

WILDERLANDS OF HIGH ADVENTURE™ IMPERIAL TOWN OF TELL QA™ OFFICIAL GAMING AID DESIGNED AND APPROVED FOR USE WITH CASTLES & CRUSADES®

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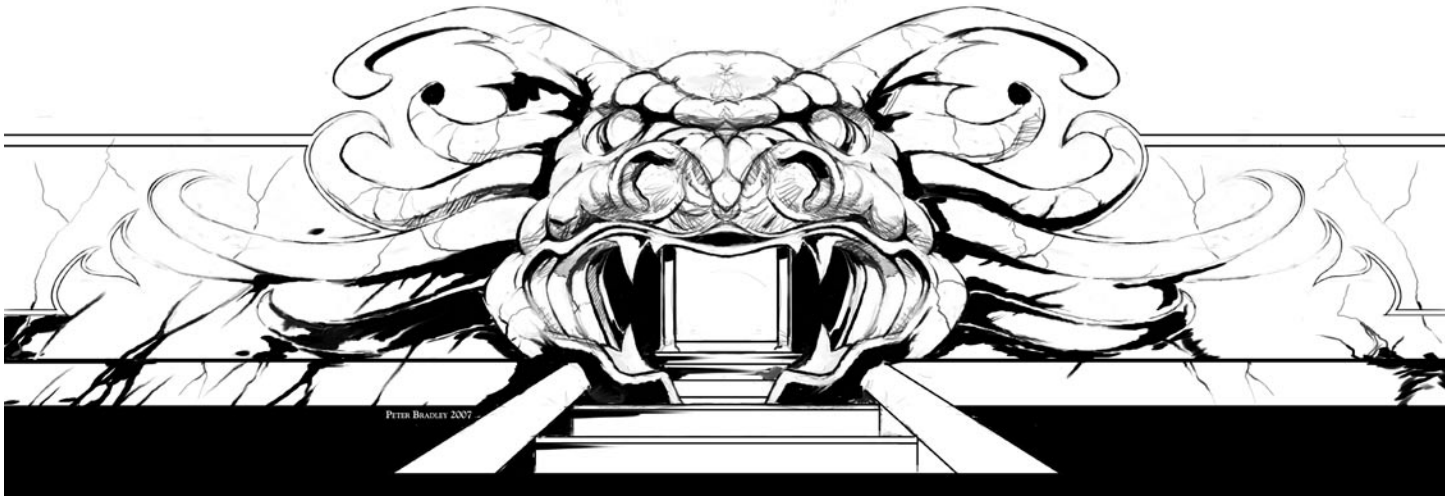
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Recent History

... and so, in 4283 BCCC the Evil High Priest of Armadad Bog, Hautulin Scheitt, and his wife, Murielle Eidn, finally eliminated the last of their remaining competitors and assassinated the emperor, Cneninadus the Good, with the assistance of eight demons. Scheitt ascended to the Imperial Throne as the Green Emperor, and thus began the year-long Great Slaughter of Pain, as Mycretians and their allies were purged from the Immortal City. Many Mycretians and their allies fled north, where they settled in Tell Qa under new names, seeking to rebuild what they had lost.

As even the Golden Age of Cneninadus was unable to purge Smyrsis Province of its bandit gangs, monster infestation, and nomad troubles, the province remained a hotbed of difficulties generated from within and without. With the Green Emperor's attentions elsewhere — first, in Lyoophiath, to repel an invasion of demons at the Great Battle of Pohtega in 4343, and of late, to the northeast, with concerns for the machinations of the Witches of Marmon, Smyrsis is left to its own, as long as the tax moneys and other tributes arrive on time.

40 years ago, upon his deathbed, the Shah of Smyrsis requested that the master of the Holy Order of the Somnolent Dragon, the local monastery dedicated to the Rune Ki Temple, be named his successor. As the Emperor's

Grandhee reported that the monks had been vital in the maintenance of the province's bureaucracy, and that the master was a loyal and a-political old man, the Emperor agreed, and so the rule of the province fell to the capable hands of the master and his monks.

20 years later, before the Shah passed away, he named Kijdawr Aenekosii, his successor as Master of the Holy Order, as his successor to the Imperial satrapy. The elite in Viridistan were much less pleased with this choice, as Aenekosii had proven over the years to be more politically apt and interested than his predecessor, opposed to many policies of the Imperial High Council, and most troublesomely, seemed to be more interested in justice and the good of the commons than in enriching his own coffers and maintaining the status quo. Unfortunately for the other members of the High Council and their cohorts, Aenekosii was also extremely competent, and regardless of his weakness regarding the common weal, the Emperor allowed his succession to the Royal Throne.

Today, in 4433 BCCC, the Shah rules the town and province with an even and light, if open, hand. Aenekosii seeks to maintain balance in a domain that is hard pressed on all sides and from within. He is most desirous that the evil eye of the Green Emperor does not fall on his

lands and his peoples, and so he tries to keep troublemakers contained, seeking to make peace through alliances and the intervention of adventuring wanderers rather than expend treasure on costly and uncertain battles. Using troublesome adventurers in this way often kills two birds with one stone...

Unfortunately, the world does not provide the Shah with the peace he prefers — the Greenscale kobolds of Shimmertree Vale are on the move, the Eagol dwarves of the northeast appear in ever greater numbers, the Tharbrians raid from the north, the Obsidian orcs of the Starrcrag Mountains raid from the west, the barbarians of the Berserker Wastes raid from the south, the Thygami and their demi-giant allies in Yakin Ley raid from the east, and there are even rumblings of possible rebellion among the Elphan cavemen in the northern settlements! And of course, the Green Emperor has *doubled* tax rates in the last seven years and has decreed a special "Wall Tax" at least once each year.

To exacerbate the already chaotic situation, Mycretians have again been operating in the open — even in Viridistan itself — though quietly, subtly, and not in such a fashion as to appear interested in overthrowing the status-quo. However, during the last five years they have run rampant in Tell Qa, seeking to do good deeds

and confound the best efforts of those seeking power or wealth through questionably moral or openly evil, if *legal*, activities. Their actions run the gamut from empowering and teaching the poor and needy; robbing wealthy (and legal) slave merchants and moneylenders and giving their ill-gotten goods to the poor; and disrupting the ceremonies of the priests of the evil temples, especially those who perform (legal) human sacrifices!

Though the Shah has vowed to put a halt to the activities of the Mycretians, to date his decrees and policies have had little luck in stemming the tide of “vigilante goodness.” And so things stand today on the northern verge of the Falling Empire...

POPULATION AND CULTURES

There were 3,300 resident adults and 1,106 resident children in the last census, taken three years ago; this does not include the monks of the Inner Citadel or the Town Guard of the Outer Citadel; scores of beggars and urchins, nor hundreds of itinerant adventurers or wandering merchants; nor the hundreds local laborers and farmers from nearby hamlets and villages who do business in the town on a daily basis.

Three-quarters of the residents are of the races of Men; of these, 37% are Smyrian, 25% are Common Viridian, 18% are Aelphen, 10% are Tharbrian, 7% are High Viridian, and 3% are of some other human tribe.

The native **Smyrian** peoples are of goodly mien and kindly sort, dedicated to the common weal but wary of overweening authority; they have pale skin, blue eyes, and curly brown-black hair, and prefer clothing in riotous clashing colors.

Common Viridians are descended from an ancient admixture of all the races once found under the sway of the Falling Empire, and thus exhibit any and all physical types, though tend

toward light green skin and tawny hair; their disposition is as varied as their appearance, but most found in Tell Qa are hard working, if decadent in tastes.

The **Aelphen** are of solid peasant stock, descendants of refugee barbarians from the Vast Irminsul; they are ruddy skinned, hazel eyed, blonde haired, and rough of build and character, though like the Smyrians dedicated as much to the common weal as to their own devices.

Tharbrians are a far-ranging nomadic people; those of Tell Qa are slaves, descended of slaves, or adventurers, as free Tharbrians look down upon dirt-hugging, house-dwelling peoples. Tharbrians are pale of skin, blue or green eyed, and flame haired, usually with temperament to match.

High Viridians are descended from the noble houses of the conquering True Viridians, the royal daughters of the Thousand Tribes of Wild Men, and the noble clans of the Shardan Warlords. For four millennia they have sought to keep their bloodlines and culture “pure,” and today madness, depravity, perversity, and vice are as bread and butter to this decadent, craven, and cruel inbred people, though a very small minority cling to the noble, martial traditions of their ancestors. They possess medium green to dark blue-green skin, dirty blonde to platinum white hair, and green or blue-green eyes; men and women dress in richest silks, drip with gems and jewels, are painted heavily with cosmetics, and stink of exotic perfumes.

Other human races encountered in the town include the blue-skinned **Shardans** from the southern plains of the empire; golden-skinned **Lenapashim** from the desert lands far to the south; **Amazons**, a matriarchal warrior race not native to the region; **Thygami**, a backward and barbaric hill people from Thygamus Province, little more than semi-civilized cavemen who, it is said, alternately mate with pigs and demi-giants; and *true* **Cavemen**, of **Elphan** and other stock, from the colonies in the debatable lands north of the River Flee.

10% of the town’s natives are elves, the vast majority being of the Aelvoress, a declining gray elf tribe, and the handful non-Aelvoress being of the Aelsinar wood elf tribe.

The **Aelvoress** are a tired, dreaming people; though most remain within the walls of their hall, in town, or on nearby hamlets, recalling of their faded glories and olden tales, a few seek to regain what was lost, questing after ancient treasures and new glories.

The **Aelsinar**, like their brethren in the Elsenwood, seek little more than merriment, pleasure, and jests, often at the cost of Men. The Aelvoress are tall, often topping 6’6”, have fine long fingers, pale ivory skin, platinum hair, and purple eyes, while the Aelsinar are short, rarely taller than 5’, and have sharp noses, nut-brown skin, straw-colored hair, and green or blue eyes.

6% of the residents are dwarves, of the **Starrcrag** mountain clans, renowned as miners, goldsmiths, and makers and enchanters of jewelry. They are large-headed and barrel-chested, with bronze skin, red-hair and blue eyes; they are a dour lot, save for when gold is present, then they warm up, but as often out of avarice as love.

5% are halflings of the **Mishell** clans, usually highly skilled vintners, brewers, bakers, or merchants; they have elven ears, burgundy to mauve skin, white hair, and gold-flecked blue eyes.

Of the remaining 3% of the population, most are **Eagol** dwarves, a mysterious race from the ruins to the northeast; they are often mistaken for gnomes, as their build is light and they are shorter than their (very, very distant) Starrcrag cousins. Few know what the Eagol truly look like, as all wear black robes and boots, red hoods and gloves, and white masks with green lenses. It is said that all are horrible of visage and warped of form, mutated by the strange energies that permeate their ruined lands. Those who have seen the dead claim their skin is wormy yellow-white and covered with pustules, rashes, and oozing sores.

It is said their touch and breath are as poisonous as their croaking speech, which is punctuated with blasphemies against all the gods.

Of other races, there are but a handful, including **houris**, **Greenscale kobolds**, **demi-giants** and **troll-kin**, and a few far-wandering cousins of the local elves, dwarves, and halflings.

IMPERIAL CURRENCY

The following currency is minted in the Falling Empire: **Copper Bit** (1 cp), **Bronze Obol** (5 cp), **Silver Drachma** (1 sp), **Electrum Stater** (5 sp), and **Gold Mina** (1 gp). Viridistan does not mint platinum; gems are used for larger transactions. Foreign coins and old coins from hoards — especially the greatly debased coins from the period between the Great Plague (ca. 2500 BCCC) and the rule of Cneninadus (4226 BCCC) — will not be accepted by most merchants and must be changed at a moneychanger.

TOWN DEFENSES

Tell Qa has the mightiest defenses in the Falling Empire, save for the walls of the Immortal City itself. Unfortunately, the defensive structures outstrip the manpower of the Shah, and many of the mighty towers would be empty, if the Shah did not lease them to nobles, gentry, and other interested parties.

The **Outer Citadel** is a large triangular castle, each of the three walls being equivalent to a massive shield wall.

The **First Gate** and **Second Gate** (A and B) are independent gatehouses, each consisting of two 30 ft. diameter 60 ft. tall towers connected by a 40 ft. tall, 20 ft. thick, and 20 ft. wide gate block. Each gate consists of a double portcullis/triple door arrangement, replete with murder holes above the tunnel.

After each gate stands a moat, each 40 ft. deep and filled with rushing water. The drawbridges are drawn up and the

gates are shut between sundown and sunrise, with no one going in or out save with a writ from the Shah or the Captain of the Guard.

Each gatehouse is manned by 12 archers, four halberdiers, and four rocketeers (1st level fighters, see #64 for rocket types) and a man-at-arms (2nd level fighter). The **Third**, **Fourth**, and **Fifth Gates** (C, D, and E) are identical, each consisting of two 40 ft. diameter 80 ft. tall towers connected by a gate identical to that of the gatehouses, above, save it is 60 ft. tall.

Each gatehouse is manned by 16 archers, 10 halberdiers, four rocketeers, and a man-at-arms. The drawbridge between Fourth and Fifth Gate usually remains down, save during times off war, but is off limits to residents during the night.

The **walls of the Outer Citadel** are all 30 ft. thick and 60 ft. tall. The walks at the top are replete with arrow and rocket loops and riddled with machioulis, while numerous bretèche and bartizans are found along the wall walk, which is covered over with fire-proof reinforced masonry.

The triangular citadel is defined by three towers. **West Point** (F) and **East Point** (G) are each identical to a single tower that make up the Third Gate; each is manned by eight archers, four halberdiers, two rocketeers, and a man-at-arms.

The **Southern Donjon** (H), also known as the **Tower of the Guard**, is 80 ft. in diameter and 160 ft. tall. It houses 72 archers, 48 halberdiers, 12 rocketeers, three men-at-arms, a sergeant, three 2nd level clerics, a 5th level cleric, three 2nd level surgeons, a 5th level surgeon, two 2nd level wizards, a 3rd level wizard, a 6th level wizard, a siege engineer with two apprentices, a rocket engineer with two apprentices, 60 slaves, and the Captain of the Guard, **Milos Taanikos**.

BENEVOLENT CHARACTER MODULE

MILOS TAANIKOS: LN male High Viridian 7th level fighter. HD 7d10, HP 51, AC 18 (expert Neo-Classical Viridian Ensemble plus dexterity), Move 20 ft., SL Military 11. Str 17*, Dex 15*, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 15*, Cha 15. Class abilities are weapon specialization (broadsword) and combat dominance. Special abilities are three Rune Ki Runes — detect evil, detect magic, and see invisibility, each of which he can use once per day as a 4th level caster. He wields a +2 magical broad sword “Telikospanto” (+13 BtH, 2d4+6 points of damage), and a master-quality Tharbrrian War Bow (+9 BtH, 1d12+2 points of damage, 100 ft. range, 20 arrows). He speaks Common Viridian, High Viridian, Smyrian, and Tharbrrian. He wears a bronze badge of authority, a silver holy symbol of Shang Ta worth 25 gp, a small silver-chased horn worth 75 gp, and carries 4d20 gp, 3d6 sp, and 3d6 cp. He keeps 167 gp, 335 sp, 85 cp, and a 20 gp moonstone in a locked chest in his room.

Milos is a likeable enough fellow, though he tends to be fatalistic at times. He cares for his men, and is absolutely loyal to the Shah. The Shah has given him *carte blanche* to deal with troublemakers as he sees fit, within the law, as he trusts his judgment. He has a good working relationship with the general of the Imperial Vastthrongs, Strategos Galiinaar Unorew; his best friend is Veliik Tocsmek, a Disciple of the Order of the Somnolent Dragon; and he is also friends with the Guru of the Rune Ki Temple (#75), Eoscma Douurn.

Milos is an atavism, being honorable, competent, and sane like his ancient forebears rather than dissipated, perverse, and decadent like most of his fellow modern High Viridians; he has a great many enemies in the town, most especially Narkissos Pampajas, sub-captain of the Water Gate, and Lady Klytemnestra Xanthou (#62).

The **Outer Citadel** bailey houses a large stable; a smithy with two blacksmiths, two weapon smiths, two leatherworkers, two armorers, two bowyers, and a fletcher; and a small complex of offices housing the Imperial Post, complete with a syndic commanding eight bureaucrats and 20 slaves. The stables, smithy, and offices are separated from the road through the citadel by an 8 ft. wall.

Four scribes accompany the guards at the Fourth Gate, and write down the name, home, description, and business of all passers-through in large dated ledgers. Residents need not pay a fee to enter; strangers will be charged a copper bit to enter, to make sure they are not vagrants, and merchants will be charged a bronze obol per beast and vehicle, and two bits per porter, while farmers are charged a copper bit per axle on Market Day.

Wanted posters, complete with depictions of outlaws and fugitives, hang prominently on a board behind the guards. Entry to the town can be denied for any reason or none; Captain Taanikos is the final arbiter, and if he doesn't like a troublemaker's reasoning, he might just let him in the town in chains, charged with disturbing the peace and disrespecting the guard.

The wait to get in varies, depending on the time of day, usually 5d6 minutes; morning is longest, doubling the wait up to an hour, and market day is worst, tripling the wait. The captain likes things orderly, so those who step out of line will get special attention.

The town's **outer curtain wall** is 20 ft. thick and 40 ft. tall, while the **inner curtain** is 30 ft. thick and 60 ft. tall. There are **five towers** along the outer and inner walls (I, J, K, L, and M), each 40 ft. in diameter and 80 ft. tall; each is leased to a noble, gentleman, or other worthy (i.e., wealthy) person.

Tower (I) is known as the **Tower of Mists**, as it hangs above the misty falls of the River Qa. It is the domicile of **Mergados the Strident** (*CG male*

Common Viridian 5th level bard, SL Gentry 8). Mergados often sings from the top of his tower at sunrise and sunset; he is a renowned tenor from Viridistan, in a wise self-imposed exile in Tell Qa due to several indiscretions with noble wives.

Tower (J) is known as the **Tower of Justice**, and is the home of **Zhirquissa Artemisia Mavroudis, "The Chopper"** (*LN female High Viridian 9th level knight, SL Gentry 13, Int 14, Wis 17*). A former paladin, Artemisia found that her heart valued law and order far more than good and morality, and abandoned her faith and god in order to take up a life dedicated to law and strict justice — some say to a level bordering on madness. The Zhirquissa is the Provincial High Justice, appointed by the Shah to oversee the courts. She tries all High Court cases herself, and keeps a close watch on the Lower Court cases of Zhir Jaaneracszy and Zhir Pappas. She possesses bracers of armor +3 and a medallion of thoughts.

Tower (K) is known as the **Tower of the Mountain Rider**, and is the residence of **Krunk Pak** (*CN male Elphan caveman 10th level ranger, SL Military 8*), the "Mountain Rider," once a leader among the Elphan cavemen allies of the empire and a renowned adventurer and guide. He longs to return to the wilds, but unfortunately, he was cursed by a wizard, and whenever he leaves the environs of the town, a huge demon appears and immediately attacks him. So he is stuck in the town, staring over the walls, mourning the freedom he has lost. He seeks a way for the curse to be lifted, but no wizard or priest of the town has been able to help him.

Tower (L) is the **Twilight Tower**, and is home to the elf-lord **Angwyn Aharawn, Lord of the Exiles, Archon of the Aelvoress** (*CG male Aelvoress elf 9th level fighter/wizard, SL Noble 14*). This ancient elf was but a squire when the Tharbrians invaded the Sidhe Hills, slaughtered his people, destroyed their many-towered cities, and sent the survivors in flight, south across the Plain of Lethe, there to settle among

the gnomes of Shimmertree Vale. He remembers when vengeance was had a thousand years later, as the rain of Tharbrian blood satiated his hatred at Glint Valley. He witnessed the Great Plague, the terrible fate of the gnomes, and the rise of the Greenscale kobolds.

Today he seeks only to protect and nurture the Aelvoress elves, the remnant of a once great people. He sponsors expeditions to the north, seeking to find ancient elven treasures that might make his people great again.

Tower (M) is the **Wizard's Tower**, the comfortably warm residence of the town magist and advisor to the Shah, **Brerrab Ocehan, The Rainbow Wizard** (*NG male Common Viridian 20th level wizard, SL Noble 13*), one of the few purely goodbeings to be found in the province. He's a bundle of happiness and joy, always seeing the silver lining in the thundercloud, always trying to be pleasant under even the worst of circumstances — those who have only just met him think he's barmy or smarmy, they aren't sure which. Unfortunately for those who misinterpret his character and abilities, he is also one of the most powerful beings, and the most powerful wizard, in the entire province.

He wears a robe of scintillating colors (thus his nickname), a ring of spell turning, and wields a staff of fire and a wand of polymorph. He studied under the masters in Tula, speaks a dozen languages, and is the most traveled and cosmopolitan resident of Tell Qa.

The **Sixth Gate** (N) is identical in all ways to the Third Gate, save that it is commanded by a sub-captain, **Vaxlam Doorn, The Rotund** (*CN male High Viridian 6th level wizard, SL Military 10*); Vaxlam likes to hold suspected thieves and smugglers for a day or maybe a week or three, and has them chained up in his dining chamber, where they are fed moldy bread and stale water and forced to watch him feast on pheasant, lark's tongues, and poached eel. He also has buxom slave wenches taunt the captives with promise of escape and other favors. He possesses a ring that

lets him discern truth from lies three times a day, so he's very sure that his victims are guilty, and of lower social level, before he amuses himself.

The **Water Gate** (O) is identical to the Sixth Gate, with the addition of a wide ledge standing before it in the open air high above the river docks, far below. The only way up is via a long stair. Charges to enter are the same as at the Fourth Gate, with the addition of a total charge of three bits per porter, rather than two (to make up for the lack of wagon traffic). Cargoes are carried up by freemen stevedores (fragile, expensive goods) or slaves (bulky, cheap goods). The guards at this gate are of more questionable morals than others, and happily take bribes from smugglers and outlaws. This is done with the disinterested blessings of the sub-captain, a thoroughly vile example of High Viridian decadence named **Narkissos Pampajas**.

MALEVOLENT CHARACTER MODULE

NARKISSOS PAMPAJAS: *CE male High Viridian 4th level assassin. HD 4d6, HP 12, AC 14 (faux Neo-Classical Viridian Ensemble plus dexterity), Move 30 ft., SL Military 10. Str 9, Dex 16*, Con 9, Int 14*, Wis 10, and Cha 15*. Class abilities are case target, climb, death attack, disguise, hide, listen, move silently, poisons, sneak attack, and traps. He knows one charm of the Black Witches' Craft — cause light wounds, which he can use once per day as a 1st level caster. He wields a broadsword (+1 BtH, 2d4 points of damage), and a master-quality dagger (+2 BtH, 1d4+1 points of damage, 10 ft. range, carries four daggers). He speaks High Viridian and Common Viridian, and often uses highbrow words with stupid people just to upset them. He wears a bronze badge of authority, a gold amulet depicting the Green Emperor (actually a medallion of mind shielding), a small gold-chased horn worth 750 gp, and carries 6d20 gp, 3d6 sp, and 3d6 cp. He keeps 417 gp, 121 sp, 71 cp, and two vials: of tithweed concentrate in a locked chest in his room.*

Narkissos is an exiled scion of a noble family of Viridistan — he was given his rank and position after a hefty bribe to the Viceroy, not due to any talents or redeeming qualities of his own, for he lacks any. He is a sociopath, and rapes and murders purely for pleasure. At least once per month he rides out to a nearby hamlet and finds a young and pretty victim, male or female; the only reason he has not been arrested is that he has been *very* careful since arriving in the town.

