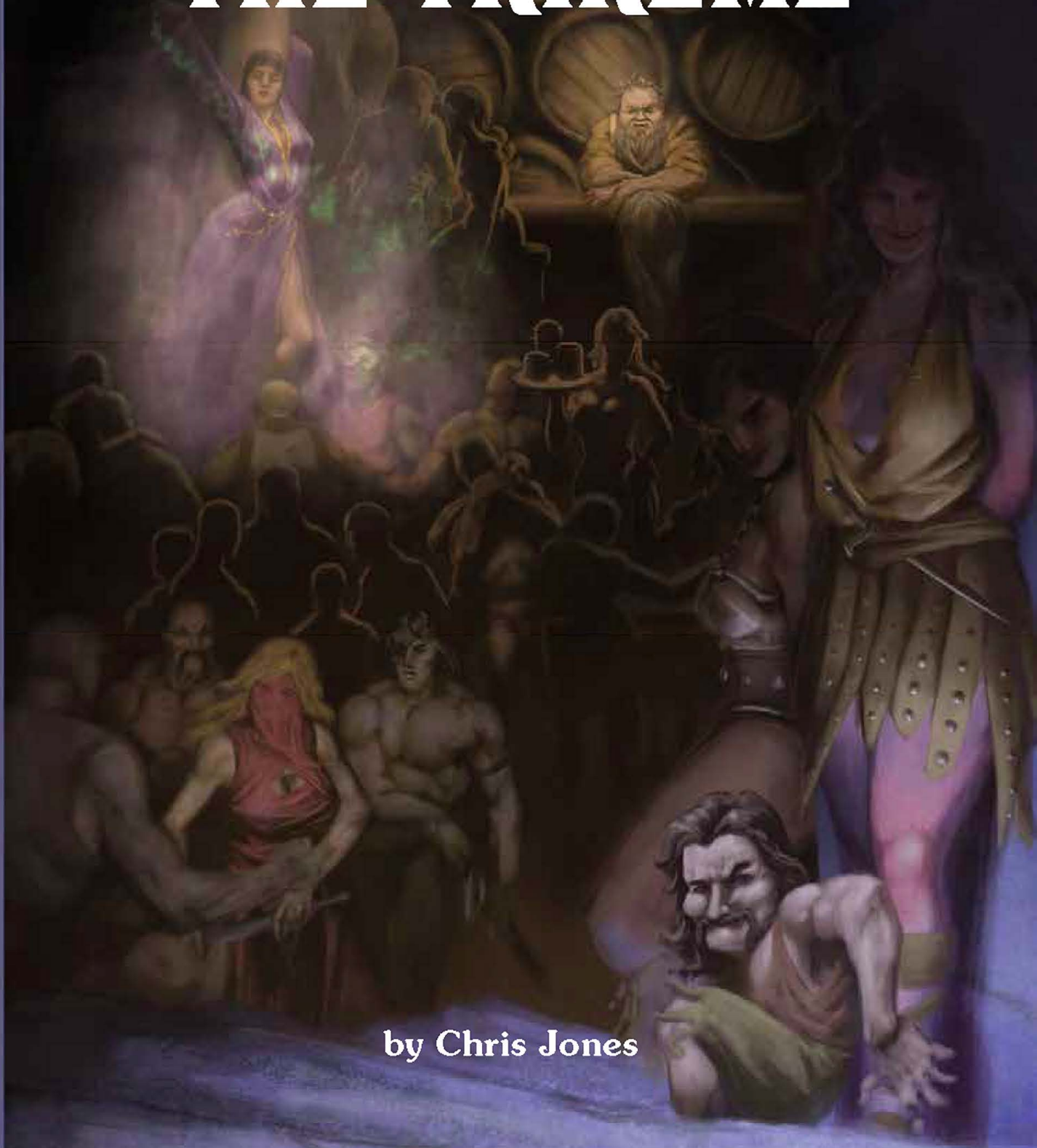




FROG GOD GAMES ADVENTURES

The Book of Taverns: **THE TRIREME**



by Chris Jones



5TH EDITION
COMPATIBLE

The Book of Taverns: THE TRIREME

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The Book of Taverns:

The Trireme

Set in the quiet wooded hills just outside town, The Trireme is well known for catering to epicurean tastes and serving some of the region's finest wines. Local dreamers and would-be philosophers constitute the bulk of its clientele. On the average night, the sounds of enthusiastic debate emanate from The Trireme's common room, occasionally punctuated by a sudden outburst of raw magic from the overly zealous. Some nights, the party moves to the tavern's private drinking room; other nights, it takes over the symposium, where only the most elite thinkers and drinkers are allowed to "debate" (if they have the coin to afford the tavern's most expensive wines, that is...).

