

GALITIA

CITYBOOK



3-19-09
BOOKMANS
\$ 6.00

Teeuwynn Woodruff

GALITIA

CITYBOOK

DESIGN

TELUWYNN WOODRUFF

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL

SANDY ADDISON, GREG FARSHTEY

DEVELOPMENT, EDITING

GREG FARSHTEY

COVER DESIGN & GRAPHICS

TOM ONEILL

COVER ILLUSTRATION

GÁBOR SZIKSZAI & ZOLTÁN BOROS

INTERIOR ILLUSTRATION

TIM BOBKÓ, PAUL DALY, JAIME LOMBARDO & RON HILL, TOM ONEILL, BRIAN SCHOMBURG

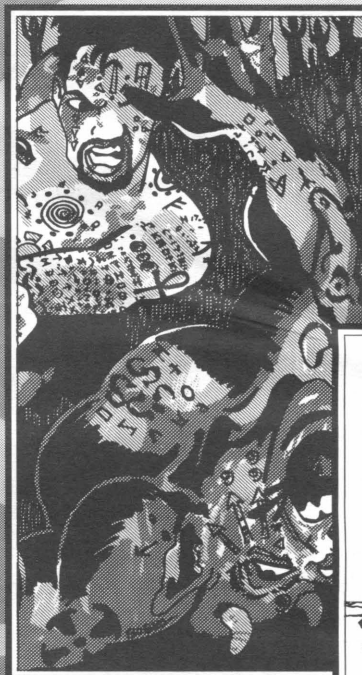
Publisher: **Daniel Scott Palter** • Associate Publisher/Treasurer: **Denise Palter** • Associate Publisher: **Richard Hawran** • Senior Editor: **Greg Farshtey**
Editors: **Peter Schweighofer, Bill Smith, Ed Stark** • Art Director: **Stephen Crane** • Graphic Artists: **Tim Bobko, Tom O'Neill, Brian Schomburg**
Sales Manager: **Bill Olmesdahl** • Licensing Manager: **Ron Seiden** • Warehouse Manager: **Ed Hill**
Accounting: **Karen Bayly, Wendy Lord, Kimberly Riccio** • Billing: **Amy Giacobbe**

WEST END GAMES • RR 3 BOX 2345 • HONESTDALE, PA 18431

®, TM and © 1994 West End Games. All Rights Reserved.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	3
CHAPTER ONE: HISTORY AND OTHER LIES.....	6
CHAPTER TWO: GALITIA TODAY.....	14
CHAPTER THREE: THE DISTRICTS.....	30
CHAPTER FOUR: BEYOND THE WALLS.....	83
APPENDIX A: THE STRAIGHT DOPE.....	95
APPENDIX B: THE STATS.....	108



33002

First Printing: October, 1994

INTRODUCTION

First off, this book isn't for the ordinary Joe. Take a look in the mirror, and if you see one of those types looking back, do yourself a favor. Trade this in for *Basic Principles of Fundamental Concepts of Undead Etiquette* or something like that. Otherwise, well, it ain't my responsibility, get me?

You can dope that as my version of the warning labels the bluenoses charge into anything they don't like (in other words, anything interesting). But I guess slapping glowing wards on books beats going fishing in the Skorn.

I can already hear you saying, "Get on with it. What's the point of this intro?" Alright, you and your hard-spent money talked me into it. I've lived in the city of Galitia all my natural life (and before you ask, I haven't had an Unnatural one, yet). I've noticed that too many folks, native and not, walk around the city with their heads down, trying to blend in with the brownstones. Sooner or later though, they wind up walking into a wall. (Trust me, it ain't pretty.)

This book's been written in an attempt to provide thinking folks, both townies and newcomers alike, with the real scoop on Galitia as best I can tell it. The info in this tome has been obtained through assorted methods, including: interviews, personal experience, research, snooping, informants, blackmail, bribery, and beatings. Buying this book is probably an easier way to learn this information than going through every one of these activities umpteen times, as your humble author did. Some of this stuff will seem pretty basic to native Galitians, but in this burg, you never know what you might have missed lurking outside your own window.

I've tried to keep my own slant out of the chapters to follow (I can hear you laughing, Charley boy, so cut it out). But I haven't tried too hard — hell, those slants have kept me alive for thirty-odd years. You might find some scholarly type who'll give you a cold, clear look at Galitia, but he'll leave out the best parts. Count on it.





Paul Daly

Here's a quick look at what you'll find inside:

Introduction

That's the part you just read, in case you haven't already doped that out.

History

A brief look at the nine hundred plus years of Galitian history. I've tried to present what I think is the right flow of events and what everybody was really up to, but even I can screw up on occasion. Still, it's a good starting point for readers who want to revise a little history on their own. (Everybody else does it, right?)

Galitia Today

Locals might want to skip over some of the general info on Galitia found in this section, but folks just passing through would be wise to feast their eyes. This gives you an idea of the lay of the land, physically and politically.

The Districts

Galitia is divided into seven districts, and this section gives the high and lowlights of

each. Also included is information on colorful or dangerous personages in the area, places to stay for out-of-towners, and current rumors about doings in the area. Take notes — you might not see the whole picture at first. And you don't want to be one of those poor saps who walks into the wrong neighborhood during the Throat-Cutting Festival, right?

Beyond the Walls

If you're brave enough — or dumb enough — to want to walk the Wilderness around Galitia, read this first. It's got all the stuff you really need to know, plus some dirt on Galipen, the Galitian mining town.

That's it in a *gharst* shell. If I live long enough to see a second printing, maybe I'll do an update. For now, though, if you tossed some gold across the counter for this, I hope you get something out of it. And if you palmed a copy, well, congrats on your evolved sense of thrift. (You might want to check and make sure your skin's not rotting off, though — book dealers know some of the nastiest damn spells.)

There are many people I'd like to thank for

passing on information, letting me record interviews on a scribepad (knowingly or not), and for generally cluing me into some hot information of which even I wasn't previously aware. However, since most of these swell folks would reward me for generously drawing attention to their good works with a spiraling runslug to the head, or worse, I think it's just as well I keep most of it to myself. Thanks, one and all! Sometimes you were more help than you knew.

BETWEEN THE COVERS

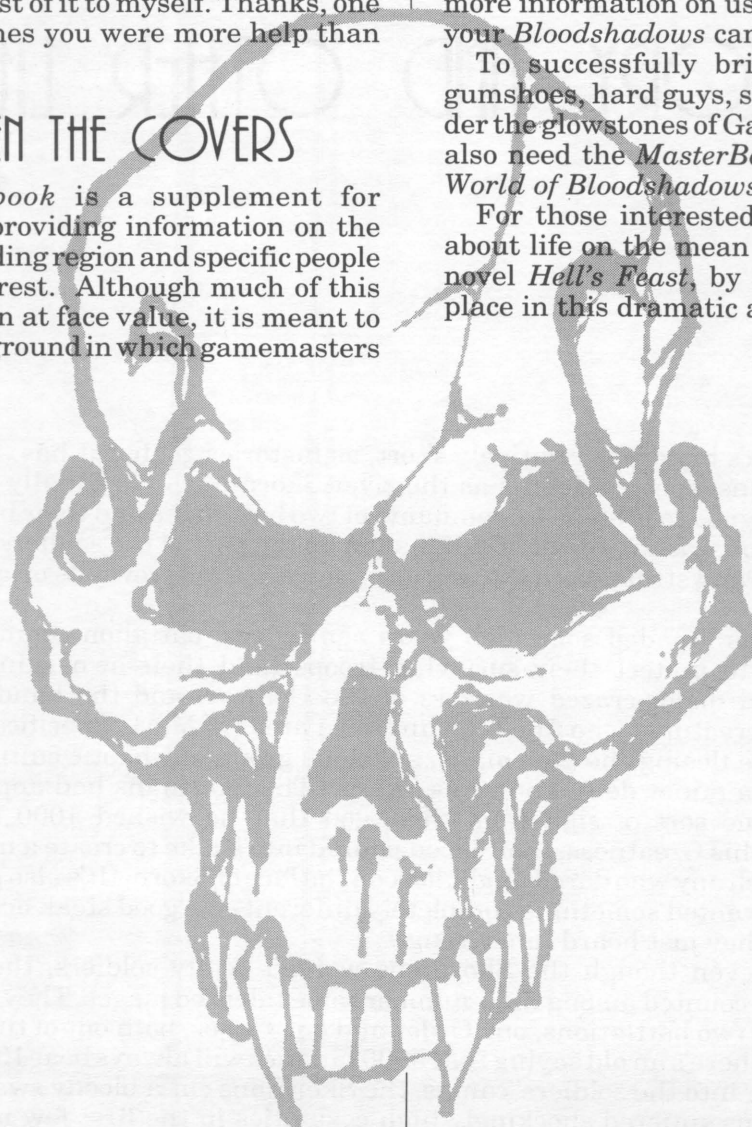
Galitia Citybook is a supplement for *Bloodshadows*, providing information on the city and surrounding region and specific people and sites of interest. Although much of this book can be taken at face value, it is meant to provide a fertile ground in which gamemasters

can plant their own plots and counterplots, molls and spellslingers, and players can pursue places, people, and rumors of interest to them. The information in the first, and largest, portion of this book is meant for both players and gamemasters. A separate section at the end is designed for the gamemaster's eyes only. The gamemaster section provides more information on using this sourcebook in your *Bloodshadows* campaign.

To successfully bring player character gumshoes, hard guys, succubi, and others under the glowstones of Galitia's streets, you will also need the *MasterBook* rule book and the *World of Bloodshadows* book.

For those interested in more information about life on the mean streets of Galitia, the novel *Hell's Feast*, by Greg Farshtey, takes place in this dramatic and dangerous city.

Illustration by Thomas O'Neill



CHAPTER
ONE

HISTORY AND OTHER LIES

Galitia's history is relatively short, as histories go, but it has as many twists and unsuspected depths as the river Skorn itself. Originally a small fortress designed to protect the remnants of two battalions and their hangers-on, its location was the result of exhaustion on the part of the soldiers, rather than some grand strategy. In the centuries since, it's outgrown its origins and then some.

Galitia was founded some 953 years ago by two battalion commanders determined to protect their surviving troops (and their own skins) from cultists, wild magic-crazed warriors of the Godwar, and the bandits and Wilderness creatures who filled the untamed areas of Marl. Specifically, the soldiers were fleeing the Skornians, a vicious group of Chaotic cultists who worshipped a minor deity known as Skorn. The Skornians had apparently received some sort of sign from their god that he wished 1000 soldiers sacrificed to his Greatness, their blood poured into a lake to create a mirror of blood in which any who dared might look on the face of Skorn. (It's also possible that Skorn wanted something completely different — a good steak or a cup of Joe — and they just heard him wrong.)

Anyway, even though the Skornians weren't really soldiers, they were fanatics and counted among their number some talented mages. They decided to wade into two battalions, one Order and one Chaos, both out of the city of Karth. And there's an old saying that 5000 fanatics will always beat 1000 vets.

Swarming into the soldiers' camps, the Skornians cut a bloody swath. The two battalions suffered shockingly high casualties in the *first few minutes*. (Some estimates run as high as 333, but take that with a grain of salt. That number is big with cults, though no one's quite sure why — arguments over that question have led to a number of minor cult wars.)

The soldiers, led by their captains, Galen Sturn and Tiat Omeg, managed

to regroup quickly. Realizing their only hope was to band together, the rival battalions placed their backs to each other and fought as hard as they could while their priests prayed, kvetched, offered to sell their mothers to save their skins, and generally whined to all the gods they knew.

Only half the soldiers survived the first night's battle, and Galen Sturn and Tiat Omeg met in haste as soon as the cultists had retreated to nurse their wounds, sacrifice each other, and whatever else Skornian cultists do. Reaching a decision far more quickly than they ever would again, Sturn and Omeg agreed that this section of Marl had grown too dangerous. In a joint speech to the gathered troops and camp followers (washerwomen, bootboys, prostitutes, healers and the like), Omeg and Sturn explained their plan to flee north and get as far as possible from the violence in the southern cities. This flight was to be permanent, so only those persons who were willing to abandon the life they had known would be welcome.

Omeg and Sturn were preaching to the converted, of course — the only other choice was to count on the mercy of bloodthirsty lunatics. The two captains made it clear that

no one with cult ties was wanted on the march, so roughly five percent of the army was put to the sword. (No doubt some of these had no links to any cult, but had a wife someone else coveted or were owed money.)

Omeg and Sturn ordered their soldiers to spend the next day "sprucing up" the bodies of their fallen comrades and any cultists who had fallen near the camp, so they could be used in the getaway plan the captains had concocted. Both battalions had a necromancer in their employ, and in the true spirit of camaraderie that they maintained throughout the rest of their professional relationship, the two captains each insisted on the use of their own mage to reanimate the bodies. Finally, it was agreed that half would be brought back by Sturn's noncom necro and the others by Omeg's.

In the brief time between sunset and moonrise, Sturn and Omeg ordered their people into action. The newly created (and highly disgruntled) army of the Undead moved out to attack the cultists. In an interesting coincidence, the cultists had decided to raise an army of their own Undead to attack the soldiers' camp. This made things very confusing, but provided extra cover for the soldiers' escape. (The moral and ethical ramifications of



Brian Schomburg

such “dead wars” were recently elucidated by a local Galitian author, Thane Blaken, in his treatise on *Ethical Management of the Mortally Challenged*.)

Depending upon which soldier, tome, or streetsinger you consult, you will hear that the journey took the refugees nine days, ninety days, or nine months. Chances are it took them somewhere between the first and second of these guesses to reach the spot we now call Galitia. In any event, the cultists did not give up as easily as the refugees wished, and they were forced to fight a number of running skirmishes that weakened both sides.

Finally, the soldiers arrived at a river, the Skornians close behind. Omeg and Sturn are both said to have given rousing speeches (after a two hour argument over who would speak first). Regardless of the truth of this story (which originally comes from a conversation with the mummified remains of someone who claimed to have been there), the soldiers were convinced to make their stand there. After a slaughter that lasted for three days, the Skornians were defeated. Later, the river would be named “Skorn,” in memory of the battle.

THE BIRTH OF A CITY

Once the cultists, their friends, their relatives and their pets were completely slaughtered (or “most grandly driven from the lands destiny had brought us to” in the words of Galen Sturn in his eight-volume autobiography, *Valor*, excerpts of which can be found in old issues of *Spicy War Stories*), the two captains began their quaint little dance of power. If either Sturn or Omeg had been a little quicker on his mental toes, the other undoubtedly would have suffered a “tragic accident” during that last battle. Unfortunately for those who would be the first citizens of Galitia, this didn’t happen. Instead, the two immediately began bickering over what to name the city — Tiat Omeg lost out to Galen Sturn this time, which is why we live in Galitia and not Tialen or Tiagalen or some such.

The battle of wills between the two leaders over who would rule Galitia soon reached the level of high drama. Fortunately, the two men’s aides realized that a compromise was necessary so that the fortress itself could finally be

built. Until then, the armies were sitting ducks waiting for the first traveller incubating a duraz to saunter by and turn Galitia into a mass grave. After several days of forced negotiations, Sturn and Omeg agreed to a split governance of Galitia, in which Tiat Omeg would rule for half the year and Galen Sturn the other half. Surprisingly enough, this plan actually worked, although the question of who would rule for the first six months had to be resolved by a pain-glove boxing match.

By the time Sturn took over in the second half of the year, the fortress had been erected (the ruins of which can still be seen in the Canons ward of the city). It was a sturdy fort with a wall easily five meters thick and seven meters high surrounding it. Most of that wall is still in existence today, and rumors of the passages riddling that entire section of Galitia are almost certainly true. Sturn and Omeg were each obsessed with spying on and gaining some advantage over their rival. The architects were paid extra by both men to keep their “modifications” quiet.

And that’s it. The story of Galitia’s founding is a story of fear, pain, treachery, and chaos masquerading as law — sounds familiar, right? From here on, we’ll trace a quick overview of the growth of Galitia from its founding to current times. Galitia’s history is divided, for convenience’s sake, into periods known as Walls. Thus the time between the erection of the first fortress and its surrounding walls is known as the First Wall. The First Wall lasts until the building of the Second Wall, and so forth. We’re currently in the Fifth Wall, although recently there have been rumors that the Elders are discussing expanding the city again. Of course, the network of bribes, counter-bribes, threats and extortion inherent in such a prospect means it will be at least ten years before anything gets put to a vote, and another ten to twenty before anybody starts building. That’s life in the big city for you.

THE FIRST WALL (OO - 78)

The period known as the “First Wall” was dominated by Sturn and Omeg. Their shared rule of the city went on for 35 years, and if you look hard enough, you can see some of what they started in today’s Galitian government, nine centuries later.

Both men tried to turn the city into what they wanted it to be, buying houses across the main square so they could keep an eye on each other. Omeg's first challenge was figuring out what to do with all the Undead who had been brought along to help build the fortress. Nobody was happy with a city whose population was more than half reanimated — Undead trust only their own kind, see, and have the living doped as too unstable. Go figure.

In a brilliant move, Omeg had the Undead start working on the city's first flesh mill, which would be attached to the outer wall in the southernmost section of the city (as far away from the rulers' houses as possible, natch). The workers were told they were helping to create an industry that would be completely dependent on their contributions. This was true enough — but it was no big surprise that the Undead were hacked off when they found out what Omeg *really* meant.

The "corpse riots" that followed fit perfectly into the plans of Omeg, who immediately declared all Undead and those who harbored them to be a danger to the very existence of Galitia. Since the Undead were already confined to a ghetto in the southern part of the city, it was relatively easy to round them up and send them to the mills, now staffed with living ex-soldiers from Omeg's battalion.

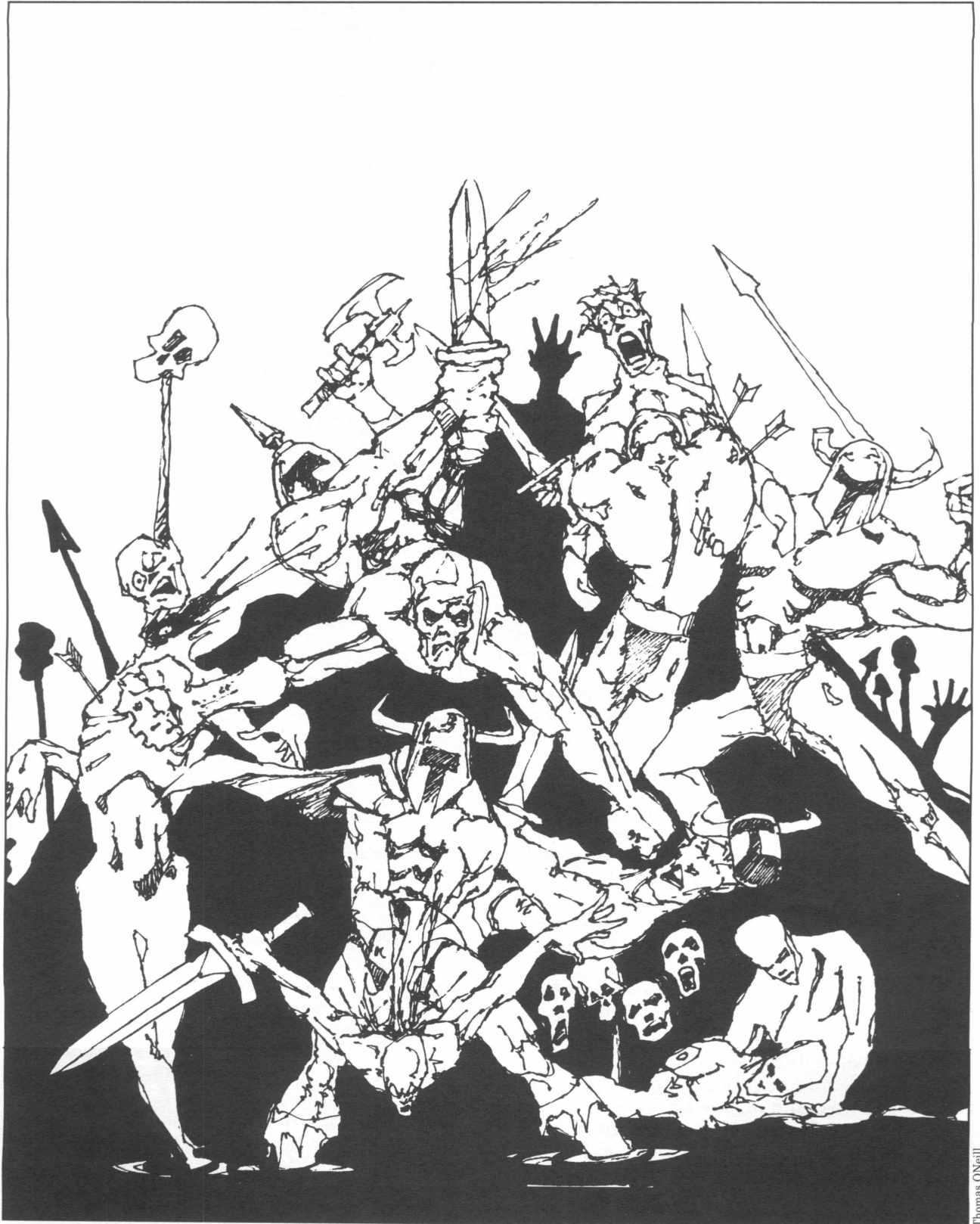
They didn't get all of them at first, but they got a lot of them, and their byproducts added to Galitia's poor resource pool. Slogans like "We Gave You the Shirts Off Our Backs — Now Give Us the Skin Off Yours" were common in the first two centuries of the city's life, as it was drummed into the heads of the walking dead that they had a civic duty to be flayed, tanned, stretched and stitched. Flesh mills started recruiting entire families, paying big bucks for any dead relatives they might want to turn in. Not the best thing for family relations, but good business.

Sturn spent most of his time recruiting watermages and earthmages as well as skilled farmers to tend the fields, and trying to build some kind of viable economy. If the city was to survive, it couldn't rely on the outside world for necessities (and no one knew how much of the outside world was left, at this point). Sturn's efforts paid off, and he even went so far as to send his son on a dangerous mission to the south to recruit several precious mages. Sturn



was the first to declare that Galitia should have a Mage Academy of its own, and he may have actually come the closest to acquiring one in the later years of his half-reign.

(He was, of course, unsuccessful, and Galitia still doesn't have such a school. There are still plans, petitions, and bribes passing back and forth between the officials of Galitia and various mage guilds, but there's no reason to assume that the Academy-less status of Galitia will change anytime soon. Why the city's never gotten a franchise, no one quite knows, or at least they're not telling.)



Thomas O'Neill

THE BOARD OF ELDERS

The Board of Elders was a little different nine centuries ago. At the start, it had eight members, with new members being selected only on the death or retirement of an old one, and it was called a Council. But back then only Council members were eligible to vote for new candidates, and a candidate needed to be nominated by two of them to even be considered. This system was designed to keep power firmly within the grasp of the rich, and even though they're democratically elected now, that much hasn't changed. In addition to the personal fortunes they start out with, Council members can expect bribes, gifts and all sorts of favors from people with an interest in their decisions.

Sturn's other big contribution was getting the crafts and metalsmithing industries off the ground, which today are the second-biggest moneymakers in Galitia, after the flesh mills. Today, metalwork is traded with cities like Dela and Gimm in return for luxuries (and Galitians *love* luxuries). It's interesting to note that many of Sturn's first craftspeople used ashes and other leftovers from the flesh mills in their pottery, tapestries, etc. Today, this practice is outlawed, of course, but it certainly shows the truth of the old saying that Galitia is a city "founded on the backs of its dead."

Roughly halfway through the First Wall, Sturn and Omeg agreed to a joint retirement. As their last official acts, both appointed four people to the newly created Council of Elders.

The remaining years of the First Wall were spent in Council growing pains and plans for the first expansion of the city.

THE SECOND WALL (79-242)

The years immediately following the building of the second wall were a period of intense growth for Galitia. Crime and vice were relatively scarce, as there was more than enough work for everyone — "Idle hands are demonic possessions waiting to happen," and who hasn't heard that from their mother? Stone masonry and construction were big and most of the buildings in the Canons district were built then. River trade got started, extremely slowly at first, since the things that lived in the waters thought of ships as a cold lunch, and convoys as buffets. But eventually some of the crafts of Galitia started finding their way into other cities, and ornamental rugs, furs and

other pretty but useless stuff started flowing in.

The Second Wall also saw the establishment of the first Galipen mining community in the Pendar mountains just northwest of the city. From years 80 to 219, the miners dug iron and copper out of the mountains, fueling the metalworking industry. Then, in the early spring of 219 the crystal sets of Galipen fell silent. Every effort to communicate with the miners met with silence.

Finally, the Council of Elders sent out an armed party of city watchmen, known as "sentinels," to check on the miners. When they reached Galipen, they found it deserted. No bodies. No blood. Everything where it should be, except for the people. Well, almost everything — every crystal in the place had been melted down or stolen, and there was a waxy yellow residue all over the place.

To this day, nobody knows what happened to the miners. But the second Galipen was constructed a good long way from that site, you can be sure of that.

THE THIRD WALL (243-540)

By the time the third wall was built, Galitia was a thriving metropolis. It was during these years that Das, the Seers' Quarter and "Frenzy" came into being, as well as many of the warehouses the line the river. Alchemical plants became a staple, too, and somebody finally got up the nerve to start a second Galipen mining venture. This time, they stuck it southwest of the city, where it still is today.

The Third Wall also brought two other additions to society, more closely related than

anybody wants to admit: crime and unions. As Galitia got bigger, more and more people wanted to make a quick buck. Miners who'd just been paid were looking for card games and women, and they didn't care if the former were on the level or the latter were Human. The mobs got rich, enough so that some of the town's industrialists started "investing" on the sly in casinos and whorehouses.

The Crafts Guilds decided at this point that they wanted a bigger piece of the pie and started striking. The years between 389 and 422 are collectively known as "the Craft Wars," and marked the start of the bad feelings between the sentinels and the unions. Sentinels found themselves being used as strikebreakers, and the rich found they were damn good at the job. Eventually, it proved more expensive to fight than talk — the unions won a few concessions, more cosmetic than substantial, but today's labor bosses have a lot more power in the long cast than their predecessors did.

Mass transit via beast-drawn railrunner started then, too, with tracks laid and tunnels built and a new, expanded sewer system put in as well. Later, many of the tunnels would have to be abandoned when it was discovered that they doubled as the new, expanded sewers.

And then there was Cavett's folly. Roland Cavett was an architect, the same one who designed much of the Das district. Cavett got the bright idea of embedding large glowstones directly into the third wall, to provide both better lighting and express his "unique artistic vision of the spiritual nature of the city." Of course, as every Galitian schoolkid knows, glowstones can't stand up to the same kind of stress as regular rock. Not long after they were put in, they started to shatter from the weight of the surrounding wall. Ten years after Cavett's death, a large section of the outer wall in the district now known as "Frenzy" collapsed, letting in a small part of the river and a number of unwanted — and really hungry — Wilderness creatures to boot. A half dozen sentinel squads and a fortune in wards were needed to get things under control again, and who knows how many residents were killed before the waters were drained and the wildlife driven out.

If you're looking for them, you can still spot a few burned-out glowstones in the southern section of the wall, but most of them have long since been removed and replaced with stone. The third wall is still considered to be the weakest of all of them.



Thomas O'Neill

THE FOURTH WALL (541-748)

The Fourth Wall saw the addition of the districts of Xel, Eldred, and Arias, as well as Alchemist's Row and the Crafts District (also known as Hesen). By this time, many of the rhythms of Galitia's daily life had been established. Alchemy and flesh mills continued to grow as industries and the Alchemical Bank also came to be in this period. Most of the clashes in this period were between members of the "Big Rich" and between them and a shrewd crimelord known only as "Rondo."

By 659, the ranks of the Big Rich had swelled to 58 families, but the Council of Elders remained at eight members. Tempers were running high among those families who didn't control an Elder of their own and all sorts of threats were flying back and forth. Someone suggested letting all the families name someone to the Council, but having to come up with bribes for 58 people was enough to throw a scare into most local businessmen.

Things came to a head when Ulan Cavett (a descendent of the infamous architect, Roland Cavett) suggested that the Council should become a Board of Elders, with the subtraction of three members to bring the total to five. Families with similar interests could form blocs and be represented by a member, or even "rent" their member to another bloc, if necessary. And that's how we got the system of government we have today, one designed to ensure "more bribe for the buck."

While this was going on, Galitia's mobs were uniting under one leader for the first and only time in their history. This charismatic figure, Rondo, had risen through the ranks to rule his syndicate unchallenged from 733 on. (His withered body finally convinced him he was dead in 758.) During his glory years, he was renowned for his creativity. Once, having unearthed an obscure law passed in 247 making Galitia a "dry city," he pushed the Elders to

enforce it. He knew that sales of illegal booze would bring in pots of cash, but unfortunately for him, the Board figured out what he was up to and quashed the measure. Instead, they passed a law making liquor sales legal to everyone but minors too short to peer over the bar.

Rondo's reign remains the only one of its kind in the city's history, in part because he was unable to find what he considered a worthy successor before he died. Rumors abound that he squirreled away all sorts of treasures in Galitia, and left clues to their locations. If these stories are true, no one's been bright enough to decipher his leavings, because no one's ever found any of his fortune. Within a year of his death, his empire had fallen apart and the city has been divided between multiple mobs ever since.

THE FIFTH WALL (749-PRESENT)

Galitia is now in the period known as the "Fifth Wall." During this time, Esler, South Esler and Vrenthar were added, and Galitia is now dirtier, noisier, and more crowded than at any other time in its history. Newer cities like Selastos have begun to take a bit out of its metal trade, reinforcing the importance of the flesh mill business. You'd expect that people would complain more about the pollution and the stench, but most are used to it — and between the increasing numbers of Unnaturals walking the streets and the recent cult wars, there are more important things to worry about.

Although no one is pushing for the extermination of Unnaturals like they used to, that doesn't mean people have come to terms with 'shifters, breeds or the walking dead. It just means maybe they've given up and been reduced to remembering the "good old days" when there were more creatures outside the walls than inside.



CHAPTER
TWO

GALITIA TODAY

If you were a visitor from out of town, you'd make your way into Galitia via one of three routes: the Pendar Pass, the river Skorn, or teleportation. Considering the dangers inherent in the fine art of teleporting (finding your nose has migrated to your kneecap is considered a "minor facial transference flux gaffe"), most folks would rather risk one of the other two options. Either way, such visitors get a good view of Galitia's environs.

The city itself sits nestled among the wooded foothills that crouch between the Pendar Pass to the north and west and the Skorn to the east. A long, thin metropolis, it lies stretched along the banks of the rivers. Its four main walls and the ruined fortress at its heart present a hell of a view for those gazing down from the heights of Galipen, the mining community set into the Pendar Pass. Fields and a few stockyards bulge out to the west. Galitia is crowded with more than three million Humans and Unnaturals, and the filth spewed into the air by the flesh mills, alchemical factories, and other industries mingles with the morning and evening mists that often cover the city.

The buildings range from the sturdy brownstone and greystone structures of the Canons district to the ramshackle wood and stone buildings of the Seers' Quarter and "Frenzy." Like a worn-out strumpet, more beautiful with dark and distance, Galitia glitters at night with the combined light of her many glowstones — a beacon visible from many kilometers. Closer up, the occasional snatches of blood cult chants, the murmurs of business best conducted in the dark punctuated with bursts of argument and threats, and the chilling screams and worse echoing out of "Frenzy" combine to dispel much of this illusion.

During the daylight hours, the squalid condition of most of the city is emphasized by the tall penthouses and sprawling mansions of the big rich, secluded behind their own walls. But it's during the night that the real

ugliness of Galitia boils to the surface. Yet the city offers goods and services, opportunities to make a quick buck, and such like that you'll never find in backwater towns like Guildsport, say. And that's why this is still the place to be.

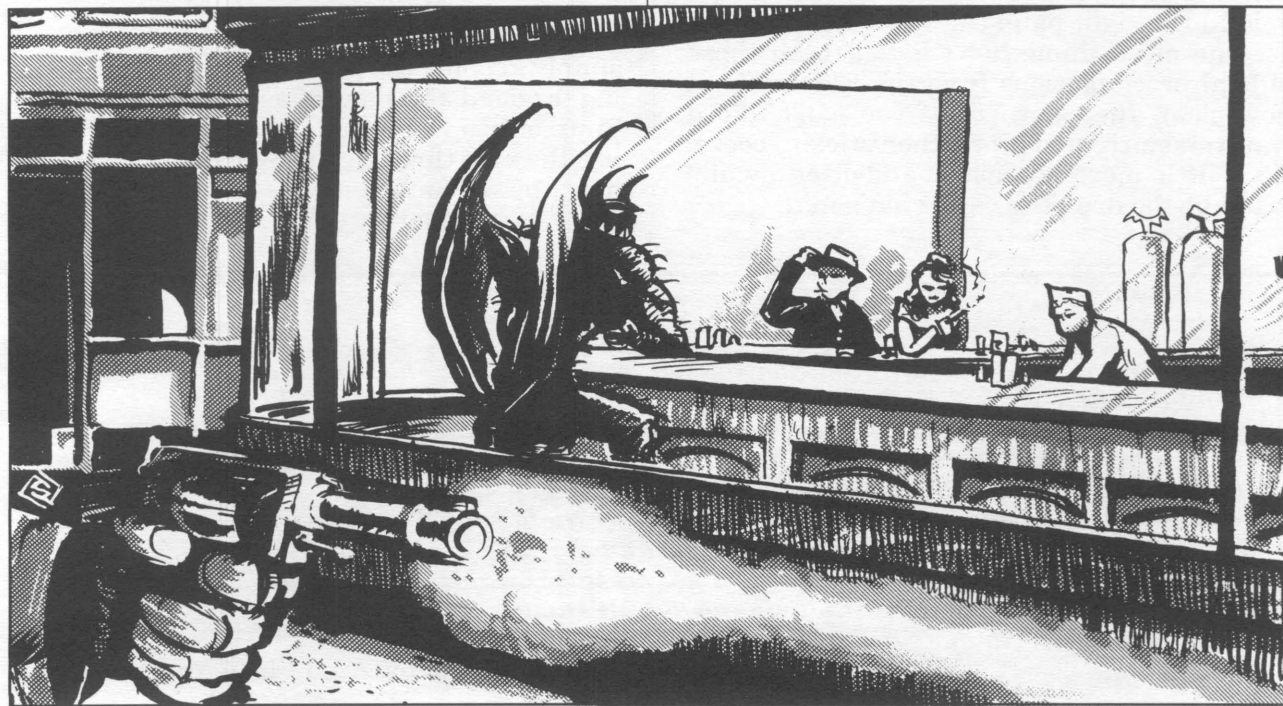
GEOGRAPHY

The only ones who come into Galitia via the Pendar Pass are from Selastos, a smaller city some five hundred kilometers to the west. Obviously, they're not traveling all that way — they're coming by way of the Pendar gate, a permanent hole in space that drops you out in the mountains just above Galitia. Going the other way, you'll find yourself in the Dirak desert, a few kilometers shy of Taxim-ridden Selastos. (Note: For more information on Selastos, see *The World of Bloodshadows*.)

Of course, most people don't know about that gate. The rich and the high rollers keep that little bit of info to themselves — with all the gold traveling back and forth, it's just safer that way. The Pendars themselves are rugged, shale mountains that jut abruptly out of the sloping foothills which cradle Galitia proper. They provide most of the ore, minerals and non-sorcerous fuel the city needs.

In addition to protecting Galitia's western flank, the Pendars curve towards the river Skorn some five kilometers north of the city, blocking anybody from getting in that way. With the river crowding Galitia to the east, the whole valley is like the proverbial man with his back against the wall. This setup works just fine so long as the man can beat anybody who wants to take him on, because cutting and running's not an option. So far, Galitia has managed to beat all comers, but with murmurs about a new Godwar and all the cult activity in the city, Galitia's position is beginning to seem more like a coffin than a fortress to some folks.

To the north, where the Pendars meet the river, the Skorn moves swiftly, even turbulently in times of high rains. The river varies in width from a quarter to a half kilometer across, twisting and turning its way south. The river opens to nearly half a kilometer wide by the time it reaches Galitia, growing progressively wider as it continues on its way. Eventually, it breaks down into a number of brackish branches that meander through salt flats and swamp lands far south of the city. Even so, the occasional creature or rare disease incubated in the marshes makes itself



known to the populace, and few folks venture into the swamps despite the rich deposits of potash, nitrates, and other things on the average alchemist's wish list that you can find there.

The river itself's most often travelled by sailors and traders who make a risky living moving along its dark waters. Although there's lots of dough to be made in the river trade, the death rate in that business would make a slashtor wince. A sailor who survives a year on the Skorn is considered a veteran; one who lasts five years is either considered a legend or everybody gives him the fisheye. There are all sorts of stories about sailors who cut deals with Wilderness creatures, turning over the occasional shipmate in return for not having their own brains sucked out their toes. Who knows how many "too lucky" sailors have been offed by their suspicious pals?

When coming in by water, the first thing you'll see is the formidable blank stone wall that surrounds the city. Only the rickety stone and wood docks at the southern end of town provide any sort of greeting. The iron gates that lead into Esler are kept closed, but if you've got business inside, you'll get in alright. If not, or if your business is of the kind you don't want to discuss with a sentinel, a little gold in the right palm can work wonders.

One more thing: don't listen to all those official proclamations from the Elders about how clean the Skorn is. If you can't afford watermage-treated pipes, then stick to booze. It's a little more expensive, and after a while you'll be too drunk to care what's in it.

WEATHER

Galitia's weather is wet, except for the times when it's damp. The upside of this is that it helps in growing some kinds of crops, making the lives of earthmages and farmers a little easier. The downside is that all the water rots a lot of other kinds, meaning you need watermages to keep an eye on the drainage.

The city is "either hot as a queskworm's breath or cold as a witch's kiss," as the saying goes. In summer, heat hangs over the city like a wet blanket, with temperatures up around 90 and 80 percent humidity. There is some breeze off the river, but the high walls that surround the city and generally low-slung buildings manage to keep it out. During the worst of the season, the stench of the flesh mills can be smelled from the northern edge of Canons to the southern tip of South Esler. During particularly bad heat waves, mill owners have two choices: shut down or face lynching.

In the winter, temperatures fall into the 30s. There's little serious snow, but a good deal of ice and sleet

INDUSTRY

Much of Galitia's economy is devoted to simply keeping the population alive and kicking (or dead and buried, as the case may be). Since only a fool would count on goods reaching the city through the Wilderness, Galitia has to be self-sufficient when it comes to necessities. While there are the expected number of

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

Yeah, sure, I work at the mill. Can't you tell from the stink? The amazing part is that you get used ta it! You smell funny to me 'cause you're the only guy what don't stink!

"What's that? Don't worry, I ain't contagious. It's just that damn ash, makes ya 'bout cough up a lung! And don't mind the dust, it won't hurt ya. Get it all over you just from walking into this neighborhood.

"Yeah, I work at Azod's — run the vat, can't ya see the burns? 'Where Quality Comes to Life!' What a joke! Still, it keeps bread on the table and the glowstones lit, an' that's more'n some can say these days. And the best part is, I got me this contract! When I die, my shell goes to Azod's for a nice pile o' dough to the wife and kids. It's double if I die on the job! Strange feeling, knowin' you're worth more dead than alive!"

— Quent, Azod Flesh Mill Worker

AZOD INDUSTRIES

"WHERE QUALITY COMES TO LIFE!"

We here at Azod Industries pride ourselves on the finest reutilization plant in all of Galitia! The well-trained, highly skilled and highly motivated labor force at Azod (more than 75 percent Human!) turns out the very best reprocessed-tissue products on the market today!

You simply can't top our line of furniture and cosmetic products for twice the price! Corpses used at Azod's have all been treated with high quality, long-lasting *preservation* spells. There are no hidden defects in our products to come back and "haunt" you after the sale!

So come on down, visit our showroom and try an Azod! Bad credit? No credit? No problem! We at Azod offer credit terms to meet the needs of every customer. Enjoy our products for ninety days, same as cash!* We at Azod guarantee satisfaction, or you may return the product for your money back!**

* Offer good on all purchases in excess of 100 *vens*. See financial disclosure form and waiver for complete terms of finance agreement.

** Money back offer not applicable to soaps or cosmetic products.

banks, apothecaries, alchemical plants and the like that you'd expect in a city this size, two industries are most identified with Galitia. The first of these is the flesh mill.

FLESH MILLS

Flesh mills have been a part of Galitia since the city was born. From the start, they provided a means of disposing of bodies (first of soldiers, later of those who had no family to bury them), as well as employment for those corpses too stupid to know when to quit.

Flesh mills are, of course, aptly named. Inside, dead bodies and their assorted by-products are boiled, rendered, tanned, manipulated, and magicked into a variety of items both "functional and decorative," according to the promotional brochures. All applications to operate flesh mills must be approved by the Elder in charge of industry, currently Caiphas Bennington (see "City Elders," below). The industrial czar doesn't actually review the requests himself, however, instead allowing himself to be advised by his industrial board. Being typical representatives of the Galitian bureaucracy, members of the board look favorably upon petitioners who appreciate the time and effort such a review process requires.

Such appreciation is best expressed by the liberal application of hot blondes and cold cash.

Flesh mills themselves are horrendous operations, floating in a constant miasma of ghastly odors resulting from the manipulations that are their stock in trade. Most Humans won't take a job at a flesh mill unless they are truly desperate, are being blackmailed, or have gone around the bend more than once (as it happens, there are a lot of those in Galitia). In fact, the smell is so bad that, once you've worked in a flesh mill for a while, you can never wash it off. "Skinners," as they're called, tend to hang around with each other, since no one else can stand their company.

Mill owners have tried other species of employee — zombies, Gris, Ghouls, etc. — but they tend to work slowly, if at all, and then there's the problem of inventory being eaten. Roughly half of all flesh mill workers are Human, not counting the mages employed to charge items, maintain *preservation* spells, keep the help in line, and so on.

The mills themselves are big — they have to be, to accommodate the boiling vats, furnaces, and the chemically and magically treated "ice houses" where yet-to-be processed



bodies are kept. The magically augmented vat-fires keep the temperatures inside the mills up around 100 degrees, and the constant greasy ash that results from too much burning, drifting, dead flesh in one place causes many workers lung and eye problems. Normally, flesh mills require employees to sign extensive waivers, written in legalese so dense a sketh couldn't wiggle through it, which essentially excuse the mill from any liability for employee plagues, poxes, or *Pretas* the worker might contract while there.

(Many mills do offer treatment programs, though these often involve inhaling fumes that essentially dissolve the very top layer of blackened lung tissue, causing the millworker to breathe easier for a time. Of course, multiple treatments can cause a worker's lungs to become so thin and brittle that spontaneous punctures have been known to occur; but then the unfortunate worker can still make a contribution to the firm when his body takes its place in the ice house (some mills manage to slip this little proviso into their contracts as well).

Despite the atrocious working conditions, Galitia's flesh mills turn out a remarkably large and varied quantity of products, both legal and illegal. There is an extensive and "strictly enforced" list of products which can legally be created wholly or partially from Human byproducts. Among such items are bookbindings, "Hands of Glory" (magically treated candelabra made from the hands of executed murderers), musical instruments, rope, glowstone shades, and soap. Items on the no-no list include paint, wallpaper, clothing, and any items meant for Human consumption. Although the sentinels will come down hard on any mill found churning out such illegal products, most sentinels would just as soon make their inspections from as far away as possible. Thus, most owners feel fairly safe in creating whatever items the market will bear. Many of the more enterprising owners keep one or two of their mages and skilled artisans working on "developing new uses for old tissue," as it's sometimes called.