He finds his men brutish and stupid, and they like him even less. If he's even at the gate, he is on his way in or out, and heading toward the **Imperial Green Gaming House** (#47) or going to his room to sleep off a debauch. At night he usually partakes of the festivities at the **Hedonae Temple** (#62); on the night of the new moon, he meets with his co-religionists in the pit beneath the **Witch's Teats Tavern** (#72), for he is a devotee of the Dark Prince, and seeks to gain power through demon worship.

The **Inner Citadel** has four walls, 30 ft. thick and 60 ft. tall, identical in details to the walls of the Outer Citadel. Three of the towers (P, Q, and R) are identical to the five along the town walls (I through M).

The **Northern Donjon** (S), known as the **Tower of the Celestial Dragon**, is the twin of the Tower of the Guard. Considering that the great donjon overlooks the 80-foot drop to the River Flee below, it is a 240-foot fall from the highest parapet to the river waters.

The **Seventh Gate**, also known as the **Dragon Gate** (T) is identical to the Third Gate, save that it is guarded by 15 monks (five 1st level, four 2nd level, three 3rd level, two 4th level, and one 5th level), and the gate is designed to look like a dragon's face.

Within the Inner Citadel stands the **Palace of Seven Gates**, a huge, blocky complex comprised of four aboveground stories and no less than seven known underground levels, including the (long disused) torture

chamber and holding cells. Along the inner walls are two large, two-storied stone and wood structures, comprising the offices, libraries, kitchens, and training centers for the monks of the Heavenly Order of the Somnolent Dragon. The monks perform bureaucratic functions for the Shah, man the gate and towers of the Inner Citadel, are his bodyguards and special agents, and are the last line of defense for the town and province.

There are 48 1st level Novices, 24 2nd level Initiates, 12 3rd level Brothers, six 4th level Disciples, five 5th level Guardians, four 6th level Masters of the Western Heavens, three 7th level Masters of the Northern Heavens, two 8th level Masters of the Southern Heavens, one 9th level Master of the Eastern Heavens, and **Racszul Taarkosii, Master of the High Heavens** (LN male Smyrian 10th level monk), in addition to **Shah Kijdawr Aenekosii, Padishah of Smyrsis Province and Grand Master of the Order of the Somnolent Dragon** (LG male Smyrian 13th level monk/Mycretian, SL Noble 16). No less than 20% of the monks secretly multi-class with levels in the Mycretian class.

The monks take little part in the day-to-day protection of the town; in fact they rarely leave the palace, spending all their time training, working in the bureaucracy, and contemplating the Celestial Navel of the Universe. This is fortunate, as the world outside the citadel is anything but quiet and orderly, which is how the monks like things.

However, they guard the citadel with great ferocity, and will be active in any defense of the town against a siege or major attack. When all else fails against potent troublemakers, the Captain of the Town Guard will request a strike team of monks to assist his men. This strike team consists of four 1st-level Novices, three 2nd-level Initiates, two 3rd-level Brothers, and, invariably as the leader, **Veliik Tocsmek, Disciple of the Heavenly Order** (LN male Smyrian human 4th level monk, SL Gentry 7). Veliik

is a bit of a rebel in the Order; he enjoys going out among the common rabble, learning their ways, and partaking of their lives. Thus, he is invariably assigned to lead the strike-team duty. He is a good friend of Captain Taanikos, and they can often be seen together at taverns and about town.

Finally, the lonely **River Tower** (U) stands on the Docks and overlooks the Royal Warehouse. It is home to 16 archers, 10 halberdiers, and two rocketeers; the levels normally empty in a tower of this size, save during a siege, are filled with bunks for the sailors of the Shah's small river navy, which consists of three large sail-and-oar riverboats, each with 20 oarsmen/marines (*1st level fighters*) and the captain (*3rd level fighter*). At least two boats are on patrol at a time, leaving one in port, along with its men, who stay in the River Tower.

In addition to the members of the Town Guard and the forces of the Holy Order, the Shah has two **Imperial Battles** in the province. The Smyrian forces are divided between two citadels: **Mammoth Hall** (Hex 4: 1309) and **Ming Spring Keep** (Hex 4: 1515).

Strategos (General) Galiinaar Unorew (CG male Smyrian human 19th level knight, SL Military 14) commands all troops from Ming Spring Keep, while Mammoth Hall is held by **Commander Talehar "Keep Killer" Asendath** (CG male Common Viridian 17th level fighter). Each citadel hosts one Battle, consisting of one Equithrong and two Vastthrong — two Squads of heavy cavalry, two Squads of medium cavalry, two Squads of light cavalry, four Squads of horse archers, two Throngs of heavy foot, three Throngs of light foot, four Throngs of archers, and one Throng of rocketeers, for a total of ~250 cavalry and ~1,000 footmen at each citadel, all professional soldiers, plus slaves and local peasants. Usually half the force is in the field on patrol at any one time, rooting out barbarians, bandits, and beasts.

IMPORTANT STREETS AND MARKETS

The streets are usually quite busy during the day, as Tell Qa is the major market for 50 miles or more in all directions. Streets in the Outer Town, unless noted, are packed dirt, while those in the Inner Town are paved with flagstones. Iron lampposts stand at every major intersection, kept lit at night by the lamplighter and his crew (#56).

In addition to normal town encounters, each road or market has a percentage chance of having an unusual encounter instead of or in addition to the normal encounter. P = # pedestrians, H = # horsemen and/or palanquins, W = # wagons, V = # vendors with carts; all within 60 ft. **Major Road:** Day (P 2d6+6, H 1d4+4, W 2d3, V 3d3), Night (P 1d8-1, H 1d4-1, W 1d3-2, V 1d3-2). **Minor Road:** Day (P 3d4, H 1d3, W 1d3, V 1d3), Night (P 1d8-2, H 1d4-1, W 1d3-2, V 1d6-5).

The Outer Citadel guards also serve as the Town Guard — the Shah dismissed the useless Constabulary years ago. They patrol the streets in groups of five during the day, 10 at night; the patrols consist of a **man-at-arms** (*2nd level fighter*) with two (four at night) **archers**, two (four at night) **halberdiers**, plus a **rocketeer** (with signal flares, thunderstones, and flashbangs) at night (all *1st level fighters*). All wear studded leather armor, pot helms, and carry a club and dagger in addition to their main weapon; the man-at-arms carries a broadsword. A blue flare means backup is needed, a red flare means heavy backup is needed (i.e., a monkish strike team), and a fountain flare means the town is under attack! A patrol arrives 2d4 minutes after citizens raise the hue and cry, 3d4 minutes at night; backup is 3d4 minutes distant.

ALFMOURN ROAD (Minor): This short road is the center of elven, dwarven, and halfling life in the town, and often the non-humans outnumber the humans in this area. During twilight, the road is

packed with non-humans going about their business, the lack of true light not a concern (double night numbers, additional encountered are non-human or even monsters in disguise), but in deepest night the road is quiet, and most of those encountered are en route to or leaving the Elf Market.

Day: 15% chance of being misidentified by an elf, dwarf, or halfling as either a friend or foe (50/50 chance), as all humans kind of look alike. Night: 8% chance of encountering an elven vampireess, Ysbail the Accursed (CE female Aelvoress elf vampireess 8th level wizard), a pale beauty who seeks fresh male human blood.

ELF MARKET: Not truly a market, the intersection of Alfmourn and Grand is usually thronged, day and night, with hucksters and vendors hawking their wares (double normal number of pedestrians and vendors for Grand Avenue). It is a good place to go for those seeking the unusual, exotic, and sometimes blasphemous items favored by non-humans and wizards. By day, the market has a light, bright fey touch to it, with merchants and customers to match, but at night, sinister shadows cling to everything, a feral light seems to glow in the eyes of passers-by, and the (additional 1d4) vendors with their misshapen, covered carts are oddly silent, discussing the nature and costs of their wares in hushed, sibilant tones.

Day: 10% chance of being pick-pocketed by an elven or halfling rogue (1st to 4th level). Night: 10% chance of encountering a Greenscale kobold illusionist, Eagol dwarf psychic, or grayling mindripper (5th level) in disguise, seeking to mislead adventurers into death or servitude.

GRAND AVENUE (Major): Traversing the entire length of the Outer Town, this street is always very busy, often clogged with delivery wagons going further into town (20% chance a small caravan of 2d3+1 wagons is passing by during the early morning and late afternoon).

Day: 12% chance of being run down by a wagon (Dex save or suffer 2d6 points of damage from trampling). Night: 6% chance

of being mistaken for rogues on the lam by the Town Guard.

GRAND MARKET: Many call this the “Low Market,” as there is not much *grand* to it, save for its size and the fact that it, unlike most of the Outer Town, is paved in flagstones. It is the commoner’s market and farmer’s market thrown together in a great jumble, as most traveling merchants and most especially farmers do not wish to go any further into the town than necessary. The market is always busy with dozens of tents and stalls, where virtually any common food, tools, local animals and steeds, used weapons, used armor, clothing, or other general goods can be purchased. **Gifre the Moneychanger** (#61) maintains a tent in the shadow of the tax collector’s office (#73) to serve the immediate needs of adventurers and merchants.

For all but common foods and utensils and items costing 1 gp or less, there’s a 60% chance of finding an item (base 100% on Sixthday), -1% per gp, minimum 1% chance (i.e., a 58% chance of finding a quiver of arrows, a 35% chance of finding a bastard sword, and a mere 1% default chance of finding any armor costing more than 70 gp). Half that to find a second such item, and so forth, until all have been found. If an item isn’t found, a character can check back the next day. Vendors always dicker, starting haggling prices being **DOUBLE** book price. By day there are 20d6 shoppers, 3d4 horsemen passing through, 3d4 palanquins, 2d4+4 sales tents, and 5d6+6 vendor carts and wagons; double those numbers on Sixthday.

Day: 12% chance of being accused of being a pickpocket. Night: 14% chance of being accosted by 3d3 urchins and/or beggars seeking alms.

HIGH MARKET: The High Market is the place to go for jewelry, fine cloth, expert weapons and goods, imported clothing, objects d’art, minor magical items, and other goods sought by the rich and powerful. A patrol of the Town Guard can always be found at the High Market, a double patrol during the weekly Royal Market on Sixthday.

Day: 7% chance of being robbed by a pickpocket (4th to 7th level rogue). Night: 7% chance of being approached by a *houri* in disguise (4th to 7th level courtesan).

IMPERIAL AVENUE (Major): The main north-south cross-town road, this street is paved with wide, smooth green flagstones from the Grand Market to Smyrian Way, as is Smyrian Way from the intersection with Imperial into the Inner Town. Many palanquins of nobles, gentry, and wealthy and powerful commoners travel along this road, passing between the various temples and important businesses and the Inner Town (double rolled number of palanquins present).

Day: 10% chance of being knocked down by a palanquin bearer with an irate passenger. Night: 4% chance of encountering a group of 3d3 robed cultists en route to nefarious business (1d3 clerics 1st to 3rd level, the rest 1st to 3rd level rogues or fighters, unless the party has made enemies of a specific cult...)

SEWERS AND TUNNELS: An extensive system of ancient sewers and tunnels exists, extending hundreds of feet down beneath the town and for thousands of yards south, encompassing an area many times greater than the modern town. Some say that utterly ancient portions of the system extend a similar distance north, under the River Flee and into Shimmertree Vale, where it connects with the extensive kobold warrens. There are no less than a dozen known levels of tunnel-riddled ruins and at least six different sewer systems, not counting the modern sewers constructed by the Viridians after the city was last razed in 29th century. The Shah and the Captain of the Guard are aware of the system, and some of it is mapped, however, as all the major entrances and exits have been blocked off, inside and outside of the walls, they remain unconcerned, as the creatures that thrive within the ancient tunnels — giant rats, slimes, jellies, giant lizards, and other fouler things — guard the town as well as any walls or moat. That said, patrols are regularly sent through the modern sewer system, to make sure that it has

remained inviolate by the creatures living in the old tunnels.

Day or Night: 11% chance of an encounter; 1d10: 1-3=giant rats (1d10); 4-5=small spiders (2d4+2) 6=violet fungi (1d4); 7=Greenscale kobolds w/illusionist leader (2d4 + 5th level illusionist); 8=chasm imps (1d4); 9=thieves or adventurers (2d4, all 1st to 3rd level of various classes); 10=Town Guard patrol (day) or ghost (night).

SLAVE MARKET: The slave market is not as crowded as it once was, as the Shah requires extensive documentation of all slaves and levies a monthly tax on all slaves. Still, the slave trade continues, and when slaves are sold, they are sold here as available, rain or shine, beginning at noon, even on Seventhday. Each day 1d12-1 slaves are available, with 2d6+12 on Sixthday, when there is also a 10% chance of something “special” available (and heavily advertised). Though the slave master has a monopoly, prices are fairly low, as slaves are not highly valued in the area, with most slaves sold to factors from the Immortal City or Targnot Port. By day there will be 6d6 shoppers, 2d4-2 horsemen, 3d4-2 palanquins, and 3d6 vendors.

Day: 10% chance of recognizing a slave being sold. Night: 10% chance of being mistaken for an escaped slave.

TELL QA SLAVE MARKET PRICES

Base: Baby* 2 gp, Child* 5 gp, Youth 20 gp, Adult 40 gp, Middle Age 20 gp; Old 10 gp; Venerable 5 gp. **Skill:** Unskilled (x0.25), 1st level (x0.5), 2nd to 5th level (x1), 6th to 9th level (x2), 10th level+ (x3+1/level above 10, i.e., x3 @ 10th, x4 @ 11th, x5 @ 12th, etc.) * No skill or attribute modifiers for baby or child

Attributes: Constitution 16-17 (x1.25), 18 (x1.5); Male: Strength 13-15 (x1.5), 16-17 (x2), 18 (x3); Female, Child, or Youth: Charisma 13-15 (x2), 16-17 (x3), 18 (x5); Weak, Lame, Sickly, Stupid, Dull, or Ugly (per attribute 8 or less): x0.5.

8 IMPERIAL TOWN OF TELL QA

Race*: Tharbrian (x0.75), Thygami or Caveman (x0.5), Halfling (x1), Amazon Female (x2), Gnome (x2), Dwarf: (x3), Elf* (x4), Hourai (x5 to x10, depending on talents and appearance), Goblin or Kobold (x0.25), Orc or Hobgoblin (x0.5), Bugbear (x0.75), Ogre (x1), Demi-Giant (x2), Hill Giant (x3).

Origin: From Maps 1, 2, 5, 7, or 8 (x1.5); From Maps 3, 6, 9, 10, 11, or 12 (x2); From Maps 13, 14, or 15 (x3) From Maps 16, 17, or 18 (x5).

Various: Famous or Infamous (x2 to x10, depending), Docile or Slave Mentality (x1.25), Especially Troublesome (0.5 to x0.10).

* It is illegal to enslave High Viridians in the empire; therefore, there is a strong and very illegal “green slave” black market, and “green slaves” fetch five to 10 times the going rate, in the right places. Also, it is illegal to take or sell Aelvoress elves in Smyrsis, as all are under the protection of the Archon and the Shah.

Bidding usually begins at 15 to 25% of the price listed above; the above are general going rates, and final price depends on the bidders and the auctioneer.

SMYRIAN MARKET: This market plaza focuses on armor, weapons, tools, gems, jewelry, and other high-end utilitarian and luxury goods and raw materials; it is not as wealthy a market as the High Market, but the goods here are more affordable, and the merchants usually more trustworthy. Merchants all have small tents with awnings, and usually have one or two guards. Merchants include weapon smiths (2d3), armorers (1d4) tinsmiths (2d3), bronze smiths (1d4), silversmiths (1d4), goldsmiths (1d3), gem merchants (1d3) and Starrcrag dwarf jewelers (1d4-2). There's a 15% chance on Sixthday of there being a merchant from afar, with strange, possibly magical goods.

Day: 14% chance of mistaken identity, for good or ill. Night: 12% chance of being questioned by a patrol of the Town Guard.

THE DOCKS: The Docks stand 60 to 70 feet below the rest of the town, on a raised and graded section of riverbank along the River Flee, with stairs down to the riverbank. The buildings of this district are 10 to 20 feet above the water line, and five to 15 feet above the highest flood line. The district extends 20 to 60 feet south, under the lip of the cliff above, into an ancient river-carved open cavern. Publicly, the Docks and the rest of the town are connected only by a long, 60 ft. tall and 20 ft. wide stair, built of stout dwarf-cut stone; there are, however, no less than a dozen secret tunnels that pass up to the town through the ancient sewer systems. Half the sales in town are done on the Docks, with river merchants selling their wares to local merchants right off the boat, and vice-versa. Fishermen sell their wares from tubs and carts right in the streets.

The great chain that spans the river (600 ft. wide at this point) and is used by the ferry is anchored on the northwestern water break (off the map). On the opposite end of the river it is anchored to a tower, the twin to the River Tower, which is surrounded by a dozen fishermen's huts and has a small, poor inn, the **Ferryman's Hall**; the **Boatmaker's Villa** is along the river about a quarter-mile to the east. It takes the ferry 10 minutes to cross one way, and costs 5 sp per person or mule, 1 gp per horse or cart, and 3 gp per wagon; it has a 30 ft. by 50 ft. area for cargo, and is little more than a stout raft with railings, driven by an ox-propelled water wheel. The easternmost section of the Docks is walled off, guarded by the River Tower, and has a dry dock for the Shah's three riverboats, plus the Royal Warehouse.

Day: 13% chance of being accidentally hit by a fish slung to a customer. Night: 9% chance of being impressed or enslaved by river bandits.

VIRIDIAN PLAZA: This plaza right outside the doors to the Mer Shunna temple is avoided by all merchants save those of the Common or High Viridian race; there have been incidents before where priests have harangued

and beaten non-Viridians who set up shop, even those with licenses, so most merchants simply avoid the area. Merchants found here include an icon merchant (sells pictures of Armadad Bog, historical Emperors and Heroes, and sainted priests), a sculptor (sells statues of the above), a fishmonger (all kinds of river fish, cooked in a stew or on a grill and served with roasted vegetables, or raw for use in the Mer Shunna rite of the Daily Flogging), a jeweler (sells jewelry, predominantly religious-themed), a kabob stand (sells heavily spiced chicken, lamb, fish, beef, and vegetables grilled on a small skewer), a wine vendor, and a weapons dealer (sells daggers, knives, and small tridents used in religious ceremonies).

Day: 24% chance of being harangued and flogged with a large fish by a Mer Shunna priest (1st to 3rd level). Night: 12% chance of being accused of being thieves by the priests of the temple; reported to the guard if there are too many witnesses, captured and sacrificed if there are none...

TOWN DESCRIPTION

NOTE: This listing is not, by any means, complete. Towns exist in the Wilderlands for one purpose—commerce. Every building is occupied by someone who provides some sort of product or service of value to someone else; the few exceptions include the townhouses of the nobles, gentry, and wealthiest guildsmen and merchants. Otherwise, the listings here include only a *portion* of the businesses in town. If your players are looking for a product or service not otherwise listed, and it is not something rare or unusual — or sometimes even if it is — there's likely to be a craftsman who makes it, a merchant who has it (or can get it), or someone who will do whatever is necessary to make that coin; so when you need to, pick an unmarked building and drop in a new business!

Most craftsmen and merchants live in large flats or suites above their workshop or sales shop on the main floor; servants, laborers, and itinerants

live in smaller flats on the upper levels. The town is always crowded and bustling, fit to burst at the walls with men, women, urchins, horses, wagons, vendors, and the refuse they create (though the streets are *relatively* clean in Tell Qa, as the Shah enforces strict sanitary codes with fines and jail time).

Do **not** think of this as your modern American suburban town — think of this as your home town if you crammed *everyone's* homes, businesses, and factories into the central business district (about five blocks by two); half of all sales are done by bellowing vendors selling from small hand carts or wagons in the streets; the buildings lean out over the streets, meeting each other over alleys, turning them into tunnels; most people have an ox, horse, or mule instead of a car or truck, and the street cleaners only pass through once a week; there are no regular baths or showers, and little soap or perfume, and no one's ever even *dreamt* of deodorant; most streets are gravel- and rush-strewn dirt and mud; beggars and urchins and chickens and pigs and sometime rats run wild in the streets; and everything is surrounded by a series of big walls — with howling wilderness screaming outside the gates. **That's Tell Qa.**

And Tell Qa is one of the nicest towns you'll find in the Wilderlands...

01: AELVORESS HALL (H/I-2 through H/I-4): This block-sized complex is the home and heart of the Aelvoress elves. Though their lord and archon, **Angwyn Aharawn**, lives in the Twilight Tower (see (L), above), this is where he holds court, and where more than half of the Aelvoress elves in the town live. It is the second-oldest series of structures in the outer town, built as a redoubt of the elves even before the outer curtain was built; it is still as strong as any fortress. The halls are built in an ancient style, with stones laboriously brought via caravan from the ancient Aelvoress ruins in the Sidhe Hills of the Elephas; the disparate stones were set together with great care, and present

a glittering rainbow of warm colors. Great colonnades line the walls, and the bronze-plated doors are carved in a wilderness motif, with stags, rabbits, and dragons amidst trees and glades.

There are no windows on the first floor, and only arrow loops break the wall of the second floor, but the third and fourth floors have bright windows, as do the fifth-floor dormers, through which can be seen glittering candles and, of some nights, faerie fire.

The gardens within — separated from the rest of the world by gates and bars of a strange, golden metal strong as steel — are green and mist-shrouded. The burbling brook appears out of and disappears into artificial grottoes, small hills that are said to be gates from and back to the Shadowlands. The gardens are often occupied by young elves, reading or playing or dancing or singing; sound passes not into the garden from outside without great effort, and sounds from within can barely be heard more than five feet from the iron bars.

The **Tower of the Elders** at the center of the garden is 40 ft. in diameter and 120 ft. tall, taller than all other structures other than the Tower of the Guard and the Tower of the Dragon. It is made of the same material as the two halls, and seems to have neither doors nor windows; when elders approach it, the mists gather and hide their method of ingress. No form of magical detections can pass the walls or gates, nor can creatures of the Shadowlands pass the walls, and if teleportation works into the complex, it is only through ancient secrets known to the Aelvoress.

There are only three (known) entrances to the complex, the two doors of bronze, one each at the center of each hall in the east and west, and the Garden Gate, which passes between two small towers into the garden. Each door is guarded by a pair of silent, nigh imperturbable masked elves (*each a 4th level fighter/4th level wizard wearing elven chain and wielding magical long swords and long bows*). It is very rare for non-

elves to be welcomed into Aelvoress Hall; most dealings with non-elves are through meetings at Twilight Tower. The guards are able to summon assistance, or the Hall Master, through silent communication. If attacked, a dozen guards of similar prowess will appear in two rounds; if there is truly a matter of importance, or if the visitors are expected, **Hall Master Wmffre ap Ithell** (*CG male Aelvoress elf 8th level fighter/wizard, SL Noble 13*) will appear to speak with the visitors.

