

Stormbringer!

presents

OLD HROLMAR

Bastion of Change in the Young Kingdoms

by Richard Watts



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INTRODUCTION

OLD HROLMAR IS a bastion of culture within grim Vilmir, and stands as one of the greatest cities the Young Kingdoms will ever see. Yet it is a city under siege. While the machinations of Law and Chaos threaten its stability from within, far greater dangers are massed outside its walls. Neither King Naclon of Vilmir, nor the powerful Cardinal Garrick of the Church of Law, look favourably upon Old Hrolmar, and its bravely independent ruler, Duke Avan Astran. Sadly the duke is fated to be slain by Elric of Melniboné within a few short years, after which the city's glory will quickly fade as the inexorable weight of Vilmirian tradition is brought to bear upon its citizens. This book however, is set before those unhappy days, during the city's brief renaissance, when the duke and his ideals reign and all is good within Old Hrolmar.

This monograph contains a complete guide to the Vilmirian city of Old Hrolmar, including its history, major locations and important residents. Like all supplements for the Stormbringer game published to date, this monograph is set in the year 399 YK, the year preceding Elric's coronation as the 428th Emperor of Melniboné.

Most of the material presented within Old Hrolmar is for the Gamemaster's eyes only. Players should make every endeavour to avoid reading this book least the knowledge they gain

lessen their pleasure in learning the city's secrets as they are presented during the course of the game.

Naturally the Gamemaster may wish to share some of the information within with any player whose character is a native of Old Hrolmar, although care should be taken to ensure that only the information described in ORIENTATION (which represents items of common knowledge about the city) is presented to them. Even then it would be wise for the Gamemaster to keep the information discussed in the 'Future Events' section a closely guarded secret.

CONCERNING MICHAEL MOORCOCK'S CHRONOLOGY

It should be noted that the vision of Old Hrolmar as described in this book differs in one important respect from the chronology laid out by Michael Moorcock in the early volumes of his passionate, furiously-written and sometimes contradictory Elric Saga.

The adventurer-explorer Duke Avan Astran is introduced to readers in the second book of the saga,

The Sailor On The Seas Of Fate, before being swiftly killed off in the same volume. Curiously enough, in the fourth book of the saga, *The Vanishing Tower*, Elric passes through Old

This rich city was a great meeting place for all the imaginative people of the Young Kingdoms. To it came explorers, adventurers, mercenaries, craftsmen, merchants, painters and poets for, under the rule of the famous Duke Avan Astran, this Vilmirian city state was undergoing a transformation in its character.

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

Hrolmar several years later and Duke Avan is, at least from the description Moorcock provides, apparently very much still alive.

The primary author of this book has elected to streamline this confusing chronology, so that Duke Avan's death in 402 YK is absolute, an event which initiates the city's rapid decline. In the saga as presented in the Stormbringer role-playing game, Elric still visits Old Hrolmar in later years, but the city has long since declined, and Avan's exploits are but a treasured memory.

As well as eliminating any continuity errors, this situation has the added advantage of adding to the air of impending doom that hangs over the city; an outlook that is entirely in keeping with the overall tone of the Elric Saga.

Gamemasters who disagree with this decision are invited to use this book as it is presented, but to allow Duke Avan's vision for the city to live on after his death. In such a campaign, Old Hrolmar remains a beacon of hope in Vilmir until it is consumed by Chaos during the earth's last days. Alternatively, Carl Pates suggests that an imposter may reign after the real Duke Avan's death, ruling in his name and being, to all appearances, the same man. In this instance, it is only if the adventurers stumble upon Avan Astran's grave in the Unmapped Continent (as described by Moorcock in *The Sailor on the Seas of Fate*) that they will they start to wonder what or who the imposter really is. Should a Gamemaster wish to explore this option, the identity of this other Avan is in their hands...

WHAT IS IN THIS BOOK?

Old Hrolmar is divided into six chapters:

- **ORIENTATION** provides an overview of the city's history, geography, climate, culture, laws and regulations, and also discusses such issues as how adventurers might find employment and accommodation upon their arrival in Old Hrolmar.
- **PLOTS AND POWERS** outlines some of the major factions at work in Old Hrolmar during Duke Avan's reign.
- **THE GAZETTEER** details Old Hrolmar's six main districts, describing many of the significant locations and individuals the adventurers can encounter during their explorations of the city.
- **ENCOUNTERS IN OLD HROLMAR** presents a collection of random events and prospective meetings. From the briefest discussion in the darkest night, to a chance meeting that could lead into a new and exciting adventure, these encounters allow the Gamemaster to bring Old Hrolmar to life.
- **THE HROLMARLIAN DIGEST** provides statistics for common NPC's with which to populate the city's streets at a moment's notice.
- **STORY SEEDS** is a collection of short adventure ideas that a Gamemaster can easily expand into detailed scenarios, with the application of time and imagination.

Over ten years in the making, this book is designed to provide a template for future Stormbringer supplements. Like the *Atlas of the Young Kingdoms Volume One: The Northern Continent* which it complements, Old Hrolmar is a labour of love which could not have been written without the support of the authors' many friends, as well as the global gaming community whose passion for role-playing in the worlds of Michael Moorcock has supported its long gestation.

CLEAR CREDITS

- Carl Pates devised the travel times listed in **ORIENTATION**, provided the Random Events table in **ENCOUNTERS IN OLD HROLMAR**, and laboured long and hard over the city map.
- Andrea Rocci contributed the Greater Cultist of Slortar, the Tarkeshite Sailor, and the Quixotic Knight and his Loyal Squire to the **HROLMARLIAN DIGEST** chapter.
- Nick Middleton created the Erratic Ilmioran Sailor, the Disenchanted Noble and the Cursed Scholar for the **HROLMARLIAN DIGEST**, as well as the *Reunions In The Dark* story seed.
- Jean-Paul Zukauskas contributed the Grotesque Cultist of Slortar to the **HROLMARLIAN DIGEST** chapter.
- Jason Durall created the Boastful Jharkorian Sailor.
- David Gordon contributed the demons

Napholix and Cataphaxotl to the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST.

- Nick Haggard developed the original concept of grim Vilmir and its Lawful pyramid-temples in his scenario 'See Hwamgaarl and Die' in the Chaosium publication Sorcerers of Pan Tang.
- The Mereghn assassins' order is the creation of Lawrence Whitaker, and first appeared in his scenario 'The Book of Brilliant Things' in the Chaosium publication Fate of Fools.
- John R. White contributed the Towering Pride story seed.
- Numerous other Stormbringer authors and Gamemasters have contributed ideas and inspiration for concepts expanded upon in this volume.
- Richard Watts is responsible for all other elements of the manuscript, which was edited and designed by Marcus Bone.

ORIENTATION

FOR A BRIEF SPAN of years Old Hrolmar is one of the greatest cities in the Young Kingdoms, and a beacon of tolerance and creativity in grim Vilmir. Under the reign of the adventurer-explorer Avan Astran the city plays host to some of the best and brightest minds in the Young Kingdoms. Following Duke Avan's death at the hands of Elric Womanslayer in the year 402 YK, the Vilmirian Inquisition and the Church of Law waste little time in bringing their will to bear once more upon the city and its recalcitrant inhabitants, and Old Hrolmar's once-bright light is quickly extinguished.

From the time Duke Avan ascends the throne in 395 YK to the year of his death, Old Hrolmar is a city of adventure, intrigue, scandal and excitement. It is this period of the city's history that this book focuses upon, and in which the Gamemaster is encouraged to set their Stormbringer campaign.

HISTORY

The city of Old Hrolmar is enclosed within a great triangle of masonry that was constructed almost 400 years ago during the brief reign of Vil Valario, Vilmir's first king. This settlement stands atop the ruins of an older, Melnibonéan community, traces of which can still be found during Duke Astran's reign.

In its earliest days Hrolmar sat on the fringes of the province then known to the Bright Empire as Shu-Tha-Mirai. An insignificant hamlet of human slaves, overlooking the River Hrol, the community that was to grow into Old Hrolmar, began life clustered around the family estate of a minor Melnibonéan noble. It was not until the destruction of the nearby village of Tormesh, during the Melnibonéan-Dharzi War, that the hamlet took on any significance, as those who survived this catastrophe

...and then the dawn was rising over the crazy spires of Old Hrolmar...

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

made their way to Hrolmar, doubling the settlement's population almost overnight. Gradually, and thanks in part to the indifference of their overlords, the village continued to grow, its residents eking out a living by tilling the rich soil of the Hrol Vale and by fishing in the nearby bay. Hrolmar's Melnibonéan masters, already reclusive, were rarely seen after the end of the Dharzi war, and within a few generations they had retreated to the safety of the Dragon Isle; their slender towers standing empty for another 500 years before the residents of Hrolmar gained the courage to tear them down.

By the year 100 IS (In Slavery, i.e. 100 years before the successful rebellion against the Bright Empire led by Lormyr's Earl Aubec), due in part to the Hrol Valley's gentle climate and rich fields, Hrolmar's population had grown to over five thousand. Soon afterwards a satellite settlement sprang up on the river's east bank, whose residents jokingly dubbed the original village 'Old Hrolmar'. Before long the name had stuck, the city identified as such on one of the

oldest human maps still existing in the Young Kingdoms - a carefully illuminated Lormyrian parchment dating back to 2 YK, that today lies in a fragile state in the University of Cadsandria.

But the people of 'Old Hrolmar' had the last laugh, as the new village was soon swallowed up by its ever-expanding parent city. Today the existence of the original New Hrolmar is lost to all but a handful of Vilmirian scholars, although its name lives on in the form of a new settlement growing outside the city's walls.

THE RISE OF VILMIR

News of the Lormyrian rebellion reached Old Hrolmar in what was to become year 1 of the Young Kingdom's Calander, but even then the city's citizens saw little reason to take up arms against the few remaining half-Melnibonéan slaves who dwelt in the ancient estate at the heart of the burgeoning town, tending the empty towers in the fading hope that their inhuman masters would one day return. Indeed, it was not until the coming of Vil Valario, a fanatical young prophet of the White Lords, that the people of the city were roused. Valario walked the length and breadth of the province in 8 YK, spreading news of Lormyr's successes against the Melnibonéans in battle, urging his countrymen (and women) to rise up against their overlords. Incited by his oratory, the Hrolmarlians tore down the long-empty Melnibonéan towers that had long overshadowed their fledgling city. Today the glass pyramid of Law, dedicated to Elgis the Gentle, occupies the site where the last tower once stood. The soft turf and ancient trees of neighboring Serenity Park, once part of the luscious gardens surrounding the towers, are the only visible traces of Hrolmar's old masters.

By 11 YK Vil Valario's crusade had successfully freed the nation, and shortly afterwards he was crowned the newly

FUTURE EVENTS

400 YOUNG KINGDOMS (YK)

- Duke Avan embarks upon his greatest adventure yet: to the lands beyond the mountains known as the Ragged Pillars to the Unknown East (see the Chaosium supplement of the same name for more details). He is absent for almost an entire year, and returns bearing remarkable wealth and many startling tales to tell.
- In Avan's extended absence Count Rodrigo spreads rumours that the duke is in league with Chaos, but nothing arises from this slander. Simultaneously a small group of Hrolmarlians, mostly residents of the Industrial Quarter, begin to actively agitate against the foreign-born immigrants working in that part of the city. The count is seen addressing their meetings on more than one occasion.
- Late in the year newcomers to the city whisper that a new emperor sits on the Ruby Throne in Melniboné.

401 YK

- Travelling incognito, Avan Astran journeys with a group of merchants to the Dreaming City where he purchases, at great cost, a long-sealed casket containing a mysterious gem, and an ancient map of the south-western continent purporting to show the location of R'lin K'ren A'a.
- While the duke is away a riot flares in the Foreign Quarter, with the mob burning down several foreign-owned businesses and lynching at least one unfortunate Myyrrhn (having hacked off his wings to prevent him from escaping). Upon his return to the city, the duke savagely punishes the mob's ringleaders and bans the anti-foreigner movement. For his role in inflaming the riots, Count Rodrigo is exiled, although his odious children are allowed to remain in Old Hrolmar.

402 YK

- Duke Avan seeks out Elric of Melniboné, traveling across two continents in order to request his aid in exploring the mysterious, unmapped continent that lies beyond the Boiling Sea. With Elric and Count Smiorgan Baldhead of the Purple Towns aboard, the Duke's ship braves the fringes of the Boiling Sea, where a mysterious sickness claims three of the crew during the crossing (as described in *The Sailor on the Seas of Fate*).
- After discovering the lost city of R'lin K'ren A'a, Duke Avan is slain by Stormbringer, despite Elric's anguished efforts to restrain his cursed blade. Much to his joy, the now elderly Rodrigo is at last declared duke, and returns to the city in triumph. Thereafter the will of Cardinal Garrick is brought to bear upon Old Hrolmar, and little by little the city's glory begins to fade. Towers and spires are torn down and foreigners begin to disappear from the streets. The Quayside and New Hrolmar districts are allowed to remain, but only after it is decided that they serve a valuable service to the crown.

independent country's first king by a grateful populace. It was during the brief years of his reign that King Vil ordered the construction of

the great, three-sided sandstone walls that enclose all of Vilmir's major cities. The many regulations, which even today govern the construction of buildings and guide the everyday affairs of most Vilmirians, were also laid down at this time, although King Vil Vilario himself was dead years before the sandstone walls surrounding Old Hrolmar were eventually completed.

As the decades passed, the city slowly grew, for the most part untroubled by war or Chaos (although like all coastal Young Kingdoms cities it was occasionally threatened by pirates, and by raiding parties from other nations). Then in 200 YK, a great Pikaraydian fleet from the Southern Continent raided Old Hrolmar, laying siege to its walls for over a month and sacking and pillaging the Hrol Valley. The Vilmirian navy eventually drove the southerners off, destroying the majority of their fleet in a great battle off the coast of Dolgar. Consequently the duke of the day gave orders for a great keep to be constructed at the southern-most point of the city, overlooking the bay, which today functions as the traditional home of Old Hrolmar's ruler, looming protectively over the city.

The year 202 YK began with omens of doom in and around the city: the first day of the New Year saw the moon turning the colour of blood, and in the following weeks crops and herds sickened and died. Then, in the first weeks of winter, news began to filter down from the north of a great and terrible army from beyond the World's Rim that was sweeping south, destroying all in its path. Although the Chaos legion never ventured near Old Hrolmar, many of the city's menfolk were conscripted into armies raised against it, although very few of them ever returning to their homes and families.

Although the events of 202 YK were carefully noted in the city's annals, it was the year 250 YK that was to become the most infamous in Old Hrolmar's long history. This was the year that the Yellow Plague visited the city, carried upon a trading vessel from Filkhar. The ship's sailors were the first to die, but within a week of their arrival the sickness had ravaged the city, respecting neither class nor piety. Almost half the population died in the following months, corpses left untouched where they fell in the streets and rotting in the summer heat.

It was not until winter that the plague finally left the city. In its wake a great monument to the many dead was erected in Old Hrolmar's cemetery, marking one of several mass graves where the dead were hastily buried. Other graves now lost and forgotten dot the city and with the current craze of excavation and construction in vogue in Old Hrolmar, it is surely only a matter of time before one such corpse-pit or another is uncovered, and the plague is once more unleashed upon the city.

THE COMING OF DUKE AVAN

Old Hrolmar's present duke, Avan Astran, was born in 364 YK, the only child of Duke Culvan Astran to survive to adulthood. Although originally the youngest of five, his brothers and sisters all succumbed to an array of childhood illness and accidents, so that by the time Avan was 12 he was the only surviving heir to the duchar throne. Sent to study in Cadsandria in 379, he instead fell in with a travelling band of thieves, from who he learnt much about the ways of the world.

After several years with no news from Avan his parents sadly declared him dead, and his uncle Count Rodrigo was named the heir in his stead. Much to his uncle's dismay, Avan returned to Old Hrolmar later that same year, in the spring of 383 YK, although thereafter he regularly departed the city on a seemingly endless series of adventures, often for months at a time, returning home bearing strange tales and and even stranger ideas, and in the company of distinctly unusual companions. His doting parents encouraged Avan's eccentricities, and when Duke Culvan died in 395, the seeds were already set for the new duke's innovative reign.

Since Duke Avan took the throne he has transformed the city both physically and psychologically. Under his watchful eye the settlements outside the city's walls were legalised, and within months the settlements of Quayside and New Hrolmar had developed into their own vibrant communities. Today, while there are many in the city that privately criticise the duke and his 'modern' ideals, few publicly deride his rule, save for his aging uncle and his ambitious cronies. Thanks in part to Avan's generous nature, his easy rapport with even the most common of his subjects, and his reputation

FUTURE EVENTS, CONT.

- Those residents who resist the return to the 'old ways' also begin to disappear; their bodies sometimes found dumped on the steps of the Temple of Law as a warning to others who share their views; although most are never seen again. Behind closed doors, the Inquisition is blamed for these deaths, but it is never publicly accused of any such crimes.

403 YK

- Most of Old Hrolmar's best sailors are press-ganged into sailing with the massive fleet that sacks the Dreaming City. None survive, and their loss noticeably affects the city's spirit. Once a place of life and laughter, Old Hrolmar becomes an increasingly bleak city, its streets echoing with muffled weeping, and its population consisting largely of widows and orphans.
- This year also sees the beginnings of the Vilmirian Civil War, sparked when Cardinal Garrick, following King Naclon's death in the raid on Imrryr, refuses to recognise Crown Prince Hervis as King.

404 YK

- The Vilmirian Civil War rages on. Many in Old Hrolmar take up arms against Cardinal Garrick and his puppet king, although ultimately they pay dearly for their support of the so-called 'Vilmirian Pretender'.

405 YK

- Elric visits Old Hrolmar at the height of the civil war, staying briefly in one of the city's better quayside taverns. After a brief altercation involving a drunken Moonglum, two treacherous prostitutes from a Foreign Quarter brothel and an insulted dandy, Elric departs the city for Nadsokor (see *The Vanishing Tower*).

406 YK

- Melnibonéan mercenaries led by Dyvim Storm raid several cities in Northern Vilmir, although Old Hrolmar is spared their attentions.
- Prince Hervis is excommunicated by Cardinal Garrick and murdered when the peasantry turns against him. The civil war ends, and the cardinal's anointed successor, Lord Harron, is declared the true king of Vilmir. He dies less than a month later during a battle against the last of the rebels, leaving Garrick the undisputed regent of Vilmir.

407 YK

- With the founding of New Vilmir in the Unmapped Continent, many of Old Hrolmar's criminals, together with the surviving supporters of the Vilmirian Pretender are shipped to the distant west, to the great lamentation of their friends and families who remain behind.
- Cardinal Garrick's newborn nephew, Calvin, is crowned Vilmir's king.

408 YK

- Old Hrolmar, now a shadow of its former self, is destroyed as the world ends.

for fairness and honesty, Duke Avan Astran is much loved by his subjects, and under his rule the city has thrived.

AN OVERVIEW

Old Hrolmar stands upon a rocky promontory overlooking the Straight of Vilmir, at the mouth of the River Hrol. Thanks in part to its location on Vilmir's south coast - on the trade route to the Purple Towns - the city has always been densely populated. In 399 YK Old Hrolmar is home to some ten thousand residents, making it one of the Northern Continent's largest cities. (In comparison Ilmar has barely a population of 40,000; while in the Southern Continent, Cadsandria is home to approximately 60,000 people. The cities in the Western Lands conversely are considerably smaller and less populous).

While the city's three-sided wall of dense grey-brown sandstone protects Old Hrolmar from attack, it also limits outward expansion. As a result Old Hrolmar has become severely overcrowded, although with the coronation of Duke Avan Astran this problem has been partially overcome, with new settlements now allowed outside the city walls.

Of these new settlements, Quayside, to the south of the walls, is a thriving colony of merchants, fisherfolk and other seafarers. On the other side of the city, beyond the almost lawless Foreign Quarter (a place where merchants will not venture without their bodyguards) and the North Gate, is New Hrolmar, a district of inns, taverns and brothels, and the arrival and departure point for many of Vilmar's caravans.

Old Hrolmar's spiritual heart is also its physical centre. The glass pyramid of the Temple of Law stands beside Serenity Park and the polluted waters of the Hrol River (situated as it is downstream from the waterfalls where much of

the city's industries are clustered). Set upon a rocky granite outcrop in the southeast corner of the city sits the ducal fortress; constructed from the same sandstone as the city walls, the fortress perches watchfully above the harbour and the city.

Strict regulations over the centuries have directed that most of Old Hrolmar's buildings be constructed of the same grey-brown sandstone, and that no building may stand higher than four stories, so as not to overshadow the Pyramid of Law. In the past, these sacred rules have been strictly observed by the city's leaders, but since Duke Avan came to power these regulations have been relaxed, and the last few years have seen a flurry of renovations as landlords and property owners have been freed to individualise their homes and businesses. From a drab city where almost every building was of a uniform height and appearance, Old Hrolmar now presents a baroque and fanciful skyline of spires, domes and towers in every stage of construction; scaffolds, sawing and constant hammering accompany Old Hrolmar's renaissance.

The city is also undergoing somewhat of a cultural rebirth. Under Duke Avan's enlightened rule Old Hrolmar is attracting philosophers and freethinkers from throughout the Young Kingdoms: artists, astrologers, conjurers and poets. The streets pulse with life and excitement, and while not all of her citizens appreciate the changes sweeping the city, visitors are sure to find Old Hrolmar a rewarding and stimulating destination.

Unlike most Vilmirian cities (and indeed, most

major population centres throughout the Young Kingdoms) Old Hrolmar is unique in that much of the city is sewerred, thanks in large to its origins as a Melnibonéan settlement. Although the sewer system is ancient, and slowly falling into disrepair, its existence ensures that the city is cleaner and less noisome than most other Young Kingdoms' metropoli, with effluent and waste flowing underground out into the harbour, instead of down the middle of every street. Unfortunately, the districts of New Hrolmar and Quayside are not yet connected to the sewer system and waste in these places is flung into the

streets. Likewise, most residences in the Industrial Quarter are too poor to be able to afford a connection to the sewerage system and here open drains flow directly to the river (further enhancing the district's unpleasant atmosphere, while also ensuring that the Hrol becomes yet even more polluted the further through the city it flows). It goes without saying that in Hilltown it is fashionable, as well as essential, to ensure that every building is appropriately connected to the city's ancient sewers especially if one is to be taken seriously by one's well-to-do neighbours.

Manholes opening onto the sewers can be found at regular intervals along the city's major thoroughfares; they provide easy access for those who wish to cross the city unseen (although the more recent additions to the sewer system are generally too narrow to be navigable by anything larger than a small boy). The oldest sewers, despite being much larger, are structurally unsound, and pose a risk to anyone caught in their infrequent collapses. In addition, other, less natural, dangers may also exist beneath the city's cobbled streets.

Although Old Hrolmar's atmosphere is slightly less foul than most Young Kingdoms' cities, it is just as dark after sunset. The roofs and upper stories of buildings block out the stars and moonlight, and the narrow streets are unlit save for the occasional guttering torch set outside a tavern. Most of the city becomes a lightless maze come evening. Save for patrolling Grey

Defenders

(the city watch and militia) and marauding gangs of

ruffians, Old Hrolmar's streets are predominantly deserted once the sun has set, ensuring that they are a stage set for adventure.

'Sir, Old Hrolmar is a civilised city. Gentlemen do not brawl amongst themselves here.'

A TARKESHITE MERCHANT TO ELRIC, THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

THE DUCHY OF HROLMAR

Vilmir is divided up into nine semi-autonomous regions, of which the Duchy of Hrolmar is but one. Old Hrolmar is the duchy's capital. The broad and fertile lowlands of the Hrol Valley make up much of the duchy, which is bordered to the west by the bleak hills of Dolgar, and to the east by the highlands of Uhaio. Unlike much

of Vilmir, Hrolmar's peasants are predominantly content and well fed, happy with their place in society and rarely aspiring to rise above it (an heretical concept anyway, which in the feudal theocracy of Vilmir would be punishable by death in any other duchy).

Please note that additional details about Vilmir can be found in the *Atlas of the Young Kingdoms Volume One: The Northern Continent*.

CLIMATE

Old Hrolmar's climate is moderate, tending to cool, with southerly winds dominating. The autumn months of Theofric and Aubecian are crisp and mild, with frosts common in the mornings. Montfath and Myrsan see clear, crisp sunny winter days overlapping with relatively warm but overcast conditions, where the evenings are noticeably cooler. Snow is virtually unknown in Old Hrolmar.

Spring days are balmy, sunny, and occasionally humid. Hot northern winds are common during the clear, dry and sunny days of Elordan and Sigmursan, often making conditions less than pleasant. A refreshing sea breeze springs up almost every evening regardless of the season, bringing relief to the city on summer days.

Rainfall is heavy in winter and autumn, light but frequent in spring, and uncommon in summer except on occasional evenings. Of late the drought affecting all of Vilmir has begun to make an impact upon the city and its surrounding farms, orchards and vineyards, although to what extent it will eventually affect the city is unknown.

LOCAL PRODUCE

Grapes, tomatoes, onions, oranges, saffron, olives, cotton, wheat and barley are staple crops of the region, while the local wineries produce a magnificent cabernet renowned throughout the Young Kingdoms. Seafood features heavily in the diets of the majority of Old Hrolmar's residents, while the wealthy also dine on beef (courtesy of the region's many herds of cattle), the poor are restricted to goat, and occasionally pork. Wines are drunk by all, ale being considered a pauper's drink.

LAWS AND CUSTOMS

As in all Vilmirian cities the rule of Law is the dominant religion in Old Hrolmar. Not even the duke openly supports any of the other cults. Avan Astran may be open-minded, and he may even occasionally invoke Chaos while cursing, but he is not so foolish as to allow the worship of Entropy a toehold in his lands; nor is he willing to openly challenge his king and cardinal on this position.

While Old Hrolmar has of late taken a more open view of the Elemental Churches than elsewhere in Vilmir (worship of the Elements is banned in every other duchy) there are no organised cults of the Elemental rulers in the city. Even in the Quayside district there are only a few scattered adherents of Straasha, while the other Elemental rulers are only worshipped privately by a handful of foreigners.

Most of the city's residents share the political and social views of their countrymen and women, although they are generally more open to change and new experiences than others throughout Vilmar. For example, the mentally ill and disabled are still shunned, although they are no so cruelly mocked as in Jadmar or Rignariom. However even this may be changing, as of late the duke has stirred controversy by stating that he believes the mad are sick, not cursed by the gods as commonly believed.

Likewise, emotions among Hrolmarlians are not so thoroughly repressed as in the other duchies, and more and more citizens are beginning to express themselves publicly (although extreme displays of sorrow, joy or affection are still frowned upon). Social restrictions, especially when it comes to interacting with individuals from other classes, also remain strongly adhered to, regardless of the duke's public flouting of such traditions. The strict hierarchy of Vilmirian society, and the grim nature of its people is a source of endless amusement for other nations, although in practice such social restrictions are usually more frustrating than entertaining for visitors to the country.

Given that Old Hrolmar is a civilised city, the laws decree that weapons may not be carried on the streets except by members of the Vilmirian nobility, (although this law is often extended to visiting nobles of foreign birth). As such, all weapons larger than a dagger must be

handed over at the city gates, to be returned on departure, and while weapons can be hidden from casual inspection the punishment for discovery of such a flagrant breach of the law is incarceration and 10 lashes.

Horses may only be ridden by the nobility; lesser classes are restricted

to donkeys and mules, a law which causes no end of turmoil for caravans at Vilmir's borders.

Gambling is prohibited, as games of fate and chance are seen as the work of Chaos. Despite this proscription however, several venues in Old Hrolmar cater for those wishing to place wagers. These include the Seven Stars tavern in the mercantile district, and the Gift of Goldar in New Hrolmar.

The greatest crime in Old Hrolmar is heresy, including blaspheming against the White Lords, desecrating a temple of Law, and the worship of Chaos. Convicted heretics are burnt at the stake in the town square before great crowds, although few such events have been held in the city under Duke Avan's rule. Nobles convicted of heresy are permitted the grace of being strangled before incineration; commoners are burnt alive. Treason against the king or his appointed emissaries is punished by incarceration, exile or death by hanging.

Most petty crimes, such as slander, gossip or public drunkenness, are punished with a stay in the stocks or a flogging. Murderers are hung; while thieves are flogged (they also have a hand amputated, both as punishment and by means of marking them permanently as a convicted criminal). Adultery is severely punished, with the woman having an ear or nose notched or even sliced off, while men are publicly flogged for the same crime. Merchants convicted of cheating their customers are also sent to be whipped, with repeat offenders being gaoled. Rape, although difficult to prove, is punished with castration.

Old Hrolmar's gaol is located in Hilltown, beside the barracks of the Grey Defenders at the foot of the ducal fortress. From there prisoners are marched to the town square, wherein stands the gallows, as well as stocks for the punishment of lesser crimes. Those sentenced to hard labour

can be found toiling in the sandstone quarries on the border of Dolgar, or in its salt mines at Sheff.

A standing army of conscripted men, known as the Royal Vilmirian Legions, guards Vilmir's borders and highways. There are nine

legions in total, with 4,000 men in each legion. A navy, based in Uhaio,

patrols the coast. Vilmir's civil laws are upheld by the Grey Defenders, with punishments decided by the priests of Donblas.

*"By Mirath's cup!"; "By the wisdom of Vallyn!";
"Tovik's balls!"*

COMMON OATHS OFTEN HEARD IN OLD HROLMAR

VILMIRIAN ARCHITECTURE

A traditional Vilmirian building stands a uniform four storeys high so as not to overshadow the temples of Law, and is constructed either of closely fitted sandstone blocks or oven-fired red brick. Roofs are low-hipped with small eaves, and are either tiled or shingled, depending on the wealth of their occupants. Windows are small and square with heavy sills, while doors are solid, with thick frames and lintels. A typical Old Hrolmar street consists of rows of uniform and a-joining terraces.

In the poorer districts these terraces may be only one storey high, while in richer or older districts they are usually built to maximum height allowed by law. The houses of nobles are usually set back from the street, hidden behind a stone or brick wall and a carefully tended lawn. Kitchen gardens, in which staple foods are grown, flank many houses in every quarter of the city.

Since Duke Avan's rise to power, houses in Old Hrolmar have begun to sprout towers, awnings, bay windows, balconies, porticos and shutters, with the nobility competing to see who can boast the most impressive and ornamental architecture.

APPEARANCE AND FASHION

Vilmir's commoners dress in drab grey tunics and dresses, mostly of undyed wool, with little that is decorative or bright about their person. Merchants and nobility adopt equally drab linen, usually black, white or grey. Middle and upper-class males favour tunics, trousers, jackets, broad-brimmed and low-crowned hats, and

COMMON VILMIRIAN NAMES

MEN'S FIRST NAMES

Alejandro, Almeyque, Alsen, Alvaro, Amlis, Arnao, Avan, Avvon, Bartolo, Bastrom, Beltran, Bernardo, Berto, Borredan, Calvin, Eduardo, Eloy, Elgere, Fausto, Fodric, Franchist, Garrick, Gaspar, Gerado, Heracio, Hervis, Holon, Hortun, Jorivol, Leen, Lucero, Manyule, Naclon, Nogion, Ongar, Ontanon, Pepillo, Pethron, Porico, Ramiro, Ramonet, Rico, Rodolfo, Rodrigo, Toemas, Toro, Vil, Vust, Xever, Yann, Zamoro.

WOMEN'S FIRST NAMES

Adelina, Adelita, Aidia, Alejandra, Alma, Anicia, Araceli, Atania, Aukenia, Beatrisa, Betrik, Carla, Datará, Elisa, Enna, Estele, Felisa, Galena, Herminia, Hermosa, Ines, Isahble, Janna, Jeda, Jemma, Lara, Lennara, Marahble, Marisol, Marriat, Marta, Nalda, Nara, Ninta, Peera, Shara, Vicenta, Zafra, Zammara.

SURNAMES

Almodo, Arrago, Astran, Bandras, Bicenio, Corruna, Dassom, Esholta, Etor, Fornova, Helforth, Jeldan, Mahlag, Malcon, Marinus, Mulay, Nadal, Nairon, Ramir, Regalarrado, Salvator, Satigo, Sisinner, Sissinier, Suero, Trasstram, Valario, Vernaldino, Zagosa.

heavy boots; their womenfolk commonly dress in long-sleeved and high-cut dresses, supplemented with surcoats or aprons, and bonnets or headscarves, with slippers or sandals upon their feet.

These plain, puritanical standards of dress are beginning to be relaxed in Old Hrolmar, with fabrics of brighter colours starting to be adopted by the more daring, although the cut and style of the garments has little changed.

The Grey Defenders are uniformed in slit, knee-lengths coats of mail and leather armour, a plain grey tabard, and conical helms with nose-guards. Short swords and javelins are their main weapons; a kite shield is also carried.

Like most Vilmirians, the folk of Old Hrolmar tend to be of medium height and build, with light brown to sandy blonde hair and grey-brown eyes. Both men and women keep their hair cropped respectably short, with only the women of the upper classes (who do not have to labour in field or factory) growing their hair long (although hair below the shoulder is generally considered indecent throughout Vilmar -

although in Old Hrolmar this tradition is being challenged). Facial hair is encouraged among men, except amongst the priesthood.

MUSIC AND ENTERTAINMENT

Traditional Vilmirian music is stately and solemn, played on flutes and recorders, and small drums and tambourines. Of late however, foreign melodies, instruments and dances have become all the rage, and strange voices can be heard raised in song at all hours of the day and night. Prior to Duke Avan's rule, crafts rather than arts, were valued in Old Hrolmar but today poetry, song, sculpture and a range of other arts are both practised and praised.

FESTIVALS

Like all Vilmirians the folk of Old Hrolmar celebrate several major festivals throughout the year. Valario's Day is celebrated in honour of Vilmir's founder on the 16th of Elordan, with a day of fasting and prayer. It is on this day that Vilmirians give thanks for their liberation from the inhuman reign of the Dragon Lords, and for the founding of their great nation. It is the custom in Old Hrolmar for the duke to release one prisoner from gaol during the Valario's Day celebrations to symbolise the freedom the blessed Vil Valario bought to the land, a tradition that Duke Avan gladly continues.

All Gods' Day is held on the 20th of Montfath, and sees painted wooden statues of the White Lords paraded through the city streets accompanied by music and mummers. Individual deities among the White Lords also have their own festival days.

On the 1st day of Donblan the city celebrates Donblas' Day, commemorating the day White Lord Donblas the Defender is said to have appeared in visions to Vil Valario, inspiring his crusade against the rule of Melniboné.

The most important festival in Hrolmar is the festival of Mirath, also known as the Day of the Dead, held on the last day of Montfath every winter. This event honours those who died during the great plague of 250 YK, and offers homage to Mirath of the White Hands, who ended the ravages of the disease after hearkening to the prayers of the city's beleaguered citizens.

During the Day of Dead it is traditional for Hrolmarlians to fast from dusk until dawn, and to visit the graves of their ancestors to offer them the food and wine that the living would ordinarily consume. At sunset the citizens celebrate life and survival with feasting and drinking (one of the few occasions that public debauchery is tolerated in Old Hrolmar). Evening also sees a parade featuring a procession of various personifications of disease (including the Yellow King, a skeletal figure clad in yellow rags) running through the streets pursued by the priesthood of Mirath, who wave bright lanterns and smoking thuribles, and beat small drums to drive disease away.

THE VILMIRIAN LEGIONS

Nine well-armed, well-disciplined legions guard Vilmir's borders from the incursions of Chaos and the threat of foreign invasion. The majority of legionaries are conscripts whose dedication is ensured by the threat of corporal punishment, and the ever-present promise of eternal damnation should they shirk their divinely ordained responsibilities. A steady wage and the luxury of regular meals assists in maintaining a legionnaire's loyalty and morale.

The legions' officers are invariably the youngest sons of the nobility: men who stand to inherit little from their families due to their place in the line of succession, and who thus seek other avenues by which to amass wealth and influence. Save for one or two rare exceptions, the nobility also makes up the cavalry divisions attached to each of the nine legions.

The structure of each legion is identical. The smallest grouping consists of a body of 10 men known as shieldmates who share a common tent, a mule, and cooking utensils. The camaraderie among shieldmates is legendary. Ten bands of

TRAVEL TIMES

LOCATION	TRAVEL BY	DURATION (DAYS)
Bakshaan (Ilmiora)	Land (1000 miles)	28
Banarva (Tarkesh)	Ship	14
Belgair (Vilmir)	Ship	7
	Land (800 miles)	23
Cadsandria (Argimiliar)	Ship	6
Chalal (Pikarayd)	Ship	10
Dhakos (Jharkor)	Ship	15
Dhoz-Kam (Oin & Yu)	Ship	14
Galeazzo (Ilmiora)	Ship	10
	Land (1450 miles)	41
Gromoorva (Dharijor)	Ship	15
Hwamgaarl (Pan Tang)	Ship	7
Ilmar (Ilmiora)	Ship	9
	Land (1300 miles)	37
Imrryr (Melnibone)	Ship	6
Iosaz (Lormyr)	Ship & Land (400 miles)	8/11
Jadmar (Vilmir)	Ship	3
	Land (450 miles)	12
Karlaak (Ilmiora)	Land (950 miles)	27
Menii (Purple Towns)	Ship	5
Ordis (Vilmir)q	Land (650 miles)	18
Ramasaz (Lormyr)	Ship	8
Raschil (Filkhari)	Ship	8
Rignariom (Vilmir)	Land (400 miles)	11
Trepesaz (Lormyr)	Ship	8
Uhaio (Vilmir)S	hip	2
	Land (300 miles)	8
Vilmirian Protectorates	Ship	4
	Land (600 miles)	17
Vilmiro (Vilmir)	Ship	4
	Land (850 miles)	24
Weeping Waste	Land (700 miles)	20

*All sea travel times assume a daily rate of 192 miles per day as per page 23 of the Stormbringer rules.

*All land travel times are based on an approximate rate of 35 miles per day as per page 102 of the Stormbringer rules.

shieldmates form a century, a body of 100 men overseen by a junior officer known as a centurion. Traditionally the most experienced centurion in a legion, usually the man with the

best grasp of military tactics, is declared the centurion-major and given command of his fellow officers. Sadly in Vilmir today the position of centurion-major is all too often appointed on the basis of lineage and social status instead of being determined by the incumbent's skills.

The basic fighting unit of the legions is a cohort, comprised of six centuries (600 men and six centurions). Each Vilmirian legion is composed of six cohorts (36 centuries and their centurions, for a total of 3636 men). Added to these foot soldiers are 300 cavalymen and their mounts, and assorted clerks, engineers and other specialist non-fighting men, bringing the total number of each legion to 4000 men.

A senior officer known as a legate commands each legion, dealing most directly with the centurion-major but usually meeting with all 36 of the legion's centurions on a regular basis. The legate is always an important or influential nobleman, usually appointed for political purposes and sometimes lacking even the most basic military knowledge. Legates are traditionally appointed for a three-year term, and are rarely replaced before the end of their tenure save in cases of extreme incompetence or sudden death.

The nine legates are appointed by and receive their orders from Vilmir's Lord Protector, a hereditary title held by the Duke of Uhaio. The current Vilmirian Lord Protector, the Admiral of the Royal Navy and Commander-General of the Royal Vilmirian Legions is the arrogant and argumentative Duke Elgar Esholta, a fervent adherent of the Lawful cult of Tovik the Relentless.

Only His Majesty King Naclon III, Duke of Jadmar, Grand-Marshall of the Vilmirian Protectorates and Commander-in-Chief of the Vilmirian Armed Forces ranks higher than the Lord Protector. In secular matters King Naclon is the supreme authority in Vilmir, although such is the power of the Church of Law that even the king sometimes seems powerless to counter cold Cardinal Garrick's ruthless and pervasive influence.

By law all Vilmirian men must serve a minimum five years as a legionnaire, or in the royal navy, upon turning 16. Bribery or influence often spares the sons of the wealthy and influential from this obligation.

Men who sign on for further service after their obligatory five years receive a pay rise and gain the chance for promotion, although commoners rarely rise past the lowest ranks in the legions, such as the signifier (standard bearers, who are ranked slightly above the rank and file infantry but well below a centurion), signaller (responsible for communicating the legate's orders to the troops via blasts of their trumpets or through semaphore) and scribe (a minor administrator).

Often the most promising legionnaires are recruited into the ranks of the Grey Defenders at the end of their period of conscripted service. Because of this, considerable tensions exist between the legions and the militia. The Grey Defenders belittle the legionnaires as being inferior warriors; the legionnaires view the Grey Defenders as arrogant and boastful, and worse, traitors who have betrayed the honour and bonds of their shieldmates. Due to the fierce rivalry between the legions and the Grey Defenders, Duke Avan has relocated the base of the local 8th Legion to the small town of Hrolford, 150 miles to the north.

TRAVELLING TIMES

The following table provides the Gamemaster with a summation of how long the average journey takes from Old Hrolmar to a variety of locations in the Young Kingdoms (storms, pirates, bandits and other hazards not withstanding). Gamemasters are advised to consult the Chaosium publication *Sailing on the Seas of Fate* for additional details concerning sea voyages in the Young Kingdoms.

FINDING ACCOMMODATION

An abundance of inns exist in Quayside, New Hrolmar, the Foreign Quarter, and to a lesser extent the Merchant's Quarter. While such establishments offer many creature comforts, a private room (or even a bed in a dormitory room) is a heavy drain upon the purse. Prices in Old Hrolmar tend to be slightly higher than elsewhere in Vilmir, although adventurers who shop around, or who are adept at bargaining, should be able to find themselves a cheap enough deal. The cheapest inns charge between

four and six bronzes for the privilege of curling up in a corner of the taproom, while a bed in a dormitory can cost anywhere from ten bronzes in an average Quayside inn, to between fifteen and twenty in the better class of establishment. Private rooms start at twelve bronzes in cheap establishments, while better inns charge an average 48 bronzes a night for the same service. The best inns of the city usually charge at least 50 bronze coins a night for a private room, but this often includes breakfast.

Unless they are unusually wealthy, visitors in Old Hrolmar must quickly arrange reasonably priced accommodation, least they find themselves spending all their bronzes on a bed instead of food. Beggars may choose to sleep in doorways or under bridges, but unless the adventurers are willing to risk arrest or harassment, this is unlikely to be an option they'll consider for very long.

Wealthy adventurers, or those planning on a permanent or lengthy stay in the city, might consider buying a room or a house. A worker's cottage in the Industrial Quarter may be easily purchased for between 200 and 400 bronzes, while a similar cottage in New Hrolmar or Quayside would sell for twice that. A one-bedroom abode in the Merchant's Quarter sells for a minimum of 800 bronzes, while a mid-sized house with garden sells for about 10,000 in the same district. If an adventurer is feeling extravagant, the starting price for a Hilltown residence is a minimum 25,000 bronzes, with mansions available for as much as six times that amount.

Renting accommodation is another viable option. Hovels are available for as little as 40 bronzes a week; a single room in a hovel for 5 to 10. A set of rooms in a tenement building will set an adventurer back at least 60 bronze; a single room only 15 to 30. A house in the Merchant's Quarter can be found for anywhere from 80 to 120 a week, again a single room cost about 30 to 60; while a Hilltown residence is anywhere between 100 and 500 bronze coins a week, or 60 to 200 bronzes for a single room. Most rental properties come unfurnished; if the adventurers require furnished rooms they must expect to pay considerably more.

Several enterprising Hrolmarlians run boarding houses, providing accommodation

and meals for one or more individuals. These include the Widow Janna in the Merchant's Quarter, and Madam Shara in the Foreign Quarter, whose domiciles are described in THE GAZETTEER. The cost of a boarding house is approximately 10% higher than rental accommodation in the same district.

Alternatively the adventurers may secure the kind of work that includes accommodation as part of their employment conditions, such as working as the bodyguard or servant of a merchant or noble.

FINDING EMPLOYMENT

While booty and treasure are sometimes gained in the course of an adventure, such an income is unreliable at best, and so finding gainful employment may be the adventurers' first concern once they have secured a roof over their heads.

The most obvious place to look for a job in Old Hrolmar is at the labour market located in the Merchant Quarter's Grand Bazaar (see THE GAZETTEER for more details). Almost any line of work is offered here, although there are always more hopeful applicants than available positions. Aspiring workers can also try door to door at the

INCOMES IN OLD HROLMAR

OCCUPATION	SALARY (BRONZES/WEEK)
Artisan (apprentice)	40-50
Artisan (journeyman)	50-70
Artisan (master)	70-100
Artist (patronised)	10-40 per 10% skill
Artist (unsupported)	0-15
Foreman/Manager	60-80
Guard	50-65
Grey Defender	65-85
Hospitality (waiter/barkeep)	35-40
Labourer	40-45
Prostitute (streetwalker)	25-50
Prostitute (brothel)	30-60
Prostitute (high class)	65-85
Scribe	50-60
Servant	35-40

city's bakeries, tanneries, taverns and the like, while the mills and factories of the Industrial Quarter always need able-bodied workers to replace those who have been injured.

Alternatively a scenario may lead the characters into permanent or part-time employment, which may in itself generate further adventures (for example when their employer is kidnapped or blackmailed, or is secretly a sorcerer).

Adventurers who practise an accredited trade, such as masonry or carpentry, must join the appropriate guild before they will be allowed to work in Old Hrolmar, and not every trade welcomes foreigners to the already crowded city (see the Guildhouse entry in *THE GAZETTEER*, as well as the Guilds entry in *PLOTS AND POWERS*).

The following table lists the average wage a worker can expect to earn in Old Hrolmar, although adventurers should not expect such modern conveniences such as sick leave and holiday pay to be included as part of their contract.

PLOTS AND POWERS

BENEATH ITS PEACEFUL SURFACE Old Hrolmar seethes with tensions and intrigues. This chapter outlines the major forces and agents at work within the city's walls, including secret Chaos cults, the Vilmirian Inquisition, and a shadowy order of assassins. Details on Old Hrolmar's political factions, machinations and feuds, which will no doubt catch up the adventurers at some stage of any campaign set in or around the city, are also discussed below.

Although not every organisation or agent discussed in this chapter overtly exerts

their influence over Old Hrolmar, Gamemasters are encouraged to study the following chapter, and employ the various feuds, factions, villains and civil tensions it presents in their campaigns.

POLITICAL POWERS WITHIN OLD HROLMAR

THE ANTI-FOREIGNER FACTION

This growing movement (as yet too amorphous and disorganised to be called a coherent force) manifests the vague concerns that many of Old Hrolmar's citizens hold concerning the recent influx of foreigners to their city. Among the most

outspoken members of the faction are the gang known as the Church Street Boys, who are often found drinking at the Hawk and Serpent Tavern in the Industrial Quarter (see THE GAZETTEER).

Certain ambitious nobles, most notably Count Rodrigo Astran, see the Anti-Foreigner Faction as a means of advancing their influence in the city and in the coming years will pour money into the group's coffers in order to help them organise and agitate. As a result, by 401 YK

the faction will grow from a loose confederation of rabble-rousers into an organised and violent movement targeting any

hapless foreigners they might encounter.

At heart the Anti-Foreigner Faction are a reactionary group of locals who blame foreigners and immigrants for the loss of their jobs. This is unfortunate, as the blame should actually be laid at the feet of the artisan-priests of Arkyn, and their increasing mechanization of the city's industries. This process of industrialization, which has been introduced throughout Vilmir, has gradually lessened the demand for human labour and lead to a growing number of unemployed citizens in all of the country's major centers, although such an awareness of social and religious factors is largely beyond the faction's thuggish and uneducated members.

Duke Avan himself was a man who had explored most of the world and brought back great wealth and knowledge to Old Hrolmar. Its riches and intellectual life attracted more riches, more intellectuals and so Old Hrolmar flourished.

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

THE GUILDS

Outside of the nobility, Old Hrolmar's guilds are the city's oldest and most powerful political faction. Membership of the guilds is restricted to those city-based trades employing artisans and craftsmen. Because of their need to protect their sphere of control and keep the buying public content, every guild rigorously maintains standards of quality, specifying precise quantities and measures as well as costs and quality. All goods are inspected, and visits are paid to guild members on both a regular and "surprise" basis in order to enforce these standards.

Regulations concerning guild membership reflect the small and often familial nature of their work, while also recognising the need for mutual aid within the organization - members often contribute towards such things as the funeral and wedding expenses of their fellows. A guildsman who breaks the regulations, through cheating or the sale of substandard goods, can expect no such support and will often find themselves driven out of business.

