



FORGOTTEN REALMS™

Official Game Accessory



Waterdeep and the North

by Ed Greenwood








for use with the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Fantasy World

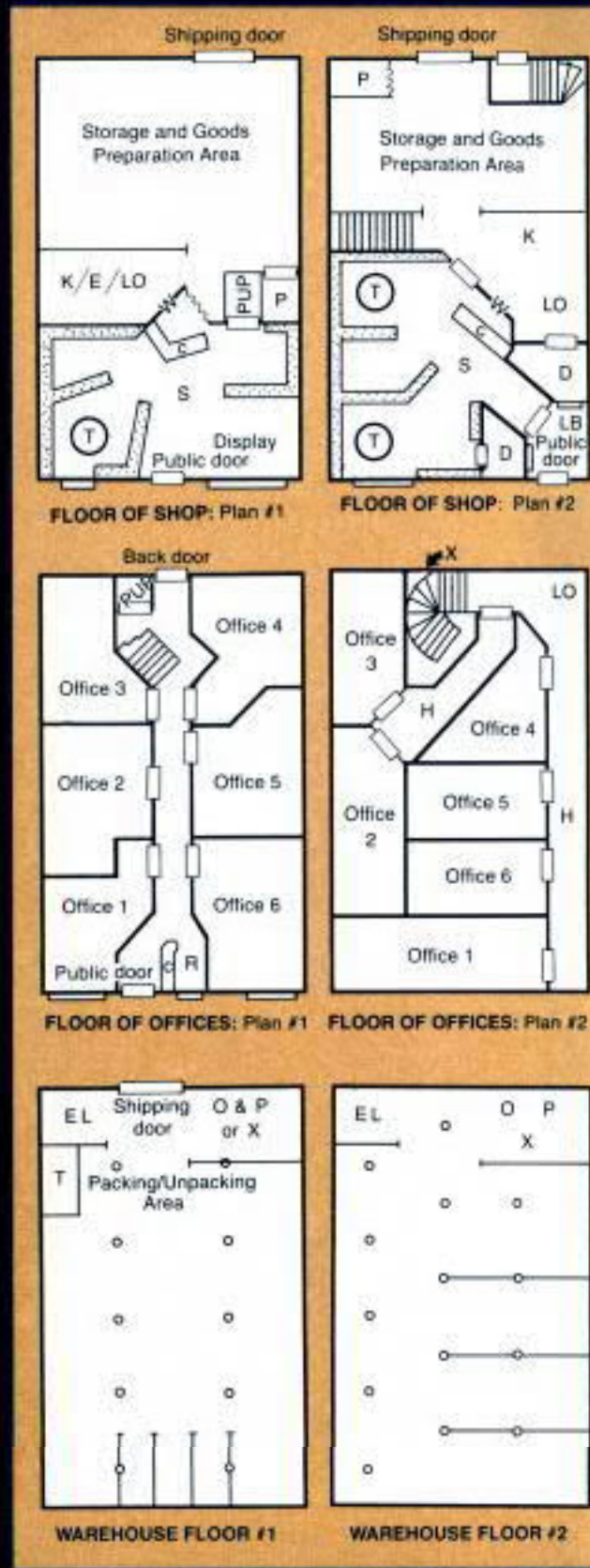


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-  Primary Passage
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-  Grating
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-  Shaft to Surface
-  Junction Room
(typically 10'x10' stone-walled cubicle,
20' high, with a sitting ledge near the ceiling)
-  Junction Room with Shaft to Surface



Selected Representative Floorplans for buildings Waterdeep

DMs must adjust the precise dimensions of the rooms depicted in these plans, and alter the

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



OFFICIAL GAME ADVENTURE

WATERDEEP AND THE NORTH

by Ed Greenwood

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Maps:

The City of Waterdeep	outside gatefold
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How To Use This Book



Whether you are a veteran player of the **ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®** game or a novice playing a character for your first time, this book can be of help in **AD&D®** game play. A campaign can be set in the sprawling City of Splendors itself, or Waterdeep can be used as a model of a fantasy city by DMs wishing to create their own large port cities without using the **FORGOTTEN REALMS™** campaign setting.

Waterdeep is a city of intrigue and wonders; in its streets and buildings can be found almost every variety of beings and activities, goods, and interests. Carefully handled, the City will come to life, and give players and Dungeon Masters a continuing, ever-developing locale in which characters can adventure, to return to as a base while adventuring up and down the Sword Coast by ship or in the wilderland of the North. I know. Waterdeep can serve such a long-lasting role in a campaign, because the City of Splendors was the beginning of my original **FORGOTTEN REALMS** campaign, and has been used continuously in play since then, providing delights and challenges for characters from levels 0 through 16 down the years from 1975 and the original **D&D®** boxed set through the multi-volume **AD&D®** rule books of today.

This book describes the major features of

life in Waterdeep, some important inhabitants, and the layout of the City wards, but leaves room for DMs to develop their own characters and local details. For those employing the **FORGOTTEN REALMS** campaign setting, a section on the City's surroundings is included, and for all **AD&D** game players, a number of possible adventures set in the City, or beginning within its walls, are described. These are largely presented in outline form, so that DMs can change characters, settings, treasures, and the pacing to suit their own campaigns.

We begin with brief summaries of the geography and history of the North, and then of the City of Splendors, providing an understanding of why Waterdeep is the way it is, and a guide for DM innovations. A summary of the government, laws, and how justice is enforced and administered in the City of Splendors follows.

Each of the districts, or "wards" of the City is then viewed. DMs should note that many buildings remain "open" for use in their own adventures, and most structures in Waterdeep are three or four storeys in height, containing private apartments or offices (not detailed herein) above the street-level shops. DMs should bear in mind that many minor features of Waterdeep change with time, and can readily be modi-

fied to better suit their own adventures.

The next chapter tries to give you something of the "feel" of life in Waterdeep, and describes money and commerce, some of the natural hazards of City life, and current events of interest.

The sections that follow detail in turn the various Factions and Guilds active in the City; the Noble Families of Waterdeep; and individual Non-Player Characters (NPCs) suitable for use in play.

Suggested adventures involving the City of Splendors are then given, and our book closes with a description of the City's immediate surroundings.

Well met, all! I give you Waterdeep; my city. Let it now be your city, too, and if you treat Waterdeep as a real place, as I have done, it will live for you, too. Many happy hours of **AD&D** game play in a campaign can use only those details of the City's streets and people contained herein. Further development of Waterdeep's sewers, dungeons, and intrigue could even keep a campaign going for years without any player character ever setting foot outside the City walls. So read on, and walk the streets of Waterdeep the Great, Crown of the North, with (of course) the standard warning: keep weapon to hand and eyes attentive...

Chapter 1:

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE NORTH

“The North” is a term applied to many different areas of Faerûn, depending upon who’s speaking. In these pages, and in tradetalk over much of the Realms, it refers to that area between the Sword Coast and Anauroch (the Great Desert). The southern boundary of this region is the cause of much dispute. To many a satrap of Calimshan, the “cold land of savages and beasts” begins at the northern border of Amn. To a Waterdhavian (a native of Waterdeep), “the North” begins at the City and stretches due east to the Desert, taking in everything north of that line. Most sages agree that “the North” begins somewhere to the south of that, but they disagree on just where. Most use the Winding Water as a boundary. This book uses the Waterdhavian boundary.

The North has been known as “the Savage Frontier” for many years. It is a rugged, heavily wooded wilderness only lightly ruled by humans. Such civilization envelops the coastal regions (as far inland as the “Long Road” that runs from Mirabar to Waterdeep) securely; the vast, open rolling valley lands of the river Dessarin less securely; and the eastern region, dominated by the High Forest and mountains, only as far as the points of their ready swords.

One thousand years ago, the North consisted of a number of civilized elven and dwarvish realms surrounded by a wilderness roamed by fearsome monsters, and such races as orcs, trolls, hobgoblins, and bugbears. Human tribes were few and primitive, dwelling along the coast. The lower birth rates of the demi-human races rendered them less able to replace casualties suffered in their almost continual fighting with the aggressive humanoids, and with the years their number dwindled. They have been steadily pushed southward by the ever-expanding, fecund orc tribes, abandoning realm after realm, or being overwhelmed by numbers and slaughtered. The many resulting, largely-empty dwarven delves and holds are what human adventurers refer to as “dungeons.”

The demi-humans, although they achieved many splendid victories in battle, could not stem the humanoid tide even when they united (see “the Fallen Kingdom,” page 5). Today, the dwarves remain only around the richest “mithril mines” in the North, and no known elven settlements of any size exist north of Evereska. The rise of human power in the North outstripped even the growth of the orcs, and prevented the collapse of civilization in the area.

The North remains a land of riches, mineral wealth equalled nowhere else in the known Realms, and seemingly endless strands of timber of a size not often found elsewhere. Game is plentiful, and the landscape is beautiful. But danger is always lurking; for the most part, the law of the North is the law of the sword. Traveler, you have been warned.

TRADE AND TRAVEL IN THE NORTH

There are fortunes to be made in the North, for those willing to risk its dangers. Sword Coast shipping is imperilled by the often fierce weather and by piracy (sometimes covertly supported by Luskan, a city which would like to control all waterborne trade).

Overland travel is menaced by many monsters, and as a result is usually in the form of large, well-armed caravans, accompanied by clerics and magic-users if possible. The terrain and the need for constant vigilance keeps caravan travel slow. Twenty-five miles a day is a very respectable pace. Horses and draft oxen cannot be used to exhaustion when one might be attacked at any moment. Naval travel averages twice that daily rate.

The northernmost settlements of the Sword Coast exist because of rich mines, and sent their ores south by ship. Mirabar, inland, is the richest of these, and must send its metals overland to its Southern markets via the Long Road, or by road to the port of Luskan (the river Mirar is not navigable). From Luskan, the older, “High Road” runs along the coast to Port Llast and Neverwinter. It continues through Leilon, cutting east around the Mere of Dead Men, and thence to Waterdeep.

The Long Road runs south from Mirabar through the desolate Craggs, to the village of Longsaddle, past Berun’s Hill, and thence to Triboar. The Dessarian grasslands open out to the east of the Road here, stretching south to the sea at Waterdeep. The Long Road continues beside the Dessarin to the City, through a series of small settlements spaced a day’s travel or so apart.

To the east, in the Dessarian valley lies Nesmé, the only settlement in an area roamed by trolls. The lands to the east of the valley are largely uncivilized, although they once held great kingdoms of dwarves and men and elves. From the Ice Mountains (known to be home to remorhaz and frost giants) to the north, this region descends into lesser peaks where orcs dwell in uncounted thousands. Whenever their numbers grow intolerably

great for the available territory, the orcs issue forth in great hordes and sweep south. They have taken one city, The Citadel of Many Arrows, and their numbers are more than sufficient to hold it.

The “mithril mines” (the richest delvings known to exist in all Faerûn) keep the dwarves in the northeast, where their mighty fortress, Citadel Adbar, and savage courage keep the orcs at bay. A trade-road built by the ancient dwarven King Adbar brings the wealth of the dwarves south, and then the road branches east to Ascore and west to the fortified city of Sundabar.

From Sundabar trade can go west overland to Silverymoon, largest city of the far North, and (for the warmest months of the summer) by river (the Rauvin) to Everlund.

Silverymoon is a strong, bustling city, the height of human culture in the Northern interior. To its west lies The Herald’s Holdfast, along on a crag. To its south lies Everlund, and beyond it the vast and mysterious High Forest, little visited by men. It is drained to the south by the Unicorn Run.

Far to the east of the Run, the Forest ends at the banks of Delimbiyr, the River Shining, which is navigable as far as the fortified town of Loudwater. Long ago, wagons took trade around the Shining Falls and back onto the river, which is navigable from there up to its headwaters. Here of old elves lived in numbers in the eastern High Forest. The remains of an old road and a ruined port, names forgotten with time, mark the site of their now-abandoned land.

The elves of Eaelrann (for so the abandoned elven kingdom was known) were few, and embittered by long strife with orcs. When Ascalhorn fell to evil, becoming Hellgate Keep, the elves left, traveling southwest, and vanished—over the sea to Evermeet, the first realm of elves in Faerûn known to have done so.

Druids came into the deserted woodlands to preserve the old, lovingly-cared-for trees, the Tall Trees, and remain there yet, defying the strength of Hellgate Keep. Strong garrisons of men and dwarves from Everlund, Silverymoon, Sundabar, and Citadel Adbar now together hold Turnstone Pass, barring the forces of Hellgate Keep from the lands to the west, but there is constant fighting merely to hold the Pass.

BERUN’S HILL

This local landmark is a bare-topped, conical hill that commands a splendid view of the valley of the river Dessarin to the east.



This lookout has often been used in times of trouble to watch for advancing orc tribes coming down from the north and east. It is named for the famous ranger Berun, who met his end here at the hands of such a horde. He failed to stop the orcs, but slew over three hundred singlehanded ere he was overwhelmed. Bandits sometimes watch from the hilltop for the approach of likely victims. Northern legend has it that a dwarven tomb lies under the Hill, rich in golden armor and treasures, but none have ever found it, and no dwarves of today know any more of it than the legend.

CITADEL ADBAR

This mighty fortress is named for the ancient dwarven King Adbar, who built it over a thousand years ago when the lands about were Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the dwarves. Quarried of granite, the Citadel can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men will find its defensive tunnels and hallways too dark and too cramped. The Citadel today holds around 14,000; the savage courage of these dwarven warriors, under King Harbromm, protects the mithril mines in the mountains nearby from the endless orcs that threaten to sweep this last hold of the dwarves away. Citadel Adbar still produces the finest metals (sword-blades, “forge-bars,” and axe-and-pick heads are the most numerous forms in which trade leaves the Citadel) in the North. The dwarves’ output has dwindled in recent years, however, as the number of miners grow fewer and orc raids upon the trade-caravans (which travel west from Adbar to the city of Sundabar) grow fiercer. The banner of Citadel Adbar bears the Forge-Mark of the King in red upon a silver field: an upright single-bladed handaxe enclosed by a circle of flames.

CITADEL OF MANY ARROWS, THE

This fortified city was once the dwarven hold of Felbarr, part of the realm of Delzoun (q.v.). It stands on a rocky mount in the center of a wide mountain valley, and was once home to 25,000 dwarves. When the dwarves began to withdraw from the North, Felbarr—far from any still-productive mines—was the first settlement to be abandoned. Some three hundred winters ago the dwarves left it, and humans from Silverymoon garrisoned it with over three thousand troops. Skirmishes with orc raiders began almost immediately.

Fifty years later, an orc horde of awesome size poured down from Dead Orc Pass to the east, and surrounded the Citadel. The orcs attacked heedless of losses, and after four months The Battle of Many Arrows (so-called because of the defenders fired every arrow they possessed down into the massed orcs below, and the orcs ignored their casualties and kept climbing, until the walls were heaped about the dead) ended with the fall of the Citadel and the slaughter of its garrison. The orcs moved in, in strength. Today, some 40,000 orcs are crammed into the fortress-city, and their patrols regularly harry travelers on the road between Silverymoon and Sundabar, and test the very gates of those two cities. The orcs are far too numerous to dislodge, and constantly threaten to overwhelm Sundabar, or Silverymoon, or both. The leader of the orcs of the Citadel is thought to be one Obould, a giant orc of considerable fighting prowess.

CITADEL OF THE MISTS, THE

This isolated castle lies in the northern fringes of the High Forest. It is the home of the Mistmaster, an illusionist of great power. Some believe him to be of the 26th level of achievement. There he dwells with a small household staff, including the 8th level monk Iltmul (currently the Green Master of Dragons, once the White Master of Dragons) and the pegasi he loves to raise and train. Great treasure is rumored to lie in the Mistmaster’s vaults, but few have even seen the Citadel, let alone passed within. It does have some sort of magical, monstrous guardians, by all reports, and (when the Mistmaster wishes) is cloaked in thick, swirling mists.

DELIMBIYR, THE RIVER SHINING

This clear, cool river forms the eastern and southern boundaries of the High Forest, as it runs over a thousand miles from its headwaters in the Nether Mountains to the sea west of Daggerford. The River Shining is fast-flowing, and its waters are mint-sweet and safe to drink. It is home to many szorp, a brown, trout-like fish whose white flesh is tasty and which forms much of the daily diet of the inhabitants of Loudwater. Delimbiyr is navigable from its mouth to Loudwater, and from above The Shining Falls to its headwaters.

DELZOUN

The Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its founder, Delzoun is only a shining

memory today. Once it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the utter north to the Nether Mountains in the south, bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (now vanished; the Great Desert lies there today), and on the west by Silvery Moon Pass (just east of present day Silverymoon). The world was two thousand years younger then.

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the height of dwarven power; its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task; the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, and gold shown everywhere about the persons and homes of the dwarves of Delzoun. The dwarves ranged across the North building holds for themselves and (for hire) for men, and their work endures still. They were a happy and hearty people. That is all gone now.

Today, Citadel Adbar (q.v.) guards the richest mines still known to the Longbeards (dwarven elders), and orcs menace men and dwarves on all sides. A trade-road built by the ancient dwarven king Adbar runs south from the Citadel to the Fork, once the site of the grand mansion of the dwarven hero Ghaurin, but today merely a meeting of roads in the wilderness. One road runs east to ruined Ascore, once a port on the Narrow Sea. It is still rumored to contain treasures—and some feel evil that keeps even orcs away from it. The other road runs west to Sundabar (q.v.), now a city of men—and that, save for some forgotten dwarven tombs tunneled into the mountains about, is all that remains of the Northkingdom.

King Harbomm probably rules 16,000 dwarves from Citadel Adbar, no more, and the numbers of his people dwindle each year; the births of young dwarves do not keep pace with the battle losses.

DESSARIN, RIVER

The cold and deep River Dessarin flows into the sea just south of Waterdeep, at Zundbridge. Its waters are home to the silver shalass, fish that are a delicacy across the North. The Dessarin itself rises in the Lost Mountains, two isolated peaks in the High Forest, barely five hundred miles northeast of the City of Splendors, but the Dessarin is fed by many other rivers and streams. The waters of the Surbrin come down from the Endless Ice Sea, north of the Wall (the mountain range that marks the northern edge of habitable land in the North). Two rivers join the Surbrin from the east: the “Laughingflow” (the original elven name has been forgotten; only its rough



translation survives), and the Rauvin, named for a legendary dwarven explorer, which runs east into the heart of the old dwarven kingdom of Delzoun (q.v.). A small boat can take travelers from the sea all the way to icy falls east of Dead Orc Pass if orc-attacks and Tymora's blessing allow.

This network of rivers is fordable at Ironford and at Dead Horse Ford, east of Yartar. It is bridged at The Stone Bridge, Yartar, Nesmé, Silverymoon, Everlund and Sundabar. Its upper reaches form a vast, open, grassy basin, rising in the east into the moors. These lands are still roamed by trolls today; in the past, "the everlasting ones" were so numerous that the fires set to burn their corpses raged so often that men thought the land would never be green again. The "Evermoors" have proven not to be forever barren, however.

EAERLANN

Even this elven kingdom's name is forgotten to all but a few in the North. Once, it stretched from Turnstone Pass in the north to The Shining Falls in the south, holding the upper valley of the River Shining and The High Forest to a hundred miles west of the Delimbiyr.

Its peoples and deeds are lost with time gone over the sea to fabled Evermeet. Today, the remains of an old road and an abandoned, ruined port mark the site of Eaerlann's trade-link to the lands west and south of it—once, wagons took trade around The Shining Falls and back onto the river, and up and down the River Shining Eaerlann's slim barges were seen often. Today, not even treasures remain, or at least none have yet reported finding any. Adventurers, it should be noted, do still go looking, as do forces from Hellgate Keep (q.v.)

EVERLUND

Lying to the south of Silverymoon and the river Rauvin, the walled city of Everlund is home to many human caravan-masters, adventurers, and tradesmen. A council of six Elders rules here. The population, always changing with the travel trade demands, is usually around 12,000, of all non-evil races.

Everlund is an "open city," tolerant like Waterdeep, but it must be ever-vigilant against trolls to the west, orcs from the mountains to the northeast, and the fell power of Hellgate Keep to the east. The Council hires adventurers to patrol outside the city, and to bolster its defenses when large-scale attacks are feared.

FALLEN KINGDOM, THE

This now-vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demi-human decline in the North by uniting elves and dwarves and humans in a common realm. The realm was smashed by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes, although the slaughter done to the orcs drove them back north for some generations. The Fallen Kingdom had many names; the "real one" is lost with time, among the names of its various districts (such as Ardeep). The term "Fallen Kingdom" today refers to the rolling wilderlands due east to the City of Splendors, although this was only the north-west end of the long-ago united realm.

FALLEN LANDS, THE

This is the present-day name for the strip of habitable land west of Anauroch, stretching between "the Far Forests" (now overrun by evil things out of Hellgate Keep) and Weathercote Wood. The Fallen Lands are now home only to monsters, it seems, although rumors persist of powerful mages inhabiting the southern end, and hurling back the evil creatures of Hellgate Keep with their art. This was once part of the realm of Netheril, a kingdom of mages who could not stem the expansion of the Great Desert; some sages say that many of them set out south across the Realms to find a new home, and founded the present-day realm of Halruaa. Reports from the adventurers Vanthorn and Haladan indicate that when they visited The Fallen Lands some five winters ago, they observed a beholder of awesome size directing hobgoblin servants to capture monstrous beasts and conduct a strange bestial breeding program.

FIRE SHEAR

An isolated mining city on the frigid northern arm of the Sword Coast, this cold and grim human city is the site of extremely rich veins of copper and silver, exposed in an unusual rift caused by a long-ago volcanic explosion (or perhaps a meteor strike) that blasted out a large bowl-like crater, shearing away tons of rock (hence, "Fireshear") to expose the metallic ores for easy discovery and mining. Fireshear is ruled by three Senior Merchants (one of Mirabar, one of Neverwinter, and one of Waterdeep) who ensure that the city falls under the control of no other city of the North. Fireshear's 15,000 inhabitants are all miners; all else—goods, food, and services—comes by ship during the summer, when the ice allows. Fireshear's arms are a crossed

blade, pick, and shovel at the base of an orange, leaping flame on an ice blue field.

GAUNTLGRYM

Gauntlgrym is a large underground city built by dwarves for men in the early years of the amicable existence of dwarves, elves, and men in the North. It is now abandoned and holds great riches. All who have ever heard the ballads and tales of bards in the North know this; what none have known is the precise location of this potential treasure-trove. The dwarves themselves know only that it lies north of the Dessarin and its tributaries, near the valley of Khedrun. (Khedrun, pronounced "Ka-hed-ROON," was a famous dwarven hero who in legend carved out the homeland of the dwarves in the North with his axe from lands dark with wolves, orcs, and bugbears; he really existed, but so long ago that none know what of his story is fancy and what is fact.)

A few adventurers returned to Waterdeep in triumph with news of Gauntlgrym's discovery a season ago, set out once more to recover its treasures, and have not been heard from since.

HELLGATE KEEP

In olden days, when the elven kingdom of Eaerlann began to suffer attacks from orcs coming down from the north, and the human realm of Netheril to the east across the mountains was passing away under the onslaught of the Great Desert, the elves built a great fortress in the head-valley of the river Delimbiyr, commanding Turnstone Pass to the northwest and their own northern borders. That citadel, and its task of defending against orcs, the elves turned over to men.

Over hundreds of years of success, followed by a generation of peace, when no orcs came, the city's people grew proud and splendid. The fortified city, known as Ascalhorn (it was built on a jutting crag known as Ascal's Horn), was thought of, as Silverymoon is today, as another Myth Drannor. The folk of Ascalhorn dabbled in sorcery, planning to recapture Myth Drannor's splendor and power—and succeeded only in destroying themselves.

One ambitious dabbler opened a gate to the Nine Hells in secret, seeking aid, and received it. The city was slowly infiltrated by devils, at first only as skulking servitors, quiet and quick, but subsequently as schemers and go-betweens, subverting many mages to embrace lichdom and then rising to torture and devour the citizenry with cruel ease. In desperation, many turned to arcane books of



lore and summoned demonkind to battle the servants of the Hells—a strategy that worked far too well, as hordes of demons poured into Ascalhorn and overwhelmed humans, devils, and lichens alike (a few lichens remain as servants, intrepid adventurers report). Ascalhorn became a ghoulish hold, guarded by cambion troops, and ruled by at least one Type VI demon. The city's troops are commanded by a deathknight, who leads or directs many patrols in the lands about. The city, now known as Hellgate Keep, is shunned by men. Human and dwarven forces have several times failed to take the city, but its troops have been likewise rebuffed in attacks on Citadel Adbar, Sundabar, and Silvermoon. Those cities, reinforced by the open city of Everlund, hold Turnstone Pass, albeit shakily, against Hellgate Keep's forces to prevent unchecked and unheralded attacks throughout the North by the Keep's armies.

HELM'S HOLD

Southeast of Neverwinter lies an isolated monastery dedicated to the worship of the god Helm. Founded some eight winters ago by a retired member of the famed Company of Crazy Adventurers (of Waterdeep), the monastery was at first a single farm known as Helm's Stead. It has grown greatly, and been fortified (hence its new name) against bandit and monster attacks, and now numbers some 700 devout worshippers of Helm. The founder, Duml Erard, became the White Master of Dragons by defeating Iltmul at The Citadel of Mists (q.v.). Duml has had to defend his own title many times (see Hlam, in the "Selected Non-Player Characters" section).

HERALD'S HOLDFAST, THE

West of Silvermoon is the spell-guarded citadel of Old Night, one of the five High Heralds of western Faerûn. The Herald's Holdfast is a precious library of heraldry and genealogy of the known human, elven, dwarven, halfling, and gnomish peoples as far back as records can be traced. It is said to be an invincible fortress, and is respected by both good and evil races of the North—even some details of the histories and badges of orcs, hobgoblins, and goblins are said to be preserved within its walls.

HIGH FOREST, THE

This vast woodland covers much of the eastern central North, stretching for almost five hundred miles from its southern edges (near Secomber) to its northern end (near Turn-

stone Pass). The High Forest is home to most known races of intelligent woodland creatures. Treants, the "wood-rulers," are closest to Everlund, and that part of the High Forest is known as "The Woods of Turlang" after the treants' aeons-old leader, Turlang "the Thoughtful." Men know little of the interior of the High Forest, although korred are known to inhabit the headwaters of the Dessarin, and several networks of subterranean caverns underlie the Forest's western edge.

The Unicorn Run (q.v.) enters the interior of The High Forest from the south. To the east, along the western bank of the upper Delimbier, elves of old had a realm, Eaelann (q.v.), now abandoned. They left when Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep (q.v.), but druids moved into that region known as the Tall Trees, to preserve and defend the forest, and may be encountered there yet.

The Forest is so vast that travelers can, and have, found every sort of woodland creature in its green, shadowed depths. Rumors of lost cities and treasure regularly surface in taverns about the North but the truth is, few dare to investigate. Of the most powerful adventurers who dwell in seclusion in the North most have avoided The High Forest (the Mistmaster and the Nine being the only exceptions, and in both cases they have not settled in the Forest's interior). Archmages of power great enough to rival demigods have chosen the orc-infested regions of the far North (The Lonely Tower, on the shore of The Endless Ice Sea, for example, and Tulrun's Tent, usually to be found in the eastern Coldwood, near the Ice Mountains) rather than settle in the High Forest. Lesser men have been much slower to cut trees and carve roads into these woods than they have in the Dragonreach lands. There is something about this vast green land that warns civilization away...Tapann, god of the korred, perhaps? Silvanus? Only time—and with it, intrepid exploration—still tell.

ICEFLOW, THE

This, chilling, fast-rushing river thunders down out of the icy interior of the northern arm of the Sword Coast. It is not navigable by any normal means. Its waters are just above freezing, and travel at terrifying speed down through a great ice gorge. In spring and high summer, great slabs of ice break off the gorge walls and fall into the waters, shattering with the force of a triple-strength *ice storm* as they spray the vicinity with boulders of broken ice. These chunks of ice are then swept down the gorge and

out to sea, to drift south amid the great icebergs from the Sea of Moving Ice. Remorhaz are known to lair in the vicinity, and great horrors known as "ice spiders" or "snow spiders" have also been encountered here. Human prospectors who made it back found no rich ores in what they could reach of the walls, but there are persistent rumors of ancient ruins and buried riches in secret places in the gorge.

IRONMASTER

This isolated, stone-towered city of mountain dwarves is built into the rock walls of a frozen valley; many of its storage chambers and passageways are tunneled out of never-melting ice, so that the buildings merge directly into the valley-side. Ironmaster is home to around 9,000 hard-working dwarves; no non-dwarven races are welcome in this city. From the deepest tunnel-passages of the city mine-shafts lead down to extensive iron deposits—not rich or rare, but far greater in extent than found elsewhere. The dwarves refine this, and fashion it into pots, pans, and "forge-bars" (flat bars that a smith elsewhere can readily forge into something). Ironmaster's arms are a red anvil on a grey, diamond-shaped field, the long points of the diamond vertical. Its ruler is Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG dwarf, 9th level fighter).

LEILON

This small human mining town sprawls along the High Road, on the Sword Coast. It lacks walls (an earthen bank surmounted by a wooden palisade shields it from the landward side, but where the road pierces these works there are no gates), and also lacks a proper harbor. A dozen massive, battered barges are loaded in the shallows in the spring and summer, and are poled and then rowed out to meet ships and unload by means of rickety cranes that rise from the stems of the barges into their holds. Needless to say, this is a fair-weather operation only, and tricky even then if the wind is fresh and the seas high. Increasingly, Waterdhavian entrepreneurs have sent wagons north to buy the copper, nickel, and silver of Leilon at bargain prices and take it south to sell at Waterdeep's harbor. Leilon's mines are guarded by "the Lances of Leilon," a force of some two hundred fully-armed, mounted lancers used to fighting off pirates, orcs, bugbears, and trolls. Each lancer carries an axe and knife, usually a sword of some sort, his lance, and a light



crossbow which he is experienced in firing from horseback. Leilon's total population is some 3,000; its ruler is Pelindar Filmarva, Lord of Leilon. Leilon is a firm ally of Waterdeep, and considered a friend of the Lords' Alliance. In the mountains east of Leilon's mines is at least one important abandoned dwarf-hold, "Southkrypt," said to be home to many strange and dangerous creatures.

LLORKH

Many old nearly-worked-out mines tunnel the mountains to the east and north of this isolated town. Two thousand humans live here, and perhaps three hundred dwarves. Llorkh was once ruled by a succession of human lords, respected retired miners or fighters, but recently the last of these, Phintarn "Redblade," was found dead at the base of the Lord's Keep, and overnight a new Lord seized the Keep and the throne: the mage Geildarr. Since his arrival, Zhentarim caravans have begun to arrive in Llorkh from the east, bringing much-needed wealth to the town. Dwarves have begun to quietly disappear since Geildarr became Lord, and it is whispered that some have been murdered as Phintarn was, and that Geildarr is a member of the Zhentarim. The caravans spend much gold as they take on men and beast of Llorkh for their last overland trek to Loudwater, where trade-barges will take their wares on to Secomber or the Coast. The Lord has declared one aged dwarf, Thianos "Ironskull," a cleric of Moradin (8th level, LG) outlaw, and is said to have men searching for him. The Lord has brought with him almost four hundred purple-cloaked "Lord's Men": chain-armored men-at-arms, fully armed and experienced in battle, to defend the town and enforce the Lord's will. The Lord's Men have already fought one major battle with the evil forces of Hellgate Keep, on the banks of the Delimbiyr above The Shining Falls, forcing the Hellgate Keep forces back.

LONGSADDLE

This tiny agricultural village (population: 130) is notable as the home of the Harpell family. Many Harpells have been mages of influence in the North (such as the present-day adventurer Malchor Harpell, detailed in "Selected Non-player Characters"). Longsaddle is the local daily farmers' market, and boasts a waystables, an inn, *The Gilded Horseshoe*, and a stirrup-maker and bell-caster. The village Elder (ruler) is Adanac Harpell, present head of the family.

who is a 9th level NG; magic-user, and lives in "the Ivy Mansion," Harpell House, on the hill in the center of Longsaddle.

LOUDWATER

This town of 4,000 lies almost at the midpoint of the River Shining, and spans the river with a spectacular arching bridge made over a thousand years ago by the dwarf Iirkos Stoneshoulder for the elves who lived there at the time. Few elves are left here today, although almost a quarter of the town's inhabitants are half-elven (the rest are human). Here the river has been cut into a wide pool to skirt around unthrusting rocks and to provide a loading and unloading area for cargo that of old went overland to north of The Shining Falls (and back to the river), and today goes east to Llorkh, for assembly into caravans there.

Loudwater is a beautiful place, where green, grassy banks line the river, and great trees overhang it; the many wooden buildings of the town are of all shapes and sizes, overgrown by hanging plants and ivy until they seem to blend almost back into the forest itself. Loudwater is defended by patrols of warriors, usually twenty strong, who muster some three hundred in all, under the command of two "gauntlets": Harazos Thelbrimm (LN, 5th level fighter) and Kalahar Twohands (CG, half-elven, 6th level fighter), who is under the command of the High Lord of Loudwater (ruler of the town and its "claimed lands," which extend for two days ride up and down the river). The present High Lord is Nanathlor Greysword an 11th level NG cavalier of the nobility of Nimbral, which he left in his youth some fifty years ago to found his own land in the savage North; instead, he rose to rule a place that needed him.

LUSKAN

A maritime merchant city, Luskan is fierce, warlike, and proud. An important port (lying at the mouth of the unnavigable river Mirar), Luskan serves as the chief transfer point for the mineral wealth of the mines of Mirabar (q.v.). The Mirar is fast, icy cold, and rocky, but a road parallels it inland to Mirabar, and down this road come many wagons of forge-bars for the markets of all Faerun. The perils of both the "High Road" (along the coast) and the "Long Road" (in the interior) south from Mirabar relegate most metal trade to ships out of Luskan.

Luskan's traders "wear furs, haughty expressions, and ready swords," as Sam-

mereza Sulphontis (q.v., Chapter 2) once put it, and can be found all down the Sword Coast. The city's population is approximately 16,000, exclusively human, and they do not welcome visitors. The only known accommodations for travelers presently in the fortified City of Sails are *The Cutlass*, a notorious dive on the docks, and the *Seven Sails Inn*.

Luskan is ruled by five High Captains, who command a standing army of two hundred spearmen, and at least fourteen warships (each with a crew of seventy archers). In peacetime, these warships operate as "unsanctioned" pirates (the High Captains direct them, but pretend they are independents operating in defiance of Luskan law) up and down the Sword Coast, trying to make all shippers use only Luskan ships or only Luskan as a port, by preying on all other ships, and on all shipping that visits Waterdeep (Waterdeep's fighting ships are on constant patrol because of this). Luskan's "pirates" have no connection with the pirates of the Pirate Isles south and west of Amn. Luskan has waged almost constant war against naval powers its Captains feel they can defeat; recently, they crushed Ruathym. In the past, they have raided but been defeated by Mintarn and Orlumbor (supported by Waterdeep and Amn) and slaughtered on the seas by the ships of Lantan, whom they no longer molest or even speak of. The Zhentarim are said to have tried to negotiate an alliance with Luskan several times (it is not known if they have at last succeeded), and adventurers are advised to keep an eye on this perennial trouble spot of the North.

MERE OF DEAD MEN, THE

A vat salt swamp stretches along the Sword Coast shore here for over a hundred miles, reaching a width of over thirty miles at its greatest extent. It is a desolate, insect-haunted place, seldom visited by men, and home to many fell creatures. The Mere of Dead Men was named for the thousands of men slain here when orc hordes that outnumbered them overwhelmed and routed them by striking south from the present-day site of Triboar and east across The Stone Bridge and Ironford. The orcs pursued the men westwards between the coastal peaks, and slaughtered the human army as it was forced back into the icy waves.

Travelers on the High Road, which skirts the Mere to the east, have been known to travel for three days and nights without



stopping to avoid camping near the Mere. Will-o-(the)-wisps bobbing over the Mere are common sights by night on this stretch of the High Road. Legends speak of floating islands in the midst of the Mere, of lizard-men commanded by liches, and even of a penanggalan of monstrous size that haunts the area, but few are moved to investigate the dark water of the swamp to learn dire truth for themselves.

MIRABAR (MEER-ah-barr)



The richest city north of Waterdeep is Mirabar, chief mining center of the North. The Mines of Mirabar provide almost all known metals, in vast quantities, and are guarded from orcs and the monsters of the peaks by a standing army of almost a thousand men who ride mountain ponies in summer and trained rothe in winter. The rich, cold grey stone city is surrounded by mines. The worked-out mines to the west and south of the city, across the Mirar, are now used to quarry building stone and rubble to shore up the ever-crumbling gravel roads that carry Mirabar's metal wealth south and west to the rest of Faerun. Mirabar's Councillors meet each fall in the Hall of Sparkling Stones to determine where and when to sell their metal, mindful of who will use it to forge weapons to make war on whom.

Over the Council rules Elastul Raurym,

Marchion of Mirabar. His bodyguards all sport armor plated with platinum, number sixty-four, and are commanded by four "hammers" (6th level fighters), Djassar, Hulmm, Kriador, and Turvon.

The city is noted for its ever-hot forges and fine gems, and is crowded with grim men (some 19,000) and even grimmer dwarves (4,000 strong). The Royal Badge of Mirabar is an upright double-bladed axe with a pointed haft and a flaring, flat base, of rust red hue. It is usually displayed on a black field, but sometimes on a purple field, and (on ship pennants) on white. Mirabar's merchants own many ships based in Luskan.

NESMÉ (NEEZ-may)

This trading-town is the only settlement in the Evermoors. A circular, fortified settlement of some six thousand residents, Nesmé is ruled by the priests and priestesses of Waukeen, and welcomes all who come to carry on honest trade. On its west, Nesmé has a fortified bridge over the river Surbrin, and fortified stables, paddocks, and stock-pens; to the east, beyond the walls, lie forty or so farms under the protection of the Riders of Nesmé. In the center of the city rises the spired temple of Waukeen; the First Speaker of the city council is the High Priestess Jygil Zelnathra (N, 10th level), and the lesser clergy of the temple

hold the majority of the voting-stones of the Council. They are usually opposed on Council by Tessarin "Longtresses" Alaraun, a wizardess (NG, 13th level magic user) who believes priests have no business running any government, particularly not that of the place that was her home first. Jygil needs Tessarin's support in times of attack; the storms she summons have often proved crucial to the disruption of attacking orc hordes, and the two women have a grudging respect for each other, so they maintain an armed truce in Council.

The Riders of Nesmé, based in the stables on the west bank of the Surbrin, are 400 strong. Besides patrolling the Evermoors for two days ride on either bank around Nesmé, they defend the city when the orcs come (at least once every ten years; usually more often). They also police the population of Nesmé, which has a higher turnover than most settlements due to the total dominance of trade (which in the North always involves travel).

NETHERIL

This long-ago realm lay to the east of the river Delimbiyr, stretching from the Nether Mountains (which gained their name from this realm) to Evereska in the south, and east to the Narrow Sea, whose shores once ran southeast from Ascore (see Delzoun,



above) for hundreds of miles ere the Great Desert swallowed it. Netheril was a realm of mages, and many items of wondrous magic were crafted here, still to be found in treasure hordes and tombs across the Realms. Dekanter is the only known surviving ruin of Netheril, although it holds no magic any longer. Legend holds that the mages of Netheril tried by titanic efforts of art to stem the advancing desert, and failing—whereupon they took to the air on carpets and other magical conveyances, and on bestial steeds of many rare and wondrous forms, and searched for a new home. Most sages believe that Netheril's culture was at its height some four thousand years ago, and that it was the earliest human civilization in the North. It was abandoned approximately three thousand years ago. Others hold that those dates are far too old; Netheril's fall cannot be more than a thousand years ago, at the most. Hard evidence, thus far, does not exist to support or deny any conjecture on the issue. It is known that adventuring band after bandit band after mercenary company searches The Fallen Lands and the Desert's Edge in hopes of gaining some of Netheril's lost magic. Few admit any success.

NEVERWINTER (see also ENTRY IN THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set)

This friendly city of craftsmen bustles with business, but does it quietly; it avoids controversy and warfare, keeping within its walls and dealing with the outside world largely through merchants of Waterdeep. On the rare occasions when armed men (from Luskan) or orcs (not so rare) have shown up outside the city walls, explosive missiles lobbed among them “in such numbers that it seemed a hailstorm,” as one observer put it, have sent them away again, in much reduced numbers. Catapults and missiles alike were devised by the hard-working craftsmen of the city. The city also has more conventional forces; an army of 400 archers and spearmen who guard the city walls and harbor, and patrol the High Road as far as Port Llast (q.v.) to the north, and a hundred miles south towards Leilon on the other. In peacetime, sixty of these are always retraining, sixty are on leave, for rest and relaxation, and sixty are serving as the city's Watch (police). Like all else in “The City of Skilled Hands,” they are efficient, quiet, and make sure their work gets done properly.

The city is ruled by Lord Nasher (NG, ST 18/

09, CHA 17, 12th level fighter), a former adventurer who gained much magic in his career, and now employs it to defend himself and his bodyguard, the “Neverwinter Nine.” Nasher is an amiable but fearless balding man who enjoys music and hearing of other lands and peoples. He rules some 17,000 subjects. The water-clocks and multi-hued lamps of the city are known and sought throughout the Realms, as is the reputation of the city's gardeners, who in summer fill the city with fruit-bearing trees and hanging plants, and contrive to keep flowers blooming throughout the severe winter. Most say the city got its name from this feat; others hold that it is due to the Neverwinter river that flows through the city from the deep woods to the east; its waters are so warm that Neverwinter's harbor never freezes.

The Neverwinter woods have never been logged by men, and even today are largely unknown. The depths are said to harbor fearsome creatures, and locally are shunned and feared. Orc hordes always go around the woods, never through them. To the southeast of Neverwinter lies Helm's Hold (q.v.); on the eastern edge of the Neverwinter woods rises The Tower of Twilight (q.v.).

The Royal Badge of Neverwinter consists of a white swirl connecting three white snowflakes. Silver and blue haloes encircle the flakes.

PORT LLAST

On the High Road some thirty-five miles north of Neverwinter stands Port Llast, a small town (of 700 inhabitants) now known mainly for its skilled stonecutters. Port Llast is ruled by a First Captain, and is closely allied to Neverwinter (largely to avoid being conquered by Luskan, who would like to have a more southerly harbor for its warships). The current First Captain is Haeromos Dothwintyl, a retired stonemason (LN, 0 level fighter ST 17, WIS 17).

Port Llast was once of great importance to men. When orc tribes and hostile duergar held the lands where Luskan now stands, it was the “last port” (hence its name), the northernmost human access to the mineral riches of the North. Then, it was twenty times as populous as it is today, and much larger; much of the City walls were battered down by orcs, or plundered since for use in repairing local homes, but the shattered remnants can still be seen circling around the town to the east, in lands now used as gardens and burial grounds or let to go back to forest.



SILVERMOON

The largest city of the North (that is, north of Waterdeep), Silvermoon is home to 26,000 men, elves, half-elves, dwarves, gnomes, and halflings. All live in harmony under the wise rule of Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon (CG, IN 18, WIS 17, DEX 16, CHA 17, 22nd level magic user). Alustriel uses her magic sparingly but her natural kindness and grace—and acquired shrewd diplomacy—often, to keep the demi-humans and humans of the North largely at peace with each other.

Some say Silvermoon's values and preservation of music, learning, and the arts “echo lost Myth Drannor”—the fabled lost city where elves, dwarves and men worked together to bring knowledge—particularly magical knowledge—and the arts to a pinnacle never elsewhere achieved, before or since. Certainly its armies of men and half-elves persist in behaving as though no orc threat existed in their gallantry and enthusiasm, and have won several “impossible” battles due to their boldness, persistence, and the timely magical aid of the Mistmaster and the one known only as Shadowcloak. They are known as “The Knights In Silver,” for their appearance in a battle as described by the bard Mintiper Moonsilver in a ballad.

Silvermoon lies on the northern bank of the river Rauvin, its walls curving in a half-circle from the river's waters. It has extensive docks and an arching magical “moon-bridge” of invisible force fields across the Rauvin. The bridge is visible only in moonlight, and its central arch can be reduced to nothingness by magical means, spilling attackers into the river, or allowing tall-masted ships to pass.

Silvermoon's Royal Badge is a thin crescent moon curving to the right, a single star sheltering under its uppermost horn. The moon and star are both of silver, and the whole is displayed on a royal blue field (or graven on grey stone to mark the boundaries of Silvermoon's claimed lands). Alustriel's palace is just within the eastern arc of the city walls, east of the vast open market, and is heavily guarded by magic-users of all ranks loyal to her, and warriors of skill. There are major temples to Helm, Lathander, Milil, Oghma, and Selune in Silvermoon.

STONE BRIDGE, THE

This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan.



