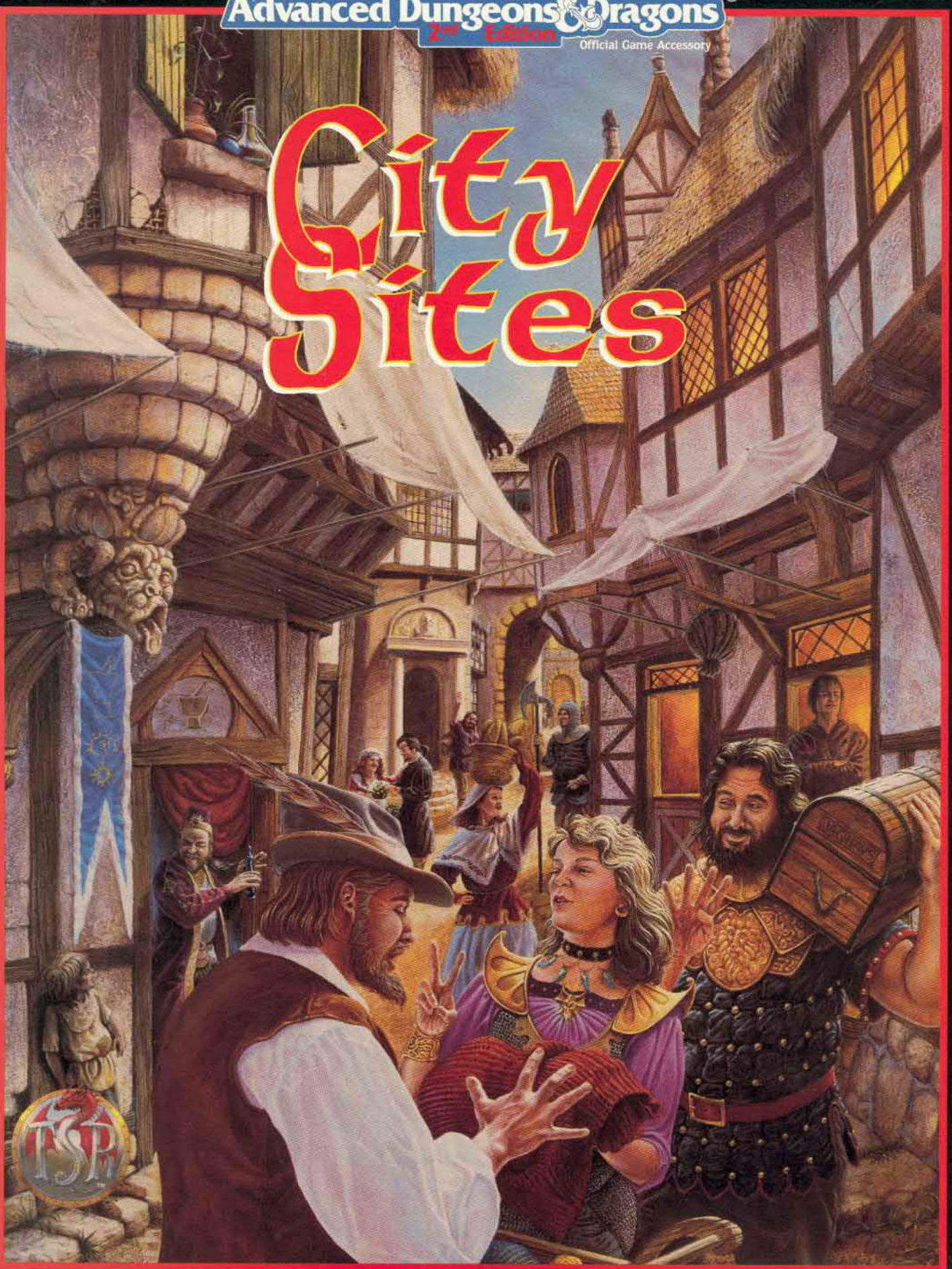


City Sites



Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®

2nd Edition Official Game Accessory

City Sites

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Credits

Design: Skip Williams
Design Assistance: Michele Carter, Zeb Cook,
 Roger E. Moore, Jon Pickens, and Doug Stewart
Editing: Sue Weinlein
Cover Art: Paul Jaquays
Cartography: Diesel
Interior Art: David O. Miller
Typesetting: Nancy J. Kerkstra
Production: Paul Hanchette

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Introduction

City Sites is the first in a series of accessories detailing places that player characters in any campaign setting frequently visit. This book describes more than a dozen public places and local businesses that a party could find in a medieval city. Each entry covers enough background for you, the Dungeon Master (DM), to bring the site to life.

How to Use *City Sites*

The opening section in a site's entry briefly describes a particular building's function and its appearance at first glance. The entry continues with a room-by-room breakdown of the site; the number of the room or area corresponds to a point on the site's map(s). Details on the most important nonplayer characters (NPCs) connected with the place appear next. Lastly, one or two short "adventure hooks" offer ideas to help you use the site in adventures you create.

Nonplayer Characters

The NPCs in this book are designed for campaigns with player characters (PCs) of least 6th level but no higher than 9th level. If your players have less powerful characters, you needn't make any special adjustments. But, be aware that most of the sites will prove dangerous places for aggressive PCs.

If most of your players have characters higher than 9th level, increase the experience levels of the major NPCs in Part I: Public Locations. As these nonplayer characters are among the most important people in the city, their levels should equal that of only your most powerful PC. The minor characters in Part II: Businesses live sedentary lives and usually mind their own business, so you needn't adjust their levels. The only exceptions are Gryphon, a wizard and horse dealer (page 55); Koslowe, vampire owner of an inn (page 62); Thaleem, purloiner of criminal information (page 74); and Schel, the local druid (page 92). Because these characters risk getting involved with a party, keep them a level

or two above the campaign's average PC experience level.

Those NPCs the player characters have little chance of dealing with have no listings in this book; consider them 0-level NPCs. (See Chapters 3 and 12 in the *DUNGEON MASTER*® *Guide*.) Brief statistics appear for NPCs a party may have some interaction with. Vital nonplayer characters have individual write-ups. This information, largely self-explanatory, does require a few clarifications:

Armor includes any normal or magical armor the character wears, including items only rarely worn (in parentheses) and shields. Protective magical items also are shown here.

Weapons lists normal or magical melee or missile weapons the character carries. (The NPC can have additional weapons if you like.) Most offensive magical items (such as wands) fall under "equipment."

Equipment mentions the magical items (except weapons and armor) and mundane items the NPC typically carries. An asterisk indicates a new magical item, described in this book. You can give NPCs additional items.

Spells/day offers the number of spells of each level the character can cast, beginning with 1st-level spells. (See the spell progression tables in Chapter 3 of the *Player's Handbook*.)

Preferred spells, those a spellcaster NPC usually memorizes, are listed by spell level, starting with those used most frequently. Often the character can memorize more spells than those listed, so you can select extras. Wizards' spellbooks contain the preferred list, plus spells you add. A caster also always has access to other spells mentioned in the entry.

The Sites in Play

Read through all the sites before using them in a game. Scan the information quickly if you must, but reading it thoroughly in advance enables you to present them as vital places where life goes on even when the PCs aren't present.

Remember that *City Sites* is intended to add

depth and color to cities in your campaign—this is not a collection of lairs where monsters lie waiting for a party to slay them and loot their treasures. For the most part, the NPCs do not act hostile, though they certainly will become defensive if the PCs exceed the bounds of civilized behavior.














































Even if you adjust the characters in this book to fit your campaign, a party determined to treat them (and their sites) like monsters and rooms in a dungeon probably will have little difficulty slaying everyone it attacks. The site descriptions do not give an exact count of monetary treasure stored at each site; you should assign amounts appropriate to your campaign. The NPCs' personal magical items should satisfy all but the most greedy players.

In no case should you allow the PCs to enjoy their ill-gotten spoils in peace. In a city, eyes and ears lurk everywhere, and guards remain on hand to maintain law and order. Someone is

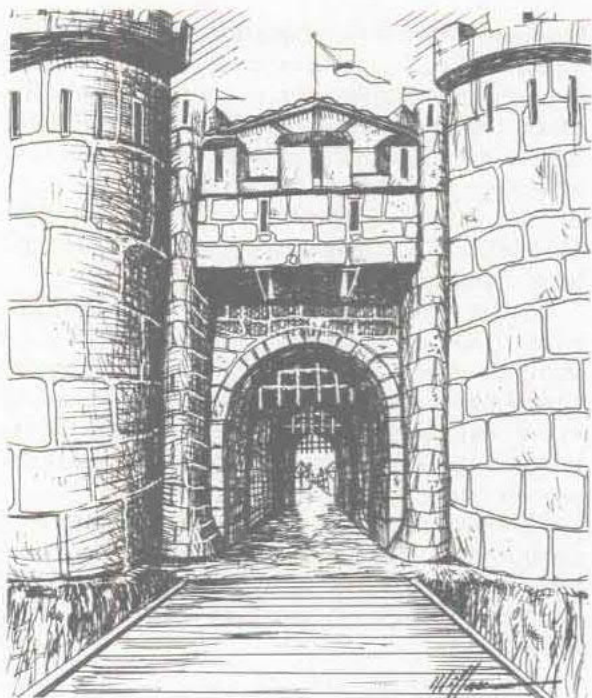
bound to notice if the characters blatantly attack an NPC. Neighbors may rush to join the fray. Others might simply raise an alarm and duck for cover. The city watch arrives 5d6 rounds after the call for help—even faster to the more important sites. (For statistics on the watch, see "Drake's Barbican," page 4, and "Civic Court," page 38. Even if the PCs manage a quiet robbery, the locals thereafter note them as suspicious strangers.

Characters who slay an important NPC become outlaws. Common folk flee when they show themselves in public, and a host of new enemies hounds them: Bounty hunters attack to kill or capture the group. Relatives and colleagues come seeking revenge. Even the slain character might return via resurrection!

This does not mean *City Sites* lacks intrigue—far from it. Conspiracies, dirty secrets, and subterfuges abound. But PCs can uncover them quicker with a glib tongue than with fireballs and naked steel.

	Altar		Flower bed/garden		Portcullis
	Anvil		Garderobe		Railing
	Ballista		Gate		Secret door
	Brazier		Graves		Settle
	Catapult		Hatch		Spiral stairs
	Chimney		Hill		Stairs
	Chute		Holy water font		Statue/golem
	Corbeled window and seat		Ladder		Straw/hay
	Covered pit		Lift		Trap door (floor)
	Curtain/tapestry		Memorial slab		Trap door (ceiling)
	Dais		Murder hole		Water
	Door		Oriel window		Weapon rack
	Double door		Partition		Well
	Fence		Path		Winch/ratchet
	Fireplace		Pillar		Window

Drake's Barbican



A grateful populace named their heavily fortified city entrance for a hero who saved them from invading giants a generation ago.

The Barbican

The barbican was built to take punishment, and it looks the part. Two squat towers—cyclopean blocks of white stone—flank a triple layer of blackened steel portcullises. A crenelated turret perches between the towers, protruding over the outer portcullis. From a distance, the stonework seems bone-white, especially on moonlit nights and sunny days.

Ground floor

To reach the first portcullis, travelers must traverse a stone ramp 100 feet long. The ramp rises 15 feet to a short wooden bridge over a dry moat. Once across, visitors pass through the gatehouse and into the city.

Normally, everyone may access the city by daylight, though they must pay a minimal gate tax: 2 cp for a person on foot, 1 sp for a mount and rider, 1 sp for a pack animal, and 1 gp for a wagon. A tax collector, two guards, and a pair of war dogs always station themselves at the bridge to keep an eye on those entering. A second pair of guards and dogs keeps watch from positions near the inner portcullis. Additional guards watch the traffic from murder holes in the gatehouse and from the battlements atop the barbican.

Beck, the tax collector, remains on the lookout for counterfeits. He closely inspects each coin he collects, striking gold pieces lightly with an iron rod to ferret out fools' gold (per the spell *fools' gold*). A strongbox hanging at his left hip holds the tax money.

The guards close the portcullises in the gatehouse at sundown and reopen them one hour after sunrise. White Tree, the guard captain, is loath to raise the portcullises to allow anyone through the gate after hours.

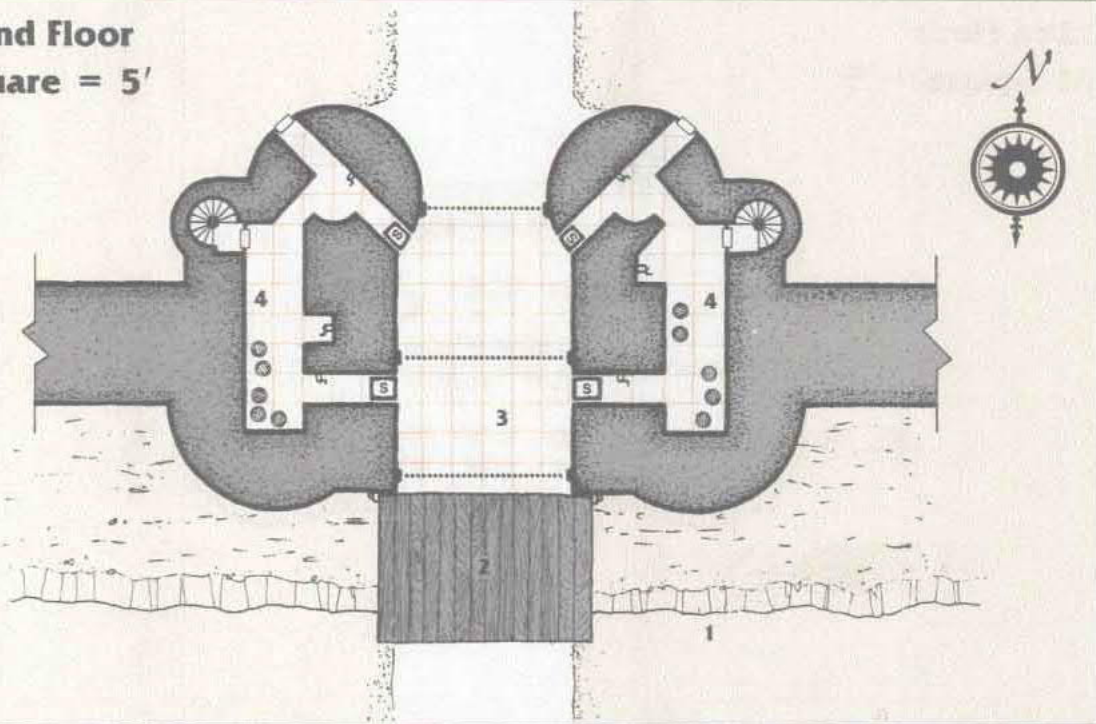
1. Moat: A simple ditch 10 feet deep, the moat fluctuates between 15 and 30 feet wide. Its soggy bottom looks choked with tall grass and scattered briar patches. In the summer, clouds of insects swarm amid the muck and foliage.

2. Bridge: The temporary but sturdy timber structure spanning the moat contains not a single nail; the whole affair is held together with pegs and mortise and tenon joints. In time of war, a team of workers can tear it down in a matter of hours. In an emergency, the garrison in the barbican can destroy the bridge in minutes by setting it aflame.

3. Gatehouse: The smooth, stone floor of the gatehouse, usually covered with sand, grows very slippery if guards sweep up the sand, then douse the floor with water. (Invaders receive a +2 initiative penalty, and attacks against them get a +2 attack roll bonus.)

Ground Floor

1 Square = 5'



4. Winch spaces: The two areas containing the winches that raise and lower the portcullises also store extra missiles and oil. It takes a combined Strength of 30 to operate a winch. A pair of guards and one dog patrol each area.

The normal doors to these spaces stay locked; only White Tree and Tarrant, the barbican's ranking wizard, have keys. The doors open from the inside easily, even when locked, so troops from the upper gatehouse can reach street level quickly if the need arises.

Secret doors provide access to the gatehouse, should the guards wish to mount a counterattack against invaders. Each of the 5-ton doors slide up and down by means of a system of counterweights. When locked, they cannot be opened from outside, and *knock* spells prove ineffective.

Second floor

The building's second floor serves as a barracks and as an important point of defense.

5. Upper gatehouse: Murder holes let defenders attack opponents in the gatehouse with pikes, crossbows, and boiling oil. (The southernmost row of murder holes extends over the bridge, allowing attacks there.)

Cauldrons positioned about the chamber each contain about 150 gallons of oil. During peacetime, guards keep them covered—and cold. Two weapon racks each hold two dozen swords, pikes, and heavy crossbows, plus a case of 20 quarrels for each crossbow.

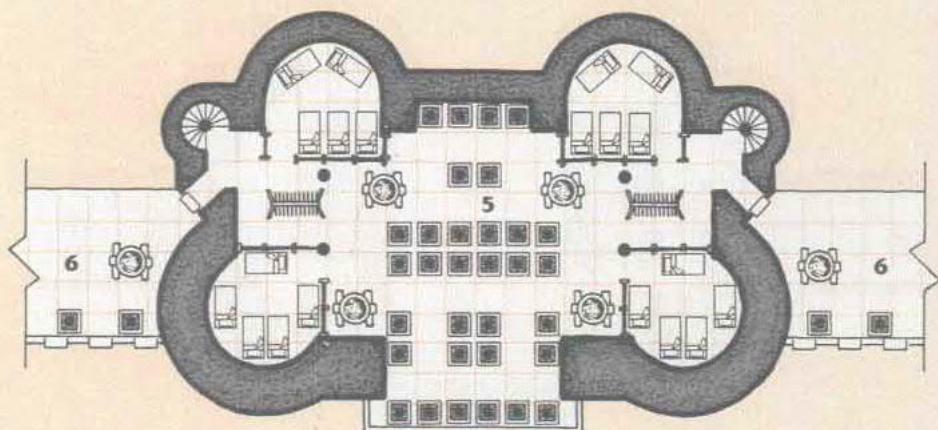
A permanent garrison of 24 warriors lives here. At least 12 pull duty at any given time, while eight more rest on their beds. The remaining four are free to roam the city. A barracks a short distance away houses additional troops; in an emergency, 24 reinforcements can arrive within a turn.

Guard (24): Int average; AL varies; AC 4; MV 9; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength and specialization bonuses as assigned by DM; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Drake's Barbican

2nd Floor

1 Square = 5'



Guard dog (6): Int animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 15; HD 2+2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SZ M (4' long); ML 10; XP nil

6. Parapets: Squads of four guards constantly patrol the parapets. These guards sleep in towers located every 100 yards along the wall.

Third Floor

Another level up, one finds living quarters for the barbican's captain and chief wizard, as well as for their staffs. The windows here are protected by a strong wire mesh, to keep out small flying creatures (possibly polymorphed).

7. White Tree's chamber: The guard captain, responsible for security at the barbican 24 hours a day, usually leaves the building only for five or six hours a day. White Tree never is gone at the same time two days in a row; dusk and dawn always find her at the barbican.

The captain's animal skin rugs have a total

value of 1,000 to 8,000 gp. A trunk in the tower room contains clothing and equipment.

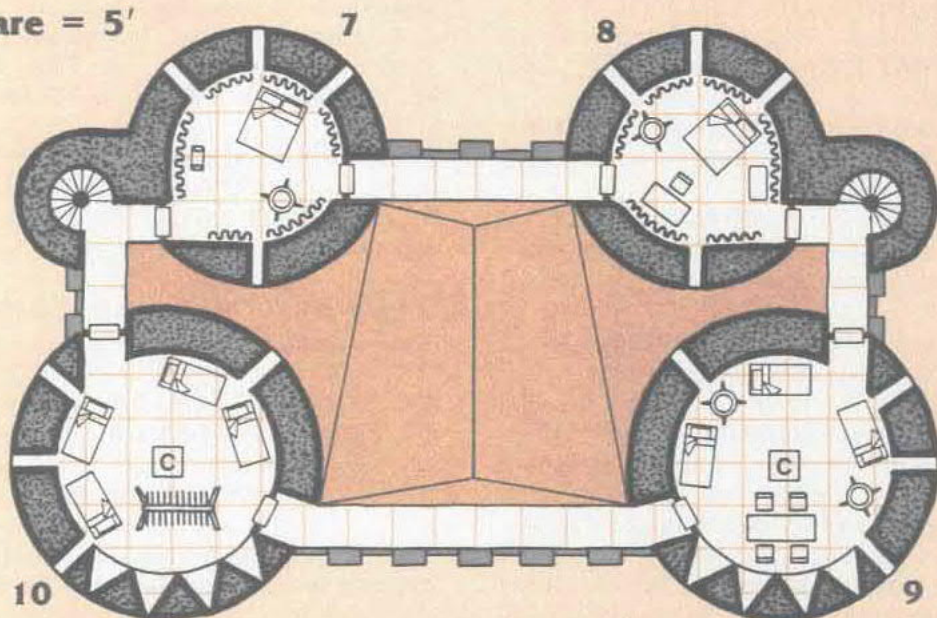
8. Tarrant's chamber: Tarrant, the barbican's chief wizard, lives in another tower. A pile of books and papers on his desk includes personnel records and reports, a journal, and a set of traveling spellbooks. The spellbooks are salted liberally with passages of illusionary script (created by the spell of the same name), which only Tarrant can read safely; the city covers the cost of maintaining the spells.

A cupboard in the room, made from solid hardwood and reinforced with iron bands, has doors secured with *wizard lock*. At nearly 800 lbs., it seems not entirely stable; a character trying to break into it must roll a saving throw vs. breath weapon, or the cupboard will fall over, inflicting 2d6 points of crushing damage.

Inside this unwieldy piece of furniture, Tarrant keeps his spellbooks (protected by *fire trap* spells), assorted clothing and equipment, and the barbican's strongbox. This locked strongbox is pro-

3rd Floor

1 Square = 5'



tected by a *sepia snake sigil*. (White Tree has the only key.) It usually contains 200 to 800 gp worth of assorted coins.

Like the captain, Tarrant always is on hand at dawn and dusk, but otherwise spends no more than eight hours a day working at the barbican. While off duty, he sleeps in his room or pursues his private affairs in the city.

Tarrant's pet cheetah surprises intruders by leaping from behind the bed to attack.

Cheetah: Int animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 15, sprint 45; HD 3; hp 18; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d2/1d2/1d8; SA -3 penalty to opponents' surprise rolls, springs 10 feet upward or 20 feet forward; SZ M (4' long) ML 8; XP 175

9. Wizards' chamber: The barbican's staff of four wizards is housed in a separate tower room. This eclectic quartet includes down-on-their-luck adventurers, destitute travelers, and social climbers who serve a tour of duty that lasts six months to a year. At least one wizard is

always on duty in the upper gatehouse (area 5), with a second in reserve in this room.

Ugo, a 5th-level wizard: S 8, I 16, D 15, W 15, Co 9, Ch 11; AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; HD 5; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 (dagger); SA spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Ring of protection +1*, *potion of flying*, *oil of slipperiness*

Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (x2), *sleep* (x2); 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect invisibility*; 3rd level—*hold person*

The sad-eyed young human Ugo has seen much hardship recently. He took the barbican job after a disastrous adventure killed nearly all his companions, and he hopes to use his duty year to recover his nerve and repair his finances. He feels very interested in learning all he can from Tarrant and the other wizards.

Drake's Barbican

Peirre, a 7th-level wizard: S 9, I 17, D 13, W 16, Co 10, Ch 10; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 7; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Bracers of defense* (AC 7), *pearl of power* (allows user to recall a 2nd-level spell), *potion of gaseous form*

Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep* (×2); 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect invisibility*, *mirror image*; 3rd level—*hold person*, *slow*; 4th level—*ice storm*

Arriving in the city several months ago after a long wilderness trip, this young human wizard out for a night on the town found himself faced by a gang of thieves (actually wererats). Only Peirre's spells and the timely intervention of the watch saved him. The wererats still managed to steal his money and his better magical items. Peirre enjoys his service (his six-month term is nearly over), especially telling Tarrant of his comrades' misdeeds. He also has used his position to seek signs of his attackers or his magical items.

Takin, a 6th/6th-level wizard/thief: S 10, I 15, D 18, W 12, Co 9, Ch 11; AL N; AC 5; MV 12; HD 6; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA spells, thief abilities; SD 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Ring of protection +1*, *wand of secret door and trap location* (17 charges)

Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep* (×2); 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect invisibility*; 3rd level—*hold person*, *suggestion*

Takin is a cutthroat elf who tried one robbery too many. Only some fast talking saved him from the headsman's axe. After an alignment change, he performed several labors under supervision. Now, after five years of various forms of incarceration, he must serve only his year in the barbican before going free.

Peirre thinks Takin is shifty and bears watching; consequently, the two do not get along. Once the other leaves, Takin intends to make his stay in the barbican more profitable. (Watchful Peirre

makes most schemes risky.)

As a 6th-level thief, Takin has the following abilities: PP 80%; OL 50%; FT 40%; MS 55%; HS 55%; DN 35%; CW 75%; BS ×3 damage.

Arun, a 7th-level wizard: S 9; I 18; D 15; W 13; Co 10; Ch 12; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 7; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SA spells; SD 90% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Ring of protection +2*, *cloak of protection +1*, *wand of frost* (31 charges)

Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep* (×2), *detect magic*; 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect invisibility* (×2), *ray of enfeeblement*; 3rd level—*hold person*, *suggestion*, *clairaudience*; 4th level—*minor globe of invulnerability*, *detect scrying*

Arun, a human diviner, has come from a rival city as a spy. He told Tarrant a hard-luck story about surviving a caravan raid and volunteered for a one-year term in the barbican. He hopes to use his service time to improve his image as a loyal citizen and to establish contacts for more information gathering. After his term is up, he plans to establish a business (with gold provided by a rich uncle) and become a long-term mole.

10. Sergeants' chamber: Four of the sergeants who assist White Tree in running the barbican have their quarters in the fourth tower; a fifth lives in a barracks nearby. All are career guards. Two sergeants remain on duty at any given time: one in the upper gatehouse (area 5) and the other in the turrets (area 11).

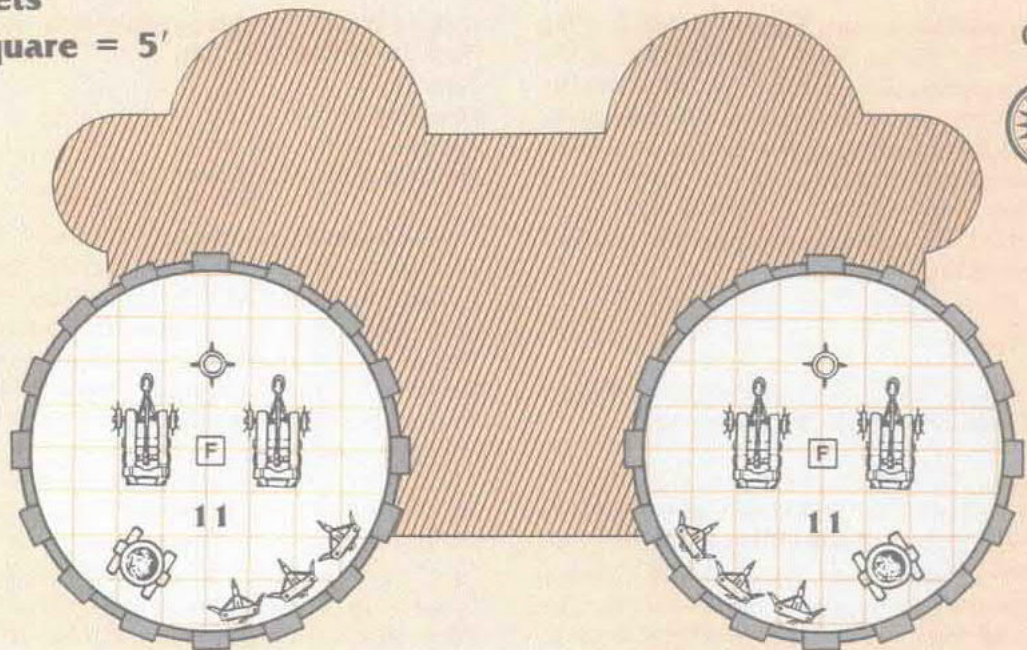
Herold, a 7th-level fighter: S 18/27, I 15, D 15, W 12, Co 15, Ch 13; AL LG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 7; hp 51; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Plate mail +1*, *long sword +2* (detects invisibility in a 10' radius), *ring of telekinesis*

Weapons/equipment: Long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, two daggers, shield

Turrets

1 Square = 5'



An aging ex-mercenary, Herold is looking forward to retirement. He'd love to perform a heroic deed in defense of the city and receive a promotion before he becomes a civilian.

Valrye, a 7th-level fighter: S 18/42, I 9, D 16, W 11, Co 16, Ch 14; AL NG; AC -1; MV 12; HD 7; hp 49; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Banded mail +1, shield +1, long sword +2, two javelins of lightning*

Weapons/equipment: two daggers, two javelins

Valrye, an eager young adventurer, hopes to start her own mercenary company some day. She took the job at Drake's Barbican to get a feel for military life. Working with Herold is an unexpected bonus; Valrye never tires of hearing his tales of mercenary life.

Kellby, a 7th-level fighter: S 18/35, I 9, D 15, W 10, Co 16, Ch 11; AL NG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 7;

hp 50; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Shield +2, long sword +3*

Weapons/equipment: two daggers, heavy crossbow, 20 quarrels, banded mail

A 20-year veteran of the watch, Kellby began as a messenger when he was only six years old, and just recently was promoted from the ranks. He'd never dreamed of becoming a sergeant. He spends his days blankly going through all the motions his new duties require. It probably will take some kind of emergency to shock him out of his daze.

Inge, an 8th-level fighter: S 18/61, I 13, D 12, W 9, Co 15, Ch 13; AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; HD 8; hp 56; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Banded mail +1, long sword +2*

Weapons/equipment: two daggers, two throwing axes, shield

Drake's Barbican

Inge is a barbarian lass, born to the sword. She came to the city with White Tree and landed the job at the barbican when White became captain. She is growing bored with guard duty and plans to take up adventuring again. When she leaves, she hopes to take Valrye with her. A few good adventures, Inge reasons, will prove more valuable to the future mercenary than all Herold's stories combined.

Upper Level

Two guards, along with one sergeant, keep a constant lookout from the barbican's towers.

11. Turrets: Though the fortress's siege equipment, three ballistae, and two heavy catapults usually stand idle, 36 catapult missiles and 48 ballista bolts remain always close at hand. Defending artillerymen and archers can pack into the turrets, equipped with extra ammunition (including flaming missiles for the catapults).

White Tree

A 9th-level female human fighter

Alignment:	Lawful good
Move:	12
AC:	-1
THAC0:	12
Hit points:	80
Strength: 18/91	Intelligence: 10
Dexterity: 10	Wisdom: 9
Constitution: 17	Charisma: 15

Proficiencies: Bastard sword, battle axe (specialist), club, dagger, javelin, spear; blind-fighting; swimming (18); etiquette, gaming (15); riding—land-based: horse (12); heraldry (10)

Languages: Common

Armor: Field plate armor +1, shield +1, helmet

Weapons: Bastard sword +2, battle axe +2, three javelins of piercing, two daggers

Equipment: Net of entrapment, fur cloak, two

pairs of handcuffs, three vials of holy water, spy-glass, ivory horn, key ring

Age: 31

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 141 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Blond/brown

The barbarian adventurer White Tree has settled down to enjoy city life. Although big boned and broad shouldered, she otherwise remains fairly trim. Her large, finely tuned muscles give her a magnificent physique. However, a broken nose and some badly chipped front teeth (mementos from an early battle) spoil her otherwise good looks.

On duty, White wears her field plate armor, but has an attendant (usually a junior guard member) carry her helmet. She craves recognition, and going without a helmet allows the townsfolk to see her face and remember her. When trouble arises, she dons the helmet quickly. While armored, she arranges her hair in a large topknot, decorated with feathers or strips of fur. Weather permitting, she wears a luxurious dire wolf cloak. Off duty, she dresses in her native leathers and furs along with silver jewelry worth about 2,500 gp. She still adorns her hair with feathers, but lets her tresses flow free.

An avid player of mur-zada (a local game similar to squash), White spends a great deal of free time at the mur-zada courts near the courthouse. Although not a particularly agile player, she has a powerful swing, a warrior's aim, and a fiercely competitive spirit. A fearsome opponent, she loves to win and plays each match as though it were mortal combat.

White takes great pride in the fact that she is the youngest person ever to command the garrison and does not mind boasting about it. She readily assumes all the authority and prestige she can get. Local rumors and gossip always catch her ear, as she continually collects leads that might allow her to solve a crime or perform a heroic deed on the city's behalf. She also frequently volunteers herself and her subordinates to perform difficult or dangerous tasks. White would dearly love to see the

main gate renamed White Tree's Barbican in her honor after she retires.

Due to her illiteracy, White has Tarrant transcribe all her orders and messages. Ever conscious of her image, she is given to flowery language in her missives and careful attention to rules of etiquette. Tarrant reads back everything she dictates and makes corrections. When the occasional error creeps in, White chides the wizard for his inattention to detail.

Tarrant

A 10th-level male human mage

Alignment:	Neutral good	
Move:	12	
AC:	8	
THAC0:	17	
Hit points:	45	
Strength:	10	Intelligence: 18
Dexterity:	11	Wisdom: 16
Constitution:	16	Charisma: 15

Proficiencies: Dagger, staff; read/write common, read/write dwarvish (19); ancient history of Drake's Barbican and environs (17); riding—land-based: horse, spellcraft (16); etiquette, weather sense (15)

Languages: Common, dwarvish, elvish, hill giant

Armor: *Cloak of displacement*

Weapons: *Rod of smiting* (13 charges), *dagger +1*, dagger

Equipment: *Pearl of power* (allows user to recall a 2nd-level spell), *pearl of power* (allows user to recall a 3rd-level spell), *wand of magic missiles* (55 charges), *wand of negation* (14 charges), *wand of enemy detection* (25 charges), a scroll with four spells (*Tenser's floating disk*, *slow*, *detect scrying*, and *teleport*), 12 caltrops (in leather bag), two pairs of handcuffs, lump of beeswax, key ring

Age: 36

Height: 5' 9"

Weight: 119 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Brown/green

Spells/day: 4 4 3 2 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*magic missile*, *charm person*, *grease*, *sleep*; 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect evil*, *detect invisibility*, *ESP*; 3rd level—*hold person*, *dispel magic*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*Rary's mnemonic enhancer*, *fire shield*; 5th level—*cloudkill*, *telekinesis*

Tarrant, a skinny man with a scholar's pale complexion, has shoulder-length hair that he keeps clean, but shaggy. He wears several layers of long tunics, in the academic style, topped off with a round hat and his *cloak of displacement*. When on duty, he acts in a slow, deliberate manner, which leads many people to mistake him for a much younger man who is just a little lazy. He adopts this mild facade to put the people he meets at ease—and because the apparent laziness frustrates White.

Although happy to have a steady job with the city watch, Tarrant considers White a martinet when it comes to drilling the troops and enforcing the letter of the law. The mage's view of White is somewhat unfair, but not altogether inaccurate. Unlike the captain, Tarrant cares more about being useful than in enforcing the law. In keeping with his desire to assist where possible, he readily agreed to write White's correspondence and orders. Recently, however, he has begun to feel that White treats him as her personal scribe instead of as a helpful peer; the mage is getting ready to suggest that she hire a scribe of her own.

The power structure at Drake's Barbican is ambiguous; while White remains the senior commander, Tarrant oversees the guard's cadre of wizards and has final authority on all things magical. While it would never do for Tarrant to oppose White openly, the mage justifiably resents being treated as the captain's subordinate. He continues to seek a tactful way to extricate himself from the situation.

Despite his resentment, Tarrant is not White's enemy. The two work together well, and some of White's passion for *mur-zada* has rubbed off on Tarrant. The two play occasionally, both against each other and as a pair. Tarrant lacks White's verve and power, but generally plays smarter. His

Drake's Barbican

cerebral approach to the game has not yet brought him a victory, but he's improving. As partners, White usually pounces on the ball before the wizard can get to it, so he prudently lets her play aggressively while he provides backup.

Tarrant often visits his friend Eolas (page 26) to argue the merits of law and chaos.

Beck

A 5th-level male half-elf thief

Alignment:	Lawful neutral		
Move:	12		
AC:	6		
THAC0:	20		
Hit points:	17		
Strength:	12	Intelligence:	12
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom:	13
Constitution:	10	Charisma:	10

Proficiencies: Dagger, short sword, sling; blind-fighting; forgery (15); read/write common (13)

Languages: Common, elvish, thieves' cant

Armor: Leather

Weapons: Short sword, two daggers, sling, 10 bullets

Equipment: Pair of heavy leather gloves, knife, iron rod for detecting fools' gold

Age: 55

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 114 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Silver/green

Thief skills: PP 40%; HS 70%; OL 15%; DN 45%; FT 5%; CW 60%; MS 70%; RL 15%; +4 attack bonus; BS x3 damage

Beck, cousin to Earl Marshal Prakis (page 45), bears the family's characteristic long, angular features. He also shares his cousin's deadpan expression and erect posture. He wears black leather armor, which he always keeps clean and shiny, and a maroon tabard. The local farmers have nicknamed him "Foxy"—a reference to his

sharp nose, pointed ears, and other vulpine features, and also to his sly manners and his predatory desire to make visitors to the city part with their coin.

The blackened steel strongbox Beck carries has a built-in lock, a coin slot at the top, and a long leather strap. The box hangs at Beck's left hip, its strap slung over his right shoulder. Its enchantment with *Nystal's magic aura* and *Leomund's trap* makes the box easily detectable with *locate object* spells. When the box holds its limit of 100 coins, White Tree transfers the contents to the strongbox in Tarrant's chamber. (Beck is not too fond of the fact that his superiors do not allow *him* to have a key!)