Background

For as long as anyone can remember, The Trireme has sat on its riverside hill and provided a haven for the intellectual elite to express themselves openly. Burnt down and rebuilt seven times in the last 175 years, The Trireme has changed ownership four times and served many other uses in its extensive history.

Around 180 years ago, when the city nearby was young and the countryside still untamed, a fleet of warships returned home from war. The admiral of the fleet, Basilarch, a popular sailor but a better-loved politician, heard that in his absence his wife, Hippolyta, had died. Shocked and heartbroken, Basilarch returned to his beloved city not in victory but in mourning. Despite the adoration of a cheering populace the laurels of victory and triumphant march to the city's agora there was no joy on the hero's face.

As soon as he could extricate himself from the celebrations the admiral rushed to his estates outside of the city and sought out his love's grave. His household servants could only tell him that she disappeared shortly after Basilarch sailed to war and that despite searching the entire nation over the past five years, no sign of her was ever found save for a bloodstained *chiton* and a pair of hair pins, both known to belong to her. In the end she was given up for dead.

This failed to satisfy Basilarch for hope bloomed eternal in the wily sailor's chest. Putting aside his armor, leaving the management of his estate in the hands of the servants who, although they failed to protect his wife, had done a fair job maintaining and even growing his wealth, he set out to solve his wife's disappearance and assumed death. For ten months Basilarch searched, asked questions, spent coin, and even hired some outlander adventurers.

The quest broke open the following spring when a passing drover reported having seen a noblewoman fleeing naked and bloody through the olive groves in the hills west of town. The drover shouted and tried to give pursuit, but several armed men were also in pursuit and the drover feared for his life. Latter that night sheep rustlers had attacked his camp and slain his two children before being driven off. Deep in his own grief, Basilarch forgave the drover for not intervening. After all the gods had already punished the rough peasant's cowardice.

With this clue, and the drover's memory of the events of that tragic day, Basilarch was able to track down the armed men. No mere bandits were these, for they carried *hoplons* and wore *linothorax*, expensive shields and armor and far beyond the means of common brigades. The drover recalled part of the image emblazoned on one of the shields, and with this information Basilarch was able to identify one of the men, a man loyal to Iolaos, Basilarch's chief political rival.

Armed with this knowledge Basilarch began a new investigation, what did Iolaos want with Hippolyta and what happened to her after the

pursuit? The tracks were long cold and nothing could be gleaned from the olive grove or surrounding hills. A direct approach would only warn Iolaos that Basilarch was on to something, so the wily admiral instituted a new plan.

For two years he lived as one freed from sadness, spending his fortune wildly, spending time at symposia and with *hetaira*, buying extravagant gifts, and living the life of the rich playboy. His fellows mocked him, for a man his age should not be behaving thusly. Under cover of this ruse, Basilarch was able to follow the trail, meet with the less honest citizens and foreign residents of his city, and learn the truth.

Iolaos had kidnapped Hippolyta to distract and dishonor Basilarch, as well as get personal revenge for the admiral having beat him in election to lead the military expedition that took Basilarch away from home for so long. Despite learning this, Basilarch still did not know if his beloved wife still lived as his rival's captive or had been slain to further conceal the plot.

Gathering what loyal *hoplites* he could, Basilarch silently launched his trireme, the *Paralus*, claiming he was going to raid the coasts of his city's enemies. Instead, they sailed out to sea and back in the night, slipping up a small river west of town to the estates of Iolaos.

Quietly Basilarch led his small band of armed and armored men on a daring raid. The household of his rival was not expecting assault, and the guards were quickly overcome. Basilarch stormed the house and took it in one bloody rush, slaying many of the warriors loyal to Iolaos as well as a plentitude of servants. Overcome by the blood madness of battle, Basilarch could not restrain his hand and slew his rival before he could question the man. In the fight a lantern had been knocked over and a curtain set alight. As the fire spread through the house and into the stables, across the courtyard and to the bow of the *Paralus*, Basilarch's warriors fled into the night. The admiral stayed, frantically searching room by room, tearing open walls, and flinging aside chest and furniture, all in a vain pursuit for his wife was no where to be found. Hippolyta had died years ago, slain by Iolaos and her body laden with stones and cast into the river. Basilarch died that night as the burning house collapsed upon him.

For years following the tragedy, the more romantically inclined from the city's population journeyed to the hill to pay their respects to Basilarch and his wife, to the ideal of tragic loss. The trireme slowly disintegrated in the water in which it lay half-embedded. The only surviving piece of the estate, an ancient oak tree that had stood at the edge of the courtyard, became covered in knife-cut poetry and reflections on the nature of love. It became such a popular picnic spot that finally a woman named Meggan of Cypress decided to build a small tavern there. She called it "Basilarch's Trireme." Some say that Meggan used the tree to make the building's wall beams, which are extant in The Trireme's current incarnation. If one believes the rumors, those particular timbers have somehow survived every fire that has otherwise destroyed the building over the years.