Built by dwarves five thousand years ago to link the now-ruined Halls of the Hunting Axe (a ruined dwarven city thirty miles south and east of the bridge; its tumbled stones can still be seen today, although those wishing to visit are warned that despite much butchery, leucrotta repeatedly laid in the place) with now-forgotten dwarven holds somewhere to the northwest. The Bridge was built to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin and it rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length, reaching a height of four hundred feet above the waters of the Dessarin (at normal flow). The dwarves explain the awesome size of the bridge—and its continued survival, despite armies clashing on it and mages hurling mighty spells to and from it, over the years—to the fact that it was built in homage to Moradin the Soulforger, and is in fact a temple to him. It is true that some lawful good dwarves do make pilgrimages there, and that at least once in times of darkness for the dwarves Moradin appeared on the bridge.

STRONGHOLD OF THE NINE, THE

This cavern complex is a former dwarfhold rebuilt by the Nine. This famous adventuring band, led by the archmage Laeral, is largely retired today; they make their home in the seclusion of the High Forest, as far up the Unicorn Run as men dare go. The Stronghold is known to have strange and powerful magical guardians (including nagas and golems). The Nine are known to have gained much treasure over the years, however, and much of it is undoubtedly in the Stronghold (if any are foolhardy or desperate enough to face nine veteran adventurers, the least of which is 14th level, on their home ground!).

SUNDABAR

This fortified city, once home to dwarves, now houses men. Extensively rebuilt by men friendly to dwarves, it now trades with Citadel Adbar and Silverymoon, and can field an army of 2000 to turn back orc hordes. Its coffers were rich enough to hire the Flaming Fist mercenary company (see THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set) once, to swing through Dead Orc Pass and fall upon an orc horde from behind. Great was the slaughter that day, and great the victory of men and dwarves.

Sundabar's population averages 36,000, and it is ruled by Helm Dwarf-friend, Mas-

ter of Sundabar (NG 14th level fighter). Sundabar is known for its woodworkers, who produce carved furniture, musical instruments, and travel-chests of unusual beauty and durability.

TOWER OF TWILIGHT, THE

On the eastern edge of the Neverwinter Woods, a days ride west of Longsaddle, stands The Tower of Twilight. This lone tower rises from an island in a small lake that drains into the woods to the west, and is the abode of Malchor Harpell (see "Selected Non-Player Characters") and his apprentices and companions (Aflame and Nanitha, also detailed in Chapter 7). Its defenses are unknown. Aerial steeds are known to be able to land in or on the Tower itself.

TRIBOAR (TRY-bore)

This small walled town is strategically located where the Long Road and the major trail to the east (sometimes called the Evermoor Way, although a commonly-used name for the route has never really been settled upon). Its people number approximately 2,500, and elect a "Lord Protector" every seven years to lead the town militia. An able human fighter, Faurael Blackhammer (NG, ST 17, IN 16, 6th level fighter), has held this post for the last thirty years. Triboar has two good smithies and a wagonmaker of note. Several ranches in the lands to the west bring their horses here to sell to traveler's. Gathered armies have often set forth from Triboar to meet orc hordes pouring south out of the mountains. Triboar's name is thought to have come from a traveler's tale of slaying three boars in a day, here, long ago.

UNICORN RUN, THE

This cool, gently-flowing river rises in the mountains at the very heart of The High Forest (thought by some to be home to many nymphs), where few civilized beings have ever been, all down the ages, save elves who do not talk. The Stronghold of the Nine (see above) lies partway up the Run, and unicorns inhabit the woods near its banks in the vicinity, and are known to travel up and down the river (hence its name). There is a legend that an elven king buried the treasure of all his court somewhere along the Run, when fleeing from orcs and hobgoblins who had pursued his people from the the far North, and never returned—slain shortly thereafter by the orcs. Another legend holds that the god Mielikki inhabits the Forest near the Run and is often

seen wandering in the woods near it. Harpers say that this "legend" is plain truth, and make occasional pilgrimages to certain groves there. Certainly the Run's vale within The High Forest is one of the most beautiful regions of all Faerûn. Bards who have come here tend to sing of it for the rest of their lives. The Nine's adventures have become far fewer since they settled on the Run, and halflings from Secomber regularly travel upriver to just within the Forest's edge to bury their dead. One famous halfling adventurer, Gaultham Longtoes, is known to have said, after visiting the Run, "I have seen the unicorns, and can die content."

WEATHERCOTE WOOD

This isolated wood is avoided by all save the bravest (or most foolish) adventurers; it has existed since before the fall of Netheril, persist despite Anauroch's advance, and seems to be a place of fell magic. Blue mists and glowing lights are often seen in its interior by Zhentarim caravans passing in the night, to and from Llorck (q.v.) to the west.

The elves say that gates to other worlds lie in the depths of Weathercote, and that mages of awesome power from other worlds have come to Faerûn to dwell in the Woods and guard the gates to prevent others of their kind from using them. The truth of this is not known neither spells nor psionics seem able to penetrate the Wood's interior, and those who go in to see do not come out again.

YARTAR (YAR-Tarr)

This fortified town is the site of a bridge over the Surbrin, just north of its confluence with the Dessarin. Yartar is home to some 6,000 men, and is the site of a major temple to Tymora. Many barges are built here, for use up and down the river, and the folk of Yartar traditionally fish the "Three Rivers" (the Dessarin, Surbrin, and Laughing-flow) near their docks for much of their table fare. Yartar is the scene of the vast Shieldmeet of the outcasts, bandits, homeless, and isolated landholders of the North, who gather here in the thousands. Yartar's ruler, the "Waterbaron," is presently Alahar Khaumfros (LN, ST 16, 4th level fighter). He commands an Official barge that can carry two hundred men, and a mounted army, "The Shields of Yartar" to fill it if need be. More often, they police the town and defend it against wandering orcs and trolls.

Chapter 2: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE CITY OF WATERDEEP

A BRIEF GEOGRAPHY OF WATERDEEP

The City of Splendors lies on the western coast of Faerûn, north of Amn. That region is known as “the Sword Coast,” because for many years it was ruled by the might of swordarms rather than by any laws or treaties (and some folk in the South still hold it to be so). Waterdeep’s boundaries are strictly controlled by the mysterious rulers of the City, the Lords of Waterdeep.

Waterdeep is guarded by a wall from its southern tip to the northern end of the City of the Dead, where there is a sheer cliff of over a hundred feet in height, by the Trollwall (so named because of its earliest form it was intended primarily to hold off trolls), which rises up again after the cliff lessens to a height that attackers could scale, and extends as far as the Trolltower, or Northtower, before doubling back south to meet the sea.

This wall is pierced by four gates: the South Gate; the River Gate; Northgate; and Westgate. Within the walls, the city of Waterdeep sprawls to the shore, except where restrained by edict of the Lords, who forbid any habitation of encroachment into the City of the Dead, the public streets, and the slopes of Mount Waterdeep around Castle Waterdeep.

The Watch (City police) divide the City into seven districts, or “wards.” These are Castle Ward, the City of the Dead, Sea Ward, North Ward, The Trades Ward, Dock Ward, and Southern Ward. Divisions between these districts are not obvious to a visitor to the City. Industry and other activities are not restricted to this or that ward (the exception being the City of the Dead). The complex ward boundaries are shown on a map included in this book.

- Castle Ward contains Mount Waterdeep, the Castle itself, Piergeiron’s Palace, and many of the barracks and other public buildings around them. Generally only the wealthy live here, and then only if they are involved in the daily intrigue and “night life” open social cut-and-thrust of City life.

- Sea Ward lies to the north and west of Castle Ward, all along the seacoast. It contains most of the large temple complexes found in the City of Splendors, and many large private villas of the noble families and the very rich non-nobles. If one is not noble, and not a “swinger” or diplomat, but becomes very wealthy, the Sea Ward is the

place to live.

- North Ward takes in the eastern portion of the northern end of the sprawling City, as far south as The City of the Dead. It contains many noble villas and grand houses, but the presence of many inns and rooming-houses make it slightly less haughty in overall character than Sea Ward. North Ward inhabitants are generally thought of as very respectable and prosperous.

- The City of the Dead is a walled cemetery, strictly patrolled by the Watch. So one may live or even sleep overnight therein. It is kept in a beautiful, park-like open condition, and is used as a launching and meeting place by natives of Waterdeep at all hours.

- The Trades Ward lies generally to the south of Castle Ward and The City of the Dead, and is an arbitrary slice of the bustling commercial area of the City, where most moderately wealthy merchants live, and much of the City’s light-goods and respectable trade takes place.

- Southern Ward, as its name implies, is the southern end of Waterdeep, and dominated by the caravan trade, with its necessary stables and warehouses. Many poor but honest Waterdhavians live here.

- The Dock Ward takes in the entire dock area from the Mountain to the southern end of the City, and is the most crowded, dirty, and “rough” district of the City. The vital commerce (and shady dealings) of Waterdeep keep its streets busy at all hours.

Any aerial visitor to the City of Splendors arriving from the south can clearly see the general topography of Waterdeep; the City resembles a flat board raised at its north end, and slightly tilted downwards on the west so that it slopes down towards the Mountain, leveling off along The Way of the Dragon. Mount Waterdeep is of course the highest point in Waterdeep; its seaswept flanks rise to shield much of the City beyond from the worst coastal storm winds, peaking some seven hundred feet above the waves. An eyrie for aerial traffic, garrisoned by the City Guard (the difference between Guard and Watch is explained later in this chapter), shelters below the peak on the landward side. From it, the City’s defensive naval combat “throwers” are commanded, and patrol squadrons of griffonriders fly.

As a port, Waterdeep provides an excellent natural deep-water harbor (hence its name) and shipbuilding facilities; over four hundred vessels can dock at once. Waterdeep maintains a small navy of sixteen fast

“rakers”: slim top-armored vessels that can carry up to seventy troops each, and that are armed with fire-pot catapults and large deck-mounted crossbows.

These ships have armored bow rams, banks of oars (and a normal crew of thirty-six to man them), and two masts for crowding sails on in pursuit or when speed is essential.

The navy’s base is fortified Deepwatch Isle, which protects the harbor mouth from weather and from seaborne attackers, and is garrisoned by almost a thousand guardsmen at all times. At least two naval rakers are always on patrol outside the harbor, and another two are on “ready” duty within the harbor. At least four others will be on extended patrol somewhere off the Sword Coast on any day in peacetime. These warships are supported by over twenty small lateen-sailed galleys, or “strickers,” and fifteen large, wallowing troop-and-supply vessels. (For AD&D® game statistics of these vessels, refer to the “Waterdhavian Ship Table” listed under “The Order of Master Shipwrights” in Chapter 5.)

Most merchant ships of the Realms can average fifty miles or so per day, in moderately favorable conditions. Sailing in the Sword Coast region is dangerous to impossible (as one goes northwards and icebergs become more common) during the harsh storms of winter. Storms are almost continuous in the month of Hammer, and frequent in the two months that follow, becoming increasingly fierce but shorter, and with longer intervals between. Thereafter, in the fourth month, they are replaced by cold, heavy rains that rarely involve lightning or high winds, and are fairly safe (if uncomfortable) for sailing.

The City of Waterdeep is built upon the rock and rubble of the slopes of Mount Waterdeep, built up and quarried flat over generations of habitation. At least three major networks of underground passages are known to exist beneath Waterdeep’s busy streets. Undermountain, a deep, many-leveled former dwarven city and mine of great antiquity that, as its name implies, lies largely beneath Mount Waterdeep, is the largest and most famous (in tavern-talk) of these. The Dungeon of the Crypt, so named because its above-ground entrance is one of the crypts in The City of the Dead, lies under the North Ward, and is less spoken of.

The third of these labyrinths is the city sewers, detailed in this book. The major



channels of the sewers are navigable, and the secondary channels may be crawled or swum by man-sized beings of bravery (or stupidity), daring, and agility, although the curious are warned that the sewers have gratings at awkward places to prevent their use as a subterranean highway and to hamper the movements of less desirable visitors from the sea depths.

Fresh, clean water (for drinking and cooking) in Waterdeep comes from deep wells under Castle Waterdeep and under Farwatch Tower, and from shallow wells. These wells are attended at all times by members of the Watch. To deliberately poison or attempt to block access to or fill in one of these wells is an offense punishable by immediate (i.e. as soon as the offender is within blade's reach) death. "Spillwater," the not-quite-so-clean water used for bathing and washing of animals, buildings, and equipment, and for the watering of plants, is gained from cisterns on the roofs and in the cellars of most buildings in Waterdeep; cellar cisterns are fed by sloping catch-basins on roofs, and have gratings to filter solid debris that finds its way onto the roof out of the collected water as it flows down wall pipes into the cellar; smaller roof-cisterns are merely open-topped basins, and are cleaned often by users below to avoid contact with dead pigeons and the like. Used spillwater is referred to as "nightwater", and is used to sluice chamber pots into the sewers.

Waterdeep's population rarely falls below 122,000 beings. The actual number varies greatly with the seasons, as so much of it consists of those visiting in the course of conducting trade. In times of busiest trade, the City often holds five times as many. Such busy times (apart from special occasions caused by wars, bountiful harvests, Shieldmeet—described in the Campaign Set—and the like) occur fairly regularly at "full spring," when winter is fully gone without threat to the reasonable-minded of its return and the transportation routes over land and sea are fully open, and after the fall harvest in the North (before the threat of winter's mud can become a reality, closing the roads, and the granaries and warehouses are bursting with food destined for the South).

A BRIEF HISTORY OF WATERDEEP

To most inhabitants of the Realms, Waterdeep the Mighty, the City of Splendors, "Crown of the North," is a place that has "always been there." It is a vast and colorful, tolerant and eclectic crossroads city where peoples of all hospitable races meet, and the most wondrous and exciting works and achievements are seen. Waterdeep is seen as the cradle of, and foremost in, invention and innovation in the creative endeavors of all cities in the Sword Coast lands and perhaps in all Faerûn. Inhabitants of other cities in Amn and Calimshan on the Coast, and of Cormyr, Sembia, Thay, and other realms inland, may dispute this—but they are disputing a known (if unadmitted) supremacy. The "creative endeavors" Waterdeep's merchants and nobles deal in include magic, art, music, and "craftwork": that is, the carving and combining of wood, metal, glass, and other materials into tools and useful items of ever-increasing beauty, precision, and efficiency.

Few now know the true history of this great city, which had its beginnings over a thousand years ago, when the North was truly what Southerners still call it sneeringly: "the savage North." In those days, most of the North was covered with vast, tall forests of ancient green, and inhabited by dwarves and goblinkind (in the most northern mountains and foothills) and elves (in widely-scattered forest enclaves everywhere else). A few primitive human tribes lived along the Sword Coast, fishing and hunting and gathering in spring and fall to trade their furs for the merchants' jewelry and metal tools, or the occasionally-available weapon or two, with vessels sailing in from the South. In the spring, these vessels came primarily to cut and take huge trees for shipbuilding, trees being no longer available in such large sizes farther south.

In the fall, the vessels came in to cut timber for their own repairs, or to take on a cargo of wood if the misfortunes of trading had left their holds low or empty, for want of anything better. Most of these trademoots were at a certain place where there was a great natural deepwater harbor, protected from the sea by a rocky spur of land, an arm of an isolated coastal crag, and a rocky island beyond it.

Over the years, the forest was cut back farther and farther from the shore, and

some tribes began to stay most of the year there, farming the cleared land (and, the wiser among them reasoned, controlling some of the timber, which they could claim as theirs and trade for more weaponry and tools). Such claims and raids from tribes finding the squatters rich with tools and weaponry gained from frequent trade brought attacks from land and sea, and the squatting tribes were slaughtered by the more warlike tribes. Notable among these tribes was that led by Nimoar, a chieftain who directed his people to seize the farms, and the ramshackle wooden docks, trading-sheds, and storage barns that had come into being by the deepwater harbor over the years, settle there themselves, and erect a log palisade within an earthen embankment, to protect the holdings. Nimoar's people did so, withstood several pirate and tribal raids, and prospered.

Farther north, orc tribes had outgrown their mountain strongholds. Attempts to expand underground met with fierce dwarven resistance (although many small gnomish colonies were overwhelmed and wiped out), and the orcs spread out on the surface of the land, coming south and down out of the mountains, hurling their seemingly endless numbers against all who stood in their path. Here and there elven enclaves held out, but the push southwards displaced many other northern inhabitants, including the "everlasting ones" (trolls), who came down into the newly-cleared lands northeast of Nimoar's Hold, those lands now known as the Troll-moors. Nimoar died of old age during this time of increasing danger. Younger War Lords led the men of Waterdeep (for so the shipcaptains called the harbor) in battles against the trolls. There were many bloody struggles between men and trolls for a decade, until the magic of a Northern youth named Ahghairon turned the fortunes of war against the trolls, and the "everlasting ones" were destroyed or scattered.

Fearing further attacks, the men of Waterdeep raised a small keep on the slopes of Mount Waterdeep above their farms, where fire arrows from on high could defend against attacking trolls. Many men of outlying tribes who had come to the settlement for safety from the trolls stayed, and expanded the walls with new farms several times. War Lords ruled the Free City of Waterdeep, holding it independent and increasingly wealthy as years passed. Ahghairon rose slowly in skill and power



with the passage of years, until he became a great mage. He discovered a supply of *potions of longevity* (or learned the art of making such), for he lived on, still physically a man in his prime, for decade upon decade. In his 112th winter, Ahghairon had a sharp disagreement with Raurlor, who was then Warlord of Waterdeep. Raurlor wanted to use Waterdeep's acquired wealth and strength-of-arms to create an empire in the North, with Waterdeep its capital (and Raurlor its ruler), and gathered armies for the purpose. Ahghairon defied him before all the people, and Raurlor ordered that the mage be chained. Ahghairon struck aside with magic all who sought to lay hands on him, until in a fury Raurlor drew his own blade and struck at the mage. Ahghairon rose into the air, just out of reach, and as the infuriated Warlord slashed repeatedly at his rising feet, gestured. Raurlor's blade was transformed in his hand, from steel into a hissing serpent. The Warlord was bitten, and died of the venom before the shocked people assembled there. Ahghairon then gathered all the captains of Waterdeep's army, and all the seniors of the families of Waterdeep. While runners were sent to gather them to the Palace, flames roared and crackled in the Warlord's empty chair-of-state at Ahghairon's bidding, so that no-one sat there. Then at a gesture from the mage, the flames were gone as though they had never been, leaving the chair unmarked. Ahghairon seated himself, then, and proclaimed himself the first Lord of Waterdeep, saying that henceforth wisdom and not armed might would rule in the city. He would gather some few—in secret—to rule as Lords with him, masked and disguised when they appeared to the people, but equal to him in authority and free of coercion by any, himself included. These Lords could serve as long as they wished, and were to be drawn from all walks of life in the city.

The people heard, and agreed, and for the next two hundred years, Ahghairon ruled Waterdeep with his unknown fellow Lords. Over the years, the masked Lords were a group of sometimes six, sometimes seven, betimes five, who appeared seldom and said little. Some whispered that they were Ahghairon's servants, or even automatons magically controlled by the Old Mage, but Ahghairon's justice was swift and fair, his laws good, his guardsmen polite and ready to help as well as apprehend, and the people of Waterdeep approved.

The years passed in peace and prosperity. The North was opened to humans. Roads built under Ahghairon's direction linked it together, from the ruins of "the Fallen Kingdom" (see Chapter 1), which had been shattered by goblin races' attacks before men were numerous in the North, to the cities that would later become Amn. Waterdeep grew fivefold in size and wealth. From all over the Realms folk began to come to the "Crown of the North," drawn by money—and among them came those who rob and cheat and steal. When word of the doings of such extending beyond simple theft to deception-in-workmanship and the appearance of many fly-by-night impostor-craftsmen reached Ahghairon's ears, he called together the senior merchants, "the Noble Ones," and suggested that they form guilds as was done in the far South, and police the unscrupulous of their own professions. Some resisted, or were furious, but most saw the advantages of such an arrangement, particularly if they were free to set matters up themselves, and not have less favorable arrangements forced upon them. The Guilds were created forthwith. Waterdeep continued to grow in size and prosperity. Twice more the city walls were expanded, and its merchants traveled the world over, bringing back exotic goods from afar, and spreading word of the city's wealth to remote lands. In the South some listened with an eye to conquest or at least plunder, but swords were already out in those southern lands in a time of widespread strife, and no invaders came.

At length Ahghairon's health failed. He died, and was buried with ceremony in his tower, which was sealed up against thieves and fools. Those who had learned the arts of magic from the Old Mage came to salute him, and to cast the most potent protective magics they knew upon his resting-place (which, it is believed, remains inviolate today).

There was great turmoil in the City as the Guildmasters argued amongst themselves as to who should govern the City, and more than one merchant of power was found murdered. Groups of liveried bodyguards appeared openly armed on the streets, accompanying their masters, and two very troubled months passed as they bickered and parleyed (and occasionally duelled in the streets). At last the Guildmaster decided that all Masters should rule Waterdeep together, in a council. The lesser nobles and many townsfolk protested, saying that the

Lords by right ruled, but the Guildmasters said that the Lords had not been seen since Ahghairon's death, and that they must always have been golems or zombies controlled by Ahghairon himself, to conceal his lone rule. And indeed, the Lords were silent and unseen, and continued to be so.

In truth, the Lords were real men and women, whose identities had been learned, over the years, by certain professionally curious Guildmasters, who had ordered them slain by their own closemouthed, loyal servants following Ahghairon's death. The only Lords still surviving (those whose names and faces had remained secret) were Baeron, a woodworker, and Shilarn, an apprentice magic-user. These surviving Lords kept very quiet, and waited. The Guildmasters thought that all the living Lords of the City had been eliminated, and took firm rule over Waterdeep.

The Guildmasters ruled Waterdeep for only six years ere their self-interested squabbling led to bloodshed. A few armed quarrels and murders quickly erupted into a brief but vicious series of street fights and midnight attacks. This strife, sometimes termed "the Guildwars" by sages (although it was never as long-drawn-out or so formal as to be called a "war" when it was taking place), left all but two Guildmasters dead, most of the City's best minds stilled, and much of the City's gold wasted or plundered with the Guilds in disarray.

The surviving Guildmasters were Lhorar Gildeggh of the Shipwrights, and Ehlemm Zoar of the Gemcutters. These two, ruthless manipulators both, were well-matched and could not overcome each other, though their private armies clashed often in the streets. At length they sickened of bloodshed, after many of both their families had been found lifeless in the gutters, and agreed to rule together. Two thrones were set up in Castle Waterdeep, and from then the two argued bitterly over this and that, and the City was a place of tension and fear. All matters, including the recognition of new Guildmasters to the government of the "headless" guilds, had to come before the Two Lords Magister, as Lhorar and Ehlemm were called. Few matters were settled.

One day to the Courts of the Lord Magister came two people masked and robed as the Lords of Waterdeep had been of old. Where these two came from no one knew, but they appeared in the Castle's Great Hall where the Courts were, and commanded the Lords Magister to leave the City forth-



with. Laughing, the Lords Magister refused, whereupon the shorter of the two masked intruders (the lady Shilarn, once apprentice to Ahghairon, and his undeclared heir as first Lord of the City) blasted them with fire and lightning, and their very thrones were shattered and tumbled.

The taller of the two intruders (Baeron) then called for the heads of the noble houses to come to them, or leave the City forthwith and forever, if they cared not to come by nightfall. All in the Courts heard, and the news was cried in the streets.

The surviving nobles came, reluctantly and with bodyguards, expecting such a summons to be a trap. Baeron spoke to them and the crowd of curious townsfolk that had also come, saying, "this must not happen again." If Waterdeep was to be safe once more, he told them, all must support what he and his fellow Lord now planned, as they had supported Ahghairon in the past. The two would choose others to be Lords as before, he said, and they would rule in secret, as before—save for himself. He removed his mask, and said, "I am Baeron. I would be Lord as Ahghairon was before. I would be safe in this my city again." And the folk of Waterdeep there agreed. Shilarn, still masked, commanded that the houses of the Two Lords Magister be Outcast. There was protest, and she raised her hands that had blasted the thrones, and it was still again. And the house of Gildeggh and of Zoar were outcast.

Peace returned to the City, and Waterdhavians to their labors. To inhibit discovery of who the Lords were, Baeron selected certain men of character whom he knew well, and appointed them Magisters ("Black Robes," they were soon called, from their robes of office) under the Lords, to judge and apply the laws of Waterdeep in daily affairs. These Magisters he paid well, to raise them from temptation, and gave lodgings to those who feared for safety to dwell among the people. To so serve, he told the City, was a burden, not a proud misuse of authority, and if any wished to no longer serve, or were found wanting, they were not to be vilified, but accorded respect. And over the Magisters the Lords sat in their Court, to correct and overrule the judgments of the Magisters. Baeron told the people that none were to decry or belittle any judgments of Magisters that the Lord saw fit to alter or cast aside. If any thought ill of the offices or those who held them they could turn back to the rule of sword and whim,

and perish as had those before them.

Before the Lord's Court Baeron encouraged people to speak freely for the length of a short candle's burning, without fear of chastisement or reproach from the Lords for anything said, as long as they spoke openly and answered questions or opposing views put to them by any there. Thus, he held, just grievances of folk would be heard, no matter how small the matter or lowly the speaker.

And so it was. Slow to take hold, until people knew it for careful justice, but enduring beyond Baeron's time, and beyond Shilarn's time, and beyond the time of their daughter Lhestyn "The Masked Lady," who wed Zelphar Arunsun of Neverwinter, and was mother to Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, a Lord of Waterdeep today, who knows the secrets of long years as Ahghairon did. And as the years have passed, Waterdeep has grown in size and variety, flourishing with good trade under the tolerance and protection of strong defenders and good government; there is no city of the Realms able to rival Waterdeep the Mighty in all these things today.

AND NOW THE NEWS...

News spreads rapidly in Waterdeep. The diplomats and those who ship goods by land or sea to or from "the Realms afar" have a professional interest in learning of current events (and rumors) speedily, and many others take a natural interest in such information.

Waterdeep's crossroads nature makes it a very good place to hear of things—and falsehoods are more likely to be revealed in the City of Splendors than it other cities of the Realms, because such a large number of widely-traveled beings of experience and knowledge are gathered there. If PCs go seeking information, a DM should exploit the role-playing possibilities, following the general guideline that only technical information or Guild secrets are for sale (and rarely, "state" secrets; these are almost always details of the doings, intentions, and military strength of other realms and city-states, not Waterdeep itself). All else is given in return for only a drink or a trade of information. Contacts or sources are never revealed except to fellow adventurers or Guild members. If the PCs attempt to spread news or rumors, a DM must judge their effectiveness according to their methods and current events in the City. Generally, seven days is the longest news will take to spread throughout the City. News of Palace

doings or public disputes in main streets is usually everywhere by the evening of the day after the events occurred.

Below follow a few items of current news in the City (a DM should develop his or her own constant stream of similar rumors and facts; if kept fairly constant, they seem real and not a deliberate, "hey, here's an adventure!" ploy, although any may be so developed by interested DMs). In addition, the news of the Realms found in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set may be used. All information therein is current as of early Mirtul, in the Year of the Prince.

- Nather, a merchant from Amn, has been robbed of six identical very valuable statues. The seven-foot-tall elven male nudes, sculpted of white marble by unknown artisans long ago, are said to be very heavy, fragile, and incredibly life-like. They vanished from the locked interior of a warehouse in the docks area, without disturbing a dozen private guards. Magic is suspected. The City Watch has contacted The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors for professional assistance.

- Alusair Nacacia, a princess of far-off Cormyr who has been missing for over a year, and is sought after by her father, King Azoun IV, who has offered 12,000 pieces of gold and a knighthood for her safe return, has been seen in the City. She is said to be living as an adventurer, and as the companion of one of the powerful mages of Waterdeep, but it is not known which one. A man who boasted that he knew was found petrified at his corner tavern seat moments after he spoke, and his stone form subsequently and mysteriously shattered. "Alusair is known to be slim, short, and winsomely beautiful; impish and dark-eyed," the diplomat Aszundar Zel of Neverwinter described her three winters ago, after a court visit. Since Alusair's disappearance, many wild and colorful rumors as to her whereabouts have made the rounds.

- Zulmark Korathar, the famous fighter-adventurer, is said to be gathering companions to form a new adventuring company, to explore certain abandoned dwarven cities he has located under mountains in the North. Interested parties can find him most nights in *The Bloody Fist* (#272 Presper & Snail Streets, Dock Ward); the grizzled, one-eyed veteran of *The Blue Mask* and *The Riders of the Night* adventuring companies (both now disbanded) is said to know the North as few other living men do, and to have fought more fearsome monsters than any men living—if at least half of the tales he tells over a jack of wine are to be believed.

- On two nights in the past month, wyverns have been seen in the night skies over the City. Griffon-mounted Guard patrols sent aloft found nothing, so magic is suspected. The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors fears that an evil mage of Waterdeep or a nearby, hidden locale has developed a spell that *summons* and/or *teleports* wyverns, and controls them in servitude to the caster. No attacks or thefts connected to the sightings have yet been reported.

POLITICS, CRIME & PUNISHMENT

Herein the formal politics of Waterdeep are discussed—the intrigue of guilds, contending factions, and power groups is left to a



later chapter. A general note is necessary, however; “social level” is far less important in Waterdeep than in other cities of the Realms (and presumably, elsewhere); the crossroads nature of the City and the up-and-down fortunes of those who make their living in trade makes the inhabitants of the City of Splendors tolerant of a wide variety of peoples, with widely varying customs, religions, incomes, and interests. A paladin native to Waterdeep, for example, would readily accept that people who reject rigid authority are just as “good” and worthy of his aid and protection as their more enlightened neighbors, unless they are actively evil. In like manner, a cavalier might think himself above a dung-sweeper of the City’s streets, but he would never act more superior in dealings with the sweeper beyond a slight condescension and a simplification of speech and manners. Low birth or station is not in Waterdeep a recipe for ridicule or rudeness from one’s betters, beyond what one’s actions would earn from one’s equals in any case. Visiting cavaliers and paladins are, of course, a different matter, although they are soon enlightened by those of all walks of life (or by the Watch, if they are very objectionable). “Live and let live” is a good description of the attitude of most Waterdhavians to their neighbors; everyone is busy in the pursuit of wealth, and prudes, gossips, and folk who wish to tell others how to act, think, and live are more a source of entertainment than a serious social force.

GOVERNMENT

Waterdeep is presently governed by sixteen Lords of Waterdeep, who are seen by the general populace only when sitting in the Lord’s Court, identities concealed by identical masks and robes. It is rare indeed for more than seven Lords to sit in Court on a given occasion.

This democratic council has a largely secret membership. Everyone knows that Piergeiron “the Paladinson,” Warden of Waterdeep (= commander of the City Guard), Overmaster of the Guilds, and Commander of the Watch is a Lord of Waterdeep. The paladin sits openly in his golden-spired palace conducting the City’s diplomatic and legal business. Among the citizens, it is generally agreed that the archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun is also of the Lords (perhaps chief among them), but no one who knows the identities of the other Lords for certain has made them pub-

lic knowledge. One hears the names Mirt, Larissa, and Texter.

DMs are encouraged to develop their own Lords—six are left undescribed here, although one should bear in mind that any Lords created should be of fairly low public profile (i.e. should not be noble, and cannot be Guildmasters), and must be of essentially good alignment (probably neutral, or perhaps lawful) to fit the established character of the council, which already has its share of chaotic good members, notably Mirt. This will allow DMs to use Lords “behind the scenes” to influence events in Waterdeep, foiling any players who read this and learn the identities of the Lords given here, and allow DMs some “elbow room” for future modifications that a completely open and set membership would not permit (and the mystery adds to the fun).

The penalty for impersonating a Lord is death: on the spot, without delay, with *speak with the dead* magics employed later to find out why, as time permits. The Lords all know each other, and Piergeiron can demand that they unmask to him at any time (refusal is itself a capital offense).

PIERGEIRON “the Paladinson”

Palace, all wards 14th (or greater?) level paladin
LG Tyr
Human male

Piergeiron is the only openly-known Lord of Waterdeep, and speaks for all the Lords. He is also the City of Splendor’s chief diplomat to foreign powers and its chief defender, being both Commander of the Watch and Warden (commander) of the Guard. As Overmaster of the Guilds, he has clear authority to override Guild law, and his decree is the only absolute law in this city of interpretation and subtle evasion. As such, he is very safe from Waterdhavians—and his life is threatened by foreign powers, such as Amn, Calimshan, and Luskan, for the same reason: he is so above reproach, and so able in his administration and justice, that the City flourishes. Waterdhavians could not conceive of a better man to fill the offices Piergeiron discharges; those wishing the City ill want to remove him if at all possible. Piergeiron speaks seldom, and slowly; as a result, he is sometimes snidely known as “the Thickskull,” though never to his face. He is not stupid, but often pretends to be, to draw others out into verbal admissions they might otherwise not make. His grander nickname is due to the fact that his father Athar, “The Shining Knight,” The Arm of

Tyr, was a very famous paladin adventurer of the North.

KHELLEN “Blackstaff” ARUNSUN (KELLEN AIR-un-sun)

Blackstaff Tower, all wards, travels widely (including extraplanar)
26th (or greater?) level magic-user
LN (strong Good tendencies) Mystra
Human Male

Khelben is the most powerful and influential archmage of the Sword Coast, and is one of the rulers of Waterdeep (although he does not admit this openly, most in the North suspect him of being so). Allied to the Harpers, and instrumental in keeping the Lords’ Alliance (of Silverymoon, Sundabar, Neverwinter, and other “good” cities of the North, with Waterdeep) intact, Khelben is always working to influence this or that occurrence or trend, looking years ahead. He is a forester and a painter, and has tutored many mages of note (including Malchor Harpell, Savengriff, and Nain).

Khelben appears as a tall (6’), well-muscled, bearded man with a receding hairline, black hair shot through with silver, and a distinguished manner. He is gravely wise, not pompous, and is fully learned in the history, lore, and traditions of magic as practised by humans in the North since the rise from barbarism.

It is suggested that DMs adjust Khelben’s level upwards to ten levels above the strongest PC, for use in humbling “run-away” characters. Note that Khelben can escape by an *Elminster’s evasion* (improved *contingency*) spell if he gets into trouble, and can always call on Malchor, Nain, and Savengriff for aid if need be, by means of a *sending*.

MIRT “the Moneylender”

Mirt’s Mansion, all wards
Fighter of unknown level
CG Tymora
Human male

A fat, casual, hard-drinking man, coarse-mannered and gruff (in earlier days, also lusty and brawling), Mirt is really one of the most shrewd Lords of Waterdeep, even if secretly romantic and soft-hearted. Often seen wheezing about from tavern to tavern in food-stained clothing, Mirt “the Moneylender” is a very rich man. He was once a successful mercenary general of the North and Sword Coast lands, Mirt “the Merciless.” Mirt is one of the most influential Lords, well-loved by his fellows (even the paladins). He is wise in tactics and in judging the char-



acters of beings of all races and creeds. Mirt's constant companion is the young fighter Asper, whom he once rescued as an infant from a sacked city, and whom he regards as his little girl, despite her now-matured beauty. (Asper is a fighter of unknown level, DEX 17 CHA 16, CG, worships Tymora, and is a lithe, petite beauty, soft-spoken yet merry.)

Larissa Neathal
4th level fighter
NG Sune

Larissa Neathal is a courtesan of Waterdeep who plays a giggling, empty-headed sex-kitten with all the visiting envoys and diplomats she has time for, and gathers all the information for the Lords that she can this way. When weary or upset, however, she turns to Durnan (see below) for comfort. Her capacity for court parties is legendary, and she can dance all day and all night if necessary, without apparent ill effects. She is either immune to most poisons or sleep drugs, or has some sort of magical protection against these.

Texter
17th (or greater) level paladin
LG

Texter is a paladin, like Piergeiron a follower of Tyr. Unlike Piergeiron, Texter has little patience for ceremony, and prefers to be out and about doing things, such as leading road and ship patrols around Waterdeep tirelessly. His vigilance has prevented the City of Splendors from being surprised by attacking enemies on several occasions.

Every so often, Texter feels he has to renew his faith and dedication by solitary rides into the Northern wilderness, where he singlehandedly battles any orcs, trolls, or other evil creatures he encounters, and inspects firsthand conditions in the North. Texter is almost fearless, but he is not stupid. He will consider attacking twelve orcs single-handed to be fair odds, but will retreat before an orc horde to warn the city, rather than charging to attack.

Durnan
12th level (or greater) fighter
NG

Durnan "the Wanderer" is a retired (?) fighter who now runs *The Yawning Portal* inn (building #4) in Waterdeep (which contains a well-like shaft leading down into Undermountain, the subterranean ways under Mount Waterdeep). He is a close-

mouthed, prudent man who hates unfairness and injustice, but is tolerant of the differing interests of others, until they draw a weapon in his inn, whereupon he promptly punishes them severely on the spot. Durnan and Mirt are old friends, once companions in adventure. Many years before he met Mirt in a sea-battle, Durnan was a solitary, wandering adventurer, who traveled the North extensively.

Durnan was born somewhere in the remote North, and especially hates hobgoblins. Mirt believes that Durnan's family, friends, and neighbors were slain by hobgoblins, leaving Durnan homeless when he was a child, but this is no more than a guess; Durnan will not talk of such things. When Durnan doesn't want to answer any questions, he will simply look at the questioner with a calm, expressionless face and say nothing. He shouts in battle, but rarely gets into verbal arguments, retreating instead into silence. The Dungeon Master should refer to the Red Sashes (covered in Chapter 5) for further information on Durnan's activities.

Nymara Scheiron
7th level (or greater) thief

"Kitten" Nymara Scheiron; few people even among the Lords know the full name of this tousle-haired, fierce female of middle years, occasionally savage temper, and lush figure. "Kitten" she is to all, a hard-bitten entertainer and sometime-thief of Waterdeep's docks, who was recruited by Mirt and Khelben over a decade ago to the ranks of the Lords. It is her practical outlook that influences the details of many an action of the Lords. She knows how this or that decree will appear to, and work among, the common folk. "Kitten" once fought an evil demigod ("the Godson," son of Bane) toe-toe with blades when a summoning by a company of adventurers went awry. She is servile to no-one. She regards Mirt, Durnan, Larissa, and Khelben as her dear friends, and delights in relaxing with them on a night when she is not on the streets or poking about in the goods of this or that suspicious visitor to the City. Kitten will not take a copper piece from her fellow Lords, fiercely rejecting any gifts or charity. Nymara can appear as a stunningly beautiful lady of high station if she wishes to do so (very rare), but is more often to be found heavily perfumed and made-up, dressed revealingly and lounging in an alley or bar of the docks. In less distinctive garb, she is expert at following people in the streets

without being noticed, and is familiar with the sewers of the City and the roofs in many districts, as highways faster and less crowded than the open streets.

Sammereza Sulphontis

Sammereza Sulphontis is a slightly slimmer, slightly younger, and far more polished and mannered version of Mirt. This tireless traveling merchant is seldom to be found within the City walls. He will sell anything to anyone, buy almost anything from anyone, and trade most things with most people, as Durnan once put it. As this sly, witty, iron-nerved, sometimes oily wheeler-dealer makes his way about the Realms, dealing in anything from loads of fresh manure to slaves (although he neglects to inform Texter and Piergeiron of this latter trade good), his eyes miss little. Much of the Lords' information about the South and the lands east of the Inner Sea comes from Sammereza, who is known to have some means of *teleporting* himself back to Waterdeep in time of danger or when news is urgent. Sammereza's precise abilities are left to the DM.

Caladorn
8th level (or greater) cavalier

Caladorn is a cavalier born and raised in Waterdeep. He has chosen to drop his family name of Cassalanter (see Chapter 6) until he "does something worthy of it," as he has told his father Ohrl, current head of house Cassalanter. This allows Caladorn to retain the privileges of his birth, and be gracefully free of his father's direct authority. Ohrl is unaware that his son is a Lord of Waterdeep.

Caladorn is young, sardonic, very perceptive and intelligent, and fun-loving when he can find an occasion to abandon his customary serious resolve, in private. He is a Knight Bachelor. Although he is not yet fully aware of it, he is beginning to grow restless for adventure. On several occasions, he has accompanied raker ship crews into battle, although the captains did not know that their passenger was a Lord, only that he was a bored young noble who could lend them an extra swordarm. Khelben and Durnan, and to a lesser extent Mirt, view Caladorn as one of the important Lords who will carry on after they are gone, although they view his noble background as a handicap to be overcome before he will be truly suitable for such a task. As Mirt puts it, "too often that lad thinks like the blueblood he is—arrogant, self-assured, knows the place



for everything and everyone—and dead *wrong*. A little dose of the real world'd do him all the good, 't would."

Brian "the Swordmaster"
12th level fighter
NG

Brian "the Swordmaster" is a Smith of skill. His nickname is a title of proficiency in his craft, although he has gone beyond the skills of a swordsmith, and is now a master armorer—in short, Brian is as skilled a smith as it is possible for a human to be, able to craft items of lasting durability, beauty, and exquisite workmanship. Brian spends most of his time at his forge, and is known for his simple, direct (some would say blunt) way of looking at things. Brian and "Kitten" are the most practical of the Lords, followed by Mirt and Durnan, capable of seeing weak points in plans, and anticipating social problems long before they occur.

The policies of the Lords are announced publicly through Piergeiron; it is suggested that PCs not be able to dupe, infiltrate, spy upon, join the ranks of, or easily slay any of the Lords: they are not, and should not be played as, pushovers. The Helms worn by the Lords when they appear in public, which support their featureless masks, are enchanted. The wearer is protected against divination spells and other mind-reading and -controlling powers, as noted in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set, under "Waterdeep."

Justice

Beneath Piergeiron and the mysterious Lords are the magistrates, or Magisters, and two enforcement arms of authority: the City Guards (or military), and the City Watch (police).

MAGISTERS. Twenty-six Magisters conduct the Common Courts of the City. At least three such officials are always on duty at the Palace, and during daylight hours there is also a Magister at each gate of the City. These "Black Robes" can pass sentence instantly, although most make sentences conditional on the supporting evidence of witnesses. They are always accompanied by a bodyguard of at least six members of the City Guard. Any citizen of Waterdeep is allowed an appeal to the Lord's Court within two days. The Lord's Court is chaired by Piergeiron (at least two other Lords must also attend), and is held at about highsun (noon) every day. This court

hears all cases of murder and other "severe" crimes, reports of suspicious deaths, rape, misuse of magic, and appeals from the citizenry against Magisterial judgments. Most judgments are upheld or reworded in a minor way, it should be noted. The Magisters are good and perceptive men, or they do not hold their positions for long. Magisters can be created at will by public decree of the Lords.

GUARD AND WATCH. Visitors to Waterdeep often confuse the City Guard and the City Watch; the former are the heavily-trained, fully-armored men-at-arms who are permanently employed by the City as crews of the rakers, fighting troops when the City or its interests are attacked, road patrols outside the City walls, and as garrisons for Piergeiron's Palace, Castle Waterdeep, and the many guardposts along the City's perimeter—towers, walls, seacaves, jails, and armories. The Guard also serves as bodyguards for Piergeiron and as honor guards for visiting diplomats. The City gates are manned by both by the Guard, who control access and see to the security of the City from attack, and by patrols of the Watch, who observe those entering, and are ready to aid the Guard in troubles, chase fugitives so that the Guard need not abandon their posts, or escort visitors if required.

The Watch, far more often seen by most citizens and visitors, are the City's daily, domestic police, and do far more than arrest offenders. They may aid passersby with heavy loads, give directions, search for lost children, provide basic medical aid, and referee gambling disputes or childrens' fights during a typical patrol. A Watch street patrol usually consists of four men, afoot, two being officers—an "armar" (sergeant) and a "civilar" (captain or lieutenant)—and all being clad in leather and chain armor of green, black, and gold, base AC 7 (the Guard's armor is scale mail of black, silver, and gold), and armed with rods (treat as clubs), daggers, and short swords. The Watch has access to the Guard's armories in the Castle, Palace, and wall-towers. Reinforcements rushing to the scene of a dispute may be on horse and may wear all manner of armor and bear all manner of arms, as required. Watch patrols are many; all members of the Watch can enter any building or area in the City without hindrance or warning, unless specifically forbidden to by a Lord (*not* a Magister or senior Watch or Guard officer) and search any person, place, or container at will. Certain areas of the City are, by tradition, lightly

patrolled (the docks, for example) and others are very heavily patrolled (the City of the Dead, for example, and the streets around the villas of the wealthy in the northern areas of the City). If a Watch patrol encounters a major disturbance, they will blow the distinctive "trembling" note horns they carry on their belts to summon aid, and one member of the patrol will immediately run to the nearest guardtower or fixed-location guardpost to spread the word.

Under the command of Piergeiron, the Watch is run by its Captain, Rulathon, a 12th level LG fighter (see "Selected Non-Player Characters"). His messengers are the "Officers of the Day" (four Watchmen chosen from the ranks), and he leaves the administration of Watch weaponry and equipment to the Senior Armsmaster, Helve Urtrace, a 5th level LG fighter (see Chapter 7).

