Lorr witnessed the altercation and came to the halfling’s aid. Since then Selbran feels he owes a debt of gratitude to the pawnbroker.

Zan, the only son, is now twenty-nine years old and hopes he can finally catch on with an expedition, serving as a scribe and translator. His father has steadfastly refused to aid his son in his endeavors, hoping the young man will eventually grow out of his childish ways and settle down.

The Sapran’s home and shop is twenty-feet high despite containing three stories. The second and third floors only have six-foot high ceilings; ample room for the halflings but cramped for the larger races. For obvious reasons they rarely have human guests.

## Adventures and Interactions:

► PCs seeking translation services are likely to encounter Zan, an eager linguist seeking a life of high adventure. When his parents are preoccupied, Zan will attempt to convince any adventurer types that he could be highly useful to them in the field if they would only take him along. He will work cheaply (1 cp/day plus food) for the opportunity to leave the city and embark upon an adventure. Zan has no combat training and has never been more than five miles from P’Bapar.

## N8: THE THIRSTY GREVAN

**Occupants:** Satira Ragosip (owner), Fapar P’Mare (bouncer/thief), P’Ri Dibagel (bouncer), Haran Dilomas (bouncer), Arturr (bouncer), Wencrel Celdon (serving wench), Olita Stron (serving wench/thief), Bren Thronel (serving wench/thief), Inala Setiran (serving wench), Tomare Setiran (serving wench)

**Services:** ale 5 tc/ mug, mead 3 cp/mug, tea 2 tc/ mug, common wine 2 cp/ pitcher, fine wine 10-35 sp/ bottle, gambling (varies)

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The Thirsty Grevan is a rough and tumble alehouse and gambling den popular among sell-swords, adventurers, gamblers and local hooligans. The city-watch is summoned here several times a week to break up disputes. The most common complaint is that the owners run crooked games, but thus far no one has been able to prove much of anything. The Constable Lord routinely threatens to shut this place down, but the Grevan remains open and operational, much to the dismay of many.

The first floor of this expansive building contains a cluttered taproom. Patrons are forced to jostle and push their way through to gain access to a set of stairs in the rear of the building near the bar in order to visit the upper floors where more of the gambling is located. Upstairs is just a cramped, but various games of chance are offered to anyone with coins to spend.

There are no organized games per say, just open tables, pits and other places to wager on dice, cards, knife throwing contests and whatever games the patrons can devise (with the house’s permission). Several large bouncers move throughout the room, helping to mediate the action and break up any arguments. Serving wenches are plentiful and do their best to keep up with the hectic pace, though they have been known to linger near particularly large tippers and ignore other, less-wealthy, patrons. Respectable citizens avoid the Grevan. Locals consider it a dangerous alehouse full of loose women (and



men), drunks and crooked gambling.

The Feathers (see P'Bapar Part 3) secretly use the basement of this building as a safe house and gathering place. This is the only reason the Grevan hasn't been shuttered yet. Satira remains blissfully ignorant to the activities of the group. He's happy to collect his coins and let the Feathers do what they must.

The basement is used to temporarily hold prisoners, witnesses and allies being secretly protected or transported into or out of the city. Feathers also meet here to exchange information or relay commands. The chaos of the business provides enough distraction to move people without much notice. Satira is unaware there's an access tunnel to the undercity in the basement which the Feathers use from time to time.

### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Satira is paid handsomely for his service to the Feathers, but his cavalier attitude toward the local laws is a cause for concern. Satira employs a dozen people to cheat customers out of their money. This includes crooked gamblers, pickpockets and serving wenches with sticky fingers.

Elaborate scams are commonplace, including inciting brawls to make off with money on the table, luring wealthy customers into the alley with false promises in order to mug them or drugging a patron's drink to get them to tell secrets. Satira's disregard for the law has become a point of contention between the Feathers and the owner, with no resolution in sight.



▶ Inala and Tomare, sisters from Daresido, work as servers hoping to raise enough money to free their brother from bondage. They despise working at the Grevan, having to constantly swat away stray hands and avoid scams and theft from the other girls and bouncers. They go to great lengths to hide their money from the other employees.

The sisters live in a nearby apartment and rarely venture out in any social capacity. They hope within a year or two they will have saved enough money to purchase their brother from his owner, a vile Reanaarian living in the Green Ward that goes by the name Raizix "the Razor" Vuria. Recently they've been giving some thought to hiring one of the sell-swords hard-up for coin to break him free, but they fear that this course of action could result in losing their stash or worse driving Raizix to sell their brother to someone else or even murder him.

▶ City watchmen and mercenaries are always welcome and treated fairly. If asked, these people will happily refer patrons looking for a good time to the Grevan.

## N9: HOME OF FEAKEI PEER

### Occupant: Feakei Peer (owner)

Feakei lives in a small corner apartment on the ground floor of this large tenement. Wet laundry hangs from lines that stretch across the alley to the adjacent building. Feakei, a young, plump, widowed woman with a mess of thick auburn hair offers her services as a washerwoman. She also sews and repairs clothing for wooden squares. She has a reputation as a fine seamstress with quick turn-around times.