The most influential guild leaders currently include:

- *Calvan Zagosa*: The miserly and waspish head of the Tailors Guild.
- *Guillen Coruna*: Florid, and possessed of a booming laugh, Guillen is the head of the Slaughtermens Guild.
- *Ladron Ramanet*: The head of the Vintners Guild, who oversee the manufacture of wine in Old Hrolmar, is thin-lipped, abstemious and puritanical by nature.
- *Gutierre Ontanon*: Refined, aloof and scholarly, the head of the Architects & Surveyors Guild is presently one of the most powerful men in the city.
- *Ettor Vernaldino*: A simple man, and the head of the Bakers Guild
- *Lucan Ferando*: Loud, lusty and passionate, Lucan is the head of the Leatherworkers' Guild, and a master of his craft.
- *Ettor Larnaz*: The dour head of the Masons Guild rarely speaks, but when he does, his comments are never trivial.
- *Alonsico Pequino*: Highly excitable and perhaps overly influenced by the priests of Arkyn, Alonsico is the head of the Weavers Guild.

- *Gaspar Menaute*: Short-tempered, ham-fisted and blunt to the point of rudeness, the head of the Stonecutters Guild is extremely influential and most in the city's elite strive to keep him on side.

Numerous lesser guilds also exist, including those for coopers, wheelwrights, printers, candlemakers and cobblers, but these lack the power of the larger guilds, whose position in the city is increased by the size and importance of their many members. Like any political organisation, the guilds are turbulent and unsettled entities, with factional infighting and intrigue a common occurrence among their members. Yet for all their internal ructions, one thing unites the guilds in a common cause: their opposition to Old Hrolmar's merchants gaining any additional influence or power.

More information about the Guild system can be found in THE GAZETTEER, under the Guildhouse entry.

THE MERCHANTS

In the years since Duke Avan claimed the ducal throne, Old Hrolmar's merchants have increased their power, thanks mainly to Avan Astran's relaxed rule and fondness for imported luxuries.

Among the city's merchants are included furriers, wool merchants, importers and traders in rare and valuable goods, moneylenders, and the various owners of market stalls, as well as traders who deal in horseflesh, cattle and other beasts.

The tensions between the city's merchants and the guilds prevent Old Hrolmar's commercial sector from becoming a united and mighty power, capable of demanding the sorts of freedoms currently developing in neighbouring Ilmiora.

Old Hrolmar's most influential merchants include:

- *Austere Gavriel Marccin*, whose fleet of ships imports cattle and other livestock from across the Young Kingdoms, specialising in Shazarian thoroughbreds for Vilmir's nobility.
- The elderly spice merchant and black marketeer *Pascuale Janucho*, a secret worshipper of Slortar.

- *Carlo Forli*, an ambitious Ilmioran who chafes at Vilmir's social restrictions but who makes personal sacrifices in order to exploit Old Hrolmar's new economy and fill his coffers.
- The corpulent *Bartolo Golarte*, who made his fortune importing and exporting fine wines and sherries, and who, much to his family's concern, looks set to drink his way through the profits.
- *Perico Salazar*, whose deeply traditional outlook has seen him struggle to maintain his position in the new economy of luxury items flooding the Hrolmarlian marketplace.
- *Savastian Velasco*, a young man who, less than a year ago, inherited his father's business, and has already doubled the family fortunes, thanks to his willingness, in the most part, to trade with the inhuman folk of Melniboné.

Like their rivals in the artisans' guilds, while Old Hrolmar's merchants present a united public face, they are riven by internal dissent and factionalism.

THE NOBILITY

Two main factions exist within Old Hrolmar's noble families, those who support the duke and his changes, and those who seek a return to the traditions that Avan flouts.

However, things are not quite as black and white as they seem, with some of the duke's closest and most trusted supporters quite uncomfortable about the changes he brings to the city. Other nobles, who may be personally disposed against Avan because of old blood feuds, find delight in the new life his rule has brought to Old Hrolmar. Within each group, factionalism creates many opportunities for conflict and drama that Gamemasters and adventurers alike can exploit to their own ends.

The most prominent member of the anti-Avan faction is the duke's own uncle, Count Rodrigo Astran, whose lust for the ducal throne is common knowledge amongst all Hrolmarlians. Numbered among the count's closest supporters are:

- His son, *Earl Eduardo Astran*, who seems more interested in gambling and whoring than in serving his increasingly frustrated

father's will.

- *Captain Franchist Fernando*, the count's illegitimate son, and the commander of the East Gate.
- The spineless and sycophantic *Lord Juliau Valerino* who is forever to be found in the count's shadow, and his wife the Lady Herminia, equally sycophantic although far more wilful.
- *Baron Zamoro Vadrigal*, heir to the Duchy of Vilmiro, a young, cold, and classical Vilmirian noble who has only recently arrived in Old Hrolmar.
- The bloodless *Lord Garçilaso Domingo*, a pale widower who is well known for the short life-span of his slaves and the scandalous behaviour of his children.
- *Lady Forstina Regalarrado*, a sour old woman who long ago appointed herself the moral barometer of Old Hrolmar, and whose husband happily gave himself over to the peace of Mirath of Law several decades ago.
- The dowager *Duchess Lennara Astran*, who while publicly supporting her son Avan, is privately known to fear for his soul in light of the changes he has brought to the city.
- *Captain Artimio Guerrero*, commander of the North Gate, whose xenophobic outbursts have won him Count Rodrigo's ear.

Against these bastions of Vilnarian tradition and power are the duke's supporters, including many, but not all, of the city's younger nobility, and the majority of merchants and guild masters who have gained from his rule. Most prominent in their support for Duke Avan are:

- *Lady Nina Aracella*, the richest woman in the city, a devoted patron of the arts, and advocate of the cultural renaissance the duke has brought to the city.
- Her rival, *Lady Atania Almodo*, who aspires to marrying Duke Avan, and whose recent inheritance has provided her with the wealth to match her dreams.
- The dashing *Captain Toemas Satigo*, commander of the South Gate.
- *Colonel Calvin Guerrero*, the commanding officer of the Grey Defenders, who, although he holds grave concerns about the duke's rule, serves him faithfully nonetheless.

- On the rare occasion he looks beyond his gardens and specimens, *Viscount Mendo Ferrand* proudly supports the duke, whom he counts as a close personal friend with an inquiring mind to match his own.
- The forceful greybeard *Sir*

A sliver of luck there was in the Unbreakable Law which governed both Law and Chaos and forbade them direct attack upon men. They had to use human agents for their work.

THE BANE OF THE BLACK SWORD, EPILOGUE

Augustin Timoteo, scion of one of the oldest families in the city. He is a staunch nationalist who believes that a revitalised Vilmir can become a major power in the Young Kingdoms, and that conservative forces will doom his nation if they are not stopped.

Statistics for some of these nobles are presented in *THE GAZETTEER*. Gamemasters are invited to use the generic noble's statistics in the *HROLMARLIAN DIGEST*, where individual entries do not exist.

THE FORCES OF CHAOS

Ironically, as Duke Avan has striven to reduce the stultifying influence of Law in Old Hrolmar, so have the forces of Chaos increased their footing in the city. Among the dark powers active in Old Hrolmar are counted the agents of Urish, the Beggar-King of Nadsokor, and several abominable Chaos cults.

THE BEGGARS OF OLD HROLMAR

To a degree, the Vilmirian state has turned a blind eye to the existence of an organised community of beggars in its midst, for the existence of a beggars' 'guild' relieves the Vilmirian government from the burden and expense of coping with street-dwellers. Instead the onus falls upon the nation's citizens, many of whom (especially shopkeepers) pay beggars not out of the goodness of their hearts, but to encourage them to move on. Without an organised system of alms for the poor, beggars

have been forced to organise themselves in order to maximise the extraction of coinage and foodstuffs from 'decent' people, and to establish their own social hierarchy.

In another world this order may have even been a good and decent one, but the

Beggar-Kings of Nadsokor have long been thralls of Chaos, and Urish the Seven-Fingered is no exception. Under his degenerate rule, all beggars are forced to tithe fifty percent of their earnings to Nadsokor. The punishment for failure to comply is death.

RAMIREZ THE PUSTULANT

The current leader of Old Hrolmar's beggars is Ramirez the Pustulant, a vile creature whose base of operations is the structure in the dark heart of the Foreign Quarter known as Rat's Castle. Although he has neither brute strength nor sorcery at his disposal, his wit, wiles and animal cunning have ensured his safety in a cut-throat world. Much of his lean body is covered with an intricate and finely-linked tattoo that forms the binding, to his very skin, of a demon of the Ystrych breed. Search rolls or Witch Sight allows astute adventurers to detect evidence of the demon's presence, as Ramirez's skin occasionally ripples and moves of its volition. The demon, which was summoned and bound by a sorcerous ally of Ramirez many years ago, has a wardpact against swords, thus rendering the beggar-lord invulnerable to most bladed weapons (including rapiers, falchions and scimitars, but not daggers and dirks).

RAMIREZ THE PUSTULANT BEGGAR LORD, AGE 33

CHAOS 45, BALANCE 3, LAW 7

STR 10, CON 14, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 14, DEX 10, APP 4

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm), 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Shortsword	50%	1d6+db
Dagger	55%	1d4+2+db

A GUIDE TO OLD HROLMAR

SKILLS: Beg 90%, Bargain 75%, Conceal Object 70%, Divert Blame 85%, Evaluate 80%, Insight 65%, Oratory 45%, Pick Lock 50%, Search 65%

RAMIREZ THE PUSTULANT'S DEMON

Bound into his skin, this demon of the Ystrych breed protects Ramirez from swords via its wardpact.

INT 7 POW 12

ABILITY: Wardpact, Against Swords.

Unfortunately, the demon's need is to be bathed in excreta once a week and as a predictable side effect Ramirez is plagued by a particularly horrid skin disease: his whole body is covered in open, weeping sores. Much of his hair has fallen out and the few random tufts that remain are greasy and grey, flecked with faecal matter. His beard too is patchy, and matted with congealed food-scraps. He stinks of excrement and stale sweat.

Nevertheless Ramirez is quick-witted and sadistic, and an apparently faithful servant of King Urish, although his greed often gets the better of him, and he regularly hides certain choice trinkets in his rooms instead of sending them on to Nadsokor. On the occasions that King Urish questions the lack of wealth flowing from Old Hrolmar, Ramirez blames other beggars for trying to hide their profits, usually killing them before they have had a chance to protest their innocence.

OTHER BEGGARS

Almost a hundred beggars call Old Hrolmar home. Among them are numbered Ramirez's three most trusted agents, known as his Eyes, Ears and Hands.

THE EYES - LEGLESS LUDOVICO, CORPULENT BEGGAR, AGE 47

Legless Ludovico is a flatulent, grossly fat Ilmioran whose legs were lost in a mining accident many years ago. His flabby bulk overflows the small, wheeled platform that is his main form of transport, although his beefy arms are surprisingly strong from the years of pushing himself around. Little escapes his gaze.

CHAOS 31, BALANCE 7, LAW 9

STR 13 CON 16 SIZ 16 INT 10 POW 8 DEX 5 APP 5

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Carving Knife	40%	1d6+db

SKILLS: Beg 60%, Bargain 55%, Break Wind 95%, Conceal Object 45%, Evaluate 60%, Hide 30%, Insight 35%, Move Quietly 30%, Search 80%, Whine 65%

THE EARS - MAD MEG, HARRIDAN, APPARENT AGE 60

Originally from the Purple Towns Mad Meg is a deranged and bedraggled hag who rarely speaks anything but gibberish. She has not washed in living memory, and as a result smells so foul that anyone trapped in a room with her must make a CONx5 roll to keep the contents of their stomach down. She makes a living by following people about, muttering unintelligibly and shrieking wildly until they pay her to go away. When not otherwise engaged it is her habit to sit in shop doorways picking at her long, yellow toenails. Although she says little that is sensible, she overhears a great deal. Ramirez long ago learned the key to encourage sensible speech from her, which is to ply her addled brain with opium and garbleweed. Under their influence she is calm and coherent, but when the drugs wear off her lunacy descends anew.

CHAOS 40, BALANCE 11, LAW 5

STR 7, CON 13, SIZ 8, INT 11, POW 15, DEX 16, APP 7

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	65%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Beg 35%, Conceal Object 50%, Hide 40%, Insight 40%, Listen 85%, Move Quietly 30%, Penetrating Shriek 100%, Search 35%

THE HANDS - RAT-BOY STREET URCHIN, AGE 9

Although his real name is Geft, none have called him that since his parents died three years ago. With no relatives to claim him the boy was turned out onto the streets, where his heart was hardened by the countless cruelties he suffered. Only the beggars showed him any warmth, and only then when they wanted something from him. His only real friends now are the rats he has trained.

Rat-Boy, as the other beggars call him, has a supernatural affinity with his pack of seven rodents, who obey his every command. He is small enough to be able to worm into most enclosed spaces, and where he cannot reach, his rats can. Thanks to the only spell he knows, he can also see what his rats are seeing even when they are not in the same room as him.

CHAOS 19, BALANCE 4, LAW 3

STR 7, CON 7, SIZ 6, INT 13, POW 17, DEX 17, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 7 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	55%	1d3+db

SPELLS: Rat Vision (1)

SKILLS: Beg 45%, Climb 70%, Commune With Rats 50%, Conceal Object 60%, Dodge 50%, Evaluate 40%, Hide 50%, Insight 30%, Jump 45%, Listen 55%, Move Quietly 50%, Pick Lock 45%, Search 35%, Train Rats 90%

NOTES: Around his filthy neck, on a thin leather strip, geft wears a small bronze pendant, the only thing he has to remind him of his parents. It is engraved with a mysterious rune that skilled sorcerers may recognise as the pictographic name of Skweeeeeee, the Beast-Lord of Rodents, although geft is unaware of its significance.

RAT PACK

If attacking as a pack, the rats have a 10% chance of successfully biting for 1D3 damage per round (5% higher than the standard pack) as Rat-Boy has trained these particular rats to attack on his command. The sensation of a swarm of chittering rats climbing all over an adventurer will have the effect of reducing his or her skills by 10% while under attack.

Working as a team, the rats are capable of dragging objects with a SIZ of less than 3, and in this manner can be used to retrieve keys, parchments and other small but valuable items for their master's lord.

SKILLS: Eyes Gleam 65%, Scurry And Chitter 90%

THE BEGGARS OF OLD HROLMAR

If the Gamemaster requires additional beggars, this generic pack of scrofulous, deformed and vile characters should suffice. One is tongueless; two limp on crutches; another is hideously scarred; the last is a hulking, moronic brute. All are malformed of mind, and vile servants of Chaos who worship either Narjhan or Checkalakh.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	8	10	9	12
CON	15	12	7	14
SIZ	10	9	15	12
INT	5	8	9	18
POW	7	9	5	11
DEX	17	11	12	9
APP	3	5	7	5
HP	13	11	11	13
DB:	0	0	0	0

Weapons	Skill	Damage
#1 - Brawl	65%	1d3+db
#2 - Dirk	55%	1d4+db
#3 - Cestus	50%	1d3+db
#4 - Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db

Armour:	Protection
#1 - None	Nil
#2 - None	Nil
#3 - None	Nil
#4 - Soft Leather	1d6-1

SKILLS: Beg 55%, Dodge 65%, Grovel 70%, Hide 50%, Move Quietly 45%, Search 55%

THE ORDER OF ENDLESS NIGHT – A CULT OF CHARDROS

Founded almost three centuries ago in the great necropolis of losaz (the sprawling cemetery lying on the outskirts of the Lormyrian capital) the Order of Endless Night dedicate themselves to serving the unspoken will of Chardros. Their

founder, an ancient Liche, now dwells in Utkel in the Purple Towns - a canker in the mercantile heart of the Young Kingdoms – from which the order's agents sally forth to spread unrest, disease and evil throughout the world.

Some 250 years ago one of the order's most powerful servants, the Vilmirian sorcerer Toribio of Sheff, came to Old Hrolmar disguised as a priest of Vallyn the Wise. Toribio was seeking an artefact of Chaos, the Masque of F'Haarok Tor, lost when the Melnibonéan rulers of the district abandoned their estate after the Dharzi Wars previous. Toribio's erudition soon gained him a place in the duke's court as tutor to the future heir, Arvido Astran. Slowly and subtly the necromancer began to corrupt his young charge, while simultaneously exploiting his trusted position to aid his quest.

Before his plans could take root, the Yellow Plague came to Old Hrolmar, throwing the entire city into turmoil. The revelation of Toribio's true nature was one of the only happy outcomes of those dark times.witnessed. As he prepared to sacrifice his young charge to a powerful demon in the ducal fort's chapel, in return for protection from the plague, he was discovered by the Grey Defenders and slain After his death, his body was hastily buried in an unmarked grave in the grounds of the fort, his grimoires were burned, and the whole ghastly story lost, save for a garbled folktale, still told today in association with the legend of a ghost that supposedly haunts the ducal fort.

Interestingly enough, while a ghost does indeed haunt the fort's chapel, it is not that of Toribio of Sheff, but that of his once-young charge, who went on to become the horror-haunted Duke Arvido Astran. Tainted by Toribio's sorceries, Arvido's soul remained bound to this plane long after he had cast off the worst of the necromancer's twisted tuition. Toribio's body, meanwhile, was secretly exhumed by members of the cult shortly after his death, and today lies hidden in a secret crypt in Old Hrolmar's cemetery, although the exact location of the grave has long since been forgotten.

Now the Order of Endless Night have returned to Old Hrolmar with the intention of raising Toribio's shade, so that at long last they can complete his quest and find the Masque of F'Haarok Tor. To date, the cultists have been

stymied by their inability to locate the dead sorcerer's grave, but once they have discovered it, they can take the final steps towards uncovering an artefact that has long since lain hidden beneath the city.

The members of the order are practitioners of necromancy (see the Chaosium publication *The Bronze Grimoire* for details about necromantic sorcery and conjurations) and seek to spread the influence of Chaos through the reanimation of the dead, and other unsavoury practices. At present, only one member of the cult has a permanent presence in the city, although other members of the order use her home as a base during their visits to Old Hrolmar.

LADY SHALLINA OF DHAKOS

With her fine, pale features framed by long tresses of raven-black hair, the sorceress now calling herself Lady Shallina presents herself as a minor Jharkorian noblewoman who has been drawn to Old Hrolmar by the city's burgeoning reputation as a haven for the arts. Her residence is a small mansion in Hilltown whose garden is scattered with several fine marble statues. Similar examples of statuary can be found inside the mansion, although those within Shallina's private chambers more closely resemble funeral monuments than any sensible works of art.

LADY SHALLINA OF DHAKOS HIGH-RANKING MEMBER OF THE ORDER OF ENDLESS NIGHT, AGE 37

CHAOS 45, BALANCE 2, LAW 17

STR 9, CON 12, SIZ 11, INT 18, POW 19, DEX 15,
APP 14

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Iron Claw	80%	1d4+1+db^

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: None presently bound, although if need be she can call upon one of the Vulture-Like *Voi'i'cha* (see *Gods Of Chaos*)

^ Shallina's Iron Claw, which she wears only on special occasions, is coated with viper venom (POT 16, takes effect within 15-60 minutes, induces convulsions then death through respiratory failure)

SPELLS: Animate Limb (2)*, Animate Skeleton (Varies)*, Brazier Of Power (4), Buzzard Eyes (1), Raise Zombie (Varies)*, Soul Of Chardros (1-3), Speak With The Dead (2)*, Spellbind (8)*, Summon Demon (1), Witch Sight (3)

*See *The Bronze Grimoire*

SKILLS: Art (Poetry) 85%, Art (Philosophy) 85%, Bargain 75%, Dodge 80%, Evaluate 75%, Hide 70%, Insight 65%, Natural World 25%, Oratory 65%, Potions 60%, Physik 85%, Scribe 85%, Young Kingdoms 50%

Shallina is a cold, aloof woman who has made few friends in the city, although thanks to her breeding and wealth she is a regular visitor at the soirees held by Lady Atania Almodo; where she discourses intensely on poetry and philosophy. Her knowledge of some of the best Jharkorian poets of the last two centuries is exceptionally well-developed - so much so that more than one young fop has laughingly suggested that it is almost as if she had known them personally (although strangely Lady Shallina does not find this joke amusing).

The truth of the matter is, Lady Shallina does indeed know several of these dead poets, having interrogated their shades about their lives and works. Just because she is a necromancer, she has explained to other members of her order on more than one occasion, does not mean that she cannot be also be cultured.

Prior to leaving the Western Continent Shallina was known as 'The Cold One', and was instrumental in an outbreak of zombies that plagued the Shazarian city of Aflitain in 398 YK. Forced to leave the West after constant interference by her nemesis, the agent of Law known as Orlan of Aflitain, she is yet not aware that Orlan has followed her to the city.

Since arriving in Old Hrolmar six months ago Shallina has remained circumspect and discrete in her order's practices, unwilling to risk discovery until the Masque of F'Haarok Tor has been recovered. Once that aim has been achieved, she plans to once again release the Yellow Plague upon the city, a final vengeance for the murdered Toribio of Sheff.

THE ORDER OF THE PALE ORCHID – A CULT OF SLORTAR

This hedonistic Chaos cult was established in Old Hrolmar centuries ago, but has only recently increased its activities and influence. Unwittingly Duke Avan Astran's reign has provided the Order of the Pale Orchid with considerable opportunities and freedoms, and it is for this reason its leaders subtly assist him whenever possible (although naturally Avan would be horrified to learn of such support).

The cult's rituals are held in a secret underground location: a crypt dating back to the days of the Bright Empire, and accessed by a series of tunnels known only to the initiated. The crypt's dank air is thick with incense and its nitrous walls are draped with tapestries and rich fabric. An alabaster statue of Slortar, carved by an unknown Melnibonéan artist, stands in an alcove at one end of the crypt, pale blossoms heaped at its feet. This statue is the focus of the order's rituals, which frequently include orgies, human sacrifice and cannibalism. The cult's symbol is a rare orchid native to the Forest of Troos, whose fleshy petals emit a rich, sickly scent. Members of the order will often carry such flowers about their person, or at least a stylised version of the bloom as a ring or pendent.

The members of this cult control much of Old Hrolmar's black market, and have considerable access to drugs, poisons and other smuggled goods, including enchantments and bound demons. Its members, who are drawn from all classes, also strive to spread corruption by providing the city's residents with outlets for their most secretive desires. While most of the order are more devoted to pleasure than to outright evil, its leaders pursue the gratification of their perverse desires with the same zeal with which they seek to spread the corrupting influence of Chaos throughout the city.

THE DARK LADY

The secretive leader of the Order of the Pale Orchid is known to her followers only as 'the Dark Lady' and none but her closest follower knows her identity or her real name. She is permanently veiled and never participates in the cult's orgies, although she delights in presiding over them. The Dark Lady, who has led Old Hrolmar's Slortar cult for as long as any of its present members can remember is a powerful sorceress, and a wily and manipulative leader.

Only one other member of the order, the spice merchant Pascule Janucho, knows that Slortar's high priestess is actually the dowager Duchess Lennara Astran, Duke Avan's mother. Having been initiated into the cult as a child by a maid, Lennara was a priestess by the age of 15 and by 40 the Order of the Pale Orchid's absolute leader. Once a fabled beauty, she is now a wizened crone - her long hair white, her skin liver-spotted and her eyesight failing. By

using the spell *Liken Person* to recapture her lost beauty, Lennara can still appear young and beautiful, and she also has access to various drugs designed to maintain her strength and stamina.

DUCHESS LENNARA ASTRAN CULTIST AND MOTHER, AGE 78

CHAOS 87, BALANCE 16, LAW 31

STR 9, CON 13, SIZ 11, INT 17, POW 23, DEX 10,
APP 8 (17 after casting *likem person*).

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Demon Cloak, 2d10
Armour

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Poisoned Kiss	100%	special^
Envenomed Dagger	99%	1d4+2+POT 15 poison

^ When she needs to rid herself of a particularly pesky enemy, Lennara paints her lips with wax before anointing them with a fast-acting poison of POT 20. Thereafter she seduces her opponent, using *Liken Person* to make herself appear young and comely once again. Her kiss is invariable fatal.

SPELLS: All and any spells the gamemaster wishes. Lennara is a potent sorceress of great skill and dedication

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: As well as the demon bound into her cloak, an array of other demons serve the dark lady to be called upon as the gamemaster deems fit

SKILLS: Art (Dance) 105%, Art (Seduction) 99%, Disguise 85%, Dodge 65%, Evaluate 70%, Insight 110%, Listen 69%, Million Spheres 19%, Natural World 55%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 69%, Potions 100%, Ride 64%, Scent/Taste 85%, Scribe 55%, Young Kingdoms 45%

While the Duchess attempted to corrupt her son into the service of Slortar when he was but a boy, Lennara soon realised that Avan would never serve Chaos. Her advice and influence has nonetheless ensured that Duke Avan is the most liberal ruler Old Hrolmar has ever known, a fact Lennara takes advantage of to further the aims of Chaos. Due to her skilled dissembling most of the city's population consider Lennara to be a frail old lady, who is confused and concerned by her wayward son's un-Vilmirian ways. None suspect that she secretly delights in his permissive rule.

PASCULE JANUCHO – SPICE MERCHANT

The air within Pascule Janucho's shop in the Grand Bazaar is redolent with the smells of the many spices he imports and exports, including those of cinnamon, ginger, cloves and nutmeg.

Although he maintains a flourishing trade as a merchant, Janucho's real business is in smuggling. His ships carry a secret cargo of drugs and diabolic enchantments into Vilmir, and his crews are among the worst ruffians in Old Hrolmar. As a merchant Pascuale is at pains to ensure that his business affairs stay as secret as possible, and so he employs a middleman to coordinate much of his illegal trade. Ironically this man, the villainous and venal Emilio Sinner, has his office in the same building as Old Hrolmar's harbour-master. It is through a network of corrupt officials, guards, and sailors, all recruited by Sinner, that the importation of the Order's contraband continues.

Not all of the men who work for Pascuale and Sinner are Slortar cultists; many of them are just greedy, desperate or weak, although several of their number are truly evil and delight in undermining the rule of Law.

This powerful cultist is the only member of the Order of the Pale Orchid who knows the true identity of the Dark Lady, as he is being groomed to be her successor. As a result of spending long hours indoors or below ground Pascuale has extremely pale skin. His hair is a nondescript brown and trimmed respectably short, while his eyes are a cold but vivid blue. Were it not for the expensive cut and fabric of his garments (to which the scent of many spices cling), and the ornate and unusual orchid that he always wears pinned to his chest, Pascuale would present as a respectable Vilmirian citizen - he is rarely seen without his broad-brimmed black hat, and is never less than formally dressed.

Janucho pays lip-service to Law, and can often be seen escorting his brood of children and his plump, slow wife to church. He is one of the Slortar cult's most powerful agents. Although he is neither a sorcerer nor a warrior, his strength lies in his wealth, his intelligence, and the criminal network he has created. Power is his ultimate pleasure, although like the other members of his Order, he also delights in a variety of decadent and obscene pastimes.

PASCULE JANUCHO, AGE 43, SPICE MERCHANT AND SMUGGLER

CHAOS 51, BALANCE 3, LAW 16
STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 15, INT 16, POW 13, DEX 12, APP 12
HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	85%	1d3+db
Dagger	80%	1d4+2+db+1d10 (demon dagger)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: Two demons, one bound into his dagger, the other, which acts as a spy, still in its natural form (see below).

NOTES: At required, pascuale can call upon a small army of thugs, smugglers and other sundry criminals as bodyguards or assassins. The gamemaster should use the statistics provided in the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST should such individuals be required.

SKILLS: Conceal Object 90%, Bargain 75%, Evaluate 81%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 55%, Dodge 60%, Listen 70%, Move Quietly 45%, Natural World 75%, Oratory 45%, Potions 60%, Scent/Taste 103%, Scribe 55%, Underworld Contacts 91%, Young Kingdoms 38%

PASCULE'S LESSER DEMON DAGGER

This demon is bound into a dagger carved of bone, with the symbol of Chaos engraved on the blade.

INT 5, POW 8

ABILITY: Demon Weapon, Adds 1d10 Damage

NEED: To Be Polished With Fine Resin Daily

CHARAZZAN, PASCULE'S LESSER DEMON SPY, DEMON INSECT, LATHARYRN BREED

This diminutive demon has the appearance of an unusual beetle, its carapace a mottled indigo. Closer examination reveals that it has an ugly, almost human face. Charazzan crawls and flies about the city, returning to whisper what it has seen and heard into its master's ear.

STR 1, CON 3, SIZ 1, INT 19, POW 10, DEX 6

HIT POINTS: 2 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

ABILITIES: Hear, 85%; Knowledge, 80%; See, 85%; Wings, Flies At 40 Mph

NEED: Eat Rare Spices Once Per Day

THE SMUGGLERS

A motly selection of individuals make up Pascuale Janucho's smuggling ring. While all of them are self-serving, not all are aware that their criminal activities further the goals of Chaos. Less than half of them are members of the Order of the Pale Orchid.

Active members of the smuggling ring include:

- *Emilio Sinner*, Janucho's right-hand man and a devoted worshipper of Slortar, he is a dangerous individual with countless thugs at his call.
- *Horton Fulgenico* and *Hugeot Blasco*, whose New Hrolmar-based coachline and cartage

company makes up an essential part of the gang's distribution network for black market goods. Involved with the smugglers out of greed alone, Fulgenico is unaware of the cult's control over the gang. His partner Blasco, conversely, is more than aware of the cult's activities and is slowly being drawn into their inner circle.

- *Nicolao Castanon*, the shipbuilder, plays an active, although discrete, role in the gang's activities, personally ensuring that certain ships built in his family's shipyard contain the secret compartments required to aid in their criminal activities. He would be horrified to learn that he is unwittingly serving Chaos, although is now too deeply involved with the smugglers to ever escape the cult.
- *Lokan of Cadsandria*, a dissolute and drug-addicted recruiting agent for the gang, and a member of the Order.

BARON ZAMORO VADRIGAL

The duchy of Vilmiro, in Vilmir's south-east, is dominated by barren hills, hot springs, dangerous mines and silt-choked rivers. It is ruled over by Duke

Nogion

Vadrigal, whose paramount interest is the fledgling science of Law. His youngest son is the saturnine Baron Zamoro Vadrigal, one of many recent arrivals in Old Hrolmar. Ostensibly here to oversee one of his family's cotton mills in the Industrial Quarter, the baron, a secret worshipper of the Chaos Lord Slortar and a new member of the Order of the Pale Orchid, has taken advantage of conditions in Old Hrolmar to propagate the influence of his vile god.

To all intents and purposes Baron Zamoro is a law-abiding member of the nobility. He has cold grey eyes, a thin, tanned face, and wears his black hair and beard trimmed respectably short. His eyebrows are thick and heavy, and meet above his aquiline nose. He dresses puritanically in black linen trousers, black velvet jacket, white silk shirts, calf-length black leather boots, and a broad-brimmed black hat. Only the cut and quality of the fabric pronounce him a

member of the nobility, although his arrogant bearing betrays his social class to most observers.

Behind closed doors another side of the baron is revealed. He delights in the pursuit of pleasure, although for him, pleasure is intimately linked with the suffering of others. A sadist of refined sensibilities, Baron Zamoro has made it his aim to surpass the subtle cruelties of Melniboné. Although he is still well short of this goal, his personal habits are perverse in the extreme. His library abounds in treatises and tomes concerning surgery, torture and body modification, including an extremely rare translation of Dr Jest's *Blade & Beauty: Concerning the Creation & Maintenance of the Arts of Agony*. The baron is also a gourmand, a connoisseur of Vilmirian wines and sherries, and a capable sorcerer. Although he resides in Hilltown, his ceremonies and sorceries are centred upon his dark mill perched above the Hrol Falls.

In the 12 months he has lived in Old Hrolmar, Zamoro has slowly climbed to a position of some significance in the local cult of Slortar and he aspires to become the Order's

high priest, a position currently held by the mysterious Dark Lady.

Sadly the baron's impetuous nature is likely to doom him to failure long before this goal is within his grasp.

"But Chaos, as you no doubt have already learned, has very little taste – whereas Law, of course, has rather too much."

THE REVENGE OF THE ROSE, III, I

BARON ZAMORO VADRIGAL SORCERER AND SLORTAR CULTIST, AGE 33

CHAOS 37, BALANCE 5, LAW 11

STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 11, INT 15, POW 18, DEX 9,
APP 9 HP 12

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Leather and Rings
(No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	65%	1d3+db
Broadsword	85%	1d8+db+2d10 (demon broadsword)

SPELLS: Brazier Of Power (4), Chaos Warp (4), Cloak Of Cran Liret (1-4), Compulsion (3), Hell's Armour (4), Ignorance From Slortar* (3), Pox (1), Rat Vision (1), Slortar's Grasp (10), Summon Demon (1), Wisdom Of

Slortar (3), Witch Sight (3) *See The Bronze Grimoire
** See Gods Of Chaos

SKILLS: Art (Dancing) 60%, Art (Torture) 80%, Art (Wine Appreciation) 70%, Bargain 60%, Disguise 45%, Dodge 60%, Evaluate 65%, Hide 50%, Insight 45%, Natural World 35%, Oratory 50%, Potions 36%, Scribe 47%, Young Kingdoms 40%

LESSER DEMON BROADSWORD

A minor demon of the Ratchangett breed, whose need is to be cleaned with lavender oil after it has spilled blood, is bound within this blade. An egg-sized uncut ruby adorns the sword's pommel.

INT 3, POW 10

ABILITY: Demon Weapon, Adds 2d10 Damage

NEED: Cleaned With Lavender Oil After It Has Spilled Blood

OTHER SLORTAR CULTISTS

Numerous other members of the Order of the Pale Orchid dwell in the city. These include:

- *Agostion Corunna*, an elderly attendant at the public baths in the Merchant's Quarter, who the cult use to dispose of bodies and other damning evidence in the building's furnaces.
- *Francisca Fornova*, a lascivious barmaid at The Cardinal's Nose in the Foreign Quarter.
- *Lady Esperanza Domingo*, the spoiled daughter of a minor noble.
- *Sergeant Nuno Ontanao*, a Grey Defender from the 4th Battalion, stationed at the East Gate.

THE FORCES OF GOOD

The Church of Law chains Vilmir in bonds of obedience, subservience and stasis. Originating in Lormyr during the rebellion against the Bright Empire, the worship of the White Lords is the pre-eminent force throughout the nation. The ruler of the Church, Cardinal Garrick, rules Vilmir in all but name, and with the death of King Naclon in the Sacking of Imyyr in the winter of 403, his power in Vilmir – and that of Law – will become absolute.

It has been claimed that humanity worships Law not through choice, but because it is the only option to inimical, insane Chaos. At its best Law is a civilising force under whose aegis art, culture and technology can flourish, at its worst

it is inflexible and brings only stagnation. But when tempered with more human mercies and desires, as evidenced in Old Hrolmar, Law can be a force for peace.

FOLLOWERS OF ELGIS

Thanks in part to the restraint displayed by the elderly Chancellor Helforth (who in his prime was a living example of the tenets of the White Lord Elgis), Duke Avan has been allowed every freedom in bringing change to Old Hrolmar – thus far. Unfortunately, Helforth is not long for this world, and behind him several powerful lords of the Church jostle for position, ready to make their move when the elderly Chancellor's pure soul abandons the physical world.

Should Chancellor Helforth die, or be forced to step down from his position, two main rivals are poised to vie for control of the Church of Law in Old Hrolmar.

CHANCELLOR HUMBERTO HELFORTH

As a child in provincial Belan, the young Humberto Helforth was blessed with visions of the White Lords, and was clearly destined for an important role in the Church. He was also a mediator and a man of wisdom and compassion, and it was not long before he rose swiftly through the brown-robed ranks of the priests of Elgis to become the head of their order.

Humberto Helforth has now served as the Chancellor of Elgis the Gentle for almost 50 years. Under his guidance the priesthood of Elgis have focussed upon missionary work throughout the Young Kingdoms, seeking to temper the violence of the world through peace and understanding. Since Cardinal Garrick's rise to power some 20 years ago, however, the priesthood of Elgis have gradually seen their influence in Vilmir eroded. Old Hrolmar is their last stronghold in this part of the world, and it is no coincidence that several of the most successful Vilmirian ambassadors to the courts of Lormyr, Jharkor and Filkhar have been Hromarlian-born.

Chancellor Helforth is now a frail man with snow-white hair, but although stooped and wrinkled, he still radiates an air of calm compassion. Limited in his mobility by age, he

moves slowly and deliberately, with the assistance of his devoted body-servants. His milky eyes, while wandering, are still occasionally filled with passion, and although his voice is light, it carries well in the echoing sanctum of the Temple of Elgis. He has always been quick to laugh, and has a kind word for all, although of late he struggles to remember the names of many of those he talks to. He has also occasionally been observed engaged in conversation with himself: losing his mind, his critics say; communing with the spirit of great Elgis Himself, his followers declare.

The Chancellor was a valued adviser to Duke Culvan (Avan's father), and plays a similar role for the new duke, whom he loves like a son, (despite sometimes confusing him with his late father). Although his mind wanders, Chancellor Helforth is not yet in his dotage, and may yet surprise those who believe him lost in the fog of senility.

CHANCELLOR HUMBERTO HELFORTH
FRAIL SPIRITUAL LEADER, AGE 79

CHAOS 16, BALANCE 28, LAW 77

STR 7, CON 11, SIZ 9, INT 16, POW 18, DEX 6,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOUR: 1D6+1 (Helforth's stiff and rustling robes of brown velvet and brocade are enchanted, and act as of armour)

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Light Mace	55%	1d6+2+db

SPELLS: Contribute To Truth* (1), Diminish Demon* (3), Field Of Law (4), Four-In-One (2-8), Membrane Of Law (3), Truth Of Love* (3) *See The Bronze Grimoire

SKILLS: Art (Diplomacy) 90%, Doctrine of Law 99%, Insight 95%, Natural World 40%, Oratory 86%, Other Language (Low Melnibonean) 65%, Own Language (Common) 85%, Scribe 77%, Young Kingdoms 82%

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR VELLON

The Chancellor's right-hand man is, like his master, a devoted priest of Elgis, but one who feels that Duke Avan has gone too far in his obsession with all that is new and different. Were he appointed as Chancellor after Helforth's death, Chief Administrator Vellon would seek to halt further change in the city, but, under the grace of Elgis, would allow for the new settlements, such as that of New Hrolmar and Quayside to remain.

Although publicly tight-lipped and stern, in private the Chief Administrator is deeply insecure. He eases his fears by dominating those below him and obsequiously cultivating the goodwill of his superiors. Vellon's concerns about his own abilities are not aided by the smooth words of his chief assistant, the inscrutable Administrator Corunna. Vellon is plump, grey haired, and prone to a hacking cough in the winter months. His temper is short, as is his stature, while his nails are bitten down to the quick. Whenever he is nervous, which is often enough, he unconsciously plucks loose threads from his heavy brown robes.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR VELLON
NERVOUS CONSERVATIVE, AGE 55

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 22, LAW 55

STR 13, CON 15, SIZ 8, INT 13, POW 15, DEX 11,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: NONE

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Morningstar Flail	65%	1d10+1+db
Short Sword	50%	1d6+1+db

SKILLS: Doctrine of Law 85%, Fret 99%, Insight 76%, Natural World 45%, Oratory 60%, Physik 56%, Young Kingdoms 40%

ADMINISTRATOR CORUNNA

Administrator Vellon's main rival is the wily Pethron Corunna, a former ambassador to the court of Jharkor, where it is said he learned much in the art of intrigue. While a devoted servant of Elgis, Pethron believes that peace can come only after Law has eliminated opposition to its rule, or as he puts it, "The flame of civilisation is kindled upon the pyres of the slain".

Corunna is a smooth-voiced, dark eyed and dapper man normally seen clad in rich brown robes. He is rarely seen without a roll of parchment tucked under one arm, from which he can swiftly pull any quotes or figures necessary to prove a point or win an argument. His current position sees him responsible for maintaining the day-to-day operations of the Glass Pyramid, a role he performs with quiet pride.

Administrator Corunna is well aware that Humberto Helforth is in his last years, and

hungers for the temporal and spiritual power that the position of Chancellor would give him. Should he attain this goal Pethron would closely ally himself with Cardinal Garrick's aggressive rule. He and Duke Avan do not see eye to eye, and he would delight in reinstating the control of the Church over the straying citizens on Old Hrolmar – by force, if necessary.

**ADMINISTRATOR CORUNNA
AMBITIOUS PRIEST, AGE 41**

CHAOS 25, BALANCE 19, LAW 50
STR 14, CON 11, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 16, DEX 12,
APP 14

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: NONE

DAMAGE BONUS: NONE

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Short Sword	81%	1d6+1+db
Heavy Mace	75%	1d8+2+db

SPELLS: Liken Shape (4), Soul Of Chardros (1-4), Witch Sight (3)

SKILLS: Art (Diplomacy) 77%, Doctrine Of Law 80%, Fast Talk 85%, Insight 79%, Intrigue 81%, Oratory 66%, Other Language (Low Melnibonean) 25%, Own Language (Common) 90%, Young Kingdoms 40%

OTHER NOTABLE PRIESTS

Although the sect of Elgis dominates religious life in Old Hrolmar, the White Lords have an array of followers in their service throughout the city.

ADMINISTRATOR UTHOS

The humourless Uthos is one of the red-robed warrior-priests of Tovik, and is in charge of the pyramid's guards and defences. He spends much of his time training and re-training his meagre forces in the temple forecourt, leading the services at the Church of Tovik in Hilltown when not otherwise engaged.

Uthos is a tall and imposing figure; broad-shouldered, bull-necked and barrel chested, with piercing blue eyes, a shaven head, and the arrow of Law tattooed in blue upon his forehead. He is rarely seen out of his armour, which he wears underneath his priestly vestments.

Although raised in the Abbey of the Cleansing Flame in Western Vilmiro, Uthos is not strictly speaking a member of the Inquisition, although many believe otherwise (an illusion he

is at pains not to shatter). He is strongly opposed to the duke's permissive rule, and would be swift to throw his weight behind any organised opposition to Avan Astran. Conversely, he despises Chief Administrator Vellon, a man whom he rightly judges as lacking the confidence of command.

**ADMINISTRATOR UTHOS
DEFENDER OF THE FAITH, AGE 45**

CHAOS 30, BALANCE 15, LAW 62
STR 17, CON 16, SIZ 16, INT 13, POW 15, DEX 13,
APP 12

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Young Kingdoms
Plate (Helm On) 1d10+2

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Great Sword	99%	2d8+2+db
Great Hammer	85%	1d10+3+db
Broadsword	79%	1d8+1+db
Brawl	88%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Doctrine Of Law 55%, Dodge 70%, Listen 75%, Military History 88%, Move Quietly 65%, Own Language (Common) 65%, Ride 75%, Scribe 35%, Warfare 86%, Young Kingdoms 45%

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR HUGO SATIGO

The close-lipped Administrator Satigo is Old Hrolmar's chief judge, and the highest-ranked priest of Donblas in the duchy. His greatest passions are for justice, good red wines (in moderation) and the freedom from Chaos that is-Law's gift to humanity. Hugo is athletic and intellectual, softly spoken and good humoured. He has dark brown eyes, thick blonde hair, and is invariably clad in the silver robes of his office.

Having displeased Cardinal Garrick by his adherence to the spirit of his god's teachings, as opposed to the rather strict letter of Vilmirian civil and religious law, Hugo was posted to Old Hrolmar 10 years ago. In theory this was to banish him from the capital and minimise his progressive influence, but instead he has been able to work alongside Chancellor Helforth and Duke Avan, ensuring that Hrolmar's citizens are more content than those of any other Vilmirian duchy.

Satigo's carefully worded reports to Cardinal Garrick have underplayed the social and physical changes that have swept through Old Hrolmar, but he fears that Garrick will soon

move against the Duke, especially now that the city's vibrant reputation has spread throughout the Young Kingdoms.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR HUGO SATIGO PROGRESSIVE PRIEST, AGE 48

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 29, LAW 60

STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 15, INT 15, POW 17, DEX 11,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Broadsword	89%	1d8+1+db
Battleaxe	80%	1d8+2+db
Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Contribute To Truth* (1)* See The Bronze Grimoire

SKILLS: Doctrine Of Law 89%, Insight 81%, Oratory 70%, Other Language (Low Melnibonean) 15%, Own Language (Common) 85%, Scent/Taste 78%, Scribe 91%, Young Kingdoms 50%

THE INQUISITION

From its headquarters in the bleak uplands of Vilmiro, the Order of the Cleansing Flame (as the Inquisition is formally known) dispatches agents the length and breadth of Vilmir (and sometimes even into neighbouring Ilmiora and beyond) to rooting out heresy wherever it grows, by whatever means necessary.

Although not officially recognised by the Church of Law, Vilmir's religious leader Cardinal Garrick has long turned a blind eye to the actions of these fanatical worshippers of Donblas. By contrast, Duke Avan has made it publicly known that he will not tolerate the actions of vigilantes in his city, and that any action taken by the Inquisition that falls outside the law - even if it is made in order to strengthen the rule of Law on earth - will be punished by all and any means at his disposal.

DAMION CLAVAR

The current leader of the Inquisition in Old Hrolmar has dwelt in the city for less than a year, having been sent by his order to monitor the spread of various heresies that go as yet unchecked by church and state, and to decide how best to combat them. His predecessor was recalled to the Abbey of the Cleansing Flame for

re-education, having failed to stamp out the duke's licentious and suspect ways.

With his cold grey eyes, short-cropped iron-grey hair, and stern, square face, Damion Clavar appears no more than a staid, unimaginative architect. Indeed those that know him believe that he is nothing more than a man whose small firm clings blindly to the old ways, and whose business has overlooked the many opportunities for innovative architecture currently in vogue in Old Hrolmar. In truth Clavar is the city's most powerful Inquisitor, and although he has not yet acted upon his survey of the city, he is disgusted by the lechery, debauchery and general heresy he sees spreading throughout Old Hrolmar. Its source is clearly the adventurer-explorer Avan Astran, who has abandoned his duty to the White Lords in favour of satiating his various appetites for sensation and pleasure. For now Clavar prays to Donblas that the duke will see the error of his ways. If he does not, then not even the duke's peerage will protect Avan from the Inquisition's righteous justice.

Such is the Inquisition's power that, should he demand it, Clavar can access almost all of the resources of the Church of Law in Old Hrolmar. His chief contact at the temple is Administrator Uthos, although he has yet to make himself known to the man.

DAMION CLAVAR ARCHITECT AND HIGH INQUISITOR, AGE 33

CHAOS 35, BALANCE 11, LAW 89

STR 18, CON 16, SIZ 16, INT 15, POW 17, DEX 14,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Young Kingdoms
Plate (Helm On) 1d10+2

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Broadsword	148%	1d8+1+db
Short Sword	165%	1d6+1+db

SKILLS: Art (Architecture) 85%, Art (Torture) 95%, Doctrine Of Law 84%, Dodge 120%, Insight 85%, Jump 80%, Move Quietly 70%, Oratory 75%, Phsyik 60%, Ride 85%, Track 60%, Young Kingdoms 60%

FOLLOWERS OF OTHER GODS

A number of independent devotees of Chaos, Law and the Balance dwell within Old Hrolmar. Besides these individuals (whose plots and schemes can easily be entwined with or opposed

to the adventurers' own activities) several organisations of note may also be of interest, and may serve as allies or foils to the adventurers. The Gamemaster is invited to make use of these organisations and their members as he or she sees fit.

Many adherents of Chaos, outside those previous described, are active in Old Hrolmar, each looking to exploit the rapid and seemingly uncontrolled changes that are occurring in the city. These include:

- *Rostik of Lashmar*, a murderously insane agent of Hionhurn living in the Foreign Quarter.
- The Pan Tangian spy, *Astik of Nargesser*, who lives on Scribe Street in the Merchants' Quarter.
- Another Pan Tangian, the mercenary and brothel guard *Verkij Vl'al*, a New Hrolmar resident.

The only Lawful operative of note currently residing in the city is the vengeance-driven *Mistress Orlan of Aflitain*, who for the present is sequestered at the Scales of Goldar Inn in Quayside.

A handful of people in Old Hrolmar serve neither Law nor Chaos. These include:

- *Madame Jemma Monferriz*, a servant of the Cosmic Balance dwelling on Future-Made-Plain Street.
- New Hrolmar's blacksmith and devotee of Kakatal, the Ilmioran-born *Pietro of Ilmar*.
- The spirit-worshipping Weeping Waste warrior *Ulf Eel*.