The size of the Guard and the Watch is known only to Piergeiron and the Lords, but is strictly controlled, and thought to be approximately 1,200 Guard and 1,600 Watch. In times of strife, Waterdeep usually hires mercenaries and installs Guardsmen as officers over them. The professionally curious are warned that Piergeiron has deliberately subdivided the payrolls of these forces so that it is difficult for visiting diplomats and others engaged in snooping (pardon, *sightseeing*) to discover the true size and names of the Guard and the Watch, and these figures may only be two-thirds or even less of the true totals.

Laws

Waterdhavians are, by and large, a law-abiding people—when so many of the City's inhabitants earn their living by trade, respect for property is high, and support for a strong, objective police force even more so. The wearing of weapons is allowed in the city, as is using them in clear self-defense, but duels are allowed only in specific places (such as the various open courtyards in the southern part of the City), and must be marshalled by an officer of the Watch or a Magister. A duel must be for reasons of a specific, unprovoked injury, allowed by a Magister; simply hilling citizens because you covet their money or don't like their faces is not sanctioned. Lords, Magisters, Guard and Watch members, and Heralds (even visiting ones) are exempt from challenges, and the Lords usually forbid any duellings involving the heads of the Guilds, noble houses, or priesthoods, too, although rank-and-file members of all



of these organizations can and do duel, sometimes with great enthusiasm. Duels are seldom to the death; more often, they are to yield or first blood, whichever first occurs; and clerics usually attend to heal (upon payment of temple donations) the loser, and sometimes the winner too.

If a Watch patrol makes an arrest, two of its four members must accompany an accused to a Magister immediately, the other two remaining on patrol, or if necessary assisting or protecting victims or abandoned property. If a vendor is arrested, the two Watchmen who remain must guard his goods and conduct business for him to the best of their abilities, although they are not responsible for lost business or losses to monies or property in the arrested person's absence. One officer will be with each half of a split patrol, never staying together while their two subordinates go elsewhere together.

For restraining and guiding very dangerous or active suspects, each patrol carries two rolled-up leather "capture hoods"—large sacks with tiny air-holes which are thrown over a person's head and then drawn tight with straps around the person's waist or belly, pinioning arms to sides and hampering visibility. Guide-ropes can be clipped to the hood to pull a confined person along in a certain direction, or used by several officers and a lot of strength to hold a confined person away from others that the person is attempting to reach by pulling on lines on all sides of the hood, preventing the arrested from lunging.

Watch patrols when arresting will employ Grappling to disarm and capture suspects who do not stand and surrender or throw down or sheathe their weapons when challenged. If the suspect continues to be violent, Pummeling and Overbearing will be used, the object being to hold the suspect down by sheer weight while he or she is disarmed and bound, with feet hobbled, or a capture hood is put on.

In cases of great danger to Watch officers (such as an angry mage wielding wand, rod, or staff, or a fighter attacking with an apparently magical blade), the Watch will slay to defend themselves and employ *speak with the dead* later to determine guilt or innocence. Innocent parties are always raised at the City's expense, if possible. Watch officers who must kill in the line of duty are never charged, nor held financially responsible, for the deaths they bring about. An officer who kills often without

clear cause will be dismissed. Much of the laws of Waterdeep remain unwritten, within the "reasonable discretion" of the Magisters (and ultimately, of the Lords who may overrule them), and therefore cannot all be set down here. A summary of sentences, the "Code Legal," is provided below.

CODE LEGAL

Crimes and their corresponding sentences, as administered by the Lords and Magisters of Waterdeep, can be roughly summarized as set forth below. This system is known as the "Code Legal," and is only a basis for sentencing, not absolute rules. Note that both Lords and Magisters are free to determine absolutely guilt and innocence, and set any lesser sentence they consider fitting (or none at all) if a crime is deemed justified or largely harmless and unintentional.

A single act can result in multiple charges, under one or more of the four "Plaints." Magisterial justice may be appealed to the Lords by anyone, but such appeals must be within nine days of the initial sentencing, and non-citizens of Waterdeep must persuade a citizen of the City ("money is the great persuader," Durnan once remarked dryly) to appeal on their behalf.

The four Plaints are the four different classes of aggrieved parties; that is, those who are injured by a crime. They are Crimes Against The Lords; Crimes Against The City; Crimes Against The Gods; and Crimes Against Citizens. Under each Plaintiff are four classes of crimes. These four types of offenses are Severe; Serious; Lesser; and Minor.

The sentences have been set forth below in a chart to save space. After the letter that denotes a type of punishment, an amount (of time or money) usually follows. The commercial nature of the City, with its emphasis on mercantile trade and property, is clearly reflected in these "typical" punishment. The City is empowered to seize and sell the property of a convict to realize the money needed to satisfy the payment of fines or damages, without the consent of a convict. The family, clan, guild, or business partners of a convict are never liable for the payment of a convict's fines or damages, unless they can be proven to have aided, abetted, ordered, or coerced a convict into the criminal activity in question.

Temples and priesthods are not permitted to pass or carry out sentences under the Third Plaintiff; only officers of the City may do so.

Convicted beings may owe fines to the City and pay as they can over time, but only upon permission of a Lord or Magister, who will typically demand at least a partial payment immediately.

SENTENCES

A	Death (instant)
B	Death (upon conviction)
C	Exile or Ban Against Future Entry
D	Mutilation (loss of offending extremities, branding)
E	Enforced Hard Labor
F	Imprisonment (dungeon)
G	Imprisonment (light work in Castle compound)
H	Fine (payable to City)
I	Damages (payable to injured party)
J	Edict Against Convicted (public pronouncement forbidding convicted to do something; e.g. continue in present business, repeat circumstances that led to an offense, etc.)

The First Plaintiff: Crimes Against The Lords

SEVERE:

- Treason (including Assault Upon a Lord): A
- Impersonation of a Lord: A
- Impersonation of Magister: B after flogging
- Forgery of an Official Document: B or C (permanent) plus D
- Assault Upon A Magister: B or F (10 years) after flogging

SERIOUS:

- Theft, Vandalism, or Arson Against The Palace or any part of the City Walls, E (as justice demands) plus H (cost of repairs plus 2,000 gold pieces)

- Impersonation of a Guardsman or Officer of the Watch: F (as justice demands) plus H (5,000 gold pieces) and flogging

- Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaintiff: E or F (1 month) and/or H (up to 1,000 gold pieces)

- Willful Disobedience of any Edict Uttered Against One By A Lord: H (up to 1,000 gp) and/or C (up to 5 years)

LESSER:

- Unlawful Observation or Copying of an Official Document: F (3 weeks) plus H (300 gp)

- Assault Upon Any City Officer Who Is Acting In The Line Of Duty: F (1 week) plus H (as justice demands; usually based on ability to pay; flogging if unable to pay anything)

MINOR:

- Blasphemy Against Lord, Magister, or any City Officer: G (4 days) plus H (20 gp)

The Second Plaintiff: Crimes Against The City

SEVERE:

- Poisoning of Water (City Wells; includes attempted blockage or attempts to control public access, or charge fees for such access): A

- Murder: B or E (10-15 years)

- Spying, Sabotage: B or C (permanent) plus H (costs of repairs plus 2,000-5,000 gp) or F (20 years) plus H

SERIOUS:

- Fraud: C (permanent) and I (as justice demands) or F (up to 10 years) and I, and J

- Fencing Stolen Goods: G (up to 2 years) and H (typically twice the price the goods were sold for) and J

- Unlawful Duelling (Manslaughter): C (up to 5 years) and I (to family, typically 1,000 gp) or E (up to 3 years) and I

- Murder With Justification. C (up to 5 years) or E (up to 3 years)

- Repetition of Any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaintiff: F (1 month) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J

- Bribery of a City Officer or Official (attempted or apprehended): C (up to 20 years) and confiscation of all property except one weapon, one week's rations, and clothes worn by offender

LESSER:

- Unlawful Entry Into The Harbor (1 charge per vessel per occasion). C (1 year) and H (500 gp)



• Unlawful Duelling (apprehended, i.e. on fatality): G (1 week) and H (100 gp) and J

MINOR: • Bribery: G (1 week) and/or H (amount of bribe or attempted bribe)

• Unlawful Flight Intrusion (into City airspace, of intelligent being flying by means of an aerial mount or magic): H (300 gp) and J (in peacetime; in wartime, sentence can be A)

• Blasphemy Against Foreign Ambassadors: G (up to 1 week), H (50 gp) and J

• Vagrancy: F (overnight)

• Littering (includes Relief of Human Wastes in Public). F (overnight) and H (2 sp to 1 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

• Brandishing A Weapon Dangerously or Threateningly Without Due Cause (note: being in a brawl is not “due cause” unless one is menaced with a weapon): F (overnight) and H (1 gp)

• Dangerous Operation of a Coach Wagon Litter or other Conveyance (including Airborne): H (5-50 gp, as justice demands, note that this will be in addition to the sentence for any charges placed under The Fourth Plaint)

The Third Plaint: Crimes Against The Gods

SEVERE: • Defiling of a Holy Place (Temple Burglary, Temple Arson, or Temple Vandalism). C (5 years) and I (as justice demands) or E (up to 5 years) and I or F (up to 3 years) and I

SERIOUS: • Theft of Temple Goods or Offerings (includes spoilage or consumption of same). F (up to 1 month) and I (double the estimated value of the goods) and J

• Tomb-Robbing (or Unlawful Entry and/or Vandalism of a Tomb): G (up to 1 week) and I (costs of repairs and replacements plus up to 500 gp, payable to whoever maintains the tomb—temple, guild, City, or family) and J

• Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: G (up to 1 week) and H (up to 1,000 gp) and J

LESSER: • Assault Upon A Priest or Lay Worshiper: I (of up to 500 gp; payable to temple and usually based on ability to pay) and J (in addition to charges placed under the Fourth Plaint arising from such an assault)

MINOR: • Public Blasphemy of a God or Priesthood: I (up to 10 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

• Drunkenness (and Disorderly Conduct) at Worship: I (up to 3 gp, based on ability to pay) and J

The Fourth Plaint: Crimes Against Citizens

SEVERE: • Arson (of Ship, Structure, or Stored Property), E (up to 3 months) and I (value lost plus up to 500 gp), and/or C (up to 10 years) and I

• Rape: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 5 years) and I or F (up to 10 years) and I

• Assault Resulting In Mutilation or Crippling: D and I (up to 2,000 gp) or E (up to 3 years) and I

• Magical Assault H (up to 1,000 gp) and I (up to 2,000 gp) and J

• Forgery (not including official City documents): C (up to 20 years) and D and the confiscation of all property except 1 weapon, 1 week’s rations, and offender’s clothing worn at the time of sentencing

• Slavery: C (up to 10 years) and flogging if shackling, cruelty, whipping, branding, or physical indignities are observed

SERIOUS • Robbery: E (up to 1 month) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)

• Burglary: F (up to 3 months) and I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp)

• Theft or Killing of Livestock: (double cost of lost stock)

• Repetition of any Lesser or Minor Offense Against This Plaint: F (up to 1 week) and I (double normal), or G (up to 2 weeks) and I (double normal)

• Usurv: I (City recovers excess over legal rates, returns to injured party)

LESSER: • Damage to Property: I (value of goods lost plus up to 500 gp) and

• Assault (Wounding): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp) and J

• Assault on Livestock (non-fatal): I (cost of medical attention plus up to 500 gp; maximum damages always apply if livestock’s breeding capability is impaired)

• Unlawful Hindrance of Business: I (up to 200 gp) and J (this charge includes instances of blocking access to a place of business without permission of owner or a Magister; and trying to frighten, disgust, or drive away customers in or in front of another’s shop)

MINOR: • Assault (without wounding or robbery): F (overnight) and I (up to 50 gp)

Excessive Noise (interfering with sleep or business): I (up to 25 gp) and J

A DM should use the “elbow room” created by this discretionary legal system just as the Lords do; to create any necessary decrees to prevent Player Characters from running amok. Magisters and Lords have in the past made laws (edicts) specific to certain individuals (e.g. “Sibrin the Warrior may not enter the City of the Dead at any time, for any reason except his own final burial”), and will continue to do so.

Guild Law

Guild Law, the rules under which specific trades are conducted, are distinct from City law and are discussed in the chapter that describes Guilds. Guild law can never conflict or override City law or the known intent of such laws; Guilds pay careful attention to all that is said by any Lord, and govern their affairs accordingly. On two occasions since the destruction of the Two Lords Magister Guildmasters have defied or quietly contra-

dicted edicts of the Lords, and on both occasions the Guildmaster was exiled, and his or her family ordered expelled from the Guild, though not from the City. Waterdeep is often called “The Open City” when trade and guilds are discussed, because its Guilds are not all powerful, and cannot restrict trade to their members only; the Lords and Magisters are strict and vigilant about this. Tradesmen operating outside of a Guild, of course, are not entitled to Guild rights and privileges, and the Guilds concerning cannot be held responsible for the actions of such outsiders, and are allowed to make very public the fact that this or that person is not part of the Guild.

Taxes and Fees

At present, the City collects no annual taxes, but raises its revenues by the charging of fees, as follows:

- 1 copper piece per market stall per day, payable to any Watch patrol between sunrise and sunset, who will issue a receipt for it, to show later patrols that the fee has been paid. This buys the exclusive use of a certain area from sunrise to sunset, covering patrols by the Watch, and freedom to sell goods at whatever the market will bear, rather than at prices set or recommended by Guilds or priesthods. Guilds customarily pay these fees for their members, out of guild revenues and dues.

- 1 silver piece (extra, above any fines imposed) from everyone convicted in a Magisterial or Lords’ Court, per conviction.

- 1 gold piece per caravan wagon leaving the City, empty or full.

- 1 gold piece (included in the sale price, and surrendered by the vendor to the Watch or a Magister within ten days) per sword sold; all blades sold within Waterdeep are so taxed, and registered but other sorts of weapons are not taxed; hence, many citizens of Waterdeep employ clubs and daggers (and if of shady character, garrots, nets, and lassos) rather than swords; Magisters deem anything with a blade over a foot long to be a sword.

- 5 gold pieces per ship that touches dock in Waterdeep (the rakers and diplomatic vessels excepted), collected from the captain and covering a stay of up to fourteen days, provided the ship does not leave the harbor and return during that time, which would end the stay and begin a new one. This covers Watch patrols, the provision of the dock space, fresh water rubble ballast supplied if desired, and the right to dump



ballast or spoilage cargoes in an agreed-upon area under the direction of the Watch.

In times of trouble, direct taxes may be imposed:

- a “fire tax” (usually 1 gp per household), levied whenever a major fire destroys a large portion of the City (not a common occurrence; cf. “Plague & Fire” in Chapter 4).
- a “wall tax” or “harbor tax” (of like amount) raised to directly pay for needed repairs or expansions
- a “lance tax” raised to provide a payroll for mercenaries hired by the City when required (this is usually 1 sp/household each week until the Lords repeal the tax)

All in all, Waterdhavians are lightly taxed and know it; they may grumble, but they never collectively revolt or refuse to pay.

Trials & Bribery

There is no bail in Waterdeep, although a Lord can dismiss charges at will. This is rarely done; usually the offender must be an undercover Lord or trusted agent involved in something important to get such a reprieve.

Bribery is a most frowned-upon crime among the general populace. Because of the ill it brings to one’s reputation, no-one native to Waterdeep would ever attempt it, although they might—if very rich—bargain with the Lords to drop (severe) charges in return for forfeiture of a valuable property, vessel, or cargo (this has wryly been referred to by Durnan as “buying back you own skin”).

There are no lawyers in Waterdeep, although there are a few “professional witnesses” who for a fee will state a case to their client’s best advantage before a Black Robe.

Expulsion from the City is the fate of any of these who are caught swearing they saw something that did not in fact occur, or that they were not present to see. Several minor clerics earn regular incomes for themselves or their temples by casting *detect lie* magics from behind concealing tapestries at a sign from a Magister. The fee paid by the City is 500 gold pieces per spell cast, and so this service is used only in the most delicate of important cases.

The death penalty is customarily employed only to deal with dangerous and incurable lunatics, murderers, and those who commit acts of treason against the City or the Lords.

Sentences of death are usually carried out on the battlements of Castle Waterdeep if commoners or soldiers must die—for death in

such cases is by hanging, usually at highsun (noon). Several massive, permanent wooden scaffolds are cantilevered out from the Castle walls on the south side. Nobles die by the sword; such beheadings are usually carried out in front of the Palace gates. Floggings are more often carried out in the Court of the White Bull, but may be carried out anywhere if an example to the citizenry of a particular neighborhood is intended.

Debts

Most Waterdhavians are sentenced for debts of one sort or another—either debts to another citizen or outstanding debts owed to the City due to unpaid fees or taxes or fines imposed by a Black Robe or Lord which cannot be (or are not) paid within a specified period of time. Such “payoff” periods are set by the sentencer, and are usually twenty days, exactly, from the date and time of the sentencing. Minor personal (private) debts are paid off by the offender, by having him work for the person he owes money to (Watch officers will check on attendance to, and diligence in, this enforced servitude), until service, at the going market rate, equals the debt owed.

Major debts may result in the City paying the person owed from its own coffers, and the offender becoming an unpaid sewer, wall, or road repair worker until the debt is cleared.

In times of strife, such offenders have found themselves pressed into service as temporary soldiers, or rowers on a seagoing raker, on the understanding that they are free of debt if they survive to make it back to Waterdeep with their ship or military unit. Only the Lords can approve a recommendation by a Magister, senior Watch officer, or one of their number to seize property or goods of an offender to pay fines; this they do rarely—but, combined with exile from the City, it provides an effective last-resort method of removing persistent troublemakers.

Written contracts or note-of-hand are required to prove to a Black Robe that a debt is owed, if a citizen wishes to bring a complaint before the Courts. All careful merchants will get and give written documents in their dealings, even if their trade is unlawful (for example, the selling of privileged information overheard in the Palace might appear on an invoice as “three horses,” or slaves—discussed below—as “six sacks of finest barley, unmilled”).

Thievery

Most thieves in Waterdeep are independent artists, of low level and, if they are not both unusually lucky and skilled, soon caught, unless they steal seldom, taking advantage of misfortune, a fight, or other confusion to steal unattended goods. Kidnapers, those who rob and then slay their victims, and those who indulge in torture are pursued tirelessly by the authorities. Only blackmailers, it seems, flourish in Waterdeep. Thieves of all sorts are reminded (often painfully and too late) that Waterdeep is a city of much magic and powerful (high-level) people, and escaping detection is difficult. There is no organized Guild of thieves in the City, due to diligent policing and the activities of the Red Sashes (q.v.).

Slavery

Slavery is illegal in Waterdeep; within the City walls, no one is deemed a slave, and may not be treated as one—no branding, shackling, or physical punishment. If any of these are observed in public (this includes inns and businesses, but not private homes, pleasure houses, festhalls, and warehouses), charges will result, usually including immediate imprisonment for the offender, so that the slave has time to escape. Many slaves are brought into the City, however, for slavery is common in Calimshan and Thay, and not unknown in the northern Moonsea area, Unther, and Mulhorand. While in the City, slaves have all the rights of any citizen, and wise owners make a trip to the City of Splendors a holiday for slaves, giving them some spending money, and hire bodyguards (for protection against their own temporarily free slaves, as well as any dangerous residents of Waterdeep) and servitors (to do all the fetching and carrying the slave normally does) for their stay in the City. Many slaves, if they are ever freed or escape, come to Waterdeep because of their happy memories of these holidays.

The selling of slaves, even in the form of a previously-arranged transfer of possession that does not involve any transfer of payment within Waterdeep’s walls, is well-nigh impossible given the vigilance of the Guard, Watch, and the magical arts of allies they can call upon. Durnan and “Kitten” of the Lords have both been slaves in the past, and the Lords as a whole take a savagely dim view of slavers.

Chapter 3: THE CITY WARDS

A complete description of all the buildings in bustling, ever-changing Waterdeep is a task beyond the scope of this book. Features likely to be useful in AD&D® game play, including the suggested adventures in a later chapter, are located and described in this section. Dungeon Masters should make Waterdeep their own, filling in details as necessary for exciting play, and the day-to-day adventures of player characters.

Player characters visiting or resident in Waterdeep have to live somewhere, as thieves take a professional interest in persons who try to sleep outside the walls of the City each night and return when the gates are opened at sunrise. Even when such adventurers are a strong and fearless band, there will be those times when they do not leave the City before the gates are closed at sunset, making necessary a stop-over or at the very least an unpleasant swim or expensive ferry out of the harbor (which never closes).

The neighborhood(s) around the chosen lodgings of PCs must be detailed by a Dungeon Master—and whenever PCs go exploring, or try to find tutors to advance their professional skills, a DM will have to sketch in this or that local eatery, rooming house, or home. Such work must be left for individual DMs, as it necessarily responds to the play of a particular group of gamers.

Buildings

The layout of buildings in play may become important if PCs engage in extensive indoor thieving, stealthy shadowing, and fighting. Space considerations prohibit the provision of floor plans for every building in the City, but random generation of the overall natures of buildings may be accomplished using the table below. Random generation of Class A buildings (see below) and of specific buildings intended beforehand for use in play is not recommended. DMs who contradict themselves on building layout from one PC visit to another are advised that buildings in the City are constantly being rebuilt, renovated, and repaired (a convenient explanation).

Buildings in the City can be artificially divided into four classes, as follows.

Class A: The Palace, Castle Waterdeep, other public structures (e.g. the Arena), Major Temples (including The Plinth), Noble Villas. These buildings are unique, generally large and grand, and random tables are not given here.

Class B: Grand Houses (without grounds or walled gardens; villas always have such), Large Warehouses, prosperous businesses, Guildhalls. Buildings in this class have up to four storeys, and may have extensive cellars (usually connected to the sewers at some point). Most inns in the City fall into this class. (Note: random generation of Guildhall interiors is not recommended.)

Class C: Row Buildings. This class describes the great majority of City buildings, of two or three storeys, and usually having shops on the ground floor, with offices above and apartments above that (or just apartments). This class includes most of the taverns and rooming houses in the City.

Class D: Lesser Buildings (hovels, sheds, small warehouses). This class consists of one-storey buildings, usually of wood, and are mainly found in Dock Ward, with a few in Southern Ward and The Trades Ward, and a handful in the part of the docks which lies in Castle Ward.

Once the class of a given building has been decided by the DM, the following steps can be followed if speedy random generation of building features is desired.

Step 1. Determine number of storeys in building, by deliberate choice or by the methods that follow.

Class B: roll 1d8. Result of 1 = one storey, no basement (cupola and/or skylights possible); 2 = two storeys, no basement; 3 = three storeys, no basement; 4 = four storeys, no basement; 5 = one storey with basement; 6

= two storeys with basement; 7 = three storeys with basement; 8 = four storeys with basement (tower with additional floors possible).

Class C: roll 1d4. Result of 1 = two storeys, no basement; 2 = three storeys, no basement; 3 = three storeys with basement; 4 = 2 storeys with basement.

Class D: roll 1d4. Even result = 1 storey and basement; odd result = 1 storey, no basement. Either type may have a dormer, cupola, or tower to add partial upper levels, and lean-to additions on the sides.

Step 2. Determine condition of building, by deliberate choice or by rolling 1d6. Result of 1 = derelict, boarded up (possibly in use as a secret meeting place by thieves, intrigue groups, monsters, or adventurers); 2 = ramshackle, in need of repair; 3 = well-worn and in heavy daily use, with evidence of some repairs having been made and some further minor ones needed; 4 = in good condition, well-kept and clean; 5 = new or pristine condition, freshly decorated or carefully-maintained, perhaps with ornate trim and furnishings; 6 = currently under construction or extensive repair (includes freshly gutted by fire or damaged by collapse, weather, explosion, et cetera).

Step 3. Determine function of building, by deliberate choice or by rolling 1d10. Consult the table below according to Building Class.

Die Result	Class B	Class C	Class D
01	Warehouse (multi-storey, with elevator or interior hoist)	Warehouse	Warehouse
02	Warehouse (multi-storey with elevator or interior hoist)	Ground floor shops with offices above	Warehouse
03	Offices of Major Business	Ground-floor shops with apartment above	Warehouse
04	Offices of Major Business	Large shop with storage above (roll 1d4; even = proprietor lives above; odd = proprietor lives elsewhere and hires night watchman)	Warehouse
05	Rooming House	Rooming House	Dwelling (single family)
06	Rooming House	Rooming House	Rooming House
07	Ground-floor shop with apartments	Ground-floor shops with offices and apartment above	Shop
08	Ground-floor offices with apartment above	Ground-floor shops with offices and apartment above	Office
09	Residence of a family of noble birth	Apartment block	Dwelling (multi-family)
10	Residence of a noble individual	Apartment Block	Dwelling (space shared with rental storage space)



Features of the City Wards are listed hereafter. Most inhabitants of Waterdeep know all of the major thoroughfares, are familiar with the general layout of the City, and know well the neighborhood(s) where they live, work, and go to eat or be entertained. Waterdeep is a city of much traveling about and little restriction on movement for social class or legal reasons.

Castle Ward

Mount Waterdeep: the mountain is a bald, rough crag, topped by a lookout tower and griffon-steed eyrie; on its seaweed flanks are emplaced eleven gigantic triple-catapults for hurling loads of rock and burning material out to sea against attacking ships; and it is pierced by several sea-caves, connected by tunnels of great antiquity whose creator is unknown, and formerly used for smuggling—but now controlled (and heavily guarded) by the City Guard, and used by the Lords of Waterdeep in occasionally secretive operations.

Castle Waterdeep: Waterdeep's great fortress is a thick-walled stronghold that frowns down on Castle Ward from the flanks of Mount Waterdeep. Pennants and banners are often hung and flown from its battlements to signal the arrival of this or that diplomat or the commencement of gathering for this or that ceremony, because of the great height of

the Castle walls make such signs readily visible in the southern half of the City.

The Castle's walls rise four hundred feet at their greatest height from the ground (at the southeastern corner, near the massive beams where hanging are carried out), and average sixty feet thick, with rooms and passages tunneled out of their great bulk. Many protective spells have been placed on the fortress walls over the years, and they have never been breached in battle.

The Castle's various chambers can house 3,000 in comfort, and three times that number if every corner is used for accommodation and food storage. Its normal peacetime garrison is approximately 1,400. The main dungeon levels beneath it contain some ninety cells in all (at any one time, thirty or so will be in use), many large enough to contain six prisoners. The Castle's larders, by edict of the Lords, must contain an emergency food supply (preserved fish and meat, grains and vegetables) large enough to feed 50,000 people for a week; this state is maintained, with about two day's extra viands, by senior Guard officers.

The Guard and Watch both use the Castle courtyard for training their members, and for training horses. Their main stables, containing seventy or so fully-trained and equipped warhorses, are located in the ground level interior of the Castle's south wall.

Signal beacons and horns, and mighty cata-

pults capable of commanding the entire harbor of Waterdeep as far as Deepwater Isle and the Torchtowers, are kept ready on the battlements, and there is always a garrison unit of at least thirty ready-armed soldiers of the Guard on duty. The Castle gates and all stations of the walls are always guarded, and just within the gates is a duty guardroom where a strike squad of twenty crossbowmen and two magic-users can reinforce the gate-guard in seconds, and anywhere else in or under the Castle in minutes.

Space prohibits inclusion of detailed floorplans of the Castle; DMs are advised that its twisting passage tunnels (most permanently lit by *continual light* radiance) are a warren of successive defensive "pockets," suitable for holding off attackers from behind cover, and that there are extensive (known and guarded) "secret passages" allowing defenders to spy (and fire) upon intruders, and to withdraw into the caverns beneath Mount Waterdeep if necessary. Castle Waterdeep is a place of great age and indomitable strength.

Aghairon's Tower: This small stone tower rises as a slim stone pinnacle with a conical roof and few windows, four storeys from the street. It is always quiet, never visibly changed by the passage of years not disturbed by passersby. Its interior (and possible treasures) are left to the DM, but it should be noted that no one has been able to enter it since Aghairon's



death. The co-operative efforts of all Ahghairon's apprentices laid potent protective magics about it (above and below, as well as all about its walls). These are equal in effects to a permanent *forcecage* enclosing the entire tower at a distance of ten feet—a barrier visible only as a faint shimmering in the air unless under magical attack (which outlines it clearly). Several times it has been *dispelled* or *cancelled* by enterprising mages, only to reform again—trapping them—1 round per level of the attacker later.

Within this *forcecage* is a *prismatic sphere*, again invisible except while under attack, and within it is a further invisible *force field* that if dispelled, will cause by means of *contingency* magics, unseen *warning trumpets* to sound the alarm in Piergeiron's Palace, Blackstaff Tower and The Herald's Holdfast (far to the north), and a *cyclocone* (detailed in *Unearthed Arcana*, p. 98) to be activated and whirl about the tower in a ring.

Small but powerful iron golems and stone guardians are believed to wait within the Tower to attack intruders, but details of the Tower's treasures and interior guardians are unknown; none have ever penetrated to them.

1. Mirt's Mansion. Home of Mirt "the Money-lender," Lord of Waterdeep. Mirt practices his moneylending trade from here when in the City (mornings only). It is a secure, fortress-like home with many human, monstrous, and magical guards. DM note: PCs of less than name level, regardless of the size of the party, should be made to consider the Mansion too tough to be worth the risk of an attack. Mirt does have some money and magical treasure here, although it is well-hidden.
2. *Crommor's Warehouse* (see Chapter 4, "Fences")
3. The Sailors' Own (tavern)
4. The Yawning Portal (inn) — See Durnan, p. 17
5. The Red-Eyed Owl (tavern)
6. The Sleepy Sylph (tavern)
7. Barracks (of the Guard; fireproof; capacity is 200 men for each structure—the smaller ones have more storeys)
8. Smithy (of the Guard; standing garrison of 25 Guardsmen)
9. Bell Tower (garrisoned by 15 of the Guard at all times; used to signal fires, attacks, assembly at the Palace)
10. house of Naneatha Lhaurilstar, Lady of Waterdeep (see Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")
11. The House of Gems (HQ: The Jewellers' Guild)
12. Mother Tathlorn's House of Pleasure and Healing (fest-hall and spa)
13. House of Leone the fighter (CG, 8th level; see Chapter 7)
14. House of Shyrrhr, Lady of the Court (0 level fighter; see Chapter 7)
15. The Map House (HQ: The Surveyors', Map & Chart-Makers' Guild)
16. Fellowship Hall (HQ: The Fellowship of Innkeepers)
17. Palace Warehouse
18. Palace Stables (total capacity 726 mounts)
19. Palace Paddocks (total capacity approximately 1700 mounts)
20. The Dragon's Head Tavern
21. The Golden Key (shop of Ansilver the Locksmith)
22. The Master Bakers' Hall (Ho: The Bakers' Guild)
23. The Crawling Spider (tavern)
24. The Elfstone Tavern
25. House of Velstrode the Venturer (an adventurer of note, and a successful merchant; tall, bearded, and loaded down with defensive magic, CN 15th level fighter, ST18/96, IN 17, DEX 16)
26. Halambar Lutes & Harps (shop—the owner, Kriios Halambar, is Guildmaster of The Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers)
27. Hilmer Warehouse (see #28, below)
28. The Halls of Hilmer, Master Armorer
29. Balthorr's Rare and Wondrous Treasures (shop & warehouse—see Chapter 4, "Fences")
30. Tower of the Order (HQ: The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors)
31. The Smiling Siren (nightclub)
32. Blackstaff Tower (home of Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun—see Lords of Waterdeep descriptions, Chapter 2)
33. Phalantar's Philtres & Components (shop of medicines, herbs, rare substances and material components for magic; see also "Fences," Chapter 4)
34. Guildhall of the Order (HQ: The Solemn Order of Recognized Furriers & Woolmen)
35. The Jade Jug (inn)
36. The Blue Jack (tavern)
37. Pewterers' and Casters' Guildhall (Guild HQ)
38. Olmhazan's Jewels (shop; the proprietor, Jhauntar Olmhazan, a nasty and superior sort, is Gentleman Speaker (public contact) for The Jewellers' Guild)
39. House of the Fine Carvers (HQ: The Guild of Fine Carvers)
40. The Pampered Traveler (inn—the proprietor, Brathan Zilmer, is Guildmaster of The Fellowship of Innkeepers)
41. The Singing Sword (tavern)
42. The Market Hall (HQ: The Council of Farmer-Grocers)
43. The Spires of the Morning (Temple complex, dedicated to Lathander)
44. Usual location of The Walking Statue of Waterdeep: a stone golem created by Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun, and controlled only by Piergeiron or the Archmage of Waterdeep himself; it is intended to be used in defending the City against any attack that breaches a City gate, to "hold the gap." The statue stands 90 feet tall, is of grey granite, and looks like a tall, regal human with an impassive face. It is AC1, MV 4", 140 hit points, 1 attack for 6-60, 3 points of structural damage per round, harmed only by +3 or greater magical weapons, and by spells as a normal stone golem. Rumor holds (correctly) that six more of these pieces of garden statuary are stored, in working order, in the caverns under Mount Waterdeep.

The four entries that follows are luxurious but usually damp house built by nobles who now live in warmer climes, and rent these places for 25 gp a month (and up) to anyone interested in contacting their noble families; who owns what is left to individual DMs.

45. Fair Winds (rental villa)
46. Marblehearth (rental villa)
47. Stormwatch (rental villa)
48. Heroes' Rest (rental villa; also known as "Cold Comfort," a nickname bestowed by a certain adventuring band)

Sea Ward

49. The House of Heroes (Temple complex dedicated to Tempus)
50. Halazar's Fine Gems (shop—the proprietor, Stromquil Halazar, is Guildmaster of the Jewellers' Guild)
51. The Ship's Wheel (tavern)
52. Pilgrims' Rest (inn)
53. The Wandering Wemic (inn)
54. The House of Purple Silks (fest-hall)
55. Gounar's Tavern
56. The House of the Moon (Temple complex dedicated to Selune)
57. Tchazzam (noble) family villa
58. Maerghoun's Inn
59. Dacer's Inn
60. The House of Inspired Hands (Temple complex dedicated to Gond)
61. The Fiery Flagon (tavern)
62. Ruldegost (noble) family villa
63. The Dragon Tower of Maaril (13th level magic-user; see Chapter 7)
64. Ilzimmer (noble) family villa



65. Urnbrusk (noble) family villa
66. Moonstar (noble) family villa
67. Assumbar (noble) family villa
68. Cassalanter (noble) family villa
69. Zulpair (noble) family villa
70. Husteem (noble) family villa
71. The Tower of Luck (Temple complex dedicated to Tymora)
72. Wavesilver (noble) family villa
73. "Naingate" (Tower of Nain—Nain is a NG 13th level magic-user, detailed in Chapter 7)
74. Melshimber (noble) family villa
75. Iitul (noble) family villa
76. shrine of Mielikki (The Lady's Hands)
77. shrine of Silvanus
78. Emvoelstone (noble) family villa
79. Hiilgauntlet (noble) family villa
80. The Temple of Beauty (Temple complex dedicated to Sune)
81. Gauntyl (noble) family villa
82. Eltorchul (noble) family villa
83. The House of Wonder (Temple to Mystra)
84. Eirontalar (noble) family villa
85. Selchoun's Sundries Shop
86. Thongolir (noble) family villa
87. Tesper (noble) family villa
88. Dezlentyr (noble) family villa
89. Tesper (noble) family villa
90. Neshar (noble) family villa
91. Brokengulf (noble) family villa
92. Belabranta (noble) family villa
93. Irlingstar (noble) family villa
93. Gundwynd (noble) family villa
95. Tessalar's Tower (magically-guarded home of the 16th level magic-user; see Chapter 7)
96. Raventree (noble) family villa
97. Bladesemmer (noble) family villa
98. Manthar (noble) family villa
99. Artemel (noble) family villa
100. Animakyl (noble) family villa
101. Silmerhelve (noble) family villa
102. Rosznar (noble) family villa
103. Jhansczil (noble) family villa

North Ward

104. The House of Crystal (HQ: The Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-Makers)
105. House of Crystal Warehouse
106. Adarbrent (noble) family villa
107. Agundar (noble) family villa
108. Kothont (noble) family villa
109. Sultlue (noble) family villa
110. The Galloping Minotaur (inn)
111. Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots (shop—the proprietor, Darion Sulmest, is Spokesman (public contact) of The Order of Cobblers & Convisers)
112. Meraedos Fine Furs (shop—the proprie-

tor, the soft-spoken and careful Shalrin Meraedos, is Gentleman Keeper (public contact) of The Solemn Order of Recognized Furrriers & Woolmen)

113. Phylund (noble) family villa
114. The Gentle Mermaid (tavern & fest-hall)
115. Maernos (noble) family villa
116. Cragsmere (noble) family villa
117. The House of Healing (HQ: The Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians)
118. Amcathra (noble) family villa
119. Lanngolyn (noble) family villa
120. Mascalan (noble) family villa
121. Talmost (noble) family villa
122. Piiradost (noble) family villa
123. Crommor (noble) family villa
124. Brossfeather (noble) family villa
125. Wands (noble) family villa
126. Hunabar (noble) family villa
127. Durindbold (noble) family villa
128. Hothemer (noble) family villa
129. Margaster (noble) family villa
130. Thorp (noble) family villa
131. Estelmer (noble) family villa
132. Maerklos (noble) family villa
133. Ulbrinter (noble) family villa
134. Hriiat Fine Pastries (shop—the proprietor, Relchoz Hriiat, is the public contact for The Bakers' Guild)
135. The Grinning Lion (tavern—see also Chapter 4, "Fences")
136. Gost (noble) family villa
137. Lathkule (noble) family villa
138. Nandar (noble) family villa
139. Thann (noble) family villa
140. Thunderstaff (noble) family villa
141. Anteos (noble) family villa
142. Phull (noble) family villa
143. Snome (noble) family villa
144. Helmfast (noble) family villa
145. Roaringhorn (noble) family villa
146. Kormallis (noble) family villa
147. Majarra (noble) family villa
148. Tarm (noble) family villa
149. Stormweather (noble) family villa
150. Jardeth (noble) family villa
151. Hawkwinter (noble) family villa
152. Gralhund (noble) family villa
153. The Raging Lion (inn)
154. A Maiden's Tears (tavern)
155. The Misty Beard (tavern)
156. The Cliffwatch (inn)
157. Cliffwatch inn stables
158. Zun (noble) family villa
159. Ilvastarr (noble) family villa
160. house of Orlparr Husteem, noble (see also Chapter 4, "Fences")

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

Unkeyed tombs are those of individual noble or wealthy family. In several cases, noble families share a tomb, which usually leads to separate crypts beneath and several floors above.

161. Mariner's Rest—tomb for all drowned at sea, and all ship-captains, however deceased. The long-ago mage Anacaster made this tomb a *gate* to an "empty" prime material plane, with infinite burial space around the shores of a quiet lake.

162. The Hall of Heroes—warriors' tomb, for fighters and all who fall in battle. Anacaster made this one a trophy hall, and at its end a *gate* to pleasant rolling fields on the same "empty" plane, where the warriors are buried, row upon row.

163. The Hall of Sages—tomb for sages; a dusty, fascinating place with only about seventy buried here.

164. Monument to the warriors of Waterdeep—a sixty-foot-high stone sculpture depicting a circle of men striking down trolls, orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and barbarians, all of whom are falling backwards—outwards—all around them. Impressive to all but the pigeons.

165. Merchants' Rest ("The Coinsciffin" tomb). This, another of Anacaster's *gates* to a lightly-wooded region, is the resting-place only of those who prepay for the honor, hence its nickname.

166. Ahghairon's Statue—a tall sculpture of the bearded, robed mage, in light-hued stone. Ahghairon stands atop concentric steps, his hands outstretched to indicate the City around him and a smile on his face. The steps are lit by night with rows of torches, and are a favorite meeting-spot by day.

167. The House of the Homeless—tomb: this is a vast mausoleum; Anacaster's *gate* leads to an apparently endless labyrinth of underground caverns, lit by the Guild of Chandlers & Lamp-lighters, who are paid by the City for this service. Here lie all the dead of Waterdeep who do not merit, or do not own (by purchase or membership in a noble or wealthy family), a place in any other tomb. If their names are known, such are always cut into the rock above the hole where their ashes are interred. All burials here are cremations.

THE TRADES WARD

Virgin's Square: This traditional hiring-place for fighting-men (see Blazidon One-Eye, Chapter 7) and local market is named for the local legend that virgins were once sacrificed to



dragons on this spot, before there was a City of Waterdeep. It is known that some barbarian tribes in the North do still worship a Dragon God.

168. The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (see Filiare, in Chapter 7, and many other NPCs)

169. The River Shield Shop (shields bought, sold, & repaired)

170. house of Myrmith Splendon (7th level fighter; see Chapter 7)

171. Mhair's Tower (home of Mhair Szelture, 17th level magic-user; see "The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors" in Chapter 5)

172. Dunblast Roofing Company (Elemos "the Hand" Dunblast, the proprietor, is the public contact for The Carpenter's, Roofers', And Plasterers' Guild)

173. Gondalim's (inn)

174. The Citadel of the Arrow (HQ: The Fellowship of Bowyers & Fletchers)

175. Saern's Fine Swords (shop)

176. Costumers' Hall (HQ: The Order of Master Tailors, Glovers, & Mercers)

177. Thentavva's Boots (shop—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

178. The Unicorns' Horn (inn)

179. Orsabbas's Fine Imports (shop)

180. Riautar's Weaponry (shop—the proprietor, Zarondar "the Nimble" Riautar, is the public contact for The Fellowship of Bowyers and Fletchers)

181. The House of Song (HQ: The Council of Musicians, Instrument-Makers, and Choristers)

182. Patient Fingers Finework (shop—the proprietor, Dannath Lisosar, is the public contact and second-in-command of The Guild of Fine Carvers)

183. Office of The League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers (Guild HQ)

184. Warehouse of The League of Basketmakers & Wickerworkers

185. The House of Cleanliness (HQ: The Launderers' Guild)

186. The Old Guildhall (HQ: The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild)

187. Thond Glass & Glazing (shop—the proprietor, Jhalassan Thond, is Speaker (public contact) for The Guild of Glassblowers, Glaziers, & Speculum-Makers)

188. Belmonder's Meats (butcher—the proprietor, Morathin "Hooks" Belmonder, is the public contact for The Guild of Butchers)

189. The Zoarstar (HQ: The Scriveners, Scribes, and Clerks Guild)

190. The House of Textiles (HQ: The Most Excellent Order of Weavers and Dyers)

191. The Gentle Rest (inn—see Chapter 4, "Fences")

192. Gentle Rest inn stables

193. Felzoun's Folly (tavern)

194. Surtlan's Metalwares (shop—the proprietor, Baerhar Surtlan, is Voice (public contact) of The Guild of Trusted Pewterers and Casters)

195. The Guild Paddock (HQ: The Stablemasters' And Farriers' Guild)

196. The Golden Horn Gambling House (a plush-carpeted and dimly lamplit gaming place policed by sixteen private bodyguards, and run by Hahstoz Baerhuld, 0 level fighter, who employs many dancing girls and fleeces many customers)

197. Meiroth's Fine Silks (shop)

198. The Bowels of the Earth (tavern—see Blazidon One-Eye and others, Chapter 7; this is a cheap but cozy "dive" much frequented by adventurers visiting the City)

199. Cobblers' & Corvisers' House (HQ of that order)

200. The House of Light (HQ: The Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters)

201. Chandlers & Lamplighters Guild warehouse

202. Stationers' Hall (HQ: The Stationers' Guild)

203. "The Plinth"—This interdenominational temple is guarded by the Watch at all times, and kept open as a place of worship for all faiths. Many minor or extra-dimensional faiths find in The Plinth their only formal place of worship in the City. The Plinth is a slender, many-levelled tower with a flat top, which is staffed by the Guard as a landing-eyrie for the aerial steeds of private citizens.

204. The Grey Serpent (inn)

205. Wheel Hall (HQ: The Wheelwrights' Guild)

Southern Ward

206. The Stone House (HQ: The Carpenters' Roofers', and Plasterers' Guild)

207. Brian the Swordmaster (smithy & shop—see The Lords of Waterdeep descriptions, in Chapter 2, page 18)

208. The Jade Dancer (tavern & fest-hall)

209. Nueth's Fine Nets (shop)

210. The Spouting Fish (tavern)

211. The Red Gauntlet (tavern)

212. Pelauvir's Counter (goods store—this establishment is the closest Waterdeep comes to a department store; everything but food can be bought here; standard Players Handbook prices apply).