Adventure Hook

- A character fitting a PC's description was seen near a lonely crossroads where someone had ambushed and killed a ducal messenger. The one at the scene was really Arun, using a *change self* spell. (He had seen the PC once and now "puts on" this face when out spying.) Not only does White Tree suspect the PC of murder but also of aiding a greater spy ring, and dogs the character to make her arrest.

A public fountain known as Dawnsinger supplies water to most of this residential portion of the city. It also serves as a pleasant spot to rest awhile in hot weather. Peddlers and minstrels often gather in this lively place.

The fountain takes its name from the 10-foot-long bronze statue of a leaping whale in its center. When the sun's rays strike the whale each morning, the statue hums musically for about a half hour. This nonmagical effect comes from a heat-sensitive mechanism inside the whale's forehead. The statue chimes in the evening, too, as it cools, but the effect seems less eerie than the morning song.

According to local lore, Dawnsinger has been known to hum a few popular tunes and make cogent observations about passersby. This legend has led some to speculate that a ghost or elemental spirit inhabits the statue. In fact, several playful wizards have created the effects with *ventriloquism* and *magic mouth* spells. Pranks of this kind earn perpetrators a day in the stocks, but resourceful spellcasters usually evade capture. Wynne, a local wizard, is the muse behind most of Dawnsinger's recent performances.

The Fountain

Newcomers to the city find Dawnsinger quite unusual. Four jets of water spray from the whale's blowhole and cascade into the fountain's central basin. On blustery days a cloud of fine mist streams from the statue, soaking everything downwind for many yards.

Dawnsinger's jets are mostly for show, though. People draw water from four small fonts set into the central basin. Small statues of nixies in flowing robes stand over the fonts, pouring water from stone pitchers. Unused water drains from the fonts into the basin.

Anyone may draw water from the fountain. Local law forbids bathing in it or throwing anything into it.



Wynne

A 7th-level female human enchanter

Alignment:	Chaotic good
Move:	12
AC:	3
THAC0:	18
Hit points:	16

Strength:	9	Intelligence:	14
Dexterity:	18	Wisdom:	11
Constitution:	14	Charisma:	16

Proficiencies: Dagger, staff; dancing, tumbling (18); singing (16); read/write common, read/write elvish (15)

Languages: Common, elvish, dwarvish, orcish

Armor: *Bracers of defense* (AC 8), *ring of protection +1*

Weapons: *Dagger +1*, two daggers, staff

Equipment: *Ring of wizardry* (doubles 1st-level spells), *cloak of arachnida*, silver flask of fine wine, writing kit (contains blank scrolls, ink, and pens)

Age: 32

Dawnsinger

Height: 5' 7"

Weight: 146 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

Spells/day: 4 3 2 1 (plus one extra enchantment/charm spell per spell level)

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cantrip, charm person, sleep, unseen servant, ventriloquism*; 2nd level—*forget, scare, magic mouth, invisibility*; 3rd level—*hold person, suggestion, slow*; 4th level—*confusion, polymorph self*

A plump, but attractive woman, Wynne possesses a dusky complexion, sparkling eyes, and a pleasant smile.

When not bedeviling people with magical pranks, Wynne strolls about, chatting with anyone she meets. She occasionally stops to sing on street corners and happily collects donations from the audience, though, as a successful adventurer, she does not really need the money. Her excellent singing and her prosperity lead many locals to believe she is a bard of some repute.

Adventure Hook

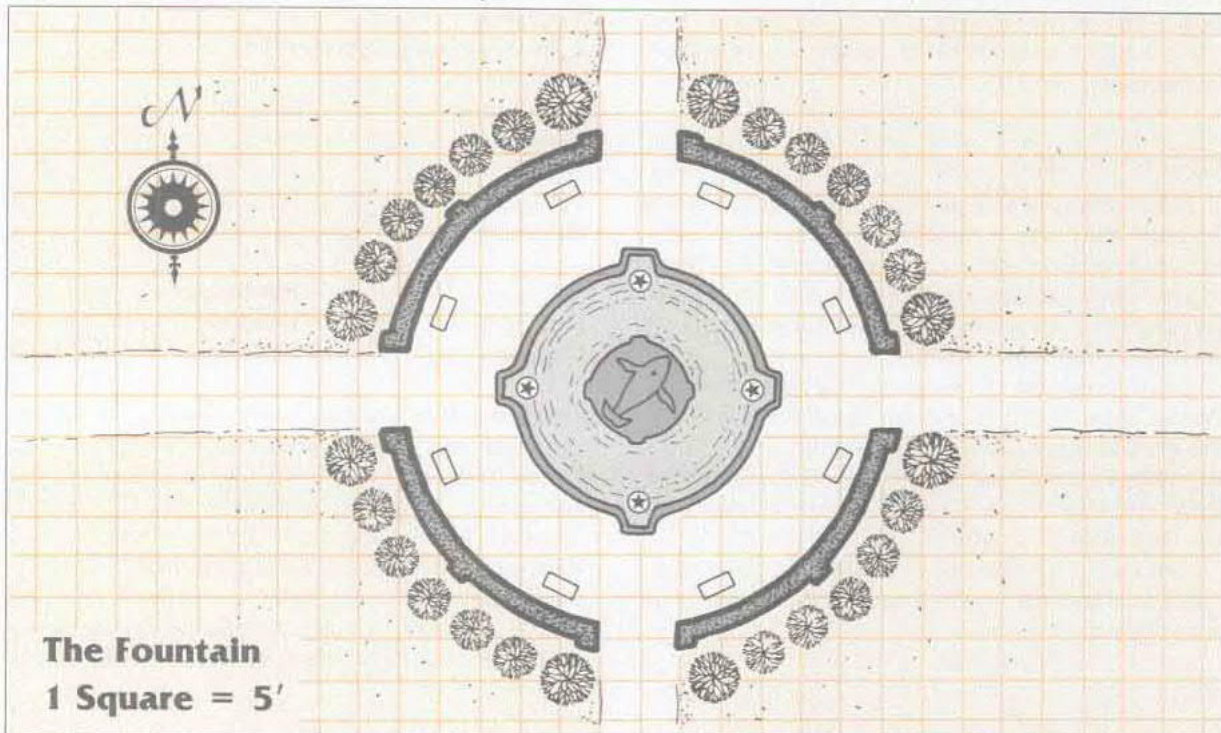
- When a rogue player character approaches the fountain, Dawnsinger says:

*Beneath the waves where I leap,
a golden treasure is yours to keep*

If the PC ignores the rhyme, nothing happens.

Searching the basin reveals a brooch worth 2,500 gp. Unfortunately, a daring thief stole the brooch from *The Three Golden Rings* (page 85) a week ago and tossed into the fountain to avoid being caught with it. The thief hired Wynne to cast a *magic mouth* spell on the statue in hopes of enticing some fellow rogue to retrieve it. The thief hopes to get the brooch back via a pickpocket attempt.

In any case, the PC is in for a rough ride. He or she could face a fine or arrest just for wading in the fountain; more severe penalties await anyone actually caught with the stolen brooch.



The civic temple is dedicated to the city's patron deity. (As the DM, you may choose one appropriate to the campaign; deities of wisdom, commerce, defensive warfare, or good fortune fit this site the best.) Not only is the temple a place of worship, it also serves as a busy marketplace, public forum, and bank.

The Temple

The temple is clearly one of the most beautiful structures in the city. A frieze of varicolored marble inlays circles the building, and similar inlays decorate all the entrances. Its walls are made of straw-colored limestone.

An open courtyard at the north end of the temple houses its main entrance. Here, a colonnade with a green tile roof shelters visitors and merchants from the elements, and an elegant fountain bubbles merrily away.

An open-air balcony overlooks the courtyard's south end; twin spires soar above the balcony, ending in pyramidal roofs clad in green tile to match the colonnade roof.

A series of regal domes rises behind the spires, forming the roof of the main building. The domes are clad in ceramic panels that bear an intricate geometric pattern over an azure background—a hue that makes them shimmer like huge jewels in bright sunlight. Even in dreary weather, the gleaming domes give the impression of a calm summer sky.

The entire temple constitutes sanctified ground. Within, good priests and paladins turn undead as if they were two levels higher than their actual level. In addition, undead and evil extra-planar creatures cannot enter areas 7, 8, 22, 23, and 24. Necromantic magic that animates undead proves ineffective in these areas.

Ground Floor

The courtyard never closes, though it usually empties soon after sundown. The temple itself opens its doors to the public about three hours after sunrise each day. Generally, visitors are not



admitted after sunset, but people in need of medical care or other clerical aid can receive help at any hour.

Banking services such as moneychanging, letters of credit, and safe deposit are available from noon to late afternoon four days a week, but only to trusted locals. The temple also sells holy water and lawful good holy symbols.

The faithful may worship freely in the temple whenever it is open. Group prayer sessions take place every evening, but the priests hold formal services only on holy days and other special occasions.

1. Courtyard: One can easily understand why the temple's yard is so popular with the locals. The pavement of rectangular blocks of polished, ginger-colored stone bears thin, wavy bands that give it the look of a hardwood floor. The central fountain sends up goblet-shaped flumes of clear water, which drop into the marble basin in a continuous musical splash. With the spires and domes as a backdrop, the courtyard is a delightful place.

Civic Temple

Every day people gather here to exchange greetings and gossip. Merchants, both locals and new arrivals from distant lands, compare notes and haggle over prices. Everyone seems eager to hear the latest news and to argue about what it all means. Priests from the temple circulate among the crowd, making small talk with the faithful and paying close attention to what folks say. The priests aren't the only eavesdroppers; a hundred ears note every conversation, and a hundred eyes watch every speaker. Adventurers, smugglers, and thieves conduct their conferences elsewhere.

Twice a day, the priests distribute bread and cheese to all who care to partake of it. Diners can wash down this simple fare with water from the fountain or wine from one of the vendors in the arcade. People who do not require charity either refuse the food, or accept it and contribute generously to the temple. Sweetmeats and fresh fruit also are for sale. The priests find work and lodging, however humble, for every needy person who comes to their door. However, professional beggars avoid the courtyard; for all their generosity, the priests do not coddle the city's vagrants.

2. Entry hall: The floor and walls in the temple's entry, made of black marble, bear vibrant mosaics of people, giants, and dragons locked in an epic struggle. The monsters' eyes and the people's weapons glow magically. As one approaches the door to the prayer hall (area 4), the people in the mosaics seem to be gaining the upper hand over the giants.

No windows open into the hall, and the whole area is only dimly lit, even during the day. What light does exist comes from the glowing mosaics and the open doors leading into the courtyard.

3. Cells: The eight curates, warrior priests who care for the temple, live in tiny chambers to either side of the entry hall. The large glass windows (enchanted with *glassteel*) give the priests an excellent view of the courtyard. At any time,

two priests patrol the courtyard (mingling with locals and keeping an eye out for trouble), at least two more occupy themselves at sundry tasks within the temple, and at least two are resting in their cells.

Erek, a 3rd/5th-level fighter/cleric: S 18/13, I 10, D 15, W 17, Co 15, Ch 11; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD 5; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA spells, Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Potion of healing*, long sword +1

Spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds* (×2), *command* (×2), *detect magic*; 2nd level—*aid* (×2), *hold person*, *silence*, 15' radius, *withdraw*; 3rd level—*dispel magic*, *protection from fire*

Weapons/equipment: long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, dagger, shield

Erek is an orphan whom the temple rescued from the streets. In his youth, he wished to become a paladin, just like Eolas (page 26). When he discovered he lacked the leadership ability required to follow his dream, he became a mercenary, but has since retired from the martial life to become a priest. He still thinks of himself as a holy warrior.

Tessa, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 16, I 10, D 12, W 18, Co 16, Ch 10; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonus, long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

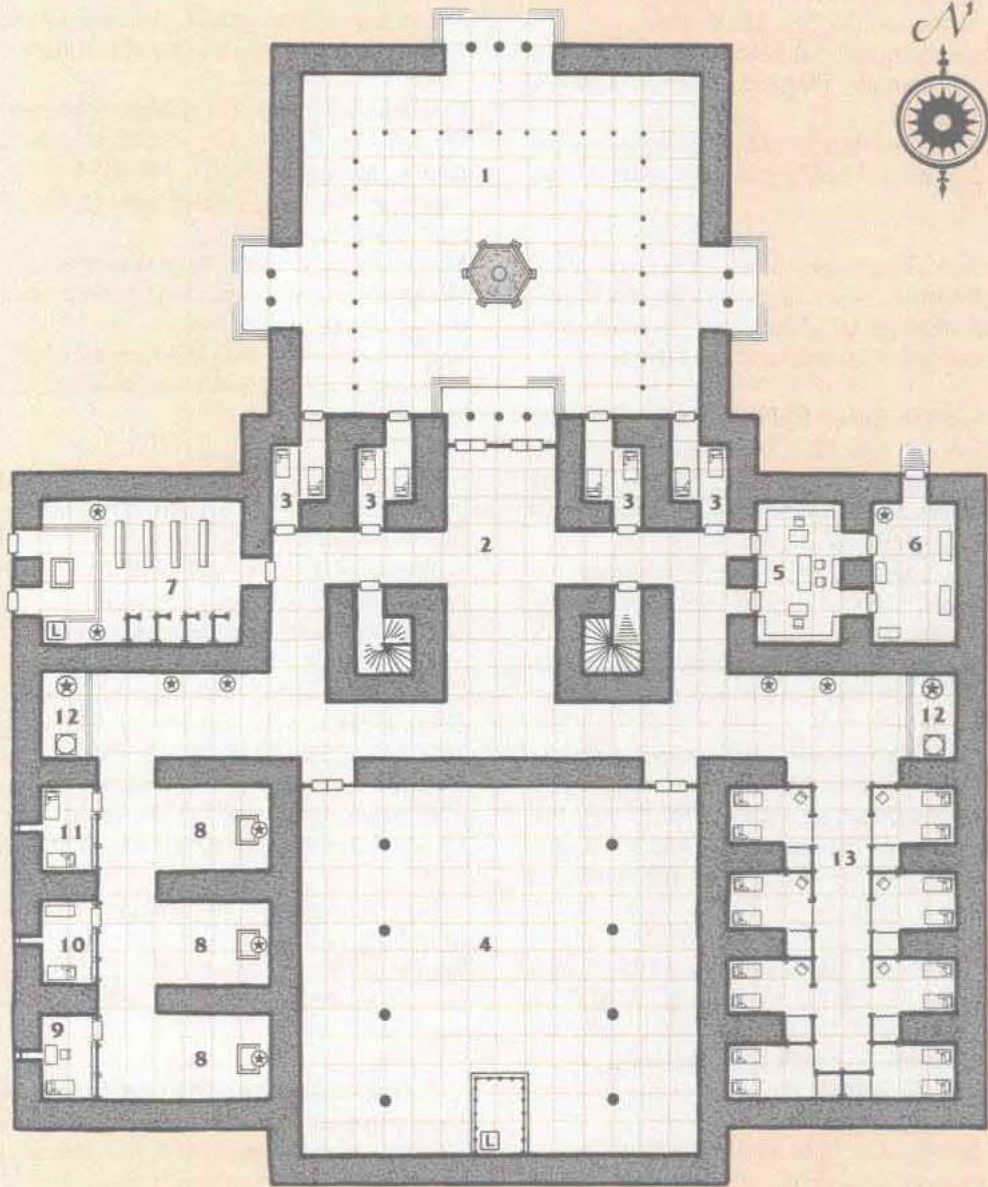
Magical items: *Shield +1*, *potion of growth*

Weapons/equipment: long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, dagger, long sword

Spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds* (×2), *command* (×2), *combine*; 2nd level—*hold person*, *detect charm*, *slow poison* (×2)

Tessa, an ambitious and self-confident priestess, hopes to replace Oreille (the temple's ranking spellcaster) someday. She deferred her clerical career to become a temple guard so she could develop a better understanding of the people she eventually will command.

Ground Floor
1 Square = 5'



Alasdair, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 17, I 14, D 16, W 17, Co 12, Ch 11; AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; HD 4; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Long bow +1, potion of invulnerability*
Weapons/equipment: Dagger, 20 sheaf arrows, long sword, shield

Spells: 1st level—*command* (×2), *cure light wounds* (×2), *bless*; 2nd level—*hold person, aid, slow poison, augury*

A vigorous older man, Alasdair has traveled widely and fought wars in many foreign lands. He has had enough of bloodshed, though, and plans to end his days serving at the temple.

Mavra, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 18/87, I 11, D 15, W 17, Co 12, Ch 12; AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; HD 4; hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Shield +1, potion of fire resistance*
Weapons/equipment: Dagger, 20 sheaf arrows, long sword, long bow

Spells: 1st level—*command* (×2), *cure light wounds* (×3); 2nd level—*aid, hold person* (×2), *slow poison*

After losing her husband and growing family to raiders, Mavra decided to join the temple. This young woman seldom speaks except to cast her spells, and many of the locals think she is mute. She has a soft spot for children, but becomes a real dervish in a fight.

Rabi, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 18/15, I 11, D 14, W 17, Co 16, Ch 11; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD 4; hp 37; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA spells, Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Shield, long sword +1*
Spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds* (×2), *command* (×2), *detect magic*; 2nd level—*aid* (×2), *hold person, silence, 15' radius*

Weapons/equipment: Long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, dagger

A dark-skinned foreigner, Rabi is well known for his impressive height (6' 5") and brilliant smile. Local rumor calls him an outcast prince who has taken refuge in the temple. If asked about his life before joining the temple, Rabi just smiles and says he had no life before joining the temple.

Cymbre, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 15, I 12, D 14, W 18, Co 10, Ch 11; AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; HD 4; hp 26; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Shield +1, potion of speed*
Weapons/equipment: Long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, dagger, long sword

Spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds* (×2), *command* (×2), *combine*; 2nd level—*hold person, detect charm, slow poison* (×2)

Cymbre is an energetic young woman who plans to become an adventuring cleric someday. She decided to enter service at the temple as a fighter to pick up warrior skills and get a head start on her clerical training. Cymbre feels intrigued by adventurers and loves to hear tales of their exploits.

Conn, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 17, I 14, D 16, W 18, Co 12, Ch 14; AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; HD 4; hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Long sword +1, potion of invulnerability*
Weapons/equipment: Dagger, 20 sheaf arrows, long bow, shield

Spells: 1st level—*command* (×2), *cure light wounds* (×2), *bless*; 2nd level—*hold person, aid, slow poison, augury*

Conn's affable nature makes this young man very popular with the locals. When making his rounds in the courtyard, he cheerfully greets everyone. Upon hearing a useful bit of news, he makes sure to pass it on to everyone who "needs to know." This habit has given him a bit of a reputation as a gossip.

Lian, a 3rd/4th-level fighter/cleric: S 18/61, I 11, D 16, W 17, Co 12, Ch 12; AL LG; AC 1; MV 12; HD 4; hp 23; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Shield +1, potion of heroism*
Weapons/equipment: Dagger, 20 sheaf arrows, long sword, long bow
Spells: 1st level—*command* (×2), *cure light wounds* (×3); 2nd level—*aid, hold person* (×2), *slow poison*

Despite her diminutive size (5' 1"), this young woman is nonetheless strong as a steel rod. Lian, the daughter of a prominent local woman, has olive skin and almond eyes that suggest a more mysterious origin. She became a ward of the temple at age 3 and has not yet decided what to do with her life.

4. Prayer hall: The domed ceiling in the lofty prayer hall rises to nearly 100 feet in the center. The dome features a round window, or oculus, almost 30 feet wide at its peak, and many smaller windows to flood the room with sunlight on clear days. *Continual light* spells cast along the dome's lower edges keep the hall bright all the time.

The dais at the hall's south end stands 5 feet high, with a railing 4 feet above that. It is possible to climb onto or off the dais, but one cannot look dignified while doing so. The priests mount the platform via a small lift at the rear of the dais, which raises them from the crypt below. To viewers in the hall, the priests seem to appear out of thin air.

Group prayer takes place in this room nightly. It also is used for public meetings and debates. In bad weather, merchants from the courtyard conduct their business here, but they must leave before prayer begins.

5. Study: This area off the hall is sheathed in lead and brass to prevent all forms of scrying; areas 6 to 14 and 19 to 23 contain similar protection. The study has a carpeted floor and walls lined with bookshelves. Skylights provide sunlight, and each of the three tables here bears a shaded lamp with a *continual light* spell cast inside it; with the

shades lowered, no light escapes.

The priests use this room for devotional reading, study, and instruction. Visitors who wish to purchase holy water, holy symbols, or to have a spell cast for them are directed here to meet with a curate—or with one of the senior priests, for particularly difficult spells.

Merridi, the temple provost, runs the temple's banking services from this room. When handling money, Merridi allows no one in the study except her customer and two curates. She never does business with anyone she does not know.

Most of the city's guilds keep some or all of their funds in the temple vault. The money does not earn interest, but it remains secure; large depositors also can store important records and other valuables in the vault free of charge. Any depositor can receive a letter of credit—a document that certifies how much money the person has stored at the temple. With this record, one can travel to a similar temple in another city and withdraw money up to the amount indicated. It is widely believed that a divine curse will fall upon anyone who forges such a letter. In any event, each document bears the temple seal and a short, coded message. These measures make forgeries easier to detect. (All detection attempts receive a +2 bonus, +5 for priests or paladins of Merridi's faith.)

6. Sacristy: In the sacristy, priests hang their vestments and store the sacred vessels used in the temple. The very sturdy outer door is fitted with an excellent lock (a -20 penalty to open locks attempts). The cupboards and wardrobes also stay locked. High Priestess Oreille, Merridi, and Eolas have the only keys.

The statue in the northwest corner actually is a stone golem, so finely sculpted as to make it indistinguishable from a normal statue. The golem attacks anyone who breaks into the room or into the cupboards and wardrobes.

Stone golem: Int non; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA special; SD special; SZ L; ML 20; XP nil

Civic Temple

7. Chapel: Almost all of the temple's formal ceremonies are held in the area west of the entry hall. Services for holy days take place in the prayer hall (area 4), where more people can see them. Funeral rites are conducted in the mortuary chapel (area 23).

The chapel's foot-high dais is flanked by statues depicting the city's patron deity; the northern statue represents the deity in a knight's armor, indicating the god's role in protecting the city from harm. The southern statue shows the deity dressed as a merchant, indicating this god's role in promoting the city's welfare. A lift just south of the dais, similar to the one in the prayer hall, allows the priests to begin each service with a seemingly miraculous entrance.

The 4-foot altar consists of a simple marble slab atop a black granite base.

8. Side chapels: Three areas west of the prayer hall feature granite and marble altars similar to the one in the chapel above (area 7). A statue of the city's patron deity stands in an alcove behind each altar. Skylights and *continual light* spells in the alcoves provide illumination.

The northernmost statue shows the deity dressed in academic robes and holding a slate; it represents diplomacy, learning, and forethought. The statue in the central chapel depicts this god working a loom; it stands for craftsmanship, industry, and perseverance. The third statue holds a shield and upraised spear, calling to mind strength, solidarity, and loyalty. Worshipers who wish to make public obeisance to the deity or to ask for help with their endeavors come to the side chapel most appropriate to their needs.

Each altar holds a tray and a box for offerings. The curates collect them about every half hour. A *glyph of warding* paralyzes anyone, other than a resident priest or paladin, who removes an offering from an altar.

The priests also use these chapels when casting important spells. Player characters who pay for a spellcasting probably will be brought to one of these chapels to receive it.

9. Eolas's room: Anyone inside the temple's southwesternmost chamber can view goings-on in the chapel across the hall by drawing back a curtain and peering through the wooden grille in the east wall. (The east wall in areas 10 and 11 has the same function.) The side chapels' lighting makes it difficult for others there to see into the rooms.

Eolas, the temple's resident paladin and wizard, lives here. He keeps two suits of armor, mounted upright, to remind him of his days as a warrior. The one standing against the east wall, a normal suit of plate mail, bears a *Nystal's magic aura* enchantment. The suit against the north wall is Eolas's *plate mail +2*.

The former knight also has a writing desk, stacked neatly with numerous books and scrolls, and a fairly comfortable bed. Under the bed he stores a cedar chest set on rollers. Eolas keeps his shield on top of the chest—it likely will fall off with a loud clang if someone yanks the chest out quickly. The cedar chest holds clothing, old adventuring gear, and a set of traveling spellbooks that are protected by *explosive runes*. Eolas keeps his regular spellbooks in the vault (area 20).

10. Merridi's room: Temple provost Merridi spends very little time in her room, as she keeps busy attending to the temple's business. Merridi keeps her clothing and a few of her favorite vestments in a wardrobe against the northern wall. A chest near the head of the bed contains sundry personal items and copies of the temple's records and ledgers. The rug covering nearly the entire floor feels very thick and soft. This carpet, worth 2,000 gp, is the same azure hue as the temple's domes and bears a similar pattern.

11. Sergeants' room: Currently, the temple employs only one sergeant, Brose, a one-armed veteran of the ducal army. These days, Brose and Eolas share the sergeant's duties, which mainly involve keeping military discipline among guards and curates, making sure watches and patrols begin on time, and maintaining similar matters of security.

The room contains two narrow beds and a trunk full of Brose's belongings. A battered shield hangs behind the curtains on the north wall. Brose and the other guard sergeant who lived here used to entertain themselves by hurling daggers at the shield, but this behavior tended to distract worshipers in the chapel across the hall, and Oreille ordered them to stop. A similar argument eventually led to the other sergeant's resignation.

Brose, a 7th-level fighter: S 18/73, I 10, D 15, W 11, Co 15, Ch 13; AL NG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 7; hp 53; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses, long sword specialization; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Plate mail +1*, *long sword +2* (locates objects in a 120-foot radius), *ring of shooting stars*
Weapons/equipment: Long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, two daggers, shield

Brose lost his right forearm, about halfway down from the elbow, in a battle many years ago. Since then, he has learned to become left handed. He carries a specially adapted shield on his right arm. Although not terribly pious or methodical, Brose knows how to get a job done. He regards Eolas and the curates as a bunch of sissies who need a real warrior to look after them. He has enough common sense, however, to keep his thoughts to himself. Lately, he has gotten the urge to go adventuring; he yearns to see the world again and maybe gain enough treasure to pay a cleric to regenerate his arm.

12. Holy water fountains: A corridor on either side of the entry hall ends in a dais about 2 feet high. At the south end of each dais stands a holy water font: a marble basin with a massive cover that weighs more than 400 lbs. Opposite each font towers a statue of the city's patron deity robed as a priest. These sculptures are iron golems that attack anyone who tries to defile the fountains. When these golems fight or pursue intruders, the whole temple shakes.

The statues standing in the corridors display the likenesses of people who have been impor-

tant to the city and to the temple. The images include Drake, a human warrior (page 4); two former dukes (one-time city overlords); and Dominik, a human priest (page 25). These statues, really stone golems, attack anyone harming them or the temple.

Iron golem (2): Int non; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 18; hp 80; THAC0 3; #AT 1; Dmg 4d10; SA special; SD special; SZ L; ML 19; XP nil

Stone golem (4): Int non; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 14; hp 60; THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA special; SD special; SZ L; ML 20; XP nil

13. Hospice: Pilgrims passing through the city, temple messengers, and others in need can receive medical care at the temple. Oreille, the high priestess, spends most of her time in the hospice, tending the sick and injured. Recipients of *raise dead* spells recuperate here.

Each of the eight cubicles contains two beds, a comfortable chair for a visitor, and a small, curtained alcove concealing a washstand and other implements for attending to a guest's personal needs.

Upper Floors

Aside from the barracks (area 14), the temple's second and third floors are used mostly for storage and defense.

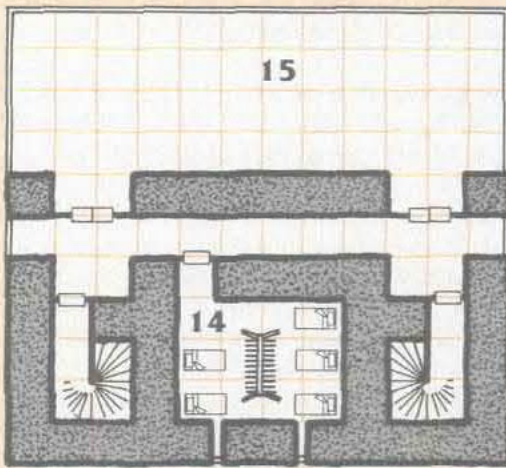
14. Barracks: The cramped barracks area on the temple's second floor contains 15 bunks arranged in five units, each three bunks high. The guards keep their few belongings in small chests tucked under the lower bunks. Five guards always remain on duty elsewhere in the temple. Five guards are here resting, and the rest are out about their business.

15. Balcony: This area has a floor of green tile and a 3-foot iron railing. The priests and guards use the balcony as a place to relax and keep informal watch over the courtyard. Sometimes it is used as

Civic Temple

Upper Floors

1 Square = 5'



16



16



17



18

a platform from which to address people standing below.

16. Lofts: The windowless lofts always stay dark. Though bitterly cold in winter, they feel pleasantly cool in summer.

In the western loft hangs a series of ropes and cords for ringing the temple bell and gongs found in the belfry above. A few bundles of arrows also are stored here.

The eastern tower is crammed with bundles of arrows and ballista bolts. Nonetheless, it has space enough to hold a barrel of lamp oil and several dozen flasks of oil already fitted with wicks for use as grenades.

17. Belfry: A large bronze bell hangs almost at the top of the temple. Its bass tones can be heard throughout the city, and the sounding of accompanying gongs often fills the air with music. The gongs ring several times a day to call the faithful and to clear the temple's public area of merchants and loiterers. The bell usually rings only on holy days, its joyful tolling adding to the celebration. When danger threatens the temple or the city, the priests ring the bell wildly; all locals drop their work and come running. An enchantment on the bell prevents it from being magically silenced.

18. Turret: Two guards constantly watch the courtyard from the temple's highest point. They take care not to be obtrusive; a cursory glance at the turret will not reveal them.

Lower Floor

Though the temple's lower floor has no bedchambers as do the upper levels, it does house a resident few know about.

19. Lower sacristy: The priests store some of the vestments and vessels they use only infrequently in a chamber beneath the temple's ground level. Here lies a stockpile of empty holy water vials, plus many locked trunks. Rollers make the trunks

easier to push around the room; they contain masses of coins, incense, candlesticks, and other items that look valuable, but aren't.

A secret door to the west opens when one pushes a pressure plate on the floor. A character would have to move the trunk in front of the secret door first.

20. Vault: The lower sacristy's secret door opens onto a corridor that leads to the temple's underground vault. Three guards keep watch at all times. The priests store their most precious vestments and sacred vessels here, along with the temple funds (in the form of coins and bars of gold and silver) and money and valuables deposited through the temple's banking service.

Beyond the guards lie four successive doors faced with *glassteel*-enchanted ceramic tiles that defeat acids and rust monster attacks. Each door has three keyholes arranged around a massive iron handwheel. To open a door, the proper key must be inserted into each keyhole. The locks turn both directions, but only one (determined by you, the DM) has any affect. After turning all three keys, a character must spin the handwheel in the opposite direction. Spinning it the wrong way resets the lock.

These masterful locks impose a -60 penalty to open locks skill rolls. A *knock* spell opens one lock, but all three must be unlocked before a door will open. Any attempt to force or pick a lock (including using the wrong key or casting a *knock* spell) triggers a *glyph of warding*. The *glyphs* on the outer two doors produce *harm* (victim loses all but 1d4 hit points, no save). The inner two doors' *glyphs* produce the effects of *cause serious wounds* (victim suffers 2d8+1 points of damage, no saving throw). There is one *glyph* on each lock.

The doors can be smashed open, but they remain impervious to anything less than a siege engine or a creature with a Strength of 22 or higher. The doors, at AC -4, each have 150 hp. Edged weapons and attacks based on fire or elec-

tricity inflict minimum damage; acid- and cold-based attacks cause no damage.

These four doors, and the vault they protect, are sheathed in layers of lead, steel, adamantite, and brass. This covering prevents all forms of scrying and teleportation magic from penetrating the vault and defeats *passwall* spells and astral and ethereal travel.

Once past the fourth door, thieves must deal with the vault's true guardians—four clay golems. These creatures do not attack priests or paladins of the temple, but they attempt to slay anyone else who enters.

The doors usually are kept locked. High Priestess Oreille has the only keys: 13 in all (one for each lock, plus a dummy key). If the priests need anything from the vault, Merridi and Oreille go in while Eolas joins the three guards. The priestesses shut each door behind them; this precaution prevents intruders from rushing into the vault through open doors. There never has been an attempt to break into the vault, but Oreille takes no chances.

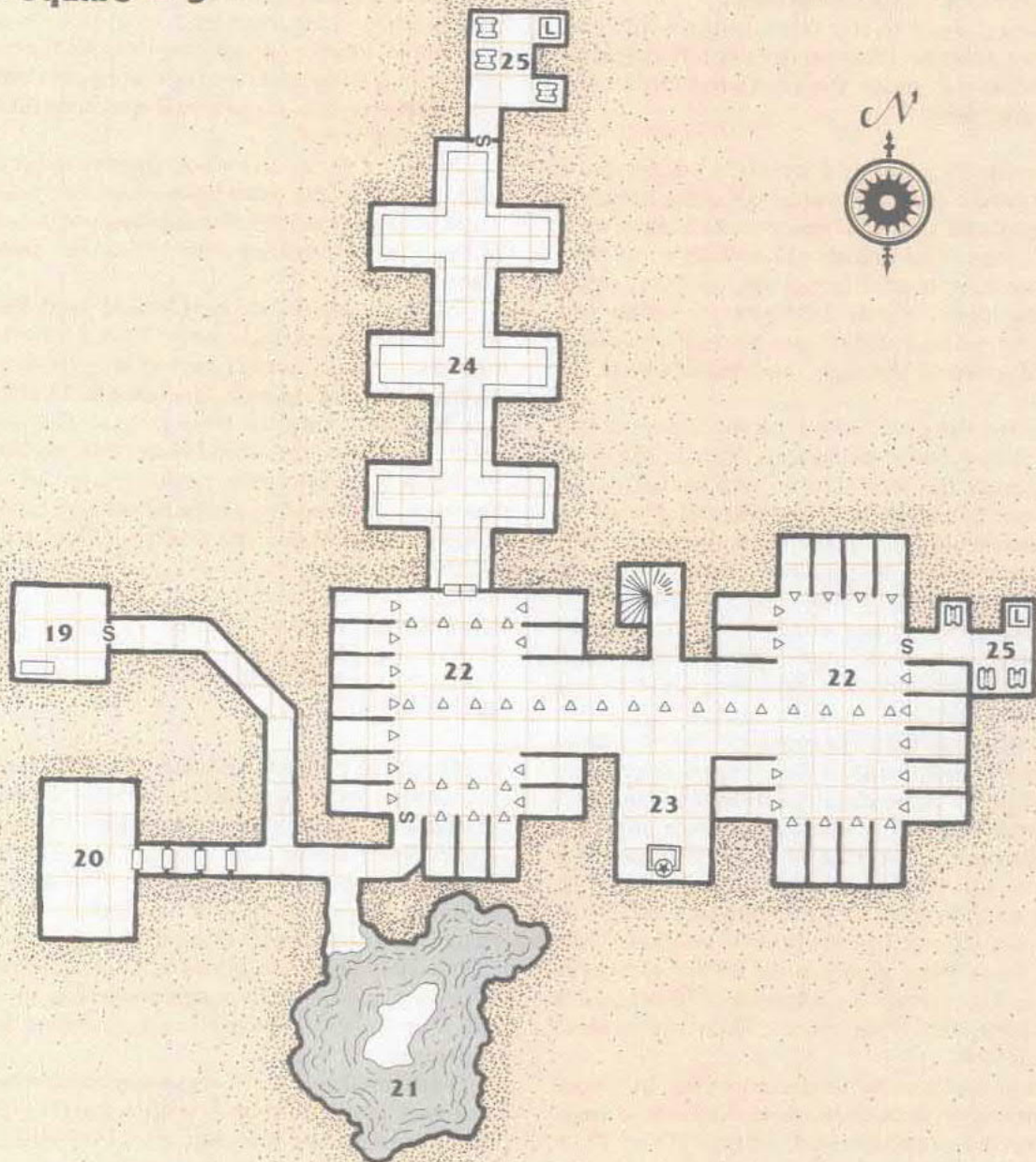
Clay golem (4): Int non; AL N; AC 7; MV 7; HD 11; hp 50; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3d10; SA haste for 3 rounds/day; SD special; SZ L; ML 19; XP nil

21. Grotto: A pool of sparkling water fills most of the natural cave beneath the temple. Einion, a guardian naga, has lived here since before the current temple was built 74 years ago. The beast spends most of its time torpidly curled up on the island in the pool's center. It hardly stirs except to take food from Oreille once a month, when she visits to pay her respects and debate theology. For all its sluggishness, the naga possesses an agile mind and a sharp wit; it is no pushover in an argument.

While the beast rests, its senses remain tuned to detect any disturbance within the crypt, and Einion can spring instantly to action when the need arises. The naga, so accustomed to the temple's daily routine, can detect just about any

Crypts

1 Square = 5'



unusual activity in the crypt—including *silence* spells. Einion usually investigates anything it considers unusual. Though not a swimmer, it has no difficulty thrusting its 20-foot body, inchworm fashion, across the 10-foot gap to the corridor. Einion hates getting its belly wet, however, so the creature is not in a particularly charitable mood when it leaves the grotto.

Einion has difficulty opening regular doors, but can operate secret doors easily enough. To get upstairs, it uses the western lift to the chapel (area 7).