INFLUENTIAL FOREIGNERS

Duke Avan has actively encouraged some of the best and brightest minds in the Young Kingdoms to settle in Old Hrolmar. Philosophers and poets have flocked to the once-provincial capital and contributed to its transformation into a truly cosmopolitan city. Some such foreigners have become leading citizens in a short space of time; some have gained prestige through their mastery of the arts; others have the duke's ear or provide him with valued advice.

An uneasy truce exists between the later individuals and certain members of Old

Hrolmar's nobility, who cannot but help view the new arrivals as upstarts and intruders even as they recognise their value as allies against Count Rodrigo Astran and his faction.

Prominent foreigners currently living in Old Hrolmar include:

- *Hoset the Younger*, an elderly Argimilian philosopher from the University of Cadsandria who was personally invited by the duke to oversee the Collegium now being built in the Merchants' Quarter.
- *Lady Yolanda Karadan*, the famous Jharkorian astrologer, whose wise counsel stems from her unswerving belief in the accuracy of her predictions.
- *Master Karlo Condotta*, a temperamental Ilmioran artist whose frescoes, paintings and sculptures are renowned for their vibrancy and detail.
- *Taan-Seron*, a Myyrrhn adventurer whose aerial displays above Old Hrolmar's fanciful rooftops provoke gasps of awe on an almost daily basis: it is said that no one else in the world has explored the Western Continent so thoroughly as he.

Details about other foreign residents of Old Hrolmar, including the Tarkeshite dreamer Kal Baldan, the murderous Rostik of Lashmar, and the healer Jozel of Cadsandria, appear elsewhere in this volume.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' CLUB

This international order of libertarians attracts anarchists, free thinkers and revolutionaries to its ranks, and agitates for new political and social freedoms throughout the Young Kingdoms. Although their influence is strongest in the Southern Continent, in Old Hrolmar they are presently restricted to educational and charity-based activities.

In some parts of Vilmir, educating the working classes is tantamount to heresy, and so the International Workers' Club strives to ensure that their work receives no publicity or public commentary. Indeed in Lormyr the IWC is outlawed, due to its role in fermenting civil unrest and open rebellion against the existing social order: its members have been involved in

attempted assassinations, public protests and other seditious activities. At present their main aim is to build a support base in Old Hrolmar. Once they have cultivated a larger and more loyal membership, they will embark on the next stage of their plan, to liberate the workers of Vilmir by any means necessary.

The IWC's members are tied to no particular religion, although the bulk of its members will claim devotion to the principles of the Cosmic Balance if pressed. They have no hierarchy and no leaders, working by consensus to establish all goals and objectives.

VASILII KRASNORADA REVOLUTIONARY, AGE 47

The most influential member of the International Worker's Club in Old Hrolmar is the middle-aged Lormyrian Vasilii Krasnorada, who hails originally from the snowy steppes of the country's south. He has dark, burning eyes, a long grey beard and a deep and resonant voice.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Insight 96%, Oratory 105%, Scribe 65%, Young Kingdoms 71%

THE MEREGHN

This secretive order of assassins has its headquarters in Bakshaan and maintains outposts across the civilised world. Originally a tool of the senators of Bakshaan, the Mereghn (who take their name from the Melnibonéan word for information) gained their independence once they discovered that they could use their abilities against their former employers. Today they are an international network of assassins and spies, whose skills and talents are available to the highest bidder. Although disciplined and professional, the order's members are not fanatical, and they value loyalty. Anyone can hire the Mereghn and their fees are always negotiable.

The traditional means of contacting the Mereghn has been to leave a note for them at the local shrine of Mirath, although owing to recent events, in Old Hrolmar that is no longer possible. As the result of a number of unsuccessful attempts upon his life, Duke Avan has vowed to stamp out the Mereghn in his city, and so for the time being a new drop-point has been established - at the obelisk in the city's

'...assassins were expensive in Old Hrolmar...'
THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

cemetery that commemorate the victims of the Yellow

Plague.

Statistics for a typical Mereghn assassin can be found in the HROLMARIAN DIGEST of this book.

BALTAZAR GONCALO

This young, lithe, panther-like Hrolmarlian is the newly appointed and presently uncontested leader of the Mereghn in Old Hrolmar (following the recent death of his predecessor, Ynigo Salazar (also known as Salazar the Shadow) in a final, unsuccessful attempt on Duke Avan's life.

His first (and most important) act as leader was to cancel the contract on Avan's life, an action that has probably saved the Mereghn from being driven out of the city. Baltazar is currently attempting to negotiate a truce between the assassins' guild and the Duke, although to date all of his overtures have been rejected.

Baltazar is wise beyond his years, as well as being dangerously efficient at his job. Born to a working class family in the Industrial Quarter, he set his sights on joining the Mereghn at an early age, seeing the assassin's guild as one of his only means of escaping his lowly origins. He is a devoted worshipper of Mirath of Law, and in his heart believes himself to be doing Her work, killing those whom She has appointed must die.

BALTAZAR GONCALO MEREGHN LEADER, AGE 21

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 13, LAW 31

STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 14, INT 15, POW 16, DEX 18, APP 16

HIT POINTS: 13

ARMOUR: Soft Leather Plate
(Helm On) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Dagger	115%	1d4+2+db+poison
Thrown Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db+poison
Strangle Cord	85%	Suffocation (as per drowning)
Shortsword	95%	1D6+1+db

SPELLS: Bonds Unbreakable (3), Hell's Armour (1-4), Midnight (1), Moonrise (1), Rat Vision (1), Speed Of Vezhan (1-3), Sureness Of Cran Liret (1-4), Tread Of Cran Liret (1-4)

SKILLS: Hide 95%, Listen 90%, Move Quietly 115%, Potions 85%

THE GAZETTEER

THIS CHAPTER DETAILS MANY important or infamous locations found within the towering stone walls of Old Hrolmar, and some that lie outside the city proper. In addition, the individuals who frequent these locales are described in depth, providing the Gamemaster with their motives, goals, and other personality traits.

Many of these entries will suggest possible

adventures to the imaginative Gamemaster, while others are more prosaic, being only of importance in their relevance to the adventurers' daily lives and the degree of verisimilitude they add to the campaign.

Note that statistics for the multitudinous numbers of commoners, guards and lesser lights who call the city home can be found in the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST.

DISTINCTIVE LAND MARKS

Although Old Hrolmar consists of several separate districts, not every important city feature is unique to one specific location. Here are described those landmarks which cross various districts' borders.

THE GATES OF OLD HROLMAR

There are three main entrances to Old Hrolmar, in the north, south and east walls of the city, each protected by a fortified guardhouse - the

Southern or Harbour Gate being the largest and most heavily fortified due to its defensive position overlooking the harbour. These solid, square, three-storey guardhouses have been constructed on either side of all three of Old Hrolmar's gates, and are garrisoned by the ever watchful Grey Defenders. The city's sandstone

walls, rising up from foundations set deep into the bedrock, are 30 feet

high and 10 feet thick, ensuring the safety of the citizens. Individually, each tower stands 40 feet high, with a considerable drop from the parapets to the ground below. On the first floors are found the windowless guardrooms, manned by troops who inspect and regulate the daily flow of traffic through the gates. ; Internal stairs lead to the second floor above, where the guards' residential quarters (in one tower) and the machinery which operates the portcullises (heavy grills which can be dropped down over the gates as an additional line of defence. A complex series of pulleys, weights and levers exists to raise each portcullis, although it can be dropped in a moment by a quick-witted guard) are found. A corridor that crosses above the gate connects the two towers at this level. Its floor is pierced with murder holes through which molten lead can be poured or arrows fired open down at attackers in the gate tunnel. . The third floor of each tower is given over to the garrison's messes and armouries. Doors at this level lead out onto the walkway atop the city walls, while further stairs lead up to the rooftop, where watchful guards are stationed 24 hours a day.

Elric smiled and looked up beyond Old Hrolmar's baroque skyline at the stars.

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

The gates, made of heavy oaken timbers bound with iron, are closed and barred half an hour after every sunset, and remain closed, except for the duke and his most trusted emissaries, until half an hour after dawn the following day. Trumpets are sounded from each tower to mark the rising and the setting of the sun, and to signal the gates' impending opening and closure.

Some 40 men, each led by their own captain, garrison each of Old Hrolmar's three gates, although the North Gate (also called the Jadmar Gate, as it marks the road to the capital) is often more heavily manned due to its proximity to the lawless Foreign Quarter.

Upon entering the city, all visitors must hand over any weapons larger than a club or a dagger to the safe keeping of the Grey Defenders. In return, they are issued with a small wooden chit as a receipt for the weapon(s), which can only be redeemed upon departure. Only members of the Vilmirian nobility are allowed to carry swords openly inside the city walls, although with a successful Charisma roll, the authorities can sometimes be convinced to extend this law to visiting foreign nobles.

EAST GATE

40 men from the 4th Battalion guard the East Gate. Stationed here around the clock on rotating shifts, they are under the command of 40-year-old Captain Franchist Fernando, the illegitimate son of Count Rodrigo Astran. He is overweight, red-faced, and overly fond of wine. As a result he is often found sleeping at his desk rather than at his post, especially in the long dusty afternoons of summer.

CAPTAIN FRANCHIST GREY DEFENDER, AGE 40

Captain Fernando's reputation is not held in high regard, the result of more than once being accused of accepting bribes. While the men of the East Gate vary from ruffians in uniform to poor soldiers aspiring to their best, they struggle under the captain's lax command (although for one of them, Nuno Ontanao, a secret Slortar cultist, this allows him freedoms that would be impossible at other gates).

Like his father, Captain Franchist despises Avan Astran, and would stop at nothing to see him ousted from the ducal throne. Although he claims to despise the decadence of the duke reign, the captain's ire is more personal than political. Franchist is sure that if his father, the count, was duke, he would be awarded a more important position within the city, despite his illegitimate birth.

CHAOS 15, BALANCE 03, LAW 29

STR 13, CON 16, SIZ 12, INT 12, POW 13, DEX 16, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Leather & Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Short Sword	101%	1d6+1+db
Broadsword	98%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	70%	1d4+2+db
Hunting Bow	75%	1d6+1+1/2db
Cavalry Lance	105%	1d8+1+db (+horse db when charging)
Kite Shield	85%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 75%, Dodge 80%, Insight 71%, Lead Troops 68%, Oratory 60%, Ride 95%, Search 67%, Track 40%, Young Kingdoms 33%

NORTH GATE

A company of 50 Grey Defenders from the 2nd Battalion guards the North Gate (sometimes called the Jadmar Gate). They are led by the inbred, almost-chinless Captain Artimio Guerrero, a minor Vilmirian noble. Guerrero is a tall, thin man with light brown hair, brown eyes, and cruel, thin lips. Both his moustachios and his beard are waxed. An old-fashioned Old Hrolmalrian, Guerrero considers the liberal changes introduced since Duke Avan took the throne a sign of decadence, and one that does nothing but encourage the arrival of despised foreigners. He is always perfectly turned out, with his armour burnished to a mirror-like sheen.

CAPTAIN ARTIMIO GUERRERO GREY DEFENDER, AGE 34

Captain Artimio has his work cut out for him monitoring the flow of foreigners through the Jadmar Gate, but he has trained his men to record the movements and details of anyone they consider suspicious - their constant interrogation, in some cases, borders on harassment. The captain's current obsession is to shut down The Gift of Goldar tavern, a known gambling den run by a Filkharian immigrant.

CHAOS 12, BALANCE 5, LAW 23

STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 13, POW 16, DEX 14, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Leather & Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Short Sword	105%	1d6+1+db
Broadsword	98%	1d8+1+db
Javelin	95%	1D6+1/2db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db
Hunting Bow	85%	1d6+1+1/2db

Cavalry Lance	90%	1d8+1+db (+horse db when charging)
Kite Shield	90%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 55%, Dodge 70%, Insight 87%, Lead Troops 75%, Oratory 66%, Ride 75%, Search 87%, Track 45%, Young Kingdoms 30%

SOUTH GATE

The Captain of the South Gate (also known as the Port or Harbour Gate) is the dashing Toemas Satigo, tall, tanned and strong-jawed. He wears the grey tabard of the city guard over his brightly burnished armour. Captain Satigo is a close friend of Old Hrolmar's Harbour-Master, Amliss Arrago, both of whom could become potentially valuable allies of the adventurers. 40 men of the 3rd Battalion guard the South Gate under the captain's command.

CAPTAIN TOEMAS SATIGO GREY DEFENDER, AGE 28

CHAOS 19, BALANCE 14, LAW 28

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 15, POW 15, DEX 14, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Leather & Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	115%	1d6+1+db
Broadsword	108%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	78%	1d4+2+db
Hunting Bow	80%	1d6+1+1/2db
Cavalry Lance	93%	1d8+1+db (+horse db when charging)
Kite Shield	95%	1d4+db+kb

SPELLS: Hell's Armour (1-4), Suppleness of Xiombarg (3)

SKILLS: Bargain 65%, Dodge 60%, Insight 90%, Lead Troops 80%, Oratory 72%, Ride 78%, Search 85%, Track 45%, Young Kingdoms 38%

RIVER GATES

Low stone arches blocked by heavy bars mark the points where the River Hrol enters and exits the city. These gates cannot be opened, and as a result are not guarded from within. The bars descend into the sandy riverbed, theoretically prohibiting unwelcome visitors from gaining access to the city.

THE MIGHTY HROL RIVER

From its crystal clear headwaters in the northeast of Hrolmar, the Hrol, its broad waters too shallow for all but the small boats to navigate, winds sinuously across the plains and fields of the duchy to the sea. Upon entering Old Hrolmar the river is quickly polluted by the effluent produced by the numerous tanneries, dyehouses and mills that line the riverbanks. Such businesses are most thickly clustered above the Hrol Falls, and as a result the waters below the falls are no longer drinkable.

Three bridges span the river, at Fort Street, Park Street and Fall Street (which, true to its name, crosses the river just above the Hrol Falls). The Park Street Bridge is the widest, and spans the river in three stone arches; the Fall Street Bridge is the most crowded, and made of wood; while the Fort Street Bridge, which is a single arch of stone, is the best guarded.

ROADS WITH AND AROUND THE CITY

All of Old Hrolmar's main roads are cobbled and well tended, while its side streets and laneways are unpaved, and dusty in summer, and muddy in winter. All are universally littered with animal droppings and common refuse, and although several areas of the city are largely free from human waste, thanks to the sewer system, adventurers will still be affronted with odours everywhere they turn. There are no sidewalks in the city, and doors open directly onto the street. Only the main streets have gutters, which run down their centre and form a hazard for the unwary visitor. For the most part the streets are only cleaned when it rains, although some merchants employ urchins to sweep the cobbles outside their premises, for the convenience of their richer clients.

The major roads such as Valario Street, Jadmar Street and Fort Street are approximately 30 feet wide and considerably straighter than any of the side streets. Some of the smaller streets and alleyways, such as Cut-throat's Lane in an area of the Foreign Quarter known as 'The Narrows' are no more than seven feet wide, and impassible to anything other than foot traffic.

Most movement through the city is done on foot, save for the occasional horse ridden by a noble; one of the King's mounted Messengers in their bright livery; a rich man's carriage forced to inch its way through the crowds; or a heavily laden donkey or mule led by a sweating merchant. Here and there squawking chickens flap out from under a pedestrian's feet, while stray cats and wandering dogs freely roam the streets. Unsurprisingly, by day the streets of Old Hrolmar teem with crowds, while at night they are virtually deserted.

Outside the city the King's Roads run straight as a die, patrolled at regular intervals by representatives of the Vilmirian legions, and maintained by slavegangs. Milestones stand at regular intervals, displaying the distance to Jadmar.

CITY DISTRICTS

Old Hrolmar consists of six key districts. These are described individually below, as are important locations and individuals within each area.

FOREIGN QUARTER

The lawless Foreign Quarter is known to its residents as the Shadow City, and is the home of Old Hrolmar's underworld. Clustered inside the city walls around the North Gate, this district is little more than few blocks of crumbling houses and labyrinthine alleys, which seem permanently awash with filth and refuse. A diverse range of inhabitants resides in this crowded district, from the most vicious and dangerous of Old Hrolmar's criminals (including cutthroats, pickpockets, and prostitutes) to artists, poets and, of course, many of the foreigners who now call the city home. At its dark heart stands the building known to some as the Rat's Castle. Once a monastery dedicated to Theril of Law, it is now a debased and detestable ruin

where the beggars of Old Hrolmar hold their court.

The Foreign Quarter's side streets are narrow and its houses are decayed and verminous, although, among the ramshackle and crowded tenement buildings can be found the occasional oasis serving fine foreign food and wine, where strange songs are sung, and foreigners eye Vilmirian patrons with suspicion. The Jharkorian restaurant The White Leopard is one such establishment; the Lormyrian tavern The Champion's Arms another.

While the buildings on the outskirts of the Foreign Quarter are less villainous than some, those towards its centre are thieves' rookeries and dens of depravity: brothels patronised by the dissolute, and inns whose sawdust-lined floors are stained with blood nightly. Many of the district's oldest houses were once grand but almost all have long since fallen into semi-ruin, where it is not uncommon for entire families to dwell in a single room. Some streets in the district are so narrow that one must turn sideways to squeeze between the buildings, while secret passageways and boltholes are common features among many of its business premises.

Should visitors venture off the main streets of the Foreign Quarter, they are likely to return without their purses and other valuables, if indeed they return at all. Although the Grey Defenders regularly sweep through the slums and tenements of the Foreign Quarter, five more rascals spring up for every ruffian they arrest. Rents are cheap, and so are lives here.

BOLTHOLES

Used by the district's criminals to move about unseen, and to escape the city watch in the event of a raid, a secret network of trapdoors,

secret passages and escape routes connects many of the buildings in the heart

of the Foreign Quarter. The ways in which people can travel are as varied as the reasons they are used, from low tunnels linking cellar

"I had made my swords available to an old merchant, a stranger to the city. I was to escort him about the murkier regions of Old Hrolmar in return for a good purse of gold (better, I think, than he expected to give me)."

MOONGLUM TO ELRIC, *THE VANISHING TOWER*, II, II

walls - through which practised locals can scuttle at a moment's notice - fences containing easily removed sections to facilitate a quick exit, and a network of rear lanes and alleys providing a baffling maze for pursuers. Several such boltholes open onto the ancient sewers beneath the city, by which those familiar with the routes can cross the entire city without once being seen above ground.

THE CARDINAL'S NOSE

Although closed some months ago by the authorities, this tavern has recently reopened in a new location. Its sign is a caricature of Cardinal Garrick, his nose red from drink. The regular patrons are a rowdy mob, as fond of a brawl as they are a drink, and on most nights blood is spilt here as regularly as the watered-down claret that is served over the bar. The bar staff are surly and the owner, Carlo Bernada, is stingy. Francisca Fornova, a slatternly and lascivious devotee of the Chaos Lord Slortar, works behind the bar, although none of her colleagues are aware of her allegiance.

The Cardinal's Nose does not cater for overnight guests, a fact which has probably saved more than one hapless visitor from having their throat cut as they slept. There is no cook, and the only food provided is simple fare of breads, cheeses, dried fruit and meats.

If the adventures are looking for the services of a thief or a murderer, they will find several drinking here, although inquisitive strangers are not usually well received by the bar's ragged clientele. The Cardinal's Nose is also the favoured watering hole for the Foreign Quarter's dominant gang, the Bravos, a cold-blooded group of cutthroats who specialise in intimidating local shopkeepers and streetwalkers.

DIEGO NAIRON GANG LEADER, AGE 28

This swaggering lout is a thoroughly nasty piece of work. Thanks to an old knife wound he is blind in his left eye, and the scar, which runs down that cheek, twists his lip in a permanent sneer. A close-cut black beard frames his face, although he keeps his upper lip shaved. He is solidly built, heavy-handed, and through a combination of force of guile, cunning and sheer brutality, has taken charge of the Bravos after the mysterious death of the gang's former leader. Among his more charming habits are a fondness for beating the prostitutes working the Foreign Quarter's streets until they hand over their earnings, or service him, or both; and a ready willingness to start a brawl at the flash of a silver coin. Although Diego and his cronies are unwelcome regulars at The

Cardinal's Nose, Carlo Bernada, the owner, is too scared to bar them.

CHAOS 43, BALANCE 08, LAW 11

**STR 17, CON 15, SIZ 16, INT 11, POW 14, DEX 16,
APP 7**

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	110%	1d3+db
Large Club	85%	1d8+db
Wrestle	90%	special

SPELLS: Hell's Razor (1-4), Hell's Talons (1-4)

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Dodge 75%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 80%, Insight 75%, Listen 90%, Move Quietly 85%, Swagger 100%

MARCO FORTES SIMPLE-MINDED THUG, AGE 26

Marco is the most dangerous member of the Bravos, due to the lethal combination of his stunted intellect and short temper. He is easily confused and frightened, and lashes out with his fists whenever threatened. His moon-face is surprisingly innocent, an impression furthered by his wide brown eyes and his inability to grow a beard. He is prone to drooling, and his clothes are invariably filthy and torn. When the rest of the gang are not making sport of Marco, they tend to use him as bait for their next victim. Given the opportunity, Marco is just as happy chasing butterflies or picking flowers as hurting people, although the Bravos usually keep him busy with the latter.

CHAOS 32, BALANCE 19, LAW 10

**STR 19, CON 17, SIZ 18, INT 5, POW 9, DEX 10,
APP 8**

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	90%	1d3+db
Large Club	75%	1d8+db
Wrestle	120%	special

SKILLS: Admire Pretty Things 100%, Climb 50%, Dodge 55%, Listen 60%, Move Quietly 35%

RAMIGO ESTEVAL SADIST, AGE 28

Thin, dark and cold-eyed Ramigo is a gleeful sadist, and the most evil member of the Bravos. He keeps his hair and beard trimmed short, framing his saturnine features. More than any other member of the gang he delights in hurting his victims in whatever manner will most degrade them. He is restless, quick-witted, and has an unhealthy fascination with knives.

CHAOS 57, BALANCE 5, LAW 12

**STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 12, INT 17, POW 16, DEX 15,
APP 13**

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	70%	1d3+db
Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db
Hand Sickle	85%	1d6+1+db
Throwing Dagger	90%	1d4+1/2db

SPELLS: Bonds Unbreakable (3), Hell's Sharp Flame (1-4), Muddle (1), Witch Sight (3)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: None, although he lusts for the power a demon weapon would bring him.

SKILLS: Climb 85%, Dodge 95%, Fast Talk 75%, Hide 85%, Insight 65%, Listen 70%, Menacing Glare 85%, Move Quietly 85%, Swagger 80%

THE CHAMPION'S ARMS

This tavern is owned by a large Lormyrian family, led by the burly, long-bearded Aedan of Stagasaz and his buxom wife Ethelryth. Here, mead and cider in foaming tankards, and traditional Lormyrian foods such as fish stew and pottage, are served over the square, central bar to the Lormyrian residents and travellers who patronise the tavern. The tavern's sign depicts Earl Aubec, the Champion of Humanity, while its walls are painted with frescoes depicting Lormyr's broad rivers and peaceful lands. The Champion's Arms does not provide accommodation.

THE INTERNATIONAL WORKERS' CLUB

This fraternal organisation, whose public face is that of an educational charity, is located in a well-maintained building on Jadmar Road. Literacy classes for working men and women are held here several days a week, and members are also given access to the club's small library.

Unknown to most, the International Workers' Club is actually a radical organisation of libertarians, dedicated to educating the workers of the world and liberating them from feudal oppression. Its members are viewed as radicals and troublemakers, and the organisation itself has been outlawed in Lormyr, Filkhar and Argimiliar. More details about The International Workers' Club and its members are provided in PLOTS AND POWERS.

MADAME SHARA'S BOARDING HOUSE

A toothless, ingratiating woman aged somewhere between 50 and death, Madam Shara is the

owner and landlady of a three-storey tenement building that has definitely seen better days. The upper floors suffer a leaking roof, the lower floors are prone to damp, and rats are the constant companions of those unfortunate enough to live here.

A single room in this establishment costs 8 bronze coins a week, which includes two meals a day. Rooms come furnished, if a thin mattress stuffed with mouldy straw and a chamber pot can be called furniture. Breakfast is usually a thin gruel, dinner a watery stew containing unrecognisable and unpalatable vegetables along with the rare chunk of meat. Wise residents will not leave valuables in their room here, as such items are prone to disappearing the moment a person's back is turned.

Few visitors stay long in this establishment, some boarders having been known to move out overnight, or so their venal landlady claims. Few know that Madame Shara is actually in league with the Bravos, a group of thugs who think nothing of slitting a boarder's throat while he or she sleeps and splitting the loot with the landlady. See The Cardinal's Nose above for more details on this gang.

KAL BALDAN DREAMING ARTIST, AGE 30

Kal Baldan, a starving Tarkeshite artist, is one of Madam Shara's current boarders. Although impoverished, if forced to choose between buying food or art supplies, he inevitably purchases the pigments he needs for his art, or the occasional pipe of opium to help stave off hunger pangs. As a result, the already sickly Baldan is slowly starving to death. His dark face is drawn, his eyes hollow, and his heavy brocade robes hang loosely from his body. Although he is vulnerable, as a result of his lack of finances, his villainous landlady has so far left him in peace.

Baldan paints scenes from his opium-inspired dreams upon whatever surfaces are available to him, although he has thus far spared the peeling walls of his garret apartment from his art. His room is stacked with the canvases and the wooden panels he usually paints upon, depicting baroque and fantastical landscapes unlike anywhere in the Young Kingdoms. It should become no surprise to learn that Baldan is a powerful dreamer, and he has unknowingly explored three of the seven lands of dreams: Sadanor (the Land of Dreams in Common), Marador (the Land of Old Desires) and Paranor (the Land of Lost Beliefs) described in Moorcock's The Fortress of the Pearl.

In the right hands Baldan's paintings could be used as gates to enter the Lands of Dream, although it is probable that the artist will be dead long before the properties of his paintings are ever known.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Art (Painting) 89%, Dreaming 105%

THE PEN AND SWORD

The Pen and Sword is a small tavern owned by an expatriate Filkharian couple, Ranyart and Vasha Draven, and provides rich food and drink but no accommodation. Ranyart is a superlative chef, and Vasha (whose father was educated at the University of Cadsandria in Argimiliar) is a painter and poet. Sadly neither of the two has a head for figures, and so their business constantly struggles.

Despite their precarious existence, the couple has established a reputation for The Pen and Sword remarkably quickly. Word of their fantastic menu has spread throughout the city, while Vasha and her friends have also held several successful poetry readings in the tavern over recent months. Duke Avan himself dined here only recently, while the feuding nobles Lady Atania Almodo and Lady Nina Aracella have also visited, although fortunately, on separate occasions.

RATS' PALACE

The worship of Theril, a Lady of Law, declined in Vilmir when the city of Nadsokor (in which her cult was based) fell to disease and Chaos in 113 YK. In Old Hrolmar the order dedicated to her worship survived until the last of her monks were carried off by the Yellow Plague in 250 YK. With the monastery left to fall into disrepair, it was not long before the beggars of Nadsokor claimed the building as their own. It is because of their residence that the ruined building has come to be called 'Rats' Palace' by those unfortunate enough to know of its existence.

Today the building is a pestilential ruin. Its belltower collapsed decades ago, sending bricks and tiles spilling across the weed-choked remains of the public plaza. The statue of the goddess long since removed, goats and curs now scavenge through its empty hallways.

It is entirely possible that some ancient treasure of the order waits to be found amidst the decay: an enchanted harp which never needs tuning, a quill which cannot be used to write lies or sign false confessions, or a volume of poetry which opens the reader's minds to the presence of closely aligned planes. Anyone seeking out such treasures must first deal with the beggars who reside here, and who would inevitably attempt to claim such riches as their own.

Led by the vile Ramirez the Pustulant, (the representative of King Urish of Nadsokor) the beggars make their home below street level in the partially flooded cellars of the building. It is from here that they creep out to beg and intimidate the residents of the city, returning to Rats' Palace with their loot. King Urish takes a generous 50% tithe from all that they raise, and convoys of beggars embark on foot every week to Nadsokor to deliver this money to him.

For more information about the beggars of Old Hrolmar see PLOTS AND POWERS.

THE ROSE GARDEN

The phrase 'to pluck a rose' is Vilmirian slang for the act of hiring a prostitute, and this ironically named and dilapidated building in Bent Street is one of the least savoury brothels in Old Hrolmar. The women who work here are predominantly criminals; robbery, rather than sex, is their actual trade. Luring drunken men back to their rooms from elsewhere in the city, they rob them with the aid of the other working girls before driving the inebriated and beaten men back out into the street. Most of the workers here are alcoholics, and many of them are diseased. The brothel's madam is Rosa De Silva, a corpulent and aggressive woman with a shrewish and cruel nature. A series of tunnels and secret doors throughout the Rose Garden connects it with many of its neighbouring buildings.

SAINT T'AARGANO'S HOUSE OF WELCOME

This three-storey building is a dosshouse for the itinerant and homeless. With the first two floors consisting of tightly packed, narrow bunk beds, residents are charged one bronze coin for the privilege of sleeping on a thin straw mattress and covered with an even thinner blanket. The third floor provides cheaper accommodation still, and for the cost of three groats, residents' sleep sitting upright on wooden benches - prevented from falling over by being lashed together with heavy hemp ropes. Only the desperate and the truly needy seek shelter here. A breakfast of gruel and old bread is served to all stayers each morning, together with a prayer service, with those refusing to join in the prayers not allowed breakfast. The Brotherhood of T'aargano the

Great, an order of monks based in the Duchy of Ordís, operates the house.

ROSTIK OF LASHMAR AGENT OF HIONHURN AND INSANE KILLER, AGE 28

One of the current residents of the House of Welcome is a Shazarian agent of Chaos, a secret worshipper of Hionhurn the Executioner, who has only recently arrived in Old Hrolmar. Rostik of Lashmar is a burly, weathered man in his late 20's, with a matted mane and beard of filthy, lice-infected blonde hair, and mad, pale eyes.

He prowls the world offering up those who will not be missed to his dark god, always killing in the same way: first strangling from behind, then cutting out his victims' eyes before he swiftly and savagely guts their corpses. As well as spreading Chaos in this way, the evil Rostik also seeks to sway the down and out towards the worship of Entropy. If Law has abandoned you to a life of squalor and misery, he argues, how can Chaos be any worse? Luckily Rostik's madness ensures that he makes few converts, although those he fails to persuade are swiftly offered up as sacrifices to the Lord of Gibbets.

CHAOS 91, BALANCE 23, LAW 28

STR 18, CON 16, SIZ 18, INT 12, POW 12, DEX 16,
APP 9 HP 17

HIT POINTS: 17 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Dirk	120%	1d4+2+db+2d10 (demon dirk)
Garrotte	95%	special

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: Demon Dirk

SKILLS: Climb 90%, Dodge 65%, Hide 85%, Jump 65%,
Move Quietly 90%, Ride 55%, Search 78%, Trap 85%

FROSTFANG ROSTIK'S LESSER DEMON DIRK

This black blade writhes and undulates as if alive (which in a sense it is). Its need is to be bathed in vitreous humour and aqueous humour (the liquid contents of the human eye) once a week.

INT 10, POW 10

ABILITY: Demon Weapon, adds 2d10 damage

SWEETWATER WELL

This low, stone walled well is caped with a warped wooden lid that has been rarely lifted since the water dried up. Locals know that the well provides access to the network of tunnels and sewers beneath the city, although it is only used at night to avoid attention.

VILS WELL

Named after Vil Valario, this well provides the Foreign Quarter with most of its fresh water. It stands in a small open square ringed about by a

number decaying tenement buildings, all of uniform height and appearance. A communal bucket attached to a fraying rope is used to raise the water for drinking and bathing purposes.

WELL STREET TENEMENT BUILDING

This three-story building overlooks Vil's Well, and is typical of the many over-crowded houses in the Foreign Quarter. A coiner (a maker of counterfeit coins) lives in one of the first floor rooms, a widow and her six children in another, while the basement is home to an elderly, alcoholic cobbler and his brood of filthy children. The upper floors are home to a newly arrived family of refugees from the duchy of Jadmar, whose clothes and meagre belongings are still caked with dust, while a family of pickpockets and thieves live in the room opposite them, and are the source of countless fights and accusations within the building.

Other residents include a drunken nightwatchman who struggles to sleep by day, an elderly streetwalker down on her luck, and a drug-addicted young poet from Cadsandria who is slowly dying of consumption. There are two rooms free to let in this building should the adventurers be seeking accommodation. The landlord the penny-pinching tailor and guild-master, Calvin Zagosa, whose place of business can be found in Threadneedle Street.

THE WHITE LEOPARD

This modest inn on Well Street is the centre of the local Jharkorian community. More than one exile from the West plots a triumphant return to Dhakos from this establishment, aided and abetted by compatriots at home and abroad. Accommodation here costs 6 bronzes for a spot on the floor near the fire, 15 bronzes for a dormitory bed and 48 bronzes for night for a private room. The innkeeper is Harmiss of Sequaloris, a gaunt, dark-complexioned man to whom intrigue is as natural as breathing.

HILLTOWN DISTRICT

The district known as Hilltown (or colloquially as Snob's Hill) is located in the southeast corner of the city, and is home to the sandstone fortress of Duke Avan and the barracks of the Grey Defenders. In addition, many of the city's

nobility and various well-to-do merchants reside in this district (although tradition demands that the two circles rarely intersect except at certain prescribed social gatherings throughout the year). With the changes ushered in by the duke, unsurprisingly, many of these once-dour mansions are being transformed into ostentatious displays of wealth through the addition of new storeys, towers and fanciful architecture.

The streets of Hilltown are uniformly broad and well paved, and here even the sidestreets are cobbled. Most of the area is laid out on a systematic grid, thanks to the early architects who oversaw its construction. The district is heavily patrolled and adventurers who venture here will be stopped and questioned regularly unless they are members of the nobility or in their direct employ. Although early mornings see servants and slaves hurrying to market, the district's streets are otherwise quiet for most of the day, ensuring that strangers are all the more visible.

THE ALMODO MANSION

Formerly the home of Lord Forrick and Lady Ninta Almodo, this sprawling Hill Street mansion is now, following the couple's deaths at sea, the residence of their only daughter, Lady Atania. Although Lord Forrick has only been dead a year, were he still alive, he would no longer recognise his ancestral home, as it has been spectacularly and garishly renovated. Today the mansion hosts regular soirees and salons, with art, music, poetry and philosophy the dominant topics of conversation.

The mansion is a riot of decorative architecture and fanciful towers, and has only recently been completed. At the party thrown to celebrate its renovation, Lady Nina Aracella, Lady Atania's rival was heard to loudly dismiss the mansion as a ghastly union of styles, which amply demonstrates the adage that 'money can buy everything except taste'. Fortunately, Atania's retort has not been recorded.

LADY ATANIA ALMODO MODISH NOBLEWOMAN, AGE 23,

Having recently come into a sizeable inheritance following her parent's accidental drowning; this young noblewoman has rapidly established herself as a prominent patron of the arts. Some of her peers sniff that Lady Atania had scarcely allowed time for a proper period of mourning before enthusiastically renovating the family home. Atania is enamoured of Ilmioran fashions,

and displays rather more cleavage than is considered proper in a Vilmirian lady. She is also over-fond of rouge and lipstick.

CHAOS 05, BALANCE 15, LAW 31

STR 11, CON 13, SIZ 11, INT 14, POW 15, DEX 17,
APP 16

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	65%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 85%, Art (Dancing) 80%, Art (Embroidery) 56%, Appraise Art 65%, Flirt 75%, Insight 55%, Oratory 48%, Own Language (Common) 75%, Resist Flattery 15%, Scent/Taste 45%, Scribe 52%

ARACELLA HOUSE

This prominent house, set amidst an immaculate garden dotted with statuary, flowerbeds, fountains and a grotto, is the home of Dame Nina Aracella. The Aracella family is one of the oldest and most influential in the city. Dame Nina's son Lord Jorivol is the titular head of the clan and he and his fertile wife Lara, along with their boisterous brood of children, live in the east wing of the mansion.

DAME NINA ARACELLA PATRON OF THE ARTS, AGE 63

This elderly widow considers herself the barometer of good taste in Old Hrolmar. She dresses simply but stylishly, and is fond of scarves and other accessories that conceal her encroaching age. Her grand mansion stands on Upper Fort Street, and is an understated example of the new architectural craze currently sweeping the city.

Dame Nina has enthusiastically embraced Duke Avan's ways. Her patronage of those artists she considers talented is legendary, although some of her peers insinuate that her habit of installing young poets and composers in private apartments at her own expense is more to do with the young men's good looks rather than their skills.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 32, LAW 57

STR 8, CON 14, SIZ 10, INT 17, POW 16, DEX 10,
APP 12

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Hatpin	75%	1d3+db
Dagger (Mother-of-Pearl)	60%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 90%, Art (Dancing) 65%, Art (Embroidery) 76%, Appraise Art 85%, Flirt 50%, Insight 75%, Oratory 80%, Own Language (Common) 85%, Predict Trend 45%, Resist Flattery 75%, Scent/Taste 65%, Scribe 35%, Young Kingdoms 55%

THE ASTRAN ESTATE

The home of Count Rodrigo Astran and his pale wife Elena stands on Upper Fort Street, barely a stone's throw from the ducal fortress. This grim sandstone building witnesses regular meetings of Old Hrolmar's discontented and conservative nobility. Its grounds are large, well tended but unimaginative, with a sweeping gravel drive and a small ornamental pond its only features. The grounds are notable for being surrounded by a well-maintained hedge rather than a sandstone wall.

COUNT RODRIGO ASTRAN IMPATIENT PLOTTER, AGE 59,

The Machiavellian Count Rodrigo is the younger brother of the late Duke Culvan and as such is the uncle of Duke Avan Astran, and the impatient heir to the ducal throne. His sour face is heavily lined with age and resentment, and his cold grey eyes glitter beneath bushy eyebrows. Rodrigo is tall, thin, stooped, and bald. Like most Vilmirian nobles he goes clean-shaven and conservatively dressed, and rigidly adheres to the doctrines of the Church of Law.

The count is one of the leading lights of the city's conservative faction, and he and his peers meet regularly to shake their heads and cluck their tongues over Avan's licentious and un-Vilmirian behaviour. Rodrigo is more vehement than any of his peers in his criticism of the duke, and many of his outbursts border on the treasonous, driven by his ambition and hatred for his popular nephew. His peers consider Rodrigo's displays of emotion impolite, and several have commented upon the irony of such an un-Vilmirian display being provoked by Rodrigo's condemnation of similar traits in his despised nephew.

It was Count Rodrigo who hired the Mereghn to try and kill Avan in the years immediately after the young duke's coronation, although nowhaving failed at such direct attempts upon Avan's life, the count has turned his mind to more devious ways of unseating his nephew.

Aware that the influx of foreigners into Old Hrolmar is unpopular in some quarters, Rodrigo has begun to consider how he can turn the tide of sentiment against his nephew. He is also quick to spread rumours that Avan is involved in illegal or heretical actions, although so far Vilmir's King Naclon and Cardinal Garrick have failed to move against Avan despite these attempts to blacken his reputation.

Despite his rigidly conservative present position, the count had a debauched youth, a fact he is at pains to conceal, and which fuels much of his rage against the duke, who acts as an uncomfortable reminder of certain events that Rodrigo would rather forget. His increasingly obsessive vendetta against Duke Avan has ensured that even his own son, once loyal to his cause, grows weary of the count's strident litany of complaints and calumnies. As a result the count has begun to favour his illegitimate son, the guard captain Franchist Fernando, over his appointed heir. Captain Franchist's lack of moral scruples only increases his standing in his father's jaundiced eyes. (See the East Gate in Distinctive Landmarks of Old Hrolmar above for more information on Captain Franchist Fernando.)

CHAOS 31, BALANCE 08, LAW 40

STR 10, CON 14, SIZ 14, INT 15, POW 14, DEX 10,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 14

ARMOUR: Half Plate (Helm On) 1d8+1

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	90%	1d6+db
Light Mace	83%	1d6+2+db
Short Spear	76%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	85%	1D4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Courtly Manners) 66%, Evaluate 80%, Insight 75%, Oratory 60%, Own Language (Common) 85%, Plot And Scheme 90%, Ride 80%, Scribe 45%, Search 74%, Young Kingdoms 40%

EARL EDUARDO ASTRAN DILETTANTE, AGE 29

Cousin to Duke Avan and son of the conservative Count Rodrigo, this arrogant young noble has lately developed a reputation as a fop and a drunkard, much to his father's distaste. As he is unmarried, Eduardo still lives at home with his parents, although he is rarely to be found there, being overly fond of patronising Old Hrolmar's brothels and gaming houses. Most days see Eduardo drunk by midday.

Although handsome enough by Vilmirian standards, his lips are thin and his chin is weak. He has soft brown eyes that are invariably bloodshot, and thinning brown hair. Although he favours traditional garments, their fabric is always of the very highest quality.

Eduardo is a bully and a coward, and is also addicted to gambling. He is a welcome player at the seedy Cat's Alley gaming house run by Pericho Toribio in the Merchants' Quarter, having exhausted the patience and credit of most other venues in the city. At present Eduardo is more than 40,000 bronzes in debt to various individuals. He is loathe to ask his father for help, knowing that in return for paying off his debtors, Count Rodrigo will demand his assistance in yet another of his interminable schemes against the duke.

CHAOS 18, BALANCE 03, LAW 24

STR 10, CON 13, SIZ 14, INT 12, POW 11, DEX 10,
APP 13

HIT POINTS: 14

ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	75%	1d6+db
Dagger	55%	1D4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 75%, Bargain 75%, Cheat At Cards 55%, Evaluate 65%, Insight 35%, Oratory 45%, Own Language (Common) 80%

BARRACKS

Nestled on the lower slopes of Fort Street are the barracks of Old Hrolmars Grey Defenders. A complex consisting of four large, two-story buildings of whitewashed sandstone and red-tiled roofs, it forms an enclosed square, colloquially known as 'the Quadrangle' amongst the city watch and their intimates. It is here, on

OLD HROLMAR'S GREY DEFENDERS

The Hrolmarlian Grey Defenders number just a single regiment of 1000 men in total. Their commanding officer is Colonel Calvin Guerrero, who reports directly to Duke Avan Astran. The majority of Colonel Calvin's men are loyal to the duke and extremely trustworthy, but a small number of them will be open to bribes and other forms of corruption as the Gamemaster sees fit. The base wage for a member of the Grey Defenders is 65 bronzes/week; this high rate of pay helps reduce the possibility of the rank and file troops being susceptible to turning a blind eye to criminal acts.

The regiment consists of four battalions of 250 men each, who in turn supplies Defenders, on a rostered basis, to their assigned City Gate guardhouses (see The City Gates above). The First Battalion consists of the regiment's cavalry unit, and is predominantly an elite group of minor nobles (some 100 in total) together with their batmen and servants. The three other battalions are all well-trained and well-disciplined infantry who see it their duty to protect Old Hrolmar from evil and corruption.

The Grey Defenders wear long coats of leather and rings beneath the long grey tabards that give them their name, as well as conical helmets with a nasal guard. The standard soldier on guard duty carries a large kite shield and a short-sword and javelin, while, in the event of a threat or siege, all infantry are issued broadswords, lances and hunting bows.

this central training ground, that the Grey Defenders are drilled, taught and tested.

Entry to the complex is via an arched tunnel in the centre of the main building, which houses the armoury and administrative offices.. One of these rooms is a library dedicated to the art of war, containing books and scrolls describing the tactics and strategies of the great battles of the Young Kingdoms. Another room features a broad table supporting a scale model of the city and the surrounding lands, and upon which small miniatures are marshalled to assist young officers in honing their military skills.

The left hand building of the 'Quad' is given over to the troops' sleeping quarters: a series of large dormitory rooms on the first floor occupied by serried rows of bunk beds for the enlisted men, with private rooms for the officers located upstairs. Facing the gate, across the training grounds from the entry arch, are the stables, while the fourth quadrangle building (to the right of the main entrance) hosts the mess hall, kitchens, and a warehouse containing six months worth of supplies to be used in the event of famine or siege.

COL. CALVIN GUERRERO COMMANDER OF THE GUARD, AGE 51

Despite his encroaching age, Colonel Calvin is still hale and hearty thanks to an astute combination of diet and exercise. He does not drink, and eats only in moderation. His one vice is the love of a good woman, which more than once got him into hot water. The colonel is unmarried, but has several mistresses and numerous illegitimate offspring. He is not a handsome man, with a badly set nose and a tanned, scarred face, but he is an excellent soldier. His short-cropped hair and long black beard are both shot through with grey. Although he holds grave concerns over the city's future in light of the foreign rabble settling here in ever-increasing numbers, Colonel Calvin's devotion to the ducal throne ensures his public support of Duke Avan.

CHAOS 19, BALANCE 16, LAW 45

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 17, DEX 14, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Leather and Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Short Sword	125%	1d6+1+db
Broadsword	110%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Hunting Bow	90%	1d6+1+1/2db
Cavalry Lance (+horse db when charging)	115%	1d8+1+db
Kite Shield	96%	1d4+db+kb

SPELLS: Hell's Armour (1-4), Hell's Razor (1-4), Speed Of Vezhan (1-3), Suppleness of Xiombarg (3)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: Two Air Elementals, bound into his constantly swirling blue cloak, allow the colonel to safely 'fly' short distances carried on the wind they generate; thereafter the elementals must rest for a number of minutes equal to the colonel's size

SKILLS: Bargain 95%, Dodge 85%, Insight 90%, Lead Troops 105%, Oratory 96%, Ride 105%, Search 85%, Track 45%, Young Kingdoms 50%

SERGEANT NUNO BALTAZAR CORRUPT GUARD, AGE 35

A drunkard, a bully and a coward, Sergeant Nuno is a disgrace to the good name of the Grey Defenders. He has, on several occasions, turned a blind eye to various nefarious activities in return for a purse of gold. At present, Nuno is on his best behaviour following a strict final warning from the colonel, but it will not be long before he slips back into his own ways once more. He seeks to exploit every situation for personal gain, and weasels his way out of most situations by blaming his subordinates.

CHAOS 29, BALANCE 10, LAW 32

STR 15, CON 17, SIZ 16, INT 12, POW 9, DEX 13, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 17 ARMOUR: Leather and Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Short Sword	70%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	85%	1d6+1/2db

Brawl	75%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	75%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 65%, Conceal Object 70%, Dodge 80%, Evaluate 55%, Insight 65%, Young Kingdoms 45%

CORPORAL LEON BERODIAN IDEALISTIC YOUTH, AGE 19

Corporal Leon is an innocent young guardsman of humble birth, but noble heart. He is betrothed to his childhood sweetheart, but has refused to marry her until he has reached the rank of sergeant, knowing that love alone cannot support them on his current wage. His wide brown eyes and square jaw ensure that he comes under considerable attention from the ladies, as well as a degree of good-natured ribbing from his fellow Grey Defenders.

CHAOS 03, BALANCE 07, LAW 14

**STR 14, CON 16, SIZ 16, INT 13, POW 14, DEX 12,
APP 15**

HIT POINTS: 16 **ARMOUR:** Leather and Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Short Sword	70%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	75%	1d6+1/2db
Brawl	65%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	70%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Dodge 55%, Insight 50%, Search 65%, Track 50%

THE BOTANIST'S HOUSE

This solid sandstone residence on Upper River Street is overgrown with ivy and displays signs of disrepair. Nevertheless glimpses of its garden, visible from the street through the wrought iron gate, reveals a rich, emerald anarchy, which is the subject of much local rumour and jealousy. This is the residence of Viscount Mendo Ferrand, a minor Hrolmarlian noble and the last of his line. Having no heirs or family to support, the Viscount has been free to squander his wealth on his hobby (although obsession might be a better word to describe his motivating passion), botany.

The rear of his house has been extended to form a giant glittering greenhouse, in which cuttings from most of this plane's plant kingdom are represented. From rare orchids to poisonous blooms, and even one or two semi-sentient and carnivorous species said to hail from the Melnibonéan isle of Kiashu, almost every kind of plant known in the Young Kingdoms (and some which are unknown) is represented in the Viscount's collection.