213. The Swords' Rest (tavern)

214. The House of Good Spirits (HQ: The Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild)

215. The Redbridle Stables (see Rhazbos Redbridle, Chapter 7)

216. The Coach & Wagon Hall (HQ: The Wagonmakers' and Coach Builders' Guild)

217. Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (Guild HQ)

218. House of Kappiyan Flurmastyr (11th level wizard; see Chapter 7)

219. Builders' Hall (HQ: The Guild of Stonecutters and Masons)

220. Nelkaush the Weaver (textiles shop)

221. The Full Cup (tavern)

222. The Road House (HQ: The Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen)

223. Prestar's Furniture

224. Hlakken Stables (see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

225. Metalmasters' Hall (HQ: The Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metalforgers)

226. Bellister's Hand (shop)

227. Bellister's House (warehouse)

228. Orm's Highbench (Trading Company)

229. Athlal's Stables

Dock Ward

Waterdeep Harbor: The naturally sheltered, deepwater basin that gives the City its name and its wealth is a bustling place. Its chill waters are kept fairly clean by the diligent work of the Watermen (see Chapter 5) above, and hired mermen below. The mermen maintain a small community (60 well-armed males) under Deepwater Isle in guarded caves, and rotate willing males of their folk to man it. No young or merwoman, and no barracudas, will be found in these relatively chill, inhospitable waters, but a few dolphins that carry messages between this outpost and the larger undersea habitations of these folk (in southern Nelanther, or Pirate Isles) are often seen. The mermen are paid handsomely in food, medical supplies, and trade-bars (the equivalent of 25 gp per head per month) by the City in return for their loyal patrolling of the harbor depths against invaders, predators, and hazards to shipping, and their aid in the recovery of corpses, spilled cargo, sunken vessels, and the like. Magic-users communicate with the mermen and, by means of their art, enable senior Guard officers and a few senior Watch officers to do the same.

Waterdeep's sewers empty into the harbor at places covered with extremely large and strong gratings, and patrolled regularly by mermen, who use catch-nets on poles to scoop and gather the debris into large tow-globes for transport far out to sea (to an undersea garden in a "hot rift," where mermen grow and



cultivate certain undersea plants, for use as seaborne nutrient fertilizer).

The harbor's rocky bottom is thinly covered with mud, especially at the southern end of the harbor, but is kept free of plants and litter; a swimmer is likely to be noticed in a turn or less by the mermen; a corpse or other large drifting or unmoving object in 1-4 turns. Locathath sometimes come to trade, as do mermen, but lizard men and sahuagin are attacked on sight (both are rarely seen).

The mermen are free to travel outside the harbor, but seldom patrol outside of it (moving in regular patrols no farther west than a quarter of a mile or so from the western shores of Deepwater Isle). They know something of the undersea life hereabouts, which is dangerous; eyes of the deep and sharks cruise these cold waters during the summer months. Aquatic elves can be found far to the southwest, and around Evermeet. All aquatic races are to be found to the south, in warmer waters, and conduct much trade (and warfare) there.

230. Cookhouse Hall

231. Gelfuril the Trader (shop)

232. The Copper Cup (tavern, inn, & fest-hall)

233. Thomm Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

234. Melgard's Fine Leathers (shop)

235. The Butcher's Guildhall (HQ: The Guild of Butchers)

236. House of Jemuril, adventurer; a mysterious, thin, bearded dwarf who is seldom seen. Jemuril is female, although few who are not dwarves know it, and is a 9th level fighter who has collected much magic over the years. She is famous for destroying the evil mage Susktar of Calimport, when attacked by his spells in the Bazaar, by wading through two *lightning bolts* to reach him, ramming a globe from a *necklace of missiles* down the mage's shirtfront, and then striking his chest full force with her war-hammer. PCs should decide whether they wish to disturb Jemuril accordingly.

237. Fish Warehouse (belonging to The Fishmongers' Fellowship)

238. Smokehouse (belonging to The Fishmongers' Fellowship; also used by butchers, who must pay fees)

239. Telethar Leatherworks

240. Torpus the Tanner

241. League Hall (HQ: The League of Skinners & Tanners)

242. Mariners' Hall (HQ: The Master Mariners' Guild)

243. Shipmasters' Hall

244. Watermens' Hall (HQ: The Guild of Watermen)

245. The Sleeping Snake (tavern—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

246. Nestaur the Ropemaker

247. Khostal Hannass, Fine Nuts (shop)

248. Felhaur's Fine Fish (shop)

249. The Blushing Mermaid (inn, tavern, & fest-hall)

250. Seaswealth Hall (HQ: The Fishmongers' Fellowship)

251. Full Sails (tavern; HQ: The Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers and Cordwainers)

252. Arnagus the Shipwright (see "The Order of Master Shipwrights" in Chapter 5)

253. The House (warehouse) of Tarmagus

254. warehouse of The Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners

255. Coopers' Rest (HQ: The Coopers' Guild)

256. Shippers' Hall (HQ: The Fellowship of Salters, Packers, and Joiners)

257. The Blue Mermaid (tavern)

258. The Hanged Man (tavern)

259. The House of Pride (perfume shop)

260. The Purple Palace (fest-hall—see also Chapter 5, "The Red Sashes")

261. The Sleeping Wench (tavern)

262. The Hanging Lantern (panderer; escorts of all races and sexes can be hired in advance—payment in advance is required—here, typically for adventurers', nobles', or Guild parties, and typically for high prices: seven to nine gp per head per night, 3 gp to the Lantern, the rest kept by the individuals.

263. Muleskull Tavern (HQ: The Dungsweepers' Guild)

264. The Mermaid's Arms (inn, tavern, and fest-hall)

265. Red Sails Warehouse (used by many who rent space, including the "fence" One-Eyed Jukk; see Chapter 4)

266. Shipwrights' House (HQ: The Order of Master Shipwrights)

267. Helmstar Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

268. The Ship's Prow (inn)

269. The Thirsty Sailor (tavern)

270. Warm Beds (inn)

271. Lanternmaker Zorth Ulmaril (shop)

272. The Bloody Fist (tavern), one of the most notorious "dives" of the Docks

273. Three Pearls Nightclub

274. The Thirsty Throat (tavern)

275. Serpental Books & Folios (see "Fences," Chapter 4; the proprietor, the suave and greedy Jannaxil Serpental, is the equal of any sage, anywhere in Faerûn when it comes to books in human tongues available from the Sword Coast east to the Plains of Purple Dust)

276. The Blackstar Inn

277. The Splintered Stair (inn)

278. The Rearing Hippocampus (inn)

279. The Metal House of Wonders (HQ: The Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, and Finesmiths)

280. Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting (shop; Jhalossan Turnstone, plumber, is the public contact for The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild; his father, the owner of this shop, is the Guildmaster)

281. Dhaermos Warehouse (see Chapter 4, "Fences")

The Sewers of The City

The accompanying map shows the known sewers of Waterdeep; the uppermost portions of the sewers, that are in present use and fairly good repair. Many older, smaller tunnels are walled up and not in use—at least, not to carry sewage, and there seem to be many more creatures in these sewers than could be expected to find food enough to survive, for even if every person who ventured into these damp, dark, foetid passages vanished into their waiting maws, some would go hungry. Connections to the infamous "dungeons" of the City, Undermountain and The Dungeon of the Crypt, do exist, and it is through these that such creatures come.

DMs are encouraged to invent adventures for any PCs exploring the world beneath the City and to create new passages, chambers, and features for characters to find.



Sewer Encounter Table for Waterdeep

Roll 1D8. Results 1-5: no encounter
 6: crew from Cellarers and Plumbers Guild (3-5 0 level humans, armed with piping (treat as club, crowbars (treat as a quarterstaff), hammers, and daggers)
 7: thief (lone character, of level and intentions to be determined by DM)
 8: special encounter; to determine the encounter, roll percentile dice on the table below:

Percentile. Roll	Monster	No. Appearing	Source
01-07	Bat, Giant	1-8	FF
08	Bloodworm, Giant	1	FF
09-14	Bogle	2-8	MM2
15	Cave Fisher	1	MM2
16-20	Centipede, Huge	2-24	MM2
21, 22	Centipede, Giant	1-8	MM
23, 24	Crocodile	1	MM
25, 26	Executioner's Hood	1	MM2
27	Galltrit	1-4	FF
28	Gibbering Moulder	1	MM2
29	Gorbel	1	FF
30	Green Slime	1 colony	MM
31	Grell	1	FF
32, 33	Jackalwere	1-4	MM
34-37	Lurker Above	1	MM
38-41	Mimic	1	MM
42	Mite	6-24	FF
43, 44	Mold, Yellow	1 colony	MM
45	Mongrelman	1-10	MM2
46	Neo-Otyugh	1	MM
47	Oblivix	1	MM2
48-52	Otyugh	1	MM
53-56	Pedipalp, Large	1-4	MM2
57-67	Rat, Ordinary	1-100	MM2
68, 69	Rat, Giant	5-20	MM
70, 71	Rot Grubs (in carrion)	5-20	MM
72-76	Scum Creeper	2-24	MM2
77	Shambling Mound	1	MM
78	Skeleton	1-12	MM
79	Skull	1-8	FF
80	Slicer Beetle	1	MM2
81	Slug, Giant	1	MM
82-87	Spider, Huge	1-12	MM
88, 89	Stirge	3-12	MM
90	Stunjelly	1	FF
91	Tentamort	1	FF
90-95	Tick, Giant	2-8	MM
96	Tunnel Worm	1	MM2
97	Vargouille	1	MM2
98, 99	Wererats	4	
		11(3+1D8)	MM

00 DM's Choice (e.g. Cambion, Shadow, Shadow Demon, Xorn, or roll again on this table)

The Known Sewers of Waterdeep

The accompanying map shows only the largest passageways of the City sewers; those navigable by M-sized creatures. These are of two sorts: "primary" and "secondary" according to size. Primary passages are twenty feet across and contain three-foot-wide railless walkways on both sides. Sewer workers cross passages by means of using their 16' "catchpoles" (also used for reaching below water level to clear debris from sewer gratings) to vault across, or by the use of boards, which they lay down as temporary bridges.

Secondary passages are twelve feet across with a single three-foot-width ledge on one side (usually the more southerly or easterly). The countless feeder pipes (any sewer pipe of less than a one-foot diameter) and tertiary tubes (which can be crawled through by slim M-sized creatures only if dry, or if *water breathing* is employed) are not shown.

The map is not to scale; many features (such as the junction room and surface-shafts) are distorted in size for clarity. The sewers themselves have no names. Gratings in the sewers are stout, but often old and rusty. Double all "bend bars" chances ("lift gates" does not apply here). Gratings may be permanent or swing open when unlocked (thieves suffer a -6% chance of picking the locks; they are of massive construction, and often rusted nearly solid). The air supply is good in the sewers; there is little danger of suffocation—but there is little or no light, lots of echoing water flow noise, and a terrible stench pervades the entire network.

Excessive contact (e.g. swimming or falling in, or any other activity that results in nostrils, mouth, eyes, or ears getting wet) with sewer water will necessitate a Disease Check; the base chance is 12%.



Sewer Features Surface References

1. under trees in the interior of the block west (and slightly north) of the shrine of Silvanus (surface map: #77)
2. in the northernmost corner of Sabbar's Alley
3. in the center of Shank Alley, just southwest of the warehouse that stands in the interior of the block
4. just beside (south of) the tree in Sniff Alley, south off The Street of Glances
5. in the central stand of trees in the southern end of Heroes' Gardens
6. under a lone tree in the alleyways west of the Eltorchul family villa (#82), south of Ivory Street and north of Pharra's Alley
7. in the mouth of the alley way that opens north off Chasso's Trot, just west of Sul Street
8. in a cul-de-sac due south of the Jhanszil family villa (#103), across the road
9. under the tree in the alleyway just south of the Bross-feather family villa (#124)
10. at the northern end of a dead-end alley opening off of Grimwald's Way, just south of the Ilitul family villa (#75) wall
11. in the easternmost cul-de-sac opening off the alleyway that bounds the Neshar family villa (#90), just west off Mendever Street
12. in the alleyway just outside (west of) the gates of the Manthar family villa (#98), off Delzorin Street between Sul Street and Shield Street
13. in the larger clump of trees in the interior alleyway of the block bound by Vondil Street, The High Road, Delzorin Street, and Copper Street
14. in the southeastern corner of Trollskull Alley, closest to the intersection of Whaelgund Way and Delzorin Street
15. in a cul-de-sac opening north off Horn Street, between Tower March and Whaelognond Way
16. under the trees in the dead-end alley in the southern interior of the block bounded by Delzorin Street, Vhezoyar Street, Sulmoor Street, and Ilzantil Street
17. in the mouth of Sharra's Flight, where it joins the Street of Whispers
18. in a cul-de-sac opening northeast off Toalar's Lane
19. in Gothal Street, where it meets Calamastyr Lane
20. in the southwestern corner of Runer's Alley
21. under the southern mouth of Cloaksweep Alley (no surface connection)
22. in the trees that stand in the alley in the center of the block bounded by Hassantyr's Street, The High Road, Julthoon Street, and Copper Street
23. in Marlar's Lane, western end (by the alleyway wound to Tharleon Street)
24. just behind (due south) of Blackstaff Tower (#32, Swords Street), at the base of the rocky cliff-face
25. shaft (with locked cover) opens onto the surface near the top of the rocky slope of Mount Waterdeep, at a point due southwest of Turnback Court
26. in Turnback Court
27. in the southwestern corner of an alleyway opening south off Cymbri'l's Walk, between The Street of Silver and Warriors' Way
28. in the southwest corner of a dead-end alley in the block bounded by Lamp Street, The Street of Bells, Cymbri'l's Walk, and The Street of the Sword
29. in the northwesternmost junction of alleyways in the block bounded by Lamp Street, The High Road, Selduth Street, and The Street of Bells
30. in the southeasternmost corner of an alley opening off of The High Road (the first north of Lamp Street, just to the west of Andamaar's Street)
31. under the Grinning Lion tavern (#135); no surface connection
32. in the northwest corner of an alleyway that opens off Golden Serpent Street and Nindabar Street, just east of Mhalsymer's Way
33. halfway down Belzound Street
34. in the northern mouth of an alleyway opening south off Sevenlamps Cut
35. at the intersection of Shadows Alley and Lemontree Alley
36. in the alleyway just behind (north of) The Pampered Traveler inn (#40)
37. in the wide alleyway between The High Road and The Street of Bells, north of Buckle Alley
38. under the House of the Fine Carvers (#39, on The High Road); no surface connection
39. in Spindle Street, just south of Selduth Street
40. in the lane that parallels Irimar's Walk on the north, west of Theln Lane
41. in the alleyway of the three trees that opens west off Wall Way, just south of Andammar's Street
42. in the alleyway just to the north of Ironpost Street, that opens west off Wall Way, at the point where it joins another alley branching to the north
43. in the trees in a dead-end alley just north of Costumer's Hall (#176)
44. in the mouth of a dead-end alley opening east off The Street of the Turks, just south of Burnt Wagon Way
45. under the alleyway that opens south off of Spendthrift Alley, just behind (east of) Thentavva's Boots (#177); no surface connection
46. in the cellar of The Unicorn's Horn (inn)
47. in the alley just behind (west) of Olmhazan's Jewels (#38), between The High Road and The Street of Bells
48. at the end of a dead-end alley opening south off Nelnuk's Walk (just north of the intersection of Adder Lane and Gut Alley)
49. in the southwestern corner of a dead-end alley that opens off Shesstra's Street (just north of Blackstar Lane)
50. under the westernmost intersection of alleyways off Snail Street, north of Shesstra's Street (no surface connection)
51. in a cul-de-sac opening off of Belnimbra's Street, in the block bounded by Soothsayer's Way, Snail Street, and Rairun street
52. in the westernmost dead end of Quaff Alley (off The High Street)
53. just in front (east) of the Bell Tower (#9), on Soldiers' Street just southeast of Watchmens' Way
54. at the intersection of alleyways just north of The Three Pearls Nightclub (#273)
55. under the wide part of Candle Lane, west off The Way of the Dragon (no surface connection)
56. in the westernmost end of a dead-end alley opening south off Simples Street
57. at the intersection of Tsarnen Alley and Burdag Lane
58. in the mouth of a dead-end alley, where it joins Quill Alley between The Wide Way and Nethpranter's Street
59. in the westernmost end of a dead-end forked alley that opens east off Rivon Street, north of Spendthrift Alley
60. in a cul-de-sac opening east off the northern end of Drovers' Street
61. halfway down Beacon Street
62. under an east-west alley that lies in the "center" of the half-circle formed by the northern end of Slop Street, between Fillet Lane and Fishwife Alley (no surface connection)
63. in Rednose Alley, just behind (east of) Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (#217)
64. in a cul-de-sac opening off The Rising Ride between Juth Alley and Caravan Court
65. in the wide part of the alley that opens south off Olaim's cut
66. in the wide alley north of Coach Street, just west of The High Road
67. in the alley just behind (east of) Prestar's Furniture (#223)
68. in the cellar of The Spouting Fish tavern (#210)
69. in the wide area of the second alleyway north of Bellister's House (#227)
70. under Piergeiron's Palace (a locked shaft cover opens into a cellar guarded at all times by five armed men of the Guard, plus an officer; an alarm gong on the wall near them is to be rung whenever they see or hear anything suspicious from the sewers below to alert a second guardpost, who will arrive to take a report, and can in turn alert all of the Palace's defenders)

Chapter 4: LIFE IN THE CITY

In this chapter, details of City life are provided for players and DMs, so that the “feel” of Waterdeep can make a campaign distinctive and enjoyable, and to prevent hasty invention on the part of a DM whenever player characters go out into the streets to buy a meal, hire a horse, or the like. This information is given under headings, below, for easy reference.

Religion

Waterdeep is undoubtedly the most tolerant city of any size in Faerûn when it comes to religion, and perhaps the most tolerant anywhere. All creeds are respected, due to the eclectic crossroads nature of the City, as long as worship of a particular deity does not involve the theft or destruction of other beings (i.e. human or animal sacrifice) or their property (believers may freely give offerings, but non-believers should not be compelled to do so), or wanton assaults upon non-worshippers (followers of Tempus, the war-god, for example, are not allowed to run amok in the streets stabbing and hacking).

A DM can thus use non-Realms gods in play even if he or she wants to use THE FORGOTTEN REALMS™ campaign setting. All will be tolerated here; many travelers from other planes trade here often. A DM should bear in mind, however, that trade is paramount in Waterdeep. Priesthoods that attempt to restrict trade, or expect large cash gifts to their deity, or who try to collect temple tithes through coercion, will not be popular.

There are few large temple complexes in the City. In such a large and bustling center of commerce, priests have relatively little power and influence; large temples tend to establish themselves in small communities on major roads, where they are readily reached by the faithful and yet can dominate—if not control outright—their surroundings.

Small shrines attended to by lay worshippers (not permanent clergy) can be found in many cellars and upper storeys of buildings throughout Waterdeep. Places of worship are forbidden by edict of the Lords only in The City of the Dead, to prevent various priesthoods from claiming tomb after tomb as sacred to (and thus, exclusive to) their deity, and charging fees for entry and burial.

The staff and details of the temples in the City that do have clergy (all save the shrines

DEITY	TEMPLE	CLERGY
Gond	The House of Inspired Hands (map: #60)	Priestess; Jhoadil Zulthind (Matriarch, female 8th L cleric)
Lathander	The Spires of the Morning (map: #43)	High Priestess: Ghentilara (female 10th L cleric) Prior: Athosar (Canon, male 6th L cleric)
Mielikki	(permanently-staffed shrine, map: #76) The Lady's Hands	Briosar Helmsing (Courser, male 5th L ranger), Tehtira Bellsilver (Scout, female 4th L ranger)
Mystra	The House of Wonder (map: #83)	High Priest (“Magister of Mystra”): Meleghost Starseer (Necromancer, male 10th L magic-user) First Seeker: Ilbrost Mythyl (Enchanter, male 7th L magic-user)
Selune	The House of the Moon (map: #56)	High Priestess: Naneatha Suaril (female 16th L cleric)
Silvanus	(permanently-staffed shrine, map: #77)	Watcher: Anarakin Iriboar (ovate, male 2nd L druid)
Sune	The Temple of Beauty (map: #80)	High Priestess: Ssaeryl Shadowstar (female 14th L cleric)
Tempus	The House of Heroes (map: #49)	High Sword: Turk Bloodhelm (Superhero, male 8th L fighter) Prior: Mactilar Rhebbos (Canon, male 6th L cleric)
Tymora	The Tower of Luck (map: #71)	High Priestess: Seenroas Halvinhar (female 14th L cleric) Prior: Markos Zellizands (Prefect, 5th L cleric)

are “large” temple complexes) are summarized below. These clerics will all willingly tutor adventurers of the right faith, class, and alignment, if the proper offerings to the furtherance of the deity’s work are made through the temple, beforehand.

Money

Waterdeep is a rich merchants’ city, the crossroads of trade and culture of the Sword Coast. Beings of many races come from all over the Realms to live, work, and do business here. Trade is transacted by barter and in many currencies. Practically any coin will be accepted for its metal value, and gems are negotiable according to their rarity, size, and quality (standard AD&D® game values for copper, silver, electrum, gold, and platinum pieces should be used, as should the relative varieties and values of gems described in the *Dungeon Masters Guide*). DMs should bear in mind that the Realms have some unique gem varieties, and receive visitors from many planes; one’s own invented coins and gems could easily be introduced into play. Written notes-of-hand are seldom honored by any save those who issued them, or others of the same noble family or merchant company or Guild.

Waterdeep does, however, have its own coinage, as do the cities of Silverymoon and Mirabar in the South. Most cities honor all coinage; “trade bars” of silver (which very

quickly corrode to a black hue) and electrum in 10-gp, 25-gp and 50-gp denominations are common throughout the North, and used everywhere in the Realms (in the South, gems are more often used for such purposes).

Mirabar makes four-sided trade bars of black iron; each is like two long, thin pyramids joined together at their bases, to form a foot-long spindle. These are valued at 10 gp in Mirabar, 7 gp in Luskan and Port Llast, and 5 gp elsewhere.

Silverymoon mints a crescent-shaped, shining blue coin called an Electrum Moon. These are worth 2 ep in Alustriel’s lands and 1 ep elsewhere.

Waterdeep produces a square, flat brass coin called a “toal,” issued and honored by the Lords’ treasury, which has a 2-gp value within the City walls and very little value elsewhere (most never leave the City, but are changed to the standard coins of metal value by those leaving the City). A toal has a hole in its center to aid the user in collecting toals on a ring or thong; one eccentric warrior of long-ago Waterdeep always paid in bills by means of a hurled dagger, on which were transixed several toals, aimed at the bar or a pillar nearby. The much rarer “harbor moon,” worth 25 toals or 50 gp, is fashioned of platinum inset with electrum, and consists of a crescent with a hole cut into the center of its curve; its name comes from its traditional use in the docks for buying large amounts of cargo at a time. Also issued



by the treasury, this is another coin of lesser value (about 2 platinum pieces) outside the City walls.

Wages are discussed throughout this book under the relevant guilds and under sections dealing with specific activities. For DMs wishing to determine wages for actions not covered herein, basic unskilled wages are 4 cp/day (2 cp per half-day) for tasks requiring some strength (such as loading and unloading goods), and 3 cp/day (no half-day wages, usually, but lunch included) for taking or issuing chits, blocking a shop exit to shoppers who might otherwise leave without paying, and other less demanding jobs.

Pay for messengers and other bearers of responsibility averages around 5 sp a day. Bodyguards receive 8 sp to 1 gp daily, depending on armor, weaponry, and demonstrated skills they can offer the one hiring them. Adventurers down on their luck of ten regularly act as bodyguards, although an old, feeble, or obviously wounded or handicapped person will of course be passed over for such employment.

Persons seeking casual daily employment in the City gather, by tradition, at one of the City gates in all seasons except high winter, each day and wait to be approached by a merchant who might hire them. (By tradition, one does not call one's skills or desire for employment, but lets those who may hire questions and examine quietly, and make any approaches if interested.)

Average prices in Waterdeep are as given in the *Players Handbook*, although those too poor to afford such fare (such as those being paid the base price given above, daily, as a casual worker) can buy a "docker's quaff"; a skin of watered-down barley beer and a round loaf of crusty brown bread baked around sausage ends and meat scraps, for 1 cp. This provides many Waterdhavians with their main meal, but it can only be bought in one of the open markets of the City, and only from late morning to early afternoon, each day. Better fare on the streets is priced approximately as follows: a tankard of ale is 1 sp; a jack of wine about 7 sp; and a simple, full meal about 1 sp.

Waterdhavians vary widely in the strength of their faith (and monetary devotion) to their goal. In the interests of good play it is suggested that the DM play the majority of citizens with the same devoutness (or lack of same) that Player Characters display. Those players and Dungeon Masters wishing to leave out religion altogether

may do so without any detrimental effect on play, although the "flavor" of life in the City will change.

Selected "Usual" Prices for Goods and Services in Waterdeep

In this brief summary prices are provided for a few things PCs may well desire or require. DMs should use these as guidelines only—if something is in great demand and shorter supply, prices will rise; if there is a glut, they will fall. If a Guild is involved in the price-setting, that is mentioned at the end of the entry; non-Guild operators usually undercut the Guild unless what they sell is in so much demand that they need not compete with Guild prices. DMs are directed to pages 35 and 36 of the *Players Handbook*, and pages 25-33, 35, 103, 107-108, 114-118, and 121-125 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. Additional information may be found on pages 26, 75-79, and 84-89 of *Unearthed Arcana*, and on pages 25-26, 56-58, and 123 of the *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*. Prices given therein are considered to hold true, in general, for Waterdeep, and are not duplicated here unless modifications apply. Prices for unusual services—bounty-hunting, for example, or for the sale of monsters and monster eggs or young—are not given herein, as it is recommended that a DM determine these on a case-by-case basis, roleplaying all haggling.

Accounting: see "Bookkeeping"

Ale, tankard: 1 sp to 10 sp (varies with quality)

Baldric: see "Weapon-harness"

Barrel: 5 sp to 5 gp, depending on size (Guild)

Basket, wicker: 2-4 cp depending on size, durability (Guild)

Beer (dark Stout), full quaff: 2 sp; 1 barrel: 20 gp (Guild)

Bells: wooden: 5cp/cast metal: 1-5 gp, depending on size and tone (Guild)

Bookkeeping: 1 gp per day or portion of day spent on accounts (Guild)

Boots: new: 3 gp/repair: 5-15 sp (Guild) a bonus of up to 5 gp is customarily paid for immediate (same-day) service. Secondhand boots. 5 sp to 20 sp (markets)

Bottles (glass): new: 1 gp per bottle, matching sets, 3-6 cp per bottle, "odd bottles" (Guild)/secondhand: 1 or 2 cp

Bowl, carved wooden: average price 2 cp (increases with size, finer workmanship, materials)

Bowl, cast metal: average price 2 sp (increases with size, finer workmanship, materials) (Guild)

Bread, fresh-baked: 1-4 cp/loaf (depending on size, quality)/"waybread" (older, hard-baked): 2 cp/loaf

Building (including repairs or additions):

STONE: 10 gp/day per Guild workman and gp/day per assistant plus 10 gp daily crew expenses fee, plus materials (Guild). See also "Stone." /WOOD: 1 gp per man per day, plus 5 gp for a surveyor-chartist, plus 5 gp for a Guild engineer plus materials plus 10 gp/day "crew needs" fee (Guild) See also "Lumber": (does not include "Excavations," q.v.)

Candles, scented and colored: 2 sp each (Guild), used: 1-3 cp (for "nobles' stubs"; i.e. ends)

Carrying Fare: 1 cp for a half-hour or less ride anywhere within City walls, in an open trotting-cart (and up, for better conveyance) (Guild)

Cart, new: 25 gp to 60 gp depending on size—all have two wheels (plus a spare underneath), an open carrying bed, and trails for beasts, the more ornate have a seat for the driver, removable sides, etc. (Guild)

Chain: 1 gp/yard (ornamental) to 5 gp/yard (harbor or gate) depending on size and strength (weight and method of joining links) (Guild)

Chimney-Cleaning: 10 sp-1 gp/chimney (wealthy are charged more)

Cloth, new-woven: 5 sp to 10 gp per bolt, depending upon materials, demand, imported or local (Guild) (does not include "Wool"; q.v.)

Clothing, tailored new: 5-20 gp/garment (Guild) "Off the rack:" 2-15 cp/garment (depending on amount of material, workmanship, materials used, style); secondhand: 2 sp to 4 gp per garment if tailored, 2 cp to 10 cp if not

Crockery, earthenware: 1 cp-6 cp per item, depending on glazing, size, complexity, and durability

Crystal Balls: 4-8 gp, depending on size (plus enspelling fee)

Divination, folk many prices, many methods: most who can afford it purchase clerical magic

Drugs: medicinal: 1-8 gp/bottle (includes bottle, contents yield 3-6 doses, usually 4) (Guild)

Dyeing, of cloth, provided by the client: 5 sp to 10 gp/bolt, depending on complexity and difficulty of desired result (Guild)

Excavations: 2 gp per man per day (or part of day) plus materials, plus 10 gp/day "crew head" fee (Guild)

Ferrying (about harbor, to and from ship and shore): 2 cp per trip per person carried, plus an additional 1 cp per passenger if any accompanying luggage, pets, or goods are not wholly carried by the passenger (Guild)

Fertilizer: 5 gp/wagonload (manure), 7 gp/wagonload (fish or bone meal) (Guild)

Firefighting, magical (if no Fire Guild hired): 10 gp per building, regardless of success (Guild)

Firewood: 5 sp to 1gp/face cord (known in Waterdeep as a "Stand"), ranging according to the type and dryness of wood, and difficulty of procuring it (i.e. higher in deepest winter)

Fish, fresh-caught: 1 cp to 12 cp per fish, depending on species, sizes, and condition

Furniture, wooden: 1 sp to 15 gp per piece, depending on size, workmanship, and materials used, most "normal" chairs, standing shelves, and mid-size plain tables cost about 2-4 gp each (Guild)

Glass: 4 cp for 4-inch-square pane to 6 gp for a 4-foot-square pane (Guild), for blown vessels, use "Bottles" entry

Gowns, fine: 33-99 gp, plus cost of materials and perhaps gems, provided or selected by client (Guild)

Guiding through City: 2 cp by day 4 cp by night (Guild)

"Hardware" metal work (latches, hinges, needles, spikes) sold by weight, usually 1 cp per ounce (Guild)

Herbs: 5 cp to 8 gp/dry ounce (saffron is 40 gp/dry ounce)

Hooks, metal: 1 cp (fishhook) to 4 gp (grappling or meat) (Guild)

Horses, shoeing: 1 gp per shoe (includes making or fitting and shoeing) (Guild)

Horses, stabling: 1 gp to 3 gp/night (includes night watch, feeding, watering, cleaning and rubdown, exercise if necessary) (Guild)

Horsehoes: see "Horses, shoeing" (the secondhand value of a found shoe is 1 cp to 3 cp, depending on size and condition)

Ink: sold by the 2 ounce bottle, 10 sp-4 gp per bottle according to ingredients, such as gilding pigments; always includes bottle (Guild)

Jewelry: varies widely according to value of materials, from costume jewelry employing much brass, at 2-4 cp per piece, to elaborate pectorals worth up to 400,000 gp (Guild): many Waterdhavians wear rings or belt buckles of worked gold worth 2-4 gp

Lamp Oil: 3 sp for a 2 ounce bottle, or 1 gp/flask (as given in PH), or 10 gp/small key (sealed with tar)

Lamps: 4 cp (hand clay lamp) to 50 gp (waterproof lantern) (Guild)



Laundry: 2 sp/garment "while you wait," 1 sp/garment overnight (Guild)

Law: professional witness, assistance of: 10 gp per day (double if hired to state against charges of "severe" crimes), payable in advance

Letters, written: 10 gp/page (includes materials) (Guild)

Lighting Through City (without guiding): 3 cp/trip (if guiding, use "Guiding" entry) (Guild)

Livery, Guild or other: 3 gp/suit, plus materials (Guild)

Loading/Unloading, Docks: 1 sp per man per hour, 2 sp per man per hour if cargo is dangerous (Guild)

Loans: 15-30% (see "Usury" in "Laws" section of text)

Lumber: 1 cp/board (2" x 4" x 8' long) and 2 cp/bar (4" x 4" x 8' long) to 1 sp/board and 12 sp/bar depending on type and condition; prices will vary with non-standard sizes

Magnifying Glasses: 5-10 gp each (Guild)

Maps: 25 gp in nine days, delivery to Waterdeep address included; "rush" jobs 18 gp. Cost may increase if map unusually large (Guild)

Meat, fresh: 10 gp (Whole carcass, average price), 17 gp (smoked carcass), varying with condition and size of carcass, type of animal (Guild)

Medical Care: 10-20 gp daily (includes nursing, splints, dressings, emergency medicines, etc.) (Guild)

Moneylending, Moneychanging: 10% interest (for principal of 100 gp or less) to 15% interest

Musicians, performing: 6 sp/day or occasion (whichever is the lesser time), each (Guild)

Musical instruments, new: 1 gp/day of making (Guild); most instruments take a month/secondhand: 30 gp average (varies widely with type of instrument and condition)

Night Watchmen: 1 gp each/night, per building watched (unarmed; for armed men, "bodyguard" rates apply; see text under "Wages")

Packing: 3 gp for 1 hour of crating and packing = 1 person's typical belongings, readied for extended travel (Guild)

Paper: script: 2 cp/ream; parchment: 5 cp/ream (1 ream is roughly 10" x 14", a two-sided sheet) (Guild)

Party Costumes: masks and suits of metal, 600 to 2,000 gp (Guild); 20-75 gp for ornate metal masks only

Pastries: 1 cp each, or if small, a dozen for 2 cp

Pens: 2 cp each (quill), 2-4 sp (metal nib, varying with design) (Guild)

Perfume: sold by the 2 ounce bottle, always including the bottle (which is sometimes quite ornate) and varying in cost from 1 cp to 30 gp, depending on quality and demand

Pictures and Likenesses: 2 gp each to 6 gp each (Guild)

Pots, cast metal: 5 gp each, average price (with lid, varies with size, quality) (Guild)

Rope: 100' coil of thin black waxed cord: 17 sp 100' coil of ornamental, silk braided cord: 25 gp (Guild)

Sail: single lateen sail 500 to 700 gp (30% less if several months' notice given) (Guild); non-Guild "no guarantees" sails sell as low as 200 gp for full rigging, refer to text under the 'Most Diligent League of Sail-Makers and Cordwainers'

Scrolls: see "Spells" if magical, "Paper" if not (price is per ream, stitched together)

Seals: of metal, 12 gp for each design or likeness (Guild)

Security: see "Fire Guard," "Night Watchmen," "Spell Guard," and text under "Wages" for bodyguards

Ships: 5,000 to 7,000 gp (minus 1,000 to 1,500 gp if "used"); for breakdown by type, see text under "The Order of Master Shipwrights" (Guild)

Shoes: see "Boots"; reduce all costs by half

Signet Rings: see "Seals"

Signs, Lettering: 5 gp/day (or part of a day) (Guild)

Smith's Tools: 70 gp (full and proper assortment, fine tempering is required)

Soap: 3 gp per 10 gallon barrel to non-members (Guild)

Spectacles: 5-10 gp each "pair" (Guild)

Spell Guard, magical: 10 gp/day (Guild)

Spells (scrolls): see text under "The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors" (Guild) for prices; typically a 75% mark-up to non-members (sold by individual Guild members, NOT by the Guild)

Spellcasting, at trials: 500 gp per divination spell cast, paid by City if cast upon order of a City official

Spices: see "Herbs"

Stamp-marks: see "Seals"

Stone: 2 cp/block if purchased to do own work; 3 cp/block laid by Guild for repairs or additions; 4 cp/block laid by Guild when new structures built; 5 cp/block laid by Guild if marble, obsidian, or other "finestone" (Guild)

Suspenders: 2 cp each set

Tankards, cast: 10 sp to 1 gp, depending on size and workmanship (new), (Guild)/secondhand; typically 3 cp

Tiles: new: 1 cp to 3 cp each (varies with quality), laid: 1 cp each extra (or daily rate) (Guild)

Tote straps: 3 cp/strap (Guild)

Toys, metal: 5 cp to 5 gp (Guild)

Training, of mounts: 2 gp/day (2 weeks to 1 month required, depending on desired result)

Wagons: 75-200 gp, varying with size, durability, style, and length of time given to build, "custom" or unusual sizes and style more expensive (Guild)

Weapon-harness: 1 gp per piece (e.g. belt, scabbard, baldric = 3 pieces) (Guild)

Weapons, bladed: cost as per PH, plus 1 gp City fee (various Guilds)

Wheels, replacement (for wagons and carts): 2 gp to 6 gp per wheel, depending on size, design, difficulty of job and materials required; double if job is a "rush" or dangerous one, involving travel outside the City walls (Guild)

Wickerwork, small: 1 cp/piece (Guild)

Window-frame: wooden: see "Building," Metal, custom-made to fit: 5 sp-10 sp unbarred, depending on size, 2 gp to 10 gp if barred, depending on size, esthetic design of the bars, and sturdiness (Guild)

Windowpanes: see "Glass"

Wine: 7 sp/jack, 1 gp/bottle, 20 gp/barrel to 4 gp/jack, 12 gp/bottle, 70 gp/barrel depending on quality, rarity, "fashionability" (Guild)

Wool: 7 gp per bolt, fine-spun but undyed (Guild)

Zzar: 2 gp/jack, 7 gp/bottle, 40 gp/small key (Guild)

Haggling offers players and DMs a splendid opportunity for roleplaying, and can serve to "open up" hesitant players who are newcomers to roleplaying, as well as allowing a DM to give players something of the "feel" (and the occasional item of interesting gossip that might point the way to an adventure or two) of the City. One can always haggle in the open markets; undercutting Guild prices is the way such merchants attract business. Food prices (such as those given above) are not haggled over; a vendor signals that certain wares are not to be haggled over by giving an outrageously high price when a low price is offered by a buyer, followed by stating the "real" price in a clear, slow voice. Few shopowners who belong to Guilds will haggle much; they may go down by ten percent, but no more (unless trying to unload perishable goods that will spoil if kept longer). If pressed, they will say, "Guild law, friend," or rarely (e.g. when selling swords, where the 1 gp fee is involved) "Lords' edict, friend," and close off any bargaining. If a vendor willing to haggle reaches his or her lowest price, and a buyer pushes further, the vendor will say, "Thief! Why not join the Lords, and take my life, too?"

Moneylending

Moneylenders are respected citizens of this trading city; everyone needs extra money from time to time. Moneychanging—the conversion of one currency to another, including goods (such as furs or weapons) into hard cash—is the daily bread-and-butter of moneylenders, who make a 10-15% profit on such transactions. Moneylending involves a written promise of collateral in the form of property (which becomes the lender's if the loan is not repaid), and written terms of interest and a time-limit; most loans are for one or two months, and rates of interest charged vary from 15% for small loans (anything under 100 pieces of gold, not including interest) to 30% for very large loans. There is mild competition in this field, but most rates are similar from lender to lender. A lender may have two bodyguards (no more) by law, but may request assistance from the Watch in guarding large amounts of cash, carrying such through the streets, or to be present at a difficult transaction, although the Watch cannot be held responsible for losses that occur despite their presence. One of the current Lords of Waterdeep, the former mercenary general Mirt, has amassed a considerable fortune by prudent moneylending. Usury (the charging of outrageously high rates) results, if detected, in the lender becoming in debt to the City, who pay the victim back the excess and may seize the lender's property or recover its money.

Fences

Many merchants in Waterdeep will purchase or trade for the occasional item of dubious origin, particularly if the item is not of overly distinctive appearances, they have not heard that the Watch is looking for the item, or have not themselves heard of a theft involving such an item. "Fences" who do a lot of trade in stolen goods are rare. Several, as might be expected, are to be found in the docks area, but the most successful are a rich noble who lives alone, and the proprietor of a busy inn, whose guest often bring "extra" belongings that they leave without, with no one of the Watch or government any the wiser. Those fences that have survived in this generally-law-abiding City are both shrewd and paranoid, and take elaborate precautions against arrest and exposure and possible treachery on the part of their clients. PCs who decide to "jump" a fence who is bargaining with them may find themselves catapulted into



pit traps at the touch of a lever, or suffer poisoned crossbow bolts fired by the fence's servants from the ceiling above or from concealed holes in the walls behind them. Most fences have means of acquiring shield and *wall of force* protections—and their treasure stores may well have golems and more sinister guardians.

Asking in the “rough” taverns of the City is the only way to find a fence if one is not familiar with the City. DMs should roleplay attempts to find a fence to the hilt, bearing in mind that thieves and undercover Guards listen sharp in such taverns and that PCs may be sent to a succession of NPCs before one of them gives the name of the “CONTACT” in the list below (usually with a password or secret sign). Note that a fence will pay 5% more than the “usual” price given below for items in his or her specialty categories.

Known Fences of Waterdeep

NAME; CONTACT LOCATION; SPECIALTIES; USUAL PRICE PAID (IN % OF STREET VALUE)

Alathann Ruil; “One-Eyed Jukk” at The Bloody Fist, Presper & Snail Streets, Dock Ward (map: #272); Red Sails Warehouse On Cod Lane, Dock Ward (map: #265); weapons, armor, fine metalwork; 40%

Balthorr “the Bold”; Balthorr, at Balthorr’s Rare and Wonderful Treasures, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward (map: #29); gems, rare coins, regalia; 40%

Chuldán Helmstar; Chuldán; at Helmstar Warehouse, Dock Street, Dock Ward (map: #267); carvings, statuary; 35%

Haerlit Thomm; Felzoun Thar at Felzoun’s Folly (tavern), Salabar Street, The Trades Ward (map: #193); Thomm Warehouse, Sambril Lane, Dock Ward (map: #233); furniture, distinctive furnishings; 35%

Jannaxil Serpentil; Jannaxil, at Serpentil Books & Folios, Book Street, Dock Ward (map: #275); maps, charts, and books; 30%

Lhund Dhaeromos; Hulfast, on the docks (usually Wharf Street, Dock Ward); Dhaeromos Warehouse, Belnimbra’s Street, Dock Ward (map: #281); exotic creatures, plants, and all types of slaves; 30%

Orsabbas “the Fingers”; Orsabbas, at Orsabbas’s Fine Imports, Vellarr’s Lane, The Trades Ward (map: #179); tapestries, wines,

perfumes; 30%

Phalantar Orivan; Phalantar, at Phalantar’s Philtres & Components, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward (map: #33); magic—written and active (i.e. magical items); 35%

Torst Urlivan; Torst, at his inn, The Gentle Rest, The High Road, The Trades Ward (map: #191); Gentle Rest Stables, Deloun Alley, The Trades Ward (map: #192); horses, harness; 40%

Ulmar “the Watchful”; Ulmar or Zhaegos; Crommor’s Warehouse, The Reach, Dock Ward (map: #2); ships & shipboard equipment, cargos; 40%

Orlpar Husteem (younger brother of Orbos, head of the Husteem noble family); Hala Myrt at The Grinning Lion tavern, off Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (map: #135); Orlpar’s house on Golden Serpent Street, North Ward (map: #160); spices, scents, wines, and drugs; 60%

Plague and Fire

Disease is a danger whenever many beings are crowded together; DMs should use the modifiers given in the *Dungeon Masters Guide* under “Disease,” checking for disease every four weeks (remember, in the Realms a week is ten days) and parasitic infestations every three weeks. Medical care in Waterdeep is surprisingly good: rest, cleanliness, herbal medicines, the presence of many clerics and a relevant guild, and the use of bread-mold cures and other substances to help one’s body to recover are all understood. Fees can, however, be high if a victim suffers from anything major or complicated. Severe outbreaks may result in buildings being sealed up (with afflicted victims within) for 4-6 months and then seared with magical, cleansing fire by the Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, but curative magics are always attempted before this is done.

Fire is not as common in Waterdeep as it might be. The collapse of a building often douses the fire with a dull boom as the full water cistern on the roof is emptied onto the flames, or the building falls in, onto a full cellar cistern. Watch officers are adept at fighting fires with sand, night soil, the removal of flammables, and in most cases, the full cooperation of nearby City folk. Timbers are used for most of the upper stories, and for floors and furnishings, in Waterdeep buildings, but this seacoast City

is damp (fogs and gentle mists are common) and most wood is very slow to catch a light, even when heating fires within are large, and ground-level storeys and the floor directly above them are usually of stone or clay brick. Roofs are often a mixture of boards, thatch, and slates, sealed with pitch.

Most injuries in fires come from smoke inhalation or being burned by raining goblets of fiery pitch when a roof collapses. A typical building in Waterdeep has a base 30% chance of an uncontrolled fire in a room spreading (increased if there are tapestries, or stocks of stored fuel such as woodpiles oil present) to the rest of the building. If it does, usually in 6-9 (5+1d4) rounds, the building will be engulfed, a process taking 3-6 turns, affected by any firefighting attempted and by the weather, and there is a 1 or 2 chance on a 1d8 that the fire will spread to adjacent buildings (check for each building; if a fire spreads to a new building, there is a base 20% chance of it engulfing the structure as the original one was, and so on; unless aided by magical or very unusual winds, a fire will never leap over water, a street, or another already burned building to reach a structure farther away).

Members of a certain Guild, The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors, will guard building against fire, or attempt to extinguish existing fires, for fees. A private home of middling wealth and no especially flammable or valuable contents is 35% likely to have a protection contract with this guild; members will arrive in 4-7 (1d4+3) rounds and attempt to douse the flames by magical means.

Wintering in Waterdeep

The importance of Waterdeep as a center of trade, and the ready market its wealthy population provides to merchants, keep the City of Splendors busy for most of each year. The North has fierce winters, however, and overland trade is virtually cut off from the Inner Sea lands, while travel within the North itself is limited to a few brave (or foolhardy) adventurers, who do not as a rule travel heavily laden with trade goods. Even the shipping of the Sword Coast is imperilled by ice and by raw winter gales, although the harbor does remain open year-round.