Note: An Aelvoress elf would never reveal such secrets of Aelvoress Hall as he might know to non-Aelvoress, even to his best friends; low level Aelvoress likely know little more of the workings of the hall than the rumors that others do, and will know of it only as a safe, secure home dedicated to all things Aelvoress.

02. ALCHEMIST (E-15): Kanglor Phung (*NE male Shardan 5th level alchemist, SL Guild 7*) specializes in healing potions and curatives, or at least, that is what he claims. His potions are not terribly efficacious, but his *poisons* are actually quite good. Minor Curative Potion (50% chance 1d6+1 hp, otherwise 1 hp) 100 gp; Ointment of Ocular Regeneration (30% chance full, otherwise severely myopic) 200 gp; and Life-Force Restorative Treatment (over seven days, 25% efficacy) 300 gp; other potions available at 150% normal cost and double time, poisons at 75% cost and 50% time.

03. ALDERMAN (D-7): Oldii Molnaar "The Obese" (*CG male Smyrian 5th level knight, SL General 7*) is the chief bureaucrat overseeing all civil operations in the Inner Town. He is aged, sotted, and avaricious, but kind (save to orphans). He holds audience at his offices once a week, spends the rest of the week at his rural estate, and otherwise expects his three bureaucrats to handle anything troublesome. When holding an audience, he wears his old armor, which is now two sizes too small, and invariably has a flask of spiced wine in hand.

04. ALDERMAN (H-8): Kriton the Black (*LE male High Viridian 5th level cleric of Armadad Bog, SL General 7*) is the chief bureaucrat overseeing all civil operations in the four blocks along Green Road.

He doubles fines for non-Viridians, and requires triple normal bribes before he'll consider a plea from a non-Viridian. His four bureaucrats are all High Viridian Shunnan acolytes with sinecures; the five spend their time drunk, drugged, debauched, or engaged in the Daily Flogging (a Shunnan ritual, little followed usually, which consists of slapping themselves with a fish tail as punishment for not being born a merman).

05. ALDERMAN (C-14): Kobii Kodaar (*CG male Smyrian 4th level fighter, SL General 7*) is the chief bureaucrat overseeing all civil operations in the four blocks along Smyrian Way, in the Outer Town. Kobii worked his way up from a simple citizen, working in the Sanitation Department, and some say he still whiffs of dung. Fines are standard, but he often requires miscreants to work off a portion of the fines by carting chamber pots, dung, and street slime for the Sanitation Department; he has no power to enforce this punishment on nobles or gentry.

06. ALDERMAN (I-11): Isembart Shortpipes (*N, male Common Viridian 5th level rogue, SL General 7*), the chief bureaucrat overseeing civil operations in the Grand Market and the three blocks bordering it, is rough, callous, and even rude to supplicants, and is often deep into his cups when he does grant an audience. His four bureaucrats have a bloody rivalry with the tax bureaucrats that work for Khaiphoron Coin-Clipper (see #73, below); citations can disappear and rules can be bent for those who embarrass or cause trouble for the taxmen.

07. ALDERMAN (A-4): Drippy Dergomaan (*N male Smyrian 3rd level rogue, SL General 7*) is the chief bureaucrat overseeing all civil operations along the Docks, including Customs. Drippy's bureaucrats, the miserable, soggy halflings Bimbwil, Slurtoe, Plorfuut, Jangheel, and Dingo, are grossly overworked, as he requires that they keep records in triplicate on all cargoes and catches brought through or to the Docks. The unfortunate halflings are readily bribed concerning "victimless

smuggling" with generous quantities of dry pipweed of good quality.

08. ALE (F-12): Barwain's Ale Shop sells only in bulk, by the keg or barrel, retail at full or 30% off wholesale (100 gallon minimum). **Barwain Tallcask** (*NG male Common Viridian 6th level fighter, SL Merchant 6*) once served in the Imperial Vasthosts, and retired with a sergeant's pension to his father's trade a decade ago. A +1 magical great sword hangs on the wall behind the counter, and merchants and thieves alike can attest to his skill with the weapon. (10-gallon keg, 80 servings): Barwain's Brown, 5 gp; Golden Pale 6 gp, Elf Ripple 8 gp, and Dwarf Blitz 16 gp.

09. AMAZON RESIDENCE (I-7): Frail Parneetha (*CN female Amazon 3rd level assassin, SL General 5, 18 years old, Cha 18*) is the beautiful orphaned daughter of a successful Amazon mercenary; the apple of her mother's eye, she never noticed her daughter was craven and neurotic. Her mother left her some wealth, and she has earned even more through contracts and activities that mix "business and pleasure." She collects weapons of all kinds, and her immaculately clean home looks like an armory decorated by a houri. "Frail" refers not to her physical qualities, as she is quite physically fit, but instead to her unstable mental state, which verges on the psychotic. High Viridians slew her mother, and so are her favorite victims.

10. APOTHECARY (H-11): One-Leg Rajiik (*NE male Smyrian 5th level rogue, SL Guild 7*) is a bitter man; having lost his leg in a misadventure, he had to take up a trade or end up a beggar. He displays a large collection of knives and daggers on the wall behind the counter, his one indulgence to his lost days of adventure. In Stock: Hangover Purgative (66%) 3 sp; Pregnancy Preventative (98%, one moon) 1 gp; Powder of Potency (75%, 1d3 hours) 15 gp; Nymph Dust (50%, 1d6 days) 25 gp; Permanent Potency Preventative (95%, 1d20 years) 100 gp.

11. ARMORER (B-13): Jaanocsz Koroszcii (*N male Smyrian 5th level fighter, SL Guild 8*) is a master armor smith and

excellent businessman. He keeps a large stock of many armor types, of all types not exclusively of leather or hide (95% chance human/elf sized, 55% dwarf-sized, 35% halfling/gnome sized), as he has two journeymen, three senior apprentices, and five junior apprentices working for him. He also sells quality used armor at 65% to 80% retail, buying at half those rates. A +3 magical great helm with a kingfisher crest and giant eagle plume sits on the counter; he knows it is of excellent quality, but not that it is magical.

12. ASSASSIN (E-9): Ilkarios Kalkhu (*LE male High Viridian 11th level assassin, SL Guild 9*) is the ranking assassin in Smyrsis Province, though the guild is informal, at best. His cover is that he is a socialite expatriate of the Immortal City, having fled for some indiscretion. He moves in the highest social circles in town, loves his work, and is cold, calculating, and cautious. He is greatly assisted in his labors by his ring of mind shielding, gloves of dexterity +6, and cloak of elvenkind. Murder: 10 gp x SL squared, 2x elf or dwarf, 3x cleric, 5x wizard, 3x gentleman, 5x noble; Maiming: 50%; Warning: 25%; half up front, half due on "delivery."

13. BAKER (C-15): Marwinkle Tukkletoe (*N male Mishell halfling 3rd level wizard, SL Guild 7*) and his wife, **Parwheedle**, are the preeminent purveyors of pastries, breads, cakes, and baked goods in town. They are assisted by their seven children and five apprentices. Mar uses his rust-colored bag of tricks if he or his shop is threatened. Oatnog Cookies 3/1 cp; Black Bread 2 cp; Cheese Bread 4 cp; Beer Bread 6 cp; Inside-Out Cake 2 gp; Elsenloaf 30 gp (1 week's rations, fresh for 10 years, 1 lb.)

14. BAKER (G-8): Bald Ivo (*LE male Common Viridian 2nd level fighter, SL Guild 6*) is known for his simple but filling fare. He is assisted by three dwarf slaves and four junior apprentices. Ivo is a pious Mer Shunnan, and is always waxing long and loud about this week's sermon; he has the contract to provide

bread for the weekly God Feast at the temple, so he has good reason to be devout. Black Bread 2 cp; Bass Bread 3 cp; Carp Cakes 4 cp; Sturgeon Pie 2 gp; Starrcrag Trail Bread 15 gp (1 week's rations, fresh for five years, 2 lbs.)

15. BARBARIAN RESIDENCE (B-11):

Flamehair Krevan (*NE male Tharbrian 7th level barbarian, SL General 5*) grew wealthy through his early adventures in and later service to the Empire. This "civilized" barbarian is clean-cut and well dressed; he disdains his savage cousins, but the bloodlust still beats in his heart. He goes on excursions in the countryside, where he secretly hunts peasants and serfs; he seeks more challenging game, and may be "convinced" to lead adventurers as a guide, but when in the wilds will turn on them and kill them, slowly, one by one... for sport.

16. BARBER (H-11): Rollo Redblade

(*N male Common Viridian 2nd level rogue, SL Guild 6*) presents a disheveled, dirty appearance; his hair is wild, his apron spattered with blood and covered in clippings, and his shop is cleaned maybe once a week. His blasphemy-laden rants about crackpot conspiracy theories regarding the Shah, the Mycretians, and the Eagol dwarves entertain and shock his customers while he cuts their hair, shaves their chin, or bleeds them. Shave and haircut 2 cp; bleeding 1 sp; w/clean blade or shears 2 sp; w/sharpened blade or shears 2 sp; leeches 5 gp.

17. BARD (I-7): Aristokles Orpheu

(*LE male High Viridian 8th level sage, SL Gentry 9, Cha 18*) was exiled from the Immortal City for rabble rousing and offensive locution. An imposing orator, he is given to violent, if well-spoken rants and public harangues, scheming against whatever scapegoats catch his fancy at the moment. His major is in Imperial History, with minors in Distant, Modern, and Recent History. He is highly offended by the modern debasement and debauchery of his people, but transfers it to a maniacal lust for the blood and destruction of all other races.

18. BARRELMAKER (A-2): Laecszii "Old Lacks" Zsuult (*CG male Smyrian*

4th level bard, SL Guild 6) is a wizened, ancient craftsman who manufactures and refurbishes barrels. He knows just about every myth, legend, and tall tale to be told on the River Flee, though the telling of the tale takes twice as long as any long-winded bard, and Old Lacks smells strongly of pipeweed and pickled fish (which are what his refurbished barrels mostly once contained). Barrels cost 1 gp per 10 gallons capacity up to 60 gallons; 15% discount for refurbished, 30% for barrels that stink of pickled fish; 30% discount for quantities of 20 or more.

19. BATHS (D-4): The public **Smyrian Imperial Baths** are as impressive as

they sound; built of white granite with green striations, this large building is a common meeting place for the wealthy and powerful. Unlike baths in the Immortal City and elsewhere, the Shah has forbidden "extra services" by the 12 bath boys and 12 bath girls (mostly half-caste orphans), and things are kept clean and aboveboard in the segregated pools, saunas, and massage chambers. Seven Amazon guards (*LG 3rd level Amazon warriors*) keep the peace and break up any hanky-panky; they serve at the pleasure of the Shah, so even nobles cannot gainsay them. Services include Sauna 3 gp; Bath 5 gp; Moral Massage 5 gp; Moral Healing Massage 50 gp (LG, NG, or CG heal 1 point of strength, constitution, or dexterity damage, otherwise heal 1d3 hp).

Arion the Bastard (*LG male Smyrian/High Viridian 3rd level wizard/Mycretian, SL Gentry 6*) manages the baths; it is said that the Shah appointed the half-caste to his position as an insult to his (unacknowledged) father, but claims it was out of pity. The apprentice wizard spends his days managing the baths and his evenings studying under Brerrab Ochean, the Magist (see **Wizard's Tower**, above). The unkempt youth is secretly one of the leading pro-active Mycretians of the town; he is rash but honorable, and leads his small cell of fanatics in their activism, fueled by ancient legends of Mycretian glory and the promise of a heavenly afterlife. He

gets little sleep, as he is always working, studying, or engaged in vigilante charity.

All the bath boys and girls are Mycretians (*1st level Mycretian/rogues*), and are part of his cell; as they are considered to be little more than furniture by most customers, they overhear much and use this knowledge to good effect in their activities. Arion and his followers are very familiar with the tunnels and sewers buried beneath the city, and use the tunnels to facilitate raids and rescues.

20. BAZAAR (G-12): Tanglin Xhoo'ha

(*CE male Shardan 7th level wizard, SL Merchant 8*) — a wizened Shardan wizard with cobalt-blue skin and long, flowing platinum Fu Manchu mustache, this malevolent merchant always acts most diplomatically, and appears cheerful at all times, even when most wroth (and then he wiggles his fingers quickly and wildly). In addition to the wide-ranging oddities he imports, he is the leading drug smuggler in the province. Tanglin is guarded at all times by what appears to be a 7 ft. tall Altanian barbarian, but is actually a polymorphed efreeti (HD 10d8, HP 60). The wizard is also protected by two rings: evasion and blinking.

Items stocked include copper, tin, and bronze pots, containers, braziers, and lamps; fine porcelain and glass bowls and cups; bamboo, wood, ivory, and metal furniture and chests; strange idols and blasphemous tapestries; ancient scrolls and tomes; and other exotic and singular oddments, everything save clothing, armor, or weapons; a few items have minor magical powers. Khat 5 gp; White Poppy 10 gp; Black Poppy 25 gp; Tithweed Juice 50 gp; Yellow Dragon 75 gp; Black Lotus Petal 100 gp; Changeling 200 gp; Ghost Dust 250 gp; Demon Ichor 800 gp.

21. BEGGAR (I-8): Half-Caste Hack

(*CN male Smyrian/High Viridian 5th level beggar, SL Guild 2*) is an old, mad beggar; he dresses in torn, stained rags and begs for bits in the Slave Market. He earns more by allowing people to whip him for five minutes for a drachma; no more than one customer at a time, payment due up

front. He defends himself with a dagger if things get too violent. He has a 6% chance to predict the future and a 26% chance of having in-depth knowledge of local events; such information requires a donation of 1d6 minas.

22. BELL TOWER (E-8): Maeniisith Cszumaa (LN male Smyrian 6th level monk, SL Gentry 8) was a member of the Order of the Somnolent Dragon until his uncle, aunt, and seven cousins died of the plague, leaving him an extensive estate. He abandoned the ascetic life for a life of genteel leisure. He spends his days pouring over his uncle's books on history while tended by three concubines; the duties of the bell tower (held by his family for 12 generations) are performed by two assistants and three slaves.

23. BLACKSMITH AND STABLES (D-15): Vinglo Derglon (CG male Starrcrag dwarf 8th level ranger, SL Guild 8) is a rarity, a Starrcrag dwarf with little lust for gold and a great love for animals, especially horses. He is the best blacksmith and horse trainer in the province. When not working with his three journeymen and five apprentices, he spends time on his ranch or wandering the forest and hills to the west. He prides himself on the health and quality of his war-trained steeds, which are the destriers of choice for Captain Milos, General Galiinaar, and wealthy knights of the province.

24. BOATMAKER (A-9): Gecsza Djokaii (N male Smyrian 7th level sage, SL Guild 7) is the latest in a long line of boat makers; truth be known, his family has lived along the River Flee since the days before the fall of the old Smyrian kingdom. Some say he has the river in his blood, and it is through this that he is able to build sleek and fast boats. This building is merely a minor workshop, for his three journeymen and seven apprentices (most his sons and nephews) to work on ships in port; he has a villa across the river from the port, where he manufactures new boats in dry dock. His prices are steep, but fair, as the job is guaranteed well done.

25. BOOK SHOPPE (F-3): Mousy Rowena (CG female Common Viridian 2nd level wizard, SL Merchant 6, Int 17, Wis 16, Cha 6) maintains this small establishment she grandiosely named **The Dragon's Library**, where books, scrolls, and tomes of all kinds can be found; some are even magical. She is normally quiet and plain, but when her books are threatened, she is like a lioness guarding her kits. Customers cannot even enter the shop unless they can prove that they can read. When illiterate adventurers find books, this is where they usually end up. Rowena pays a silver on the gold for any books, including spell books, and is not above cheating an illiterate oaf out of a king's riches (she has no respect for the illiterate and stupid).

26. BOWYER/FLETCHER (I-5): Goldtree of Alheim (CG male high elf 8th level ranger, SL General 5, Str 15, Cha 16) was a fellow adventurer with Doughal, Morgane, and Frederek of the Ivory Mammoth (#52), and is the former lover of Rebekah of Garman (#32); today he manufactures bows and arrows using the ancient techniques of his people, the high elves of Dearthwood. His weapons are popular among adventurers and Aelvoress elves, who have forgotten many of the secrets of archery their cousins still keep. Short composite bows (bonus to damage only): normal 30 gp, +1 Str 150 gp, +2 Str 300 gp, +3 Str 600 gp; long composite bows 100 gp, +1 Str 500 gp, +2 Str 1,000 gp, +3 Str 2,000 gp. Arrows: Giant eagle-fletched (+1 to hit) 10 sp each; Roc-fletched (+1 to hit and damage) 25 sp each.

27. BREWER (B-12): Berengar Barleybeer (CE male Common Viridian 3rd level black witch, SL Guild 7) brews a very coarse, pungent, dark beer. It is the mainstay of the common folk in the area, usually heavily watered down. He has a line of "gentleman's" ales, too, and is secretive about his recipes and processes; he must be, as his "secret ingredient" for the special brews is *blood*. His three assistants are all half-breed outcasts and hunchbacks (2nd level rogues); his quasit, **Grem**, guards the brewing hall in the

form of a large bat. (1-gallon clay jug, 8 servings): Barley's Dark 8 cp; Barley's Special Black 16 cp; Smyrian Red 24 cp; Viridian Green 36 cp; Amazon Rage 60 cp; Dwarven Dark 60 cp; 20% discount on 30 gallons or more.

28. BROTHEL (E-11): The Room of Passionate Pleasures is the only legal brothel in the province, owned and operated by **Madame Sandira** (CN female Amazon 9th level courtesan, SL Gentry 8, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 18). The Shah has tried to stamp out prostitution for almost two decades, but it has naturally been impossible. He reached a compromise with nobles, gentry, merchants, guardsmen, and the Courtesan Guild by declaring the practice a monopoly, and assigning the monopoly to Sandira. Special treatment of nobles, gentry, merchants, and guardsmen assure that the Room of Passionate Pleasures has many powerful supporters.

As it is the only legal brothel in the province, it provides services of (almost) all kinds at all financial levels, from the "Freeman's Five Minutes of Heaven" at 5 sp to the "Grandhee's Grand Event" at 300 gp! Madame Sandira is very protective of her employees and her monopoly, and keeps a dozen dwarf mercenary swordsmen (3rd level fighters) led by **Max the Myrmidon** (N male Starrcrag dwarf 6th level fighter, SL Guild 7, Str 18) to make sure guests maintain the peace and pay their bills. Madame Sandira is personally protected by two turbaned Lenapashim eunuch guards (7th level barbarians wielding two-handed scimitars) and her current lover, **The Golden Sorceress, Demonassa** (CN female High Viridian 7th level wizard, SL Gentry 8, Int 17, Cha 18), armed with a wand of illusion, a ring of suggestion, and a gold silk cloak of resistance +5.

29. CANDLEMAKER (H-14): Waxy Vacszul (CG male Smyrian 4th level white witch, SL Guild 7) is secretly a white witch. He and his wife, **Odd Esme** (CG female Common Viridian 3rd level white witch, SL Guild 6) manufacture all kinds of common candles and soaps, as well

as several magical candles using their witchcraft. Tallow candle 1 cp (stinks and sputters), wax candle 5 cp, bar of soap 1 sp. Scented wax candles or soap: apple, berry, pine, or pumpkin x2; lavender, vanilla, strawberry, or pomegranate x4; orange, cinnamon, lemon, or chocolate x6; fish scented x8 (for the Mer Shunnans); incense x10; fine perfume x20. Time-keeping candles 1 sp per hour, marked in 10 minute sections. Magical candles: potency candle 10 gp; love or peace candle 20 gp; healing (8 hours, heal 1d3 extra hit points when burnt during complete bed rest) 30 gp; mind-enhancing (burn while memorizing spells, double time, can memorize one extra 1st level spell) 50 gp; others may be available.

30. CARTOGRAPHER (D-14): Haasz Kruhulik (NG male Eagol dwarf 6th level *psychic*, SL Guild 7) was a typical insane and evil Eagol dwarf, until the day he encountered a minor deity of goodness, and had his mind changed, *permanently*. Rejecting his old ways and his people, Haasz adopted a human name and settled in Tell Qa to ply his trade. He has an amazing ability to draw maps from mere descriptions, aided by his (secret) ability to read minds. He always wears white robes and boots, blue hoods and gloves, and a black mask with red lenses.

31. CARTWRIGHT (B-15): Aenduuril Axleman (NG male Smyrian 3rd level *fighter*, SL Guild 7) has five journeymen and seven apprentices to help him manufacture wheels, carts, carriages, chariots, and wagons. He even has an on-site blacksmith and two apprentices to make axles, nails, springs, and other metal parts. "Honest Aendy" is known to drive a hard, if fair bargain, and usually has several new and used vehicles on hand to meet most needs. Asking prices (can be haggled down to half of asking price): 2-wheel cart 30 gp, 4-wheel wagon 70 gp, 2-wheel war chariot 200 gp, coach 400 gp, fine spring-balanced coach 800 gp, armored coach 1,200 gp. Cart wheel 3 gp, wagon wheel 7 gp, chariot wheel 10 gp, coach wheel 20 gp.

32. CLERIC RESIDENCE (G-11): Rebekah of Garman (LG female *Garmani* 6th level cleric/*Mycretian*, SL General 5, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 14) was once an adventurer, part of a party including Doughal, Morgane, and Frederek of the Ivory Mammoth (see #52). She had a falling out with them over their methodology several years ago, and set out on her own. She works today as an herbalist, healer, and midwife, offering her services to any who ask, with her prices based on the customer's means; she has more than enough treasure left over from her days of adventuring to retire, if she so chose. She is not a proactive Mycretian; she prefers to aid and assist those who seek her help, rather than save those who might not desire saving. She has been approached several times by the "Pure One" (the Shah, in disguise), to try to convince her of the error of her ways, but he does not, naturally, force the issue.

Her former lover, Goldtree of Alfheim (#26), still pines for her, and often sends flowers and gifts; she gives the flowers to young girls, and sells the gifts for coin to give to the needy. Rebekah possesses a staff of healing, a suit of chainmail +4, and two ioun stones, an incandescent blue sphere (+2 to wisdom checks) and a dark blue rhomboid (+1 caster level).

33. CLOCKWORK ENGINEER (E-9): Vredrik Kanaus (N male *Common Viridian* 7th level sage, SL Gentry 7) became fascinated with clockwork technology at an early age, when his adventurer father brought a clockwork dog home from an expedition to an ancient ruin in Shimmertree Vale. He has spent every copper of his inheritance learning all he can about the technology, and is today perhaps the foremost authority on such devices, which are regarded as quasi-magical by most, blasphemous by others. He and his five apprentices build and sell incredibly expensive and intricate clockwork devices and creatures to nobles and gentry; he uses the funds to further his studies and sponsor expeditions to more ruins.

