RAGING SWAN PRESS URBAN DRESSING: WAR-TORN TOWN



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URBAN DRESSING: WAR-TORN TOWN

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Use this table to generate the sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about the war-torn town. Ignore inappropriate results and simply re-roll.

D%	
	Ash has drifted down from the skies to coat
1	every surface in sight.
	The buildings along this street all appear to be
2	leaning, as if their foundations are crumbling.
3	Smoke plumes into the air as tongues of wicked
	fire lick the buildings.
	A string of black-garbed widows and orphans line
4	the street to weep as a squad marches by.
	This whole block has been reduced to rubble and
5	wreckage.
	Piles of broken and shattered armour lie strewn
6	on the ground, battered beyond use.
	Snapped spears and mangled swords form piles
7	off to one side of the street.
	Half-a-dozen corpses are carried by, laid out on
8	their own bloodstained shields.
	The soft sound of sobs and choked weeping fills
9	the air.
	A priest in a gilded robe strolls by a line of
10	recruits, laying hands on each in blessing
	A zealous rebel stands on the corner, ignoring
11	glares as he shouts a creed of violent defiance.
	A trio of soldiers are strung up; their arms and
12	legs are lashed to spears driven through their
	chests.
4.2	A family cries for help as soldiers raid their
13	home, taking every scrap of their food.
1.4	This band of recruits looks to comprise little
14	more than children.
	Hard-eyed mercenaries lounge about, drinking
15	and scowling at anyone who pays them the
	slightest bit of attention.
10	A person entirely encased in plate armour stands
16	nearby, watching everyone.
47	The air-quaking screams suggest the local
17	surgeon is hard at work amputating more limbs.
10	These beggars use dented and rusted helms as
18	bowls and claim they're veterans too old to fight.
10	A scattering of metal and wooden shards on the
19	road is what remains of a knight's shield.
20	In the distance, a row of people on mounts is
20	silhouetted against the horizon.
21	Distant cries and clashes indicate the battling has
	renewed with increased ferocity.
22	Droop-shouldered sentries trudge along the tops
	of the walls, rarely bothering to watch beyond
	the town.
23	A horse careens passed, saddle empty, its mouth
	and mane are coated in froth.

24	A robed figure nails a flier to a post, announcing
	fresh recruitment efforts.
25	This wall is engraved with all the names of the dead—there must be hundreds of them.
	A group of children have turned a trash heap
26	into the epicentre of their "king of the hill" game.
	A cart trundles by, weighed down by dozens of
27	stiff and rotting bodies.
28	This person appears to be selling scraps and
28	goods scrounged from those killed in battle.
20	A hedge witch rasps out offers of charms and
29	spells to protect one against death.
	As a squad marches by, a woman trails after,
30	screaming for one of the soldiers to return
	home.
	A soldier limps by using his sword as a cane; a
31	
	grey beard hangs down to his waist.
32	A skinny youth clatters past, his armour far too
	big for his lanky frame.
33	The sewers and gutters of the town are full of
	bloody water and crimson mud.
	Terrible shrieks tear the air as a team of horses
34	are slaughtered to provide food for the
	townsfolk.
	The heads of enemy soldiers are stuck on pikes
35	all around town.
	This building has been brightly painted in loyalist
36	
	colours and insignia.
37	A bundle of flags have been set alight and tossed
	to burn in the middle of the road.
38	A group of rioters storm down the street,
	chanting violent threats.
39	Cries of fear echo as several soldiers kick down
55	the door to a home.
40	A soldier sits rocking back and forth, cradling his
40	sword as if it were a babe.
	The stink of gangrene makes people retch as
41	they pass by the local apothecaries' home.
	Agonized weeping comes from the makeshift
42	hospital tents set up along the street.
40	A family kneels in the street in the wake of a
43	squad, offering up prayers for protection to their
	god.
44	A pile of battlefield loot sits in the middle of
	town, ignored and untouched by all.
45	Whatever this building used to be, all that
	remains is an ashen husk.
46	Soldiers pound on every door, searching
	buildings one by one.
	Every street is barricaded by spiked metal and
47	wooden posts.
	A sentry tower stands ablaze on the edge of
48	
	town, casting sparks and embers onto the
	nearby rooftops.