To supplement her modest income, Feakei operates an illegal fencing operation. The Sons of Silence are her primary employer, but Feakei has resisted becoming a full-fledged member of the guild.

Feakei employs several couriers to move goods within and out of the city. She accomplishes this by hiding items inside wrapped bundles of clothing and bags of laundry. Her network of associates is large for minor jobs, but valuable items like expensive jewelry are moved through only the most trusted accomplices.

Those seeking to employ Feakei are instructed to insert the items into a bundle of clothing with the name of the destination when they bring items to her shop for cleaning or sewing. When she inspects the garments she will provide a price. Customers can choose to pay it or not. Payments are made up-front and Feakei takes care of the rest, moving the item to the desired place, be it



elsewhere in the city or as far away as Cosolen or even Kalamar.

Feakei does not care about the origins of the items that are moved or the people moving them. She simply hires her movers (trusted associates, merchants, and naïve adventurers) to take the items to the desired location for a price. In instances where an item must be moved to another city, she charges a substantial fee, knowing she will be forced to pay a reliable third party to transport the item out of the city. This type of work is always handled through her most trusted associates and never contracted to unreliable or unproven people.

Feakei's former husband was the catalyst of the smuggling enterprise, a tradition she has carried on after his death. Since then, she has been saving her ill-gotten gains for the time in which she can return to her homeland in the Reanaaria Bay and retire to a life of luxury.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Feakei regularly employs adventurers to transport items to various locations throughout the city-state (and even Tellene). She pays well and usually concocts some backstory as to why the item in question needs to get to its new owner. While seemingly innocuous, these jobs are the very definition of smuggling and laundering goods; and serious consequences await anyone caught. Of course, first-time couriers are given jobs only within the city until they can prove themselves reliable for longer journeys.

▶ Feakei has been lucky, only a few shipments have gone missing, and she's built up enough of a nest-egg to compensate those who've been wronged by accidental loss. It's only a matter of time before an item doesn't reach its destination and the aggrieved customer is unhappy with her offers of restitution.

### **N10: OLD CROW TAVERN**

**Occupants:** Gulasar Bilasek (owner/proprietor), Sylla (wife), Vanamir & Khodri (bouncers), Palema, Fera, Irana, Enga, Tolali, Selata, and Dela (serving wenches).

**Services:** ale 5 tc/ mug, mead 3 cp/mug, tea 2 tc/ mug, common wine 2 cp/ pitcher, fine wine 10-35 sp/ bottle, rooms 3 sp/night (private room), 1 sp/night for bed (semi-private room).

The Old Crow Tavern is a modest and intimate tavern favored by locals wishing to avoid the boisterous Grevan. Gulasar Bilasek, a massively framed Kalamaran, ensures his establishment remains quiescent by stalking the taproom like an angry bear searching for potential agitators. Anyone dumb enough to disrupt the ambience

quickly discovers that Gulasar takes great delight in tossing troublemakers out the front door. Despite his imposing presence, Gulasar is kind enough to his employees and regular patrons that follow the rules.

A rotating wait-staff provide prompt service for the patrons of the Old Crow. The Kalamaran prefers to employ more servers than necessary, and there is a daily competition among them to arrive early and linger so that they can start as soon as the crowds arrive. Less aggressive servers receive less work and are more likely to move on to more profitable and reliable employment.

Gulasar's wife, a feisty Fhokki woman named Sylla, prepares all of the food for customers. She rises hours before dawn to cook fresh bread and slice fresh fruits and vegetables purchased the day before at market. Her efforts don't go unnoticed; and the Old Crow has a reputation for simple, yet exquisite food.

Two bouncers are employed to keep order, but these men rarely move beyond their posts near the door. Their duties also include hauling kegs from the basement to the taproom (and from the taproom down), an unenviable task that requires a fair amount of strength and finesse in order to navigate the narrow and twisting stairs.

The second and third stories are divided into a dozen rooms patrons can rent out. They vary greatly in size and contain an odd collection of mismatched furniture. Gulasar and his wife live on the third floor in one of the bedrooms. All of the other employees can rent space in the basement if they desire.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Gulasar has no patience for singers, bards or orators. Any soliciting the bar owner for work will receive an angry response and a quick exit from the premises.

### **N11: THE MEAT HOUSE**

**Occupant:** Jorjyk (owner)

The Meat House is home to Jorjyk, an ornery Dejj butcher who buys raw meat from various farmers, hunters and scouts. Jorjyk is both hard of hearing and stubborn, which makes dealing with him an extraordinary exercise in patience. Most of his meat comes from local hunters and farmers; but he buys and the occasional bear, wolf or goat from passing mercenaries.