Table-top simple clock 500 gp; palm-sized clock 1,000 gp; pocket watch 2,000 gp; clockwork songbird: 2,000 gp; clockwork dog 8,000 gp; clockwork horse 16,000 gp.

34. CLOTHING (F-6): Aertalan Kruujdy (LG male Smyrian 3rd level *Mycretian*, SL Guild 7) has two-dozen free seamstresses, mostly widows and young orphaned women, on the second floor making tunics, under-tunics, breeches, hose, trousers, smocks, kirtles, gowns, cowls, capes, cloaks, and winter caftans of linen and wool for commoners and poor gentry. Colors available include red, light green, light blue, gray, yellow, red-brown, brown, and black. The fabrics are made and dyed in nearby hamlets, and the clothing is manufactured in town. Prices are reasonable, though often a sale comes at the price of a sermon.

35. CLUB (B/C-8): The Green Sash Club is open only to younger sons of nobles and gentry, and even then usually restricted to High Viridians and socially-connected Common Viridians; it was formed by the former members of the Constabulary a decade ago when the Shah dismissed them for corruption and ineptitude. Many members are devotees of the Cult of Tama Hama (#62) down the alley. Even their normal meetings are little more than orgies; the members own and regularly abuse dozens of non-Viridian slave girls and youths, housed in an extensive secret basement (which adjoins the temple of Tama Hama (#62) through a secret tunnel).

The Green Sashes often disguise themselves and go out into the night, hidden under emerald green sheets, waylaying and killing lone guardsmen; they would love to kill Milos Taanikos, the Captain of the Guard, but as they are all craven and generally inexperienced at heart (*all 1st to 3rd level fighters or rogues at best*), they have not yet built up the courage. They organize extended "hunts" in the province, where they disguise themselves as bandits and loose their hatred on peasants and serfs; they often kidnap young women and youths to take back to their "harem." While engaged

secretly they use nicknames, such as “Brother Blade,” “Brother Rape,” “Uncle Death,” “Brother Blood,” and *etc.* There are currently 32 members of the club, lead by **Kobalos “Father Slaughter” Skoulos** (*CE male High Viridian 5th level cleric of Lord Skortch, SL Noble 10*), who seeks nothing less than the complete undoing of the status quo in the province, including the slaughter or enslavement of all non-Viridians, and himself installed as the Shah of Smyrsis. He possesses a crystal ball with telepathy, a medallion of thoughts, and a ring of regeneration.

36. COURT OF THE ZHIRQUISATE (D-2): The law is overseen by the Zhirquisate, the leading members of the gentry appointed to oversee the courts. **Zhir Kij Jaaneracszy** (*CG male Smyrian 7th level wizard, SL Gentry 12, never “Angry”*) and **Zhir Philos “Hard Labor” Pappas** (*NE male High Viridian 4th level knight, SL Gentry 12, Disposition never better than “Bored,” -4 modifier for half-breeds*) oversee the Lower Criminal Court (Lesser Crimes committed by commoners, merchants, guildsmen, and military), and **Zhirquissa Artemisia “Old Chopper” Mavroudis** (*see Tower of Justice (I) above, roll Disposition twice and take the worst result, -2 modifier to any case including theft, prostitution, or rape*) oversees the High Criminal Court (all High Crimes and Lesser Crimes performed by gentry and nobles). Each is served by two guards (*1st level fighters*) and a bailiff (*3rd level fighter*), plus three court clerks, with another two-dozen bureaucrats shuffling papers in the offices below the courts.

Defendants are held in cells in the second basement (under circumstances similar to that in the Town Jail, see #55), until their trial, a wait of no less than 3d6 days. **Cellmaster Krijek the Greasy** (*N male Smyrian 7th level fighter, SL General 6*) and his eight guards (*1st level fighters*) are happy to accept payments for better food, services, and privileges (at 5 to 10x normal rates), though any attempts at true bribery will be reported. There are four group cells: one for violent lower-class offenders (1d12, usually barbarians, fighters, or rogues of 1st to 3rd level); one for peaceful lower-class offenders

(1d12, usually rogues of 1st to 4th level); one for poor knights, nobles, and gentry (1d8-1, of any class, 1st to 12th level); and another for women of all castes (1d8-1, usually courtesans or rogues, 1st to 8th level). Eight private cells (10ft. by 10 ft., well locked and barred with a bed, desk, chair, and chamber pot) are also available for 20 gp per day, including decent meals, paper and ink for letters, and regular access to family, friends, whores, and litigation tricksters.

The Cellmaster’s daughter, **Krilja the Cracked** (*CN female Smyrian 2nd level rogue, SL General 5, 18 years old, Wis 5, Cha 17, 100% save vs. crabs, 70% save vs. gonorrhea*) seeks a handsome adventurer, gentleman, or noble paramour among the prisoners, with whom she plans to flee to Dacil Vonidar, there to seek her lost kingdom.

37. COURTESAN (E-8): Viradecthis the Vigorous (*NE female Common Viridian 10th level courtesan, SL Gentry 6, Con 16, Int 14, Cha 17*) is one of the few independent courtesans that survived the Shah’s assignment of a monopoly on prostitution to Madame Sandira (#28). She did so, like most, by becoming a “hostess” of parties, fetes, and other functions, which invariably descend into debauchery. Her own wealth and connections keep her beyond Sandira’s reach. Most of the “parties” take place at the townhouse or even manor of the “host,” but she has a small salon in her townhouse to entertain small groups.

38. DANCER (B-5): Lysandra of the Seven Veils (*LG female Common Viridian 8th level courtesan/4th level Mycretian, SL Gentry 7, Dex 16, Wis 14, Cha 16*) is “semi-retired,” having five years ago married a wealthy adventurer. Her husband was killed two years ago while on adventure, slain fighting a dragon, and while seeking solace she discovered the way of Mycr, and became a Mycretian. She dances now only for the wealthy and powerful, and uses her influence and connections gained thereby to discover their evil deeds and methods. She forms a cell with Giraud the Hawk (#59) and Anwyll the Wig

Maker (#81). She is only 27 years old, still very beautiful, and, as her father was a full-blooded High Viridian, is usually mistaken as one by most people. She wears a pair of beautiful gem-encrusted dragon-shaped gold bracers of armor +5 (made for her by the dwarves of Starrcrag special to order as a gift from her husband), and wears a ring of suggestion.

39. EATERY (G-3): Gorawen Half-Elven (*CG Aelvoress/Smyrian half-elven 3rd level ranger*) maintains **Fields of Plenty**, a fine eatery connected to the tavern on the ground floor of the **Banshees’ Rest Inn** (#51). Three halfling chefs bake fine breads and meat dishes for hungry customers. Gorawen hunts critters and gathers grains, herbs, and spices in the Shimmertree Vale every third day; she has a unique source of high-quality honey that she refuses to reveal for love or money. Bread and two-day stew 1 sp, honey cakes 2 sp, rabbit stew 2 sp, beaver tail 3 sp, roast duck 4 sp, snake stew 7 sp, jellied eels 1 gp, roast pheasant 2 gp, venison steak 3 gp.

40. EMPLOYMENT AGENT (E-12): Uerbaan Cszomas (*N male Smyrian 4th level bard, SL General 5*) is a former adventurer who brings together potential hirelings and adventuring types; he also helps commoners find all kinds of jobs, from simple labor to guild apprenticeships. There’s an 85% chance he has a torchbearer, porter, valet, lackey, or general unskilled laborer looking for work (1 sp/day in town, 5 sp/day in the wilderness); and a 60% chance he has a journeyman craftsman with the specific skill needed looking for work (5 sp/day in town, 25 sp per day in the wilderness); all such are 1st to 3rd level fighters or rogues, though not particularly of adventuring mindset. It will take him 30 to 120 minutes to find the prospective employee. All materials must be procured by the employer. He takes a cut from the employee, plus charges a 5 sp/25 sp finder’s fee if the prospect is employed.

41. FIRE BRIGADE (E-7): After the last major fire 17 years ago, which destroyed half a block, the Shah started a program of fire brigades. The 20

slaves of the brigade (*1st to 3rd level fighters or rogues*) are rushed to the scene of the fire on two wagons, and once there, set about destroying the building with mattocks and axes, seeking to get it to collapse on itself and hopefully sparing neighboring buildings. The slaves are often quite eager to succeed, as a slave who participates fully in stopping seven fires is given his freedom. Their work is overseen by four guards (*3rd level fighters*) and **Fire Master Miiksa Cszok** (*CG male Smyrian 3rd level wizard, SL General 6*). The fire master trains and treats his men well, as he realizes their successes are his successes, and he seeks to eventually join the gentry.

42. FIRE BRIGADE (F-10): Identical in purpose and size to the South Wall Brigade, with 20 slave fire fighters and four guards, the Midbailey Brigade is responsible for fires in the Outer Town. Unfortunately their work is overseen by **Fire Master Andsaca the Lash** (*NE male Common Viridian 5th level rogue, SL General 6*), who lets his men use whips on the slaves often, and is not above surreptitiously selling slaves to river bandits on the side.

43. FLOPHOUSE (F-13): The **Copper Crown Flophouse** is temporary home to many semi-successful adventurers and poor wanderers. It is also the base of the secretive **Tell Qa Thieves' Guild**. **Tiimo the Fink** (*LE male Smyrian 7th level rogue, SL Guild 7*) gained his name by ratting out on thieving adventurers, but he's never let slip the name of a single guild member, for love or money. He's the ostensible owner and manager of the flophouse, and is the public face of the joint. He is served by four bouncers (*2nd level fighters*) and four maids (*2nd level courtesans*). Anyone can flop on the main floor (3 cp/night, 2 cp/night for sleeping furs), but only members of the guild are able to rent rooms on the second floor (3 sp/night for a bed in a 4-man room, 2 gp for a private room); otherwise, the upstairs rooms are "always full." It is actually a safe place to flop, as no thievery is allowed on the premises; non-guild thieves caught stealing in the flop room are rolled and turned over to the guard.

At night six to 15 down-on-their-luck adventurers (*1st to 12th level, any class, though usually barbarians, bards, fighters, or rogues*) and 11 to 30 poor folk or farmers (*1st to 3rd level, usually beggars, children, fighters, or rogues*, double numbers on Sixthday night) will be sleeping on the floor in the common room.

The backroom, accessible through the kitchen, has a place for guild members to relax and play cards (3d6 during the day, 1d6-2 during the night); the entrance to the secret basement is through the office, accessible only through the backroom.

Meals include gruel breakfast with watered beer 3 cp; bread, cheese, and apple luncheon with watered beer 6 cp; pigeon pie dinner with watered beer 1 sp. Un-watered beer, ale, and mead are available in the back room for 1 cp, 3 cp, and 1 sp each, respectively.

The guildmaster, **Nimblefinger Ordric** (*LE male Common Viridian 12th level rogue, SL Guild 9, Dex 18, Int 16, Cha 14*) knows more about the sewers and ancient tunnels than anyone alive. His lieutenant is **Blackheart Eurwyn** (*NE female Aelvoress elf 9th level rogue, SL Guild 8, Dex 17, Int 14, Cha 17*); she likes to seduce young, handsome, and rich adventurers and nobles, taking them for all their coin and possessions; those who treated her well get to live to tell the tale.

The guild's modus operandi is to let lone rogues or even small groups work on their own for a short time without bothering them; if they prove themselves competent (i.e., are not caught by the guard after three major heists) they are told they need to join the guild, or leave town. The guild has 21 to 40 members in town at any one time (*mostly 1st to 4th level rogues*), as the guild is also active in banditry, brigandage, thievery, and smuggling throughout the province. They are currently seeking a way to clear out a band of competitors on Ming River Road (see #80).

44. FORTUNE TELLER (G-2): **Sosanna Tengwyn** (*N female Aelvoress elf 7th level wizard, SL General 5, Int 15, Cha 15*) is a beautiful seeress cursed with the True

Sight. It brings her nightmares every night, as she sees much death and destruction; there is only a 50% chance she will be available for a reading, otherwise she will be upstairs resting with a migraine. She has a 75% chance to randomly read a specific person's past, present, or future in the waters of her silver bowl; sometimes she sees all three. She requires 50 gp and a lock of hair for a reading. She is assisted by her distant cousin, **Iodelle Ravenhair, Half-Elven** (*CG female Aelvoress elf/ Smyrian 5th level wizard, SL General 5, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 16*), who protects her during readings, as she often swoons; Iodelle is armed with a wand of magic missiles. Iodelle has Second Sight, and can see creatures of the Spirit World, through the Planar Membrane, and speak with them as though she had the tongues ability.

45. FUNERAL PARLOR (E-15): **Imhotep the Southroner, The Jackal in Exile** (*LG male Ghinorian Empyrean 16th level cleric of Anubis, SL Gentry 8, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 15*) passes himself off as a simple embalmer, a form of burial preparation that has been vogue in the empire by non-Mer Shunnans since before the rule of Cneninadus (Mer Shunnans continue to feed the flesh of the dead to the fishes, then inter the bones in a seawater-filled sealed urn). Only Brerrab Ocehan is aware of his true identity; as they are good friends of olden days, he's not about to tell.

Imhotep prepares the bodies in the back room, and holds wakes in the front; a simple embalming with minimal wake costs 10 gp, while more elaborate affairs depend on the exact nature of the event. His two journeymen, five apprentices, and 10 slaves (all converts to Anubis) are finally getting a handle on the construction of a proper Ghinorian-style sarcophagus: 50 gp for a simple wooden one, 80 gp for copper plating, 350 gp for silver, 3,000 gp for gold and gems.

For those not affiliated with a local temple (mostly adventurers), Imhotep offers burial in his extensive, well-guarded private catacombs, built under his country manor (Hex 4: 1813);

accommodations range from a simple nook at 100 gp to a full-fledged multi-chamber trapped-and-enchanted sub-complex at tens of thousands of gold.

46. FURS (H-6): **Granny Giorsal** (NE female Tharbrian 5th level barbarian, SL Merchant 5, Str 14, Con 16, Int 14, Cha 7) sells pelts her grandsons, **Casidhe** (NE 5th level ranger), **Aonghus** (CE 4th level barbarian), **Feraghus** (CE 3rd level rogue), and **Sluaghan** (CN 2nd level bard), a stinking, despicable bunch, buy out of a hovel in the ferry hamlet across the river. The brothers also do some trapping themselves, of furred creatures and otherwise; their oldest brother Kearn the Bastard was caught bloody-handed after having his way with and then killing a washer girl once, and so the four despise the lawmen that had him beheaded; Granny never liked him, as she was the one that named him Bastard, legitimate though he was. Pelts: beaver 3 gp, buffalo 1 gp, muskrat 2 gp, wolf 3 gp, fox 5 gp, ape 10 gp. Blankets: beaver 150 gp, buffalo 5 gp, wolf 50 gp, ape 50 gp, muskrat 100 gp, fox 500 gp.

47. GAMING HOUSE (C-12): The **Imperial Green Gaming House** is not the largest, but is the wealthiest and fanciest gaming establishment in town. It is owned and managed by **Orion the Damned** (LE male High Viridian 6th level fighter, SL Merchant 7, Str 15, Int 14, Cha 15), an expatriate of the Immortal City; though debauched as are most of his people, his vices are generally normal (wine, women, song, women, gambling, and women), and he is not dissolute. In addition to running the Imperial Green, he also runs three caravans, through junior traders, between Tell Qa and the Immortal City; interestingly, they are perfectly legitimate, as he's got a good thing going, and feels no need to get too greedy. He maintains good relations with most of the High Viridians in society, even though he is of low social standing, as he extends them a good deal of credit, which can be worked off through simple, usually legitimate favors. His only weakness is Tharbrian women, few of whom survive his attentions.

The first floor is a tavern with a kitchen in the back, the main room filled with open tables for knucklebones, five-card wallop, three-card bitch, a wrestling pit, and a wheel of fortune; 21-40 suckers will be playing or drinking during the day and evening, with five serving wenches, two bartenders, three cooks, eight dealers, and six guards (3rd level fighters).

The second floor consists of servant's rooms and four private rooms for private games, rented by the hour and with a 10% rake.

Orion's flat is on the third floor, where he and his current lover or slave wench can be found sleeping during the day. He's between lovers, and so **Maeve MakInnis, daughter of the MakInnis of the MakInnis sept of Clan Ua'Gannon** (CN female Tharbrian 2nd level barbarian, SL General 1, 19 years old, Str 14, Con 17, Cha 17) is firmly chained to the bed in her soundproofed room otherwise as bare as her naked form. Not yet broken, though much abused, Maeve has given almost as good as she's been dealt, as the freshly-healed bite marks on Orion's face show. He likes slaves with spirit; he'll dispose of her shortly after she breaks. The door to her room is guarded day and night by two guards (a 4th level fighter and a 3rd level assassin).

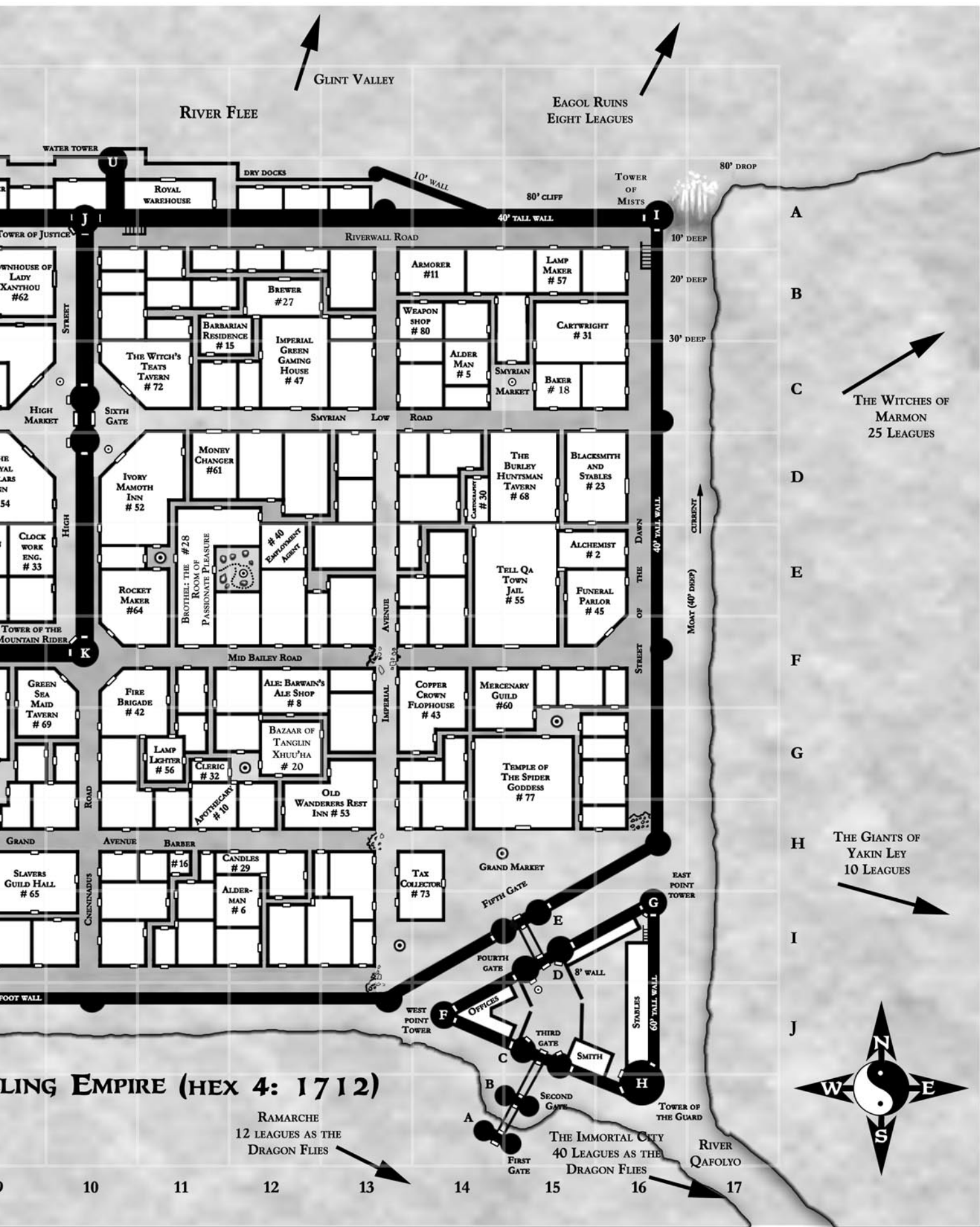
48. GROCER (G-6): **Dungallo Bluetoes** (N male Mishell halfling 3rd level rogue, SL Merchant 6) and his daughters **Violet** and **Mawve** manage the largest grocery in town. Every morning before dawn Dungallo and seven slaves are at the Grand Market, ready to buy the best produce the farmers will part with at reasonable prices; similarly, they are there at the close of the market, to buy whatever is left at dirt-cheap prices. The best is sold at double or triple rates, day-old and rotting produce at bits per pound. Other common, usually used goods can be found here, as well, as Dungallo can't pass up a deal and try to sell it dear.