A waft of rot emanates from the nearby shop, which has shuttered windows and a barred door.	
The supply caravan lumbering into town looks	
The person off to the side has a shifting gaze as	-
they sketch out a map of the area.	
A herd of pigs has been outfitted with miniature armour and sports iron-capped tusks.	-
A pack of snarling, slavering war hounds tug at	5
As a person walks by, a brand under his rags-	
This miserable lot of scarred and wounded slaves	
•	
detailing a fresh batch of soldiers wanted for	
The general who just staggered by reeks of	
demonstration to a group of grubby children.	
Two people stand in the street bellowing a mix of military propaganda at one another.	
A blind oracle shambles past, muttering the word "doom" over and over.	8
Every wall surrounding the town appears to be falling apart.	5
The main gates to the town lie knocked off their binges and cast to the side	
These painted slogans look to be the work of a	
of the local jail.	
A large tent serves as the centre of a bustling military camp.	9
A uniformed courier dashes by, boots polished and sabre rattling in its sheath.	
The squad marching through the town bears the	
Every home in town shows some sign of disrepair	
or damage, from caved-in roofs to shattered windows.	
A shadowy figure ducks down an alley and	
Off to one side, a person touches a brick in a wall and a secret door slides open.	g
A haunting melody fills the air as a band plays	
A haunting melody fills the air as a band plays dirges as they shuffle passed. The doors and windows of these home are laid	
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	 which has shuttered windows and a barred door. The supply caravan lumbering into town looks like most of its goods have been pilfered by its guards. The person off to the side has a shifting gaze as they sketch out a map of the area. A herd of pigs has been outfitted with miniature armour and sports iron-capped tusks. A pack of snarling, slavering war hounds tug at their master's leashes. As a person walks by, a brand under his rags—labelling him a deserter—is briefly visible. This miserable lot of scarred and wounded slaves looks to be culled from enemy ranks. Men nail up a variety of charcoal sketches detailing a fresh batch of soldiers wanted for desertion. The general who just staggered by reeks of whiskey more than the most drunken beggar. A pair of soldiers shows off a weapons demonstration to a group of grubby children. Two people stand in the street bellowing a mix of military propaganda at one another. A blind oracle shambles past, muttering the word "doom" over and over. Every wall surrounding the town appears to be falling apart. The main gates to the town lie knocked off their hinges and cast to the side. These painted slogans look to be the work of a bunch of soldiers. A n enemy soldier peers out from behind the bars of the local jail. A large tent serves as the centre of a bustling military camp. A uniformed courier dashes by, boots polished and sabre rattling in its sheath. The squad marching through the town bears the royal colours and insignia. Every home in town shows some sign of disrepair or damage, from caved-in roofs to shattered windows. A shadowy figure ducks down an alley and vanishes into a gutter opening.

shop,		76	Children scuttle by, digging through garbage and
door.		70	heaps for any crumb of food.
looks		77	A group of soldiers stand around the entrance to
by its	ts	//	a cellar as smoke pours up the stairs.
			A goodly number of trip wires, bear traps and
ze as		78	hastily concealed pits defend this
		neighbourhood.	
ature		79	Villagers have gathered to work on crumbling
		79	and charred portions of the town walls.
ug at		00	Townsfolk work alongside guards to construct a
		80	catapult out of any wood scraps lying around.
ags—		81	These stocks stand empty, but the fresh gore on
		01	the wood indicates recent usage.
laves		82	A lone lute, strings cut and frame cracked, lies in
		82	the middle of the road.
tches		00	A whip cracks as a deserter has his back turned
d for		83	into a bloody mess beneath the lashings.
		0.4	A shirtless man strides by, back straight despite
ks of		84	his torso being a mass of scars.
r.			This puppet show is little more than a
pons		85	demonstration of gory ways one can be killed in
ı.			battle.
a mix		86	Several youths flee from a pair of guards who
		80	look too wearied to give proper chase.
g the		87	A child clutches the ankle of a man, pleading for
		- 07	"Papa" to not leave.
to be		88	An enemy soldier hollers down from atop the
			tower, taunting anyone to try and remove him.
their		89	One soldier falls to the ground in mid-step and is
	•		left there as his regiment marches on.
of a		90	Townsfolk stream along the main street, carrying
	•		dozens of sealed coffins to the graveyard.
e bars		91	Enormous stones form a giant cairn in the middle
	•		of town, dedicated to "All Who Have Fallen."
stling		92	What looks like a heap of muddy rags is revealed
	•		to be a pile of discarded military uniforms.
ished		93	The harsh cawing of buzzards grows louder as a
			flock settles over the town.
's the		94	This chapel has been set ablaze; flames pour
	•		from every window and doorway.
epair		95	Several figures crawl down the street, trailing
tered			filth and blood from their bodies.
		96	This once-bustling marketplace has been entirely
and			shuttered and closed down.
			The road is almost completely clogged with
a wall		97	abandoned wagons, whose axles and wheels are
			broken.
plays		98	Men, women and children scream as they sprint
		-	away from the approaching soldiers.
e laid		99	The skies have been blood-red for a week now,
		-	all day, all night.
atural		4.00	Every guard in town stands perfectly still;
		100	peering through the bars of their helms reveals
ng on			each one is an animated skeleton.