Of late Viscount Mendo has taken delivery of a strange seedpod that reputedly hails from the Haghan'iin Forest in the Unknown East. Although he does not know if it will bloom, he devotedly tends its bed of moss and soil day and night, nervously chewing his nails while he awaits signs of the seed's fertility. If it flowers, he plans to name the new bloom after Duke Avan.

VISCOUNT MENDO FERRAND OBSESSED BOTANIST, AGE 43

Although his interest in the botanical realm is common knowledge amongst his peers, few of Old Hrolmar's nobility take Viscount Mendo's passion seriously (save, that is, for one or two whose jaded facades hide a keener interest, which would no doubt betray their secret allegiances were it to be revealed).

CHAOS 15, BALANCE 21, LAW 45

**STR 12, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 17, POW 16, DEX 11,
APP 13**

HIT POINTS: 14 **ARMOUR:** None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Secateurs	80%	1d4+1+db

SKILLS: Craft (Gardening) 85%, Natural World 80%, Other Language (Melnibonéan) 55%, Ride 65%, Scribe 80%, Unknown Kingdoms 10%, Young Kingdoms 65%

CHURCH OF TOVIK

The White Lord Tovik the Relentless is the patron of warriors and soldiers, and fittingly his church (one of several smaller churches located around the city) is situated opposite the barracks on Fort Street. Monuments to those members of the Grey Defenders who have died nobly in battle stand in the church's drab gardens, while its crypt houses the tombs of Old Hrolmar's greatest heroes. A squat tower rises above the church, although its leaden bell is only rung in times of war, to sound the alarm and call the city's defenders to arms.

Guarded night and day by six red-robed warrior-priests of Tovik, whose statistics are supplied in the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST, the church is home to one of the great treasures of the Church of Law in Vilmir: the iron gauntlet of T'aargano the Great, Defender of Chaos, which is kept in a gold and ivory reliquary behind the altar. T'aargano, who died driving back the invading army of Chaos that threatened the entire Northern Continent in 202 YK, was a faithful servant of Tovik. His sword and shield are held at the copper temple of Tovik in Uhaio,

THE RIGHT GAUNTLET OF T'AARGANO THE GREAT

This heavy iron gauntlet will only fit a person of SIZ 17-18. When worn by one whose allegiance to Law is 60 points or greater, and at least 30 points higher than any other allegiance, it bestows an additional 1D6 damage to all their blows; 2D6 if the target is a demon or similar creature of Chaos.

his breastplate in his birthplace of Maldam, in the dusty Duchy of Ordis, and other relics of his life and deeds are scattered across Vilmir.

The hero is revered in Old Hrolmar, but not worshipped. A regular trickle of adherents of T'aargano's cult visit this church as part of their pilgrimage, and at least one of their number can be found kneeling before the reliquary almost every day, praying that T'aargano will return to save Vilmir in its hour of greatest need.

THE DOMINGO MANSION

Hidden away behind a high sandstone wall capped with iron spikes, this grim mansion on Steadfast Street is the home of the elderly Lord Garçilaso Domingo. Although he lives alone, save for his servants, rumour has it that a sad and pale face can sometimes be seen gazing out of an attic window on moonlit nights. Lord Garçilaso's children are among Old Hrolmar's wildest young nobles, and their father is regularly required to pay off his daughters' gambling debts and the paternity suites incurred by his hellraising sons.

LORD GARÇILASO DOMINGO ALOOF NOBLEMAN, AGE 75

The thin and bloodless Lord Garçilaso Domingo is a pale widower who is well known for the short lifespan of his slaves and the scandalous behaviour of his children. Following the death of his wife during the birth of their fifth child 25 years ago, Lord Garçilaso spoilt his children excessively, acceding to their every demand. It is said that his youngest son, Ramon, passed away several years ago, while his remaining offspring are all active participants in Old Hrolmar's high society – some notoriously so. Lord Garçilaso is forever paying off their debts, hushing up their brawls, and failing utterly to keep them under control.

Garçilaso secretly owns a profitable but illegal brothel in New Hrolmar, The Wreath of Roses. The venue was established in order to provide a safe outlet for the depraved tastes of his insane son Ramon, who the family declared dead several years ago, the victim of a virulent fever. A weighted coffin was buried at his lavish funeral, and Ramon now lives under lock and key in the attic of the Domingo mansion.

Lord Garçilaso strives to ensure that Ramon's existence and his involvement with the Wreath of Roses remains unknown, and will not hesitate to order the deaths of anyone who discovers these secrets.

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 11, LAW 51

STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 11, INT 14, POW 13,
DEX 13, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	87%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	70%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Bargain 60%, Evaluate 65%, Insight 70%,
Listen 50%, Oratory 70%, Ride 75%, Scribe 50%

LORD RAMON DOMINGO CRIMINALLY INSANE NOBLEMAN

Although he can seem handsome and urbane, Ramon Domingo is incurably insane, and prone to fits of uncontrollable rage. His ragged and unkempt appearance is due to the fact that he is liable to strangle any servant that is ordered to assist with his grooming, while his sexual appetite is violent in the extreme. The Wreath of Roses brothel in New Hrolmar was founded in order that Ramon could sate his bestial appetites once a month; the unfortunate prostitutes who are singled out for his favours rarely survive the encounter. Vilmirians consider insanity a curse of Law, and Ramon's existence is the secret shame of the Domingo family.

CHAOS 45, BALANCE 05, LAW 17

STR 17, CON 14, SIZ 15, INT 8, POW 11, DEX 14,
APP 15 HP 15

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	85%	1d3+db
Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db
Wrestle	80%	special

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 36%, Climb 80%, Dodge 68%, Hide 75%, Jump 65%, Listen 74%, Move Quietly 80%, Mutter Incoherently 99%, Own Language (Common) 55%, Ride 35%

DUCAL FORTRESS

This squat functional fortress, built of ubiquitous Vilmirian sandstone, rises high above Old Hrolmar from its dominant Hilltown position. A 30-foot high barbican wall, whose foundations are set deep into the granite outcrop from which the fortress rises, encloses the fort's entire perimeter. The steep avenue known as Fort Street culminates here in a broad series of low steps leading up to the gatehouse, which is guarded by two strong towers, each 40 feet tall. Crenellations provide cover for archers atop the barbican wall and the gatehouse towers, while arrow slits in the shape of the Arrow of Law look down onto the streets below.

Inside the barbican rises the keep, a solid rectangular building whose walls stand 60 feet in height. Each corner of the keep, save for the southeast, is topped by a squat, round tower rising a further 20 feet, and again crenellated. From the southernmost corner of the keep rises the Watchful Tower, rising 40 feet above the keep. Its rooftop stands a full 100 feet above ground level, and provides a startling view across the city from which eagle-eyed guards survey both the land and sea approaches to Old Hrolmar.

Although the fort is the official residence of the duke, Avan Astran prefers to reside in a newly renovated villa on the West Bank of the river, a fact that has provoked much head shaking and chin-stroking among the city's nobility. The dowager Duchess Lennara (Duke Avan's aging and widowed mother) still lives in the fortress, however, together with her retinue of attentive maids and servants. Lennara is said to be deeply concerned by her son's liberal rule. Her statistics and background are provided in PLOTS AND POWERS.

The fort is also the seat of government in the duchy, and as such is also home to numerous clerks and state officials, who concern themselves with such important matters as taxes, tithes and the day to day running of the duchy.

Several ghosts are said to haunt the fortress, including that of the unhappy young Lady Astra Astran, the late daughter of Duke Avan's great-grandfather, Duke Gaspar Astran. Having been forbidden by her father to marry the young soldier whom she loved, Astra threw herself from the Watchful Tower after the boy was killed in a skirmish in the lands now known as the Vilmirian Protectorates (where, of course, Duke Gaspar had sent him out of spite). Lady Astra's tomb can be found in the ducal crypt, deep in the bedrock beneath the fort, alongside those of countless other members of the Astran lineage.

Another ghost haunts the fort's chapel, although it is only rarely seen. It is said to be the shade of a treacherous scholar, Toribio of Sheff, who turned to the worship of Chardros during

the reign of the Yellow Plague in 250 YK, and, for his sins, is unable to find rest after his death. In certain circles it is whispered that those who pray over Toribio's unmarked grave in the fortress grounds will gain power over death. Others claim that his body is buried elsewhere, and that if ever his tomb is found it will contain certain, terrible enchantments that he took with him to his grave. (The chapel ghost is actually that of the late Duke Arvido Astran, who as a child was tutored by Toribio of Sheff, and who was almost murdered by him. For more information see the section The Order of Endless Night in PLOTS AND POWERS.)

DUKE AVAN'S RESIDENCE

Never one to allow tradition to impede him, Duke Avan refuses to live in the cramped, cold rooms of the ducal fort, and has instead taken up residence in a newly renovated manor house on the west bank of the Hrol. With its circular tower and flagpole-capped, conical spire, and elaborate pediments, balustrades and wrought-iron lacework adorning its balconies, the house is one of the grandest in the city.

The house is richly furnished, and on the rare occasions the duke opens his doors for a party or a poetry reading, it is crowded with eager visitors. Its upper floors look out over Serenity Park to the Pyramid of Law, while the lower rooms are crammed with souvenirs from the duke's many travels. These include barbaric carvings from the Weeping Waste, a full suit of wood and leather armour from the Sighing Desert, the skull of a sea serpent, and a collection of scrolls, books and manuscripts to

rival the great library of the University of Cadsandria.

Most days see the commonfolk

of Old Hrolmar clustered outside the estate's wrought iron gates, seeking the ear of the duke, be it for a pardon for their thieving brother or a word about a cheating merchant. Penitents, petitioners and others wait beside them, clutching at the cloaks of any whom are lucky enough to gain entrance and begging them to plead with Avan on their behalf.

"He's Avan Astran of Old Hrolmar," grunted Count Smiorgan... "He's well known as an adventurer – explorer – trader. His reputation's the best. We can trust him, Elric."

SIMORGAN TO ELRIC, *THE SAILOR ON THE SEAS OF FATE*, I, 1

DUKE AVAN ASTRAN

A man of no mean reputation, Avan began revitalising Old Hrolmar upon inheriting the mantle of Duke from Culvan Astran, his late father, in 395 YK. The years after Avan's coronation saw the city full of artists, poets and philosophers, while the air rang with the sound of hammering and sawing. Scaffolds were a constant sight, as building after building shrugged off the repressive Vilmirian restrictions on height and style. Such renovations have gradually slowed, leaving the city much changed. Sadly, with Avan's death in 402, the new duke, appointed by Cardinal Garrick, will begin the destruction of all that Avan achieved.

In his youth Avan was sent to Cadsandria to be educated, but instead fell in with a travelling band of thieves. Returning to Old Hrolmar when he was 19, he soon departed on further adventures. To date he has travelled to Melniboné, Myrrhn and the World's Edge, and in 399 YK he is well into planning a trip to the Unknown East (which is described in detail in the Stormbringer supplement of the same name).

A brave man, Avan is sometimes foolhardy when adventure and excitement promise. Avan has infiltrated at least one Chaos cult, and has been known to occasionally curse using the name of Chardros. He fears no man living, nor any god, and his courage and strength of nerve were evident when several assassination attempts were made upon him shortly after his coronation. Blaming the Ilmioran order of assassins known as the Mereghn, Avan moved to drive them out of his city. While he has not been totally successful in this task, he has certainly significantly disrupted their activities in Old Hrolmar, to the point where the Mereghn's new leader (the previous Mereghn guildmaster died during an unsuccessful attempt on the duke) has sued for peace between them. To date Avan has not accepted the offered terms.

Unlike most Vilmirian nobles Avan is not ashamed to show his wealth, favouring plumed helmets, gilded armour and rich garments, although he dresses conservatively when called to Jadmar. A man of foresight, he is also equipped with a fine sense of humour and irony. Avan is charismatic, with a square handsome face. He is equally at ease with princes or sailors, although he greatly prefers the company of the latter. The duke's fondness for masculine companionship is a valuable secret among those in the city whose business it is to concern themselves with the private affairs of others.

Despite being wooed by numerous eligible young ladies and their families the duke remains unmarried, although he is aware of the need for an heir, and has perforce of late begun considering a marriage of convenience.

Avan's sharp wits and keen mind allow him to keep to the letter of the Law, while ingeniously finding freedom for himself and his people. Avan is well read and well informed, and is a just and capable ruler who moves freely about his city. He counts some of the best and brightest minds in the Young Kingdoms as his friends and advisers, and is a generous patron of the arts.

Travellers, hawkers, merchants and strangers call at the house day and night, for the

duke's interests in the bizarre are well known, and many a merchant will make a beeline for the duke's residence upon arriving in Old Hrolmar in the hope of selling him some rare item or curio.

The duke's personal staff, too, are a strange collection of fellows, and include a hoary soothsayer from Dharijor, a squat Yurit gardener, and a Pan Tangian woman said by some to be the duke's lover, and to others, his bodyguard. His body-servant is the strangest of all: a half-Melnibonéan brother and sister who are conjoined twins, fused at the hip, with four arms, four legs, and two wise heads shared between them, - although the male of the pair is much less serious than his sister.

DUKE AVAN ASTRAN EXPLORER AND ADVENTURER, AGE 35

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 38, LAW 62

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 13, DEX 14, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 15* ARMOUR: Half Plate (Helm On) 1d8+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Greatsword	120%	2d8+db
Broadsword	97%	1d8+1+db
Spear	76%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Full Shield	85%	1d4+db+kb

SPELLS: Buzzard Eyes (1), Demon's Ear (1), Hell's Armour (1-4), Hell's Sharp Flame (1-4), Soul Of Chardros (1-3), Tread Of Cran Liret (1-4)

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 65%, Art (Courtly Manners) 60%, Bargain 67%, Climb 35%, Conceal Object 54%, Disguise 45%, Dodge 66%, Evaluate 52%, Insight 39%, Jump 87%, Listen 76%, Million Spheres 06%, Move Quietly 45%, Natural World 67%, Navigate 73%, Oratory 82%, Own Language (Common) 80%, Other Language (Lesh) 15%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 37%, Other Language (Mong) 14%, Physik 62%, Pick Lock 32%, Ride 87%, Sailing 32%, Scribe 45%, Search 79%, Swim 49%, Throw 61%, Track 52%, Unknown Kingdoms 15%, Young Kingdoms 77%

*Duke Avan has an important role to play in the future history of Elric and the Young Kingdoms. If the gamemaster wishes to run a campaign which follows Moorcock's Chronology he should survive any encounters with the adventurers until the events of the novel *The Sailor On The Seas Of Fate*, at which time he is fated to be slain by Stormbringer.

NADJANA BODYGUARD, AGE 26

Nadjana is a self-exiled Pan Tangian woman who recognises beauty in Chaos, and left her homeland to wander the Young Kingdoms. The duke saved her life

during an unfortunate adventure in the Mountains of Myyrrhn, and, as a result, she has consequently sworn by Xiombarg to serve Avan until death claims her or he releases her from his service. The duke strikes her as a man who will work against Law without conscious thought, and she works to support him as best she can, delighting in the discomfort her presence causes most Vilmirians.

She is slim and athletic, with a dark, angular face, a shaven head and cool green eyes. She adopts masculine dress beneath her red-dyed leather armour, usually wearing loose trousers, soft shoes and long-sleeved shirts in various shades of crimson, maroon and vermilion. Her temperament is sardonic, her words sarcastic, and her patience easily tried. She is Avan's shadow, and she follows him everywhere.

CHAOS 42, BALANCE 21, LAW 12

STR 15, CON 17, SIZ 12, INT 17, POW 23, DEX 16, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (Helm Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Greatsword	99%	2d8+db
Desert Bow	77%	1d8+2+1/2db
Dagger (Demon)	85%	1d4+2+db+1d10

SPELLS: Cloak of Cran Liret (1-4), Flames Of Kakatal (4), Gift Of Grome (4), Summon Demon (1), Summon Elemental (1), Suppleness Of Xiombarg (1-3), Tread Of Cran Liret (1-4)

SKILLS: Climb 66%, Disguise 54%, Dodge 60%, Hide 53%, Listen 71%, Move Quietly 63%, Other Language (Common) 60%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 45%, Own Language (Mabden) 88%, Potions 39%, Ride 85%, Scribe 50%, Search 46%

HARRAXIS LESSER DEMON DAGGER

A finely balanced dagger (Valaxicus breed) with a leaf-shaped blade engraved with Mabden invocations to Xiombarg, and an ivory hilt, it needs to be polished daily with beeswax.

POW 14, INT 07

ABILITIES: Demon Weapon, Adds 1d10 Damage

GAOL

Although adjacent to the town barracks, Old Hrolmar's gaol is a separate structure, and is overseen by the silver-robed priests of Donblas rather than the Grey Defenders. Some rivalry exists between the secular and religious enforcers of Vilmirian law in Old Hrolmar, and although it rarely results in anything more serious than catcalling and good-natured competition, the duke is always alert for signs that more serious trouble may be brewing.

The majority of prisoners in the gaol have been convicted for secular crimes, including fraud, assault and murder. Those found guilty of

heresy are imprisoned for a short while prior to their public execution in the town square, while those convicted of treason are dispatched to the salt mines of Sheff, in the Duchy of Dolgar, where they are sentenced to life imprisonment.

Every year on Valario's Day (16th Elordan) Duke Avan releases one prisoner from the gaol to symbolise the freedom that Vil Valario brought to Vilmir. The duke himself decides this prisoner's identity, although naturally he pays heed to the public's petitions prior to making his decision.

HROLSRING

This spring of clear, fresh water bubbles up from the rocks at the foot of the fort, and flows in a swift, narrow channel down to the Hrol. It supplies most of the drinking water for Hilltown's houses, although a separate well inside the fort provides for the needs of the ducal court.

THE NEW THEATRE

Hilltown is also home to Old Hrolmar's lavish new theatre, a baroque and fanciful building with a 500-seat capacity, which has only recently been completed. Unsurprisingly, its stage has already played host to some of the best acting troupes in the Young Kingdoms, although some in the city whisper that such works are hardly suitable for performance in respectable Vilmir, and that theatre, with its focus on artifice and people pretending to be what they are not, is surely an artform that is rooted in Chaos. Popular rumour has it that the theatre is already haunted, although whether the ghost is that of one of the several workmen who died during its construction, or an older spirit disturbed by the excavation of Melnibonéan ruins while the building's foundations were lain, can only be guessed at.

THE OLD CORUNA RESIDENCE

This once-grand mansion on Spring Street stands empty and ramshackle, awaiting new owners to restore it to its former glory. Anyone buying or inspecting the house will discover a mosaic made of semi-precious stones, set into the floor of the master bedroom on the first floor, which depicts a map of the known world. Unknown to all this mosaic is the binding for a powerful

demon, whose original owner used it to see visions of distant lands and to spy upon his enemies. If the mosaic is damaged in any way (such as during renovations by a new owner) the demon will be released after several centuries of unwilling bondage.

ANGRY DEMON

In its natural form this demon (Breed Unknown) resembles a giant orange crab with eight legs ending in sharp pincers spaced unevenly around its carapace, and eight cold, unblinking eyes set between them. Leathery bat-like wings sprout from the centre of its shell allowing it to hover in the air and strike at multiple targets simultaneously.

STR 21, CON 18, SIZ 15, INT 21, POW 20, DEX 18, APP 2

HIT POINTS: 17 MOVE: Scuttle 12/Fly 9

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

ABILITIES: Carapace, 1d10 Armour; Clawx8, 60%, 1d8+1d6; Far Seer, 90%, Views Distant Locations And Shows Them To Binder For One Minute, 10 Mp Per 100 Miles Plus Another 1mp Per Additional Minute

SKILLS: climb 95%, dodge 80%, scuttle 100%, fly 100%, wave claws menacingly 100%

NEED: To Be Told A Secret Once Per Week

MAGIC POINTS TO SUMMON: 45

THE REGALARRADO ESTATE

Located on Obedience Street, the family home of the Regalarrado family is a solid, heavily fortified mansion. Surrounded by a thick, high wall topped with two rows of iron spikes it is an imposing presence on an otherwise quiet street. Guards patrol the grounds 24 hours a day, and mount watch from a squat, four-walled tower rising from the centre of the three-storey manor's tiled roof. The Regalarrado family has fought a long and bloody feud with the Timoteo clan for the past two centuries, as a result of the Regalarrados' betrayal of a Timoteo plot. Although Duke Avan has forbidden open warfare between the two families, the feud continues to drag on, sometimes with fatal results.

LADY FORSTINA REGALARRADO PILLAR OF RESPECTABILITY, AGE 61

This sour old woman long ago appointed herself the moral barometer of Old Hrolmar. Since her husband happily gave himself over to the peace of Mirath several decades ago, Lady Forstina has been the uncontested matriarch of the family. She is a close ally of Count Rodrigo Astran, and often speaks out against the excesses of Duke Avan. She is also a critic of the licentious and decadent ways of her peers, Lady Almodo and Dame Arracella, although such concerns come

second to her family's feud with the Timoteo clan. Lady Forstina's personal grudge against Sir Augustin Timoteo, who secretly wooed her in their youth before marrying another, is the secret cause of much of her hatred of the Regalarrado's traditional rivals.

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 13, LAW 49

STR 8, CON 15, SIZ 11, INT 13, POW 14, DEX 9, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	55%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 70%, Art (Embroidery) 86%, Doctrine Of Law 35%, Hold Grudge 99%, Insight 55%, Oratory 60%, Own Language (Common) 75%, Resist Flattery 85%, Scent/Taste 55%, Scribe 45%

LORD FODRIC REGALARRADO HOT-HEADED YOUNG NOBLE, AGE 21

Lady Forstina dotes upon Fodric, her favourite grandson. This young fop wants for nothing, and the best teachers in the Young Kingdoms have ensured that he wields his gold-hilted rapier with deadly proficiency. He is a pale skinned youth, sporting serious grey eyes in a handsome face that is framed by light-brown curls. When angry or excited Fodric stutters, causing him to blush furiously. Lord Fodric is a sensitive and highly-strung individual, quick to take offence at a glib comment. He is also epileptic, and prone to unexpected and unpredictable fits. Any who dare to speak of this will soon find themselves the target of his ire. More than one young Hrolmarlian noble bears a scar inflicted by Fodric's rapier to remind them that next time they would do better to hold their tongue. Despite his privileged upbringing Fodric is unhappy, although he cannot as yet articulate what it is that he senses is missing from his life.

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 11, LAW 19

STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 10, INT 18, POW 13, DEX 15, APP 16

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: Half Plate (Helm Off) 1d8

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Rapier	101%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	72%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 37%, Dodge 65%, Insight 45%, Jump 64%, Oratory 51%, Own Language 95%, Ride 80%, Scribe 51%, Swim 40%

THE TIMOTEO MANSION

A grand old home on Courage Street, and the home of the Timoteo family, led by the elderly Sir Augustin. The mansion is heavily guarded at all times, to the extent that peacocks roam the ground, their shrieks serving to warn the residents should any unexpected visitors attempt to gain entry to the property.

The Timoteo family have long been enemies of the Avan family, but since Duke Avan claimed the throne Sir Augustin has thrown his support behind the duke, much to the shock of most of Old Hrolmar's nobility. Many among Count Rodrigo Astran's supporters are trying to woo the Timoteo family back to their more traditionally conservative look, and while they have had some success with younger members of the family, their patriarch shows no signs of changing his allegiance.

Many centuries ago the then head of the family, Lord Pethron Timoteo, attempted to stage a coup against the Duke Elgere Astran. The plot, which seemed destined to succeed, was defeated when a member of the Regalarrado family, thought to be an ally of the Timoteos, betrayed their plans. Ever since a fierce and deadly feud has existed between the Timoteo and Regalarrado families, one that still rages today.

SIR AUGUSTIN TIMOTEO STUBBORN OLD NOBLEMAN, AGE 65

The greybeard Sir Augustin Timoteo is the head of one of the oldest families in Old Hrolmar. He is a staunch nationalist who believes that a revitalised Vilmir can, once again, become a major power in the Young Kingdoms if the conservative forces that doom his nation can be stopped. For this reason, although his family has never previously supported the Avans, Sir Augustin has publicly come out in favour of Duke Avan's enlightened rule.

Fiercely passionate despite his age, Sir Augustin is bitterly opposed to any attempts to end the feud between the Regalarrado clan and his family. As a rash youth he fell in love with Lady Forstina Regalarrado, and would have eloped with her had his father not got wind of the affair, and forced Augustin to marry his cousin Isahble.

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 28, LAW 43

**STR 11, CON 13, SIZ 10, INT 14, POW 14, DEX 8,
APP 11**

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Broadsword	75%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	50%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	45%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 65%, Evaluate 75%, Hold Grudge 85%, Insight 65%, Oratory 65%, Own Language (Common) 80%, Scribe 67%

LORD ESTEBAN TIMOTEO SARDONIC YOUTH, AGE 19

Lord Esteban Timoteo is Sir Augustin's grandson, and a sharp-tongued and sardonic young man who takes little interest in the affairs of his elders. He is a handsome, elegant youth, and popular with the ladies, although he

rarely returns their interest, preferring to listen to travellers' tales and the discourse of poets and philosophers rather than idle away his hours in the company of his peers. Despite pleading to be allowed to study at the University of Cadsandria, Esteban was forced to gain his education in Vilmir. He longs to travel, craves intellectual stimulation, and is not entirely happy with the direct his life seems to be heading.

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 11, LAW 19

**STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 10, INT 18, POW 13, DEX 15,
APP 16**

**HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: Half Plate (Helm
Off) 1d8**

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Rapier	101%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	72%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 71%, Dodge 55%, Insight 55%, Jump 53%, Oratory 59%, Own Language 95%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 25%, Ride 80%, Scribe 51%, Swim 40%, Young Kingdoms 41%

INDUSTRIAL QUARTER

This is the poorest and most desperate district of Old Hrolmar, and extends from the edge of the sandstone escarpment by the Hrol Falls to the northern and eastern city walls. Here are clustered the drab terraces which form the homes and hovels of the city's working poor, as well as their struggling businesses and the factories, foundries and mills in which they labour. The recent spread of mechanisation throughout the district has put many men out of work, although in some cases their jobs have been filled by women and children who are considerably cheaper to employ. Poverty is increasingly endemic in the Industrial Quarter, while a new disease, called 'the Black Lung', has begun to claim the lives of both young and old.

Life in the Industrial Quarter is difficult, and it is not uncommon to see children maimed by the machinery they once tended behind high factory walls, begging in the narrow streets. Overhead, tall chimneys belch smoke and soot into the air. The air of the Industrial Quarter is thick with grit that catches in the throat and brings tears to the eyes. In the months of Elordan and Sigmursan the prevailing northern winds blow fumes from the Industrial Quarter across the city, at which time many of the nobility retreat to their summer estates outside the city walls.

Only the main streets are paved throughout the quarter, and after rain the dusty side-streets turn to a morass of sticky mud. Open drains run down the middle of every street down to the river, as the Industrial Quarter is unsewered. Effluent from the tanneries, butchers and dye-works joins domestic waste in the Hrol. Without such amenities as garbage collection, rubbish lies in the streets where it is tossed, providing rich pickings for the many pigs and chickens owned by most local families, which are turned out into the streets to forage each day. Their droppings further add to the stench which plagues the quarter.

An increasing percentage of the Industrial Quarter's residents are foreign-born, which is causing some unrest in this part of the city. Immigrants who have fled the Foreign Quarter's depravity and squalor have settled here in increasing numbers, where some among the older residents accuse them of taking jobs which should rightfully be filled by Hrolmarians. Others (who associate all foreigners with the crime of the Foreign Quarter) accuse the newcomers of having poor hygiene, low morals and intrinsically criminal natures.

Despite the conditions under which most residents live, the folk of the Foreign Quarter have a certain stubborn pride in their position and can be generous to a fault, especially in times of misfortune. It is a point of honour among several of the district's families that they have children in the priesthood or in the ranks of the Grey Defenders, a tradition that has been passed down through the generations. The social heart of the Industrial Quarter is its many taverns, which serve cheap wines and strong ales, deadening the senses of its desperate inhabitants.

Two main types of houses exist in the Foreign Quarter: individual cottages and rows of terraces. Unlike buildings elsewhere in the city, most homes in the Foreign Quarter are constructed of cheap bricks instead of sandstone.

A typical cottage is a single storey, two-room building, standing detached and separate from its neighbours. Found in the poorest residences of the Industrial Quarter, these dwellings typically have broken shutters, unsafe brick walls, and slate-tiled roofs that leak in even the lightest rain. It is not uncommon for a family of ten to live together in such a dwelling, along

with their goat, a pig and a small flock of chickens, all of which are turned out into the streets to forage by day.

Terrace houses appear slightly less depressing. These single storied, four-room houses are built in rows, and create streets of identical buildings, which, to strangers, can become quite confusing. With front doors opening directly onto the street, most sport a small garden at the rear. The floors are made of lose-fitting wooden boards, which in more desperate times might be ripped up and burned as firewood. Small shuttered windows at the front and rear of the house admit little light, and as a result these homes are cold and dark in winter and hot and dark in summer. It is not uncommon for the rear yards to be home to a chicken coop, goat or pig.

THE BUILDER'S ARMS

A cheap, homely inn that offers space in the common room for 4 bronze coins a night, a dormitory bed for 10 bronzes, and one of the two private rooms for 46 bronzes a night. These latter rooms are usually unoccupied, as most visitors who can afford a private room prefer to stay in a better class of inn. The Builder's Arms' has a reputation for being haunted, a matter of common knowledge in the Industrial Quarter that also discourages overnight visitors.

In truth the spectral figures occasionally glimpsed by the inn's residents and customers are hypernatural rather than supernatural. The building stands at a weak point between the spheres. At certain times of the year, when those planes closest to the Young Kingdoms are in the correct alignment, glimpses of these other worlds and their inhabitants can be seen, thus giving rise to the ghost stories. Ironically the residents of these neighbouring planes believe that the folk of Old Hrolmar, who they sometimes glimpse flickering in and out of sight, are, in turn, also ghosts.

A wealthy merchant owns the Builders' Arms, and he places a considerable burden on the publican, Ricardo Malcon, to meet monthly financial targets. At present, with the demands of the owner outweighing income, Ricardo fears that he and the staff he employs will soon be out of work.

CHURCH OF VALLYN

The church of Vallyn is a soot-encrusted brick hall bearing all the standard features of Vilmirian architecture. Identifiable by the square belltower that rises above its roof above the front door, it is home to the elderly, purple-robed priest, Father Xavier Arrago. Arrago, whose reputation is wide reaching, emphasises the White Lords' plans for each and every soul in his sermons, and urges his parishioners to know their place and serve their part in the social order.

CORUNA SLAUGHTERHOUSE

This low brick building is just one of many businesses pouring waste and effluent into the Hrol River throughout the Industrial Quarter. Animals sold in New Hrolmar are butchered here, with wholesalers purchasing the resulting cuts of meat for their butchers' shops and stalls. The constant bellowing of terrified cattle and other beasts is terrible to hear, and in summer the stink is overwhelming. The slaughterhouse is owned by the florid and muscular Guillen Coruna, the head of the Slaughtermen's Guild, and managed by his bad-tempered brother-in-law Diego Malcon.

THE ESCARPMENT

At its greatest height the sandstone cliff, which delineates the southern border of the Industrial Quarter, is only 20 feet high. The Hrol River plunges over the cliff here into a turbulent and polluted pool, before flowing downstream through the heart of the city to the sea. Local children dare each other to climb the rock face, sometimes with tragic results, while in summer small scuttling lizards bask on the exposed stone and feed upon the insects attracted by the occasional hardy plant whose roots have found purchase in the cliff face.

FESTIVAL HALL

This rundown building hosts regular wrestling matches for the entertainment of vocal crowds. The ringmaster and owner is the ambitious and sleazy Jorivol Ramirez, a florid, loud-voiced and heavy-set Vilmirian aged in his late 40's. Standing room entry costs 1 bronze, and gains access to the crowded first floor (which is regularly worked by pickpockets), while 2

bronzes gains access to the second floor, providing a seated view of the central ring.

Adventurers may be content just to watch a match, or, if they wish, look to take part in a wrestling match themselves. Every night, as a break during the scheduled proceedings, a challenger from the crowd risks limb and pride against the house champion for a prize of 50 bronzes. Jorivol recently banned local boy Lucan Frenaro (see the entry on the Martinez Foundry below for more details on Lucan) from entering again, as he has won the prize too many times.

TAKI KANUTA

EXILED PIKARAYDIAN AND WRESTLING CHAMPION, AGE 30

This hulking, powerfully built warrior is exiled from his own land as a result of a complex internecine feud. His rippling musculature and broad face are inked with complex tribal tattoos, while his thick black hair is cropped short. When wrestling Taki is a terrifying sight, his skin greased with pig fat, his eyes bulging, and his face contorted as he roars obscenities at his challengers. Outside of the ring he drinks heavily and broods over his past.

CHAOS 22, BALANCE 19, LAW 11

STR 18, CON 16, SIZ 17, INT 12, POW 14, DEX 15, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 17 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Greatsword	88%	2d8+db
Wrestle	110%	special
Brawl	115%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Nightmares 105%, Wake Screaming 90%, Young Kingdoms 44%

THE HAWK AND SERPENT

The Hawk and Serpent tavern offers fresh, simple fare and cheap wines and ales. It does not officially provide accommodation, although the owner will allow travellers to sleep on the taproom floor for 4 bronze coins a night. (Of course, upon awakening, most visitors discover that their purses have been stolen.)

A local gang, the Church Street Boys, loiters at this tavern when they are not out causing trouble. The majority of the gang are idle young men content with the occasional fistfight and a night spent carousing. However their leader, the innkeeper's good-for-nothing brother who has recently returned from a stretch in the prison hulks in Uhaio harbour, is of a more dangerous frame of mind. Under his guidance the gang

have developed a serious dislike of foreigners, and woe beside anyone with a strange accent who wanders into the bar of the Hawk and Serpent when the Church Street Boys are drinking here.

ARNAO BELZADINE INNKEEPER & FENCE, AGE 41

The landlord of the Hawk and Serpent runs a highly profitable secondary business in the sale of stolen goods. He originally encouraged the Church Street Boys to drink here under the assumption that they would provide him with protection from anyone trying to muscle in on his turf, but lately he has begun trying to determine how he can make a profit from their new campaign of intimidating and bashing foreigners. Elsa, his swallow-faced wife, assists Arnao in running the inn, spending most of the time avoiding her husband's cruel temper.

CHAOS 31, BALANCE 09, LAW 15

STR 13, CON 15, SIZ 13, INT 12, POW 10, DEX 13,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Large Club	75%	1d8+1+db
Butcher Knife	70%	1d6+db
Burning Torch	65%	1d6 (flame)

SKILLS: Bargain 85%, Conceal Object 90%, Evaluate 80%, Fast Talk 65%, Insight 55%, Line Own Pockets 85%, Listen 70%, Young Kingdoms 38%

PATRO BELZADRINE LEADER OF THE CHURCH STREET BOYS, AGE 23

Arnao's shiftless younger brother was imprisoned in Uhaio last year after a drunken assault on an officer of the Vilmirian navy. He returned from his six-month spell on the prison hulks a changed man: violent and full of hate. He refuses to say what happened to him while he was imprisoned, and he almost killed the last man who tried to discuss it. Since his return, Patro has manifested a venomous loathing for anyone who is not from Old Hrolmar, and when drunk, can be heard bitterly denouncing the 'mongrel hordes whose presence is encouraged by our duke's lax rule'. Under his renewed leadership, the Church Street Boys have begun to bully foreigners in the Industrial Quarter, and within a few months, their campaign will begin to attract new converts as unemployment spreads (see the HROLMARIAN DIGEST for statistics for the rank and file members of the Church Street Boys).

CHAOS 25, BALANCE 17, LAW 21

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 16, INT 11, POW 13, DEX 16,
APP 13 HP 15

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (Helm
Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	80%	1d3+db
Shortsword	75%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	70%	1d4+1+db

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Conceal Object 70%, Disguise 45%, Dodge 60%, Hide 56%, Hate Foreigners 95%, Insight 75%, Oratory 80%

THE HOUSE OF PEACE

White-robed priests of Mirath serve in this hospice, tending to the sick, of which there are many. In recent years a mysterious ailment has begun to trouble the poor of the Industrial Quarter, with new victims claimed every year. The onset of the disease, now called 'the Black Lung', is initially signified by a shortness of breath, a symptom that soon leads to fits and the sick coughing of a black, choking phlegm. Victims face a slow death as eventually their lungs fill up with the black muck, and they suffocate. The most horrifying aspect of Black Lung is that it can take weeks, or even months, of misery before Mirath claims them.

MARTINEZ FOUNDRY

Owned by the merchant Pedro Martinez, this local business manufactures copper and cast iron for the city's tradesmen. It is an inferno of clanging hammers and glowing coals, flying sparks, heat and noise.

LUCAN FRENARO WRESTLER & FOUNDRY-WORKER, AGE 21

This powerfully built but sweet-natured young man is fast developing a reputation as the strongest man in Old Hrolmar, especially after he single-handedly lifted a collapsed wagon off a pinned carter a month ago. This situation, however, brings him more grief than joy, as drunken bullies have begun to seek him out. Lucan has a shy grin and square, handsome features fringed by a soft beard. More than one young lady has already lost their heart to him, although he is socially awkward where the opposite sex is concerned.

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 17, LAW 21

STR 19, CON 18, SIZ 19, INT 13, POW 12, DEX 16,
APP 14 HP 19

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	80%	1d3+db
Wrestle	120%	special
Sledgehammer	75%	1d8+2+db

SKILLS: Blush at Compliment 90%, Craft (Metalworking) 65%, Dodge 50%, Evaluate 30%, Insight 50%, Throw 65%

PERUCHO BRICKWORKS

This extensive building on By-The-Wall-Street is where many of the bricks used in construction in

Old Hrolmar's buildings are shaped and baked. Remero Perucho is the owner, a beefy man with an ample stomach and stupendously bushy eyebrows, which, like his beard and hair, are always flecked with dust and plaster. An enormous bee hive-shaped downdraft kiln stands at the heart of the brickworks, and a 50-foot high chimney belches out smoke and grit over the city.

SWEETWATER WELL

Given the polluted nature of the Hrol, which is barely drinkable once it enters the city walls, many within the district take their water from this westside well. It is a centre for local gossip, with housewives and children swapping tales and news as they wait their turn to fill buckets and pitchers.

VADRIGAL COTTON MILL

This three-storey cotton mill stands on the banks of the Hrol immediately above the falls. Owned by the family of Vilmiro's Duke Nogion, the mill is typical of many of the factories in the district. Having recently had a new system of mechanised looms installed, it has forced many local weavers out of work. Count Zamoro Vadrigal, the owner's son, moved to Old Hrolmar last year to supervise the installation of the new technology and oversee an increase in productivity. His office is located on the mill's top floor.

The new, water driven mechanised looms are run by a complicated system of gears and pulleys. The rumble and creak of the slowly turning mill wheel powering the machines never stop. Other mills in the area grind corn or run mechanised bellows to heat their furnaces through similar technology.

VILCHEZ TANNERY

Standing on the western shore of the Hrol, within earshot of the falls, is a noisome tannery owned by Vil Vilchez, a grim and religious man who habitually dresses in dark and severe clothing. This is one of several tanneries in the district that, together with the nearby dyeworks and slaughterhouses, contribute to the noxious atmosphere of the Industrial Quarter.

THE WEALTH OF GOLDAR

This tavern has recently been taken over by a displaced family of refugees, once-wealthy farmers from the neighbouring duchy of Rignariom who were driven off their lands by the ever-expanding Dinner-of-Dust, a large desert, which grows larger every summer (see *The Atlas of the Young Kingdoms Volume One: The Northern Continent* for more details). Santiago Regardus and his family are attempting to turn the tavern's fortunes around, although their efforts are hindered by harassment from the ruffians who drink at the nearby Hawk and Serpent Tavern (see the Hawk and Serpent above for more details). At present the gang members content themselves with verbal threats and the occasional bar brawl, but in the coming months their harassment will escalate as popular sentiment turns against the district's latest arrivals.

MERCHANTS' QUARTER

Old Hrolmar's mercantile district extends from the South Gate into the very heart of the city. At its northern end stands the glittering glass Pyramid of Law, rising from among the tree-lined avenues, the carefully tended turf and the reflective pools of Serenity Park. Adjacent to the park, beside the river, construction work is presently underway upon the new Zoological Gardens, whose exhibits will eventually include many of the wonders of the natural world.

The majority of the businesses in the Merchant's Quarter are clustered together by trade, in locations that include Threadneedle Street (dominated by tailors and dressmakers), Bakers' Street, and Scribe Street. The busiest thoroughfare is Setsquare Street, given over to architects and masons, where columns and cornices, balconies and finials adorn once blandly uniform buildings. Colourful canvas awnings overhang the district's streets, shading the multitude of goods on sale and the bustling crowds.

Astrology, alchemy, philosophy and physik are among the more arcane trades practised in the Merchants' Quarter, while the Young Kingdom's oldest art is practiced in Rose Street, where most 'tastes' are catered for. Even Duke Avan is an occasional discrete visitor to Cleveland House in Rose Street.

Several private galleries are found in the mercantile district, catering to the increasingly daring tastes of the nobility, and representing some of the many exciting young artists who have flocked to Old Hrolmar in recent years.

Prices vary throughout the Merchant's Quarter, but vendors who over-inflate their costs rarely last long, such is the level of competition in the city.

On Valario Street, the main street running from the Harbour Gate to the Pyramid of Law, stands the grand bazaar, which occupies all three storeys of an old sandstone building, as well as its cellars. Here, the halls echo with the cries of vendors competing with one another to offer the best bargains on both local produce and goods from across the Young Kingdoms. A labour market can be found on the first floor, where hopeful men and women apply for employment ranging from bodyguard to scullery-maid, and lady-in-waiting to alchemist's assistant.

Off the main streets lie the residences of the town's merchants and tradesmen, and also Old Hrolmar's grand guildhouse, a veritable palace of the workers, which takes up almost an entire city block. The districts less successful businesses are clustered in the northwest corner of the quarter, forced to do business on the fringes of the Shadow City.

BAKER STREET

Redolent with the scents of fresh bread and other baked goods, Baker Street is home to many local bakeries, each fiercely competing with their neighbours. As well as selling such staples as bread and savoury pastries, a number of businesses in Baker Street have begun to diversify their wares to suit the tastes of the city's many recent immigrants.

- *Ida's Pie Shop* - Run by the rosy-cheeked Ida Timotea, a widow with five hungry children to support, this popular business sells a range of freshly baked pies, including apple, peppered fish, and meat pies. There is no truth in the rumour, spread by a jealous competitor, that Ida puts dog meat in her pies.
- *Dassom's Baked Goods* - The perennially flour-covered Berto Dassom and his rosy-cheeked wife run this bakery. They are

among the earliest risers in the city, and more than once they have witnessed events that they shudder to recall. Members of the Grey Defenders drop by Berto's shop periodically to ask if the couple has seen this or that suspect about on the streets at an hour when most honest people are still in their beds, rewarding the Dassoms with a handful of coins for any information they can provide.

BATHHOUSE

The bathhouse offers clean bathing facilities and dry towels for the price of 2 bronze coins per visit. There are hot and cold baths on offer, as well as a steam room where tired adventures may ease their bruises and aching muscles. In addition, talented slaves are on call to provide therapeutic massages for another bronze coin. The bathhouse is one of the few places in Old Hrolmar where citizens can rub shoulders regardless of social rank.

Out of sight, in the cavernous cellars beneath the building, great furnaces heat the water for the hot baths while vents pipe the steam to the steam room. One of the staff, the elderly but spry Agostion Corunna, is a member of the cult of Slortar, and on more than one occasion has disposed of a body in these furnaces at the request of his fellow cultists. (See PLOTS AND POWERS for more details about the activities of the Cult of Slortar.)

BROKEN-BONE STREET

This street gains its name from the number of barbers, tooth-pullers, bonesetters, herbalists, physicians and quacks who ply their trades here. It is not a popular location amongst the city's citizens, but one that is still well-attended.

JOZEL OF CADSANDRIA HEALER, AGED 50

This elderly woman was trained in the healing arts at the University of Cadsandria, and has attracted a large and loyal following since setting up shop in Old Hrolmar. She is a worshipper of Maluk of Chaos, a god of knowledge, although since coming to Vilmir four years ago she has been at pains to keep this allegiance hidden. Jozel has recently discovered a rare herb, native to the Weeping Waste, that is remarkably efficacious in curing diseases of the lungs.

Unsurprisingly, with the outbreak of Black Lung in the Industrial Quarter, the herb is in high demand (especially as Jozel has tried to ensure that the curative is affordable to all who need it) and now her supplies of the dried

herb are running low. Perhaps the adventures are the brave fellows she seeks to travel to the Weeping Waste to gather a fresh supply for her?

NOTABLE SKILLS: Botany 80%, Physik 105%, Young Kingdoms 56%

ALVARO DORIGAS

QUACK, AGE 53

This self-proclaimed Doctor of Physik has no qualifications, and has learned most of his skills through trial and error. From his small practise he watches his neighbour Jozel's thriving business with jealous eyes. Alvaro knows that the worship of Chaos is common in Argimiliar, and hopes to be able to accuse Jozel of heresy in order to eliminate her as competition. To date he has had no success beyond spreading gossip, but Alvaro soon hopes to be able to hire a thief to break into his neighbour's house and unearth evidence of Jozel's heinous Chaos-worship. He will not hesitate to hire the adventurers if he thinks they are capable of assisting him.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Jealousy 100%, Physik 45%

BUILDING SITE

This corner block is a wasteland of churned mud, scaffolding, flapping canvas and heaped bricks. The building that was to be erected here has been abandoned and the labourers have been laid off following the owner's recent death. Local gossips may mention that the site has lain empty for as long as they can remember, and that any construction that does get under way here always ends in disarray. Whether this is because of bad luck or is perhaps due to some sleeping supernatural force entombed below is for the Gamemaster to explore.

COLLEGIUM

This baroque building is still under construction, but when it is finished its domed roof will echo with the wisdom of the ages. A personal project of the duke, the collegium is intended to rival the University of Cadsandria as a seat for learning. Once open it will offer classes in mathematics, music, oratory, rhetoric, astronomy and similar subjects, with tutors drawn from the four corners of the Young Kingdoms. It is still almost a year away from completion, and after the duke's death it will be closed, only to open a short time later as a religious school instructing young acolytes in the strictures and liturgies of the Church of Law.

HOSET THE YOUNGER PHILOSOPHER, AGE 60

This grey-bearded Argimilian was previously a faculty member of the University of Cadsandria, but resigned

that post after Duke Avan invited him to take up the position of Dean at Old Hrolmar's Collegium. Hoset has lived in the city for almost a year now, dwelling in a cluttered set of rooms on the fourth floor of a well-kept Scribe Street house, where he gives private lessons, drafts curricula, and corresponds with some of the best minds in the Young Kingdoms. He dreams of founding a house of learning where wisdom is held in greater esteem than birthright, and logic and erudition are valued more than gold. His wit and wisdom are held in high repute, and he regularly advises the duke on matters of state.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Million Spheres 09%, Natural World 55%, Oratory 95%, Young Kingdoms 72%

FUTURE-MADE-PLAIN STREET

Astrologers, soothsayers, fakes and fortunetellers ply their trades in Future-Made-Plain Street, providing every possible forecast of a person's fate, from a simple palm reading to an intricately detailed horoscope. Their crafts are tolerated in some quarters, patronised by some, and look upon with dread by others. The Church of Law regards all of them suspiciously.