Jorjyk is an accomplished butcher, but he takes a perverse amount of pleasure in hacking apart animals. Some wonder if he has some dark secrets in his past. The fact is he is just a bit of a sadist who found that he is able

to control his desires with his work. On rare occasions, a customer will overhear the butcher talking to the carcass of an animal, whispering dark tidings to the lifeless flesh he is about to carve up. When caught, he ignores any questions about his actions, blaming his hearing and chalking the incident up to a miscommunication.

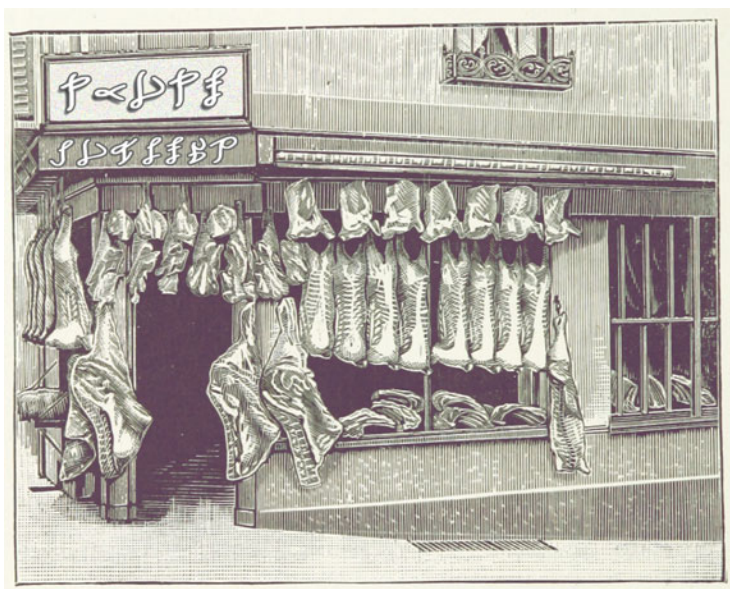
Customers can purchase pork, beef, venison and other dried meats of questionable nature from Jorjyk at reasonable rates. Most of the first floor contains a meat locker where drying animals hang while a small room in the back with a large fire-pit allows Jorjyk to smoke meat. Barrels of salt, spices and liquid seasoning cover the floor.

The second floor contains Jorjyk's living quarters, which are tinged with the smell of dried blood. An exterior staircase provides access to the third floor, which contains two bedrooms and a large living and eating area. An aged sign of wood hangs above the door that has a simple rendering of a meat cleaver on it.

Jorjyk rents out the third floor for additional income, but tenants rarely last longer than a few months on account of the smell and Jorjyk's habit of getting up hours before sunup to greet arriving farmers and their livestock. Those that decide to tough it out have to put up with the sound of squealing (and dying) pigs, goats and chickens as they are being butchered on the first floor.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Some in the city believe Jorjyk is actually a killer, and his perverse butchering habits have a way of attracting unwanted attention. When a person is murdered or someone goes missing, rumors quickly begin to swirl around the butcher. None of them are true.



## **NI2: THE WARDEN'S HOUSE**

**Occupants:** Blesden Colmen (head nun), Thena, Gimana Haren, Tani Kuwaki, Plonless Colstrom (nuns), 50 orphans

The Warden's House is an orphanage owned and operated by the Courts of Justice. There are only a few places a starving and uncared for child can go in the city without someone taking advantage of them. The Warden's House offers vagrants and bastard children a place to reach adolescence in relative normalcy.

Four-stories high, the Warden's House is a vibrant place filled with the sounds and chaos of children. Six nuns live on the premises to care for the children, but visitors come and go at regular intervals. Priests from the temple often come to sermonize, play and socialize with the children. On rare occasions, a parent will arrive in search of a missing child.

Despite what many people think, the Warden's House is a fairly decent place for a child to live, all things considered. Orphans are fed, bathed and taught social skills, reading and writing, theology, religion and some minor trade skills. Most leave the orphanage far better off than they ever would have been without it.

Those resistant to authority and discipline often try to escape, much to the dismay of the nuns, who do their best to keep the children under control. Once a child escapes, little is done to track them down. This is due largely on account of the ease of disappearing and the fact that the nuns are not willing (or able) to venture into every alleyway in search of a lost child. Many runaways return of their own accord, once they learn how difficult life on the streets can be.

The orphanage is overseen by the head nun, Blesden Colmen, a no-nonsense disciplinarian who has seen more years than most. Blesden loves children and takes an immense amount of pride in raising those left in her care. She doesn't allow physical punishment of any sort and severely reprimands any nun caught abusing the "youngins", as she calls them.

As a devout follower of the True, Blesden believes in law, order and justice, and she forgives slight transgressions by the children, but any sort of criminal activity is dealt with quickly and efficiently. While she refrains from physical punishment, children caught committing crimes are subjected to isolation, manual labor, exposure to the ramifications of their transgressions and stern lessons and lectures. The results of the punishment vary in effectiveness. Repeat offenders are often subjected to twelve hours of labor at the temple in service to the priests for weeks at a time.