WAR-TORN TOWN: BUSINESSES

Use this table to provide the basic details of businesses the PCs come across as they explore the war-torn town. Some may be inappropriate based on the locale's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
01-02	Chancer's (recruiter) is overseen by a silver- haired soldier in gleaming armour who welcomes the fortune-seekers and desperate alike.
03-04	Flinch (morgue) has been rapidly running out of coffins and grave plots since the war started.
05-06	Proper Sendings (mourner) makes sure even unknown battle victims receive the sorrowful burials they deserve.
07-08	Heartshield (charms) is run by a hedge witch with an iffy track record of magical success.
09-10	Blume's (blacksmith) is run by two brothers who donate much of their time to the war effort.
11-12	The Notch (weaponsmith) has been on back- order for months now, and their blade quality has suffered some lately.
13-14	Haypricks (stables) is a lonely place indeed since the last horse in town got nabbed by a military courier with royal orders.
15-16	The Pins (military HQ) has headquartered so many different units, it's hard to keep track of who is actually meant to be inside.
17-18	Slitter's (armoury) has a team of labourers keeping the forge blazing at all hours.
19-20	Bags n' Barrels (supply depot) has been forced to give the local garrison a hefty discount on all goods.
21-22	Featherfeet (courier) claims to be a neutral messenger service, with confidentiality guaranteed on pain of death.
23-24	Fleabit's (spy HQ) is a local merchant who gladly sells regional information to the highest bidder.
25-26	Off the Edge (maps) is run by a frustrated cartographer who has to redraw borders after every battle.
27-28	Meckle and Sons (masons) donates many hours to help rebuild townhomes and walls.
29-30	Flitche's (pawn shop) is where many battlefield scroungers go to sell valuables and mementos taken from the corpses of the fallen.
31-32	Cracked Jugs (tavern) is run by a bartender whose only rule is "no talking about religion, money or politics."
33-34	The Jabber (chapel) is said to be cursed since its head priest went insane after seeing the senseless suffering of war victims.
35-36	Danglers (hanging square) has seen plenty of use lately, what with all the deserters and spies captured in town.

37-38	Stockwall (garrison) houses the few local guards who haven't already gone off to the battlefront; only old men and boys live within.
39-40	Bastion (main gates) is overseen by a guard captain who enforces a hefty safe passage tax on anyone coming or going.
41-42	Bone's Throw (prison) is where deserters, spies, and other rabble-rousers are tossed to await judgment and execution.
	Dogmaw (dump) is a stinking crevasse townsfolk
43-44	often visit to toss unwanted items into the depths, be it night soil or a body.
	Slicknails (looters) is headed by a band of thieves
45-46	who raid the homes of people killed by soldiers.
	Helping Hands (lenders) is glad to offer anyone
47-48	insurance policies or high-interest, emergency
	loans.
49-50	Light's Touch (healers) is run by a married couple who somehow remain joyful and hopeful amidst the violence.
	Pickering's (remains collector) offers—for a fee—
51-52	to search old battlefields for proof a particular person is dead.
	Summation (death tallies) is run by a team of
53-54	clerks who carefully notate the names and number of all those fallen in battle.
55-56	The Restless (spirit soother) tends the nearby battlefields, sending the souls of the dead to
	eternal rest so they don't haunt the town.
57-58	Copper Cobbles (landlord) has struggled to keep much of the property it owns from being
	reduced to so much rubble and ash.
	Chum's (cook) once-expansive larder and kitchen
59-60	has now been reduced to serving scraps of meat and greatly aged cheese.
	Crack n' Sunder (slaughterhouse) is owned by a
	butcher who has somehow procured a constant
61-62	supply of fresh — if questionable — meat. No
01 02	matter, his customers don't ask too many
	questions.
60 GA	Tramplin's (stockyards) is kept under heavy
63-64	guard by soldiers using the livestock as
	emergency rations.
	Fitted Fashions (tailor) devotes much of its
65-66	labour to producing or repairing army uniforms
	as well as flags and regiment standards.
	Rattlerag's (tinker) sells anything in stock for a
67-68	single copper coin, so long as you don't ask
	where the goods came from.
	Knuckle's (martial school) is headed by an elderly
69-70	
09-70	monk who teaches townsfolk the art of bare-
	handed self-defence.
71-72	Gravelute (bards) has been hard-pressed to pen
	the jaunty tunes it used to be known for in such
	a sombre atmosphere.