Einion, a naga: Int exceptional; AL LG; AC 3; MV 15; HD 12, hp 60; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 1d6/2d4; SA poison, spells; SZ H (20' long); ML 15; XP nil

Spells: 1st level—*command* (×2), *sanctuary*; 2nd level—*hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *resist fire*; 3rd level—*meld into stone*, *curse*

22. Burial crypts: The floors and walls of the temple's subterranean crypts contain dozens of niches to hold the dead. Only truly exceptional people who have rendered great service to the city or to the temple lie buried here; presently only a few of the crypts are occupied. The dignitaries entombed here include the hero Drake, several prominent merchants, five former provosts and high priests of the temple, and Dominik: the priest who commissioned the building of the temple and arranged for the vault and all the golems.

Each crypt is marked with a marble slab that bears the name and a mosaic portrait of the occupant. An inscription gives a short account of the deceased's life, along with birth and death dates. Because most of the crypts lie empty, most of the slabs remain blank. Two secret doors in this area look like normal slabs.

23. Mortuary chapel: The temple's funerary chamber looks just like one of the side chapels upstairs (area 8). A statue of the city's patron deity, dressed as a shepherd, holds a crook in one hand and a pair of scales in the other to rep-

resent this god's role as protector and judge of the faithful. Grieving citizens gain access to the mortuary chapel from the entry hall via a spiral staircase.

24. Ossarium: A large northern "bone room" on the crypt level predates the rest of the temple by several hundred years. Over the centuries, several temples have been built on this site, but the ossarium always emerges intact, and, in fact, has been repaired many times. The hallway and alcoves have a 9-foot ceiling, and row upon row of shelves line the walls, each bearing a grisly display of human and demihuman bones. Some of the bones seem as ancient as the ossarium itself.

These bones are the remains of local citizens disinterred from the city's graveyards and laid to rest here. According to an old local belief, one cannot consider a corpse truly dead until it has decayed down to bones. Citizens commonly bury their dead, only to dig up the bones later for final interment elsewhere.

A secret door at the ossarium's north end was added during the building of the present temple. The shelves, ancient bones and all, swing open to reveal the chamber beyond.

25. Lift chambers: Two rooms beyond secret doors on this lower level contain elaborate systems of counterweights that operate the lifts leading to the prayer hall and chapel (areas 4 and 7). Any weight of 100 lbs. or more trips the mechanism and moves the platform up or down (depending on where the platform starts). The entire process takes about three minutes and generates quite a racket in these chambers. (However, the noise sounds so faint upstairs, it goes unnoticed in a normal conversation.) The system can lift about 300 lbs. Any character trapped under a descending counterweight must save vs. death or be crushed and killed; if the save succeeds the character still suffers 3d6 points of damage.

Civic Temple

Oreille

A 10th-level female human cleric

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 6 (-1 when armored)
THACO: 14
Hit points: 70

Strength: 17 **Intelligence:** 9
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 18
Constitution: 16 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Flail, mace, sling, staff; riding—land-based: horse (21); religion (18); healing (16); local history, etiquette (12); read/write common (10)

Languages: Common, halfling

Armor: *Bracers of defense* (AC 8), *splint mail* +1, *shield* +1

Weapons: *Staff of striking* (19 charges), *footman's flail* +2

Equipment: *Ring of vampiric regeneration*, *ring of fire resistance*, *potion of longevity*, *philter of glibness*, *amulet of golem control**, *three candles of invocation*, *four scrolls with the earthquake spell*, *vault keys*

Age: 50

Height: 5' 7"

Weight: 126 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Silver/steely blue

Spells/day: 6 6 4 3 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds*, *bless*, *command*; 2nd level—*enthrall*, *augury*, *heat metal*, *know alignment*; 3rd level—*prayer*, *locate object*, *dispel magic*; 4th level—*neutralize poison*, *detect lie*; 5th level—*cure critical wounds*

Oreille is an imposing high priestess, infamous for her firm jaw and icy, unsmiling gaze. She has an unremarkable build, which gives no hint of her impressive strength. Her exceptionally strong grip has surprised many a burly warrior upon shaking hands with her.

For everyday tasks, Oreille wears clerical

robes and her *bracers of defense*. She always carries the keys to the vault with her. The 13 keys are attached by steel chains to a steel loop. She threads her belt through the loop and tucks the keys into a belt pouch to make them less conspicuous. The keys bear no markings of any kind; Oreille painstakingly memorized which key goes with which lock.

Oreille's practical, no-nonsense attitude means she has little use for personal ornaments or leisure diversions. An efficient healer, she exhibits a bedside manner much softer than her general demeanor. She positively dotes on her patients and manages to find time to remind them of the manifold blessings her deity has bestowed on their lives.

When not tending the hospice or seeing to other temple business, Oreille spends her time caring for and teaching a houseful of orphans the temple supports at a nearby orphanage.

Eolas

A 9th/10th-level male human paladin/mage

Alignment: Lawful good
Move: 12
AC: 6 (-2 in armor)
THACO: 12
Hit points: 62

Strength: 18/13 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 16
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 17

Proficiencies: *Bec de corbin*, dagger, long sword, mace, mounted lance, staff; riding—land-based: horse (19); read/write common (18); local history (17); religion (16); juggling, spellcraft (15)

Languages: Common, dwarvish

Armor: *Plate mail* +2, *ring of protection* +2, *shield*

Weapons: *Long sword* +2, *mace of disruption*, two daggers

Equipment: *Bag of holding* (500 lbs. capacity), *boots of striding and springing*, *potion of invulnerability*, *potion of fire giant strength*, *wand of fire* (54

charges), *amulet of golem control**, four scrolls with the *move earth* spell, three leather balls, bag of hard candy

Age: 55

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 179 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Dark brown/brown

Priest spells/day: 1

Wizard spells/day: 4 4 3 2 2

Preferred priest spell: 1st level—*command*

Preferred wizard spells: 1st level—*taunt, magic missile* (×3) 2nd level—*detect invisibility, web, strength, stinking cloud*; 3rd level—*fly, flame arrow, dispel magic*; 4th level—*dimension door, minor globe of invulnerability*; 5th level—*transmute mud to rock* (×2)

The burly guard sergeant Eolas has started showing his age. His face, though handsome, looks ruddy and weatherbeaten now. His cheeks sag, and he's developed a second chin (with a third well on the way.) What hair he has left is shot with gray. Nevertheless, Eolas's huge neck and arms, both corded with muscle, attest to his great strength.

Eolas spent most of his life championing the causes of law and goodness where most needed. Adventures have taken him across seas and mountains, into the depths of the earth, and even to the outer planes. These days, Eolas seems much happier serving the people of the city than going questing after dragons. He became a wizard because he felt the temple needed to have one in residence. This decision proved a major turning point in his life. Eolas still wields sword and mace, but usually puts his armor aside.

Tarrant (page 11), a friend of Eolas, helped teach the former paladin the ways of magic. They see each other fairly often and have long discussions on philosophy and local events.

Eolas enjoys working with the temple's orphans, though his *sergeant's duties* prevent him from spending a lot of time with them.

A good leader and teacher, Eolas believes in self-discipline and being a good example; he

practices what he preaches, to prove his deity are the best. Consequently, he has proven an excellent sergeant. But Eolas doesn't like the job—it reminds him of his martial past and keeps him from helping people as he wishes.

Merridi

An 8th-level female human cleric

Alignment: Lawful good

Move: 12

AC: 1

THAC0: 16

Hit points: 57

Strength: 13 **Intelligence:** 12

Dexterity: 15 **Wisdom:** 17

Constitution: 16 **Charisma:** 13

Proficiencies: Flail, mace, sling, staff; riding—land-based: horse (20); religion (17); healing (15); read/write common, etiquette (13)

Languages: Common, dwarvish

Armor: *Chain mail +1, shield +1*

Weapons: *Footman's mace +2, war hammer*

Equipment: *Pouch of accessibility, ring of fire resistance, staff of command (nine charges), ring of free action, amulet of golem control*, ledger, quills and ink*

Age: 31

Height: 5' 6"

Weight: 119 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Dark brown/brown

Spells/day: 5 5 4 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds, sanctuary, command*; 2nd level—*cure blindness or deafness, hold person, silence 15' radius*; 3rd level—*prayer, dispel magic*; 4th level—*neutralize poison, tongues*

The temple provost's smooth skin, bright eyes, and high voice make her seem 10 years younger than she really is. Many consider Merridi's voice pleasant and girlish, but some find it irritating.

Civic Temple

When she expresses concern or surprise, her voice rises with a squeak, which can set a listener's teeth on edge.

When working, which is most of the time, Merridi wears her armor. Oreille gives her provost a free hand in running the temple's daily affairs. This suits Merridi: She enjoys serving the public and gets along well with merchants and guildmasters whose money she handles. Though disappointed that Oreille will not give her the vault keys, she knows the value of keeping them out of the public eye.

Merridi knows Eolas feels unhappy with his duties as guard sergeant, but is loath to hire a new sergeant until she can find another warrior/wizard. She likes the security Eolas's peculiar mix of talents provides.

New Magical Item

The high priest Dominik had three *amulets of golem control* fashioned during the building of the temple. These platinum and adamantite holy symbols set with emeralds are worth 5,000 gp each for their jewel qualities alone.

An amulet, properly attuned to and worn by a priest or paladin of the temple, protects the wearer from attack by the temple's golems. Further, wearers can give the golems simple commands such as "come," "go," "guard," and "attack," just as their creator could. If multiple wearers issue conflicting instructions, the golems obey the highest-level character.

Those wearing an amulet also receive a 5% chance per round of regaining control of a golem that has gone berserk or become otherwise uncontrollable. This chance applies even to the clay golems in the vault (area 20).

These holy items function only for priests and paladins who serve the temple and must be attuned to their wearers in a ceremony known to the high priest (or priestess) of the temple and to those who undergo the rite. The ceremony's details, never recorded, are passed down from one group of wearers to the next.

XP value: 1,500

GP value: 10,000

Adventure Hook

- A rusty black stain has appeared in front of the chapel's altar (area 7). Oreille and Merridi have tried all manner of spells, including *remove curse* and *dispel evil*, but the stain persists. When Merridi covered the stain with the rug from her room, it became indelibly stained, too. The priests are confounded.

The stain actually is an omen from the patron deity. Cutthroats hoping to rob the vault kidnaped a relative of one of the curates. The curate agreed to assist them when he or she next guards Merridi in the study. Escorting her to the vault with the donations allows the curate to help the band get in.

If the party uncovers the plot and prevents the curate from turning traitor, the problem of the hostage remains. If the PCs also manage to rescue the captive, one of them might be offered the vacant sergeant's post.

The city has dedicated a venerable edifice of pale red sandstone to all the deities in the local pantheon, hence its name: the Pantheon. It lies serenely atop a hill amid a grove of fragrant cedar trees. The whole area is a public park, which includes a sprawling cemetery. Two paths wind westward up the hill to its summit, where visitors can enter the temple or pass around it to the cemetery farther west.

The Temple

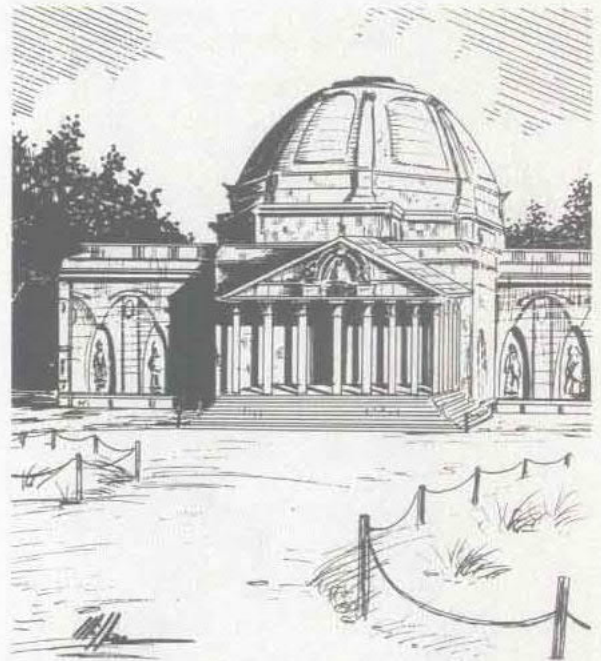
The Pantheon appears in good repair, but looks timeworn. It doesn't seem to have a sharp edge left anywhere; the years and the weather have rounded every corner and smoothed every stone. The building's most striking features are its central dome and the marble statues staring out from niches in the wings flanking the dome.

The statues on the temple's east face depict good and neutral deities of a generally beneficent nature. (As the DM, you should choose to represent deities best suited to the campaign. Deities of beginnings, sunrise, law, agriculture, light, and love would fit here.) The west face contains neutral and evil deities of a more fearsome nature. (Deities of death, disease, intrigue, chaos, hunting, and darkness would work well.) The single niches on the north and south faces should contain deities that don't fit readily into the above categories.

Main Floor

The building's first floor has no doors, but grand entryways ready to admit all comers at any hour, every day of the year. This level usually stands empty at night, except for the young and the young at heart—couples can find more privacy here after dark than they can during the day.

No organized worship takes place at the Pantheon, so individuals come and go as they please, praying and leaving offerings as they deem necessary. Bonaventure and Broyn, the temple's care-



takers, remain on hand most days to offer advice and dispense clerical spells. They sell holy water, but usually keep only a few vials on hand. Holy symbols appropriate for any deity in the Pantheon are for sale, but the faithful must order them. (A holy symbol takes 1d4+1 days of preparation.) Eight acolytes help the two clerics with daily tasks.

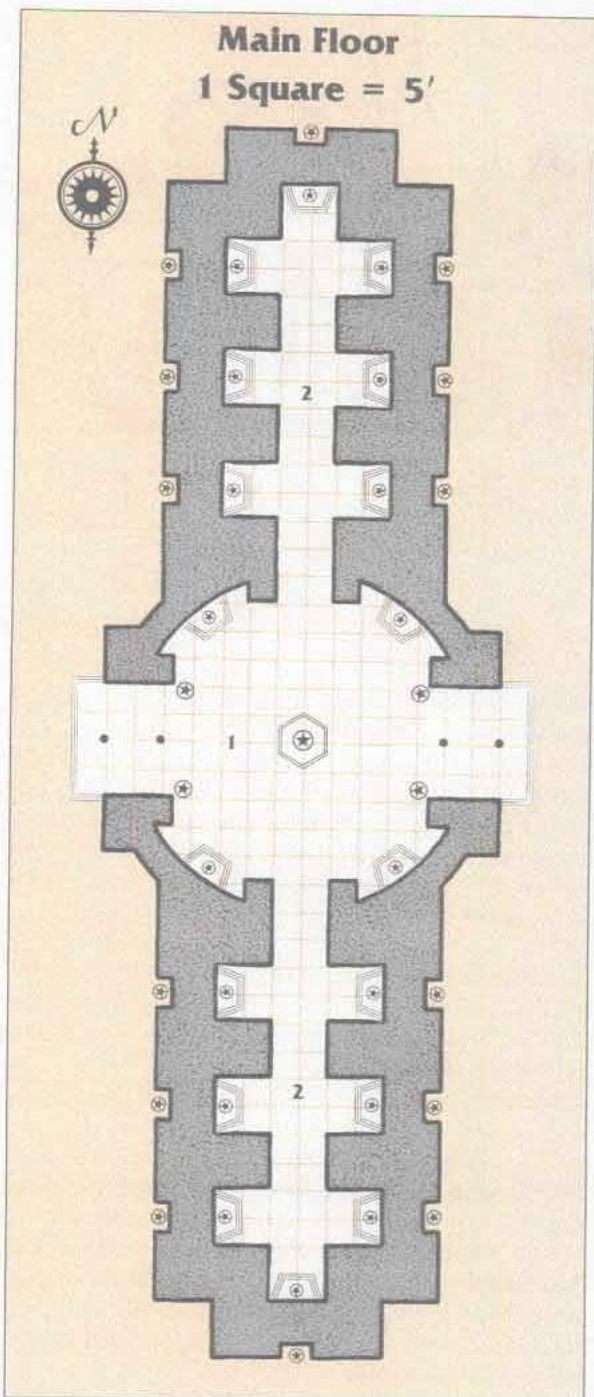
Acolyte, a 1st-level priest (8): Int average to high; AL NG; AC 5; MV 9; HD 1 (Pr 1); hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (staff); SA Wisdom 16+ and spells; SZ M; ML 10; XP nil

Preferred spells: *Cure light wounds*, *command*

Though sanctified ground, the temple remains dedicated to deities of differing alignments, making it a kind of divine no-man's-land where no single power or alignment holds sway. The entire building bears a strong aura of abjuration magic, and summoned, animated, extra-planar, and undead creatures of any alignment find themselves unable to enter.

In addition, the aura affects some spells. The

Pantheon



following spells function within the temple only if the caster is a priest or paladin of a Pantheon deity:

<i>Call upon faith*</i>	<i>Hold monster</i>
<i>Charm person</i>	<i>Holy word/unholy word</i>
<i>Charm person or mammal</i>	<i>Magical vestment</i>
<i>Command</i>	<i>Mass charm</i>
<i>Dispel evil/dispel good</i>	<i>Mass suggestion</i>
<i>Focus*</i>	<i>Snake charm</i>
<i>Hold person</i>	<i>Suggestion</i>

The next four spells work inside the temple only if the caster and recipient share the same faith, one that is represented in the Pantheon:

<i>Aid</i>	<i>Geas</i>
<i>Atonement</i>	<i>Quest</i>

Finally, these spells always prove ineffective within the temple:

<i>Animate dead</i>	<i>Passwall</i>
<i>Earthquake</i>	<i>Sanctify/defile*</i>
<i>Entrhall</i>	<i>Stone shape</i>

* denotes a spell described in the *Tome of Magic*.

1. Rotunda: Most days, a few beggars linger on stairways leading into the Pantheon's main chamber, hoping to catch a worshiper in a generous mood. The most accomplished of these vagrants is a young man named Dimitry.

Once past the beggars, a visitor passes beneath a pair of hideous gargoyle statues leering down into the chamber from perches 20 feet above the floor. These statues serve to remind worshipers that evil things lurk in the world. These gargoyle golems also serve as temple guardians, attacking any vandals.

Inside, a visitor finds a lofty, windswept chamber. The rotunda has no artificial light, yet remains well lit most of the day. In the morning and evening, when the sun lies low on the horizon, sunlight streams in through 20-foot openings to the

east and west. During the rest of the day, when the sun is higher, a 10-foot oculus and dozens of skylights in the dome let in plenty of light.

An 18-foot statue of the city's patron deity (page 15) dominates this chamber. It gazes out the eastern entrance to face the rising sun. At least one acolyte stands duty here every hour of the day. During daylight, a small, ever-changing collection of worshipers gathers around the statue to make quick obeisance to the deity or chat with friends for a while.

The statues along the rotunda's outer walls depict demigods and minor deities of the local pantheon who are not represented elsewhere in the temple. In some cases, multiple statues stand grouped together.

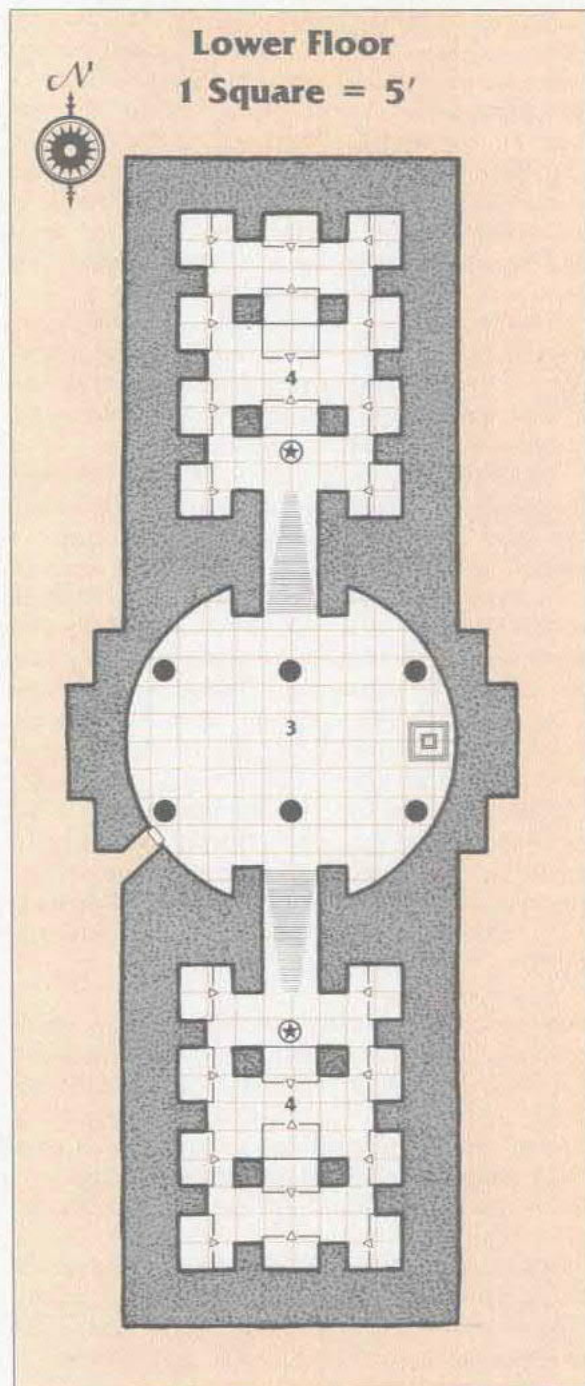
Gargoyle golem (4): Int non; AL N; AC 0; MV 9; HD 15; hp 60; THAC0 5; #AT 2; Dmg 3d6/3d6; SA special; SD special; SZ L; ML 19; XP nil

2. Chapels: The areas of worship on the north and south ends of the Pantheon look darker than the rotunda, for only tiny skylights in the peaked roof admit light. Seven alcoves in each chapel contain altars and small statues dedicated to deities of the local pantheon; the altars align with the statues outside.

Each altar has a shallow copper bowl for offerings and a locked box for donations of coins. Bonaventure and Broyn take up the offerings and empty the boxes at least twice a day. Other than the locks, and the watchful eyes of the acolytes on duty, no special wards prevent passersby from helping themselves to whatever the faithful have left behind. People who wish to make valuable offerings usually tell Bonaventure and Broyn first, so they can remove the items for safekeeping before some foolish mortal feels tempted to steal them.

Lower floor

Downstairs in the Pantheon, the crypts and shrine see nowhere near the traffic of the upper level.



Pantheon

3. Shrine of the Unknown Deity: This mostly unused chamber usually is kept locked, except when someone needs access to the crypts (area 4). Bonaventure has the key to the rotunda's only door, on the southwestern wall of the chamber. The room remains empty except for a dais and an ancient altar, which bears a faded inscription in an archaic tongue. A *comprehend languages* spell or a rogue's read languages ability can translate it as, "... in repose ... ever faithful ..."

The altar, several hundred years older than the temple, radiates invocation and alteration magic. No one knows which deity it is dedicated to, but it has been allowed to remain here, undisturbed, out of respect for this anonymous entity.

Unknown to most people in the city (through Bonaventure and Broyn know the truth), below the altar lies a tomb occupied by Teodeus, a neutral good archlich. If anyone ever loots or otherwise threatens the temple, the creature will awaken from slumber and emerge from its tomb (via a *phase door* spell) to defend the place. As the temple's guardian, Teodeus may move freely about the area, despite its undead status. The lich can exit and reenter the Pantheon at will and command the temple's golems. Teodeus usually stays inside the temple; if the archlich leaves, it tends to remain within sight of the temple, though it can freely move about the city and the surrounding countryside if such movement seems necessary to defend the temple.

Teodeus, an archlich (18th/20th-level wizard/priest): S 18, I 19, D 16, W 19, Co 10, Ch 12; AL NG; AC -3; MV 12; HD 10+22; hp 75; THAC0 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10+ paralyzation; SA fear, spells; SD immune to normal weapons, charm, sleep, enfeeblement, polymorph, cold, electricity, insanity, and death spells; MR 15%; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Magical items: *Robe of the archmagi*, *cloak of scintillating colors* (same as *robe of scintillating colors*), *ring of protection +3*, *scarab of protection* (20 charges), *brooch of shielding* (95 hp), *talisman of pure good* (five charges)

Wizard spells preferred: 1st level—*magic missile*, *grease*, *detect magic***; 2nd level—*stinking cloud*, *detect invisibility****, *ray of enfeeblement*, *mirror image*[†], *spectral hand*[†]; 3rd level—*fly*[†], *haste*[†], *fireball*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*dimension door*, *confusion*, *ice storm*, *stoneskin*[†]; 5th level—*transmute mud to rock* (×3), *wall of force*; 6th level—*disintegrate*, *death spell*, *project image*; 7th level—*spell turning*[†], *prismatic spray*, *Mordenkainen's sword*; 8th level—*Otto's irresistible dance*, *Bigby's clenched fist*; 9th level—*Mordenkainen's disjunction*

Priest spells preferred: 1st level—*command* (×6), *sanctuary*, *cause light wounds* (×2); 2nd level—*hold person* (×3), *heat metal* (×4), *withdraw*; 3rd level—*dispel magic* (×4), *prayer*[†], *meld into stone*, *curse* (×2); 4th level—*free action*[†], *detect lie*[†], *tongues*[†], *cause serious wounds* (×4); 5th level—*flame strike* (×2), *true seeing*[†], *transmute mud to rock* (×3); 6th level—*anti-animal shell*, *blade barrier*, *animate object*; 7th level—*holy word*, *destruction*

† denotes spell cast and running whenever Teodeus appears.

** denotes permanent spell.

Teodeus's *robe of the archmagi* is gray (neutral); however, it acts as a *cloak of poisonousness* if a living creature dons it. A *remove curse* spell cast on the robe to free a poisoned victim destroys the garment. One of Teodeus's *transmute rock to mud* spells instantly restores one of the temple's gargoyle golems to full hit points, even if the golem has been destroyed (a special power granted to the temple's guardian).

4. Crypts: The Pantheon contains burial vaults for some of the city's oldest families. The crypt floors lie about 8 feet lower than the shrine (area 3); the statues at the foot of both staircases—gargoyle golems—guard the dead.

A recumbent statue of the family's founding ancestor tops each 9-foot-high vault. The marble facing below the statue bears the family name and the name, along with birth and death dates, of every person interred within. The bodies are

placed in niches below the statue; as the bodies decay, the bones drop through a grate and into the base of the monument, leaving space for additional bodies. Some vaults contain dozens of burials.

Gargoyle golem (2): Int non; AL N; AC 0; MV 9; HD 15; hp 60; THAC0 5; #AT 2; Dmg 3d6/3d6; SA special; SD special; SZ L; ML 19; XP nil

The Cemetery

The Pantheon's burial ground is ringed by a 7-foot wall of the same red sandstone as the temple. A double row of 3-foot iron spikes, painted white, runs atop the entire length of the wall. The locals refer to the wall as the "Ghouls' Tooth Fence" because the red stone and white iron remind them of teeth and gums. Climbing the wall is very dangerous, so, of course, all the local daredevils give it a try. (A failed climbing roll requires a save vs. death. A successful save inflicts 2d8 points of damage from contact with

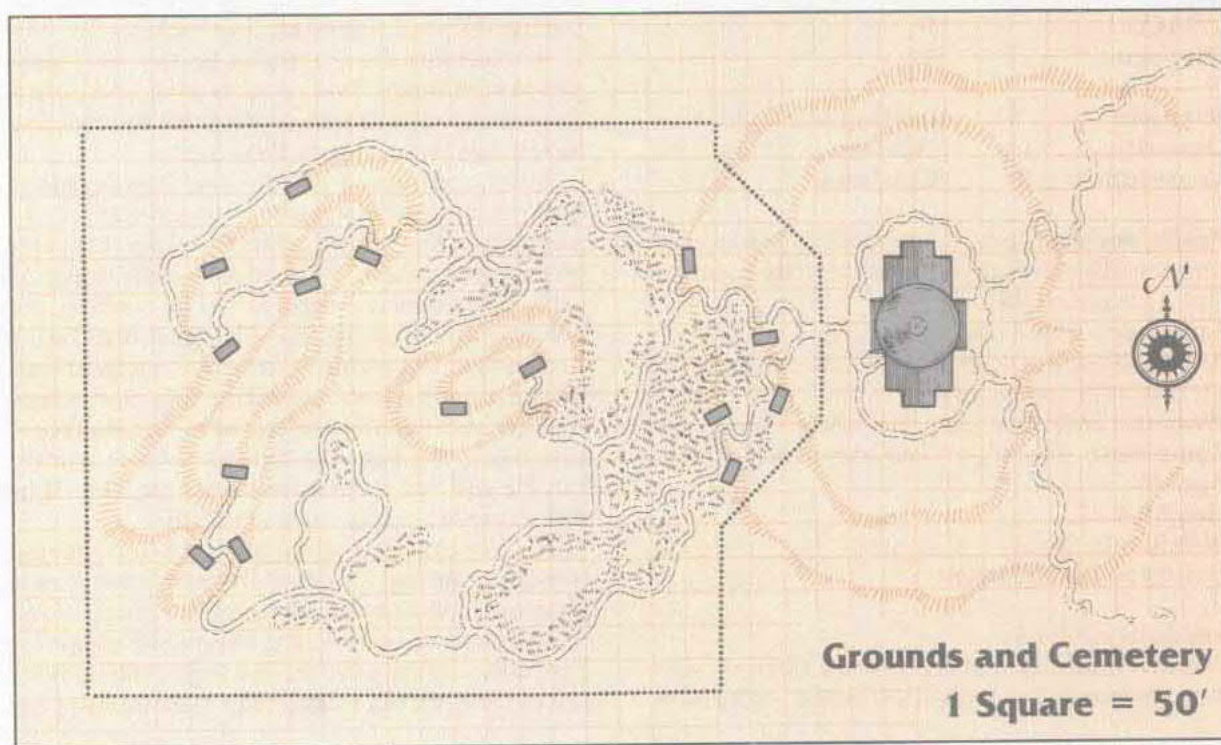
the sharp spikes; a failed save indicates a fatal impalement.)

Less adventurous souls enter the cemetery through the main gate just west of the temple. This gate is open daily from noon till sunset.

Within the walls, visitors find a plot of rolling land covered with flowers, green grass, and many types of trees (mostly cedars). Paths wind through the trees and hills, taking visitors past well manicured graves marked with everything from simple wooden boards to grand monuments. The hillsides are dotted with small mausoleums owned by wealthy families. All of them have masonry entries and iron gates; statues stand solemnly outside a few. Each mausoleum contains one or two burial vaults similar to those in the Pantheon.

The eastern end of the cemetery is thick with graves; the relative emptiness of the western end makes it a popular site for picnics and strolls.

Bonaventure and Broyn keep a close eye on the cemetery, watching for vandals, grave rob-



Pantheon

bers, and necromancers. Young miscreants caught performing misdeeds get their heads shaved for their trouble. If faced with opposition they cannot handle, the clerics do not hesitate to call in Constable Dyrmid (page 47) and a few guards.

In addition to the clerics' vigilance, the cemetery reputedly has a ghostly guardian, the White Lady. This lamenting spirit—said to be most active at dusk, midnight, and dawn—usually looks like a beautiful young woman, but supposedly can appear as a snow-white dog, owl, or dove. An attack from the spirit can freeze the blood, say the tales.

Bonaventure

An 8th-level male human cleric

Alignment:	Chaotic good
Move:	12
AC:	2
THAC0:	16
Hit points:	48

Strength:	9	Intelligence:	14
Dexterity:	10	Wisdom:	18
Constitution:	10	Charisma:	15

Proficiencies: Mace, sling, staff, war hammer; religion (18); healing (16); read/write common (15); agriculture (14)

Languages: Common, halfling

Armor: Bracers of defense (AC 5), ring of protection +1, cloak of protection +2

Weapons: Staff mace, sling, 20 bullets

Equipment: Stone of good luck, three beads of force

Age: 42

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 146 lbs.

Hair/eyes: White/green

Spells/day: 5 5 4 3

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds, bless, command*; 2nd level—*hold person, slow poison,*

withdraw; 3rd level—*prayer, cure disease, dispel magic*; 4th level—*neutralize poison, cure serious wounds*

Bonaventure, a thin man with a weak chin, keeps his white hair well groomed, but it gets a little yellowed and gritty from his habit of brushing it back with his none-too-clean hands. He usually wears an unbleached linen smock, red hose, and a voluminous, slate-gray cloak. He acts constantly cheerful, but always seems slightly out of breath, as though he has just finished some taxing physical labor.

The cleric's hair has been white since the age of eight. Always impulsive, one fine afternoon he played one childish prank too many on the neighborhood wizard. The next morning, young Bonaventure's auburn hair had turned pure white. The wizard refused even to acknowledge his role in the affair, much less lift the curse, and the boy's hair stubbornly resisted the few restorative magics his parents could afford. Now that he is older, the cleric figures he'd be gray anyhow and has lost interest in changing his hair back.

Bonaventure always carries his *staff mace* (usually in staff form). He keeps his sling and bullets discreetly tucked away, to disguise the fact that he remains armed, ready for a fight.

Born and raised in the city, Bonaventure decided to seek his fortune as an adventurer and mercenary. The young cleric spent several years guarding caravans, with an occasional dungeon exploration between trips. It was an exciting, but not terribly profitable, life. The hardships began to take their toll on his health, and in a short time he began to think about retiring. No matter how sensible retirement seemed, however, Bonaventure could not bear the thought of a sedentary life. He still had a thirst for adventure, even if he did seem chronically short of breath.

His life changed when he met Broyn during one of his outings as a caravan guard. Broyn was serving as guide and taskmaster to a group of pilgrims headed to the city. When the pilgrims joined the caravan for the last leg of the journey, the two clerics fell in together. Bonaventure felt

impressed with the younger man's active mind and dedication to the task at hand, although he thought Broyn seemed a bit of a killjoy and a stuffed shirt. Despite many disagreements about morals, ethics, and other more trivial matters, the pair became fast friends. These days, they have so accustomed themselves to their arguments that they can say the most hateful things to each other and get away with it—they both know the jibes don't really mean anything.

Bonaventure insisted that he and his new friend go on several adventures together. A little more than 10 years ago, they came across Trisuel, a young silver dragon orphaned after a red dragon attack on her parents' lair. The two clerics took in the dazed youngster, even though they hadn't the slightest idea what to do with her. Upon returning to the city, Bonaventure discovered that the Pantheon's caretaker wanted to start a temple of her own. The cleric volunteered for the Pantheon job, and the trio settled down in the city.

Bonaventure spends his mornings tending the cemetery and the temple grounds, usually with Trisuel and two or three acolytes assisting. He spends his afternoons at the temple, greeting worshipers and instructing the acolytes about things clerical.

Broyn

A 6th-level male human cleric

Alignment:	Lawful neutral		
Move:	12		
AC:	9 (1 in armor)		
THAC0:	18		
Hit points:	46		
Strength:	16	Intelligence:	10
Dexterity:	15	Wisdom:	16
Constitution:	15	Charisma:	13

Proficiencies: Mace, sling, staff; blind-fighting; riding—land-based: horse (19); read/write common (11)

Languages: Common

Armor: *Banded mail* +1, shield

Weapons: *Footman's mace* +2, sling, 20 bullets

Equipment: *Dust of disappearance* (nine pinches), *dust of appearance* (five pinches), *potion of flying*, *potion of polymorph self*

Age: 35

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 171 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

Spells/day: 5 5 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds*, *bless*, *command*; 2nd level—*hold person*, *slow poison*, *withdraw*; 3rd level—*prayer*, *cure disease*

The muscular Broyn has curly hair black as coal and chocolate-brown skin. His voice is rich and deep, his manner efficient—but he seldom smiles. Broyn's clothes look cleaner and neater than his friend's. He seldom wears armor, but always carries his mace and sling.

Broyn began his career as an ascetic cleric in a secluded monastery. He did well, but his superiors began to feel that he had more enthusiasm for the order's rules and regulations than for its spiritual teachings. Eventually, he was assigned the task of tending pilgrims. His superiors hoped that a little practical experience would do him good. When he asked permission to help run the Pantheon, his superiors readily agreed.

Broyn considers Bonaventure a frivolous oaf, albeit an intelligent and goodhearted oaf. He approved of Bonaventure's decision to become caretaker at the temple, but thinks his friend was fortunate that a rash decision turned out well. "Even a blind dog can find a bone from time to time," Broyn observed during one of the pair's infamous arguments. For now, Broyn feels content to help run the temple and care for Trisuel, but he fully intends to return to his monastery someday.

The gruff cleric spends most of his time maintaining the temple. He insists that all the acolytes follow a strict work schedule, which includes dusting and sweeping every stone in the build-

Pantheon

ing, inside and outside. Bonaventure has agreed, provided the acolytes also spend some time helping him tend the grounds.

Broyn has noticed that Trisuel spends much more time with Bonaventure than with him, and he feels a little jealous. He takes secret pride in the fact that Trisuel has chosen a human form that resembles his own.

Dimitry

A 0-level male human beggar

Alignment:	Chaotic good	
Move:	9	
AC:	9	
THAC0:	20	
Hit points:	5	
Strength:	10	Intelligence: 12
Dexterity:	15	Wisdom: 9
Constitution:	15	Charisma: 15

Proficiencies: Knife; local history (15); disguise (14)

Languages: Common

Armor: None

Weapons: Knife

Equipment: Begging bowl, disguise kit

Age: 28

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 128 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Light brown/brown

Dimitry is a frail-looking person. Strangers often have a difficult time knowing if he is an old woman or just a scrawny young man—the doubt usually works in the beggar's favor. His crooked left leg forces him to walk with a terrible limp (which accounts for his reduced movement rate). He has a parrot nose and limpid eyes. His raspy voice further confuses strangers unsure of his age and gender. When a passerby favors Dimitry with a coin, bit of food, or even a kind word, the beggar bobs his head in thanks and gives a gap-toothed smile.

The young man spends a great deal of time loitering at the temple, begging for alms. Periodically, Broyn loses his patience and puts him to work. Dimitry always does the labor, but prefers to slip away for a few days before Broyn can assign him to do anything.