Currently, there are fifty orphans living in the Warden's House, ranging in ages from newborn to thirteen. When a child reaches the age of fourteen they are given a choice: he or she can either become an apprentice to a craftsman or guild or live in the orphanage for two additional years serving as temple acolytes and altar servants. Those that make it through the temple acolyte program are allowed to test to become acolytes of the True.

Children reaching sixteen without an apprenticeship are released on their own accord, and many enlist in the military. Few children reach this point without some clear direction. Those willing to rebel against such order usually attempt to run away long before this point.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ There is no truth to the rumors that the church uses children to infiltrate criminal organizations, though the church doesn't deny it. The priests of the Courts of Justice have no desire to corrupt the minds of innocent children in such a manner, though they do their best to raise them as followers of The True, even going so far as to anoint devout children when they turn fourteen.

▶ Several influential merchants, priests and civic leaders were once children at the Warden's House. Any crime against the nuns here would certainly draw the attention of powerful and sympathetic patrons in search of justice.

#### **N13: FALCON COURT**

Falcon Court is an open-air gathering space situated in the shadows of the Courts of Justice. The property encompassing the open space is owned by the temple, and they can dictate the terms of its use. As a result, markets, stalls and other vendors are banned from the square, however people do congregate here on a regular basis.

Falcon Court is used for festivals, gatherings, speeches, announcements and other social engagements. Public trials and executions are also performed here. The Courts of Justice as well as the Talons patrol the space to prevent pickpockets, thieves and vagrants from frequenting here.

Four sets of stocks, a pillory and a large hangman's platform reside in the square. There is nearly always someone in the stocks suffering their penance for some misdeed or another. These are most commonly drunkards and brawlers thrown out of nearby taverns and subsequently arrested and given a day in the stocks as punishment. Floggings are a common occurrence here.

Talons working in this neighborhood have keys to the locks and use the stocks to punish unruly city dwellers, if they deem it necessary. In such instances, the priests usually release any offenders at dusk or the following morning (after a stern lecture). Particularly difficult prisoners may actually be brought into the Courts of Justice for a trial and more severe punishment.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Priests of the True petition passing travelers to step

inside the Temple to discuss their fate. They have become quite familiar with the local citizens and will pay more attention to strangers or travelers.

#### **N14: HOME OF RANDAR VOVREN**

**Occupant:** Randar Vovren (owner)

**Services:** First Aid (3 SP per day for care, 5 SP for emergency care, 10 SP for surgeries)

Randar is a retired soldier now working as a lay-healer. Randar possesses a keen interest in science, battlefield medicine, and natural healing. As a child, he learned first aid, religion and theology from his father, a cleric of the Caregiver.

Despite his father's tutelage, Randar was never able to master the devotion and blind faith required for the clerical arts. After a falling-out, he enlisted in the army, where his medical training proved quite valuable. During his stint in the army, Randar earned several commendations working as a battlefield surgeon. Upon his discharge, he promptly sought like-minded individuals. He not only found others who sought to progress healing through scientific means, but also godless dregs hoping to see a world sans organized religion.

For a time, Randar became caught up with an anarchist cult bent on destroying all faith in the world. Luckily, he regained his senses and removed himself from such activities. On rare occasions, strange men in robes arrive at his door seeking aid; but he always refuses them entry. Randar once feared for his life; but he has grown used to the idea that if he posed any danger to his former cult, he would already be dead.

Randar provides medical assistance to anyone willing to pay, no questions asked. The surgeon is careful to never promise results. Whenever possible, Randar experiments and practices with new surgical techniques on walk-in clients, a fact he never reveals. When he was involved with the cult, he had access to corpses for experimentation; but those days are long passed. Randar still wishes to progress his craft, so he uses living people as test subjects, often without their knowledge or blessing. Most wouldn't care as long as they like the results.

The first floor of this home contains an office, recovery room with several beds and an operating room. The old soldier lives on the second floor, which includes a kitchen, a bedroom, a library and a storage room. The third floor is empty and unused. One day Randar hopes to expand his business, but until such time he is content to leave the top floor empty. In the past he has entertained offers from prospective renters, though he's resisted

leasing the space.

Randar is a curious and sometimes cold individual. He dislikes and distrusts organized religion and believes that the deities are a crutch for mankind, in particular for the dependence man has for magical healing. His opinions are not always popular, although his intentions are never malicious.

Now approaching sixty, Randar has aged well. Most mistake him for a younger man with his blonde hair streaked with white and neatly trimmed beard. On slow days, Randar ventures to the Old Crow for a drink and lively discussion about theology and science. He is well known in the North Ward, and opinions on him vary. Those asking around might hear that he's a radical, a brilliant doctor, a con artist or some combination of all those things.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

- ▶ Randar possesses 91 skill mastery in First Aid and 75 skill mastery in Botany. He's able to treat most mundane wounds, diseases, poisons and even recommend natural and herbal remedies with a measure of success.

- ▶ Randar's fees are estimates. He rarely turns customers away based on their ability to pay, however he's been known to rifle through their belongings when they're recovering to get a sense of what they can afford.