73-74	Mudcloak's (rebel HQ) is a tiny drinking house that conceals a young, yet growing band of rebels full of righteous fury.
75-76	White Flags (diplomat) has seen at least three negotiators come into town, with each dead within a month of trying to secure peace.
77-78	Dusty Aisles (market) used to be open every day, but now opens weeklyor whenever a supply caravan actually makes it into town. Otherwise only beggars can be found here
79-80	The Jut (saboteur) is a supposed goods store that is rarely open, as the proprietor is often away destroying bridges or blocking supply routes.
81-82	Hoister's (mercenaries) is in-between contracts right now, but is surprisingly loyal to whoever pays for services rendered.
83-84	Ragged Roost (slum) has swelled with the tents and ramshackle huts of refugees from the war. Tensions between the newcomers and the residents are slowly rising.
85-86	Crumdrum (soup kitchen) is run by a pudgy cook who seems able to make meals out of dirt and dried leather.
87-88	The Pens (orphanage) is bursting at the seams with newly orphaned waifs who now contribute to the local begging schemes. The place is a madhouse and the few remaining staff are exhausted.
89-90	The Pockle Stage (puppeteer) has eschewed its long-running shows for poking fun at whatever side is currently losing. Eventually, he's likely to get into serious trouble with the authorities.

91-92	Waverly's (seamstress) stocks rolls of thread and linen in the colours of every side involved in the war, just in case.
93-94	Morning Mist (cafe) has somehow remained opened amidst the turmoil, serving fresh eggs and biscuits every morning.
95-96	Mudtoe (cobbler) offers free boot repair to townsfolk but charges double for officers. The proprietor is a spy for the enemy.
97-98	Curs (kennels) sells the finest war hounds and trackers coin can buy, though the kennel master won't sell them to just anyone. The dogs are in high demand, but the training takes many weeks and thus prices here are high.
99-100	Crimson Trails (blood tracker) has made a decent profit tracking slaves, spies and deserters via blood magic.



Use this table to generate the basic details of folk the PCs encounter as they explore the war-torn town. Use these details as a base from which to portray the NPC.

D%	
	Hargbal Riog (LE female half-orc expert 1) does
01-02	an excellent job extracting the mayor's "war
	tax", paid in coin or blood, from everyone.
03-04	Laciri Bolz (NE female human warrior 1) doesn't
	fight for any particular side. She just enjoys
	cutting others down.
	Swaur Lecole (LG male human adept 2) is a
05-06	bright-eyed healer whose joyful spirit remains
	undimmed by the devastation in town.
	Cama Meswig (LN female human adept 2) uses
07-08	her art to counter-balance any enemy scrying or
07 00	attempts to magically scout out the town.
	Crancy Boffhorn (NE female halfling aristocrat 1)
09-10	keeps raising rent on the dwindling number of
	homes she owns as more are destroyed with
	each skirmish.
	Tolwyn Lisam (LG male human expert 2) is a
11-12	mason who lends his effort to help repair the
-	battered and broken town walls.
	Gimen Doringli (CE male dwarf commoner 1) is a
13-14	deserter ready and willing to kill anyone he
	thinks might turn him in.
	Magsda Saraving (N female halfling commoner 1)
15-16	picks over recent battlefields, seeking anything
	she can sell for another meal.
	Unaga Dushug (NE female half-orc expert 2)
17-18	poses as a town guard while selling local
	intelligence to bidders on either side of the war.
	Gobilda Vinbairn (LE female gnome adept 2)
19-20	enjoys unleashing agonizing magics on enemy
	soldiers in the heat of battle.
	Thoroda Wenbaran (NG female elf commoner 1)
21-22	is a waif who has grown up in town in the
	shadow of her father, a legendary warrior.
	Ordvil Warlem (CG male human adept 1) has
	nearly burnt the town down several times with
23-24	his attempts to defend it with fiery magic. Next
	time, nothing bad will happen
25-26	Slyn Ronath (N male human commoner 1) is an
	ex-army cook whose skeletal frame belies his
	true love for fine foods.
	Hectar Jalbak (CG male dwarf warrior 2) has a
27-28	broad grin that stays fixed even when his face is
	splattered with blood.
	Mendraya Berea (NG female human adept 3) is a
29-30	elderly priestess who says blessings over the
	dead, whether friend or foe in life.
	Nacwen Renneso (NE female human adept 1) is a
31-32	snaggle-toothed crone who has been harvesting
	organs from dead soldiers for months now.