CRAFTSMEN

In addition to the flesh mills, Galitia is known for its many skilled artisans,

metalsmiths, and other craftspeople. Way back when, the soldiers who settled Galitia realized that all they had in terms of natural resources was the armor peeled off their dead comrades and a whole lot of hardwood dotting the rolling hills around their fort. Combining a little ingenuity, some hard work, and a phenomenal amount of desperation, they used these materials to make houses, furniture, walls, storage vessels, you name it. In time, the Galitians also discovered how accessible the ores, fuels, and stone found in the Pendars were if you could just survive long enough to get some goodies and scramble back to town. Eventually, somebody got the bright idea that wood-working, smithing and the like were good paying jobs with low overhead, and the Crafts Guilds were born.

Today, Galitia boasts dozens of skilled artisans, some of the best metalsmiths and woodworkers on the continent (at least, they say they are), and even some jewelers and sculptors. Unfortunately, weaving isn't big here. Although there are certainly enough low-grade rugs and clothing available in the markets, Galitia has nothing to compare to the textiles that come out of the cities of Dela and Gimm or the glasswork produced in Selastos. Good quality garments are rare in the city, and any fashion statements are generally left to the Big Rich. (Naturally, there are always grifters who'll charge a few spells into a rag and make it look like top-of-the-line material. Once they get their gold and move on, it goes back to being a rag. It's easy to get taken.)

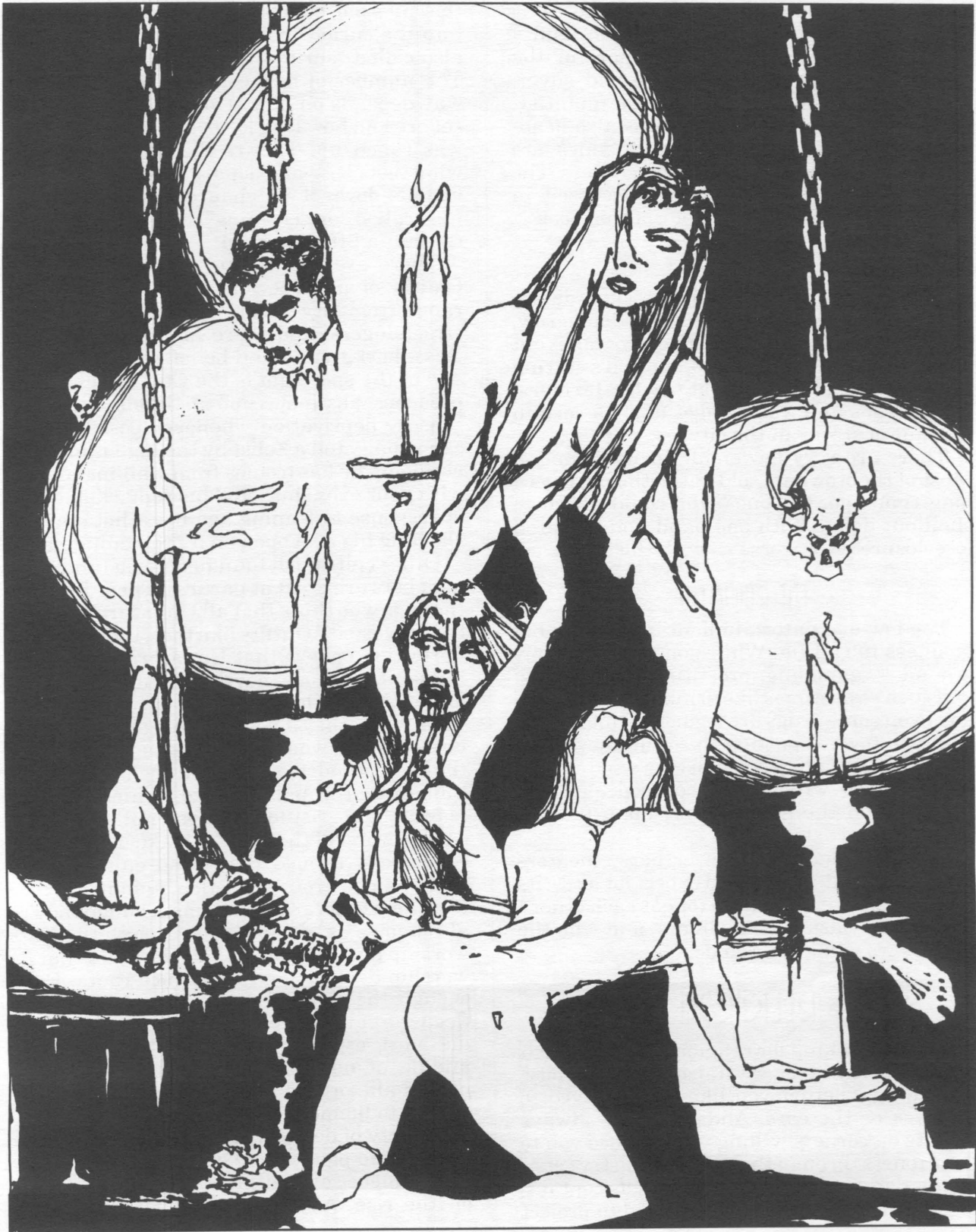
The crafts, along with flesh mill goods, make up the bulk of what Galitia has to trade. The Guilds are smart enough to know this and have used their pull to get tax breaks, lower loan rates and good terms on mortgages. With so many other businesses dependent on them, or the goods received in exchange for theirs, Craft Guild strikes get bloody in a hurry.

OTHER INDUSTRIES

Although the following aren't as big in Galitia or especially unique to it, they deserve some mention here:

MINING

Galitia has one small mining operation located in the nearby Pendar mountain range.



Thomas O'Neill

The tight-knit mining community known as Galipen produces shale, copper, iron, and a few gems. Unfortunately, this part of the Pendars does not seem to produce gold, silver, or other precious metals in any quantity. Galitia's only logging operation is also headquartered in Galipen. Both companies are owned by members of the board of Elders. The mines and Galipen itself are discussed in greater detail in Chapter Four of this book.

FARMING

Galitia's walled farms and stockyards are crucial to its survival. If the crops don't grow, or get wiped out by plague, or hoofrot takes out too much of the herd, the population's staring famine in the face. That's why farmers, earthmages and watermages enjoy a certain amount of status in the city.

There are very few small farms anymore. Most of their owners sold out to the big boys a long time ago, the ones who could afford to shell out dough with one hand and threaten foreclosure — or worse — with the other.

ENTERTAINMENT

The low-end entertainment industry is big business in Galitia. While some of its underground — gambling, prostitution, fetishists, and such — pastimes like drinking, skinshows and even some drugs are legal. Sentinels don't do much toward putting this stuff down, unless some Gris pimp gets nasty, a whorehouse opens in the wrong neighborhood, or some succubus on the game burns out a few too many of her customers.

Galitia actually has fewer bars, theaters and restaurants than you'd expect for a city its size. The poor either eat in (or eat each other), the middle-class stick to diners, and who the hell knows what the rich do.

RELIGION

If you're looking for religion, you can find it at any bookstore or crystalseller in the city, depending whether you like yours served to the eyes or the ears. And there are always cultists on corners willing to introduce you to their tenets through the use of "ministry sets," handy-dandy repackaged crystal sets containing earphones and eyewear spelled to project

the cult's bio, beliefs, and general propaganda into the curious shopper's psyche (these are also called "shrink locks" or "dry cleaners"). The number of new converts picked up this way depends on how strong the spells in the set are and how long it's been since the gadget was tuned up. They're illegal, of course — what isn't? — and smart cultists keep the volume down. Less chance of sudden crack-ups (called "dry cleaning") caused by pushing the cult a little too hard.

There are dozens and dozens of cults in Galitia, of any type you can think of. Cultists range from city Elders all the way down to streetsingers, and there are cults for every class, background and belief system. On one end of the spectrum is the Cult of Zel, which preaches abstinence of all kinds and total sensory deprivation whenever possible. You can usually tell a Zelist by the high number of accidents he has (comes from walking around with your eyes shut) and his remarkable lack of response to leaning against a hot stove or slashing his arm open on a protruding nail.

Other cults push total hedonism (and their members are great at parties). Then there are the ones who think that all Unnaturals should be "converted." Outfits like the Cult of Human Perfection believe that Unnaturals lost their humanity because they didn't value it enough, and if they could be made to see the error of their ways, they'd be Human again. Unfortunately, those would-be converts "rescued" by the Perfectionists are encouraged to embrace humanity through torture, which usually leaves them grist for the flesh mills.

The worst of the cultists make up what are collectively termed the "blood cults." These aptly named groups practice human sacrifice in an amazing variety of forms. Though they're also known as "demon cults," not all the cults worship demons, and not all the sects that do worship demons go the sacrifice route. Even though the original settlers of Galitia were fleeing from just this sort of thing, old habits die hard, especially when you're out in the middle of nowhere. Fear and desperation breeds all sorts of sin, and then you need a demon to blame your behavior on. And there are plenty of devils willing to take the job ...

Over the past couple of years, the number and influence of Galitia's blood cults has been on the rise. Any back alley, warehouse, or

abandoned rowhouse you see might be hosting tonight's sacrifice. Up until recently, every cult was at the throat of every other cult, fighting over followers, turf and whatever virgins might be around. But lately there's been a frightening amount of cooperation among the different sects, and if this keeps up, one of these days they might just take over the city. Nobody — not the sentinels, not the Big Rich, not the Hugar legbreakers or the Orris numbers-runners—wants to see that happen.

There are way too many cults in the city to be covered by this one book, but you'll find some of the more interesting roaming around Chapter Three, divided by the district they call home.

In addition to the cults, which cover Galitia like maggots on a corpse, there are a number of "legitimate" religions around. The difference between these and a cult is anybody's guess — usually, it comes down to age, number of worshippers, and who has the better mouthpieces. Most of the creeds boast one or more established places of worship within the older sections of town, most notably the Canons district and Xel. Headed by clerics of one sort or another, the houses of worship keep their doors open at all times hoping for almost any sort of business — preferably the kind that brings donations, of course.

Most of these religions are centered on a god or goddess and are pretty sparse in their promises. Most of the big ones — eternal life, everlasting happiness, that sort of thing — don't hit until you die. It doesn't matter what church you walk into, the pitch is the same: "This life might be *haftun* dung, kid, but I can get you a great deal on the next one!"

THE GODWAR IN GALITIA

Who sides with Order and who with Chaos hasn't been a big issue in Galitia for most of the last 900 years. But now that blood is starting to flow in the city's streets and Unnaturals are starting to emerge from the shadows, who comes down where in the Godwar is starting to matter again. It's still too early to tell who's going to win this tussle, but it's a good bet the gamblers are already laying odds.

Galitia's always been pretty evenly divided, maybe leaning a little toward Order. Not so long ago, so some say, Chaos came close to



Paul Daly

seizing control when some Order bigwigs got offed. How that little matter was resolved, nobody seems to know — but there are enough Chaotic cults running around to keep the city Elders good and nervous.

It's probably appropriate that the first stirrings of what looks to be the next Godwar are starting here in Galitia, even if the citizens don't appreciate such historical niceties when it's their fat that's being thrown on the fire. After all, Galitia was founded at the end of the last Godwar. In any event, there's lots of evidence to suggest that the forces of Order and Chaos may just have switched their cosmic crystal sets back to the channel Marl, whether we like it or not.

Walk into any bar or pool hall and you'll

hear stories of creatures cropping up never seen in Galitia before; cults clashing wherever you look; bodies floating in the Skorn or cluttering the alleys. Of course, not everyone believes we're headed for another huge immortal dust-up, but they're smart enough to keep their heads down and their doors sealed anyway.

THE OATHBREAKERS

Although they don't stand on corners and announce their presence, the mysterious group known only as the Oathbreakers is definitely active in Galitia. Turning away from both Order and Chaos, the Oathbreakers make their own way in the world. For reasons that aren't completely clear to anybody but them, they say that Galitia's history proves it should be the first to ally with them.

Of course, they might have a case. Galitia was founded by soldiers deserting the Godwar and the Oathbreakers say they're doing much the same thing, forging a third faction to stand against Order and Chaos. But those few who are aware of them doubt that they're going to accomplish much more than play spoiler, handing the planet over to one side or the other.

Still, to hear them tell it, the Oathbreakers are gaining recruits all the time and it's looking more likely that they'll wind up tipping the balance in Galitia to Order or Chaos. The real question is when is the other shoe going to drop, and who is it going to drop on?

LAW AND JUSTICE

The outfit responsible for law enforcement in Galitia is the sentinels. You can recognize one by his dark blue or black, sorcerously toughened uniform, circular gold badge, and perpetual slouch. Their job is to protect the citizens from each other and from whatever Wilderness creatures decide to check out the local scenery. The sentinels are, like most city workers, underpaid and overworked, and the recent increase in deaths among their lot hasn't improved their already lousy attitudes.

Sentinel Central is located in the Canons district, along with the city prison, Cairngate, the morgue and the central courthouse. There are smaller sentinel stations located in various precincts around the city (save for "Frenzy,"

which has none). Central is large and always busy, filled with the strident voices of accusers, the sagging tones of the accused, the ravings of street mages suffering from feedback, the cries of the newly bereaved. Sentinels wade through this constantly shifting, but never changing, mass of humanity and inhumanity every day, trying to keep the city from falling to pieces.

Most Galitian sentinels are male and most are Human. While there are few 'shifters on the force, there are plenty of breeds. Hugors, cat-breeds and even some skitter-rats are in uniform or plainclothes. Uniforms patrol in pairs, detectives are called to crime scenes as needed. Special squads to deal with vice, robbery, murder, and cult clean-up also exist.

But the "pest squads" of the old days — the ones assigned to staking Vamps or lopping the heads off Ghouls — they were a victim of budget cuts and out-and-out surrender on the part of the Elders. After a fair number of centuries, somebody finally realized that Unnaturals were here to stay. So, while the average Human on the street might not be crazy about it, the city has decided that as long as they're not harming anyone else and stay in the shadows, they won't be hunted. (Of course, if a Vampire sticks a straw in a Human, all bets are off. They're expected to go stand on the bloodlines and get their hand-out of day-old red stuff and be well-behaved bloodsuckers the rest of the time. How many of them actually do is debatable — but the important thing is to take them down and keep it quiet, anyway.) Most Unnaturals enjoy roughly the same amount of acceptance in the city limits, but the closer you can look to Human, as a general rule, the better off you'll be.

Sentinels are usually armed with batons charged with *pain* spells, .38 revolvers, scribe pads, an assortment of standard lead and runeslugs, and whatever other precautions they can take given their line of work.

Which laws are enforced and just how they're interpreted varies *from unit to unit* and *district to district*. "Victimless" crimes — prostitution, gambling, etc. — are generally given pretty low priority. These insitutions have become such an established fact of life in many parts of Galitia that a fair number of citizens don't even realize they *are* illegal. (In fact, the only reason they are illegal is that city officials



make more in bribes from pimps and gamblers than they would from the taxes legal enterprises would bring in.)

There's an unwritten hierarchy among sentinels, based on what duty they're pulling. Dock patrol or cult control is pretty low on the list; a high-profile murder case or nabbing jaywalkers in Das gives you sneering rights over your pals.

Regardless of what their duty, though, a sentinel's word is valued over just about anybody's except maybe one of the Big Rich or an Elder. If you're dragged into the local precinct for questioning, you better have a damn good alibi or be related to the judge. In some towns, "innocent until proven guilty" is a right — in Galitia, on a good day, it's a hope.

Sentinels are given plenty of latitude in how they do their jobs. Unless he's going around popping bystanders for the hell of it, it's doubtful there'll be any official inquiry about a shooting or a suspect who "fell down the stairs" a few times on his way into the precinct. The force doesn't have the time or the manpower to take sentinels off the street unless it's absolutely necessary. All of this means you'd better make sure the officer knows you're reaching

for your wallet before you go for it.

In addition to the patrolmen and detectives, there are sentinels skilled in virtually every type of magic, conjurevid artists who produce lifelike mug shots of suspects, and healers to help keep the suspects alive during interrogation.

Inquisitors aren't really part of the sentinel force — instead, they're allied with the judges, the guys who decide just how guilty you are and how much time it's going to cost you. Inquisitors act as prosecutors as well as interrogators, and are trained in the arts of persuasion as well as a hefty helping of vitomancy. In their hands, the trick question, the little room, the naked light bulb, they're an art form.

An inquisitor's arsenal includes standard browbeating as well as *pain*-charged batons and an alchemical formula known as "babble drops" that loosens the tongue. In general, though, inquisitors shy away from magic — its use leaves them open to the accused using the "memory implant" defense. A suspect will claim that his memories of committing the crime were put in his head by the inquisitor — what's more, he cannot defend himself properly because even *he* now believes he did it.



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

RUNNING THE RAILS

"I been running the rails for over 32 years now and I figure I've about seen it all by now. The starving Vamps who throw themselves in front of my 'runner are just the start of it. The damn blood cultists are even worse. Can you believe some of them have even jumped on my 'runner with their robes still dragging under their trench coats? Some of the ones still caught up in the afterglow are still trailing blood or slime — or carrying one of those cheap ceremonial knives they sell in the newscribe stands. I usually leave 'em alone, unless they start trying to sacrifice my fares.

"I've had to drive around just about every kind of Unnatural in this here 'runner, and the law won't do nothin' about it. That's what's gonna drive me into retirement — all the damn freaks and cultists popping up these days. We'd all be better off if the lot of 'em laid down on the tracks."

— Burton Nash, railrunner operator

Inquisitors try hard not to kill their subjects, since that would deprive them of the fun of going to trial. Unless he's a fanatic, an inquisitor will listen to the advice of the healer present and there aren't many accidental deaths reported.

The final link in the criminal justice chain is the judges who decide guilt and determine sentences. Judges, too, have a lot of leeway — if the gavel-banger really doesn't think that curfew violator is capable of rehabilitation, he can order the poor sap put to death. Usually, only blood cult leaders or other murderers get "the bolt" (most executions are done with *lightning bolt* spells, since they leave less of a mess to clean up afterwards). Common criminals are locked up in Cairngate.

GETTING AROUND

Although you will see autos on Galitia's streets — running either on fuel or elemental magic — most citizens don't own their own vehicle. Mass transit is popular and is composed of cabs and railrunners. The cabs range from almost rickshaw-like carts pulled by oxen or horses to good-sized cars. The fare varies depending on the cabbie's overhead and mood, where you want to go, and how gullible you look. Some of the ritzier cabs have spells charged into the passenger seats that relay to the driver how much the fare has on him.

If you can't afford a cab, you can always take a railrunner. The iron tracks of these can be seen nailed to the broader roads throughout most of Galitia. In the poorest districts, where

the streets become too narrow, the railrunners disappear down dark tunnels that riddle the underbelly of the city. Railrunners are either beast-drawn or run on sorcery.

Currently, the railrunners only use a minority of these tunnels, although at one time almost all railrunner traffic moved beneath the streets of the city. This underground innovation was greatly hailed at the time, some three to four hundred years ago, but the city soon discovered many flaws in the plan. For one thing, the generally open-air railrunners, pulled by teams of placid oxen, were easy prey to any and all creatures of the dark, Human or otherwise. Soon, Galitians learned to carry nothing of value on a railrunner. And then there was that little problem with the sewers, which necessitated a massive reconstruction of the tunnels. Even now, flooding is always a problem.

Today, underground tracks are in use mostly in poor areas, and drivers have to be alert for Unnaturals or flash floods. Once in a while, a railrunner will emerge from a tunnel covered in blood, with no one on board; just last week, one emerged nice and neat and clean — with no one on board. The sentinels are still investigating that one.

Elementally-powered railrunners are quick and quiet. Nicknamed "the silent death," a railrunner can move up behind you and run you over before you ever know it's there.

You can count on seeing more cars when you get into the wealthier sections of the city. Gas-guzzlers aren't real expensive, but the cost of fuel is enough to put most people off. Element-

tally-powered cars cost a good deal of gold, both to buy and to maintain, but you'll be the envy of the neighborhood. They're a great sign of social status and income bracket and all that number-cruncher sort of stuff.

POWERS THAT BE

On one hand, the way power's doled out in Galitia and what it's used for is pretty simple — but it's that other hand, the one kept behind the back, that you've got to watch out for. Until you get a clear look at it you never know if it's holding a wad of cash, a *thunder* potion, or an offer you can't refuse. You can split the city up into four classes: the Big Rich; the middle class; the poor; and the crazy. The rich have it and want to keep it; the middle class just want it; the poor would be satisfied just to get a look at it; and the crazy wouldn't know it if they saw it.

But the actual spread of power isn't quite as clearcut. Not every rich guy is a major player — and even the poor have some weight in a few places. Not every deal gets made in the rarefied air of an Elders meeting or corporate boardroom.

The point of all this is to let you know who's who and what kind of power they've got. It's guaranteed that every group will be looking out for their best interests, but what those interests might be is anybody's guess. Anybody who's played *basquet* knows to keep their cards to their chest, right? Finally, don't assume that these are the only folks with power in Galitia, and don't come looking for your money back if you use this info to do a deal and it doesn't work out. *Caveat emptor*, and every man for himself.

THE ELDERS

If you take Galitian law literally, the head of every established family among the Big Rich should be a member of the Council of Elders. But that's not the way it worked out — there are 39 families with enough dough to push people around, but only five members of the Council. These members have essentially rented their votes out, and spirited bidding wars have been known to erupt between families for a crucial "Yes" or "No." Normally, *though*, votes are rented by the decade, not by the issue.



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

The Board of Elders handles all law and policy for the city, and so is courted by every group with a stake in any matter. That might explain why Elders rarely lack for any of life's luxuries. Despite, or perhaps because of, this, there's been little real unrest in Galitia — the unions have never attempted to take control of the city, as they did in Guildsport, and the various other factions have kept in line as well. Most people figure that if the Elders go down, the city goes with them. (There was a little trouble a while ago when a necromancer started campaigning for "Undead rights," and people started worrying about the reanimated voting in a bloc. But that was all plowed some years back.)

The current membership of the Board of Elders is listed below, along with some notes on where they get their dough and their personalities:

ALDOUS BRIGHTON

Brighton is maybe the shrewdest member of the board. Thin and jumpy, his family owns the city's railrunner supplier and a good number of the banks. He's got the most influence of anybody on the board, which has helped put him at odds with Caiphas Bennington and Harris Sturn.

Brighton's grandfather had a lot on the ball, too. Back when Selastos was first built, old Brighton seized on it's flaws — lack of water and a dependence on Galitia for pretty much all their trade — and made a mint off them. Selastos was forced into a lopsided trade deal where Galitia — and Brighton's banks — got gold in return for water and other trade. Aldous' agenda revolves around squeezing Selastos even harder.

CAIPHAS BENNINGTON

Bennington is a large, powerfully built man with gray hair and eyes, who looks like he would be equally at home leading a party into the Wilderness or teaching philosophy in a Sarian temple. The Benningtons made their money in the flesh mill trade — Bennington bookbindings are among the best on the Galitian market — and have since diversified into the metalsmith business.

Bennington's charisma and grandfatherly looks helps to make up for the fact that so

many are prejudiced against his industry. It also allows them to ignore rumors that Bennington has a stake in half the brothels on the north side of the city.

Just what Caiphas hopes to get out of Galitia isn't clear, although one of his goals is certainly bumping Aldous Brighton out of the top spot. The Benningtons recently bought up two banks and may be hoping to fight Aldous on his own turf.

BRENNA ALBRECHT

Albrecht is a thin, ascetic woman, with long dark hair and flat blue eyes. She took her seat on the board after its previous holder, her Uncle Sean, died suddenly of a heart attack (just who attacked his heart is still open to question). She's proven herself to be extremely competent, not to mention ambitious, ruthless, and relentless.

The Albrecht family owns about half of Galitia's farmland, but haven't invested their money in any other industries, a fact which gives Brenna night sweats. She's been pushing for a sixth wall — to expand the farmable land — but so far hasn't won over the other Elders. What else she might be planning remains unknown.

HARRIS STURN

Sturn, the youngest member of the Board of Elders, is a darkly handsome man with broad shoulders and chiseled features. He's also the latest in the line of one of Galitia's oldest families, being a direct descendant of Galen Sturn. (The last of the Omegs died over a century ago, ending the rivalry between the two families. Since then, the Sturns have been at loose ends — the Omegs gave them somebody to struggle against, and without them, their fires have cooled.)

The Sturns control the other half of Galitia's farmland, stockyards, and the small, but vital, logging industry (and have clashed with the Woodworkers' Guild more than once). Sturn is the only Elder to have come out in support of Albrecht's sixth wall proposal, and has been known to challenge Brighton on virtually everything.

There are rumors that Sturn has been adding Unnaturals to his company's payroll at an alarming pace, for reasons no one knows.



TIARA CASSELY

Cassely is a tall blonde with dark eyes and curves in all the right places. It's hard to say how many men have spent too much attention on those curves, thus missing the warning signs up ahead. And she's never shown any hesitation about taking advantage of their distraction ...

The Casselys control Galitian mining and are, for all practical purposes, the rulers of Galipen. They also have their hands in the jewelry business, and (some say, real quietly) smuggling. (The Casselys are best known for hiring breed strikebreakers to smash a miners' walk-out. Where most employers are content with a few legbreakers, the Casselys went for spinebreakers in a big way.)

Tiara is pushing for gold shipments from Selastos to be forced to stop at Galipen for weighing and processing. This would allow her company to get a cut of the profits from the gold trade and also ensure more sentinel protection for her mines. Harris Sturn is considering going in on this request with her, since his loggers could also use a few more guns to keep the Wilderness creatures off their backs.

THE MAGES

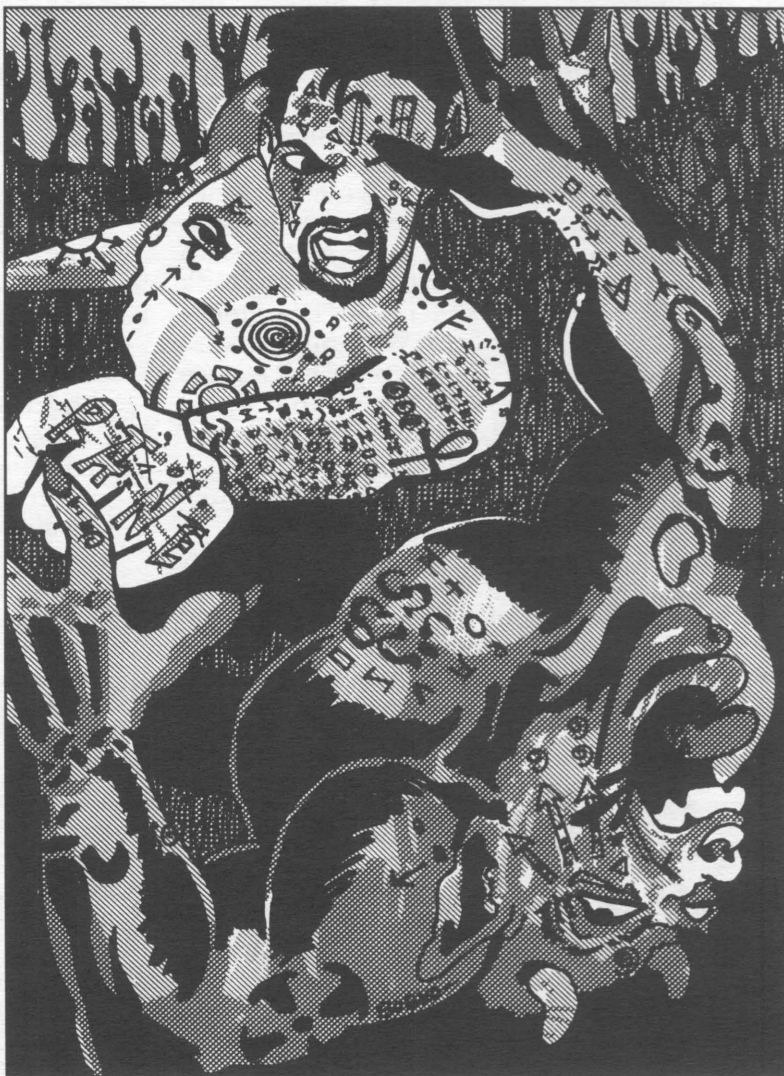
For most people in Galitia, casting spells is as normal as breathing, and is done almost as frequently. But there's a big difference between a guy who uses a cantrip to heat his coffee and somebody who makes a living at it. Although the city's never been able to attract a Mage Academy, there are plenty of lesser schools of magic around.

Though you can find somebody with knowledge of almost any kind of magic in Galitia, the biggest schools here are necromancy, alchemy and the elementals (particularly fire, earth and water).

Necromancers, of course, make a lot of their money off the flesh mills, both providing workers and preserving corpses until they can be

used. The sentinels also employ necromancers for forensic work. The Necromancers' Union is led by a weird old guy named Malach Revan-Hant.

Alchemists are another bunch it's worth your while to stay on the good side of. They run shops, mix potions, and work the alchemical plants all over the city, and their union strictly controls prices for their services. Innovations in alchemical magic are charged with the inventor's sigil, and he or she receives a percentage every time another mage uses that particular method. Ignore this at your peril — don't pay off on "sharespells" and you're apt to be blacklisted (and just watch the necros and the elementalists fall right in step with them).



Tim Bobko



Good luck finding somebody who'll work with a blacklisted alchemist — not too many people are willing to hack off the union. The Alchemists' Guild is run by Sabine Griffith, a red-headed dame whose true age is one of the city's better-kept secrets.

The elementalists' union — which includes the firemages, the earthmages, and the watermages, among others — is smaller than the other two but even more powerful. Think about it — who puts the heat in your heatstones or the water in your tap? Who makes sure there's enough water for the crops, but not too much? Face it, these mugs are all that stand between you and cold and hunger, and don't think they don't know it. It doesn't take a genius to see why the Elders treat them like they're made of gold.

The Elementalist Guild is actually a few unions uncomfortably living under one umbrella. The largest of these is the firemage union, led by a guy named Jack Frye. What most people don't know is that the real power in the union lies with a shadowy type known only as "Ghost."

THE MOBS

First thing you should know is that there aren't one or two big mobs running Galitia. That went out with Rondo a lot of years ago. Instead, there are a bunch of smaller syndicates, some pretty tough, some here today, spirit smoke tomorrow. Before you take a job from one, make sure you know exactly who you're working for.

There are two mobsters who might have a shot at bringing all the gangs to heel. One's a Vampire by the name of Arle, who controls the queskworm's share of Galitia's casinos. He's got his cold fingers in a lot of other pies, too, including running stolen blood and organs, graverobbing, and the more kinky of the skinshow offerings (anything with unwilling participants, slavery, cannibalism, Undead shows, the works).

The other is a 30ish former prostitute, now madam, named Esmer. Most of the whorehouses are under her control, but just how many no one is sure. She's done a good job keeping her name away from the newscribes, some say because she has connections with — or something on — some of the publishers. At any rate, she's one of the better-informed sources in the city and if you can get her owing you one, she can be a big help.

Below these two are a whole lot of mid-level gangsters. Toughest of this lot is Trec Kendall, who works out of a casino/nightclub called "The Arch." Trec's always maintained a fair number of legit businesses, but it's rumored that he's into both gambling and extortion in a big way.

THE LAW

If you're going to talk about wielding power, you have to talk about the sentinels, the inquisitors, and the judges. Each branch of the "injustice system," as the cynics like to brand it, has its head appointed by the Elders. The appointment is for life or until the office-holder gets too many of the wrong people angry at him, whichever comes first.



Paul Daly

Galitia's chief justice is August Bennington, reed-thin and half-deaf. And yes, he is related to Caiphas Bennington, one of the more prominent city Elders. What would Galitia be without a little nepotism?

Aidan Hammond, Inquisitor General, is new to his position and still pretty much an unknown quantity. His record hints at an incredible sense of timing and he's got something of a rep for keeping a cool head in tight situations.

Sentinel Chief Lawrence Baines has managed to maintain his position for twenty years, a remarkable achievement. Baines is well aware of what goes on in his city, and is said to be taking the recent surge in violent crime poorly. He's already ordered several mass arrests of cultists and is said to be considering "shoot-on-sight" curfews for some areas.

THE CRAFT GUILDS

The skilled artisans and craftspeople of Galitia have a number of unions and associations, including one for woodworkers, one for sculptors, one for metalsmiths, jewelers, etc. Each of these unions has its own specific policies, dues, and membership requirements, but all fall under the umbrella union known as the Artisans and Crafts Alliance, or ACA. The ACA is led by an elected official. Each union puts up its own candidate during an election year (every odd year), and the bribery, innuendo, petty jealousies, and other joys of the election process are given free rein.

The current head of the ACA is a jeweler named Edd Crause, whose specialty is impressing *lust* spells into his works. Edd has won the previous two elections on the force of his personality and the favoritism of several city Elders who appreciate the results of his work. Crause may not be as tame as the Elders believe he is, though, and some think he plans to use what he knows about them to the ACA's advantage in the not too far future.



CHAPTER
THREE

THE DISTRICTS

The districts of Galitia are a mixed lot, ranging from the high class, penthouse-ridden Das and Vrenthar to the insanity and misery that is “Frenzy.” Each district has its own character, its own rules, its own big fish and bottom-feeders. Although there are still a few arguments over exactly where each district ends, the basic lines have long been drawn.

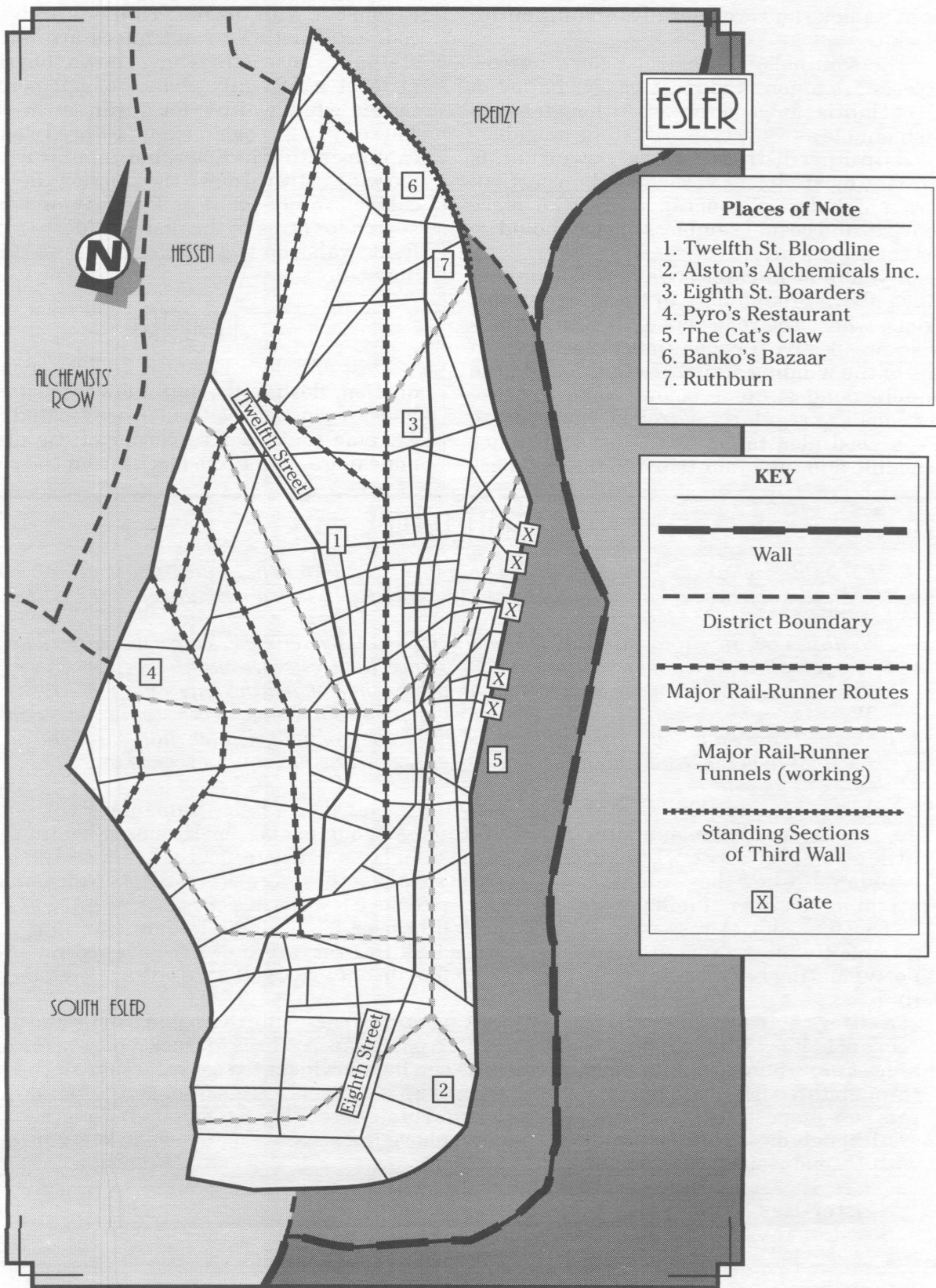
The districts in this chapter have been grouped and divided, not by lines on a map, but to best help the reader make his way no matter where he may be in Galitia (although any tourist who decides to casually stroll the streets of “Frenzy” at night is on his own). Each district is looked at for population, entertainment, industry, general living conditions, people and places of note, and any rumors swirling around these days. How much attention is paid to any given subject depends on how much there is to say — after all, Canons is full of banks and brokers, but a long speech on them is beyond the scope of this book (and duller than a lecture on the mating habits of the *vorchrat*).

One thing more about the rumors and such in this chapter. The info is the best that could be found, but like my old mother used to say, “When the dealer says it’s the best gun in the store, make sure it ain’t the worst, too.” Most of these stories were put together from pieces picked up here and there, and how true they are is anybody’s guess (which should go without saying, but the runecaster said I better include the disclaimer).

ESLER

Located on the southeastern border of Galitia, Esler stands flush against the river Skorn. Although one of the younger districts, Esler looks like one of the oldest. Its buildings are a combination of wood and cheap stone, and next to “Frenzy,” Esler has suffered the most from drunken fireimages trying to





light a smoke and accidentally torching entire blocks.

The sentinels who patrol Esler's narrow streets are among the most trigger-happy in all of Galitia, for good reason. Although not as fashionable as some of the red stone neighborhoods in other districts, Esler's "Downwind" is sure the most violent. "Downwind" in particular, and Esler in general, is not the place tourists and casual samplers of vice should go for their pleasures.

If you're looking for a way in, railrunners move above ground only in the westernmost areas, where the roads open up a bit. Otherwise, prospective travellers must venture down one of the winding staircases that lead to the underground stations below. None of these stations are regularly patrolled, however, so it's a good idea to get the latest railrunner schedule and time your trip into the darkness

to coincide with the next runner's arrival. (Of course, sometimes railrunners are late, but stats and runecastings have shown that there's at least a fifty-fifty chance of *not* being attacked while waiting for a 'runner in Esler.) There are a few older, oxen-powered rickshaw cabs operating in Esler, but regular cabs are too wide to travel down the smaller alleys, and cabbies rarely see it as worth their while to search for fares in the district. Most traffic in Esler walks on two feet (or paws, as the case may be).

INDUSTRY

Most of Esler's business is alchemical production, flesh mills, and a few import/export houses. Most of the former are located in the extreme southeastern corner of the district, none more than three blocks from the river to

SKITTER-RATS

"Thrimble's what you can call me, but only if you'll give me that fancy-pants pen of yours. You wanna know about skitter-rats, heh? You don't smell like a wrong guy, but I still don't know if I like you, Hairless.

"Wouldn't try anything on me, would you? Hope not, fer yer sake, 'cause we skitters watch out fer each other — watch out fer everything. You Hairless types oughta keep that in mind after you go stealing from the boss or take in a kinkshow when the wife's not looking.

"We're everywhere and nowhere, and most of you groundlings never seem to know when to look up. There's a whole world up here, and it's a hell of a lot cleaner than what you've got ... Hey, lookee here! Dead kittens, my favorite! Looks like I'm rolling sevens today!"

Skitter-rats, or sk'rats, as they are sometimes called, are hairy humanoids with large eyes, elongated faces, and lanky, hairless tails. Although small for Humans (averaging a little over 1.5 meters tall), a skitter-rat can pass for Human in a trenchcoat, hat, and glasses. No one's sure how they evolved, but street talk says that they were the result of an alchemist's attempts to either stabilize a werereature or remove a wererat's curse.

The first skitter-rats were spotted in Galitia over four hundred years ago, and their numbers (while still small) have only increased. Skitter-rats are known to have vigorous (and noisy) mating habits, but unlike true rats, a female only gives birth to one or two kids at a time.

Skitter-rats can climb walls without working up a sweat, using their sharp nails and great sense of balance to good effect. A skitter-rat can use its keen senses to track a person or thing almost anywhere in Galitia; and skitter-rats can hear a whispered conversation all the way through three floors of a brownstone, making it hard to keep secrets from one. Some skitter-rats can shapeshift into a form more rat than Human, roughly 0.6 meters in length.

Although most skitter-rats like to stay up above the streets, some keep in regular touch with Humans or other "groundlings."

Skitter-Rat

See stats in Appendix B.



allow easy access to the waters that serve as trash can for the factories. Although the plants are supposed to keep the noxious (and in some cases, deadly) materials in magically sealed containers, many choose to use the unspelled sort to cut costs. Some go so far as to empty their waste products directly into the Skorn or the lower sewers that empty into the river. (And in a few instances, Esler's gutters have run with weird substances, dotted with the partially corroded bodies of rats. If you should see this, it's probably not a good time to try and add to your "bottled fauna" collection.)

The flesh mills of Esler are pretty typical of flesh mills everywhere. Located to the north, their stench adds a ... unique ... quality to the foods cooked in local restaurants.

The docks and the surrounding warehouses run nearly the entire length of Esler and are the central location of all major import/export businesses in Galitia. It's in these tightly warded and barred buildings that deals bring luxuries in to Galitia, and send the works of the artisans, the alchemists (mostly illegal drug trafficking) and some of the products of the flesh mills to other cities.

POPULATION

Esler's population is a mixed bag with a high percentage of Unnaturals (close to five percent, if you believe the census), mostly Ghouls, Orris, Sketh and others who can't quite pass. Even though they're still uncommon when you look at the whole picture, more businesses have started to catering to them and most people turn a blind eye to their hobbies (graverobbing, cannibalism, etc.) Most of the Humans in the neighborhood are so worn down by their jobs that they wouldn't notice if a Karkas went to pieces on their doorstep.

Esler's also home to most of Galitia's skitter-rats, who make their nests in the rooftops. These inquisitive types have converted many abandoned alchemical plants and sagging tenements into extensive warrens created from a variety of materials, ranging from bolts of old cloth and cotton to stolen tables and mirrors. Anyone who's ever had the dubious privilege of being invited into a skitter-rat's home has probably come away with numerous bumps, bruises, scrapes, and a ruined set of clothing

LOCAL RUMOR

Budget cuts may force the closing of the Twelfth Street bloodline. This would leave the area's Vamps with nothing but the necks of their fellow Eslerites to munch on.

just from making his way through its garbage-strewn depths.

Although the skitter-rats carry on a variety of business just among each other, many find work as spies, garbage haulers, chimney cleaners, and thieves. As any newscribe worth her pen will tell you, a skitter-rat informant is probably one of the best sources of information in all of Galitia.

ENTERTAINMENT

If you're on your own in Esler, looking for a little diversion, there are three possibilities: a whore, a fume or a dice with some of the local high-rollers.

Don't expect class from the prostitutes in this part of town, though. Esler whores of both genders are all business. The prices they charge are low enough to make customers ignore fleas, disease, and other distractions, but this also means the hookers have to hustle a lot of business to make ends meet. It's rare for an Esler whore to last more than a few years, even in one of the better houses that dot the west side of the district, let alone in the dockside dives. Those people with particularly strange tastes can have their needs met in one of the Unnatural houses that feature werereatures, Hugor pairs, and even the occasional Undead.

Drugs are also rampant in Esler. Although most of the standard drugs can be found in the district, Esler dealers are known for their ability to find new and exciting substances. The fact that they're obviously being used as cauldron rats for the alchemical factories doesn't stop the users from testing out the new products. You can bet that when a dealer is giving out free samples, there are two or more alchemists studying its effects on him.