MADAME JEMMA MONFERRIZ SERVANT OF THE BALANCE, AGE INDETERMINATE

This wizened old lady is a devoted servant of the Cosmic Balance, a rare enough trait in anyone let alone a Vilmirian. Having travelled widely in her youth, Jemma stumbled across Tanelorn and lived there peacefully for many years, until the man she loved was killed in a battle to repel the forces of Chaos during one of their periodic strikes against the city. Thereafter she departed the Eternal City and returned to Vilmir. Now she waits for other potential champions of the Balance to visit her, and while telling their fortunes, offers clues and portents to nudge them towards their true fate.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Detect Balance 105%, Foretell Future 95%

LADY YOLANDA KARADAN ASTROLOGER, AGE 39

This haughty Jharkorian astrologer holds considerable influence in Old Hrolmar, as her regular clients include various young nobles and the wives, mistresses and catamites of several leading merchants and guildsmen. Her predictions are given great weight, and so she shapes the lives of many, as well as being a confidante in whom her clients can entrust their fears and cares. Lady Yolanda is manipulative, shrewd and confident in the accuracy of her predictions; given the nature of her fees, she is also extremely comfortable. She wears her waist-length hair unbound and scented with rich oils, although her vanity demands regular applications of black dye to cover up the streaks of grey which age has threaded through her locks. Yolanda dresses in gowns of rustling silk, and while her features are too strong to be called beautiful, she is a handsome woman.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Astrology 89%, Insight 88%

GRAND BAZAAR

Old Hrolmar's Grand Bazaar is a temple to mercantile endeavour. More than 100 merchants operate out of the building. It is a lofty, three-storey sandstone warehouse occupying an entire city block. On each side of the building, a short flight of steps leads from the street up to a portico lined with squat pillars and high arches, from which great double doors open into the bazaar proper. "I'll meet you under the arches" is a common Hrolmarlian expression, and refers to the popular meeting place at the Grand Bazaar, on the top of the steps beneath the arches of the portico. Friends, lovers, merchants and just about anyone else can be seen lounging here at all hours of the day, scanning the streets for the faces of their friends who they have arranged to meet here.

The first floor of the bazaar is given over to fresh produce, including grains, meats and greens. Other stalls sell cages of pigeons, nervous hens and live rabbits. While some fishmongers operate out of the first floor of the bazaar, most are to be found at the larger fish markets in nearby Quayside. Those wishing to buy larger animals for food or farming are best advised to seek out New Hrolmar's busy stockyards.

The building's second floor is occupied predominantly by sellers of fabric, bed linen and clothing, while the third floor is given over to stalls selling trinkets, antiques, and other oddments ranging from thimbles and thread to kitchenware. Even the basement is used for trading: here are stored kegs of wine, piles of coal, sacks of potatoes and similar goods.

MADAM GALENA REGALARRDO ANTIQUE DEALER, AGE INDETERMINATE

Madam Regalarrdo is an elderly-seeming woman of indeterminate age, with wise eyes and smooth skin framed by snow-white hair (although in truth she is aged in her early 30's, and dyes her hair so as to appear older and more mysterious). Her stall, located on the third floor of the bazaar, specialises in antiquities, especially scrolls and manuscripts. She is not choosy about her clientele, at least one of whom is a necromancer, and, although she charges a high price for her services, with her range of contacts she is able to source almost any manuscript ever written or printed in the Young Kingdoms. The shelves and tables in her shop are crowded with candlesticks, fine earthenware, objects d'art and other old and rare goods aimed at the discerning buyer. Madam Galena gives Duke Avan first rights to purchase any item of Melnibonéan origin that comes into her hands, as his passion for the Dragon Isle's arts are well known to her.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Bargain 93%, History 76%

TITO CORUNNA APOTHECARY, AGE 34

Tito Corunna is a tall, gaunt gentleman whose reputation for servility is well known in the bazaar. He bows so deeply when greeting customers that he appears almost boneless. His voice is thin, his eyes deep-set and feverish, and his conversation rapid. He is also extremely paranoid. As well as being an excellent apothecary and practitioner of the arts physik, Tito is also an adept poisoner, although his excellence in this trade is not widely known. Women who need to rid themselves of brutal and drunken husbands are known to whisper of his reputation, while the local branch of the Mereghn (the Ilmioran assassins' guild) also employ his services. If the adventurers spend too much time in the vicinity of his first floor stall Tito may grow suspicious of their motives and flee. Alternatively he may seek to offer them a glass of wine laced with a slow-acting poison, which will not take effect for several days, or even weeks, in order to remove any possible threat the adventurers' pose to his livelihood.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Natural World 47%, Physik 86%, Potions 81%

BELTRAN HEREBRA FISHMONGER, AGE 40

A short, rotund and ridiculously cheerful fishmonger operating out of the first floor of the bazaar, Beltran Herebra is always one of the first merchants to make their way to the Quayside markets in the morning. Consequently his wares are always fresh and of the finest quality. Although his prices are slightly higher than those of his Quayside peers, his produce has the advantage of being already gutted, scaled and filleted for the convenience of his customers. Beltran's stall is easily located by his constant spruiking and through the sound of endlessly sharpening knives. His flashing blades dance before visitors and clients, sending scales sparkling and fish heads leaping to the sawdust covered floor. Last week Beltran cut open a shark to discover the heavily tattooed arm of a missing criminal in its guts; who knows what he will find while the adventurers are passing by?

NOTABLE SKILLS: Craft (Rope) 64%, Listen 68%, Sailing 72%

LEMILLIA REMATI HERBALIST, AGE 28

Dark-haired, dark eyed Lemillia Remati is the oldest daughter of an Ilmioran merchant, fathered upon a woman of the Weeping Waste. Although raised in Ilmiora, her mother has instructed her well, which has resulted in Lemillia developing into an extremely successful healer. Her stall is festooned with dried herbs and roots of all descriptions, from which she can brew up a potion or a poultice for almost any occasion. Of late Lemillia has been approached more than once by Old Hrolmar's smugglers to sell their illegal wares in her shop, but so far has declined their offers. Unfortunately, their threats grow progressively severe and she is unsure how much longer she can hold out.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Natural World 94%, Physik 63%, Potions 93%

THE LABOUR MARKET

Located on the bustling first floor, towards the rear of the bazaar, this office advertises an array of jobs available for visitors and residents of Old Hrolmar alike every day. Everything from maid to mercenary, caravan guard to nanny are advertised here, although given that most folk cannot read, a small number of criers are employed to spruik the jobs on offer three times a day. Adventurers seeking employment in Old Hrolmar will be advised to visit here before looking anywhere else, unless they are seeking employment of a less legal nature.

GUILDHOUSE

This baroque and fanciful building, with its grand central dome, many-pillared facade, balustrades and cornices, is home to most of Old Hrolmar's guilds, even though it is only half-complete and still swathed in scaffolding.. Membership of a guild is only open to those who practise a craft or trade: merchants are forced to join their own, separate association, and significant rivalry exists between the two (see PLOTS AND POWERS for details). The various craft guilds regulate the quality, working hours and conditions of its members. Their power is absolute, enforced by cudgel-wielding labourers, and no tradesman who flouts their authority lasts long in the city.

There are three ranks within the guild system: masters (who own their own businesses), journeymen (one or more of who serve under a master until such time as they maybe deemed skilful enough to become masters themselves) and apprentices (who are indentured to a master for a period of three to seven years, often sleeping under their master's roof until they are raised to journeyman status).

The constant feuding between various guilds is played out in the Guildhouse, during interminable meetings that last late into the night. Artisans and tradespersons who are newcomers to Old Hrolmar are expected to register themselves here, and pay an annual membership of 5 bronze coins to their relevant guild, before accepting any work (although there are numerous employers in the city willing to turn an eye to non-guild labour, while certain of the guilds are indisposed to accept foreign labour least it endangers their local members' business).

Under Duke Avan's rule the guildmasters have become extremely wealthy and influential, although they have found most of the city's nobility have closed ranks against them, restricting their access to certain social circles.

Currently the most influential guilds are the stonecutters, masons, architects and surveyors guilds, although other guilds (including the weavers, furriers, and bricklayers) have more members and can be heard complaining over glasses of wine in the nearby taverns about the inequities of the labour market and the fickle nature of public recognition for their work.

THE HOUSE ON ARMOURY ROW

Among the many armourers whose businesses give this street its name stands this empty house. Until recently it was the home of Luis Fornova, one of the best shield-makers in the city. After his wife ran away with a tinker last year, Luis put the house on the market, and moved a few blocks away, to a grander house on Valario Street. He is now in the process of arranging, through the Church of Law, to have his wife divorced for abandonment, and plans to marry his old neighbour's eldest daughter, Aliza, once the divorce is approved.

The house's new owner is the miserly tailor Calvin Zagosa, who has put the fully-furnished house up for rent at a surprisingly cheap 70 bronze/week. Zagosa is forced to offer the house so cheaply due to the fact that all the previous occupants have moved out after only a few short weeks of moving in, due to the building being haunted

The truth of the matter is that Luis Fornova was conducting an illicit affair with Aliza Mulay, and last year murdered his wife Isahble so that he would be free to remarry. Isahble's body is currently buried beneath the kitchen floor and it is her spirit that haunts the premises.

If the adventurers move into the house on Armoury Row they will soon discover that rumours of it being haunted have not been exaggerated. Doors refuse to stay closed, or close by themselves if left open. Shutters bang on still days, cold breezes spring up from nowhere, and at night the sound of weeping can be heard emanating from the empty kitchen.

ISAHBLE FORNOVA GHOST, APPARENT AGE 26

Should events lead the adventurers to discover Isahble's corpse where it rots beneath the kitchen's slate floor, it will not take long before the body's lustrous red hair helps identify it as that of Fornova's missing wife - the caved-in skull is a clear indication of the cause of death.. Once the body has been properly buried, and Luis Fornova has been arrested for murder, the ghost will be able to rest.

POW 11, DEX 10, MOV 8 (DRIFT), HP N/A

ARMOUR: Cannot Be Touched

ABILITIES: Telekinesis 80% (1 MP per siz of the object moved)

SKILLS: Create Unearthly Chill 85%, Lust For Vengeance 100%, Moan Despairingly 100%

THE KING'S HEAD INN

Located on Market Street near the Grand Bazaar, the King's Head is reputedly the best commercial establishment in Old Hrolmar. The arrogant owner, Nogion Savastion, charges 20 bronze coins per night for a dormitory bed, and 50 for a private room. Only the best wines and foods are served here, and the chef, originally from the duchy of Rignariom, is Filkharian-trained. The foppish young Earl Eduardo Astran and his cronies drink here regularly.

LANTERN STREET

This narrow street predominantly houses candle-makers and merchants who specialise in selling lantern oil and related goods. It is also home to a fugitive from the Ilmioran city-state of Galeazzo, whose presence is a closely guarded secret.

KARLO FORLI GLASSBLOWER, AGE 36

Karlo Forli is a thin, frightened man of rare skill and talent. One of Galeazzo's best glassblowers, he wearied of being kept under virtual house arrest in his own city-state, and engineered his escape just over a year ago. Sadly, Ilmiora's Senator Tintoreo and the Galeazzean Glassblowers' guild are intent on recovering what they see as their rightful property: the traditional skills that Forli possesses.

Having fled the city-state in order to be able to freely practise his craft, Forli is now too frightened to do so, in case it alerts those who pursue him. Never able to settle down for long, the harried Ilmioran is currently working as a wick-spinner in a small Lantern Street business and constantly looking over his shoulder.

If the Galeazzean bounty hunters who have been hired to track him down ever discover him, Forli will be forcibly abducted and returned to his home in chains.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Craft (Glassblowing) 111%

MERCHANT'S ASSOCIATION

The headquarters of the merchants' association (who regulate prices, quality, weights and measures of all goods in Old Hrolmar, in addition to their member's business practices) on Valario Street is partially shrouded by scaffolding as it is currently being renovated. The merchants' association includes importers, grocers and other market-sellers, and while they are not yet as powerful as the guilds, their influence increases steadily in correspondence with their fortunes.

The city's most successful merchants are already as rich as minor nobles, although, again like their guild 'cousins', Vilmir's rigid class structure has thus far mostly prevented them from ascending through the city's social strata. There is a significant and bitter feud between the merchant's association and the trade guilds, with the two organisations constantly jockeying for position and influence in the city. United, they would be a considerable political force.

ROSE STREET

The majority of businesses along this narrow side street are devoted to the world's oldest profession, prostitution. Brothels catering to most acceptable tastes, and even those that are not, can be found here. They range from the good to the elegant (poorer purses are catered for in the fleshpots of the Foreign Quarter and New Hrolmar), and include The Cock House (whose street sign depicts a crowing rooster), The Arbor, the popular The Sailor's Rest, and the little-known Cleveland House (a brothel for men who prefer masculine company, located in a narrow laneway off Rose Street proper).

MISTRESS FELISSA FORTUNATA MADAM, AGE 51

Mistress Felissa is the most successful madam in Rose Street. She operates three large brothels, including The Sailor's Rest, although although the law forbids her from owning them outright. Beneath her ample bosom and welcoming smile beats the cold heart of a ruthless businesswoman, as long ago Felissa realised that the only power open to a woman in Vilmir comes through men. To this end she has ensured that she takes notes on every man of wealth and influence who walks through the door of her establishments, while her girls are trained to remember their pillow talk and report anything of import back to her. In this way she has gained influence over a number of the city's most influential men, all of whom have been forced to acquiesce to her demands, least she expose their secrets and ruin them.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Art (Seduction) 78%, Evaluate 94%, Insight 85%, Listen 91%, Move Quietly 80%

SCRIBE STREET

This short street is lined with stalls and businesses selling the ingredients for ink, quills, blank parchments as well as the expertise and skills of the many scribes who work and reside here. Its residents also include the influential Argimilarian philosopher Hoset the Younger and several minor poets. The city's illiterate come to Scribe Street when they need letters dictated or advice on the writing of leases, wills and other legal documents. In recent years Old Hrolmar's scribes have a new and vigorous feud with the residents of Printers' Street, who they claim are unfairly poaching their business.

GARLON ARRADO SCRIBE, AGE 42

A pleasantly spoken, shaven-headed gentleman, Garlon charges a standard price for his services: 5 bronzes per page of text he is employed to write, and 3 bronzes to read a letter or other document aloud. Some of his customers dictate their letters to him; others hire him to make copies of existing documents. He is renowned for his discretion as much for his elegant calligraphy.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Keep Secrets 90%, Own Language 95%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 27%, Scribe 102%, Young Kingdoms 55%

ASTIK OF NARGESSER PAN TANGIAN SPY, AGE 36

This swarthy, bearded fellow passes himself off as a Dharjorian scribe and an expert in Vilmirian common law. While he does indeed possess such skills, he has studied them in order to better serve his secret master, the Theocrat of Pan Tang. Astik is the illegitimate son of a Pan Tangian sorcerer, fathered upon a minor Dharjorian noblewoman. He has served as the eyes and ears of the Demon Isle in Jadmar for many years, and six months ago he journeyed to Old Hrolmar in order to determine if the city is ripe for exploitation by Pan Tang and its Theocrat. To date Astik has been content to gather information about the city and its people, with his role as a scribe providing him with the perfect cover for asking endless questions, but it will not be long before he moves to disrupt and unsettle the city's daily life.

Astik lives above his shop in Scribe Street. Among his possessions is a Mabden grimoire given to him by his father, while a small, portable shrine to Maluk (the Silent Watcher, a Duke of Entropy whose worship is little known outside Pan Tang) is hidden away beneath his bed.

CHAOS 51, BALANCE 12, LAW 19

STR 13, CON 10, SIZ 9, INT 15, POW 17, DEX 14, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOUR: Heavy Robes 1D3-1

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Falchion (Demon)	80%	1d6+2+db+3d10
Dagger	70%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Buzzard Eyes (1), Hell's Armour (1-4), Midnight (1), Rat Vision (1), Summon Demon (1), Undo Magic (1-4), Visage of Arioeh (1-3), Witch Sight (3)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: Two Bound Demons, Breeds Bal'boost and Federax

SKILLS: Bargain 70%, Disguise 55%, Dodge 50%, Insight 40%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 60%, Other Language (Mabden) 65%, Scribe 85%, Young Kingdoms 45%

KALAZAN DEMON FALCHION

This scimitar (Breed Bal'boost) appears as a glittering blade of blue-black crystal with a gleaming blade. Its hilt is carved of obsidian bound with crimson leather. A Chaos symbol is engraved upon the base of the blade, and is only visible once the weapon is drawn.

INT 11, POW 21

ABILITY: Demon Weapon, Adds 3d10 Damage

SQ'RAL'RANN DEMON MESSENGER

This vile demon (Breed Federax) looks like a shrunken, leathery head sprouting a pair of bat wings. Its mouth constantly oozes a dusty fluid. It can fly messages to locations within a 10-mile radius, or by teleporting, to locations anywhere on this or a neighbouring plane. In this manner its master delivers important messages back to Pan Tang.

STR 4, CON 24, SIZ 3, INT 14, POW 18, DEX 17

HIT POINTS: 14 MOVE: Scuttle 12/Fly 9

DAMAGE BONUS: -1D4

ABILITIES: Teleport, Teleports Self, Each Trip Costs Demon 1 Con; Wings, Fly At 50 Mph, Carry Up To Half Str In Siz

SKILLS: Common Tongue 85%, Dodge 70%, Own Plane 50%, Young Kingdoms 20%

NEED: Drink human blood once per week (usually the binder's own)

SERENITY PARK

A block from the banks of the Hrol, this tranquil park is the last visible remnant of the ancient Melnibonéan estate that Old Hrolmar stands upon. The bulk of the park consists of perfectly manicured turf, spreading oak trees and orderly, unimagined garden beds tended by a small army of gardeners. Dotted about the park are a number of reflective pools, the largest of which is located in the exact centre of the gardens. In the middle of this pool stands an imposing white marble statue of Vil Valario, the liberator of Vilmir, while on its north bank stands an ancient magnolia tree, its roots nurtured by long-forgotten magicks percolated deep into the soil over past millennia. It is whispered that those

who sleep beneath the tree or with the tree's blossoms in their houses are reputed to have strange and prophetic dreams.

The Hilltown botanist Viscount Mendo Ferrand is a common visitor to Serenity Park, as are; young lovers who gaze rapturously into each other's eyes (under the watchful gaze of chaperones of course), poets seeking inspiration, and visitors from far-off lands. The stained glass Pyramid of Law rises up over the trees, and in mid-afternoon streams of sunlight shine through its walls, casting technicoloured pools of light across the park's benches and lawns.

A section of land at the park's southern end is currently being developed for a planned zoological garden, the duke's latest brainchild. Only the first foundations have been dug so far, with the exhibitions not planned to open until 4003 YK, by which time Duke Avan will unfortunately already be dead.

THE SEVEN STARS INN

This popular watering hole, and is owned by an expatriate Purple Townswoman, Magda Flamehair, a broad-hipped and jocular woman aged in her early 40's. She is also the cook, and serves hearty, wholesome seafood-based meals every night to those who can afford her fare. Accommodation here is comfortable but not cheap: 6 bronzes a night for floorspace near the fire, 16 bronzes for a dorm room, and 48 for a private room.

Magda Flamehair's pride and joy is an enchanted chess set, a marvellous synthesis of magic combined with Lawful engineering, which Magda inherited when she took over the title of the Seven Stars. A complex series of wheels and gears ensure that the white pieces are capable of moving themselves across the board, which coupled with a powerful enchantment of unknown origin, ensures that the pieces seem to be able to read the passage of play and respond in an appropriate manner.

Every night sees a small crowd gathered at the Seven Stars to watch this marvellous chess set in action, and the line of players prepared to challenge it. Although gambling on games of chance is technically illegal in Vilmir, wagers can be placed with the barman, the heavily bearded and broad-shouldered Fodric Fornova, a native Hrolmarlian.

SILVER STREET

So named because of the large number of silversmiths and jewellers whose businesses are clustered along this narrow thoroughfare, Silver Street is regularly patrolled by the Grey Defenders.

ZAGOSA'S JEWELLERY EMPORIUM

The shop of Rogelio Zagosa, master jeweller, is located on the corner of Valario Street and Silver Street. To all intents and purposes the tall, plump and pale Zagosa is a successful merchant who specialises in fine jewellery and precious stones. He is actually one of the least reputable merchants in Old Hrolmar, and is well known among the city's criminal element for accepting stolen goods. As is usual in the Young Kingdoms, the only gems in the establishment to have been cut are of Melnibonéan origin; otherwise they are simply polished and mounted. Visitors to Zagosa's shop include well-dressed nobles, accompanied by bodyguards and maidservants, and the occasional scruffy, suspicious-looking characters that are quickly ushered out into the merchant's private rooms.

THE SWORD AND WINDMILL TAVERN

Despite its central location on Vilario Street, the Sword and Windmill has seen better days. It sells only wines and sherries, and provides neither food nor accommodation. The upstairs rooms are occupied by the taverner, the increasingly desperate Yann Marlejo, who is an old-fashioned Vilmirian and looks poorly on open displays of affection and emotion. Marlejo does not encourage singing and has no time for such frivolous pastimes such as dancing or other forms of 'modern' entertainment. His disdain for anyone flouting the traditional dress codes of Vilmir is palpable, and as a result, only the dourest of locals drink here; visitors are usually disinclined to linger due to the tavern's depressing atmosphere.

Public tastes have turned away from the type of tavern Yann Marlejo owns, and as a result he is fast losing money. He is seriously considering selling the Sword and Windmill and moving to Jadmar in order to go into partnership with his brother-in-law, and has an asking price of 20,000 bronzes (although he can be

bargained down to 15,000). Under new management the Sword and Windmill could be an astute investment, as well as providing the adventurers with a base of operations in Old Hrolmar.

THREADNEEDLE STREET

Tailors and seamstresses are the main residents of Threadneedle Street. From traditional Vilmirian garments to more fanciful clothing influence by foreign styles, all manner of outfits can be purchased or created here.

The head of the tailor's guild, the miserly Calvin Zagosa, resides in Threadneedle Street above his shop, which is patronised by the city's rich and wealthy. While his three apprentices shiver on the stone floor below, Calvin sleeps in a warm bed beneath several layers of thin blankets. His rooms are spartan, although the garments he creates are rich and beautiful. Calvin hates waste and idleness, while his apprentices simply hate him. Thanks to his successful business, the tailor has purchased several cheap buildings around the city, and is slowly amassing a small fortune that he stores in a strongbox beneath his bed.

Other notable residents of Threadneedle Street include the dressmaker Madam Hermosa Baltasar (whose magnificent creations cost a small fortune, and whose shop is patronised by the city's most wealthy noblewomen), the humble tailor Lucon Coruna (whose garments are simple but sturdy), and his sister Marcella, to whom he has not spoken in 10 years despite the fact that their shops face each other across the narrow thoroughfare.

GARACILOS TAILORS

This small shop is situated in Cat's Alley off Threadneedle Street, next door to a struggling candlemaker's. It is the home and residence of the softly spoken master tailor Hervis Garacilo, a slim, dapper man with a neat grey beard and shaven head. Alert adventurers may notice that the visitors who regularly enter and exit his shop rarely seem to make any purchases, although the tailor does not seem discomforted by this fact.

Although Hervis is indeed a tailor, and a nimble-fingered one at that, his shop is actually a front for a newly established gambling den. He takes a small cut of the daily takings in return for

allowing games of cards and dice to be played around the tables squeezed into his back room. The operation is run by the steely-eyed Pericho Toribio, with security and debt collection the responsibility of his dim but burly son Ramon. The dissolute young nobleman Earl Eduardo Astran is a regular visitor to the gaming room, having run out of credit at most other gaming houses in the city.

As gambling is illegal in Vilmir, the punters who wager their earnings in these games are staking more than just money; they are gambling their reputations and perhaps even their freedom on the turn of a card. While the Grey Defenders have not yet stumbled upon this gambling den, the Foreign Quarter gang the Bravos have, and Hervis has recently received a threatening visit from Deigo Nairon demanding protection money. He was not unduly frightened by these events, as he is sure that the Toribos can handle the situation.

PERICHO TORIBO SMALL-TIME GANGSTER, AGE 45

Solidly built, square-jawed and quietly ruthless, Pericho began his criminal career as a pickpocket when he was just 10 years old. He soon graduated to protection rackets and pimping, and although he has never achieved the level of wealth and accomplishment he craves, he has had moderate success throughout his shadowy career. His brother, their sons and his brother in law form the backbone of his small gang, and with their support, Pericho recently turned his hand to gambling. He intends to use the earnings from Hervis' gaming house to set up a chain of similar establishments throughout the city, using some of the money as bribes where necessary. He does not yet know how he will handle the situation caused by the Bravos, and suspects he may have to call in a few favours to resolve the problem.

CHAOS 31, BALANCE 10, LAW 25

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 15, INT 16, POW 14, DEX 12, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Sea Leather,
(Helm Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	85%	1d3+db
Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db
Broadsword	75%	1D8+1+db

SKILLS: Bargain 81%, Conceal Object 75%, Dodge 63%, Insight 70%, Intimidate 75%, Scowl Threatening 80%

RAMON PERICHO MUSCLE, AGE 21,

Young Ramon stands head and shoulders above his father and has not yet finished growing. He is extremely muscular, although not the brightest boy on the block.

CHAOS 20, BALANCE 03, LAW 07

STR 18, CON 16, SIZ 18, INT 07, POW 12, DEX 13, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOUR: Sea Leather,
(Helm Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	80%	1d3+db
Dagger	72%	1d4+2+db
Bludgeon	86%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Dodge 35%, Insight 35%, Intimidate 60%, Move Quietly 40%, Search 35%

TOWN SQUARE

Sandwiched between Serenity Park and the stained-glass pyramid of Elgis is Old Hrolmar's town square. This open stretch of cobblestones is patronised by town criers, pickpockets, distributors of handbills, and members of the general public who have come to witness the latest flogging or to pay their devotions at the temple.

GALLOWS AND DOCKS

For minor crimes where a custodial sentence is inappropriate, the guilty party will be sentenced to a stay in the docks or a public flogging. More serious crimes are punished by execution, and on such occasions gallows or a stake are erected in the Town Square. Public executions are extremely popular, and attract huge crowds from all sections of the Hrolmarian society.

WIDOW JANNA'S BOARDING HOUSE

Following the death of her cobbler husband, the widow Janna Dassom turned their small house and business on Leatherworker's Street into a boarding house. She rents rooms out to visitors for 35 bronzes a week, including one meal each day, served in her gleaming, communal kitchen. Janna prefers to let her rooms out to respectable women, although occasionally she will take pity on a young man and allow him to stay for a week or two before gently encouraging him to move on. Several of her current tenants are long-

term residents, one of whom is the Ilmioran poetess Lucretzia Condotta. There are usually two or three rooms available at the Widow Janna's at any one time, with the minimum residency being one week.

LUCRETZIA CONDOTTA POETESS, AGE 29

This statuesque Ilmioran beauty has long blonde hair, pale skin, and striking green eyes. The free-spirited daughter of a successful merchant, Lucretzia was schooled in dancing, music and literature as a child, and quickly proved to be a skilled poet. Two years ago she moved to Old Hrolmar from her home in Karlaak by the Weeping Waste, in search of inspiration and patronage, the latter having eluded her so far.

Lucretzia is dedicated to her art, and spends long hours labouring over a line or phrase late into the night. She is also an incurable romantic, and may try to enlist the adventurers' assistance in arranging an encounter with Duke Avan, whom she has decided she is in love with - although to date she has only seen him from afar. If the duke spurns her protestations of devotion, assuming she is even lucky enough to get close to him, Lucretzia may transfer her adoration to one of the adventurers instead, especially if they have assisted her in her unsuccessful quest.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Art (Poetry) 80%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 55%

NEW HROLMAR

New Hrolmar is a colony of artists, bohemians, travellers, cheap stalls, seedy alehouses, colourful characters, and a haven for down-at-heels adventurers. As it lies outside the city walls, weapons may be carried about the district with impunity.

Caravans arrive and depart Old Hrolmar at all hours of the night and day, and several of its taverns never close. Brothels and drug dens can also be found here, although the better class of courtesans dwell on Rose Street, in the Merchants' Quarter, and cheaper, more dubious pleasures can be found to the immediate south, in the Foreign Quarter. Almost every conceivable business - and some that would startle even the most liberal of citizens - can be transacted in the maze of sidestreets branching off from the stockyards, around which the district is centred.

Most of New Hrolmar's buildings are less than five years old, and are constructed of cheap wood, wattle, and daub. As a result fire is a

CARAVANS

All manner of goods are transported by caravan across Vilmir, including a range of spices, some of which are of great value; gold and silver; bolts of silk; variously-ornamented apparel; arms and weapons of divers forms; coats of mail; costly cushions, pavilions, tents, biscuits, bread, barley, grain, meal, and a large quantity of conserves and medicines; basins, bladders, chess-boards; silver dishes and candlesticks; pepper, cinnamon, sugar, and wax; and other valuables of choice and various kinds.

Some caravans consist of heavily laden horses, others of ox-drawn wagons. In the Sighing Desert caravans of camels are common, although these humped beasts are largely unknown beyond the desert's fringes. Adventurers can easily find employment riding with a caravan as a casual guard; once arriving at the destination the guards are dismissed and their wages paid (although not always promptly).

There is no central point at which caravans are coordinated; instead they spring up over discussions in taverns, or are hired by merchants preparing to move stock. Should the adventurers' wish to seek employment as a caravan guard, they are advised to inquire around the saleyards for possible openings, or to make themselves known at New Hrolmar's array of inns and taverns where caravan masters and merchants readily congregate.

permanent threat throughout the district and in response new stone buildings are constantly being raised, while, less frequently, older buildings are torn down and replaced with sturdier stone constructions. The district is not sewered and open drains flow down the middle of the noisome streets, emptying into the river.

CALVAN AND CO. COACH LINE

This private company runs a coach service from Old Hrolmar to every major city in Vilmir. Although the bone-jarring ride is extremely uncomfortable, it is the fastest way between cities that lies within the reach of common folk. Due to the fact that the nobility are the major users of the coach line, the company has received special dispensation from the Church of Law to permit them to own and care for the horses necessary to draw the coaches, although the coachmen are still forbidden to ride them, being common-born.

Travel times and distances to destinations including Jadmar and Uhaio can be found in ORIENTATION. The cost of a coach trip is 10 bronze coins per 100 miles; i.e. a one-way trip to Jadmar will cost 45 bronzes, while a trip to

Ordis costs 65 bronzes per passenger. Culvan and Company's only rivals in Old Hrolmar are the neighbouring coach company of Fulgenico and Blasco, who manage to undercut Culvan's prices at every turn, and yet still seem to turn a tidy profit.

The company is operated by the vulgar but resourceful Alajandro Calvan, a broad, squat man with bushy eyebrows and a permanently sweat-soaked brow. He is easily amused by crude jokes and bodily functions, and his wife, Izabel, is currently pregnant with their six child. The two eldest Calvan children are the twins Inigio and Culvan, strapping young lads of 15 summers who ably assist their father in his work. Four-year old Maria and eight year old Alejandro junior are the other surviving family members following the accidental death of six-year old Carlos last winter.

Alejandro Culvan's business partner is his younger brother Ferndancio, a plain man with a good heart, whose severe stutter and chronic shyness have thus far ensured he is unmarried. Ferdanico is hopelessly in love with Algenia Fulgenico, the only daughter of his family's main rival, but he keeps his feelings for the girl carefully concealed.

MARIANO ARRIETA BARANDIARÁN A MAN TO KNOW, AGE 42

This bold and flamboyant Ilmioran, his auburn hair and moustachios always impeccably groomed, is one of the best caravan masters in Old Hrolmar. When a merchant needs to transport their goods they come to Mariano, and he coordinates the hiring of trustworthy guards, the purchase of suitable transport and supplies, and so forth. He always asks for a set fee, unlike some of his peers who prefer to take a percentage of the sales after the caravan has reached its destination, (he would rather a definite fee rather than an uncertain figure). As a result, while he is not rich, he is a successful and well-respected man.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Bargain 103%, Ride 95%

DURRES STABLES & LIVERY

Santiago Durres owns this thriving business, which has an excellent reputation and many valuable clients, including Calvan and Co Coaches. Although Santiago has a good eye for horseflesh and offers nothing but the best feed to his customers, it is the group of Shazarian grooms he employs who are the true masters of

the stables. Under their watchful eyes any steed that is quartered here leaves in better condition than when it arrived. The chief groom, Ohzadhan of Dioperda, is a devotee of Vvwy'hunnh, the Beast Lord of horses, and consequently has a mystical connection with the animals in his care. Like most of his countrymen, he is a skilled and wild rider; he chafes under the Vilmirian law, which forbids those of common blood from horse riding.

THE GIFT OF GOLDAR

The Gift of Goldar is one of the few taverns in the city where gambling openly flourishes, albeit in a discrete rear room behind the main taproom. Games of luck and chance are played here night and day, and the tavern itself never closes. Its kitchen serves simple but wholesome meals, and drink prices are kept low in order to encourage the clientele to be able to wager more on the tables.

Duke Avan and his cousin Earl Eduardo are numbered among the gaming room's regular visitors, although of late Eduardo has made himself scarce as he owes the proprietor more than 20,000 bronzes and his line of credit has not been extended.

Armed guards employed by the tavern's owner, the jocular Filkharian Ari Hakon, escort winners home to ensure their safety, and help maintain the tavern's reputation for honesty and quality. Captain Artimio Guerrero, the commander of the North Gate, has several times tried to close the tavern, to no avail.

FULGENICO AND BLASCO, COACHLINES AND CARTERS

Co-owned by Horton Fulgenico and Hugeot Blasco, this cut-price coachline offers cheaper travel than their neighbours and rivals, Culvan and Company. Fulgenico and Blasco's coaches are slower and smaller than those of their rivals, as they rely on teams of ponies, rather than horses to haul them. Despite this, and despite their startlingly low prices, they pair still seem to turn a comfortable profit. They also supplement their income by hiring out ox-carts to those in need of heavier transport.

Unknown to all bar a handful of rogues, Fulgenico and Blasco are a vital link in Old Hrolmar's black market. They transport drugs

and other illicit goods out of the city aboard their coaches, usually concealed in the luggage of an unsuspecting and innocent traveller. With the profits they make from such activities they manage to undersell their rivals Culvan and Co yet still live richly and well.

The two men are a familiar sight around New Hrolmar, and are easily identified by their ruddy features and rich clothes. Blasco, the youngest of the pair, is unmarried, and has his lascivious eyes set on his drunken and oblivious partner's virginal young daughter, Algenia Fulgenico. Unlike Horton Fulgenico, who remains ignorant of the true nature of the organisation they serve, Blasco is well aware that the cult of Slortar is behind the smuggling ring, and in recent months he has begun to speculate about joining the cult.

Algenia Fulgenico, who was taught to read and write by her late mother, keeps the company's accounts. Her pale face can often be glimpsed gazing despairingly out from her bedroom window above the firm's offices and stables. Although her father thinks her ignorant of his involvement in the smuggling ring, Algenia put two and two together long ago, although she has not yet spoken of her concerns to anyone; nor has she shared her fears about the increasingly persistent advances of Hugeot Blasco.

THE LABOR IN VAIN

This dingy inn is located a stone's throw – and within smelling distance – of the stockyards. Its beds are poor and its food, if possible, is worse. The establishments only claim to fame, other than a range of wines as unpalatable as they are cheap, is the ratting pit in its rear yard. Most nights see a terrier or other dog thrown into the pit, swiftly followed by an upturned sack of starving rats, with bets taken on how many rats the dog can kill before they bring it down. The Labor in Vain is owned and operated by Vust Malcon, a grimy, malodorous Hrolmarlian.

THE LIGHT OF HOME

This small but popular inn sells the usual range of wines and ales, as well as smattering of meads and ciders to cater for foreign tastes. Also offering comfortable but simple accommodation in its upstairs rooms, it is owned and operated by

the lanky Purple Towner Zandaran Longshanks, who is a dab hand in the kitchen when he finds the time to cook. When he does get the opportunity to bake, his honeycakes are superlative, although they are not the inn's main attraction, this honour being reserved for its range of resident musicians and entertainers.

Zandaran has travelled widely (at the Gamemaster's discretion he may even have visited a neighbouring plane, and be a valuable source of information about that nearby world) and originally intended only to pass through Old Hrolmar. However, attracted by the city's pleasant climate and burgeoning bohemian culture, he found himself staying.

The Light of Home was one of the first inns to open in the New Hrolmar district, and today still attracts a vibrant clientele. Poets, painters, petty criminals and dusty travellers all rub shoulders at the bar, admiring the exotic artworks that Zandaran Longshanks has hung upon the walls and swapping oft repeated anecdotes.

The inn is an occasional home away from home for the Filkharian raconteur Ranyart Finn, a notorious teller-of-tales that can entrance the entire venue with his remarkable stories, and more recently was the temporary abode of Ilmioran troubadour Matteus Tomaso during his tour of the city.

ARNAO RAMONET ENFANT TERRIBLE, AGE 17

A devotee of Theril of Law, this musically accomplished young Vilmirian peasant left his home in Rignariom several months ago in search of creative inspiration. He is short, skinny and unwashed, with tangled, lice-infested hair, a foul mouth and even fouler personal habits. Although he can neither read nor write, he has perfect pitch, and can play a song note for note after hearing it only once. He pays for his accommodation by performing in the taproom most nights, and busks for food and coins on the portico of the Grand Bazaar most days. Consequently his compositions are beginning to find an audience.

Arnao's musical talents are flowering in Old Hrolmar's bohemian atmosphere, as is his dedication to dissolution. His recent songs have become so popular that the Duke himself has been heard humming his tunes, and some individuals amongst the nobility have begun to seek out Arnao's services for their soirees - although they are inevitably shocked that such sublime music can come from so coarse a youth. His cursing, drunkenness and reckless behaviour have ensured that the Inquisition are already monitoring him; so too are the cult of Slortar, who hope to claim his talents for their own.

The adventurers might meet this teenage prodigy in Serenity Park, where Arnao often retreats in order to contemplate his Goddess and coax a new tune from the

flute or guitar; or at the bazaar. He could also be encountered carousing in a New Hrolmar brothel or tavern, amongst whose denizens he also finds inspiration; or brawling in the streets.

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 17, LAW 21

STR 11, CON 10, SIZ 11, INT 15, POW 17, DEX 15,
APP 13

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	50%	1d3+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Musical Composition) 110%, Art (Play Any Instrument) 101%, Art (Seduction) 75%, Bargain 55%, Dodge 46%, Fast Talk 68%, Insight 45%, Listen 101%, Sing 95%, Young Kingdoms 35%

NEW HROLMAR MARKET

This bustling open-air market sells a range of fresh produce from outlying farms, as well as an eclectic collection of other goods and trinkets. Probably unsurprisingly, more than a third of the stallholders are foreign-born, and the market runs six days a week, opening at 5am and closing at midday.

ADALBERTO OF OBERLORN COBBLER, AGE 35

Although mute, this Ilmioran immigrant is a skilled cobbler. His deft hands can patch a sole in minutes, and his shoes are comfortable and long lasting. With the help of his wife Tertzia, with whom he converses in sign language, Adalberto has a thriving trade.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Sign Language 55%, Craft (Cobble) 91%

FODRIC ESHOLTA MERCHANT AND DRUG-DEALER, AGE 40

Originally from the town of Kletch, in the duchy of Uhaio, this plump, pop-eyed man sells fresh fruit and vegetables, as well as dried herbs, from his market-place stall. He also, thanks to his contacts with the city's smugglers, sells drugs, including opium and garbleweed, to a select clientele. A nervous man, Esholta would sever his ties with the smugglers were he to learn of their ties to Chaos, although whether they would be willing to end their profitable arrangement is another question entirely.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Bargain 78%, Insight 85%

ASHLYN DRAVEN FILKHARIAN FORTUNE-TELLER, AGE 17

This slender, attractive girl reads cards with startling accuracy. Since her alcoholic father became incapable of holding down a job following his wife's death, Ashlyn's earnings are all that keep him and her three younger siblings from starving. Although shy, her beauty ensures that she is popular with the local youths, a situation that

causes other girls to spread malicious gossip about her. Their most recent slander is that Ashlyn is a witch: should this rumour reach the ears of the Church of Law the consequences could be extremely dire for Ashlyn and her family.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Tell Fortune 96%

NEW HROLMAR MUSIC HALL

Although its acoustics are not ideal, this drafty, leaking building plays host to some of the best musicians in the Young Kingdoms. From choral groups to solo artists, the small stage in this haphazardly constructed auditorium has played host to moving, inspiring and haunting performances.

Musical acts are selected by Mistress Serafina Forli, an intimidating Ilmioran diva who maintains discerning tastes despite having long since retired from the stage herself. Adventurers wishing to play here must have a minimum skill of 51% in their chosen instrument to even entertain the possibility of an audition. Performances take place Starday through to Waterday, with some concerts being staged free of charge, and others attracting a modest fee depending on the capability of the performers.

Of late the most audacious performance was by the Ilmioran troubadour Matteus Tomaso, who played for six hours non-stop only to inform the audience at the conclusion of proceedings that he regarded the evening as a glorified rehearsal - as none of the citizens in stultifying Vilmir had the wit nor the freedom to enjoy his music to the degree it demanded. He was escorted offstage to a cacophony of boos and cheers, and Duke Avan was witnessed applauding his controversial remarks.

OPIUM DEN

Run by a debauched Lormyrian named Eysten the Unwashed (although few dare call him so to his unshaven face), this den of iniquity is located above a struggling potter's studio, in the shadows of the city walls. Watched over by his brutish Yurit bodyguards, Eysten squats like a malignant toad behind his desk at the top of the stairs, keeping a close eye on everyone who enters and leaves his premises. A pipe of opium brings vivid dreams and a brief escape from the cares of the world to anyone who can afford the 5 bronzes which the Lormyrian charges. The young

troubador Arnao Ramonet, a temporary resident of the Light of Home Inn, is a regular visitor here.

PAWNBROKERS STREET

Pawnbrokers' Street is a narrow but busy dirt-paved road one block away from the stockyards. It is lined with small shops and stalls, all doing a busy trade in second-hand goods. The city's desperate pawn their goods for coins in the hope of redeeming them in some prosperous future, while those departing on caravans often sell their unwanted and unnecessary belongings here in order to lighten their loads. At the Gamemaster's discretion all manner of goods might be found here, although rare and enchanted items are unlikely to be discovered except in the most surprising of circumstances.

MISTRESS SALAZAR'S PAWNSHOP

This shop is operated out of the front room of Mistress Fausta Salazar's humble abode. The horizontal shutters of her front window swing open to form an awning and a counter, behind which the plump and smiling shopkeeper plies her trade, her hair tied up in a daringly colourful headscarf. She specialises in second-hand clothes, and sells everything from shoes to wedding dresses at a reasonable price. A worshipper of Goldar, Mistress Fausta thinks the changes the Duke has wrought in the city are good for trade, although she has expressed some concern about the influx of foreigners and their strange ways in recent years.

SMITHY

On the western fringes of New Hrolmar, on the banks of the Hrol, stands the forge of the Ilmioran-born Pietro of Ilmar. This powerfully built man, whose eyebrows have long since been burnt away and whose singed beard is cropped short, wears a leather cap and a charred leather apron over his grimy working clothes. As well as being an excellent blacksmith, Pietro is a discrete worshipper of Kakataal. A salamander calls the forge home, dancing in the flames, as Witch Sight may reveal, and the handful of fire-worshippers dwelling in Old Hrolmar pay their respects to their god here, although their services are perforce low key.

STOCKYARDS

The stockyards are the heart and soul of New Hrolmar, and all manner of beasts change hands here: cattle bound for the slaughterhouses of the Industrial Quarter, herds of goats, squealing pigs; mules and ponies. Poultry and fowls can be purchased in the nearby market, quacking and clucking away inside wicker cages. Old Hrolmar's prices are slightly inflated compared to elsewhere in the Young Kingdoms, with an average saddlehorse selling for 2,200 bronzes, mules for 1,500 and oxen for at least 2,000 per head. Work is often available here, although usually only for a day or two at a time.

ULF EEL URDON MREOWUSHAR WARRIOR, AGE 35

This short, stocky, scowling woman is the battle-leader of the Mreowushuar tribe of the Weeping Waste, and a formidable warrior who has already united two of her tribe's squabbling clans. She is short and muscular, and her cheeks are marked by a series of raised, parallel scars, while her head is shaved except for a single, plaited scalp lock.

Ulf arrived in Old Hrolmar only days ago, on the trail of her lover Jed Larn Varass, who was carried off by Vilmirian slavers late last year. With the guidance of the gods and spirits, in addition to her natural cunning, Ulf has tracked them to Old Hrolmar, but has temporarily lost the trail among the bustle of the city. She has found temporary work and shelter at the stockyards, from which she heads out each night on sorties. Although she hates the Dry Lands (as the Waste-folk call the world outside their land of eternal rain) she has vowed to stay until she has found or avenged her lover.

Ulf does not yet know that Jed is held prisoner only a few blocks away from the stockyards, at the Wreath of Roses brothel. Her vengeance, should she discover this (perhaps with the aid of kindly elementals, which her clan's shaman has taught her to summon) will be terrible.

CHAOS 22, BALANCE 16, LAW 20

STR 15 CON 15 SIZ 10 INT 13 POW 16 DEX 17
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Hide & Furs 1D3

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Long Spear	107%	1d10+1+db
Short Spear	89%	1D6+1+db
Dagger	110%	1d4+2+db
Full shield	76%	1d4+db+kb

SPELLS: Bounty of Straasha, Summon Elemental, Wings of Lassa

SKILLS: Climb 87%, Dodge 44, Hide 50%, Insight 80%, Jump 75%, Listen 61%, Move Quietly 83%, Natural World 67%, Navigate 85%, Oratory 85%, Own Language (Mong) 60%, Other Language (Common) 15%, Scent/Taste 50%, Search 64%, Swim 37%, Throw 75%, Track 75%, Trap 73%, Young Kingdoms 05%

THE WREATH OF ROSES BROTHEL

The darker side of life in New Hrolmar is displayed in this brothel. None of the young women who work here do so willingly. Chained to their beds or locked in their rooms, they are beaten, starved, drugged and abused into submission. Most are runaways or foreigners who came to Old Hrolmar in search of a better life but ended up in this living hell.

The Wreath of Roses is hidden off a side street near the market. Its door only opens to those who know the password: "The rose is freshly plucked." The brothel-keeper is one Dieguito Fornova, a handsome, pleasant-seeming man in his late 20's whose easy smile masks a cruel and brutal soul. He does not own the brothel, but in the absence of his mysterious master Dieguito has absolute power within its walls. He is abetted by a small but loyal group of hirelings, including the swaggering Pan Tangian warrior Verkij Vl'al, and several other mercenaries who guard the Wreath of Roses from unwelcome guests and help prevent its prisoners from escaping.

The brothel's secretive owner is the high-ranking Hrolmarlian nobleman Lord Garçilaso Domingo, who established the business in order to provide a safe outlet for the depraved tastes of his insane eldest son. Lord Garcilaso strives to ensure that his involvement with the Wreath of Roses is keep a closely guarded secret, and he will not hesitate to order the deaths of any who uncover it. More details about this unpleasant nobleman and his psychotic son can be found in the Hilltown section of this chapter.

DIEGUITO FORNOVA BROTHEL-KEEPER, AGE 28

This charmless man fancies himself a colourful rogue; in truth Fornova is a base villain whose only redeeming features are his smooth tongue, natural cunning and quick reflexes. He poses as a poet and philosopher, but the well educated are usually quick to see through his façade. A coward at heart, he delights in abusing those weaker than himself. Thanks to his master's influence Dieguito's conviction for rape was quietly dropped some years ago, but with it hanging over his head he is quick to carry out Lord Garilaso's every command. On the first Moonday of the month he meets with the brothel's reclusive owner at the nearby Gift of Goldar tavern, in order to hand over the month's profits and discuss business.

CHAOS 37, BALANCE 02, LAW 31

STR 11, CON 12, SIZ 12, INT 17, POW 15, DEX 16,
APP 14

A GUIDE TO OLD HROLMAR

HIT POINTS: 12

ARMOUR: Soft Leather,
(Helm Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	90%	1d6+1+db
Brawl	65%	1D3+db
Dagger	78%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Appreciate Poetry) 20%, Bargain 66%, Dodge 75%, Fast Talk 85%, Hide 70%, Insight 82%, Own Language (Common) 85%, Scribe 50%

VERKIJ VL'AL

PAN TANGIAN MERCENARY, AGE 31

Forced to leave Pan Tang due to a particularly vicious family feud, Vl'al (whose uncle is the Bishop of Slortar) has travelled the Young Kingdoms for several months, gaining insight into the weaknesses of its nations. He hopes to use this accumulated wisdom as a bargaining chip for his return to the Demon Isle. Although he despises the weak and posturing brothel keeper, Vl'al is presently happy enough to work for Fornova, as the position allows him ample opportunity to slake his sadistic lusts while gaining special insight into Old Hrolmar's darker secrets. The Pan Tangian is aware that the cult of Slortar is active in Old Hrolmar, but is not a member of the sect, preferring to save his devotion for the Chaos Lord Mabelrode Sword-King.