This keen observer always keeps track of local gossip. For a few coins, he happily tells anyone all he knows

Trisuel

A juvenile female silver dragon (15 HD)

Alignment:	Lawful good	
Move:	12 (9, Fl 30 [C], Jp 3 in dragon form)	
AC:	10 (-3 in dragon form)	
THAC0:	7	
Hit points:	76	
Strength:	19	Intelligence: 15
Dexterity:	13	Wisdom: 15
Constitution:	18	Charisma: 16

Proficiencies: Knife; local history (16); disguise (15)

Languages: Common, silver dragon

Armor: None

Weapons: Knife

Equipment: None

Age: 26

Height: 5' 4"

Weight: 128 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

Spells/day: 2 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*grease, magic missile*

Trisuel almost never uses her natural form inside the city. She usually looks like a dark-skinned young beauty with long, coal-black hair. She dresses similar to the clerics, but she wears a flowing gown instead of a smock.

She was a normal silver dragon youngster until a pair of red dragons attacked her parents'

lair. In the resulting epic fight, the red dragons prevailed—only Trisuel escaped. She lived a fugitive's life for a time, hiding in the clouds while the red dragons searched for her. When Trisuel spotted Bonaventure and Broyn questing in the mountains, her childish curiosity and silver dragon's taste for human food led her to approach them. After a short argument, the clerics decided to adopt her.

Trisuel has since become Bonaventure's companion and pupil; she prefers his charm to Broyn's stuffy daily regimen. Something inside her, however, rejects Bonaventure's impulsive nature. To ease Broyn's feelings, Trisuel tries to resemble him while in human form.

Twice a month, Trisuel assumes the form of a dove and flies away from the city. Once out of sight, she assumes her true form and spends the day frolicking among the clouds.

Bonaventure and Broyn have arranged for Trisuel to live in an empty mausoleum at the west end of the cemetery, so that she can have an underground lair like other dragons. To avoid detection, Trisuel usually changes into a white dog or dove when entering or leaving her lair; this has given rise to the local tales of the White Lady. A few years ago, she surprised a group of grave robbers in the predawn hours. When they attacked, Trisuel assumed her true form and blasted them with her breath weapon, adding another chapter to the tale of the cemetery's ghostly guardian.

Adventure Hooks

- A wandering priest is delivering long-winded tales about a foreign deity on the Pantheon steps, much to the chagrin of Bonaventure and

Broyn. The priest ignores the objections, pointing out that the temple and grounds are public property. The priest also has made unkind remarks about the fact that Pantheon statuary represents evil deities.

Broyn and Bonaventure don't mind letting the priest preach, but not here; the stranger's deity has no place in the local pantheon. Further, they think the priest uses magic to sway the crowds. Mind-affecting spells don't work inside the temple, but they function outside. (The priest is using *enthrall* spells.)

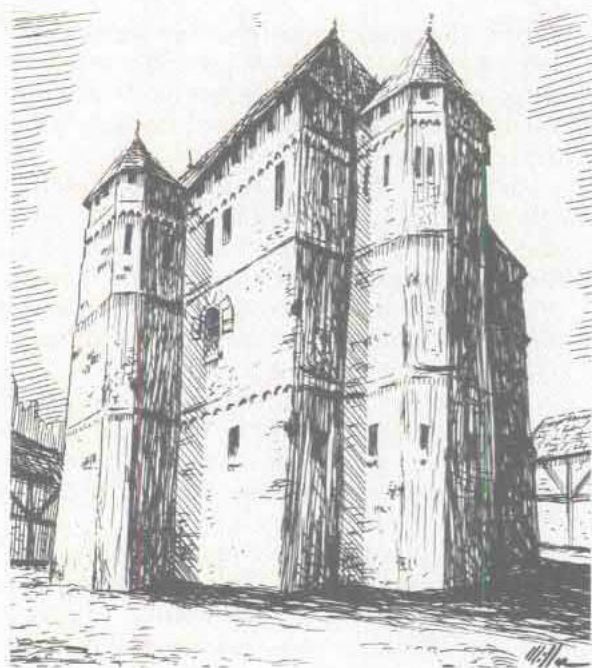
If the PCs can find a nonviolent way to remove the priest, Bonaventure and Broyn will gratefully provide them with 5,000 gp worth of clerical spells. (See Chapter 12 in the *DUNGEON MASTER Guide*.) If the stranger is not stopped, a group of newly converted followers eventually storms the temple and attempts to defile the altars of several neutral and evil deities. This act releases Teodeus, and carnage ensues.

The priest does not respond to threats, and physical attacks land the party in the stocks. The PCs could use *charm* or *suggestion* to get the priest to move on. They also might arrange to discredit or embarrass the priest, perhaps by revealing or thwarting the *enthrall* spells.

- Trisuel would like to retake her parents' lair. The clerics disapprove, convinced the attempt would kill her, so she covertly seeks PCs' aid.

The young "woman" is vague about what actually awaits the PCs—and about her true nature. Her conscience, however, forces her to reveal the truth before reaching the lair.

Two red dragons (adult or older) lurk in the lair, and Trisuel wants half their treasure.



Originally a fortress and ducal residence, the city's three-story keep has become a courthouse, jail, and popular public gathering spot. The curtain wall that used to surround the tower has long since been demolished. Three days a week, Earl Marshal Prakis, the duchy's chief law officer, tries cases here. Two days every month, Duchess Yascha Nulhar holds court; she hears petitions from the townsfolk and passes judgment on the most important civil and criminal cases herself.

The Courthouse

The whole edifice is made of flinty gray stone—an unusually hard, lustrous material. On a clear day, sunlight plays over the walls in ripples of color. From each face of the building, roughly 80 feet square, juts a smaller wing (about 30 square feet). Brick-red tiles cover the peaked roof.

The entire building, including the roof, is sheathed in lead sheets to foil scrying attempts. The walls in the dungeon and those in the two lower floors bear some additional reinforce-

ments: iron bars a half inch thick.

The former castle's outer courtyard has become an esplanade about 100 feet square. During the day, this plaza is a rolling sea of humanity. The air buzzes with conversation as passersby chat about courthouse goings-on and other local news. Footsteps ring on the cobbles from guards marching round the building. The aroma of fresh bread and hot soup wafts from peddlers' carts. As night falls, the hubbub dies away, leaving only the sound of marching as the guards keep up their vigil.

Main Floor

Most rooms on the main level receive light and fresh air, thanks to a rectangular well running down the center. (Those outside cannot see the well, except from the air.)

1. Entry: A small entry room in the southeast corner of the courthouse is open to the public from dawn to dusk six days a week. A clerk always remains on duty during these times.

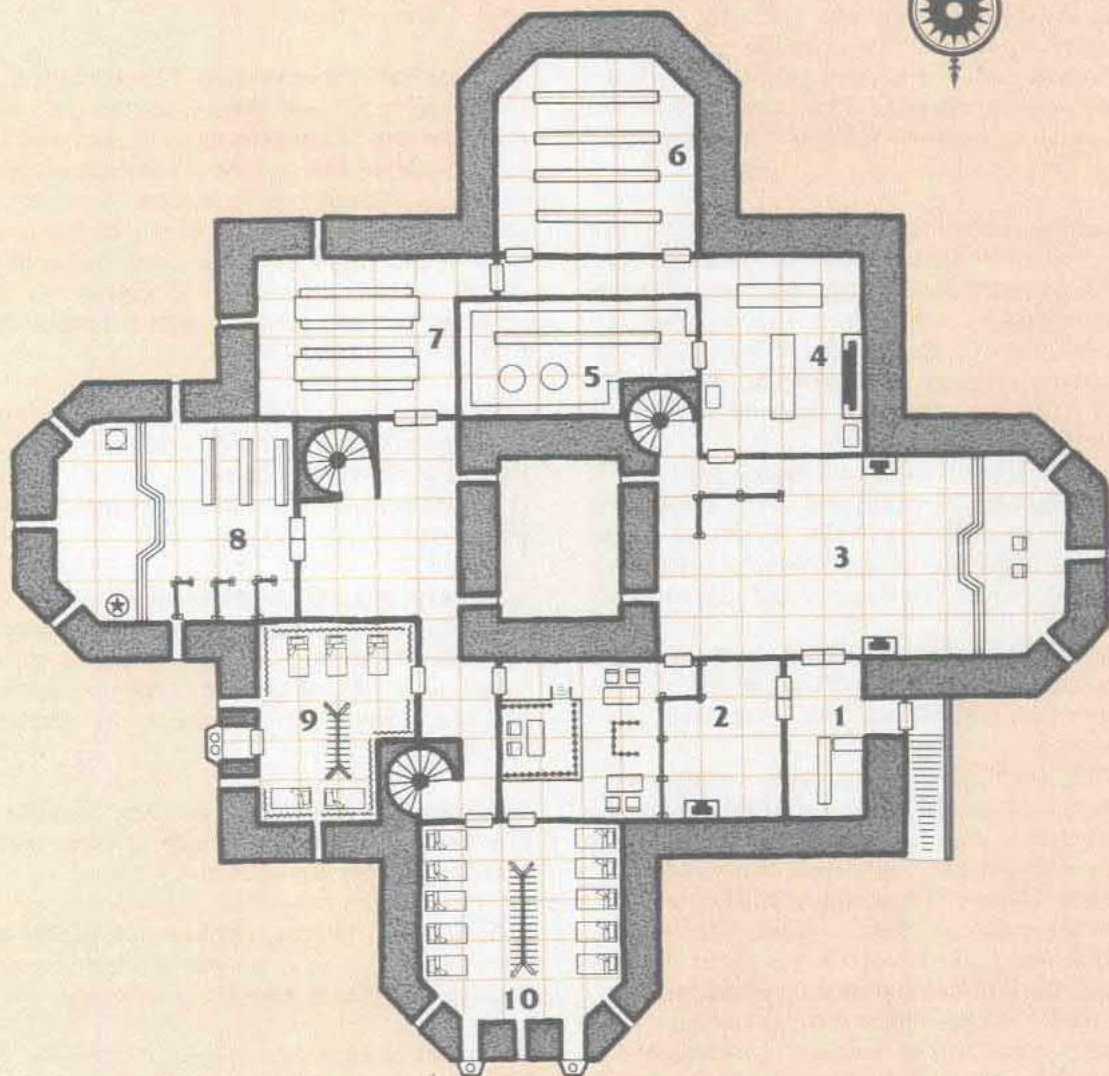
The clerk handles the public's business with the court. Persons who wish to file complaints, give evidence in a trial, or conduct lawsuits must come here first. The clerk records all petitions and complaints, then assigns a court date. It usually takes a day or two just to get a date for a private suit, and anywhere from three weeks to three months can pass before a case goes to trial. Criminal cases initiated by the watch generally go to court more quickly, as the watch has its own court clerk.

Cases involving the clergy must be directed to the civic temple, not here. Likewise, citizens must direct complaints about shoddy goods or service from a merchant to the correct guild. Cases regarding the nobility or their servants are tried by the defendant's liege lord.

When court is in session, two guards and a dog stand posts in this entry. The guards carefully examine everyone who enters for weapons, offensive magical items, and spell components; no one may carry such items into the courtrooms.

Main Floor

1 Square = 5'



Civic Court

For a small fee, the court will hold prohibited items until the visitor leaves.

On days when the duchess is holding court, the clerk accepts petitions on the landing outside. (The building's eaves protect the clerk from inclement weather.) Only those with business before the duchess may enter. Prakis, Dyrmid (the chief constable), two guard sergeants, and two dogs replace the normal guards. They thoroughly search everyone who comes before the duchess, and they make full use of Prakis's *ring of x-ray vision*.

2. Court: Earl Marshal Prakis hears most of the city's civil and criminal cases in a chamber just beyond the entry. Defendants and plaintiffs enter the room by its north door. A 3-foot-high partition runs through the middle of the room; witnesses, advocates, and spectators are expected to remain in the eastern end of the room, behind the partition.

Litigants in civil cases and their advocates sit at the tables near the north and south walls when their cases come before Prakis. Criminal defendants are led into the dock between the two tables and chained to the iron railings for their trials.

Prakis sits in judgment behind a table on a dais against the courtroom's west wall, with a clerk at his right. Two guards stand duty here when court is in session.

Justice, such as it is, comes fairly swiftly once a case gets into court. This court offers no formal procedure for prosecution and defense. Prakis simply questions the witnesses and weighs the evidence. Defendants and plaintiffs may hire advocates, who can bring witnesses to Prakis's attention and make observations about the fine points of the law, but not actually plead cases.

As the city lacks a formal prison system, sentencing is quick and to the point. Misdemeanors such as disturbing the peace, petty fraud, and the like send offenders into the stocks (page 45) for one to three days, sometimes with a flogging for good measure. Thieves must return stolen goods, plus an extra fine (equal to 10% of the

value of the stolen goods) split between the city and the plaintiff. Thieves who injured their victims lose the hand that caused the damage. More serious offenses land the malefactor in a cage for a week to a month. Beheading, the ultimate punishment, remains reserved for treason and violent crimes.

3. Great hall/throne room: The duchess uses a grand hall in the east wing at least twice a month to hold court. She also receives foreign diplomats here. If she desires to meet a notable commoner, such as a skilled bard or successful adventurer, she summons the character to this throne room.

Four guards, a sergeant, and Armand (the ducal herald) attend the duchess. Another sergeant and two guards watch the proceedings from the solar (area 16).

4. Kitchen: A staff of three prepares meals for guards and for prisoners held below. Guards receive a steady diet of bread, beans, and wine. Prisoners get two bowls of warm gruel and water each day.

5. Buttery: Two large barrels in a room next to the kitchen contain common wine for the guards. A shelf holds dozens of hand-blown, round-bottomed bottles of wine from the duchess's private stock. These are opened only on orders from the duchess.

6. Pantry: The pantry shelves hold sacks of grain (for bread and gruel) and many other nonperishable supplies for the kitchen.

7. Mess hall: The guards housed on this level (areas 9 and 10) eat in a mess hall here, as do the many plaza guards who live elsewhere.

8. Chapel: A curate from the civic temple (page 15) remains on duty in the chapel at the west wing of the courthouse 24 hours a day. Partitions on the south side of this room form carpeted booths where visitors can meditate or pray in solitude. Settles on the north side are for commu-

nal worship, though formal services seldom take place here. When court is not in session and the duchess does not preside, citizens can pay a small fee to use the chapel for weddings and other private ceremonies.

The chapel's dais is less than a foot high. The marble holy water font at the north end has a massive cover that weighs more than 250 lbs. A pulley and counterweight system allows its lid to be raised without too much effort. A 7-foot statue of the city's patron deity stands opposite the font. The altar, a simple marble slab, sits atop a black granite base; the whole affair totals a height of 4 feet.

9. Sergeants' quarters: Five of the sergeants who assist Constable Dyrmid are quartered in the courthouse's main floor. One off-duty sergeant is always resting here. Additional sergeants live in a barracks nearby.

These five sergeants, all third cousins to Prakis and Armand, are in their early 30s—fairly young for half-elves. They take their duties seriously, and they regard any failure as a disgrace to their family name.

Fiam, a 7th/7th-level half-elf fighter/mage: S 16, I 15, D 15, W 11, Co 16, Ch 12; AL NG; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 36; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses; SD 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Long sword +1, potion of heroism*
Weapons/equipment: Two daggers, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, elven chain mail
Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep* (×2); 2nd level—*detect invisibility, protection from paralysis, bind*; 3rd level—*hold person, slow*; 4th level—*fire shield*

Kholyne, a 7th/7th-level half-elf fighter/mage: S 17, I 14, D 15, W 11, Co 15, Ch 13; AL NG; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 29; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses; SD 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Long sword +1, potion of invulnerability*

Weapons/equipment: Two daggers, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, elven chain mail
Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep, taunt*; 2nd level—*detect invisibility, protection from paralysis, web*; 3rd level—*hold person, haste*; 4th level—*fire shield*

Zygelle, a 7th/7th-level half-elf fighter/mage: S 16, I 16, D 15, W 10, Co 15, Ch 12; AL NG; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 31; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses; SD 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Long sword +1, potion of hill giant strength*

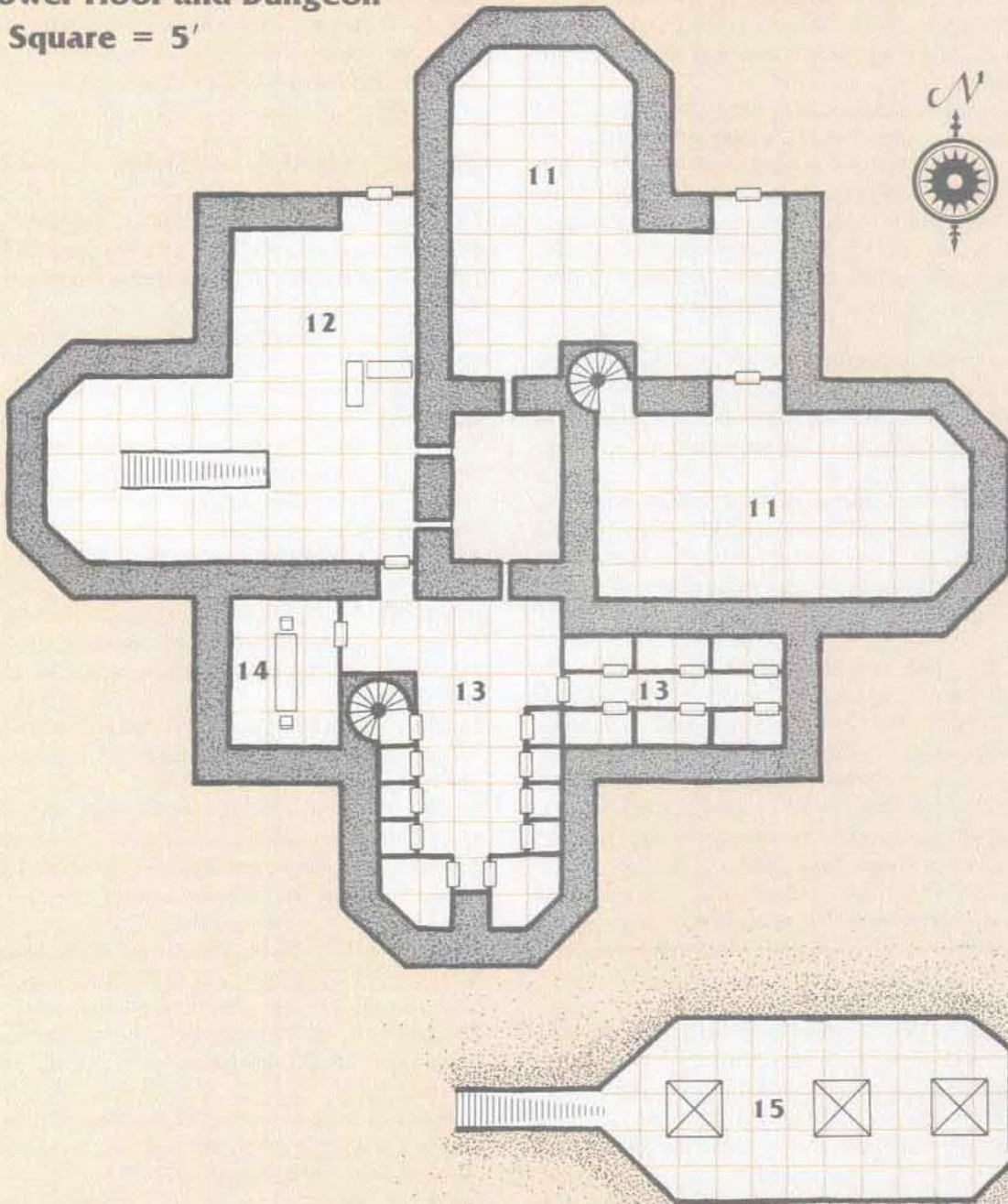
Weapons/equipment: Two daggers, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, elven chain mail
Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep, grease*; 2nd level—*detect invisibility, protection from paralysis, pyrotechnics*; 3rd level—*hold person, lightning bolt*; 4th level—*fire shield*

Bhoytyn, a 7th/7th-level half-elf fighter/mage: S 18/19, I 15, D 15, W 10, Co 15, Ch 13; AL NG; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 30; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses; SD 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Long sword +1, potion of speed*
Weapons/equipment: Two daggers, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, elven chain mail
Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep, color spray*; 2nd level—*detect invisibility, protection from paralysis, glitterdust*; 3rd level—*hold person, invisibility 10' radius*; 4th level—*fire shield*

Celenti, a 7th/7th-level half-elf fighter/mage: S 16, I 16, D 15, W 11, Co 16, Ch 13; AL NG; AC 4; MV 12; HD 7; hp 35; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength bonuses; SD 30% resistant to *sleep* and *charm* spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil
Magical items: *Long sword +1, oil of disenchantment*
Weapons/equipment: Two daggers, long bow, 20 sheaf arrows, elven chain mail
Spells: 1st level—*magic missile* (×2), *sleep, burning hands*; 2nd level—*detect invisibility, protection from*

Civic Court

Lower Floor and Dungeon
1 Square = 5'



paralysis, mirror image; 3rd level—hold person, Maximilian's stony grasp; 4th level—fire shield

10. Barracks: Ten guards assigned to the courthouse live in its southern wing; at least two rest here at any given time. Additional guards are quartered nearby.

Guard (10): Int average; AL varies; AC 4; MV 9; HD 4; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; SA Strength and specialization bonuses as assigned by the DM; SZ M; ML 12; XP nil

Lower floors

Most of the space on the lower levels is devoted to jail facilities, ranging from only mildly uncomfortable to dismal conditions.

11. Storerooms: Huge, dusty storage areas, largely empty, contain only a few crates and barrels of foodstuffs and a small supply of arrows and other weapons.

12. Guard post: Four guards and four dogs always are stationed in the east wing to prevent prisoner escapes. In addition, a court clerk works here 10 hours daily, starting at dawn, filing all criminal cases, which generally go to trial quickly (usually in less than three weeks). In the case of simple misdemeanors, such as disturbing the peace, disorderly conduct, or petty theft, the clerk may choose to bypass the court and send the offender directly to the stocks for a day or three.

If the guards have a particularly important or powerful prisoner, a sergeant joins them. An architectural and acoustic quirk makes sounds in this area clearly audible on the building's upper floors, so any disturbance here brings a quick rush of reinforcements.

Guard dog (4): Int animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 15; HD 2+2; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SZ M (4' long); ML 10; XP nil

13. Holding cells: Prisoners stay in these areas while they await trial. The eastern cells seem fairly dry and comfortable, and each contains a narrow pallet, with clean sheets and blankets, and a small collection of cups and buckets for the prisoner's necessities.

Cells in the southern wing feel grimy and damp and have no beds—just piles of straw. The cups and buckets provided look battered and dingy. Often, it seems hard to tell which implement previously served what purpose. Each cell is fitted with a set of four sturdy manacles for a prisoner's hands and feet. Guards usually manacle only spellcasters and violent criminals. The large cells at the south end contain eight manacles; these cells hold large prisoners (up to ogre size) or groups.

Every cell is fitted with a thick oaken door reinforced with steel bands. Guards can seal each door with an iron bar fastened in place with two standard padlocks; sharp spikes jut from the doors' surfaces inside the cells.

Two guards and a dog always stand posts outside the door to the lockup (area 14). The door to the guard post (area 12) usually stays open so guards there can monitor the area. As in the guard post, disturbances here sound clearly throughout the building.

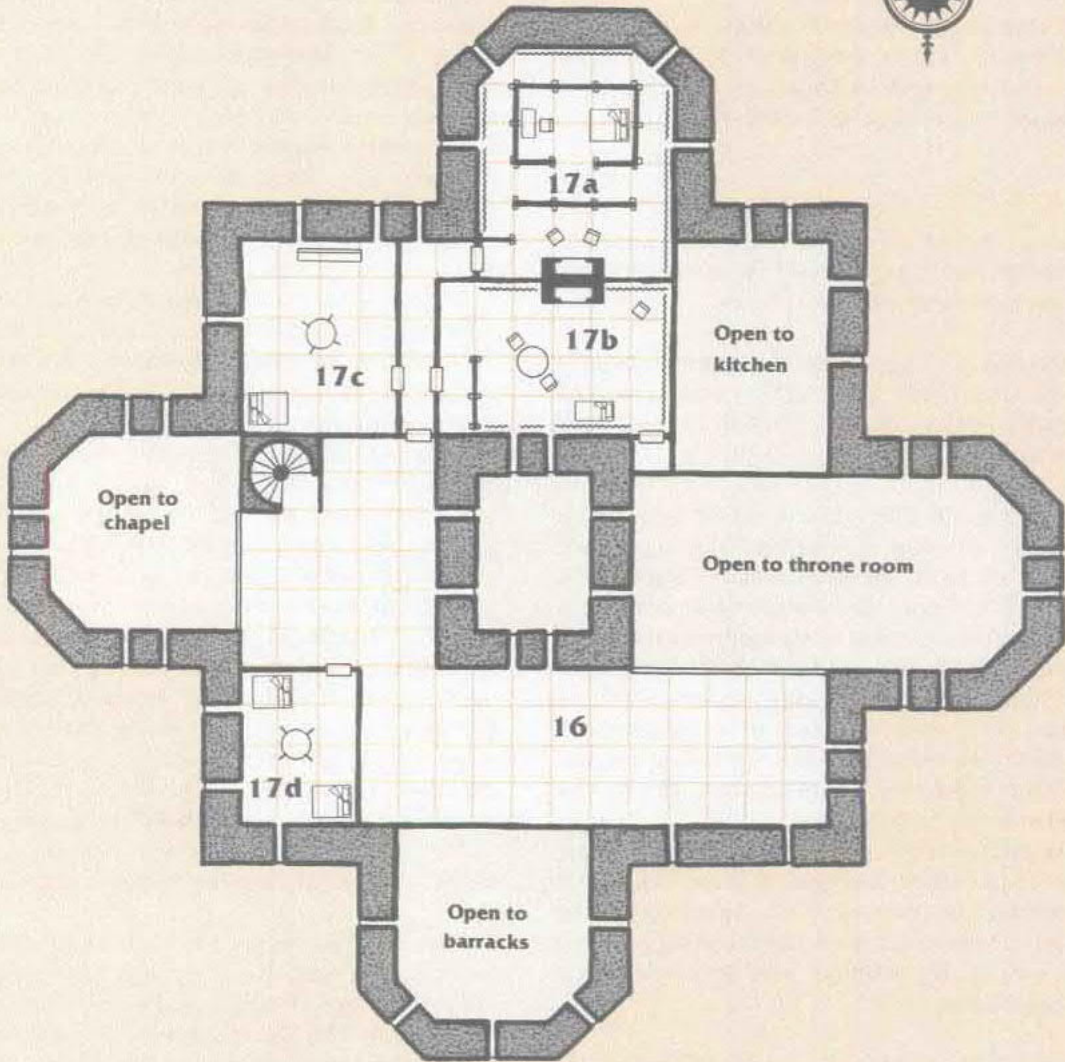
Generally speaking, the duchess does not tolerate mistreatment of the prisoners in her jail—nor does she allow them to be coddled. They all get the same two meals a day: water and warm gruel from the kitchen. Each is fined 2 cp a day to cover expenses. Those in the east cells can purchase better rations for an extra 1 gp a day (plus a gratuity to the guards). Prisoners who cannot pay their debts must forfeit property or perform civic labor.

14. Lockup: The guards use a locked room near the cells for a variety of purposes. Most frequently, valuable items checked at the entry (area 1) are stored here. The lockup also serves as an interrogation chamber. The chair at the south end of the room's long table has front legs cut slightly shorter than the back legs, making it impossible for a prisoner sitting there to feel relaxed or comfortable.

Civic Court

Upper Floor

1 Square = 5'



15. Dungeon: This area, accessible via a staircase in the west wing, remains reserved for truly dangerous prisoners and for the rare inmate actually facing a long imprisonment. Prisoners are held in pits 10 feet wide and 20 feet deep. The walls slope gently inward at an angle so slight as to go unnoticed to the untrained eye, but steep enough to foil most climbing attempts (~80 to climb walls percentages). Each pit comes equipped with eight manacles, but nothing else. Guards lower a prisoner's necessities through a 2-foot hatch in the pit cover. The covers themselves weigh 350 lbs. and are built and secured just like the cell doors, only sturdier.

Upper Floor

In direct contrast to the dark, cramped conditions of the lower prison level, the court's upper floor is light and spacious.

16. Solar: The thickly carpeted solar usually stays empty, but it is available to nobles and influential residents wishing to observe goings-on in the chapel (area 8) or throne room (area 3) from behind low railings at this floor's east and west ends.

17. Apartments: Most of the courthouse's three apartments see only temporary use.

17a: The spacious chamber in the north wing remains reserved for the duchess, should she decide to linger in the city after holding court downstairs. Its furnishings and tapestries are the finest available. The desk contains top-quality writing supplies and copies of records relevant to the duchess's current business.

17b: Earl Marshal Prakis occasionally uses his chamber as a convenience when he sits in court. He always stays when the duchess does.

17c: Constable Dyrmid has permanent use of a fairly spartan chamber. He keeps his few personal effects (spare clothes and sundry adventuring gear) in a trunk under the bed.

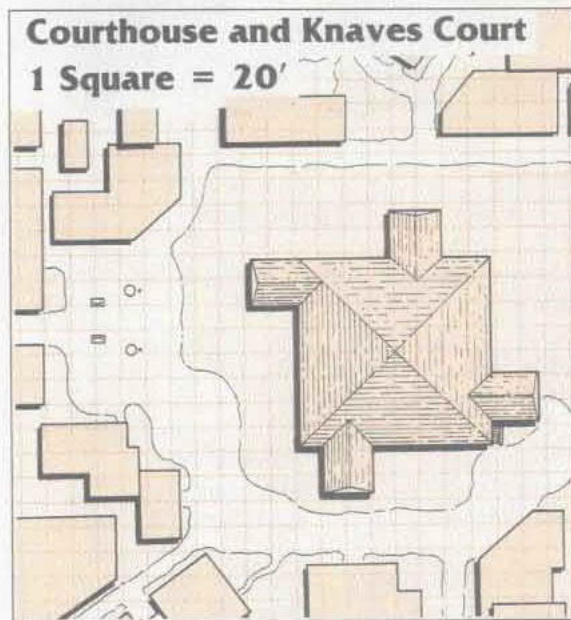
17d: A chamber reserved for the priests tending the chapel receives very little use.

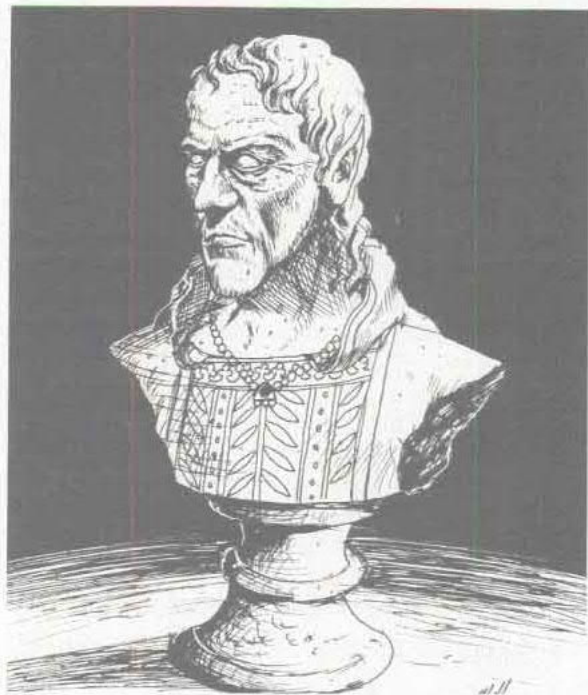
Knave's Court

The city's primary means of punishing drunks, rowdies, and similar miscreants, stands at the west end of the courthouse plaza.

Here sit two pairs of stocks: sturdy wooden benches with a framework for holding the prisoners' feet. Each can hold two creatures from halfling to ogre size. The public derision prisoners suffer while in the stocks is part of the punishment. Koslowe, the vampire (page 62), offers an unofficial punitive element. He visits the stocks for quick snacks, using a *charm gaze* and *forget* spell to conceal his acts.

Knave's Court also features two steel cages hanging from tall poles, for criminals serving long sentences. Slightly less uncomfortable than the stocks, cages are just as unhealthy.





Prakis

A 9th/9th-level male elf fighter/wizard

Alignment:	Lawful neutral	
Move:	12	
AC:	0	
THAC0:	12	
Hit points:	54	
Strength:	14	Intelligence: 17
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom: 15
Constitution:	15	Charisma: 10

Proficiencies: Dagger, halberd, long bow, long sword, mace, spear, two-handed sword; blind-fighting; read/write common, read/write elvish, riding—land-based: horse (18); tracking (15); etiquette (10)

Languages: Common, elvish, dwarvish, halfling, gnomish

Armor: *Robe of the archmagi* (gray), *ring of protection* +3

Weapons: Long sword +1, +3 vs. lycanthropes and shapeshifters (Int 15, AL LN, speaks common and elvish, detects invisible objects in a 20-foot radius, bestows flight for one hour a day), 20 arrows +2, dagger, long bow

Equipment: *Medallion of ESP*, *wand of enemy detection* (70 charges), *scroll of protection from magic*, *ring of x-ray vision*, a scroll with the *minor globe of invulnerability* spell, a scroll with the *banishment* spell, a scroll with the *monster summoning V* spell

Age: 181

Height: 5' 3"

Weight: 112 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Silver/green

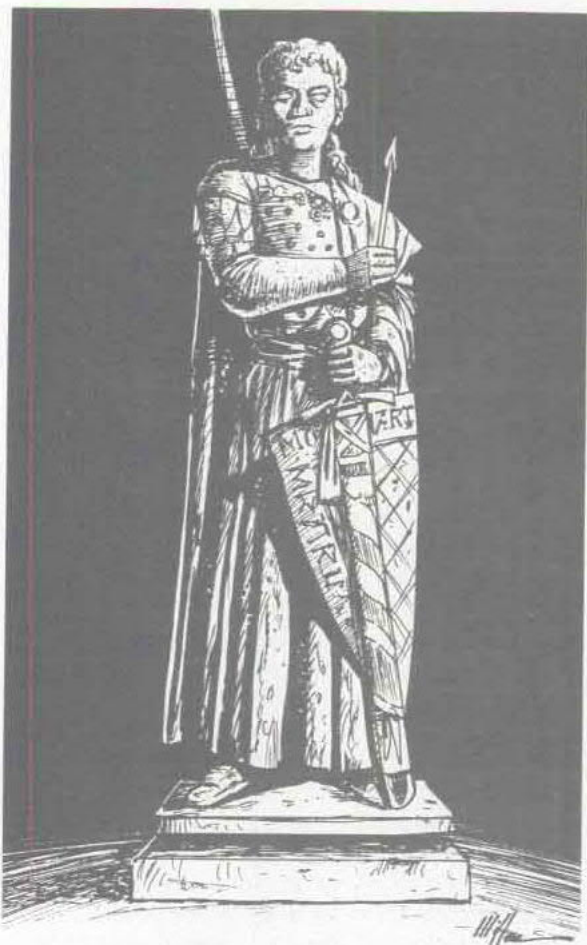
Spells/day: 4 3 3 2 1

Preferred spells: 1st level—*charm person*, *sleep*, *shield*; 2nd level—*strength*, *web*, *knock*; 3rd level—*hold person*, *dispel magic*, *flame arrow*; 4th level—*polymorph other*, *fire shield*; 5th level—*hold monster*

The earl marshal's long, narrow face is punctuated by high cheekbones, almond eyes, and a sharp chin. Prakis exhibits good posture and wears an expression of perpetual boredom or disdain. (He describes it as one of "detached aloofness," and so do his underlings, if they know what's good for them.)

Prakis always wears his *robe of the archmagi*, which he keeps in tiptop condition with a *mending* spell cast every week. Periodically, he has a subordinate use a *cantrip* to change the robe's pattern and color. He always wears the same robe.

The earl marshal's family has served the duchy for generations, and Prakis inherited his title. He is extremely competent, however, and during his long life has become something of a living legal encyclopedia. A martinet about the law, he concerns himself primarily with justice as defined by his legal books rather than by more difficult concepts like "right" and "wrong." He never disobeys an order from the duchess, but neither does he infer precedents from her rulings in court. He firmly believes that the law exists to establish a well-ordered society, and he has little patience with people who make emotional appeals in court.



Constable Dyrmid

A 5th-level male human ranger

Alignment:	Lawful good	
Move:	12	
AC:	2	
THAC0:	16	
Hit points:	37	
Strength:	18/22	Intelligence: 9
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom: 14
Constitution:	15	Charisma: 15

Proficiencies: Dagger, dart, lasso, long bow, long sword, spear; blind-fighting; riding—land-based: horse (17); tracking (15); read/write common (10)

Languages: Common, halfling

Armor: Studded leather +1

Weapons: Long sword +2, long bow +1, two daggers, lasso, 20 sheaf arrows

Equipment: Boots of speed, potion of invulnerability, rope of entanglement, 1 lb. bag of flour, magnifying glass

Age: 25

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 170 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Auburn/blue

Constable Dyrmid, a harried-looking young man, has tousled hair and eyes the color of a placid mountain lake. He seems even at a glance very much the outdoor warrior, complete with tanned face, grimy hands, and clothing spattered with mud—or worse. Dyrmid never goes anywhere without his armor and weapons.

As the senior constable in the city, Dyrmid always seeks to temper the law with compassion. His philosophy often puts him in conflict with Earl Marshal Prakis, but it makes him very popular with the citizens. Most people in the city realize that Dyrmid usually has their best interests at heart, and they generally assist him in any way they can when he comes to ask them some questions about a recent crime or unusual happening in the city.