The latest fad drug eating away at the populace of Esler is known as *vahis*. A "fumer," *vahis* is inhaled from a flask. *Vahis* is almost



instantly addictive, and its users have been known to wander off the docks and into the river with idiotic grins stretched across their faces. The largest number of *vahis*-related deaths, though, come about through dehydration. The addict simply forgets to eat or drink, and he's dead within days of his first whiff.

Gambling is also immensely popular in Esler. Although you can find cards, dice and wheels in the district, Esler also has perhaps half a dozen skinpits hidden among the more casinos and clubs. Skinpits feature live fights, pitting two combatants against each other in a battle that ends in either permanent maiming, or (in grudge matches) death. Skinpit combatants fight nude, and many tattoo their bodies with bizarre runes (intended to distract opponents from their more tender organs). Most fights have a specific goal, for example, the removal of the opponent's little finger. Whichever fighter first succeeds at this goal wins the combat and a share in the prize money. The loser usually gets to keep the severed finger (unless the winner happens to be a Ghoul).

You don't want to get caught at a skinpit during a raid, because the sentinels' hands-off policy toward most illegal gambling dens doesn't hold for skinpits. Raids at these establishments are often bloody, and anyone picked up in one get an all-expense paid stay in Cairngate.

DAILY LIFE

Although the skitter-rats think of Esler, with its collapsing buildings and hazy air, as "cozy," most Humans don't think a single decent house exists in the district. Esler's population lives in sagging wooden tenements, rooming houses, or on the streets. The tenements are most common along the western and southwestern border of the district, and there are clumps of rooming houses for laborers near the docks, the factories and the mills. Many of the homeless favor old alchemical storage vessels as shelters against the wind and the cold.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note may be found within Esler's borders:

TWELFTH STREET BLOODLINE

Located in the heart of the district, the Twelfth Street bloodline is one of the oldest in Galitia. Like the rest of Esler's population, the Vampires who resort to standing in line for the stale blood passed out at the bloodline are a motley crew. Although most are relatively sane, many are scarred drifters who will more than likely die from blood starvation caused by carelessness, self-loathing, and despair. The Vampires of Twelfth Street blow up the popular myth about the glamorous lives of the "princes of the Undead."

Although the area around the dingy, converted tenement that houses the bloodline is dangerous for "warmflesh," it can be a useful spot to locate desperate Vampires willing to work for a few pints of the red stuff. Watch out for operatives of the Vampire crime boss Arle, who often stop by the bloodline to pick up a bloodsucker who's welshed on a debt, or to shake down the pathetic creatures for the last of any money or other items of value they might possess.

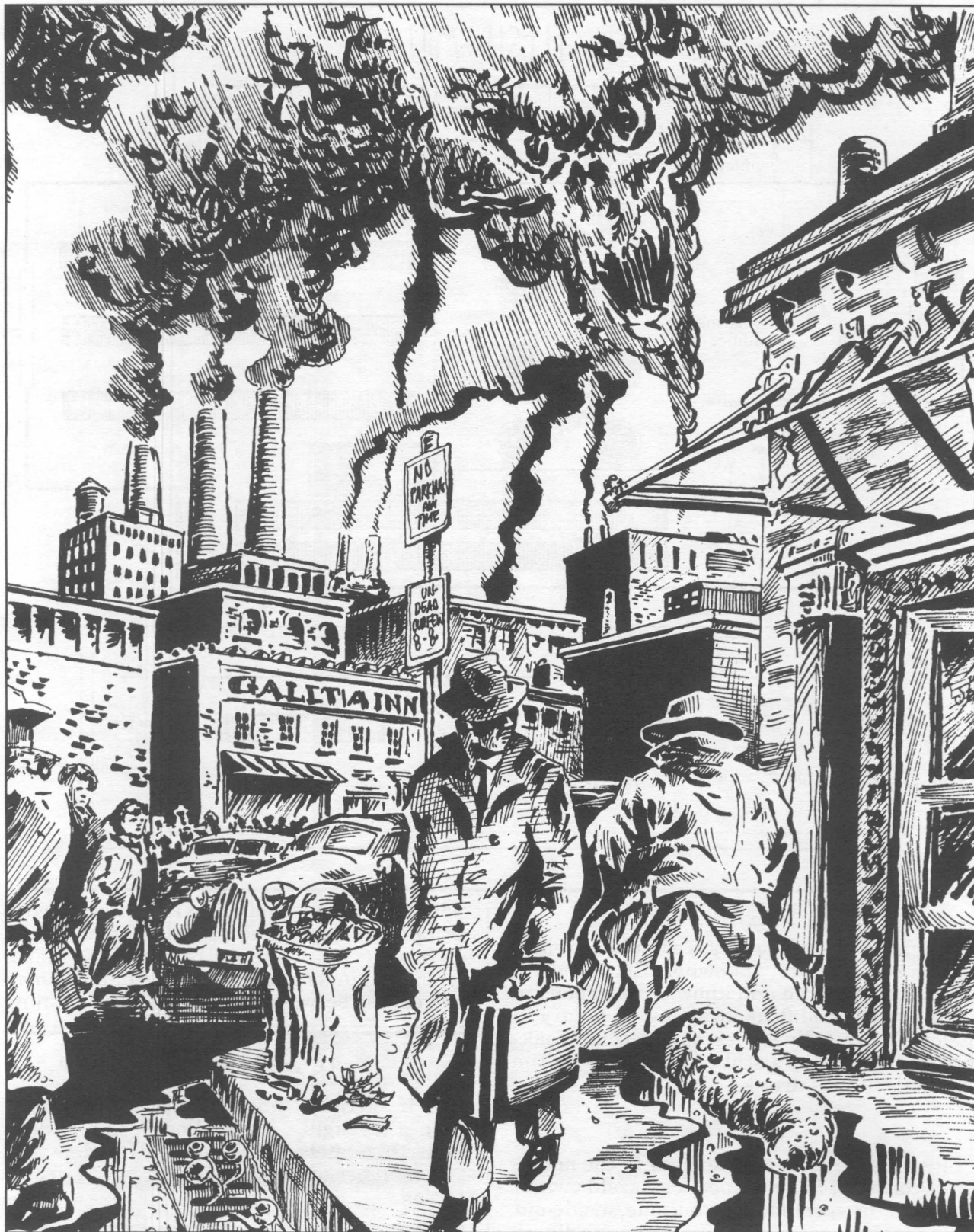
REITHBURN

Galitia's oldest and largest insane asylum, Reithburn is only for the hopeless cases or people someone wants to make disappear for a long, long time, but can't risk killing. Place gives me the shivers every time I walk past it — it's maybe one step up above living in "Frenzy," and even ranking it that high is being charitable.

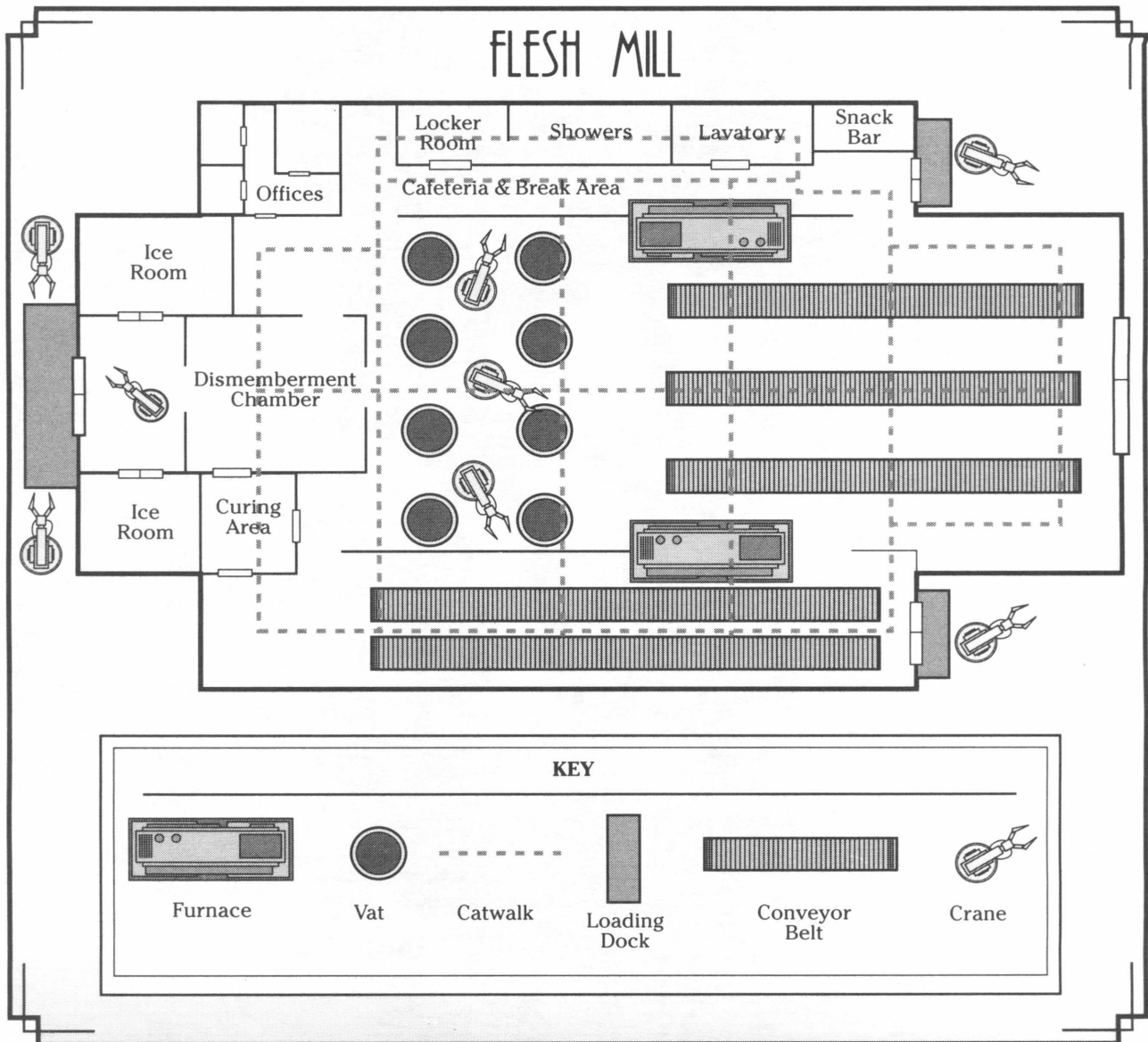
ALSTON'S ALCHEMICALS INC.

Alston's sprawling factory takes up a full two blocks of the southeastern section of Esler. The large alchemical plant specializes in converting thin slices of shale brought in from Galipen to alchemical gold. Although far less valuable than real gold, alchemical gold is still a valuable substance, and Alston's is always on the lookout for people willing to guard their warehouses and plants.

In addition to gold leaf creation, Alston's also does a brisk business in processing base minerals such as salt into *phanium*, a mildly poisonous substance used in the creation of many magical cleansers.



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill



EIGHTH STREET BOARDERS

Eighth Street Boarders is a flophouse eight blocks off the river. Its owner, Doc Sanders, doesn't overcharge and knows a few spells to keep the lice and fleas away, a real luxury in Esler. Doc usually serves up a decent breakfast too, unless he's still recovering from the previous night's drunk.

PYRO'S

Pyro's is a restaurant and bar in the north-west corner of Esler named for its odd owner/chef and the spectacular, tableside, inside-out flambes that are its specialty. Although diners

with more specialized tastes are encouraged to bring their own exotic meats (living or dead), Pyro's keeps a supply of common meats (chicken, ginger rat, beef, etc.) on hand. Diners can choose between rare or well-done (dining

LOCAL RUMOR

If you're an Unnatural, you might want to give Eighth Street Boarders a wide berth. Somebody told me Doc Sanders is a member of the Cult of Human Perfection.

tip: customers with weak stomachs are advised to not even *sit* at a table with anyone ordering “rare”). Well-done meals are dead before Pyro uses his pyrokinesis to cook them from the inside out, while meals cooked rare are not. Connoisseurs swear that there is a significant difference in taste between the two styles, with the alchemists surmising the zesty tang of the rare serving comes from the sudden burst of adrenaline released during cooking.

The second floor at Pyro’s has been converted into a bar that features nightly entertainment. It is a favorite meeting place for those in the alchemical trade.

Pyro’s sits by itself in an otherwise empty block of cracked pavement interspersed with bare, earthen foundations. Over a decade ago, the rest of the district’s once thriving diner and bar scene burned down in a huge conflagration that could be seen across Galitia. Only

Pyro’s survived.

PYRO CROSS

A dark man with bushy eyebrows that seem to crawl halfway up his face, Cross is the pyrokinetic chef and owner of Pyro’s, a popular alchemist’s hang-out. So far as anyone knows, Pyro never leaves his restaurant. Pyro is on good terms with most of the major alchemists in Galitia, and gossips think that for a time he was even seeing Sabine Griffith, although if there ever was an affair, it seems to have “cooled off.”

Pyro loathes most Unnaturals, particularly skitter-rats. Pyro won’t allow garbage to collect outside his restaurant for fear it will attract sk’rats.

See stats in Appendix B.



Tim Bobko



THE CAT'S CLAW

The Cat's Claw is a gloomy bar, brothel, and gambling den at the southern end of the docks. No sign says it's there and potential customers normally hear about the Claw only through word of mouth. Customers reach the Claw by walking through a narrow, blind alley under the watchful eyes of some of the Cat's Hugor bouncers. The alley opens into a miniscule courtyard in front of a semi-mansion hidden from view by the tall warehouses and alchemical plants surrounding it (and a mix of magic and bribery).

Inside the Claw, a customer can find just about every sin ever invented, or so the owner, Cat, claims. The whores are accommodating, if apathetic, but for enough money they'll put up with more than most. The liquor is mostly rotgut and the gambling is fierce. Those mugs who know the current password (or strike Cat's peculiar fancies) are allowed access to a certain back room and spiral stair that leads down to the heart of Cat's business — the skinpits.

Many of Esler's rougher crowd hang out at the Claw, and it's a good place to hire extra legbreakers, second-story men, and worse. Those with a taste and skill for such things can also make money in the pits, and Cat is always looking for new talent.

CAT

The owner of one of the most infamous vice dens in all of Galitia always has a warm smile at the ready. A decade ago, she was fighting her way through the skinpit circuit, a smiling, but deadly, novelty act. Through some shrewd investments and cautious blackmail, Cat has risen relatively far in the world.

A charming woman with short black hair and large green eyes, Cat is said to be very close to several judges and inquisitors as well as to most of the local sentinels, whom she treats generously. Cat's general good humor serves her well, often distracting her opponents into believing she is a pushover. More than one man has found himself less so after one of Cat's little reminders. Her experience in the skinpits she now owns still comes in handy upon occasion.

Cat likes to know what's going on in more than her little slice of Galitia, and she is said to be in tight with the skitter-rats of the district, who keep her up on gossip and events from all over the city.

See stats in Appendix B.

LOCAL RUMOR

Alston's Alchemicals plant is said to have an R&D department devoted to producing illegal drugs. Locals also claim that the plant laces their experimental street drugs with a newly patented alchemical tracer that allows Alston's thugs to home in on the bodies of their customers. This allows the company to retrieve the corpses and bring them back to their labs to study the effectiveness of their stuff.

BANKO'S BAZAAR

Banko is an enterprising skitter-rat who is considered a fanatical collector even by sk'rat standards. Located atop an old warehouse near the north side of Esler, the huge piles of junk heaped around the young skitter-rat's home are visible for many blocks. Not long ago, Banko installed a huge sign on the roof spelling out "Banko's Bizarre" in glowstones. Banko's real proud of this sign, and if you're smart, you won't point out the misspelling to him.

For those willing to blow the time and effort, there are treasures to be found on the warehouse's roof. Banko seems to have a particular knack for finding guns, rune-knives, and runeslugs of all sorts, and his prices will only cause your heart to seize up for a few seconds. Sometimes he'll even take cash, but it's more likely that he'll want something in trade. If you don't have what he wants, he won't sell.

This cockeyed way of doing business has almost led to more than one fight. But everybody knows Banko's got enough alchemy on the roof to blow it, and everything else within

LOCAL RUMOR

At least two skitter-rats are taking the long dirt nap after wandering too close to Pyro's, and their cousins figure the restaurant owner, or one of his pals, poisoned them. Pyro must be into something illegal — or dangerous. Why else would he be so nervous about sk'rats?

a block, to hell and gone (not to mention all the usual skitter-rat traps).

See stats in Appendix B.

"FRENZY"

Formerly known as Trass, the district now called "Frenzy" squats like a malign tumor on Galitia's eastern border. Hang around with some kids and you'll find that "Frenzy" is the preferred site for "chop stories," those late-night tales about amorous teens getting sliced and diced. And then there are the dares — "Bet you won't sneak into 'Frenzy' after dark" — and the insults — "Aw, your mother got you from a 'Frenzy' flesh mill."

"Frenzy" is a loose collection of warehouses, flesh mills, miniature shanty towns, rundown bars, and worn-out lives. A few of the poorer dock workers who eke out a living at the north end of the docks which jut into Frenzy maintain a close-knit, if rough, society in the district's southeastern quarter. For the most part, though, the people who live here don't do it 'cause they want to, but because they've got no place else to go. They're afraid, and hopeless, and desperate — and that's during the day. With the dark come the screams and moans of mages who cast one spell too many or shapeshifters stuck in mid-shift.

First rule: don't expect a sentinel to bail you out — they don't go there — and don't look for a cab or a 'runner after dark.

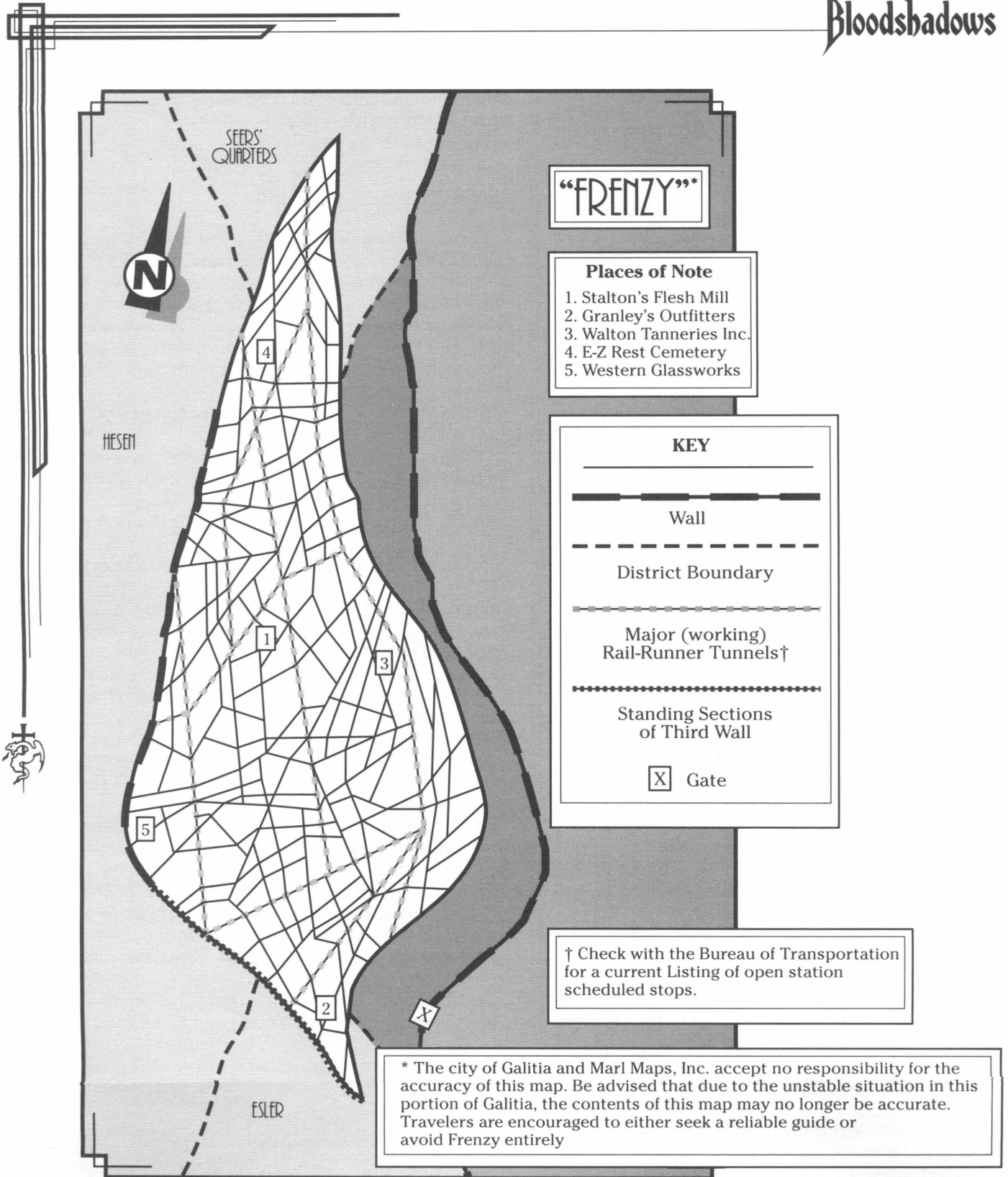
Most people who come to "Frenzy" for the first time comment on how quiet it is (at least, during the day). And it's true — except for a brief flurry in the morning and at night, as the mill workers go to and from work, the streets are abandoned during the day. Most of the magic-crazies stay inside until nightfall, and the rest don't come out at all.

So "Frenzy's" not the place to bring the wife and kids on vacation, unless you're looking to come back without them. But if you're willing to brave the place, there are a few things of worth to be found.

INDUSTRY

Industry's not exactly thriving in "Frenzy," but then, why should it be any different? There are a fair number of warehouses, a few flesh mills, some tanneries and a lot of bars (if you





lived there — or worked there — you'd need a drink, too). The brothels are cut-rate but the only places I've seen with poorer quality are the "pleasure houses" in Selastos' Taxim Quarter.

The mills in "Frenzy" are, if you can believe it, worse than those in Esler. As the neighborhood has gone downhill, and competition has increased from other districts, the outlook for the mills has grown worse. Most are in the process of shutting down, laying off their graveyard shifts and their mages. That means their product line is next to nothing, since they can't sell anything except ornaments. In a few cases, the mills have started selling bodies back and forth until there isn't enough left to make a snack for a Ghoul. But despite it all, the mills keep scraping by.

At first glance, the notion of storing something in a place where even sentinels won't venture at night doesn't seem too bright. But the warehouses of "Frenzy" are still the district's most successful businesses. Your average burglar just isn't going to take the risk of walking those streets at night, no matter what they might be able to cop. Most of the warehouses invest in at least decent doorseals and a pair or two of Hugors (and warehouse Hugors are allowed free rein in dealing with anybody they catch snoop-

ing around). (Hugors, not being too swift, have been known to think that somebody walking on the other side of town has his eye on their warehouse, and have broken him accordingly.) Sentinels have learned to ignore the mess the Hugors leave behind, so business is good for the warehouse owners.

Tanneries are also popular along the docks. Everybody knows tanning animal skins makes a stench — but it's roses compared to the flesh mills a few blocks away, so nobody complains. A flophouse near a tannery is considered prime property in "Frenzy," and the whole of the industry is crammed into this district (but Dela's tanneries have nothing to fear from the shabby stuff these places turn out).

POPULATION

The people of "Frenzy" are a rag-tag lot, stepped on and abused by life. Although a few successful eccentrics maintain their carefully warded homes in this district, "Frenzy's" home to the dregs of Galitian society. Since the law has basically given up on the neighborhood, a wanted criminal can live without fear of capture here — for as long as he can stand the place, that is.

"Frenzy" has the highest percentage of



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

Unnaturals in the city, with some folks putting it at over 10 percent. Of course, there hasn't been a census taken here in decades, so there's no real way to know. But privately I doubt that the figure could be higher than 20 percent, or there wouldn't be too many Humans left alive in the area, right?

Southeastern "Frenzy" is home to an Elkist ghetto. Elkists make a decent living hiring themselves out as dockworkers or sailors. They're good workers and have been known to walk away from tussles with Wilderness creatures. That's enough for most barge captains, who'll ignore the Elkists' bad tempers and their diet.

Naturally, the most infamous of the district's residents, as a group, are the mages who've torn their minds to pieces with a little too much feedback. They're the ones you hear screaming, shouting, crying, moaning, the ones you see running through the streets like all the devils in hell were after them or shuffling along like Zuvembies. Now, the average magic spell is safe as glowstones — but mess with the more powerful stuff, and there's no telling what might happen to you. This seems to be especially true with Chaotic magic, which is a little screwy to begin with.

LOCAL RUMOR

- Several blocks of central "Frenzy" are said to be the territory of one or more Tulpa, whose influence is believed to be growing stronger.
- Twenty years ago, the valet of one of the Big Rich cracked and fled into "Frenzy" carrying a work of art, a sculpture of a spider in obsidian. Contained inside the statue is said to be the recipe for an alchemical potion that would grant restored youth. The original owner would do anything to get it back, and some of the Elkist "district dashes" are thinly concealed efforts to find it.
- One of the boarded-up tunnels leading to the railrunner lines actually leads to an old "escape tunnel" to the Pendar Pass and the gate supposedly located there.

If you conjure when you should have summoned, and you're real lucky, you'll wake up in a plush asylum with healers there to talk you out of pulling off your ears. If you're a little lucky, you'll get locked in a hole, where at least you'll be warm and fed. All the rest wind up dead or in "Frenzy" — no other district will take those types. More than one desperate family has driven their old gas-guzzler to the edge of the neighborhood at dusk to drop off poor Uncle Joe, who tried that *fireball* one too many times and has his brains leaking out his ears. I've never heard of anybody recovering in "Frenzy," and it's doubtful the average resident lives much more than a year.

The reason for that is the other major group in "Frenzy," a breed of Unnatural called a Karnos (also known as "skinbags," though not to what passes for their faces). Karnos need living bodies to lay their eggs in, preferably bodies whose minds have already checked out. That makes "Frenzy" an ideal breeding ground.

ENTERTAINMENT

"Frenzy" isn't noted for entertainment, unless you consider listening to a couple dozen people screaming themselves hoarse a nice way to pass a Saturday night. There are, however, a number of small bars and shoe-string brothels tucked away in the district's twisted alleys.

And then there are the "district dashes," a favorite sport of Elkists, Sketh and some Humans. These races always start an hour past dusk in one corner or another of "Frenzy," and the contestants attempt to get to the district's far corner first. They might be given magical sensors attuned to an object hidden within the district, with the one reaching the item first called the winner.

Anything goes in these contests. Whether they're relays or solo events, everybody competing is expected to put up something of value, and the winners get the loot. It's not unusual for wards or other "obstacles" to be scattered along the route to liven things up.

One of the variations of this sport is called a "ditch-and-die." In this game, somebody's (or a group of somebodies) snatched from outside the district and dropped in the middle of "Frenzy" after dark. Then they try to get out



KARNOS

"The Human body's an intriguing thing, really ... so moist and full of so many, many little toys and gadgets ... but we know you came here to talk about us. Feel our body's skin ... push harder, there! Does it feel like it's shifting, like a million tiny serpents yearning for freedom? Well, that is the true us, for we-I function more smoothly together than the organs that once sat within this frame. We are in perfect harmony with ourself. Can you say likewise, lonely one?"

Karnos first appeared in Galitia two decades ago, the first few of these claiming to have emerged from the bottom of the river after a very long period of hibernation. Karnos are hive intellects that require a comatose, catatonic, or otherwise "mindless" Human body to function within.

In order to create a new Karnos, the Unnatural must regurgitate an approximately fist-sized, mucous-covered egg. The Karnos places this egg directly into the chosen body's mouth. Upon touching the warm saliva within, the egg breaks open and the individual microscopic bodies of the Karnos begin to carve out their new home. They remove the body's internal organs, leaving only a thick layer of skin, eyes (in most cases), and the supporting bone structure. (If a Karnos' physical shell is ever severely wounded, it may also use a similar technique to transfer bodies, embracing the new host while the myriad bodies within pour directly between the two mouths and into the new host.

Karnos are surprisingly smart and are known for the assortment of ticks and twitches that afflict them. Although normally capable of passing as "Human," a Karnos' eyes will always appear flat and dull. For some reason, its finger and toenails fall off, allowing a slow ooze of fluids to regularly emerge. Karnos rarely appear in public without gloves.

Karnos are capable of patching and regenerating their host body's physical tissue so long as not more than 30 percentage of the tissue is damaged. They have an affinity for necromantic magic, but they're best known for their ability to detect deception or the presence of poison in another. It does this by inserting a small, greenish-black tendril of their true forms into any orifice of another. This weakens them, though, so they can only do it for limited periods of time.

A fair number of Karnos are snobs, but those that deign to work are usually freelance investigators or medical consultants.

Some Karnos are said to have learned spells that allow them to drive Humans into catatonia, and are using them to create more breeding vessels.

See stats in Appendix B.

again, while the comeptitors watch in scry-crystals and bet on how long they'll survive.

DAILY LIFE

Living conditions here are the worst in all of Galitia. Filth and rot are everywhere, and although there are a few rooming houses that charge rent, most of "Frenzy's" inhabitants simply pick a building that for some reason appeals to them and move in. Some the local small-timers squeeze protection money out of their neighbors, but for the most part, there aren't any big shakedowns because nobody has anything to shake loose.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note may be found within "Frenzy's" borders:

STALTONN'S FLESH MILL

Located smack in the middle of the district, Staltonn's is a prime example of how even a flesh mill can go to seed. Taking up most of a block, the cavernous building is full of the vats, fires, chemical tanks, incinerators, and stench of any mill. Staltonn's financial trouble is currently so bad that they have laid off their mages, their entire graveyard shift, and now produce only fake "Hands of Glory."

LOCAL RUMOR

Darman Krog claims to incinerate all but the hands of the bodies the mill uses in their production. However, some people have claimed to see bodies heaped into large handcarts and rolled away from Staltonn's back door. Some say Darman is some sort of Ghoul sympathizer, while others think he has a side deal going with a blood cult, a demon, or worse.

The mill's manager, Darman Krog, is a nervous sort who has an unfortunate tendency to hear more than he wants to know. Some people believe Krog has talent, but no control, and so can't keep from plucking secrets from the minds of others (maybe he has a little Unnatural in him, what do you think?) Krog faints at the sight of violence, a strange quality in a flesh mill manager.

GRANLEY'S OUTFITTERS

Granley's Outfitters juts seven stories up out of the filth of southeastern Frenzy. Originally constructed during the Third Wall, the building once served as a lookout tower. Sentries kept watch day and night for any Wilderness creatures heading towards the smaller, and more vulnerable, Galitia of those days. Today, Granley, the tower's Elkist owner, sometimes uses it to watch district dashes as well as to look for new ships coming down the Skorn. New ships mean potential business to Granley, and he likes to get a jump on the competition.

The bottom floor of the tower is devoted to an outfitter's shop with a surprisingly good selection of goods. Granley's is probably the only place in Galitia where a prospective customer might be able to find a decent map of small areas of the Wilderness or even other cities. Granley's been around a few times and is pretty good at spotting fakes, so only about half the maps in his store are fakes.

Granley also does a thriving business as a "headhunter," scaring up local talent for dock work and even caravan escorts. He's willing to try and find work for anybody who can pay, but leans toward other Elkists.

THE KEYHOLE

The Keyhole is a safehouse said to be somewhere on "Frenzy's" south side. It's used by various mobs to hide out thugs until the heat's off. Everybody knows no sentinel with half a brain is going to walk into this neighborhood on a bet. The exact layout of the place isn't known, but somebody once described it as a "gilded cell in an asylum where the lunatics are the jailers."

"THE WEATHERMAN"

"The Weatherman," as this odd old Ghoul is known, wanders the docks of "Frenzy," occasionally straying into Esler. Usually wearing clothes that smell suspiciously of the grave and clutching a greasy paper bag full of "snacks," the Weatherman constantly carries on a muttered conversation with himself.

What sets the "Weatherman" apart from so many of the other crazies wandering the district is his longevity (with sightings going back a decade or more) and his apparently uncontrollable and uncanny gift of prophecy. If he looks at you, you'd be smart to ignore his ugly face and eye-watering stench and just listen to the man.

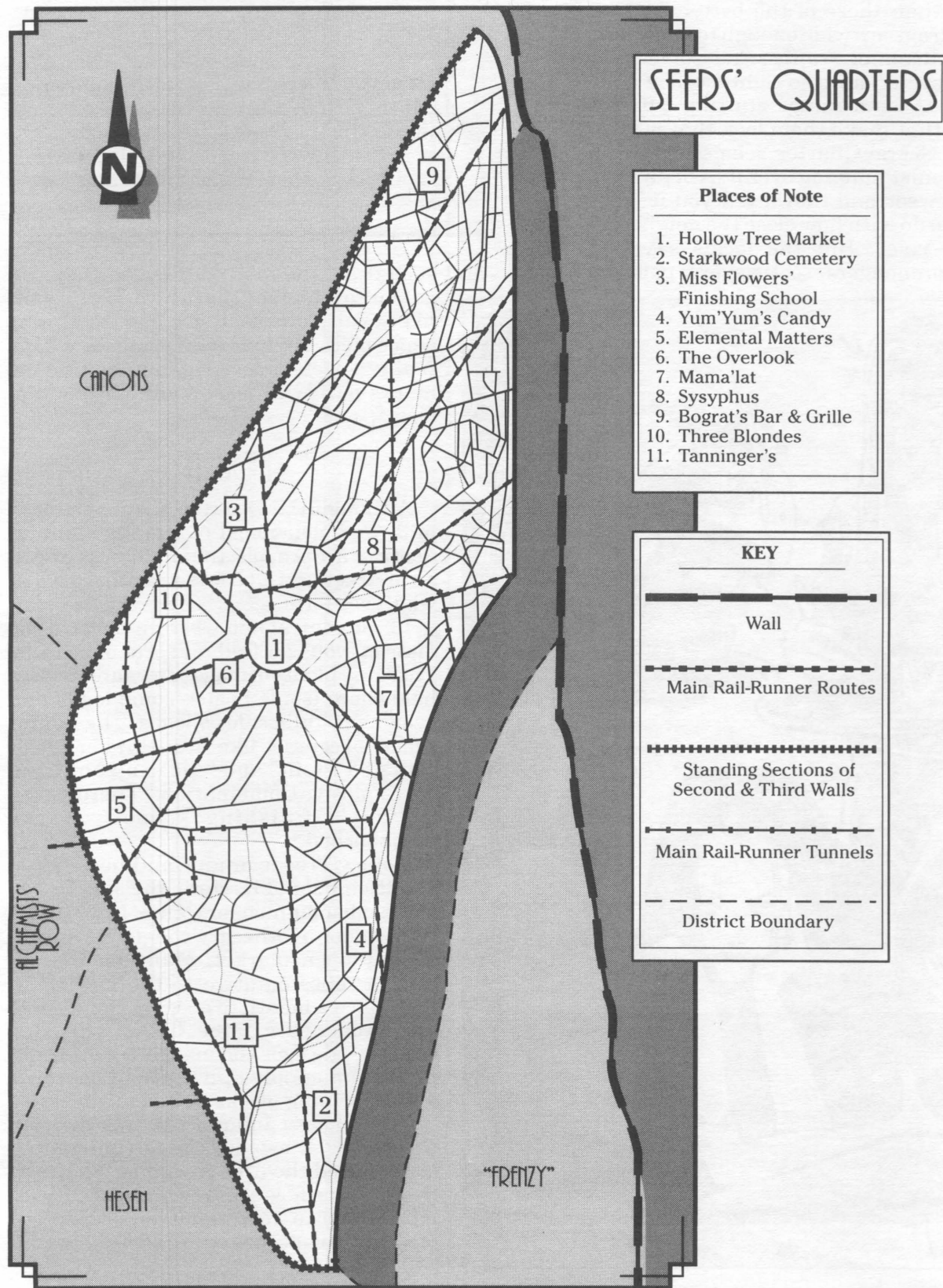
LOCAL RUMOR

Granley serves as a headhunter in more ways than one. He's rumored to broker assassinations, and is said to have arranged the death of the previous Inquisitor General of Galitia.

Sailors, in particular, come to him to get an idea of the weather along the Skorn. "Frenzy's" saner residents will drop blankets, dead animals and other little gifts on the "Weatherman's" "doorstep," the mouth of the dirt-filled alley in which he lives.

THE SEERS' QUARTER

Sandwiched between the busy workers' districts of Heslen and Canons and the twists and turns of "Frenzy," Galitia's Seers' Quarter seems to draw its identity from all three. Although the streets in the Quarter are nar-



rower than those of the better districts, the main drags are wide enough to allow both auto and railrunner traffic. And some the roads really aren't quite so tight as they appear — it's all those awnings sticking out from the stores that make them look that way.

The Seers' Quarter seems to have a perpetual mist hanging over it. Ask an alchemist or a dowser and they'll tell you it has something to do with how close the neighborhood is to the river. But the locals say that the talismanmongers, soothsayers, palm readers

LOCAL RUMOR

Recently, there has been a rash of particularly violent murders in the Quarter. The victims of the "Razor," as the newscribes have termed the killer, have all been seers specializing in finding lost items.

and such draw the mist to them so they can gaze into it and see the future. If you want to be cynical about it, you can see this as a nice piece of window dressing for what's really a well-run con game, where the marks part with good dough for bad advice.

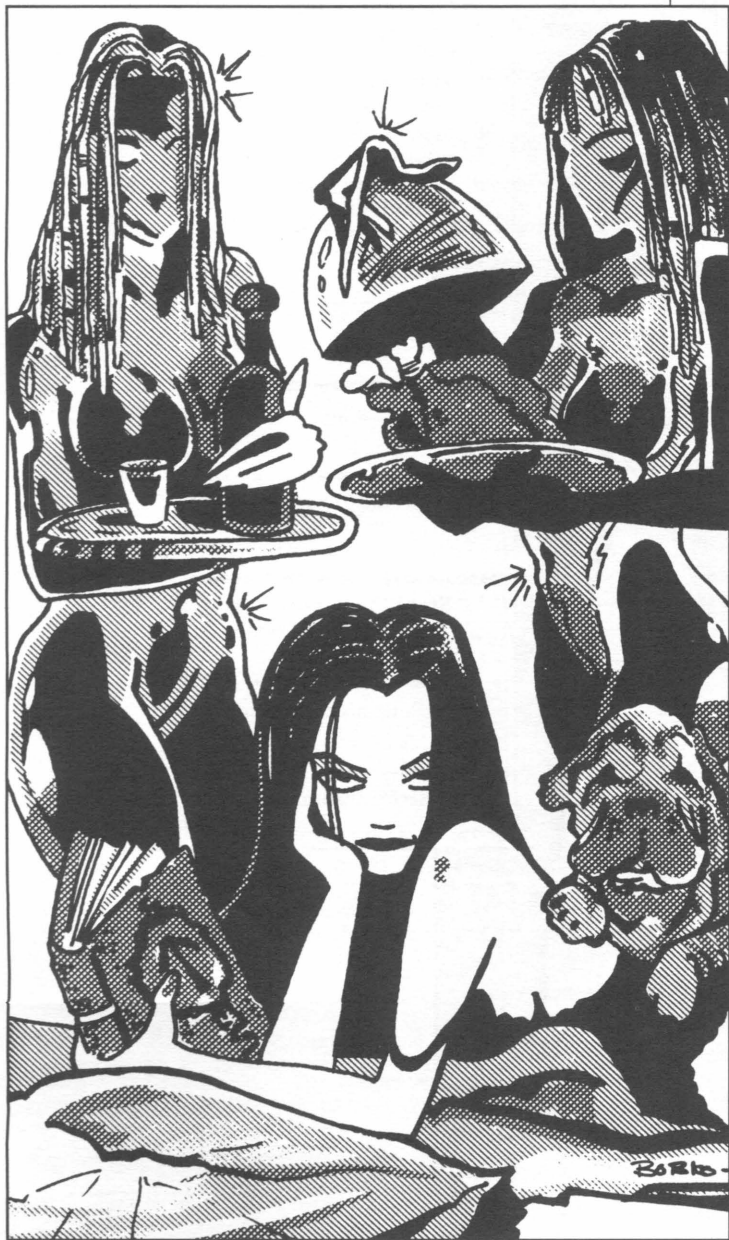
INDUSTRY

Although the Quarter has its share of mills and alchemical plants, its main industries are schools, the Hollow Tree open air market and, of course, soothsaying in whatever form.

In the central and western parts of the district, you can find all sorts of schools. There are plenty of mage tutors and classes held there (some bogus, some legit) and even a few full-scale colleges. These offer practical courses like "Runebrokering for Fun and Profit" and "Alchemy and You: An Explosive Combination." There's even a "lady's finishing school" in the neighborhood.

Hollow Tree is unique and has a lot of tradition behind it. Here, the smallest of home talismanmongers compete with reps from major apothecary conglomerates in a daily open market. Many businesses send a representative to the market at least once a month to observe the scryers and brokers from the Canons district, who preside over the market's center pit, predicting supply and demand concerns for the coming weeks and months.

The biggest industry in this district, though, is the old-style fortune-telling that earned the area its name. Although there are a few seers with apprentices, most prefer to work alone, sometimes out of shops, sometimes out of their homes. If



Tim Bobko

GRIMLETS

"I wouldn't call me cute again if I was you, bud. Try it again and I'll rub myself up against a nice hunk o' steel and give you a sock in the kisser you'll never forget. And don't even think about touching the wings."

"So what if I am only a meter tall? No one expects trouble to come in such a small package. Well, I can be more trouble than you can handle, believe me. My grandma might have been some elemental's idea of a familiar, but I don't hold with that slavery crap. I'm my own Grimlet, you can count on that."

The first pair of Grimlets were fathered by the inventive obsessions of an earthmage, and mothered in a magical solution of base elements and nutrient soup. Most grimlets stand between half a meter to a meter tall, with fox-like faces, long arms ending in sharply clawed hands, and a mouth full of fangs and poisoned saliva. They have small, not quite ornamental wings and generally grouchy dispositions.

A Grimlet's main talent is its ability to turn the tissues of its body into any type of metal simply by consuming a sample (coin-sized) piece of the substance. While in metallic form, a Grimlet can sense any object within fifteen meters of itself created from the same metal. This ability keeps the Grimlet in demand for mining work as well as personal protection (sensing guns, knives, etc.), and locating lost jewelry.

A Grimlet is also capable of surprising an opponent by using its wings to glide silently towards its foe (a Grimlet's wings allow gliding and leaping, but not flight). Finally, the Grimlet's sharp teeth can inflict damage, and its mildly poisonous saliva causes immediate and incessant itching which can last for up to three days following an attack.

you find an honest palmist or pendulum-swinger, you can learn a lot about yourself. But finding one you can trust takes time and money, so be prepared. You're going to have to work your way through a lot of small-time grifters to find the real stuff.

POPULATION

The population of the Quarter is probably the most varied of all of Galitia's districts. The homeless and indigents wander the streets with tired factory workers, animated college students, revolutionaries from good families, the seers and their clients, whores, pimps, and streetsingers. What's really surprising is how little trouble this causes. Maybe the small-time crooks in the neighborhood are scared some seer will put a curse on them if they do a smash-and-grab. Or maybe nobody's reporting the crimes — Seers' Quarter types are self-sufficient and don't have much use for sentinels.

This isn't to say that there's no obvious crime in the Quarter. Far from it. In fact, many locals pool their resources and hire a body-

guard to watch their homes. Seers are also fond of the Unnaturals known as Grimlets. The Grimlet's ability to sense the presence of any metallic substance — like, say, gold — can prove invaluable in "casing" a potential client. At the same time, their sharp teeth and toxic saliva are enough to discourage disappointed customers from taking it out on the fortuneteller.

ENTERTAINMENT

Everybody's got their own idea about what's entertaining — but the Seers' Quarter boasts plenty of different ways to kill an evening. One of the things unique to the Quarter is the coffeehouses, which surround pretty much every college or mage school. These odd mixes of diners, bars, and cabarets are very popular among the youth of Galitia. Although they don't serve much in the way of food, there's a nice selection of coffee and booze, and you can always rent a private room to talk revolution, if that's what casts your spell.