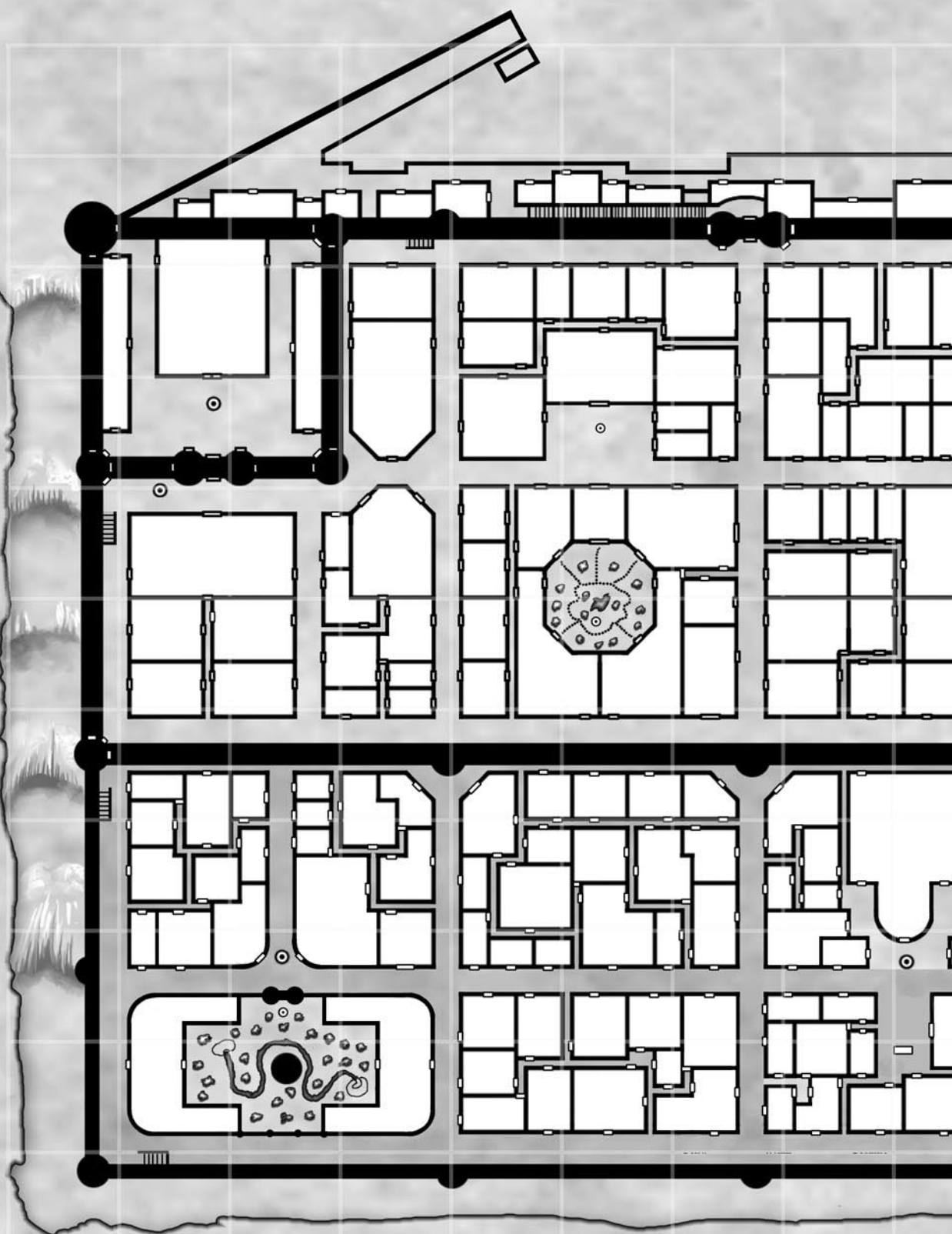
49. HOURI (G-5): **Bastet the Ghinorian** (CN female Ghinorian houri 8th level courtesan, SL General 5, Dex 17, Int 13, Cha 18, with cat ears, whiskers, retractile

claws, soft furry thighs, and long leonine tail, golden skin and eyes, and long blonde hair, otherwise drop-dead gorgeous human form, usually dresses topless in Ghinorian style) leads a small pride of houris that live in town on the fringes of society. Legally, they are not prostitutes, as the Room of Passionate Pleasures has a monopoly on prostitution in the province. Instead they provide their services as expensive "hostesses" for parties, which they organize and for which they serve as the "entertainment." Sandira is well-bribed whenever she feels like making a stink, and the Shah just looks the other way, as he knows too well it is the houri's nature. Six other houris live with Bastet, as well as a dozen slaves. Bastet often puts her ring of suggestion to good use, and on occasion has need of her hat of disguise, for safety or pleasure.

50: HOUSE OF HEALING (D-6): The **House of Healing** is famous in the province and beyond as a place where healers learn arts approaching the magical. It was founded centuries ago by a rogue priest of the **Ugtargnt Temple** in Viridistan who saw the error of his ways; he decided to seek to stamp out disease and learn the ways of healing, rather than using fear and pain to fleece the poor. Needless to say, his former co-religionists ran him out of town, and he fled to Tell Qa. Together with clerics of Suthak and interested sages, he built a school that taught the natural ways of healing, and sought out ancient secrets lost since the days of the War of the Pious and Philosophers. He and his companions discovered many lost arts and hidden truths, and learned ways to apply them in the modern era. Unfortunately, efforts to apply these secrets elsewhere failed in this superstitious era, as most faiths violently reject any healing methods that are not divine.

The House maintains strict rules of cleanliness, as the surgeons have an understanding of the true nature of non-magical diseases, i.e., they know full well how viruses and bacteria work. The surgeons otherwise have medical abilities on par with a late-19th century level, and in some cases, beyond that of the late-21st!

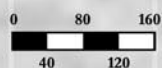




TELL QA: NORTHERN BASTION OF THE FALL

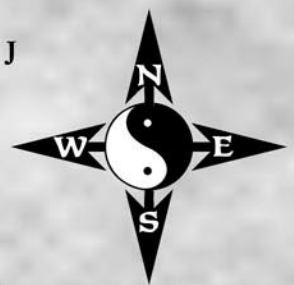
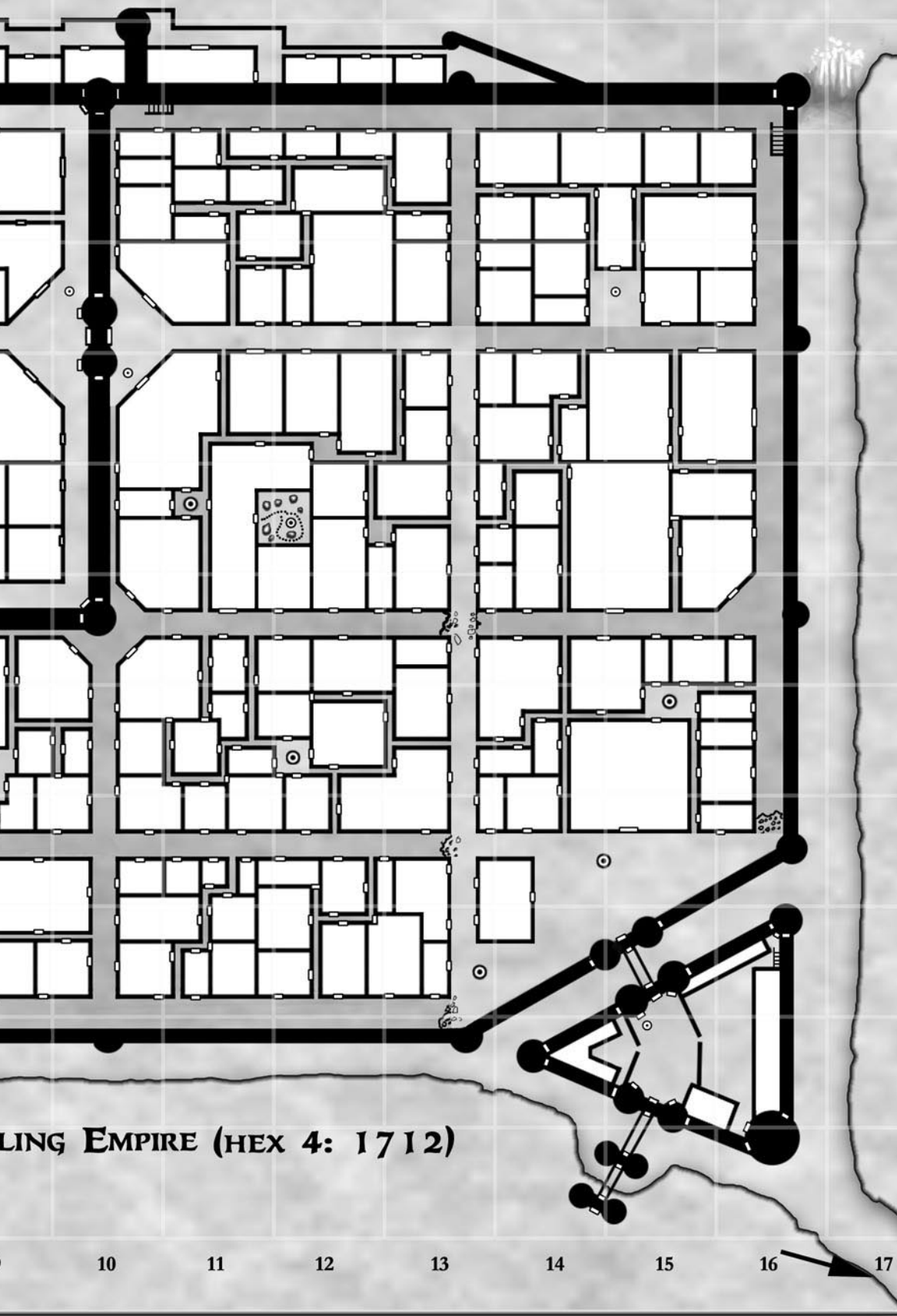
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PLAYER'S MAP



- WATER LINE
- TREE/SHRUB
- WELL

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



The surgeons of the House are granted gentry status, like members of an organized clergy, and the House's symbol of the red circle around a red cross is respected throughout the province.

Supreme Chirurgeon Hipparkhos Tsolias (*LG male High Viridian 10th level sage/Mycretian, SL Gentry 13*) manages five other surgeons (*8th, 7th, 6th, and two 5th level sages*), eight interns (*One 4th level, a 3rd level, two 2nd level, and four 1st level sages*), 10 nurses (*1st level sages*), and a dozen assistants (*1st to 3rd level fighters or rogues, usually*); note that males and females are equally represented, and about half are also Mycretians of 1st to 3rd level. The surgeons are allied with and often consult with the healers of the temple of Suthak (#76).

The first floor is dedicated to a triage room, supplies, bureaucracy, medicinal manufacture, and research. The second level houses up to 40 patients in four 10-bed rooms, and has three operating rooms, one a teaching auditorium of two-stories with benches for viewing. The third floor houses two common rooms, each for 10 patients, 10 small private rooms, and 10 larger recovery suites.

The basement level has 12 cells for quarantine, a morgue, a secret research lab, and another supply room. A secret sub-basement, known only to the Supreme Chirurgeon, the two leading surgeons, the Great Mother of the Temple of Suthak, the Shah, and those few who have used it, houses the legendary "Room of Emeralds" of Tell Qa, which is actually an ancient artifact discovered in the Eagol Ruins by the founder of the House of Healing. The artifact is a technological wonder; the 30 ft. round chamber houses a large healing device that look like a sarcophagus build of gold, platinum, and emeralds — its power is such that it can revive the recently dead (as a raise dead spell, up to 12 days dead, requires 10 minutes per day dead plus 10d6 minutes), regenerate limbs and organs (1d6x5 minutes each), and heals more normal wounds at a rate of 2d4+2 hit points per minute! It requires emeralds to run, converting the mass to energy in order to power the devices at a rate of 100 gp in

value per minute. The walls of the room (actually a green, artificial emerald-like material also recovered from the ruins) are covered with nooks for emeralds; the House is currently supplied with 92 emeralds worth a total of 46,000 gp. The only known side effect of the device is that anyone who uses it, even for a minute, will have the irises of their eyes transformed to a glittering emerald green.

Services: Minor nostrums for colds, fevers, and least diseases (95% chance) 2 gp; healing salve with dressing (heals 1d3 points of damage, and dressed wound heals an additional 1 point per day for 1d4 days) 20 gp, sold in distinct types for slashing, piercing, bludgeoning, fire, cold, and acid; in-house healing program (patient heals 1d4+1+ Con bonus hit points per day, double after seven days of treatment, triple after 14 days) 20 gp per day; program to treat poison or disease (usually halts effects at start of program, heals at double normal rates, must remain in the house of healing till cured) 50 gp per day. Other treatments, such as setting bones, pre-natal care, prosthetics, *etc.*, are available at the Judges' discretion.

51. INN (H-3): The **Banshees' Rest Inn** is owned and managed by the twin sisters **Anwyn and Branwyn map Gwynne** (*Anwyn LN, Branwyn CN, both female Aelvoress elf 7th level bards, SL Guild 8, Cha 16*), former adventuresses and granddaughters of Hall Master Wmffre (#01). They gained the nickname, "Banshee Twins," during their adventuring career, as it was said that their voices had the power of life and death — though some said it was because the two always argued quite shrilly. When they retired (however temporarily) from adventuring, they bought the old Aelvoress Inn, renamed it, and decorated it with the trophies of their adventures, including a saber-tooth tiger pelt, a stuffed green dragon's head, a pair of giant walrus tusks, and scores of dinged and dented weapons and armor from a dozen different lands.

While Anwyn takes a more active interest in running the inn, Branwyn

mostly just uses it as a home base for her ongoing adventures, social mixing, and romantic conquests. Anwyn has had to save Branwyn from no small number of unpleasant amours, social faux pas, and evil cults or pillaging tribes. The day to day operations are run by a hired innkeeper, four maids, five slaves, and two bartenders; though drinks are served through the inn's bar, food may be purchased through the **Fields of Plenty** eatery (#39) on the ground floor.

Prices per person/per night: 4-bed room 5 sp, 2-bed room 12 sp; private room 3 gp; private suite 8 gp. **Bar:** Mug of beer 2 cp, ale 5 cp, mead 3 sp; a wide variety of wines are available, all from Beppi's Winery (#82), simply divide the cost of a gallon by five for the cost of a glass of wine.

52. INN (D-10): The **Ivory Mammoth** is renown as the inn where well-off and successful adventurers stay, and is owned and managed by **Doughal MacDonald** (*N male Tharbriana 8th level rogue, SL Guild 7*), a far-wandering former adventurer. His wife, **Morgane MacDonald, the Iron Bitch** (*CN female Tharbrarian 8th level barbarian, SL General 5, Str 14, Con 16, Cha 16*) still longs for their adventuring days, and gets her revenge on her weak-willed husband by cuckolding him with young and handsome adventurers and adventuresses every time he turns around. Every time she promises to leave him, and sometimes she even leaves for a week or a month, but in the end she stays, and usually has to beat the former lover to a pulp to get him to leave her alone. Her current amour is the young mercenary, **Ion** (see #60).

The inn has a large common room, where food and drink is served. The long bar has a pair of huge mammoth tusks mounted above it, the monstrous creature slain by Morgane herself. Every night there are three bartenders, seven serving wenches, and the bouncer, **Frederek of Thunderhold** (*N male Kazadaran dwarf 7th level fighter, SL General 5, Str 18, Con 15*), plus 32 to 50 patrons. Frederek takes out troublemakers with the flat of his magical +3 battleaxe, which never leaves his side.

The second floor has three eight-bed rooms and 12 four-bed rooms, and the third floor has 12 four-bed rooms, 12 singles, and three suites.

The fourth floor is a penthouse where Doughal and Morgane have a double suite, Frederek has his own suite, and there are rooms for the bartenders, serving wenches, and maids.

Prices per night: 8-bed room 2 sp, 4-bed room 5 sp, private room 25 sp; private suite 6 gp. **Kitchen:** Bean soup. **Bar:** Mug of house beer 3 cp or ale 7 cp (brewed by Frederek using Thunderhold formulas); a wide variety of wines are available, all from Beppi's Winery (#82), simply divide the cost of a gallon by six for the cost of a glass of wine.

53. INN (G/H-12): The Old Wanderer's Rest has been in the Sheply family for seven generations, and so to most regulars it is no surprise that innkeeper **Hwitscead Sheply** (*LG male Common Viridian 6th level Mycretian, SL Guild 9*) seems able to appear at will anywhere he is needed, as though he grows right from the walls. The beds are usually clean of bugs, the nights are always quiet and calm, the food filling if plain, and the bills are always impeccably honest to the bit. Nothing untoward ever happens at the Old Wanderer, and that's the way Hwitscead wants it, as the hidden sub-basement is the largest Mycretian shrine in town!

Hwitscead holds services for the 67 members of his flock on Fifthday, and once a month they are blessed by a visitation from and many miracles courtesy of the "Pure One" (the Shah in disguise). All is not as peaceful as it seems; the Pure One continually seeks to instill a more active spirit in the flock, while Hwitscead and his people prefer to remain quietly anonymous, and safe. Some of the younger members are beginning to take the Pure One's subtle hints during his sermons to heart, and it is only a matter of time before something untoward does happen.

Hwitscead's wife **Eacnung** (*4th level*

Mycretian) and his six sons and seven daughters (*all 1st to 3rd level Mycretians*) operate the inn like clockwork. The Old Wanderer only has private rooms at 2 gp per night; they may not be large, but they are clean, have their own chamber pot, and the beds are the softest in the Outer Town, plus the breakfast of cold mutton and chicken, scrambled eggs, bread and cheese, and apples is included. **Bar:** house wine, watered 5 cp, 1 sp full, or spiced 2 sp (made by Hwitscead's cousin in a nearby hamlet, it tastes not unlike a sweet, earthy Desert Rose of Ell Bastis). **Kitchen:** mutton 2 sp, chicken 5 sp, or duck 8 sp, all served with bread, cheese, and vegetables.

54. INN (D-9): The Royal Pillars Inn is, as its name implies, the temporary abode of choice of the elite. **Koinos Aristotelis** (*NE male High Viridian 6th level sage, SL Gentry 8, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 16*) came from an ancient and respected but genteel (i.e., poor) family of the Immortal City; being desirous of wealth and all that comes with it, Koinos married well, his wife the only daughter of a rich gem merchant. When she died under mysterious circumstances, he fled the city by night, his horse said to be weighted down with bags of gems. Some evil god smiled upon him, for his dozen guards remained true, and he arrived in Tell Qa safe and unspoiled. He used his wealth to buy the Royal Pillars, which he operates more as a classic "hotel," accepting "gifts" from visiting nobles, gentry, and wealthy adventurers, guildsmen, and merchants for the privilege of staying at his "modest townhouse."

For the "gift" of a mere 50 gp per day (paid in advance, with extensive "tips" required for non-Viridians to be made welcome) a "guest" is treated to a large suite with personal slaves, a bath with bathing maids or youths, rich foods and expensive wines, and the honor of joining Koinos at his dinner table, where he discusses philosophy, expounds on the superiority of Viridian blood, and debates current affairs with the rich, powerful, and famous.

Regular dinner and party guests include Lady Klytemnestra Xanthou (#69), Evil High Priest Armadoros Zavolas (#74), Khaiphoron Coin-Clipper (#73), and other High Viridian notables. More esoteric services are available at a fee. Koinos is neck-deep in the "green slave" trade with Lady Xanthou, and often visits her hidden temple (literally and figuratively).

55. JAIL (E-14): The Tell Qa Town Jail is not as dirty and horrifying as in most towns and cities; the Shah prefers to view punishment as a form of rehabilitation. Conviction of most Lower Crimes results in a fine plus time in the town jail, where convicts serve on a chain gang and perform unpleasant physical labor for the town.

Convicts get bread for breakfast, an apple for lunch, and a lumpy, if nutritious gruel for dinner; on Seventhday the gruel even has chunks of relatively fresh meat. Drink is watered ale. Treatment is relatively humane, as befits the character of the convict; troublesome convicts will get beaten, but rarely such that there will be permanent wounds.

Labors include digging ditches, cleaning sewers, repairing walls and roads, and typical labor for the town that would otherwise be performed by slaves. Upon release, a convict will be given back such personal goods as remain to him (90% chance per item), plus one copper bit per day of service; and three days of rations.

Though the jail is positively paradisiacal compared to most, it is still an unpleasant place, and thus calls for an unpleasant man to manage it — and **Gyoll White-Eye** (*LE male Thygami 7th level fighter, SL General 6, Str 18, Con 17, great club +2*) fits the bill. The hulking beast of a man (it is said his grandfather was a demi-giant or maybe an ogre) has a cruel streak, but he is utterly loyal to the Shah, and keeps his laws firmly, including those against mistreatment of convicts (beyond such treatment as they may "come by honestly"). 7 ft. tall Gyoll has pure white eyes, with no irises and red pupils, thus his name. He is served by eight guards (*1st level fighters*) wearing leather armor and

wielding clubs and man-catchers, plus two cooks and four slaves.

The guards and Gyll have rooms upstairs; the ground level is for processing, kitchen, and storage; and the prisoners are kept in the basement levels, up to 20 in each of three levels, the damp lowest level reserved for the most recalcitrant prisoners. Shackles are well-designed and strong (CL 10 dexterity check to slip, CL 10 strength check to break) and are heavy (5 lbs., EV 3); usually two or more prisoners are shackled together by a three-foot long chain. Strong and/or troublesome inmates will also be weighted down with a ball and chain (same strength, weight 20 lbs., EV 6) or three.

At any one time there are 21 to 40 convicts, mostly common human rogues or fighters of 1st to 3rd level; one in 10 will be exceptional, of higher levels or unusual race, class, or SL. Personal goods of convicts are held in a locked vault in the third level basement of the Court of the Zhirquisate (#36), not at the town jail.

56. LAMPLIGHTER (G-11): Kroaask Ildomeska (CG male Smyrian 4th level rogue, SL General 6) is the chief lamplighter of the town, reporting to the district aldermen in each area. He leads a team of two dozen laborers who tend to the city lamps day and night. He and his people are also responsible for inspecting the streetlamps and street torches of homes and businesses, making sure they are well mounted in a location that will not catch nearby buildings on fire. First ticket is a drachma per lamp/torch and a warning, second offense is a mina per lamp/torch and a visit from the guard, and the third time the miscreant answers to the zhir. Kroaask and his men also act as spies and informants for the aldermen; some also work with thieves. The building is filled with great barrels of oil, wicks, and iron lamps and lamp posts.

57. LAMPMAKER (B-15): Gram Ironthumb (LE male Starrcrag dwarf 6th level fighter, SL Guild 7) was a stout adventurer, until an orc cut off his leg on Glass Mountain. He hates orcs

and half-orcs with a mad passion, and attacks them on sight, damning the consequences. On the other hand, he is very fond of halflings, as the halflings of Mishell tended to his wound and saved his life. Today he manufactures lamps and lanterns of all kinds and sizes, and other fine items of iron work to order. Open lamp 4 gp, bullseye lantern 16 gp, hooded lantern 10 gp, small pot 4 gp, large pot 9 gp, buttons 1 gp/dozen, 1 lb. iron dust 1 sp, kettle hat 5 gp, nasal helm 8 gp, morion 10 gp, great helm 20 gp, breast plate 300 gp.

58. LITIGATION TRICKSTER

(E-3): Cuwyll ap Gwlwlwyd (CG male Aelvress elf 8th level litigation trickster, SL Guild 7, Int 15, Cha 15) has argued cases in the Court of the Zhirquisate for more than 70 years. He much favors the current regime and the codified laws and punishments, though he finds the Zhirquissa to be a bit too strict in certain interpretations. Cywyll's services cost 5 gp per day in court; the initial consultation is free, but consultations beyond the first cost 2 gp per hour. He is served by two scribes, three secretaries, and two runners (who keep an eye on the entry to the court's cells for likely prospects).

59. MAGISTRATE (D-8): Giraud the Hawk

(LG male Common Viridian 8th level knight/5th level Mycretian, SL Gentry 10) is the magistrate for northern villages and hamlets of Smyrsis Province. He follows a circuitous route, dispensing low justice and bringing those charged with high crimes into town to be judged by the Zhirquissa. While in the field he is accompanied by a dozen mounted guards (3rd level fighters), a scribe, two lackeys, and three drivers, one each for his wagon, the supply wagon, and the prison wagon, which holds up to a dozen in tight confines. At home, he is served by a butler, two maids, a cook, and five slaves, who tend to the house the three weeks in four that he is in the field.

Giraud can defend himself quite well with his +2 broadsword, though he will use his ring of invisibility if things

get tight. He never publicly uses his Mycretian abilities. Giraud works with fellow Mycretians Anwyll the Wig Maker (#81) and Lysandra of the Seven Veils (#38) to act against the immoral (though legal) acts of the upper classes. They use middlemen to hire adventurers or mercenaries for anything potentially violent, such as rescuing sacrifices, breaking up a coven or cult, or stopping the summoning of demons. The face of the fourth member of their cell, "The Pure One," is never seen. He/she/it provides top-secret information and funding; they believe it to be an angel, and have no idea that it is actually the Shah in disguise!