Wintering in Waterdeep offers a very different setting for adventure than the other



seasons. The population is effectively limited to those within the walls when winter closes in, and few creatures arrive or leave.

Beasts of prey come down out of the wilderlands to the fields outside the City walls, hoping to catch some human-sized meals. The Guards at each City gate are doubled in number because of such menaces, and equipped with long pikes. Occasional Guard patrols try to keep track of creatures in the vicinity of the City, and note how passable the roads are. Few arrive at or leave the City until the spring thaws are past, although a few daring “mudrunners” bring wide, flat trade sledges through the mud of each thaw to gain premium prices from the bored City populace for their wares.

Everyone in Waterdeep over a winter has plenty of time—time to plan next year’s busi-

ness affairs, or scheme about how to arrange this or that; in short, intrigue runs rampant. It is damp and cold, and snows a lot; tempers worsen as the weeks pass, and adventurers are warned that trouble is far easier to find when noble, merchant, beggar, and Watchman alike are bored and irritated. Winter in Waterdeep comes a week or so after The Feast of the Moon, isolates the City two or three weeks after that, and then deep winter lasts two months before the first thaws begin the slow warming process.

Thieves should note that many of the richer merchants and nobles empty and shut up their villas or houses and vacate the City for somewhere warmer (such as Tharsult, Tashalar, Narubel, or even Calimshan) to spend the winter.

A NIGHT OUT IN THE CITY

Waterdhavians generally work hard, make large amounts of money as a result, and play hard, too. By night, taverns do a steady (though muted by regular Watch patrols) trade, and the fest-halls and nightclubs—there are many in the docks area, and a few in all of the other City wards—are wild, crowded places, to say nothing of the private parties in homes, the villas of the nobles, and guildhalls. There is no “weekend”, as there are no weekly “holy days” or days off work as we know them, although there are festivals and special holidays throughout the year (refer to the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set for details; in Waterdeep, all holidays described in the entry on The Calendar



of Harptos are celebrated), but Waterdhavians usually party at least once every three nights unless they are very busy with their work (e.g. anyone involved in shipping goods just before winter or just after the big spring thaws) or are courting.

Waterdeep is lamplit by night (by The Guild of Chandlers & Lamplighters): Castle Ward very brightly, Sea Ward and North Ward less so; and the other wards less and less so. The City of the Dead is lit only by the torches at the foot of Ahghairon's Statue.

The City of the Dead is an active place by night, although it is very heavily patrolled by the Watch. Prostitutes and their clients, and those wishing to transact private (usually shady) business deals undetected, make use of its dark expanses. In general, the docks area has the noisiest taverns, and Waterdhavians wishing to have a wild time will go there. Except along the High Road itself, noisy establishments in the North Ward or the Sea Ward are effectively prohibited by the Watch, and they frown upon nighttime activity in The Trades Ward north or east of The High Road, and in Southern Ward north of Caravan Court. Rowdy, home-bound Waterdhavians or visitors may receive a Watch escort. Rowdies with no apparent home to return to, or too drunk to find it, will be taken to a cell until sober, and then released without charge (unless, of course, they have indulged in vandalism or gotten into serious fights on the way).

DRESS AND APPEARANCE

All manner of clothing and garb may be seen on the streets of Waterdeep. There are no laws relating to dress except to prohibit private citizens from impersonating Lords, Magisters, or officers of the Guard or Watch. Guild livery can only legally be worn by Guild members, and is worn when appearing before the Lords' Court on official business, during holidays, outside the City on diplomatic trading business, when appearing before a Black Robe, and at any private Guild functions that Guild laws require it to be worn to, such as voting meetings. Coats of arms to which one is not entitled cannot, of course, be copied and worn.

Nobles usually do not wear their coat-of-arms, except in the form of signet rings, belt buckles, or pendants; their servants wear clothing emblazoned with their coats-of-arms. Nobles may wear any sort of dress

without social censure; it is common for noble women attending parties and other "high society" functions to wear glittering, diaphanous gowns of silk and sequins, their lower bodies concealed by many layers of translucent silk, each layer sequined in different patterns, and their upper bodies festooned with jewelry (and, if the weather is cold, fur gloves that reach up to points at the shoulders). Most "high fashion" noble party dress involves masks, although many are not intended to conceal the wearer's identity, but merely to provide a means of further jeweled head adornment. Younger noble ladies often wear gowns with elaborate filigree "stomachers" in exquisite designs (often set with gems), and the arms and front of the noble lady will themselves be covered with glued-on gold dust and sequins. A "stomacher" is a rigid garment, in this case of open wire-work worn over the silken dress, extending from crotch or breast; Waterdhavian examples often sweep up both sides of the bodice into fantastic swirls and points on the shoulders.

Mercenary and adventuring company members usually wear the devices of their organizations openly, with pride, on the City streets; again, it is a crime to falsely wear such garb, although a plaintiff must prove (by oath of recognized officers of such a body, or the enlistment rolls, or both) that such a person is unlawfully bearing such a device—such complaints are, as a result, rarely successful.

Jewelry is worn by both sexes in the City of Splendors; some people festoon themselves with its glitter, and others never wear even a single bauble (regardless of personal wealth). All manner of hairdos may be seen, and all types and colors of clothing are used. There is no law against nudity or requiring that this or that area of the body be covered, but Waterdeep is a damp coastal city—when it isn't raining (or in winter, snowing), there is usually mist about the streets. Despite the sheltering mountain, the City streets can also be windy in bad weather and around highsun (dawn, dusk, and night tends to be calmer). These conditions preclude light or skimpy dress for most beings, most of the time.

The fashions of other planes, as well as other lands, may be seen on the City streets, so dress is individual and variance is freely tolerated. There is no such thing as "not in fashion" in the City of Splendors, when it comes to dress. Beings of almost all races may be seen in the City, too. A typical Waterdhavian

would react with hostility and fear only to a drow, an illithid, an obviously unhuman native of the Lower Planes, and an armed orc (as well, of course, as "monsters" such as beholders and dragons); with all others, it's generally "business as usual."

MANNERS

Again, the cosmopolitan nature of the City of Splendors makes Waterdhavians very tolerant. They tend to be talkative, friendly, easy-going, and outspoken, but do not expect others to be. Good Waterdhavian merchants are very quick to sense how those they meet like to speak and be spoken to (so that they can make business deals with speed and to mutual advantage and pleasure), and slow to take offense. A Waterdhavian will usually state plainly his or her feelings, often as a warning (for example: "I don't find that amusing, friend," said pleasantly to a stranger), before showing clear anger. Some visitors to the City have misinterpreted such behavior as cowardice or lack of perception (as in, "he was too stupid to even know I was insulting him!"), but if they act upon such judgments, they usually regret it. Most Waterdhavians are slow to take fright unless facing magic or monsters; a human threatening them is quite likely to be stared at calmly, or even sneered at. Lecherous and drunken behavior, as strange manners of speech or customs, tend to be tolerated. If a drunken outlander makes a coarse suggestion to a Waterdhavian who does not find it amusing or inviting, the suggestion will merely be ignored. If repeated, the Waterdhavian will leave if he or she wishes to, or simply state his or her disinterest or lack of appreciation. This process will continue for some time ere fists fly or blades flash, as a general rule—Waterdhavians with hair-trigger tempers who don't also happen to be magic-users of stratospheric level simply don't last long.

Waterdhavians, unless farmers or sailors by profession, do not discuss the weather. Small talk normally centers on matters of commerce, and secondarily on warfare elsewhere in the Realms (such as the constant small-scale strife in the South, or the recent bloodshed in Tethyr and between Ruathym and Luskan); Waterdhavians tend to take a sporting interest in such happenings.

Chapter 5: THE GUILDS AND FACTIONS OF THE CITY

This chapter details many, but by no means all, of the various special-interest (or “power”) groups active in the City; the Dungeon Master is encouraged to use the maneuverings of these to generate continual adventure for PCs in any ongoing campaign, and to introduce his or her own power groups.

Space prohibits discussion of the many mercenary and adventuring groups. These tend to vanish, reappear, grow, shrink, amalgamate, and change names with bewildering rapidity as their fortunes wax and wane. Many such are mentioned in this book, in conjunction with various NPCs or events, and others are mentioned in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set. The DM is encouraged to use only what he or she likes of such groups.

FACTIONS

The various “power groups” of Waterdeep can be divided into four factions. Picture these as the four corners or points of a rectangle or diamond, tugging at each other but counterbalanced, so that although one faction may gain the ascendant, none can completely eliminate or absolutely rule the others without destroying the City. These four factions are The Ruling Faction, The Guilds, The Temples, and The Independents.

The Ruling Faction has largely already been detailed in these pages. It consists of the Lords, the Guard, the Magisters, the Watch, the Palace and its officials and diplomats, and a special group, the Red Sashes, described below. This faction traditionally has the upper hand in Waterdeep, and the Lords are extremely careful to ensure that things stay that way by retaining (ruthlessly, if need be) the absolute loyalty of the other members of this faction, particularly the Guard (which, traditionally, the Guilds always try to purchaser the loyalty of). With a few individual exceptions, the nobles must be considered part of The Ruling Faction, as they stand squarely behind it. The Lords largely leave the nobles alone, and they are thus far more free to act as they want to, without responsibilities. At one time almost all the noble families ran almost all of the Guilds, but these days most noble families have withdrawn from the cut-and-thrust of active guild membership.

The Guilds are detailed in this chapter, and operate within limits set by the Lords (some only as far as the Lords’ vigilance

forces them to). The DM should become passingly familiar with these guilds before any play involving the City commences. Their ranks will provide “honest jobs” for PCs and most of the NPCs they will have daily dealings with, and properly handled by the DM, will provide much of the “life” of the City in an ongoing campaign.

The major temples listed earlier are summarized in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set. Regardless of what deities a DM uses, the priesthoods work their ends through the common people (the fourth faction), by exhortation and manipulation, and by direct diplomatic appeal to the Palace.

The Independent faction, far more numerous than the other factions, consists of private citizens of Waterdeep who do not belong to a Guild. Most adventurers (Player Characters and NPCs) and mercenaries are members of this faction, as are lone magic-users and thieves. This faction gains its name from the independent (non-Guild) merchants of Waterdeep. The lack of common organization renders this most numerous group the least powerful.

The most active interfactional rivalry in Waterdeep is between the Guilds and the Ruling faction, a rivalry traditionally won by the Lords because of the personal strength of the Lords, although weaker Lords could crack down on all other factions (ruining Waterdeep’s ever-growing prosperity, and their own popularity, in the process) with stiffer, martial law. Waterdeep is not like many more corrupt cities in the South, however; by and large, everyone in the City of Splendors is too busy making or spending money to care enough about such rivalries to cause any open conflict. This or that individual might slay or trick a rival individual, but the factions do not see themselves as cohesive groups warring with each other. Indeed within Guilds, priesthoods, and nobles there are stronger rivalries than between factions.

The Red Sashes

This mysterious group is not known to have ever operated outside Waterdeep’s walls. A brotherhood whose entire membership is a secret to all but their head, who is known only as “the One”, the Red Sashes are elusive and as unobtrusive as possible in their activities. Experts in intrigue and at hiding or locating wanted persons, the Red Sashes (who do not wear red sashes, but sometimes tie up a wanted felon with red sashes and leave him or her on the Palace steps or at

the foot of Ahghairon’s Tower for the Watch to find) can be hired by contacting one of six known agents. The Red Sashes seem to avoid taking sides in City disputes, but most believe themselves to be the real opposition to the Lords of Waterdeep.

The six contacts for this group are the cobbler Thurve Thentavva (Thentavva’s Boots, #177, Vellarr’s Lane, The Trades Ward), the horse dealer Surrolph Hlakken (Hlakken Stables, #224, Coachlamp Lane, Southend Ward), the courtesans Aletha and Jhoysil Samprava (the Purple Palace, #260, Slut Street, Dock ward), and the dockhand “Red” Hlintas Urte! (most evenings: The Sleeping Snake (tavern), #245, Wharf and Dock Streets, Dock Ward). The sixth agent, known to far fewer of the public, is Naneatha Lhaurilstar, a courtesan of Piergeiron’s Palace (her house, #10, is on Gem Street, in the Castle Ward); Piergeiron provides escorts of both sexes as hosts and guides to visiting envoys, seemingly innocent of any immorality that may be involved, and certainly unaware of any loyalties to the Red Sashes and other groups.

The DM should try to keep secret from the players the fact—unknown to all of the Red Sashes except Naneatha and a 5th level fighter of the Red Sashes, the moneylender Jurisk Ulhammond—that “the One” is in fact Durnan of the Lords of Waterdeep, who uses them to unwittingly further the Lords’ interests (ironically, the Shadow Thieves hire them often to act against the Lords!). Of the Lords of Waterdeep, only Durnan, Mirt, “Kitten,” Sammereza, and Khelben know that the Red Sashes work for Durnan, who uses them to accomplish things in the City that the paladins among the Lords would never agree to.

The Guilds

Hereafter the forty-two recognized Guilds of Waterdeep are described in brief. For each, the name, class and level, and Guild title, if any, of the Master and a contact person (some guilds don’t have a separate spokesman; all business is addressed directly to the Master) are given. Few Guilds control their field of interest absolutely. Most Guilds merely use their numbers to do better than independents, and thereby gain the lion’s share of business.

The majority of Waterdhavians, living in a city of contracts, negotiations, and commerce, are literate. Without exception, all Guild contacts and senior members can read and write (whether they will admit to



being able to do so is another matter).

The DM should read the entry for any Guild the PCs have dealings with, and consider the motivations of Guild members and agents, to determine how this or that Guild should act towards PC offers and activities.

Not all professions are organized into guilds. Notably, panderers, courtesans, and “escorts” lack a guild, nor do sages have such an organization. For the convenience of Dungeon Masters, sages will be detailed collectively hereafter as though they did.

Sages, or “wisebeards” as most Waterdhavians call them, can be found in most City markets. They are of varying degrees of learning. Waterdeep has no great resident sages of note at present. (The most learned regular inhabitant of the City of Splendors at this time is undoubtedly the archmage Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun.)

Most sages in the City rent rooms and move about often, as they search for new beings to consult and writings to study. Such moves minimize risks of theft and intimidation to acquire information, and the regrettable tendency of landlords and neighbors to disturb a sage’s studies with requests for this or that information “free. . . just for me?” The present locations of the sages listed below are therefore left to the DM. Note that the sages listed below are by no means all the learned-experts-for-hire in Waterdeep. The *Dungeon Masters Guide* should be consulted for details of dealing with sages. It is strongly suggested that sages be too expensive for casual consultations, or even for PCs to consult them often.

Guilds must be recognized by the Lords. The newest Guild is The Watchful Order of Magist & Protectors, formed only forty years ago. Applications for Guild formation are seldom recognized. Applications that would create rivals in the same field(s) of trade as an existing Guild are always denied. The Lords prefer that competition exist within Guilds, rather than between them—although rival Guilds often compete over

areas of trade where their jurisdictions overlap.

Guilds have widely varying degrees of influence, but no official precedence; they are numbered below purely for ease of reference. Guild ranks vary, but usually, from the top down, they are Master (or head); Elders or Council (if they have a say in governing Guild matters), usually “senior members”; spokesman or contact person for the public; Member; Apprentice/Prentice/Novice (the term varies from guild to guild, as do the powers and dues of this rank—consult individual Guild entries).

A Short Guide To Guild Portfolios

This alphabetical list of goods and services will aid DMs in finding the guilds relevant to any PC activities. Guilds are listed by the number given them in the alphabetical Guild entries which follow this list. If several are given for a particular heading, several guilds may well be involved, or several guilds may dispute who has control over the good or service in question.

accounting: 33
aerial steeds: 36
animal breeding, capturing, taming: 36
animals, slaughtering of: 14
armor fitting: 35
armor, leather: 24
armor, metal: 35
arrows: 8
art: 33
baked goods: 1
bars (windows, grates): 26
barrels, making & repair: 4
baskets, making & repair: 23
beer: 39
bells: 19
belts, etc.: 24
blacksmithing: 26
bookkeeping: 33
boots: 29
bottles: 17
bows: 8
boxes: 11
branding (animals): 36
building construction: 2, 18

building design: 38 (2)
building repair: 2
candles, making: 15
cargo handling: 20
carpentry: 2
catapult repair: 8
caulking and sealing: 3 (not ships)
chain: 26
chain, fine: 21
charts, nautical: 38
cleaning (streets & stables): 6
clerks: 33
cloth: 28, 31
clothing: 22, 31
coach building: 40
composing (poetry & music): 6
counterfeiting: 33
court records: 33
crates: 11
crystal balls: 17, 41
dictation: 33
digging: 3
distillation: 39
docks, loading & unloading: 20
documents: 33
drugs, medicinal: 13
drydocks: 30
dung removal: 7
dyeing: 28
engraving: 19, 21
eyeglasses: 17
ferrying: 20
fertilizer: 5, 7, 12
finesmith-work: 35
firefighting: 41
fish fishermen, fish-sellers: 12
flowers: 5
food: 5
food, preservation and packing of: 11
footwear, making & repair: 29
forgery: 33
frames, metal: 26
furniture: 16, 23
furs: 34
garbage removal: 7, 20
gems: 21
“gilt” ink: 37
glass, making & installation: 17
gloves: 31
gold: 21
guiding through streets: 15
harness: 32
healing: 13
horns, warning: 6
horseshoeing: 26
horse breeding & training: 36
housing (“who lives where” information): 23
ink: 37

Known Sages of Waterdeep	Alignment	Abilities (16+)	Major Fields of Expertise (Specialties in Brackets)	Minor Fields of Expertise
Ammathair Hawkfeather	LN	IN 18, DEX 16	Humankind (History, Theology & Myth)	Metaphysics
Amnglor Belthair	NG	IN 18	Supernatural & Unusual (Divination, Planes: Outer)	Chemistry
Blackrabbas Khuulthund	CN	IN 18	Fauna (Avians, Insects)	Flowers, Herbs
Haerund Mhammaster	CN	IN 18	Demi-humankind (Art & Music, Legends & Folklore)	Cryptography
Ilighast Chamnabbar	NG	IN 17, WIS 17	Supernatural & Unusual (Dweomercraft, Planes: Astral, Elemental & Ethereal)	Demi-Humankind History
Javroun Lithkind	NE	IN 17	Humankind (History, Politics & Genealogy)	Geography
Kromnlor Sernar	CN	IN 16, WIS 18	Flora (Fungi, Herbs)	Medicine*
Mirrormul Tszul	CG	IN 18, WIS 18	Humanoids & Giantkind (Biology Languages)	Demi-Humankind Languages
Narthund Delhzour	LG	IN 18, WIS 17	Physical Universe(s) (Astronomy, Geology & Mineralogy)	Astrology & Numerology
Zeltabbar Iliphar	NG	IN 17	Humankind (Languages, Legends & Folklore)	Planes: Outer

*The Guild of Apothecaries & Physicians will warn people against the “false” knowledge of this sage. Kromnlor’s learning is actually far greater (and more accurate) than that of most members of the Guild.



inns: 10
 jewelry: 21
 lamplighting: 15
 latches: 26
 laundry: 22
 leather: 24, 29 (winter only), 32
 lettering (signs): 33
 letters (written): 33
 lighting, night: 15
 liqueur: 39
 liquor: 39
 livestock: 14
 locks: 35
 longshoremen: 20
 magic (including protection against): 41
 magnifying glasses: 17
 maps (purchased, drawn, and sold): 38
 masks: 35
 masonry: 18
 material components (for spellcasting): 41
 meat: 14
 medicine: 13
 metal, precious: 21
 metal-work, design & repair: 26
 metal casting: 19
 mounts, "trade-in": 36
 music: 6
 musical instruments: 6
 nautical charts: 38
 needles: 26
 packaging, construction of: 11
 packing: 11
 parchment, fine: 37
 paper-making: 37
 pastries: 1
 pedigrees, animal: 36
 pens: 37
 pewter-work: 19
 piloting (harbor): 25 (20)
 pipe-laying: 3
 plans (building): 38
 plaster-work: 2
 plumbing: 3
 portraits: 33
 pottery: 18
 preservatives, making & using: 11
 "problem patrons," information: 10
 quarrying: 18
 quills: 37
 record-keeping: 33
 renovations, building (plans): 38
 rental coaches & wagons: 9
 repairing buildings: 2
 roofing: 2, 18
 rope: 27 (25)
 saddles: 32
 sages: no guild
 sail: 27 (25)
 sand: 17, 18
 sandpaper: 17, 18, 21
 scabbards: 24
 scribes: 33
 scrivener's: 33
 seals: 35 (see also 37)
 seasonings: 14
 secret compartments: 40
 sewer-work: 3, 6
 shipbuilding: 30
 ship-loading & -unloading: 20
 ship-captaining: 25
 ship-owning: 25
 ship-repair: 30
 signets: 35
 silver: 21

singing: 6
 skinning, animals: 24
 slaughtering, animals: 14
 sleighs & sledges, rental: 9
 smithy-work: 26
 smuggling: 4, 13, 40
 soap-making: 22
 spectacles: 17
 "spell-guard": 41
 stable-cleaning: 7
 stamps, business: 35
 stolen animals, tracing: 36
 stone polishing: 18
 stone cutting: 18
 street cleaning: 7
 tack: 32
 tailors: 31
 tanning, hides: 24
 thieves: no guild (see 21)
 tile-making: 18
 tools: 19, 26
 toys: 16, 35
 tracing of stolen animals: 36
 "trade-in" mounts: 36
 transportation (within city), land: 9
 transportation (within city), water: 20
 veterinary aid: 36
 wagons, making & repair: 40
 "wanted" likenesses: 33
 warehouse rental: 5
 waxes: 37
 weapons: 26, 35 (swords, finest quality)
 weaving: 28
 wheels: 42
 wicker-work: 23
 wine: 39
 wire: 21, 35
 woodcarving: 16
 wool & woolsens: 44
 work clothing: 31
 zzar: 39

1. THE BAKERS' GUILD

Master: Dundold Buldharroaz (0 level fighter)
 Headquarters: The Master Bakers' Hall, #22, The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward

Livery: white cloaks and hats with a light blue chevron on the left shoulder or brim of each
 Entrance: 10 gp; by application to "the Master Bakers": the ten senior (longest registered) Guildmembers, plus the Master
 Dues: 5 sp/month
 Contact: Relchoz Hriiat, Hriiat Fine Pastries, #134, Sammarin's Street, North Ward

The Bakers' Guild is very wealthy. Its wares are known to be of good quality, and many citizens of Waterdeep live largely on breads and pastries. This, of course, makes it of great interest to those trying to get money for investments in other businesses (which has increased this guild's influence with other guilds, and the influence of individual bakers with other merchants), and to thieves. As a result of the attentions of the latter group, most bakers have "runners" who both deliver hot wares to customers who place large orders, and serve to chase thieves and act as bodyguards to protect the bakers and their cash. These private guards have no authority, but the Watch usually co-operates with them rather than resenting or cautioning them.

2. THE CARPENTERS', ROOFERS', AND PLAISTERERS' GUILD

Master: Halthos "the Hammer" Blund (3rd level fighter)
 Headquarters: The Stone House, #206, Telshambra's Street, Southern Ward

Livery: red caps, pierced in the brow with a row of three brass nails

Entrance: 25 gp per individual

Dues: 10 gp/year (member); 5 gp/year (Prentice)

Contact: Elemos "the Hand" Dunblast, Dunblast Roofing, #172, Ironpost Street, The Trades Ward

This guild is extremely busy and extremely rich, with many members; even casual labor hired by its members must be enrolled in the Guild, even if only as prentices, although the Guild is continually unsuccessful in attempts to force the Lords to legally restrict building, construction, and repair within the City to Guild members. The Lords have repeatedly taken the position that a building is the property of its owner, who may modify, repair, or rebuild it if he or she wishes, and that any system of inspection must remain within the power of the Lords, and not be made a Guild affair. There have been several instances of Guild members sabotaging non-Guild work (to convince building owners to trust only the Guild; "you can be sure our work won't collapse around you"), but by and large members of this Guild are too busy for such mischief. They have their hands full just keeping up with demands from nobles to build this or that new, bigger, and higher, and from merchants to repair this or that as cheaply as possible so long as it won't fall down, and finish it by tonight . . . Guild work is expensive: 1 gp per man per day on the site, plus 5 gp for a Guild surveyor-chartist, and 5 gp for a Guild engineer (usually the boss of a work crew, with the surveyor-&artist being the crew's liaison with clients), plus the cost of materials, and a flat 10 gp per day fee for "crew needs" (food and drink), regardless of the size of that day's crew. This Guild does serviceable work, although it boasts no great engineering genius in its ranks at present, and specializes in competent repair work. Most successful Guild members undertake work in neighboring cities to the north along the Sword Coast as far as Luskan, although their fees rise sharply the farther they get from the City's walls. Most Guild members who do outside work have arrangements with adventurer types to persuade clients toying with the idea of not paying for work done, to make sure payment is prompt and in full. Outside the City, most Guild members design their own buildings if a client does not wish to, but inside Waterdeep that is the province of another Guild, and members of this Guild only do on-site surveying to match already-prepared plans (although they may occasionally pretend otherwise).

3. THE CELLARERS AND PLUMBERS' GUILD

Master: Hilitimm Turnstone (2nd level fighter, Master Plumber)

Headquarters: The Old Guildhall, #186, Gaustus Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: deep orange caps and cloaks, with a red line trim border around all hems and cuffs

Entrance: 5 gp; by acceptance by the Guildmaster only

Dues: 7 sp/month

Contact: Jhalossan Turnstone (0 level fighter, plumber), Turnstone Plumbing and Pipefitting, #280, Belnimbra's Street, Dock Ward

This guild is small, highly trained, and somewhat scornful of the "thick-fingered clods" of the Carpenters', Roofers', and Plaisterers' Guild, whose work they constantly encounter in the course of their duties. The Guild is engaged in constant small repair jobs about the City, and is responsible for restoring the surface of any street or courtyard dug up, promptly upon completion of the work. Their reward for hours of much and back-breaking digging are the highest fees of any of the service guilds: 2 gp per man per day or part of a day (most crews are two or three men in size) plus materials, and a "crew head" (or food and drink retainer) of 10 gp per day or part of a day.



Materials commonly used include lots of pipe, fashioned by other guilds, the guild depending on whether it is made out of metal or clay; the cellarers and plumbers lay it, support it with stones and talus or wooden collars of their own fashioning, and seal everything with various secret mixtures of pitch, gravel, lime, sand, and similar materials.

Members of this Guild unearth many things during the course of their diggings. By the rules of the Guild they are bound to tell only the owner (most will do so only if the owner is observing, or asks directly) upon request, or fellow Guild members, of treasure, skeletons, valuables, secret passages, and the like (they may keep any of these that they can make off with undetected by the owner or the Watch, by Guild rules). Most senior Guild members, in their work of draining cellars or repairing the sewage plumbing of old buildings, learn the general layout of the City sewers in 2-5 (1d4+1) years. Some believe that members of this Guild know of underground pipes and cavities that lead nowhere, but are used by this Guild for storing weapons, magic, and treasure—and disposing of the occasional corpse—where only earthquake or the Guild will find it. Some believe that this Guild knows of, or even makes, hidden tunnels leading into the treasure vaults of nobles, and the cellars of the Palace itself. Some are correct.

4. THE COOPERS' GUILD

Master: Rugglar Tossarim (4th level fighter, Master Cooper)

Headquarters: Coopers' Rest, #255, Pressbow Lane, Dock Ward

Livery: brown caps and cloaks, with hem-lines of blue and green as trim

Entrance: 30 gp (upon acceptance by majority vote of the members)

Dues: 3 gp/month

Contact: the Master

The Coopers' Guild is kept busy. Many things that go aboard ships in Waterdeep's busy port, notably pickled fish from The Fishmongers' Fellowship and the wares of The Vintners', Distillers', and Brewers' Guild, require its barrels. Members of this Guild cut, steam and shape the wood, and form and weld the metal (from hoopstock supplied by The Most Careful Order of Skilled Smiths & Metallforgers) of the bands, of barrels themselves, and charge 5 sp to 5 gp per barrel, depending on the size (from foot-long hand-keg, with rope handle, to twenty-toot long cellar cask; most produced are 1 gp, 10-gallon barrels). Long ago Waterdhavians (and others up and down the Sword Coast) discovered that one of the best ways to smuggle things into, and out of, kingdoms is in sealed barrels, so the Guard inspects every so many barrels at random, paying the Guild a "resealing fee" of 3 sp per barrel. A Guild member caught smuggling will be fined heavily (usually 50 gp). One caught with a dead body or two in a cask will be imprisoned, and may lose his or her Guild membership (such membership losses are quietly restored by the Guild when imprisonment ends)—and yet this happens constantly most Guild members cannot resist the "free gold" they are offered for doing so. Seventy-five hp or more is expected, per barrel of contraband.

5. THE COUNCIL OF FARMER-GROCERS

Master: Zelderan Guthel (0 level fighter, Master Provisioner)

Headquarters: The Market Hall, #42, Traders' Way, Castle Ward

Livery: cloaks or sashes of bright green; in early summer, fresh floral blossoms worn at the left shoulder

Entrance: 1 gp/year, or 25 gp for life membership; none refused

Dues: 5 sp/month

Contact: the Master, or "the Voice of the Master", Baalbaas Partall (0 level fighter), The Market Hall

This guild is a consortium whose membership changes annually with the fortunes of harvest (memberships expire in Hammer, the dead of winter (our January), and run for one year, except for twenty or so life memberships, which are without exception held by very wealthy farmers with vast landholdings). The Council determines prices for raw grain, arranges milling and warehouse facilities in the City (both of which it controls; the milling business provides the Guild with its bread-and-butter operating money, and when warehouses are emptied in winter, with no crops available to replace them until first harvest, the Guild rents the space to other merchants). The Guild also receives regular funds from the Lords in return for keeping the City's granaries and icehouses full of provisions, to feed the Castle and the Palace, and have emergency food on hand in case of siege or crop disaster. The Guild arranges market stall space for its members (although individual members must pay the daily fees), and provides cartage for spoiled food to the refuse dumps south of the City.

6. THE COUNCIL OF MUSICIANS, INSTRUMENT-MAKERS, AND CHORISTERS

Master: Kriios Halambar (0 level fighter, Master Musician; known widely as "Old Leatherlungs"), Halambar Lutes & Harps, #26, Street of Swords, Castle Ward
Headquarters: The House of Song, #181, Rivon Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: scarlet jackets, with slashed sleeves of white and purple, and deep green long cloaks and matching hats, with white and purple plumes

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 25 gp annually (members), 15 gp (apprentices)

Contact: the Master, or Maxeene "the Flute" Rhiosann (0 level fighter, "Lady Voice of the Council"), The House of Song

This guild elects its Master every seven years, nominating only candidates from within its membership, and eliminating the least popular candidate in successive ballots until a Master is chosen. Kriios Halambar, the current incumbent, has never been unseated in such an election, and has held the post for fifty-six years (he is now seventy-seven years of age). If he dies in office the Voice of the Council, the young singer Maxeene, will run the Council until the regular seven-year election time comes again (although she may of course run as a candidate in that election). This Guild admits as full members only skilled, accomplished artisans, and its members enjoy a good reputation for quality—and command high fees—as a result (typically 6 gp/day per member performer, and 1 gp/day for an instrument-maker, with many days involved in the making of a custom instrument). In Waterdeep, true professionals in music are not "prima donas" with difficult tempers or a need for creative self-expression that overwhelms tact. Rather, they pride themselves on giving a client exactly what is desired or needed, performed superbly. Often clients write terrible tunes or lyrics for a Guild member to perform at private parties, weddings, or other ceremonies. Members of this Guild may embellish such efforts to make them sound better (previewing them in private before the performance for the client's approval), but they never change a client's work because "they know better". It is just not done. Apprentices unable to cure themselves of such rashness will forever remain apprentices. Guild members do tutor non-musicians, and do give their own concerts, however. Amongst Waterdeep's wealthier inhabitants, hosting (and sponsoring) such concerts of an evening is a popular pastime. Certain members of this Guild create instruments of quality known throughout the Realm—and with the City, Guild members have a standing contract to provide the signal-

horns (also known as "war-horns", or "battle-trumpets") for the Guard.

7. THE DUNGSWEEPERS' GUILD

Master: Zulgoss Helberad (2nd level cleric of Lathander)
Headquarters: Muleskull Tavern, #263, Ship Street, Dock Ward

Livery: cap with red and orange feathers

Entrance: 1 gp (by application to the Elder Dungsweepers—6 senior members—their decision absolute, but may be questioned 1 year after being made or reversed)

Dues: 1 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This is a poor guild, consisting of those who clean the streets (and, for a fee, the stables of others) in Waterdeep. Normally, they do not do sewer work, the province of another Guild, but the City, for security reasons, reserves the right when necessary to contact the Master of this Guild to hire (by the day; the City pays 5 sp to the worker and 3 sp to the Guild, per worker) Guild members to help in such work.

The Dungsweepers have a traditional right to "glean the sweepings", keeping anything discarded for their own use. Obvious valuables are to be turned in to the Master for sale, the individual Sweeper receiving half the sale value and the Guild the other half. Guild members bring their sweepings to Fishgut Court, where large wagons provided by the Guild take the refuse once per day under guard by a mounted patrol of fourteen Guardsmen, to a refuse dump south of the City, the "Rat Hills," a site chosen years ago to discourage hostile landings on the shallow shore between the City and the River Des-sarin. The dump is also known sardonically as "the Palace of the Rats." Prospective smugglers should note that the guardsmen inspect the wagons and their loads carefully as they are being filled and emptied, and as they re-enter the City, looking underneath and with an attendant low-level mage employing *detect magic* and *detect invisible*. There is little interest in joining this Guild, as few fancy the working conditions. Despite its work and its poverty, this Guild can be quite influential when the Master gets upset about something. He can quietly threaten to withhold Guild services, or dump the dung in specified (embarrassing, and inconvenient) areas, such as in front of a food market, feshall, or tavern. Wisely for all involved, the Master uses this power sparingly.

8. THE FELLOWSHIP OF BOWYERS AND FLETCHERS

Master: Halassiter Ahrlan (6th level fighter; weapon specialization: long bow, Master of the Bow)

Headquarters: The Citadel of the Arrow, #174, Burnt Wagon Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: white jackets or cloaks with red diagonal stripes
Entrance: 5 gp to join; readily accepts new members; registry only at headquarters

Dues: 8 sp/month

Contact: Zorondar "the Nimble" Riautar (4th level fighter; weapon specialization crossbow, light); Riautar's, Weaponry, #180, The High Road, The Trades Ward

This guild is "free and easy" in its outlook. Its members are predominantly young, and not overly concerned with cutthroat competition. There's enough demand for their wares to keep all members busy, and the Guild has a respected inspection program (to ensure shafts are straight, fletches secure, and heads of sharp, symmetrical construction, resulting in flights true to aim) that in turn guarantees that non-Guild bowyers and fletchers will never command a substantial share of business. This Guild has the exclusive contract to produce the large shafts fired by the deck bows of the City's rakers.



9. THE FELLOWSHIP OF CARTERS AND COACHMEN

Master: Jasril Malakar (0 level fighter, Master Carter)
Headquarters: The Road House, #222, Carters' Way, Southern Ward
Livery: dark blue cloaks and long-peaked caps, with silver trim
Entrance: 25 gp (for the owner of a coach or more than one conveyance), or 10 gp (for the owner of a single cart or litter), by application to the Master (few are refused)
Dues: 5 sp/month
Contact: the Master

This guild is an association for all native Waterdhavians who own carts, wagons, coaches, litters, and in winter sleighs and sledges, that they use in their business as a direct source of income. Most nobles and many wealthy individuals possess their own private coaches and litters, without being Guild members. Woolmen and other merchants who use their own wagons to carry their own goods, but do not as a rule rent them out for the use of others, also need not be Guild members. The Lords strictly forbid any efforts to restrict ownership of such conveyances within the City to the Lords on one hand and members of this Guild (only) on the other. In recent years Guild members have stopped trying to get a legal monopoly; they are presently all much too busy trying to keep up with all the business of moving the goods and persons of Waterdhavians and visitors hither and yon within the City walls.

Most major caravan companies operating overland in the North and to the Inner Sea lands have representatives in Waterdeep who are Guild members, but the lowliest carter has the same Guild rights as these, which include freedom from search by the Watch save by express orders of the Lords or a Magister. The Guard, however, can search wagons and persons of Guild members at will, and in practice, the Watch merely calls on the Guard in the event of any dispute.

The operations and jurisdiction of this Guild do not extend over water—harbor conveyances are in the province of the Watermen, another guild. The typical “cheapest” carrying fare is 1 cp for a ride in an open trotting-cart, or two-wheel rickshaw-like covered taxi, holding one or two persons and pulled by one or two persons anywhere within the City walls, for up to half an hour.

10. THE FELLOWSHIP OF INNKEEPERS

Master: Brathan Zilmer (6th level fighter, and proprietor of The Pampered Traveler Inn, #40, at the corner of Selduth Street & The Street of Bells, Castle Ward; Master of Hospitality)
Headquarters: Fellowship Hall #16, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward
Livery: none
Entrance: 25 gp (by majority vote of the membership)
Dues: 20 gp/year
Contact: the Master

This organization is one of the oldest of all the Guilds of Waterdeep, and one of the most relaxed. Formed long ago as a means of protection (all the innkeepers together hiring a group of heavily-armed bodyguards that none of them could individually afford, to stop drunken tavern-goers returning to inns deep-drunk and getting into fights or destroying property, and to control noisy horse-play late at night), the Guild now functions primarily as a means of sharing information. News of thieves, con artists, brawlers, mages with urges to let off spells and other “problem patrons” who are making the rounds from inn to inn is shared among members, speedily. The Guild also arranges to get its members discount prices on ale, linens, laundering, and so on by placing orders in bulk. Once every nine nights, the Fellowship Hall is opened by the Master as an inn—with dining and sleeping facilities—for members only, so that they can enjoy the comforts of an inn without being the hosts.

11. THE FELLOWSHIP OF SALTERS, PACKERS, AND JOINERS

Master: Rahannsoz Burihildar (0 level fighter)
Headquarters: Shippers' Hall, #256, Oar Alley, Dock Ward
Livery: yellow cloaks and high-peaked caps with a black spoked carriage wheel on the breast and center brim, with a black sail curved around it
Entrance: 5 gp: only upon acceptance by the Master
Dues: 3 sp/month
Contact: Baerlos Dunthar, Shippers' Hall

This guild employs many young boys as runners, to keep its constantly-moving members in contact with each other and with the Master at Shippers' Hall. Salters, packers, and joiners are the professionals at preparing goods for shipping long distances. Their fees vary; so much per cargo, depending upon how much is to be packed (and how difficult the task is, measured in terms of the time it will necessarily take) and the coat of the packing materials. Joiners make shipping crates out of finished lumber after the salters (who employ brine, salt, and many other preservatives, to protect perishable goods, such as meat or fish) and packers have wrapped (in cotton, canvas, hide, or even clay, baked hard) and prepared goods for travel. Guildmembers travel about the City in response to orders sent in to Shippers' Hall by various merchants, packing goods (especially delicate or perishable items) for travel out of Waterdeep—although much of their work is in the docks area. Almost everything carried on shipboard, if not already in a barrel, does better crated than not. An hour's crating by two Fellowship members might suffice to prepare the entire belongings of one adventurer for sea travel, in one readily-opened chest (for items used often) and three to five large crates, and would cost a total of 3 gp for the labor and materials. Members of this guild do not stack or carry crates they have finished, but go on to another job. A client must hire members of The Fellowship of Carters and Coachmen, or the Watermen, to move such items to the conveyance they will travel in. The Guild maintains stocks of packing, materials for its members (not all clients provide such).

12. THE FISHMONGERS' FELLOWSHIP

Master: Aybrauve Haltorel (3rd level fighter, Master Fishmonger)
Headquarters: Seaswealth Hall, #250, Seaswealth Hall Warf, Dock Ward
Livery: silver caps, with blue eyes upon either side, or sashes of silver with a single blue eye, worn hanging straight down from the left shoulder
Entrance: 5 gp
Dues: 2 gp/year
Contact: the Master

This poor, friendly, informal Fellowship is run by a retired fisherman, Aybrauve “Farfisher”, as he was known of old, who buys fresh fish from fishermen docking in the harbor. The fishermen themselves (including the large fleet owned by the Phull noble family) are not members of this guild. Fishing boats that dock at Seaswealth Hall's wharf to load or unload fish are exempted from the City's docking fee. Many fishermen never tie up anywhere else at Waterdeep's docks, but anchor in the harbor and swim or ferry ashore, to avoid the fee, beaching south of the City for repairs. Aybrauve sorts, ices, and sends their catches (eels, crabs, and fish of all sorts) to the stalls of various Guild members by means of fish carts run by his boys, all over the City. The Watch observes the progress of these carts closely to prevent theft of the fish from the boys.

Guild members can return spoiled, unsold wares at the end of the day for 1 cp/bucket. Aybrauve sells these to the Farmer-Grocers, for fertilizer.

13. THE GUILD OF APOTHECARIES & PHYSICIANS

Master: Unthril Zond (1st level illusionist, Master Physic)
Headquarters: The House of Healing, #117, The High Road, North Ward
Livery: cloaks and tunics (never caps) of black, grey, and white bands, with a large white diamond, bordered in grey with the long points vertical, on chest and back
Entrance: 50 gp, upon acceptance by the Master only
Dues: 10 gp/year (member), 5 gp/year (apprentice)
Contact: the Master

This is one of the richest Guilds in Waterdeep, and has a somewhat checkered history. On several occasions various of its members have been implicated in smuggling, fraudulent investment affairs, and similar instances of criminally imprudent investments of their monies. No doubt some of their fellows (who have not been caught) remain rich and with shady connections. This Guild has also been at odds with the Lords as a group. Repeatedly the Guild has tried to have all non-member medical practitioners (including all clerics) banned from practicing in Waterdeep, so that they would have to join the Guild or cease providing it with any competition. The Lords have strenuously resisted such efforts, executing on two occasions members of this Guild who arranged assassination attempts upon the life of Piergeiron. The Guild does provide services of high quality, however. It maintains a “Formulary” in its headquarters (open to members only) that records agreed-upon formulae for many drugs and other medicinal remedies, and keeps in stock some of the rarest ingredients needed to make these medicines, dealing with far-faring seacaptains, traveling merchants, and caravan leaders to gain these from the far reaches of the Realms. Medical aid in Waterdeep is expensive: an examination is only 1 gp, but most drugs are in the 1-8 gp per bottle range (a bottle usually contains 3-6 doses, most often 4), and medical attendance, with nursing, splints, dressings, emergency medicines, and the like, costs 10-20 gp/day, based on the ability of the patient (in the estimation of the Guild members involved) to pay.

DMs must determine the effectiveness of such medicines on a case-by-case basis; generally, poisons and fevers can be neutralized if treatment begins in time. Diseases and parasitic infestations can be held at bay, but rarely fully cured by such means (although medicines may buy time for natural healing and other means to work). Most physicians can provide overnight care of dressing, bandaging, drugs, sustenance, and therapy able to restore 2-7 (1d6+1) lost hit points, if a patient rests for at least (and free of the gate-tax on wagons) three days afterwards.

14. THE GUILD OF BUTCHERS

Master: Kellatarn Nander (4th level fighter, Master Butcher)
Headquarters: The Butchers' Guildhall, #235, The Way of the Dragon, Dock Ward
Livery: crimson cloaks with purple lining
Entrance: 25 gp
Dues: 3 gp/month
Conduct: “Hooks” (Morathin) Belmonder (0 level fighter, Second Knife), Belmonder's Meats, #188, The High Road, The Trades Ward

This guild represents Waterdeep's butchers; those who slaughter, and cut up for sale, all manner of livestock, from ankheg to yeti (cattle and hogs are more common, although it should be noted that people in the North, including Waterdeep, have a taste for horseflesh). Guild law ensures that meat is properly bled, hung, and smoked or seasoned in certain ways, so that it is as clean, and in as good condition as possible, and without exception the butchers who are in business in Waterdeep are Guild members. The Lords forbid formal price-fixing by the guild, but all meat is fairly expensive and similarly priced, being slightly cheaper in the docks area and slightly more



expensive in the wealthy neighborhoods. Apprentice butchers pay no Guild dues, but are direct employees of a (member) butcher. Most apprentices, seeing how profitable the business is, can't wait to leave their poorly-paid positions, pay the stiff entrance fee, and pass a rigorous examination of their skills by the Master Butcher. This Guild also buys the occasional cargo of exotic meat (or slaughterable beasts) from ships, at bargain prices, reselling such goods among the Guild members at substantial savings to the individual butchers, who may pass the savings on to their customers if they wish, but are not bound to do so. Most butchers wisely offer real bargains on such occasions, earning the goodwill of their clientele, and encouraging them to sample and acquire new (and usually expensive) tastes in meat.