Coffeehouses offer classes night and day on all sorts of subjects, and most of them have



THE COFFEEHOUSES

Included among the Seers' Quarter's coffeehouses are:

The Overlook: Located on the roof of an ancient four story building overlooking the Hollow Tree Market, the Overlook boasts the strongest coffees and teas in Galitia (and not half-bad ale). Mariana, the proprietress, has so fine-tuned her brewing spells that she can create almost any flavor a customer can think up. The Overlook is a hotbed of political and economic gossip, and many of the younger commodity dealers and other marketeers often drop by.

Mama'lat: *Mama'lat* is an ancient Marlean word meaning "food for thought." This coffeehouse is nestled in the center of the Quarter's schools and academies. Run by a group of students and retired scholars, Mama'lat's has by far the worst coffee and most highbrow conversation in the Quarter. The patrons favor games of skill over those of chance, and might spend hours on a move. If you have a tough puzzle staring you in the face, Mama'lat's is a great place to head for free advice. If you take this route, though, bring your own drink (preferably single-malt Scotch or stronger) and be prepared to wade through a lot of philosophical mumbo-jumbo to get to what you're looking for.

Sysyphus: This small coffeehouse caters to local seers and their families. Nestled in the back of a tiny stone-seer's shop, customers are expected to serve themselves here. Almost every prediction, snippet of information, and rumor revealed in the course of the seers' business is discussed in Sysyphus. But if you're not one of that crowd, or a relative, they might not let you in. And if they do, look for conversation to dry up as soon as you walk in. And nobody can make your spine crawl like a bunch of seers who want you to make yourself scarce. But if you can win their trust, it'll be worth your while.

Bograt's Bar and Grille: Bograt's is located near the northeastern edge of the Quarter. Once a sprawling warehouse, it's now a sprawling eating and drinking establishment with emphasis on the drinking.

There are actually several different bars and two grilles set up in Bograt's. Each section has its own clientele, although the bar is pretty much a haven for Unnaturals and is known

some "artistic" side to them. Maybe it's nude recreations of famous paintings, poetry readings or a viewing of some tinsmith's latest work. There's gambling, too, including *baquest*, and games can go on all night in the back rooms. Regardless, the coffeehouses are great places to go to scare up a little info on whatever.

The streetwalkers of the Quarter are more obvious than in nearby Canons, where sentinels try to keep them off the corners. Just as the seers advertise with brightly colored canopies, so too do the whores, hanging large scarlet scarves from their doors and windows or draping them across their bodies to signal that they're open for business.

Northern Seers is Galitia's theater district, featuring everything from skinshows that would be banned anywhere else to highbrow works like *The Calcymricon*, and revivals of old favorites like *The Glowstone Trilogy*.

The Quarter also offers a bunch of eating

bars, open-air restaurants most often stuck in the side of a house by the kitchen. Diners walk up to the long wooden bar and place their order, sheltered by one of the Quarter's ever-present awnings. The food is always cheap, but unless you know the place, it's a crap shoot as to quality. Every year, at least a dozen folks die of food poisoning after slurping down a quick meal when one of the more questionable part-time chefs got too sweet a bargain on some old meat, or caught the wrong cat in one of his traps. Still, for the bolder visitor there are some decent meals to be found down here.

DAILY LIFE

The living conditions in the Quarter are far from the glitter and comfort of places like Vrenthar, but most of the tenements (except for those right beside the river) are a cut above the ones in Esler. Though most folks don't



for intense drinking contests.

Other areas specialize in radical poetry served up with hideous coffees (you don't know what they're brewed from), and a small section of large, reinforced tables and chairs designated for Hugors and Gris. Bograt himself is a shrewd Skitter-rat who seems able to get along with just about any Galitian able to turn a blind eye to some of the shady stuff going on inside the place. In addition to the inside business, Bograt runs a small cafe for Skitter-rats under the high eaves of the warehouse.

Three Blondes: Located in a tiny building perched on the Quarter's northwestern edge, Three Blondes is quieter than most of the other houses. The walls and floor are lined with faded velvet which serves to dampen the noise level inside. The blondes in question are three sisters (Aria, Sefira, and Glyde) who run the shop and a discreet brothel located on the two floors directly above.

Tanninger's: This coffeehouse is currently located on the southern side of the Quarter, but it rarely stays in the same place for more than a few months. Tanninger's patrons follow it thanks to word of mouth, and you don't see many people there who aren't regulars. Violent, dark, smoky, and just plain dangerous, Tanninger's attracts the wilder of Galitia's youth. Who knows how many assassination plots, blood cult meetings, betrayals, and violent deaths have taken place in Tanninger's? Even Tanninger has lost count of the deaths, usually moving shop after a half dozen or so.

Although Tanninger's serves a variety of coffee and booze (no food), most regulars only drink what they bring themselves, fearing to fall victim to a "bad vintage." Since Tanninger's Hugor bouncers collect a substantial cover charge at the door, Tanninger's willing to put up with this.

Tanninger himself is a crotchety Gris who got out of the pimping racket and into the bar business because he discovered there was more profit in selling space to violence-addicted youngsters, who often generously provide him with the raw materials for his second business — selling organs.

have niceties such as water charged in their pipes, they also don't tend to freeze to death in the winter from not being able to pay their local firemage to recharge the heat in their 'stones.

There are plenty of rooming houses and rundown brownstones split into apartments in this district. The rooming houses cover a broad range of both prices and quality (not necessarily corresponding), although as with most things in Galitia the quality and price tend to increase in direct proportion to their distance from the river. The apartments also vary in quality, although as a group they tend to be adequate, if only barely. They have a little bit of hot water, two or three rooms, a few doorseals and locks, and they generally have a fire escape (although the landlords usually paint or seal the windows shut to help discourage burglars).

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note may be found within the borders of the Seers' Quarter:

HOLLOW TREE MARKET

The Hollow Tree Market sits in the center of the Quarter. Circular in shape, the market is over three blocks in area. The Hollow Tree that gives the market its name is a huge oak, over eight stories tall, its central section blasted away long ago, leaving only a polished, semi-circular trunk. Immediately surrounding the tree is the central pit in which the runebrokers, price predictors, and commodities dealers scream out offers at each other while intensely watching the fluctuating prices projected onto the Hollow Tree's central trunk.

The much larger outer circle is where the smaller business people, buying companies,

LOCAL RUMOR

Rumor has it that Ormand Wallace was born in Selastos under another name. He fled that city because he knows something about one of the Elders there that could ruin the guy, and get Ormand killed. Just what it is he's supposed to know varies depending on who you talk to.

and their customers trade. Customers are drawn to the market both for the fun of watching grown men and women scream, jump, push, shove and belt each other for the sake of a little gold (or a lot) and for the bargains.

The quantity and quality of goods found at the market varies widely, and you can see small-time buyers running around like Sketh with their heads cut off, hoping to be at the right booth when the price of, say, cinnabar plunges.

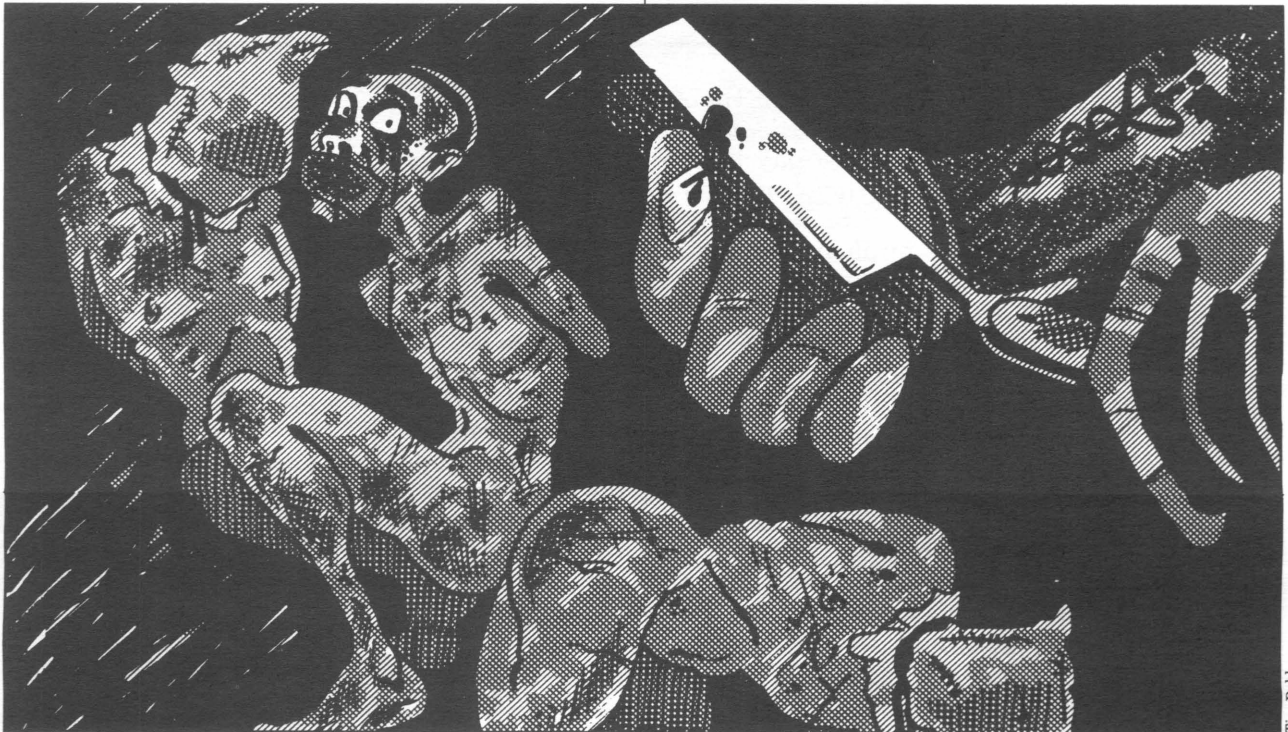
Buyers usually work in teams, with one or two listening to the pricing in the central pit, while the other works the goods. When the pit watchers believe the price of an item is at its lowest, or is just beginning to shoot up, they

send a signal to the outer buyers to purchase. Signal devices range from expensive sorcerous earplugs that whisper the pit watcher's thoughts to his buyers, to pigeons with wings dyed in a complicated color code and trained to find the buyers.

STARKWOOD CEMETERY

Starkwood is located just inside the Seers' Quarter, a stone's throw from "Frenzy." Originally designed as an upscale burial grounds, getting planted in Starkwood is now about as classy as having your relatives roll you into the Skorn (although getting dunked in Starkwood is at least legal). Only addicts, the poor, criminals, and other undesirables end up there. Starkwood's owners, Jasom and Jared Starkwood, save money and space by packing bodies two and three deep, often saving up the bodies left in their care for a day or two and dumping them in a shallow mass grave.

Needless to say, the brothers Starkwood don't go all out on security either. Although the cemetery has a few watchmen (for the most part, former sentinels caught boozing it up once too often on duty or otherwise down on their luck) — and has a few alchemical flares



Tim Bobko

set up so that a blind thief just might stumble on one — it's not the sort of place even a corpse could get a good night's rest. So the place attracts Ghouls, body-scalpers, and Zuvembie recruiters like flies to a flesh mill. As it stands, Starkwood is more of a waystation for corpses, instead of a final resting place. Personally, I'd opt for the river.

MISS FLOWERS' FINISHING SCHOOL

Run by Esmer Flowers, the finishing school located near the northern edge of the Quarter takes in approximately two dozen young ladies each year. Esmer only accepts young women of beauty, grace, and intellect. During the year-long course, the young ladies learn all the "social graces," including dining, etiquette and dancing.

Graduates of the finishing school are always popular among the Big Rich, and never lack for patrons. A few even join their ranks as beautiful and gracious assets to their new husbands' estates. Of course, Miss Esmer also schools her ladies in what sort of compensation such "patrons" should provide in exchange for being allowed to escort such exquisite young ladies.

The tall and willowy Esmer Flowers is a legend among the men of Galitia, particularly those with money and influence. Their wives tend to treat her like she should be next in line for dropping off the planet.

In addition to running her "finishing school," Esmer controls, or at least monitors, much of the prostitution in Galitia. As smart as she is beautiful, Esmer is also a great information broker. She maintains numerous houses ranging in quality from the poorest of "up and down" joints to a glittering mansion in Vrenthar. Esmer's employees are loyal to her, because she's fair and keeps them out of the hands of Gris pimps. But she won't stand for

LOCAL RUMOR

Not only does the Flowers' Finishing School teach its "young ladies" the high-class arts of the courtesan, but Esmer also teaches her pupils the latest techniques in spying, blackmail, and assassination.

any defectors — walk out on her and she'll have you snatched back and sold to flesh peddlers in Selastos.

YUM'YUM'S CANDIES

Yum'Yum's Candies sells a variety of candy and other confections out of its small storefront. Anyone interested in other forms of candy (including *vahis*, opium, and many others) can find sweets aplenty in the back rooms. The rear of Yum'Yum's is as dark and filthy as the front shop is bright and clean, with many slack-bodied "dreamers" sprawled across the dirty blankets and mattresses provided by the owners. Too many addicts to count have lost their wallets or their lives inside Yum'Yum's.

ELEMENTAL MATTERS

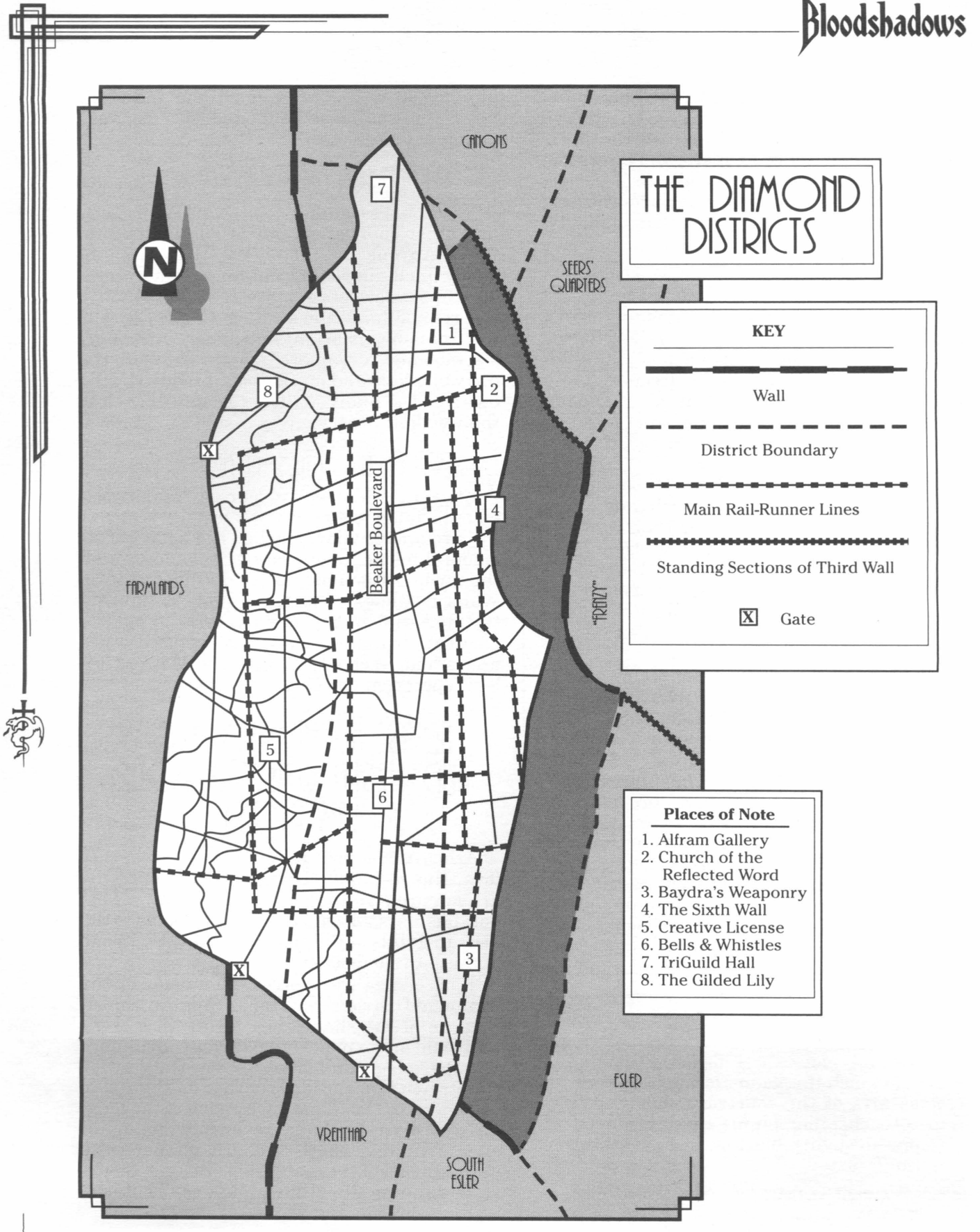
Elemental Matters' slogan is "Making elemental magic elementary." Ormand Wallace, the firemage owner, teaches the basics of elemental magic to anybody who can cough up the cash. Although not a top-flight school, Wallace knows enough to show a halfway talented student how to fix his sink or put the glow back in his glowstone. Unlike many of the area's "mage schools," Elemental Matters is a legit operation with a competent teacher.

ARIAS, ALCHEMISTS' ROW, AND HESEN (THE DIAMOND DISTRICTS)

Arias, Alchemists' Row, and Hesen together form the so-called "Diamond Districts," the artisan area that is the heart of Galitia's export business. Most Galitians connected to the artisan guilds of the city live and work in one of these three districts.

Each of the three districts that make up the Diamond Districts (a phrase originally coined because of the shape they form) were originally laid out to make it easier for railrunners to come and go, and later, to clear the way for the stretch limos from Vrenthar on their way to Canons or Das. That's why each of the long, narrow districts have several wide, main streets running lengthwise through them. The most famous of these streets is Beaker Boulevard, running directly through the center of





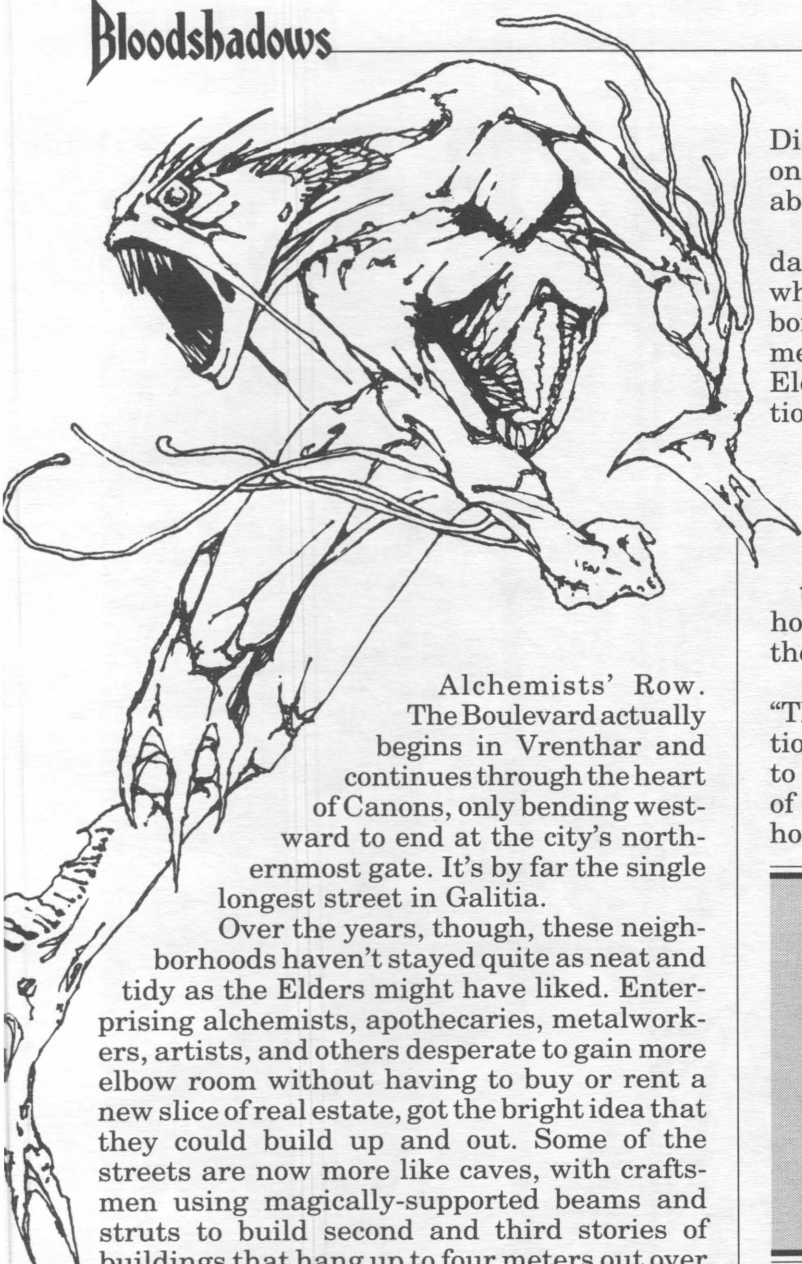


Illustration by Thomas O'Neill

Alchemists' Row. The Boulevard actually begins in Vrenthar and continues through the heart of Canons, only bending westward to end at the city's northernmost gate. It's by far the single longest street in Galitia.

Over the years, though, these neighborhoods haven't stayed quite as neat and tidy as the Elders might have liked. Enterprising alchemists, apothecaries, metalworkers, artists, and others desperate to gain more elbow room without having to buy or rent a new slice of real estate, got the bright idea that they could build up and out. Some of the streets are now more like caves, with craftsmen using magically-supported beams and struts to build second and third stories of buildings that hang up to four meters out over the street.

Of course, after a while, the owners found that they couldn't afford the upkeep necessary on the support spells, and the studios came tumbling down. The more resourceful types started using plain old wooden beams. When it was discovered that these blocked traffic, the Elders ordered them removed. The result: more collapses, more deaths, and all sorts of trouble. Finally, they made a deal: landlords would keep the spells in place or a crowd of "jackers" (demolitions crews) would rip down the upper stories. In return, the city would ignore the side streets and just worry about the main drags. That's why so many of the Diamond

District side roads are so dark and gloomy, and once in a while a streetsinger will hum one about another building falling down.

In Hesen and Alchemists' Row, expect these dark streets to be home to petty thieves and whatever Unnaturals might be in the neighborhood. Only Arias, wealthier and less commercial, avoided this by simply getting the Elders to outlaw any of that kind of construction.

INDUSTRY

If the borders of these three districts might seem a little blurred, their industries are distinct enough. Only artists and hookers can be found in equal numbers across the three neighborhoods.

Galitians often refer to Hesen simply as "The Crafts District." That's as good a description as any, for most of the district is devoted to the shops, workspaces, and living quarters of Galitia's many artisans. A good way to tell how successful any one business is is to check

LOCAL RUMOR

Some of the residents of Alchemists' Row believe a disgruntled and slightly magic-mad alchemist is wandering the district with an active vial of *necrotis*, a sorcerous bacteria that eats living flesh and muscle. He may even carry enough to cause a major outbreak of necrosis (victims who survive its ravages become Necrotics — see Chapter Four).

out how far it is from the "Frenzy" border. The further away, the more money it's bringing in.

Craftsmen, like birds and breeds, tend to flock together. That's why so many of the streets in this district are named for the kind of craftsmen who live there — Jeweler's Way, Carver Street, Smith Avenue, and so forth. And all these folks need to eat and relax, so there are plenty of diners, bars and clubs around.

Alchemists' Row is the heart of Galitia's "alchemical distribution and experimentation industry" (that's what the swells call it — "potions and poisons" is more like it). This is the business side of things — you won't see any



Tim Bobko

of the weird gas clouds or toxic fires you get near the actual plants in Esler, “Frenzy” and Seers’.

Also headquartered here are the offices of the major mage guilds, and those mages and alchemists who can afford it live in this part of town.

Arias is more about living high than real work. Its houses and shops are big and airy, some as high as six stories tall. The only thing the businesses here have in common is that they all cater to the rich. The more successful craftsmen, alchemists, apothecaries and so on live here. Opening for business in Arias is a dream of a lot of Galitian merchants, but only a few will ever do it.

POPULATION

What kind of people you’ll run into into the Diamond Districts depends on where you go and who you are. Hesen, for example, is strictly an “if we don’t know you, we don’t want to” kind of joint. The crowd that lives there think of themselves as a city within the city, and even though they’ll deal with anyone who wants to buy their goods, they don’t really trust outsiders. For example, a Hesen merchant will extend credit to another Hesen, but almost never to a non-Hesen, no matter how much dough he’s got.

At the same time, Hesen treats its local “undesirables” better than most other neighborhoods. The district takes care of its own — and a Hesen prostitute has more rights in the district than a hotshot banker from Canons. The same goes (at least, in theory) to local Unnaturals, with the populace ignoring the occasional “blood bar” and “meat rack,” so long as the owners and patrons keep a low profile.

The residents of Alchemists’ Row view themselves as the working arm of Canons, and most of them figure life’s about making a buck. You could make the argument that Alchemists’ Row houses the brains of the city, because as a rule, alchemists and apothecaries need smarts and training. If they don’t have both, their businesses get killed off almost as fast as their customers.

Unlike Hesens, residents in the Row pretty much come and go. A family will stay put as long as a particularly bright breadwinner is slaving in one of the shops or labs. But most

leave within a generation or so, and there are only a handful of families identified with the district.

Arias’ population is made up of young rich with too much time on their hands and some of the more eccentric craftsmen. The district is well away from the Skorn and sparsely inhabited. Some blocks near the center of the district are relative ghost towns, with maybe one or two buildings actually having residents. Part of the reason for this is that housing in Arias is damned expensive and its residents are considered “new money,” which keeps the “old money” out.

Arias residents are, for the most part, those good-looking, rich, talented types that everyone else either wants to be like to wants to lynch on sight. Almost all Galitia’s cheap romance novelists make liberal use of Arias, with the gods know how many handsome, urbane, and wrenchingly sensitive Vampire studs living in one of the district’s large penthouse flats. This is quite a stretch from the reality of most bloodsuckers’ lives, but if any of those fantasy figures do exist, it would probably be somewhere in Arias.

ENTERTAINMENT

The type of entertainment available depends on which of the three Diamond Districts you’re in. For instance, Hesen nightlife is aimed almost exclusively at Hesens, and most Galitian don’t even know it exists. Outside of the Alfram Gallery, the only things you actually see when you drive through the district are local hookers and a few “preach and screech” storefronts, where cultists do a brisk business combining entertainment and conversion in one neat little package.

When you come right down to it, the Hesen entertainment scene consists of spending the rainy Galitian evenings in a dark, smoke-filled tavern. Gambling, drinking, lewd stories, and mage-darts mingle with the fierce music played in these joints. Hesen taverns are almost always family owned, and everyone in a tavern is likely to have a nodding acquaintance with at least one or two customers at every table in the joint. When a stranger wanders into one of these joints, the mood inside freezes quicker than the pipes of a sap who forgot to pay his watermage bill. Although



most of these bars won't out-and-out refuse to serve outsiders, they'll make their stay as lousy as possible (ale served hot, soup spilled in laps, etc). Outsiders who want to sample Hesen "nightlife" are advised to make friends with a local first, and to have their new pal accompany them.

If anything, Alchemists' Row sports even fewer diversions than Hesen. Although there are plenty of streetwalkers trolling along Beaker Boulevard at night, the local streetsingers are said to provide about as much entertainment for a tenth of the cost. The Alchemists' Guild does sponsor a weekly series of lectures on alchemical subjects. These range from blatant huckster-fests to presentations of the murky Ph.D. theses of newly-minted potion-pourers. These lectures are a good way to make contacts with the alchemists and apothecaries, though, if that's what you're looking to do. (And some alchemists are said to provide "entertainment" as a side venture, utilizing their old chemicals and spells along the way. Galitian crime lords hate this practice, because they feel it cuts into their turf. More than a few such entrepreneurs have wound up face down in one of their experiments after receiving their second or third reminder from some breed thug.)

The only district in this area with any sort of real entertainment is Arias, and by itself it makes up for what Alchemists' Row and Hesen lack. Northern Arias is where most of the wilder nightclubs, bars, "artsy" skinshows and galleries are located. Southern Arias is better known for the sophistication of its restaurants, salons, nightclubs, and private galleries. Both areas are expensive, with the hottest clubs and eateries often requiring up to four separate bribes to get seating on a weekend. Which you prefer depends on whether you like your boot-licking slow and steady or quick and dirty. Members of the Big Rich are known to frequent both areas, usually favoring southern Arias when with their other half and hitting the north side with their closer friends.

DAILY LIFE

Outside of the ultra-swank life of the Big Rich and the slow, living death of the homeless in Esler or "Frenzy," and every kind of living condition you can think of can be found in the

Diamond Districts. Hesen tends to be the poorest of the three, and even there the majority of residents get adequate heat, food, and shelter. Some of the wealthiest Hesens have all the conveniences modern magic can provide, but no one lives too high there. Craftspeople are as cautious in success as they are in failure, and they seldom suffer or benefit from big shifts in lifestyle. The poorest residents in Hesen live close to "Frenzy" and Esler in small boarding houses offering weekly and monthly rates. Rent can be paid in cash, service, or a combination of the two.

Alchemists' Row is what most Galitians refer to as middle class. The majority of its residents make out fine, and many still dream of the glittering penthouse towers to the west. Even more shudder at the thought of slipping back down into the filth of the riverside districts. Most of the small brownstones and apartments are typical of middle class Galitians, with decent doorseals and mage-monitored appliances and utilities. If anything, the presence of the mage guilds and the vast amount of inter-guild "favors" the membership does for each other mean that magical conveniences are far more common here than anywhere outside of Vrenthar. This is why the Row has become a flophouse for people who work in Canons, Xel and South Esler. (But if you don't have a pal in one of the guilds, better make sure you pay for all those fancy glowstones and other nice toys, or the mages will take them and the house, too.)

The large townhomes and spacious apartments of Arias are the object of many poor Galitians' fantasies. The middle class may be able to dream about Vrenthar and Das, but to the down and out, those places are too far away to even imagine. No one in Arias drinks water from the Skorn, and their homes are always cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Magefires blaze cheerily in fireplaces on cue, giving out with heat only when desired. Watermage-treated glasses keep drinks cool, so there's no need for ice. *This is the good life*, and save for a few Big Rich brats kicked out by their exasperated parents, the folks in Arias are still new enough to wealth to recognize this. Maybe that's why they're quicker to dig into their pockets for this or that cause than the rest of the money in the city ever has been.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note can be found within the "Diamond Districts:"

ALFRAM GALLERY

Located on Cardham Street in northern Hesen, the Alfram Gallery is the largest and most prestigious of Hesen's showplaces. Named for a famous metalsmith who donated this former workshop to the artisan guilds, the Gallery consists of a number of sprawling rooms filled with examples of all the crafts made in Galitia. Residents, or traders who have successfully braved the river Skorn, make purchases and commission work here. Even the Big Rich send representatives to select pieces for their private viewing and selection, although of course they never appear at the gallery in person.

The side alleys and small streets immediately surrounding the Alfram are usually worth wandering. A number of artisans too poor to pay the dues required to show their work at the gallery set up shop nearby, and often offer cut-rate deals on decent stuff.

THE CHURCH OF THE REFLECTED WORD

The Church of the Reflected Word is one of the so-called "preach and screech" cults operating in Hesen. Located only a few blocks west of where "Frenzy" meets the Seers' Quarter, the cult is run by the charismatic Aloicious "Mercurial" Jones.

The cult's headquarters is an old storefront dimly lit by multi-colored glowstones. At the center of the "church" squats a large lump of rocky clay, almost four meters tall, which "Mercurial" and the rest of the cultists claim to be the slowly emerging form of their deity, Charith. According to the cultists, Charith will rise up and destroy or enslave the non-believers in the city, while his cultists reign supreme over all who scorn them now, and so on and so forth. Of course, in order to show your faith in Charith, you've got to hand over as much cash as possible to "cleanse your mind and heart" of any impurities.

The only proof of the lump of clay's impending godhood are the "miraculous changes" in its form while no one's looking, and the visions true believers claim to see in the shadows and rock formations on Charith's body. Strangely enough, these visions always seem to come



Brian Schomburg



after a few bottles of booze have been downed at the services and a few alchemical flash packs have been set off.

“Mercurial” Jones is the runt leader of the Cult of the Reflected Word. So far, he’s managed to keep the sentinels from running him and his cult out of the storefront, mainly because no one’s been able to prove the money they’re getting isn’t given voluntarily or drop a sacrifice at their door. Mercurial often wanders the streets of Hesens trying to recruit people to come to just one of his services. He’s a smart operator who keeps up a running patter about almost anything and everything in Galitia, claiming Charith is funneling him information about the true plans of the many evil people and beings now running Galitia. You probably don’t have to look much further than him for the source of a lot of the rumors flying around this city.

LOCAL RUMOR

The Hesens “preach and screech” shops are all connected to each other somehow. They are attempting to amass enough money and power to pull off something really big in the district.

BAYDRA’S WEAPONRY

Located in southern Hesens, within sight of Esler, Baydra’s Weaponry is known for its large selection of quality bullets, guns, and specialty weapons. In addition to the normal and ensorcelled weapons and runeslugs, Baydra creates unique weapons designed for ease of concealment. Some of Baydra’s more infamous creations include a poisoned switchblade that slices out from its wallet casing when anyone but the owner opens the wallet, and a gun positioned within a dame’s purse (just twist the catch and bang).

Baydra is a short metalsmith with muscular arms and a stare that can send a chill up your spine. She’s a good judge of character, but damned close-mouthed.

THE SIXTH WALL

The Sixth Wall is how Hesens refer to the triangular wall of stone, clay, and wood the residents built to to separate themselves from

“Frenzy.” The wall is about 2.5 to three meters tall and covered in graffiti (usually cultist propaganda, which has earned it the nickname “the demons’ blackboard”).

Recently, a number of predictions scrawled across the wall in bright red paint (at least, I *think* it was paint) have actually come to pass, and the mysterious painter has begun to develop a following of his or her own. Galitians looking for quick answers have even begun leaving questions of their own on the wall, asking for help from the “Red Painter.”

CREATIVE LICENSE

Creative License is an exclusive jewelry store owned and operated by Edd Crause, the current head of Galitia’s Artisans and Crafts Alliance (ACA). Located in the middle of Arias, the store is open by appointment only. Crause specializes in impressing *lust* into the metals and gems that form his jewelry. Crause’s work is very popular among the older Big Rich of Vrenthar, as well as the younger fast set living in Arias.

The man himself is tall and thin with sharp features and brilliant blue eyes. He’s in his late thirties, though he looks older. Edd always dresses impeccably, and lives very well off of the cash the Big Rich pour on him to get a hold of one of his lust-provoking trinkets. Of course, each item must be recharged every few months to keep its potent effects, and Edd offers recharging services as well. Although he’s certainly willing for the dough to work in in Arias, he still makes his home in Hesens, preferring to stay near the guild hall.

BELLS & WHISTLES

Bells & Whistles is a small apothecary shop just off Beaker Boulevard in Alchemists’ Row. The shop is run by Nathan and Lana Forde, and specializes in unusual and spectacular alchemical affects as well as alchemical products for personal and home protection. Nathan and Lana are both skilled alchemists, but their intense curiosity about the “strange and wondrous aspects of alchemy” (instead of the more practical uses) keeps their shop from doing more than just getting by. Still, a select clientele favors the Fordes’ shop as a place to pick up little surprises that can come in handy in tricky situations.

LOCAL RUMOR

- Sabine Griffith is blackmailing one of the members of the Board of Elders. What she has on the Elder is unknown, but whatever it is might be kept in the safe Sabine has hidden somewhere in the TriGuild Hall.
- The mysterious "Ghost" is actually one of the other two guild leaders. "Ghost" is planning to murder the remaining guild leader, place another puppet in his or her stead, and then rule over a magical monopoly that will control most of Galitia.

TRIGUILD HALL

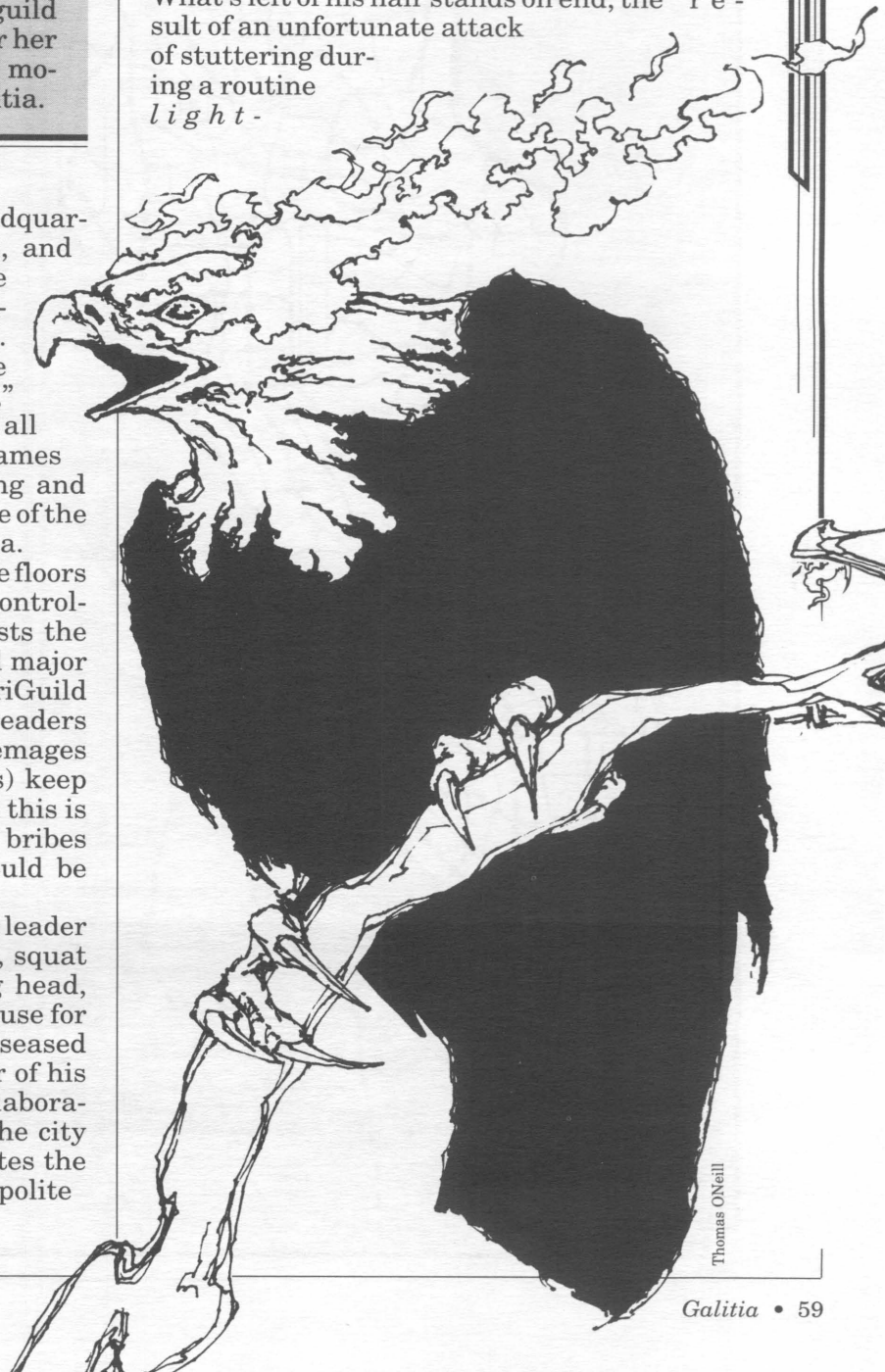
TriGuild Hall houses the guild headquarters of the necromancers, alchemists, and assorted elemental unions. It's a large granite building located on Beaker Boulevard just south of the Canons district. At night, the slightly sloping walls of the nine story building run with "liquid fire," an effect created by a combination of all three forms of magic. The blue-green flames pouring down the sides of the building and into the small moat surrounding it is one of the more spectacular sights in all of Galitia.

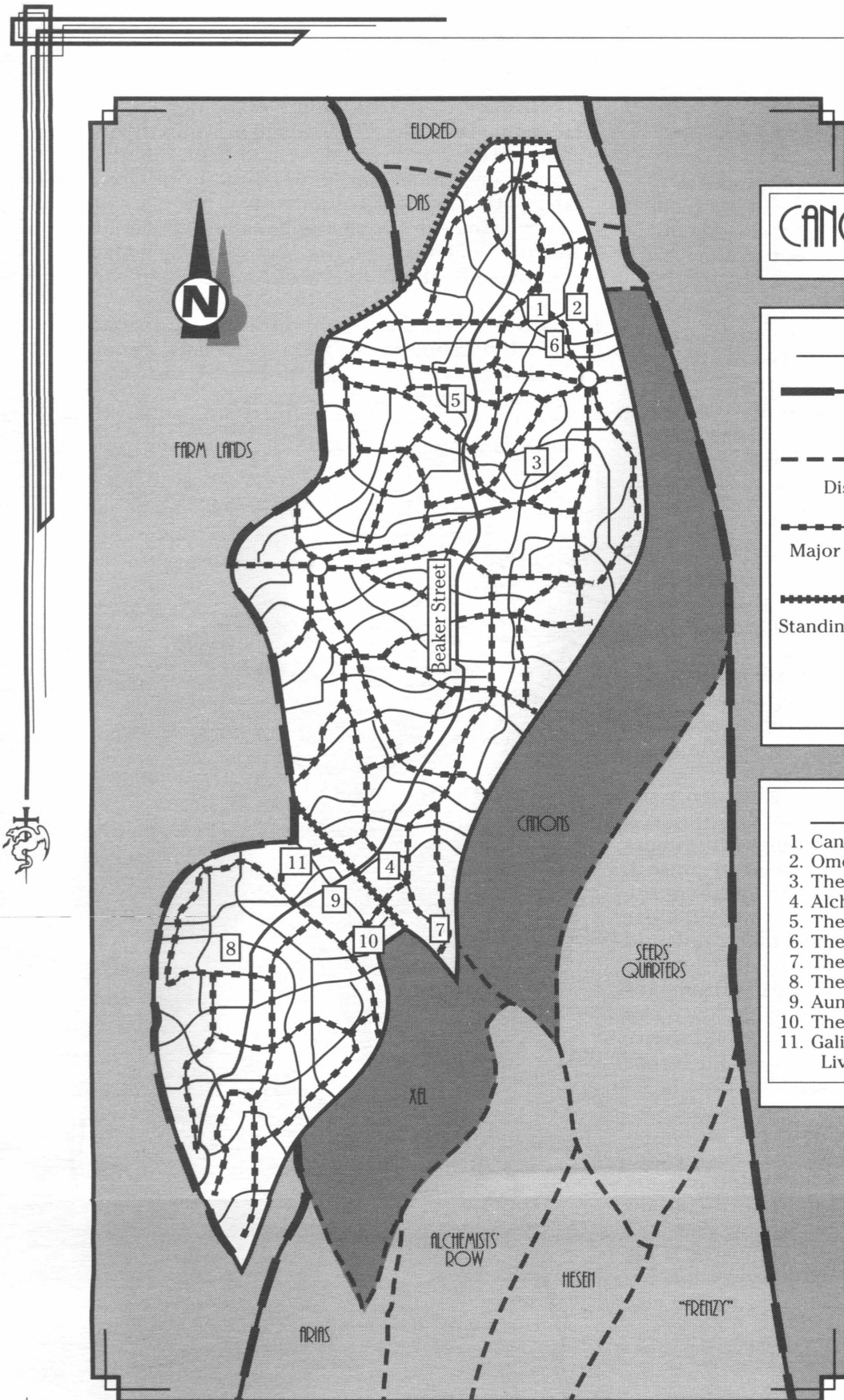
Each of the three guilds occupies three floors of the building, with the necromancer controlling the bottom floors, the elementalists the middle, and the alchemists the top. All major guild meetings are held in the echoing TriGuild Hall at the center of the building. The leaders of the alchemists, the necros and the firemages (the largest of the elemental guilds) keep offices and apartment in the Hall, and this is also where any complaints against (or bribes for) the guilds or their members should be lodged.