All things being equal, Dyrmid favors the interests of the local citizenry over those of strangers, but he also understands that the city will suffer if it gains a reputation as a place where the law looks the other way when a visitor faces trouble. Well acquainted with Schel's tactics (page 92), the constable has learned to arrive quickly to break up scenes between the druid and someone who has mistreated an animal in her presence.



Duchess Yascha Nulhar

A 7th-level female human cleric

Alignment:	Lawful good
Move:	12
AC:	4 (-1 in armor)
THAC0:	16
Hit points:	44

Strength:	10	Intelligence:	14
Dexterity:	14	Wisdom:	17
Constitution:	15	Charisma:	15

Proficiencies: Mace, staff, war hammer; artistic ability: tapestry sewing (17); etiquette, read/write common (15); dancing (14); musical instrument: lute, seamstress/tailor (13)

Languages: Common, elvish, dwarvish

Armor: Bracers of defense (AC 6), ring of protection +2 (armor of command, shield +2)

Weapons: Staff mace

Equipment: Rod of beguiling (43 charges), ring of spell turning, scarab of protection (20 charges), ring of truth, pouch of accessibility, potion of extra-healing, potion of fire resistance, potion of gaseous form

Age: 42

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 132 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Brunette/brown

Spells/day: 5 5 3 1

Preferred spells: 1st level—*command*, *detect magic*, *cure light wounds*; 2nd level—*hold person*, *detect charm*, *know alignment*; 3rd level—*dispel magic*, *prayer*; 4th level—*free action*

As a seasoned aristocrat, the duchess brooks no impertinence from her subjects or from any adventurers who might come before her. Her years of presiding over banquets, audiences, and trials have begun to thicken her waist a little. Likewise, her dark hair is becoming silvered, a change not inappropriate for a redoubtable matron such as she.

Inside, the duchess feels as emotional as anyone, but she always appears implacable. Her expression and manner of speaking never change, whether she is condemning a criminal or receiving an unexpected bouquet of flowers as a gift. Although she generally behaves kindly to commoners who show respect, her sphinxlike demeanor makes most people uncomfortable.

An audience with the duchess is always a memorable occasion, as her commanding presence and unreadable expression make it almost as scary to receive an accolade from her as it would her stern pronouncement of justice. Most of her audiences are political; she hears only the gravest criminal cases involving members of the nobility.

The duchess's garments are always impeccable, though she varies them according to the circumstances. For everyday wear she prefers a serviceable tunic of yellow linen or wool and an outer tunic of burgundy satin with her coat of arms (a rearing behir) embroidered in gold thread on the chest. On more formal occasions she dons sumptuous gowns and extravagant jewels that set the fashion for genteel folk throughout the duchy.



Armand

An 11th-level male half-elf thief

Alignment:	Neutral good		
Move:	12		
AC:	-1		
THAC0:	15		
Hit points:	35		
Strength:	11	Intelligence:	15
Dexterity:	18	Wisdom:	15
Constitution:	15	Charisma:	10

Proficiencies: Dagger, hand crossbow, long sword, sling; blind-fighting; riding—land-based: horse (18); forgery (17); read/write common (16); heraldry (15); etiquette (10)

Languages: Common, elvish, thieves' cant

Armor: Elven chain mail +2

Weapons: Staff of withering (19 charges), dagger of venom, dagger

Equipment: Ring of blinking, chime of interruption, cloak of elvenkind, cube of force, ring of weakness

Age: 45

Height: 5' 6"

Weight: 125 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Silver/green

Thief skills: PP 90%; HS 45%; OL 45%; DN 90%; FT 90%; CW 60%; MS 40%; RL 90%
+4 attack bonus; BS ×3 damage

Armand, Prakis's third cousin, shares the earl marshal's severe features and stern demeanor. The half-elf is the ducal herald, also a hereditary position. As herald, he performs such public duties as calling ducal audiences to order and announcing visiting dignitaries. Privately, Armand manages the duchess's household and serves as her companion and bodyguard.

Armand's *dagger of venom* contains paralytic poison (onset one to two rounds, duration two to five hours). Saves against this poison have a -2 penalty; the formula is a family secret.

Publicly, Armand seems a cold fish, stoic and implacable. Privately, the half-elf is jovial and easygoing. He has struck up a friendship with Dyrmid and has the duchess's ear on most issues. Player characters who approach Armand meet a wall of formal language and pointed hints about using the proper channels. If the PCs act polite, however, and especially if they have information valuable to the duchy (facts concerning a crime), Armand loses no time getting their case brought before the appropriate people. The herald never intercedes, though, without a solemn promise from the PCs never to reveal his involvement.

Adventure Hook

- PCs who start trouble in the city likely will experience the justice system firsthand. Those wishing to avoid the stocks should appeal to the aggrieved party rather than Prakis. Most merchants and innkeepers would rather be paid for damages, plus a generous tip, than have to give evidence in court, especially if the PC has not been a nuisance in the past.

Some NPCs might prefer a service from the PC, such as guard duty, retrieving a rare item from a former citizen, or a little covert spy work, rather than a cash payment.

Gryphon's Stables



Gryphon's Stables, a large horse dealership and boarding facility, sprawls near the center of town. This fortresslike edifice, built from the same glittery stone as the Civic Court (page 38), used to serve as the stables and barracks for the city's garrison.

Street Level

The north wing, which fronts on a busy street, houses the stables. Its 12-foot outer walls are unbroken except for a tiny service entrance that opens onto a narrow alley west of the building, and the main gate, which opens onto the busy thoroughfare.

At this entrance, the wall rises to form a 20-foot arch. The gate itself has two valves made from thick bars of wrought iron that end in sharp points. The left valve contains a smaller doorway 3 feet wide and 6 feet high, big enough for most customers, but too small for horses. Cast-iron plaques showing griffons in low relief decorate both valves. A shiny brass plaque bearing the

words "No Magic Allowed" hangs prominently on the small doorway.

The building's south wing serves as home to Gryphon de Vries, the owner, and his wife, Tessa. Though it has the same blank outer walls as the stable, it feels luxurious inside.

The Stables

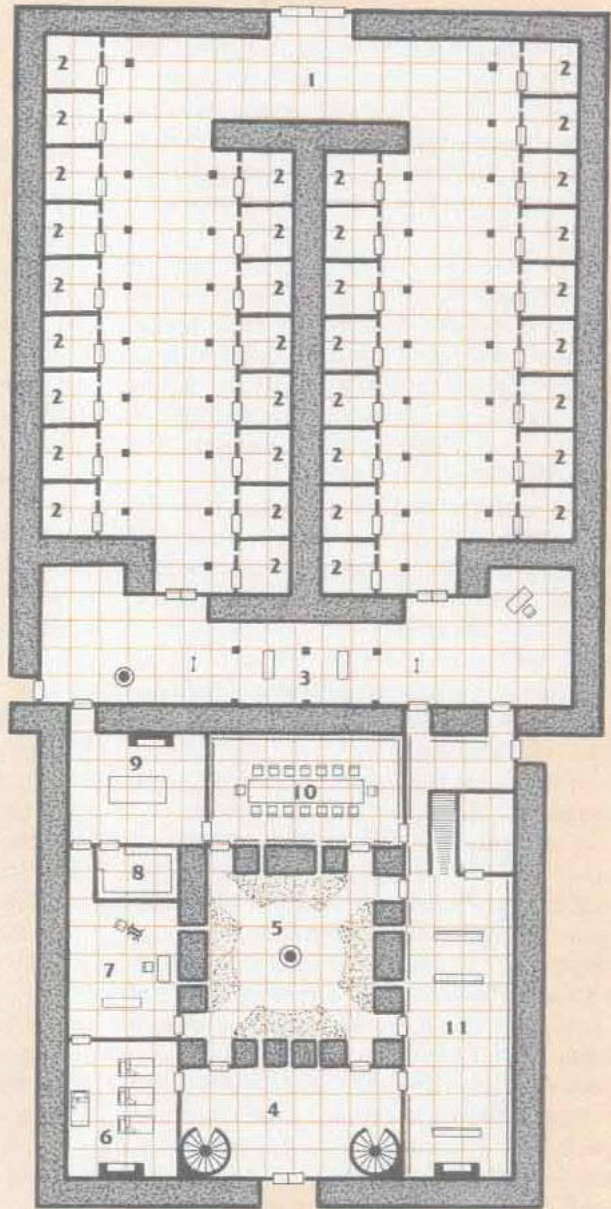
The main gate usually remains locked, but the smaller customer entrance stays open from just after sunrise until sunset every day. One or two stable boys always are on hand to greet visitors and handle normal business, such as boarding and grooming mounts. They escort those wishing to buy or rent mounts to the carriage house (area 3) to speak with Gryphon.

1. Courtyard: Once inside the gate, a visitor finds a narrow courtyard roughly paved with tan flagstones. The stables themselves, long wooden sheds, have lean-to roofs and peristyle fronts. Brick-red tile covers the roofs, and whitewash coats all walls and posts. One can see and hear horses in their stalls.

The area seems fairly clean, but as the day wears on, telltale signs of equine presence begin to accumulate. The stable boys quickly shovel droppings out of the way, but they do not fully clean the rough cobbles until after closing. At least one stable boy stays on duty 24 hours a day to serve long-term customers whose business might require them to stable or retrieve a horse at odd hours.

2. Stalls: The stable's box stalls, roomy enough for even the largest horses, have dutch doors and single shutters hinged at the top. In good weather, the stable boys open the shutters and the upper leaves of the dutch doors, giving the horses plenty of light and air. Though the stalls seem pretty dark and dingy when closed up, they also feel very snug; Gryphon often boasts that the stalls in his stables are less drafty than most inns in town. Each stall has a manger and a water trough below the shutter. The stable boys refill

Stable and Residence
Main Floor
1 Square = 5'



the manger through the shutter. Pipes leading down from cisterns in the rafters keep the troughs full.

For a flat, non-negotiable fee of 5 sp a day, Gryphon provides clean bedding, fodder, and grain for a stabled horse. The stable boys groom, exercise, and saddle the beast as necessary. The customer is responsible for keeping the horse shod and paying stabling fees in advance. Long-term customers should pay at the beginning of the month.

3. Carriage house: Gryphon keeps his personal carriage on site and often stores his customers' vehicles as well, provided the draft animals that pull them are kept in the stables. He also has a filthy two-wheeled cart for hauling away manure and soiled bedding, which he sells to farmers and gardeners as fertilizer and mulch.

A covered well in the west section supplies water for cleanup and acts as a reserve in case the cisterns run dry. However, hauling enough water from the well for all the horses is a backbreaking job that requires extra staff.

Pillars in the central section of the carriage house are studded with pegs and hooks for hanging up tack and harness. Workers clean and repair tack on tables here.

Gryphon manages the business from the desk at the east end of the building. He provides no seating for his patrons, as he believes making them stand gives him a psychological edge when bargaining. He sells and rents everything from nags to chargers. City residents and long-term visitors who can provide excellent references or substantial security deposits can rent mounts for local use for a few silver pieces a day. Strangers and customers wishing to take mounts away from the city can negotiate for Gryphon to sell them the animal, understanding that he will buy it back for 80% to 90% of the purchase price.

Most of Gryphon's horses are normal, un spectacular animals. Unusual animals, including war mounts, he generally does not keep available on demand, but he can acquire them through con-

tacts with nearby farmers in 1d4+1 days. When haggling, Gryphon usually demands 150% of the base price (as listed in the *Player's Handbook*). Persistent bargainers can talk him down to base price, but the owner sells most of his stock at 10% to 15% above base price.

The de Vries Residence

The main entrance to Gryphon's house opens onto a fairly busy side street lined with ordinary shops. Griffon-shaped knockers adorn the sturdy oaken doors.

Although this is not a fashionable address, Tessa de Vries, a well known hostess, entertains a steady stream of petty nobles, glib-tongued adventurers, and city officials. Traders, beggars, and servants use the western entrance, near the kitchen (area 9). This practical arrangement allows Gryphon to keep an eye on everyone's comings and goings. Only long and vigorous knocking brings someone to answer the front door, unless the visitor is expected. Gryphon and Tessa use an eastern entrance, but no one else does.

4. Atrium: The highlight of this home's unique entryway is a stone floor decorated with mosaics of hunters, shepherds, birds, and grapevines. The pattern continues northward through the garden to the dining room (areas 5 and 10). Tessa's first husband had the flagstones removed from a nearby ruin and installed here. The de Vries have no idea that the ancient flooring is worth at least 2,000 gp.

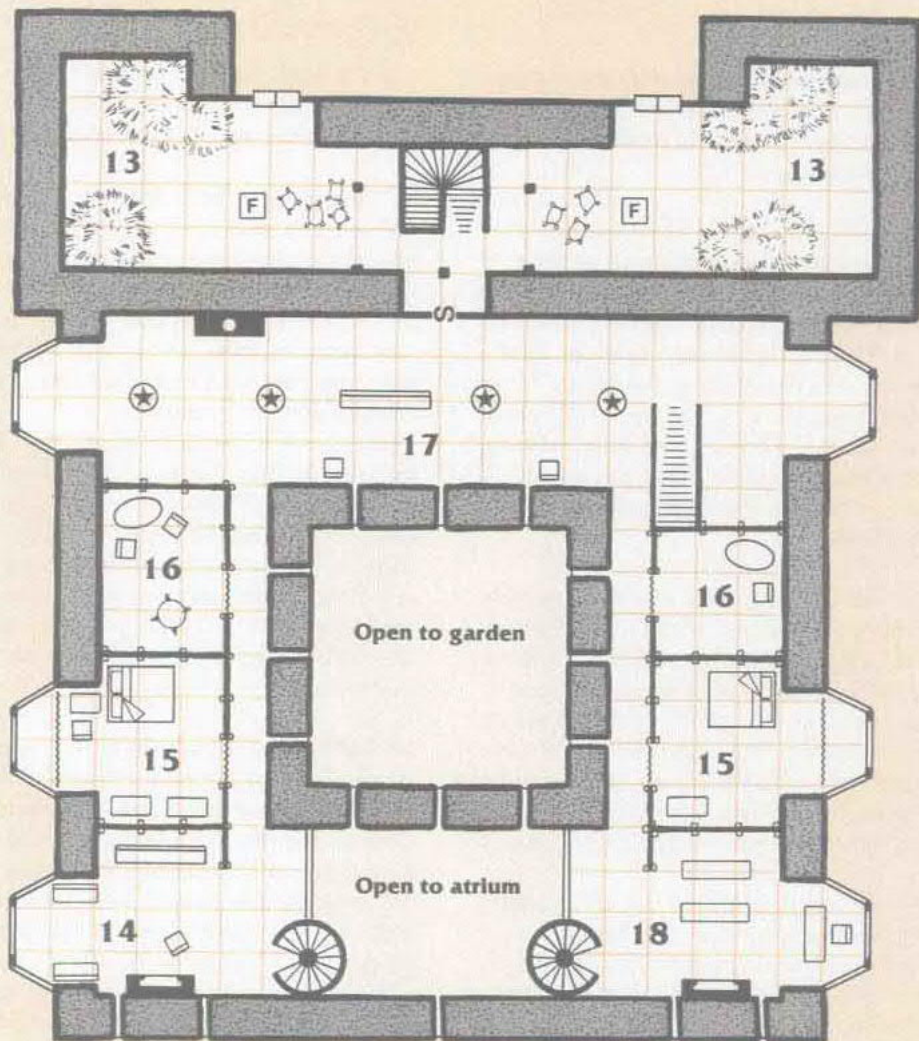
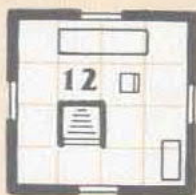
5. Garden: Carefully arranged and well tended beds of ornamental flowers grow in an open-air central garden. Tessa has planned the garden so that something almost always is in bloom. The house's well lies partially concealed in the central flower bed.

6. Servants' quarters: Tessa's staff of four housemaids lives just off the atrium (area 4). Beyond the hard cots, there is very little else here. The

Stable and Residence

Upper Floors

1 Square = 5'



Gryphon's Stables

maids keep their few belongings in bundles under their beds and usually stack a few sticks of wood near the fireplace.

7. Work room: When not busy dusting, scrubbing, and polishing, the maids spend most of their time spinning thread and weaving cloth. Tessa uses some of what's produced to maintain and embellish the tapestries in areas 10 and 11 and sells the rest. She lets the maids keep most of the profits.

8. Pantry: This room is crammed with all manner of food and drink to supply Tessa's endless parties. With Myrtle, her cook, the hostess keeps a tally of everything on hand.

9. Kitchen: Most of the time, this room either stands empty or becomes the scene of frantic activity. On days Tessa isn't entertaining, Myrtle has little to do beyond lazily stirring a pot or turning a spit. This restful scene explodes into a rush of activity when guests are due, as Tessa never invites less than a houseful. Myrtle bustles about all day, fixing food and barking orders at the maids, who find themselves pressed into service as kitchen help on top of their regular duties.

10. Dining room: The de Vries use their stately dining room only for parties. When not entertaining, Tessa and Gryphon dine alone in their rooms. The massive table seats 18 plus the hostess, who strives to see that every chair is filled when guests come for dinner. The cupboards hold table linens and a number of silver plates, candlesticks, finger bowls, and items of cutlery. (After Tessa sets her table, it gleams like a dragon's hoard.)

11. Parlor: Tessa ushers her guests to a sitting room that spans the length of the house's east side for after-dinner conversation and drinks. In mild weather, folks tend to gather at the north end of the room, where guests can relax and gaze at the garden, even wander there. In colder weather, they mingle near the fireplace.

A small chamber east of the stairs is the lumber room, a repository for household odds and ends like tools and old furniture.

Upper Level

Although the de Vries home has an extensive upper story, the building features only limited space over the stables.

Upstairs at the Stables

Gryphon, secretly a wizard, makes sure to keep private the tower room above the stables. However, the hands have access to the lofts.

12. Tower: Gryphon uses a tower room over the stables as a private study where he can pursue his magic in secrecy. He keeps a set of traveling spellbooks in a hidden compartment in the ceiling. A small table in one corner holds a cage of rats from the lofts; in a pinch, Gryphon can cast *polymorph other* to turn them into other animals, usually dogs or horses.

The large table at the north end is strewn with ledgers, blank sheets of parchment, and many quills. Though he has not yet mastered the art, Gryphon intends to begin writing his own scrolls soon. Because this task will occupy him for days at a time, he doesn't know how he will keep the business running. He may hire an assistant to run the stable while he works, or perhaps he will leave the city.

13. Lofts: The lofts hold bulky supplies such as straw, hay, and grain. The double doors allow stable hands to pitch goods down to the courtyard as needed. When stocking the lofts, workers on the ground throw hay and straw from wagons up through these doors with long-handled pitchforks. Other hands shove this material into loose piles on the loft floor. Stable boys have to haul grain sacks up the ladders that open up at trap doors in the loft floor; they dump the sacks near the trap doors.

Gryphon periodically tosses animals out of his

bag of tricks and commands them to hunt vermin in the lofts. The stable boys muffle a few sniggers when he produces a stag, but the system works fairly well overall.

Upstairs at the de Vries Residence

Despite the large number of guests that visit Tessa's house so frequently, she feels close to none of them. Certainly, she has never invited anyone to sit upstairs in her home.

14. Music room: A pleasant chamber just off the west staircase contains a large harp, which Tessa plays to while away the hours. Though a good musician, she never plays for guests.

15. Bedchambers: Tessa and Gryphon sleep in separate chambers. The western room is Tessa's, furnished with a canopied bed, a wardrobe, chest of drawers, and a dressing table. The wardrobe and chest hold her expensive gowns and other clothing. On the dressing table sits a case for cosmetics, a jewelry box, and a silver hand mirror.

Gryphon's chamber, on the eastern side of the house, features a bed and little else, except for a trunk of clothing and adventuring gear.

16. Baths: Each of two upstairs baths has a large wooden tub for bathing and clothes washing. The chamber near Tessa's room has a brazier to warm the room and heat water.

17. Solar: A long chamber running the northern length of the house receives sunlight all day throughout the year. Tessa often brings her sewing here, but the room doesn't get much use otherwise. The four statues of classical figures in athletic poses come from the same ruin that supplied the mosaic floors.

18. Library: Gryphon keeps his collection of books and scrolls in a room next to his. Most tomes are translations of ancient works on religion, philosophy, and the natural sciences, such as a sage or collector might keep.

Interspersed with the common volumes sit treatises on alchemy, magical theory, and enchantments. Gryphon has acquired these over the years to assist him in manufacturing potions, scrolls, and other magical items. However, he arranges the books to suggest he is a collector, not a student of magic.

Gryphon de Vries

An 8th-level male human transmuter

Alignment:	Neutral evil
Move:	12
AC:	8
THAC0:	18
Hit points:	13

Strength:	12	Intelligence:	17
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom:	15
Constitution:	9	Charisma:	11

Proficiencies: Dagger, staff; read/write common, riding—land-based: horse (18); animal training: horse (16); animal handling (15)

Languages: Common, halfling, centaur

Armor: None

Weapons: Dagger, staff

Equipment: *Wand of polymorphing* (56 charges), *amulet of proof against detection and location*, *wand of size alteration* (22 charges), *bag of tricks* (type A), *ring of spell storing* (three *detect magic* spells) riding crop, brass whistle, steel pick (for cleaning debris out of horseshoes), knife

Age: 56

Height: 5' 7"

Weight: 170 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Red/brown

Spells/day: 4 3 3 2 (plus one extra alteration spell per spell level)

Preferred spells: 1st level—*armor*, *burning hands*, *sleep*, *spider climb*, *detect magic*; 2nd level—*fog cloud*, *irritation*, *alter self*, *web*; 3rd level—*fly*, *slow*, *wizard sight*, *sepia snake sigil*; 4th level—*polymorph self*, *polymorph other*, *dimension door*

Gryphon's Stables

Gryphon, a portly man with a pasty, freckled complexion, wears his carrot-colored hair short and sports a goatee and thin mustache. Locals know him for his distinctive laugh, which sounds like a neighing horse.

The owner of the stables looks nothing like a wizard—that's the way he likes it. Gryphon usually wears a plain chemise, outer tunic, and cloth breeches. When working, he dons a heavy canvas apron and a wide leather belt hung with his knife, riding crop, and several pouches. The pouches hold spell components and an assortment of supplies and tools: rope halters, bridles, a whetstone, and other items, depending on his duties for a particular day.

Townfolk do not realize Gryphon is a wizard, and he works to keep them ignorant, avoiding spellcasting in front of witnesses. He cultivates a reputation for distrust of magic to conceal his own nefarious habit of polymorphing strangers and rats into horses.

Gryphon typically holds polymorphed victims in a locked stall (long enough for characters to fail their daily personality checks, causing them to actually become horses; see *polymorph other* spell description in the *Player's Handbook*). Once sure of a victim's permanent change, he quickly sells the animal, usually to a traveler who will take the beast away from the city. He avoids selling polymorphed creatures to adventurers who might use spells such as *dispel magic*, *true sight* or *speak with animals* on their mounts.

Gryphon plays his part well and is known to have a "nose for magic" (actually *detect magic* and *wizard sight* spells at work). Locals know he overcharges spellcasters and even adventurers who carry magical items into the shop. He absolutely flies into a rage when someone uses a spell in his presence.

This opportunistic trickster came to the city eight years ago. An adventurer at the time, his career had been fairly profitable, due to his ability to dupe companions out of their loot. Realizing his wickedness would catch up with him, Gryphon sought an easy, safe new life.

His skill with horses landed him a job at the

stables, where he turned the owner, Nivin, into a mule and sold him to a trade caravan. After arranging to have the caravan attacked and the animals slain, Gryphon told locals that Nivin had run away with a mysterious woman. Hardly anyone suspects the truth.

After the disappearance, Gryphon managed the stable for Nivin's widow, Tessa, who had become the sole owner. After a few years he married her, gaining title to the stable (which he renamed). He has operated it ever since.

Gryphon is an adequate husband—another part of his disguise. If trouble arises, he won't hesitate to abandon Tessa and flee (and he'll steal her jewels before he goes). Always prepared for a quick escape, Gryphon keeps a *dimension door* spell memorized and has the spoils from his adventuring days and a set of spellbooks buried in the forest outside the city.

Tessa de Vries

A 0-level female human gentlewoman

Alignment:	Neutral
Move:	12
AC:	8
THAC0:	20
Hit points:	3

Strength:	8	Intelligence:	10
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom:	10
Constitution:	9	Charisma:	15

Proficiencies: Musical instrument: harp (16); seamstress/tailor (15); riding—land-based: horse (13)

Languages: Common

Armor: None

Weapons: None

Equipment: None

Age: 51

Height: 5' 6"

Weight: 151 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Brown/brown

The round-shouldered, chubby Tessa is distressed to find the first signs of age spots, especially on her hands and face. She hides them by dusting her face with a heavy layer of powder each morning and wearing gloves. No amount of powder can hide the furrows around her mouth and eyes, but her rouged cheeks and constant smile help give her face a pleasant, sunny quality. Tessa wears all the latest styles and rarest fabrics. Her gowns are high necked, with long, flowing sleeves.

Tessa, daughter of a successful merchant, brought a great deal of wealth to both her marriages. Though not an aristocrat, she longs to be one. She surrounds herself with the city's elite, or at least as much of it as she can attract to her home. Young dandies flock to Tessa's side, as she is well known as a generous hostess. Older blue bloods consider her impossibly common and avoid her invitations whenever they can. Tessa also seeks out the company of other notables: bards, successful adventurers, military officers, and public servants—anyone with even a hint of fame or prestige eventually appears on her guest list.

Tessa regards her marriage to Gryphon as a simple social contract. He manages the business, and she asks no questions. Though not particularly sharp, she suspects something sinister about Nivin's disappearance. Her first husband might very well have had eyes for a younger lady, she realizes, but he never would have run off and left his wealth and property behind. It seems obvious to Tessa that Gryphon had something to do with the affair, and she has noted disappearances of

several others who have had dealings with her second husband. For now, she says nothing. At least she has a husband to allow her to maintain her lifestyle—even if he is a scoundrel.

Adventure Hooks

- Player characters who achieve notoriety eventually receive Tessa's invitation to dine. Those who accept find themselves trapped in an interminable evening of small talk among the city's social climbers and idle rich. As DM, you can insert more interesting NPCs into the guest list for the PCs to meet or introduce new characters into the campaign at the party.

The ruins where Nivin got the flooring and statues could hide a dungeon complex, which the PCs can learn if they ask about the floor in the atrium or the statues in the solar.

- The party finds a dazed person wandering the streets. The character seems completely lost and has a taste for sugar, carrots, and apples. The character doesn't know his or her own name and neighs at the end of sentences.

The character, another adventurer, fell afoul of Gryphon's *polymorph other* spell. When the magic was dispelled, the character wandered back to the city, still thinking like a horse. If the PCs take in this unfortunate, they find this companion tries to sleep standing up, kicks when angry, and feels deathly afraid of fire. Persistent characters might unravel the truth.

The Cracked Mug



The Cracked Mug, a no-frills tavern on an unpaved alley, occupies the ground floor of a stone residential building three stories high. The upper floors overhang the tavern and form a colonnade that gives shade in the summer and shelter in winter. The colonnade's flagstone floor also provides a dry place to walk in bad weather, when the alley becomes a sea of mud.

The Tavern

The stout, oaken main door is on the building's east side. A double-sided wooden plaque showing a cracked mug of frothy ale hangs from the colonnade in front of the door. Inside, visitors find a cramped room that smells of sweat, wood smoke, and heady ale.

The Cracked Mug opens for business every day at high noon, when customers can order beer, ale, wine, cheese, bread, and cold meats. At dusk, the kitchen produces an evening meal of soup and bread, plus beans or peas and meat or fish. (Customers still can order from the daytime

menu.) The Cracked Mug also offers brandy and whisky at night. Tavernkeeper Pontick keeps prices fairly low.

The Cracked Mug stays open at night as long as paying customers remain in the common room, but it always closes at sunrise.

The Clientele

The Cracked Mug's customers are a boisterous lot, suspicious of change and of strangers. Many of them have lodgings in the chambers above the tavern and take all their meals here. Lodgers who come to the central window behind the bar right after sunrise can receive a morning meal of porridge and a chunk of yesterday's bread. Pontick charges 6 cp a week for this largesse.

The regulars look after their own and do not fight among themselves. Strangers, however, are fair game. Brawls in the Cracked Mug, rare but lively affairs, involve fists and hurled mugs. Even the wildest fracas produces very little breakage, as the smallest pieces of furniture in the place are six solid, 10-foot wood benches. Each weighs nearly 200 lbs.

The Floor Plan

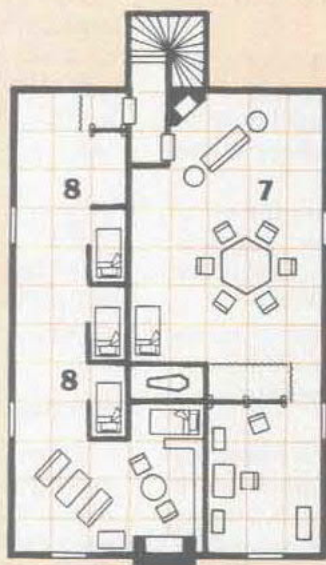
Leaded windows give loiterers and passersby a glimpse of quite a bit of the tavern's interior.

1. Common room: Pontick or an employee remains on duty behind the bar. They greet regular customers by name; strangers get a noncommittal grunt. Particularly attractive or wealthy looking strangers draw an approving whoop, which causes everyone in the place to appraise the newcomer. A chorus of wolf whistles and ribald comments always follows.

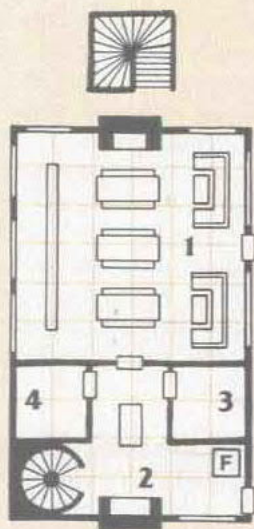
The decor is rustic, to say the least. The walls look like the same unpainted stone as the exterior. The winter's cold coats them with a thick layer of frost; the rest of the year, they just feel damp. A thick layer of straw or reeds covers the floor in lieu of a carpet. Pontick has the straw changed every few days, when it gets dirty. His

Inn and Residence

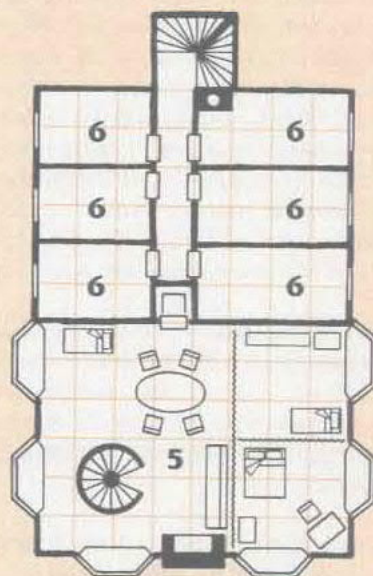
1 Square = 5'



3rd Floor



Ground Floor



2nd Floor

The Cracked Mug

hired hands simply dump the soiled straw into the alley—a cleanup method that actually improves the alley’s surface.

A bar made from half timbers runs along the west wall. As it has no barstools, patrons who drink here must stand. The bar’s height (a little more than 4 feet) allows most customers to rest an elbow atop the bar.

Patrons who wish to sit can choose the large settles on either side of the door (which regulars favor because they are comfortable and splinter free) or the long benches in the room’s center.

The fireplace at the room’s north end provides heat. A *continual light* spell cast into air in the center of the hearth provides constant illumination.

2. Kitchen: The Cracked Mug’s kitchen remains a busy place from dawn to well after dusk every day. In the gray light of morning, Pontick and his wife, Weinona, traipse down the stairs from their suite above the kitchen and set about getting ready for the day.

Their first task: lighting the fire, which they allow to burn down to embers overnight, even when there are customers in the common room. The huge fireplace in the south wall, where the staff does all the cooking, proves the center of kitchen activity. Spits, hooks, and racks for preparing food and keeping it warm crowd the interior of the hearth. The utensils, all fire blackened, sit in racks above the mantel. Pontick bakes his bread in a brick oven adjoining the fireplace. A cubby under the staircase holds the day’s supply of fuel.

A small door to the east serves as the staff and tradesman’s entrance for the tavern. A trap door in the floor leads to a tiny cellar, which Pontick uses for long-term storage. He restocks the pantry and buttery (areas 3 and 4) from this cellar once every two weeks.

3. Pantry: Pontick stores most of his foodstuffs and dry goods in a pantry just off the kitchen. Most items sit on shelves, but the rafters are festooned with dangling cheeses, hams, and other cured meats.

4. Buttery: Another room off the kitchen houses a rickety pyramid of hogsheads, barrels, and casks containing the tavern’s ready supply of beverages. On busy nights, Pontick keeps kegs of beer and ale behind the bar in the common room, but most drinks are served from clay pitchers filled in here.

Upstairs at the Cracked Mug

A wooden staircase rises outside the north end of the building and gives access to the two upper floors.

Second Floor

Directly above the common room lie the tavern’s guest rooms, which can hold more than a dozen lodgers in mean fashion. The rooms occupied by Pontick and his family are much more comfortable.

5. Pontick’s Suite: Pontick lives upstairs with Weinona and their three children: Lupita (age 6), Galen (age 3), and Adelle (age 1). An open stairwell lets the family monitor kitchen activity (area 2). Curtains separate the stairwell from the dining room and the two bedrooms. One child, Lupita, sleeps in the dining room.

Pontick and Weinona count each day’s receipts at a desk in the southeast corner of their bedroom. They store their household money in a small lockbox under the large bed. (It currently contains 30 cp, 24 sp, 9 gp, and two 10 gp gems.) Pontick has entrusted the bulk of his profits to his guild. His account, less outstanding debts, totals about 400 gp.

6. Lodgings: These, spartan, unheated rooms are available for 40 sp a month, including suppers at the Cracked Mug. Currently, no rooms stand vacant. Tenants include students, inexperienced adventurers, and a few families. The rooms have straw-covered floors and whatever furniture the occupants can afford. Chamber pots provide the only sanitation.

Third Floor

The tavern's loft holds two suites, one of which is the home of the successful wizard who owns the building. Pontick purchased the rights to the tavern and his suite years ago. He pays the landlord 5% of his gross receipts each month, less 15 sp for each family he feeds.

Unknown to anyone in the city, the building's owner, Koslowe, is a vampire masquerading as a human adventurer and gambler. Vance, his doppelganger henchman, makes the charade wholly believable by appearing as Koslowe during daylight. Owning this fairly large tavern assures Koslowe of a steady income and improves his social standing—both very helpful in maintaining his deception.

7. Landlord's suite: Koslowe's elegant apartment sports a luxurious carpet, hardwood wainscoting, expensive furniture, and a silver chandelier. The rare visitor would not easily find evidence of Koslowe's nature, or of the fact that two beings dwell here.

A divan near the fireplace in the main room's northwest corner feels soft and velvety: the perfect place to lounge in front of a roaring fire on a chilly night, and Vance often does just that. The large round tables flanking the divan each hold silver candlesticks and assorted odds and ends a wealthy bachelor might leave lying around: books, scrolls, empty bottles, and the like. The hexagonal table near the room's center usually stands empty, except for a pair of silver candelabra. The table's surface looks brilliantly polished; a fine linen cloth covers it when guests are present. Vance's canopied bed in the room's southwest corner seems perpetually unmade.

A curtained area near the bed serves as a privy, complete with a brass washbasin, brass chamber pot, and a silver mirror. (Koslowe never uses the privy.)

Koslowe's main coffin sits in a cubicle west of the privy. No door leads into this area; the vampire assumes gaseous form to get in and out through a hole at floor level. The hole looks just

like a mouse hole even when closely inspected, though a spell such as *wizard eye* could reveal the hidden chamber if directed into the hole.

South of the screen that serves as the privy's south wall is Koslowe's study. A desk holds writing supplies and the tavern's ledgers. In a locked drawer with a false bottom, Koslowe hides his traveling spellbooks. His main spellbooks he keeps in the strongbox to the right of the desk, which also holds the vampire's other treasure items.

Koslowe has locked this strongbox and bolted it to the floor; he also protects it with a poison needle trap in the lock (type E poison), a *fire trap* spell (cast at 12th level), and a *glyph of warding* that delivers a *fear* effect when someone disturbs the strongbox. When the glyph becomes activated, all living creatures within 5 feet must save vs. spell or flee at top speed for 2d4 rounds. Inside, the leather-lined strongbox brims with bags of coins. Each bag holds 250 coins: five bags of copper, six of silver, 12 of gold, and two bags of platinum. The spellbooks are hidden under the lining at the bottom of the strongbox; anyone searching can find them only after emptying the box.

The strongbox to the left of the desk guards Vance's treasure. It also is locked and protected with a *fire trap* spell cast at 12th level. The box contains a sack of 221 gold coins, 3,000 copper coins (stored loose), and matching gold and ruby bracelets worth 200 gp each. Koslowe has a key to this strongbox, but Vance does not have a key to Koslowe's.

A trunk in the study holds rope, spikes, and other adventuring gear, plus spare linens for the bed and the dining table.

8. Rental suite: A spacious chamber, currently vacant, lies west of Koslowe's rooms. It is partially furnished with four sleeping cubicles, each containing a storage hutch with a straw mattress laid on top and a writing table. The suite also features a small dining table and a double settle with a low table. Renting this apartment costs 25 gp a month, plus meals.