60. MERCENARY GUILD (G-14):

The mercenary guild is not large in Tell Qa; most seek employ in the better-paying Immortal City, or in the provinces of more martial shahs. In fact, the Guild currently consists only of **Captain Hammerhand Haethric** (N male Common Viridian 8th level fighter, SL Guild 9, Str 17, Con 14, Cha 15) and his short company of 300 men (most currently semi-retired to farms and ranches in nearby villages and hamlets). **Sergeant Ion Stavrakis** (CG male Common Viridian 4th level fighter, SL Guild 6) is the only non-com residing in the town (see #69 for his family, whom he avoids), and handles the day-to-day affairs of the guild, assisted by **Old Phil, Willy the Geek, and Tomos the Drummer** (1st level fighters), and five runners.

Usually guild members are hired out for short runs, working guard duty for merchants in small mixed troops of 12 ("lances," though usually only four are mounted). The three throngs of the guild currently consist of what could be considered medium cavalry (mail hauberk and shield, light lance, and broadsword, on light warhorse) medium foot (mail shirt, halberd, short sword, and shield), and medium archers (ring mail, long bow, and short sword), all of seasoned quality. A mixed lance (four cavalry, four foot, four archers, all 1st level fighters save for a 2nd level foot corporal) costs a minimum of 30 gp per week,

half due on hire, the other half on completion; the mercenaries provide all weapons, armor, steeds, and durable goods, while the merchant is responsible for providing food and drink. As usual, the haggling starts at double minimum, plus negotiations for the quality of food. It takes a whole day to call in and put together a single lance; it would take two weeks to get the whole company together and ready to roll, though 2/3 will be ready in one week.

61. MONEYCHANGER (D-11): Gifre the Green (*LE male Common Viridian 3rd level psychic, SL Merchant 7*) exchanges old, worn, and foreign coins for new local currency for an 8 to 12% fee, based on the weight and quality of the coin. Old Imperial minas from the “bad years” are discounted an additional 10 to 50% on average, due to the debasing of the metal. Gifre is not above cheating customers who do not recognize the numismatic value of old, rare coins. He has four assistants and six guards (*2nd level fighters*). The outer office is separated from the inner office by metal bars, through which exchanged coins are passed in pouches. The inner office contains five large chests, each containing different coins: 5,560 copper bits (1 cp ea.), 1,368 bronze obols (5 cp ea.), 2,135 silver drachmas (1 sp ea.), 2,057 electrum staters (5 sp), and 414 gold minas (1 gp), plus four tables, each with a set of weights. Coins exchanged are dropped through a hole to the basement, where they are melted down into ingots of the applicable metal type. Gifre gained his namesake for having skin of a lambent green hue; he glows slightly in the dark.

62. NOBLE TOWNHOUSE (B-9): The **Hedonae Temple of Tama Hama** is hidden from public knowledge; as far as most know, this large townhouse is merely the home of **Lady Klytemnestra Xanthou** (*CE female High Viridian 7th level cleric of Tama Hama, SL Noble 13, Wis 15, Cha 18*), a noble from the Immortal City. She is in Tell Qa to keep an eye on her family’s plantations and vineyards, but leaves the work to her hired overseer and spends her time “entertaining” friends.

Once a week these are above-board fetes, feasts, salons, and socials attended by nobles, gentry, adventurers, and the wealthy; the rest of the week, however, the celebrations are altogether *different*.

The three-level basement beneath the townhouse has been converted into a temple where all manners of sexual depravities and excesses are engaged in, with partners willing and not, humanoid and otherwise. The townhouse is also home to four maids, a butler, a cook, a driver, two footmen, and six slaves, all cult members who adore their priestess (*all 1st to 3rd level clerics of Tama Hama*). The inner sanctum is guarded by Klytemnestra’s spells and her rod of the python, plus a dozen beautiful or handsome drugged and/or charmed slaves (any class, 1st to 8th level) and a dozen zombies, all of which are all too often taken from their duties to perform “other functions.” Many cultists enter secretly through the ancient tunnel system below the city.

The temple is plush and richly decorated, far beyond even the mistresses’ means, as she blackmails irregular visitors, requires many and costly donations, and is also engaged in an illegal “green slavery” operation (information that the Shah and Slave Master Yudh would be most interested in receiving). The temple is also guarded by Klytemnestra’s ally, **Ptomagapos Mavroskardia** (*CE male High Viridian 7th level necromancer, SL Gentry 7*), a dangerously jaded necrophile with slippers of spider climbing and a rod of necromancy.

63. PAWNSHOP (H-5): Fagin Copperpot (*NE male Tharbrian 3rd level rogue, SL Merchant 6*) is a second-generation Tharbrian resident, and unlike his wild cousins, a notably dishonorable coward. Fagin will take an item as collateral against a loan; the loan will be 21 to 40% of the retail value of the item, plus a fee of 10% of the full value of the item; the borrower has up to two weeks to repay, or the item gets sold. He hands out parchment tickets for items pawned; he won’t let customers

reclaim their items without the ticket, save at the full price.

All sorts of durable goods are available in the shop, ranging from tools, armor, and weapons to musical instruments, jewelry, and antiquities. All items sell for 80% to 120% of market value. Fagin also operates as a fence for Guild and non-Guild thieves, but charges a premium to non-Guild thieves, paying only 15% to 25% of an items’ value.

64. ROCKET MAKER (E-10): Lorincsz “Boomer Junior” Vaedor (*N male Smyrian 8th level alchemist/8th level sage, SL Gentry 9, Int 18, Wis 8, Cha 9*) follows in his late father’s footsteps, being perhaps the most advanced rocket scientist in the Wilderlands. Boomer’s father was a gentleman adventurer who discovered ancient devices and secrets in the Eagol Ruins, secrets that enabled him to build primitive rockets. Boomer’s rockets are still primitive, little more than a tube with a reactive agent that fires (usually) out one direction, (hopefully) providing thrust in the other direction and, when so designed (probably) providing a fiery concussive blast at the end of the trajectory. Sometimes the rockets just blow up when lit (2d4% chance per rocket or device), dealing double damage to anyone holding it.

Boomer provides rockets to the Shah at a highly discounted rate in return for having a monopoly on the development, construction, and sales of rockets in the province. Boomer is assisted by seven stalwart apprentices and a dozen terrified and very careful slaves.

Rockets and sundries: Tindertwig 1 gp, sunrod 2 gp, smokestick 5 gp, signal flare (red, blue, or green, deals 1d4 damage with a direct hit) 10 gp, signal flare (fountain, deals 1d8 damage with a direct hit) 15 gp, firebomb (thrown weapon 10 ft. range, 2d6 fire damage with hit and splash 1d3 to all in 5 ft. and 2 in 6 chance flammable items catch fire, plus 1d6 fire damage on direct target the second round) 20 gp, thunderstone 30 gp, short range rocket (as firebomb but

propelled range 40 ft.) 40 gp, flashbang (as thunderstone + 2d6 subdual damage) 50 gp, heavy short range rocket (3d6 damage on direct hit, 1d6 splash to all in 10 ft. radius, target burns for 1d6 per round for 1d4 rounds, splash victims burn for 1d6 damage for one round) 80 gp, long range rocket (as heavy short with 80 ft. range) 160 gp, heavy long range rocket (4d6 damage on direct hit, 2d6 on splash in 10 ft. radius, 1d6 on splash in 20 ft. radius, direct target takes 1d6 fire damage per round until fire put out, secondary splash take 1d6 per round for 1d4 rounds, tertiary splash take 1d6 for one round).

65. SLAVERS HALL (H-9): Slave Master Yudh (*NE male Caveman 7th level barbarian, SL Guild 9*) is the only licensed slave master in the province. He is very jealous of his monopoly, and enforces his rights even more severely than ever would the Shah. Yudh is served by a dozen slaver takers, each with their own team of 10 to 16 shacklemen/guards (*1st to 3rd level barbarians, fighters, or rogues*); each team also takes along a wagon cage for younger, frailer, and more valuable cargoes. Yudh also has on staff four auctioneers, two accountants, a leech, a barber, a dozen mercenary guards (*1st to 3rd level barbarians or fighters*), seven concubines, and two dozen slave laborers, plus three special servants.

Blood Mad Melchiorre (*CE male Antillian 6th level rogue, SL Guild 7*) is his spy and torturer; he uses implements and methods most vile to break newly-acquired recalcitrant slaves. Melchiorre buys Amazon slaves, who promptly disappear screaming into the lowest pits beneath the slave hall.

Platinum-haired and purple-eyed giant **Thorgrim the Diabolist** (*LE male Sverkeka Valonar 6th level summoner, SL Guild 7*) is the slave-master's magist; he is said to be an outlaw from his own vile, sorcerous people.

Finally, **Ghostly Kleitos** (*NE male High Viridian 5th level assassin, SL Guild 7*) is Yudh's silent enforcer. He speaks only with his blades, and has a terrible scar across his neck — presumably the wound that caused it also destroyed his

vocal capabilities. Like Melchiorre, he has terrible tastes, and many a flame-haired Tharbrian youth has disappeared in the pits below, dragged kicking and screaming by the silent assassin.

66. STEVEDORES (A-6): Fat Fulk (*CE male Common Viridian 3rd level fighter, SL Guild 7*) lords over a dozen freemen and three dozen slave stevedores, whose services are usually required to port goods from the Docks up the long stair to the city above. Freemen porters cost three drachmas per day, slaves three obols, with no guarantees of quality of service — and certainly no insurance. The slaves are mostly Tharbrians, and usually try to break anything they feel they can get away with; the freemen are all Smyrians, and take pride in their work. Gate fees and bribes are, of course, the responsibility of the employer. Fat Fulk keeps the slaves in line with a bullwhip and **three Thygami guards** (*2nd level barbarians armed with great clubs*).

67. SYNDIC (E-3): The five aldermen answer to the town syndic, **Old Taabor Uelacszos** (*LN male Smyrian 5th level sage, SL General 8*), who himself answers directly to the Shah. Taabor's residence includes an office and meeting chamber, as the aldermen must report directly to him at least once a month. His bureaucrats are housed and work elsewhere, and disturb him only with the most important of issues. Old Taabor once hoped to be granted a landholding or membership in the gentry for services rendered, but a one-time indiscretion robbed him of any further advancement; however, as no other better qualified person could be found for the position, he kept his title and powers. His books are, however, subject to auditing on a regular basis. Old Taabor spends his time in his study, quietly reading histories of the province and empire. He is served by a butler, two maids, a footman, a cook, and seven slaves, and has four personal guards (*2nd level fighters*).

68. TAVERN (D-15): The Burley Huntsman is a large, middle-class and

upper-lower class tavern, dedicated to providing common folk with large quantities of alcohol and food in a friendly, if rambunctious atmosphere. It is frequented by Aelphen laborers, Smyrian craftsmen and merchants, and local adventuring types; usually 31 to 60 during breakfast and 61 to 120 during lunch and dinner.

Proud Micszu (*CG male Smyrian 4th level fighter, SL Guild 8, Str 15*) and his wife **Othilia Silver-Tress** (*CG female Aelphen 3rd level white witch, SL General 5, Int 14, Cha 16*) keep the well-intentioned chaos to a dull roar. Games include knife and axe-throwing, bottle-tossing, knucklebones, and the infamous kobold punting (kicking a largish weighted rag doll across the Smyrian Market, after hours, usually); the evening usually ends in an impromptu drunken hurly-burly session with the rag-doll in the market, the "winner" getting drinks for free the next night.

Two cooks and seven serving wenches keep the food and drink flowing. Huntsman Beer 3 cp per pint jack, Huntsman Ale 5 cp per cup mug, Silver Mead 2 sp per cup mug, plate of beans 1 cp, boar's snouts 2 cp, poached sausage 5 cp, honey ham and greens 1 sp. Micszu and Othilia live upstairs, where they also rent six flats, each at 2 gp per month.

69. TAVERN (F-9): The Green Sea Maid is the favored tavern for High Viridians, Common Viridians, and Mer Shunnan co-religionists. Its owner and proprietor, **Hylaeos Stavrakis** (*LE male Common Viridian 3rd level rogue, SL Guild 7*) is a fanatical member of the Mer Shunnan faith, as are his wife **Ornis**, his three sons **Dion**, **Kreon**, and **Pasion**, and his four daughters **Doris**, **Khloris**, **Megara**, and **Tykhe**. His eldest son, **Ion**, fled when his father allowed the temple to sacrifice his twin sister, **Iole**, and is not mentioned by polite company; today Ion is a mercenary (see #60), and if he were to discover that his youngest sister, Tykhe, a Young Tender, is (happily!) scheduled to be sacrificed in three months, there's no telling what he might do.

The tavern itself is designed in the classic Viridian style, and looks like it would fit right in along the Grande Promenade in the Immortal City. It is crowded most of the day, with 21 to 30 patrons during breakfast and lunch, and 41 to 60 during dinner; diners often include Mer Shunnan priests and numerous upper-class High and Common Viridians.

All recipes are traditional Viridian: bowl of bean and tripe stew with pita 5 cp, oiled salad 8 cp, fish stew with pita 1 sp, wedge of goat cheese 1 sp, half roast chicken 1 sp, lamb kebab 2 sp, baklava 2 sp, glass of Y'Dell Rose 2 sp, glass of Imperial White 4 sp, glass of Imperial bubbly 8 sp, anise-flavored liqueur 2 gp per shot or watered glass.

The family runs the tavern with the assistance of five slaves. The family lives in a large suite above, with four additional family-sized flats rented to co-religionists at 3 gp per month.

70. TAVERN (A-4/5): The Rod and Net is a crowded, dingy tavern filled with sailors, fishermen, stevedores, river bandits, slavers, and beggars. **Igo the Accursed** (NE male Common Viridian 4th level rogue, SL Guild 7) and his wife, **Fausta of the Evil Eye** (CE female Roglo Gypsy 3rd level black witch, SL General 5) are neck-deep in smuggling and green slavery, maintaining the tavern as a cover for their nefarious activities. Breakfast is served long before daybreak, for the fishermen. The large main room is choked with the stench of rotting fish and pipeweed smoke, and filled with 31 to 50 men (half that during the best fishing hours), plus 3 to 12 serving wenches and cheap trollops (the guard holds no sway here). Fausta's nephews, **Ugo** and **Este**, both large, swarthy men with bulging muscles (4th level barbarians) keep the peace.

Yesterday's catch gumbo 1 cp (25% chance of gripe), seaweed salad 2 cp, today's catch gumbo 3 cp (5% chance of gripe), fish fry 5 cp, river squid 1 sp, otter steak 5 sp, beer 2 cp, ale 3 cp, Aelphen mead 2 sp, Valonar mead 5 sp.

71. TAVERN (B-6): The Starfall is a tavern for the elite with serene and cultured tastes. The small dance floor is flanked by tables at its sides and feet, while a small, unique 15-member orchestra plays soothing tunes at the far end, led by **Erb Milla** (NG male human 9th level bard, SL Gentry 8, Int 14, Cha 16). His father, the founder of the orchestra, was a stranger from a distant land who arrived in a fiery crash from the sky decades ago; healed by the clerics of Suthak and surgeons of the House of Healing, he went on to start a musical group, the Starfall Orchestra, for which a wealthy patron built the tavern. Erb's sister **Elena** (NG female human 9th level bard, SL Gentry 8, Cha 16) acts as hostess for their noble and gentle guests; the wealthiest and wisest adventurers who seek to join the elite also dine at the Starfall.

Fine meals are served at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, though the full orchestra plays only during dinner; a dress code applies at all times, weapons must be checked at the door, and no armor is allowed to be worn. On occasion, illusionists, renowned bards, dancers, jugglers, fire-breathers, sword-eaters, and other minstrels perform in addition to the orchestra. Eight chefs, 24 waiters and waitresses, four bartenders, four bouncers (4th level fighters), and four runners keep the tavern running like clockwork for the 41 to 80 wealthy and powerful patrons.

Every meal is of the finest cuisine, with roast pheasant, venison, beef, lobster, crab, shark, or more unusual fare, such as hydra steaks or roc tongue, all prepared with rare and expensive spices and herbs; rare and unusual fruits and vegetables; sweet treats and candies; all served with wines and liqueurs of rarest sort. Breakfast costs 5 gp, lunch 10 gp, and dinner 20 gp. Waitresses walk the floor selling Tlanitlan zigarillos (2 gp), zigarros (7 gp), and packets of rare pipeweed and chewing herbs and gums (1 gp to 20 gp per pipe).

72. TAVERN (C-10): The Witch's Teats Tavern is a large, brightly-lit, clean, successful, and expensive

establishment — the witch in the sign depicted as beautiful and buxom, wearing nothing but a pointy hat and a smile, and holding a stein of ale in each hand. A middle to upper class establishment, it is usually filled of nights with a boisterous crowd of younger sons, gentry, adventurers, and well-to-do merchants and craftsmen.

The manager, **Sibylla the Gray** (NE female Common Viridian 4th level rogue, SL Guild 7, Cha 17) covers for her partners, the Black Witches **Melisande the Black** (CE female Common Viridian 6th level witch, SL General 5) and **Melantho the Damned** (CE female High Viridian 8th level witch, SL Gentry 6), who secretly run a coven out of the basement.

On the night of the new moon, and as occasion permits, the witches and their coven gather in the basement and sacrifice a virgin maiden to their dark lords. When they are not busy otherwise, the witches' quasit familiars, **Phoebus** and **Daimios**, like to cause havoc in the tavern in the forms of a black and a white cat; they spill patron's beer, cough up hairballs, claw and bite, and steal belt pouches and jewelry from passed-out drunks.

There are five serving wenches, two bartenders, and three cooks (1st to 3rd level black witches), plus two hired bouncers (2nd level Tharbrian barbarians). There are 11 to 20 customers during the day, 31 to 40 in the evening. Sibylla has her own flat on the second floor, as do Melisande and Melantho who share, and the servants share four, plus there are seven large flats (accessible only from the outside stairwell) that are rented out to adventurers, coven members, and second-sons who do favors for the witches, 10 gp per month.

Mug of ale: Barley's Dark 5 cp; Barley's Special Black 1 sp; Smyrian Red 15 cp; Viridian Green 2 sp; Amazon Rage 4 sp; Dwarven Dark 5 sp (all ales are from Berengar Barleybeer, #27, and the witches know exactly what is in the special brews). **Glass of wine:** Tell Qa Red 2 sp; Y'Dell Rose 3 sp; Mishell Burgundy 6 sp; Hetep Goblin Stompy

8 sp; Mishell Mauve 2 gp; Raknid Elven Jade 3 gp; Wildwood (a.k.a. “Antillian”) Red 8 gp; Mishell Violet 10 gp; Shopshire Ice Blue 12 gp; Luckstone Rose 15 gp; Ordurt Elven Blue 18 gp; Palewood Elven Gold 20 gp; Ailill Elven Silver 30 gp. **Food:** “special sauce” salad 1 sp, diced spiced snake (ox pizzle) 6 sp, mutton (mule flesh) 8 sp, haggis (human) 1 gp, pâté (halfling) 2 gp, roast pheasant (stirge) 5 gp, crackers and roe (elf-bone meal and rot-grub eggs) 8 gp, prime cut (long pork) 10 gp (customers do not know what really goes into these well-prepared and tasty meals).

73. TAX COLLECTOR (H-13): **Khaiphoron Coin-Clipper** (*LE male High Viridian 7th level wizard, SL General 6, Int 16, Cha 7*) and his 17 bureaucrats are responsible for collecting most taxes in the town and province. Khaiphoron is a very unpopular man, and his unpleasant nature only exacerbates the situation. He feels others have too much power, and he has not enough; he is always pushing boundaries with the aldermen, especially Isembart Shortpipes (#06) and his men. He despises the fact that the aldermen collect *any* monies, but especially that they collect the quarterly slave tax. Though he’s bitter and unpleasant, he is regarded as incorruptible, which makes him hate the moniker he was given years ago even more, as it is untrue.

Khaiphoron’s bureaucrats keep voluminous records in their four-story building; it takes 2d3 days for them to find any individual record of tax payment. A 5% tax must be paid on the sale of all slaves, stallions, bulls, boars, metal armors, long blades (short sword+), lances, gems, jewels, and antiquities. Head tax is 1 sp per quarter for an adult commoner, 1 gp for an adult member of the nobility or gentry. A 10% recovery tax must be paid on all items found in the Eagol Ruins and sold within the province. Guild and Merchant Tax is 5 sp per SL per quarter. Fire Brigade Tax is 1 cp per 100 sq. ft. of foundation per quarter. Slave Tax is 5% of purchase cost paid quarterly; this is paid to the aldermen, rather than the tax collector.

Khaiphoron also oversees tax collection in the province, so there is a 15% chance that he himself is out of town on business, returning in 1d12 days. Note: Tax Evasion is a very serious crime, rating on the same level as murder and counterfeiting. Khaiphoron is actually quite reasonable about collecting taxes from the lower classes, and is happy to offer payment terms and extensions for those he believes will actually come through. He has no tolerance, though, for vagabonds, wanderers, and adventurers who claim ignorance of the law or poverty.

74. TEMPLE OF MER SHUNNA (F-8): The religion of **Mer Shunna** is dedicated to **Armada Bog**, the lawful evil god of death, water, evil, and order, and is the faith held by most Viridians, High and Common, noble, gentry, or base. The temple and hierarchy in Tell Qa, being distant from the salty waters of the Trident Gulf, focuses on Armada’s deific control of death, evil, and order. It is the only temple in the town that *regularly* engages in human sacrifice; one might say it *indulges* and *luxuriates* in it. As Viridians of any caste are outnumbered in the town, the temple usually sacrifices slaves bought by the parents of the Young Tenders (temple maidens) to be sacrificed in their stead.

Sacrifices are required only once a month, but **Evil High Priest Armadoros Zavolas** (*LE male High Viridian 10th level cleric of Armada Bog, SL Gentry 13*) performs the sacrifice weekly if his followers provide the means, and many do — thousands of barbarian slaves, mostly Tharbrians, have died in the sacrificial pool of the temple.

The Evil High Priest is served by a 6th level Elder, a 4th level Curate, two 3rd level twin (*charisma 17*) Priestesses, two 2nd level Adepts, and eight 1st level Acolytes, plus a dozen Initiates and two score terrified slaves.

The temple itself is the oldest structure in the town; it was built out of the old citadel that remained standing after the city was razed in the 29th century. It is riddled with secret tunnels and

chambers, many lost to memory, and has at least seven basement levels known publicly (with several secret entrances to the lost tunnels beneath the town).

The great pool in the holy of holies is part of an extensive artificial grotto, in which lair three merhags (mermaid/hag crossbreeds), who gleefully drown the thrashing and screaming sacrifices slowly with their bare hands, after which the corpses are torn apart by their pet piranhas (though the prettiest are kept and animated to serve the hag-maids as zombie lovers). Willing Young Tenders are sacrificed solemnly, even tenderly by the hags, as they will serve Armada Bog personally in his watery hell; their bodies are weighted down and allowed to sink into the bottomless pit at the bottom of the grotto.