Malach Revan-Hant: Malach is the leader of the necromantic guild. He's a short, squat man with narrow black eyes, balding head, and a perpetual cold. Malach has little use for the living except when they become diseased or, even better, die. He's a true master of his art, and spends hours in the necros' laboratory-morgue with bodies donated by the city for experimental purposes. Malach hates the other two guild leaders — but he's real polite about it.

Sabine Griffith: Sabine is the head of the alchemists' guild. She's a warm woman with slanted eyes and red hair. Sabine is a talented dame, and under her leadership, profits from the potion trade have gone way up. It's said she has the ear — and maybe some of the other parts — of one of the Big Rich. She keeps her feelings about her fellow union heads to herself.

Jack Frye: Jack's a middle-aged man with slouching shoulders and a nervous manner. What's left of his hair stands on end, the result of an unfortunate attack of stuttering during a routine
light -





CANONS & XEL

KEY



Wall



District Boundary



Major Rail-Runner Routes



Standing Sections of Second
& Third Wall



Gate

Places of Note

1. Canons Main Precinct House
2. Omeg-Sturn Courthouse
3. The Old Fortress
4. Alchemical Bank
5. The Source
6. The Dwelling Place
7. The Camenburg Theater
8. The Farming Exchange
9. Aunt Adda's Eats
10. The Boneyard
11. Galitia Farming and Livestock Exchange

ning bolt spell. Though he's the official leader of the firemage guild, everyone knows the shadowy figure known as "Ghost" really runs things. Frye avoids his fellow union leaders whenever possible.

THE GILDED LILY

The Gilded Lily is a glittering nightclub located in northern Arias. The Lily is actually a small mansion that was converted into a sweeping nightclub, in which everything from the dance floor to the waiters is covered in alchemical gold. The effect is dazzling (and accounts for the two sawbucks needed just to walk in the door). Even the drinks and food contain tiny flecks of alchemical gold. Only the acts and the guests get to stay ungilded.

Named after its beautiful blonde proprietress, Lily Lavender, the Gilded Lily is the closest you come to glamour in Galitia.

CANONS AND XEL

The borders of the Canons district are the walls built at the start of the Second Wall of Galitia's history. At the very heart of the district lies the fortress that once protected the rough assortment of soldiers and camp followers who first settled the joint. Today, Canons is the business hub for all of Galitia. It's laid out like the architect was drunk, with broad avenues that suddenly end in cul-de-sacs and small, winding streets that thread for kilometers back and forth through the district.

It's easy to tell how long someone has been living or working in Canons just by asking them directions. If he rattles off a series of bizarre turns and assorted landmarks, you can bet he knows the district. If the directions come complete with up-to-date changes to street names and an outstretched palm, you're talking to a streetsinger.

Corner newscribes also do good business selling maps of Canons to confused travellers and Galitians unfamiliar with the district. Maps with magical "leads" keyed to the more popular destinations in Canons take even better advantage of desperate job seekers, tourists, and others frustrated enough to part with the cash to get where they're going.

Canons' frustrating geography got its start several hundred years ago when some bright,

mid-level politician got the big pants over a new way to kiss up to the Big Rich and other important characters in the city. This far too bright-eyed politico managed to get the district to agree to a number of street name changes in honor of the city's elite. Unfortunately, for every street renamed, a half dozen folks appeared insisting that they were worthy of a street, too. More and more Elders and ward bosses were forced to lobby for name changes to maintain support.

The custom continues to this very day, with an average of one percent of the district's streets changing names every month. The newscribe stands, professional guides, politicians used to the situation, and cabbies who bother to keep up find ways to make money off it, but everyone else just finds it frustrating. Locals merely ignore street names altogether, using landmarks to describe where they live, work, and just about anywhere else in the district.

Xel is very different from Canons, but the difference between Xel and its southern neighbor, Arias, is even more pronounced. Over 150 years ago, the residents of Arias paid to erect a wall shielding them from Xel. That might have been a smart move, because Xel is now the district most associated with the farms that provide the food that keeps the city running. There's at least a four month supply of food in the enclosed fields and stockyards to the west of Galitia at any given time.

Xel is also the site of the newest city gate, now much used by farmers, earthmages and watermages to reach the fields. It's the single largest gate in the city, measuring a full fifty meters in width.

The first thing you notice when you enter the district is that it looks overcrowded. Though the streets are wide, they're crammed with the original brownstones and whitewashed wooden houses built between, and even onto, the older buildings. Also scattered around are large, open barns and courtyards, normally kept empty. Small diners, newscribe stands, farmers selling goods out of handcarts, and window gardens add color, I guess, if you like that sort of thing.

Both Canons and Xel can brag about a large number of railrunner lines, all moving above ground. Canons in particular has dozens of 'runner lines and stops, though not as many as



you might expect, thanks to the weird arrangement of streets.

This means that Canons is one big traffic jam on most days, the air full of gas fumes and that funny buzzing that happens whenever elementally powered cars are running around each other for more than a few minutes. If you aren't traveling far, you're better off taking a 'runner or walking.

INDUSTRY

"The business of Canons is doing business," as the newscribes like to say. Although a number of Galitians live in Canons, there aren't too many buildings devoted exclusively to housing. Most buildings are either home to businesses exclusively or serve as apartments/shops. The headquarters of the major newspapers are all located in Canons, as are the major banks, the gold and silver markets, and the farming and cattle markets. The lawyers, lobbyists, newscribes, runecasters, brokers, bank employees, and other assorted mugs required to keep Galitia's business nexus moving are thick on the ground in Canons.

The industries found in Canons tend to clump together, with one block devoted almost exclusively to the news services and related businesses, while two blocks down there is not a newscribe to be found among the offices of the runecasters and silver brokers. Likewise, Canons is a "block by block" district, in that over the space of a quarter kilometer a visitor in Canons can find the ritzy offices of gold brokers, a rundown block of small shops and repair mage services, and a giant banking conglomerate. A few of the better run flesh mills can also be found beside the outer wall of Canons, along the eastern edge of the district.

The sentinels' main precinct house and morgue is located near the heart of the district, in one of its more crime-ridden sectors. The precinct is surrounded in concentric rings by an army of cheap lawyers, bondsmen, mob recruiters, runecasters, palm readers, and fly-by-night mages promising family members of new jailbirds that their potions and powders will sway even the Inquisitor General himself. The main court buildings are located the next block over from sentinel headquarters, and many of the district's citizens check the local papers for information on the "show times" for trials, especially if they've got a lot of blood, sex or both.

Xel is a lot less diverse when it comes to business. Aside from a handful of clothing stores, small restaurants, and a few apothecaries, Xel's economy is all about farming and farmers. Galitia's farming and livestock exchange lies just within northwest Xel, less than a block from the edge of the Canons. The market takes place in and around one of the emergency granary-stockyard-barn combinations that take up so much space in the district. It's as rigorous and demanding as any of Galitia's other exchanges, and only representatives of the Big Rich who own or wish to own prime farming land and livestock can usually compete here. But every other week there is a smaller auction and bargaining session held at the exchange where small businesses and individual farmers have a better chance to close deals. Of course, the stakes here are strictly small potatoes, but the Big Rich don't usually allow anyone else into the big leagues.

Of course, Xel's emergency granaries, barns, and storage facilities always stand ready in case of attack by Wilderness creatures, massive flooding, or other disaster. Today's best estimates are that Xel's facilities can hold two to three months food supply for the entire city, as well as enough livestock to rebuild the herds should total disaster strike.

POPULATION

Canons is full of ambitious white-collar types who dream of moving further north or south to where mansions line the streets, or at least of becoming pals with one of the Big Rich and trading on their good feeling. Then there's the other side of the coin, the ones who want to bring down Galitia's powerbrokers by exposing all the bribes, corruption, scandal and such.

But over the years, the district has started losing some of its style, looking tattered and worn out. More and more of the residents are willing to settle for just treading water these days, as more and more businesses go dark.

Xel is full of farmers, livestock handlers, apothecaries, healers and a number of earth and watermages. Most of the district's residents don't own any livestock or land, but work the plots and stockyards of their Big Rich employers. Maybe a fraction of them have cut some sort of deal so that they get a percentage

of the profit their work and sweat produces. They give X amount of crops or cattle to the owner and keep the rest in lieu of gold, then resell it. Little by little, this kind of arrangement is going the way of the *gharb* herds, because one bad year forces the farmers to forfeit on the deal.

Although Xel has a relatively low number of Unnaturals wandering its streets, you can always find a few shapeshifters, some Hugor livestock handlers, and a handful of Barghest, well-muscled, hound-faced types, valued for their ability to sense the presence of Wilderness creatures.

ENTERTAINMENT

Canons has some of the city's better theaters, most of them lined up along the border with Seers' Quarter. Most of the bigger and more famous ones have shut down in recent years, but you can still find something to suit whatever your taste might be.

Canons also has a good number of nightspots, a lot of them full of would-be actors and actresses just waiting for that big break in conjurevids. For not all that much, you can be a "patron" to one of these types, moving them into your house and getting to do ... whatever needs doing. But watch out: hack 'em off and they'll slip out one dark night with some of your valuables. Or worse, they'll case the joint and sell the information to some burglary ring who'll *really* clean you out.

There are other places worth seeing in the district, too. The original fortress is a tourist spot, and though it's pretty poorly preserved, it's sort of an entertainment industry all by itself. Covering sixteen square blocks, the fortress is filled with gift shops and vendors hawking "authentic" cultist and soldier memorabilia, as well as a number of toys, including cultist dolls with piercing, glowstone eyes and sentinel dolls magically enhanced to scream pro-Galitia slogans. The fortress even puts on a few actual historical exhibits, although of these, only the reenactments of the last battle with the Skorn cultists and the zuvembie "corpse riots" draw any steady interest — probably due to the fake blood and gore that's thrown all over.

The main Galitian courthouse serves both as a house of justice and as a cheap theatrical

event. Particularly lurid or grotesque cases pack the galleries, the observers cheering for their favorites while bookies move among the crowd setting odds and collecting on cash. People bet on everything from the final sentence to whether the defendant's attempt to summon a demon to testify for him will work.

Of course, Canons has its share of the usual Galitian vices, but the whores generally stick to the brothels, with the sentinels making certain they stay behind closed doors. Although prostitution and other technically illegal pleasures are definitely available in the district, they aren't everywhere you look — just most places.

Xel has little to offer in the way of true entertainment, unless you find haggling for limp carrots or a few *tynger* eggs entertaining. There are some decent bars and diners scattered throughout the district, and overall, the quality of the food is pretty good. You can get more gourmet food in Arias or Canons, but the food's always fresher in Xel.

DAILY LIFE

Best word to describe living conditions in Canons is noisy. If you live near the center of the business district, you have to hear the streetsingers, the cabbies, and the sounds of near perpetual gridlock. On the outskirts, you hear the sounds of the bars and the flesh mills.

Crime is also a problem in Canons, although not as much of one as it is farther south and east. Still, burglaries and muggings are relatively common, with rapes and even kidnappings not far behind in recent years. The rising crime rate in Canons has its residents up in arms, and the sentinels in a near-impotent rage over the flaunting of their authority in their "home" district.

Despite the crime, traffic and pollution, most of Canons' residents know they could be a lot worse off. Standard Canons housing has all the basic amenities, if not much more, and almost anything can be found there or just across the border.

Unlike the denizens of Canons, the residents of Xel seldom complain about their living conditions, even though a number of the small, cramped houses lack basic doorseals, watermage-charged pipes, and other conveniences of big city life. For the most part,



Xelians don't trust the watermages and earthmages who share their district, resenting the mages' lavish lifestyle and their own need for that lot. While the two groups might be civil to each other on the street (a smart man doesn't mouth off to a professional mage), the sorcerers aren't really considered part of the neighborhood (which suits them just fine).

Xelians are big on providing for themselves, and you can spot rooftop and window gardens all over the district. Although skitter-rats and hungry streetsingers steal some of the produce, there's usually enough left over to put food on the table. Some Xelian homes conceal small game animals, *tyngthers* and the like, usually stolen from the markets. Do-it-yourself grimoires are always big sellers here.

Xel doesn't have much in the way of traffic problems, thanks to its wide streets and the locals' tendency to take the railrunners wherever they want to go.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note can be found within the Canons and Xel borders:

SENTINEL CENTRAL: CANONS MAIN PRECINCT HOUSE

Sitting right in the center of Canons is the dirty, four-story brownstone building that houses the sentinels' headquarters, morgue, and holding cells. Taking up almost the entire city block kitty-corner to the Canons courthouse, the precinct house is one of the oldest buildings in Galitia. The grimy brownstone is overcrowded, with all but the most senior officers sharing office space with their buddies. Some of the more junior investigators have actually had to shove their desks into the quieter ends of corridors. The din and mess inside the precinct house make it seem like nothing ever gets done here, but once you get used to it, you see that the routine runs pretty smoothly.

The upper levels of the precinct building are devoted to the offices, records storage, processing, and a few drunk tanks. The lower stories (including two underground levels) are devoted to temporary cells, interrogation and recovery rooms, and the city morgue. Unlike the rest of the building, the morgue is usually

BARGHEST

"Don't try to hide anything from me, hairless. I can smell what you are and what you ain't snuffle, snuffle ... and what you ain't is trouble. Least not for me, so don't even think of poaching one of my herd. I've kept these horses out of the jaws of a queskworm."

"As to what I am, I don't see that it's any of your business, but the boss man said to run with your questions, so here's the skivvy. Some alchie grafted a wolfhound onto one of you Humans in an effort to improve the race. Pretty successful effort, wouldn't ya say, hairless?"

Barghests are large humanoid breeds with shaggy heads which look like a cross between a Human's and a wolfhound's. Their additional muscle density makes them on average nine kilograms heavier than a similarly proportioned Human. Barghests have hair covering the top half of their bodies, although females tend to have significantly less fur on their arms and backs.

Barghests have highly developed olfactory capabilities, as well as an extra array of senses apparently developed during their creation. The creatures can sense everything from moisture levels in the soil to fear in cattle. They also can often sense the presence of approaching Wilderness creatures. The more talented Barghests can sense the presence of other Unnaturals found in cities, even ones such as the Tulpa and Pretas who have no apparent physical form of their own.

Their abilities make Barghests ideal for work as interrogators and guards, but most of the species prefer to work in open spaces and with the animals whom they consider generally superior to the Human populace of Galitia. Barghests tend to be brutally honest, which makes it difficult for them to get far in today's society.

See stats in Appendix B.

quiet; most of the doctors and “icers” (mages hired to keep bodies from decaying) work in silence, none of them being social types anyway. In stark contrast to most of his staff, the coroner, Dr Oswald Bligh, is real talkative, especially if you get a few ales in him.

Chief Lawrence Baines: Chief Baines is the man in charge of Galitia’s sentinels. Baines has held his position for almost twenty years, and probably knows Galitia’s people, particularly its criminal element, better than almost anyone else in the city. The recent increase in blood cult activity and the murder rate in the city causes Chief Baines a lot of grief. Most people believe he’s at the point where he’d try just about anything to get a better grip on the situation. He has already ordered more mass roundups of suspected cultists, and many Galitians think he has more radical plans on the table at this very moment.

Captain Thom Banff: For a sentinel, Banff is close to clean. He heads the Canons Homicide Division, but Baines has been known to send him wherever there’s a potentially messy murder. Stocky, usually dressed in a rumpled overcoat over clothes that always seem a size too small, Banff is short-tempered, impatient with suspects and private types, but you could do worse than be pals with him.

Jack Deacon: I worked with Deke once, a long time ago. He’s sharp, deadly accurate with a revolver, and not above working both sides of the street to solve a case. He’s been a private eyes for seven years now, and if you’re in over your head, I’d say he’s the guy to call.

THE OMEG-STURN COURTHOUSE

The Omeg-Sturn Courthouse is a five-story greystone building located near the center of the Canons district, across the street from the sentinels’ main precinct house. It’s one of the fancier buildings in the city, with gargoyles and other stone carvings all over the roof. The central hallway soars three stories high, and centers on two six-meter statues of Galen Sturn and Tiat Omeg facing each other on opposite sides of the hall, their hands raised to support the vaulted

LOCAL RUMOR

The few independent farmers left in Xel are being threatened by an unknown individual or group. Three farmers have already been injured (one still lies in a coma) in unfortunate “accidents” following their refusal to sell to either of the two Big Rich farm conglomerates (headed by Brenna Albrecht and Harris Sturn) or to a third, as-yet unidentified party.

roof (and presumably Mom, justice, and the Galitian way).

The courthouse contains six large court rooms with multi-tiered spectator galleries, as well as several smaller, more private chambers for cases involving powerful public figures. Also housed here are the main offices of the city’s inquisitors, judges and their respective staffs. The Inquisitor General and Chief Justice have offices at opposite ends of a large hallway on the fifth floor, mirroring the placement of the statues below them.

Although the courthouse maintains a dignity that the busier, grimmer sentinel headquarters does not, it’s still filled at almost any hour of the day with overworked employees and barely controlled chaos.



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

LOCAL RUMOR

Some of the district's habitual criminals claim there is a secret entry into the sewers somewhere in the basement of the sentinels' main precinct house.

Aidan Hammond: Aidan Hammond is the current Inquisitor General of Galitia. Given the job only months ago, Inquisitor Hammond is still learning the ropes (although he's already come down hard on two separate Ghoul flesh operations that two of his predecessors had ignored). Hammond's an alright Joe, with grey eyes and pale blonde hair.

Justice Samuel Bennington: Justice Bennington is himself a member of the Big Rich, and the nephew of one of the board of Elders, Caiphas Bennington. Justice Bennington is thinner than some reanimated corpses I've seen, with plain features. Although he was appointed Chief Justice by the Board of Elders over three years ago, it's still an open question whether his rulings are the result of a sharp mind or being a few ingredients short of a portion. Whatever else you might say about him, though, so far nobody's gotten to him with a bribe.

THE OLD FORTRESS

The crumbling walls of the fortress that was home to Galitia's first residents are thick enough for three pairs of Hugors to walk abreast. Most of the original buildings crumbled long ago, so all that's left from way back when the exterior walls and the pile of rock that's supposed to have been Omeg's house. (Take that claim with a little coal dust, though, because it used to be labelled Sturn's house, Galitia's first library and a monument to all the soldiers who died in the fight against the Skornians.)

LOCAL RUMOR

Inquisitor General Hammond loathes all Unnaturals and wishes to rid the city of them, or at least funnel them into "Frenzy" and Esler to "purify" Galitia.

Although there's undoubtedly some truth in the flood of glitzy edu-tainment productions, side shows, and magically-enhanced recreations that are today the main attractions at the fortress, any that's there is accidental, you can bet. The main purpose of the fortress is to raise funds for the city and for the merchants, big and small, that crowd it. Still, visitors can get a lot of bang for their buck here if they're not too interested in things like truth.

ALCHEMICAL BANK: HERMES BRANCH

The Alchemical Bank is the largest and most influential banking chain in Galitia, and the Hermes Branch is the elder statesman of Alchemical, Inc. Owned by Aldous Brighton, perhaps the single most powerful individual in Galitia, over forty-five percent of Galitians bank at an Alchemical bank branch. The Hermes Branch is located in a great pillar-laden building in southwestern Canons, almost directly on top of The Hill (Galitia's highest point). When Aldous Brighton is not at his mansion in Vrenthar, or visiting one of his many clubs, he can most often be found here.

The murder of the Hermes Branch's former manager, Morgan Simms, remains unsolved.

LOCAL RUMOR

The old walls of the fortress are still riddled with corridors and tiny rooms. One of the city's cults — or something worse — uses the corridors as a headquarters.

THE SOURCE

Newscribe businesses in Galitia are actually groups of writers and editors who scabble to sell their stories to the three papers in town, to the crystal set info-shows, and to the many private newscribe stands all over town. Owned and operated by Kelton James, the *Source* is one of the best newscribe businesses in Galitia. The *Source* operates out of a converted townhouse in downtown Canons. Squeezed between two larger, but less successful, competitors, Kelton and his cronies often manage to scoop every other newscribe in town when it comes to real dirt on the latest doings of the Big Rich, the unions, or the big time crime lords. The *Source* also does a

LOCAL RUMOR

Aldous Brighton keeps a large amount of gold bricks and powdered gold in a hidden vault somewhere inside Alchemical Bank's Hermes Branch. Most people think the gold comes from Aldous' years of skimming off a percentage from the Selastos caravans, but the rumor that Aldous uses demon-creatures to strongarm the Selastos gold miners and caravan leaders keeps resurfacing like a bad penny.

brisk business in the juiciest murder stories and news involving Unnaturals.

Kelton James is a handsome man in his mid-thirties with red hair. He's almost always found in or around the *Source*, marshalling his crew's energies and reaching out to buyers and sellers alike.

Kelton used to be a buddy of mine, but ever since his wife was murdered five years back (they still haven't cracked that one), he's thrown himself into his work and forgotten all his old friends.

FAT CHARLIE

The guy known only as "Fat Charlie" is one of the single best sources of information in the city. Not much is known about "Fat Charlie's" childhood years, except that they were spent on the streets, dodging Gris, sentinels, and flesh mill "recruiters." In other words, Charlie spent his youth working hard at avoiding work and keeping alive. "Fat Charlie" has bright eyes and shoulder-length brown hair that he normally slicks back in a short pony tail. Weighing in at around 140 kilograms, "Fat Charlie" still moves like a *geskcat*.

Although he's happiest in Canons, he's been spotted almost everywhere in the city, from Das to Esler. "Fat Charlie" is an independent operator who sells stories to the newscribe services and anyone else who wants to buy. Unlike the private eyes in Galitia, "Fat Charlie" refuses to commit his services to any one employer — even for a day. Instead, he gathers information from all over the city through his network of streetsingers, homeless kids, and who knows who else. Charlie is said to treat "his" children much better than most, and there seems to be no doubt that they're loyal to him.



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

THE DWELLING PLACE

Propped in the lee of the sentinels' main precinct house is one of the city's more popular dives for newshounds and law alike. The open, two story bar was originally commandeered by the newsmen, court reporters, and betting agents who wanted a nearby place to rest between bouts of dirt-dealing. Although at first only the occasional stoolie would slip into the joint to join them, over time more and more sentinels and courthouse workers took to the place.

Today, it's one of the best places to find out what's going on in Galitia. Of course, any information bandied about in one of the Dwelling Place's two main bar areas is considered cold as ice by the newshounds (already on its way to print), but the tavern also has a number of smaller rooms that once served as sleeping quarters for guests back when it doubled as an inn. These rooms are now magically sealed to prevent eavesdropping. Each room has a separate hidden entrance, and only the Dwelling Place's owner and maybe a handful of other individuals know all the ins and outs of the tavern's secret chambers.

THE CAMENBURG THEATER

The Camenburg Theater, known as "The Cam" by most regulars, was a classy establishment featuring some of the hottest acts in Galitia only a few years ago. Today, the Cam is lucky to coerce one of the better skitter-rat

LOCAL RUMOR

Kelton James hates Aldous Brighton because he believes the banking baron was involved in the murder of his wife, Annalee, five years ago. Kelton will stop at nothing to expose Aldous for the cold-blooded, murdering demagogue he believes him to be.

OR

Although Kelton James pretends to loathe Aldous Brighton, he is really on the banker's payroll. Kelton funnels Brighton key information about the activities of the other Big Rich and the more important crime lords of Galitia.

LOCAL RUMOR

The owner of the Dwelling Place has been compromised, and is now actually a front for one of the Big Rich or another powerful individual. The "private" rooms are now monitored, and some time soon a lot of people are going to be very unhappy when the blackmail notices start appearing on their doorsteps.

acrobatic acts or two-headed Hugor twin shows to appear on its stage. Although the Cam hasn't resorted to skinshows or cultist revival meetings yet, that's only a matter of time unless the sibling owners, Sam and Smokey Draper, can turn the theater's fortunes around. Although they claim certain seers or other mages are working curses against them, the brothers haven't produced any evidence that this is true. Additionally, they refuse to give any reason why someone would be willing to pay the bucks necessary to keep a long-running curse charged and active against the theater.

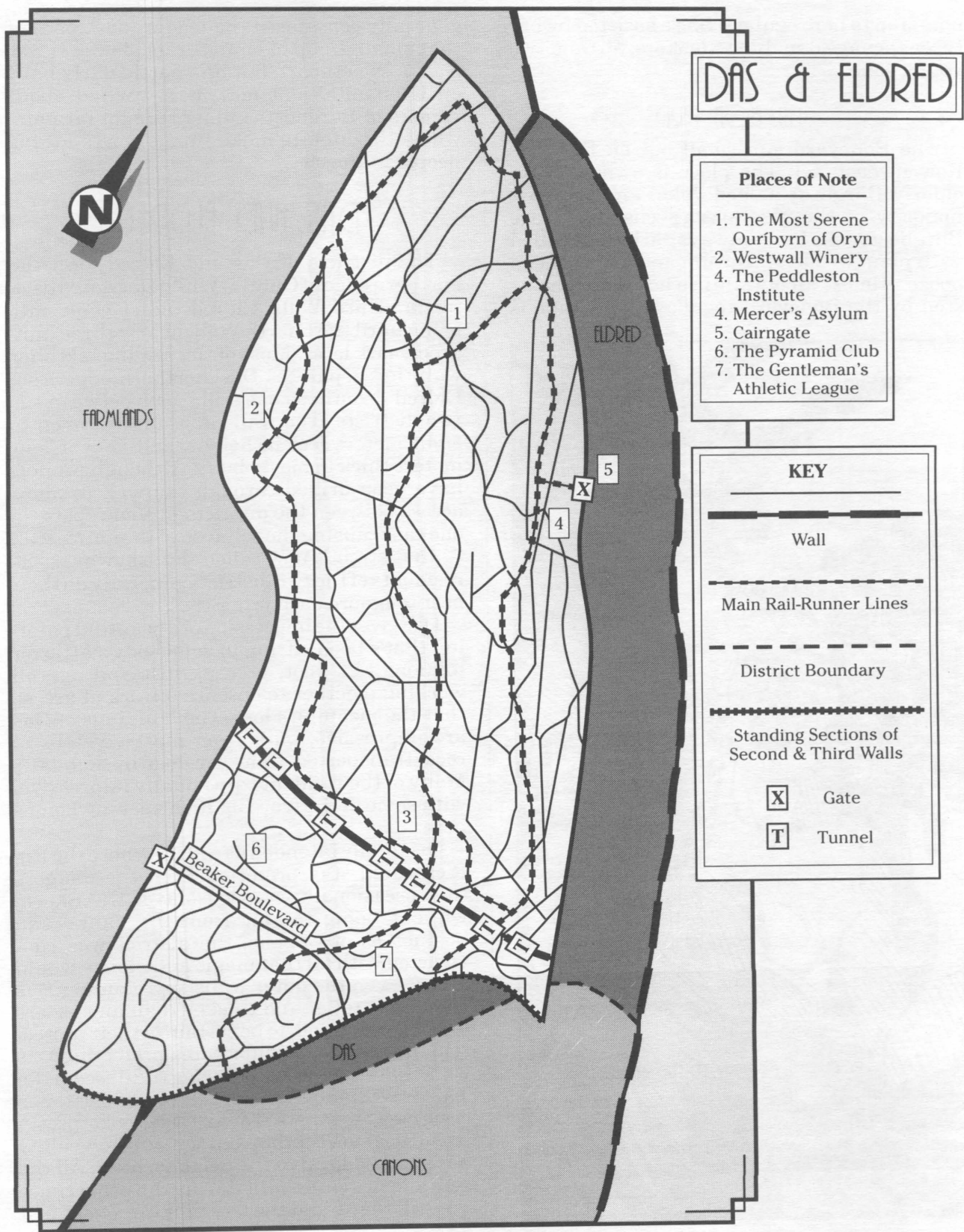
THE FARMING EXCHANGE

Located in northern Xel, the Farming Exchange is an active commodities market focusing on the livestock and crop markets of Galitia. Trading takes place in the large open barnyard in front of the barn which holds the offices of most of the Exchange's employees and regular traders. The building is still a barn, however, and it can still be used as one in an emergency.

AUNT ADDA'S EATS

Aunt Adda's serves perhaps the single best breakfasts and lunches in all of Galitia. Taking up the front half of Adda's house, the diner consists of twelve tables and a long counter running the width of the house. The vast majority of Adda's diners are locals who eat there at least three or four times a week, although Galitians from most parts of the city have travelled to Xel to grab a meal there.

Adda herself is in her late fifties, with long black hair shot through with silver. She keeps her diner and herself neat and clean, and talks



non-stop to her regulars. She's assisted by her three teenage daughters (lookers, all) and two young sons.

THE BONEYARD

The Boneyard is a small bar on Farrier's Row in east Xel. The place is owned by an elderly Barghest named Jake, and the vast majority of the old tavern's customers are Barghests. The bar is always dark and is filled with plain wooden furniture and lots of cheap booze. Almost all of Galitia's adult Barghests stop by the Boneyard regularly, and Jake is

generally considered the leader (or Alpha) of that small group of Unnaturals. Jake's never been a sweetheart, but he's particularly hard on Humans. Right now, he's worried about rumors of Barghests killing Human farmers, which threaten to make things worse for his people in the city.

DAS AND ELDRED

The districts of Das and Eldred form the northern edge of Galitia. While Das dates back to the Third Wall, Eldred didn't come into being until the Fourth Wall, nearly three hundred years later. Most of the original exterior wall that separates Das' northern edge from Eldred's southern one still looms between the two districts. The wall ranges from seven to eight meters feet in height, and is over four meters thick in most places. Although tunnels have been drilled through the wall to allow access between the districts in some spots (in one case causing the collapse of the entire wall — that street's now called the "skyway"), the residents of the two districts generally do their best to ignore each other.

Das gives the impression of a beautiful painting that's been sitting in somebody's attic for too long — soot, grease, dust and age all working together to obscure a work of art, so that the meaning's lost. The buildings of Das are impressive, built from massive slabs of rock transported from the nearby Pendars. Many of the residents are equally impressive, with some of the true Big Rich keeping homes here.

Originally intended as a place where the Big Rich could stay protected from the dangers that occasionally crawled out of the Skorn, without being too far from the banks and businesses of Canons, the district was constructed with all that magic and money would allow. Even the outer walls surrounding Das were built taller and thicker than any others built in the period, to be certain of their protection (note that the outer walls protecting Das were the only ones built during the fiasco of the Third Wall not to have large glowstones crammed in them). Today, Das looks pretty pitiful next to Vrenthar, but some of the wealthy have stayed loyal to the neighborhood. All the gentlemen's clubs built during the boom times are still there, and the fact that Canons is just



Paul Daly

LOCAL RUMOR

The Barghests are more dangerous than many people believe. Several bodies buried in the fields outside of Xel have been uncovered recently, with the flesh gnawed off and a number of bones cracked open for their marrow. The Barghests are most likely behind these horrid murders.

a sorcerer's pitch away is probably the only thing that keeps the area from going the way of Esler.

Eldred's history is a whole other story. The city planners who designed the Fourth Wall expansion were worried about the recent deterioration of Trass, which many residents were already beginning to call "Frenzy." Labor agreements with the guilds were already being threatened by problems drifting over from "Frenzy." Finally, the Elders agreed to build "facilities" for the homeless and the insane and stuff them into eastern Eldred. (Since only a small part of Das actually connects with that part of the district, there weren't any real problems getting the bill passed.) In no time, several large asylums and a huge jail known as Cairngate were built in eastern Eldred. (This attempt at ridding central Galitia of its crazies proved a rousing failure, as anyone who's spent a night in "Frenzy" can tell you.)

Today, eastern Eldred has a number of sanitariums to go with its nuthouses and dungeon. However, central and western Eldred is home to a thriving, nearly self-sufficient community that has managed to ignore the rest of the city on almost every subject. There's an old saying that when you walk through the wall into Eldred, you're walking out of Galitia. Although the sentinels, the tax collectors, and the Elders say that's a lot of alchemist's gold, you can take it from me, it's more truth than lie.

INDUSTRY

First off, Das doesn't have any industry. Even the newscribe stands, general stores, and other small businesses are hard to find there. The closest thing to industry in the area are the old clubs that still hold on to a few

members. The gentlemen's clubs of Das, as they are collectively referred to, have all different stories and reasons for standing. The Pyramid Club, for instance, says it's a club for "gentlemen who participate actively in the monetary interests of Galitia," while the Gentlemen's Athletic League says they're only interested in art and bettering society.

Ask anybody on the street, though, and they'll tell you that the real purpose of these clubs is to let hotshot executives, all Human males (only two clubs admit women), get away from their wives, kids, employees and anyone else they don't like. In the privacy of their club, they can do things they'd never dare do in public. "Gentlemen's Athletic League" is just a real fancy name for a whorehouse, if you ask me, and I've heard tell that the Pyramid Club is a casino.

Getting to be a member of any of the dozen or more clubs headquartered in Das is difficult. No club requires less than two sponsors, all have very steep dues to weed out all but the richest slice of the population pie, and others demand loyalty oaths and crap like that.

Unlike Das, Eldred has all sorts of shops, grocers, apothecaries, tailors, streetsingers, and all the other businesses you'd expect to find in a Galitian neighborhood. The two main industries in Eldred, however, are medicine and booze. Eldred's all about mental health and the lack of it — two of the biggest asylums in the city (after Reithburn) are there, along with a collections of hospitals and sanitariums for the rich and their relations. Many a rich old geezer who dared to write a will leaving his dough to a cult, a charity or his mistress has awakened to find himself in a gilded cell in Peddleston.

Of course, the city-run asylums don't have the money the private ones do, and they're rumored to do more than hold charity benefits to raise gold. You'd be amazed how many patients "die in their sleep" and wind up in a flesh mill or on a Ghoul's dinner table.

Eldred also has one large public hospital and a number of clinics. Though the latter are considered among the best in the city, they usually only provide treatment to locals or patients rich enough to make a good-sized contribution.

This district is also Galitia's only commercial producer of booze, not counting a few

GETTING ALONG WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS

The Eldreth have a far more rigid code of behavior than most other Galitians. Although they're usually tolerant of the profound lack of social graces most Galitians possess, they also have very little respect for such "uncivilized" folks.

If you're planning on having any business or personal dealings with the Eldreth, you would be well-advised to keep the following in mind:

- When walking along the street with a Eldreth woman, or a man older than yourself, it is a sign of respect to walk just within the street while your companion walks on the narrow sidewalk. (The theory is that if your companion should be jostled on the street, you can keep him or her from falling.)
- At meals, use your right hand to eat (the Eldreth use spoons and sharp knives to spear pieces of meat) and use your left hand to hold your glass. Never switch these! The right hand represents the forces of earth and fire, and the left the forces of water and air. The Eldreth believe the elemental spirits will be offended if you allow their hand to be profaned by their rival elements. (The Eldreth have an extraordinarily complex and spiritual view of the relationship between the elements.)
- Never discuss business or sex at a meal. It is considered the height of rudeness.
- Never kill a snake in Eldreth. Snakes are considered holy creatures and great natural mystics.

The Eldreth possess many other social customs foreign to the rest of Galitia, but if you obey these basics you should manage fairly well in most situations. (If you find yourself becoming too exasperated just repeat over and over to yourself "Eldreth wine, Eldreth wine!")

family distilleries (ale, vodka, and a few other grain alcohols) in Xel. Beyond what comes out of Eldred, Galitia's liquor supply is imported and expensive, which is why so many watermages get jobs as bartenders and it's not unusual to find a fish swimming in your Scotch.

Although grape vines won't grow anywhere else in or around Galitia, somehow Eldred's got them. Vines cover Eldred's northern wall, from the inside base to the very top of the ten meter structure. The inability to grow the vines elsewhere is one of the major causes of high blood pressure among the Big Rich, who are forced to pay through the nose for Eldred grapes and wines. (Several small vintners were once forcefully taken over by Armen Shovrath, a moneybags known for his ties to a number of mobsters and his penchant for exotic lizards and domestic wines. But Shovrath's vines withered and died, and so did he, thanks to the right spell at the right time. That pretty much put paid to any more attempts to seize control of the wineries.)

POPULATION

The population of Das is composed predominantly of part-time wealthy residents and the full-time servants (and mistresses) who take care of the needs of the houses and owners. Although a few rich old families still live in Das all year round, their numbers have been dwindling as the appeal of the posher Vrenthar district gains strength. Recently, eastern Das has begun to attract the more "upwardly mobile" paper-pushers and politicians, who are attracted to the clubs and its nearness to Canons. Western Das has been spared this so far, but it's only a matter of time before it gets overrun by Big Rich wannabes.

Outside of the inhabitants of the asylums and Cairngate, Eldred's population is even more of a piece than Das'. The residents of this crowded, bustling district are almost all Eldreth, descendants of a group of Humans who fled to Galitia 448 years ago. They were said to come through a gate (since vanished) from a city called Eldred, which was well southeast of Galitia, and to be fleeing persecution. That didn't matter much to



Paul Daly

Galitia's Elders — what did matter was the wine and gold they brought with them. The Elders voted to let them in right away (actually, two Elders opposed the idea, but they suddenly came down with a flesh-rotting plague on the day of the vote).

Unfortunately, a lot of native Galitians weren't all that thrilled with immigrants being let in, and there were near-riots, burnings and other incidents in the next few years. Finally, the Elders decided to let the Eldreth move into a district of their own, both to protect them and to shut the rest of the city up. The Eldreth were happy with the idea, since it let them maintain their own culture.

Pure-bred Eldreth are tall and their skin is a golden color (Eldreth with mixed blood resemble other Galitians). The district's residents speak with a slight accent, making their tone just a bit softer than that of the rest of the city's residents. The rules of Eldreth society are fairly complex, and although they make allowances for the ignorance of most Galitians, anyone who doesn't at least attempt to make nice with their customs will soon find himself unable to do any business in the district (or maybe unable to do anything at all. More than one Galitian has been found floating face down in the river Skorn, or been suddenly committed to one of Eldred's less reputable asylums, after angering the district's residents once too often.

In addition to the Human Eldreth, the refugees brought with them a new form of Unnatural, previously unseen in Galitia. Although the Houri, as they are called, are among the rarest of Galitian Unnaturals, they are among the most beautiful and unusual. Many Houri serve along with Eldreth in the temples known as Ouri'bryn, dedicated to the god called Oryn. The Eldreth's major god is usually represented by a snake, and temple leaders dance during services with the serpents kept in the temples. Houri are particularly good dancers and are immune to snake bite to boot, so there's always somebody left alive to pass the collection plate at the end of the service.

ENTERTAINMENT

Although Das was once known for the big blow-outs that took place that took place in the district's penthouse apartments of the Big Rich, most of those are a thing of the past now. Das doesn't have theaters and nightclubs like Arias, although a few jokers have suggested turning some of the abandoned mansions into entertainment spots. The area's gentlemen's clubs often feature entertainment, but only for members and their guests. Anyone not able to finagle an invitation to one of the clubs would be better off looking anywhere but Das for a night's entertainment.

Although many Galitians shun Eldred and pure Eldreth, there is a fair amount of entertainment available to anyone not too prejudiced to check out the talent. Eldred is known for its talented street performers, in particular the dancers and acrobats. Although the Houri get all the press, the vast majority of Eldred's street performers are Human. You can also find bands or dancers in the local restaurants — the more expensive the joint, the better the talent.

Some of the braver Galitians attend services at the Ouri'bryn temples to watch the sexy and dangerous snake dances performed there. Audience participation is encouraged, but it's not mandatory, so dance if you want to. Remember, the temple won't accept any responsibility if you get fanged.

Finally, some of the poorer asylums have daily viewing hours when, for two bits, you can watch the lunatics. For a little bit more, you can see the really dangerous ones, the ones who'll bite you hand off if you get too close. Take the kids and make a day of it.



DAILY LIFE

Although Das is far from what it used to be, the residences of the district are still among the nicest in all of Galitia. The society rags are forever writing up pieces on the grand mansions, exquisite penthouses (from up there, Galitia looks as pristine as a holy virgin raised in a Delan convent), and gorgeous furnishings found in the district. Except for Vrenthar, and parts of Arias and South Esler, Das boasts by far the plushiest lifestyle in the city.

Sure, it's quiet — a lot of people prefer that to the “in” neighborhoods. Everyone's comfortable, with at least one full time servant as well as a personal earthmage gardener, sorcerous security and such. Just like in Vrenthar, nobody bothers with glowstones or heatstones — the rich have their heat and light piped in, just to show they can.

Eldred is, in some ways, a city within a city. The district has its own homeless population, although they're a lot less noticeable than in other parts of the city (probably because in Eldred there's always the chance you'll get hauled away and slapped in an asylum). How-

LOCAL RUMOR

The priests of the Serenity temple are developing a new form of “holy” Unnatural that is a direct cross between Humans and vipers. Unfortunately, even the temple's failures are considered holy, and there are now several homicidal creatures stalking the farthest regions of the place. Who knows how long the priests, even the Houri, can control them?

ever, the district also boasts a small neighborhood of sprawling mansions. As with the city as a whole, the majority of Eldred's populace live in adequate — but just barely — housing. Adding to the general discomfort level is the overcrowding, with four or five extended families living in the same brownstone. Few Eldreth ever move outside the district, and other Galitians don't encourage them to (unless you consider broken windows, threats, and little alchemical fires encouraging).

HOURI

“We are the blessed of Oryn and we are immortal. Oryn shows his favor by freeing us from the effects of his children, the serpents. When one of the Houri does die, we only shed our old skin for a more glorious one. We burn with the fires of the gods — flesh was not made for such majesty, and so there are those who are jealous of us. Don't make the mistake of thinking us weak or pampered. We are blessed of Oryn, but Oryn blesses those who watch their backs.”

Houri are tall, black haired Unnaturals with golden skin and flat, black eyes. Although the Houri generally insist they are the favored people of Oryn, many mages and alchemists believe they're actually a demon-Human crossbreed. Houri tend to be haughty and rude to “lesser beings,” but they can be a hell of a lot of fun when they relax.

Houri have excellent reflexes and are generally superb dancers and acrobats. Houri are immune to poisons of all kinds, and they are much sought after as assistants by alchemists and by others who are often forced to handle poisonous substances. In fact, Houri must receive an infusion of poison equal to or greater than that contained in the venom of a viper at least once a week or they will die (whether they are reborn again is still a matter for debate).

The body temperature of a Houri averages a full two degrees higher than that of Humans, causing innumerable jokes about having a “hot time with a Houri.” They can increase their body temperature to red-hot levels simply by concentrating, however, the Unnatural must swallow or otherwise receive an infusion of poison within an hour or two of performing this little trick or die. Apparently, the poison necessary to the Houri's survival breaks down at such high temperatures.

See stats in Appendix B.



Most of Eldred's residents own cars. Public transportation consists of two major railrunner lines and some cabs. Only a handful of non-Eldreth cabbies work the district.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note can be found within the Das and Eldred borders:

THE MOST SERENE OURI'BRYN OF ORYN

Although the Most Serene Ouri'bryn was not the first temple to the Eldreth god built in Galitia, most Eldreth consider it the most elaborate and beautiful (although a vocal minority prefer the Blessed Fountain Ouri'bryn in north Eldred). "Serenity," as the temple's often called, is a series of exquisite spirals ending in small offertory rooms three to nine stories high. The main temple area is over five stories tall and circular, its wooden floor carved in a broad spiral pathway curving downwards in the wide swath typical of all Ouri'bryn. (Okay, so I got that out of the Ouri'bryn guidebook, want to make something out of it?)

The Houri and other Eldreth who make their home in the temple are particularly good at the *talm'ryn*, a dance of honor very few people are agile enough to pull off. Serenity is also known for all the snakes allowed to slither around the temple (except in the main worship area open to the public).