CHAOS 40, BALANCE 03, LAW 11

STR 16, CON 15, SIZ 16, INT 13, POW 16, DEX 16,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 16

ARMOUR: Leather and Rings
(Helm On) 1D6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Broadsword (demon)	96%	1d8+1+db+2D8
Sea Axe	87%	2D6+2+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Bonds Unbreakable ((3), Hell's Armour (1-4), Hell's Sharp Razor (1-4), Rat Vision (1), Speed Of Vezhan (1-3), Summon Demon (1), Sureness Of Cran Liret (1-4)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: One Balboost Demon, Bound Into His Sword

SKILLS: Conceal Object 55%, Dodge 64%, Hide 78%, Million Spheres 10%, Move Quietly 90%, Own Language (Mabden) 88%, Other Language (Common) 70%, Potions 50%, Young Kingdoms 45%

VERKIJ'S LESSER DEMON SWORD

A broadsword of gleaming black metal, it has a pulsating chaos symbol in the jewel of the pommel.

INT 8, POW 16

ABILITIES: Demon Weapon, +2d8 Damage

NEED: To be oiled with rendered human fat once a week

JED LARN VARASS MREOWUSHAR CAPTIVE, AGE 19

This dark haired, dark skinned, diminutive young woman is kept chained to her bed to prevent her from killing the

clients who pay for her favours. She is a native of the Weeping Waste, a member of the Marsh Cat tribe's Bearded Tree clan who taken as a slave by a party of Vilmirian merchants late last year. She was sold to the Wreath of Roses less than a month ago, and in that time she has already nearly strangled one guard and tried to bite off the nose of the first man who tried to rape her. Fornova is close to ordering her death in order to save himself any further convenience.

Jed recently received a vision (sent by kindly Lady Laza, the Wind Goddess) that her lover, the warrior-woman Ulf Eel of the Quaking Ground clan was close to rescuing her. Without this hope Jed would have forced her captives to kill her rather than suffer further indignities at the hands of the Drylanders. Once she escapes her vengeance will be swift and terrible.

CHAOS 08, BALANCE 21, LAW 11

STR 11, CON 10, SIZ 7, INT 13, POW 14, DEX 16,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 8

ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Burning Brand	50%	1d6+db
Brawl	95%	1D3+db
Dagger	90%	1d4+2+db
Small Club	65%	1d6+db

SKILLS: Climb 60%, Boating 85%, Dodge 50%, Insight 65%, Listen 70%, Move Quietly 78%, Own Language (Mong) 75%, Scent/Taste 80%, Swim 65%, Track 60%, Trap 55%

QUAYSIDE

The district known as Quayside is nestled at the foot of the city's southern wall and stretches away to the west around the pebbled shore of the bay. Quayside is dominated by the busy harbour and its attendant fishing village, and is home to the city's main fish-market.

The scents of salt, seaweed and fish are strong throughout the district, and mingle with the odours of spices and sweat. Drying nets are strung up everywhere. Burly longshoreman lugging wicker baskets of freshly harvested mussels and other produce, and tattooed sailors carrying all their worldly goods slung in a canvas satchel over one arm are just some of the people who traverse Quayside's dirt-paved streets on a daily basis.

Ships arrive night and day, while the fishing fleet puts out every evening and returns shortly after dawn the following day, to be welcomed by families, market stall owners and hungry stray cats. Sailors and foreigners, ragamuffin children, pipe-smoking fisherman and drunken sailors make up much of the district's residents. The

city's guardsmen, the Grey Defenders, make regular patrols.

Also to be found in Quayside are shipping offices, warehouses storing bales of Ilmioran cloth and beams of Weeping Waste timber, the Harbourmaster's office, and numerous poor but respectable residences, populated in the main by fisherfolk

and their families. Like New Hrolmar, many of the buildings in

Quayside are built of wattle and daub, rather than the sturdier stone construction that dominates inside the city's walls. As a result fire is a constant danger here.

CASTANON SHIPYARDS

To the west of Quayside stand the Castanon shipyards, one of several shipyards providing secure employment for many of Old Hrolmar's locals. Until last century the ships were built of local cedar harvested in the Hrol Valley, but with the resulting deforestation, today the timber must be imported from the Weeping Waste.

The Castanon family's, patriarch is the elderly Bartolm Castanon, a white-haired, white bearded old salt whose voice can constantly be heard barking out gruff orders at the small army of men he commands. Bartolm has two sons, who will inherit equal shares in the shipyards upon his death.

Hortun Castanon, 45, takes after his father; he is a stolid, hard-working although unimaginative man. Hortun and his wife, Nalda, have five children, although a sixth is on its way.

Nicolao Castanon, 33, is more ambitious than his brother, and lusts for the wealth and influence than the part-share in the shipyards will eventually bring him. For this reason Nicolao has secretly joined forces with the city's smuggling ring, ensuring that several ships recently built in the Castanon shipyards were constructed to their detailed specifications, with secret compartments hidden inside cabins or below decks in which black market and illegal goods can safely be stowed. If his involvement

with the smugglers was to be discovered by the authorities, the entire shipyard could be forfeit, a fact the selfish Nicolao has not considered.

THE CHIPPED CUP

The cheapest inn in Quayside, with accommodation charged at 4 bronzes per night

for a space on the taproom floor, 15 bronze for a dormitory bed, and 46 bronzes for an uncomfortable bed in a private room. The rushes

on the floors are rarely changed, the beds are flea-infested, and the clientele are unsavoury. The Grey Defenders suspect that the Chipped Cup is a centre for the drug trade, but to date they have no proof to these claims. The innkeeper is the foul-mouthed, one-eyed Inigo Mulay, a corpulent, sweaty and cantankerous man of indeterminate age.

Here one will find poor travellers eking out their last coins on a cup on sour wine; starving refugees from the north whose farms have been devoured by the Dinner-of-Dust; unsuccessful poets brooding on their lack of fame; and press-gangs planning their next abductions over rough wooden tables crudely carved with the initials and fantasies of drunken sailors. While the kitchen at The Chipped Cup does serve gruels and cheap stews, their ingredients are rarely recognisable and never palatable.

LOKAN OF CADSANDRIA DISSOLUTE SMUGGLER, AGE 37

This odious little Argimilite is a habitual criminal: a thief, a drug addict and a smuggler. He is also a worshipper of the cult of Slortar, although he only pays lip service to Chaos, except at such times as his life is threatened. With his lank red hair, greasy and pockmarked skin, rotten teeth, gaunt figure and shifty eyes, Lokan is a poor advertisement for the criminal life. If captured, he has no compunction about begging for his life, which he does with a nasal whine.

Although only lowly ranked in Old Hrolmar's criminal fraternity, Lokan nonetheless is sly enough to have memorised the names of several of his superiors, most notably Emilio Sissinner, in case he ever needs to bargain for his freedom or his life with valuable information. Lokan's main role for the gang is to recruit visiting sailors and encourage them to transport illicit goods and items into and out of the city. More details about Old Hrolmar's smugglers can be found in PLOTS AND POWERS.

Elric heard their footsteps running on the cobbles and he began to laugh. At the sound of his laugh the footfalls became a scamper and the party had soon reached the quayside where the water gleamed, turned a corner and disappeared.

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

CHAOS 46, BALANCE 3, LAW 23

STR 8, CON 14, SIZ 11, INT 12, POW 15, DEX 13,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Sea Leather,
(Helm Off) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Thieves' Bludgeon	73%	1d8+db
Thrown Dagger	65%	1d4+2+1/2db
Strangle Cord	79%	Suffocation (as per drowning)

SKILLS: Bargain 65%, Beg 50%, Conceal Object 43%, Dodge 57%, Evaluate 65%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 45%, Pick Lock 35%, Pick Pocket 40%, Scent/Taste 66%

DOCKS

Seven main piers jut out into the deep and sheltered waters of Hrolmar Bay from the shore. They are solidly constructed of heavy timber, and provide berths for over 50 ships at any one time. On summer days naked children dive from their planks into the waves below, while seals dart between the barnacle-encrusted beams firmly sunk into the seabed below. The local fishing fleet is congregated about the western wharves, while commercial shipping moor at those wharves closer to the city gates. Other ships anchor on open water, using rowboats to cross to the shore.

THE DUKE'S HEAD

The Duke's Head is indisputably the best public house in Quayside. Visiting sea captains stay here seeking respite from their ships, and rub shoulders with a better class of traveller, as well as the drably dressed, puritanical nobles from neighbouring duchies, who stare with open contempt at the laxity they see around them.

The Duke's Head serves only the finest local wines and the best ales. Its common-room plays host to poets and visiting philosophers, as well as to slumming young nobles and their obsequious hangers-on. Dormitory beds here cost 18 bronzes a night, while a private room costs 50 bronzes. The innkeeper, the thin-lipped Master Alsen Audres, does not allow people to sleep in the common room.

INAGO REMATI

CONFIDENCE TRICKSTER, AGE 40

This refined, silver-haired Ilmioran passes himself off as a successful merchant seeking new business partners. His clothes are of the finest Tarkeshite silk, capped off with a

heavy coat of Lormyrian mink. His lace handkerchief scatters traces of gold dust whenever he pulls it from his sleeve. Inago typically impresses a likely target with his apparent wealth, then casually ask them if they would like to become his partners in his latest venture, a gold mine in the Bone Hills on the coast of the Sighing Desert. Once he persuades his unfortunate new partner to part with a large sum of wealth, he issues them with worthless but seemingly binding contracts confirming their share in the mine, and then absconds to a new city with their money.

CHAOS 37, BALANCE 5, LAW 29

STR 11, CON 13, SIZ 14, INT 16, POW 15, DEX 10,
APP 12

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Shortsword	73%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	65%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Bargain 75%, Disguise 55%, Evaluate 65%, Fast Talk 75%, Insight 80%, Oratory 80%

FISH MARKET

This open-air market lies at the heart of Quayside, and is surrounded by a maze of fishermen's cottages, warehouses, small businesses, side streets and alleyways. Each morning, shortly after dawn, the fishing fleet unloads most of its catch here, and the marketplace thrums with activity. In the afternoons, however, the place is almost empty; the only occupants of the site mangy street cats and seagulls fighting over scraps.

HARBOUR-MASTER'S OFFICE

This small office is situated in the tower room of a wattle and daub building constructed close to the shore. The building below is occupied by an array of importers, exporters and insurance firms, one of who, Emilio Sinner, is secretly a key figure in the city's smuggling gang (see below). The harbour master's office offers sweeping views of the harbour and the bay through large, diamond-paned windows. An array of maps are found here, tacked to the walls and spread out on every available surface, together with lists and ledgers of manifests, shipping lines, and charts of tides and currents. A detailed model of a Melnibonéan battle-barge stands on the mantelpiece, while a large and loud parrot from the Unmapped Continent sits on a perch by the door. It shrieks loudly whenever strangers enter the room, and is likely to be a marvellous novelty to most visitors.

AMLISS ARRAGO
HARBOUR MASTER, AGE 53

The harbour master is a stout, florid man with a white beard and hair. He sports a wooden leg (his left leg was lost to a shark after the ship he once captained was sunk by Pan Tangian pirates) and owes his position to Duke Avan, who he served under as second mate many years ago. He is also a close friend of Captain Satigo, commander of the South Gate, and the two can often be found of an evening sharing news over a bottle of wine in one of Quayside's better establishments. Arrago is a familiar sight in the district, hopping about the streets on his peg leg and a crutch. His office keeps the cargo and passenger manifests for the entire port. Several young scribes assist Arrago in his duties.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Command Crew 87%, Own Language 75%, Sailing 78%, Scribe 64%, Young Kingdoms 60%

THE SCALES OF GOLDAR

This popular inn stands right on the edge of the harbour. It is less grand than the neighbouring Duke's Head, but is perhaps more comfortable due to its lack of pretensions. Its visitors include several retired captains renting rooms on a permanent basis, merchants who take suites for an extended stay, successful artists, and the better class of adventurers. Among its current guests is a secretive young man calling himself Orlan of Aflitain. The innkeeper is a retired member of the Grey Defenders, the convivial Pethron Alvaro. He is stout, red-faced and bald, and prone to gout.

The most notable feature of the Scales of Goldar is its downstairs bar, which, with a thick window made from a single pane of Melnibonéan glass looking out into the harbour below the waterline, is cool and green-lit. This marvellous window was donated by Duke Avan himself, and provides drinkers with startling views of fish flickering through softly undulating beds of seaweed, darting seals, and the barnacle-encrusted hulls of ships. (For more details about the Scales of Goldar see the adventure 'Stolen Moments' in Perils of the Young Kingdoms.)

ORLAN OF AFLITAIN
AGENT OF LAW, AGE 23

Orlan is a slender young woman, with dark skin and eyes, and short-cropped black hair, who is currently passing herself off as a young man. Twelve months ago, she swore an oath of vengeance in the name of the White Lord Tovik, after her family in Shazar was killed by a plague of the undead unleashed by a necromancer known only as 'the Cold One'.

Orlan's pursuit of the necromancer lead to Old Hrolmar three months ago, and her search has so far been

concentrated in the Foreign Quarter (as experience has taught her that her enemy is naturally drawn to such miserable places).

Unknown to Orlan, the Cold One has hidden herself among the nobles of Hilltown, and has yet to draw attention to herself. Complicating matters, Orlan has found herself unable to ride her battle-trained gelding within the city, as she is not of noble birth. As a result, her horse is stabled nearby, while her battle-blade is hidden beneath her mattress.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 21, LAW 56

STR 16, CON 13, SIZ 13, INT 15, POW 17, DEX 14, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Leather and Rings (No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Broadsword	95%	1d8+1+db
Heavy Mace	75%	1d8+2+db
Dagger	65%	1d4+2+db
Small Shield	90%	1d3+db+kb

SPELLS: Field Of Law (4), Witch Sight (3)

SKILLS: Bargain 75%, Brood On Vengeance 95%, Craft (Blacksmithing) 81%, Disguise 80%, Dodge 78%, Insight 45%, Ride 90%, Move Quietly 75%, Track 92%, Young Kingdoms 50%

SEWERS

At low tide the sewers that empty Old Hrolmar's waste into the harbour beneath the headland are visible from Quayside. Solidly constructed, they are one of the few remnants of Old Hrolmar's Melnibonéan heritage still standing, and represent a marvel of engineering. As well as being used by the city's smugglers, they provide a secret (albeit noisome) network of tunnels linking the city's major landmarks that are illicitly employed by Old Hrolmar's least scrupulous citizens.

SINNISER AND CO. SHIPPING AGENTS

Located under the very nose of the harbour master is the office of Emilio Sinniser, one of the ringleaders of Old Hrolmar's gang of smugglers. His dusty and untidy rooms are located on the third floor of the warehouse-cum-office building, whose squat tower is occupied by the elderly official and his staff. From here Sinniser coordinates a network of sailors, ruffians and corrupt officials who assist in the importation and exporting of drugs, forbidden grimoires, demonic enchantments and other contraband that makes it way through the city.

Sinniser is at pains to ensure that nothing incriminating can be found in his office, and an elaborate code ensures that his written records appear to be innocent receipts of grain, linen and other commonplace goods - not even an elaborate search will uncover any obvious trappings of Chaos-worship here. When he needs to meet with his lieutenants he does so at the Chipped Cup, a disreputable Quayside inn. Meetings with his master, the spice merchant Pascule Janucho, are conducted in the Fane of Slortar beneath the city, never in his office or at Janucho's shop in the Grand Bazaar.

Should the adventurers' stumble upon the existence of the smuggling ring, Sinniser will have no qualms about dispatching cutthroats to silence them before they can expose the operation (see the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST, for the appropriate statistics for the smuggler's bravos).

EMILIO SINNISER CRIME LORD, AGE 40

Because the merchant Pascule Janucho is at such pains to keep his role as head of Old Hrolmar's smuggling ring hidden, his right hand man, Emilio Sinniser, is thought (by those whose business it is to know such things) to be the head of the city's criminal syndicate. Sinniser is a powerfully built man of middle age, with powerful muscles hidden beneath a concealing layer of fat. His eyes are a cool grey, his lips thin, and his expression invariably calm. His dark brown hair is slicked back, and he is clean-shaven. A port-wine coloured birthmark is prominent on his left cheek, and he speaks in an urbane, educated voice, which drops to an icy whisper when he is angered.

Sinniser is a devout worshipper of Slortar and utterly faithful to the Dark Lady, even though, of late, he has begun to question his loyalty to Janucho. Slortar promises his followers pleasure, and for Sinniser, the only lasting pleasure is power. He is an influential man in Old Hrolmar's underworld, but with time he hopes to supplant Pascule and become the cult's second in command; already Emilio is considering ways in which his rival could be eliminated without arousing suspicion of his involvement. He would be quick to seize any opportunity for advancement that fate offered him, or to use the adventurers as his pawns.

The combination of his fiendish intellect, his ambition, and his position at the centre of an international web of criminal agents makes Emilio Sinniser one of the most potent and dangerous opponents the adventurers will ever face.

CHAOS 42, BALANCE 11, LAW 12

STR 17, CON 18, SIZ 16, INT 18, POW 16, DEX 9,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 17 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No
Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Broadsword	95%	1d8+1+db

Heavy Mace	78%	1d8+2+db
Dagger	85%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	90%	1d3+db

SPELLS: Bonds Unbreakable (3), Buzzard Eyes (1), Demon's Ear (1), Hell's Razor (1-4), Undo Magic (1-4), Ward (3), Witch Sight (3)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: One Qalaquitos demon, bound into an amulet worn on a string of beads around his thick neck

SKILLS: Bargain 87%, Conceal Object 55%, Disguise 80%, Dodge 62%, Evaluate 86%, Fast Talk 65%, Hide 78%, Insight 50%, Listen 63%, Million Spheres 05%, Move Quietly 40%, Natural World 25%, Oratory 38%, Own Language (Common) 80%, Sailing 75%, Scribe 60%, Young Kingdoms 34%

MALVIANCE EMILIO'S GREATER DEMON AMULET

It (Breed Qalaquitos) has the appearance of a small, surprisingly heavy amulet of some dark stone, carved in the shape of a crouched beast. Its weathered lines make the creature's species impossible to determine but anyone examining it closely will, with a successful Search roll, feel certain the beast it represents is poised to attack. An Evaluate roll suggests that, judging by how blurred the carving has become, the amulet is ancient, but will not identify the heavy stone it is carved from. A tiny eight-pointed star is carved on the amulet-creature's head, but this can only be detected by a critical Search roll; otherwise it appears to be a faint tracery of spidery cracks.

STR 16, INT 15, POW 15, CON 11

ABILITIES: Teleport (Able To Teleport Emilio Anywhere In The Young Kingdoms At The Cost Of 1 Point Of Pow; When Its Pow Is Reduced To Zero The Amulet Crumbles Into Dust And The Demon Perishes)

NEED: To be soaked in quicksilver (liquid mercury) within a day of employing its ability

WAREHOUSES

Numerous warehouses, some of timber, some more sturdily constructed of sandstone, line a number of the Quayside streets. The many goods imported and exported through the harbour are stored here prior to being loaded onto a ship or being delivered to market or a merchant's shop. Petty theft is common from many of these warehouses, although it is not as endemic as some merchants claim.

TEMPLE OF LAW

This six storeyed pyramid of stained glass is dedicated to Lord Elgis the Gentle. The temple's outer walls are carefully built of countless small panes of thick, hand-coloured glass from Galeazzo in Ilmiora, set amid just as many lead

frames. The internal supports are of stone, which rise up from its polished wooden floors. An open central shaft runs through the centre of the pyramid, ringed about by a waist-high balustrade at every floor, over which curious visitors can peer down to the central sanctum far below. Broad wooden stairs connect every level.

Pilgrims come here from all over the world to pray to Elgis, while yet others come to just marvel at the beauty of the temple, which is quite rightfully one of the seven wonders of the Young Kingdoms. On bright days the interior of the temple is painted with pools of scarlet, emerald and amber light as the sunshine beams through the stained-glass walls.

The temple is home to one of the largest choirs in the Young Kingdoms, whose harmonies are said to bring momentary enlightenment to all who hear them, while a monumental pneumatic pipe organ, constructed by the artisan-priests of Arkyn, dominates the cathedral's first floor.

Chancellor Helforth is the high priest of Elgis, and despite his age, his sermons concerning peace and humanity's higher purpose in a chaotic world remain concise and illuminating. Chief Administrator Vellon, Helforth's nominated successor, frets about the laxity of Duke Avan's rule, and vows that things will change once he is Chancellor, although for the present the temple's daily affairs are his main concern. Meanwhile, the ambitious priest of Elgis and former diplomat, Administrator Corunna, Vellon's main rival, makes his own plans for power in the pyramid's shadows as the Chancellor's death draws nearer.

Behind the scenes Administrator Uthos, a priest of Tovik, oversees temple security and studies his peers and rivals with a flinty eye, while Administrator Satigo, the city's chief judge and a priest of Donblas, quietly observes all that unfolds and keeps his own counsel.

The following descriptions detail some of the more interesting aspects of the temple.

FIRST FLOOR

From the town square, great polished doors of beaten bronze open into the temple, guarded night and day by warrior-priests from the order of Donblas. The temple's white marble floor has been polished smooth by the countless feet of

those who enter and exit the glass pyramid on a daily basis.

SANCTUM

The heart of the pyramid is the great temple of Elgis. A giant marble statue of the Lord of Law, some 30 feet high, stands on a circular dais at the centre of the room, its carven arms raised and its head tilted back, smiling beatifically up towards the pyramid's peak. Sunlight shines down upon the statue from the central light well above, and through the stained glass outer walls of the pyramid.

The northern wall of the sanctum is dominated by the vast pipes of the pneumatic organ, flanked to the left and right by intricately carved rows of wooden stalls, partially enclosed and raised 20 feet above the floor, from which the choir sing the praises of their god. When the choir here is in full voice, coupled with the sonorous blasts of the pipe organ, the whole temple vibrates in harmony with their song.

SECOND FLOOR

LAW COURTS

Here, dappled by sunlight shining through the walls of stained glass, the silver-robed priests of Donblas sit in judgement over the city's criminals. If convicted of a secular crime the guilty party is marched away to the city gaol, across the river in Hilltown. Those found guilty of heresy or treason are held in the gaol for a short time before being executed or sent to the salt mines in Dolgar. During the day the faint prayers of the faithful drift up through the light-well from the sanctum below.

MEETING ROOMS

A number of small meeting rooms are also found on this level, used by the various sects to discuss their respective Chancellor's latest orders, as well as to debate the finer points of doctrine and philosophy. If required, the silver-robed warrior-priests of Donblas escort visitors to the temple to these rooms, although the chancellor holds most of his discussions in his private chambers.

THIRD FLOOR

LIBRARY

Occupying the entire third floor, this repository of hand-written scrolls and newly printed books contains the history of the church, the wisdom of Law, the history of Vilmir and Old Hrolmar, and other notable works on a variety of subjects. Purple-robed priests of Vallyn catalogue and study these works, and anxiously watch over anyone who is permitted to study here. Bookcases and desks ring the light well in concentric rows.

FOURTH FLOOR

DINING HALL

This large, communal dining room is home to rows of heavy wooden tables and benches, which seat the priests three times a day. A head table stands on a small dais at the northern end of the room, and seats the chancellor and administrators, as well as any important guests they may be entertaining.

KITCHENS

Large, bustling kitchens flank the dining room, with the two separated by a wide corridor. With fires carefully tended, and great copper pots constantly on the boil, the air here is redolent with simple but delicious foodstuffs, which are prepared by a small army of servants and lowly acolytes.

FIFTH FLOOR

PRIESTS' CELLS

Occupying most of the entire fourth floor of the temple, these small, spartan rooms (known as cells) are the monks' and priests sleeping chambers. The innermost rooms are windowless and claustrophobic and are unsurprisingly, the quarters of the more junior clergy, with the more important priests allocated rooms on the edges of the building, looking out over the city. Each room consists of a thin mattress and an even thinner blanket, a water jug and bedpan, and

whatever small personal effects individual priests may own.

SIXTH FLOOR

Few outsiders have seen the sixth floor of the temple, where the Chancellor of Elgis and his chief administrators have their private chambers, although both Duke Avan is a frequent visitor, as was his father before him. Elite warrior-priests of Donblas guard the stairs and doors both leading to and within this level, ensuring that only invited guests are permitted.

CHANCELLOR HELFORTH'S CHAMBERS

Featuring filigree candelabra of beaten gold and silver, mahogany tables and rich carpets, these richly appointed rooms occupy most of the sixth floor. From here the chancellor can look out over the city or down the light well to the sanctum below, and onto the smiling face of his god.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATORS' ROOMS

Although less grand than those of the chancellor, the private chambers of Chief Administrators Velon, Uthos and Hugo are still lushly appointed, and in stark contrast to the rooms of the lesser priests on the floor below. Each room is decorated predominantly in the colours associated with the chief administrators' sect; thus Velon's room is decorated in shades of russet and fawn, Uthos' chambers are dominated by scarlet drapes and carmine carpets, and cold Hugo's apartments are draped with cloth-of-silver.

BASEMENT

The pyramid of Elgis is built upon the ruins of an ancient Melnibonéan palace, and its lower levels were once the citadel's cellars (in some rooms the intoxicating scent of fabulous wines long since drunk still lingers and rumour has it that other spirits linger here also). The cellar stonework is noticeably finer than anywhere else in the city, while the floors are paved in chipped and scuffed tiles of opal and lapis lazuli. These rooms and passageways are lit by guttering

torches, which must be changed regularly. It is possible that a concealed entrance somewhere in the basement leads into the city's sewers, but if this is the case, none within the priesthood have discovered it.

ARMOURY

The armoury holds the weapons used by the temple guards - the red-robed warrior-priests of Tovik, under the command of Administrator Uthos. Sealed behind doors protected by spells lie certain enchanted weapons that are only brought out in times of desperate need.

BOILER ROOM

The furnace and boilers that heat the temple, and which drive the mechanism for the pipe organ in the sanctum above, are located behind heavy doors in one corner of the basement.

STOREROOMS

The basement is also used for storing food and other supplies for the temple, and is overseen by yellow-robed priests of Golar.

OUTSIDE THE CITY

Several significant locations exist outside Old Hrolmar proper, and these are detailed below.

CEMETERY

Immediately to the east of the city, and protected by low sandstone walls, stands Old Hrolmar's crowded cemetery. Here the bodies of the rich lie in ostentatious vaults, while the poor are buried one atop the other in crowded and narrow graves.

A chapel to Mirath of the White Hands (in the form of a small marble pyramid, thickly garlanded with choking strands of ivy) stands in the exact centre of the cemetery. A magnificent statue of Mirath, who is depicted as stooping to hold a goblet to a dying man's lips (indicating the blissful escape from pain that Mirath offers all mortals) dominates the shadowed chamber within the pyramid.

A veritable forest of tombstones and avenues of ancient yew trees surround the chapel, among them a stark and weathered monument commemorating the countless dead who succumbed to the Yellow Plague in 250 YK.

Traditionally those supplicants seeking the assistance of the Mereghn's assassins (see PLOTS AND POWERS) leave notes or other tokens within Mirath's goblet as a means of securing the order's services. However, since Duke Avan cracked down upon the Mereghn's operations, a new drop-point has been arranged, a crack in the granite base of plague-commemorating monument. It is now here that would-be patrons leave slips of parchment bearing the names of those they wish to have killed, or tokens identifying both who they are and their wish for the assassins to contact them directly.

Agents of the Mereghn monitor both locations and are swift to contact those who seek their services. Being a curiously honourable guild, however, they will not always accept a commission, no matter what price is offered, if the job offends their order's code.

Mirath's priesthood tend to the cemetery's many tombs, and endeavours to feed the wretched and homeless of Old Hrolmar who seek shelter in the cemetery most nights. Of late the priests have noted infrequent newcomers visiting the cemetery: pale-faced foreigners, who, in small groups, consult certain scrolls and parchments as they walk around the grounds. Having questioned these strangers, the cemetery's guardians have learned that they are seeking the grave of an important leader of their charitable order, who purportedly died in the plague of 250 YK. Apparently the exact location of his grave has since been lost, strangely the visitors seem reticent to name this man, or the order he founded, leaving the priests unable to assist them in their quest. Still, as long as their visitors are polite, and cause no trouble, the priests are happy to let them go about their business. (Further details about these visitors - members of the Order of Endless Night - are given in PLOTS AND POWERS).

CLAY PIT

Lying half a day's ride to the east of the city, the clay pit is the source of the raw material used to build most of Old Hrolmar's new homes and

buildings. This gaping pit has been worked for centuries, and while it shows no signs of running out, it expands every year. At its deepest point lies a stagnant pool of emerald-coloured water that some say is an entry to the kingdom of Straasha, although most Hrolmarlians scoff at such foolishness.

FARMS

Family-owned farms are typical of many small properties outlying the city. Here, residents tithe a quarter of every harvest to the duke and, in times of war, all able bodied men, be they among the farmer's family or his serfs, can be called up to fight for the duchy.

The standard farm consists of a large stone farmhouse with whitewashed stonewalls and a low, thatched roof. Often, a farmhouse's rooms have been extended several times over the centuries. Additional outbuildings, including barns, stables and huts for the workers, surround their muddy yards, while chickens and ducks wander the grounds and herds of cattle or goats graze in the fields beyond. All farmers grow their own crops, which include fields of tomatoes, onions, saffron, cotton, wheat and barley.

Unsurprisingly, an array of strapping farmhands and voluptuous milkmaids call such farms their home.

THE OLD QULEMA ESTATE

This unwelcoming mansion, its windows permanently shuttered and its extensive grounds overgrown, stands on a hilltop overlooking the Jadmar road, a few miles north of the city. Recently purchased by Baron Manyule Marinus, after the death of the last surviving member of the Qulema family, local gossip has it that this former resident of Rignariom is no longer welcome in his former home following some undisclosed scandal (although precise reasons of his exile – which some claim is voluntary – are currently unknown).

A high brick wall topped with iron spikes surrounds the estate; its wrought iron gates padlocked and chained. Within, a curious observer can glimpse a veritable riot of vegetation that was once the well-manicured lawns and neatly tended gardens of the estate.

Few observers linger at the gates for long, however, for vicious mastiffs run free inside the walls, although no human guards are to be seen.

Local farmers shun the Qulema estate, and fall silent and pale if asked about Baron Marinus, while travellers passing by the mansion late at night say that they have heard dreadful shrieks and howls emanating from within the mansion's darkened halls.

BARON MANYULE MARINUS MAD SCIENTIST, AGE 47

Standing an imposing 6'4", Baron Marinus is an impressive, almost menacing figure. His pale face is angular and gaunt, and heavy brows shadow his burning black eyes. His black hair is shot through with white streaks at each temple. Like most Vilmirian noblemen he goes clean-shaven. He speaks in a deep, resonant voice; is obsessive about his privacy; and refuses to see most visitors. He rarely visits Old Hrolmar, preferring to dispatch his squat and sullen servants to run his errands for him.

Baron Marinus is a fanatical devotee of Arkyn, and a scientist and inventor of great skill. More than once he has ventured into the Forest of Troos, returning with fragments of strange and marvellous machines (which today gather dust in the halls of his mansion) as well as with the faithful, demi-human servants that attend his every need.

Previously obsessed with solving the secret of the Doomed Folk and their lost secrets, the baron abandoned his previous studies almost a decade ago, in order to focus his intellect upon a single goal: a quest to perfect the Vilmirian race through a combination of eugenics and vivisection. To this end he has grafted flesh with metal, sewn body parts together in dreadful new combinations, bred hideous and beautiful hybrids, and sought to bring life to inert tissue; all in order to create a master race.

It goes without saying that the baron is deranged, but he is also urbane, well bred, and possessed of a keen intelligence. He would make a deadly adversary were his solitude and his studies ever to be interrupted.

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 18, LAW 47

STR 13, CON 09, SIZ 18, INT 21, POW 16, DEX 13,
APP 12

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Broadsword	79%	1d8+1+db
Scapel	85%	1d4+db

SPELLS: Heal (2), Make Fast (1)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: None

SKILLS: Craft (Vivisection) 105%, Natural World 78%, Repair/Devise 110%, Scribe 70%, Young Kingdoms 40%

THURG OF ORG BESTIAL SERVANT, AGE 30

The most intelligent of the baron's semi-human servants is Thurg, a squat, hairy, powerfully built man with a

shambling gait and simian features. He serves Baron Marinus out of fear, not loyalty. His fellow Orgian servants hate Thurg, as he beats them without mercy or provocation in order to maintain his power over them.

CHAOS 43, BALANCE 29, LAW 37

STR 19, CON 21, SIZ 15, INT 08, POW 08, DEX 12, APP 03

HIT POINTS: 18 ARMOUR: Naturally thick bone and deep muscle 1D6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	105%	1d3+db
Cleaver	95%	1d8+db
Large Club	88%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Dodge 66%, Hide 70%, Hate Master 150%, Intimidate Others 85%, Jump 50%, Move Quietly 90%, Search 61%, Track 85%, Trap 75%

LIGHTHOUSE

A day's ride southwest of the city, at the tip of a rocky promontory known as Dragon Point, stands a squat sandstone lighthouse. Its beacon burns every night to provide a guiding light for ships sailing along the rocky Vilmirian coast. Last century the lighthouse keeper and his entire family disappeared on a foggy winter's night, a mystery that has never been explained.

ORCHARDS AND VINEYARDS

Many fine orange orchards and vineyards surround Old Hrolmar, while the entire duchy is also dotted with gnarled groves of olive trees. A robust and well-rounded Cabernet Sauvignon is bottled at many of the local wineries. The 387 YK vintage is widely regarded as the best wine that has been bottled in the region in living memory.

QUARRY

Two days ride to the west, on the border of Dolgar, lies the quarry from which much of Old Hrolmar's sandstone originates. Many of the city's worst criminals are sent here to labour with picks and chisels, ponderously carving out raw blocks of stone that are then shipped back to the city's stonemasons.

ST NALDO'S ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE

Nestled in an idyllic bend of the river, half a day's ride to the north of Old Hrolmar, stands the asylum of St Naldo. Established several years ago at the behest of Duke Avan, this austere building houses Old Hrolmar's crazed and insane, who, prior to its existence, were cast out onto the streets to live or die as fate willed.

The asylum, named after an obscure Ilmioran saint whose touch restored the sanity of the deranged, is maintained by an Ilmioran religious order led by Administrator Ludovico Forli, a priest of Vallyn. A range of alleged treatments are employed to try and cure the lunatics who reside here, including hydrotherapy and fever induction for the wealthy, and lobotomies for the poor. Those who are considered to be beyond help are chained in cells on the upper floors and at night the surrounding countryside echoes with their shrieks and cries.

Unknown to all save a handful of his most trusted assistants, Administrator Forli is using his position to experiment with radical new cures for the illnesses that plague the asylum's residence. These include primitive surgeries (under the assumption that certain organs such as the ovaries and lymph nodes may have a harmful effect on certain individuals' mental states), as well as more esoteric treatments based on an ancient Melnibonéan scroll that has come into the administrator's possession.

Due to his inept translation of this document, the priest believes that the text describes humanity's different states of mind, when it actually describes different planes of existence. The scroll also displays the plans of a curious machine that Administrator Forli believes will generate some kind of healing aura, and which he is presently clumsily trying to construct.

Unfortunately, the plans are not what Forli believes them to be. The resulting machine, which is almost completed, will have the catastrophic potential to breach the barriers between the spheres, rather than help the mad regain their reason. Although originally designed to create gateways between worlds, the flawed machine which Forli is unwittingly building has the potential to unravel the very

fabric of the Multiverse; and once it is switched on, it will be almost impossible to turn off.

THE MYSTERIOUS PATIENT

Safely locked away behind St Naldo's bars is a patient who was delivered to the asylum two years ago. He was found wandering through Old Hrolmar, stopping people in the streets and explaining to them in a calm, reasonable, although curiously accented voice that they should not exist, as they had, according to him, died some years previously. Although calm, he is prone to fits of wild melancholy, but he is not a violent man.

The patient calls himself Jared Karnaleen, and claims to be from a city called Marrabel, although no such place is known to exist (unless perhaps it lies in the Unmapped East). When his fits befall him the gaunt and bearded Karnaleen mumbles about lands unknown to even the wisest of scholars – Mirenberg, Muskovia, Garathorm, Rowenarc – and bemoans that he has lost the world he knew and now lives only in its sad and pale reflection.

In his rare moments of lucidity Jared Karnaleen is clearly an educated man. He is an excellent chess player, speaks several languages (most of them entirely unknown to even the wisest of scholars) and is an adept mathematician. He has become something of a celebrity in Old Hrolmar, with a number of the city's important residents paying him visits at the asylum. Even Duke Avan has called upon the madman, and seemed much taken by his fanciful imaginings.

JARED KARNALEEN TEMPORAL ADVENTURER, AGE 27

This pale young man - his gaunt face and haunted blue eyes framed by a black beard and wild mop of hair - has, for more years than he cares to remember, been a nomad of the Time Streams. He was once a poet and a dreamer; a citizen of tranquil Marrabel, in the lake district of Kalvania; and engaged to be married to the beautiful Miss Mina Hazard of that same city.

Sadly Kalvania was invaded and conquered by the armies of Angerland, a warlike nation ruled by the ambitious sorcerer-scientist King Victor III (also known as 'the Virgin King' because each of his five wives killed themselves on their wedding nights rather than sleep with him). Understandably the invasion cast more than just Jared and Mina's wedding plans into disarray. Jared threw his lot in with the Kalvanian Resistance, and over the following three years he became famous – or infamous, depending on who was telling the tales – for his deeds against the Angerlandians. One fateful winter evening, Jared was captured by King Victor's deathless

clockwork knights. Jared's trial was brief; King Victor's punishment was cruel and unusual.

Rather than execute Jared and risk making him a martyr, King Victor exiled the young revolutionary, not just from Kalvania, but from the world. Strange, magical machines that the king himself had constructed ruptured the barriers between the spheres and Jared was cast out into whatever lay outside his world.

Since that day Jared Karnaleen has been flung at random from plane to plane and back and forth along the Timestream, a victim of the Morphail Effect (which bedevils all time travellers) as well as Fate or some other force beyond his ken. At irregular intervals, usually just after Jared has found something resembling peace with a woman who reminds him of his lost love, the spheres spin again and he is once more hurtled through space and time. The cumulative effect upon his mind has been considerable, and Jared is now plagued by partial amnesia and multiple and conflicting memories.

In recent months, following his incarceration in St Naldo's Asylum, he has developed the nagging sensation that he has seen the 'sanity machine' currently being constructed by Administrator Ludovico Forli somewhere before. During his brief moments of reason, Jared offers the Ilmioran priest every possible assistance to ensure that the machine can be completed. Somehow Jared knows that the device may be the key to his sanity, although he is unsure what secrets it will actually unlock. If necessary he will fight to see the machine finished. If he could somehow be alerted to the devastation it will wreak – not just on the Young Kingdoms but every neighbouring plane once operational - Jared would be only too quick to aid in its destruction, even though without the device it is unlikely he will ever return to Kalvania and Miss Mina Hazard.

NOTABLE SKILLS: Haunted Look 92%, Hide 86%, Laugh Disturbingly 100%, Mechanical Repair 77%, Million Spheres 45%/90%*, Own Language (Kalvanian) 120%, Other Language (Common) 45%, Own Language (Angerlandish) 74%, Young Kingdoms 02%, Needlegun 110% (Damage 1d10) Brawl 65%,

* This first figure represents Jared's usual knowledge of the Million Spheres, while the second is his actual knowledge of the Multiverse when sane.

ENCOUNTERS

SOME TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE call Old Hrolmar home, while countless others pass through its gates every year. From across the Young Kingdoms they come: merchants, mercanaries, artisans and adventurers, drawn by the promise of wealth and opportunity, and swelling the already crowded streets of the city.

This chapter presents an Encounter Table designed to help the Gamemaster bring Old Hrolmar to life by means of chance meetings with its many and varied inhabitants. As well as providing atmosphere and local colour, these entries might suggest new possibilities for future scenarios to the Gamemaster, or introduce rich role-playing opportunities to the campaign in the form of potential new employers, enemies, lovers or friends. Such encounters also offer the Gamemaster a means by which to nudge a scenario back on track if the adventurers have

ENCOUNTERS IN OLD HROLMAR

See the table on the following page for a D100 summary of these encounters.

- *Duke Avan Alone:* The hereditary ruler of Old Hrolmar is not one for following convention, and often walks the streets freely - sometimes openly, sometimes disguised. His motivations for doing so are many: he might be seeking to gauge his people's opinions of the changes sweeping Old Hrolmar; have a craving for a simple pleasure, such as a glass of wine and a game of dice in a homely tavern; or wish to swap stories of bold deeds and dangerous undertakings.

Elric bent to raise her to her feet.

She screamed. Her painted eyes widened. He stared at her in astonishment and then, following her gaze, turned and saw the pack of bravos who had stolen round the corner and were now rushing at himself and Moonglum. Behind the bravos Elric thought he saw the young dandy he had earlier chased from the tavern. The dandy wished for revenge.

THE VANISHING TOWER, II, II

gone off after a red herring.

Should statistics are needed for any of the non-player characters described in these encounters, the Gamemaster is referred to the HROLMARIAN DIGEST, and also the Young Kingdoms Digest on pages 221-228 of the Stormbringer rulebook.

- *Duke Avan and Retinue:* Accompanied by bodyguards, courtiers and servants, Duke Avan Astran walks the streets of Old Hrolmar. He might be travelling to a public forum where he can listen to the pleas and petitions of the townsfolk, or preparing to welcome a foreign dignitary. Perhaps he is officiating at a ship's launch or the opening of a new building; or embarking on another

ENCOUNTERS IN OLD HROLMAR

1D100	ENCOUNTER
01-02	Duke Avan Alone
03-04	Duke Avan and Retinue
05	Chancellor and Retinue
06-13	Priests of Law
14	Champion
15-20	Vilmirian Noble and Retinue
21	Inquisitor
22-30	Merchant
31	Corpse
32-35	Foreign Noble and Retinue
36-37	Foreign Noble Alone
38-40	Barbarian
41	Sorcerer
42-43	Artist
44-45	Smugglers
46-50	Sailors
51-65	Grey Defenders
66-70	Legionnaires
71-75	Peasant
76	Scholar
77	Prostitute
78	Shopkeeper
79-90	Townsperson
91-92	Fisherman
93	Thief
94	Beggar
95	Street Gang
96	Press Gang
97	Elemental
98	Demon
99	Special Event
00	No Encounter

grand adventure; or is about to preside over a public ceremony, such as a wedding between two noble houses. Perhaps he is on his way to bestow land and titles upon those who have pleased him, or bound for the Vilmirian capital and an audience with the king. If the adventurers have shared a drink with the Duke when he was incognito, Avan may even acknowledge them with a grin and

a wink before returning to the task at hand.

- *Chancellor and Retinue:* Clad in stately robes of brown velvet trimmed with golden thread, the aging Chancellor Helforth, high priest of Elgis of Law, makes his way slowly across the city in a litter carried by impassive servants. He is accompanied by a retinue of warrior-priests of Tovik and various notaries, scribes and servants. The Chancellor may be enacting a ritual, visiting a friend, or simply taking in the air. His milky eyes might alight on the adventurers, or if he is preoccupied with matters relating to the Cosmic Struggle, he may look straight through them.
- *Priests of Law:* 1D6 priests of Law going about their business. They may be embarking on a pilgrimage, preaching in the streets, recruiting new followers, or carrying out their sacred obligations. Perhaps they are adherents of the demigod T'aargano, whose sect is weak in Old Hrolmar; or priests of Goldar searching for counterfitters; or even black-robed priests of Theril trying to inspire a crusade to cleanse Nadsokor.
- *Champion:* A Champion of Law or Chaos, dedicated to serving their deity's will, and unswerving in his or her duty. A Champion may be upon a quest, or just passing through the city. Maybe the Champion will try and hire the adventurers to aid in some noble or dastardly task, or perhaps he or she is stalking the adventurers, seeking revenge for a real or imagined slight against the god they loyally serve.
- *Noble and Retinue:* The adventurers encounter a member of Old Hrolmar's nobility. He or she could be young, vibrant, and accompanied by a group of 1D6 rowdy companions; or mature and staid, and escorted by 1D6 bodyguards. Such nobles might be rallying against Duke Avan, and seeking to recruit the adventurers to their cause; or have fervently embraced the changes Avan's rule has brought to Old Hrolmar and eager for the company of exotic or well-travelled individuals. The noble may be aloof, refusing to speak to

anyone not of his station and communicating with commoners only through his underlings. Possibly she is outgoing and helpful, willing to share her knowledge of the city and current events over a fine meal and a bottle or two of wine.

- *Inquisitor:* One of the most dangerous individuals in Old Hrolmar, this fanatical devotee of Donblas of Law is dedicated to rooting out Chaos wherever it nests. He is constantly on watch for signs of heresy, and is quick to note any suspect behaviour: in his eyes something as innocent as loudly laughing in public is a sign of potential corruption. If given cause to suspect the adventurers of heresy he will not rest until they have been placed on trial for heresy, executed, or proven innocent beyond all reasonable doubts. The only laws he obeys are those of the White Lords; he will not shirk from torture or murder should he deem them necessary to the completion of his duties.
- *Merchant:* Ever since Duke Avan took the throne, merchants from all points of the Young Kingdoms have flocked to Old Hrolmar. This merchant might be a local or a foreigner; wealthy, struggling, desperate, corrupt, boastful, successful, in league with Chaos, or just starting out in the daunting world of trade. He might need bodyguards, porters or runners and offer the adventurers good money for their services. Alternatively, he might have almost any item imaginable for sale in his stall, shop, or on his person. Perhaps he is on his way to an important meeting; or he might have just been robbed and be in desperate need of assistance; maybe he mistakes the adventurers for the lackeys of his greatest rival.
- *Corpse:* A dead body or a part thereof. It might be that of a murder victim whose killer still lurks nearby. The deceased might have died of exposure or from an accident, and their family might be willing to reward anyone who returns the corpse for proper burial. Perhaps the body was someone who was sacrificed to Chaos, and something on or about the corpse provides a clue to unmasking the cult's ringleaders.
- *Foreign Noble and Retinue:* A dignitary from another land accompanied by liveried

guards, and slaves or servants. A decadent Argimilian, an arrogant Lormyrian, or a hot-blooded Jharkorian; perhaps even a Melnibonéan noblewoman on a quest to unravel the mysteries she has glimpsed in drug-fuelled dreams; or a dignified Myyrrhn who pretends not to notice the stares he attracts from most Vilmirians. A foreign noble may need translators, local guides, or simply good company. They might provide the adventurers with an introduction to Vilmirian high society, or involve them in a diabolic scheme from which they barely escape with their lives.

- *Foreign Noble Alone:* As above, except the noble travels without companions – They may be an exile seeking to clear their blackened name, or hoping to raise an army with which to reclaim their usurped throne. They might be seeking enlightenment, revenge upon a fleeing adversary, or simply new adventures in strange lands. They may wish to keep their social status secret, or revel in lavish displays of wealth and power. If the latter, the adventurers may be all that saves the noble from being robbed – and possibly killed – in one of Old Hrolmar's less reputable taverns. Of course, whether the noble is properly grateful for being rescued, or take such deeds for granted, depends entirely upon the Gamemaster.
- *Barbarian:* Be they a ritually-scarred inhabitant of the Weeping Waste wrapped in leather and furs; a white-robed, ebon-skinned stranger from the Sighing Desert; or a slow-witted tribesman from Org or Yu, this barbarian's distaste for city life is obvious to all but the least perceptive of adventurers. A barbarian may be drawn to foreign-born adventurers, recognising them as like-minded souls; or may seek to befriend an adventurer before stealing everything they own and absconding to another city.
- *Sorcerer:* Practitioners of magic are hated and feared in Vilmir, even in cosmopolitan Old Hrolmar. This individual is probably a servant of Chaos, although it is possible that their sorcery is more benign, and attuned to one of the Elemental Rulers. They might need assistants to guard them while they enact some powerful summoning, or want a grimoire stolen from a rival's library. Maybe

the sorcerer seeks bodyguards to accompany him or her to a nearby city, but neglects to mention that it lies on a neighbouring plane. The sorcerer may covet an adventurer's possessions, or even their soul.