The tavern has seen many owners in the years since its inception. Meggan owned it for almost a decade before a cousin of Basilarch's torched the place in indignation. The archons ruled he owed Meggan restitution, but she no longer wanted to maintain the tavern and so sold it to the cousin for its pre-fire value. He rebuilt it, and his family operated it for the next four generations. It burnt down three more times during his tenure, twice by accident and once by arson. Each time, the tavern was rebuilt and restored to normal operation. Twice during war, The Trireme was conscripted for use as the headquarters of prominent generals. Forty-five years ago, the Xenethes family bought the tavern, and during their ownership, flames destroyed it three more times. Ten years ago, they sold it to Alecko Diakos and Zofia Zavola, a then recently married couple looking to settle down and make a life for themselves. Since then, The



Trireme has stayed free of the curse of fire that has plagued it throughout its history. Whether this string of luck lasts for Alecko and Zofia, though, remains to be seen.

Dramatis Personae

The Trireme is currently owned by Alecko Diakos and Zofia Zavola. Their adopted son Nikolas, an orphan abandoned by his mother at the tavern eight years earlier, takes care of the stables. Finally, Helios Pousalaki is the resident expert on everything under the sun and the loudest dusty-robed philosopher to grace the tavern. He spends most of his time either in the andron or the symposion hosting vigorous debates with both friends and enemies. As one of the wealthiest and most eloquent patrons, he is unsurprisingly elected “toast master” most often.

Alecko Diakos

Alecko (NG male human **commoner**) comes from a long line of publicans extending as far back as his great-great grandparents. His father and mother owned a tiny restaurant in the city’s arena district until he was 14, at which time his father’s gambling problem resulted in the restaurant’s loss. Soon after this event, Alecko’s mother returned to her homeland, his three older sisters became courtesans at the temple of the love goddess, and he was left homeless and penniless on the streets.

For nearly four years he wandered from job to job, following the gladiatorial circuit when he could afford the travel expenses (the taverns and restaurants always boomed wherever the gladiators went), working as a cook or a serving boy until it was time to move on again. When he was 18, the proprietor of a tavern in the political district, a surly foreigner named Thadeus Oak, took him into his employ as a runner. Politicians

eating lunch or dinner in Oak’s place hired Alecko to carry messages to other important personages. After a year, he became responsible for taking orders to the wine and ale merchants on the other side of town, for procuring dry goods for the kitchen, and for watching over the place during the afternoon hours when Oak was off visiting his mistress. Life steadily improved for Alecko; at the rate he was going, he figured that he could own the place before he was 25.

All such plans changed, however, when he accidentally spilled a carafe of wine in the lap of a high-ranking legionnaire. Despite his profuse apologies and offers for remittance, the soldier punished him with conscription, as was his right. Suddenly, Alecko was serving in the city’s military. Word circulated of his publican background, and he was eventually assigned to the quartermasters as a cook and a barrack’s servant. During this indentured servitude, he met the battalion commanding officer, Zofia Zavola, and fell hopelessly in love. After two years of pursuing her diligently and secretly (lest the other legionnaires lop off his head for mooning over such a high ranking officer), she eventually reciprocated his feelings. Many a night they spent in silent, passionate rendezvous in her quarters or in the woods, requiting their secret love. When the time came for him to be discharged, Alecko was disconsolate. He asked to stay on as a career soldier, but was told in no uncertain terms that he did not make soldier material.

Zofia, also unwilling to forego their love, decided to retire from the military early, accepting a complete loss of her future pension and the dishonor of quitting the army before the proper age of retirement (which most soldiers never reached, anyway.)

Once they quit the military, Alecko and Zofia married immediately and have lived as a happy couple ever since. They had a rough go at first, but as the years passed, they eventually made enough money to purchase The Trireme, a quaint country tavern where they intend to enjoy life and one another’s company well into their twilight years.

Alecko has jet-black hair, matching eyes, and swarthy, dark skin. He laughs with great gusto. Honest in every- thing he says and does, Alecko is unwilling to tell lies or exchange empty social pleasantries for the sake of politeness. He considers Nikolas the stable boy as a son, having raised him from the time he was just a babe when his mother abandoned him in one of the guest rooms. Zofia does not regard the child in such a kind light, however, which Alecko just cannot understand. Whenever he broaches the topic, she either changes the subject or leaves the room without another word.

Zofia Zavola

Before she met Alecko, the only life Zofia (LG female human **veteran**, though she fights with shield (AC 19 if wearing her old armor), spear, short sword) ever knew was that of a soldier. Both her parents were life-long legionnaires, and she spent her entire childhood in the barracks with the soldiers. On her twelfth birthday, the day she came of age, she enlisted. The next 10 years were some of the hardest of her life, as she endured relentless training and participated in countless battles against neighboring city-states. Yet in that time she became a capable leader and an ideal warrior.