- ▶ Several anti-deity groups and cults keep an eye on Randar, some going so far as to follow him. They pay close attention to his religious and political affiliations. Currently they have no plans to make a move against the healer, but they do monitor his actions. On multiple occasions, Randar suspects he is being followed; and he experiences bouts of paranoia that manifest in unusual ways.

- ▶ Randar is a willing buyer of books on the topics of science, alternative medicine, botany or even religion. He has an extensive collection of such items, including several texts, tomes and scrolls on the process of crafting flesh golems. Several mages and churches in the city would be extremely interested in his books on golems, should they discover he has them.

Randar is obsessed with the idea of creating a flesh golem, but he's resistant to attempt the task because it requires extensive magic in order to bring it to life.

- ▶ Because of his "no questions asked" policy, Randar is a popular choice among local thieves, smugglers and bandits suffering wounds in the line of duty.



## N15: HOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE

**Occupants:** Seluuk Paar (sage/owner), Vozohr Izahn (sage), Pitar Polarin (apprentice sage/scribe), Telvril Corolm (apprentice sage/scribe)

**Services:** Sage Advice (cost varies)

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The House of Knowledge is owned and operated by a crafty Reanaarian named Seluuk who sells his extensive wisdom and knowledge for outrageous prices. Seluuk and his cohort, a Svimohzish sage named Vozohr, consider themselves experts on a wide variety of topics of interest. Between the two they possess enough knowledge to cover most of the mundane, and some of the absurd.

Seluuk is a self-professed expert on magic, politics, religion, ancient history, architecture, engineering and economics. He defers to Vozohr on topics such as botany, weather, astronomy, flora and fauna, geography, geology, and monsters. In addition Vozohr is a master on all things Svimohzish.

Prices for services range from affordable to excruciatingly high, depending on the day, the topic, the mood of the sages and the attitude of those seeking advice. Seluuk, in particular, is temperamental. His mood is largely dependent on how his day is going and the attitudes of the people he is dealing with. Seluuk wants to be more important and smarter than his customers, and he wants them to know it. Vozohr is more contrite and personable. Always curious, he seeks to increase the knowledge inside of his balding head.

The two sages have a friendly rivalry and spend most of their free time arguing over various topics. While these discussions are often heated, the two men share a genuine affection for one another. Each defers to the other in their area of expertise and tries their best to remain out of any discussion in which the other sage is the expert.

Two apprentices serve the sages, acting as scribes, translators and general research assistants. Pitar is a young Kalamaran bookworm who desperately wants to become a sage. He has no real world experience, and all of his knowledge is book learned. However he's bright, listens well and works hard.

Telvril is a mousy woman who began working for Seluuk as a cook and cleaning woman. Her overwhelming sense of curiosity got the better of her, and she began poking around in the libraries. Eventually, Vozohr took her under his wing and taught her to read several languages. Since then, she has proven to be a hardworking and reliable employee. She spends the majority of her free time poking around in books and is quickly building a vast array of

knowledge. Her favorite subjects tend to be history and the locations of important events (such as ruins, battlefields, etc.). Pitar is extremely jealous of Telvril, and he tends to avoid her at all costs.

The four live and work inside a three-story building cluttered with several libraries, offices and sitting rooms. Books are categorized in some convoluted method only Seluuk understands. This forces the others to come and seek his advice on where to find information on a particular topic, a situation that he revels in.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Pitar possesses affection for mythology, fairy tales and items of power. He will sometimes hire himself out to needy clients who cannot afford the sage's fees without his employer's knowledge. Seluuk would be appalled to discover his secret. Pitar's knowledge is derived purely from books, many of which are fantastical in nature. As such, any advice he provides on these subjects is only correct 25% of the time.

## N16: THE COURTS OF JUSTICE

**Occupants:** Ithran Stron (High Seer), Gira Tesipo (True Seer) and 45 others (priests, acolytes, various soldiers, guards and servants).

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This mammoth granite building is home to the Courts of Justice, a temple dedicated in honor of the True. Here prisoners and criminals are tried for the crimes they commit inside the city-state of P'Bapar. Priests serving the god of justice act as conduits for their deity, administering to the needs of the people while helping to foster law, order and justice throughout the region.

Worship of the True is fairly popular throughout P'Bapar, and as such, the Courts of Justice are typically overflowing with visitors, worshippers and those on official city business. Parishioners arrive on a regular basis to confess their lies to the Truthseekers as they seek atonement for their sins.

Magistrates throughout the city render judgment on criminals; but particularly heinous crimes, repeat offenders, and high-profile criminals are all tried and convicted here. Soldiers and prisoners are a common sight.

Criminal trials are held in front of the High Seer, Ithran Stron, an institutionalized and stern disciplinarian held in high esteem throughout the city. Ithran, a bitter widower who despises injustice in an almost unnatural manner, never tires of his duties; and he remains actively involved in Baparan politics. Ithran prefers to be

addressed “High Seer”, though he allows his closest friends and family to refer to him as “sir”.