- *Artist:* A sculptor, a painter, a master of mosaics, a respected calligrapher and illuminator of manuscripts, or perhaps a musician. An artist might be native to Vilmir, but is more likely a foreigner drawn to the city by its burgeoning reputation. They may be looking for a patron, a muse, a model or entertainment.
- *Smugglers:* Devious men and women in league with the cult of Slortar, but not necessarily active worshippers of Chaos. These criminals know numerous secret routes about the city through which they transport drugs, Arveed, and other contraband. The adventurers may stumble upon their cache of black-market goods while the smugglers are absent, or catch them at their trade red-handed. Alternatively the smugglers may try to use the adventurers as couriers, asking them to help transport a seemingly innocuous package ('a gift for my father') across the city or out of Vilmir.
- *Sailors:* These men are mostly likely making the most of their brief spell ashore, carousing, wenching and drinking with gusto. They may be looking for a fight, or have valuable souvenirs of their travels that they wish to trade. Sailors can be a source of trouble or of information. They might be allied with smugglers, or worshippers of strange gods, or just looking for a good time.
- *Grey Defenders:* The Grey Defenders uphold Vilmir's civil laws and police its cities. They share a fierce rivalry with the Vilmirian legions, and Duke Avan is often at pains to maintain the peace between their ranks. Small bands of Grey Defenders patrol Old Hrolmar's streets day and night, on the lookout for thieves, villains and vagabonds, while at night their bobbing lanterns provide a reassuring light in the otherwise stygian streets.
- *Legionnaires:* Harshly disciplined men of the Vilmirian legions, many of them conscripts, who guard the nation from external threats and ensure that King Naclon's rule over the neighbouring Vilmirian Protectorates is

firmly maintained. Legionnaires are contemptuous of Duke Avan and his decadent rule, and this disrespect extends to most of his citizens. They have little formal authority in Old Hrolmar, but this rarely stops them from throwing their weight around. Adventurers may encounter the legionnaires marching through the city on their way to the Protectorates; bullying a hapless peasant or shopkeeper; or trying to stare down a squad of Grey Defenders.

- *Peasant:* A worker from an outlying farm, who has come into town to sell their wares and take in the sights. They may be lost, have been robbed, or simply be overawed by the size of the city and its crowds. Perhaps they are escaping from a cruel master, or seek refuge in the city after fleeing arrest for some petty crime.
- *Scholar:* A learned individual, a humble scribe, a poet or a philosopher. He or she may seek stimulating conversation or employment, or might have specific questions about an adventurer's homeland and customs.
- *Prostitute:* A "working" woman, perhaps based near the docks, or in New Hrolmar, or at one of the many brothels in Rose Street in the Merchants' District. She might seek information about a particular sailor or guildsman; may have valuable information about corruption in high places to sell to the right buyer; or might try to charm the adventurers into ridding her of a troublesome client. Perhaps she is simply looking for paying customers.
- *Shopkeeper:* A minor merchant whose stall is his only livelihood. Perhaps he has a bargain for the adventurers: a scroll, a dagger, even a mysterious carving from distant lands. His prattling might serve merely as a distraction while his partner, a thief, steals the adventurers' purses. Maybe he needs someone to mind his stall for a moment, and while he is gone an aggressive debt collector arrives demanding payment for an old loan.
- *Townsperson:* A "normal" city resident who is perhaps in need of the adventurers' assistance. A merchant has swindled them, a street gang has menaced them, or a dark presence is haunting their home.

- *Fisherman:* This resident of Quayside may have entered the city to sell his latest catch, or perhaps he urgently seeks someone in authority in order to warn them of a foreign fleet he has glimpsed on the horizon. He might be a drunkard, willing to swap tales of sea serpents and treasure islands in return for cups of wine. His wild stories might even be true.
- *Beggar:* One of the beggars of Nadsokor: blind or crippled or diseased. Perhaps he is begging for food or alms while covertly spying upon the adventurers or some enemy of King Urish. Alternatively she may not be a real beggar at all. Perhaps she is a Champion of Law or the Balance, disguised and testing the adventurers' principles; or a foreign visitor who has been robbed of all his belongings and who implores the adventurers for aid instead of alms.
- *Thief:* A professional thief going about her trade. The adventurers may see her picking a pocket or stealing goods. Is she truly villainous, or simply starving and desperate? Perhaps the adventurers are themselves the targets of a thief, or they unwittingly encounter a burglar in the act of casing a potential crime scene? Maybe the thief recognises the adventurers, and seeks to settle an old score with them.
- *Street Gang:* A noisy group of bravos. They might be adolescent boys, in which case they make up in volume what they lack in daring, or perhaps they are a group of older gang members spoiling for a fight. Foreigners might be their special target, or unchaperoned women. Perhaps they are drunk and mostly harmless, or perhaps not.
- *Press Gang:* A gang of thugs looking for new recruits for the Vilmirian navy or other vessels. Their victims are drugged or beaten senseless and then handed over to a ship in the harbour. They may have their eyes on the adventurers, or one of the adventurers' friends.
- *Elemental:* An elemental has escaped its binding. It may be an air elemental, dancing on the breeze and playfully blowing hats off heads and goods off stalls; or a fire elemental leaping from building to building and spreading flames and havoc in its wake. Perhaps it bears a whispered message from

its Elemental Ruler, who calls upon an adventurer to aid them in some way on this plane. Adventurers who slay an elemental will win praise, unless they deploy sorcery to defeat it.

- *Demon:* A monstrous demon, summoned by a vindictive sorcerer or accidentally unleashed by some renovation or excavation, is on the rampage. Alternatively the adventurers encounter someone possessed by a demon, or discover an unrecognised demon weapon or artefact for sale at a market stall. Perhaps a demon messenger with something important to convey materialises before them.
- *No Encounter:* Are you sure? Perhaps there is someone in the shadows, taking careful note of the adventurers' actions. Possibly they have unwittingly drawn the attention of one of the Higher Powers, a Lord of Law or a Duke of Chaos, for whom the adventurers will now become pawns or playthings. Alternatively roll again, chose another encounter at random, or do nothing; perhaps the streets of Old Hrolmar really are quiet today.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Presented here is a table of some unusual events that may occur while the adventurers stay in Old Hrolmar. Some are prosaic, some fantastic; all hint at new scenarios that the Gamemaster is invited to design.

The events table is designed to generate activity on a monthly basis, but Gamemasters should not feel compelled to follow it slavishly - some events may precipitate others - riots or plague may follow a flood, while witch-hunts may follow the havoc wreaked by a rogue demon and so on.

- *Fire:* A fire starts in a crowded section of the city and quickly rages out of control. Are the adventurers caught in a burning building? Do they see trapped citizens and attempt a rescue? Was the fire started by a careless resident or is there something more sinister or supernatural in its origin? Adventurers who are friendly to Straasha may call for his aid in the effort to extinguish the

SPECIAL EVENTS

1D100	EVENT
1-10	Fire
11-15	Building Collapse
16-20	Sewer Collapse
21-25	Duel
26-30	Brawl
31-45	Caravan
46	Reavers
47-50	Plague
51-55	Escaped Animal
56-58	Rogue Demon
59-60	Freak Weather
61-64	Royal Visit
65	Barbarian Horde
66-75	Public Execution
76-82	Witch Hunt
83-90	Riot
91-95	Festival
96-99	Circus
00	Special

conflagration, but risk attracting the attention of the Inquisition in doing so.

- *Building Collapse:* The recent renovation of the city has produced many large and impressive building efforts. Ambitious architects, vying against each other to win patrons and renown, attempt ever more extreme and risky projects. Consequently a newly constructed spire, tower or entire wing topples down into a busy street, crushing those who are unfortunate enough to be standing below. Help is sought to release those survivors who are trapped in the rubble. What has the fallen building revealed? Treasures to be looted before the authorities can take charge, or a secret room long concealed?
- *Sewer Collapse:* One of the ancient tunnels that lies beneath the city can no longer support the weight of the buildings above, and suddenly gives way. The only warning is a low subterranean rumble before a gaping hole opens in a busy street or inside a

building - perhaps even the common room of the adventurers' favourite tavern! Animals, people and buildings fall helplessly into the suddenly yawning gulf. For any adventurers who fall into the newly opened pit, the only way back to the surface might be a trip through a dark and dank maze. Who knows what long lost secrets they might discover along the way?

- *Duel:* The adventurers are witnesses to a duel. It could be as trivial as two artists fighting over accusations of plagiarism, or two rich nobles fighting to the death over the affections of a beautiful woman. Do the adventurers know the duellists? Perhaps an adventurer is hired to fight on behalf of one of them. Perhaps they witness cheating. Anyone for a bet?
- *Brawl:* Rising tensions between the Vilmirian legionnaires and the Grey Defenders results in a savage street brawl between the two groups of armed men. Alternatively, perhaps rival street gangs meet to determine once and for all who controls this section of the city. The adventurers may witness such a fight from a distance, or be caught up in its midst, possibly resulting in injury, arrest, or a case of mistaken identity when one of the adventurers is entrusted with a desperate message by a dying combatant.
- *Caravan:* A new caravan has recently arrived at the city, carrying exotic wares from distant lands. As a result, the adventurers may have the opportunity to purchase rare goods, fine weapons, or hear strange and enchanting tales. Many strangers travel with the caravans that trek across the Young Kingdoms - what mystery and dangers have arrived with this one?
- *Reavers:* A fleet of southern reavers from Dorel or some other antagonistic nation launch a dawn raid upon the city. Ships caught at anchor are pillaged and sunk. Spies open the gates, or lead groups of the reavers through the sewers and into the city. Vicious hand-to-hand fighting ensues in the streets, and Quayside becomes a conflagration. How will the adventurers fare with their weapons in the hands of the Grey Defenders?

- *Plague:* Rising from the sewers or brought by travellers from across the seas, a plague ravages the city. Gates are locked and a curfew is enforced. Food is scarce. Riots may ensue. The Glass Temple is closed and the priests of Mirath traverse the city on a daily basis, collecting bodies to be buried or burned, and tending to those still alive. Has the Yellow King risen again? Perhaps the cure lies outside the city walls: within the ill-omened Forest Of Troos or even on a neighbouring plane. Escaped Animal: A vicious and dangerous animal escapes from the menagerie of a local noble, or perhaps from the cages of a travelling circus. Was it deliberately released? Can the adventurers recapture it? They should be careful not to kill it, as the owner may want recompense, or a replacement.
- *Rogue Demon:* A series of horrific murders across the city betrays the presence of a rogue demon on the rampage. Who summoned it and why? Unless the monster is quickly killed or banished, the fear and chaos it spreads will bolster the Inquisition's influence and undermine the freedoms allowed by the duke.
- *Freak Weather:* A powerful storm ravages the city, smashing ships against the quays, ripping up trees and casting down buildings. The river Hrol bursts its banks, causing widespread flooding across the city. The adventurers might be enlisted to help pack and spread sandbags in an effort to slow the floodwaters, or be called upon to aid in the rescue of those caught in the spreading torrent. Adventurers of a criminal persuasion might take advantage of the ensuing disorder and embark upon some opportunistic looting. What – or who – has caused the storm? Can the adventurers placate the elements and save lives?
- *Royal Visit:* King Naclon of Vilmir visits the city with much pomp and ceremony. The streets swarm with folk eager to glimpse the royal procession. Perhaps the adventurers are hired as assassins and ordered to slay the king, or conversely discover a plot to murder him. The enemies of the crown are many: disaffected nobles and the Forces of Chaos are obvious foes, but the Church of Law's ruthless ambition may also play a role in such machinations.
- *Barbarian Horde:* Sweeping down from the Weeping Waste or out of the Sighing Desert, a vast horde of marauding barbarians arrives outside the city walls intent on sacking and pillaging Old Hrolmar. How long can the city hold out before the Vilmirian legions arrive to drive them away? Will the adventurers aid the attackers, or do they seek to defend Old Hrolmar?
- *Public Execution:* The burning of heretics or the beheading of a traitor, this event draws a large crowd eager for entertainment and bloodshed. Is the condemned party someone the adventurers know, or are they hired to stop it? Are they associated with the victim, and if so, does the Inquisition know?
- *Witch-Hunt:* In Duke Avan's absence, paranoia grips the city as the Inquisition presides over the latest hunt to root out the forces of Chaos. The city gates are closed by order of the Church, and house-to-house searches are conducted. Foreigners are targeted for special attention, can the adventurers escape persecution, or do they help in the search for mortal agents of Entropy?
- *Riot:* Rioting has broken out in one of the poorer quarters of town and has spread rapidly to the other districts. Opportunities for looting and thievery abound. Who started the riots and why? Perhaps the adventurers are asked to incite the riot, or they are forced to defend life and property against an angry mob.
- *Festival:* This may be a religious event, such as Valario's Day (16th Elordan), All God's Day (20th Montfath), Donblas' Day (1st Donblan) or the Day of the Dead (40th Montfath). Perhaps it is a personal celebration such as a wedding or a funeral? Regardless of the nature of the event, it is a time of high emotion and vibrant crowds.
- *Circus:* A caravan of colourful wagons, festooned with bells, flags and bright decorations, heralds the arrival of the circus. For the next few days the citizens of Old Hrolmar delight in the wonder and spectacle provided by this outlandish troupe. But beyond the excitement and pageantry, are these performers really who they claim to

be? Are they spies for a coming invasion, or secret adherents of Chaos wishing to further the plans of their masters? Do thieves and vagabonds travel with them? Perhaps one of the adventurers embarks on a passionate affair with one of the troupe and together the pair is forced to decide what will they do once the circus prepares to leave?

- *Special:* Something exceptionally unusual and remarkable occurs. An eclipse casts the city into darkness. A flight of dragons passes low overhead and their dripping venom accidentally sparks several accidental fires. An angry mob besieges a house in the street, baying for blood for some unknown crime. A condemned thief's companions stage a daring rescue just as he is about to be executed. Ashower of toads or blood rains down on the city. A sorcerous explosion vaporises a house and everyone in it, temporarily opening a gateway to another plane. Everyone in the city shares the same dream on the same night. Elric of Melniboné rides through the city on his way to some unknown destination. Such events should not occur without reason, and the Gamemaster might wish to carefully consider his or her choice before randomly including such an event in their campaign.

HROLMARLIAN DIGEST

THIS CHAPTER PRESENTS a range of sample statistics for the many residents and visitors who crowd the streets of Old Hrolmar. It is envisioned that these entries will be most useful when used in conjunction with the encounter tables provided in the previous chapter, or when a Gamemaster requires further information

on the henchmen, servants, representatives and general 'hangers on'

of the characters appearing in THE GAZETTEER. Many of the individuals and groups presented below have additional adventure hooks included as part of their background. Although no names are given for these minor characters, should names become necessary the Gamemaster is directed towards the sidebar listing common Hrolmarlian names that appears on Page 13 of ORIENTATION.

COMMONERS

The crowded streets of Old Hrolmar swarm with commoners; the salt of the earth and the mainstay of the city. While some among them embrace the changes Duke Avan has wrought, others despise the influx of foreigners and strange customs the duke has brought to the city.

Most live their lives unconcerned or ignorant of the feuds and schemes of their masters.

ARCHITECT

This man's posture and bearing are as stiff and formal as the buildings he designs. Old Hrolmar's extravagant new architectural styles find no favour in his eyes, and consequently he finds it increasingly difficult to gain commissions from his formerly generous clients. The architect leans heavily on an oaken walking stick with which he has been known to beat recalcitrant builders. His face is drawn,

his shoulders are tensed, and his lips are thin. His clothes are fine but fraying, as are his nerves and disposition. An impudent foreigner or a rude word in the street could shatter his barely restrained temper, resulting in a public fracas and perhaps an arrest at the hands of the Grey Defenders.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 18, LAW 37

STR 12, CON 14, SIZ 14, INT 15, POW 11, DEX 9, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Heavy Walking Stick	45%	1d6+db

SKILLS: Architecture 75%, Art (Drawing) 75%, Evaluate 35%, Own Language (Common) 75%, Scribe 65%

ARTISAN

This portly man is a wealthy member of a thriving guild. His hands are callused and his muscles, although hidden beneath a layer of fat, are still strong. He refuses to believe that anyone born outside Vilmir is his intellectual or physical equal, and will be unstintingly cruel to anyone of foreign extraction who serves in his employ.

Standing beside Elric in the ship's poop, Count Smiorgan Baldhead wiped sweat from his pate and growled: 'Vilmirians are a lazy lot Prince Elric...'

THE SAILOR ON THE SEAS OF FATE, III, 1

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He has a weakness for pastries, as evidenced by his expanded waistline, and will grudgingly concede that Filkharian chefs are possibly the equals of Vilmirians (although only after a protracted argument).

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 12, LAW 30

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 13, INT 12, POW 11, DEX 8,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Dagger	62%	1d4+db

SKILLS: Bargain 54%, Craft (As Suited) 65%, Listen 48%, Scribe 15%

BUILDER

This robust young man recently helped conceal a murder by burying the body in the foundations of the building site on which he labours, in return for a purse of silver. Although the act was criminal, his motives were for the best - since his father's death the young builder has become his family's sole breadwinner - and the illicit money was sorely needed. Even so, he is wracked with guilt and fears discovery. His shaggy head is bowed, his eyes downcast, and his broad shoulders slumped. The builder does not know whether the body he buried was murdered by the smugglers, the Mereghn, or a Chaos cult, and he dreads the day the truth is discovered. He seeks avenues for redemption that perhaps the adventurers can offer?

CHAOS 15, BALANCE 5, LAW 11

STR 14, CON 13, SIZ 16, INT 12, POW 10, DEX 12,
APP 14

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	75%	1d3+db
Sledgehammer	60%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Craft (Bricklaying) 53%, Fret 80%, Perspire Nervously 65%

FACTORY WORKER

This gaunt, sallow woman has already lost one child to the infernal machinery that was recently installed in the mill in which she labours. Perhaps she plots vengeance upon the callous owner, or seeks a kindly priest to officiate at her child's funeral. Perhaps she has overheard an incriminating conversation between two fellow workers, alluding to a secret shipment of contraband, and is the unwitting key to cracking the smugglers' gang. Regardless of the role Fate has in store for her, the adventurers must first gain her trust and soothe her grief before she can be of assistance to them.

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 22, LAW 19

STR 8, CON 11, SIZ 11, INT 13, POW 10, DEX 13,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Heart-breaking tears	65%	None

Paring knife 45% 1d4+db

SKILLS: Bargain 64%, Craft (Weaving) 55%, Insight 50%, Listen 63%

FARMHAND

This simple-natured lad has never been to a city before, and gazes in wide-eyed wonder at everything he sees. He would make an easy mark for unscrupulous locals, although he carries only a handful of groats in his worn leather purse. The farmhand is trusting, generous and kind, although ignorant and unschooled. He would make a faithful and loyal servant should he be given the opportunity, although his lack of graces may be cause for embarrassment in certain circles. He is surprisingly skilled with a sickle, and fast on his feet for all his size.

CHAOS 5, BALANCE 12, LAW 19

STR 16, CON 14, SIZ 17, INT 10, POW 11, DEX 14,
APP 13

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	65%	1d3+db
Sickle	68%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	47%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Craft (Whittling) 66%, Listen 50%, Natural World 45%, Predict Weather 60%, Throw 63%, Track 45%, Trap 40%

INNKEEPER

While he strives to keep a suitably stoic face, the innkeeper's intrinsically good nature and love of fine wines means he is all too often loud and laughing, much to his wife's dismay. Only one topic casts a cloud over his sunny features; lately word has reached the innkeeper that his estranged younger brother has also become a publican, and now manages a tavern in a distant land. If the adventurers are natives of this country, or mention that they have been travelled there, the innkeeper will ply them with drinks and beg them to deliver a letter to his brother. The source of the Innkeeper's distress, the contents of the letter, and the brother's reaction to it, are mysteries that only the Gamemaster can answer.

CHAOS 15, BALANCE 21, LAW 34

STR 13, CON 15, SIZ 12, INT 13, POW 9, DEX 10,
APP 11

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Timber Ace	45%	1d8+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 60%, Bargain 51%, Evaluate 68%, Scent/Taste 64%

REFUGEE

With her family farm in Rignariom consumed by the Dinner-of-Dust, this young woman has walked the many miles to Old Hrolmar in search of gainful employment. Unusually for a Vilmirian woman she has been taught to read. Possessing an intellect that will flower under the right conditions, if befriended by the adventurers and perhaps provided with a loan, a meal, or a roof over her

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head, she may reappear months later in an influential position; the trusted handmaiden of a noblewoman or a powerful merchant's scribe, able to assist the adventurers with a valuable contact, or a word in the right ear.

CHAOS 10, BALANCE 31, LAW 26

STR 9, CON 10, SIZ 10, INT 17, POW 15, DEX 12, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	47%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Craft (Animal Husbandry) 65%, Insight 54%, Listen 45%, Scribe 40%

CRIMINALS

In addition to the gangs and villains who lurk in the Foreign Quarter (detailed in THE GAZETTEER) the Gamemaster may wish to employ any of the following criminals as supporting characters in his or her adventures.

BURGLAR

When his parents were arrested for heresy by the Church of Law, this shallow youth was forced onto a life of crime. He is a quick and agile fellow with nimble fingers, a stealthy tread, and sharp ears. He makes a living from breaking into homes and businesses while the occupants are sleeping or away, and stealing anything of value he can find. He will not steal from the desperate and the poor, and he delights in relieving the lords of the Church of their property. Perhaps a vengeful sorcerer pursues him, seeking a stolen amulet or maybe he tracks the adventurers to their current domicile, planning to relieve them of their valuables.

CHAOS 25, BALANCE 11, LAW 17

STR 9, CON 11, SIZ 10, INT 13, POW 16, DEX 17, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	47%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Cloak of Cran Liret (1-4), Moonrise (1), Sureness of Cran Liret (1-4)

SKILLS: Climb 85%, Conceal Object 65%, Dodge 81%, Hide 75%, Move Quietly 85%, Pick Lock 85%, Search 65%

FENCE

Although she appears to be the mousy wife of a successful junk merchant, this woman is actually one of the best fences in Old Hrolmar. With her wide network of contacts she can usually find a buyer for the rarest and most unusual of goods. Her many children act as her eyes and ears, scouting out new buyers and ferrying messages about the city. Every thief in Old Hrolmar

knows her name, and most have sold stolen goods to her at some stage. Although she knows many of the city's smugglers, she prefers not to deal with them, and refers their agents to less scrupulous fences should they ask to meet with her.

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 13, LAW 29

STR 8, CON 13, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 14, DEX 11, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Rolling Pin	65%	1d6+db

SKILLS: Bargain 88%, Conceal Object 65%, Evaluate 85%, Fast Talk 70%, Insight 47%, Young Kingdoms 33%

FOOTPAD

A surly, violent and unpleasant man whose mission in life is to rob those weaker than himself, and then drink away the proceeds. His teeth are rotten and his soul is black. He cannot remember how many men he has robbed or killed.

CHAOS 39, BALANCE 03, LAW 10

STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 10, POW 9, DEX 11, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Shortsword	65	1d6+1+db
Thieves' Bludgeon	72%	1d8+db
Dagger	78%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Dodge 65%, Hide 81%, Jump 42%, Move Quietly 70%, Track 65%

MEREHGHN ASSASSIN

Working by day as a barmaid - as murder doesn't always pay the rent - this woman is a member of the Mereghn and a trained killer. Any of the tavern's customers who are foolish enough to make an unwelcome advance, while she is collecting their tankards or pouring them a beer, invariably finds themselves clutching a broken wrist scant moments later. In her professional life, this plump and deadly woman favours slow acting poisons over direct assaults, although she is not afraid to throw herself into the fray when the need arises.

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 19, LAW 31

STR 13, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 16, POW 14, DEX 18, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Leather And Rings (No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	120%	1d3+db
Dagger	110%	1d4+2+db
Desert Bow	100%	1d8+2+1/2db

SKILLS: Bargain 55%, Climb 103%, Conceal Object 76%, Craft (Sleight Of Hand) 70%, Disguise 125%, Escape

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Techniques 30%, Fast Talk 66%, Hide 97%, Insight 85%, Jump 78%, Listen 73%, Move Quietly 104%, Physick 44%, Potions 92%, Ride 80%, Search 79%, Throw 61%, Track 55%, Trap 75%, Young Kingdoms 45%

PROSTITUTE

This prostitute is actually a slender young man of 21 summers, who masquerades as an attractive woman. Thanks to padding, make-up, and his skilled dissembling, many of his clients never know the difference, although the especially attentive might notice his Adam's apple or strong hands. He works a series of taverns in the Foreign Quarter, sometimes accompanying the men who buy his favours to their lodgings, at other times leading them to the nearest alley. Pillow talk ensures that he knows several important secrets, and the adventurers may find him a valuable source of information (although his wisdom does not come cheap). He is currently considering an offer at employment at Cleveland House, a brothel in Rose Street, in the Merchant's Quarter, which subtly caters for guests seeking masculine companionship.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 12, LAW 19

STR 12, CON 12, SIZ 11, INT 13, POW 14, DEX 17,
APP 18

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	65%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Lovemaking) 85%, Disguise 90%, Insight 65%, Listen 81%

STREET GANG

These thugs might be affiliated with the Foreign Quarter gang the Bravos, the Industrial Quarter's Church Street Boys, or a group of the Gamemaster's own choosing. Possibly they are motivated more by boredom than criminal intent. They may be well-dressed young noblemen looking for trouble, or perhaps they are a drunken mob of sailors or stevedores itching for a fight. They will invariably send their smallest and youngest member to cause trouble and then come barrelling around the corner, weapons drawn, once violence erupts. The name of their gang, and the location of their headquarters, should be determined by the Gamemaster.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	10	18	14	12
CON	12	14	9	11
SIZ	8	15	12	13
INT	13	7	10	10
POW	14	11	15	9
DEX	16	10	12	11
APP	12	9	15	10
HP	10	15	11	12
DB	-	1D6	1D4	1D4
<i>Weapon</i>		<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>	
Brawl		65%	1d3+db	
Cudgel		45%	1d6+db	
Dagger		55%	1d4+2+db	

ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

SPELLS: Gang Member #6 Knows Bonds Unbreakable (3), Fury (1)

SKILLS: Climb 50%, Dodge 55%, Listen 60%, Move Quietly 35%

NOTES: #1 is the smallest and youngest gang member; #2 is his slow-witted protector; they both distrust #4, the gang's leader

SPY

In service to a foreign power, or perhaps serving another duke who conspires against Duke Avan, this duplicitous individual covertly seeks out residents with knowledge of the city. The adventurers may overhear her planning treason, or might steal her purse only to discover that it holds documents pointing at an imminent invasion or coupe d'etat. She is a sly, malicious and untrustworthy figure who only leaves her bolthole in the Foreign Quarter for sinister reasons.

CHAOS 29, BALANCE 13, LAW 25

STR 12, CON 13, SIZ 12, INT 17, POW 16, DEX 15,
APP 14

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Half Plate (No Helm)
1d8

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Falchion	75%	1d6+2+db
Strangle Cord	61%	Suffocation (as per drowning)
Scimitar	71%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	80%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	65%	1d3+db

SPELLS: Breath of Life (1), Buzzard Eyes (1), Demon's Eye (1), Demon's Ear (1), Heal (2), Midnight (1), Rat Vision (10)

SKILLS: Bargain 65%, Disguise 52%, Dodge 60%, Insight 58%, Scribe 65%, Young Kingdoms 35%

CULTISTS

The worshippers of Chaos are as diverse as their masters' many aspects, as this collection of cultists aptly demonstrates. Additional Chaos cultists can be found in PLOTS AND POWERS.

MINOR CULTIST OF SLORTAR

Both an athlete and an aesthete, this vain young nobleman was initiated into the cult a year ago by his father's mistress, who was also his lover. Having successfully framed her for his father's subsequent murder, he has now inherited a small fortune, which he spends on idle pleasures. He exercises every day, and has a burning ambition for power and unrestrained pleasure that may yet be his downfall. He delights in befriending visitors to Old Hrolmar, who are easily taken in by his lazy charm and decadent lifestyle, and corrupting them in Slortar's name. Adventurers are most likely to encounter him in a fashionable tavern, a gambling den, or at the theatre.

CHAOS 35, BALANCE 06, LAW 12

STR 14, CON 11, SIZ 13, INT 14, POW 17, DEX 13,
APP 15

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Leather And Rings
(No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	82%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Chaos Warp (4), Curse of Chaos (4), Liken Shape (4)

SKILLS: Climb 70%, Dodge 66%, Insight 45%, Jump 75%, Reckless Spending 90%, Scent/Taste 65%

GROTESQUE CULTIST OF SLORTAR

Obsessed with the oral and olfactory senses, this minor cultist has converted himself into a living engine of gluttony whose appetite for obscure and obscene delicacies are never sated. The estranged son of a petty Vilmirian noble, he is so morbidly obese that he is no longer capable of movement. Drugged and docile slave-physicians tend his naked bulk. A complex scaffold constructed of rare timbers is built around and over his bed, and supports a multitude of decanters, bubbling alembics, and clay jars whose various contents are fed by tubes into his mouth, nose and veins. Although moribund, this gross cultist is a genius whose intellect is at the cult's permanent disposal. His problem-solving skills are second to none: codes and cyphers that have baffled the wisest minds in all Old Hrolmar, are little more than simple quizzes to him. The adventurers might encounter one of his drugged doctors out collecting strange and suspicious ingredients, or be hired to gather certain rare moulds from the Forest of Troos that the cultist requires for a pungent new elixir.

CHAOS 42, BALANCE 3, LAW 10

STR 4, CON 18, SIZ 20, INT 19, POW 15, DEX 5,
APP 3

HIT POINTS: 19 ARMOUR: Blubber 1D3

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	55%	1d3+db

SKILLS: Art (Gourmet Cuisine) 80%, Bargain 75%, Belch And Fester 101%, Evaluate 66%, Fast Talk 53%, Insight 86%, Own Language 85%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 75%, Potions 25%, Scent/Taste 275%, Solve Enigma 101%, Young Kingdoms 30%

GREATER CULTIST OF SLORTAR

This apparently youthful Ilmioran nobleman arrived in Old Hrolmar a year ago and quickly fell in with a clique of young lords and ladies who chafed under the strictures and traditions of the Church of Law. He is witty and seductive, and has gained a reputation as a cultivated dandy, an art collector of excellent taste, and a definitive authority in all matters of fashion and lifestyle. He discretely preaches the tenets of Slortar; a life dedicated to sensuous pleasures and the liberating power of Chaos. Unknown to all he possesses a dark secret. His enduring youth and beauty are of supernatural origin, drained from the bodies and souls of countless victims by a unique and terrible demon (see below). This man is equally at home at fashionable parties or seedy waterfront dives, and the adventurers might encounter him in either such location. He may seek to involve them as pawns in a grand and

dangerous intrigue, trick them into ruining the reputation of a young lady or lordling, or attempt to seduce them in order to prey upon their youth and beauty.

CHAOS 89, BALANCE 10, LAW 13

STR 14, CON 11, SIZ 12, INT 17, POW 21, DEX 13,
APP 21

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Barbarian Leather
and Wood, Gorgeously
Lacquered, 1d8-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Rapier	78%	1d6+1+db
Dagger (Demon)	105%	1d4+2+db+1d10

SPELLS: Cloak Of Cran Liret (1-4), Chaos Warp (4), Compulsion* (3), Summon Demon (1), Visage Of Arioch (1-3), Wisdom Of Slortar (1-3)

INVOCATIONS: Slortar the Old

DEMONS: Gowerton, Greater Demon Painting; Xiharr, Minor Demon Dagger

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 107%, Art (Poetry) 98%, Art (Seduction) 119%, Bargain 64%, Dodge 86%, Craft (Origami) 85%, Evaluate 91%, Fast Talk 78%, Insight 90%, Listen 63%, Oratory 84%, Potions 65%, Scent/Taste 93%

*See the *Gods of Chaos* Monograph.

GOWERTON, GREATER DEMON PAINTING (LIPPINCOTT BREED)

This powerful demon is bound in a heavy, iron-framed canvas that originally depicted a life-sized oil painting of its original binder. The current owner keeps the portrait hidden behind a heavy velvet curtain. Any who gaze upon it see that it depicts a monstrous old man: withered, wrinkled, with a loathsome visage and wearing an expression of disgust and extreme ennui. A closer inspection of the canvas may also allow observers to notice the many faint, terrified faces of young men and women that make up the seemingly abstract backdrop before which the painted figure grimaces. If it is somehow released from the painting Gowerton appears as an inhuman, androgynous figure with lustrous silver skin, indigo eyes, flames instead of hair, and a delicate, fluting voice. Its beauty waxes and wanes in keeping with the state of its fluctuating APP.

CON 10, SIZ 10, INT 19, POW 28,
APP 30 (CURRENTLY 4)

HIT POINTS: 17 MOVE: Nil

DAMAGE BONUS: N/A

ABILITIES: Demon Armour, 2d10 (The Canvas And Its Heavy Iron Frame Are Supernaturally Resistant To Damage - In Its Natural Form Gowerton's Metallic Skin Is Impervious To Most Weapons); Drain Appearance* (Unique Ability); Bestow Youth** (Unique Ability)

*The Drain Appearance ability functions similarly to the demonic ability Drain Soul, but directly attacks the appearance of the target, draining 1D8 APP on a successful POW:POW roll and transferring these points to the demon. They must be standing within five feet of the demon's binding object in order to be vulnerable. Targets reduced to zero APP become wretched, withered, drooling things unrecognisable to even their closest friends, and invariably go insane.

** Bestow Youth allows the demon to reduce a target's age by one year and increase his or her APP by 1D4, at a

cost of 10 MP and 10 points of its own APP. This sorcerously bestowed youthfulness lasts for one month, after which time the effects of age instantly return and the artificial APP disappears unless the demon's ability is employed again; additionally the target's original APP score is reduced by 1D4 the instant the lost year returns. In order for the demon to be able to employ this ability the target must own an artistic representation of his or herself, such as a painting or sculpture, to which the cumulative effects of aging are transferred. If this artwork is damaged or destroyed, the deferred years are instantly returned to the target, often with fatal results.

NEED: To be cleaned with linseed oil once per month

XIHARR, LESSER DEMON DAGGER (VALAXICUS BREED)

A slender, finely balanced dagger with a filigree blade and a jewel-encrusted hilt.

POW 15, INT 8

ABILITIES: Demon Weapon, Adds 1d10 Damage; Sleep, Causes The Target To Fall Into A Sorcerous Slumber For 20-Con Hours With A Successful Pow:Con Resistance Roll.

NEED: To have lullabies sung to it weekly

CULTIST OF XIOMBARG

This Dharijorian witch is a voluntary exile from her homeland, although she pretends to be from Jharkor (as her warlike people are not much loved in Vilmir). Married off as a girl to a cruel warlord, she took comfort in the arms of a female lover, who was executed when their affair was discovered. After her prayers for vengeance were answered by Xiombarg of Chaos (who sent a swarm of demon locusts to devour her husband) she found it expedient to flee Dharijor. She dresses modestly in a long gown of black velvet. Her black eyes glitter from behind the veil that obscures her dark features, while her hands are painted with intricate designs of henna. She may fall in love with one of the adventurers, although if scorned will become a deadly foe. Perhaps one of the adventurers unwittingly carries an artefact of special significance to her cult that she seeks to recover.

CHAOS 50, BALANCE 14, LAW 18

**STR 11, CON 12, SIZ 12, INT 16, POW 18, DEX 14,
APP 13**

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Scimitar	75%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	81%	1d4+2+db

SPELLS: Hell's Armour (1-4), Hell's Sharp Flame (1-4), Liken Shape (4), Muddle (1), Summon Demon 1), Witch Sight (3)

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: Demon Earring (See Below)

SKILLS: Art (Sensuous Dancing) 87%, Insight 75%, Ride 55%, Own Language 81%, Other Language (Mabden) 58%, Scribe 45%, Young Kingdoms 20%

BARLINGAR, LESSER DEMON (LYRILLIAN BREED)

This diminutive demon is bound into one of a pair of pearl earrings, so that it can whisper important facts into its mistresses' ear.

INT 12, POW 16

ABILITIES: Hear, Listen to Distant Sounds; Knowledge, Answer Reference Questions

NEED: To Be Polished With A Velvet Cloth Daily

DEMONS

Rogue demons are rare in Old Hrolmar, but not unknown. Here are statistics for a handful of lesser and greater demons, currently unbound, which may roam the city should the Gamemaster wish to include them in his or her campaign.

NAPHOLIX LESSER DEMON (BREED UNKNOWN)

This minor demon appears in the form of a swarm of grotesque, blood-drinking locusts whose eyes glow with a hellish light. It is usually summoned to guard a particular location; no doubt this particular specimen was released unbound as it is a relatively weak example of its species.

**STR 5, CON 24, SIZ 13, INT 13, POW 13, DEX 18,
AP N/A**

HIT POINTS: 19 MOVE: 9

DAMAGE BONUS: None

ABILITIES: Exsanguinate, Drains 1d3 Hit Points/Round; Locusts, Damage 1d8/Round In Tiny Bites

SKILLS: Speak Common 32%, Own Plane 15%, Listen 40%, Search 30%

NEED: Eat Insects, Especially Beetles, Daily

CATAPHAXOTL GREATER DEMON (GALJAMIRIK BREED)

This powerful demon resembles a giant black scorpion with a bull-like head, from which curves two viciously sharp horns. Cataphaxotl also has two massive claws and a tail whose venomous stinger can lash out at a target up to two yards away. Galjamirik demons are usually summoned when a truly valuable horde must be protected, but in Cataphaxotl's cases, it killed its summoner and escaped out into the world before it could be bound. Spending most of its time burrowing through the roots of the world, this demon may be encountered underground, or when it suddenly tunnels up to the surface in search of prey.

**STR 26, CON 28, SIZ 28, INT 20, POW 24, DEX 15,
AP N/A**

HIT POINTS: 28 MOVE: 8

DAMAGE BONUS: 2D6

ABILITIES: Gore 40%, 1d8+2+Db; Regenerate, Regains One Hit Point Per Round; Soul Sight, Gauges Pow Of Being In Its Sight With Pow 3 Or More; Dust, Obscures Vision For Remainder Of Round; Carapace, Blocks 1d10+1d6 Damage; Acid Blood, Successful Hits To The Demon Inflict 1d8 Damage To The Striking Weapon; Attacker Is Splashed With Blood For 1d8 Damage With A Failed Luck Roll; Clawx2, 60%, 1d8+Db (Second Claw Attack Is Made In The Same Round At 5 Dex Rank Apart); Stinger, 50%, Damage 1d8 Plus Pot 28 Venom

SKILLS: Speak Common 32%, Own Plane 15%, Search 30%, Listen 20%.

NEED: To eat 5 SIZ points of rock and earth daily

GREY DEFENDERS

The Grey Defenders, in their ubiquitous tabards, nasal helms and chainmail surcoats, serve as Old Hrolmar's city watch, maintaining the peace and upholding the Law throughout the city. A long-standing and sometimes violent rivalry exists between the Grey Defenders and the men of the Vilmirian Legions. Additional statistics for the Grey Defenders can be found in THE GAZETTEER.

COMMON SOLDIERS

The rank and file members of the Grey Defenders are usually young men from poor families who have proved their skill at arms as conscripts in the legions, and have gone on to enlist as Defenders in return for food and board. Some may be cowards, some aspire to bold deeds, while others might just hope to serve their term without losing an eye or a limb. Many view foreigners with suspicion, although those who are born and bred in Old Hrolmar will be more open minded about the presents of outlanders than their compatriots from other duchies.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	11	13	14	13
CON	14	13	15	12
SIZ	11	12	11	13
INT	10	11	09	12
POW	11	07	10	08
DEX	10	09	14	12
APP	17	12	10	11
HP	14	13	15	13
DB	-	1D4	1D4	1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	60%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	80%	1d6+1+1/2db
Brawl	55%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	60%	1d4+db+kb

ARMOUR: Leather & Rings (Helm On) 1d6+1

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Dodge 55%, Insight 50%, Search 65%, Track 50%

RECKLESS YOUTH

Having only been a Grey Defender for a matter of weeks, and flushed with a newfound arrogance, this hotheaded youth lacks diplomacy and experience. Consequently he will be quick to arrest or strike anyone who angers him. Should he survive a year without being de-listed or killed, he may learn the wisdom his office demands.

CHAOS 04, BALANCE 01, LAW 10

STR 13, CON 12, SIZ 13, INT 9, POW 12, DEX 13, APP 14

HIT POINTS: 13 **ARMOUR:** Leather & Rings (Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	55%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	60%	1d6+1+1/2db
Brawl	50%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	55%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Climb 55%, Dodge 52%, Insight 48%, Search 60%, Track 45%

HOARY VETERAN

This scarred and grizzled soldier has served as a Grey Defender for many decades. He is close to retirement, and avoids trouble where possible. When Fate or his superiors demand action, he swears, sighs, and then wields his weapons with lethal skill.

CHAOS 12, BALANCE 11, LAW 33

STR 15, CON 17, SIZ 13, INT 11, POW 13, DEX 14, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 15 **ARMOUR:** Leather & Rings (Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	85%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	80%	1d6+1+1/2db
Brawl	78%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	85%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 45%, Climb 75%, Dodge 85%, Insight 75%, Search 85%, Track 70%, Young Kingdoms 35%

CHEERFUL SERGEANT

Although fond of a drink and not as supple as he was in his youth, this doughty man is still strong of thew and will. He enjoys joking with his men but never allows them to grow overly familiar. He is hairy and solidly built, and is as quick to laugh as he is to anger (although being a good Vilmirian citizen he strives at all times to keep his emotions in check so as to present a calm face to the world).

CHAOS 15, BALANCE 10, LAW 25

STR 15, CON 13, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 14, DEX 13, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 14 **ARMOUR:** Leather & Rings (Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

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Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	70%	1d6+1+db
Javelin	80%	1d6+1+1/2db
Brawl	70%	1d3+db
Kite Shield	75%	1d4+db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 61%, Dodge 60%, Evaluate 40%, Insight 55%, Jump 40%, Listen 51%, Move Quietly 44%, Young Kingdoms 35%

MERCHANTS

Merchants are the lifeblood of any city. In Old Hrolmar they have more freedom than anywhere else in Vilmir. They are a self-important class, and are always interested in increasing their wealth. Below are five merchants for on-the-spot action, including two visitors to our Vilmir.

IMPOVERISHED TRADER

Fate has cursed this man. His partners have cheated him, his ships have foundered, his caravans have been raided and his touch seems to turn gold into lead. Nonetheless he refuses to give up hope. Once fat and cheerful, his thin frame now swims in oversized clothes that are patched and worn, and he struggles to stay smiling. He is increasing attracted to desperate strategies and harebrained schemes to try and lift his fortunes. Being a devout man, he will only employ adventurers or become partners with those who will pray with him at the Temple of Law before starting out on any joint venture.

CHAOS 23, BALANCE 15, LAW 29

STR 14, CON 12, SIZ 11, INT 13, POW 7, DEX 14, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	65%	1d6+1+db

SKILLS: Bargain 33%, Evaluate 31%, Insight 28%, Search 30%

SHIFTY MERCHANT

This merchant is always rubbing his hands and licking his lips, and he struggles to maintain eye contact with anyone he speaks to. Although he claims to be seeking stouthearted swordsmen to guard his next caravan, this devious trader plans to drug the guards and abscond with the goods, before accusing his hapless employees of the theft. Perhaps he will ask the adventurers to sign on to help protect his next shipment?

CHAOS 36, BALANCE 06, LAW 18

STR 12, CON 13, SIZ 13, INT 17, POW 14, DEX 15, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Bargain 63%, Conceal Object 55%, Hide 62%, Potions 61%

ILMIORAN MERCHANT

This plump, pleasant fellow has travelled overland to Old Hrolmar with a cargo of leather, hides and glassware. He has tanned skin, blonde hair, and a carefully waxed and styled moustache. He wears red hose; stout, scuffed leather shoes; a white linen shirt under a slashed doublet of rich blue velvet; and a short, collarless cloak of richly embroidered wool. His red velvet hat is decorated with a single white feather. Having sold his goods for a tidy profit he is now drinking and gambling with a passion, all the while complaining about what cold fish these Vilmirians are. He will be grateful for company, and will happily advise adventurers who are looking for employment about any caravans that are about to depart and similar opportunities. If footpads attack him, his honour demands that any who assist in saving him must be generously rewarded.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 19, LAW 36

STR 13, CON 12, SIZ 14, INT 15, POW 12, DEX 10, APP 13

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Battle Axe	65%	1d8+2+db

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: A single fire elemental bound into a flint, which is invaluable when lighting fires on wet nights

SKILLS: Bargain 46%, Evaluate 65%, Navigate 45%, Repair/Devise 41%

PURPLE TOWNSMAN

This portly man embodies the best traits of a Purple Towns' merchant. He is broad shouldered, barrel chested, and with a slowly spreading waistline thanks to his successful lifestyle. He wears clothes of silk, linen and fine cotton in shades of purple and black, embellished with pearls and embroidered with gold thread. His auburn hair is worn long and loose, and he sports a neatly trimmed beard. This merchant is levelheaded, superstitious, and prone to bragging about his nation's success. He is also fiercely competitive, and will not back down from a challenge or a wager no matter how high the stakes.

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 27, LAW 39

STR 16, CON 17, SIZ 15, INT 12, POW 11, DEX 15, APP 13

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Sea Axe	65%	2d6+2+db
Broadsword	55%	1d8+1+db

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: None, nor will he look favourably upon those who binds elementals of air or water into their service

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SKILLS: Bargain 34%, Navigate 66%, Search 60%, Sailing 72%, Swim 54%, Young Kingdoms 35%

UNSCRUPULOUS MERCHANT

This Vilmirian merchant has accrued significant wealth but at great personal cost. He has cheated his own brother, and been disowned by his father. In the pursuit of personal wealth he has lied, stolen and even killed. He is sleek and proud, and wears only imported clothing from Filkhar and Ilmiora. When his thin lips smile, his grey eyes never do. His heart might belong to Goldar, but Chaos owns his soul.

CHAOS 42, BALANCE 13, LAW 33

STR 11, CON 10, SIZ 14, INT 14, POW 15, DEX 11, APP 13

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Soft Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Broadsword	55%	1d8+1+db

SKILLS: Bargain 74%, Evaluate 91%, Fast Talk 65%, Insight 65%, Own Language (Common) 70%, Young Kingdoms 35%

NOBLES

The Vilmirian nobility are Old Hrolmar's social elite. Unlike the lower classes, nobles have permission to bear arms within the city walls. They are also the only people allowed to ride horses; commoners must walk, or ride donkeys. Some of Old Hrolmar's nobles are inbred, their blood weakened by constant intermarriage between a handful of families; others are robust, and look to a future less constrained by the Church of Law.

BORED NOBLEWOMAN

This plain young woman has been schooled in all that is proper for a Vilmirian lady, and chafes at the constraints of her daily life. Rather than practise her embroidery while waiting demurely for her father to find her a husband, she prefers to read all she can about the world outside Vilmir, paying no heed to her mother's claims that reading will furrow her brow and give her wrinkles. Although accompanied by a nurse or a chaperone whenever she leaves the house, she will be quick to take advantage of any chance for interaction with an apparently well-travelled stranger.

CHAOS 06, BALANCE 13, LAW 18

STR 8, CON 11, SIZ 10, INT 16, POW 15, DEX 13, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Hatpin	75%	1d3+db
Scratch	55%	1d2+db

SKILLS: Art (Courtly Manners) Ask Pointed Questions 70%, Blush Demurely 65%, Dance 70%, Insight 50%, Ride Sidesaddle 43%, Scribe 30%, Unlady-Like Behaviour 45%, Young Kingdoms 18%

CONSERVATIVE NOBLE

This man is a perfect Vilmirian gentleman, and has such control of his emotions that even when outraged by the foreign devils that crowd Old Hrolmar's streets, his demeanour is impassive and seemingly calm. He dresses in traditional garb, and is never seen in public without his hat and gloves.

CHAOS 11, BALANCE 14, LAW 36

STR 12, CON 13, SIZ 11, INT 14, POW 14, DEX 10, APP 9

HIT POINTS: 12 ARMOUR: Leather & Rings (No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
BroadSword	75%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	55%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Courtly Manners) 80%, Insight 42%, Oratory 53%, Scribe 30%, Ride 57%

DISENCHANTED NOBLE

This muscular gentleman is about 40 years old, and sports not only a badly set broken nose, but also several impressive scars. He is grey-haired and his posture is stiff. He is grimly idealistic. Formerly a captain in the Vilmirian legion, with a posting in the Vilmirian Protectorates, he resigned his commission two years ago after discovering that several of his lieutenants were responsible for a series of abuses of the local peasantry. They presumed that their rank and privilege would grant them immunity from prosecution, but to their shock the captain ordered their arrest. In the face of overwhelming evidence the young men were convicted, and sentenced to death. The resulting scandal (one of the lieutenants was the nephew of Duke Ongar of Dolgar) tarred the captain's military reputation and social standing, and shattered his belief in Vilmir's right to rule the protectorates. Today he ekes out a frugal living in Old Hrolmar as an occasional consultant upon matters of security, and shuns the city's nobility, (although he is known to and has the grudging respect of the Grey Defenders). He shares a small lodging in New Hrolmar with a young commoner whom he rescued from the Mariol massacre, and who is now his constant companion.