There is a secret, water-filled tunnel between the deepest level of the grotto — a vast, metal-walled, apparently bottomless pit filled with black waters — and the River Flee. In addition to a vast hoard of coins, gems, jewelry, and other items of great value, the vault contains a carpet of flying, a bag of devouring (used to dispose of truly troublesome enemies), a horn of fog, and a suit of scale mail +2 that grants the wearer the ability to breathe water and swim like a fish.

75. TEMPLE RUNE KI (B-4): This temple is dedicated to **Shang Ta**, the lawful neutral god of the sky, air, law, ritual, and meditation, who is revered by monks, philosophers, hermits, and those seeking something unusual and exotic. His is an ephemeral faith, dedicated to contemplation on unanswerable mysteries of reality and the illusion of life; the philosophy can be best summed up as “*Do the best you can and hope for the best.*”

Grand Lama Xuthaanos the Somnolent (*LN male Shardan 10th level cleric of Shang Ta, SL Gentry 13*) spends most of his time in a meditative stupor, as do his 7th level Lama, two 3rd level Baunge, two 2nd level Adepts, and 12 1st level Mendicant Brothers; the temple Guru, **Eosma Douurn** (*LG male Smyrian 5th level cleric of Shang Ta/3rd level Mycretian, SL Gentry 8*)

follows the more ascetic forms preferred by the Somnolent Order, and is the only priest who is not regularly blessed out on tithweed juice. Eosma is a good friend of Milos, the Captain of the Guard and Veliik Tocsmek, the Disciple who leads the monkish strike teams.

The temple is guarded by a half-dozen Initiates, while the “meditating” priests are served by a dozen slaves. Weekly ceremonies are replete with chanting, the drinking of tithweed juice, the ringing of gongs, weaving of tithweed mists, the discussion of visions, and indecipherable sermons which often dissolve in the Grand Lama frothing at the mouth and haranguing the fellowship in tongues. Daily meditation, usually accompanied by the inhaling of tithweed mist and the chanting of prayers from the holy texts, is required in order to “lighten one’s soul” in order to enable it to “float unto Shang Ta who is one with the Celestial Dream.”

Contrary to rumors, the huge green stone statue of a dragon that dominates the central hall is made of cheap stone, not jade, though the huge pearl in its right claw is real, and worth 50,000 gp. If the pearl is ever lifted from the claw, a magic mouth appears and loudly screams invectives at the thief.

The temple and its priests are not very active in society, though the dozen Mendicant Brothers of the faith often go out to beg for donations; they can be quite a bother in the markets and streets, and can be recognized by their saffron robes, blue-stained lips and teeth, black and silver Rune Ki Staffs, and simple wooden beggars’ bowls.

76. TEMPLE OF SMYRDYBOGA (D/E-5 through D/E-6): Smyrdyboga

teaches the reverence of **Dorak**, the Lord of Peace, and **Suthak**, the Lady of Plenty — both chaotic good gods dedicated to peace, good, protection, and fertility of people, animals, and plants. The faith believes that peace and prosperity are the natural order of things, and that discontent and dangers occur when that balance is upset. War is an unnatural state, and means things have gotten far out of balance.

That said, the philosophy is “peace through superior firepower,” so many adherents are *very* skilled with their weapons. They believe that once trouble rears its ugly head, it must be beaten into submission so that peace can quickly again be attained. They prefer blunt weapons or weapons that are derived from farming or herding tools, such as staves, pole arms, hammers, and flails, and clerics are required to use only such weapons. Altogether, for all that they are kind and friendly with others, even the urban followers of this faith tend to be forthright, blunt, and rather earthy, brooking no foolishness, and have little tolerance for those who put on high-falootin’ airs.

Grand Flail Sanjdiir Firdauczii (*CG male Smyrian human 10th level cleric of Dorak, SL Gentry 13*) tends to his people like a shepherd tends to his sheep, not hesitating to thump those that stray too far from the flock, while **Great Mother Majramaa Csomaaja** (*CG female Smyrian human 10th level cleric of Suthak, SL Gentry 13*) is voluptuous in a matronly way, and is one of the most skilled herbalists in the province.

Entered via the Hall of Heroes and through the garden, the temple is divided into sections for men and women, as the faith believes in a “separate but equal” philosophy.

The Temple of Dorak houses a tall statue of the god; in its hand it holds a giant-sized +4 flail that enables the one touching it to grow to the size of a storm giant and wield the flail. The Grand Flail is assisted by a 7th level Great Hammer, two 4th level Great Clubs, four 2nd level Staffs, and nine 1st level Cudgels.

The Temple of Suthak houses a statue of the goddess holding a huge silver font; it is said that water poured into the font can cure any wound or disease. The Great Mother is served by a 7th level Temple Mother, a 5th level Little Mother, three 3rd level Great Healers, and 12 1st level Healers.

The garden is shared between the temples and the House of Healing, and many

recuperating patients, old geezers and matrons, young lovers, and children can be found there most hours of the day.

77. TEMPLE OF THE SPIDER GODDESS (G-14): Temple Tempter

is dedicated to **Nephtlys**, the lawful neutral goddess of trade, luck, wealth, conspicuous consumption, and spiders. She is revered by merchants, craftsmen, moneychangers and money lenders, rogues, and those who value wealth above all else. She is most popular among merchants and craftsmen. As far as Nephtlys and her followers are concerned, whatever is good for business is *good*, regardless of any sort of moral consideration; followers happily buy and sell slaves and drugs as often as they do grain and gems, as long as it is profitable and legal (and sometimes, carefully, even when it is not legal, as long as it is *very* profitable).

The local priesthood is less mystic, more practical, and rather more evil than the hierarchy in Viridistan, and focuses less on the spider aspects and more on the wealth, though the spider motif remains very popular. Priests deal as much in information as in physical goods, and are renowned as gossips, rumormongers, and blackmailers. The saying goes that “*Priests of Armadad Bog may know where the skeletons are buried, but priests of the Spider know why.*” Priests dress to impress, and wear expensive robes and gem-encrusted holy symbols, as well as plenty of jewelry. They hold great fetes and festivals, for they love spectacle, and have sought to have an official arena built, but to no avail. Priests of all levels are carried in palanquins, the more garish and richly accoutered the better, and are followed by a train of sycophants, servants, and slaves.

Grand Spider Sergios “Venom-Tongue” Kallistratos (*LE male High Viridian 10th level cleric of Nephtlys, SL Gentry 13*) is believed to be the wealthiest person in the town, wealthier even than the Shah. He spends most of his time outside the city, overseeing his farms, mines, and other interests. He is secretly a partner in the “green slave” trade with Klytemnestra Xanthou of the Hedonae

Temple (see #62), and spends several nights a month dallying at her temple. His fellow priests, including the 8th level Bishop, the 5th level Curate, the 3rd level Priest, the two 2nd level Adepts, and the eight 1st level Neophytes are all as greedy, though not as talented as he.

The temple treasury is reputed to be enormous, a veritable lake of gold and silver dotted with islands of gems and jewels. Legend has it that it is guarded by a giant spider golem made of bronze; no one knows for sure, as no thief has ever successfully gained entry and lived to tell the tale.

THIEVES' GUILD: *See* Copper Crown Flophouse (#43), *above*.

78. WAREHOUSE (A-3): This stone-walled warehouse is divided inside into 10 ft. by 10 ft. rooms, each with its own door and highly secure lock (CL 8 to pick). Space is rented by the week at 3 gp per week, 10 gp per month. The main door, made of solid iron, has an extremely difficult lock pick (CL 12). A watchman lives in the warehouse, warming himself on cold nights with a small brazier.

Jholi Ahrbee (*CG male Starrcrag dwarf 15th level rogue, SL General 5*) was an adventurer, once upon a time, but that was before he lost his left leg, right arm, left eye, and spleen in a caper gone wrong. Unknown to most, he's not merely the watchman; he's also the owner of the warehouse. Jholi will gladly tell friends about his adventures over strong dwarven spirits; he knows many old rumors and legends of treasure troves, lost cities, and hidden treasures.

He's armed with a pair of +3 returning throwing daggers, a short sword +2, and a light crossbow; wears a belt of giant strength (21, +4) and an amulet of proof against scrying and mind reading; and keeps his treasure of 5,853 gp, a seven demon bell, and five crystal balls (one of each major type) in a type III bag of holding hidden in a crate in a dusty chamber of the warehouse, which otherwise looks to hold nothing more than crates of old farming implements and rags.

Temple Tempter, the Natchai, and the magician Orfellis Maltaran — all of the Immortal City — would pay dearly to find the one once known only as “The Chortling Rogue.”

79. WAREHOUSE (A-8): This warehouse is owned by a consortium of river merchants who trade along the River Flee and the Sharryn, putting into port at Kevalla, Hyyap, Quiff, and Oonsla in the east to the twin hamlets of Fleepport and Cragfalls in the west (Hex 4: 0715), and most hamlets in between. Built of reinforced masonry, the stout iron double doors have very difficult locks (CL 10), and the building is guarded at all times by **two mercenaries** (*2nd level fighters*). The piles of bales, crates, and boxes from the east contain raw feathers, feather pillows, feather beds, quills, and duck feathers, as well as small boxes marked “Trenth” that contain bottles of alchemical potions, nostrums, and oils; the live fowl from Hyyap are taken immediately to the market upon arrival, as are the slaves brought in from Oonsla (under sub-license from Slave Master Yudh). The piles from Fleepport and Cragfalls contain boxes of preserved monster bits, crates of pig iron, bars of copper and tin, bales of wool, and, 20% of the time, hidden in bales of wool, ingots of silver from Sputgar or gold from Starrcrag.

80. WEAPONS SHOP (B-13): Aembrosii Borcszuul (*NG male Smyrian 2nd level fighter, SL Merchant 6*) sells used melee weapons of all kinds. Neither swift nor smart, Aembrosii “imports” most of his products through a cousin, a shifty fellow named **Vlaekos Draezuulan** (*NE male Smyrian 5th level rogue, SL General 5*); though he claims he is a merchant, Vlaekos actually acquires his “goods” through the robberies and murders he and his gang of 27 bandits perform along the Ming River Road. Vlaekos fences the rest of the goods elsewhere, but gives his clueless cousin a good deal. Aembrosii's weapons are usually worn, often nicked, but are relatively cheap.

81. WIG MAKER (C-8): Anwyll ap Gwydyon (*LG male Aelvress elf 4th level illusionist/Mycretian, SL Guild 7*) makes wigs for men and women of the nobility and gentry. They are made of elven, human, and halfling hair (dwarves never sell theirs). He pays 1 sp

per inch of human or halfling hair (no less than 6 inches long) and 1 gp per inch of elven hair; prices are for the full head of hair, cut down to a half-inch. His wigs are famous, and sell for 5 to 30 gp for human or halfling hair wigs, 50 to 300 gp for elven hair wigs, and range from the plain and nigh undetectable (1% per 10 minutes, cumulative) to the grand and opulent, with dyes, gems, and filigree, or even entire dioramas. During fittings and showings he gathers information on doings of the upper classes, for dissemination to the other members of his Mycretian cell, Giraud the Hawk (#59) and Lysandra of the Seven Veils (#38).

82. WINE (F-5): Beppi's Winery is the best stocked shop in the province, with pipes, barrels, kegs, flasks, and bottles imported from the Elephas, the Desert Lands, Antillia, and the Roglaras. **Beppi** (*CG male Mishell halfling 5th level cleric of Losborst, SL Merchant 8*) is the local Grand Toaster of Losborst, the chaotic good god of wine, song, and merriment. His storage cellar doubles as a shrine to Losborst, and is the center of local urban cult activities, which consist of imbibing large quantities of wine and having lots of good, clean fun. For every drink they imbibe, they must offer an equal or better drink to someone who cannot afford their own.

Per gallon: Tell Qa Red 3 sp; Y'Dell Rose 6 sp; Mishell Burgundy 12 sp; Hetep Goblin Stompy 15 sp; Aelvress Elven White 2 gp; Kahled Elven White 3 gp; Mishell Mauve 4 gp; Raknid Elven Jade 6 gp; Nydad Red 8 gp; Desert Rose of Ell Bastis 10 gp; Wildwood (a.k.a. “Antillian”) Red 15 gp; Mishell Violet 20 gp; Shopshire Ice Blue 25 gp; Luckstone Rose 30 gp; Ordurt Elven Blue 35 gp; Palewood Elven Gold 40 gp; Ailill Elven Silver 60 gp. Wines are sold by the 2-quart bottle, 2-gallon keg (10% discount), 12-gallon cask (20% discount), and 30-gallon barrel (30% discount).

83. WITCH (I-5): Wyldigra the White Witch (*LG female Common Viridian 5th level white witch, SL General 5, Int 15, Wis*

16, *Cha* 16) usually finds employ as a midwife and healer; she sometimes can be hired to go on adventures as magical and healing support, but only for completely good parties. She has been sent to Tell Qa as a test by her celestial patrons, in order to find and root out a coven of Black Witches that is in the town (see #72). She has narrowed the coven's presence down to the Witch's Teats Tavern, but does not know who the members are as yet. She has a wand of witchery and a cauldron of wisdom to aid in her efforts, and is supported by her familiar, **Sid**, the white rabbit (actually an angelic being on par with a quasit).

TELL QA ENCOUNTERS

Here are 20 interesting encounters you can use in Tell Qa, or, with minor changes, in virtually any city or town of the Falling Empire. Roll 1d20 to determine the encounter. Each encounter has a disposition chart; roll 1d6 on the chart to determine the encounter's disposition. The disposition might be toward the adventurers, or toward an NPC friend or enemy, or merely a general state of being.

1. Archer: Alfmund the Obese (CN male Aelphen 3rd level fighter, SL Military 9, AC 14, HD 3d10, HP 24, *Attacks:* long composite bow (+5 BtH, 1d8 damage). *Str* 14, *Dex* 15, *Cha* 13). Alfmund is a member of the III Imperial Archer Throng of Mammoth Hall, in town for R&R. He rooms with the guard, so he spends much of his time and money in various taverns, his favorite being the Burley Huntsman (#68). Alfmund recently stopped in at the Ivory Mammoth (#52) and immediately fell hard for Morgane MacDonald; for her part, she considers the archer to be a drunken leech, and will beat him within an inch of his life the next time he crosses her doorstep. He carries 23 gp, 14 sp, a long composite bow, 20 arrows, a short sword, a dagger, and wears studded leather armor (fit to bursting). He does not possess any carbelium arrows.

Disposition: 1) Hungry, 2) Mirthful, 3) Depressed, 4) Gassy, 5) Drunk, 6) Bored.

2. Armor Vendor: Knobby Elmer (NE male Aelphen 1st level fighter, SL Merchant 4, AC 14, HD 1d10, HP 6, *Attacks:* expert morningstar (+3 BtH, 2d4+2 damage). *Str* 13, *Int* 14, *Cha* 13). Elmer pushes a cart filled with used bits of armor throughout the streets of the town; when he's in the Inner Town, he actually has a few nice chain shirts, scale hauberks, and helms. Most of his wares are slightly rusted, dented, or hacked. There is a 25% chance of finding a piece of armor to fit any needed repair, though the piece often needs as much work as the armor to which it can be attached. He buys armor from Vlaekos Draezuulan (#80), knowing full well where it came from. He often spies for Vlaekos, passing on information about merchant caravans and traveling adventuring parties. He carries 3 gp and 9 sp in his belt pouch, and his till contains 10d10 gp and 10d6 sp. He wears a jarring mix and match set of armor, all as rusty and nicked as the items heaped on his cart.

Disposition: 1) Angry, 2) Devious, 3) Conniving, 4) Helpful, 5) Busy, 6) Bored.

3. Astrologer: Argoel Armeswyn (CG female Aelvoress elf 5th level wizard, SL Guild 7, AC 11, HD 5d4, HP 9, *Attacks:* dagger (+1 BtH, 1d4 damage) or by wand or by spell. *Int* 15, *Wis* 15, *Cha* 15. *Spells:* detect magic x2, detect poison, mage hand, message, charm person x2, comprehend languages, identify, read magic, detect thoughts, locate object, clairvoyance / clairaudience). Argoel lives in a fine flat off of Alfmourn Road, and meets clients at their homes. She casts horoscopes using ancient Aelvoress astrological techniques, and has a bit of the True Sight (10% chance of a true vision per session). She protects herself as needed with a wand of magic missiles (27 charges). She wears flowing midnight-blue silk robes with stars, moons, and comets, a similar wimple and veil, carries 14 gp and 10 sp in her pouch, and wears a silver necklace with white moonstone worth 350 gp. There is a 15% chance that she is returning from a reading with

her 100 gp fee in coin or gems. If she is returning from a reading she has an escort of **two mercenary guards** (CG male Aelvoress elf 1st level fighters, SL Guild 4, AC 15, HD 1d10, HP 10, 4, *Attacks:* long sword (BtH +3, 1d8+2 damage), mail shirt + medium steel shield, long sword, dagger, 1d4 gp and 3d6 sp each).

Disposition: 1) Friendly, 2) Ethereal, 3) Concerned, 4) Helpful, 5) Passionate, 6) Angry.

4. Beggar: Zsolt the Dolt (NE male Smyrian 4th level beggar, SL Guild 2, AC 12, HD 4d6+4, HP 17, *Attacks:* dagger (+1 BtH, 1d4 damage) *Dex* 16, *Int* 14, *Cha* 14). Zsolt appears to be afflicted by some sort of brain damaging attack; he has a huge, ugly scar running from his right eye over his head to the back of his neck, and at times it seems to ooze blood and pus. No hair grows around the scar, and his body seems to be wracked with spasms of pain while he blurts out curses, imprecations, and (false) predictions. He also stutters terribly, has a wild left eye, and drools and spits a lot.

It is all a clever disguise, though (except for the walleye and the spitting), and rather than being a wounded idiot, Zsolt is quite unharmed and cunning. He spies for both the Thieves Guild (#43) and the Ming River Road Gang (#80), and has at times set both sides up, for the right price. He never sells his true predictions, only false ones, as he prefers to use them to his own advantage. Zsolt has a 20% chance of knowing something semi-secret or unknown about anything important about the town to the adventurers (costs 2d6 sp minimum). Zsolt has 1d6 cp in his beggar's bowl at any time, but keeps 5d6 sp and 5d6 cp in a hidden pocket of his rags. If he is "Hurried" it means he is carrying a pouch with 20 gp from the Guild or the Gang, and is on his way home, to his small flat in the tenement next to the Witch (#83) on New Wall Street.

There, in a room otherwise bare save for a heap of sleeping furs and a cheap oil lamp, two sacks containing 201 gp and 219 sp are hidden under the floorboards. A beggar and a miser, Zsolt

rarely spends ought but the coppers he earns through his daily begging, gleefully counting ever gold and silver coin in the deep of the night.

Disposition: 1) Hurried, 2) Sneaky, 3) Devious, 4) Hungry, 5) Bored, 6) Lusty.

5. Blink Dog: Midnight, Bane of Darkness (LG male blink dog, AC 16, HD 4d10, HP 25, Attacks: bite (+4 BtH, 1d8 damage), blink, teleport, twilight vision, dark vision, cast light as a 4th level caster 3/day, Saves M, Int 14, Wis 13, XPV 240). Midnight lost his pack several weeks ago during a battle with a tribe of Greenscale kobolds. Lonely for company, he has entered the town, seeming to be little more than a large, wolfish stray dog. His coat is silvery black, such that he glitters by moon, star, and torchlight. He can speak Viridian, Smyrian, and Canidae, though only speaks to those he has studied for days and knows to be good of heart. By night he prowls the streets, watching for evil, and by day he pretends to be little more than a stray, begging for scraps and playing with urchins (while also guarding against evil). He is very fond of Dagny the Urchin (#7, below), and there is a 13% chance that they are encountered together. He knows something is wrong at the Witch's Teats Tavern (#72) as he can smell it in the scraps, while he thinks he has found a possible ally of goodly heart in the Dancer, Lysandra of the Seven Veils (#38), whom he has followed in the night. He has come to the help of the guard once before, so that now anyone seen by them to be mistreating him must answer for their unkindness.

Disposition: 1) Kind, 2) Playful, 3) Hungry, 4) Angry, 5) Disturbed, 6) Helpful.

6. Child: Dagny the Urchin (LG female Common Viridian 1st level Mycretian, SL General 4, AC 11, HD 1d12, HP 5, Attacks: none. Channeling, Disarm, Healing Hands, SR 10+/-, Subdual Combat. Mycretian Gifts: 0th level [□□□□]: calm spirits, cure light wounds, share spirit, spirit sight; 1st level [□□□□]: blessing of peace, friend, remove fear, soothe spirits. Int 14, Wis

12, Cha 15). Dagny is a precocious, scrawny, dirty and disheveled, yet pretty urchin. She has big brown puppy-dog eyes and when she frowns nothing seems right with the world. She speaks clearly and very intelligently for her age, and is quite fearless. She claims to be visited by "The Pure One," a glowing grandfatherly figure whom only she can see, who is guiding her to help others toward a better life. She seeks to help her fellow urchins with her gifts, and is considered the leader of the younger urchins of the town. Like Midnight, the guard is very fond of her, and brooks no mistreatment of the sweet child. There is a 13% chance that she and Midnight are encountered together. She has a 50% chance of holding 1d6 coppers, a sweet, or a piece of fruit in her grubby hand.

Disposition: 1) Sweet, 2) Pensive, 3) Mirthful, 4) Sad, 5) Helpful, 6) Angry.

7. Courtesan: Iluzka the Supple (CG female Smyrian 3rd level courtesan, SL General 5, AC 11, HD 3d6+3, HP 11, Attacks: dagger (+1 BtH, 1d4 damage). Dex 15, Con 14, Cha 16). Iluzka is ostensibly a florist and party planner for the gentry and nobles of the town, but that is merely a front for her less-than-legal but very-in-demand services. She is careful not to tread on Madame Sandira's turf, and specializes in entertaining old widowers. She has several loyal customers in the Inner Town and in country manors near town, and is usually en route to (1-35) or returning from (36-70) an appointment when encountered, or out shopping (71-00).

She has **her slave boy, Vili** (CG male Smyrian 1st level rogue, AC 12, HD 1d6, HP 4; well-treated and very loyal) with her at all times, pushing a small hand cart of fresh flowers and decorations alongside her as she goes to her appointments, or carrying her purchases when shopping. She tends to the décor and flowers before she tends to her other business. She carries a pouch with 3d6 gp and 3d6 sp normally, double when shopping, plus has 2d4x25 gp when returning from an appointment. She wears a plain gray cloak and soft boots, but has hidden in the cart beneath her

flowers a sack filled with fine silk clothing and silver bangles, chains, armlets, and anklets worth 400 gp.

Disposition: 1) Busy, 2) Friendly, 3) Thoughtful, 4) Worried, 5) Amorous, 6) Helpful.