WESTWALL WINERY

As its name implies, the Westwall Winery is located along Eldred's westernmost wall. It's owned by the Adarian family and specializes in blush and red wines (give me a good ale, any day). Messiah Adarian and his brood live in a great big mansion just to the south. Messiah or one of his sons supervises every aspect of the

business, and their Westwall Wines are the most expensive bottled in Galitia. Westwall Wines have even begun to achieve a certain measure of fame outside of Galitia's walls, and Messiah has been toying with the idea of buying one or two ships and starting his own export business. Of course, experienced crews willing to sail the Skorn aren't easy to come by, even when you're as rich as Adarian.

THE PEDDLESTON INSTITUTE

The Peddleston Institute is a "discreet" mental hospital located on Cassian's Way near the south-central edge of Eldred. Unlike the district's larger, public asylums, the Peddleston Institute provides exclusive care to any family



Tim Bobko

LOCAL RUMOR

The Pyramid Club has a large skinpit on its uppermost level. In addition to normal skinpit games, the Club runs "gladiator events," in which kidnapped opponents are forced to fight to the death. The winner may even win his or her freedom if he pleases his captors.

LOCAL RUMOR

The Peddleston Institute has mages who can implant subconscious instructions into their patients' minds. The strongest suggestions can force a victim to murder even their most cherished loved one.

rich enough to pay for it. The average cost of a month's stay at Peddleston is about equal to a year's rent on a three story brownstone in Hesen.

The mages and healers at Peddleston are good at their jobs, and actually cure more than they kill. Of course, that's probably because half the patients woke up on the wrong side of the slab and just need a little cheering up and maybe a few drugs.

There's also a whole ward devoted to "healing" unwanted relations of the rich. This usually involves a little sorcery to keep them calm and quiet, and not much more than that.

MERCER'S ASYLUM

Mercer's Asylum is the largest of Eldred's public mental hospitals. Located less than a block from the district's eastern wall and Cairngate prison, Mercer's Asylum crouches like a wounded animal behind its imposing outer walls and glowstone-illuminated (and electrified) outer gates. Named for its first director, Hadran Mercer, the institution has a reputation as a black hole from which nobody ever emerges (sometimes not even the staff). Anyone interested in touring the asylum can do so for two bits. Commitment to Mercer's

LOCAL RUMOR

Cairngate's current warden is always on the lookout to "recruit" spies to report on the machinations of "the Dark's" inmate population. Some people think the warden believes the king of "the Dark" may be planning an insurrection in the near future. Others think Demon already controls the warden through blackmail, sorcery or some other method.

Asylum is one of the worst sentences you can get in Galitia.

CAIRNGATE

Cairngate is Galitia's largest and most dangerous prison. Built directly into Eldred's eastern wall, some of Cairngate's inmates have a view of the river that most people would envy — except for those unfortunate incidents where inmates are consumed, torn to pieces, turned to jelly, driven insane, or ... well, you get the picture. This might explain why prisoners think of a "room with a view" as worse than a death sentence (hell, at least a death sentence's quicker).

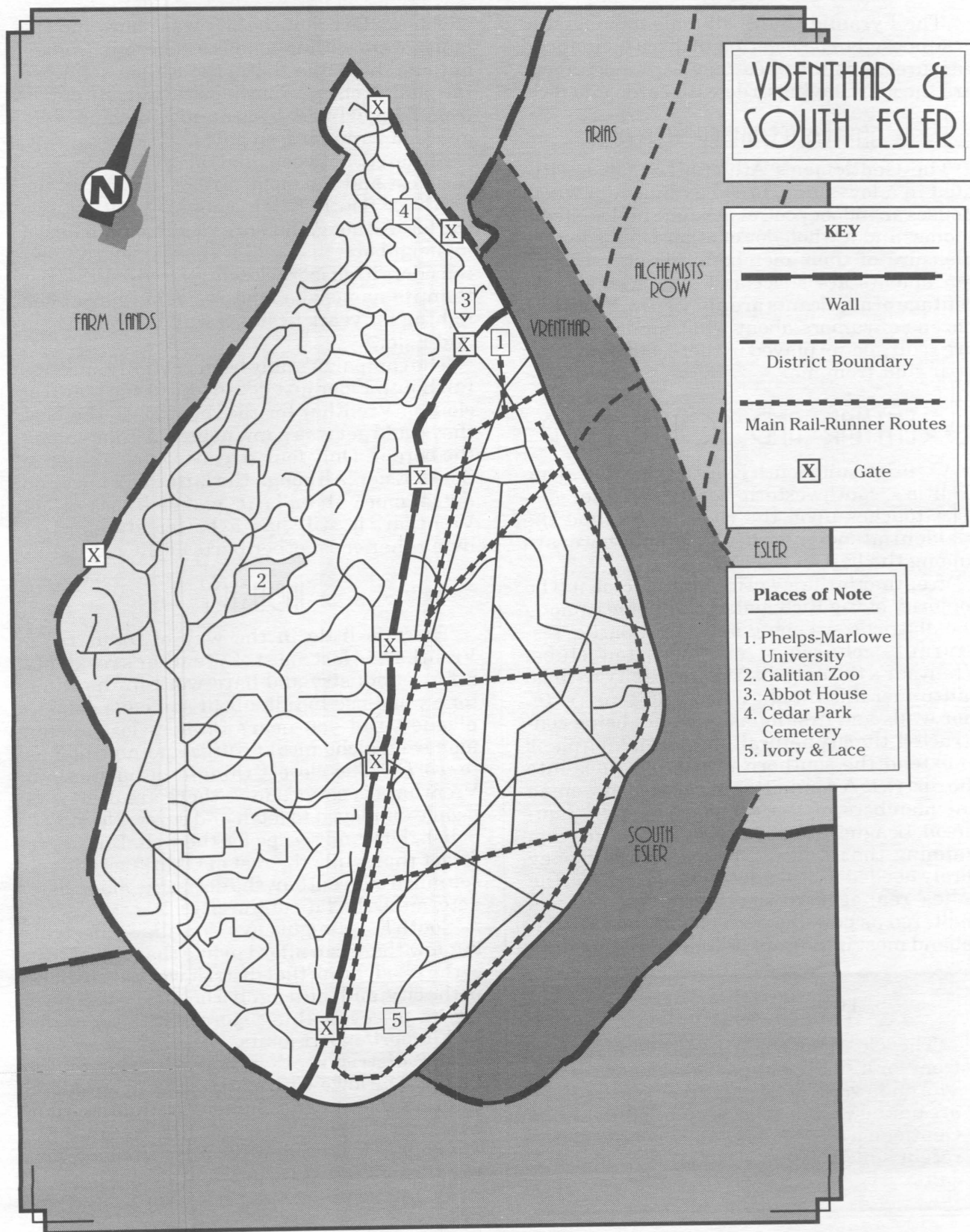
Cairngate's only supposed to be able to hold five thousand inmates, but it's been known to be home to up to twice that number. The warden and other administrators keep a tight watch on most of Cairngate's population, and troublemakers wind up in "the Dark." That's a warren about three levels deep used for storage, mass crypts and solitary confinement cells. Although there are tunnels everywhere you look, they all end in elementally-fused rock after about ten meters.

"The Dark" is completely underground, and guards only give out candles and glowstones to inmates in exchange for a lot of cash. Get thrown in there, and that's all she wrote — unless you can win a pardon by digging up a few gems from the lower recesses or turning stoolie.

The inmates have their own little feudal kingdom down there, currently ruled by a guy called Demon. He's reigned for about nine years now and has a loyal group of dukes and duchesses around him. Nobody outside can understand how things are run in "the Dark" — only by living there for a while can you learn the truth.

PYRAMID CLUB

The Pyramid Club is one of Galitia's most respected and exclusive gentlemen's clubs, located on Sturn Boulevard in western Das. All of the best families have somebody that's a member. The Pyramid Club takes up the top five stories of its building, while the remaining floors house luxurious private apartments (including a three-story joint just beneath the club which is home to Caiphaz Bennington.)



The Pyramid Club's all male membership is supposed to be meeting to discuss financial ventures, but the ones they care most about are the ones having to do with cards and dice.

GENTLEMEN'S ATHLETIC LEAGUE

The Gentlemen's Athletic League is situated in a low-slung, broad gymnasium which houses an indoor pool, magestone tables, steam rooms, and a whole lot of other things for the pleasure of their members. Membership requirements are strict and only a small percentage of applicants are allowed in. There are dozens of rumors about what kinds of sports are really being played in there, but you didn't hear that from me.

VRENTHAR AND SOUTH ESLER

Vrenthar and South Esler are nestled along Galitia's southwestern border. Neither district touches upon the river Skorn, and the residential neighborhoods found here are among the best in the city.

Vrenthar is the jewel in Galitia's crown. The majority of Big Rich make their homes among the district's sweeping mansions, parks, restaurants, churches, and assorted clubs. Vrenthar's the only district in the city with no railrunner lines at all. When Vrenthar's exterior walls and first mansions were being constructed, the city naturally began making plans to extend the southern railrunner lines into the district. A committee of concerned women (all members of the exclusive Ladies' Luncheon League) immediately started griping, claiming that it would be a waste of money sorely needed in other districts. (Of course, the ladies' real agenda was to keep Vrenthar as sheltered as possible from all but the wealthiest and most important of Galitia's residents.)

LOCAL RUMOR

The Gentlemen's Athletic Club is a front for a small, but powerful blood cult. The main goals of the supposed blood cult are unknown, but some people believe the Gentlemen's Athletic Club is behind the recent union of some of Galitia's many cults.

Given the fact that the city was short and the ladies were willing to make generous "contributions" here and there, the Elders scrapped the plan. Today, Vrenthar sits by itself, cut off from its neighbors by granite walls and well-guarded wrought-iron gates.

Situated between high-class Vrenthar to the west and the mean streets of Esler to the north is South Esler, caught between two worlds. Although it shares a name with one of its neighbors, that's all it shares. South Esler considers itself more closely related to Vrenthar than its namesake, and residents have been fighting for years to slap a wall between them and Esler.

The campaign's only been partially successful. South Esler just doesn't have the political clout of Vrenthar (or the money), so the best they could get was a row of brownstones along the border. Only four streets connect Esler to South Esler. Although the latter will never do much more than be a cheap knock-off of Vrenthar, it still has a better standard of living than most other parts of the city.

INDUSTRY

There is little in the way of industry in Vrenthar. In fact, most of Vrenthar's residents refer to industry and hard work in the same tone you'd use to talk about someone getting plague ("Did you hear? Dalliers lost all his money on alchemical futures and now he has to *work*.") The closest thing to a business in Vrenthar is servitude — there are dozens of people employed to fetch and carry, clean and polish, bow and scrape for the rich. But never forget that while the rest of Galitia might not see much of Vrenthar, the decisions made here determine the fate of the city.

South Esler might envy Vrenthar's lifestyle, but few there can afford to live that way. Most of the residents of that district work elsewhere in the city, and the neighborhood is best known for its pricey clothing stores, antique shops and import/export joints.

The district's other big achievement is Phelps-Marlowe University. Just about all of Galitia's movers and shakers graduated from here, and still send their kids to school at P-M. The college was originally constructed in Canons during First Wall, but South Esler lured it away 148 years ago and it's been there ever since.

POPULATION

The Big Rich of Vrenthar are, at least on the surface, a pretty uniform lot. Some say they don't have much choice — it's fit in or fall out of that strata of society. That means everything has to be bigger and better than what the neighbors have, and if you can't keep up, tough luck. Watching would-be wealthy fall by the wayside is how these people keep entertained.

There are actually more servants, gardeners, housemages and such in Vrenthar than there are people with money (the rich only make up about twenty percent of the population). But ask a Galitian what she thinks of when you say "Vrenthar" and she'll say, "Dough. And lots of it."

Vrenthar is a tightly-knit little culture of its own whose rules have to be followed. Outward appearances are what counts, and if you can keep up those appearances, you can literally get away with murder ... or worse. Wearing the wrong color tie to dinner can be disastrous, but slipping off to a bedroom with your host's wife is just Jake. And if you can understand that, you've got more on the ball than I do.

South Esler's people are too busy trying to climb Galitia's social ladder to spend time on the backbiting of Vrenthar's upper crust. The upper middle class families who populate the district only stab each other in the back if it will benefit them, not just for entertainment purposes.

With the exception of a few shapeshifters, a handful of Vampires and the Caryatids (see below), there are no Unnaturals in Vrenthar or South Esler — at least, as far as anyone knows. Obvious undesirables like sketh and skitter-rats are banned (although good luck keeping sk'rats out of anywhere). But it's possible that some of those young beauties on the arms of the rich old guys have a little more than their looks going for them — and who knows what's hiding in the shadows, here or anywhere else?

The residents of Vrenthar enjoy having (in more ways than one) handsome or beautiful servants. The Unnaturals known as Caryatids were originally created to serve in the households of the wealthiest Galitians. These bronze, silver, and golden humanoids are definitely easy on the eyes. Although almost unheard of outside of Vrenthar, there are a num-

ber of such creatures serving in the households here.

ENTERTAINMENT

Vrenthar isn't known for its entertainment, since most of it is found at private parties with very exclusive guesrt lists. But there are some extremely expensive restaurants which will serve people from outside the district, providing they call ahead and make arrangements. Once in a while, some family gets their nose out of joint and tries to blacklist somebody from outside the district. Offer more than they do and you can get yourself off the blacklist. There's a hell of a lot of money to be made as a maitre'd, I'll tell you that.

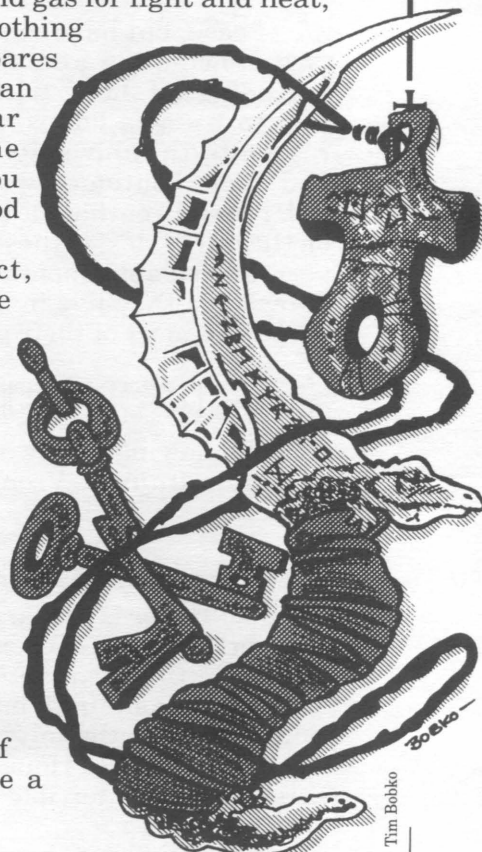
South Esler has some nice restaurants, museums, a few theaters, and some piano bars. Older residents of Vrenthar party go here — younger ones go to Arias.

DAILY LIFE

Life in Vrenthar is probably beyond what you can imagine. As in Das, the residents rely on wood fireplaces and gas for light and heat, instead of 'stones. Nothing else in the city compares to the comforts you can find in a Vrenthar home. And if some luxury is missing, you can bet there's a good reason.

As a district, Vrenthar has more scratch per capita in all of Galitia. It also has the lowest population density, since one house can take up almost three acres. Parks separate small clusters of estates, and a small zoo featuring exotic and beautiful creatures is located at the district's center.

The residents of South Esler also live a



CARYATIDS

"We are beautiful in a manner flesh can never be. The simplicity of my silver body is as silk to the tangled, woolen complexity of your flesh and blood. Yet I serve you and yours? It seems to me as if the servant should be the master, but should you tell the master that I said as much, I will crush your head between my palms even as my crystal heart shatters."

Caryatids are beautiful humanoid creatures with bronze, gold, or silver bodies. Caryatids are entirely metal, save for a solid chunk of specialized crystal "heart" that apparently provides energy and life to the creatures. All Caryatid "hearts" have a counterpart crystal. When one or the other of the paired crystals is destroyed, its mate also ceases to function, killing the Caryatid in question. The Caryatids do not know whether the double-crystal is a necessary part of their creation or whether their alchemist "parents" create the double merely to keep control of their metal progeny. In either case, most Caryatids are all too aware of their vulnerability.

Save for their crystal hearts, Caryatids are almost invulnerable. All three known forms of Caryatid are extraordinarily strong and hard to damage.

Caryatids were originally invented at the behest of an industrialist named William Sapphire, to serve as an unusual security system for his Vrenthar mansion. The first pair of Caryatids supported a large slab of carved alabaster arching over the main entrance to Sapphire's gate. The Caryatids were instructed to allow the alabaster arch to fall and crush anyone attempting to sneak onto the grounds. Over the last century or so, the use of Caryatids as all-purpose servants and bodyguards has increased among the wealthy.

See stats in Appendix B.

life of ease, but have to make do with "just" a large townhouse and garden. Only a small percentage of the district's population can afford to use gas lamps. South Esler's poorer residents, the university students, managers, and some boutique owners living nearer to Esler than Vrenthar, do not live nearly as high on the *retep*. Most of these make do with clean, vermin-free apartments and houses, and the knowledge they live in a more exclusive district than most of their peers ever will.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places of note can be found within the Vrenthar and South Elser borders:

ABBOT HOUSE

Abbot House is a bizarre mansion located in the northeastern corner of Vrenthar. Abbot House's jutting turrets and three widow's walks are visible from up to half a kilometer away. Edmund Abbot, the only child of an old Galitian family, had Abbot House built after his parents died in a terrible fire at the family's

exclusive Vrenthar home. At the time, Edmund was only fourteen years old, just old enough to not require a guardian under Galitian law. Young Edmund had his architect design his dream house (although many in Vrenthar call it "the Nightmare").

Abbot House has any number of dead end stairways, secret rooms, strange glowstone murals, changes of level, even a few magically shifting rooms. Now an old recluse, Edmund Abbot still lives alone with his servants within the rambling marble and granite structure. As far as anyone knows, he hasn't left Abbot House in over fifty years, although he occa-

LOCAL RUMOR

Many of the Caryatid servants in Galitia are actually slaves. The Big Rich control them through crystal sets, specially attuned to the crystal that serves as a Caryatid's heart. If the exterior crystal is destroyed, the Caryatid dies. This information is used to force the Caryatids to serve.

sionally throws dinner parties for apparently randomly chosen guests from all over Galitia. These parties are said to be as strange as Abbot House and Edmund himself.

CEDAR PARK CEMETERY

Cedar Park Cemetery is the most exclusive graveyard in Galitia. It lies on Vrenthar's northern edge, just west of Abbot House. The district's walls actually encompass the cemetery, with one gate accessing the graveyard from Vrenthar, and the other gate (always open!) connecting it to Arias.

Asiah Reeder created the cemetery sixty years ago to ensure that no one who was buried within would have to worry about graverobbers. The entire cemetery is constructed in the form of a sorcerous hedge maze. Billed as the ultimate in post-life security, friends and family wishing to pay their respects to one of the cemetery's residents have to give the name to the gatekeeper. He then uses spells to manipulate the maze so that they can reach that grave, and *only* that grave. The first few people who tried to rob Cedar Park wound up impaled on the hedge's thorns, lost for months, or insane.

The system has worked remarkably well, with the exception of an incident some six months ago when the gatekeeper was murdered and much of the maze was damaged by fire. The killing was palmed off as being the work of a frustrated graverobber, and the fire the result of an errant lightning strike.

LADIES' LUNCHEON LEAGUE

The Ladies' Luncheon League meets every seventh, fourteenth, and twenty-first of the month. The League also hosts an annual costume ball once a year, for which all attendees are expected to find a costume that successfully hides their true identities. The Ladies' Luncheon League's costume balls alone provide several months worth of gossip.

LOCAL RUMOR

Edmund Abbot is attempting to turn his home into some sort of sentient creature. No one knows whether or not he has succeeded yet.

The members of the Ladies' League are also up to their ears in Galitian politics, and use their money and influence to scuttle plans or people they don't like.

PHELPS-MARLOWE UNIVERSITY

Phelps-Marlowe University is the oldest and most respected institution of higher learning in Galitia. The leaders of South Esler



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

LOCAL RUMOR

If you can afford her price, Belle Hessler will perform even the most vicious and difficult of bloodmage rites on your behalf. Belle is alternatively said to secretly control the bloodmage guild (perhaps through blackmail) and to be an outcast mage on the verge of a death sentence.

managed to lure the university away from its original home in the Canons district through a combination of enticements including gorgeous facilities, bribes, and the promise that the university's faculty would be free to pursue whatever topics they wished. Today, the university is an "academically diverse institute that produces almost all of Galitia's top doctors, academicians, political theorists, and business managers" (and I know it's so, because it's right out of their catalog).

IVORY AND LACE

Ivory and Lace is a piano bar and nightclub located along the southeastern edge of South Esler. The two-story structure is faced entirely with delicately veined marble, and the door is inlaid with ivory. Inside, the bottom floor is filled with posh booths surrounded by large plants and lots of statues. The booths are set off and are used for private meets of all kinds. The tables surround a small, circular stage on which many of Galitia's better torch singers perform nightly.

The second floor is almost always hazy with cigar smoke. Colored pools of soft light radiate upwards from the floor with the only overhead lighting focusing on the grand piano in the far corner, across from a large, ivory-inlaid bar. The piano player, Belle Hessler, is damn good (and it's rumored she used to work as a bloodmage, and still does have connections to the black market).

CHAPTER FOUR

BEYOND THE WALLS

Most Galitians spend their entire lives behind the multiple walls of their city. Long-time believers in the saying, “Better the slashtor you know ...,” Galitians give the hairy eyeball to caravaners, miners, sailors, traders, and the like. After all, there must be something seriously wrong with anyone who regularly enters the Wilderness, even those spurred on by the hope of some day striking it rich.

Although the Wilderness certainly isn’t the kind of place it’s wise to stop and smell the flowers (after all, *they* might be smelling you too), it’s not entirely a deathtrap. A few brave and crazy souls join the occasional mad hermit in raking in a fortune out there. And there are other good points — as one Galipen miner put it, “At least when you run into a duraz, you know what it’s after. It’s not always so easy to tell with ‘civilized’ folk.”

If you’re planning a trip into the Wilderness, even just to deliver a truckload of goods to Galipen, you’d better read this section first. If you don’t and go anyway, well, don’t come bleeding to me.

THE LAND

The land surrounding Galitia is forested to the north and west, with the foliage continuing into the foothills of the Pendars. The growth stops suddenly to the west, where the first upthrusts of the shale that forms the backbone of the Pendar range begins to appear. To the south, the forest becomes more dense and low-lying, the ground more and more swampy. Within ten kilometers, the ground becomes treacherous, with watery fen predominating.

This land has many rich resources just waiting to be exploited, but there are very few “old hands” operating in the Wilderness. Much more common are the short, but lucrative careers that provide the Big Rich with supplies for their various enterprises.





Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

BLACKTAR FOREST

The forest that lies to Galitia's north and west is named for the blacktar trees, found in clumps all over the forest. Blacktars are easily recognizable by the sticky tar-like sap, called firesap, that oozes out of their large leaves and thick trunks. The sap is highly flammable, due both to its chemical makeup and some magical property, and there will almost always be a wide swath of grass or plain earth surrounding a grove of blacktars. The trees themselves are almost fireproof, which is why there's still a forest standing.

The foresters of Galipen are skilled at harvesting firesap from the blacktars. The process is damn difficult, as even a single spark or a particularly sharp blow will cause the firesap to ignite. Firesap sticks ferociously to anything and everything, and a fist-sized glob will burn for over fifteen minutes underwater. The sticky stuff must be scraped off flesh and allowed to burn itself out — even firemages can't immediately snuff out raw firesap, usually needing several minutes to quench the flames. Firemages and alchemists particularly value firesap and will pay a high price for it.

Foresters also harvest the wood from fallen or dead blacktars. No one has yet been successful at chopping down a live blacktar, as every attempt thus far (of course there haven't been many attempts) has ended in a tremendous explosion, killing everyone within fifty meters of the tree. The wood itself is worth its weight in gold, as it's durable and its resistance to fire means that houses built with it won't go up in smoke.

Other trees in the forest include oak, pine and birch. Animal trails wind their way throughout the forest, and several logging roads also scrawl through the western section. There are a number of smaller animals in the forest, but it's the other kinds of creatures that reside there that you have to worry about.

(See stats and rules mechanics for the blacktars in Appendix B.)

THE PENDARS

The Pendars form a north-south barrier several miles west of Galitia. Although there are rumors of several accessible paths in the

Pendars, it's almost impossible to find anybody around who's used them. There must be a trail leading to a permanent gate somewhere in the Pendars (probably somewhere along the broad Pendar Pass), otherwise I don't see how we could keep receiving those regular gold shipments from Selastos.

Both the first and second Galipen mining towns were located in this range. The Pendars would be dangerous to travel in even if there were no Wilderness creatures to contend with, for the shale and earth of the cliffs are notorious for their tendency to shift suddenly beneath your feet. No matter what trail you're on, there's a danger of rock falls. Still, the Pendars have a variety of riches including oil, copper, and raw glowstones which a few Joes consider to be worth the trip — and the risk.

THE SOUTHERN FENS

The Southern Fens officially begin ten kilometers south of Galitia. Fed by smaller tributaries of the Skorn and riddled with hot springs, the swampy forest tends to be both warmer and wetter than Galitia and its immediate environs. The Fens are full of animal and insect life of all kinds, including a particularly large and varied assortment of snakes and other reptiles. Although several types of known Wilderness creatures have been spotted within the Fens, there are many reports of a shark-like sauriads, creatures capable of gliding through water, sand, and mud with equal facility. No one's ever seen one of these creatures at close range, at least not that I've heard of, which means either the sauriads are real shy or they're deadlier than a two-timed Elkist. You be the judge.

The Fens themselves have large deposits of potash, sulfur, and amber, and prospectors from Galipen and Galitia sometimes venture into the swamps to find their fortunes. Perhaps three quarters of these return, and about half have made a find, so that's not bad odds.

TRAVELLING BY LAND

Although some people travel the forests surrounding Galitia by foot or by car, most prefer to travel by horse or elementally-powered motorcycle. Unless you're certain you'll be sticking to the main roads, cars are a poor choice because they're likely to bog down or be



TIPS FOR TRAVEL

There are any number of books, pamphlets and conjurevids out there full of tips for Wilderness travelers. I've yet to see one worth the paper it's burned into. The few folk who actually go out there and come back tend to be quiet types, either because they want to keep what they've seen secret or because they're in shock, I don't know.

Anyway, the tips below might help keep you alive, for at least a little while:

- 1) Stay away from the Wilderness!
- 2) If you're determined to hunt your fortune (or have an urgent need to leave the city) be certain to bring at least a week's worth of supplies — don't plan on finding food, water or shelter out there right away.
- 3) Don't eat or drink anything in the Wilderness unless it's been tested and magically cleansed.
- 4) When travelling in the Fens, be sure to use only skiffs treated so as to be extra tough. Leeches have been known to dissolve holes through the bottoms of ordinary boats.
- 5) Stay far away from any blacktar groves, unless you're skilled at harvesting firesap, or have always wanted to know what it feels like to be one of Pyro's main dishes.

too wide to get through many areas in the Wilderness.

Cars *do* provide a bit more physical protection than other forms of transport, but if you're counting on your vehicle to protect you, you better get yourself measured before you leave — makes it easier on the undertaker. If you do take a car, strap a motorcycle on the back, just in case. After all, you wouldn't want to spend a night stuck in "Frenzy," and nothing there is likely to swallow you whole.

Except on the very largest trails (of which there are only a handful within fifty kilometers of the city), travel in the Pendars is by foot or by horse. Some of the trails are capable of motor traffic, but the noise of the vehicles is also known to attract Wilderness creatures.

If you're planning to go any distance at all into the Fens, bring a light skiff and several poles to maneuver the boat. Skiffs should be no larger than two person affairs, as the waterway can grow very shallow and narrow in spots, and the number of leeches and worse make it a really bad idea to step out of the boat unless it's absolutely necessary.

THE RIVER

Where Galitia meets the Skorn, the river stretches over 1.1 kilometers wide. Although swift flowing, the river is not nearly as tempestuous as it is where it exits a sharp ravine known as the Demon's Maw, a few kilometers

north of the city. The Skorn's dark waters allow little visibility, usually no more than a meter. Though the Skorn has plenty of fish, most aren't good eating for Humans (in fact, the oil, scales and gills of the meter long *actiath* give out with a hell of a contact poison). Those few fish and mollusks that are edible are considered delicacies by Galitians.

Unfortunately for those who have to sail the river to make a living, there are a fair share of deadly creatures in those waters. The *tangalor* has been known to attack people who fall in the river, and even those who are just walking along its edge, using its kelp-like tentacles.

TRAVELLING BY RIVER

There's no such thing as a pleasure boat on the river Skorn. Instead, the boats that operate on the river are all well-armored craft, with triple-lined hulls and a minimum of exposed deck. All sailors wear life vests, equipped with small metal loops that hook on to long rope tethers attached to larger metal rings placed strategically around the deck. It doesn't do as much as you might like to keep you from falling in, but at least it makes it more likely they'll be able to retrieve your body for burial. (Some sailors wear sorcerously treated life vests that give off noxious chemicals and loud bursts of noise when immersed in water. Others really hate these, saying all they do is attract water creatures.)

GALIPEN

The small mining community of Galipen is built directly onto the side of the Pendar mountain range. Located southwest of Galitia, the town's taller buildings are visible by Galitians during the day, and the orange light of its glowstones can be seen at night.

Galipen's population numbers roughly one thousand. It's a much more close-knit community than the city it is officially a part of (and must pay taxes to). Almost half of Galipen's buildings are actually built into old mining shafts and caves, and the rock provides a great deal more protection than the four meter tall wall that marks the community's official border. In-ground residences are the most prized of all Galipen's dwellings, despite the fact that they're normally pretty small. Of the buildings found above ground, most contain at least some underground emergency quarters, and the residents of those places that don't have them are perpetually trying to build them.

Galipen is physically attached to its parent city, Galitia, by a single road known as The Gamut. The Gamut is wide enough to accommodate even the largest wagons and trucks, and is paved with large slabs of Pendar stone. Protecting The Gamut are a number of *lightning bolt* wards lining the trail. Placed every five meters along both sides of The Gamut, the wards are treated so as to react to any unauthorized encroachment on the road. Unfortunately, when one of the wards expires, a gap appears in The Gamut's defenses. Galipen's mages work hard to keep the spells in place, but gaps still appear roughly once a month. Travelers should be careful for this reason, because it's always possible something might make it on to the road.

INDUSTRY

There are two main industries in Galipen: mining and forestry. In addition, a number of traders and mercenary explorers also make their homes here. No major trading or caravan company keeps its headquarters in Galipen though, preferring to use it as a rest stop before heading into Galitia proper.

Naturally, there are a number of small bars, diners, brothels, markets and other such things to support the miners and their families. There are also outfitters shops, that sell to fortune hunters who pass through the outpost.

THE MINES

The Galipen mines are narrow, deep shafts running directly into the mountainside. They produce shale, iron, copper, the crystals used to make glowstones and a few gems.

Mining is one hell of a dangerous occupation, what with the cave-ins, poisonous and explosive gas leaks, occasional mysterious disappearances (usually accompanied by traces of an odd, honey-scented yellow goo). Glowstone shafts are particularly dangerous to work, and unprotected Humans never enter a known glowstone shaft. This is due to the unfortunate fact that large glowstone deposits are invariably accompanied by large veins of necrosis moss. This plant produces intermittent puffs of spore-filled gas that cause necrosis in Humans. The unfortunate miners who stumble on a new glowstone vein often wind up with the plague.

The Galipen mines are owned by the powerful Cassely family. Tiara Cassely, a voting member on the board of Elders, lives in Galipen, and pretty much runs the entire outpost. Tiara

SAILING THE SKORN

"The Skorn's a nasty one. I don't care if she was named after some demon — at least with a demon, you can sacrifice a couple of virgins and it'll leave you alone for a while. I've seen the Skorn swallow up whole boatloads of men and still be searchin' fer more. Sometimes I swear she's more alive than you or I.

"Why don't I take up woodworking or some other nice, safe, drylander job? Ya see, just askin' that question shows you could never sail the Skorn. She may be wilder and more deadly than any demon, but that just makes tamin' her the biggest rush there is on Marl. Us Skorn sailors ... well, we're just a different breed and it's the river that makes us or breaks us."

— Tannin McAlroy, first mate on the *Delta Doll*

LOCAL RUMOR

Some of the local mining families have been working on an underground tunnel for several generations. The tunnel is almost finished and will lead directly into part of Galitia's railrunner tunnels. This tunnel will give the miners a way to transport their goods into the city with greater safety and without having to pay the steep road toll the Galitian government charges the Galipen traders. The tunnel is said to be nearly complete.

is a big wheel among the miners, who ignore the official rulings of the Elders and just abide by her decisions.

TIMBER

The timber industry is another moneymaker for Galipen. The largest company, Blacktar Lumber and Fire, is owned by Harris Sturn, another member of the board of Elders. Although the firm dominates the area's timber business, there's plenty of opportunity for the half dozen smaller lumber operations to make a handsome profit. The key to the lumber industry in the Blacktar Forest is moving quickly and carefully while always keeping your guard up. Chopping down trees is real dangerous, but when you might have to con-

tend with vicious Wilderness creatures, demons, and exploding trees, it becomes downright suicidal.

THE MINERS

Although attacks by Wilderness creatures aren't as common as they used to be, everybody who lives at Galipen knows it's always a possibility. Combine that with the risky work they do and the constant state of exhaustion and you've got a tough crowd up there.

Although Galipeners put up with the traders and travelers who come and go from their outpost, they're really only comfortable with each other. The warmest welcome is reserved for those who are fleeing bounties in Galitia, because the miners don't have a lot of respect for the law. You might be a thief or an axe murderer in the city — as long as you leave the locals alone, you're welcome in Galipen.

Of course, there are plenty of feuds and other violence at the mining camp. Galipen is known for quick justice, particularly when it comes to thieves or card cheats, who are usually buried alive.

Most of the miners are Humans, but you can find a few of almost everything up there. Only Vampires, Hugors and skitter-rats aren't welcome. The largest minority is the necrotics, who live in a cave network in extreme northwestern Galipen. Nobody but a necrotic ever enters that area, for fear of catching the disease.

TIPS FOR TRAVEL

Although more people book passage on trading vessels on the river than ask to go along with overland caravans, river travel is only slightly less dangerous. Still, it's the best way to reach a number of Marl's other cities, and there's no doubt that the vast majority of Galitia's immigrants come and go by way of the Skorn.

When travelling by river, keep the following in mind:

- 1) Bring weapons, preferably including some you can conceal. There are a number of vicious creatures in and on the river, and some manage to stow away. And then there are always your fellow passengers and crew to consider ...
- 2) Wear a life vest. It may not be much protection, but it's probably the *only* chance you have should you somehow end up taking a dive into the Skorn.
- 3) Bring fresh water and food unless the ship is crewed by your own family. Don't make yourself a more tempting target than you have to. A number of sailors turn a brisk profit in the slave-trade, legal or illegal, found in several of Marl's less civilized cities (including Galitia).

NECROTICS

"Do you know what it's like to feel your flesh crawling away from your bones, your body constantly devouring itself? I could teach you.

"Sure, we can digest almost anything short of blacktar planks, the trick is keeping pace with our greedy flesh. Have you ever gone to sleep beside a lovely young thing only to wake to find bones jutting through the remains of those sweet curves, come morning?

"The lives of necrotics ain't pretty ... but then, neither are we."

Necrotics are Humans (usually) whose bodies are being ravaged by a hideous combination of wasting sickness, leprosy, and gangrene. A necrotic will often appear to "cave in" at shifting points over the course of a single day. Anyone who can stomach watching one for an hour or two will see the spread of disease and collapsing flesh followed by the taut, pink regrowth of new tissue. The process occurs in almost undulating waves across the victim's body.

The bodies of necrotics are riddled with a microscopic parasite that continually feeds on their flesh. The parasite is ravenously hungry and consumes, on average, 4.5 kilograms of flesh per day. A necrotic will normally die within twenty-four hours if he can't consume approximately the same quantity of "food" each day. Fortunately for the necrotics, they find most organic substances softer than hard wood edible. (As long as enough food is consumed, the parasites can enable the flesh to regenerate.)

Outside of necrosis moss, no one is quite sure where the plague comes from, whether it's alchemical or magical in nature. It can be spread through exposure to the moss' gas; through blood contact (if a necrotic touches an open wound or sore on your body, or you get necrotic blood on you, there's a 25 percent chance you're infected). Also, some necrotics have been known to bear children with the disease.

Necrotics are immune to gas attack and their regenerated flesh is tougher than normal Human skin. Runeslugs designed to harm Undead are effective against them, but fire remains the best weapon (since even the parasites can't regenerate skin that badly damaged).

The afflicted do, of course, have their uses — after all, once they have the plague, there's no reason not to send them into the crystal shafts. Glowstones are big business in Galitia, and somebody has to mine them. That's why the city turns a blind eye to the necrotic ghetto, as long as they stay in Galipen.

Necrotics who venture into the city are usually killed by sentinels or, if their family has any kind of influence, slapped into Reithburn for the rest of their short lives.

Necrotic

See stats in Appendix B.

ENTERTAINMENT

Entertainment in Galipen is sparse, and almost entirely provided by a handful of no-frills brothels and bars. Music is also a big thing and some of the miners can play instruments. Then there are always the tall tales about the Wilderness, "Frenzy," or anyplace else dark and dangerous. And everybody plays cards, hoping to win enough money to visit Miss Lizzy's.

DAILY LIFE

Living conditions in Galipen are harsh, with most people having only the bare necessities to get by. Anyone who has "nice things," any kind of luxury, treats it like pure gold. That's why thieves are treated worse than murderers here.

The miners will buy almost anything from almost anybody. The necrotics are most fond of furs and silks, since coarser material irritates their constantly shifting flesh. They'll pay through the nose for clothes made from pulped

WORKING THE MINES

"What the hell are you doin', botherin' me with your fool questions? (cough, cough) When I'm not down in that shaft using every last shred of nerve and sense I got to avoid the necrosis and ferret out some new vein of copper — I'm the best copper sniffer in Galipen, in case you haven't heard — I'm at Miss Lizzy's or asleep. (cough, cough) Why the hell you think I should be wasting my time and energy talkin' to you? I'm a Galipener and we don't waste our time namby-pambying about like you Galitians. (cough, cough) Bet you've never felt the soot in your lungs, or held your breath 'til you thought you'd bust a lung, runnin' back through a cloud of gas that poured in behind you through a crack in an empty vein some idiot hadn't patched over proper? Humph. Thought not. Well, then, why the hell am I talkin' to you?"

— Ger Oddfellow, Cassely miner

blacktar fibers, since that protects them from fire.

Over one third of Galipen's population lives in converted caves and underground dwellings. These provide better protection from winter storms and Wilderness creatures than shacks would, but the latter is still the choice of most.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

The following people and places can be found within Galipen:

MINER'S HALL

Actually attached to Tiara Cassely's stone and blacktar fortress, Miner's Hall is the largest gathering place in Galipen; the site of monthly town meetings, trials, all Miners' Guild meetings, and just about every other public events conducted in the outpost. Tiara Cassely presides over all such events. Miner's Hall is a natural amphitheatre covered by a blacktar walls and roof. In times of emergency, "above-grounders" are encouraged to seek shelter here.

LOCAL RUMOR

There are many more necrotics in Galipen than the locals let on. Perhaps one in ten Galipeners is a necrotic and there are more born or created every year. Some people say the necrotics' true goal is to infect Galitia's entire populace — starting with their allies in Galipen.

Miner's Hall is located on the southwestern end of Galipen, approximately thirty meters above most of the outpost. The view from the Hall (and Tiara's residence) is breathtaking, so they say (I've never been to either).

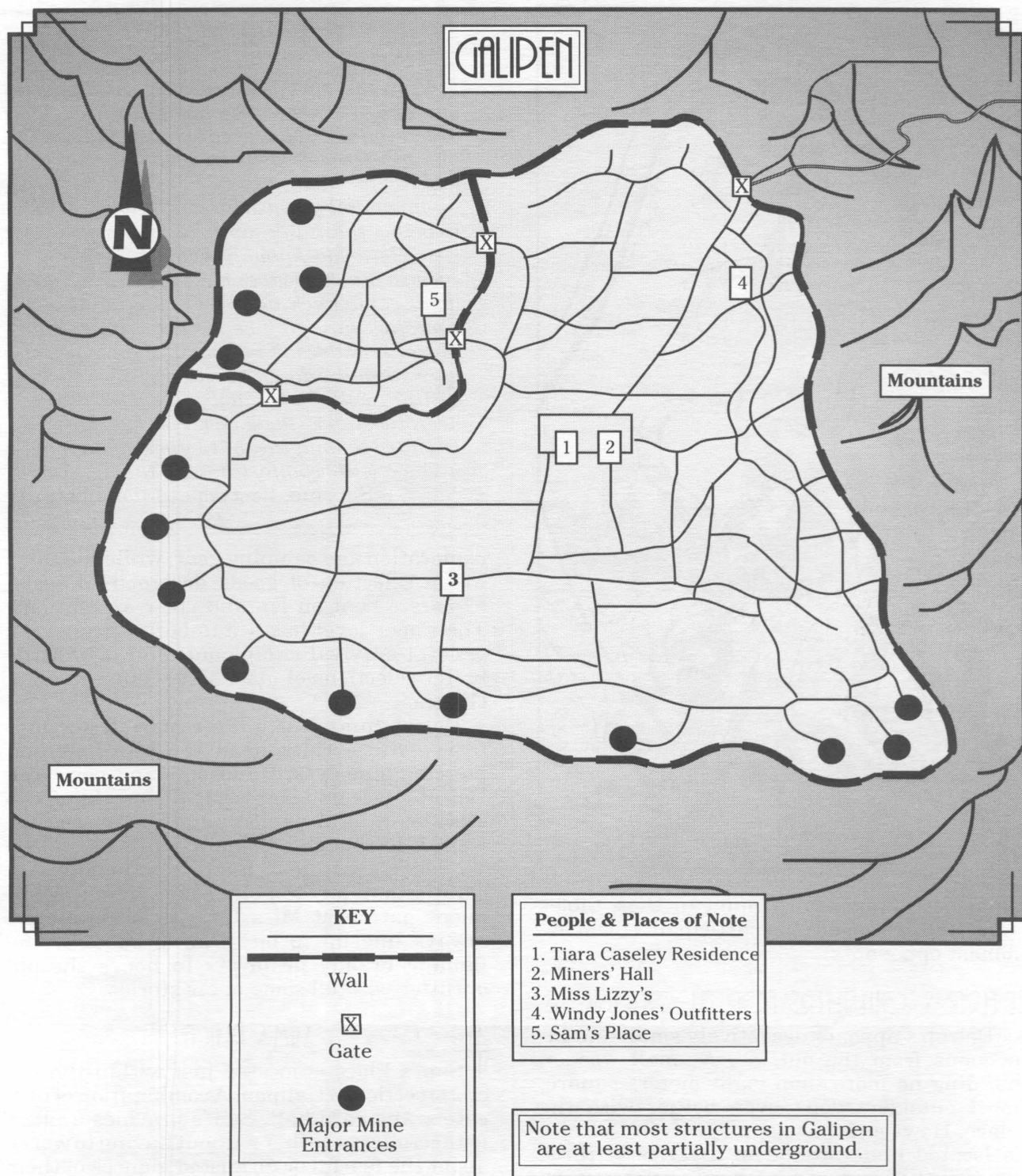
"SLATE" MCFEE

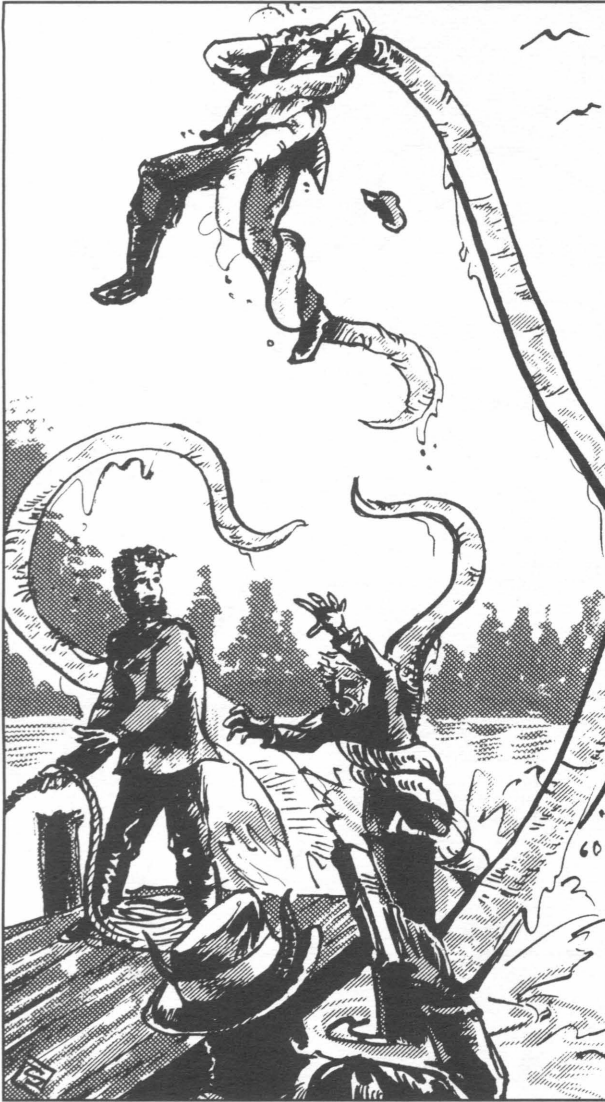
"Slate" serves as Tiara Cassely's sheriff and official liaison to the sentinels. He has about a dozen men working under him, and though technically they're sentinels, they don't pay much attention to the rules and regulations. They dole out justice however they see fit and their jail is most often used for a drunk tank. (The only exception to this is when sentinels from the city come up for an inspection. "Slate" will usually find a few nasty-looking types to sit in the cells for show.) Most crimes are dealt with by Galipen's citizens, not the law.