A dozen Justifiers serve below Ithran’s second in command, True Seer Gira Tesipo. Gira has served as True Seer for nearly twenty years and was one of Ithran’s first acolytes. After a successful mercenary career, she returned to P’Bapar and devoted her life to thwarting criminal activity. Gira’s aggressive nature is in stark contrast to her soft-spoken and gentle appearance.

Thirty-five foot high granite walls wrap the entirety of the building before giving away to a sloped, slate tile, multi-tiered roof system. The imposing building is capped-off with one-hundred and thirty-foot bell tower rising from the rear of the church. This tower is visible throughout the north ward and many other places within the city, providing a notable landmark.

The interior of the church is a model of function suppressing form. Whereas many churches struggle with too much extravagance, the Courts of Justice shows restraint from such exhibition of affluence. Simple columns of fluted stone dominate the large, open assembly where mass is held on a weekly basis. Pews of iron-wood allow some reprieve for those unable to stand, but

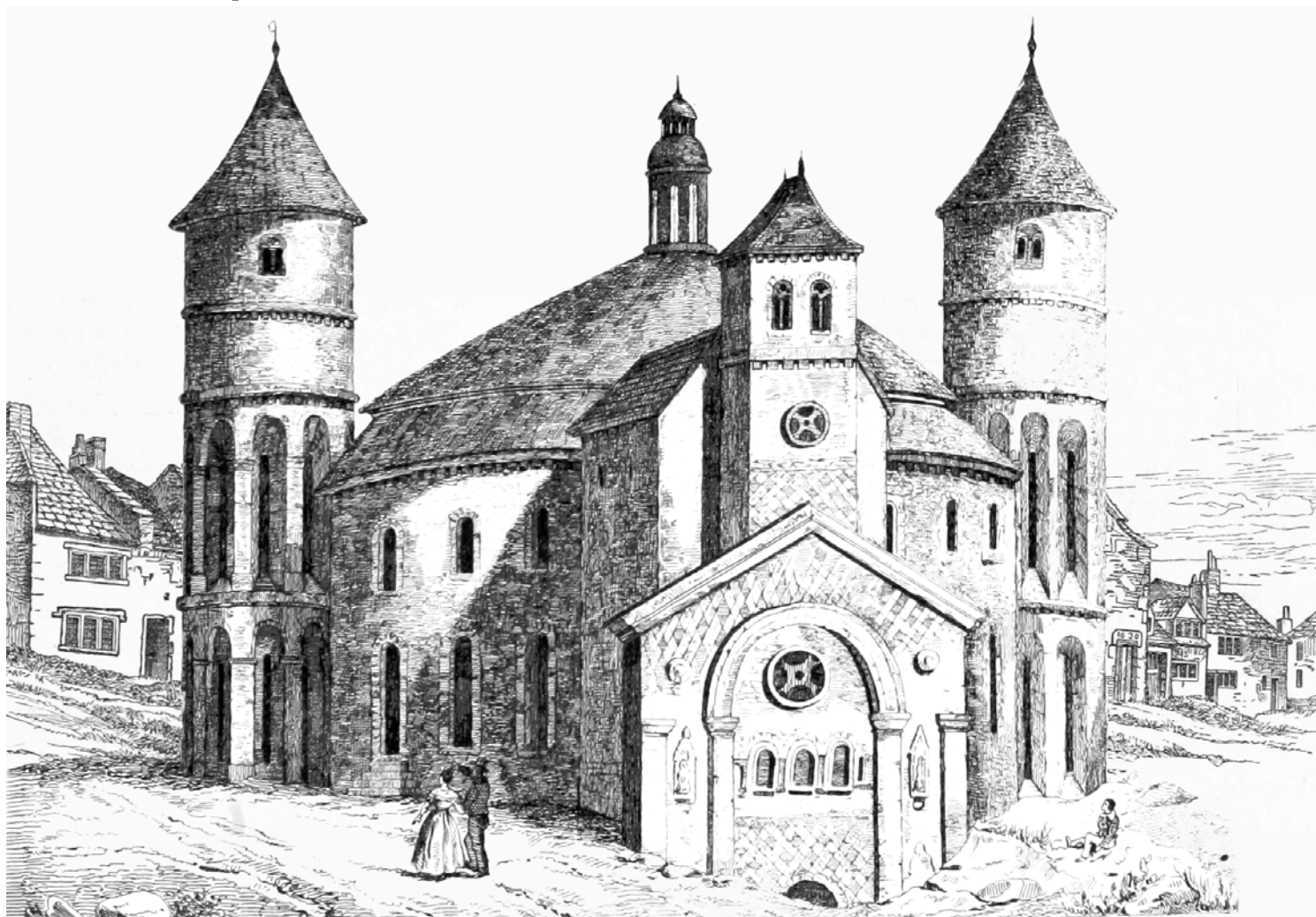
most of the congregation is forced to endure Ithran’s lengthy sermons from the comfort of their own feet.