8. Drunken Dwarf: Drenglo Thrainskel (NG male Starrcrag dwarf 4th level fighter, SL Guild 7, AC 9, HD 4d10+8, HP 41, Attacks: fist (+6 BtH, 1d2+2 subdual damage). Str 16, Con 16. He is specialized in the battle axe, but does not possess one). Drenglo was once a famed miner from Starrcrag, who sought his fortune in ancient long-lost mines. Several years ago he encountered something unspeakable in the dark depths, and lost the will to mine, or to do much of anything else save drink, ever since. He has long since lost all his possessions save for the clothes on his back and a map, crumpled, torn, and beer-stained, that he keeps hidden in his left boot. He will not part with the map for love or money, as he fears what will be unleashed if the location is discovered. Note that the map is in such a state because Drenglo continually crumples, tears, and spills beer all over it, during his few lucid moments; it is magical, and though it can be disheveled, it cannot be destroyed! Thus he considers himself the guardian of the map.

He moves from tavern to tavern, earning his beer money by betting on himself in fisticuffs, or through washing dishes, or by performing other small, quick jobs for copper bits. He never, ever begs, even when most desperate. When encountered he is usually on his way to the next tavern or looking for small jobs that can tide him over. He wears raggedy clothing and has a 33% chance of having 1d12 cp hidden in his right boot.

Disposition: 1) Drunk, 2) Weepy, 3) Suspicious, 4) Very drunk, 5) Sleepy, 6) Brooding

9. Gem Merchant: Caledwych ap Gawl (CG male Aelvoreess elf 3rd level wizard, SL Guild 7, AC 10, HD 3d4, HP 8, Attacks: staff (+1 BtH, 1d6 damage) or spell. Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 14. Spells: arcane mark, detect magic, mage hand, message, change self, magic missile x2, sleep, see invisibility). Caledwych operates out of his expansive

flat on Dorak Road, across from the Smyrian Imperial Baths (#19). He meets with prospective customers in his flat, under guard, so when encountered in the streets he is either out shopping (01-40), visiting a friend (41-60), en route to or from Aelvoress Hall (61-85), or quietly following up on rumors of a new gem find (86-00). He is always business-like, and on the lookout for new gems, even when he is not actually buying or selling. He pays 30% of a gem's finished value for raw gems, 60% for finished gems, and tried to sell at 120% value, though he'll go as low as 90%. He is quite sure of his own abilities, and does not hire guards. He wears wealthy merchant clothing, and his staff looks more like a merchant's walking stick, so it is not obvious that he is a wizard. His belt pouch contains 18 gp and 14 sp. He has a silver chain on his neck with a gold key hanging on it under his shirt; the key is magical, and when held in the air and turned right, then left, then right again while saying "37-24-35" a safe door appears in mid-air. 18" x 18", the door opens to a safe hidden in his flat; the safe contains 856 gp, 4 small opals (10 gpv each), a moonstone (25 gpv), a bloodstone (50 gpv), and two large opals (100 gpv each). He opens the safe only when he believes himself to be safe, alone, and never in public.

Disposition: 1) Cheery, 2) Cunning, 3) Acquisitive, 4) Bored, 5) Serious, 6) Hurried.

10. God: Losborst, the God of Wine (CG male god, SL Noble 20, AC 20 (*magic weapons needed to hit*), HD 8d12, HP 74, *Attacks: fist (+15 BtH, 2d10 subdual damage + punch drunk ability) or drunken wave. Punch Drunk: Those struck by Losborst must make a charisma save against CL 10 or instantly become utterly inebriated, and a follower of Losborst, for 3d4 hours. Drunken Wave: When he waves his hands over his head, the target must make a charisma save against CL 10 or instantly become utterly inebriated, and a follower of Losborst, for 3d4 hours*). Losborst appears to be nothing more than a visiting nobleman of indeterminate age and race, making the rounds of every tavern and serving house in town. He wears finery that has been spattered with every

kind of wine, and never seems to have any coin, though he never, ever seems to have to pay for his own drinks. He usually (66% chance) has 1d3 scantily-clad, similarly drunken beautiful trollops hanging onto him (1st to 4th level CG or CN courtesans), and sometimes (33%) also has a trail of 3d4 temporary followers (of any sex, race, class, and level). His temporary followers buy him, themselves, and anyone else they encounter as much wine as they can afford, spending every coin they possess to spread the drunken revelry. He always has a glass of wine in hand that never seems to spill, and never seems to empty, no matter how much he drinks from it. He appears to wear a hat made of grapevine, from which 4d4 large, juicy grapes hang; each grape acts as a potion of longevity. The grapes never fall by accident, and can never be picked without Losborst's permission. If picked, the grape remains fresh and juicy until eaten.

Disposition: 1) Drunk, 2) Mischievous, 3) Very Drunk, 4) Violent, 5) Peaceful, 6) Helpful.

11. Golem: The Nameless One (NE male flesh golem, AC 18 (+2 *magic weapon or better needed to hit*), HD 7d10, HP 40, *Attacks: 2 fists (+11 BtH, 2d8 damage each) or bastard sword +3/+5 vs. arcane spell casters (+14 BtH, 1d10+7 damage or +16 BtH, 1d10+9 damage against wizards), Immune to (Most) Magic, Saves P, Str 20, Int 14, Wis 14, XPV 550*). The Nameless One is a flesh golem that gained full sentience and free will, and destroyed his creator, a vile wizard, several years ago. Since then he has wandered the world, seeking a purpose to life; he has come to the conclusion that his purpose is to kill all wizards. The Nameless One only recently arrived in town, and is scouting out the different wizards and their various protections. He does not care who he harms to get the job done, though he never harms a child, nor allows a child to come to harm; he cannot explain why this is so. The Nameless One appears to be a tall man, of indeterminate race, with long flowing black hair, splotchy piebald skin, and many scars. He dresses in warrior-style clothing, though he wears no armor, and has a large, rune-carved blade in a harness on his back. The Nameless One needs not to eat or sleep, and is always on the move.

Disposition: 1) Vengeful, 2) Hateful, 3) Remorseless, 4) Disinterested, 5) Busy, 6) Angry.

12. Garrulous Guard: Ali ibn Hasan ibn Dosten ibn Sven al Taweel (NG male Dorin 5th level fighter, SL Guild 6, AC 20, HD 5d10+5, HP 32, *Attacks: expert falchion (+7 BtH, 2d4+3 damage), expert long spear (+6 BtH, 1d8+2 damage), or expert short composite bow (+5 BtH, 1d8+1 damage). Str 15, Con 15, Cha 17*). Ali is a mercenary guard from the far south; he made his way up here to Tell Qa by hiring on to various north-bound caravans. He searches for the home of his ancestor, Sven the Tall, from whom he gained his platinum white hair and silvery eyes (which look very unusual on a bronze-skinned Dorin, though most women find it intriguingly handsome). He seeks the land known as "Way-lon," where it is said that water falls in solid form half the year round. Ali is very chatty, and loves to talk about everything and anything, including his homeland and family, the weather, horses, women, history, wine, warfare... anything, incessantly. Ali is tall (6'4"), muscular, and quite handsome in an exotic way, and has left broken hearts all along the caravan ways from Lenap. He is otherwise absolutely trustworthy as a guard, and never abandons his charge. He wears banded mail and carries a medium steel shield, bears the above listed weapons plus 20 arrows, carries 50 gp, 10 sp, four violet-blue sapphires (50 gpv each), a silver-coated flask of fine brandy (100 gpv for the flask), and a fine gold signet ring bearing an unusual rune (it is in ancient Avalonian) that acts as a ring of protection +3.

Disposition: 1) Bubbly, 2) Drunk, 3) Peaceful, 4) Chatty, 5) Jocular, 6) Serious.

13. Houri: Princess Pibul Chula of Karak, a.k.a. the Red Lotus (CN female Houri 3rd level courtesan, SL General 4, AC 16, HD 3d6+3, HP 14, *Attacks: slap (+1 BtH, 1d2 subdual) or scimitar (+1 BtH, 1d6 damage). Dex 16, Con 15, Cha 17. Beauty Shield: Houris add their charisma bonus to AC. Houri Powers: May use change self, charm person, and hypnotism each 1/day, all at 3rd level of ability*). Pibul is no Karakhan,

nor a princess; she is a *hourai*, a creature of demonic blood who seeks male companionship incessantly (usually her companions suffer little ill, other than a much-lightened purse and a certain, exquisite tiredness). She lives with Bastet the Ghinorian and five other “sisters.” Pibul helps plan the entertainment for the parties the *houris* throw, and has become quite renowned among the gentry and nobility as a “most pleasing” hostess.

When encountered, she is either shopping (01-25), en route to or returning from a “party” (26-50), or on the prowl for some fun (51-00). She likes men, of any race, though she prefers stout warriors to scrawny wizards. If on the prowl she seeks to pick up the most charismatic male fighter or barbarian in the group (charisma and constitution must be at least 13 each, or she ignores the group entirely). There’s no charge when she’s out to have fun, though her companion must pay for all drinks and meals, and shower her with gifts. She remains enthused about a paramour for as long as her lover can make charisma and constitution checks each day against CL 3, and, of course, as long as he showers her with gifts.

Pibul has an unearthly beauty, possessing an acrobatic and supple yet pleasingly ample form with scarlet skin, shining blue eyes, raven black hair that goes down to her knees, small red horns on her forehead, and pouting lips that hide ivory-white glittering teeth. She stands merely 5’0” but seems much taller when wearing her full “Karakhan princess” regalia, which she wears to any major event or expensive tavern (such as the Starfall (#71), which she adores). Otherwise she wears Amazon-style warrior-woman clothing, with a chainmail bikini and halter, neither of which leave much to the imagination. She carries 38 gp, 22 sp, and wears a silver waist chain with jade chips (125 gpv), a silver arm band in the form of a dragon (75 gpv), a silver toe ring with a large jade chip (50 gpv), and a silver tiara with jade flakes in the form of a peacock’s tail (750 gpv).

Disposition: 1) Bored, 2) Mirthful, 3) Sly, 4) Lusty, 5) Hot Tempered, 6) Languorous.

14. Illusionist: Ambroise the Artiste (NE male Common Viridian 4th level illusionist, SL Guild 6, AC 11, HD 4d4, HP 10, Attacks: dagger (+1 BtH, 1d4 damage). Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 16. Spells: influence x2, mending, prestidigitation, hypnotism x2, silent image x2, detect magic, minor image x2). Ambroise is an aspiring artist, working in whatever medium catches his fancy at the moment; he has a studio flat on Midbailey Road, two doors down from the brothel. While his work is good, he’s still developing a strong following, so he supplements his income with gifts donated by gentle and noble “fans” of his work (aided in their decision, of course, by his magic). He seeks out young and bored scions of wealthy families (male or female) to be his companion of the moment, and plies them with alcohol, magic, and sex to get what he wants. He is considering “recruiting” up-and-coming adventurers, as they seem to have more disposable wealth and no one asks questions when they go broke or disappear.

When encountered he is shopping or out partying with a current companion (01-85, male or female, noble or gentle class scion, wealthy and dissipated, 1st to 3rd level fighter or rogue) or seeking a new one (86-00). Ambroise has medium green skin (often mistaken for High Viridian), straw-blond hair, deep green sparkling eyes, and dresses in flamboyant, expensive clothing, usually in greens and yellows. He carries 3 gp (2d4x10 when with a companion) and 10 sp, and when he has a companion usually wears 1d3 pieces of jewelry (3d6x10 gpv each, quickly pawned after his companion abandons him).

Disposition: 1) Bored, 2) Drunk, 3) Vicious, 4) Amorous, 5) Devious, 6) Mirthful.

15. Landgrave: Demetrios Dragoumis (LE male High Viridian 2nd level knight, SL General 11, AC 20, HD 2d10+2, HP 17, Attacks: long sword (+2 BtH, 1d8+2 damage),

heavy lance (+2 BtH, 1d8+2 damage). Str 15, Con 14, Cha 15). Demetrios is the seventh of his line to hold title to the Landgraviate of Dragoumis, once a large swath of land south of Tell Qa. Unfortunately, his grandfather was little more than a sycophant, and his father was a drunkard, so Demetrios lost much of his patrimony to other more cunning landowners and petty nobles even before he was born. Today he holds a small manor with fields and vineyards and a small townhouse, across from the wigmaker (#81) on the Smyrian High Road.

Demetrios seeks to regain the wealth and prestige of his forefathers through building a company of stout companions to go adventuring with him, for wealth and honor; as a member of the “petty nobility” (i.e., “up-jumped” commoners of SL 9 or better) there is less social stigma to this method of advancement. Though he is slight of build, he is no simpering fop, and his armor and blade are well made and well used.

When encountered Demetrios is seeking new companions to go on an adventure (whatever adventure strikes the Judges’ fancy or meets his needs). While he is a faithful follower of Armadad Bog, he is unaffected by the racial hatreds of his people; he was virtually raised by his Smyrian and Aelphen servants. While he holds to his semi-noble status, he is not afraid to mix with the baser classes. He has a firm and unswerving sense of honor, but must be the leader of any expedition of which he is a member. His word is his bond, but he often gives his word in written, contractual form, in triplicate, and always to his betterment if at all possible.

He wears his armor and weapons at all times (as is his right as landgrave), including plate mail, long sword, and (when horsed) his heavy lance. He carries 89 gp and 14 sp as pocket change, and has 2,868 gp in the vault at his townhouse. He wears a large gold necklace with a medallion bearing his crest (1,000 gpv) and a gold signet ring (a ring of protection +2). His servants

are all Smyrians or Aelphen, and he has a bad reputation among nobles, gentry, and the petty nobility for his mingling with the “lesser races” and lower classes; it is rumored (and true, in fact) that his great-grandmother was Smyrian.

Disposition: 1) Mirthful, 2) Angry, 3) Brooding, 4) Bored, 5) Grim, 6) Domineering

16. Magic Merchant: Odo the Alchemist (CE male Common Viridian 6th level witch, SL Merchant 6, AC 13, HD 6d4, HP 12, Attacks: dagger (+2 BtH, 1d4 damage) or spells. Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 16. Spells: 0th level [□□□□□] detect chaos/evil/good/law, detect magic, endure elements, mage hand, prestidigitation; 1st level [□□□□□] cause/cure light wounds, change self, charm person, read magic, false/undetectable aura; 2nd level [□□□□] accelerate/delay poison, detect/hide thoughts, enhance attribute, paralyze/remove paralysis; 3rd level [□□] bestow/remove curse, cause/remove disease). Though purportedly a legitimate businessman, Odo is actually a witch steeped in demon-worship. Handsome, always smiling, and friendly, he uses his powers to separate his customers from their coin and, sometimes, their lives. Most of his nostrums are nothing more than snake oil, but he sells enough real potions and items as to allay suspicions. He travels throughout the province; when in the rural areas he seeks out lone travelers and peasants that no one will miss, and sacrifices them to his dark lord for power and treasure.

Thus he has a strange collection of minor magical items in his gypsy-style wagon (1d3+1 such items, each of 600 XPV or less, plus 1d3+1 cursed items), which is based in the Grand Market when he is in town. He sells the good stuff (which include an additional 1d3+1 potions of any spell he can cast) at a discount to those he knows will use them to commit evil deeds, at a premium to others, and will sell the cursed items (gifts from his master for him to pass on, they act as per the item represented by Odo, plus 1d4 days after being sold) to young “heroes” at a deep discount, “because you so remind me of myself at that age.”

When encountered outside the Grand Market, Odo is shopping for needed items; he never takes victims in town, it’s

too dangerous. He carries 60 gp and 18 sp, and always wears his ring of protection +3. While away his wagon is guarded by his quasit familiar in the form of a small feral dog (coyote). In addition to the items, which are displayed around the inside of the wagon on shelves or hanging from the wall, there is a chest (poison needle trap CL 6 to find, CL 6 to disarm, poison CL 9 or die, writhing and screaming in pain, in 1d6 minutes) with 603 gp, 539 sp, and 237 cp. Hidden in a cut-out book (“Legends of the Witches of Marmon”) on a shelf is a velvet bag with a small opal (10 gpv), 3 moonstones (25 gpv), 3 amethysts (250 gpv each), a fire opal (500 gpv), and a black opal (1,000 gpv); the black opal is cursed such that whoever takes it from the wagon suffers a -6 penalty to their strength. While in the Grand Market he is selling, putting on a good show for the marks, and looking for suckers upon which to unload the cursed items for cold, hard cash.

Disposition: 1) Seemingly Friendly, 2) Devious, 3) Brooding, 4) Very Devious, 5) Falsely Generous, 6) Grim.

17. Mer Shunna Priest: Gregorios Vlatakis (LE male High Viridian 2nd level cleric of Armadad Bog, SL Gentry 5, AC 10, HD 2d8+2, HP 15, Attacks: fish slap (+2 BtH, 1d2+1 subdual damage). Str 13, Con 14, Wis 12. Spells: create water, detect poison, first aid, purify food and drink, command, sanctuary). Gregorios is a lesser priest, little more than an acolyte, at the Mer Shunna Temple (#74) and is one of Alderman Kriton’s bureaucrats (#4), holding a fine sinecure. Gregorios comes from a well-off family of the gentry, and never really had to work for anything in his life; thus he is quite incompetent, and were it not for his family connections, his pure bloodline, and his friendship with Kriton the Black, he’d probably be out in the streets. As it is, his stout physique makes him a moderately proficient bully-boy of the commoners, which is all that the temple and Kriton really need.

About town, of course, he’ll not be wearing armor or carrying any weapon, save for a bag of a dozen large fish (actually carried by his **Tharbrian slave boy, Quigley**,

whom Gregorios drags with on a leash like a dog), ready at hand to administer the Daily Flogging to those who fail to meet the stringent requirements of the temple. By the end of the day the bag, and the sad boy carrying it, stink to high heaven. He administers the rite as the whim takes him with lay members of the temple, and when he has the opportunity with non-believers (i.e., he is in the Viridian Plaza, or elsewhere where supporters outnumber pagans).

Gregorios is usually out on a lark (01-50), shopping (51-80), or on a mission for Kriton (81-00); he carries 4 gp, 7 sp, and his silver holy symbol of Armadad Bog; his blue-green robes are often disheveled, stained with wine and food, and stink of fish. He needs to carry little cash, as he usually takes whatever he needs from the laity as a “goodwill gift.”

Disposition: 1) Bored, 2) Drunk, 3) Hurried, 4) Mischievous, 5) Pious, 6) Outraged.

18. Rune Ki Priest: Baunge Tarquin Fintim Linbin Whinbim F’tang (LN male Common Viridian 3rd level cleric of Shang Ta, SL Gentry 6, AC 12, HD 3d8, HP 17, Attacks: Rune Ki staff (+2 BtH, 1d6+1 damage). Dex 16, Wis 14, Cha 13. Rune Ki Staff Style: Staff Cunning, Staff Wisdom. Spells: detect chaos/evil/good/law, detect magic, endure elements, first aid, cure light wounds, protection from chaos/evil/good/law, sanctuary, hold person). Tarquin is a baunge, or prayer leader of the Rune Ki Temple (#75). As such he has been exposed continually for years to tithweed in all its forms, and has lost nearly all sense of reality. He continually has visions (or so he claims), and took his current name from words revealed to him during these visions; he no longer remembers what his original name was, and often forgets who he is. Tarquin is usually wandering the streets, either in a stupor (01-75) or seeking donations for the temple (76-00, though he’s still in a stupor even then). At random times he shouts out the vision he is having; there is a 15% chance that it actually has something to do with the adventurers, being a real, true vision of importance of something that has happened, is

happening, or will happen. Shang 'Ta works in mysterious ways.

Tarquin wears stained saffron robes, carries a black and silver Rune Ki Staff, and a wooden beggar's bowl (50% chance of 1d20 cp). For some reason half the time he wears a handkerchief on his head; he claims it helps him understand his visions.

Disposition: 1) Stoned, 2) Placid, 3) Disinterested; 4) Raving, 5) Very Stoned, 6) Mirthful.

19. Spice Merchant: Mariszka Madacz

(CG female Smyrian 3rd level cleric of Suthak, SL Merchant 5, AC, HD 3d8+3, HP 16, Attacks: mace (+1 BtH, 1d6 damage). Con 14, Wis 16, Cha 15. Spells: detect poison, first aid x2, purify food and drink, cure light wounds x2, remove fear, delay poison, lesser restoration). Mariszka is young (22) and quite lovely, with long curly brown hair, blue eyes, pale skin, and a lean physique. Mariszka runs a tidy and profitable spice trade she inherited from her parents; she deals with all the major taverns and no few gentle and noble houses. She acquires the spices through merchants who run the caravan route from Viridistan; these merchants have known her since she was a child, and consider her to be family. Anyone trying to move in on her operation will answer to them (a wealthy Smyrian couple, 7th level wizards both).

She operates out of her home, a fine old house on Riverwall Road, just north of the Brewer (#27); the lower level is her

storeroom, while the upstairs is her living quarters. When encountered she's either out selling her wares (01-60), shopping (61-90) or en route to or from a religious service (91-00, she is a lay member of the Smyrdyboga Temple and holds her own services with a small sect of followers who reject the alliance with the House of Healing (#50)). If she is selling her wares she has **two hired bearers** (1st level fighter or rogues), each carrying well-wrapped packages of spice worth 20d10 gp, including sachets of black pepper, cardamom, cinnamon, clove, coriander, cumin, fennel, ginger, mustard, nutmeg, red pepper, rosemary, and saffron; she also carries a purse of 40d10 gp. Normally she also carries a pouch with 4 gp and 12 sp, plus wears a silver holy symbol of Suthak with 3 decorative bloodstones (175 gpv).

Disposition: 1) Busy, 2) Helpful, 3) Serious, 4) Generous, 5) Cheerful, 6) Bubbly

20. Thief: Narwhoodle Beedleboo

(NE male Mishell halfling 3rd level rogue, SL Guild 5, AC 14, HD 3d6, HP 13, Attacks: short sword (+1 BtH, 1d6 damage). Dex 16, Cha 16). With his long, pointed, hairy ears, purple skin, platinum white hair, and gold-flecked mauve eyes, Nar (as he prefers to be called) is easily distinguished as a Mishell halfling; as the Mishell are, for the most part, an honest and hard-working people, few suspect him of being a con-man and thief.

Nar dresses and acts the part of an adventurer, and to his credit, he actually has gone on some dungeon delves, but most of his coin is earned by fleecing the gullible or outright purse cutting. His favorite con is the "rich treasure map sale." He has dozens of these, ready to be sold to the first unsuspecting wet-behind-the-ears wanna-be adventuring hero. He makes it easy on the marks by offering to take a "percentage down," then go with them to the site of the "dungeon" for shares. Of course, he actually guides them to the lair of an owlbear, fire lizard, spider gorilla, or other fearsome beast that is far too deadly for green adventurers, and promptly disappears when the fighting starts. He returns later, when the beast has gone to feed or drink elsewhere, and loots the bodies.

While it is quite lucrative, he spends money like water, and rarely has more than a few minas to his name. When he's just back from a "successful adventure" he is generous and drunk, and has 12d6 gp; when recovering from a binge, he'll be morose or bored, and have only 2d6 gp; when he's spent his last mina, and is down to just 1d6 sp, he'll be devious and sly. He always has his leather armor and short sword, as well as a Type III bag of holding, into which he throws everything the dead marks possessed, save the bodies (and if he can ever hook up with a necromancer looking to buy those...).

Disposition: 1) Generous, 2) Morose, 3) Devious, 4) Drunk, 5) Bored, 6) Sly.