During her tenure as battalion commanding officer, she met Alecko Diakos, a likeable chap, despite the patina of gravy, grease, and onion odor that perpetually clung to him. His gap-toothed smile and honest, no-nonsense demeanor turned her on. He seemed so decidedly genuine that she could not resist him. For three years, their relationship thrived. When the time came for Alecko to be released from his sentence, she was suddenly torn between the only two things in life she had ever truly loved. In the end, she realized that the military offered her only an ignoble death upon the battlefield for a cause she did not care about or (the gods forbid!) retirement due to old age. She chose the dishonor of early retirement in order to spend her days with Alecko and bears no regrets. She enjoys maintaining The Trireme with him, finding comfort in the simple pleasures, experiences she never knew as a soldier. Under Alecko's tutelage, she has even become a capable cook in her own right. Still, a small part of her does miss the excitement of the battlefield, the feel of a weighted spear and shield. Every once in a while she catches herself gazing at her old gear where it hangs on the back wall of the *andron*. Free of military regulations that she cut her hair short, Zofia now wears her grey streaked red hair long and kept braided into a ponytail. She has found adjusting to the "typical female" role in society difficult. Very muscular, dresses do not fit her body or her personality well, so she tends toward more masculine attire such as loose fitting robes belted at the waist or tunic and trousers. Like most people in the region, she wears sandals because the climate does not lend itself well to shoes or boots. On her left shoulder is a black tattoo of a skull pierced by a gladius, indicating the Death's Head legion, which she commanded, and its motto: "Kill Them All. The Gods Shall Know Their Own."

While the love she feels for Alecko is boundless, the same cannot be said for the boy, Nikolas. Something about him makes her exceptionally uncomfortable — namely, the fact that he is a child. If Zofia utterly lacks any quality, it is even a small inkling of maternal instinct. Her interactions with Nikolas are always curt and to the point, almost as if dealing with a legionnaire. When he was abandoned

eight years earlier, she urged Alecko to take him to one of the temple orphanages in the city, but for whatever reason he refused. She realizes now that Nikolas represents the child she and Alecko will never have, yet no matter how hard she tries, she just cannot find any emotion inside herself for the boy other than annoyance. She does not even like him, even though his personality takes after his adoptive father. This thought gives Zofia tremendous discomfort because it makes her doubt her love for Alecko.

Nikolas the Stable Boy

Nikolas' (NG male human **commoner**, lower Strength, Constitution, and Wisdom to 8 due to youth) mother abandoned him as a babe in one of The Trireme's guest rooms almost eight years ago. Alecko and Zofia waited nearly a week for her to return, but she never did. Before Zofia could "dispose of" him in town at one of the numerous temple orphanages, Alecko decided to adopt the boy and raise him like a son.

He loves both parents, even though he believes his mother does not like him so much. Being eight, he senses this on a subconscious level rather

than knowing it for a fact; as such, he constantly seeks her approval for everything he does. In Alecko's eyes, he apparently can do no wrong. Nikolas definitely takes advantage of this attitude, manipulating Alecko to get away with practically everything short of murder.

Two years ago, he finally grew large enough to work in The Trireme's stables, a job he enjoys immensely. He loves animals and horses in particular, decorating his room with all manner of clay statues depicting them. When he grows up, he hopes to become a ranger or cavalry soldier in the military. Oddly enough, the only time Zofia actually shows much interest in him is when he talks about his hopes.

Helios Pousalaki

One cannot say anything about Helios (CN male human **noble**, he is unarmed and unarmored most of the time, decrease Strength, Dexterity, and Constitution to 8 due to age, but increase Intelligence and Wisdom to 16) other than he knows everything about everything. In his 60's, Helios has silvery white hair and beard, and a portly figure. He speaks with an air of great dignity, severity, and authority, as if every single word he utters is of immense importance. Typically, he wears either red or taupe robes trimmed with black and gold embroidery, and expensive leather sandals that exude a truly awful odor in the spring and summer when his feet sweat.

Helios spends almost every night at The Trireme, engaging anyone whose ear he can bend in conversation and debate. He fancies himself as something of a professional philosopher and is always ready to take issue with every utterance he hears, no matter how ridiculous or tenuous his position may be. When deep into the wine, he will find a comfortable couch in the *andron* and lounge. No one can lounge as well as Helios. Once a week or so, he will hire out the *symposion* and invite those whom he thinks own the cleverest minds and sharpest wits to engage in dialogue about current events or the latest fashionably elite philosophical maxims.

Some say that Helios was once a great politician in his youth. If so, no one has yet located his marble bust in the great governing halls of the city. Others claim he is a legendary wizard living in cognito, and should anyone discover his true identity, Helios will turn such an unlucky snoop into a toad forevermore. Neither rumor is true, though. Helios is just a simple man who made a fortune in his youth importing foreign wines and foods.