15. THE GUILD OF CHANDLERS & LAMPLIGHTERS

Master: Ormbas Delzord (0 level fighter, Master of the Flame)
 Headquarters: The House of Light, #200, Scroll Street, The Trades Ward
 Livery: black caps with a gold flame device on both sides of the head (and, for ceremonies only, black tunics with a gold flame inside a gold circle on the breast)
 Entrance: 5 gp, upon acceptance by the Master (who keeps the Membership limited in number)
 Dues: 3 sp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild is the only Guild of Waterdeep whose members are predominantly youths. Aside from the Master and four senior (adult male) members, three of whom act as a mobile protection squad for the younger members, all guild members are youngsters. By day they all make candles (mostly of tallow) at The House of Light, and repair lamps. By night they run about the City with glow pots, tongs, and reach-poles, lighting lamps for the City (on contract, which provides the Guild with its daily bread-and-butter money) and for private individuals, usually nobles. Guild members also sell candles, and, for a fee, will guide the way (or provide light for a traveler who knows the way) through the City by night. Most such boys return often to The House of Light to give their monies to the Master, for all know what a tempting target a "lighter" clinking with coins is to thieves, drunks, other youths, and ruffians. A fistful of coins wrapped in a shirt or other cloth makes a handy sap. All lighters are trained to use such an improvised weapon and cry the alarm if attacked.

16. THE GUILD OF FINE CARVERS

Master: Malutt Mauksoun (5th level fighter, First Master Carver)
 Headquarters: House of the Fine Carvers, #39, The High Road, Castle Ward
 Livery: royal blue cloaks with red and brown lines as borders
 Entrance: 10 gp (member); 3 gp (prentice)
 Dues: 4 gp year (member); 2 gp year (prentice)
 Contact: Dannath Lisosar (0 level fighter, Second Master Carver), Patient Fingers Finework, #182, Sleepers' Walk, The Trades Ward

Twenty-six Master Carvers and seventy-three Prentice Carvers make up this Guild, which aids its members in many ways. Notably, it procures shipments of fine carving wood such as felsul-root, suth-wood, and zalantar from far Chult and from the South via Tharsult. It sells "prentice pieces" (inferior or damaged work) to merchant captains heading south, where some pieces will sell for their curiosity, others because of the type of wood used, and some as mementoes of the savage North. The Guild also arranges standard carving-tool sizes and qualities with the two smithing guilds, who make the chisels, knives, and gouges used by Carvers, and with The Jewellers' Guild, source of the best fine sandpaper.

The Guild also arranges large jobs (such as all the benches for congregations in a new temple, or the panelling and relief-carving of an entire mansion or castle) by lining up the needed Master Carvers and giving them Prentice Carvers to learn on the job, at a price of 1 gp per Prentice per day. Master Carvers earn 2 gp daily. In recent years, cleverly-carved wooden toys made by Guildmembers have gained greatly in popularity in the City of Splendors as gifts.

17. THE GUILD OF GLASSBLOWERS, GLAZIERS, & SPECULUM-MAKERS

Master: Maersar Rillithar (4th level magic-user, Master Specular)
 Headquarters: The House of Crystal, #104, Copper Street, North Ward
 Livery: pink cloaks or robes with a large white circle on the breast
 Entrance: 20 gp, upon acceptance by majority vote of the entire membership
 Dues: 15 gp/year (member); 9 gp/year (apprentice)
 Contact: Jhalassan Thond (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Guild), Thond Glass & Glazing, #187, Sleepers' Walk, The Trades Ward

This guild is a small, highly professional organization whose members take care to give fast, efficient, polite service, although glass is not cheap. While a simple stoppered flash may only cost 1 cp, replacing a pane of glass runs 4 cp for a four-inch-square pane up to 6 gp for a four-foot-square pane. Sets of bottles of uniform size, thickness, and glass hue are more expensive than "odd bottles." The Guild procures the finest sand (from certain beaches in the Tashalar and in Tethyr) for the use of its members in making glass, and provides emergency equipment and glass stocks for their use. A Guild member convicted of deliberately breaking glass in place in any building in Waterdeep not belonging to him, without permission of the owner, or hiring someone else to do so (such as gangs of street urchins armed with rocks) is fined by the Magisters and expelled from the Guild by the Master Specular.

Such a miscreant can later be voted back into the Guild by the membership, upon subsequent reapplication (and payment of another "entrance fee"). For many years this Guild was involved in an acrimonious dispute with The Watchful Order of Magists & Protectors over which Guild would make crystal balls—a dispute that still causes grumbling.

The matter was formally resolved some ten winters ago by the Lords. Such items can be made by anyone (including this Guild), but can be expelled only by individual (private) mages (working for themselves, but not under hire by any Guild), or by The Watchful Order.

This Guild also makes many spectacles and magnifying glasses, typically costing 5-10 gp each. Any full member of the Guild has the skill to grind and polish a glass lens to a particular strength and focus.

18. THE GUILD OF STONECUTTERS, MASONS, POTTERS, & TILE-MAKERS

Master: Buirholdan Skordar (6th level fighter, Master Stoneworker)
 Headquarters: Builders' Hall, #219, Coach Street, Southern Ward
 Livery: grey cloaks and caps with an orange pickaxe, handle vertical and blade at the top
 Entrance: 30 gp (upon examination by the Master)
 Dues: 5 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This respected, busy Guild has over three hundred members (most of whom employ three to twelve assistants), some of whom quarry stone, some of whom cut, dress, and lay stone, some of whom only lay stone, and some of whom make clay or earthenware vessels or tiles,

and lay tiles.

Constantly busy on the rooftops of Waterdeep where tile is slowly replacing thatch (which rots too quickly) and boards (which too easily catch fire when sealed with pitch, and too readily leak water inside, and rot, when not), members of this Guild also build most of the City's new buildings. The Lords frown on dwelling-places newly built entirely of timber, and restrict such structures to one story with a loft. Most City buildings are now multi-story, as Waterdeep has filled in almost all of the available spare within the walls, and is now expanding upwards.

Stone is cut and hauled from the seacoast crags north of Waterdeep, and brought by ship from Port Llast and from Mirabar, where dwarves tunneling for new ores have found it very rewarding to break up the rubble they used to toss aside into regular, rectangular blocks and sell it for 1 cp a block. That becomes 2 cp a block in Waterdeep, and 4 cp a block when a Guild member builds a structure. Demolition of an existing structure on the same site is free if the Guild member is allowed to keep what he can salvage of the stone. Repairs to, or building onto, an existing structure is 10 gp per Guild member per day plus 10 gp expenses (lunches) per day, plus material costs (3 cp a block; 5 cp for marble, obsidian, or other "finestone" that requires a smooth polish), plus 3 gp per day per assistant. Most such crews include five to eight assistants.

19. THE GUILD OF TRUSTED PEWTERERS AND CASTERS

Master: Dunbold Laracikan (4th level fighter, High Artisan)
 Headquarters: Pewterers' and Casters' Guildhall, #37, The High Road, Castle Ward
 Livery: white sleeveless surcoats and aprons with the green silhouette of a tankard, handle to the viewer's right, beneath a bell
 Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: Baerhar Surtlan (0 level fighter, Voice of the Guild), Surtlan's Metalwares, #194, River Street, The Trades Ward

This guild has over four hundred members, those who cast (rather than forge) items from metal. The Guild livery depicts their two most popular products: a tankard and a bell. Bowls and books are probably the next most often produced items. *Players Handbook* prices provide a guide for the DM in improvising the costs of such wares. The Guild buys the raw materials, and mixes a "basic whitemetal" mixture which it sells to its members cheaply (1 cp for a foot-long, three-inch-high and wide, bar) as the basis for such castings, but members like to add their own "secret ingredients" to make their products superior. The "trusted" in the Guild title refers to the fact that Guild members will melt things down for re-casting without query or comment. Precious metals are rarely handled by this Guild, who leave gold- and silver-work to The Jewellers' Guild and to The Splendid Order of Armorers, Locksmiths, And Finesmiths.

20. THE GUILD OF WATERMEN

Master: Zzundar Thul (3rd level fighter, "Master of the Harbor"—this is purely a Guild title, and *not* a City rank or position)
 Headquarters: Watermen's Hall, #244, Dock Street, Dock Ward
 Livery: blue shoulder-raincloaks, white shapeless hats
 Entrance: 10 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)
 Dues: 5 sp/month
 Contact: Jaster Thul (0 level fighter, Guild Spokesman, Watermen's Hall)

This guild is one of the busiest and most important in the City of Splendors. Its members keep the harbor clear of all litter (discarded crates, discarded seaweed tangles



from fishing nets, discarded bodies, et cetera), run a myriad of small skiffs and ferries about the harbor and up and down the seashore of Waterdeep, for hire, and load and unload almost all of the ships that dock in Waterdeep's busy harbor. This last mentioned work is done for a standard fee of 1 sp per man per hour, doubled if the cargo is dangerous (such as live, wild beasts, even if caged; incendiaries; exotic, volatile oils; or diseased or insane creatures) Allowed to keep "found" items from harbor floating debris, and unclaimed cargo after seven months following a legal announcement of the discovery of same, unless the owner identifies it to the satisfaction of a Magister but does not wish to take possession of it within the seven months (whereupon the City stores it, granting the Waterman involved a 1 gp "finder's fee" which it recovers from the owner later). Watermen do not pilot large boats into or out of the harbor, but do work the clock around at some times of the year, loading and unloading vessels, and ferrying people to and fro, collecting their fees constantly as they work. All Watermen know the currents, depths, and backwaters of the harbor well, and where the various sewers empty into it.

21. THE JEWELLERS' GUILD

Master: Stromquill Halazar (1st level illusionist, Master Jeweller), Halazar's Fine Gems, #50, Shield Street, Sea Ward

Headquarters: The House of Gems, #11, Gem Street, Castle Ward

Livery: deep purple robes with a triangular, crown-cut white gem, point downwards, on the breast, purple hats with white plumes

Entrance: 40 gp

Dues: 25 gp/year

Contact: Jhauntar Olmhazan (0 level fighter, Gentleman Speaker for the Jewellers), Olmhazan's Jewels, #38, The High Road, Castle Ward

Members of this small, tightly-knit and secretive guild are wallowing in money. They all have bodyguards (the Lords limit such private forces of non-Nobles to sixteen armed men, maximum, as they do to all Guild members and other merchants resident in the City) and take elaborate security precautions, hiring dwarven artisans and powerful mages to devise traps to protect their gold and their gems. They also hire mercenary groups and adventurers privately, to bring them precious cargos of uncut gems (sometimes stolen from the South) from afar, and are closely watched by the Red Sashes and the Shadow Thieves. At least two powerful Guild members are agents of the Shadow Thieves.

This Guild conducts quiet but relentless vendettas against suspected gem thieves in the City. DMs should bear this in mind if PCs fall afoul of any Guild member. Members of this Guild will, however, buy with no questions asked, as well as sell, gems (cut or uncut) jewelry, and precious metals, fine chain and wire used in their work. They also cut, polish, and mount gems, repair or reset jewelry, and value jewelry for other merchants.

22. THE LAUNDERERS' GUILD

Master: Jeldeth Khondar (2nd level illusionist, Master Launderer), The House of Cleanliness

Headquarters: The House of Cleanliness, #185, Slipstone Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: white caps and cloaks with an open human hand, fingers uppermost and spread, in silver on the breast of the cloak and center peak of the cap

Entrance: 5 gp, by registry at The House of Cleanliness (none refused)

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: Ulaeren Caulbor (0 level fighter, Soap Master), The House of Cleanliness

Members of this guild are an overworked, underpaid

lot, who labor around the clock (most are family businesses, with the family members working in shifts) to wash the dirty garments of Waterdhavians in open-topped tubs, usually stirred with long poles (the "honest" use for a ten-foot pole) full of boiling water and scented soap. Everyone buys his own scent: some use cider, some use wine, some use straight perfume, some strong herbs, but the Guild provides various soaps for its members at cheap rates (1 gp per 10-gallon barrel). These soaps are sludgy mixtures, not hard bars or dry flakes. A launderer never guarantees that your garment will survive cleaning, and Waterdhavians do not expect perfection (nobles usually have their own servants launder difficult or delicate garments, and buy new garments for themselves often) Washing can be done while you wait (2 sp per garment: it is put back on wet, and dries on the body), or overnight (1 sp per garment). Most launderers have numbered-bins (with wooden tags) as a clothes filing system—no tag, no laundry unless you pay 2 gp or more for a new tag and your garments. Unless a launderer remembers you, there is also a wait of three or four days in case you're mistaken and someone else comes with the tag to claim the same clothes.

All cleaning must be paid for when the clothes are left, not when they are picked up; this is due to nobles who refused to pay for cleaning, every time, on the grounds that it was not satisfactory. Magisters grew tired of the constant disputes.

A favorite trick of mercenaries coming into the City used to be to find some drunken patron in a tavern about their size, follow him and beat him up, take his tag and money, and promptly claim his clothes for their own. This practice was one of the reasons that the Watch escorts many tavern-goers home, but the Watch can do nothing about those gamblers who wager their laundry tags in card, dart, or dice games when all their money is gone

23. THE LEAGUE OF BASKETMAKERS & WICKERWORKERS

Master: Felthauvin Mirrarmul (0 level fighter, Master Worker)

Headquarters: The League Office, #183, Wall Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: cloaks of gold, with thin red and purple diagonal lines forming a cross-hatch pattern on breast and back

Entrance: 15 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 3 sp/month

Contact: the Master

This poor, quiet guild has many members all around the City (as the handiwork of basketmaking can be carried on with ease in private dwellings, above the shops), usually 1400 or more. Its Master, aided by his family, makes a tidy living providing Guild members with supplies for their work: trimmed and bundled rushes and willow-wands. Master for life, Felthauvin owes his position to his unmatched skill at his chosen craft and his resulting ability to train members and would-be members, and to finish work for them in emergencies in a perfect match of their various styles, as well as his careful investments. Felthauvin is a major landlord in the City, personally influential as a result (thus able to deal as an equal with many far wealthier and more essential guilds), and able to bankroll the Guild in difficult times.

Felthauvin has many young sons, who "run the bundles" up stairways and alleys for him, and as a result know who lives where upstairs in the City better than any other group of people in Waterdeep except the Watch.

24. THE LEAGUE OF SKINNERS & TANNERS

Master: Orgul Telethar (0 level fighter, Leaguemaster), Telethar Leatherworks, #239, off Tower Trail, Dock Ward

Headquarters: League Hall, #241, Tower Trail, Dock Ward

Livery: Leather armbands (almost a foot long, worn on upper left arm) of gleaming brown, with a red diamond representing a hide cut into it, a black skinning knife raised up in the center of this diamond

Entrance: 15 gp

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: Ilmar Chantreth (0 level fighter, League Spokesman), League Hall

This guild represents those who skin each animal slaughtered by a butcher. Usually the animal is sold to the butcher, and the skinner pays the butcher 3 to 10 sp per skin, depending on its size and condition. Rare types of skins, or skins in rare hues, may cost a skinner up to 1 gp. The tanners then process the hides to produce leather, suede, vellum, and similar byproducts, which they sell to other Guilds for the making of clothing, footwear aprons, pouches, war-harness (leather armor), and the like. Traditionally, this Guild has made belts, scabbards, baldrics, straps, and suspenders itself. Other Guilds consider the wares of this Guild to be somewhat overpriced, but everyone needs their goods, and no independents have found it economical to continue operating outside the Guild, so nothing is done.

25. THE MASTER MARINERS' GUILD

Master: Jheldarr "Stormrunner" Boaldegg (4th level fighter, Master First Mariner)

Headquarters: Mariners' Hall, #242, Cedar Street, Dock Ward

Livery: red hats with white plumes, red shoulder cloaks

Entrance: 25 gp (none refused)

Dues: 10 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild consists of all ship captains and merchant fleet owners who are based in, or who often put into Waterdeep. It represents their interests before the Lords' Court provides them with piloting training into and around Waterdeep's Harbor, maintains emergency warehouse space (and a "free"—that is, the Guild pays all docking fees—dock with room for three vessels for loading or unloading from the Guild warehouses), and provides accommodations and a private bar for visiting members at Mariners' Hall.

Ship captains pilot themselves into Waterdeep's harbor, or signal from offshore that they require a Guild pilot, by lowering all sail and running a red signal pennant up the mainmast. Aside from the standard City docking fee, such pilots are provided free by the City, but the pilot is always accompanied by a Guard patrol, who inspects the ship's crew and cargo on the way into the harbor to ensure that no hostile or illicit activities are being brought into Waterdeep.

This guild has a continual rivalry with The Order of Master Shipwrights, but cannot afford to maintain its own ship repair facilities. It does keep emergency stocks of rope and sail that Guild members in a hurry can purchase at bargain rates instead of dealing in the City for custom-made sails, and provides its members with fresh livery upon payment of their annual dues.

26. THE MOST CAREFUL ORDER OF SKILLED SMITHS & METALFORGERS

Master: Hawkun Orsund (6th level fighter, Master Hammer), Metalmasters' Hall

Headquarters: Metalmasters' Hall, #225, The High Road Southern Ward

Livery: grey caps with black plumes, red tunics with a black vertical hammer head uppermost, on the breast

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 20 gp/year

Contact: the Master

This guild represents the everyday blacksmiths who



shoe horses and fashion such items as lamps, torch- and sign-brackets, gratings and barred window frames, fire-shields and other hearth-ware, and chains. They also make the simpler weapons, such as maces, hammers, and flails. The everyday pieces of metal-work, from needles and spikes to boot-jacks, kitchen hooks, latches and hinges, to candlesticks, are the "bread-and-butter" work of this Guild, whose members are always busy and who prosper steadily.

Most Guild members are strong (16 ST and up), have high CON, and a high tolerance for heat and noise. A point of etiquette: never touch a smith's tools except by his leave, and state your requirements as requests, not demands, or you'll probably be told bluntly to take your business elsewhere. Members of this Guild take pride in working quickly, in designing things with efficient elegance, and in reproducing replacements to exactly match an original. DMs must devise prices for such smithywork according to the complexity and size of an item, judged against the item prices given in the *Players Handbook*.

This Guild provides its members with cheap, readily-available supplies of raw metals, brought by the shipload from Mirabar and elsewhere, and makes, stocks, and inspects smithy tools for the convenience of its members, who may rent or buy such from the Guild.

27. THE MOST DILIGENT LEAGUE OF SAIL-MAKERS AND CORDWAINERS

Master: Geladar Nithrim (0 level fighter, League Master), Full Sails

Headquarters: Full Sails (the League-run tavern), #251, Dock Street, Dock Ward

Livery: white cloaks and caps, and sky-blue robes; on the breast of the robes, two darker blue wavy horizontal lines (waves), and above them, three silver stars

Entrance: 15 gp (none refused)

Dues: 5 gp/year

Contact: the Master, or Tavernmaster Jelhuld Alaer (2nd level fighter), Full Sails

The vast amounts of rope and many sails needed by the ships based in Waterdeep and those who call at its busy harbor are made by members of this Guild, who use the collective buying and bargaining power of this Guild to obtain canvas, hemp, and other needed supplies as cheaply as possible from other Guilds and from outside Waterdeep. There are never enough skilled merchants in this Guild to keep up with the demand for new rope and sails; apprentices work on repairing sails (for ships whose captains can't wait a week or more for new custom sails) until they are masters of their craft, and training them in sail design is then a simple matter.

This Guild takes pride in producing heavy-duty, long-lasting goods, although their wares are not cheap: a 100' coil of heavy sail-rope is 10 sp; a 100' coil of thin black waxed cord, as strong as the sail rope but not for marine use, is 17 sp. A simple lateen or square sail for small ves-

sels, of "standard" (not custom) dimensions, will cost 500 to 700 gp (30% less if the buyer is willing to wait several months); a custom mainsail will cost 1,000 gp. A full set of sails (including a spare jib and mainsail) for a merchant ship will cost 2,000 gp (4,000 gp for a large or triple-masted ship, more if the vessel is even larger and uses more sail). Interested buyers should note that non-Guild sailmakers usually sell no-guarantees sets of sails for half what the Guild charges.

28. THE MOST EXCELLENT ORDER OF WEAVERS AND DYERS

Master: Tresh Lanngolyn (noble, 0 level fighter)

Headquarters: The House of Textiles, #190, Nethpranter's Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: rainbow-hued dyed overcloaks and overgowns

Entrance: 30 gp

Dues: 10 gp/year

Contact: Mellor Rhagust (0 level fighter, Speaker of the Order), The House of Textiles

This guild is rich and busy and offends few. Its wares are reasonably priced and its dyes good—they bleed and stain little, and fade only slowly. Guild members will gladly dye garments to order, although patterns and devices must not mock, closely resemble, or duplicate the heraldic devices of the City, Lords, or nobles—a Lords' edict on this point is strictly obeyed by the Guild. Guilds, nobles, and others with a clear legal right to such designs may, of course, order work bearing them from this Guild, a process involving a written request bearing as witness a Magister's (or Piergeiron's) signature.

The Order has over two thousand members, most human, and over half female. Its current Master is head of the noble family Lanngolyn, and he takes care that members avoid controversy, shady dealings, and large expenses, all of which makes this Guild of little interest to adventurers

29. THE ORDER OF COBBLERS & CORVISERS

Master: Falloor Malthind (2nd level fighter, Senior merchant)

Headquarters: Cobblers' & Corvisers' House, #199, Soothsayers' Way, The Trades Ward

Livery: grey cloaks or caps, with a brown human footprint (right foot, bare), toes uppermost, on the right shoulder or cap-front

Entrance: 25 gp (member), by application to the Council of Senior Merchants (all members of the Guild who have been members for fifteen continuous years, or more)

Dues: 10 gp/year (members), 15 gp/year (apprentices)

Contact: Darion Sulmest (0 level fighter, Spokesman of the Order), Sulmest's Splendid Shoes & Boots, #111, The High Road, North Ward

This guild is a quiet, always busy, wealthy lot, who make and repair shoes, boots, and all forms of footwear, including thick-soled wooden clogs for use in rain and snow. This is not a profession for the lazy—Waterdeep's

inhabitants keep members of this Guild working hard, and always try to get their own shoes or boots mended (or made new) first, before all the others waiting, by paying extra, and promising more. When a dozen or so customers do this in quick succession, some Guild members' shops get a little frantic. Most apprentices, however, watching the money roll in and reflecting on their dues (apprentices pay more than members), cannot wait to become full members, although the Council tries to keep active membership in the Guild down to 80 or so. By Guild law, each member can have up to nine—but no more—apprentices.

Guild dues are among the other things used to place large orders each fall (when herd animals that cannot be fed over the winter are slaughtered) with the League of Skinners & Tanners for basic, dark brown, heavy-duty finished leather for use in the making of footwear by the Guild. These annual orders are for tons of leather, are carefully guarded by both guilds, and the Order gets their leather at a bargain price in return for providing the League coffers with a regular, large sum to tide League members over each winter. Members of the Order are known to be either hoarders (the possessors of vast amounts of treasure hidden and secured somewhere in the City) or investors, with their money in dozens of businesses or properties (there's an old Waterdhavian saying, "Most landlords are corvisers; they know best when and how to give the boot").

30. THE ORDER OF MASTER SHIPWRIGHTS

Master: Kelvar Helmfast (noble, 4th level fighter, "The Old Captain", Master Shipwright)

Headquarters: Shipwrights' House, #266, Dock Street and Asteril's Way, Dock Ward

Livery: cloaks and robes of blue, dun, and red, in three broad vertical stripes

Entrance: 30 gp (only upon acceptance by the Master; there is no room for new members at present)

Dues: 15 gp/year

Contact: Zabardon Barpar (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Shipwrights), Shipwrights' House

This guild collectively owns the dry-docks and construction sheds of Waterdeep (except for Guildmember Amagus, who has his own, and allows the City and fellow Guild members to use it for a fee) where ships are built, although they have always been a small guild. Orlumbor's gigantic shops have always commanded the lion's share of Sword Coast shipbuilding, and the shops in Waterdeep are simply too small to lay the keels of the largest ships. The Order does a steady trade, however, producing and repairing the merchant cogs and caravels that ply coastal waters. The master merchants of Mirabar who own their own ships in Luskan, to bring their metals to Waterdeep, prefer the broad-beamed massive cogs of Waterdeep's shipwrights over all other vessels for bringing their cargos safely through storms and with

WATERDHAVIAN SHIP TABLE

Refer to the *Dungeon Masters Guide* and *Wilderness Survival Guide* for the meanings in this table

Ship Name	Hull Value	Length	Width	Draught	Speed: Normal Sail	Speed: Maximum Sail	Speed: Normal Oar	Speed: Maximum Oar	Peacetime	Armaments	Crew	Startup
Raker	36	90'	20'	6'	10 mph	16 mph	5 mph	8 mph	4 ballistae (2 fore, 2 aft); 4 fire-pot catapults (amidships and aft; armored ram)	36	4 rounds	
Striker	12	60'	10'	4'	12 mph	14 mph	6 mph	10 mph	4 ballistae; armored ram	44	3 rounds	
War Nao	40	40'	20'	12'	4 mph	6 mph	½ mph	1 mph	2 catapults, amidships (can carry 200 armed passengers)	40	1 turn	
Fast Caravel	26	60'	10'	6'	7 mph	10 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista	10	4 rounds	
Caravel	33	50'	10'	8'	5 mph	8 mph	1 mph	3 mph	1 ballista (or nothing)	10	5 rounds	
Cog	40	45'	20'	10'	5 mph	7 mph	½ mph	1 ½ mph	none	12	1 turn	
Heavy Cog	60	60'	25'	15'	3 mph	5 mph	½ mph	1 mph	none	14	1 turn	

(' = feet; mph = miles (nautical) per hour, assuming moderate favorable winds, calm seas)



overly heavy loads to dock in the City of Splendors. The base price for a new caravel is 6,000 gp; a "fast caravel", which is a light, slim ship larger than its similar cousin, and able to carry more sail and thus run faster, is 9,000 gp. A cog, a shorter, broader, wallowing, slower and far less elegant cargo ship, is 5,000 gp. One of the "heavy cogs" mentioned above is larger, can carry more sail, and has a massive reinforced hull (able to break through thin ice and thus sail in the North a week or so before and after less sturdy ships, each winter) is 7,000 gp.

Unless such ships are heavily damaged or obviously very old and worn out, they bring a "used" price of only 1,000 to 1,500 less. Guild members sometimes salvage or buy and refurbish old wrecks to make additional cash with relative ease and speed.

31. THE ORDER OF MASTER TAYLORS, GLOVERS, AND MERCERS

Master: Alurra Tarbrossen (3rd level magic-user, Lady Master of the Order), Costumers' Hall
 Headquarters: Costumers Hall, #176, The High Road and Spendthrift Alley, The Trades Ward
 Livery: white glove, arm, and half-cloak (one-piece garment), decorated with blue and green sequins in a repeating pattern of interwoven thread, leading to a threaded needle picked out in sequins along the wearer's forearm; this is worn on the left arm, hand, and shoulder, and is removed to do any practical work of any sort
 Entrance: 25 gp
 Dues: 12 gp/year
 Contact: the Lady Master

This busy guild has over six hundred members, who import some cloth and other supplies (such as thread), and use much of what other Waterdhavian Guilds make (such as leather, textiles, carved and cast buttons, and needles) to make clothing—literally tons of clothing, of all sizes and fashions, from high-society ladies' party masks to the leather breeches of a smith or dock-worker. Every Guild member has his or her own specialty (such as gloves or gowns), and prices, speed of work, and durability vary widely. The guild serves mainly to save its members money by importing needed supplies in bulk.

32. THE SADDLERS' & HARNESS-MAKERS' GUILD

Master: Deljassaa Rammathor, "Lady Wind" (2nd level thief, Guildmistress High), Saddlers' & Harness-Makers' Hall (where she lives)
 Headquarters: Saddlers & Harness-Makers' Hall, #217, Tulumaster's Street, Southern Ward
 Livery: none
 Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Guildmistress High)
 Dues: 7 gp/year
 Contact: the Guildmistress High

This guild is led by a former thief and jockey who turned to breeding horses rather than racing them after several bad falls, and thence to making her own tack, eventually rising to head this Guild. Deljassaa is no longer an active jockey or thief, and she is widely respected among the members of her own Guild and among the Guildmasters of the City as a shrewd and pleasant wheeler-dealer who gets what she wants (such as preferential treatment from the League of Skinners & Tanners for the leather her Guild members need).

33. THE SCRIVENERS, SCRIBES, & CLERKS GUILD

Master: Dablor Zimmulstern (0 level fighter, Scribe rank: High Atlar, Guild Master)
 Headquarters: The Zoarstar, #189, Quill Alley, The Trades Ward
 Livery: none
 Entrance: 10 gp
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild is a highly-educated, professional group of men and women who letter signs, draw pictures (sometimes in front of a party audience, upon a noble's hiring), compose and write letters, take dictation, design ornamental scripts, draw up legal tallies, and set down records, contracts and accounts. Many Guild members will even forge or counterfeit documents (for very stiff fees, in the hundreds of gold pieces range per document, because the penalties are so severe: expulsion from Guild and City for very serious cases, with amputation of fingers and thumbs added if the forgery is treasonous or inflammatory, in a manner that threatens the peace of the area).

The Palace retains a dozen Guild members at all times to transcribe a record of all said before it, and retains one scribe for each Magister (for the same task). The Watch also employs Guild members to draw likenesses of fugitives described by witnesses, so that Watch officers can carry these sketches when on patrol.

34. THE SOLEMN ORDER OF RECOGNIZED FURRIERS & WOOLMEN

Master: Thoss Bhalein (0 level fighter, merchant, Master of the Order)
 Headquarters: Guildhall of the Order, #34, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward
 Livery: grey woollen cloaks trimmed with fur (winter), skullcaps of grey wool with a fur fringe (summer)
 Entrance: 25 gp fee upon application to the Master, refunded if application refused
 Dues: 2 gp/month
 Contact: Shalrin Meraedos, Gentleman Keeper of the Order (0 level fighter), Meraedos Fine Furs, #112, The High Road, North Ward

This guild is rich, long-established, and tight-fisted. Its members, all of old families, attempt to control all trade in their field that enters Waterdeep by ruthlessly outbidding independents. Sabotage (such as mysterious warehouse fires or even highway banditry) is not unknown. The current Master, Thoss Bhalein, elected from the Guild ranks by the Order's members upon the death of his predecessor some twenty winters ago, has let no one join the Order since he took office, and shows no sign of changing his views, even encouraging wealthy members of the Order to buy out weaker fellow members, to tighten the Order's control. Thoss will be master for life (or unless he resigns his post, an almost unheard-of event dying, bedridden Masters have often clung to their titles for years after real power has passed from their hands), and is presently sixty-one winters of age, but in good health. This Order is one of the most lawful and conservative in the City, and looks upon adventurers (and young, entrepreneurial merchants in any field) as dangerous, reckless brigands who by their actions threaten not only the good name of merchants everywhere, but the very stability of society.

The "recognized" of the Guild's title refers to the proud assertion that no member of the Order deals in second-hand, doctored, or stolen wares, but is above reproach. This is largely true, but is a claim occasionally rendered a myth by certain Guild members.

35. THE SPLENDID ORDER OF ARMORERS, LOCKSMITHS, AND FINESMITHS

Master: Hallthor Duzmund (12th level fighter, Master Smith)
 Headquarters: The Metal House of Wonders, #279, Belnimbra's Street and Gut Alley, Dock Ward
 Livery: grey cloaks with a single blue star on the left shoulder
 Entrance: 35 gp
 Dues: 2 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild represents the most skilled smiths (those able to craft weapons, shields, and armor superbly

matched to the wielder and of lasting quality, the "finest quality" that mages enchanting weapons seek to find). Guild members can command the highest prices for their work, particularly for personalized weapons for adventurers and custom-designed locks and strong-doors for the vaults of merchants and nobles. Guild members also design and make ornaments of lasting beauty from wire and sculpted metal, such as the fantastic masks worn by many noble ladies of Waterdeep; metal birds that will flap their wings and trill if the hollow tails are blown through, as toys for the children of the rich, and elaborate party costumes of metal plates that can make the wearer appear as a monster, for party or stage wear. Each Guild member trains his or her apprentices for many years. Acquiring such skills is a full-time profession that does not allow adventurers to dabble and acquire skills thereby (the Guild Master's fighting level is a reflection of his intimate knowledge of the properties and handling of the weapons he makes).

Members of this Guild also fashion signet rings and stamps for the Guilds, noble families, and the Palace (the Palace seal, the arms of the Lords of Waterdeep, was made by this Guild).

36. THE STABLEMASTERS' & FARRIERS' GUILD

Master: Belihands Masker (0 level fighter, Senior Master)
 Headquarters: The Guild Paddock, #195, Walltower Walk, The Trades Ward
 Livery: deep blue hats with white plumes
 Entrance: 15 gp
 Dues: 3 sp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild represents all who breed, train, capture and tame, house, and tend horses and other riding animals, including aerial steeds (but not aquatic creatures, lizards, or great cats), and sets standards for such care. The Guild also provides its members with veterinary aid, and cheap rates on feed by buying in bulk. The Guild maintains a registry of pedigrees and brands to discourage theft and aid the Watch in tracing animals it they are stolen. Prices for Guild members' mounts are as given in the AD&D® rules. Such businesses do take exhausted mounts for a lesser, "trade-in" value.

Guild member Jhalathan Ilzoond is considered the finest griffon-tamer in the City, but owns only one such steed himself, which is housed at Castle Waterdeep and hired by the Guard. The Guard is the largest owner of griffons in the City, it stables over twenty in the eyrie on Mount Waterdeep, and another six (plus Jhalathan's beloved "Firebeak") at the Castle. There are perhaps three dozen known aerial steeds regularly in the City in the private hands of City residents, including pegasi, hippogriffs, and wind steeds. Members of this Guild have trained almost all of these.

37. THE STATIONERS GUILD

Master: Azoulin Wolfwind (0 level fighter, Master Stationer)
 Headquarters: Stationers' Hall, #202, The High Road and Way of the Dragon, The Trades Ward
 Livery: white robes with a black quill pen on the breast
 Entrance: 15 gp
 Dues: 1 gp/month
 Contact: the Master

This guild consists of those artisans who make both parchment paper and the cheaper rough-finished variety known in Waterdeep as "scrip," ink, blotters, colored waxes for seals, gilt ink for use in illuminating documents, metal pen nibs, and the like, as well as importing many large feathers from the South for use as fine quill pens. All Guild members have their own secret recipes for preparing special paper, but the Guild does supply its members with fine parchment (made in Stationers' Hall) and the other products of their trade, at a discount.



38. THE SURVEYORS', MAP & CHART-MAKERS' GUILD
Master: Halaviir Touzoun (0 level fighter, First Chartist)
Headquarters: The Map House, #15, Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward

Livery: green robes with a crossed chalk and dividers on the breast, green hats with white plumes

Entrance: 20 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 1 sp/month

Contact: Doroun Lhaerzor (0 level fighter, Speaker for the Guild), The Map House

The term "architect" is unknown in Waterdeep. Members of this guild design buildings and draw the required blueprints for all new buildings in Waterdeep, and all renovations which change the height of a building or add to its outside extent. This Guild also does all the necessary surveying in the City, except for private building sites.

The Guild maintains, at Map House, a large and ever-growing collection of maps and nautical charts, which they will purchase from any who offer good specimens to them (at 1-5 gp each). The Guild sells copies of maps from this collection, typically at 25 gp each, delivery to any Waterdeep address in nine days included. "Rush" jobs (two days) cost double.

DMs should note that the First Chartist and the Speaker know the collection thoroughly, and also know charts and maps. They will pay more than the usual range for things they really need (for example, maps of cities in Thay, and good maps of far-off, legendary Kara-Tur), but will refuse maps they know to be fanciful, wrong, or merely "treasure maps" with no details of the physical vicinity. Nautical charts (and of course, maps of the land) of the elven realm of Evermeet are a real rarity, but the elves take care that it stays that way (elves need no charts themselves, and their navy takes care that no other ships get near).

39. THE VINTNERS', DISTILLERS', & BREWERS' GUILD
Master: Razaar Slissin (0 level fighter, Guild Master)

Headquarters: The House of Good Spirits, #214, The Rising Ride, Southern Ward

Livery: purple robes with an upright drinking jack in white silhouette on the breast

Entrance: 30 gp (upon acceptance by the Master)

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild has only forty-odd members, but it produces a prodigious amount of drink for Waterdhavians and for export. Guild members annually turn out thousands upon thousands of barrels of wine, beer, liquor, and various liqueurs, including the distinctive "zzar," a Waterdhavian fortified wine that is fiery, orange, slightly almond-flavored, and equivalent to sherry. *Players Handbook* prices apply to such wares; zzar is 2 sp per jack, or 7 sp per bottle. This is a difficult Guild to join; years of apprenticeship to a member are necessary. The Master is careful not to increase the membership so much that the competition will hurt Guild members.

40. THE WAGONMAKERS' AND COACH BUILDERS' GUILD

Master: Sarjak Belszour (0 level fighter, Guild Master)

Headquarters: The Coach & Wagon Hall, #216, The High Road, Southern Ward

Livery: brown cloaks with four white wheels on each front shoulder

Entrance: 20 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

This guild builds and repairs coaches, wagons, and other conveyances for overland trade and travel within the City (including, for extra fees, conveyances with an astonishing variety of secret hiding places for use in smuggling and outwitting bandits). The skill involved in

making durable, beautiful conveyances is considerable, and years of apprenticeship are necessary, so PCs cannot soon join and make a success of themselves in this Guild. On the other hand, the conveyances produced by this Guild are elegant and sturdy, lasting through quite a bit of abuse. Prices vary widely with the different types and sizes of conveyances. Custom-made wagons take up to two weeks to build. Wagons assembled from "stock" parts on hand can be finished in two days.

41. THE WATCHFUL ORDER OF MAGISTS & PROTECTORS

Master: Mhair Szeltune (pronounced "mm-AIR Szz-EL-toon"; 17th level magic-user; Lady Master of the Order), Mhair's Tower, #171, Spindle Street, The Trades Ward
Headquarters: Tower of the Order, #30, The Street of Bells, Castle Ward

Livery: dark purple cloaks, with a white human hand, open, with fingers together and uppermost, on the left shoulder

Entrance: 35 gp (upon majority vote of the members)

Dues: 7 gp/month

Contact: Orlar Thammas (6th level magic-user, Speaker for the Order), Tower of the Order

This guild protects the less-powerful magic-users (and novices to the Art) of Waterdeep, and attempts to influence the powerful loners (non-Guildmembers) of magical power in the City (such as Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and Malchor Harpell), to be prudent and conservative, wielding magic little in public, so that mages will be respected and looked up to, rather than feared and actively opposed. Guild activities have little effect on the City's more powerful magic-users, who are not Guild members and who do what they like anyway (although Khelben's quiet support has allowed the Order to establish itself and have some effect). They are effective in policing mages of low and mid-levels who visit the City, in matters of not throwing spells around to coerce or influence the populace, and to have respect for colleagues of lesser power as well as greater. The membership gains great practical benefits through the Order. Members can readily communicate with fellow members to arrange training and buy magical information with some assurance that they are not dealing with charlatans (the Order will expel and publicly vilify members who practice deceit on fellow members), can readily purchase all manner of rare material components (such components are not cheap, but the time necessary to personally procure them is saved) from the golem-guarded cellars of the Tower of the Order. (DMs should invent some really heavy-duty magical guardian creatures and traps for this place if PCs assault it, culminating in personal appearances by the Lady Master of the Order, reinforced by Khelben and perhaps one or more mages of high level; i.e., PCs should have to run for their lives!) Members short of cash can earn ready money by serving as fire guards, "spell guards", or in fighting fires.

A fire guard is hired for a building (usually only when it contains valuables, although DMs should note that some nobles consider themselves valuable, night and day, as long as their money holds out) for 5 gp/night. The Guild keeps 1 gp of the fee, and gives the guarding member 4 gp. Such duty consists of loading up with *affect normal fires*, *cone of cold*, *conjure water elemental*, and similar spells and standing watch, with a guardian pigeon. If the pigeon is released, it will fly back to the Tower of the Order, and fire fighting mages will come on the run, sometimes by aerial steed (the Lady Master has a pegasus, who will carry one other mage on the saddle with her, so long as she is mounted too).

Fire fighting mages, of whom the Order retains four to six a night, are paid by the Order directly, 9 gp each. If summoned by a fire guard, they cost the building owner nothing. If they arrive to fight an unguarded building,

the City will pay the Order a flat 10 gp fee per building if the owner cannot be found, is deceased, or is unwilling to pay. Otherwise, owners are charged 10 gp per fire fighting mage.

A "spell guard" costs 10 gp per day (of which the Order gets 1 gp, and the guard 9 gp), and simply consists of accompanying a merchant, noble, or other paranoid individual through a day of living, negotiating, partying, or working, to detect and counter spells cast at him or her (obviously, *detect magic* and *dispel magic* are needed here).

The Order also sells scrolls of certain spells to its members, as follows:

Spell (each scroll contains only one spell of the type listed)	Cost in gp (not for sale to non-members)
<i>Affect Normal Fires</i>	300
<i>Comprehend Languages</i>	400
<i>Detect Invisibility</i>	600
<i>Detect Magic</i>	300
<i>Dispel Magic</i>	800
<i>Erase</i>	400
<i>Fire Trap</i>	1200
<i>Identify</i>	500
<i>Infravision</i>	900
<i>Knock</i>	600
<i>Locate Object</i>	700
<i>Mending</i>	300
<i>Protection From Evil</i>	300
<i>Read Magic</i>	200
<i>Remove Curse</i>	1000
<i>Shield</i>	400
<i>Tongues</i>	900
<i>Water Breathing</i>	900
<i>Wizard Eye</i>	1500
<i>Wizard Lock</i>	700
<i>Write</i>	500

A member of the Order may of course resell a scroll purchased from the Order to a non-member. This is rarely done (the Order will stop selling scrolls to a member who does it more than rarely), and usually for a 75% markup.

Member and non-member adventurers can make fairly good money by selling material components to the Order. They will not buy overpriced components, nor everyday or overstocked substances, however.

42. THE WHEELWRIGHTS' GUILD

Master: Zorind Tulwynd (0 level fighter, Master Wright)
Headquarters: Wheel Hall, #205, River Street, The Trades Ward

Livery: orange robes with a black, spoked wheel on the breast

Entrance: 5 gp

Dues: 1 gp/month

Contact: the Master

Members of this guild make coach, cart, and carriage wheels, of specific woods steamed and bent, and wrapped with iron bands. They can do this in a matter of some hours with ready materials. Making a replacement wheel for a carriage that matches design and appearance exactly might take a day and a half. Merely fitting the same vehicle with a "stock" wheel of the right size and roughly the right weight takes minutes if one is in stock, and about two hours if it must be made (although it should not be used right away, or it might throw its metal band off, and collapse—the band must cool completely to grip as tightly as it's supposed to).

Chapter 6: NOBLE FAMILIES OF WATERDEEP

From its earliest beginnings to its present sprawling wealth and influence, Waterdeep has had its successful merchant families, the mainstays of its early social and civil stability and later of its “high society” cultural tone. Some of these families have died out or been submerged by marriage, and others have arisen with each decade, until now there are seventy-six noble families of Waterdeep.

Two families, at least, have been declared outcast (exiled): the family Gildeggh (now apparently extinct), and the family Zoar. The reasons for their casting-out are given in Chapter 2. The arms of the Gildeggh family were a red rose clutched in a silver gauntlet, on a green field; those of the Zoar family consist of a realistic, severed umber hulk’s head impaled on a bloody spear, on a scarlet field. Today, members of the Zoar family are bitter enemies of Waterdeep’s rulers, and dwell in Luskan, Scornubel, and Amn.

Noble families are granted the right to bear arms—that is, real arms: small private armies, of no more than seventy fully-equipped men-at-arms, within the City, to guard the security of their goods, properties, and trade. Nobles are also granted the right to bear symbolic arms: heraldic coats-of-arms, to be used as recognition-badges by such armsmen. (Non-noble families, businesses, and individuals in the City are allowed no more than sixteen fully-armed bodyguards, by edict of the Lords.)

A hundredth of the annual wealth of each noble family goes directly, into the City coffers each Midsummer for the defense and maintenance of the City.

No “arms of grace” (heraldic arms recognized in the City) have been granted by the Lords of Waterdeep in more than twenty winters; this recognition of nobility involves the Herald of Waterdeep, Falconfree, and unanimous agreement of the Lords, and seldom occurs.

The DM is encouraged to give the nobles of Waterdeep individual style and character; most are decadent but not really evil or depraved, and are used to getting their own way in most

daily doings. They make formidable enemies. The younger members of such families may well fit into the cavalier class, but it is strongly recommended that no PC be a noble (at least, at the start of play) in any campaign set in Waterdeep—and if one must have PC cavaliers, that they be from elsewhere in the Realms, not of these noble families (unless the relationship is distant). Most nobles spend their adult lives in an endless round of parties, intrigue, dabbling in this or that special interest, and partying again. Nasty, unpleasant adventures are things that (thankfully) happen to somebody else, and can be laughed over at a party, half a year later!