33-34	Arthleen Hirmar (LN female elf commoner 1) is the mistress of a group of prostitutes who follow regiments for stoady pay
	regiments for steady pay.
35-36	Nashal Danlebo (LG male elf warrior 2) is a
	refined fighter who ruthlessly tracks down deserters and brings them to justice.
	Blanfaste Liogard (CE male gnome expert 1) is
37-38	currently plotting to poison the well the next
	time an army occupies the town.
	Mazair Thoad (CN female dwarf commoner 2) is
	· · · · · ·
39-40	a would-be inventor who has failed to convince
	anyone her "improved" slingshots are a good
	crossbow replacement.
	Murfak Vanndun (N male dwarf warrior 1) is a
41 40	ruddy-haired soldier who's found he prefers
41-42	getting drunk with the enemy rather than
	fighting them.
	Starden Ravoriel (N female half-elf aristocrat 1) is
43-44	rather irate her retirement estate has been
45 44	
	threatened by the violence.
	Gotin Ropermble (CE male halfling adept 3) has
45-46	hired himself out to numerous clients as an
	efficient and effective saboteur.
	Ruthers Yapulco (LN male human commoner 1)
47-48	laughs too loudly at everything while his dark
	eyes hold a constant pain.
	Belgruk Gnaumo (LN male dwarf commoner 2)
49-50	has kept the local smithy open despite the
45 50	building being sabotaged several times.
54 50	Doldalm Arnalsgo (NG male half-elf expert 3) is a
51-52	tattoo artist who helps mask deserter and slave
	brands with his ink-work.
	Illish Branlynn (N female gnome commoner 1)
53-54	has bright yellow hair and eyebrows and tries to
55 54	pass as a human child when she begs for food or
	coin.
	Ramma Ealesen (CN female human adept 3) runs
	the town orphanage and viciously defends her
55-56	charges from any ill-doers, mostly because of the
	labour and profit they provide.
·	Ordwald Wyntols (LG male human aristocrat 2) is
Г7 Г0	
57-58	a noble-born officer who has risked his troops to
	defend the town multiple times.
	Gugul Ashburk (LG male half-orc warrior 2) loves
59-60	this town and has a bit of a temper problem
	when anyone threatens it or its citizens.
	Orasem Carovo (LN male elf adept 1) has been
61-62	seen standing sentry on the town walls for weeks
	on end even though he's not an official guard.
	Aneda Bertulli (LE female human aristocrat 2) is
63-64	rumoured to be in dealings with the mayor to
	"purchase" the town for unknown purposes.
65-66	Ardlen Hoffins (CE male halfling commoner 2)
	has incited several town-wide riots just so he can
	loot a few homes he's had his eye on.

67-68	Leddy Handston (NE female human warrior 3) is a gorgeous woman who enjoys collecting scarsbut keeps her collection on other people.
69-70	Earlas Worook (CG male gnome warrior 3) steadfastly refuses any pay for the nightly patrols he makes around town.
71-72	Thorem Andeys (CN male human expert 2) is a slim man who makes a living selling spoils brought to him by battlefield scavengers.
73-74	Debhik Venk (NE male human commoner 1) is a bent and knob-jointed man who mutters bitterly at everyone and everything.
75-76	Vaarci Pentora (CE female half-elf expert 1) turns her velvety voice to haunting dirges and secretly delights in the grief they spread.
77-78	Daerie Chaele (LG female human adept 1) is a seer who keeps trying to see happier fortunes for the townsfolk, to no avail.
79-80	Rumesto Glorehaven (LN male human warrior 2) is a renowned mercenary, here to make a fortune on the war.
81-82	Sungdas Jowal (NG male human warrior 1) is a smooth-cheeked youth who has survived several battles despite his inexperience.
83-84	Halnasne Feudan (LE female half-elf commoner 1) is constantly giggling as she tallies reports of the most recent dead.