The Cracked Mug

Pontick

A 3rd-level male human fighter

Alignment:	Neutral	
Move:	12	
AC:	8	
THAC0:	18	
Hit points:	31	
Strength:	16	Intelligence: 10
Dexterity:	9	Wisdom: 9
Constitution:	17	Charisma: 11

Proficiencies: Broad sword, club, dart (specialist); blind-fighting; cooking (10); rope use (9)

Languages: Common

Armor: Leather

Weapons: Club, 24 darts (kept under bar)

Equipment: *Potion of stone giant strength*

Age: 35

Height: 6' 1"

Weight: 176 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

The barrel-chested Pontick has dark skin and short, curly hair. He greets his regular customers with a sly grin and a loud "hello." His fondness for jokes always makes him eager to hear even a bad one. He responds to every new joke with a brilliant, toothy smile. If it's funny, his deep belly laugh sounds like it's rising from the depths of a cave.

When working, Pontick wears a sleeveless tunic and a pair of baggy trousers held up by a drawstring at the waist. Both garments are faded and threadbare, and not particularly clean.

Like most barmen, Pontick is a great (and loud) talker. He has an opinion about everything, though he has never given anything much thought.

Pontick generally acts indifferent when a fight erupts out in the common room. Unless someone breaks a window or uses deadly force, he sits back and enjoys the show, confident that he can make the losers pay for any broken mugs. If

things get out of hand, he begins hurling darts at the biggest troublemakers. If this seems ineffective, Pontick quaffs his *potion of stone giant strength* and resumes his dart throwing, which usually deters even the most aggressive characters.

Koslowe

A 6th-level male human vampire illusionist

Alignment:	Chaotic evil	
Move:	12, Fl 18 (C)	
AC:	0	
THAC0:	11	
Hit points:	42	

Strength:	18/76	Intelligence:	16
Dexterity:	15	Wisdom:	15
Constitution:	18	Charisma:	15

Proficiencies: Dagger; read/write common (17); gaming, astrology (16)

Languages: Common, wererat, doppelganger

Armor: *Ring of protection +1*

Weapons: Dagger

Equipment: *Oil of water elemental invulnerability*, set of keys (suite, strongboxes, desk drawer, and master key for the building)

Age: 110

Height: 5' 5"

Weight: 168 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

Spells/day: 4 2 2 (plus one additional illusion/phantasm spell per spell level)

Preferred spells: 1st level—*audible glamor*, *phantasmal force*, *grease*, *sleep*; 2nd level—*invisibility*, *forget*; 3rd level—*spectral force*, *haste*

Koslowe is a whey-faced butterball of a man with ebony hair. His eyes, restless and beady, call to mind a ferret's. His favorite attire includes dove-gray silk breeches, a sweeping cloak made from midnight blue wool, and a matching beret topped with an ostrich feather. On his nocturnal hunts through the city streets, however, Koslowe

favors nondescript garb—usually a black tunic and a charcoal gray cloak.

His fellow townsfolk consider Koslowe an upstanding, though eccentric, citizen. He has a reputation as a spendthrift and an absent-minded dandy who does not hold his liquor well. He also is known as a notoriously bad gambler, who has a seemingly inexhaustible supply of coin to cover his losses. His neighbors attribute this wealth to his income as a landlord and from the proceeds of many daring adventures. Nobody suspects the truth.

Koslowe has been an independent vampire for nearly a century. Fifteen years ago, he moved to the city (having lingered too long in his old home) and bought the building where he lives. He always has preferred city life over an existence in a lonely castle or dungeon, and he believes that deception is the best defence against vampire hunters. As a rule, Koslowe does not prey on the tenants in his building, though as the owner he may freely enter any area without invitation. (Pontick's suite might be an exception, because the tavernkeeper "bought" it, but Koslowe has been invited inside many times.) The vampire feels no particular aversion to feeding off his tenants, but has no desire to call attention to himself by hunting in his own building. Instead, he prefers to stalk the streets far from his abode.

His two favorite hunting grounds are the stocks (page 45) and the various drinking establishments he frequents. His usual ploy: feign drunkenness, then get involved in some sort of game of chance with a greedy stranger. After losing the game, Koslowe prevails upon his victim to escort him home. When the stranger disappears, everyone assumes the character has fallen prey to thieves or has moved on to enjoy the winnings in another city. Koslowe disposes of his victims by weighting the bodies and throwing them into the city's river. The running water not only hides the bodies but also destroys the lesser vampires Koslowe inadvertently created.

Vance

A male doppelganger (4 HD)

Alignment:	Neutral
Move:	12
AC:	5
THAC0:	17
Hit points:	20

Strength:	16	Intelligence:	11
Dexterity:	14	Wisdom:	11
Constitution:	15	Charisma:	16

Proficiencies: Dagger; gaming (16); read/write common (12)

Languages: Common, doppelganger

Armor: None

Weapons: *Dagger +1*

Equipment: *Potion of heroism*, pair of keys (suite and strongbox)

Age: 40

Height: 5' 5"

Weight: 168 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

In his natural form, Vance is a lanky humanoid with smooth, blue-gray skin. His dark hair, wiry and stiff, grows in tufts that resemble short bundles of crinkly wire. However, most of the time he impersonates Koslowe, his roly-poly employer.

Vance's main duty is to move about in full daylight, impersonating Koslowe. As Koslowe, Vance eats breakfast at a fine inn each morning. His favorite table faces east, allowing "Koslowe" to bask in the morning sunshine while eating. After breakfast, he strolls about the city, chatting with shopkeepers and running whatever small errands the vampire requires.

Vance enjoys the good life his association with Koslowe brings him. Still, he fears his chaotic evil employer. The doppelganger would betray Koslowe if offered a bribe large enough to support him in the manner to which he has become accustomed. Any such bribe, however, would

The Cracked Mug

have to guarantee Vance's escape from the city (and from Koslowe's wrath).

Adventure Hooks

- Characters who rent the empty suite next to Koslowe's might be in for a wild time, especially if they get nosy. It is not difficult to notice bats flying around the area, clouds of vapor drifting around the windows, hordes of rats, and similar telltale signs of a vampire in the neighborhood.

If characters become too inquisitive about Koslowe's habits, the vampire might employ his *charm* ability against a PC, then use a *change self* spell to impersonate the player character, while staging a daring attack on a prominent local (such as Oseille). Koslowe directs the charmed character to remain indoors during the day and to resist any inquiries about the attack. The party members might find themselves accused of harboring a vampire.

Characters who mind their own business could become entangled in the vampire's web of deception when Koslowe stands accused of a crime. The PCs, who were with Vance at the time of the alleged crime, find themselves called upon to vouch for Koslowe.

- Adventurers who visit the Cracked Mug cannot fail to attract considerable attention. Most PCs quickly find themselves making friends with the working-class patrons—if they can stand a few jokes at their expense. Characters who can't control their tempers face a brawl.

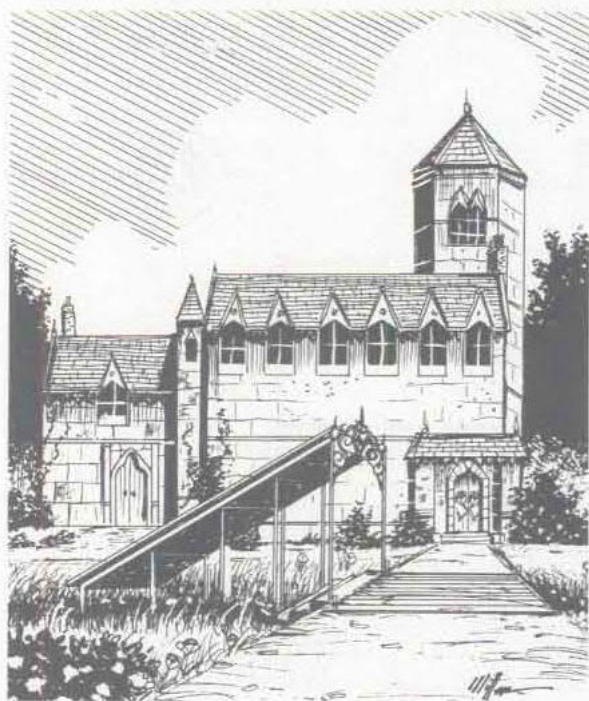
In the former case, one of the PCs' new friends is the proud owner of a treasure map; no one can read this ancient-looking scrap of

parchment except with spells or a rogue's read languages skill. The map purports to show the location of a horde containing both magical items and cash. It makes reference to three guardians. The NPC seems loath to part with this family heirloom or allow the PCs to copy it. The character will, however, offer to accompany the party on an expedition to recover the treasure. As the DM, you decide what monsters and treasures await the group. The map, sold to one of the NPC's ancestors years before, might prove bogus or genuine.

If involved in a brawl, the PCs probably will have a rousing good time beating the tar out of their fellow patrons, all 0 level. Pontick intervenes with darts if necessary, but nothing arises from the fight unless PCs permanently injure someone. To spice up the brawl a little, throw Koslowe or Vance into the crowd.

- The PCs receive an offer of a job keeping watch over someone sentenced to the stocks. Their employer suspects that the malaise that overcomes the prisoners is more than just the lingering effects of rotten cabbages and wasp stings. Koslowe is loath to confront them (if the PCs accept the job), as he wishes to keep his activities a secret. However, he also does not wish the guarded prisoner to escape unscathed, as this would lend weight to the employer's suppositions.

The vampire attempts to use his illusions and *forget* spells to distract the player characters while he feeds on the prisoner. If they succeed in exposing the vampire attacks, or even if they just keep him away from his prey, they gain a formidable enemy—one with all the time in the world to hunt them down.



The Double Rose, a top-quality tavern, stands in the heart of the city. A stately manor, impeccably restored and maintained, houses the establishment. Originally a fortified residence, the manor fell into decay after the city grew up around it. Now, it has a fairy-tale quality.

The walls have been extensively rebuilt in ivory-colored limestone. Breathtaking stained glass windows have replaced the arrow slits and battlements. Cheerful crimson tiles cover the roof. The dry moat that originally surrounded the house has been converted into a colorful garden filled with well-tended roses and topiaries.

A covered stairway leads up from the garden to the main entrance on the west side. Magnificent double doors, made from dark hardwood with brilliantly polished brass fittings, open into a small vestibule. Each door bears the tavern's sign—two rose blossoms growing from a single stem—in gilded brass.

The Business

The Double Rose stays open from noon until four hours past midnight every day. Customers always can choose from a wide variety of local and imported beers, ales, wines, and liquors. The kitchen provides an equally diverse selection of breads, pastries, soups, stews, cheeses, and meats. The evening's full menu of sumptuous dinners features whole roast fowl, fish, and choice cuts of pork, lamb, and big game. Customers who place orders in advance can get almost any delicacy (provided they pay the price). Given advance notice, the Double Rose also provides banquets for parties of up to 200 guests.

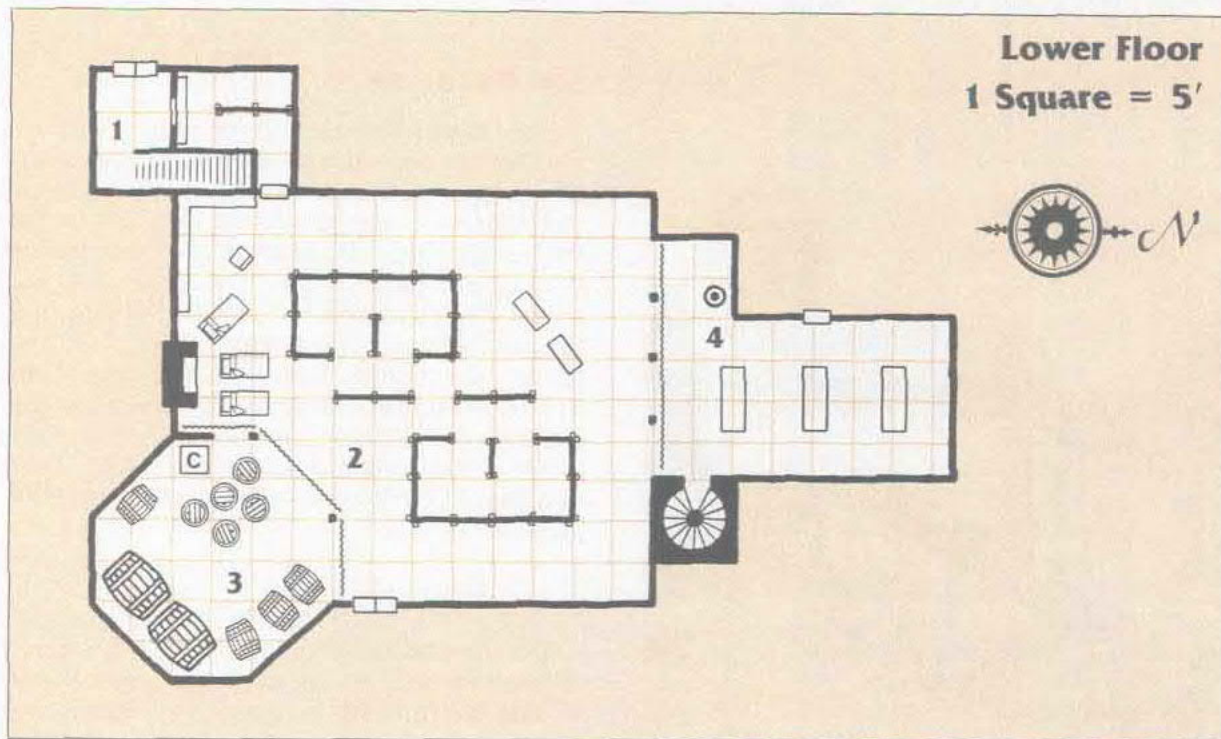
Lower Floor

Once inside, customers are treated like royalty; the staff does its utmost to pamper every guest. Getting inside, however, can prove difficult. As a general rule, only persons of obvious wealth or station gain admittance. Even well-heeled customers must give a secret password when they check in. The owner changes the password regularly and gives it only to regular customers. Patrons who cannot give the correct password are turned away unless they perform a song, dance, or rhyme (customer's choice). The staff does not feel particularly concerned about how well a customer performs, just that he or she makes the attempt. Slovenly or rowdy visitors don't even get a chance to perform unless they offer the doorkeepers a tip of at least 5 gp.

Knowing the current password to the Double Rose remains a mark of social distinction in the city, and most patrons will not readily divulge it. Among the city's social elite, it is considered bad form to allow oneself to be turned away from the Double Rose.

1. Entry: A small attached building serves as entry hall for the tavern. On walking through the doors, patrons see two liveried employees manning a window just to the left. They greet arriving

The Double Rose



customers and conduct a mandatory weapons and cloak check. Each guest must surrender all weapons save for a single knife or dagger. Guests also must check cloaks or other large garments that might conceal a weapon; armored characters are refused entry. The staff asks for the password only after guests have surrendered cloaks and weapons.

The cloakroom on the other side of the window contains shelves and pegs for guests' wraps and equipment. Magical or valuable items are stored in the lower hall (area 2).

Once guests win entry, they receive chits that identify their belongings and are directed up the stairs, where James, the head doorman, awaits. James greets customers and opens the door to the great hall (area 5) for them. He can see and hear activity at the window, and quickly descends to personally deal with any indignant or difficult customers. If anyone gets belligerent, James calls for the bouncers and begins a spell assault from atop the stairs.

The only normal way into the cloakroom is the

eastern door from the lower hall, though an aggressive customer could climb through the window. When trouble arises, cloakroom staff can slam and lock a steel shutter that slides down from above. *Knock* spells do not work on the shutter. Three fine-looking cloaks always hang in the cloakroom. Two of them bear the words "This cloak stolen from the Double Rose" embroidered in common. The stitching, all but invisible in torchlight, proves very noticeable in daylight. The third garment is a *cloak of vermin* (functions as a *robe of vermin*). If unable to flee an attacker, the cloakroom staff begs for mercy and offers the "valuable cloak" as a bribe. They don't know of the cloak's dangers, just its magical value.

2. Lower hall: Customers are not allowed in the tavern's lower level. Several cots where some employees sleep circle a fireplace on the hall's south end. Cabinets in the southwest corner store checked items deemed too valuable to stay in the cloakroom. During business hours, an employee with keys to the cabinets stands

duty here. Other times, Ian, the Double Rose's owner, has the keys. At the first sign of trouble, the keeper of the keys flees toward the kitchen (area 7), yelling for help.

The above cabinets, made of thick oak planks reinforced with steel bands, remain secured with masterful locks (-60 to open locks chances); treat them as if protected by a *wizard lock*. Each cabinet has further protection: a *glyph of warding* that paralyzes anyone who tries to open it without the proper key (save vs. paralyzation negates). For added security, Ian has placed a *long sword -2 berserking* and a staff tipped with a *stone of weight* in the cabinets. The latter appears to be a valuable crystal set into the staff; once its curse takes effect, the victim cannot let go of the staff.

The partitions and cabinets in the room's center are for the Double Rose's staff of four wemic bouncers. During business hours, one of them always remains on standby duty, catnapping in one of the cubicles; 1d4 wemics occupy this area at any given time after closing. Each cubicle contains a large, circular straw mattress and a brightly colored wool blanket about 8 feet square (market value 1d4+1 × 10 gp). The two cabinets contain assorted personal items, including coins and jewelry worth 10d10 × 10 gp per cabinet.

Wemic bouncer (4): Int average; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+8; hp varies; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d4/by weapon + Strength; SA -2 initiative modifier; SZ L (7'); ML 12; XP nil
Porcius: hp 33; Str 18/02

Weapons: Sap[†], short sword

Magical item: *Short sword +1*

Tullis: hp 31; Str 17

Weapons: Sap[†], spear

Magical item: *Ring of the ram* (25 charges)

Iunius: hp 34; Str 18/73

Weapons: Sap[†], morning star

Magical item: *Ring of free action*

Persius: hp 35; Str 17

Weapons: Sap[†], spear

Magic item: *Wand of magic missiles*
(68 charges)

In this chapter, ‡ denotes a weapon described in the *Arms and Equipment Guide* (DMGR3). If you do not have this book, treat an attack with this weapon as a punch with a metal gauntlet. (See Chapter 9 in the *Player's Handbook*.)

3. Buttery: A room in this level's southwest corner contains two huge barrels of common-grade wine and assorted casks and barrels of other beverages. A trap door in the ceiling allows smaller containers to be hauled up to or lowered down from behind the bar (area 6).

4. Pantry: The shelves of the pantry hold supplies for the kitchen. Hams, sausages, and cheeses hang from hooks in the vaulted stone ceiling. A dumbwaiter allows small items to be hauled up into the kitchen (area 7).

Main Floor

Inside the tavern, guests find a chamber lit from above by magical hanging lamps. The floor's somber flagstones give the place a dungeonlike quality. No matter the weather, the air in this room feels cool and slightly damp, which adds to the illusion. However, the scents of exotic food and burning firewood carry the promise of warmth and hospitality.

5. Great hall: The Double Rose's vast common room normally seats about 150 patrons, but it can hold more than 200 in a pinch. During business hours, two wemic bouncers stay on duty, one at each end of a screen at the north end of the hall. On busy nights, a third stands near the door. If trouble arises, the wemics easily can jump half the length of the hall.

Rowdies usually have to deal with their fellow patrons in addition to the wemics—Ian gives free food to anyone who assists the management. So, particularly gallant or useful characters might eat and drink on the house for a month or more.

Two hourglasses sit atop the fireplace at the

The Double Rose

south end; one measures a half hour, and the other measures two hours. Upon opening the tavern, an employee starts both glasses. When the large glass has been turned eight times, Ian closes up. The last call for food comes at the seventh turn of the glass. The staff serves drinks until a half hour before closing. Several years ago, a boisterous patron broke the hourglasses to delay closing. Since then, Ian has decreed that the tavern closes immediately if a customer breaks an hourglass.

6. Bar: The floor around the horseshoe-shaped bar is about a foot higher than the great hall. The bar itself, made from knotty oak boards, stands 4 feet high. The wood shines, waxed and polished to gleaming smoothness. The bar's top of alternating squares of red and white marble also looks highly polished. The sections angling away from the mouth of the bar can separate from the rest of the U, for ease of changing the kegs behind the bar. Most patrons stand at the bar; the stools, at 6 to 18 inches high, prove too low for sitting. Humans often rest a foot on a stool while leaning on the bar. Shorter patrons stand on the stools.

As many as three bartenders stay on duty during business hours. Ian, the owner, spends a few hours here each night, as well.

The bar's raised floor makes an excellent impromptu stage for bards, jugglers, and other entertainers. The tavern proves popular with these types because of its wealthy clientele. Patrons can afford to tip performers well, and some of them tip ridiculously well, just to prove their wealth to onlookers.

7. Kitchen: The kitchen staff arrives just after dawn each morning to get ready for the day's business. Activity here peaks near noon and again just before dusk, when most patrons order their meals. There always are at least two cooks on duty during business hours, and patrons can expect prompt service from the kitchen at any hour of the day.

Upper Floors

The tavern's second floor provides additional seating for its patrons. Although the Double Rose is not an inn, its third level nevertheless features a handful of guest rooms.

8. Gallery: A sitting area on the second floor looks down on the tavern's great hall (area 5). This area features comfortable settles that offer cozy and fairly private seating. Elegant lamps enchanted with *continual light* spells hang suspended from the balcony rail, providing lighting for both gallery and main hall. At night this arrangement throws deep shadows into the gallery, preventing most people in the great hall from seeing those seated upstairs.

9. Private chamber: A small room at this level's northeast end usually remains locked. Ian rents it by the hour to customers who require more privacy than the gallery offers.

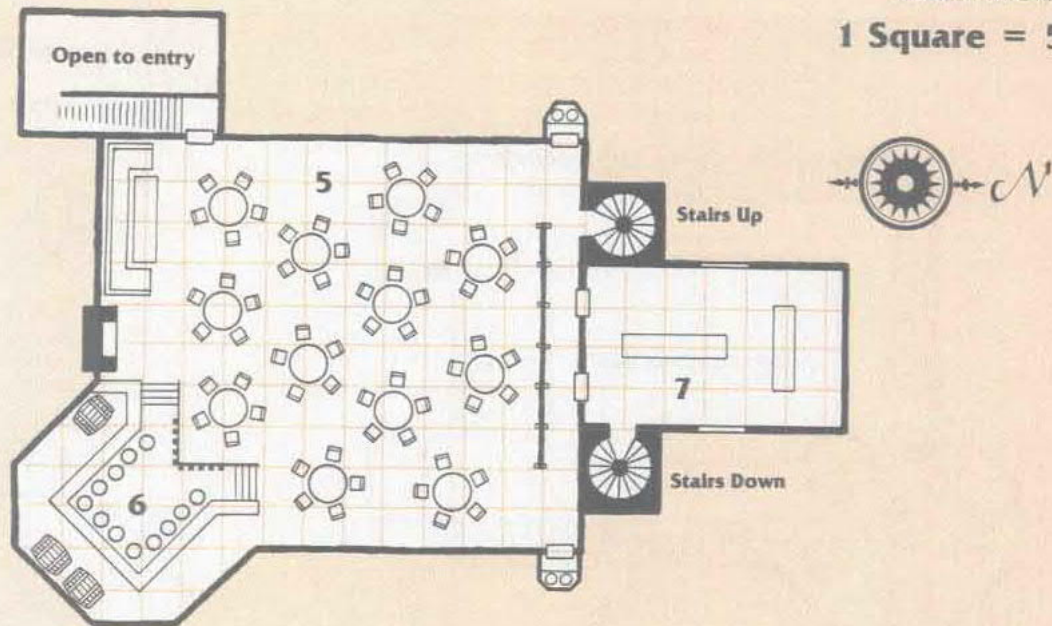
10. Rotunda: Tables surrounding a circular staircase in this level's southeast corner are reserved for dining only. The location spares diners the clamor of the great hall and provides more space than the gallery.

11. Guest rooms: Cozy chambers on the Double Rose's third floor (over the rotunda) have thick, soft carpets and comfortable beds with overstuffed down mattresses and fine linen sheets. Ian sometimes sleeps here after a late night of hobnobbing with customers.

Ian keeps these rooms so patrons who have overindulged can stay the night. Customers who cannot leave under their own power are tucked into bed to sleep undisturbed. When they awaken, they find their clothes cleaned, mended, and neatly folded at the foot of the bed. If hungry, they may enjoy a hot meal.

The tavern owner charges 20 gp for this service, which he considers a reasonable fine for overindulgence and a gratuity to his staff for sparing guests the danger of traveling home in

Main Floor
1 Square = 5'



such a state. If customers object to the charge, Ian doesn't press the matter, but such patrons find themselves no longer welcome at the Double Rose. Those who cannot pay the fee are not harassed, but they may not return to the tavern until they pay.

Ian

A 0-level male half-elf tavernkeeper

Alignment:	Chaotic good		
Move:	12		
AC:	8		
THAC0:	20		
Hit points:	4		
Strength:	12	Intelligence:	16
Dexterity:	10	Wisdom:	15
Constitution:	10	Charisma:	15

Proficiencies: Dagger, sap[†]; read/write common (17); brewing, cooking (16); local history (15)

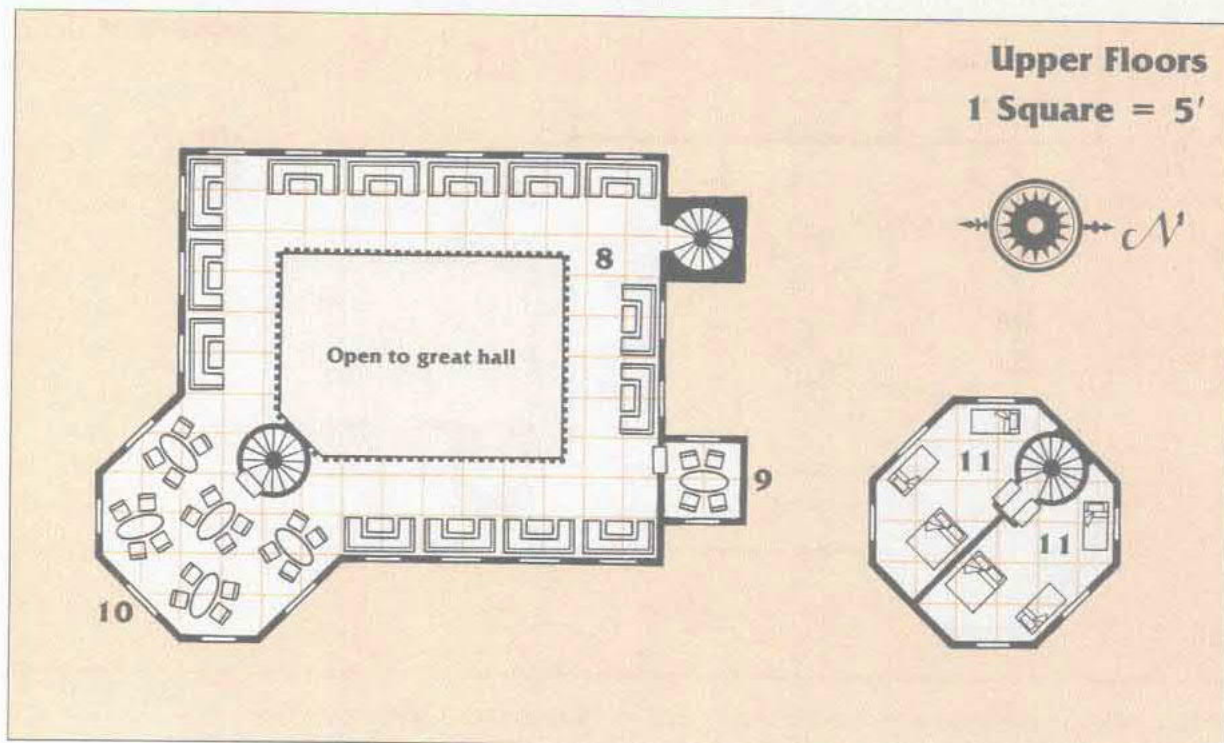
Languages: Common, elvish
Armor: *Ring of protection +1*
Weapons: Dagger, sap[†]
Equipment: *Gem of brightness* (42 charges)
Age: 75
Height: 5' 7"
Weight: 161 lbs.
Hair/eyes: Black/green

Ian has grown chubby after years of high living. His bright eyes and smooth, beardless face make him look a little like a child, but a few tell-tale laugh lines around his eyes and mouth hint at his middle age (for a half-elf).

The tavern owner wears finely tailored doublets and hose. He favors combinations of colors found commonly in roses: red, yellow, white, pink, and green (though never all at once). Whatever he wears, sign of the double rose is embroidered over the left breast.

Ian feels very proud of the Double Rose's fine reputation, and he spends most of his waking hours maintaining it. He gets up early each

The Double Rose



morning for a trip to the market. He personally oversees all the purchases made for the tavern. Merchants dealing with him know that Ian buys only items of highest quality—and that he's willing to pay.

In the afternoon and evening, Ian works at the Double Rose, making sure his customers receive the best service possible. Each night, he studies the crowd, looking for patrons to favor with the current password. To earn such a gift, one must visit the Double Rose regularly, tip well, spend a fair amount of cash, tip well, display wit and dignity, and tip well. Ian isn't very concerned about money, as the tavern earns him a fine living. However, as he expects employees to do their utmost to keep customers happy, he expects patrons to show their appreciation. These customers can afford to tip well, Ian reasons; if they are properly generous, his staff members can pursue their own happiness in their leisure hours. This man has no respect at

all for skinflints and scrooges.

Many locals make a habit of flattering Ian, buying him drinks, and plying him with local gossip, all in an attempt to get the password. While happy to socialize with customers and to discuss local events, he finds toadying undignified. Patrons who try too hard to get in Ian's good graces never learn the password.

To keep his staff and customers on their toes, Ian changes the Double Rose's secret password every few days. The tavern owner or one of his staff members makes sure the best customers know about the change well in advance. Patrons who have fallen into disfavor because of debt or boorish behavior receive no warning at all. He has no qualms about making very frequent password changes, for he takes secret pride in the fact that the city's wealthy citizens are willing to perform to gain entry to his exclusive establishment.

James

A 4th/4th-level male half-elf cleric/mage

Alignment:	Chaotic good		
Move:	12		
AC:	3		
THAC0:	18		
Hit points:	14		
Strength:	10	Intelligence:	16
Dexterity:	15	Wisdom:	16
Constitution:	10	Charisma:	13

Proficiencies: Sap⁺, sling, staff; read/write common (17); herbalism, healing (14)

Languages: Common, elvish

Armor: *Bracers of defense* (AC 5), *ring of protection +1*

Weapons: Dagger, sap⁺, sling, 20 bullets

Equipment: *Wand of paralyzation* (57 charges), *wand of fear* (26 charges), *eyes of charming*, *potion of speed*, *brooch of shielding* (21 charges)

Age: 53

Height: 5' 8"

Weight: 130 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/blue

Priest spells/day: 5 4

Wizard spells/day: 3 2

Preferred priest spells: 1st level—*command*, *cure light wounds*; 2nd level—*hold person*, *silence 15' radius*

Preferred wizard spells: 1st level—*sleep*, *color spray*, *shield*; 2nd level—*web*

James, Ian's second cousin, bears a strong family resemblance to the tavernkeeper, though his face looks leaner and sterner.

The doorkeeper wears the Double Rose's staff uniform: a rose-red tunic with piebald hose of white and yellow. When on duty, he always holds his *wand of paralyzation* in one hand but keeps the other hand free to open the door for customers. He stands with his shoulders back and his chin

up. His gaze remains always cool and level; he looks as confident and efficient as any knight. He is polite to every customer who enters, but seldom exchanges more than a few pleasantries with any of them.

Privately, James feels that the Double Rose's customers must be quite insecure to have to troop into the tavern for public pampering. Nothing pleases him more than seeing a parade of snobs making fools of themselves in the entry hall. He has a better view of the adventurers who visit the Double Rose. They at least have earned a taste of the good life through their own deeds.

When off duty, James puts the Double Rose out of his mind. He dons a shabby old robe and devotes himself to magical and clerical studies. When not studying, he strolls about, enjoying nature and mixing with commoners.

Adventure Hook

- Lately, patrons at the Double Rose have been losing small items such as coin purses and jewelry. So many items have disappeared that the losses must be the work of a pickpocket. Suspicion falls on the player characters—especially on PC rogues—even if they have lost a few items themselves.

The PCs still are welcome at the Double Rose, but Ian confesses that he has his staff watching them. He tells them that a reward awaits the group that solves the mystery.

The real culprit is a wealthy young member of the nobility who has taken up picking pockets out of boredom. The PCs must tread carefully, as the youngster's parents will do anything to protect the thief from exposure. The party can recover the stolen items through a private negotiation with the thief. If they keep the items, they quickly find themselves framed for the thefts. If they return the items, they receive 20% of the recovered loot as a reward and enjoy free drinks and food from the Double Rose for a month.

The Rusty Clam



The Rusty Clam, a decrepit half timber building pocked with dirty windows, stands two stories high. It has a thatched roof, weathered to almost the same shade of dull pearl gray as the walls. The silvery thatch and specks of soot from neighboring chimneys make the place look like a submerged rock topped with algae and spotted with barnacles.

The building serves as a low-priced flophouse and watering hole for the city's criminal element. It is well hidden in a maze of filthy, twisting back streets inside one of the city's commercial districts. Even careful pedestrians can find themselves wading ankle deep in muck in this area. The acrid stench of tanneries, offal, and dye-making assaults the nostrils, and the mechanical pounding of a fulling mill fills the air day and night.

The only thing that distinguishes the inn from surrounding tenements and warehouses is its sign: a rusty iron plaque in the shape of a scallop. The inn's original name was the Black Scallop, but Thaleem, the current owner, decided to

rename the place. The Rusty Clam suits Thaleem better and has saved him the trouble of cleaning and repainting the sign.

The Business

The Rusty Clam never officially closes. Customers can order beer, ale, wine, and hard liquor at any hour of the day. The drinks, while not particularly good, are cheap and strong. Regular customers can buy beverages from Thaleem's "private" stock—a store of beer and whiskey whose questionable flavor has been enhanced with cantrips. (The practice magically augmenting the flavor of drinks goes against the Brewers' and Vintners' guild rules, but this doesn't bother Thaleem one bit.)

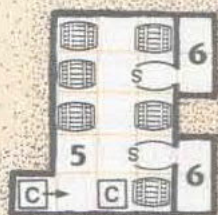
At about noon, the kitchen staff produces several platters of cold meat, cheese, and day-old bread, placing them on the bar to offer free with any drink as long as the food lasts. Once it's gone, customers can order smaller platters of the same fare until dusk. Starting in the late afternoon, the inn serves Rusty Clam Stew, a pungent soup made from assorted seafood cooked in wine and seasoned with local herbs. The cooks make a big pot every day. In the early evening, fresh bread, roasted fowls, and meat pastries are available. The cooks go home about an hour after dusk, leaving any leftover food to warm in the coals of the fire. Once this food disappears, patrons can get nothing more until the next day.

The Tavern

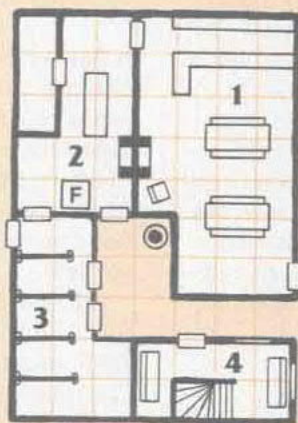
For an establishment that seems cloaked in perpetual gloom, the Rusty Clam seems remarkably profitable. Of course, patrons do not come just for the food and drink.

1. Common room: A few smoky tallow candles are the main source of light for this windowless room. In cold weather, a fitful, cheerless fire adds a ruddy glow to the murky shadows. A squishy mass of straw and reeds covers the floor. Across the hall's northern end stretches a low, rickety

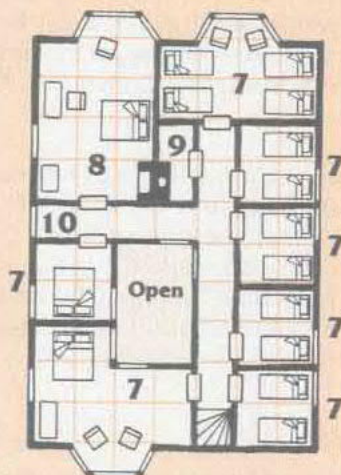
Cellar



Ground Floor



2nd Floor



Tavern and Inn

1 Square = 5'

bar, where a few hard-bitten patrons stand and bend their elbows.

Two filthy trestle tables fill the room's center. The tabletops are scarred veterans of an endless round of spills, brawls, and doodles. Equally rough and splintered benches provide seating. A padded chair stands near the fireplace; it looks like the only comfortable place to sit in the whole room, but it remains empty most of the time. The chair serves as a signal. Patrons who wish to see Thaleem about "business" sit here to notify the staff of their intentions. An employee then approaches, asking, "Rusty Clam Stew for one?" The proper reply: "No, the catch of the day, for two." Visitors who cannot give the correct response quickly find themselves pulled into a barroom brawl, during which they suffer several pickpocket attempts. Customers who give the correct reply are led to a private alcove in the lounge (area 4) to meet Thaleem.

Meckel, Thaleem's halfling henchman, or another employee always remains on duty behind the bar. Service is fast, but hardly ever cour-

teous. A shelf under the bar holds a collection of jugs and pitchers for serving drinks, and one behind the bar stays crammed with battered tin mugs that might have been clean once—squeamish customers should avoid examining their mugs too closely.

2. Kitchen: The kitchen is almost as dingy as the common room, but the floor looks cleaner, and the fire burns brighter. A door to the west leads to a tiny pantry, and a trap door at the south end opens into the cellar (area 5).

3. Stable: Customers with mounts can keep them at the Rusty Clam for 2 sp a day. This area is cleaner than the common room (area 1), but only because it sees very little use.

4. Lounge: Patrons preferring a cleaner, quieter atmosphere than the common room can carry their food and drinks into a small lounge at the south end of the building. The main floor's lone window, in this room, allows passersby to look

The Rusty Clam

in—and many Rusty Clam patrons would rather not be seen. Thaleem spends most nights lounging in the closed settle behind the stairs. He invites people seeking assistance or information to sit here so they can conduct their business. The staff keeps the area locked when Thaleem isn't using it.