DMs are encouraged to invent fiendish guardians for any noble’s villa that PCs try to explore uninvited. Remember, money is no object to most of these nobles; they are rich enough that they need not engage in trade if they do not care to.

Space does not permit full genealogies and biographies of all of the nobles of Waterdeep. Given hereafter is a list of some details of each likely to be useful in casual play.

Included with each family entry is its heraldic coat-of-arms (borne by all men-at-arms and low-ranking servants of each noble family, and thus often seen in the streets of Waterdeep), and at the end of this chapter the heraldic arms of the City and of the Lords of Waterdeep are included. The heraldry of Waterdeep may seem crude and simplistic, but this is largely the result of practical considerations, such as the need to readily recognize a distinctive family device from afar, even in twilight, bad weather, torchlight, or in a fight; and of the personal tastes of the nobles and of the Heralds involved over the years. Close examination of the coats-of-arms will reveal many complex elements, although differencing (by labels) is rare, as only family members who have had a deep, long-lasting breach with their kin request differentiated arms for themselves—and most such individuals usually leave the City of Splendors for

more hospitable habitations elsewhere in the Realms.

In the entries which follow, “prominent members” are those with wide influence and fame of infamy in the City (thus, the young Cassalanter who is secretly a Lord of Waterdeep, Caladorn, is not listed as prominent—as only the DM, and Caladorn’s fellow Lords, know of his importance), and “trade & interests” refers to activities engaged in all over the Realms, not just within the City walls. One note: many noble families gained great wealth through slave trade. Many years ago, they were given the choice of freeing all slaves and ceasing such trade, or becoming outcast. All renounced slave-trading and slavery (although some rumors to the contrary regularly make the rounds about former slaving families with connections in the far South).

Many noble families have been ennobled for six hundred years or more; however, there is no established order of precedence. At Court, nobles may speak whenever recognized by Piergeiron, or when silently pointed at by one of the masked Lords.

Most noble families have fifteen or so members of direct blood resident in Waterdeep. One or all of these may also own extensive holdings elsewhere in the Realms and other residences in the City. A noble household typically houses fifty or so servants, and mounts for all blood members and about half of the servants. Many noble families are also landlords of substantial holdings within the City. Ownership of buildings around one’s own villa is the best way to rid oneself of noisy or undesirable neighbors and the like.

Precise details of the wealth and current activities of these families have deliberately been excluded, so that each DM can involve such nobility in adventures as he or she sees fit, tailoring details to the adventure and to the political situation in the City in his or her individual campaign. For similar reasons, the classes and levels of most prominent family members have been left to the DM.



THE NOBLE FAMILIES

Family Name: ADARBRENT (Ah-DAR-brent)

Prominent Members: Royus Adarbrent
Trade & Interests: shipping, navigating, cartography and exploration
Arms: field: gold
star: red
stalactites, cavern ceiling: purple



Family Name: AGUNDAR (Ah-GUN-dar)

Prominent Members: Torres Agundar
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, warrior-training, sword-forging
Arms: field: sky blue
lightning bolt: white
cloud: purple



Family Name: AMCATHRA (Am-CATH-ra)

Prominent Members: Challas Amcathra, Mourngrym Amcathra, youngest son, now Lord of Shadowdale (Dalelands, in the Inner Sea lands)
Trade & Interests: wine, sword-forging, horse-breeding and training
Arms: field: red
crescents: silver
flame: blue



Family Name: AMMAKYL (AM-ah-kill)

Prominent Members: Luth Ammakyl
Trade & Interests: farming, wine-making
Arms: field: sky blue
ground: rich green
water: bands of blue and silver
tree: black
cloud: white



Family Name: ANTEOS (AN-tee-oh-sss)

Prominent Members: Dulbravvan Anteos
Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving), trading, moneychanging and barter
Arms: field: white
spears: brown shafts, silver heads
impaled head: brown hair and beard, pink flesh, red blood (lots)



Family Name: ARTEMEL (ARR-tem-el)

Prominent Members: Bresnoss Artemel
Trade & Interests: boar-hunting, moneylending
Arms: field: sky blue
eagle's wing: white upper feathers, black lower feathers



Family Name: ASSUMBAR (Asss-UM-bar)

Prominent Members: Laeros Assumbar
Trade & Interests: carpentry, designing exotic and splendid carriages
Arms: field: pink
goblet: silver
helm: silver with gold crown-
feathers and green plume-feather



Family Name: BELABRANTA (BELL-ah-bran-tah)

Prominent Members: Huld Belabranta (the "Dark Enchanter": NG 16th L magic-user)
Trade & Interests: griffon-breeding & taming, hunting
Arms: field white
stream: light blue
netting: purple



Family Name: BLADESEMMEER (BLAY-deh-sem-mer)

Prominent Members: Taeros Bladesemmer
Trade & Interests: fencing, sword-forging, designing exotic and unique body armor
Arms: field: orange
blade: silver
hand: pink flesh
chevron: red
Upper field: light green



Family Name: BROKENGULF (BROH-kenn-gull-ff)

Prominent Members: Morus Brokengulf, Prendergast Brokengulf, nicknamed "Huntlord" (heir)
Trade & Interests: exploration, guiding, and the hunting and procuring of exotic beasts
Arms: field: sky blue
mountain: grey
cavern and trail: red



Family Name: BROSSFEATHER (BROSS-fether)

Prominent Members: Orbul Brossfeather
Trade & Interests: forestry, lumbering, and fur-trapping, guiding
Arms: field: gold
feathers: red
axe: blade silver, handle brown



Family Name: CASSALANTER (CASS-ah-lanter)

Prominent Members: Ohrl Cassalanter
Trade & Interests: banking, moneylending, information-gathering, rumor-mongering (spreading rumors, for fees)
Arms: field: white
yoke: green
bird: white with gold beak, black feathers



Family Name: CRAGSMERE (CragS-MEER)

Prominent Members: Japhyl Cragsmere, "the Hawk"
Trade & Interests: moneylending, land-owning
Arms field: purple
stars: silver
crag: gold front, silver back slopes
water: silver
ground: black
lower tip of shield: gold (rising sun)



Family Name: CROMMOR (CROM-mor)

Prominent Members: Duth Crommor
Trade & Interests: brasswork (e.g., the trumpets on the family arms)
Arms: field: white
bands: red
trumpets: gold, with orange mouth-openings



Family Name: DEZLENTYR (Des-LENN-teer)

Prominent Members: Arlos Dezlentyr
Trade & Interests: exploration, settlement of islands, establishment of harbors, caravan trading and shipping
Arms: field (lower half) red, (upper half) white
stripes: white
anchor: silver
border: royal blue
water: light blue
island with tree: rich green



Family Name: DURINBOLD (DUR-in-bold)

Prominent Members: Buldos Durinbold
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, cattle-rearing, sheep-farming
Arms: field: white
battlements: grey
men in armor: silver
arrows: black
standard: red (banner), gold (ball on top), black (shaft)



Family Name: EAGLESHIELD (EE-gull-shield)

Prominent Members: Nuthos Eagleshield
Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, animal husbandry, tack-making
Arms: field: sky blue
water: purple
sun: gold
bands of cloud: black
eagle: red



Family Name: EIRONTALAR (EYE-ron-TAI-ar)

Prominent Members: Marlus Eirontalar
Trade & Interests: hunting, tracking, and guiding
Arms: field: light green
dragon (claw, tail, jaws): grey
flames (dragon's breath): red



Family Name: ELTORCHUL (El-TORR-chull)

Prominent Members: Thesp Eltorchul
Trade & Interests: mage-schooling, magical research and the procuring of rare substances and items
Arms: field: white
wands: gold
hat: black



Family Name: EMVEOLSTONE (Em-VEE-ohl-stone)

Prominent Members: Lylar Emveolstone
Trade & Interests: ironmongery, curio trading
Arms field: white
small shield: black
sun: gold





Family Name: ESTELMER (ESS-tel-mer)
 Prominent Members: Guldos Estelmer
 Trade & Interests: heraldry, sage-lore, printing
 Arms: field: white
 daggers: black (handles), silver (blades)
 gauntlet: green
 shelf: brown with black scrollwork
 skulls: white
 half-shield: gold
 hook: white
 quill pen: turquoise



Family Name: GAUNTYL (Gone-til)
 Prominent Members: Eleemos Gauntyl
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, exploring, mining
 Arms: field: orange
 gauntlet: silver
 spikes of gauntlet crimson
 slashes (three): crimson



Family Name: GOST (Gaaw-ss-t)
 Prominent Members: Djarrus Gost, Bhaedulph Gost (crippled father)
 Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, trading, armor-forging
 Arms: field: yellow
 snake deep green (body), white with red pupil (eye)



Family Name: GRALHUND (GRAUL-hund)
 Prominent Members: "Hund" Irg Gralhund
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, weapon-making
 Arms: field: gold
 devil's face: orange (eyes), tawny (unshaded aide), scarlet (shaded side)



Family Name: GUNDWYND (GUN-dd-wind)
 Prominent Members: Maurgosz Gundwynd
 Trade & Interests: the capture, training, and breeding of hippogriffs (and other aerial creatures, as steeds)
 Arms: field: white
 spiral winds: red (outer), orange (inner)
 sun: gold



Family Name: HAWKWINTER (HAWK-winter)
 Prominent Members: Eremoes Hawkwinter
 Trade & Interests: soldiering garrisons and guardianship
 Arms: field: royal blue
 star: silver
 arms & banners: black



Family Name: HELMFAST (HELM-fasst)
 Prominent Members: "The Old Captain" Kelvar Helmfast
 Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights
 Arms: field: purple
 moon: white
 waves: bands of black and purple
 foam: white
 hull: crimson
 sail: orange



Family Name: HIILGAUNTLET (HEEL-gawn-tlet)
 Prominent Members: Jhassin Hiil-gauntlet
 Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, military outfitting
 Arms: field orange
 flames: scarlet
 chain: silver



Family Name: HOTHEMER (HOTH-em-er)
 Prominent Members: Malas Hothemer
 Trade & Interests: trading, owning fleets of caravan wagons
 Arms: field: green
 dragon: white (body), red (teeth and tongue), gold (eye)



Family Name: HUNABAR (HOON-ah-bar)
 Prominent Members: Haskar Hunabar
 Trade & Interests: textiles-trading, importing fashions
 Arms: field: orange
 star: white
 reins: bronze



Family Name: HUSTEEM (Huss-TEEM)
 Prominent Members: Orbos Husteem
 Trade & Interests, mercenary fighting, land-owning
 Arms: field: tawny
 scimitar: white (blade), crimson (tip), gold (hilt)
 blood drops: crimson
 gauntlet: grey



Family Name: ILITUL (ILL-ih-tull)
 Prominent Members: Murgos Ilitul
 Trade & Interests: goat-raising and herding, mercenary fighting
 Arms: field: orange
 spears: red



Family Name: ILVASTARR (ILL-vah-starr)
 Prominent Members: Ulguth Ihvastar
 Trade & Interests: beast-taming and breeding, and the cooking of exotic meats
 Arms: field: gold
 minidragon: metallic green (body), orange (eye)



Family Name: ILZIMMER (ILL-zim-mer)
 Prominent Members: Boroldan Ilzimmer
 Trade & Interests: horse-breeding and racing, making and collecting maps, designing gowns and jewelry
 Arms: field: silver
 tears: crimson



Family Name: IRLINGSTAR (URR-ling-star)
 Prominent Members: Hulraven Irlingstar
 Trade & Interests: caravan-running, shipbuilding
 Arms: field: silver
 sash: red
 star: white



Family Name: JARDETH (JAR-deth)
 Prominent Members: Ulb Jardeth
 Trade & Interests: soldiering; garrisons and guardianship
 Arms: field: gold
 tower: purple
 bird: black
 tower window, road and jagged opening in tower base: gold



Family Name: JHANS CZIL (JANN-sss-zil)
 Prominent Members: Harkas Jhansczil
 Trade & Interests: trading, horse-breeding, mercenary fighting
 Arms: field green
 weapons: silver (blades, hilts, and pommels), black (grips)



Family Name: KORMALIS (KORE-mal-liss)
 Prominent Members: Helm Kormallis
 The Torturer
 Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving), recruiting, mercenary training, outfitting for travelers
 Arms: field: yellow
 boot: brown
 flower: blue (blossom), green (leaves and stem)



Family Name: KOTHONT (KOTH-ont)
 Prominent Members: Alauos Kothont
 "Lord Goldbeard"
 Trade & Interests: herd farming, fur-trapping
 Arms: field: sky blue
 spear: brown (shaft), silver (head)
 banner: green
 star: silver



Family Name: LANNGOLYN (LANN-go-linn)
 Prominent Members: Tresh Lanngolyn, Ormaes Lanngolyn "Seamaster"
 Trade & Interests: textiles, shipping
 Arms: field: purple
 shell: pink
 sea-worm: green



Family Name: LATHKULE (LATH-kool)
 Prominent Members: Nimor Lathkule
 Trade & Interests: jewelry, gem mining and prospecting, gemcutting
 Arms: field: white
 arm: pink flesh
 gem: glistening green



Family Name: MAERKLOS (MAY-er-close)
 Prominent Members: Aldara Maerklos
 Trade & Interests: seer (predictions), swine-herding, beer-brewing
 Arms: field: deep green (lower), pink (upper)
 eyes: white, (lashes) black
 mouth: red
 border between fields, and lines in lower field: thin black





Family Name: MAERNOS (MAY-er-no-zz)

Prominent Members: Ultras Maernos (Raiser-of-Priests)

Trade & Interests: moneylending, banking, financial administration of temples (hence, Ultras's nickname)

Arms: field: royal blue
spearpoints: silver
folded hands: pink flesh
sleeves: green



Family Name: MAJARRA (Mah-JAR-ra)

Prominent Members: Kelthul Majarra

Trade & Interests: harping, instrument making, and harp-training, silver mining (Mirabar)

Arms: field: deep green
bars: white
harp: brown (body), white (area of strings), silver (strings)
curtain: orange (fabric, in top corner), crimson (border)



Family Name: MANTHAR (MAN-thar)

Prominent Members: Ithnil Manthar

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, trading in metals & perfumes

Arms: field: royal blue
band: silver
swordtip: silver (blade), red (bloodied tip)



Family Name: MARGASTER (MAR-gast-er)

Prominent Members: "Lord of Lords" Thentias Margaster

Trade & Interests: trading, shipping

Arms: field: gold
claw: white
talons: scarlet
feathers: brown



Family Name: MASSALAN (MASS-ah-lann)

Prominent Members: Iliaru Massalan

Trade & Interests: Jewelry

Arms: field: red
border: gold
stars: white



Family Name: MELSHIMBER (Mel-SHIMM-bur)

Prominent Members: Hlanta Melshimber (said to know many insidious poisons)

Trade & Interests: sage-lore (history & genealogy), research and information-gathering, fine wines

Arms: field: silver
border (representing edge of helm): royal blue
eye: white with green pupil



Family Name: MOONSTAR (MOON-starr)

Prominent Members: Helve Moonstar

Trade & Interests: guiding, cartography, exploration and caravan-mastering

Arms: field: royal blue
moon and stars: silver



Family Name: NANDAR (Nan-DAR)

Prominent Members: Baelrun Nandar

Trade & Interests: house-building, bridgebuilding

Arms: field: sky blue
bridge: grey
star: silver
spear: black (shaft), silver (head), royal blue (banner)



Family Name: NESHER (Neh-SHURR)

Prominent Members: Laskar Neshar

Trade & Interests: hawking, lumbering, wood-making

Arms: field: green
hawk-bell: white



Family Name: PHULL (Ff-ULL)

Prominent Members: "the Fisherlord" Ulmassus Phull

Trade & Interests: fishing

Arms: field: green
fish: silver (body), yellow (eye)



Family Name: PHYLUND (ff-EYE-lund)

Prominent Members: Urto Phylund

Trade & Interests: the training, procuring, and breeding of fearsome "monsters" (will buy from adventurers)

Arms: field: orange
horn: yellow-green
eyes: glittering green
mouth: red (maw), white (fangs)



Family Name: PIIRADOST (PEER-ah-dohst)

Prominent Members: Humbraz Piiradost

Trade & Interests: horse-breeding, cattle raising

Arms: field: red
portcullis: grey
chain & collar: grey
skull: white and black



Family Name: RAVENTREE (RAY-venn-tree)

Prominent Members: Nandos Raventree

Trade & Interests: rare-foods purveying, shipbuilding

Arms: field: orange
water: green
tree: black
raven: black (body), red (eye)
sails: white
hull: brown



Family Name: ROARINGHORN (ROAR-ingg-horn)

Prominent Members: Vastarr Roaringhorn, Kuldos Roaringhorn (brothers, co-heads of the family and known collectively as "the Lords Roaringhorn"). The family is a lusty, fun-loving, singing, brawling clan, who love parties and pomp.

Trade & Interests: mercenary-fighting, horse-raising

Arms: field: green
horn: gold (body), white (blast of sound)
star: white



Family Name: ROSZMAR (ROZZ-nar)

Prominent Members: Estrip Rosznar,

"the Young Masked Lady" (due to her fondness for masked dance costumes, and her facial resemblance to the famous Lhestyn "the Masked Lady"). Estrip (pronounced ESS-treep) is head of her House.

Trade & Interests: land-owning, wine-making

Arms: field: royal blue
falcon: white



Family Name: RULDEGOST (RULL-dee-goss-t)

Prominent Members: Dethnar Ruldegost, a quiet, "respectable" family (whose interests belie this act).

Trade & Interests: banking, mercenary fighting, bounty-hunting, caravan-mastering

Arms: field: sky blue
flames: scarlet
armor: silver (face: black, no features shown)
blood: crimson (three rivulets, from open helm)



Family Name: SILMERHELVE (SILL-murr-hellve)

Prominent Members: Laerlos Silmerhelve

Trade & Interests: guardianship

warrior-training, pandering
Arms: field: green
borders: silver
torso: pink flesh
lance: brown
helm, sword, and shield (note borders on shield): gold



Family Name: SNOBE (Ss-NO-mm)

Prominent Members: Arrabas Snome

Trade & Interests: beer and liqueur importing

Arms: field: scarlet
goblet: gold
spilling wine: purple



Family Name: STORMWEATHER (STORM-weather)

Prominent Members: Mintos Stormweather

Trade & Interests: shipping, naval exploration

Arms: field: sky blue
waves: green
foam at top of wave: white
moon: white



Family Name: SULTLUE (SUL-tloo)

Prominent Members: Asbrior Sultlue "the Serpent" (this family holds grudges and wild hatreds; some members may not be quite sane)

Trade & Interests: mercenary fighting, horse-breeding and trading

Arms: field: royal blue
serpent: light green (body), yellow (eyes, fangs), red (mouth)





Family Name: TALMOST (TALL-moss-tt)

Prominent Members: Hyara Talmost
"the Matriarch"

Trade & Interests: textiles, fashion clothing, furs

Arms' field: sky blue

castle: grey
torch: gold
flame: orange



Family Name: TARM (TAR-mmn)

Prominent Members: Thentivil Tarm

Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, horse-breeding and training

Arms' field: red

band: white
bugle, candle-lamp, and whip: gold (including thong, flame)



Family Name: TCHAZZAM (TAH-chah-zzam)

Prominent Members: Ulboth Tchazzam
Trade & Interests: archery, hunting, bowyers & fletchers

Arms' field: royal blue

moon: white
fanciful arrow: silver (including speed-streaks)



Family Name: TESPHER (TESS-purr)

Prominent Members: Armult Tesper
Trade & Interests: guardianship, skill-at-arms

Arms' field: royal blue

bands (two): red
will-o'-wisps (two): white



Family Name: THANN (Thh-ANN)

Prominent Members: Rhammas Thann
(a rich, careful, quiet clan)

Trade & Interests: (formerly slaving)
land-owning, merchant shipping

Arms' field: green

horse: white (body), brown (eye)
crow: black (body), yellow (eye)



Family Name: THONGOLIR (THONG-oh-leer)

Prominent Members: Bilaerus Thongolir
Trade & Interests: calligraphy, limning, printing

Arms' field: royal blue
scrolled border: silver



Family Name: THORP (THOR-pp)

Prominent Members: Bulmere Thorp
Trade & Interests: caravan-mastering, mercenary fighting

Arms' field: gold
mace: grey



Family Name: THUNDERSTAFF (THUN-der-staff)

Prominent Members: Baerom Thunderstaff

Trade & Interests: magecraft, mercenary fighting, caravan-mastering

Arms' field: red

weapons: silver tall blades, black (all shafts)



Family Name: ULBRINTER (UL-BRIN-turr)

Prominent Members: Nomus Ulbrinter
Trade & Interests: shipping, shipwrights

Arms' field: white

waves: green
hull: brown
sail: light blue (with red heart blazon)
masthead banner: red
ships' lines, catwalks, shrouds, mast: black



Family Name: URMBRUSK (URM-brusk)

Prominent Members: Halam Urnbrusk
Trade & Interests: land-owning, money-lending

Arms' field: green

sword: blue (blade), gold (hilt,ommel), black (grip)
blood: crimson
monster: brown (body), white (fangs), purple (mouth)



Family Name: WANDS (WAA-nds)

Prominent Members: Maskar Wands
(powerful mage), Olanhar Wands
(Maskar's daughter and successor)

Trade & Interests: mage-schooling, magical research and adventuring, dweomercrafter-for-hire

Arms' field: purple
manche (sleeve): black
stars: gold



Family Name: WAVESILVER (WAVE-silver)

Prominent Members: Bleskos Wave-silver

Trade & Interests: merchant shipping

Arms' field: red (sky)

waves: royal blue
spray: silver (one curl at bottom, curl and drop at top)



Family Name: ZULPAIR (ZUL-pair)

Prominent Members: Olomar Zulpair
Trade & Interests: merchant shipping

Arms' field: purple

proW: gold
star: silver
spray: white
waves: navy blue



Family Name: ZUN (Zz-UNN)

Prominent Members: Lungar Zun
Trade & Interests: cattle-farming, mercenary fighting

Arms' field: brown

sting & claw: metallic green (both have silver sparkles)



Here follow the Arms of the City of Waterdeep:

field: royal blue (sky)
border: silver
crescent moons (one a distorted reflection): silver
water: navy blue
horizon: purple
nine stars: silver



Here follow the Arms of the Lords of Waterdeep:

field: white
border: silver
torch: metallic blue
flame: silver



Chapter 7: SELECTED NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS OF WATERDEEP

The characters listed below are for the DM to use in encounters with PCs in Waterdeep, not as Player Characters. This is by no means a complete list of important personages of the City, but merely some beings useful as tutors, sources of information, potential adversaries, and “local color” for PCs exploring Waterdeep. NPCs dealt with elsewhere in this book have not been repeated here.

In the entries that follow, the pronunciation of each character’s name is noted, and the ward(s) of the City each is most often found in is given. Ability scores of 16 or greater are included; others may be determined as a DM sees fit.

Aluar Zendos (AL-OO-ar ZEN-dosz)

The Trades Ward
4th level ranger
CG Mielikki
Human male, ST 17, CON 17

Aluar is a quiet, unassuming man of muscular build, who possesses a hawklike face and a hatred for evil creatures. He can be encountered often in the inns and taverns of Waterdeep, where he will offer himself as a guide (for 1 sp/day) or caravan-guard for any traveling in the North. Aluar will go as far east as Westgate, as far north as the mountains allow, and as far south as the cities of Amn. He enjoys a good fight, although he will not stay with adventurers who wantonly slay wildlife that does not menace them or that they do not intend to eat, or who fell trees or burn brush without reason. He will readily tutor other rangers (he wants very much to gain a magical blade he can wield in battle). Aluar is a restless man who does not know what to do in life, but he knows somehow that Waterdeep, a city to which he returns continually, is very important, and that his eventual destiny will involve it.

Bamaal Dunster (Bam—ALL DUN-sturr)

All wards
3rd level cleric of Lathander
NG Lathander
Human male, WIS 17

Bamaal is a short, fat, jolly man of middle years, given to impish humor and a love of good times and convivial fellowship. He is often to be found in taverns and at parties, and has a prodigious tolerance for drink, so that although he may grow rather owlsh by the end of a wild evening, he is still upright and observant. Bamaal exasperates the clergy of Waterdeep’s temple to Lathander because of his undignified (and unrepentantly so!) nature, but he is a devout fol-

lower of Lathander in his own way, forever helping to tend some stranger’s flowers or handing young lovers the keys to his current inn room for a night, and forever starting and helping others to start plans, fellowships, and businesses. He gains the necessary monies to live as he does by healing and aiding others with his divinely-given magic for fees, quite unashamedly, and Lathander seems to approve, as Bamaal’s prayers are continually answered with spells. Bamaal will not leave the City to go on any sort of adventure, but he will quite happily rise from his bed in the dead of night to cure the wounds of a fallen adventurer if awakened by one of the unfortunate’s anxious companions.

Blazidon One-Eye (BLAZZ-ih-don)

Virgins’ Square (day), Bowels of the Earth (night): The Trades Ward, Dock Ward
4th level fighter
CN Tempus
Human male, ST 16

By night, Blazidon makes the rounds of Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, befriending penniless newcomers to the City who might be willing to hire themselves out as fighting men or guards. By day, this grizzled old fighter, now retired, but still armed to the teeth and no pushover, can be found in Virgins’ Square. Most caravan-masters know where to find him. For a copper piece per man hired, Blazidon will contact a hiresword for a client, and bring the two together to talk business in a little room off the taproom of The Bowels of the Earth tavern (#198, Snail Street and Simples Street, The Trades Ward). Unbeknownst to most of Waterdeep, he owns the palace, and usually sleeps in its dust-filled attic. Blazidon knows Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, and the entire City south of the Bazaar, well.

Brace Ulmemur (BRAY-sss Ull-MEM-urr)

Taverns and near City Gates, all wards
4th level fighter
CN Tymora
Human male, ST 17

Brace is a beefy, hard-faced man who in the past was a member of two short-lived adventuring bands: the Men of the Knife and The Company of the Black Hand. Both companies were decimated by monsters while exploring ruins in the North. Brace is reluctant to mount further adventures by himself, and won’t even discuss details of his past career (such as just where the ruins were). He is quite willing to hire on with bands of adventurers as an extra sword (he fights with broad sword, battleaxe, and dag-

ger), for 1 sp per day, plus meals, and a 5 gp bonus if substantial treasure is found. Brace is not greedy and will not try to keep treasure for himself, and is quite dependable to any party that does not callously leave him to death (those sorts of people he will follow, if he can, and rob or slay, one by one, calmly and patiently). He owns two magical items: a (standard) *ring of regeneration*, which he conceals with a bandage that covers three fingers and the back of a “broken” hand, and a *ring of ESP* (allows the wearer to eavesdrop on the surface thoughts of one creature, as the second-level magic-user spell, for two rounds in every 1-turn period, either a single 2-round probe, or two 1-round probes). Brace will try to avoid people casting *detect magic* on him, and if they do so, will try to trick such examiners by clasping his hands together while such detection is operating, and by otherwise never using his bandaged hand, into believing he wears only one magic ring, not two. If Brace is given or gains lots of treasure suddenly, he will offer much of it to the service of Tymora.

Coril (KOR-ill)

All wards
2nd level magic-user
CG Mystra
Human “male” (see below), IN 18, DEX 18

This (apparently) handsome young man always wears black robes, and carries a thick book under one arm. The tome consists of reams of loose scrap paper clamped together with clasps between two covers, upon which Coril scribbles (execrable: DMs are encouraged to freely invent samples) verse from time to time. Coril may be encountered in any of Waterdeep’s inns and taverns, where he likes to sit in a corner and just watch people. Coril is willing to cast spells for fees, trade spells for magical items or (useful) spells he does not have, and tutor magic users for fees, too.

Coril knows the following cantrips and spells.

Cantrips: *clean, color, dampen, freshen, stitch, tie, warm/tangle, untie/distract, hide, present/giggle, wink, yawn/bluelight, fire-finger, smokepuff, unlock/footfall, groan, whistle*

Spells: *armor, comprehend languages, dancing lights, detect magic, hold portal, magic missile, mending, read magic, shield, shocking grasp, unseen servant, write*

Coril is actually female, and an agent of the Harpers, about whom she (deliberately) knows nothing useful. Once a month she



meets the bard Shalar Simgulphin (q.v.) in a tavern somewhere in Waterdeep. She tells him details of people she's seen. He tells her things to look for in the month ahead for him, and he hands her 50 gp for living expenses in the month to come. Coril has no magical items, keeps her spell books hidden in a cavity behind a loose stone in a minaret on the roof of Mariners' Hall (her Dexterity and climbing proficiency allow her to reach it easily in night's darkness). She is the illegitimate daughter of the cavalier Sarraver of Baldur's Gate, who does not know her current whereabouts.

Dagasumn (DAG-ah-summ)

? (Contact: #24 on City map)
3rd level magic-user
LN Mystra
Human male, IN 17

An adventuring mage who may be contacted through the staff of The Elfstone Tavern (The Street of the Sword, Castle Ward), Dagasumn was born in Port Llast and was briefly apprenticed to Malchor Harpell (q.v.) at the latter's Tower of Twilight near Neverwinter. Dagasumn soon came to Waterdeep to make his fortune, casting spells and tutoring lesser magic users for fees. He is always dispassionately considering and attempting ways of gaining magical knowledge and power (i.e., magical items) and gold with a minimum of risk. He hires bodyguards for meetings with numerous potential clients, and never goes adventuring when he can stay safely in the City and cast spells in the comparative safety of The City of the Dead (where careful timing between Guard patrols, and careful choice of location, will ensure the fewest possible witnesses) for adventurers who come to him with gold (notably *identify*, *detect evil*, *locate object*, and *strength*). Dagasumn will keep strictly to the letter of any agreement he makes with anyone, but is loyal only to himself.

Duromil "the Fearless" (Durr-OH-mil)

all wards (inns and taverns)
6th level thief
CN Mask
Human male, ST 16, DEX 18

This quiet, close-mouthed thief of Waterdeep specializes in robbing visitors to the City of small items of value (gems, magical items, spell books, and the like). He frequents the inns and taverns of the City posing as a fighter, even hiring on through Blazidon (q.v.) from time to time when money is low. Duromil wears leather armor (he will claim to be too poor to afford bet-

ter), and carries a broad sword, long sword, and dagger. He is not at all adverse to accompanying a party as a hiresword and then stealing from them when the opportunity arises, although he will always try to conceal the fact that he is a thief, and even that he is disloyal to the party. Backstabbing and picking pockets in the dark when the party is confused or split up, and then "appearing" on the scene as a loyal (and upset) party member is a favorite trick. Duromil is wise enough to know when this will not work, and not to attempt it in such cases. He has done this many times, and Waterdhavians and surviving adventurers he accompanied alike do not suspect that he is a thief, or was disloyal (in other words, he's a very smooth operator). Duromil is not cruel or overly reckless, and he is always alert for trouble.

Elaith Craulnobur, "the Serpent" (Ee-LAITH Crawl-NO-burr)

all wards (taverns, nightclubs, festsalls)
6th level fighter/7th level magic user
NE Erevan Ilesere
Elven male, ST 17, IN 16, DEX 17, CHA 17

This charismatic, handsome, and glib-tongued rogue is a ruthless adventurer of Moon Elven stock; tall, slim, and silver-haired, with amber eyes and a melodious voice. He often appears gently amused at his surroundings, but he is as dangerous as the type of monster he is nicknamed for. Elaith is the last survivor of the famed Company of the Claw, and the last living member of the Three Blades of tavern fame. He earned his nickname for his gliding strike in battle, and his cruel sense of humor. Some in Waterdeep believe (rightly) that he betrayed or slew some of his adventuring comrades. All say that he has vast sums of money hidden away, while ever he seeks more. Elaith often organizes new adventuring companies in Waterdeep's taverns, to explore this or that dungeon or ruin of the North, although experienced mercenaries say cynically that the Serpent is just looking for fodder: cheap muscles to die in traps and battles while he grows rich. In truth, Elaith owns much property in Waterdeep, and in a hidden cellar has a strongbox, guarded by a gargoyle or similar fearsome clawed, flying monster, with several magical wands in it, and coffers of gems worth over 90,000 gp. The only magic the Serpent carries is a *potion of extra healing* and a *ring of the ram*. He fights with a sabre, daggers (which he is adept at throwing: he has one in each boot and one at his belt), and a handaxe. He is

also adept in the use of a spear and darts. Elaith is known to use a *Rary's mnemonic enhancer* to carry more *lightning bolts* or *fireballs* than he ordinarily would be able to. He is always expecting and prepared for treachery and trouble.

Infamous among elves in the North (where he is hated and feared, although some secretly envy his successes and confident independence, when the elven People in general are in decline in Faerûn), Elaith takes full advantage of the fact that most visitors to the City do not expect an elf to be evil.

Filiare (Fill-ee-AIR)

#168 (almost always)
3rd level fighter
LN Tempus
Human male

The owner and bartender of The Inn of the Dripping Dagger (The High Road, The Trades Ward), Filiare is a jovial, middle-aged former mercenary who is the major alternative to Blazidon (q.v.) as a job-finder for "hireswords" (mercenary fighting men). His inn is the favored home and watering-place for such warriors, and many employers seeking a few blades in a hurry come here and see who's "at home at the Dagger" to hire. The Company of Crazy Adventurers lived here until they built their own keep (now demolished), and it was always their favorite place to drink. Filiare is a good, considerate host, and has lots of spare weapons and gear on hand (given to him by fighting men down on their luck, who had no spare coin to pay their bills, or who never came back from an expedition to find more coins to call their own) to sell to adventurers in need. DMs should note that Filiare may shave a copper piece or two off the standard—i.e. *Players Handbook*—prices for such items, if adventurers seem to be in dire straits.

Flambos Axemaster (FLAM-boe-ss)

all wards (inns and taverns)
3rd level ranger
NG Mielikki
Human male, ST 17, W 16

Flambos is a ranger based in Waterdeep (where he may be found in almost any inn or tavern, splendid or squalid), who rides the High Moor armed with long sword, longbow, and the battleaxe for which he is named, battling evil creatures who live there until he must return to the City for healing and rest. He will readily accompany adventurers of good alignment who need a guide or sword-arm, charging 1 sp/day (and



an equal share of any treasure gained). Any large amounts of treasure he may win while adventuring will be given to the shrine of Mielikki in Waterdeep, for the Lady's Work. Smaller amounts pay for necessary healing and daily expenses. Flambos lives simply.

Gaundos (Gh-ONN-doe-ss)

? (contact: #213)
5th level illusionist
CN Leira
Human male, IN 17, DEX 17

This mysterious illusionist of Waterdeep takes care that none know his true abode or face, employing *change self* constantly, and making paranoid roundabout trips everywhere, constantly doubling back and changing his appearance again. He can be contacted at The Swords' Rest tavern (The High Road, Southern Ward) by leaving word with the bartender, Elgorel, whom he speaks to at some time during every evening. Gaundos is constantly in need of money to purchase tomes and material components to further his art (illusionists—or at least, illusionists willing to make themselves known to Gaundos—seem to be few and far between in Waterdeep). He will agree to cast spells, or tutor lesser illusionists, for a fee. He will never willingly go on adventures, and for self-protection carries a *necklace of missiles* (4 2d missiles, 2 of 4 dice, 2 of 6 dice, and one of 8 dice), which he will use if attacked or cornered by anyone.

Helve Urtrace (HEL-ve UR-tray-ss)

Castle Waterdeep or trouble scenes (see below)
5th level fighter
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

Helve is a close-mouthed, always-calm fighting man, who is Senior Armsmaster of the Waterdeep Watch, responsible for purchasing, maintaining, and keeping an account of, all weapons used by officers of the Watch. If one goes missing, it is he who will investigate. He is said in tavern-talk to put secret marks on all the Watch weapons, invisible to all but himself, but this is a myth. Helve also drills Watch officers in the use of their arms, and is said to know every trick of tavern- and street-fighting and to have an uncanny ability to anticipate what an opponent is about to do and be ready for it. This seems to be true. If a large brawl or magical fight erupts and a Watch patrol calls for reinforcements, and the reinforcements in turn have to blow *their* horns for additional reinforcements, Helve will almost certainly (90%) arrive. He carries a *rod of smiting* when on duty, and when answering a sum-

mons to trouble, he is often accompanied by his daughter, Lassree, a 2nd level magic-user who has been given a *ring of spell turning* and a *wand of paralyzation* by the Lords to help her (and the Watch) in such situations, and 11-22 (10 + 1d12) additional officers of the Watch.

Hest Sciprar (HES-ssst SIP-rar)

#168, or on streets
4th level fighter
NG Tymora
Human male, ST 17, IN 17, CON 16

Hest is a fun-loving, adventurous mercenary who loves dashing deeds and gallantry, and is most willing to undertake adventures for a fee—2 sp/day—or rescue missions for half that. He rooms at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger, where he can be readily contacted, in person or via Filiare (q.v.). Hest Sciprar expects an equal share of any considerable treasure won—coins, not magic, to give to Tymora's temple, to Filiare for rent, and to buy a few rounds for the boys at the Dripping Dagger. Hest dreams of someday rescuing and marrying a beautiful lady and becoming a noble lord. DM's note: add +3 to all of Hest's saving throws. He seems truly favored of Tymora.

Hlam (Hh-LAM)

Mt. Waterdeep (see below)
7th level monk
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 17, W 16, DEX 17

Hlam has twice tried and failed to become the White Master of Dragons. He was defeated by Iltmul at the Citadel of the Mists, and later by Iltmul's successor, Dumal Erard of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. Hlam considers these defeats signs from Tyr that he was not ready to advance in Tyr's service, so he patiently meditates and trains, alone in a small cave partway up the eastern face of Mount Waterdeep. The Guard and Watch know of his presence but do not disturb him. Indeed, they have instructions from Piergeiron to leave food at the cave-mouth regularly. Hlam considers it part of his service to Tyr to train monks of lesser accomplishments, but considers adventuring with companions (rather than alone) to be frivolous self-indulgence. He will expect such trainees to make offerings to Tyr, at the shrine in Neverwinter or elsewhere.

Ilph (real name: Myturkh Longpipe)

All wards (see below)
7th level thief-acrobat
CN Brandobaris
Halfling male, ST 15, DEX 17

Ilph says little, keeps to dark Dock Ward taverns or sewers by day, and roams the roofs of the City by night, looking for open windows and unattended belongings in walled courtyards and gardens. The Watch has never caught him, although they have often seen him running nimbly along the top of a villa wall, far above them, shrouded in hood and silence. Ilph is not willing to train others, and if encountered in a tavern by day will profess to be a simple farming lad from Corm Orp, come to see the sights of the big City, and not a thief at all. If approached on the rooftops by night, he will attack instantly, and then flee. He is not adverse to stealing from adventurers. He has a perfect hiding place for his booty, inside a hollowed-out block of stone on the roof of the Palace itself.

The ornate, many-spired roof of the Palace is lightly guarded because it is considered too difficult to reach and climb about on. The various roof hatches are heavily guarded within, but if one can climb unobserved—Ilph always comes by night, from the Mount Waterdeep side—one is likely to be unchallenged. Ilph never tries to get into the Palace, and so never runs afoul of the Guard. PCs trying to follow Ilph or enter the Palace by this route will no doubt discover the scenic delights that the Palace offers the discerning visitor: steep, greased roof slates, spike-studded ledges, wire snares, treacherously-crumbling stone trim, and tripwire-activated alarms and automatic crossbows.

Janszobur (JAN-so-burr)

Streets (see below)
4th level barbarian
NG "The Fist" (Tempus)
Human male, ST 17, DEX 16, CON 18 (IN 5, WIS 4)

Janszobur is a native of the Snow Cat Nomads, who inhabit the mountains of the Utter North, battling remorhaz and intruding orcs with savage ferocity. They are few and physically strong, and worship an incarnation of Tempus, whom they call "the Fist."

Once in his life, each man of the Snow Cats must undertake a quest, a service for the Fist, some great deed for the good of the tribe. The elder seers of Janszobur's tribe picked as Janszobur's task bringing back a warrior-princess from the great City of men far to the south, on the coast, a fighting queen who will lead the People to greatness. So to Waterdeep Janszobur has come, bewildered by the crowding and the strange ways and all the finery and wealth.



He is still doggedly looking for the War Queen, although he has almost run out of taverns to look for her in, and is known to the Watch all over Waterdeep for his habit of drinking all evening, breaking a few heads to warm up, and then striding through the streets of the City in the wee hours, singing lustily at the top of his lungs as he peers in windows and tries doors, looking for the princess. Janszobur prefers to brawl (refer to *Unearthed Arcana*) rather than draw steel. Unwitting adventurers who encounter him may suffer the same rough fate that Watch officers usually do (their reports usually include the phrase, “. . . after regaining my senses, I . . .”).

Kappiyan Flurmastyr (KAPP-ee-yan FLURR-mass-turr)

#218 (rarely elsewhere)
11th level magic-user
NG Mystra
Human male, IN 18, CHA 16

This distinguished-looking, tall, thin, white-bearded wizard lives alone in a house on Anchoret’s Court (Southern Ward), where he is engaged in seemingly constant research, and in the making of potions. He will sell potions in return for money to continue his researches (the DM should determine what he has on hand, and follow standard *Dungeon Masters Guide* prices. Kappiyan is not running a potion shop, as he will testily say if PCs turn up on his doorstep again and again). He has a homonculous and other magical guardian creatures in his house. The severity of Kappiyan’s defenses is left to the DM. PCs intent on robbing him should expect to leave the remains of many of their fellows behind.

Loene (LOW-enn)

#13 and all wards
8th level fighter
CG Tymora
Human female, ST 16, DEX 17, CHA 16

Now a formidable fighter and rich landlord in Waterdeep, Loene was once a “pleasure girl” purchased by Minark “the Salt Torturer”, from whom she was rescued by the notorious Company of Crazy Adventurers. Becoming an assistant to Nain Keenwhistler (q.v.) she defended him ably when he was attacked in the streets, and was offered a place in the Company ranks and training at arms, as a result. She rose in skills with astonishing speed, and upon the Company’s dissolution remained in Waterdeep as a gambler and adventuress for hire, becoming for a time the lover of Mirt “the Moneylender.” Loene no longer gambles, is

still a friend of Mirt, and still trains lesser fighters and goes on adventures in return for a 2 gp/day fee and a full share of treasure. She does not really need the money, and will refuse any part of what she sees as foolhardy, frivolous, and trouble-making ventures. Loene wears a *ring of spell storing* when adventuring. Khelben, Nain, or Malchor will readily “refill” it for her. When full, it contains *dispel magic*, *fly*, *sending* (which Loene will use to call upon Nain when in peril of her life), and *wall of force*. Loene has a *dagger + 1*, but otherwise carries no magical weapons (she is thought to have a few, hidden away in the walls of one of the buildings she owns). Loene’s house is on Waterdeep Way, and backs onto Gem Street (Castle Ward).

Maaril (MAYR-ill)

#63 or at parties (see below)
13th level magic-user
NE Mystra
Human male, IN 18, DEX 17, CHA 17

A handsome, dark-eyed wizard with a jutting black beard curling from the point of his chin, Maaril is given to wearing dark green or purple robes, and appearing at Palace and nobles’ private parties, and otherwise remaining within his Dragon Tower (so named because its peak is carved into the shape of a dragon’s head; from the mouth and nostrils the smoke of the chimneys below issues, eerily), which lies on the west side of The Street of the Singing Dolphin, Sea Ward. Maaril always wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of X-ray vision*. He is never without his *staff of power*. Maaril is working on the secrets of opening *gates* to other planes and commanding creatures from those planes who come to this one, and is constantly on the watch for signs or news of new magic in the City. The other mages of the City consider him an eccentric, but do not realize his evil nature (Khelben suspects, but Maaril’s visible guardian creatures are enchanted constructs rather than living beasts, and can remain lifeless if Maaril has guests). Maaril will try to seize (by means of clay golems or gargoyles, by night) any items of magic that PCs reveal to public view in the City. He will prove a quiet, patient behind-the-scenes foe to any adventurers who retaliate against him, hiring endless hireswords to bar their way.

Madieron Sunderstone (Mah-DEER-onn SUN-der-stone)

Palace (otherwise, with Piergeiron)

9th level paladin
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 18/72, CON 16, CHA 17

Madieron is the Champion of Piergeiron. He guards Piergeiron’s person in the Palace and outside the City, and answers any challenges to the Lord with his own blade or axe. The latter weapon is a *battleaxe +3* that radiates a bright white *continual light*, given to Madieron by a High Priest of Tyr in the Inner Sea lands long ago, a Lawful Good weapon consecrated to Tyr, and known as “The Axe of Heavenly Fire.” Madieron stands an astonishing eight feet in height, and when “on duty” wears polished, blued full plate (known in the Realms as “coat-of-plate”), truly an awesome sight. Madieron also wields a 12’-long iron bar (treat as a triple-damage quarterstaff) when engaged in “crowd control” or facing many small foes, such as kobolds or goblins. Madieron is well-nigh fearless, and not especially bright. His perseverance, however, makes him a formidable foe.