85-86	Rimthos Boldahk (N male half-orc adept 1) is a hedge mage who creates cheap spells and charmsof questionable efficacy.
87-88	Prack Cosken (CN male half-orc warrior 3) is an elderly, heavily scarred guard who seems embittered he isn't strong enough to fight in a real battle any longer.
89-90	Haeger Orwald (CG male gnome commoner 1) is a town scout who reports in when soldiers are getting close.
91-92	Georard Smuden (LE male human aristocrat 2) is a wealthy moneylender glad to take advantage of people's need for immediate funds.
93-94	Toble Marish (NE male halfling expert 2) is a four-fingered pickpocket willing to steal bread from a starving child to keep from going hungry.
95-96	Jalda Brivisil (CE female human adept 1) enjoys accusing random people of being spies just to see what happens.
97-98	Lalhir Felas (N female half-elf aristocrat 2) has kept a group of local mercenaries in her employ as private bodyguards.
99-100	Dala Nodds (LG female human warrior 3) is only sixteen but is considered a divinely gifted strategist, sought out by legendary generals for advice.



WAR-TORN TOWN: HOOKS, COMPLICATIONS & OPPORTUNITIES

Although the PCs may simply want to visit the war-torn town, sometimes fate intervenes. Use this table to determine what opportunities or complications the PCs encounter.

D20

1	Within a day of the PCs' arrival, a fresh army has appeared to lay siege to the town, completely surrounding it and cutting off all supply routes.
2	A supply caravan hasn't made it to the town in months and every nearby farm has been burnt to ashes. Starving townsfolk lie suffering everywhere the PCs look.
3	The PCs hear word the generals of the opposing armies have challenge one another to a duel to end the battle once-and-for-alland the fight is to take place in the centre of town.
4	The town has been engulfed by rioters who are looting, killing, wrecking property and setting buildings ablaze.
5	With most able-bodied fighters off to war, a gang of hooligans has taken to terrorizing the town, taking what they wish and beating anyone who opposes them senseless.
6	A group of guards stops the PCs in the street and their captain accuses them of being enemy spies. They can either be escorted to jail peaceably or taken there in pieces.
7	A hooded figure sidles up and offers the party a tempting amount of gold if you'd be so kind as to scout the town and report on the defences and nearby troop movements.
8	The town's food stores have been broken into by a self-proclaimed freedom fighter who is now doling out bags of grain and goods to starving townsfolk.
9	An army recruiter has set up a tent in the middle of town, offering wealth and fame to anyone willing to sign up for the latest march on enemy territory.

10	A weeping mother begs for the PCs' help, as her children have been conscripted into a makeshift army comprised entirely of little boys and girls.
	They march on the morrow.
11	A black-robed priest stalks the city, claiming if the fighting doesn't end, the spirits of the slain will come to haunt the town and drag everyone's souls to Hell.
12	A PC realize almost every item being sold in the marketplace has been scrounged off dead soldiers—some of the goods still have relatively fresh blood and gore on them.
13	With a groan and loud crack, the town's main tower—damaged by fire and battering rams— begins to topple.
14	A PC suddenly realises the suit of shiny armour that just walked by was actually empty.
15	With a bloodthirsty cry, a bunch of fighters wearing rebel colours surge out of the tavern and begin attacking everyone in sight.
16	Loyalist soldiers are marching through town, hunting anyone they even suspect of having sympathies for or connections with the enemy.
17	The party are cornered by the mayor's personal guard and ordered to cough up the mandatory (and hefty) war tax. Pay up, or else.
18	The guards have been in an uproar since someone broke into their armoury and made off with every spare piece of armour and weaponry. A reward has been issued for the equipment's return.
19	A person sprints through town, screaming that a devilish army has been spotted just beyond the horizon and they are laying waste to everything in their path.
20	A group of war prisoners are being marched to the gallows for execution, but a PC recognizes at least one of them as an old companion.



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