"Slate" is a tall, lean man with black hair just beginning to grey at the temples. He almost always wears spiked timber boots, plain brown or grey clothes, and a long, black leather duster with matching wide-brimmed hat.

MISS LIZZY'S

Miss Lizzy's is the most popular of Galipen's few "comfort houses." The women there are friendly and easy on the eye, and all of them know how to dance, sing, or play an instrument in addition to their other, more obvious talents. Miss Lizzy herself is a shrewd businesswoman in her early thirties. She always makes sure that the booze flows freely and that her velvet card tables (famous for the numerous spells placed on them to detect cheating) are kept full. Miss Lizzy collects a





Brian Schomburg

small percentage of all winnings at these tables since she can assure the participants of facing honest opponents.

DELRAB'S: OUTFITTERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Delrab's appears deceptively small and innocuous from the outside. A small wooden building no more than eight meters square, most outsiders don't even bother with the place. However, the vast majority of Delrab's is located underground in a series of three large outfitting areas, each catering to different needs. The first chamber contains a variety of mining and mountain climbing gear and accessories, the second concentrates on forest

ON THE GAME

"Aw, the boys around here aren't too bad at all. A little dirty maybe, and most aren't the world's best conversationalists, but then conversation isn't what they're looking for here.

"I can tell you working at Miss Lizzy's is better than any job I had back in the city. Here you know folks and if anyone even so much as gives me a black eye they don't come back again. Of course, those necrotics sure do give me the creeps, but Mizz Lizzy doesn't let any of their type in here since she doesn't want any of us girls getting sick. You know, I've heard the necrotics have their own comfort house. It's hard to imagine, but I guess if anyone needs a little comforting, it's them."

— Sabrina, hostess at Miss Lizzy's

exploration and camping gear, while the third has a selection of goods designed to assist explorers bent on fen and river expeditions. The upper level has a number of dry goods, general survival equipment, and one of the better selections of maps to be found in all of Galitia.

Delrab himself is a large man in his mid-fifties with a thick head of white hair and piercing blue eyes. Handsome and powerful, Delrab's face and body bear the marks of two score years as an explorer and fortune seeker. Delrab is thought to know more about the Wilderness within a hundred kilometers of Galitia than any ten other men living. A frequent patron at Miss Lizzy's, locals almost always line up to buy Delrab shots of the flaming brandy he favors in hopes the old outfitter will tell some of his stories.

SAM'S PLACE

Sam's Place is located just within the necrotic section of Galipen. A combination of bar, eatery and card hall, Sam's provides a place for necrotics to gather without having to worry about the fearful or disgusted glances of their Human neighbors.

The furniture in Sam's is covered in especially plush and soft fabrics of all kinds. Although the booze and card games always avail-

able are a draw, it's the food — and the sheer amount of it — that the necrotics really appreciate.

Sam himself is one of the older necrotics in Galipen, and was born of parents with the plague, which may be why he isn't quite as bitter as some. Sam is constantly holding meetings aimed at finding a way of forcing the board of Elders to allow necrotics to live in Galitia proper.

Sam is on good terms with Tiara Cassely and he hopes that she will be the key to eventually effecting this change in the law. For a small fee, Tiara also provides Sam with whole truckloads of the old food Galitia's restaurants and markets pay one of her subsidiary companies to haul away.

CREATURES

There are plenty of creatures in the Wilderness around Galitia, but here are a few of the nastier ones. If you run into one of these, you'll have a good idea why most people stay in the cities:

PHOENIX

From a distance, this thing looks like an

LOCAL RUMOR

Delrab has accurate maps to the Pendar Pass gate as well as routes to several other cities and ruins within one week's travel of Galitia.

eagle with a constant shimmer of heat around it. But when you get close — if you're stupid enough to do that — you'll see that there are a couple of important differences. For one thing, a phoenix is about three to four times the size of an eagle. For another, that shimmer ain't no optical illusion — it's the real thing. What's more, up to a year after they're dead, phoenix feathers will still produce heat. This makes them valuable as a component for spells and a source of warmth.

The phoenix is also able to project its heat in a narrow column at a range of about 50 meters, and it's hot enough to melt iron. That's why so many phoenix hunters wind up as smoking ruins.

Phoenix feathers are a rich gold in color, and their talons and beak are bright red. Phoenixes do fly, but are more likely to take advantage of



Paul Daly

the updrafts caused by their heat aura to soar. They are apparently immune to heat and flame and make their homes in the Blacktar Forest.

PHOENIX

See stats in Appendix B.

TELGHA

Telgha can be found all over the river Skorn and in who knows how many other waterways. They may not be the biggest or strongest creatures under the waves, but they're damn near the deadliest.

No one is quite certain whether telgha are what they appear to be — Human/aquatic breeds — or the results of a curse or spell gone wrong. They're man-sized creatures that breathe only underwater, with rows and rows of razor-sharp teeth. Their legs allow for swift

propulsion underwater, and their arms let them grab on to prey while they eat it. They average 1.5 to 2 meters in length.

Telgha are meat-eaters. They travel in schools of anywhere from a dozen to 40 and can strip the meat off the bones of an entire ship's crew in mere minutes. Put simply, let your feet dangle in the waters of the Skorn and you might not have feet for too long.

Telgha are hunted and killed by special sentinel squads that work the river. There's some fear on the part of mages that the telgha will breed with Humans and create amphibious versions of themselves. The day that happens is the day I move as far from Galitia as I can get.

TELGHA

See stats in Appendix B.

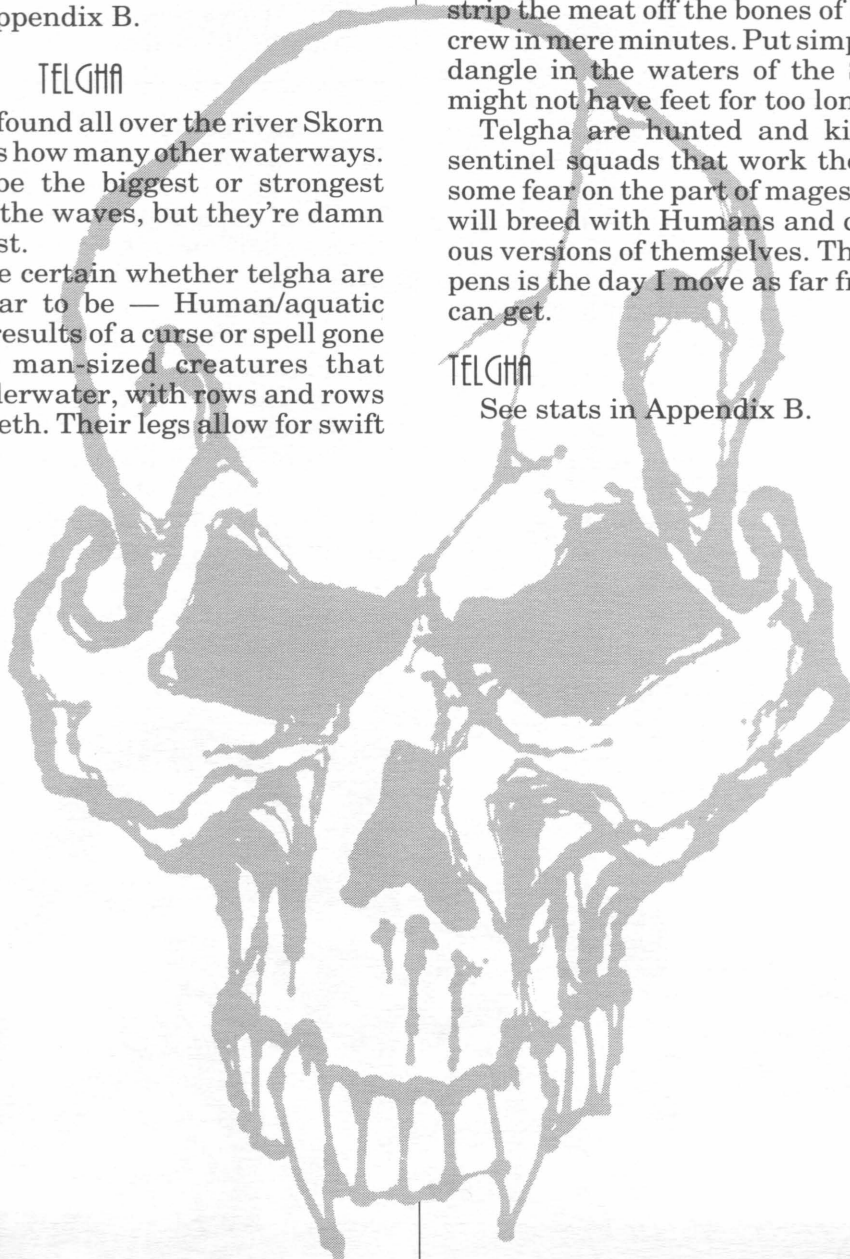


Illustration by Thomas O'Neill



APPENDIX

A

THE STRAIGHT DOPE

This section outlines additional information about the city of Galitia intended for the gamemaster's eyes only. Your average character simply doesn't have access to this kind of information, at least not initially.

This appendix gives the gamemaster more information on some of the key players in the forces of Order and Chaos in the city, as well as a look at least a few of the more powerful members of the newest force in the Godwar: the Oathbreakers. Also described here are a few of the many, many cults currently operating in Galitia.

Finally, this section provides the gamemaster with examples of the plots and counterplots currently being laid by the powerful and desperate in the city, stats and a few new nasty critters to introduce your players to should they decide to venture into the Wilderness.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Galitia is a teeming, dirty, vital city of three million plus individuals, each wrapped up in his or her own concerns. It is a city that has outgrown itself many times, and is on the verge of doing so again. Corruption is rife, and the streetsingers make money on the rise in grisly crimes. The number of Unnaturals and breeds is going up as well, and tensions along with them. Surrounding all of this is a vast Wilderness which some brave souls must venture into if Galitians are to have the gold and luxuries for which they continually cry out. In short, it's a city ripe for adventure and reward for individuals gutsy enough to risk the notice of the cultists, Big Rich, thugs, sentinels and other interested parties.

Only a fraction of the people and businesses found in Galitia can be described in this book. The gamemaster is strongly encouraged to build on this





Brian Schomburg

information, describing the alternately gritty and glitzy city that is Galitia.

Bloodshadows is a game of horror with panache. In Galitia, glamour mixes with gore. Think of films like *The Maltese Falcon*, where nobody's all saint, although some may be almost all sinner, and everyone has a snappy comeback. Villains in Galitia shouldn't just be pop-up figures player characters use for target practice. Even adding one quirky personality trait (like an odd accent, or always wearing a gardenia) can help fix a character in both your mind and the minds of your players.

Finally, adventures in Galitia should generally be full of twists and turns so that the player characters never know who to trust. Just about everyone has a hidden agenda or three (and this probably includes the player characters) and few people will reveal their secrets willingly.

With that said, let us move on to the major players in the Godwar in Galitia:

GODWARRIORS

Below are listed details on a number of the most important Galitian players in the Godwar. Of course, the gamemaster is free to decide that these (and other) people have entirely different agendas and loyalties than the ones described below. Remember, this is *your* city; the doublecrosses, plots, counterplots, surprises (in case any of those pesky players decide to peruse this section of the book), and characters too gritty, mad, or cool for their own good are all yours to command!

ORDER

As noted earlier in this book, Order came close to losing its grip on Galitia in the very early days of the war's return. It was only through the actions of private eye Jack Deacon that a plot to bring Order down and turn the city over to Chaos was stopped. Since then, Order has been regrouping as quickly as possible.

"MERR"

It may not surprise the more thoughtful reader that one of the most powerful men in Galitia is the leader of the forces of Order in

the city. The vast resources of his businesses (legal and illegal) in Galitia gives him the power he needs to fight for stability in the city and for the triumph of Order over Chaos.

In the grey-mist world of intrigue and betrayal, the world of the Godwar, the head of Order in Galitia is known only by this single name. It is almost certainly an alias used to mask his true identity. What person or persons Merr portrays in his efforts to achieve his goals are unknown (and up to the gamemaster), although it is certain that his cover is deep indeed. Should one of his aliases be discovered, there is always another one available.

Merr's deep involvement in the trade negotiations with (some might say blackmail of) Selastos occupied the bulk of his attention for some time, and he was slow to recognize the subtle signals that presaged the coming of the Godwar to Galitia. The recent upswing in activity by Chaotic cults (and unexpected betrayal by members of his own faction) hit his underground interests hard (Those interested in more information about Merr's affairs should refer to the novel *Hell's Feast*). He was already isolated from the Cult of Ison (see below) by ego and competing business interests; the onslaught of Chaos destabilized his tentative links to the militant wing of the cult known as the Sarians (see below).

As with all of the servants of Order, Merr is as yet hampered by a lack of coordination and communication with potential allies. He is, however, working diligently to remedy that situation and will use any and all operatives he can recruit or buy off to reach his ends.

Merr has been secretly hiring and equipping hit squads and sponsoring raids on interests that he believes serve Chaos (or his business rivals). In the process, he has begun to send out tentative feelers toward Arle, the Vampire crimelord. Merr feels that they might share a mutual interest in the outcome of the struggle, but as yet he has no idea that he and the Undead gangster share common oaths to the cause.

THE CULT OF ISON

The cult of Ison — one of the gods of Order — is one of the largest religions in Galitia, and nowadays is called a "cult" more out of habit



than anything else. Its membership includes many of the most powerful citizens of the city, enough to rival the ranks of the Kherestians,

While a silver cauldron still rests in the center of each of the churches, the cult has (at least publicly) abandoned the old practice of boiling errant followers in full view of the congregation. The Isonan priests are models of civic virtue and compassion, and the cathedral in the Canons district is one of the finest examples of classic Third Wall architecture still extant. But if you cross the hierarchy, you may end up roaming the Wilderness or floating in the Skorn.

The existence of this cult is one reason that Chaos does not now dominate Galitia. While caught unawares by a sudden Chaotic push, the Isonans' disciplined paramilitary organization — the Flaming Eye — moved quickly to protect the cult's property, members and allies. (The latter group did not include Merr, whose business dealings with some of the more influential members of the cult had grown a bit too dirty.)

While the thugs, foot soldiers and mages fight the Chaotic tide in dark streets, crowded buildings, back alleys and tunnels all over the

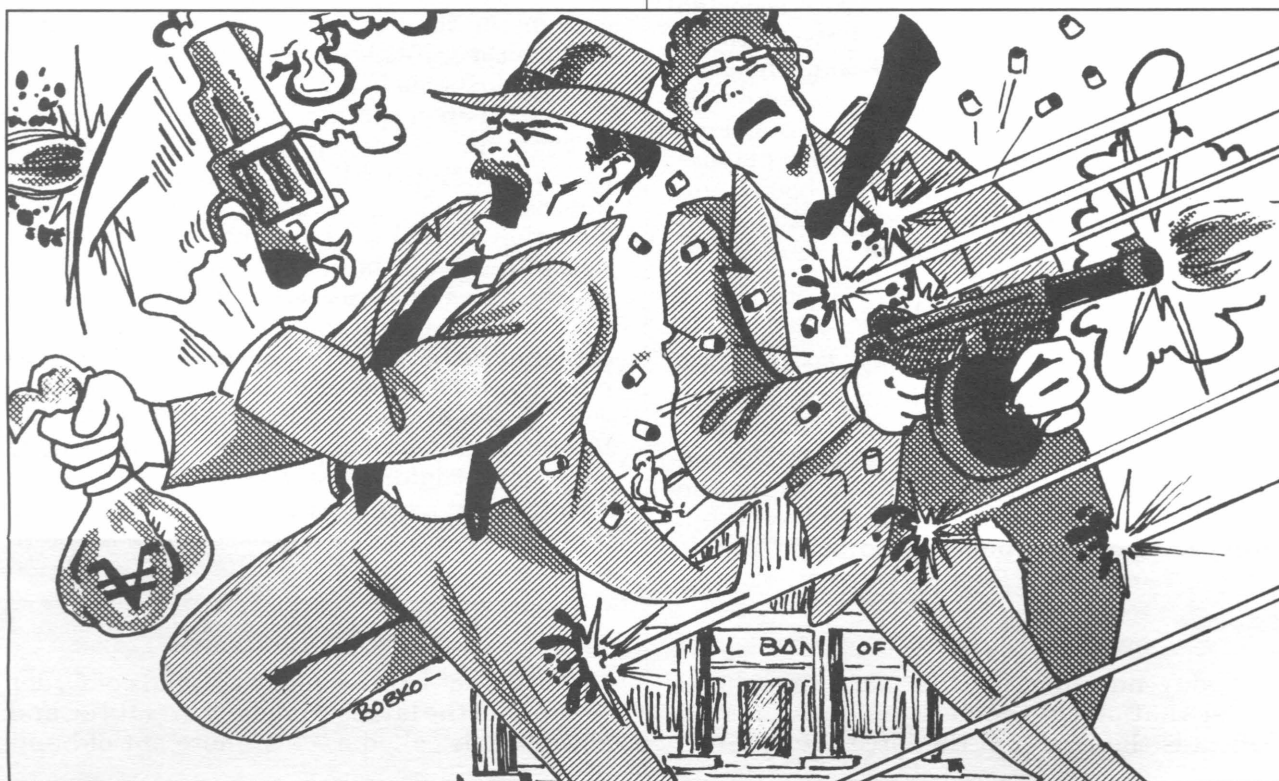
city, the cult hierarchy and membership spread a lot of dough around to recruit hired muscle and freelancers of all kinds. This ensures their temporary loyalty (in theory), keeping them from the Chaotic camp. Unfortunately for Order, most of the Isonans' pre-arranged targets (to be iced in the event of just such a happening) have already gone to ground (after all, most of them knew what was coming!). They are now in desperate need of new fodder ...er ... agents for their cause.

The war still boils beneath the surface (barely), and the Isonans continue to bring powerful resources to bear against the Chaotic hordes.

THE TEMPLE OF SARIA

The followers of Saria, the philosopher goddess, are famed across Marl for their peaceful natures, love of logic and reason, and abhorrence of violence. The doctrines of the church preach that violence is too often a futile attempt to impose simple solutions on complex problems.

In recent years, however, Sarian scholars began to foresee the coming Godwar. Fearing the destruction of all that they held dear, some



Tim Bobko

of the younger members of the priesthood began to contemplate the previously unthinkable — violent struggle with the forces of Chaos. Rather than seek to influence the conflict solely with reasoned words, these Sarians vowed to arm a movement to fight against the forces of Chaos with weapons more cutting than their words.

Not surprisingly, the neophyte warriors have not been as effective as they had hoped. Their security was somewhat lax initially, and the militant Sarians took significant losses (mostly hired muscle) in recent dust-ups with the blood cults. However, Taloc Marten, the Vicar of the Hesen congregation of the Church of Saria and the young leader of the militants, has learned quickly from these setbacks, and is proceeding more cautiously in this seething cauldron of intrigue and betrayal.

THE KARNOS

Although almost no one recognized it at the time, or recognizes it even to this day, the appearance of the Karnos in Galitia some twenty years ago was one of the first visible signs of the coming of the Godwar. These bizarre Unnaturals, hive-minds of billions of microscopic larvae, are warriors for the cause of Order. Their natures demand it! The highly ordered existence of the billions of larvae functioning as one organism epitomizes on Marl the grand design of Order in the multiverse.

Operating from their bases in "Frenzy" and Esler, the Karnos have slowly spread their influence throughout that section of the city and its underground community, quietly seeking out the minions of Chaos. When they find them, they work individually or in groups to destroy them. While each "individual" Karnos is a separate entity, they are attuned to each other. This subconscious affinity causes them all to work towards similar goals in a grand scheme, knowingly or unknowingly. The outline of that scheme may be incomprehensible to the Human mind. Their purpose and actions are difficult to fathom, but they vigorously pursue their strange ends, often at their own individual expense.

Gamemasters should decide whether or not player character Karnos are aware of the long-term plans of their species to aid the forces of Order. If the player character is not initially aware of this connection, it can provide an

interesting long term plot device. The player character Karnos may begin to feel strange urgings and empathies towards causes and courses of action for no reason he can fathom. The exploration of the character's heritage, and his connection to the greater Karnos community, can be the basis of an ongoing story line.

ARLE

Like Merr, the crimelord Arle serves the cause of Order, although this is perhaps due more to his position in Galitia's still-fractured underworld than to his somewhat jaded convictions. As the leading gangster in Galitia, Arle has his fingers in many pies, and a strong incentive to avoid the upheavals that come with the violent uprisings of the Chaotics.

Arle is not unversed in the spiritual and supernatural, and he has recognized some of the signs of the coming Godwar. He has somewhat altered the course of his regular business activities, diverting some of his resources from his daily operations and his power struggles with Esmer Flowers (and other minor gangsters) to seek out the signs of the blood cults and Chaos minions who he knows to be operating in Galitia.

Arle has begun to see that certain of the Big Rich have begun to operate in this (for them) unfamiliar territory. While wary, Arle is certainly interested in forging alliances which may be helpful in the future.

CHAOS

Chaos, by its very nature, is less organized and less prone to planning. But that didn't stop it from nearly seizing control of Galitia, with a little help from traitors within Order. Currently, Chaos remains more powerful in the city than Order, taking advantage of early gains.

ALOICIOUS "MERCURIAL" JONES

As many have suspected, but none have so far been able to prove, there is far more to this fiery, charismatic preacher than meets the eye. This man, while publicly the religious leader of the Church of the Reflected Word in Hesen, has privately used his influence and the money donated to him by his many credu-



lous believers in his sacred rock to organize and finance an entirely separate and very secret blood cult. This cult, the church of Aktep'Rey, worships an obscure demon dedicated to Chaos.

While his organizational ability and tactical planning have forged a strong, elite organization, the Reverend Jones' ego has thus far prevented him from cooperating closely with any of the other Chaos sects with which he has recently come into contact.

JEREKA CREE

This distinguished gentleman of middle years is the current leader of the Watermage Guild in Galitia. His very public position of service to the community has assured him a prominent place in the public eye. He is a master of elemental magic, and he is equally feared and respected by the politicians and other guild leaders with whom he treats on a regular basis.

Jereka is also a sworn servant of Chaos, who has very patiently worked his way into a position of great power in Galitia in preparation for the coming conflict. While he cannot openly act on behalf of Chaos or in a way that cannot be at least somewhat construed as being in the city's best interest, his considerable skills as a mage and his key position in the power structure make him one of Chaos' strongest assets. The potential damage to the community should he actively turn his full powers against the city is almost incalculable.

As it is, he has worked to introduce agents into the structure of not only his Guild, but the other mage guilds as well. (He has thus far had no success in infiltrating the alchemists though. Sabine Griffith has foiled his efforts so far, though she has not yet learned Jereka's true motives for spying.) Cree can call upon an assortment of mages of all ability levels and specialties to assist him. He is also making inroads in the Rivermens' Guild, using his affinity with water and the creatures that dwell therein to promote the fortunes of his allies and to eliminate their rivals. Soon, this organization, which is key to the economic life of the city, may fall entirely under his sway!

REDGE

This shapeshifter, known only as "Redge,"

is the key agent for the forces of Chaos in Galitia. Headquartered in the rundown Cathedral of Syl on the east side of town, Redge manipulates an army of Unnaturals, demons, Human cultists and other in a delicate dance of death with the forces of Order.

Redge is the very soul and embodiment of Chaos, for he is a shapeshifter who has no control over his transformations. He constantly runs through an endless series of physical changes, sometimes resembling an entire creature, sometimes a mishmash of body parts from every animal, sentient being and foul demon known to Marl and beyond. He is accustomed to the pain this sometimes causes him, and truly enjoys the discomfort it causes those who spend any time in his presence.

The forces of Chaos are well-positioned in Galitia, having exploited the sluggishness of Order and the dissension in its ranks to great advantage. Redge continues to actively press the struggle, but Order has begun to recover from its initial defeats, and the Oathbreakers lurk on the sidelines looking for weaknesses on both sides. The final outcome of this war, if indeed there is a "final" outcome, is still anyone's guess, as Redge is fully aware.

THE CULT OF EROM

This small but influential cult is the ultimate irony — a Chaos cult created by a servant of Order! Created by a Ghoul known only as Black as a tool in his fight to subvert the forces of Order and quickly end the Godwar on Marl, this blood cult worships a completely fictional deity. The sacrifices and prayers reach only as far as their last echoes. (Black named the cult "Erom" because that is the reverse of "more," which is what all cultists really want, anyway.)

Nevertheless, the cult's membership boasts some powerful people with significant resources, and it has held together despite the recent disappearance of its "high priest," Black. The cult continues to seek to further the cause of Chaos, though many of the members are actually bored dilettantes who do not truly realize the consequences of their actions. The cult has fallen into the grasp of Redge, who has manufactured a new high priest to replace Black and seeks to focus the energies of the cult against Merr's forces.



THE OATHBREAKERS

Having turned away from Chaos and Order, the “Oathbreakers” — as they have been dubbed by their enemies — represent a wild card in the game of the Godwar. In which direction they will tip the balance is a question that keeps Merr, Redge and others in their positions awake at night.

HARRIS STURN

Scion of one of the oldest families in Galitia and member of the board of Elders, Sturn is the key operative for the Oathbreaker organization in the city. Following in the philosophical footsteps of his distant ancestor, who fought to save his people from the last Godwar, Sturn wants to save all of the people of Marl from this one. Despite his natural affinity for Order, he feels strongly that neither it nor Chaos are good as absolutes. In any event, he definitely does not want this war to ravage Marl like the last one did — most especially the little corner of Marl known as Galitia.

Sturn has very quietly and cautiously begun to organize the Oathbreakers as a third force in Galitia, in an effort to control the bloodshed and perhaps end the Godwar once and for all — or, at least, win it for his faction. The efforts of this as yet tiny force have not proven very effective so far, but Sturn is patiently recruiting new members as quickly as he can without needlessly jeopardizing his fledgling operation.

CHIEF LAWRENCE BAINES

The sentinel chief is the second most powerful Oathbreakers in the city. Driven by his strong desire for justice and peace, Baines has rejected both sides in this bloody conflict, and struggles to end it once and for all.

Baines has used his position as Chief Sentinel to begin cracking down on blood cult activity in the city, and is gathering intelligence on the cults and any other underground organizations in preparation for future action. For that purpose, he has secretly begun to hire freelance operatives to infiltrate cults and various other networks on the theory that they can go where most of his sentinels cannot.

Currently, he is thinking of sending a team into the deepest bowels of Cairngate to deter-

mine whether a cult of Chaos is forming in the jail’s unsupervised “Dark.”

JOSIAH GRANLEY

The Elkist owner of Granley’s Outfitters, perhaps the only truly prosperous business in “Frenzy,” long ago abandoned the forces of Chaos to work with the “third force.” He sees his move as his best chance to come out on the winning side (or at least avoid losing) in the troubled days ahead, and both his innate savvy and his connections to the explorers and Unnaturals in Galitia have proven invaluable to his cause.



Thomas O'Neill

Through his Wilderness outfitter business and his connections to the caravan and river trades, Granley serves as an information conduit for the Oathbreakers in Galitia and beyond. He keeps communication links open with groups in other cities, and has proven to be very adept at ferreting out messengers, agents and expeditions serving the two traditional adversaries.

THE GUILD OF CHROMOS

The name of this small secret organization is definitely an “inside joke.” It is named both for the chronomancy (time magic) which certain of its members practice, and for the confidence of its leaders that time is on their side in the Godwar.

The group is headquartered in Heslen, and draws most of its membership from that district and nearby Alchemist’s Row. The members are craftsmen/mages who practice chronomancy and technomancy, and fight for the Oathbreakers. The “guild” is unusual in that its members are drawn from all segments of the Godwar — Order, Chaos and Oathbreaker alike. They are united by their love for technology, their fascination with the “higher” magics and the secrets they hold, and their conviction that they can break the stalemate between Order and Chaos on Marl.

The guild has thus far functioned more as a debating society and research cooperative than an effective underground movement, but the informal “Master” of the guild, Jackson McDowell, is pushing the group towards more practical direct action. The magical skills of the membership, including their ability to create and control golemic servants, make them a potentially formidable force.

THE CULTS

The following are capsule descriptions of some of the many Galitian cults caught up in the furor of the approaching Godwar. The gamemaster should feel free to invent any number of sordid, fervent, mysterious cults operating in the city in addition to the ones detailed in this book.

The Cult of Skorn: Unbeknownst to all but a fanatic few, this ancient nemesis of the Galitians has returned. Devoted to Chaos,

bloodshed, and the adulation of their minor, but very bloodthirsty demon, the Skornians once again seek the destruction of the people of Galitia.

Having learned from their defeat a millennium ago, the Skornians are keeping a low profile as they pursue their twisted aims. Most of their members are located in “Frenzy” and Esler, and the cult meets in a section of abandoned railrunner tunnels under Esler, which they have walled off for their foul purposes. The cultists are well on their way toward successfully completing the first phase of their mission in Galitia.

The Cult of Aktep’Rey: This cult was founded and is still led by the Reverend Aloicious “Mercurial” Jones. The reverend has built a strong organization by funneling cash from his above-ground ministry into equipment, weapons and ammunition for his cultists.

These cultists are an elite paramilitary organization which actively seeks out and destroys the forces of Order wherever they can be found. They are amassing a great quantity of munitions for the Day of Uprising, which their deity has told them is nigh at hand. They merely await the return of their sacred gift, the famed claw of Aktep’Rey, as a propitious sign, foretold by the stars, to begin the revolt.

This group is responsible for most of the losses suffered by the militant Sarians, and fights a running war with Aldous Brighton’s hit squads and protective services.

The Pretasian Order: This organization takes as its symbol the Pretas — the Unnatural which secretly inhabits the bodies of men to seize their souls. It is an apt analogy, for this group is headquartered in the Canons district near the very heart of the old city. Led by Kanren Bakti, an apparently mild-mannered reporter for a great metropolitan news-scribe service, this cult deals primarily in white-collar crimes to finance their growing organization. While small, the cult is slowly growing in numbers and strength. Its membership is drawn largely from the news-scribes, accountants and office workers who populate the Canons district. Combining elements of conventional religion with rabid intolerance and support for violent measures, this cult is preparing to wage war in the name of Order in the upcoming Godwar.

The Cult of Kiros: This bloodthirsty cult takes its name from the Chaotic demon of greed, lust and envy. Composed primarily of hard-charging young bankers and business executives, the cult meets secretly in the boardrooms and conference chambers of some of the city's most "respectable" institutions on the first Monday of each month, and on each "bank holiday."

The centerpiece of the monthly ritual is always a gruesome human sacrifice (usually young and usually female and occasionally virginal) to propitiate their vile deity. (The mutilated corpses of the victims are dumped in the back alleys of Arias or Hesen.) Moreso than many cults, the Cult of Kiros masks its horror behind a facade of clean-cut, respectable normalcy; charming smiles and glib tongues hide the dark desires within.

While this organization is largely unaware of and uninvolved with the Godwar (little chance for easy profit there!), the hierarchy has grown concerned. Recently Morgan Simms, manager of the Hermes branch of the Alchemical Bank and a rising star in the cult, was whacked on the sidewalk outside the bank (see the novel *Hell's Feast* for more information on the genesis of this attack). Robbery was clearly not a motive, and the single slug between the eyes suggests a professional job. The cultists are worried that this hit is the first move by some rival cult, and are currently attempting to determine which cult has dared to violate one of their august members.

The Cult of Ragana: This cult is centered in Xel and the farming districts outside the city proper. Dedicated to an ancient goddess of fertility, the cult uses blood magic in an effort to ensure clement weather and good harvests. The members are exclusively farmers and those who otherwise make their living from the land, and they meet in the dark of the moon at ever-changing locations in the secluded fields near Galitia.

Solstices and harvest holidays require sacrifices. Members have been known to volunteer in desperate times, but the sacrifice is usually chosen from the seemingly numberless collection of souls in Galitia who will never be missed by anyone. This particular blood cult does not practice the more ghastly tortures and mutilations common among its brethren. Victims are merely suspended upside

down from tree limbs and slowly bled to death, their blood powering the spells and prayers which nourish the land. These miserable wretches at least have the small consolation of knowing that they died for a "noble" cause — or so their zealous murderers piously inform them.

CREATURES OF THE WILDERNESS

Although many of the monstrosities revealed in *Bloodshadows* may be found in the mountains, woods, and waters near Galitia, the following Wilderness creatures are some of the less commonly known nasties native to the land surrounding the city.

FANTOD

Hundreds of years ago, the fantods were responsible for the destruction of the original Galipen mining community. Although fantods are generally solitary creatures, every fifty years or so they are drawn together in an incredible mating frenzy. Female fantods need only mate once per century, as they remain continually fertile for up to a century following such a mating. The unfortunate original Galipeners were caught in just such a mating rite.

Fantods are stringy, gelatinous creatures capable of magically vibrating at such high speeds that they can move through solid rock — or any other substance — without a trace. Fantods can also transport anything or anybody they can encase within themselves through the stone as well (normally anything smaller than a Gris).

In fact, stone is the fantods' native environment, and they seldom roam farther than ten or twenty meters from some outcropping of the substance. (A few fantods even roam the solid stone walls of Galitia proper, causing a few of the many mysterious disappearances that every night claim unfortunate members of the city's populace.)

The bizarre monsters are intelligent, but their intelligence is so alien to humanoids that any attempts to communicate will inevitably fail. Fantods eat gold (one reason for the mineral's scarcity in the Pendars) and certain





Paul Daly

crystals — particularly those crystals commonly used in crystal sets. The fantods leech nutrition from the crystals and gold, leaving only a honey-like substance in their place. Although fantods do not eat meat, they require humanoid or larger bodies in which to store their eggs. An individual female fantod will normally lay a clutch of eggs once every six months or so.

In addition to their ability to pass through stone at will, fantods can exude a pungent, overly-sweet aroma that causes Humans and humanoids to quickly become seriously weakened and disoriented. Fantods attack by spewing a stream of corrosive digestive juices up to two meters in front of them. If injuries caused by these juices are not thoroughly cleansed, they tend to leave dark, pocked scars.

See stats in Appendix B.

SAURIADS

Sauriads live in the fens, marshes, and sandy ground south of Galitia. Sauriads average three meters in length, and their skin is leathery and covered with thousands of huge

cilia with which they maneuver easily through mud and sand. Except for their splotchy, dark-brown coloration and the cilia, sauriads' bodies and tooth-filled mouths strongly resemble sharks.

Sauriads are almost constantly hunting for food, eating everything from the thirty centimeter fen leeches to Hugors. Sauriads often wait just beneath a sandy or muddy surface listening for the vibrations of approaching prey. They have also been known to follow prey walking on hard ground or rock for several miles, waiting for an opportunity to place themselves in a relatively narrow stretch of water, with just their (finless) backs exposed. All too often their victims are happy to use the convenient "log" to cross the water.

Sauriads often travel alone, but even adult offspring of the creatures are very sensitive to their mothers, and will often come wriggling if they sense she has found a particularly large or abundant prey.

TANGALORS

Tangalors make their foul homes in the river Skorn, and can be encountered almost

anywhere along the river's length. Tangalors have thick, awkward, cigar-shaped bodies formed from tightly woven layers of plant fibers. Tangalors spend much of their time secured to some large underwater rock or other stabilizer, using two or three of their nine extraordinarily long kelp tentacles interlaced with tiny, fibrous eyestalks, to anchor themselves.

Once in position, tangalors normally hunt at night, snaking between three and six of their tentacles up into the air to use as lures for their victims. A tangalor's tentacles have a slightly hallucinogenic effect, causing victims to see anything from a lithesome young woman standing at the edge of the dock to a valuable blacktar log floating in the water. Once a tangalor can lure a victim to within a few feet of its tentacle, the creature will lash out with its other strands in an attempt to drag the poor sap under water to his doom.

Although tangalors do seem to have a preference for living humanoids, they have been known to eat any living mammal. There are no reports of tangalor attacks on Vampires, Zuvembie or other Undead creatures. Tangalors are fairly unintelligent and very territorial. They prefer to stay in one place for as long as possible, although they will move if they believe themselves to be in grave danger (are severely injured on several different occasions). Tangalors breed asexually through budding, and the creature's young simply float along until they find a good piece of territory in which to establish themselves.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS

In addition to the local rumors listed at the end of each of Galitia's district descriptions, the following plot hooks are designed to give the gamemaster a few more surprises and adventure ideas to sink his teeth into.

ELEMENTAL WARS

Jereka Cree, the leader of the Watermage Guild, has used his powerful magic to forge an alliance with several of the monsters in the river Skorn. He is both agitating these monsters to encourage additional activity and attacks upon innocent victims along the river, and is directing attacks against particular

shipping vessels carrying cargo for his rivals (e.g., anyone known to be associated with the forces of Order).

Jereka has also been attempting to gain an upper hand among the various mage guilds of Galitia. Unbeknownst to others, he has already taken over the reins of power in the Firemage Guild. Jereka is "Ghost," the man behind Jack Frye, the guild's erstwhile leader. Jack's little electrical "accident" (see TriGuild Hall information in Chapter Three) was actually caused by one of Jereka's agents. Frye's brains were so addled that Jereka was able to convince him that Jereka was actually a god who had come down and saved Jack's life. Jack will now do just about anything for Jereka/ "Ghost," his lord and savior.

Jereka is currently working on ways to take over other mage guilds. He is already far more powerful than most people guess (although Sabine Griffith, the Alchemist Guild leader, has her suspicions), and his power is growing stronger. If Jereka's plans come to fruition, he would be capable of holding the entire city hostage to his demands, or alternatively throw the city into immediate chaos. Jereka has already begun having firemages start fires in the homes of judges, guild members, and the like who refuse to go along with his suggestions. Unfortunately for these people, Jereka also ensures that his watermages are just a little too slow responding to the emergencies.

TWICE SKORNIED

The Skornians are back. Not content with their failure a millennia ago, they still seek to create a lake of blood to serve as a mirror in which to gaze on the wondrous likeness of Skorn. They have found it much easier to collect one thousand victims this time than when last they appeared.

While certain members cull the ranks of the poor, the homeless, and the other unwanted souls on the streets of Esler and "Frenzy," other members of the cult are diligently employed digging and lining a vast artificial lake in the Skornians' underground retreat. This retreat lies very close to the deeper underground sections of Cairngate prison known as "the Dark," so close in fact that Demon, the "king" of that prison underworld, is aware of the Skornians' presence. Demon has not yet



decided how to use his knowledge of the cultists. He is currently considering ways to play all sides to his best advantage.

The Skornians have managed to seize the mind of Darmon Krog, the owner of a flesh mill in "Frenzy," through the use of a charmed crystal set. He is shipping them quantities of fresh bodies from his rapidly failing mill to provide needed blood.

The Skornians' progress is limited only by their numbers (which are now two score) and time. Once they have completed the blood lake, they are sure that wondrous events will occur.

Player characters could be called in to investigate disappearances or to discover the reason for Krog's strange sudden activity and lack of profits. Of course, one of their loved ones might also be recruited by the Skornians ...

THE RUBY CLAW

The Cult of Aktep'Rey searches for their sacred gift — the fabled Claw of Aktep'Rey. This four-fingered hand is made of solid gold, with blood-red (ruby) talons. Besides its great cash value, it is rumored to give magical powers of persuasion and mind-control to the wielder.

"Mercurial" Jones has his people searching frantically for the missing claw. The divine portents have told him that when the cult recovers the claw, the Day of Uprising is at hand. The item is rumored to lie in a number of different locations. Some say that Sabine Griffith has the item in her safe in the Tri-Guild Hall. Some say it is hidden at a shrine in the Wilderness. There are also rumors that several clever fake Claws are currently circulating in Galitia, as well as the real item.

What is certain is that more people than "Mercurial" Jones and his cultists are interested in the valuable item. The Claw is worth a king's ransom and individuals including sentinels, underworld figures, and Big Rich are all aware of the Claw's existence and wish to possess it. The characters could be hired by almost any side to help find the Claw ... and encounter the Chaos cultists and myriad others along the way.



WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

Activity in the high-stakes skinpit gambling circuit has been heating up recently. An unknown “benefactor” (actually the noted Elder Caiphas Bennington) has offered one million bucks to the skinpit manager who can find the winning contestant. (It is up to the manager to decide how much of these earnings, if any, he will give his contestant). All combatants must be new to the skinpits — there are to be no veterans in the tournament. The contest will be held at the end of the year, and one of the rules of this particular contest is that none of the fighters will be told that the duels are to the death. Even some of the managers involved in surreptitiously recruiting new skinpit talent, such as Cat, owner of the Cat’s Claw, do not know about this final caveat.

Many skinpit owners are currently scouring Galitia for possible talent. The trick is that this highly illegal contest must be kept on the QT, so the would-be managers must come up

with ways of testing the skills of potential ring candidates without actually sending them into the pits (thus eliminating them from contention) or even informing the potential combatants of their “auditions.”

Characters who show promise may find themselves sent on bizarre missions designed more to test their skills than to achieve their supposed goal. As the date of the tournament approaches, nerves among the managers (who have each paid one hundred thousand vens for the privilege of entering) become more taut. If the contest isn’t stopped, a number of valiant individuals (possibly including the player characters) will die in the pits for the sporting pleasure of a few individuals. Note that if Cat finds out about the “duel to the death” aspect of this little tournament, she will cautiously rebel against it. However, although she feels kindred loyalty to anyone entering the skinpits, she desperately needs the one hundred grand that she has invested in the game. Her loyalties will most definitely be divided unless her money can be returned to her.



APPENDIX
B

THE STATS

This section contains all relevant statistics for gamemaster characters and creatures introduced in this book. The statistics are broken up by chapter and presented in the order in which they appeared in the book. Note that Chapter One has no characters or creatures in it, so no stats are presented for that section.

Spells listed with characters should be considered those he uses most often, not necessarily all he knows.