The Establishment

The Trireme overlooks a gentle, languidly flowing river. Standing two stories high, a rather plain khaki daub coats its walls, and ochre-colored ceramic tiles cover its roof. Two walled-in courtyards are at the front entrance, one for patrons and one for their horses, both open to the sky above and the whims of the elements. The second floor's two balconies overlook the tavern's courtyard and the stables, respectively. All of The Trireme's windows are shuttered and contain neither glass nor oiled parchment. During operating hours, Alecko keeps the first-floor windows opened wide to allow fresh air to flow into the kitchen, common room, and *andron*. Only wealthy or especially honored guests, the staff, and deliverymen use the back entrance. Along the outside back wall, behind the kitchen and stables, a tall wooden rack runs the length of the wall where empty amphorae and extra dry goods are kept. Inside, the building's walls are painted a deep red with black, white, and yellow baseboards. Candles and lamps illuminate the rooms, except for the *symposion*, which uses torches.

A frieze painted on the wall just above the front entrance depicts a trireme broken in half and the words "Basilarch Was Here" in the region's classical dialect. Zofia painted it one night in a moment of whimsy.

Unless otherwise noted, The Trireme has the following stats:

Doors: 1 in. thick wood (AC 15, 18 (4d8) HP, DC 13 Strength check to break open)**Outer walls:** 1 ft. thick sun dried brick (AC 16, 27 (5d10) HP per 10 by 10 foot section)**Inner walls:** 6 in. thick sun dried brick covered in plaster (AC 16, 18 (4d8) HP, per 10 by 10 foot section)

I. Courtyard

A 6-foot high wall hides the ground floor of the courtyard from the outside, although The Trireme's second floor balcony and the stairs

climbing up to it are visible just above the wall. The front door is narrow and short, set into the wall about 1 foot off the ground and still only then rising to a person's nose — needless to say, most people must duck their heads when entering the tavern.

White ceramic tiles cover the courtyard floor. Because this area of the tavern lacks a roof and is exposed to the elements, black seams of mold caused by water accumulation from rain rim many of the tiles. Zofia spends at least one day a week scrubbing them, cursing up a storm the whole time. Alecko has placed potted plants in the corners, but they are almost always brown and on the verge of death. For whatever reason, nothing seems able to grow in the courtyard.

Courtyard door: 3 in. thick wood (AC 15, 27 (4d8) HP, DC 15 Strength check to break open, locked and can be opened with theive's tools and a successful DC 15 dexterity check)

2. Antechamber

Thin, cushioned benches line the walls of this narrow room. Here, guests remove their footwear before entering the baths or parts of The Trireme other than the *kapeleion*. Pegs stick out of one wall, upon which people may hang clothes or travel cloaks.

3. Baths

This room contains numerous terracotta hip baths, benches, and even a small furnace for heating stones should anyone feel the urge to take a steam bath. As with the antechamber, pegs jut out from one wall. Zofia's polished brass shield hangs on the opposite wall and functions as a mirror, a reminder of her days in the army.

A doorway in the north wall leads directly into The Trireme's kitchen. An opaque cotton curtain usually hangs from the upper doorjamb, giving the patrons in the bath a small amount of privacy from the non-stop flurry of activity going on in the other room.

Alecko lets it be known that anyone who mistakes the hip baths for vomitorium troughs answers to his wife and the business end of her longspear.

4. Kapeleion

This is The Trireme's heart and soul, the "common room" where everyone eats, drinks, and enjoys one another's company. Triangular three-legged and square four-legged tables and their associated stools crowd the room. Along the west wall are darkly stained wood racks as tall as the ceiling and filled to capacity with wine vessels and clay amphorae. In the northwest corner is a chest-high marble counter, used by whoever is working the room for serving patrons and taking coin. No serving girls or boys work in The Trireme, so customers must get their own wine. Behind the counter is a tiny clay oven and grill for making quick cooking snacks with which the kitchen cannot be bothered. The ceiling and its support beams are darkly colored, decorated with indecipherable graffiti, epithets, and "business" propositions. Anyone caught carving in the wood must buy a round for the entire house, including the private drinking rooms in the back.

While The Trireme certainly caters to the more argumentative and philosophically minded, the patrons of the *kapeleion* also come from the ranks of everyday, ordinary folk. Most of the highbrow patrons tend to isolate themselves in either the *andron* or outside in the *symposion*.

A sturdy strongbox rests on a narrow shelf below the counter top. It contains the day's profits and is emptied by either Alecko or Zofia when The Trireme shuts its doors for the night. Coins taken from the box are placed in a second, sturdier box hidden in the floor of the stables (must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom (Perception) check to locate hidden panels covering chest). The active use of magic in the common room is expressly frowned upon, viewed as uncouth and tacky by owners and patrons alike. A permanent variant of *detect magic* has been

placed on a central ceiling support beam that runs the length of the room. It glows whitehot when anyone in the room casts magic. Those who violate the taboo against magic use must buy a round of drinks for every patron. A modification of this particular *detect magic* spell allows magic items on a person's body to remain undetected.