Ithran preaches from a raised dais located at the rear of the temple. Behind his lectern stands an imposing statue of the Magnificent Magistrate. The beautiful, young and athletic visage rises eighteen feet from the floor. In each hand she holds a long sword (Truth Seeker and Justice Bringer respectively).

Outside of the nave, the Courts of Justice contains several offices and smaller courtrooms. While most high-profile cases are tried in the nave itself, many lesser criminals are processed elsewhere throughout the building. Housing is also provided for the priests and acolytes along with an immense library that contains one of the largest collections of books on law on Tellene.

A large room is located on the higher floors and is used for private executions and trials that the archduke wishes to keep from the prying eyes of the public. Gallows and a large chopping block allow for quick justice.

Below the temple is an extensive series of tunnels and dungeons, including the most secure prison in the city. A complicated series of safeguards make escape nearly





impossible for the prisoners housed herein. High profile prisoners dwell here until they can be moved or executed. No one has ever managed to successfully escape from these dungeons.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ The church owns nearly a thousand acres of farmland throughout the city-state of P'Bapar. Criminals are often sentenced to "work the farm" as a sentence; or if they are unable to pay fines, fees or debts owed to the church.

#### **N17: CRINDAR SHOES AND BOOTS**

**Occupant:** Maldus Crindar (cobbler)

**Services:** Repair/Mend Shoes or Boots (4 cp), New Boots/Shoes (price varies)

Maldus Crindar operates this small, weatherworn two-story building. An aging widower, Maldus is known throughout the North Ward as being somewhat forgetful and absentminded. He's often found standing in the North Market scratching his head, trying to remember what he is supposed to be doing. Most of the locals have taken it upon themselves to kindly steer the old man home and help him when he has one of his "episodes". Despite his malady, Maldus still manages to produce quality work.

In truth, Maldus has been faking his affliction since the loss of his wife. At first, he used to feign ignorance to cover his petty theft, a strange habit he picked up in order to cope with the death of his spouse. As he grew more practiced in the art of theft, he found that he could easily lift items from people while they attempted to assist him. Furthermore, if he were to be caught, he could claim that the victim had dropped the item or that he didn't know what he was doing. Thus far, his tactics have gone unnoticed; and while there have been several close calls in the past he has never been caught in the act.

Maldus still produces and repairs shoes and boots to earn a living, and he steals only as a habit and a coping mechanism. He has no need of the items or money that he takes, indeed he has no idea what to do with the things he steals. For the time being, he has stashed the stolen goods away in a chest in his room; but recently, he has been giving some thought to idea of either returning some of the items or fencing them.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Maldus wanders the city in an induced state of confusion. Should someone attempt to aid him, he will certainly make an effort to pick their pockets (27 skill mastery in pick pockets).

▶ Maldus has four daughters, all of whom live within the city. They visit frequently. At least two of them are aware of Maldus's "habit"; and on more than one occasion, they've discussed a plan to hire someone to "catch" him in the act and scare him straight.

#### **N18: PALACE OF PROVIDENCE**

**Occupants:** Zovash Ashoz (owner), 24 bouncers, 6d12p employees, servers, prostitutes, and dealers.

**Services:** Gambling (varies), food and drink (varies by the day).

One of the busiest establishments in the North Ward is this four-story building known as the Palace of Providence. Here, patrons can gamble on any number of activities ranging from the mundane (cards and dice) to the extravagant (contests of skill and danger) and even the absurd (which keg of ale will run dry first).

Zovash Ashoz is the owner and proprietor, and he takes great pride in running a safe and profitable establishment. Originally hailing from Ahznomahn, Zovash fled north as a child, a victim of tribal warfare. His family was murdered during a raid on his village.

As a young man, Zovash possessed a sense of adventure and a head for numbers. This combination led Zovash to open gambling houses and run scams throughout coastal cities in the south. He made enemies along the way and was forced north to P'Bapar. Zovash learned from his past mistakes; and his new establishment has steadily prospered, making him extremely wealthy in the process.

Zovash has clung to one principal business philosophy: give the customers what they want. This mindset has given him the flexibility to alter his business, sometimes on a daily basis, in order to make his patrons happy. Zovash has no problem eliminating or adding games of chance to keep people coming back for more.

A large gathering hall dominates the first floor of this building. A small kitchen and stairwell take up some of the space, but the rest of the floor is dedicated to a bar and a dozen tables where patrons can engage in games of chance. Chalkboards hang behind the bar explaining the day's games, odds, drinks and other services in which customers can partake.

The gambling boards are covered with all manner of strange and customer concocted games. Proposition bets are scrawled all over the place. These include arbitrary gambles like "how many pigeons will be on the roof at midnight" and other such nonsense. Most of these are proposed by regular customers, but Zovash takes a cut of

all the action allowing him to remain neutral upon the outcome of the bet. More common are the games of dice, cards, knife throwing and other games of skill and chance.

The second, third and fourth floors of this building are all designed in a similar manner. Semi-private rooms to rent for private meetings and games fill half the space, while the other half is comprised of smaller open gambling dens, each with public games of chance and a bar.