CHAPTER TWO: GALITIA TODAY

STANDARD SENTINEL

See *The World of Bloodshadows*, pages 49–50.

STANDARD INQUISITOR

AGILITY 8

Melee combat 9, unarmed combat 9

DEXTERITY 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 9

Deduction 11, divination: vitomancy 12, perception 11, trick 12

MIND 8

Conjuration: vitomancy 11

CONFIDENCE 10

Alteration: vitomancy 14, con 13, interrogation 15, intimidation 14, streetwise 12, willpower 14

CHARISMA 9

Charm 11, persuasion 13, taunt 12

Life Points: 3-5

Equipment: Pain baton, damage value STR+4/19 (*pain* spell, damage value 13); "babble drops" (see below).

Roleplaying Notes: Inquisitors are commonly trained in vitomancy, along with the arcane knowledge folk. Particular attention is paid to the spells *charm*, *illusory pain*, *pain* and *personality*.

"BABBLE DROPS"

Made from one ounce seawater, two ounces zinen, one ounce brimstone and a pinch of copper demon, this potion is meant to be swallowed. Its effect value (22) acts as an *interrogation* skill check on the subject. This check should be measured against the imbiber's Confidence or *willpower* to determine success. The Toxicity Damage is 0/28. "Babble drops" can only be administered once per hour (too many drops have been found to do permanent brain damage), with the potion's spell having an effective duration of five minutes.

ALDOUS BRIGHTON

AGILITY 7

DEXTERITY 7

Fire combat 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 10

Linguistics 12, perception 14, trick 15

MIND 11

Business 16

CONFIDENCE 10

Alteration: vitomancy 13, bribery 13, intimidation 14, willpower 17

CHARISMA 9

Persuasion 14, taunt 13

Life Points: 8

Alignment: Order 6

Arcane Knowledges: None

Spells: *Personality*

Equipment: Brighton has access to a vast fortune and a staff of mages. He is chauffeured around town in a Signer Sedan (speed 250/150, pass. 5, TOU 16).

Roleplaying Notes: Brighton talks very slowly, as if carefully choosing each word. He can be charming when he wants to be, but it's



Paul Daly

an effort. His natural tone is one of command, and he's used to getting what he wants.

CAIPHAS BENNINGTON

AGILITY 9

Climbing 12, dodge 12, melee combat 13, melee parry 13, unarmed combat 13

DEXTERITY 9

Fire combat 12, vehicle piloting: wheeled 12

ENDURANCE 10

Resist shock 12

STRENGTH 10

TOUGHNESS 11

INTELLECT 10

Apportation: elemental 12, deduction 12, divination: vitomancy 13, first aid 12, perception 14, trick 14

MIND 9

Business 15

CONFIDENCE 9

Gambling 13, intimidation 14, streetwise 14, willpower 16

CHARISMA 10

Persuasion 14

Life Points: 9

Alignment: Order 5

Arcane Knowledges: Earth 2, Air 2

Spells: *Communicate with animal, wind-storm*

Equipment: Bennington also has a significant fortune, and his holdings in the city are second only to Brighton's. His weapon of choice is a beautifully carved *lightning* cane (damage value STR+4/19; lightning damage 21), which he carries wherever he goes.

Roleplaying Notes: Bennington is a formidable figure, a solid friend and an implacable enemy. In his younger days, he made a point of traveling with some his firms' caravans and has had his share of experiences in the Wilderness. He will not talk about them unless he is drunk.

BRENNA ALBRECHT

AGILITY 6

DEXTERITY 7

ENDURANCE 7

STRENGTH 7

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 16, perception 15, teaching: art 14

MIND 10

Artist: painter 12, business 14, conjuration: vitomancy 11, scholar: art history 14

CONFIDENCE 11

Willpower 15

CHARISMA 8

Taunt 10

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Order 2

Arcane Knowledges: None

Spells: *Facade*

Equipment: Albrecht is an avid art collector and historian and spends much of her money acquiring new pieces and artifacts from traders. It's said she keeps a "cold room" in her basement to contain the powers of demons possessing some of these works.

Roleplaying Notes: Brenna is one of the few Humans to make use of the *facade* spell on a regular basis. It's said she reshapes herself into a beautiful young woman and cruises Canons bars by night, but that might just be gossip started by her enemies on the board.

Even when she's in the right, her shrill voice and obnoxious attitude makes it unlikely anyone will go along with her.

HARRIS STURN

AGILITY 9

Dodge 13, maneuver 13, unarmed combat 12, unarmed parry 12

DEXTERITY 9

Fire combat 11

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 9

Perception 11, tracking 12

MIND 9

Business 15, cartography 12

CONFIDENCE 10

Alteration: vitomancy 15, intimidation 14, willpower 16

CHARISMA 10

Charm 14, persuasion 14, taunt 13

Life Points: 7

Alignment: Oathbreaker (Order) 12

Arcane Knowledges: Living forces 2

Spells: *First aid, intuition*

Equipment: Sturn carries a pearl-handled .38, damage value 17, ammo 6.

Roleplaying Notes: Sturn plays at being a wealthy good-for-nothing who only shows up

at Elders meetings to anger Aldous Brighton. In fact, the pose is to keep anyone from suspecting that he is the leader of Galitia's Oathbreakers.

TIARA CASSELY

AGILITY 9

Dodge 11, melee combat 11, unarmed combat 11

DEXTERITY 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 9

Apportation: wizardry 10, perception 12, trick 14

MIND 9

Business 14

CONFIDENCE 10

Con 14, streetwise 14, willpower 15

CHARISMA 12

Charm 19, persuasion 17, taunt 15

Life Points: 8

Alignment: Chaos 1

Arcane Knowledges: None

Spells: None

Equipment: Like her fellow board members, Tiara has a great deal of money and lots of fancy toys. She carries a jeweled dagger in her boot, damage value STR+4/19.

Roleplaying Notes: Although Tiara received some magical training as a child, she never really cared for it. Instead, she hires someone to cast any spells she needs cast, primarily ones to keep her looking good.

CHAPTER THREE: THE DISTRICTS

ESLER

STANDARD SKITTER-RAT

AGILITY 11

DEXTERITY 9

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 7

MIND 7

CONFIDENCE 8

BACKGROUND NOTES: SKITTER-RAT

Advantages/Compensations

1CI, 1CIII, 2CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIII): Enhanced Senses (smell), Enhanced Senses (hearing). Special Ability (CIV): Natural Weaponry (Hand-to-Hand) (claws), Natural Weaponry Hand-to-Hand (teeth).

Compensations: None

Recommended A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIV): Shapeshifting I

Compensations: Any

Restricted A/C

None

CHARISMA 7

Skill Notes: Skitter-rats are most likely to have an abundance of Agility skills, particularly things like *climbing*, *dodge*, *maneuver*, *stealth* and *unarmed combat*. They are also accomplished con artists and good trackers.

Natural Tools: Teeth, damage value STR+4/12; claws, damage value STR+4/12.

PYRO CROSS

AGILITY 8

Melee combat 10, unarmed combat 10, unarmed parry 10

DEXTERITY 8

Vehicle piloting: wheeled 11

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 9

First aid 12

MIND 9

Artist: chef 15, business 12, scholar: culinary arts 14

CONFIDENCE 9

Intimidation 12, streetwise 14, willpower 13

CHARISMA 8

Life Points: 4

Alignment: Neutral

Arcane Knowledges: None

Spells: Pyro has never been known to per-





Paul Daly

form a spell other than that with which he is naturally gifted.

Equipment: Cross is the owner of Pyro's, a local restaurant, and his life largely revolves around that. He sold his car some time ago, saying that he rarely used it. He carries a blackjack in his back pocket, damage value STR+3/18.

Roleplaying Notes: Pyro possesses the Background Advantage Special Abilities (CIV) "Natural Sorcery I," which enables him to toss fireballs without casting a spell. He uses this to cook food — he is able to control the effect of the fireball to a limited extent, but its damage value cannot exceed 12.

CAT

AGILITY 12

Acrobatics 15, dodge 16, maneuver 16, stealth 16, unarmed combat 17, unarmed parry 17

DEXTERITY 8

Fire combat 10, thrown weapons 11

ENDURANCE 10

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 11

INTELLECT 9

First aid 11, perception 12, trick 13

MIND 9

Business 13, conjuration: technomancy 11

CONFIDENCE 9

Alteration: vitomancy 12, bribery 14, con 13, gambling 14, intimidation 13, streetwise 14, willpower 14

CHARISMA 11

Charm 16, persuasion 15, taunt 15

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Oathbreaker (Chaos) 1

Arcane Knowledges: Folk 2

Spells: *Dagger, slow*

Equipment: .22 Delken, damage value 15, ammo 6; throwing dagger, damage value STR+2/17.

Roleplaying Notes: Cat is a veteran skinpit fighter who hasn't forgotten any of her moves in the years since she quit that racket. Today, though, she relies more on her powers of persuasion than her ability to break your arm in three places with one blow.

BANKO

AGILITY 10

Climbing 14, dodge 13, long jumping 12, maneuver 13, stealth 14, unarmed combat 12

DEXTERITY 8

Fire combat 10

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 8

Apportation: technomancy 11, apportation: wizardry 10, camouflage 9, demolitions 10, perception 12, smuggling 10, tracking 12, trick 11

MIND 8

Business 12

CONFIDENCE 9

Con 13, intimidation 11, streetwise 14, willpower 13

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 11, taunt 10

Life Points: 4

Alignment: Neutral

Arcane Knowledges: Metal 2

Spells: *Alarm, bullet*

Natural Tools: Teeth, damage value STR+4/12; claws, damage value STR+4/12.

Equipment: Banko has about the biggest collection of junk of anyone in Galitia. He also has a few dozen *thunder* potions (damage value 19) planted all over his building.

Roleplaying Notes: Banko prides himself that he could sell beauty products to a succubus and mirrors to a gorgon. But he's also more than a little insane, especially since he seems more interested in barter than gold. His favorite expression is, "What do you hear, what do you say?"

"FRENZY"

STANDARD KARNOS

AGILITY *

DEXTERITY *

ENDURANCE *

STRENGTH *

TOUGHNESS *

INTELLECT 9

MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 9

CHARISMA 8

Life Points: 3-7

* Physical stats are dependent upon the body possessed.

Alignment: Karnos lean toward Order, although many may not yet be aware of this (see "Appendix A").

Roleplaying Notes: Karnos may transfer an egg (their means of possession) via a successful *unarmed combat* attack on a target. However, the egg will transform only a comatose, catatonic or mindless target into a Karnos.

Detect deception is a *divination: vitomancy* spell. The effect value is measured against the target's Confidence or *con*. If the spell's effect exceeds the difficulty number, an aura appears around the target's body for one round, visible only to the Karnos. If it is white, the target spoke the truth; black, he lied.

Detect poison works in much the same way. It is also a *divination: vitomancy* spell and the effect value is measured against the damage value of the poison. If the effect exceeds the damage value, the Karnos can detect the presence of poison in the target's body. (If you wish, you may modify the difficulty of the check based on how subtle the poison is.)

BACKGROUND NOTES: KARNOS

Advantages/Compensations

3CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIV): Possession II (limited to comatose, catatonic or mindless targets) (see "Roleplaying Notes"); Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery II *Detect deception* and *detect poison* spells at a value of the relevant magic skill +3 (see "Roleplaying Notes"); Special Abilities (CIV): Regeneration.

Compensations: Handicap (CII), add +3 to the difficulty of all Agility-related actions due to ticks and twitches; Advantage Flaw (CIII): Rot I;

Recommended A/C

Advantages: No more allowed.

Compensations: Any

Restricted A/C

None

JOSIAH GRANLEY

AGILITY 9

Beast riding: horse 10, climbing 10, dodge 12, stealth 11, unarmed combat 13

DEXTERITY 8

Fire combat 11

ENDURANCE 11

Resist shock 13

STRENGTH 11

Lifting 13

TOUGHNESS 11

INTELLECT 9

Apportation: technomancy 13, camouflage 12, first aid 12, tracking 13, trick 13

MIND 8

Cartography 11

CONFIDENCE 9

Con 13, intimidation 14, streetwise 16, survival: Wilderness 15, willpower 14

CHARISMA 8

Charm 10, persuasion 11

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Oathbreaker (Chaos) 5

Arcane Knowledges: Metal 2

Spells: *Bullet*

Equipment: Gelvash "Thunder" shotgun, damage value 21, ammo 2; being a professional outfitter, Granley has access to anything an expedition into the Wilderness might need.

Roleplaying Notes: See the description of Elkist on pages 30–31 of *The World of Bloodshadows*.

"THE WEATHERMAN"

AGILITY 7

Stealth 10, unarmed combat 8

DEXTERITY 6

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 7

Divination: chronomancy 15, perception 12

MIND 6

CONFIDENCE 7

Streetwise 11, willpower 10

CHARISMA 5

Persuasion 7

Life Points: 5

Alignment: Order 2

Arcane Knowledges: Time 6

Spells: None that he remembers.

Natural Tools: Claws, damage value STR+3/11; teeth, damage value STR+3/11.

Equipment: Tattered, smelly clothing and a sack of junk he has collected around the docks.

Roleplaying Notes: "The Weatherman" was once a fairly skilled temporomancer, before becoming a Ghoul. His current lifestyle drove him mad and he has forgotten most of what he knew about magic, though he retains the skills. He does possess the Background Advantage "Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery." This causes him to occasionally get precognitive flashes of events that will happen in the next hour. He has absolutely no control over when this will happen, and often phrases his prophecies in the form of riddles or difficult to understand metaphors.

SEERS' QUARTER

STANDARD GRIMLET

AGILITY 10

DEXTERITY 8

ENDURANCE 6

STRENGTH 6*

TOUGHNESS 7*

INTELLECT 8

MIND 7

CONFIDENCE 8

CHARISMA 6

* Note that these values will change when the grimlet's flesh turns to metal.

Natural Tools: Claws, damage value STR+3/9; teeth, damage value STR+4/10.

Alignment: Due to their affinity for metal, those grimlets who do have an alignment tend toward Oathbreaker (Chaos).

Skill Notes: All grimlet characters must take the *flight* skill to enable them to control their glider wings

ESMER FLOWERS

AGILITY 8

Maneuver 9, melee combat 9, melee parry 9, unarmed combat 9

DEXTERITY 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 10

Deduction 13, forgery 13, perception 14, teaching: cons 14, teaching: extortion 14, teaching: etiquette 14, trick 15

MIND 9

Business 12

CONFIDENCE 11

Alteration: vitomancy 15, bribery 14, con 15, willpower 14

CHARISMA 10

Charm 15, persuasion 14

BACKGROUND NOTES: GRIMLET

Advantages/Compensations

1CIII, 3CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIII): Glider Wings; Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery I, the grimlet is able to detect the presence of metals as a natural ability, with an effect value of 11 — this takes the place of a *perception* roll when trying to locate an object made of a particular type of metal. Modify the difficulty based on how much of that type of metal is present in the area; Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Weaponry (Hand-to-Hand), claws, damage value STR+3/9; Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Weaponry (Hand-to-Hand), teeth, damage value STR+4/10; Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Weaponry (Hand-to-Hand), venom — if the grimlet performs a successful *unarmed combat* attack with its teeth, causing at least a *wound*, it introduces venom into the bloodstream. This does no damage but will cause the wound to itch incessantly for three days; Special Abilities (CIV): Transmutation — grimlets can change their flesh to metal.

Compensations: Advantage Flaw (CIII): Ability Loss I, the grimlet cannot transmute unless it is touching a metal object.

Recommended A/C

Advantages: No more allowed.

Compensations: Those that limit their Attribute values, particularly Strength or Endurance.

Restricted A/C

None

Life Points: 7

Alignment: Neutral

Arcane Knowledges: Folk 3

Spells: *Charm, personality*

Roleplaying Notes: Esmer's public persona is that of a sweet, demure teacher of etiquette. In private, she's a tough-talking woman who led a rough life and stabbed her share of backs to get where she is. She's not above using extortion — usually backed by Gris muscle — to get what she wants.

"THE DIAMOND DISTRICTS"

AILOICIOUS "MERCURIAL" JONES

AGILITY 8

Dodge 10, stealth 12

DEXTERITY 8

Fire combat 10

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 10

Perception 14, trick 15

MIND 10

Conjuration: photomancy 13

CONFIDENCE 11

Alteration: photomancy 13, con 15, intimidation 15, streetwise 11 (Galitia 14), will-power 15

CHARISMA 11

Charm 14, persuasion 16, taunt 13

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Chaos 11

Arcane Knowledges: Darkness 5

Spells: *Dark cloud, sun burn*

Equipment: .22 Delken, damage value 15, ammo 6, kept stashed in his robes; ashes to ashes dagger, damage value STR+4/19, incinerate spell damage value 30.

Roleplaying Notes: Jones may come across as a relatively harmless cult leader, but his Chaotic ties mean that beneath that wild-eyed exterior lies an extremely dangerous man.

MALACH REVAM-HANT

AGILITY 8

Dodge 9, melee combat 10, melee parry 9

DEXTERITY 7

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 12



Paul Daly

Deduction 16, divination: necromancy 23, perception 15

MIND 11

Conjuration: necromancy 22, research 16

CONFIDENCE 11

Alteration: necromancy 23, intimidation 15, willpower 17

CHARISMA 7

Summoning: necromancy 18

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Neutral

Arcane Knowledges: Death 10, Entity 6

Spells: *Fires of death, speak to dead*

Equipment: Revan-Hant possesses scores of necromantic grimoires, and usually has at least a few zuvembie servants around.

Roleplaying Notes: Revan-Hant is extremely antisocial and there's something unsettling about just being in his presence. He should be assumed to know many necromantic spells and rites.

SABINE GRIFFITH

AGILITY 9

Dodge 10, unarmed combat 10

DEXTERITY 9

Thrown weapons 15

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 8

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 14, divination: alchemy 22, first aid 13, perception 16, science: chemistry 18

MIND 10

Business 13, conjuration: alchemy 21, research 16

CONFIDENCE 10

Alteration: alchemy 22, intimidation 14, willpower 15

CHARISMA 11

Charm 15, persuasion 14, summoning: alchemy 23

Life Points: 7

Alignment: Order 3

Arcane Knowledges: Living Forces 3, Air 4, Fire 6, Water 6, Metal 6, Enchanted 5

Spells: Sabine knows the rites needed to create all the alchemical potions found on pages 127–128 of *The World of Bloodshadows*.

Equipment: Sabine has access to at least two samples of every alchemical potion listed *The World of Bloodshadows*.

Roleplaying Notes: Sabine is willing to at



least listen to any proposition that might involve money for her and her guild. She should be assumed to have access to many alchemical texts.

JACK FRYE

AGILITY 7

DEXTERITY 7

Fire combat 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 7

TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 10

Deduction 12, divination: elemental 22, first aid 14, perception 15

MIND 11

Conjuration: elemental 23, research 15

CONFIDENCE 9

Alteration: elemental 20, willpower 13

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 9, summoning: elemental 19

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Chaos 3 (Frye is being influenced toward Chaos by "Ghost").

Arcane Knowledges: Fire 11

Spells: *Fireball* — note that Frye also knows most other elemental spells having to do with fire.

Equipment: Frye possesses numerous el-

emental grimoires and components needed to make elemental spells.

Roleplaying Notes: Frye is a meek, nervous man, not very well-suited to being a union leader. His dependence on "Ghost" is increasing every day.

CANONS AND XEL

STANDARD BARGHEST

AGILITY 9
DEXTERITY 8
ENDURANCE 12
STRENGTH 12
TOUGHNESS 13 (12)
INTELLECT 11
MIND 7
CONFIDENCE 9
CHARISMA 7

Skill Notes: Barghest are accomplished fighters, many of whom have quick tempers. Barghest are one of the only breeds known to be able to go toe-to-toe with Hugors and wind up standing.

Natural Tools: Excellent sense of smell
Special Abilities (CIII): Enhanced Senses — +3 to *perception* checks using smell; ability to sense presence of Wilderness creatures and fear in animals
Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery II. Successful *perception* check against difficulty number of 11 allows Barghest to sense presence of any Wilderness creature with a Confidence or *willpower* less than 18 who are within 10 meter square area. *Perception* check against difficulty number of animal's *willpower* allows Barghest to sense if it is afraid, though not the cause of the fear); hide, armor value TOU+1/13.

Alignment: Thus far, most Barghest have remained neutral in the Godwar, but their services are coveted by all three sides.

CHIEF LAWRENCE BAINES

AGILITY 7
Dodge 8, melee combat 14, unarmed combat 11
DEXTERITY 8
Fire combat 14
ENDURANCE 8
STRENGTH 9
TOUGHNESS 9

INTELLECT 10

Deduction 14, divination: wizardry 14, *perception* 17, trick 15

MIND 9

CONFIDENCE 10

Con 13, interrogation 15, intimidation 15, streetwise 10 (Galitia 15), *willpower* 13

CHARISMA 10

Persuasion 13, taunt 13

Life Points: 8

Alignment: Oathbreaker (Order) 8

Arcane Knowledges: Magic 2

Spells: *Detect magic*

Equipment: .38 Gelvash, damage value 17, ammo 6; hand-held crystal set.

Roleplaying Notes: Baines is hard-as-nails, but not totally immune to pressure from the Elders. His days of working the street are long over, and it may have been a longing for excitement that brought him into the Oathbreaker (Order) fold.

CAPTAIN THOM BANFF

AGILITY 7

Dodge 8, melee combat 10, unarmed combat 11, unarmed parry 11

DEXTERITY 8

Fire combat 8 (pistols 14), vehicle piloting: wheeled 10

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 11

BACKGROUND NOTES: BARGHEST

Advantages/Compensations

1CI, 2CIII, 1CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIII): Enhanced Senses; Special Abilities: Natural Sorcery II (CIV); Toughened Hide.

Compensations: Advantage Flaw (CIII) Nutritional Requirements (Human flesh)

Recommended A/C

Advantages: Any

Compensations: Any

Restricted A/C

None



Cantrips 14, deduction 16, first aid 15, forgery 14, perception 15, smuggling 13, tracking 14, trick 15

MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 10

Con 14, interrogation 16, intimidation 16, streetwise 11 (Galitia 14), willpower 14

CHARISMA 8

Persuasion 12

Life Points: 6

Alignment: Order 2

Arcane Knowledge: None

Spells: Banff knows the cantrips *heat*, *chill*, *note* and *find*

Equipment: .38 Gelvash, damage value 17, ammo 6; blackjack, damage value STR+3/18; hand-held crystal set; handcuffs; heavy trenchcoat, armor value TOU+2/16.

Roleplaying Notes: Banff is a good sentinel, but a little too inclined to cut corners and maybe more “practical” than honest sometimes.

JACK DEACON

AGILITY 9

Dodge 13, maneuver 11, melee combat 12,

stealth 12, unarmed combat 14, unarmed parry 13

DEXTERITY 10

Fire combat 10 (pistols) 15, lock picking 12

ENDURANCE 10

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 15, first aid 12, perception 15, tracking 13, trick 14

MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 10

Con 13, interrogation 14, intimidation 15, streetwise 12 (Galitia 14), survival: urban 14, willpower 15

CHARISMA 9

Charm 11, persuasion 12, taunt 14

Life Points: 7

Alignment: Neutral

Equipment: .38 Gelvash, damage value 17, ammo 6; trenchcoat; fedora; various magical equipment, as needed.

Roleplaying Notes: Deacon is “magically uncoordinated,” unable to cast any spells at all save those already charged into equipment he uses. His fee is 100 vens a day, plus expenses. One of his recent cases brought him into con-



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

tact with Merr, Redge and East, all three of whom he'd just as soon forget.

DAS AND ELDRED

STANDARD HOURI

AGILITY 13
DEXTERITY 9
ENDURANCE 10
STRENGTH 9
TOUGHNESS 10
INTELLECT 9
MIND 8
CONFIDENCE 10
CHARISMA 9

Skill Notes: Houri are extremely adept at skills like *acrobatics*, *dodge maneuver* and other Agility-rated actions.

Natural Tools: Increased temperature of skin (see "Background Notes").

Alignment: Houri are believed to be leaning toward Oathbreaker (Order).

VRENTHAR AND SOUTH ESLER

STANDARD CARYATID

AGILITY 10
DEXTERITY 10
ENDURANCE 10

BACKGROUND NOTES: HOURI

Advantages/Compensations

1CI, 1CII, 1CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIV): Attack Form Resistance (Poison) (Houri are highly resistant (TOU+15) to poison) Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery I (able to trigger the *heat cantrip* and increase temperature of skin).

Compensations: Advantage Flaw (CIII): Nutritional Requirements (poison).

Recommended A/C

Advantages: Any

Compensations: Any

Restricted A/C

None

BACKGROUND NOTES: CARYATID

Advantages/Compensations

1CI, 2CII, 1CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIV): Attack Form Resistance (Magical Attack); Special Abilities (CIV): Attack Form Resistance (Non-Enchanted Weapons).

Compensations: Achilles' Heel (CIV) (destruction of duplicate crystal heart kills Caryatid; Employed (CIII))

Recommended A/C

Advantages: Any

Compensations: Any

Restricted A/C

Caryatids would not be able to gain the "Wealth" Advantage, at least initially, as they are virtually all slaves.

STRENGTH 11

TOUGHNESS 13-15*

INTELLECT 8

MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 8

CHARISMA 10

* Toughness varies based on what metal the caryatid is made out of.

Skill Notes: As Caryatids were designed to be servants, they are commonly trained in Charisma-based skills and educated in etiquette and proper use of language.

Alignment: The enslaved Caryatids are said to be turning toward Oathbreaker (Chaos) as a way of escaping the dominance of their masters.

CHAPTER FOUR: BEYOND THE WALLS

BLACKTAR TREE

The wood of the blacktar tree has a Toughness of 13. This material is durable and virtually fireproof, making it highly valued.

The sap of the tree, called firesap, ignites extremely easily, and does damage value 20. It sticks to virtually anything and will do that damage value every round until it finally burns

BACKGROUND NOTES: NECROTIC

Advantages/Compensations

1CI, 2CIII, 1CIV

Mandatory A/C

Advantages: Special Abilities (CIII): Toughened Skin; Special Abilities (CIII): Atmospheric Tolerance (Necrotics can breathe gasses that would be poisonous to most other beings); Special Abilities (CIV): Regeneration.

Compensations: Advantage Flaw (CIII): Metabolic Difference; Advantage Flaw (CIII): Infection I; Advantage Flaw (CIV): Rot II.

Recommended A/C

Advantages: Any

Compensations: Achilles' Heel (CIII): Fire; Any that lower the ability to use interaction.

Restricted A/C

Necrotics should seldom have any Advantages that rely on interaction.

itself out or is contained. Collecting the firesap requires tapping the tree extremely carefully (Dexterity total of 14) — failing the check or suffering a setback means that the sap ignites.

Chopping the tree down is even more hazardous. A *melee combat* total of 9 is required to bite into it with an axe or hatchet — failing the check or suffering a setback causes the tree to explode, doing damage value 19 with a maximum blast radius of 50 meters. It also sprays firesap for a distance of 100 meters, which clings to whatever it lands on and burns.

STANDARD NECROTIC

AGILITY 8

DEXTERITY 8

ENDURANCE 8

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 12 (9)*

INTELLECT 9

MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 9

CHARISMA 7

* Toughness value varies depending on the progression of the plague.

Skill Notes: Most necrotics work as miners, and so would have skills appropriate to that profession. More than a few are prone to madness, so mental Attribute values may vary.

Alignment: Most necrotics are in too much pain to worry about the Godwar and its politics.

STANDARD PHOENIX

AGILITY 11

Dodge 14, flight 17, maneuver 14, unarmed combat 16

DEXTERITY 10

ENDURANCE 12

STRENGTH 14

TOUGHNESS 13

INTELLECT 10

Perception 13, tracking 13

MIND 6

CONFIDENCE 10

Intimidation 14, survival: Wilderness 13, willpower 15

CHARISMA 5

Life Points: None

Natural Tools: Claws, damage value STR+3/17; beak, damage value STR+2/16; heat aura — treat as a Special Abilities (CIII): Natural Sorcery use of the *fireball* spell; feathers should be considered to have power equivalent to the *heat* cantrip (see page 43 of *The World of Bloodshadows*); wings, speed value 10.

Roleplaying Notes: The phoenix is not easily trapped. Even if its nest is threatened, it will abandon it rather than stay and be killed. Hunters will have to be wary and set multiple traps for this creature, all the while avoiding being burnt to cinders.

STANDARD TELGHA

AGILITY 11

Dodge 14, maneuver 14, stealth 15, swimming 16, unarmed combat 14, unarmed parry 13

DEXTERITY 9

ENDURANCE 12

STRENGTH 12

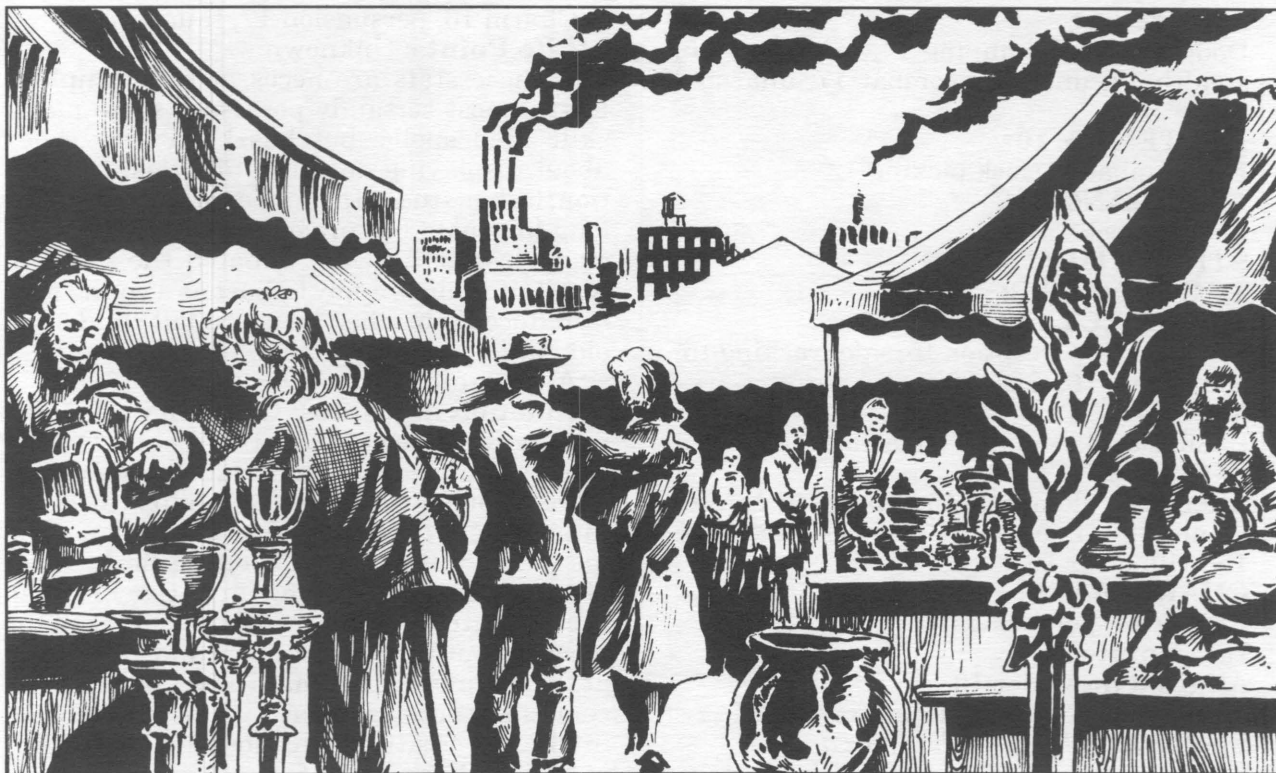
TOUGHNESS 12

INTELLECT 9

Perception 12 tracking 11, trick 11

MIND 7

CONFIDENCE 10



Jaime Lombardo & Ron Hill

Intimidation 13, survival: underwater 14, willpower 12

CHARISMA 6

Life Points: 1-4

Natural Tools: Claws, damage value STR+2/14; teeth, damage value STR+3/15.

Roleplaying Notes: Telgha travel in schools of 12-40. They are capable of breathing and functioning normally underwater, but cannot breathe out of water. Telgha suffer a shock point for every round in which they are out of water. Once unconscious, death follows soon after from suffocation.

APPENDIX A

"MERR" (AKA ?)

AGILITY 8

Stealth 10

DEXTERITY 9

Fire combat 11

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 15, divination: wizardry 20, perception 16, trick 16

MIND 11

Business 16, conjuration: wizardry 19

CONFIDENCE 12

Alteration: vitomancy 16, interrogation 14, intimidation 16, willpower 18

CHARISMA 12

Charm 15, persuasion 16, taunt 14

Life Points: 9

Alignment: Order 13

Arcane Knowledges: Entity 3, Living Forces 5, Magic 7

Spells: Alarm, detect magic, intuition, mystic barrier, mystic chains, sense Undead

Roleplaying Notes: Merr is a businessman, and he approaches this war as a business, with an acceptable level of profit and loss. He will gladly use and sacrifice anyone in the interests of his cause. His identity is a closely guarded secret, and it's believed he employs mages to disguise his true face when he meets with his followers.

ARLE

AGILITY 11

Dodge 17, long jumping 14, maneuver 16, stealth 17, unarmed combat 17, unarmed parry 16

DEXTERITY 10

Fire combat 14, lock picking 12

ENDURANCE 12

Resist shock 15

STRENGTH 12

TOUGHNESS 12

INTELLECT 11

First aid 13, perception 15, safe cracking 15, smuggling 16, trick 16

MIND 10

Business 15, conjuration: elemental 14

CONFIDENCE 11

Alteration: elemental 15, bribery 15, con 16, gambling 14, intimidation 17, streetwise 15, willpower 16

CHARISMA 10

Charm 14, persuasion 14, taunt 15

Life Points: 8

Alignment: Order 10

Arcane Knowledges: Fire 5, Water 5

Spells: *Acid bath, fireball, ice dagger*

Equipment: .44 Karr Automatic, damage value 20, ammo 6; switchblade, damage value STR+4/19.

Background Notes: Arle is an Order Vampire, who must consume Human blood every other day to survive. He possesses a pair of fangs (damage value STR+4/16) and has the power to go intangible at will.

EAST

AGILITY 9

Dodge 14, melee combat 15, melee parry 15, running 12, stealth 16, unarmed combat 14, unarmed parry 14

DEXTERITY 9

Fire combat 13, prestidigitation 16, thrown weapons 15

ENDURANCE 9

STRENGTH 9

TOUGHNESS 10

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 17, linguistics 16, perception 17, trick 16

MIND 11

CONFIDENCE 12

Bribery 16, con 17, intimidation 17, streetwise 12 (Galitia 16), willpower 18

CHARISMA 11

Charm 16, persuasion 17, taunt 17

Life Points: Unknown

* These stats are necessarily incomplete. East almost certainly possesses some magic skills and spells, but has been very cagey about displaying any such abilities. In addition, he has studied a number of subjects in his long life span, but prefers to keep his knowledge close to his vest. Finally, the physical Attribute values apply to East as a young man — reduce them when he is a small child or an old man.

Alignment: Order 6

Roleplaying Notes: Only a few of East's powers are known of at this point. He can cause cellular disruption (damage value 25) with a touch, and has the ability to cause intense heat (damage value 28) to flow from his hands into a target, melting flesh. He is virtually immortal, living an entire life span every month — he ages with the phases of the moon, a youth at the new moon and an old man at the full moon. To remain alive, he must kill something once each day — it need not be an intelligent creature, but those are his victims of choice. (For more information on East, see the novel *Hell's Feast*.)

REDGE

AGILITY*

DEXTERITY*

ENDURANCE*

STRENGTH*

TOUGHNESS*

INTELLECT 11

Deduction 16, perception 17, trick 16

MIND 10

Conjuration: wizardry 21

CONFIDENCE 11

Alteration: wizardry 21, con 15, intimidation 20, streetwise 11 (Galitia 17), willpower 16

CHARISMA 7

Shapeshifting 19, summoning: wizardry 20, taunt 12

Life Points: 9

* Physical stats are dependent on what form or forms Redge is in at the time.

Alignment: Chaos 13

Arcane Knowledges: Entity 9

Spells: *Animate golem, bind demon, control golem, summon demon*

Roleplaying Notes: Redge is a Chaotic



Paul Daly

shapeshifter with no control over what he changes into or how often. He is, for all intents and purposes, bedridden, due to the fact that his legs are constantly going from fins to insectoid to goat hooves to the lower body of a queskworm. He seems to get some pleasure out of the disgusted reactions he provokes in others.

Redge is still angry over losing the chance to seize Galitia for Chaos at the beginning of the war and bears a grudge against Jack Deacon (see *Hell's Feast*).

STANDARD FANTOD

AGILITY 10
DEXTERITY 9
ENDURANCE 15
STRENGTH 10
TOUGHNESS 13
INTELLECT 10
MIND 8

CONFIDENCE 11

CHARISMA 7

Life Points: 2-4

Natural Tools: Acid attack, damage value 15, maximum range 200 meters, Dexterity to

hit; ability to pass through stone (Special Abilities (CIV): Intangibility); honey-sweet aroma, damage value 14 (non-lethal damage only) and causes disorientation (Special Abilities (CIII): Confusion).

Roleplaying Notes: Fantods are primarily dangerous during their mating season or when they feel their territory is being encroached on. They are a bane of miners, as they consume gold and crystals for food.

STANDARD SAURIAD

AGILITY 10

Stealth 14, swimming 15, unarmed combat 14

DEXTERITY 3

ENDURANCE 11

STRENGTH 11

TOUGHNESS 12 (11)

INTELLECT 6

Perception 12, tracking 13

MIND 5

CONFIDENCE 8

Intimidation 17, survival: underwater 12, willpower 20

CHARISMA 3

Life Points: 1–3

Natural Tools: Cilia (used for locomotion only); leathery hide, armor value TOU+1/12; teeth, damage value STR+4/15.

Roleplaying Notes: Sauriads combine the vicious killer instincts of the shark with the patience of the crocodile, making them doubly dangerous. They are not, however, extremely intelligent creatures and a wary traveler can avoid them with some effort.

STANDARD TANGALOR

AGILITY 8

Stealth 10, unarmed combat 13

DEXTERITY 5

ENDURANCE 11

Resist shock 13

STRENGTH 13

Lifting 14

TOUGHNESS 11

INTELLECT 9

Perception 12, trick 11

MIND 5

CONFIDENCE 9

Intimidation 14, survival: underwater 12, willpower 15

CHARISMA 5

Life Points: 2–4

Natural Tool: Multiple eyestalks (Special Abilities (CIII): Multiple Abilities I — +1 to *perception* attempts that negate surprise; ability to appear as a welcome or attractive figure (Special Abilities (CIV): Natural Sorcery I — the illusions cast using this ability can be disbelieved with an Intellect or *perception* total of 7; tentacles allow creature to make up to three single attacks per round without incurring multi-action penalty.

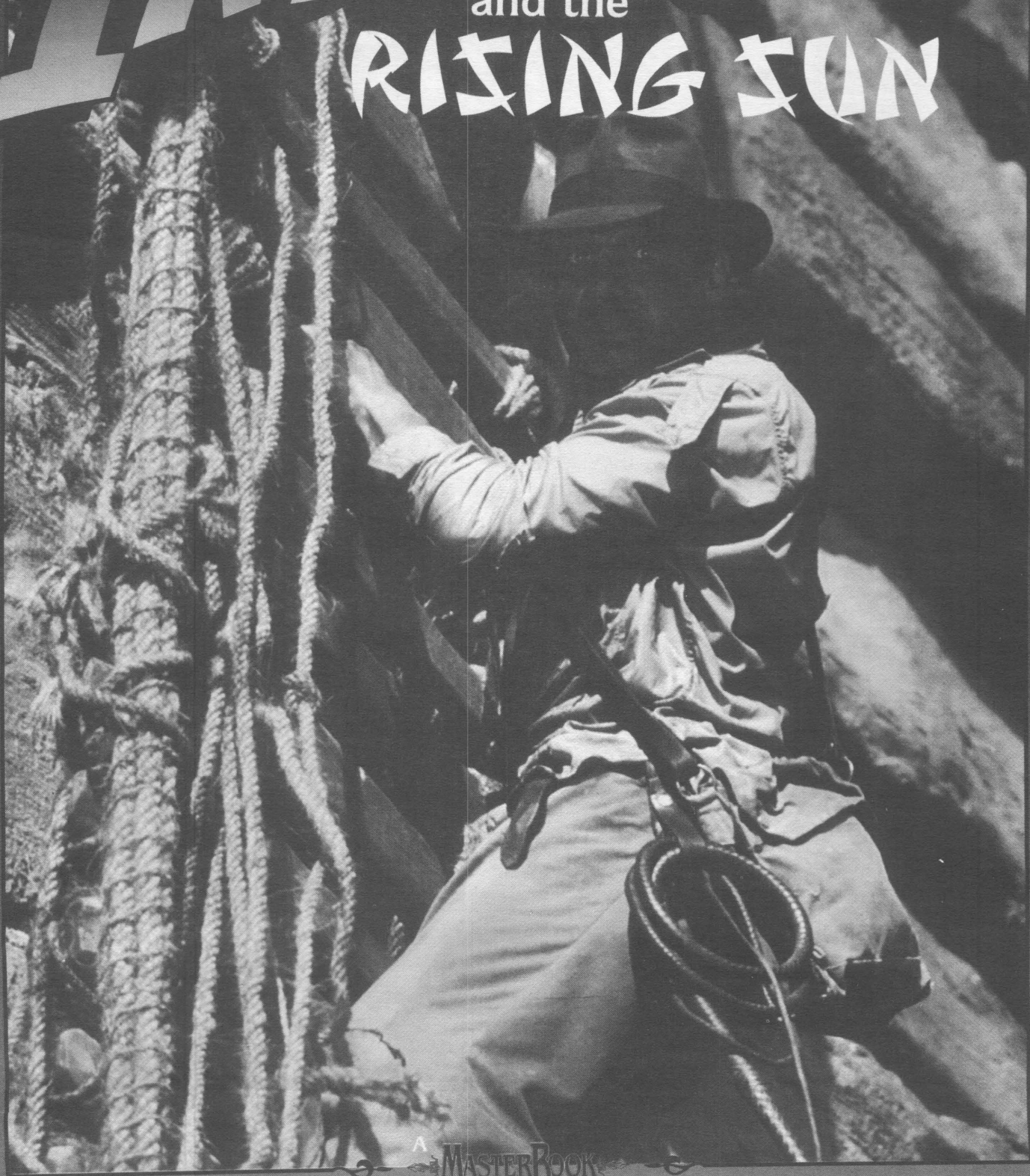
Roleplaying Notes: Tangalors will not move from their position unless they are *heavily wounded*.



INDIANA JONES

and the

RISING SUN



A
MASTERBOOK
GAME

MEAN STREETS

BAR
CONDITIONED

midnight



Stephen Crane

GALITIA

CITYBOOK

by Teeuwynn Woodruff

"Galitia's like an Undead. It comes to life after dark. It hides its secrets well. And it can off you before you can manage a scream ..."

It's one of the largest cities on Marl, and one of the meanest. It's a tough, dirty sprawl of flesh mills, alchemical plants and gin joints, squeezed between the river Skorn and the Pendar Mountains. And if you're looking for adventure, brother, you don't have to look any farther.

The *Galitia Citybook* gives you everything you need to run an adventure or campaign in the dark streets and alleys of this burg. Its history and the way it is today; the powerbrokers and the pickpockets; the mages and the madmen, and everything in between. You'll also find new breeds of Unnatural, details on the Wilderness surrounding Galitia, rumors and adventure hooks, and more maps than you can shake a conjure stick at.

So if you've got the guts, Galitia's waiting.

Galitia Citybook is intended for use with the *Bloodshadows* roleplaying game. You will need the *World of Bloodshadows* book and the *MasterBook* to play.



33002



©, TM & © 1994 West End Games Ltd. All Rights Reserved.

0-87431-381-3 \$18.00



0 18874 33002 4