Sturdy Strongbox: AC 19, 10 (3d6) HP, the lock can be picked with thieves' tools and a DC 13 Dexterity check.

Sturdier Strongbox: AC 19, 18 (4d8) HP, the lock can be picked with thieves' tools and a DC 15 Dexterity check.

5. Kitchen

This is a decently sized kitchen outfitted with practically every implement a cook could ever need for preparing dishes. Wood tables, cupboards, a small fireplace, and a grilling brazier are the main items in here, along with an uncountable number of utensils and other tools. Both the brazier and the fireplace release their smoke into ceramic flues that extend up through the roof of the second floor, disguised as columns where they pierce the balcony overlooking the stables.

6. Andron

This is a private drinking room. Comfortable chairs and left-sided couches are placed strategically around the room, as are comfortable benches and a table or two. A worn bronze-tipped longspear, a legionnaire's helmet and a matching leather-skirted commander's tunic decorate the north wall. The west wall displays a pleasing pastoral painting. In the room's corners are beautifully decorated vases.

Patrons who use the *andron* must pay a flat fee of 10 gp per night per person, giving them an unlimited quantity of third- and second-tier wine. If they want first-tier wine, they must pay the standard price per trikotylos in addition to the room fee. (For more on the wines served in The Trireme, see the Goods and Services section of this chapter.) Food is also not included in the price. Anyone can enter the *andron* as long as he or she pays the fee and observes proper decorum.

When certain meetings are held in this room, a cloth privacy curtain is hung from the door to block the view of those in the common room. The curtain obviously does not block much sound, but then again a meeting requiring such secrecy should perhaps be held elsewhere.

7. Symposion

This outdoor portico has just a marble floor and ceiling supported by matching columns; there are no walls. The roof is domed, the inside painted with beautiful frescoes depicting scenes from myth. The view overlooking the river from the *symposion* is inspiring, to say the least. Unlike in other parts of The Trireme, the potted plants here are vibrant and green. As with the *andron*, comfortable left-sided couches, padded chairs, and sturdy tables are spread out around it, though of much more lavish quality. Also like the *andron*, this portion of the tavern is reserved for those who can afford the fee to rent it

Any party wishing to use the *symposion* must include a minimum of five patrons, each person paying 20 gp for the evening. They are allowed as much wine (any tier) and food as they can consume. Regardless of how drunk they become, patrons are naturally expected to behave themselves and never forget their manners. While arguments are inevitable with so many drunken "philosophers" all in the same room, direct verbal or physical assaults on other *symposion* patrons are absolutely forbidden, and assaults directed at the owners are enough to warrant a lifetime banning from the entire establishment. The *symposion* is intended as an outlet for the "intellectual elite," and if patrons feel threatened by cutting loose in it, then its purpose is defeated entirely. Of course, this all sounds quite reasonable in theory; in practice, Alecko and Zofia are hard-pressed to turn away anyone with 20 gp to burn regardless of prior unbecoming behavior.

Sometimes, one person is elected the *symposiarch*, or "toast master," of a *symposion* drinking party. This great honor affords one much status and prestige among the resident philosophers and drunkards. A *symposiarch's* duties include selecting the most appropriate wines for the occasion (usually this means paying Alecko or Zofia extra for wines taken from their private reserve) and keeping the party dialogue interesting and entertaining. On a typical night, the *symposiarch* usually spends an additional 30-50 gp on top of what the fee for the room. Fortunately for many people, just because one is elected *symposiarch* does not mean he or she must accept the duty. No shame comes with admitting that one is not worthy of such an honorable role.

8. Small Storage Room

Spare stools, empty amphorae, and other assorted knick-knacks are kept here.

The Trireme Menu

Wine*, Third Tier†	Cost
Kippy's Temple Nectar (white)	5 cp
Satyr's Delight (rose)	3 cp
Vulcan Fire (red)	2 cp

Wine, Second Tier	Cost
Sour plums	7 cp
Delilah Hill Gold Seal (white)	4 sp
The Gorgon's Eyebite (rose)	2 sp
Vulcan Fury (red)	1 sp

Wine, First Tier	Cost
Delilah Hill Platinum Seal (white)	3 gp
Satyr's Rose (rose)	3 gp
Vulcan Rage (red)	1 gp

Wine, Private Reserve	Cost
Delilah Hill Gold Seal (22 years old)	16 gp
Delilah Hill Gold Seal (31 years old)	45 gp
Delilah Hill Platinum Seal (12 years old)	21 gp
Erinyes Ambrosia (234 years old)	100 gp
Praetorian Cellar (1,400 years old)	900 gp
Vulcan Fury (42 years old)	30 gp
Vulcan Rage (15 years old)	32 gp