Bouncers stand at the ready throughout the building while dealers operate gaming tables where necessary. Serving wenches and prostitutes work the crowd, working hard for their tips. Zovash pays his workers well and doesn't tolerate any theft or other illicit activity from them. Gambling, rooms, women, drinks and some type of fare (usually a stew with bread) can be had – though prices change daily based on what is available.

In addition to these amenities, Zovash offers several less than legal options for his more trusted patrons. The basement of the Palace of Providence can be accessed through a secret door on the second floor that reveals a stairway down. The stairs eventually end in a series of stone rooms located in an isolated chamber of the under city.

These rooms host all manner of illegal gaming. Gladiatorial style pit fights, animal fights and games of chance free of the betting limits and social judgement are all available down here. Pit fights are the largest attraction, and many slave handlers bring their warriors here to test their mettle in battle against others. Combat can be brutal and bloody and often results in death.

Zovash employs several large half-orc bouncers who protect the underground gambling area. These men live on the premises and rarely leave. When they do depart the establishment, they conceal their features to better avoid the city soldiers.

The secret of these rooms is closely guarded, and a guard armed with a key is required to open the secret passage. Those wishing to access these rooms must first approach Zovash to request entry. Zovash possesses a keen sense of character and seems to be able to routinely sniff-out agents or those that would cause him trouble. In such cases, he flatly denies the existence of the chambers below. Should they press the matter, Zovash has them tossed into the streets.

Zovash routinely bribes soldiers, magistrates and anyone else who gets a bit too close to his operation. If need be, he is willing to go further to protect his interests.

### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ The Feathers believe that Zovash had two of their agents killed when they stumbled upon the secret door into the basement. No one has confirmed this, but the agents went missing several months ago and were last seen investigating the Palace of Providence. Since then, they've searched for an inroad into the Zovash's good graces. They'd pay handsomely for information about the fate of their missing agents.

▶ The Church of Chance (in the Lower Ward) has attempted on several occasions to become business partners with Zovash. His repeated refusals have angered the priests, and the church is now considering driving him out of business.

## N19: DARJA THE POTTER

**Occupant:** Darja (master artisan potter)

This small one-story wooden building is home to Darja, an illiterate, one-legged Deji potter. Despite his handicap, Darja is a skilled craftsman. Most of his work is mundane clay pots, vases, mugs, plates and other assorted containers. On rare occasions, he will accept a commission by some noble to craft an exquisite work of art.

Darja is also a former thief and a member of the Sons of Silence. A decade ago he was caught (and convicted) of smuggling goods into the city. His sentence was to lose a limb of his choice. The resulting penalty resulted in his current handicap. Since that time, Darja has fallen back on his childhood apprenticeship and become a potter. His training came back quickly, and his deft hands and natural ability ensured he became a master at his work. The







Feathers monitored the potter for several years; but by all appearances, he has chosen the path of the straight and narrow, another reformed criminal.

Darja's work has been notable enough that he earned contracts with prominent merchant families and other people of importance. For the last several years, Darja has been pursuing a joint contract with several of the temples in the city. He hopes of being awarded the privilege to construct clay golems for those temples in need.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Darja is not a guild member of the Assembly of Potters. Despite their continued attempts to discredit him, Darja has been able to make a living through pottery. The guild knows nothing of his pursuit of a lucrative joint contract several temples are proposing for the construction of five clay golem bodies. If they did, they'd take extreme action to destroy the master potter.

▶ Darja is mostly reformed, though he uses his work to pass secret missives to other members of the Sons of Silence when requested. He does this by hiding coded messages into the designs of his work or placed small scrolls into the clay pottery.

### **N20: OTHA'S FINE CLOTHING**

**Occupants:** Otha (master seamstress), Palar Ragarela (husband, tailor), Viljar Ragarela (son), Selmel, Tublan and Wuldra (laborers)

Otha's offers sturdy wool, leather, and linen clothing suitable for everyday wear. Otha and her husband, a Kalamaran named Palar, craft clothing in an expansive first floor workshop. Their son, sixteen-year old Viljar, is in charge of purchasing raw materials from local sources. He's rarely at the shop and spends his days wandering around the various city markets searching for suppliers.

The family lives on the second floor and rents the third floor to three women who work as serving wenches (and occasionally help as assistants in the business during busy times). The women are cause for some amount of consternation as Viljar has been spending more and more time with them. Otha has been begging Palar to do something about the situation, but the added income helps the family through difficult patches, and he's reluctant to evict reliable renters.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Viljar has little to no interest in the women living above the shop. He's become fast friends with them, but they've become the only ones to whom he can confide his secrets.

Viljar has a secret lover, a rich merchant living in the Green Ward. The man is married; and should their transgression become public, it would destroy the merchant. Viljar is aware of this fact, and he struggles to reconcile his relationship with his lover and his parents.

### **CREDITS**

**Author:** Jerimy Grafenstein

**Editors:** David Kenzer, Steve Johansson

**Art:** Belipar, Steven Collis

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