5. Cellar: The inn's stocks of beverages and firewood are kept in a cellar below the kitchen (area 2). Since the Rusty Clam's patrons drink heartily, the staff visits the cellar at least once a day to replenish the bar. The trap door (padlocked from the outside) and chute in the southwest corner allow deliveries.

Lodging

Thaleem offers several types of lodging at the Rusty Clam, including dirty cramped quarters for patrons on the lam and more spacious (but no cleaner) upstairs rooms.

6. Bolt holes: Thaleem makes two stuffy niches next to the cellar available to clients who need to hide out for awhile. Those who want to "check in" pick the padlock on the cellar's trap door and let themselves in. When Thaleem and his staff note the missing lock, they know they have a guest in the bolt holes.

Straw covering the floors provides fairly comfortable bedding. The bolt holes contain blankets, candles, and utensils for personal needs. The Rusty Clam's staff delivers food and drink as long as guests can pay for it.

7. Guest rooms: The doors to the inn's seven guest chambers stay locked when the rooms stand vacant. (Lodgers receive the keys when they pay.) The six small rooms rent for 5 cp per person per day. The large corner room rents for 2 sp a day, plus 5 cp per person per day. The trunk here has a lock, and guests receive a key for it along with the room key. Meals cost 1 sp per person per day.

Most guests at the Rusty Clam are petty crimi-

nals who need to lie low, but some legitimate travelers also use the place. Any guest who leaves valuables in a room is asking to be robbed, locks notwithstanding.

8. Meckel's room: The chamber where Thaleem's halfling assistant stays seems an island of luxury amid the Rusty Clam's general squalor. The tapestries on the wall are high quality. They also are hot; Meckel pinched them from a noble's townhouse a few years ago. The canopied bed has fine woolen curtains and a silk coverlet (also stolen).

The hardwood desk contains writing supplies and the inn's books. Meckel records only the legitimate transactions here; Thaleem keeps a complete set of books covering other income (from bolt hole rentals, sale of magically altered drinks, and more) in his home, located in a better part of town. A corner shelf holds a set of Thaleem's traveling spellbooks (well peppered with *explosive runes*) and Meckel's collection of bawdy tales.

9. Closet: An upstairs cubbyhole contains blankets and linens for the rooms. Thaleem hires a local girl to tidy the rooms and do the inn's laundry several times a week.

10. Escape: A sturdy drainpipe stands just outside a second-floor window. The roof has no gutters; the pipe's sole purpose is to provide the inn's guests with a quick escape route, should they need to depart in a hurry.

Thaleem

A 7th/7th-level male elf fighter/mage

Alignment:	Neutral evil
Move:	12
AC:	2
THAC0:	14
Hit points:	28

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 17
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 14
Constitution: 10 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Club, dagger, long sword, short bow, short sword, staff; blind-fighting; appraising, cooking (17); forgery (16)

Languages: Common, elvish, gnomish

Armor: *Elven chain mail* +1

Weapons: *Dagger* +2, *long sword* +2 (neutral evil); detects magic and large traps in a 10' radius; grants *clairaudience* three times a day, range 30 yards, duration one round per use)

Equipment: *Rod of cancellation*, *wand of lightning* (50 charges), *robe of eyes*

Age: 200

Height: 5'

Weight: 128 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Silver/violet

Spells/day: 4 3 2 1

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cantrip*, *magic missile*, *spider climb*; 2nd level—*alter self*, *web*; 3rd level—*non-detection*, *lightning bolt*; 4th level—*improved invisibility*

Thaleem is a potbellied elf with bandy legs and stooped shoulders. Short, uncombed hair tops his head. His cheeks look hollow, and his eyes always seem watery and bloodshot. The unchanging deadpan expression on his face betrays nothing except that he drinks too much and eats too little.

The inn owner's *robe of eyes* is long enough and roomy enough to completely hide his chain mail in its folds. Except in very warm weather, Thaleem also wears a fine woolen cloak pinned over his left shoulder; he carries a fold over his left arm, which allows him to walk around more easily and uncovers the *robe of eyes*, so it can work properly.

There are very few burglars, confidence men, swindlers, and smugglers in the city whom Thaleem does not know. He never deals in stolen goods or participates directly in a crime, but he provides all types of information to anyone who

can pay. He gathers this information through an extensive network of beggars, household servants, and even a few wererats. Most of his contacts meet with him at the Rusty Clam two or three times a week to share what they know. If Thaleem wants a piece of information that fails to come to him in the usual manner, he sends his confederates out to ask discreet questions.

Thaleem's fees range from a few pieces of silver for everyday information—such as when a particular merchant takes his daily walk—to hundreds of gold pieces for hard-to-get details, such as floor plans of a private home. The elf's keen ears and wagging tongue are well known in the city; people wishing to put rumors into circulation are quick to whisper a few words in his ear—and drop a few coins in his palm.

Three places Thaleem never discusses: the city's two temples and the Three Golden Rings (page 85). He does not wish to make enemies of clerics who can cast divination spells, and he receives a monthly stipend from Rings proprietor Azuf to reveal nothing about the jewelry shop. He warily regards inquiries about the duchess or government. He claims to be a patriotic crook, but in fact he fears retribution—passing even remotely treasonous information could cost him his head.

Meckel

A 4th/5th-level male halfling fighter/thief

Alignment: Neutral evil
Move: 6
AC: 4
THAC0: 16
Hit points: 18

Strength: 13 **Intelligence:** 10
Dexterity: 17 **Wisdom:** 9
Constitution: 12 **Charisma:** 14

Proficiencies: Club, dagger, long sword, short bow; tightrope walking, tumbling (17); gaming (14); brewing (10)

Languages: Common, elvish, thieves' cant

Armor: *Bracers of defense* (AC 7)

Weapons: *Short sword +1, dagger +2, sling, 20 bullets*

Equipment: *Gloves of missile snaring, playing cards, dice, three large snail shells, dried pea*

Age: 32

Height: 3' 5"

Weight: 102 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Brown/blue

Thief skills: PP 85%; HS 55%; OL 25%;
DN 35%; FT 40%; CW 60%; MS 55%; RL 25%;
+4 attack bonus; BS $\times 3$ damage

Meckel is extremely soft and tubby, even by halfling standards. Roll upon roll of wiggling fat covers his pear-shaped body. He has pudgy hands, a childlike voice, and long hair that wreaths his head in a cloud of bouncing ringlets. For all his bulk, though, Meckel remains very quick on his feet and deft in his movements. His skills as a pickpocket and cardsharp have become legendary.

The halfling serves as the Rusty Clam's manager and head barman. Thaleem handles all the inn's purchasing and hiring, but Meckel sees that the establishment runs at a profit. The little thief, with his endless capacity for small talk, can chatter away for hours about nothing in particular. He is careful, however, not to reveal anything useful unless he first receives a generous tip.

Adventure Hooks

- A beggar approaches the party and says: "Your recent misfortune will be reversed if you visit the Rusty Clam." The beggar adds nothing more until the characters hand over a few coins. If the PCs pay, the beggar tells them that someone has found an item they had lost and will return it for a proper reward. The characters have only to seek out Thaleem, representative of the lucky soul who found the PCs' property. The beggar knows nothing else.

If the party members visit Thaleem, they

learn that an unnamed person approached him and named a PC as the owner of a magical item the individual recently found.

The item, in fact is cursed; Thaleem's client merely wishes to sell it to the PCs. Items that initially appear beneficial, such as *boots of dancing, rings of delusion, and phylacteries of monstrous attention*, work best for this scam. Gullible PCs can test these items all they like, but they won't discover the deception until too late. Thaleem demands at least 3,000 gp as a "finder's fee" for the item, but clever party members can bargain him down to 2,200 gp.

If the PCs seek out Thaleem after discovering they have been duped, the elf claims innocence. (He might even *be* innocent.) For a fee, the elf reveals what his client looked like and tells the party members where he delivered their money. You, as the DM, should decide if the party tracks down the swindler.

- The PCs, visiting the Rusty Clam one evening, see an impeccably dressed lady breeze in with a hatchet-faced servant in tow. All eyes turn to the lady, and the seediest customers lick their chops. The woman has come to see Thaleem and avoids all contact with everyone in the common room (PCs too).

When the woman finally leaves, several rough-looking customers quietly follow her into the night; they plan to attack the lady and her escort. This is a perfect opening for the party to come gallantly to the rescue. The PCs win handily if they attack the ruffians, as the two NPCs are no slouches. The woman, an influential noble, might prove a useful ally to the characters in the future.

Seeing the PCs leap to defend the noble, the inn's patrons mark them as troublesome dogooders and hereafter give them only a chilly welcome. Thaleem, however, doesn't appreciate seeing his special customers harassed, so he allows the party to purchase drinks from his private stock from now on—a dubious honor, but an honor nonetheless.

A broken-down shop called the Red Clover stands on a muddy back street, huddled amid a crowd of equally dilapidated tenements. The shop's signboard, a three-leafed clover covered in peeling red paint, gives no real clue that this is an apothecary's shop. The building has no public entrance. Penzer, the owner, dispenses his wares over an outdoor counter. Fortunately, the building's overhanging second story provides reasonable cover for the Red Clover's customers.

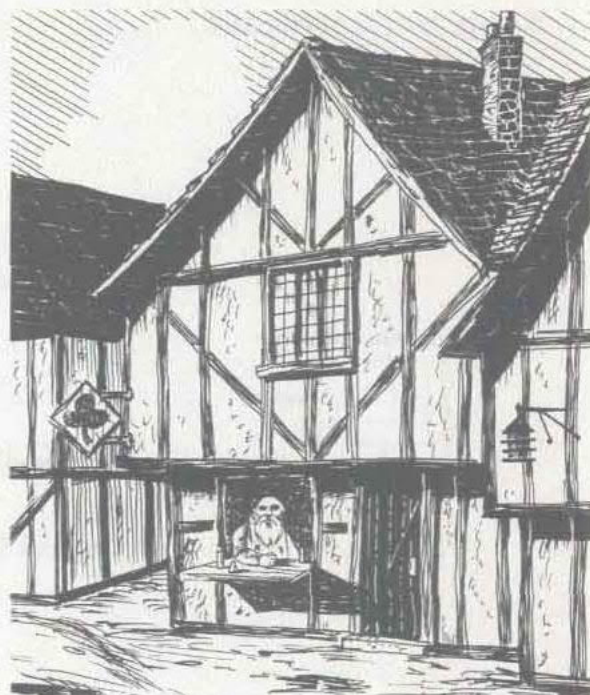
The Business

Penzer opens for business at midmorning, six days a week, and closes up at dusk. In the spring and fall, he spends considerable time puttering around in his herb garden behind the shop. Locals know to walk around back if they find the shutter down during the day.

Lower floors

The apothecary sells a wide assortment of medicinal and cooking herbs, most locally grown. He also treats minor ailments and injuries, enjoying a brisk trade in spite of the fact that several priests in town can cast healing spells. Magic costs too much for most common folk, and even when the priests are inclined to cast free spells for the needy, they never have quite enough spells to go around.

Although he has no spellcasting abilities, Penzer is a student of magic. He stocks many spell components, all neatly sealed in parchment packets. He works a small sample of the contents into each packet's sealing wax, allowing customers to identify the packets' contents by touch. Penzer does not stock any component larger than a human hand, nor any component with a base cost of more than 10 gp. Business-minded spellcasters might make some extra pocket change by selling Penzer various items they acquire during their adventures; however, the herbalist seldom will pay more than a few silver for any item.



1. The shop: It's a good thing Penzer's customers don't actually enter the ground floor shop. A bouquet of wonderful odors from this store of herbs fills the air, but the stench of neglect underlies it all. The rows of shelves lined with pottery crocks for storing herbs stand thick with dust. Cobwebs coat crocks that Penzer hasn't opened for awhile. A filthy layer of rotting straw, discarded leaves and stems, and scraps of food covers the floor.

Penzer has no real system for storing his wares. He simply remembers where he puts things. Because the herbalist has very little to think about other than running his shop, his memory serves him well.

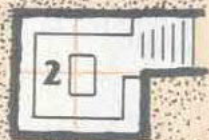
When not waiting on a customer or rummaging around among the crockery, Penzer spends his time in the room's southeast corner, working at his bench or dozing in the chair in front of the fire.

2. Cellar: Penzer uses the lower level to store roots and bulbs. The room is dark, musty and

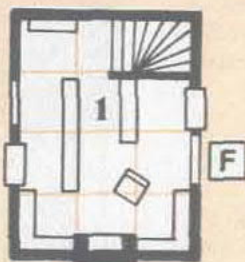
The Red Clover

Shop and Residence

1 Square = 5'



Cellar



Ground Floor



2nd Floor



full of cobwebs. Rakes, hoes, spades, and all manner of other gardening tools stand jumbled together in the cellar's northeastern corner, near the door. These tools of Penzer's always seem dirty (usually rusty, too), except in the spring, when heavy use gives the metal an incidental polishing.

Second Floor

Upstairs at his small shop, Penzer maintains his personal living quarters.

3. Penzer's room: The apothecary's quarters look less filthy than his shop, but only because he happens to spend much less time here. He grows flowers in a box under the east window, just for the fun of it.

Cabinets in the northwest corner hold the man's clothing, a suit of damaged banded mail that Penzer once took in trade for a large supply of garlic, and an ever-growing collection of walking sticks.

Penzer

A 0-level male human herbalist

Alignment:	Neutral good	
Move:	12	
AC:	10	
THAC0:	20	
Hit points:	3	
Strength:	9	Intelligence: 16
Dexterity:	10	Wisdom: 15
Constitution:	9	Charisma: 13

Proficiencies: Dagger; agriculture (16); herbalism, spellcraft (14); healing (13)

Languages: Common

Armor: None

Weapons: Dagger

Equipment: Healer's bag

Age: 41

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 181 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Dark brown/brown

Penzer, a heavyset man, sports a fluffy beard and mustache. When conversing (an activity that occupies much of his time) his stubby fingers lazily stroke and twiddle his beard. The herbalist wears red woolen breeches and a loose-fitting white linen shirt decorated with needlework around the collar and cuffs. When working, he wears an ancient canvas apron covered with old stains and patches. When Penzer was younger, the apron fit him well, but now his belly forms an ample bulge. A mound of powder and shredded leaves tends to collect atop the bulge when the apothecary has a busy day in the shop.

This confirmed old bachelor would become something of a recluse if he didn't have a business and customers to serve. In spite of his illiteracy, Penzer possesses a prodigious memory and a vast store of fairly useless knowledge. He has a generally good idea of where everything in the shop is, mostly because he has painstakingly memorized exactly how and when he acquired each item. Visitors often can hear him mumbling details to himself while he looks for an item.

Penzer has an eye for the unusual. If a character can impress him with a suitable tale of derring-do or capricious fate, he sometimes will accept a fairly useless item in trade for his goods. (This is how he acquired his suit of banded mail.) Likewise, Penzer collects walking sticks and gladly will barter for more.

Adventure Hooks

- Penzer's habit of collecting odd bits of equipment has netted him an ancient *wand of conjuration*. Experimenting with the wand, he inadvertently cast several *monster summoning* spells. He has just enough magical skill to activate the wand, but not consistently.

The monsters appear within 30 yards of the shop and simply wander about until the spell duration expires and they disappear. All the creatures popping in and out is causing quite a stir, not to mention the occasional wounding. Penzer vaguely wonders if his experiments have something to do with the monsters, but

refuses to admit fault, even to himself.

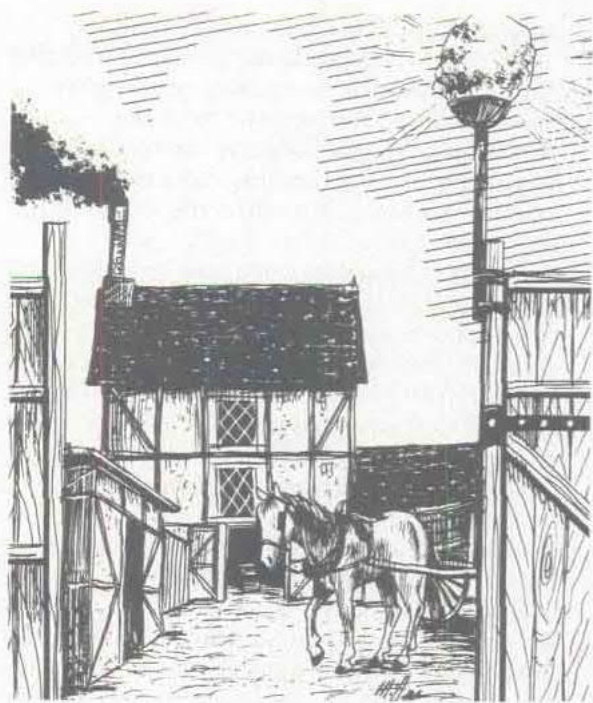
PCs who investigate the monsters find that they appear once every three or four days. If they confront Penzer, the herbalist denies involvement. A forceful party can convince him to give up his experiments, and a *very* forceful one can get him to surrender the wand. (It has 1d10+8 charges left when the PCs get it.)

The apothecary has real magical talent and might agree to pay 8 to 10 gp a week to learn wizardry. It's up to you, the DM, to decide how long Penzer needs to study, but the sheer effort required of his teacher is worth much more than Penzer can pay. However, a charismatic character could convince Penzer to give up his shop and become a henchman.

- Penzer has acquired a handful of mantrap bulbs (see the *MONSTROUS MANUAL™* accessory, page 291) and hopes to gather the plants' nectar to sell to an alchemist. He knows the mantrap's dangers, but he plans to dig them up before they become large enough to devour anyone. He has planted the mantraps in the flower box outside his bedroom window, and they have grown to about 2 feet tall. He keeps a supply of mantrap leaves smoldering in the shop all day to negate the effects from the mantraps' pollen. His precautions, however, do not protect passersby. Only tiny creatures (less than 2 feet tall) are in any danger from the plants, but on windy days, the pollen drifts over the neighborhood, intoxicating the residents and drawing them to the Red Clover until a whiff of the smoke breaks the effect.

Overall, Penzer's neighbors do not feel terribly concerned about this phenomenon; they have become accustomed to the herbalist's eccentricities, and many of them enjoy the mantrap's scent. There is no real danger to the community, as they can bewitch the neighborhood for only one growing season. (The tropical mantraps will die with the onset of winter, before producing any bulbs.) Characters with familiars and pets, however, could be in for a lively time if they visit the shop.

The Glowing Ember



The Glowing Ember is a busy smithy located on a main street. A whitewashed fence of overlapping, vertical planks about 5 feet high surrounds the shop and its outbuildings. The fence has only one entrance, a wide timber gate hinged freely so its doors can open in either direction. A short metal pole rises from the northern gatepost. Atop the pole sits an irregular lump of red glass about the size of a pumpkin. A *continual light* spell cast into the hollow lump makes it glow like a hot coal.

Passing through the gate, one enters a tidy little courtyard paved with mustard-yellow flagstones. Storage sheds stand to the left and right. The smithy lies straight ahead, the ground floor of a three-story stone and timber building with a slate roof. The scents of horses, hot metal, and coal smoke fill the air.

The Business

Pip and Brandy, the gnomish couple who own The Glowing Ember, are up before dawn every

morning, stoking the forge and getting ready for the day's business. At the first hint of daylight, Pip unlocks the gate, and hammers soon ring as the gnomes set to work.

Ground Floor

The bulk of the Glowing Ember's business, horseshoeing, keeps the couple constantly busy at their anvils making new shoes to meet the demand. Pip and Brandy try to shoe every horse as it is brought in, and customers in a hurry usually can have their horses shod while they wait. When the shop gets particularly busy, or when a customer demands the best possible workmanship, the owners hold the horses overnight in the stable (area 4).

Pip and Brandy also repair carts, wagons, armor, and weapons. They take this kind of work only during slow times (which don't come often) or when a customer will pay extra. They enjoy doing such special work, but it takes time; regular customers come first.

1. Smithy: The double doors to the spacious smithy stand open during business hours, except in very cold and windy weather. The floor, paved with the same yellow stone as the courtyard, seems a little sooty. First-time visitors often quickly note a shiny gold piece lying on the floor just inside the threshold. Greedy characters who try to pick up the coin find themselves frustrated—a friend of Pip's attached it permanently to the floor with a drop of *sovereign glue* during the shop's grand opening 14 years ago. Pip and Brandy quickly explain that the immovable gold piece is the shop's good luck charm, but they're not above sniggering at visitors who fall for the joke.

The shop's central forge is large enough for Pip and Brandy to use at the same time, but each gnome has a separate anvil. In busy periods, they hire transient laborers to work the bellows and do odd jobs, such as clean the stables. The gnomes, kindhearted people, often take on help for a day or two when they don't really need any.

The owners usually do not light the furnace in the southeast corner, as they need it only for complex jobs such as weapon making.

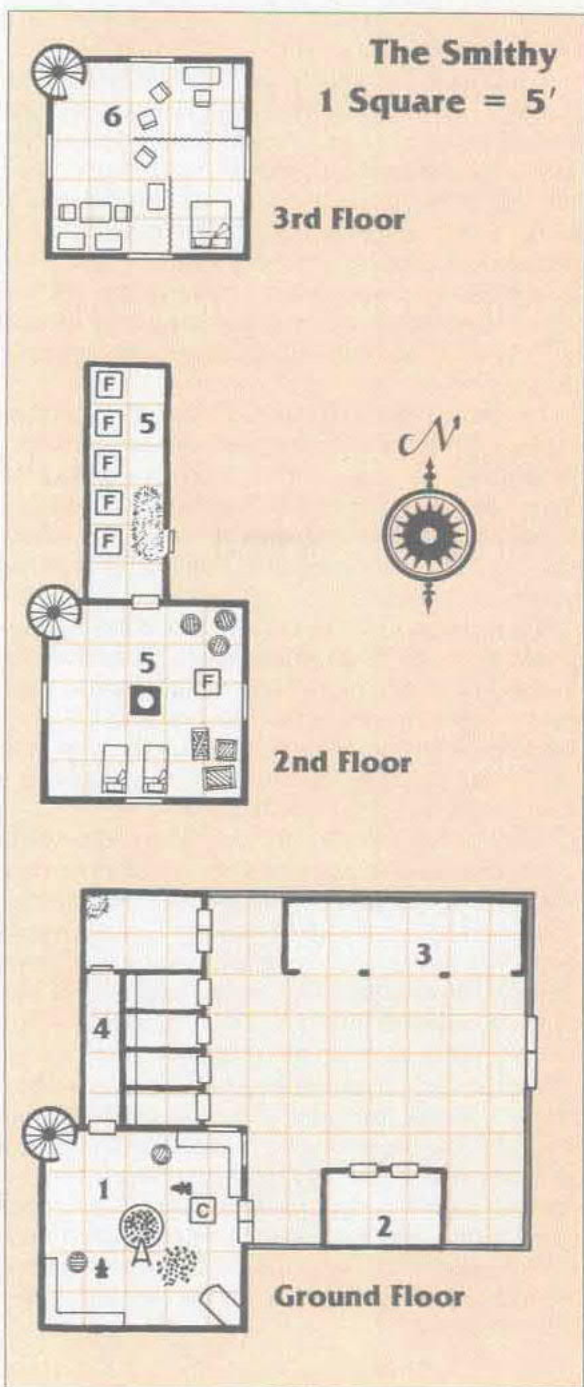
2. Storage shed: A plank outbuilding on the courtyard's south end has wide double doors and a lean-to roof. Pip and Brandy use it to store anything too large or heavy to keep in the lofts (area 5): lumber for wagon repairs, pig iron, coal, and the like.

3. Lean-to: An open-fronted building on the north end of the courtyard houses the shop's two-wheeled cart. Smartly painted dove gray with bright yellow trim, it bears this legend in dazzling blue letters: "The Glowing Ember, Smiths and Farriers." Pip and Brandy also store any vehicles they are repairing here.

4. Stable: The stables usually stand mostly empty, but if Pip and Brandy do need to keep a client's horse overnight, they lead the animal into one of the narrow stalls and secure it with a rope at the east end. The stalls are too narrow for a horse to turn around, and the rope keeps it from backing out, which saves space and makes cleanup easier.

A large box stall at the north end is the permanent home of Charlimane. Officially, Charlimane (the gnomish spelling—Charlie for short) works as the shop's draft horse, but really the ancient bay gelding—formerly a heavy war horse—is Pip's spoiled pet. Charlie must be at least 20 years old, but not even Pip knows for sure. Once a high-spirited charger and a campaign veteran, Charlie has become a swaybacked old wreck with yellow teeth and rheumy eyes. The animal stands 16 hands tall (5 feet, 4 inches) and weighs about a ton.

Though overweight and flabby, Charlie remains a powerful animal, more than capable of pulling the shop cart—when he cares to—and serving as unofficial watchdog. His stall is fitted with a swinging door that allows Charlie to come and go as he pleases. The horse visits Pip several times each day for a few strokes on the nose and a carrot or apple. By late afternoon, Charlie's



The Glowing Ember

graying muzzle shows streaks of soot from Pip's hands.

Charlie is as gentle as a kitten with both gnomes, but he can make a real nuisance of himself when he wants to. He often follows tall customers around, nudging them until they scratch his ears. (Charlie has to bend down too far for Pip to do it.) If he decides he doesn't like someone, he delights in stepping on the offender's feet. Once he's pinned someone's foot, only Pip can get him to move away, though a sharp word from Brandy will keep Charlie from crushing the victim's instep.

The horse has 5 Hit Dice, 21 hit points, and an Armor Class of 6. If angered, Charlie attacks three times a round, with two hooves and a bite. The hooves inflict 1d8+2 points of damage, thanks to Charlie's fighting skill and the excellent shoes Pip has made for him. His bite inflicts 1d4 points of damage.

Harnessing Charlie to the cart is a major operation, because he stands so much taller than his owners. Brandy has devised an elaborate scheme that involves lowering the harness onto Charlie's back from the loft (area 5), through the trap door above his box. Pip, however, simply pulls up a stepladder and gets on with the job.

Charlie has an independent mind and tends to go where he will once he gets out of the courtyard. He is so stubborn, Pip lets him go off on his own with the cart. After making arrangements with merchants in advance, the gnome hitches up Charlie, throws a sack of apples and carrots into the cart, and lets him out of the courtyard. When the old horse plods to the correct location, a merchant loads Pip's goods into the cart, gives Charlie something from the sack, and sends him on his way. The horse quickly learned he had a treat in store if he went to the right place—he also learned which merchants would give him a snack even if they had no business to transact. Whenever he goes with the cart, Charlie always returns with it at dusk, just in time for his nightly feeding and rubdown.

Upper Floors

In addition to cozy apartments, the Glowing Embers's second and third floors hold a series of lofts running the western length of the building.

5. Lofts: Pip and Brandy store lightweight and compact goods for their business and home in second-floor lofts: nails, flour, cloth, tool handles, and the like. The southern section has two cots where employees are allowed to sleep if they have nowhere else to go. A block and tackle hangs over the trap door; Pip and Brandy use it to haul supplies between floors. The northern section extending over the stable (area 4) holds grain, hay, and straw.

6. Apartment: Pip and Brandy live on the shop's top floor. Most evenings, they lounge in chairs near the chamber's north window, discussing the day. Occasionally Brandy puts on a show with her illusionist's skills.

Brandy keeps the books for the shop and studies her spells at a desk in the northeast corner. Shelves beside it hold old ledgers and assorted tomes on sailing and spelljamming. (Brandy has long been fascinated by ships of all kinds.) The gnome's spellbooks are actually loose sheets of parchment; she can roll them up for easy transport, but for now she keeps them flat under the desktop, where the thin sheets remain all but undetectable. When Brandy learns a few more spells, she will have to find a more secure arrangement for her books or risk misplacing or tearing the pages.

Pip

A 3rd/3rd-level male gnome fighter/thief

Alignment:	Chaotic good
Move:	6
AC:	8 (2 in armor)
THAC0:	18
Hit points:	15

Strength: 16 **Intelligence:** 15
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 11
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 10

Proficiencies: Knife, short bow, short sword, war hammer; blacksmithing (16); weaponsmithing (12); animal handling (10)

Languages: Common, thieves' cant, gnomish

Armor: None (chain mail and shield)

Weapons: None

Equipment: Hammer, *gem of retaliation*

Age: 80

Height: 3' 6"

Weight: 84 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Red/brown

Thief skills: PP 30%; HS 40%; OL 75%;
DN 25%; FT 60%; CW 45%; MS 30%; RL 0%;
+4 attack bonus; BS x2 damage

Gnomes are famous for their enormous noses, which are a source of great pride for their owners. Not so with Pip, whose nose seems a trifle small even by human standards. His diminutive nose, flaming red hair, and brown eyes (uncommon in gnomes) lead many people to mistake him for a halfling; few things infuriate Pip more than being mistaken for a halfling.

In most ways, Pip looks like any other blacksmith, with his brawny arms and knotted hands. A faint odor of steam and searing iron always clings to him, and his skin usually gleams with perspiration. Except in the coldest weather, he works shirtless, but wears a thick leather apron and leather breeches.

Pip endured a seemingly endless childhood in which the other little gnomes made fun of his nose and called him "Button." To this day, he wears no buttons on his clothes. Feeling much less welcome in his clan than he actually was, Pip struck out on his own at the first opportunity. He took a liking to horses early on; it seemed to him that these useful animals did what was expected of them without regard for appearances.

The gnome soon found that he could fill time between adventures by taking on odd black-

smithing jobs. During an extended visit to the city 18 years ago, Pip met Brandy. Despite his insecurity about his looks, he forced himself to speak to her. To his surprise, Brandy took an immediate liking to him, and after a whirlwind (by gnomish standards) courtship of two years, they were married. The couple adventured together for another two years, but a disastrous encounter with a pack of hell hounds prompted them to settle down and open a business.

Brandy

A 3rd/2nd-level female gnome thief/illusionist

Alignment: Chaotic good
Move: 6
AC: 8 (6 in armor)
THAC0: 18
Hit points: 13

Strength: 11 **Intelligence:** 16
Dexterity: 16 **Wisdom:** 12
Constitution: 13 **Charisma:** 12

Proficiencies: Club, dagger; read/write common (17); gem cutting (14); blacksmithing, carpentry (11); artistic ability: metalwork (10)

Languages: Common, thieves' cant, gnomish

Armor: None (leather)

Weapons: Knife

Equipment: Hammer, *wand of wonder* (68 charges), *ring of spell storing* (strength (x2))

Age: 75

Height: 3' 5"

Weight: 82 lbs.

Hair/eyes: White/blue

Spells/day: 3 2 (plus one extra illusion/phantasm spell per spell level)

Preferred spells: 1st level—*sleep*, *enlarge*, *cantrip*;
2nd level—*invisibility*, *stinking cloud*

Thief skills: PP 60%; HS 55%; OL 20%;
DN 55%; FT 15%; CW 45%; MS 45%; RL 0%;
+4 attack bonus; BS x2 damage

The Glowing Ember

By gnomish standards, Brandy seems a comely lass. She has long, snowy locks, sapphire-blue eyes, and ginger skin. Her nose is long, bulbous, and slightly upturned, like a little brown sausage.

An orphan, Brandy grew up among humans. Her parents were tinker gnomes from the world of Krynn, who perished when pirates destroyed their spelljamming ship. However, she has no knowledge of any of this. All she knows is that a fisherman found her at sea, floating in a charred brandy cask.

The fisherman dubbed her Brandy, and the name stuck. However, the fisherman had children of his own to feed; he lost no time in giving Brandy to local priests. During her childhood, she received the best care her mentors could give, but still she felt lonely. Though the priests did their utmost to make Brandy feel at home, she could not help feeling just a little different. Her human playmates grew up much faster than she did, and several sets of them bid her good-bye as they left the orphanage to make their own ways in the world. Even the priests grew old and were replaced by a second generation before she reached adulthood.

Meeting Pip was the most thrilling moment in Brandy's life. She had always dreamed of meeting people like herself, and Pip's profound admiration for her good looks and wit took her by storm. Together they traveled widely. In spite of his nose sensitivity, Pip did his utmost to help Brandy meet other gnomes, and this only deepened her affection for him.

A little bored with city life, Brandy fervently hopes to become involved in a long and complex project, such as constructing an iron golem for a fellow wizard. In the meantime, Brandy enjoys making horseshoes alongside her husband. Her true creative joy, however, comes from working on carts and clocks—the more complex the better.

Brandy considers herself in charge of security at the shop, and most of her daily spells are aimed at foiling attackers. In a pinch, she'll cast *enlarge* on Charlimane and set the huge former destrier upon the foe.

The gnome woman currently is expecting, and

the couple already has made a beautiful oak and cast-iron cradle for the child. Brandy hopes the child will grow up to be an upstanding gnome and a good smith. (Pip just hopes the tyke will have a fine gnomish nose.)

Adventure Hooks

- Charlimane might easily draw a curious party's attention during one of his unattended jaunts with the cart. Characters who get in his way might get their feet stepped on. Attempts to hurt the horse draw an angry reaction from the locals, who are accustomed to Charlie's antics, and might also bring Schel's wrath down upon them (page 92).

- Pip and Brandy want to hire the PCs to stand guard over a flying machine they have just completed for a wizard. The machine is powered by a huge, magical gem.

If the player characters accept the job, they receive a tour of the smithy and are told to make their own security plans. The customer will arrive to claim the machine in three days.

Unbeknownst to the gnomes, the gem once contained an imprisoned djinni. A janni posing as Javier, the wizard's apprentice, has used his *invisibility* and *etherealness* powers to enter the smithy and free the djinni. When the customer arrives and finds the machine does not work, the PCs must prove that both they and the gnomes are blameless.

Javier's trail proves difficult to follow, but Charlie noticed Javier's visit to the shop. The janni used his *speak with animals* ability and a few carrots to distract the horse. A *speak with animals* spell from the player characters and some careful questioning (Charlie isn't a very good witness) can bring the details of the intruder's deed to light.

The Three Golden Rings

Few places in the city have reputations more colorful than the Three Golden Rings. At first glance, the jewelry shop seems just a little unusual. The walls are constructed from massive blocks of polished black granite. On sunny days, the whole building coolly gleams like a vast, inky iceberg. In dim light, it seems to fade into an indistinct smudge, as though not entirely a part of this world.

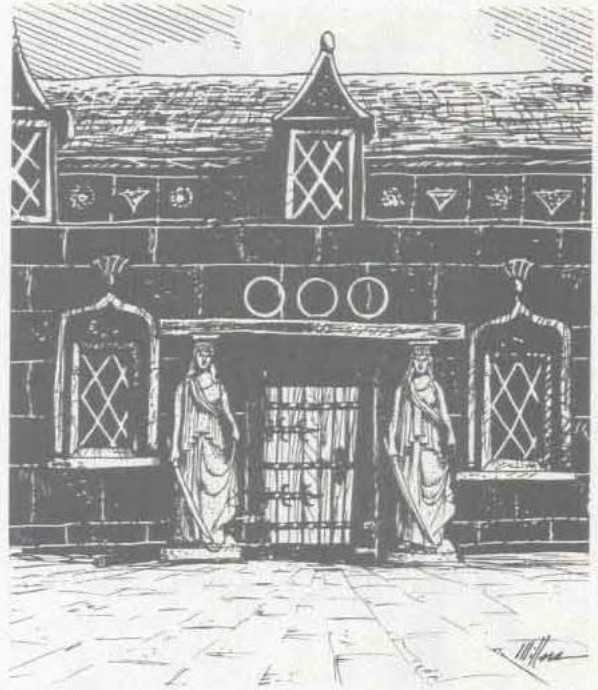
A heavy wooden door reinforced with blackened steel bands and studded with small spikes serves as the shop's main entrance. Three golden hoops, each about 3 feet across, hang above this door, and two sword-wielding caryatids flank it. The caryatids, in turn, are flanked by large windows revealing shallow niches filled with dazzling arrays of gems.

The Business

Local tales abound about the mysterious Three Golden Rings. Cityfolk widely consider the shop haunted by a guardian spirit that drives away robbers and swindlers. Another story holds that the entire building is a living entity that sometimes vanishes, leaving only a bank of mist in its place. Yet another tale calls Azuf, the gnome proprietor, a gold dragon (occasionally seen munching on a gemstone)!

The place has such a reputation for invincibility that the phrase "looting the three rings" has become local slang for any harebrained scheme. Witnesses of a failed robbery attempt about a decade ago reported seeing yellow vapors escaping the building. In any case, the robbers were killed and buried in an innocuously marked grave in the cemetery (page 33).

Azuf opens for business each morning about an hour after sunrise, closes for one hour at high noon, then reopens for four more hours. He generally remains at work long after closing, but withdraws to his workshop to make jewelry or retires upstairs to tally the day's accounts. Most of the time, Azuf and Hamish, the gnome's young human apprentice, sit on tall stools behind the counter and greet customers as they arrive. When particularly busy in the workshop, Azuf lets



Hamish handle the counter alone, but the little proprietor never opens the shop to the public when he himself is not in the building.

The gnome sells loose gems for their actual value, plus a 5% to 10% markup. For example, a gem worth 500 gp would sell for 525 to 550 gp. Jewelry carries a slightly higher markup, usually 10% to 20%. All prices include custom sizing and fitting, if necessary. Generally one can pick up customized purchases the next morning, but Azuf will do rush jobs for an additional 5% of the final price, or 100 gp, whichever is less.

For a non-negotiable 10% fee, Azuf also changes coins. (Traveling merchants and adventurers often need to convert their foreign or ancient coins into a form local businesses will accept.) Though he does not keep much money on hand, he usually can arrange to convert almost any amount of coinage in a matter of a few days.

Azuf buys gems and jewelry for 75% to 90% of their actual value; however, customers who also present a large amount of coin to be changed automatically receive the best price.