Other Beverages	Cost
Goat milk	2 cp
Olive oil	5 cp

Food Cost	Cost
Dried dates	1 cp
Fish stew	2 cp
Fruit	3 cp

Food Cost	Cost
Grilled fish	4 sp
Lamb tripe	5 sp
Olives	2 cp
Pecan cakes	5 cp
Pita bread	2 cp
Preserved fish	1 cp
Radish cakes	4 cp
Roasted goat hocks	2 sp
Roasted sheep legs	3 sp

Other Services	Cost
Bath, per person	1 cp
Laundry, per person	1 sp
Message running	1 gp
Narrow guestroom, per night	3 sp
Rear guestroom, per night	5 sp
Stables, per horse, per night	6 sp
Strongbox rental, per night	3 cp

* Wine is typically served in an increment called a trikotylos, which equals approximately one and a half pints (literally, "three half pints"). A carafe contains five pints of wine and costs three times as much as a trikotylos of the same type; a small clay amphora contains approximately 20 pints and costs six times as much as a trikotylos of the same type. Amphorae are painted according to the winery from which they come, so that the different types of wine and their respective prices are easily identifiable. Larger amphorae are used for transporting the wine and never for serving it.

Most wine contains vine and grape debris and is often strained before serving, though not always. The proprietors will often add herbs, honey, or even bits of dough to the wine, especially third-tier wine on the verge of becoming vinegar.

† Wine at the Trireme is categorized by "tiers" — first tier is the best and most expensive, second tier is the second best and moderately priced, while third tier is the cheapest and of the lowest quality.

tavern; and an ancient, yellowed piece of whalebone with black scrimshaw artwork etched into it bearing a fanciful likeness of a kraken attacking a trireme (worth 125 gp).

9. Fountain

This is an ornate, marble fountain fed by the river nearby by means of a complex series of pipes and water locks located deep below The Trireme and the hill it sits upon. It is both ornamental and practical, supplying the tavern with a constant supply of fresh water for the kitchen, the *kapeleion*, and the baths.

10. Stables Courtyard

Like the courtyard to the tavern, this one is open to the elements and hidden behind a wall. The double gates are usually left open to allow for easy coming and going. When Nikolas, who tends the stables, runs out of room inside, horses are sometimes tethered to hitching posts out here.

Fresh hay is delivered once a week and stacked along the east wall until it is used. Finding especially drunk patrons passed out atop or behind the bales (or in them, if collapsed from their antics) is not unusual.

Stable gates: 3 in. thick wood (AC 15, 27 (4d8) HP, DC 15 Strength check to break open, locked and can be opened with theive's tools and a successful DC 15 dexterity check)

11. Stables

The stables contain five stalls capable of holding ten riding horses or five work horses. Halfling and gnomish riding dogs stay in the two courtyards. Six inches of dirt, musty hay, bits of leftover feed, and other detritus litter the ground. Stall walls are about 6 1/2 feet high and thick enough to allow saddles, saddle blankets, and other gear to be hung over their upper edges. The door in the north opens into a storage room while the one in the west wall opens into a small hallway that leads to the kitchen and Nikolas' room.

In the ground beneath the hay is a heavy, locked trapdoor (must succeed on a DC 12 Wisdom (Perception) check to spot) under which lies a ten-foot square cavity approximately 4 feet deep. Stored in it are the tavern's most expensive and rare wines (worth a total of 3,625 gp) and a very secure

strongbox containing the following items: 1,465 gp in coin, 206 gp in gems, 400 gp in jewelry, and a suit of Death's Head legion +2 half-plate.

Very sturdy Strongbox: AC 19, 18 (4d8) HP, the lock can be picked with thieves' tools and a DC 15 Dexterity check.

Trap door: 1 1/2 in. thick wood (AC 15, 3 (1d6) HP)

12. Stables Storage Room

This storage room contains the tools for maintaining the stables, such as pitchforks for throwing hay bales around, brooms for sweeping, and shovels for cleaning up horse manure, as well as tools to care for the horses, such as brushes for rubbing them down and iron picks for scraping dirt from their hooves and shoes.

13. Nikolas' Quarters

Nikolas lives in this room, the smallest in The Trireme. Located right next to the stables, it is also the noisiest. The room has a small bed with a hay-stuffed mattress, a child-sized wardrobe, and a footstool. Lying about the floor and atop the wardrobe are numerous clay and wooden horses.