CHAOS 24, BALANCE 51, LAW 47

STR 15, CON 16, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 13, DEX 15, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: Half Plate (Helm On) 1d8+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Short Sword	95%	1d6+1+db
Broadsword	95%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	55%	1d4+2+db

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Hunting Bow	75%	1d6+1+1/2db
Javelin	65%	1d6+1/2db
Hoplite Shield	96%	db+kb

SKILLS: Bargain 63%, Brood Upon Injustice 83%, Dodge 70%, Insight 86%, Lead Troops 62%, Oratory 79%, Ride 75%, Search 80%, Track 47%, Young Kingdoms 30%

FOP

As if hoping his flamboyant fashion-sense will make up for his weak chin and crossed eyes, this inbred young nobleman adorns himself in rich silks, velvets and furs. He shows little interest in any subject other than himself, and is rarely seen without a wineglass or a snuffbox in hand. At the Gamemaster's discretion his flamboyant exterior may hide a keen mind; alternatively he may be even shallower than he seems. He and his cronies might be met in any tavern in the city; slumming it among the unwashed masses, or in one of the city's classier establishments, loudly discussing the boorish behaviour of foreigners.

CHAOS 10, BALANCE 06, LAW 28

STR 13, CON 10, SIZ 11, INT 9, POW 13, DEX 14, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 11 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Rapier	83%	1d6+1+db
Dagger	66%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Courtly Manners) 80%, Berate Servants 74%, Dance 60%, Gossip 85%, Ride 75%

PRIESTS

The feudal nature of Vilmirian society owes much to the strictures of the Church of Law, which teaches that every citizen has an allotted place within the cosmic order, and that only heretics would try to change the status quo. Peasants were born to serve the nobility, and the nobility serve the Church, and so it has always been. Representatives of the dominant sects of Law are arrayed below.

ABSENT-MINDED PRIEST OF ARKYN

This skinny, unkempt fellow wears a stained blue robe, rarely finds time to shave, and is invariably focussed upon an abstract concept or a potential invention rather than the world around him. Consequently he can seem foolish and forgetful despite his prodigious intellect. He might come to a sudden stop in a crowded street in order to scribble a complex mathematical formula in chalk on the nearest wall, or try to enlist volunteers to help him test a new flying machine. Perhaps he has lost an important blueprint and implores the adventurers to help him recover it.

CHAOS 03, BALANCE 11, LAW 41

STR 10, CON 13, SIZ 12, INT 19, POW 15, DEX 13, APP 11

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	30%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Craft (Metalworking) 68%, Natural World 55%, Potions 40%, Repair/Devise 99%, Scribe 75%, Young Kingdoms 40%

KINDLY PRIEST OF MIRATH

This slender, softly spoken priest has bright blue eyes and mouse-brown hair. He wears sandals and a white robe, and administers succour to the sick and dying, as well as officiating at baptisms and funerals. He serves Lady Mirath of the White Hands, who governs time and ends each life at its allotted hour, and whose high priest in Vilmir is Chancellor Marinus of Belgair.

CHAOS 05, BALANCE 19, LAW 33

STR 12, CON 15, SIZ 13, INT 12, POW 15, DEX 13, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Light Mace	55%	1d6+2+db
Cleaver	95%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Doctrine of Law 46%, Insight 50%, Listen 61%, Natural World 48%, Physick 85%, Potions 90%, Scent/Taste 53%, Scribe 40%

MARTIAL PRIESTS OF TOVIK

Wearing red robes over their armour, these warrior-priests of Tovik the Relentless are the shock troops of the Church Militant. Chancellor Dassom of Uhaio is the head of their order.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	15	13	18	14
CON	14	12	15	14
SIZ	18	12	16	13
INT	10	17	09	12
POW	10	13	12	09
DEX	15	11	13	13
APP	12	10	11	07
HP	17	12	15	14
DB	1D6	1D4	1D6	1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Broadsword	75%	1d8+1+db
Heavy Mace	66%	1d8+2+db

ARMOUR: Young Kingdoms Plate (Helm On) 1d10+2

SKILLS: Doctrine of Law 40%, Dodge 60%, Insight 45%, Jump 50%, Listen 50%

STERN PRIESTS OF DONBLAS

The members of this order pass judgment upon Old Hrolmar's wrongdoers. Secular crimes are punished with a spell in the docks or imprisonment in the city gaol; traitors are invariably dispatched to toil in Dolgar's salt

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mines; heretics are always executed. The priests of Donblas are even-tempered, wise and dispassionate. Cardinal Garrick, the true ruler of Vilmir, is the head of their order.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	13	16	12	14
CON	14	13	13	13
SIZ	10	14	16	12
INT	15	17	12	14
POW	14	10	12	09
DEX	12	10	12	11
APP	09	12	11	10
HP	12	14	15	13
DB	-	1D4	1D4	1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Broadsword	65%	1d8+1+db
Light Mace	55%	1d6+2+db

ARMOUR: Half Plate (No Helm) 1d8

SKILLS: Administer Justice 90%, Doctrine of Law 80%, Insight 75%, Legal Precedents 81%, Listen 65%, Oratory 83%, Proscribe Punishment 80%, Scribe 76%

TROUBLED PRIEST

This devotee of Vallyn the Wise walks the streets deep in thought, his eyes downcast and his expression melancholy. After witnessing many injustices perpetrated in Law's name, he has begun to question his faith and his allegiance to the Church. The adventurers might witness him intervening in the arrest of a starving child accused of stealing a loaf of bread; or see him weeping as he watches an execution in the town square. Perhaps they can turn him towards contemplation of the Cosmic Balance, or inspire him to advocate for change within the Church of Law (although if he speaks publicly about his heretical notions he will not be long for this world).

CHAOS 10, BALANCE 29, LAW 32

STR 12, CON 14, SIZ 11, INT 17, POW 15, DEX 10, APP 9

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Wrestle	79%	special
Wooden Staff	76%	1d6+1+db

SKILLS: Contemplate Injustice 79%, Doctrine of Law 55%, Insight 60%, Listen 53%, Oratory 61%, Scribe 35%

SAILORS

Visitors to Old Hrolmar from foreign lands, press-ganged members of the Vilmirian navy, and swaggering Vilmirian privateers all make use of Old Hrolmar's harbour. Additional statistics for seafarers and their ships can be found in the Chaosium supplement *Sailing On The Seas Of Fate*.

ARROGANT NAVAL CAPTAIN

This haughty Vilmirian lord is the scion of one of Uhaio's noble houses, and is accustomed to his every command being instantly obeyed. He commands the quinquereme Arkyn's Arrow, a 190-foot, single-masted warship powered by two decks of oars. As well as his five officers, another 45 sailors, 120 rowers and 22 marines serve under him. The adventurers are most likely to encounter him during one of his rare, extended trips ashore at the Quayside inn The Duke's Head or at Duke Avan's court. The captain might be recruiting warriors familiar with the evils of Pan Tang for a special and secretive mission in the king's name, or perhaps he is reluctantly seeking advice from one of Old Hrolmar's resident sages about a strange discovery his crew recently made at sea.

CHAOS 11, BALANCE 17, LAW 45

STR 16, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 16, POW 15, DEX 11, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (Helm On) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Cutlass	126%	1d6+2+db
Dagger	113%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Art (Courtly Manners) 58%, Dodge 88%, Navigate 65%, Oratory 82%, Sailing 118%, Scribe 45%, Ride 65%, Swim 74%, Young Kingdoms 50%

BOASTFUL JHARKORIAN SAILOR

This short, pot-bellied sailor is a powerful wrestler. He earns a tidy sum whenever his ship pulls into port by competing in unofficial competitions and challenging local toughs to wrestle with him, while his shipmates place bets on his and their behalf. One popular racket they run involves the Jharkorian spilling a drink on a target and goading them into challenging him to a fight. He is uncouth and ugly, with a broken nose, cauliflower ears, and thick sideburns.

CHAOS 08, BALANCE 02, LAW 04

STR 15, CON 15, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 13, DEX 16, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Wrestle	75%	special
Sea Axe	55%	2d6+1+db

SKILLS: Climb 80%, Craft (Carpentry) 65%, Dodge 52%, Jump 55%, Listen 45%, Natural World 55%, Navigate 70%, Own Language (Common) 65%, Repair/Devise 72%, Sailing 95%, Swim 35%, Young Kingdoms 65%

BRUTAL PRESS-GANG LEADER

This swaggering, barrel-chested Vilmirian is always on the lookout for fresh 'recruits' for His Majesty's navy. He is coarse, confident, and adept at presenting a friendly guise to those individuals he encounters in Old Hrolmar's rougher inns and taverns. After plying his victims with drink, he leads them into the arms of his gang, or if he is confident that they present him no threat, clubs them into unconsciousness himself.

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CHAOS 28, BALANCE 07, LAW 32

STR 15, CON 13, SIZ 15, INT 12, POW 11, DEX 10,
APP 9

HIT POINTS: 14 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No
Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Cutlass	60%	1d6+2+db
Dagger	78%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	81%	1d3+db
Thieves' Bludgeon	112%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Evaluate 45%, Dodge 60%, Fast Talk 80%,
Insight 75%, Move Quietly 77%

ERRATIC ILMIORAN SAILOR

This young man is renowned in the taverns of Quayside as a fine sailor, but not one you would want on your ship. He has sailed every sea in the Young Kingdoms and wants nothing more than to return to the Bakshaan of his youth: which he remembers as a bustling seaport rather than a rich, landlocked city at the junction of the Barlimm and Vador rivers. In a recent visit to Bakshaan he was tormented by other inconsistencies between the city he remembers and the actual city, including streets that were not quite as he remembered them and a family who claimed not to know him at all. He fled to Vilmir, and has since drifted towards Old Hrolmar, where he finds short stints of work in the harbour.

With his lightly tanned skin and blonde hair, he is typically Ilmioran in appearance save for the haunted look in his grey-green eyes. He is increasingly convinced that some deranged Chaos godling is sporting with him; consequently his behaviour is increasingly unstable, although he has learned to keep his beliefs to himself. He obsessively double and triple checks everything; interrogates his companions about their personal histories again and again in case their own stories begin to change; compulsively re-opens doors after closing them in order to be sure that nothing has changed in the room he just left; and is maudlin when drunk.

CHAOS 37, BALANCE 31, LAW 27

STR 13, CON 13, SIZ 12, INT 11, POW 8, DEX 13,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Cutlass	60%	1d6+2+db
Dagger	40%	1d4+2+db
Pike	55%	1d10+2+db*
Shortsword	60%	1d6+1+db*
Full Shield	50%	1d4+db+kb*

* Skills marked with an asterisk are ones that the sailor does not remember he possesses, and that hint at his real origins; they may return to him under the right circumstances.

SKILLS: Bargain 40%, Climb 75%, Dodge 60%, Forced March 55%*, Jump 50%, Insight 55%, Million Spheres 25%*, Mutter Under Breath 60%, Natural World 35%, Plane Shift 15%*, Sailing 110%, Swim 60%, Wire-Walk 35%, Young Kingdoms 35%

GLOOMY TARKESHITE SAILOR

This short, dark-faced, Tarkeshite sports a huge black beard shiny with oil, and dresses in simple leathers and furs in accordance with the barbaric fashions of his land. Having only recently berthed in Old Hrolmar, he seeks to sell the few valuable goods he owns (intricately carved whales' teeth, and combs fashioned from whalebone) in the Merchants' Quarter or New Hrolmar's marketplace, or even to a passing stranger. Nightfall invariably finds him in a Quayside tavern, softly singing strange northern songs to himself in a low resounding voice, as he methodically drinks through the proceeds of his sales. Should the adventurers engage him in conversation they may learn his sad tale: his entire family were slain by a monstrous beast, part shark and part seal, that haunts the chill waters off the northern Tarkesh coast (see the Chaosium publication *Perils of the Young Kingdoms* for further details). He is searching the ports of the world in the hope of discovering some spell or enchantment with which he can slay the beast, Straasha willing.

CHAOS 10, BALANCE 12, LAW 13

STR 18, CON 18, SIZ 12, INT 11, POW 16, DEX 11,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 15 ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No
Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Sea Axe	50%	2d6+1+db

SKILLS: Art (Sing Depressing Tarkeshite Songs) 98%, Bargain 64%, Evaluate 50%, Insight 48%, Navigate 51%, Sailing 75%, Swim 30%, Climb 69%, Jump 74%, Natural World 54%

SECRETIVE CABIN BOY

None know that this beardless boy is an adventurous girl who ran away to sea at the age of 14. In the intervening years she has sailed the five seas, and witnessed both wonders and horrors unimaginable to landlubbers. Although she will never grow tired to the sea, she knows that her fellow crewmembers begin to question why she is still slim and slender and shows no signs of becoming a man. She has regretfully decided that the time has come to abandon her crewmates here in Old Hrolmar.

CHAOS 21, BALANCE 18, LAW 12

STR 12, CON 11, SIZ 9, INT 13, POW 15, DEX 12,
APP 10

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

Weapon	Skill	Damage
Brawl	65%	1d3+db
Boathook	40%	1d8+db
Belaying Pin	35%	1d6+db

SKILLS: Art (Scrimshaw) 40%, Climb 50%, Disguise 65%, Dodge 50%, Fast Talk 43%, Sailing 45%, Swim 54%, Young Kingdoms 25%

SWAGGERING PRIVATEER

In the eyes of other nations this man, and the crew of which he is part, are nothing more than pirates. To Vimirians he is a hero. He roams the Five Oceans attacking the minions of Chaos wherever they are found,

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and returning with booty to enrich Vilmir's economy. The deeds of such men are part of contemporary folklore in the drab duchies.

CHAOS 27, BALANCE 11, LAW 45

STR 17, CON 16, SIZ 14, INT 12, POW 16, DEX 14, APP 18

HIT POINTS: 15 **ARMOUR:** Sea Leather (Helm On) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	106%	1d3+db
Scimitar	140%	1d8+1+db
Dagger	101%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Climb 67%, Dodge 80%, Jump 78%, Move Quietly 75%, Navigate 90%, Physick 61%, Sailing 110%, Swim 67%, Young Kingdoms 65%

VILMIRIAN SAILORS

This bluff and hearty crew have long since had insolence and disobedience beaten out of them.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	14	15	10	12
CON	15	12	16	11
SIZ	14	18	13	15
INT	11	06	10	10
POW	12	10	14	11
DEX	12	14	17	12
APP	12	13	10	9
HP	15	15	15	13
DB:	1D4	1D6	-	1D4

STATISTICS	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	14	11	16	12
CON	13	14	10	13
SIZ	9	12	11	13
INT	9	12	11	8
POW	8	12	10	11
DEX	12	14	11	15
APP	8	11	10	7
HP	11	13	11	13
DB:	-	-	1D4	1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Cutlass	55%	1d6+2+db
Dagger	65%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	78%	1d3+db

ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

SKILLS: Climb 65%, Listen 50%, Row 85%, Sailing 75%

SMUGGLERS

A secret network of black marketeers controls the importation of illegal substances into the city, and is in turn controlled by the forces of Chaos. Not all of them are evil, but some have the blackest of hearts.

AVERAGE SMUGGLERS

These dissolute ruffians are deeply entrenched within Old Hrolmar's criminal subculture. They know numerous routes through the sewers beneath the city, and are actively involved in the illegal importation of an array of contraband: including bound demons. Although not all of them are active worshippers of Slortar, most know of the cult's existence and their gang's allegiance to it.

STATISTICS	#1	#2	#3	#4
STR	13	17	9	11
CON	12	11	15	10
SIZ	14	18	13	15
INT	18	6	13	10
POW	10	11	13	15
DEX	13	16	7	13
APP	10	11	13	9
HP	13	15	14	13
DB:	1D4	1D6	-	1D4

STATISTICS	#5	#6	#7	#8
STR	13	12	15	14
CON	12	16	9	13
SIZ	9	12	11	13
INT	9	11	13	12
POW	8	12	10	11
DEX	11	16	9	17
APP	8	13	14	12
HP	11	14	10	13
DB:	-	-	1D4	1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Cutlass	65%	1d6+2+db
Dagger	75%	1d4+2+db
Brawl	70	1d3+db

ARMOUR: Sea Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

SKILLS: Climb 54%, Conceal Object 61%, Evaluate 55%, Hide 60%, Listen 55%, Move Quietly 63%, Sailing 75%

IMPORTANT SMUGGLER

Every cell of smugglers is led by a lieutenant, a low-ranking acolyte of Slortar whose interests lie more in personal gain than advancing the cause of Chaos. Most such men are Vilmirian by birth. This particular individual takes a foppish pride in his appearance, although his effeminate demeanour masks a lusty appetite for wanton women. Publicly he adopts the dour disposition of his countrymen, bemoaning his allegiance to fashion as an arduous burden, but in private he revels in merriment, gluttony, decadence and fornication. He carries an intricate silver snuffbox in the sleeve of his jacket, which he is forever losing, while a Venodrax demon is bound into his rapier.

CHAOS 39, BALANCE 11, LAW 17

STR 14, CON 13, SIZ 16, INT 12, POW 17, DEX 15, APP 14

HIT POINTS: 15 **ARMOUR:** Leather & Rings (No Helm) 1d6

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Rapier	86%	1d6+1+db+2d10

SPELLS: Bonds Unbreakable (3), Gift Of Grome (4), Hell's Armour (1-4), Muddle (1), Visage Of Arioeh (1-4), Witch Sight (3).

DEMONS AND ELEMENTALS: One Demon bound into his rapier (see below)

SKILLS: Art (Conversation) 75%, Climb 60%, Conceal Object 70%, Evaluate 65%, Hide 70%, Listen 65%, Move Quietly 72%, Sailing 65%, Scribe 45%, Young Kingdoms 45%

QELIXIQOR, LESSER DEMON RAPIER (VENODRAX BREED)

When drawn, the blade hisses and steams, and drips a venomous greenish ichor. Qelixiqor's need is to be immersed in crushed ice for an hour per week.

CON 12, INT 7, POW 6

ABILITY: Demon Weapon, Adds 2d10 Damage, Stinger, Inflicts Poison Damage Equal To The Demon's Con With A Successful Con:Con Resistance Roll; Failure Inflicts Half Con Damage But Thereafter The Target Is Immune To The Poison.

VISITORS

Since Duke Avan came to the throne, foreigners have flocked to Old Hrolmar from the Four Corners of the Young Kingdoms in search of adventure, experience, wealth and opportunity. Here are a handful of colourful and curious visitors whom the adventurers might meet upon the streets; other visitors to the city are detailed in *THE GAZETTEER*.

BEWILDERING PHILOSOPHER

With his long white beard and ink-stained fingers, this elderly Filkharian gentleman is clearly a successful scholar. He has only recently arrived in Old Hrolmar, having hastily resigned from his post at the University of Cadsandria due to an, as yet, unknown scandal. Perhaps he hopes to gain a teaching position in some noble house, or seeks a patron to support him while he finishes a deposition regarding the nature of the universe. He might be seeking rare texts regarding the doom of the world or those that will confirm his belief in the existence of other worlds. His language is complex, his theories even more so, while his dissertations and conversations are convoluted, dry, and meandering.

CHAOS 33, BALANCE 33, LAW 33

**STR 9, CON 10, SIZ 11, INT 19, POW 15, DEX 12,
APP 14**

HIT POINTS: 10 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	55%	1d3+db
Dagger	50%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Confounding Discourse 55%, Insight 52%, Million Spheres 14%, Mumble 101%, Obscure Philosophy 107%, Other Language (Mabden) 17%, Other Language (Low Melnibonéan) 55%, Scribe 92%, Unknown Kingdoms 15%, Young Kingdoms 80%

CURSED SCHOLAR

This gaunt Vilmirian might be encountered foraging for food among the refuse at New Hrolmar's outdoor market, or roaming the city's streets late at night. He dresses head-to-toe in rags, although he is no beggar and he does not plead for alms; indeed he never speaks at all. A large black brute of a dog trots behind him wherever he goes. His bare room in the Foreign Quarter, to which he can be easily followed, contains only a thin mattress and a large chest overflowing with tattered scraps of parchment.

This man was once an educated worshipper of Vallyn of Law, but his hubris and his hunger for knowledge proved his downfall. He sought out the Cult of the Silent Watcher, devotees of the Chaos Lord Maluk, whose cowed priests offered him the forbidden wisdom he sought. Without considering the price he would have to pay he agreed to their bargain, and so was damned.

Now, while he knows all manner of arcane secrets, he cannot speak of them. Should he ever attempt to talk, or to communicate anything he knows to another soul, the demonic hound, which follows him (and which whispers terrible secrets to him every night as he sleeps), will kill him and send his soul to hell. Every day he writes down the visions Maluk shows to him in dreams, and every day he tears up the notes, weeping all the while.

If the hellhound can be slain the cursed scholar will be eternally in the adventurers' debt, and could, no doubt, provide them with all manner of useful information. Of course, Maluk would seek vengeance for the death of his pet, with adventurers who aid the scholar becoming the unwitting targets of the Chaos Lord's wrath.

CHAOS 17, BALANCE 31, LAW 37

**STR 11, CON 12, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 11, DEX 12,
APP 11**

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Dagger	40%	1d4+2+db

SKILLS: Dodge 30%, Forage 44%, Insight 65%, Million Spheres 78%, Scribe 63%

THE SCHOLARS DEMON DOG (BREED UNKNOWN)

Appears as a hulking, shaggy hound, part mastiff, part wolfhound, and part mystery. It has only one eye (a clue to its supernatural origins and its true master's identity) and its bite is definitely worse than its bark.

STR 26, CON 20, SIZ 12, INT 19, POW 33, DEX 20

HIT POINTS: 31 MOVE: Run 10

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D8

ABILITIES: Armoured Hide And Hair 1d4; Claws 70%, Damage 1d8+2+1d8; Tongue* 75%, Damage Special; Bite 85%, Damage 1d8+1d8; cat Stalk**, Demon Closes On Targets Without Crossing Intermediate Spaces; Empathy**, Can Sense A Target's Strongest Emotion And Immediate Intention; Hear, Can Listen To Distant Sounds;

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Leap, Jump 3 Yard High Or 5 Yard Long Per Mp; Regenerate, Regains 1 Hit Point Per Round; See, Sees Distant Objects More Closely; Seer, Views Past, 1 Year Per Mp, 165% Accuracy

*Tongue, grabs target and draws it within biting range; one STR:STR chance to get free; if smaller than SIZ 12 target can be swallowed whole and thereafter takes 1D8 damage each round

** See The Bronze Grimoire

SKILLS: Dodge 80%, Own Plane 80%, Young Kingdoms 35%, Common Tongue 95%, Impersonate Mongrel 75%, Whisper Secrets Of Maluk 101%.

NEED: To have its head scratched daily

DESERT WARRIOR

This prince of the desert has fallen on hard times. His entire family was slain by unknown enemies while he was away hunting a lion as part of his initiation into manhood. Riding hard on their murderers' trail, he came at last to Old Hrolmar, where his unfamiliarity with the city quickly cost him his horse and the better part of his wealth. Now he seeks revenge, both upon the scoundrels who stole from him, as well as his family's killers - if he ever locates them.

He has ebony skin, long slender fingers, and, in the manner of his people, wears kohl around his eyes. He may encounter the adventurers while seeking employment with men and women of honour, or perhaps as the result of one of them unwittingly purchasing his stolen horse. If he suspects them of complicity in the theft his vengeance will be swift, but once convinced of their innocence he proves himself to be a brave and true companion.

CHAOS 13, BALANCE 16, LAW 11

STR 13, CON 16, SIZ 12, INT 12, POW 10, DEX 15, APP 13

HIT POINTS: 14 **ARMOUR:** Barbarian Leather & Wood (No Helm) 1d8

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Scimitar	75%	1d8+1+db
Desert Bow	70%	1d8+2+1/2db

SKILLS: Climb 60%, Craft (Skinning & Tanning) 45%, Dodge 50%, Hide 40%, Listen 65%, Move Quietly 50%, Natural World 55%, Other Language (Common) 30%, Own Language (Lesh) 60%, Ride Camel 90%, Search 40%, Throw 45%, Track 85%

PILGRIM OF GROME

The tribal tattoos that swirl across this woman's voluptuous yet muscular body and broad face plainly display her Pikaraydian origins. Her glossy black hair is tied back in a thick plait, and she wears a striking necklace of carved jade at the base of her throat. A wolfskin cloak is draped over her shoulders, beneath which she wears a tartan dress belted at the waist. She is a devout worshipper of the Elemental Rulers, and pays special devotion to Grome the Earth King, in whose name she has embarked on a pilgrimage. Although she travels alone, leaving her strife-torn nation in search of an idol stolen from a Pikaraydian temple 200 years ago, thanks to her skills with sword and bow she has little to fear except the supernatural. While mistrustful of strangers, she might forge a temporary alliance with any adventurer who could aid her quest, although she

despises Chaos worshippers and has little time for followers of Straasha - who in her eyes are as unreliable as the ever-shifting sea.

CHAOS 19, BALANCE 36, LAW 18

STR 15, CON 14, SIZ 13, INT 12, POW 17, DEX 16, APP 10

HIT POINTS: 14 **ARMOUR:** Sea Leather (No Helm) 1d6-1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Brawl	70%	1d3+db
Great Sword	101%	2d8+db
Dirk	85%	1d4+2+db
Hunting Bow	91%	1d6+1+1/2db

SPELLS: Gift Of Grome (4), Summon Elemental (1).

SKILLS: Climb 78%, Dodge 56%, Hide 81%, Insight 60%, Jump 45%, Listen 70%, Move Quietly 76%, Natural World 60%, Navigate 35%, Ride 44%, Search 64%, Track 52%, Trap 65%.

QUIXOTIC KNIGHT

This gaunt old man, with his untamed eyebrows, bristling moustache, and battered armour, is a minor Lormyrian noble. He is a devout but apocalyptic follower of Law, and believes that the world is at risk of soon being engulfed by Chaos. He despises injustice, especially if the misdeed is perpetrated in Law's name. He is also short sighted, increasingly senile, and outspoken. He sometimes mistakes objects for people, and more than once has been seen lecturing a hitching post on the perils of Chaos, much to his loyal servant's chagrin.

He came to Vilmir on a pilgrimage, hoping that the White Lords would reveal to him how he might help save the Young Kingdoms from vile Entropy. Instead of discovering illumination he has been shocked by the harsh nature of Vilmirian society.

The quixotic knight might be encountered preaching in the Town Square under the watchful eyes of surly priests of Donblas, and may soon need defending from them. Perhaps he mistakes the adventurers for someone who can introduce him to Duke Avan, whom he hopes to persuade to mount an expedition to Castle Kaneloon in search of the cure of the world's pain.

CHAOS 3, BALANCE 17, LAW 47

STR 8, CON 7, SIZ 8, INT 13, POW 10, DEX 9, APP 8

HIT POINTS: 8 **ARMOUR:** Half-Plate & Mail (Helm On) 1d8+2

DAMAGE BONUS: -1D4

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Great Sword	21%	2d8+db
Cavalry Lance	25%	1d8+1+db (+horse db when charging)
Small Shield	18%	1d3+db+kb

*His extremely low weapons skills are due to his lack of sufficient strength and dexterity. The Gamemaster might also decide to double his chance of fumbling while wielding them.

ENCHANTMENTS: A lawfully enchanted great sword (a family heirloom) said to have been forged in ages past to fight the armies of the bright empire; it always delivers

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maximum damage on the rare occasion he can successfully wield it, and never breaks

SKILLS: Art (Etiquette) 75%, Insight 05%, Listen 05%, Oratory 63%, Rant and Ramble 101%, Ride 64%, Young Kingdoms 49%, Million Spheres 07%

HIS NO-NONSENSE LORMYRIAN SQUIRE

A man of simple tastes and strong loyalties. Having vowed to serve the Lormyrian until the knight's dying day (an event he has lately come to fear that may occur sooner than anticipated). His master has always been prone to racing off on half-baked quests but in recent months his behaviour has become increasingly erratic. Wherever the knight goes this good-natured but grumbling mountain of a man will trail after him, awkwardly, indeed comically perched upon his plodding pony and doing his best to keep the knight out of trouble. When not nervously cracking his knuckles or chewing his beard, the squire enjoys ale, fishing, and reminiscing about the farm on which he was raised.

CHAOS 6, BALANCE 19, LAW 28

STR 15, CON 13, SIZ 18, INT 13, POW 10, DEX 11, APP 12

HIT POINTS: 16 ARMOUR: Leather & Rings
(Helm On) 1d6+1

DAMAGE BONUS: 1D6

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Lormyrian Axe	50%	3d6+db
Cavalry Lance	45%	1d8+1+db (+horse db when charging)

SKILLS: Craft (Armourer) 23%, Craft (Horse-Breaking) 56%, Fast Talk 37%, Fret 75%, Insight 49%, Natural World 78%, Ride 65%, Throw 61%, Track 45%

SHARP-EYED ASTRONOMER

This adventuress, one of the elite philosopher/astronomer/priests known as the Scrutineers, is far from home. She hails from the Unknown East, and the city of Her'is in Elwher. The stars are her gods, and she believes that through careful study of their movements she can predict future events. She has made a special study of the constellation known to her as Angharand the Charioteer, the goddess of merchants and travellers, and has travelled to the barbaric western lands in order to better view an upcoming transit of the moon across the constellation in question.

The scrutineer carries a leather satchel that contains her journal, inkpots and quills, an astrolabe, and a brass telescope. She is tall, slim and deeply tanned, with bright green eyes and long red hair that falls unbound to her waist. She dresses in rich fabrics of crimson and orange linen and wool. She speaks only broken Common, in a lilting brogue, but is fluent in the poetic Eastern language known as 'pande. A stranger in Old Hrolmar, she might seek guides, directions, or simply company after her long journey on foot from the Eastern Kingdoms.

CHAOS 12, BALANCE 45, LAW 18

STR 11, CON 12, SIZ 14, INT 18, POW 17, DEX 13, APP 15

HIT POINTS: 13 ARMOUR: None

DAMAGE BONUS: None

<i>Weapon</i>	<i>Skill</i>	<i>Damage</i>
Quarterstaff	85%	1d8+db

SKILLS: Art (Astronomy) 87%, Art (Astrology) 72%, Natural World 45%, Other Language (Common) 18%, Own Language ('Pande) 86%, Oratory 45%, Potions 45%, Unknown Kingdoms 48%, Young Kingdoms 15%

STORY SEEDS

THIS CHAPTER PRESENTS FOUR scenario outlines that can be developed into complete adventures set in and around Old Hrolmar. Some are suitable for a single evening's entertainment; others suggest possibilities for much larger campaigns.

All these story seeds draw upon the history of Old Hrolmar and the marvels and secrets, described throughout this monograph. Gamemasters are encouraged to use these story seeds in conjunction with the statistics presented in the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST to create a diverse and interesting campaign setting, in which the adventures can explore the ever-changing face of the Young Kingdoms.

A complete introductory Stormbringer campaign based in Old Hrolmar, and making full use of the background material presented in this monograph, is currently in development and will be released by Chaosium in late 2006.

A WEeping ROSE

BY RICHARD WATTS

Late one night, as they return to their lodgings, the adventurers encounter a naked and desperate young woman stumbling and sobbing down the street towards them. Ranni-Parl-Kasan,

a nineteen-year-old Tarkeshite peasant, has just escaped from a vile Foreign Quarter brothel, where she has been held against her will, and is now anxiously trying to avoid pursuit. When the adventurers first meet her, Ranni is disoriented and distraught. The Gamemaster must decide if the brothel's guards are pursuing her, and whether they attack immediately or follow their prize to learn more about her 'saviours', before attempting her recapture at some later stage of the scenario. The Criminals section of the HROLMARLIAN DIGEST provides appropriate

statistics for the brothel guards.

Ranni's story is typical of many young girls lured to Old Hrolmar.

Having met a smooth-tongued Vilmirian in Barnarva who promised her work as a servant in a rich man's house, and who advanced her the money for her passage, Ranni embarked for the city with high hopes for the future. Upon arrival she was met at the docks by a Pan Tangian guard, taken to New Hrolmar, and enslaved. Half-starved and badly beaten, Ranni is unable to trace her way back to the brothel she claims to have escaped from, although if the adventurers seek evidence that supports her story, the welts and scratches that map a history of abuse across her body indicate that Ranni's tale is true. It is likely that the adventurers will try to help the girl to free her fellow sex-slaves. To do so they must first find the brothel in question: the Wreath of Roses in New Hrolmar

When that time came, there was a great movement upon the Earth and above it; the destiny of Men and Gods was hammered out upon the forge of Fate and monstrous wars were brewed and mighty deeds performed. And in this time, which was called the Age of the Young Kingdoms, there rose up many heroes.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD

(see page 70). Asking questions around New Hrolmar about missing girls will attract the interest of Ulf Eel Urdon Mreowushar, a suspicious warrior woman from the Weeping Waste who is on a similar, more personal quest (see page 70).

Its owner is a powerful and unscrupulous noble, Lord Garçilaso Domingo of Hilltown (page 47), whose identity is known only to Dieguito Fornova, the brothel-keeper. What follows once the adventurers meddle in Lord Domingo's affairs, only the Gamemaster and fate can decide?

THE QUEEN OF THE CATS

BY RICHARD WATTS

Cheaply printed leaflets announcing the imminent arrival of Nikos Akso's Circus Bizarre are distributed throughout the city. The flier's woodcuts depict some of the circus's promised delights, such as acrobats, clowns and wild beasts, while the printed text alludes to other marvels: Ilyssa, the famous flying dancer of Myrrhn, and a truly startling freakshow displaying 'the misfits and marvels of nature at its most cruel, including the dreadful Narlargrun, and the Talking Cat of Oberlorn.'

The Ilmioran circus sets up camp on the west bank of the Hrol, just outside New Hrolmar, late the following day. Nikos Akso, the owner, has toured the Circus Bizarre throughout Ilmiora and the Vilmirian Protectorates for several years and now he aims to increase his takings by risking a visit to Old Hrolmar, currently the only Vilmirian city on his itinerary.

The corpulent Akso has only two loves: his acrobatic equestrian wife Tertzia (who is conducting a secret affair with Rangi Momori, the show's Pikaraydian strongman) and his growing fortune. Other notable circus folk include the Jkarkorian lion-tamer Colonel Shalaan, who sports an impressively waxed moustache, and is always immaculately dressed; the aforementioned Myrrhn woman Ilyssa, an enigmatic, dark-eyed presence; and a Balo-worshipping quintet of clowns from Argimiliar who are lead by Zoko of Adlermaigne, a tortured artist prone to periods of terrible despondency.

No doubt the adventurers will be eager to sample the entertainments the circus offers. If they need encouragement, an employer might ask them to escort his wife or children to a performance; alternatively, perhaps an adventurer wins free tickets to the extravaganza in a game of dice.

The show is truly amazing, with breathtaking acrobatics on horseback and the trapeze; comedic clowning; performing lions; and an aerial dance by the Myrrhn woman Ilyssa that is so sensual that women cover their children's eyes and men gape in wonder. Nikos Akso, who doubles as the ringmaster, promises at the end of her act that Ilyssa is also available for private performances for discerning gentlemen.

As well as the main performances in the big top, there is also a sideshow: games of skill and chance, exotic foods, and Dr Kraichin's Carnival Macabre. Here one can see the bearded woman, the skeleton man, co-joined twins from barbaric Oin, the fearful Mole Worm of the Weeping Waste (a small specimen, stuffed and mounted), the two-headed dog (also stuffed) and, wonder of wonders, the famous Talking Cat of Oberlorn.

The latter is the size of a large house cat, with mangy bluish fur and indigo eyes. A small silver chain attached to a light leather collar keeps it tethered to a post. Whenever its Lormyrian owner, Dr Kraichen, pokes it with a stick, the cat hisses, then opens its mouth and clearly speaks in long, yowling, angry sentences, although in a language than none have yet been able to understand.

Successful Natural World rolls reveal subtle differences in the cat's physiology from any known Young Kingdoms species: its neck is longer, its front paws sport a semi-opposable claw, and its eyes, although glazed, reveal a curious intelligence. The same roll also suggests that the cat is slowly starving to death, while a Physik roll suggests likewise.

Although the circus folk know the cat as Bluey, its real name is Princess Yaobaksa, the exiled heir to the throne of Saluma, a nation of intelligent cats on a distant plane. A year ago Princess Yaobaksa was banished from her world by the usurper Tahara, an evil sorcerer who murdered her royal father and declared himself Saluma's king. Found wandering in the wilds of Ilmiora near Oberlorn, the cat princess was sold

to the circus, where she has languished ever since.

Unknown to all, Princess Yaobaksa has picked up a smattering of broken Common over the last year, although she will not speak it except in extraordinary circumstances, possibly to sympathetic adventurers and potential rescuers.

Yaobaksa is desperate to return to her own world, but after a year imprisoned in the freakshow, has almost given up hope. As a result of her deep depression she barely eats, and is in increasingly poor shape.

Meanwhile, a rebellion has broken out in Saluma, and even now an army of crack cat troops prepares to embark on an epic voyage across the Multiverse in order to rescue Princess Yaobaksa, hoping that she will lead them to victory against the usurper Tahara. They will come armed with strange and deadly weapons, although scouts will be sent through first, to pinpoint the princess' exact location, which they have roughly divined through sorcery.

Simultaneously, the decadent Ilmiorian noblewoman, Lady Nicolossa Faenzan of Karlaak, has set upon the idea of adding the talking cat to her own collection of freaks and wonders. (Among her possessions are a talking brass head that predicts the future; one of the hungry paintings of the mad slave-artist Halig of Lormyr; and a miniature city inhabited by tiny people contained within in a fist-sized crystal globe.) Lady Faenzan has already offered increasingly large sums of money for the cat; rebuffed, she will now send thugs to steal it, assuming that they cannot threaten Dr Kraichen to part with the cat first. The increasingly blatant attempts at intimidation staged by Lady Faenzan's heavy-handed thugs, including mysterious fires and the cutting of important ropes and tethers, spread havoc and fear throughout the circus.

Dr Kraichen is determined not to let Princess Yaobaksa out of his clutches, as customers return again and again to see her, paying five groats per view, and he has dreams of making his fortune by touring with the cat to all the great cities of the Young Kingdoms. After the first few 'accidents' staged by Lady Faenzan's hired thugs, Nikos Akso begins to press the doctor to sell the cat to the Ilmioran, while Akso's wife, the duplicitous Tertzia, plots with

her strongman lover to steal Yaobaksa for themselves and set up their own circus.

Into this web of schemes and conflict walk the adventurers, innocent of everything but their desire for entertainment, and likely to be seen by Princess Yaobaksa as her potential saviours. What dramas result from their involvement in this story will depend of the roll of the dice, and the Gamemaster's devious mind. Rewards for their involvement will include Balance allegiance checks, and the possible favour of Meerclaw, the Beast Lord of Cats, as well as powerful feline allies on a distant plane.

TOWERING PRIDE

BY JOHN R. WHITE

Two large adjacent constructions begin to overshadow their Hillside neighbours, and soon come to dominate the city's burgeoning new skyline.

Two rival noble houses, headed respectively by Lord Manyule Saggio and Lord Hortun Mulay, have found a new means to continue their ancient feud: by competing to see who can build the tallest and most magnificent tower in the city before All God's Day.

While listening to local speculation about the towers, the adventurers learn that agents representing the feuding nobles are recruiting watchmen to guard their respective building sites. Lucrative wages are offered for what seems like simple work, and the Gamemaster should try to ensure that the adventurers accept the employment offer - if the adventurers have rivals of their own, then those individuals have already taken service with one or the other nobleman, which may in turn spur the adventurers into action.

Lord Mulay has secured the full cooperation of Old Hrolmar's best architects and stonemasons. His grand design is inspired by the famous Porcelain Tower of Kariss, and the construction also includes marble cladding, and niches that will feature statues of famous Mulay ancestors.

Lord Saggio, meanwhile, has persuaded his cousin, the legate of the 5th Legion, to let him use the services of an army penal unit as his labourers. This hard-working group of convicted

legionnaires - who are being punished for a range of petty crimes, from drunkenness and theft through to insubordination - are overseen by Captain Heracio Bicenio, an ambitious military engineer. Lord Saggio's tower will be decorated with bas-relief sculptures depicting military triumphs and Law's vanquishing of Chaos. The most fearsome Chaos-beasts will double as gargoyles whose mouths will gout water when it rains.

On taking service with one of these two nobles, the adventurers quickly discover that the intensive rivalry between the two patrons has permeated down to their workforces. Arguments between their respective labourers are increasingly common, and insults turn the air blue.

Lord Mulay's employees strive frantically to outdo their opponents, driven by a combination of pride, the prestige that the victors will win, and increasingly generous wages.

Lord Saggio's workers, being military prisoners, are unpaid, but he has promised to secure their release if they win the race to complete their tower first, ensuring their eager and disciplined compliance. The money he saves on labour he instead pours into buying the best-quality building materials, and hiring stonemasons and sculptors from Jadmar and Rignariom to work on his tower's decorative aspects.

As the frantic and reckless building of the two follies continues, accidents begin to occur on site, and brawls break out between the two workforces.

Eventually, Administrator Gutierre Ontanon, a surveyor-priest of Arkyn and Old Hrolmar's chief architect, manages to intervene between the feuding noblemen in the interests of public safety. He enforces a maximum height of 150 feet on both towers. Unnoticed by Ontanon however, Lord Saggio's draughtsman has managed to include a cunningly obscured notation into the final plans that he submits. These convert the standard Young Kingdom measurements into the long defunct Shazaarian cubit, ensuring that the Saggio tower will stand a full twelve and a half feet taller than its rival should.

As the festivals date draws near, Lords Saggio and Mulay will be prepared to listen to

increasingly wild plans to spy upon, frustrate and undermine (possibly literally) their rival. Captain Bicenio, the military engineer, suggests invoking earth elementals and bargaining with them to weaken the Mulay tower's foundations. The foreman of the Mulay builders tries to initiate a nighttime mission to release Lord Saggio's military prisoners from their captivity.

The adventurers may be drawn into these schemes, and should also be encouraged to suggest other wild or clever plans to help their employer gain the upper hand in the architectural battle. They will be rewarded with a purse of coins for any idea that seems especially inventive or successful.

Amidst the growing madness clearer heads take counsel. The relatives of the two noblemen, worried by their imminent mutual bankruptcy, collude. The adventurers are approached to try and resolve the situation peacefully, whilst preserving the honour of both Houses.

Do the adventurers opt for acting in the interests of harmony, or will they risk a sudden and ruinous doom as predicted by a demented priest? A lone fanatic, a skeletal and threadbare priest of Saint Valario, daily rails against the blasphemous pride of Lords Saggio and Mulay, and fulminates against the two rising towers, which overshadow his old temple. He says that the gods will strike down the towers and their masters as punishment. Could he be right?

REUNIONS IN THE DARK

BY NICK MIDDLETON

A naive young Pikaraydian called Ngaro Hungura has recently arrived in Old Hrolmar and seeks those familiar with the city in helping him locate his missing mother. The adventurers are recommended to him by one of their previous employers, and so he seeks them out.

Hungura is a typical Pikaraydian youth, dark-skinned and powerfully built. His face and arms are heavily tattooed, and his armour is painted with similar designs. He wears a checked kilt and a sleeveless jerkin. An empty scabbard is slung by his side, as his broadsword is in the custody of the Grey Defenders).

His mother, Aku Hungura, has seemingly vanished after embarking for Old Hrolmar one

year ago in search of her errant husband, his father; the Vilmirian-born merchant Yann Nairon. Ngaro has traced her this far, but faced with the daunting size of the city, needs help from those more familiar with Old Hrolmar to help him track her down. The youth will pay cash for the adventurers' services, advancing them five bronzes each, with another 45 bronzes each to come at the end of the week, and every week thereafter while they are in his employ. He promises another 500 bronzes, to be shared among the adventurers equally, when they find his mother.

Hungura knows that Yann Nairon, his father, was originally from Dolgar, capital of a neighbouring duchy, but was apprenticed to a Hrolmarlian merchant at 15. Ten years later, on a trading mission to Pikarayd, Nairon fell in love with Aku Hungura, and established a successful business in Chalal with his new wife. Two years ago Nairon returned to Vilmir, ostensibly to meet with his old business partners, and has not been heard from since. Ngaro's mother Aku followed after her husband a year later, and has also disappeared.

Ngaro's only lead is a story his father used to tell about trading out of Old Hrolmar's Merchant's Quarter. Persistent searching, or questions (and perhaps a bribe) to a clerk at the Merchant's Association on Valario Street, will help track down Yann Nairon's old partners, Franchist Malcon and Holon Bicenio. These two men are evasive, and indicate only that Nairon visited them two years ago, selling them his share of the business before once more leaving the city.

It will take considerable pressure or skill to reveal that they are actually holding those funds in trust, as Nairon went home to Dolgar after meeting them, before the sale could be finalised, and has not returned.

Particularly persuasive adventurers will learn that they are not the first to ask after Yann Nairon's whereabouts: a month after his departure, agents of Duke Octaviar of Dolgar came to Malcon and Bicenio's office asking questions about the missing merchant and his dealings. Then, about a year ago, a Pikaraydian woman claiming to be the missing merchant's wife showed up asking the same questions. The merchants explain that they sent her in the

direction of Dolgar, and have not heard from her since.

Unknown to Malcon and Bicenio, Aku Hungura has recently returned to Old Hrolmar. In the year since she stepped off the ship from Pikarayd, the Pikaraydian has seen and learnt much that disgusts her about her husband's homeland. In Dolgar she learnt that Nairon's own family had accused him of sedition in his absence, in order to curry favour with their liege, the Duke of Dolgar. When Yann Nairon arrived home two years ago, he was clapped in chains instead of receiving the warm welcome he expected. The merchant now languishes in Dolgar's salt mines, and is close to death.

Over the last months Aku has sought out all she could discover about the mines. She learned that they are of ancient Melnibonéan origin, and also of the existence of a map of the mines, currently in the possession of Old Hrolmar's scholarly Lord Jolben Nadal. The map is said to show the layout of the oldest mines, including a tunnel that connects them to the cellars of the old Melnibonéan overseer's villa, now a ruin.

Armed with this information, Aku Hungura is cautiously courting the favour of Ramirez the Pustulant, Old Hromar's beggar-lord (see PLOTS AND POWERS) in the hope that he can help her steal the map. Her son's arrival complicates matters. It is not long before Ramirez's beggars report his arrival to their master, and a family reunion is planned.

With her son and the adventurers on the scene, Aku no longer needs the beggar-lord's aid in stealing the map, but Ramirez has plans of his own. He demands that the map be stolen as planned, and used to rescue Fausto the Foul (a beggar prince who was sent to the mines two months ago) at the same time as Yann Nairon. Naturally Ramirez will hold Ngaro Hungura's mother Aku as a bargaining chip to ensure that his will is done.

Thereafter the adventurers must execute a burglary from Lord Jolben Nadal's house to retrieve the map, and then trek to the barren hills of Dolgar, and the miserable town of Sheff (the closest settlement to the mines) where a daring rescue must be planned without alerting the authorities.

Potential difficulties include the legionnaires who guard the mine, and their

savage mastiffs; finding two separate prisoners within the arid tunnels of the salt mine while hoping none of the other inmates raise the alarm; a chance collapse of a weakened section of the mine; and the restless spirits of the thousands of prisoners who have died in this hell hole over the centuries. Other potential complications include finding the ruins of the old overseer's villa outside Sheff, and whatever was left behind, when the Melnibonéans departed the place four and a half centuries ago.

Once the rescue has been staged the adventurers must return to Old Hrolmar in the company of two wanted escapees (one close to death, the other a wretched and annoying beggar) along a highway patrolled by the king's soldiers. Back in Old Hrolmar, they must somehow convince Ramirez the Pustulant to keep his word and release Aku Hungura. Once united, Ngaro Hungura and his parents depart for Pikarayd post-haste, vowing never to return to blighted, benighted Vilmir.