The Three Golden Rings



Ground Floor

During business hours, the shop's imposing front door stands open, revealing an alcove with a similar door leading into the shop. Inside, a customer finds a windowless chamber with a spotless marble floor. The air, though cool and dry, bears a faint smell of hot metal. Two more caryatids just like those outside stand immediately to one's left and right. A long, low counter with a glass front faces the door.

1. The shop: The inner door closes by itself after a customer enters. Once the portal slams shut, the room's shadowy interior becomes even darker. The chamber's only light comes from the counter and cabinets, all equipped with frosted glass rods containing *continual light* spells. This arrangement makes the gems and jewelry look very attractive, but gives the shop a somewhat cold and pretentious air.

Two cabinets with leaded glass fronts stand about 4 feet high along the south wall. They hold

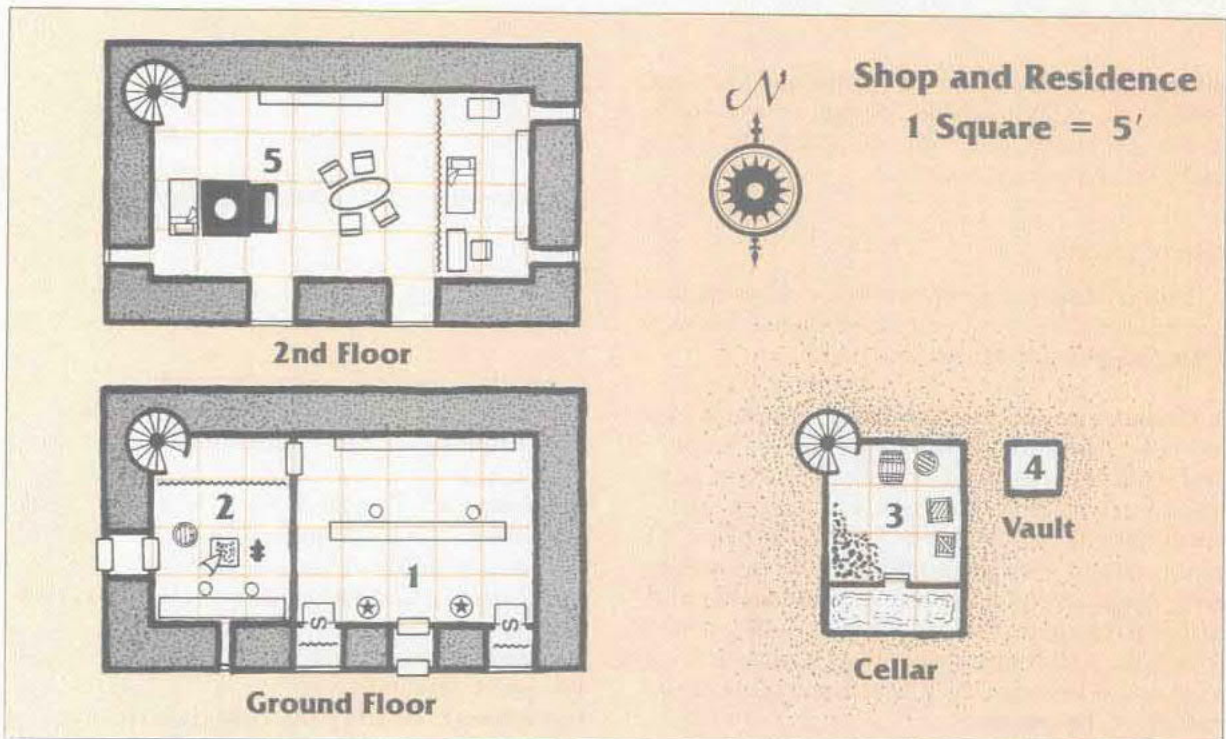
large assortments of fairly cheap goods: copper and bronze bracelets and rings, pewter dishes, paste gems, and the like.

The cabinets also function as secret doors, swinging outward to reveal the alcoves behind the display windows in front of the shop. The windows are glass enchanted with *glassteel* and protected by *fire trap* spells cast at 10th level. The wares on display—all cheap fakes—look more attractive thanks to various *cantrips*.

The main counter, made of burnished steel and glass enchanted with *glassteel*, stands about 2½ feet high. It contains the shop's finer merchandise: silver and gold jewelry, gems, and small household items such as silver spoons. A 5-foot-high cabinet behind the counter, also made of steel and *glassteel*, displays large items: silver dinner platters, tea services, statuettes, and the like.

In addition to all the *glassteel*, Azuf has taken several security precautions. Hinged to the ceiling above the counter is a steel grating about 25 feet long and 10 feet high. During a robbery, Hamish or Azuf can drop this 500-lb. grate, which swings outward (south) and down. A U-shaped cutout allows it to fit snugly over the counter, and steel latches secure the grate once it has swung into place. Any character it hits suffers 2d6 points of damage and is knocked across the shop; Azuf and Hamish crouch behind the counter after releasing the grate, allowing it to pass overhead and lock into place. Once locked, it can be released only with a key Azuf carries. *Knock* spells prove ineffective. A rogue could pick the lock, but the release mechanism under the counter remains out of reach to characters standing on the other side of the grate.

Although the west door leading to the shop from Azuf's workshop (area 2) remains unlocked, every other door in the shop bears a *wizard lock*, including the cabinets/secret doors on the south wall. The inner door leading into the shop from the south carries a special *wizard lock* enchantment on only the inside. Customers can open the inner door and enter the shop normally; however, Azuf must open the door for them to leave,



or they would have to employ a *knock* spell or batter down the door. The gnome's habit of always opening the door for his departing customers has helped to build the shop's reputation. Most consider it a charming gesture; however, many locals cite it as proof that the building won't let visitors go unless Azuf intervenes.

As the outer door remains subject to a *wizard lock*, it always stands open during business hours. The door's spikes make it impossible to batter down, unless one uses a battering ram, employs a *knock* spell, or has an immunity to normal weapons.

The building's outer walls and foundation are reinforced with a lattice of bronze bars imbedded in the stone. *Passwall* spells can penetrate the walls, but the bars remain in place. The roof does not seem particularly formidable, but the loose, slippery slates that cover it make the footing treacherous.

By special arrangement with the duchess, the city watch constantly monitors the shop. Even when all is quiet, a watch member inspects the

place every 20 to 30 minutes. If an alarm is raised, however, the watch arrives in force in 2d6 rounds.

2. Workshop: Azuf creates and repairs jewelry in a workshop adjoining his shop. A narrow window in the south wall (enchanted with *glassteel*) allows passersby to watch Azuf at work, which the gnome regards as good advertising. A door on the room's west end, even thicker and stronger than the front door, also bears steel spikes. When Azuf closes it, he usually bars it as well—treat it as a wizard locked portal if a character tries to force it open. A small carpet in front of the door to the shop is a *rug of welcome*. A spiral stair in the northwest corner leads up to Azuf's chamber and down to the cellar. The cast-iron stairs turn so tightly that creatures taller than 4 feet move at half speed up or down them.

Azuf has fully equipped this room for working soft metals such as copper, brass, silver, gold, and pewter. It contains a coal-fired forge, an anvil, and a barrel of water for cooling metal. The gnome's workbench against the south wall is

The Three Golden Rings

fitted with an assortment of clamps and vises for holding work in progress. Storage areas underneath the bench hold various supplies, hand tools, and unworked metal.

Other Floors

The building has an upper floor containing living quarters for Azuf and Hamish and a lower floor consisting of a cellar and vault.

3. Cellar: The cellar in the Three Golden Rings holds a pile of coal for the forge upstairs (area 2) and several barrels and crates of mundane supplies, such as copper ingots, saw blades, abrasives, and the like. A hatch in the south wall opens onto a cistern, usually full of rainwater. Azuf has scattered a few fake gems and a handful of coins there to distract thieves who might search the building for valuables. It takes at least 15 minutes to completely search the scum at the bottom of the cistern.

4. Vault: Azuf keeps his coins and other valuables in a downstairs strong room lined with 6 inches of lead and 2 inches of brass. When he needs to get into the vault, the gnome uses a *passwall* spell to open a passage from the cellar to the vault door, which is triple locked with a masterful lock (-60 to open locks attempts) and bears a *wizard lock*.

5. Apartment: Upstairs, Azuf and Hamish live in considerable comfort, in an apartment that remains warm in winter and cool in summer. Hamish sleeps on a cot behind the chimney. Azuf works and sleeps in a curtained section at the east end of the room. He has a sturdy desk, wardrobe, canopied bed, and armchair. Shelves along the east wall hold notes, papers, ledgers, books, and knickknacks. Azuf keeps a set of traveling spellbooks on this shelf, too. The desktop contains a secret compartment that holds his regular spellbooks, and the gnome keeps a spare set in the vault (area 4).

Two oriel windows in the south wall have glass enchanted with a *glassteel* spell.

Azuf

An 11th/10th-level male gnome thief/illusionist

Alignment:	Chaotic good
Move:	6
AC:	-1
THAC0:	16
Hit points:	27

Strength:	11	Intelligence:	17
Dexterity:	16	Wisdom:	10
Constitution:	12	Charisma:	13

Proficiencies: Dagger, dart, short sword, sling, staff; read/write common (18); appraising (16); gem cutting (15); artistic ability: metalwork (11)
Languages: Common, gnomish, dwarvish, thieves' cant

Armor: Ring of protection +3, bracers of defense (AC 4)

Weapons: Short sword +2

Equipment: Magnifying glass, cold-iron rod, a scroll with the *fool's gold* spell and one with the *haste* spell, *dust of appearance* (four pinches), *deck of illusions*

Age: 116

Height: 3' 4"

Weight: 80 lbs.

Hair/eyes: White/blue

Spells/day: 4 4 3 2 2 (plus one extra illusion/phantasm spell per spell level)

Preferred spells: 1st level—*spook*, *charm person*, *burning hands*, *grease*; 2nd level—*invisibility*, *detect invisibility*, *continual light*, *fog cloud*; 3rd level—*spectral force*, *monster summoning I*, *slow*; 4th level—*phantasmal killer*, *fear*, *stoneskin*; 5th level—*Mordenkainen's faithful hound*, *demi-shadow monsters*, *chaos*

Thief skills: PP 75%; HS 70%; OL 60%; DN 55%; FT 50%; CW 45%; MS 75%; RL 75%; +4 attack bonus; BS ×4 damage

Perched on a stool behind the main counter, Azuf appears to be a pale little gargoyle of a

gnome—especially when hunched over, polishing a jewel or gem. His expensive robe of pale blue silk has wide sleeves that fan out like droopy wings. Wisps of his fine white hair peek out from beneath his black skullcap and curl upward like tendrils of mist. His white beard rings his chin in an icy fringe. His lively eyes, the same shade as his robe, seem to leer out from behind a pair of thick spectacles, which he wears low on his bladefike nose.

Azuf is known locally as a witty and affable fellow, even if his sense of humor is decidedly gnomish. He is fond of telling grand and verbose tales about slow-witted giants (and humans) that end in highly contrived puns. He often mixes in cantrips and slight of hand to amaze and befuddle his listeners while he tells one of his stories.

The proprietor of the Three Golden Rings remains very conscious of the wealth he has accumulated during his years as an adventurer, jeweler, and moneychanger. He takes no particular joy in his money, except for a little pride in knowing he has done well. Azuf is, however, very aware that wealth breeds greed and jealousy in people who don't have it. He constantly worries about being slain in a robbery. While not exactly afraid of being killed, he feels concerned about being prepared to meet an attack. A group of adventurers tried to rob him once, and Azuf believes others will attack him again someday.

The gnome spends many hours thinking about how to make sure he and Hamish can survive if the shop is robbed. He has cast *stoneskin* spells on himself and his apprentice and always keeps a spare *stoneskin* in memory in case one of them needs a replacement.

His current plan is this: At the first sign of trouble, Hamish releases the grate in the shop (area 1) while Azuf casts *fog cloud*. (This spell created the mysterious vapors witnesses saw during the robbery attempt and helped give the Three Golden Rings its bizarre reputation.) Then, Hamish runs for help.

While Hamish exits through the west door, Azuf casts *demi-shadow monsters* to create two caryatids that look exactly like those flanking the

doorway. He hopes that the attackers will believe the doorway caryatids have come to life; because the *fog cloud* obscures the real caryatids, he has a good chance of seeing this maneuver work exactly as he hopes. Thereafter, Azuf casts *monster summoning I*, followed by *phantasmal killer*. If anyone bypasses or breaks through the grate, he flees into the workshop. If pursued by a single opponent, Azuf orders the *rug of welcome* to entrap the character. But, with a whole party on his tail, he hops on the rug instead and tries to fly to safety.

Azuf's concern about being attacked does not make him at all timid when haggling over prices, though. He never sells anything at less than the minimum markup listed in the shop description (page 85), and he typically asks for even more money than he wants so he can bargain down to his real price. Likewise, he never buys anything at a premium price. Azuf is a flamboyant negotiator, given to grand gestures and colorful exaggerations such as: "What! You offer so meager a price for this exquisite bracelet? This glittering jewel that once adorned the ebony wrist of a jungle queen? Absurd!"

Azuf always remains on the lookout for swindlers. When changing coins, he always takes care to stir the hoard with an iron rod (to foil *fool's gold* spells), and he examines in minute detail each gem and jewel customers bring in to sell.

Azuf maintains good relations with all the local smiths, merchants, and guild officers. He knows Pip and Brandy of the Glowing Ember very well (page 80). When he needs to change a large amount of coin, he obtains the capital he needs from his business associates.

Hamish

A 0-level male human apprentice

Alignment:	Chaotic neutral
Move:	12
AC:	9
THAC0:	20
Hit points:	3

The Three Golden Rings

Strength: 10 Intelligence: 15
Dexterity: 15 Wisdom: 10
Constitution: 9 Charisma: 12

Proficiencies: Read/write common (16); appraising (15); artistic ability: metalwork (10)

Languages: Common

Armor: None

Weapons: None

Equipment: Polishing rag

Age: 12

Height: 5' 1"

Weight: 91 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/gray

Hamish has a thick mop of coarse, slate-colored hair. His face and hands already have become hard and ruddy from working at the shop's forge. He wears leather breeches and a fine, blue linen shirt. Hamish goes barefoot when he can get away with it, but he owns a good pair of shoes and a pair of sturdy boots.

The boy comes from a poor local family who arranged his apprenticeship with Azuf several years ago. The family received a modest payment, and, until Hamish turns 14, Azuf is free to treat him as his own son.

Hamish has mixed emotions about the arrangement. He feels deeply hurt because, for all intents and purposes, his family sold him off to become a servant. On the other hand, the boy knows he has been apprenticed into a trade that could make him wealthy.

The young human recognizes Azuf's skill, guile, and earthy sense of humor, but he resents his endless round of mundane tasks: wiping the counters, hauling coal and water out of the cellar, stoking the forge, and so on. He is slowly coming to realize that some people don't have to work for a living. It is Azuf's comfortable lifestyle that Hamish admires most, not his skills. Lately, the boy seems more interested in becoming a thief or an illusionist than in earning an honest living.

Adventure Hook

- Azuf has a huge jewel for sale. He is beside himself with worry, as the jewel surely will prove a magnet to attract every thief in the city. Only the shop's wealthiest and most trusted customers may view the jewel, and Azuf even hired guards to protect the shop.

The PCs might be hired to guard the shop, if they have gained Azuf's trust; he offers them a modest sum for each day on the job, plus 10% of the proprietor's profit from the sale. (As DM, set the desired value on the jewel, but keep it at least 50,000 gp, which would net Azuf a profit of 5,000 to 10,000 gp.)

Unknown to Azuf, the jewel is a *magic jar* receptacle inhabited by an evil wizard. The wizard's henchmen will create a series of diversions near the shop: attack the roof and side door with mallets and axes, set fire to a nearby building, stage a street assault, and so on. In the confusion, the wizard tries to take over a host body, loot the shop, and slip away. PCs guarding the jewel become prime targets; otherwise, they get pulled into the various incidents surrounding the robbery attempt.

Azuf keeps the jewel locked in the shop's main display case. The vault would be more secure, but, because customers need to view the jewel, the vault seems inconvenient. Also, if thieves come for the jewel, he'd rather keep it isolated from the contents of the vault.

The wizard whose life force inhabits the jewel is 12th level (*magic jar* radius of 120 feet) and has a personality score of 34. (See the *magic jar* spell in the *Player's Handbook*).

A group of neat little cottages brings a touch of country charm to the city. Some years ago, the druid's home actually was in the country, but the recently expanded city walls now enclose it and several other similar crofts.

Seven large flagstones mark a short, irregular path from the street to the cottage's front door. An ancient oak shades the path, and Schel, the druid who lives here, has seen to it that a variety of wild blossoms adds a splash of color to the long meadow grasses growing in the front yard. Flowers in the yard bloom from spring until the first hard frosts of autumn. The place looks loveliest in spring, with apple trees behind the cottage in bloom.

Schel is one druid with a taste for city life, and lives with roommate Wynne (page 13). Schel uses the cottage and croft as a business, home, and showcase for her druidic talents. Most of the produce from her orchard and garden goes to supply her own larder. Each autumn, however, Schel makes several barrels of cider, which she sells to local inns and taverns. She also supplies medicinal herbs to people who understand their use; Penzer (page 78) is one of her steadiest customers.

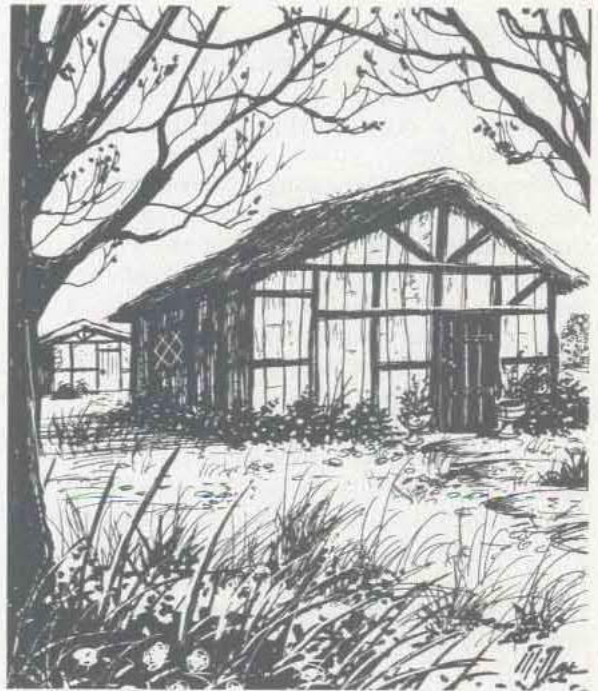
The Cottage

Schel's cottage is made from rough planks, topped by a thatched roof, and surrounded by outbuildings, a garden, and an orchard.

A Look Inside

The cottage's interior, though not spacious, is comfortable nevertheless, with ample room to suit Schel's simple druidic lifestyle.

1. Front hall: A dark entryway helps keep drafts out of the living area when the front door opens. Schel and Wynne hang their winter garments here to help keep the rest of the place clean and dry. Visitors are invited—and obliged—to do the same.



2. Living area: The cottage's main room has a spacious, outdoorsy feel. In any season, and at any time of the day, sunlight streams in through large, diamond-paned windows in the north and south walls. Schel often keeps them open in mild weather, but has fitted them with shutters to keep the place snug in any climate. The thatched roof's high peak, plainly visible through the rafters, adds to the area's airiness.

The cottage's only heat comes from a large iron brazier in the eastern portion of the room. Schel keeps it stoked with charcoal and with embers from the kitchen fire. What little smoke the brazier generates finds its way out through a louvre in the roof.

Schel sleeps in a curtained area under the loft (area 3); surrounding curtains protect her from drafts and allow her a little privacy.

3. Loft: A loft above the northwest corner of the living area serves as Wynne's bedchamber and study. The roof's slope makes for a very low ceiling at the north end of the loft, but Wynne keeps

Schel's Cottage

a set of shelves there. These hold a mix of personal belongings, knickknacks, and many books and scrolls, including a set of traveling spellbooks stored at the west end of the shelf, right next to the desk.

Wynne sleeps in a magnificent four-poster bed, more than 5 feet wide and 8 feet long. It is fitted with an exquisite canopy and curtains of fine wool and with head- and footboards of mahogany. Wynne keeps her spellbooks in a secret compartment in the footboard; to find it, one must turn back the thick, goose-down mattress. Intact, the bed has a value of 500 gp.

4. Back hall: The back door's entryway resembles the front hall (area 1), except that Schel keeps her garden and orchard tools here. A stranger stumbling around in the dark runs a good risk of injury. Even in daylight, a misstep could bring a tangle of hoes, pruning hooks, and shears tumbling down on a visitor.

5. Pantry: A short flight of three steps leads from the back hall down to a dingy chamber where Schel stores her household provisions.

Outbuildings and Grounds

Flagstone paths run from the cottage's back door to the property's two main outbuildings. The front walk, which winds from the cottage's main entrance around to circle the cider press, connects to this back path.

6. Kitchen: The outbuilding where Schel and Wynne do their cooking (and eat, in fine weather) stands just east of the cottage. The stone kitchen building has a slate roof. A trap door in the stone floor covers a well, and the women draw water with a small wood bucket tethered to a table nearby. The tether has kept Schel and Wynne from losing the bucket in the depths of the well more than once.

7. Cellar: The cottage's brick cellar sits half buried just to the southeast of the main build-

ing—in fact, the peak of its slate roof rises to only 5 feet off the ground. Schel stores her apples, cider, and some bulbs and vegetables here.

8. Cider press: A crude shed with a thatched roof and open sides stands just south of the cottage. A large press for making cider and a wooden trough for collecting it huddle inside. The press is used for only a few weeks each autumn; Schel's neighbors provide the necessary muscle in return for the gifts of food and healing she gives them during the year.

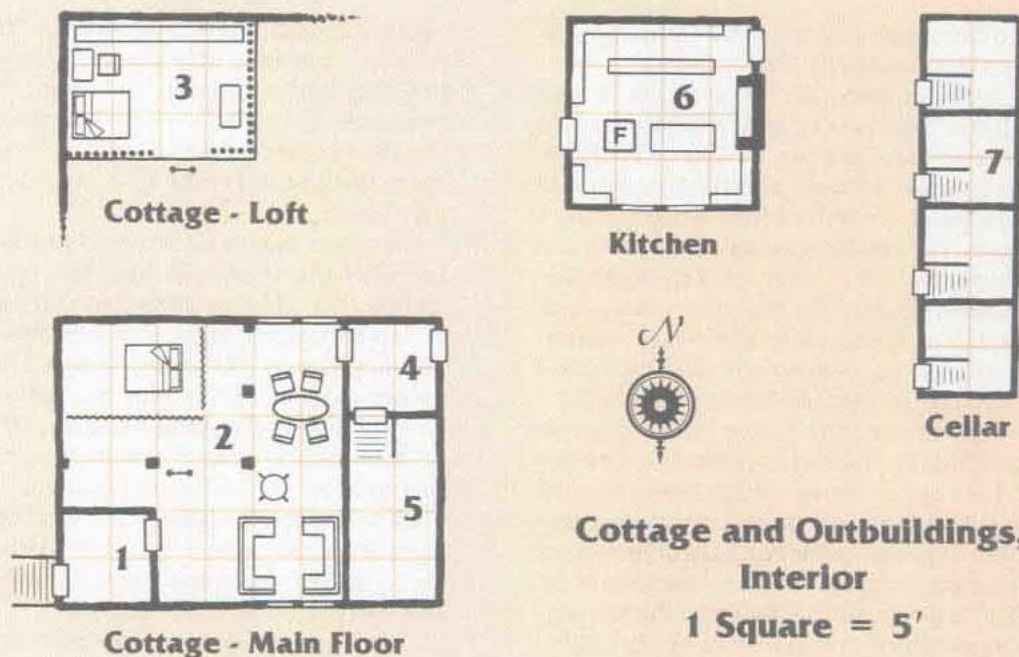
9. Garden and orchard: The grounds are Schel's pride and joy. She has lavished all her knowledge and a good share of her boundless energy on her garden and orchard, and it shows—both in the health of the plants and in the quality of their produce.

Schel takes a dim view of pilfering from her orchard, but does not take any special precautions against it. Instead she relies on her personal charm to keep her goods safe. Her influence leads neighbors to keep a close watch on the croft, and any trespassers are quickly spotted. Of course, the bounty of ripe, juicy apples each fall proves an irresistible lure to children. Schel keeps her temper with the youngsters, but also drafts poachers to assist with the annual picking and cider pressing.

Schel

A 7th-level female human druid

Alignment:	Neutral		
Move:	12		
AC:	6		
THAC0:	16		
Hit points:	31		
Strength:	10	Intelligence:	14
Dexterity:	14	Wisdom:	18
Constitution:	14	Charisma:	15



Proficiencies: Dagger, scimitar, sling; healing (16); read/write common (15); agriculture, animal lore (14); herbalism (12)

Languages: Common, elvish

Armor: Bracers of defense (AC 6)

Weapons: Dagger +1, scimitar +1, two daggers

Equipment: *Potion of plant control, potion of undead control* (ghouls), scroll with the *animal growth* spell, scroll with the *create water, call lightning*, and *speaking with dead* spells

Age: 26

Height: 5' 3"

Weight: 105 lbs.

Hair/eyes: Black/brown

Spells/day: 5 5 3 2

Preferred spells: 1st level—*cure light wounds, faerie fire, entangle*; 2nd level—*speaking with animals, warp wood, heat metal*; 3rd level—*pyrotechnics, stone shape, summon insects*; 4th level—*neutralize poison, sticks to snakes*

Schel is raven haired and deeply bronzed from

the many hours she spends in the sun. A lively person, she always seems busy with some task or errand. Schel's everyday clothes include leather breeches, sturdy boots, and a green or yellow tunic. In bad weather, she adds a cloak and a broad-brimmed straw hat.

The druid spends most of each day tending her orchard and garden, but, she always finds time to collect gossip from her neighbors. She concerns herself with the welfare of the plants and animals in the city, and frequently roams the streets to verify that all is well.

Woe to teamsters or coachmen who abuse a beast with Schel around! She thinks nothing of using a *warp wood* or *heat metal* spell to teach someone to respect working animals. The city watch, very familiar with Schel's aggressive approach to animal welfare, usually arrives quickly when a confrontation arises. Wynne, too, often helps if Schel gets herself into trouble. Unless she has caused bloodshed, the druid usually receives just a warning about taking the law into her own hands. Offenders, who generally see themselves as vic-

Schel's Cottage

tims, often are chagrined to receive a fine (just a few coppers) for disorderly conduct.

For all of her activism on behalf of plants and animals, Schel likes people. She regards the city as every bit as natural as an anthill or beehive. She uses her healing magic and skills on anyone who needs them, provided they acknowledge nature's gifts. Personal recognition and profit are insignificant to the druid, compared to the importance of showing cityfolk the role of nature in their lives. Her neighbors consider Schel a generous soul, and her popularity remains unharmed by her well-deserved reputation as a busybody.

Despite her dedication to nature, Schel is not an early riser. Usually she can find time for her city jaunts only in the evening, which keeps her out late. Her desire to spend mornings abed sometimes makes her annoyed with Pip and Brandy of the Glowing Ember (page 80), who are always up at the crack of dawn, filling the air with the ping-pong of hammers (and clouds of coal smoke). Schel has a genuine enmity for (and deep suspicion regarding) Gryphon de Vries, the stable owner (page 55), because he refuses to allow her to examine his animals.

Adventure Hooks

- Schel has disappeared, and Wynne (or the neighbors) enlists the party's aid in finding her. Everyone who knows Schel also has heard her complaints about Gryphon and the gnomes, so the PCs are urged to investigate the stables and smithy.

The druid has become a prisoner after Gryphon caught her sneaking around the stables. Schel's shapechange ability made her a very difficult prisoner, as she could use it not only to foil Gryphon's *polymorph other* spells, but also to engineer an escape. The stables owner, however, has acquired a captive cockatrice, which he used to petrify Schel. After using a *stone shape* spell to disguise the statue, he has stored it in the lumber room off his parlor (page 54).

Pip and Brandy, if questioned, admit Schel

often chided them for being "morning people," but take offense at any suggestion that they had something to do with the disappearance. They gladly show the party around the shop; their pride in the business makes them willing to let the PCs poke around all they want.

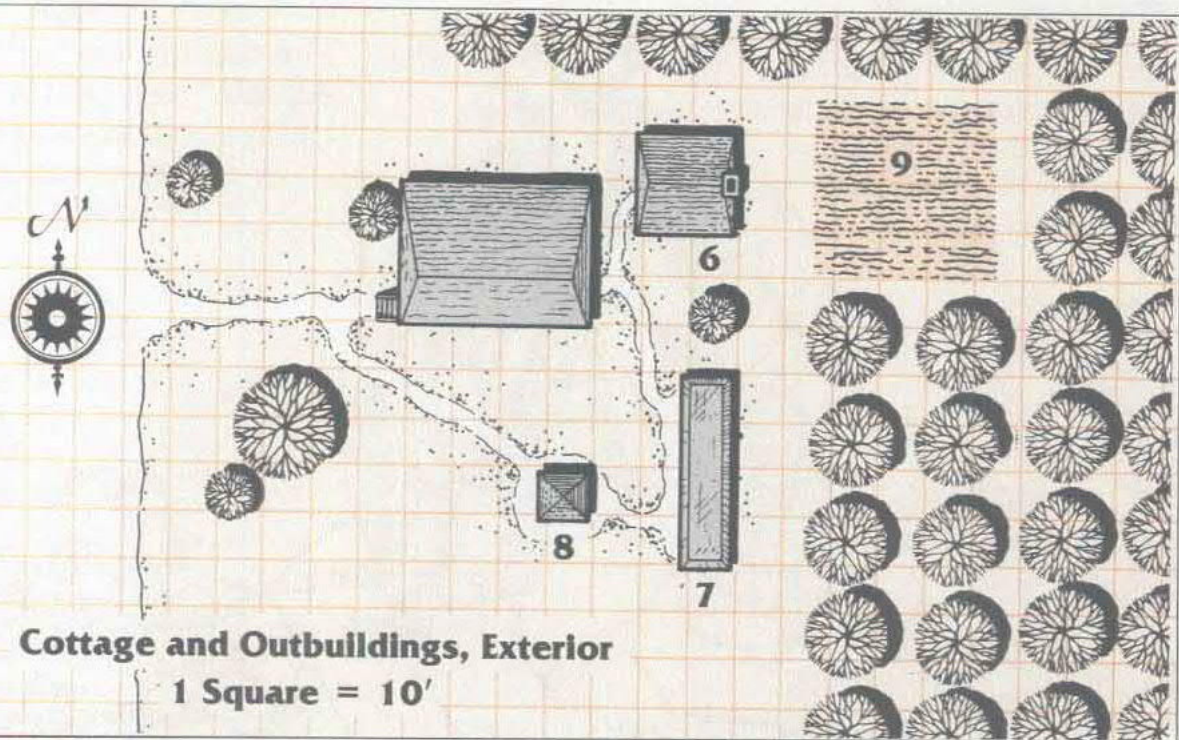
Gryphon makes no bones about his dislike for Schel. He refers to her as "that spellcasting little snoop." He confirms that Schel paid him a visit recently, but says he sent her packing and hopes never to see her again. The stables owner answers all the PCs' questions directly, lying shamelessly when necessary. He counts on his *amulet of proof against detection and location* to keep his falsehoods hidden. If the PCs wish to search the stables, Gryphon agrees, but they must pay him 5 sp for the privilege. If they want to search the house, he tells them to come to one of his wife's parties.

Schel's statue radiates alteration magic, but Gryphon claims to know nothing about it, if questioned. He says it has been stored with other old furniture for years, probably because it isn't an antique. Tessa, Gryphon's wife, backs up the story, but she knows he acquired the statue recently—and she does not have his protection against divination spells.

Gryphon feels confident the PCs will find nothing. Schel's statue is currently unrecognizable, and he has the cockatrice in the tower, polymorphed into a rat. If the PCs get too nosy, however, he tries to polymorph a few of them into horses.

- The PCs acquire an ancient map showing the location of a treasure hoard buried outside the city walls. The map bears a few notes scrawled in a foreign language and the customary large **X** to mark the spot, with three smaller ones arranged around it in a triangle.

The PCs can decipher the notes with a *comprehend languages* spell or a successful read languages proficiency roll. The notes instruct readers how to find the spot marked on the map and also include a passing reference to



1 Square = 10'

the many hands who buried the treasure chest. If the PCs simply follow the instructions as written, they find nothing. The site marked on the map now lies *inside* the city walls, on Schel's property. The PCs can find the correct location only by researching recent local history and discovering where the original city walls lay.

Schel feels reluctant to allow the PCs to go digging up her property. She is expecting a good crop of onions and garlic this year, and doesn't want the PCs ruining the harvest. If the party offers her part of the treasure, she points out that as legal owner of the property, she already owns all the treasure. (Actually, she's wrong—buried treasure belongs to the duchess.) The druid happily agrees, however, to share the treasure with the PCs in the fall, after she has her garlic and onions. She insists on equal shares (one share per character involved), effectively give the PCs the majority of the loot as a reward for finding the map.

If party members simply try to sneak onto

the property and dig up the loot, Schel's ever-watchful neighbors blow the whistle on them.

Should city government get involved in any way, it claims half the treasure, leaving Schel and the PCs to divide the rest as they see fit.

In any case, crawling claws guard the treasure. (See the *MONSTROUS MANUAL*[™] accessory, page 48). One claw awaits for each Hit Die/experience level in the party, including Schel, rounded up to the nearest multiple of three. For example, if the party has six 3rd-level characters (plus Schel, a 7th-level character), the PCs find 27 crawling claws:

$$6 \times 3 = 18 + 7 = 25, \text{ rounded up to } 27$$

The crawling claws are buried in three equal groups, each about 10 yards from the treasure. The three small Xs on the treasure map mark the monsters' locations. If the PCs dig up the crawling claws first, they only have to fight one group at a time. If they go straight for the treasure, they must fight all the claws at once.

As the Dungeon Master, you may decide how much treasure lies buried here.

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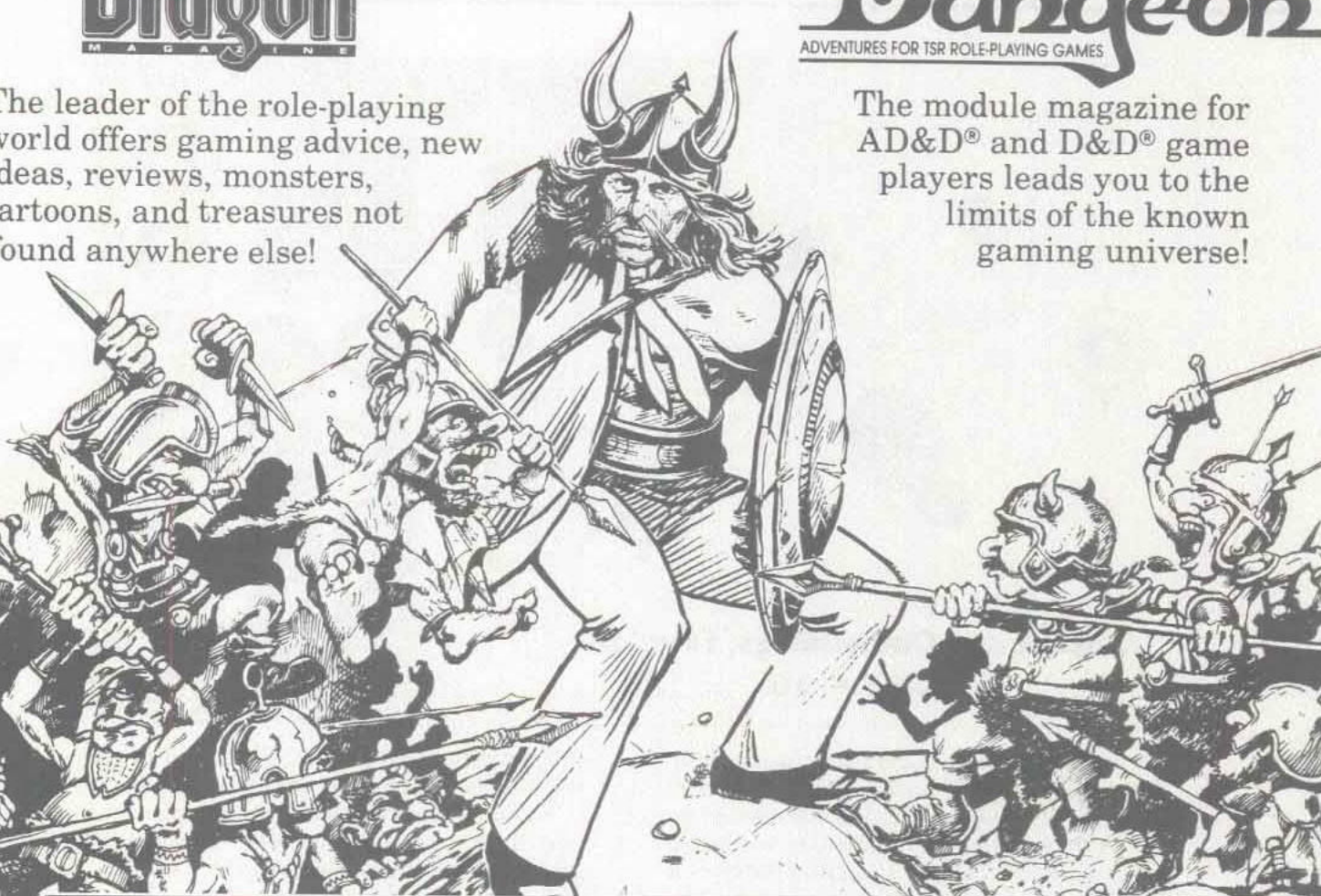
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