14. Alecko & Zofia's Quarters

As one ascends the stairs to the second floor, the door to the proprietors' quarters is on the left, just opposite the balcony and first floor courtyard. Inside, the room is very spacious; in fact, it is the largest room in the tavern. It contains its own stone hearth, a very expensive double-sized bed with cotton sheets and a down-filled mattress, an equally expensive mahogany writing table, three chamber pots, and an ample wardrobe. Along the west wall is a cushioned bench where a person can sit and enjoy the view out the window. At the foot of the bed is a beautifully appointed dowry chest filled with fresh linens. In one corner stands an exotic folding screen with four panels, each one illustrating a different legendary battle.

The table drawers contain 36 gp in coin; an inkstone; a writing quill and an ink bottle (worth 4 gp); 6 sheets of parchment (worth 5 sp); a bound parchment book with 45 pages filled with accounting records and notes for running the

15. Narrow Guestroom

Longer than it is wide, this room contains two plain beds with hay-stuffed mattresses, a wardrobe, two chamber pots, an end table, and a stool.

16. Rear Guestroom

This room is the larger of the two guestrooms. It has two beds, one a single and the other a double, both of average quality and with hay-stuffed mattresses. The room also contains a very large wardrobe, two end tables, four cham-

ber pots, and two foot stools. Along the west wall below the window is a cushioned bench.

17. Storage Rooms

These two storage rooms contain barrels and wash boards for cleaning clothes and linens, extra soap stones, extra sheets for the guest rooms, brooms, and three small strongboxes with their keys in the locks (rented to custom-ers for storing their valuables).

Goods & Services

The Trireme is first and foremost a drinking establishment, so the goods and services it offers primarily reflect this focus. It does offer a pretty adequate food menu, however, and two guest rooms that may be rented, as well as a few other services available.

Adventure Seeds

The following ideas can be used as seeds for adventures set in or around The Trireme:

- Before Zofia knew Alecko, her lover was a prominent commander from another battalion. Recently, he started coming to the tavern once a week to woo her, much to Alecko's chagrin. Unfortunately, Alecko can neither say nor do anything, for if he offends the legionnaire in the slightest he could find himself back in the military as a conscript or worse. Zofia has rebuffed the legionnaire's advances, but her patience is wearing thin while Alecko's jealousy continues to grow. One day he utters that he wish someone would rid him of this pest, and the next night the legionnaire is found dead in the river. Now under suspicion, Alecko needs help to clear his name.

- The spirits of Basilarch and his wife have been manifesting lately, sometimes appearing in the upstairs rooms, other times materializing in the *andron* or stables. With each new appearance, increasingly larger and more dangerous fires erupt in their wake. The first time, for example, a potted plant in the narrow guest room's corner began smoldering; the second time, a chair leg in the *kapeleion* caught fire — and so on. Fires generally break out in other rooms, not necessarily the one haunted by Basilarch and his wife haunt. Alecko fears that soon the entire tavern will burn to the ground as it has so many times in the past. The spirits may be appeased if their remains can be found and reunited.

- Alecko owns an amphora of ancient wine over one thousand years old and once owned by a legendary personage. He has kept its existence secret the entire time he has owned it, but now someone has found out about it. That person, a wealthy politician from the city, desperately wants the wine. Alecko is not selling it, however, because it possesses a curious enchantment: some who drink it become more intelligent, while others become brain damaged. To sell it would be irresponsible. The politician will not take no for an answer, so he hires someone to steal it for him. Unlike the rest of Alecko's private reserve, the magical wine is hidden in a secret, locked chamber built into the base of the fountain at the back of the tavern (must succeed on a DC 15 Wisdom (perception check) to locate, can be opened with thieves' tools and a DC 13 Dexterity check). If one *trikotylos* of the wine is consumed, the imbiber gains a +2 bonus to his Intelligence score (which may raise your Intelligence score to 22) if he succeeds at a DC 15 Wisdom save. If the save fails, the imbiber is affected as if by a *feblemind* spell. Enough wine is left in the amphora for 3 more cups, and it is worth approximately 12,000 gp.

- A visiting wizard recognizes Nikolas as the heir to the throne of Faerie, that mystical otherworld from where all fey creatures originate. The boy is a changeling child — he was stolen from the Faerie Queen shortly after birth by one of her ladies-in-waiting, brought to this world, and exchanged for a mortal baby. The fate the lady-in-waiting had in store for Nikolas is unknown, as she disappeared eight years earlier and was never heard from again. Now, the wizard hopes to claim a reward for finding the Faerie Prince, but Alecko desperately does not want that to happen. He loves Nikolas more than life itself; should he lose his son, he would be utterly devastated. Zofia, on the other hand, is glad for the opportunity finally to be rid of the boy. She secretly plots with the wizard to deliver Nikolas to the Queen's retinue when it arrives on midsummer night, keeping her husband in the dark about her true intentions. If she is lucky, Zofia will also claim part of the reward, which she hopes to use for building an addition to the tavern.

THE TRIEME

1 Square - 5 Feet



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