Malchor Harpell (MAL-core HAR-pell)

In Waterdeep: streets, Blackstaff Tower (rarely in City)
18th level magic-user
NG Mystra, Deneir
Human male, IN 18

Malchor was a charter member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, with whom he had a long and active (more than any other Company member) career. Upon the Company’s dissolution, Malchor went to stay with Khelben “Blackstaff” Arunsun in Waterdeep, and willingly served Khelben as an assistant, including taking part in adventures on other planes, and aiding in Harper-related plans. Malchor did this to gain the experience and increased powers he believed necessary for self-sufficiency in the sometimes-dangerous North.

After completing a *staff of the magi* he had been working on for some years, Malchor took his leave of Khelben amicably, and returned to his native Longsaddle. There he found a suitable spot half a day’s ride west of the town, on the edge of the Neverwinter woods, built himself a Tower, and retired there to study and further his powers, with the occasional relaxation of training (for substantial fees) lesser magic users, including Dagasumn. Malchor now rarely emerges from his Tower of Twilight except to aid the Lords of Waterdeep, particularly his friend Khelben. Malchor maintains close contact with Khelben and he gives aid to, and can call on ready aid from, him. Malchor is known to have a griffon



steed, and at least one guardian defending his Tower (he has mastered the arts of creating stone guardians, *staves of the magi*, *wands of magic missiles*, *rings of feather falling*, and *rings of warmth*, and is now working on certain potions and elixirs). A painter, Malchor is fluent in Common, Elvish, Djinni, and Drow. When adventuring or traveling alone, he always wears a *lurker cloak* and a *ring of protection*, +3, and bears his *staff of the magi*, and is said to usually have one or more rings of warmth and *feather falling* about his person to trade for magic new to him, or timely aid, as well as for his own use.

Maskar Wands (MASS-car WANN-ds)

#125 (rarely, streets and markets)

21st level magic-user

LN Mystra

Human male IN 18, W 16, DEX 16

Said by some to be the most powerful independent wizard of Waterdeep, the old, seldom seen head of the noble house of Wands keeps to his twin-towered villa home much of the time, and is usually silent in public, although his manners and gestures are gracious. He is known to have a *staff of the magi* and a *carpet flying*, and to disapprove of the unrestrained use of magic. He often directs adventurers to give up the use of all magic if they cannot govern their use of it better, or donate it forthwith to any temple of Mystra. Maskar will train lesser magic users, but his payment will always be in the form of a difficult service or task, such as restoring lost or stolen spell scrolls to the tomb of a particular mage, or destroying a lich, or bringing him a rare material component from halfway across Faerûn. As a result, he is rarely sought as a tutor by mages of lesser powers.

Mistmyr Iroan (Misst-MEER Eye-ROAN)

#277 (or in any tavern nearby)

9th level magic-user

NG Mystra

Human male, IN 18, DEX 16

Mistmyr is a young, good-natured sorcerer of impoverished means, who has no magical items nor even many gold pieces to his name. He hasn't even enough gold to further his studies. As a result, he will gladly cast spells for, or tutor, anyone who will pay him although he will not sell the secrets of spells, only trade a spell for a (useful) spell he does not possess of equal or greater level, or several useful spells of lesser level. He will not go on adventures unless forced to, even if offered heaps of treasure, for he thinks the risk too great. Mistmyr rooms at

the Splintered Stair inn (Gut Alley, Dock Ward), and will be found there or at a nearby tavern, having a meagre meal.

Mulgor (MULL-gore)

Palace, streets (with escort)

4th level cleric

LG Tyr

Human male, IN 16, W 18, CON 16

Mulgor is Waterdeep's collector-of-fees, a stolid, polite, no-nonsense man who is escorted by the Watch while on his money-collecting rounds. PCs who duck paying fees will get to know Mulgor very well. He is diligent, inexorable, and never forgets a face, a name, or an unpaid fee. Those who slip out of the City without paying and return years later will be confronted by a patient, courteous Mulgor. Mulgor also serves as clergy of Tyr in officiating at ceremonies for the paladins and other followers of Tyr in the City, which are held at the Palace for the convenience of Piergeiron. Mulgor lives in apartments in the Palace.

Myrmith Splendon (MEER-mith Spl-ENN-don)

#170

7th level fighter

LN Tempus

Human male, ST 18/04, W 16

Myrmith is a "captain-at-arms" (a professional tutor of fighting-men) who will train fighting-men (and all others) in the use of certain weapons (DM's choice, as long as at least one type of sword, one pole arm, and a dagger are involved). Myrmith does not specialize in any weapon, but rather tries to be an "all-rounder", mastering the greatest variety of personal weapons possible. Myrmith's fees are steep, but his training is good. His house is on Spindle Street (The Trades Ward), and he trains clients there. He is always busy. A wait of one or two weeks may be necessary for a fighter wishing the intensive training involved in going up a level, unless that fighter is willing to pay double so that Myrmith will risk the displeasure (and possible loss) of another client by "bumping" him or her.

Nain Keenwhistler (NAY-nn KEEN-whistler)

#73 (rarely Palace or streets)

13th level magic-user

NG Mystra, Tymora

Human male, IN 18, DEX 16

Nain is an ex-member of the Company of Crazy Adventurers. In his career with them, he was slain and raised many times, and rose to 15th level, ere a battle with an evil

demigod (the Godson) drained him of much experience. He worked his powers back up to his present level ere the Company's dissolution, and befriended Khelben and Durnan of the Lords of Waterdeep.

With his share of the Company's wealth, Nain built his own tower (Naingate) in Waterdeep, at Seawatch Street and Grimwald's Way (Sea Ward), where he lives happily immersed in the cut and thrust of politics and intrigue as a trader and diplomatic agent in the Palace for the Lords (that is, he supports and puts forward views of the Lords while appearing as an independent, thus influencing other diplomats and City personages). Nain's inattention to his studies and lack of adventuring (he has not undertaken any deliberate expeditions into danger since his Company days) have kept him at his present level. He sometimes wants to go adventuring again, but after many Company expeditions in the shadow of his colleague, Malchor Harpell (q.v.), Nain is determined that he will be in charge, if he becomes an adventurer again. Nain has a *dagger +1* and a *decanter of endless water*, both of which he always carries with him (and, of which, he is practiced and skilled in the odd and offensive uses of the *decanter*, such as a means of propulsion when floating, as a pushing or blinding weapon, to shatter glass, and suchlike).

Paerro (Pay-er-OE) (real name: Taslythor Rocktapper, of the Rocktappers of the Earthfasts)

#270, #272

2nd level thief

CN Baervan Wildwanderer

Gnome male, ST 16, DEX 18

Paerro has recently arrived in Waterdeep from the backlands of Impiltur far to the east, and is seeking adventure and fortune, despite becoming suddenly and uncomfortably aware of how law-abiding and well-policed this City is. He's somewhat at a loss for what to do, and his money is running out. He has no smithy skills, and doubts he'll find work at much else, even if he were interested in doing so. He hears much tavern-talk of the riches of Undermountain and other subterranean complexes beneath the City, but dare not enter their dangers alone, and knows it. Paerro has a room at the Warm Beds inn (Presper Street, Dock Ward), and can be found there, or drinking at The Bloody Fist (tavern, Presper Street, Dock Ward).



Rhazbos Redbridle (Ra-HAZZ-boe-zz
RED-bry-dul)

#215, streets and markets
6th level fighter
CG Tempus
Human male, ST 16, IN 16

Rhazbos is a stout, jolly man who makes his living breeding and training horses in Waterdeep (he is a member of The Stablemasters' and Farriers' Guild), having a large and successful stables on Wall Street and Caravan Street in Southern Ward. He was once an adventurer, but is too busy (and getting too fat) to go adventuring these days. He will take up to two weeks (at the most) off at a stretch to tutor fighters if they offer him enough, including meals, and have a place (the courtyard of a private house, for example, or a warehouse) where he can stay.

Rulathon (Roo-LATH-on)

All wards (see below)
12th level fighter
LG Tyr
Human male, ST 17, W 16, CHA 16

Rulathon is Captain (overall commander, under the Lord Piergeiron) of the Watch, and represents them in Palace ceremonies. Where there is any big trouble anywhere on the streets, Rulathon will arrive, clad in full plate and bearing his Red Sword (a sword +4, defender). He carries a Lawful Good iron horn of *valhalla* for use in emergencies, and the distinctive note of his silver belt horn will alert one or more of Piergeiron, Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Texter, or Sammereza, if any are within range to hear it. This will bring about a prompt response by one or more mages on aerial steeds or *carpets of flying*, with 5-20 (5d4) fully-armed Guardsmen, on aerial steeds and/or afoot arriving in 4-9 (3 + 1d6) rounds. If a situation is very serious, one or more of these arrivals will speedily go for the mercenary reinforcements. Rulathon is a fair man, but not one to fall afoul of. He'll arrest and bring individuals before a Magister a dozen times, if need be, until he gets a conviction or they take the hint and leave the City.

Savengriff (SAY-ven-griff)

All wards
17th level magic-user
LG Mystra
Human male, IN 18, W 16, DEX 16

The least powerful of the Company of Crazy Adventurers' prominent magic users, Savengriff perished while battling a beholder. Unbeknownst to the Company, Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun had recruited Savengriff to be a member of the Harpers, and

traced Savengriff's remains by means of a certain amulet Khelben had given the unfortunate mage. Khelben, Mirt, Durnan, Piergeiron, Kitten and the bard Shalar Simgulphin, as well as several of Khelben's apprentices and colleagues-in-magery, destroyed the beholder and retrieved Savengriff's remains, and by the magic of allied clerics, Savengriff was restored to life. He became a loyal apprentice of Khelben—and in time, a loyal agent of the Harpers and a mage of accomplishment, creating the *wand of banishment*, of which he made over a dozen. One he took with him, one he gave to Khelben, and others he gave to Alustriel, High Lady of Silvermoon, and other mages of the North who were Harpers. He is thought to have hidden away at least one wand ere he took to traveling about Waterdeep, the North, and other planes to do the Harper's business. Upon such mysterious errands he may be encountered anywhere in, under, or near Waterdeep, at any time. He will be magically prepared for, and expecting, trouble.

Wand of Banishment

This wand is usable only by magic-users; it cannot be recharged, and each use (effective or not) drains one charge. Upon command, a needle-thin ray of flickering green light shoots from the wand's tip up to 4' distant, striking a single target creature (the target is allowed a save vs. spells at -1; a successful save means the ray missed). Creatures struck by the ray are affected as follows:

—A summoned creature (from another plane) is instantly *banished* back to its own plane; it must save vs. wands at -4 to remain. If it does remain, it is *held* for one round.

—A creature summoned from elsewhere on the Prime Material Plane (i.e., by *monster summoning*, *call woodland beings*, or the like) is driven away; it will leave instantly at a normal movement rate, stopping only to defend itself if attacked, and not return.

—A hostile creature of 2 + 2 hit dice or less (including enemy familiars and homonculi) is affected as if by a *repulsion spell*, for four rounds. The target is allowed a save vs. wands; if successful, the *repulsion* lasts for only two rounds.

—A hostile creature of more than 2 + 2 hit dice must save vs. wands at -4; if successful, it is *slowed* for 2-5 (at random) rounds (if save is successfully made, target creature is unaffected).

—By draining six charges at once (the power will not work if less than six are left, but any attempt will exhaust the wand anyway), the wielder of the wand may attempt to *repel* any other wands within 4". Any affected wands (all wands are allowed a save vs. Lightning on the Saving Throw Matrix for Magical and Non-Magical Items at -3; if successful, they are unaffected) will be instantly, and violently, *telekinesed* away from the *wand of banishment* for 10"-60" distance, and held that distant for 1-4 rounds. Wands carried in the hand or belt will tear free; wands in backpacks and chests will drag the owner or item with them—unless very heavy or bulky, in which case the wand will smash about within the item, perhaps being destroyed. Note that wands in extra-dimensional spaces (such as a *bag of holding* or that produced by a *rope trick*) are immune from this effect.

Only one creature can be attacked with a *wand of banishment* per round; the ray will only affect one creature at a time, although it may affect any number of wands. Any given creature can be affected by any particular *wand of banishment* only once every 12 hours; a creature cannot be repeatedly attacked, or attacked a second time or with a different function of the wand, if an initial attack fails. Subsequent attempts will merely waste charge; a creature that has saved once against the wand (or endured one successful attack) cannot be affected by the wand again until the dweomer built up around the creature by the wand dissipates (which takes 12 hours).

Shyrrhr (SHEER-hur)

Palace, #14, and streets (always with escorting diplomat)
0 level fighter
NG Lathander
Human female, DEX 16, CHA 16

Shyrrhr is a courtesan of the Palace, one of the escorts Piergeiron provides for diplomatic guests. She specializes in chaperoning shy or uncertain human or half-elven women and elves of both sexes, as she is tall, elegant, soft-spoken, and kind, with a usually-hidden, light sense of humor. Shyrrhr knows both spoken and written Elvish, and is familiar with the customs, culture, courtesies, and religion of the various sorts of elves, even sea elves. She is intelligent, perceptive, and possessed of very good hearing and attention to "body language," and learns far more from most guests than they realize. Although not a member of any of Waterdeep's noble families (she was born, surprisingly, in Deepingdale far to the



east), Shyrrhr is accorded noble status in Waterdeep, has the title “Lady of the Court”, and lives in a house in Waterdeep Way, Castle Ward. (Thieves visiting it will be surprised to discover that she has nice wines, many nice gems, about 20 gp, and little else; Piergeiron provides for her needs out of the Palace purse.) Shyrrhr reports to Piergeiron, in private, all she learns, and the two are good friends, trusting each other absolutely. Shyrrhr has bronze-color hair, worn long and straight, and green eyes. She is graceful and quiet of movement, and can drink great amounts of wine or spirits without ill effect or intoxication, thanks to many years of Court service.

Sumer (SOO-mur)

All wards (visitor)
6th level cleric of Talos
CE Talos
Human male, ST 16, W 18

This tall, slim, dark-haired man appears in Waterdeep as a rich trader, clad in purple robes, with a bodyguard of four or five men, and his crony, Greeme, a 5th level CE fighter who uses poisoned weapons. Sumer keeps a low profile and does not cause public trouble, but he likes to kill at least one person, for the greater glory of Talos the Destroyer, on each visit, and favors adventurers, because if they vanish, there is less surprise and outcry, and because they often have cash or magical treasure he can use to further the work of Talos. Sumer will follow parties of adventurers into the North or into the dungeons beneath the City, and attack when they are weak or unprepared (i.e. when resting). He will flee if his life is threatened. Sumer carries no magical items except an *amulet of proof against detection and location*.

Tantuss Shieldsun (Tan-TUSS Sh-EE-ldsun)

All wards (streets, taverns) and #76
8th level ranger
NG Mielikki
Human male, ST 16

Tantuss makes a living as an adventurer, guiding caravans (and defending them against evil) in the North, and is a Harper and devout servant of Mielikki, who often carries messages to and from The Lady’s Hands at the shrine of Mielikki in Waterdeep (communications with other servants of The Lady of the Forest all across the North). He is widely traveled and will gladly hire himself out as a guide, although he will not enter tombs or private homes in the name of adventure (ruins and the subterra-

nean lairs of evil creatures are another matter). Tantuss will also tutor rangers for the usual fees, which he will use to live on or improve his equipment, and give most to the shrine for its continuance and service to Mielikki. Tantuss has no magical items, and rarely carries more than 20 pieces of gold.

Tessalar Hulicorn (TESS-ah-lar HOOL-ih-corm)

#95, and (rarely) taverns, markets, and parties in all wards
16th level magic user
LN Mystra
Human male, IN 18

Tessalar is a mercenary mage of Waterdeep, who tutors and casts spells continuously in exchange for treasure, which he uses to further his researches into the making of various magical items. He also makes and sells scrolls and potions, and rarely leaves his home (Tessalar’s Tower is at Sul Street and Chasso’s Trot, Sea Ward). A high-voiced, bearded, vain man given to wearing lots of sparkling rings (costume jewelry worth only a few coppers; his money goes into his research) and to using *smokepuffs* and *pyrotechnics* for dramatic effect, Tessalar is the closest thing to a “magic shop” Waterdeep has. PCs are warned that he will *never* go adventuring, will raise his prices steeply if the same people keep bothering him over and over again for potions or scrolls, and has enough real power (*walls of force*, *contingency* spells to whisk him away from harm, a constant *Serten’s spell immunity*, and a *ring of spell turning*) to utterly destroy most attackers, as well as a homonculous and an iron golem or four to dissuade thoughts of such undiplomatic dealings. Tessalar trusts no one, and always demands payment in advance for unusual potions and scrolls, or half in advance and half when ready (he never delivers; you must go to him) for “standard,” often-demanded potions and scrolls.

Thear Chessar (THEER CHESS-ar)

All wards
6th level thief-acrobat
CN Vergadain
Dwarven female, ST 17, DEX 17

Thear is a dwarf of quixotic nature who loves the fun and danger of stealing by night, from the rooftops. She is short and bearded (female dwarves are almost all bearded, though many shave). Thear finds her appearance a useful disguise; with an axe and mailshirt, no one suspects that she is a thief, and few will reach a rooftop to snatch shirt or axe while she’s in the build-

ing beneath, acquiring wealth (gold is her favorite loot). Thear is good, resists greedy impulses to over-indulge at her thievery, and likes to pick on visitors to the City (such as adventurers). If caught, she might offer to train a thief of lesser skills for free to make amends, but will otherwise have nothing to do with player characters, except to rob them whenever they bring home lots of gold. She has an uncanny ability to sense (90% of the time) when mechanical traps are present, even when actually finding or removing them is beyond her skills, and will leave guarded treasure alone, to seek easier loot elsewhere. Thear will prove an elusive foe if chased, doubling back over sewers and rooftops until she can don mailshirt and axe and become a “typical male” dwarf drinking in a busy tavern. She has seen Ilph (q.v.) from afar on the rooftops, but avoids him.

Tzarrakyn “the Younger” (Tizz-ARR-ah-kin)

All wards (streets, markets, and taverns)
2nd level fighter
CG Tymora, Tempus
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

Tzarrakyn’s nickname is due to his famous father, Tzarrakyn of the Company of Crazy Adventurers, who perished in the same epic battle with a beholder that claimed the life of Savengriff (q.v.). Unbeknownst to his fellow Company members, Tzarrakyn had taken to wife a merchant’s daughter of Waterdeep, Dartheema, who died in childbirth less than a year after her husband. The baby, now known as Tzarrakyn “the Younger,” was raised by Dartheema’s parents. Nain of the Company, when he by chance learned the baby’s parentage, gave the parents seven thousand pieces of gold towards the boy’s upbringing, but the parents themselves both died of a winter fever when Tzarrakyn had just reached the age of fourteen.

Taken in by the Watch, Tzarrakyn cared for their boots and weapons in return for a bed and food, and dreamed of being a warrior hero, and rich. That would need luck and a good sword-arm, the Watchmen told him, so he became a worshipper of Tymora and Tempus, and has now taken leave of his friends at the Watch (who took a collection for him, and got him leather armor, a serviceable dagger and long sword—he also knows how to use a club—and twenty-three pieces of gold) to seek his fortune. He will tutor a 1st level fighter in return for a fee, hire on as a man-at-arms, or even join an



adventuring party. Any treasure he gains will be split four ways: a share to each god he worships, a share to live on and/or replace and repair his equipment, and a share given to his friends at the Watch—if they won't take it, he'll spend it on drinks for them. Tzarrakyn could prove a valuable party member, or an ally (a DM should keep track of his imaginary career; as the PCs adventure, so too will Tzarrakyn, alone or with the PCs or another group, and could well gain levels, proving useful as a later tutor for PC fighters).

Ulmrin (ULM-rin)

All wards (taverns, streets, markets)
2nd level fighter
LE Ilneval
Half-orc male, ST 17, CON 17

Half-orcs are rare in Waterdeep, but are tolerated as all beings short of drow and illithids (mind flayers) are, if their gold is good. Ulmrin can pass for human in appearance, is rather burly, and fights with a broad sword, axe, and dagger, in chainmail. He loves to fight, and will readily join or hire on to adventuring bands, but although he is not so stupid as to show it, his loyalty is only to himself, and he will run away to fight another day in any really tough battle, taking any treasure he can.

Varbrace Zaalen (VAR-brayse ZAY-len)

#168, streets, and see below
7th level fighter
LN Tempus
Human male, ST 16, DEX 16

This fighting-man makes his living as a professional tutor of fighters, or "captain-at-arms", and is quite willing to do this (upon payment of the proper fees) for player characters. (DMs should determine the weapons Varbrace has mastered, and those that his competitor Myrmith Splendon (q.v.) employs, for minimal overlap, so that PCs can choose what weapons to be trained in fairly freely.) Varbrace does not deal again with those who try to trick or cheat him unless they offer him double fees in advance, and act very sorry. He rooms at The Inn of the Dripping Dagger, and trains people in a secluded corner of The City of the Dead (or, if the Watch objects, outside the walls near River Gate). Varbrace will not go on adventures—he considers the risks too high for the potential profit.

Vedellen Hawkhand (Veh-DELL-en HAWK-hand)

City inns and taverns, all wards
1st level ranger

NG Rillifane Rallathil
Half-elven male, ST 16, IN 16, W 16

This ranger is an agent of the Harpers. That essentially good but secretive organization of the North seeks, among other things, to destroy evil—or at least, evil rulers, and the goblin races—to prevent men from indiscriminately despoiling the land for their own gain; and to preserve the culture of the elves and dwarves, encouraging elves, dwarves, halflings, gnomes, and humans to live together in peace. Vedellen doesn't worry about all that, however. He merely seeks grand adventure in the wilds, with any band that is headed there, his task from the Harpers being to keep an eye on such bands in Waterdeep and report on their real alignments, intentions, and activities. If he joins a band, it will be on a temporary basis, and he will of course seek to curb any wanton destruction of wildlife except evil giant-class creatures or other monsters, whom he will attack without hesitation. Between adventures, Vedellen will always return to Waterdeep's inns and taverns to continue his spying for the Harpers. If he is ready for training, he will go north, alone, to Silverymoon, to find a half-elven ranger to tutor him.

Wulve Raaikyn (WUL-vuh RAY-in-kin)

All wards (streets, inns, markets, and taverns)
1st level thief
CN Brandobaris
Halfling male, DEX 17

Recently arrived in Waterdeep as a trader in textiles, Wulve has stayed in the City of Splendors hoping to steal some gold and or magic before he heads back east with a wagon-load of turnips. He thinks sleeping adventurers are perfect targets, trusting to his feet to run away if discovered (he has learned where one or two ways down into the sewers are, and will make for them).

Xanathar

Beholder Crime-Lord
LE Bhaal

Waterdeep's "official" thieves' guild was crushed long ago and its remains driven from beyond the North into the lands of Amn. This does not mean that thievery and crime does not exist in the City of Splendors, for in the shadows it thrives in hundreds of small independent operations. The major advocate and support of these operations is the Beholder Xanathar.

Xanathar makes his home in a opulent chamber that hidden behind a secret door leading from the sewers of Waterdeep. His main chamber has yet to be located by the

forces of Law, and, indeed, few know of his very existence in the city. Rather than operating a strict Thieves' Guild, Xanathar works everything with freelance thieves, operating through third parties in order prevent the freelance agents of revealing his whereabouts, if caught. Xanathar is a collector of information from the surface world, again through trusted third parties, by which he makes his plans. It is said that Xanathar has the best knowledge of the sewers and their entrance both into the major citadels and into Undermountain as well.

Xanathar is served has a central "Four Councilors" who meet with him regularly. They in turn deal with other underlings, who do not even know of Xanathar's existence or the fact he is a Beholder. Slan Thurbel is his mercenary leader, a 6th level fighter who arranges crimes of violence. Slink Monteskor is Xanathar's bookkeeper and gatherer of information—he has a network of snitches scattered throughout the poor sections. Ott Steeltoes is a renegade of Ironmaster, a one-eyed dwarven pirate who is a 5th level fighter and thief. Shindia Darkeyes is a half-drow thief of 7th level, and Xanathar's personal favorite. She is also a master at blackmail and extortion, her information coming from the darker festhalls of Waterdeep and its more stylish parties. In his lair, Xanathar keeps a pair of *charmed* intellect devourers, and a winglet of six gargoyles for local defense.

Xanathar's abode is said to be reached by a number of trapped passages, which only the four know the correct passage. Other interlopers are kept as pets briefly, wrung dry for information, then dispatched (for Xanathar's appetite is enormous). The series of chambers in Xanathar's lair contains a number of treasure vaults and libraries (with information by Slink written in a code). Xanathar itself reclines in a clear glass tank of scented water when not planning criminal activities.

Xanathar is a creature of pleasures—it enjoys finely-prepared foods (Steeltoe's domain), scented oils, and spiced southern tobaccos and herbs. It is confident of both its power and its secrecy from the Lords, and is willing to go to great lengths to maintain that secrecy. Operatives who begin to wonder who is giving the final orders get a midnight visit from Slan's ritual slayers. Xanathar is sure that the Lords would destroy the cellars stone by stone to find out where its lair is, if they knew where it exist-



ed. Xanathar's Libraries keep extensive track of the abilities and weaknesses of the Mages of Waterdeep.

Xanathar's greatest defense is his secrecy. "If they do not ask the right questions, they do not get the right answers" is its comment on spellcasters seeking evil in the city. In addition to non-detection defenses in lair, Xanathar makes sure that his operation cannot be considered a true "Thieves' Guild," so he may chuckle over the Lords, secure in their knowledge that no such organization exists, while Xanathar grows rich on their lack of knowledge.

Xorla Djannas (Jx-ZOR-lah Deh-JANN-iss)

All wards
2nd level illusionist
CN Leira
Human female, IN 18, DEX 18

Xorla is an apprentice illusionist whose

master, the (9th level) illusionist Selpar Thynn, was slain some months ago in a tavern brawl. She is at a loss over what to do now, stranded in a City largely unfamiliar to her (both she and Selpar were born in southern Tethyr), and will readily tutor or undertake adventures, both for the money (she has little left) and for something to do. If she joins a party of PCs, it will take some time of shared adventuring for her to develop any real loyalty to the group.

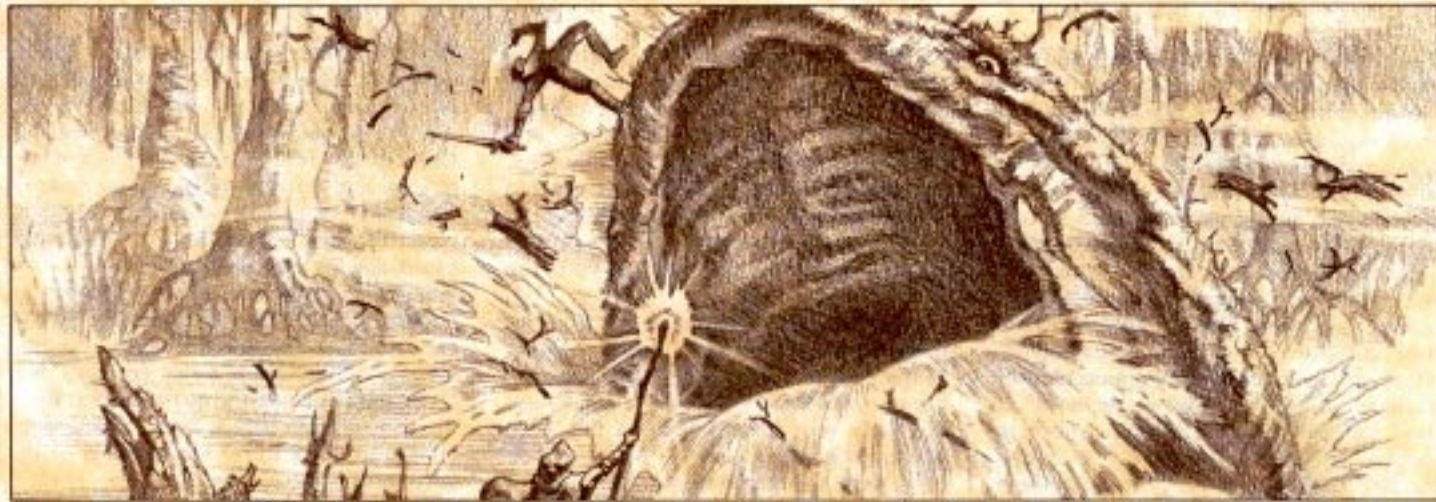
Yuldar (Yul-DAR)

All wards (streets), The City of the Dead, and #77
1st level druid
N Silvanus
Human male, W 16, DEX 16, CHA 17

Recently arrived in Waterdeep, Yuldar finds the big City bewildering and distasteful. He longs for home—a home in Tethyr from which he had to flee for his life,

because he was related to a local lord. Yuldar was a cousin of the Lord Ilistiin, who was killed by a rival, who in turn took the lordship and then started hunting and slaying all relatives of the former lord, to prevent any claimants raising armies to dispute his rule. Yuldar has grown a beard and changed his appearance, taken the robes of a druid as a disguise, and discovered to his surprise that a childhood love of the local woods has become a strong loyalty to Siivanus. He has visited the shrine of Silvanus for guidance, and been told to go out into the North with a band of adventurers (for his personal safety) and see all he can of it, for only if Yuldar searches thus will the Wood-Father reveal what task He has for Yuldar, to him. Yuldar is thus eager to join any band of adventurers who will be exploring any part of the North, on any terms.

Chapter 8: BEGINNING A CAMPAIGN IN WATERDEEP



This book is designed to provide enough detail about the City of Waterdeep to enable a long-term campaign to be set therein with a minimum of “panic work” by any DM, and yet leave room for every DM to develop details of the City to suit (and reflect the vital play of) an individual campaign. The DM using this book must study the opening chapter and the chapter on non-player characters, and to a lesser extent the chapter on guilds, to gain some feeling of the “life” and character of Waterdeep. The chapters of suggested adventures and noble families are most optional to a DM beginning play, but every DM should read about Waterdeep through these pages, noting his or her own ideas for adventures that spring to mind, until Waterdeep feels real and familiar—and then play can begin.

Player characters of all classes may begin their careers at 0 level in Waterdeep, although barbarians and assassins must be visitors, not native Waterdhavians, and may encounter difficulties in advancing, getting necessary training, or even operating at all. Rangers and illusionists will also have limited scope for development, due to a lack of a good selection of tutors, and an unappreciative environment. It is suggested that cavaliers be newcomers to Waterdeep, not “native” nobles, or they will have great dominance over fellow party members, and a “free ride” over many daily difficulties of City life that otherwise force players to role-play and get involved in life in Waterdeep (which in turn suggests to, or forces upon, players additional adventures in the City). Note that non-cavalier PCs could well be minor, junior members of one noble family or other, given difficult or dangerous tasks by their clan to “prove themselves.”

In any case, the DM must carefully prepare the connections, knowledge, and family background of a cavalier PC (and to a lesser extent, a PC of any other class who is a native Waterdhavian). If the cavalier is from Waterdeep, the DM will have to carefully determine the extent of influence of the cavalier’s family (one reason that the noble families have not been detailed herein with complete family trees). A suggested “homeland” for visiting PCs is troubled Tethyr (far to the south of Waterdeep, on the west coast of Faerûn), from whence many people of all classes and abilities have recently been displaced by civil strife.

The DM must keep track of the living costs of PCs—where they live, more than food, will be the biggest expense—and make sure that players are aware of these costs, too-often a shortage of cash will force PCs to seek adventure when they might otherwise wait for a more opportune moment—or even (gasp) take honest jobs, to make ends meet. DMs should carefully inform PCs of current news and events as they would learn of them as City inhabitants (and visitors) would in “real” life. If they sit back and do nothing, events will pass them by.

A look at the non-player characters included in these pages readily shows that Waterdeep contains people of all ranks of power. If PCs tend to “push around” NPCs of lesser power, the DM should ensure that the consequences are severe. Use of the “oops, that character’s not that low in level at all” table in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set is recommended. (This table is on p. 17 of the *DM’s Sourcebook of the Realms*.) NPCs who like to push PCs around should show up, too.

As play progresses, DMs must take care to

keep PCs involved with NPCs and adventures of power levels they can handle, and yet which challenge them as they adventure. Ideal AD&D® game play emphasizes role-playing rather than exceptional character or magical abilities, and a DM used to role-playing, or able to encourage it, will find that character levels are not nearly as important when PCs are engaged in dealing with many NPCs in a city, rather than in an “obstacle course”-like dungeon situation. AD&D game statistics are largely excluded from the chapter of adventures so that a DM can adjust them for mid- or high-level PCs who come to Waterdeep, or use them with characters beginning their adventuring careers there.

In a City, with so many details to keep track of, it is well-nigh impossible to tell players beforehand exactly what their characters know. Over eleven years of play involving Waterdeep, it seems that the best and fastest way to handle information problems is simply for the DM to say, as situations arise, “you know such-and-such,” or “as a Waterdhavian, you recognize the heraldic arms on the jerkin.” If players feel they need information, they need only say, “Player to DM: (query)” instead of speaking as their characters. DMs uncomfortable with City play can use Waterdeep as a base for expeditions into the North, or by ship up and down the Sword Coast, confident that the characters and detail are there to return to. Years of play in the City will build its own characters, memories, and favorite places, as though the City is indeed real—and with vivid play, players and DMs alike can come to know the imaginary Waterdeep as well or better than any city one visits or lives in, in “real life.”

Chapter 9: ADVENTURES IN WATERDEEP

A guide to the City of Splendors would not be complete without suggestions as to possible adventures player characters of all levels can enjoy within its walls. A few are presented here, in the form of plot outlines, so that each DM can adjust events and NPCs to challenge PCs of all levels (and so that players who sneak a peek into these pages will not know for sure just how things are going to turn out. A good DM will add twists of his or her own). There is no need to use these adventures with the endings suggested, or one at a time. A fine atmosphere of intrigue can be created if two (or more!) of these suggested spurs to adventure begin to happen simultaneously, with PCs “in the middle.” DMs should read through these outlines, decide which ones to use in play, change them somewhat to suit his or her players or campaign balance, and, most importantly, decide how to introduce these into play. Have fun!

1. The Shadow Thieves Strike

In an alleyway or other secluded area of the City, PCs are attacked by an agile man in black armed with poisoned daggers (which he can throw with skill). His target appears to be one PC in particular, and PCs will see a second man running away whether or not the assassin’s attack is successful. This second observer should escape cleanly (although if the PCs give spirited chase, the runner could lead them into an ambush in the sewers beneath the City). The assassin will flee by a different route, if possible. From then on, the PCs will be attacked and stolen from repeatedly, by a mysterious band of thieves (and, if they venture into the docks area by night, by hired fighters). At least once a week, game time, an assassination attempt will be made on one of the PCs—if the PC who was the target of the first attempt survived it, that PC will be the primary focus of later attacks.

The hired fighters know nothing. Questioning a thief or assassin (alive or employing *Speak with the Dead*) is the only way for PCs to uncover the plot. The attackers were sent from Athkatla, a city in Amn where the Shadow Thieves are based, to kill at least one of the Lords of Waterdeep. One of the PCs just happens to very closely resemble a merchant of the City, Riyataivin, whom the Thieves suspect (wrongly) of being a Lord of Waterdeep.

Riyataivin is an investor in caravan trade who rooms at various inns and rooming houses in Southern Ward, buying and selling wagons, draft animals, cargos, and warehouse space for small but consistent profit margins. He is a LN 0 level fighter, and generally respected among his colleagues. He likes to act mysterious, but has no special knowledge of, or connection with, the Lords of Waterdeep.

If the PCs do well against the Thieves, they will earn the status of “deadly enemies” in the eyes of that organization, who will become relentless behind-the-scenes foes. The only way for PCs to end this is to destroy the organization (a task that will earn them the gratitude of the Lords of Waterdeep, with perhaps orders to the Watch to leave the PCs alone for a while, whatever their activities). The headquarters of the Shadow Thieves in Athkatla is a subterranean complex connected to the City sewers, built around “The Assassins Run,” a deadly training ground of traps and obstacles. The Thieves’ local (Waterdeep) commander is the evil mage Marune, whose lair is said to be north of the City, within Mount Sar. Marune is of at least 17th level, and his lair will have many traps and guardian creatures, but details of these are left up to the individual DM.

2. Screams in The Sewers

On any occasion when they are on a relatively deserted street of Waterdeep by night, PCs will hear incoherent, agonized screams from beneath a sewer grate right under their feet, which soon die away. The grate can be pried up, to reveal a ledge just above the flowing muck that is covered with fresh blood, and a severed human hand lies in this ichor clutching a partial map of the sewers. DMs should draw a map from the one given in Chapter 3 of this book, revealing to the players only what they want the players to know, although obviously the portion where the PCs find the map must be included, and at least two entrances/exits to the sewers—and a way to the Palace could well lead the PCs into other adventures.

If PCs explore the sewers themselves, they will soon encounter the cause of the demise of the unfortunate thief with the map: a giant crocodile on which is riding a quasit, who seems to be somehow directing

the beast. The reptile will attack, and the quasit will turn invisible and flee, using all of its powers necessary to do so.

If PCs do not investigate the sewers, the DM should carefully introduce news of the strange and horrible deaths of a crew of The Cellarers and Plumbers Guild underneath the City streets, and of reports of blood flowing into the harbor where certain sewers empty into it. Talk will begin to circulate around the taverns that the Cellarers and Plumbers are refusing to do any sewer work—and that a tiny creature (the DM should describe the quasit) is seen scuttling about often before fearsome monster attacks in the sewers. Something is definitely going on under the City. . . .

The quasit is the familiar of an evil mage of minor powers, who has been hired by a man called Neruudan to clear out the sewers. Neruudan is an agent of Luskan, who is staying at The Gentle Rest (#191, The High Road, The Trades Ward), posing as a gem-dealer. He is actually trying to set up a smuggling ring in the City, using the fence who owns the inn he is staying in and one other—he has not yet decided who to contact—that he can reach by means of the sewers (see Fences in Chapter 4). Neruudan intends to control the upper sewers of the City, but is running into problems. He had no idea that so many of Waterdeep’s inhabitants used the sewers as regular highways, and that its depths held such a selection of dangerous creatures. This adventure could well lead PCs into one (or both) of the famous “dungeons” of Waterdeep, Undermountain or The Dungeon of the Crypt and may bring them into confrontation with Xanthan the Crimeland (q.v., Chapter 7) and his minions.

3. The Disappearing Dead

Word spreads rapidly through the City that a family crypt, opened to add an unfortunate’s bones to join the endless rest of his forebears, has been found empty—even though it was locked, sealed, and apparently undisturbed. Permission was sought of Piergeiron by the Watch to open two other tombs, and received. They, too, were empty. Someone in the City is stripping graves—not just of treasure, but of bodies!

If the PCs do not investigate, this mystery will never be solved. If they do, the logical place to wait for something to happen is The



City of the Dead. The thefts occur only by night; and while waiting, PCs will be watched suspiciously by Watch patrols, and may in turn observe and overhear (if they take care to stay hidden, e.g. on the roof of a tomb) some interesting goings-on between other citizens of Waterdeep that may lead to other adventures. The tomb thefts are done under cover of magical *darkness*, often during bad weather. Cloaked thus, an evil mage with four to six servant gargoyles will enter a tomb through the floor by means of a *passwall* spell, and take the contents. The tomb robbers will flee if attacked, but will attempt to slay and take at least one attacker. The mage is attempting to build a zombie army for his own protection in his City villa (DMs should locate the villa in an unexpected area of the City, such as Sea Ward or North Ward), as he plots to charm important personages of Waterdeep, and amass as much magic as he can (he has little at present, but DMs are encouraged to introduce magical items into the campaign for this mage's use, to heighten the tension of any battle with him). If PCs take no interest in the recurring tales of empty crypts, this mage could come after their magic when he has grown very powerful. The mage is quite insane, and will escape if hard-pressed by a means of a *teleport* spell or a *teleport without error* to another, plane of existence, to become a recurring foe for PCs.

4. The Kiss of The Goddess

A great gem known as "The Kiss of the Goddess" is brought to the Palace and presented to Piergeiron by the Sultan of Volothamp, the archmage Nairith Irizar, in reparation for a mistaken attack upon a ship of Waterdeep off the coast of Tethyr by galleys of Volothamp engaged in fighting pirates. (DMs may wish to forewarn PCs of this visit by rumors and then news within the City; the adventure will be far more vivid if they attend the ceremony at court, and witness the presentation.) Present at the ceremony will be the archmage Khelben "Blackstaff" Arunsun and several other prominent wizards, including Maskar Wands, Nain Keenwhistler, and possibly Malchor Harpell, as well as Piergeiron, Madeiron Sundestone, and Rulathon. PC thieves, like all other thieves present in Waterdeep, may think better of trying to lift the gem at the ceremony).

The "Goddess" the gem is named for is Sune, the Goddess of Love, and it has a unique magical power conferred upon anyone touching it when it flares into radiance. Once every 66 turns, regularly, the gem flares with a blue-white radiance for one round, and any one creature who first touches it during that round will be *healed* of all lost hit points, wounds, *feeblemindedness* and blindness (lost limbs will not, however, regenerate, and insanity will not be cured) and will be invigorated, alert and refreshed, and able to operate at a furious rate of activity, if desired, without growing physically or mentally tired, for 200 consecutive turns. The Sultan will demonstrate this upon a mouse in a "running wheel", in a cage, before the court. Each time the gem flares, there is a 7% chance (not cumulative) that it will *plane shift* itself, and anyone touching it, instantly to Sune's abode on the plane of Olympus, a rose-crystal palace of hot scented baths and cozy bowers, from which PCs will be *teleported* back to the pinnacle of Mount Waterdeep, 1-12 days later, by servants of the Goddess only if they are, or become (perhaps losing levels or class abilities in the process) worshipers of Sune. Otherwise, they will have to find their own way back to the Forgotten Realms. (These planar details of the gem are unknown to anyone in the City.)

If PCs are not present at the ceremony, their should hear all about it, vividly told, by someone in a tavern or inn, later.

Six or so days after the Sultan leaves, Piergeiron has the gem carefully tested on volunteers and criminals, and it works without ill effects—although he will refuse any requests that it be turned over to the priesthood of Sune or used to heal all who request it, saying sternly that it is still largely an unknown and perhaps dangerous, or even evil, thing, and that further studies are necessary before he dares use it so. Those on whom it was tested are kept under careful observation, to find any ill or side effects.

One day the gem does not flare, and mages called in to investigate say that the "gem" in their hands is a thing of cut glass that has never held a dweomer; a copy, definitely not the quite real gem they used the day before.

The real one has been stolen (by one of the minor mages placed as a guard over it in the Palace) despite the fact that two iron golems flanked its protective casket, which was atop a smooth-sided, twenty-foot-high plinth, with orders from Khelben to attack

anyone (including the minor mages set as guards) touching, or even approaching within 10' of the gem. Khelben arrived to activate and deactivate the golems each day himself, but was not present during the testing. The golems did not move, and the mages swear they saw and heard nothing, but the gem is somehow gone.

Exactly who took it, is up to the DM, but it is suggested that magic be involved, and the thief be (or have been working for) someone in Waterdeep—perhaps Xanthas, Maaril, Gaundos, or Elaith Craulnobur, all of whom are detailed in Chapter 7—who remains within the City walls, and hides the gem somewhere in the City. One of the PCs will be contacted by a man called Lathchar, who pretends to be an agent of the Lords and wants to hire the PC to recover the gem or at least find out what they can about the affair, offering 100 gp per person involved, and another 100 gp in ten days, when he meets the PC again, if results warrant it. Lathchar will give the PC a password (for use in emergencies *only*, he warns) that will ensure that the watch co-operates with, or at least does not hinder, a PC involved in apparently shady activities who is confronted by the watch. The password is genuine, and will work for seventeen days after the PC learns it (assuming he or she accepts Lathchar's gold), but Lathchar himself is not—he is a thief who wants the gem for himself, and will shadow the PC(s) and attempt to rob or ambush (with up to twenty hireswords) the PC or any companion who gains the gem. Lathchar wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* to conceal his alignment, and may employ a wand of *magic missiles*, *sword of dancing*, or other magical item at the DM's option to make him a formidable opponent for the PCs in a fight.

The theft was actually accomplished by the mage and an accomplice, an evil cleric. The mage had a glass copy of the gem fashioned, and a copy of the casket it was housed in, and equipped himself with a *ring of telekinesis* and his accomplice with an *amulet of proof against detraction and location* and *plate mail of etherealness*. When the normal rotation of guardian mages brought the mage to the Palace, the accomplice accompanied him (as an escorting guard, in the usual manner). Outside the chamber where the gem was guarded, in a nearby "jakes" (washroom), the mage cast an *invisibility* spell upon the accomplice. The concealed cleric accompanied the mage



to his post, and slunk into a corner, remaining *invisible* and moving only when one or other of the mages was speaking or making other noise. After the other two mages had gone “off duty,” the accomplice waited until the innocent guardian mage was distracted. Then the guilty mage used his *ring* to send the real gem in its casket to the floor in one corner of the room, and replace it with the copy. As no one visibly touched or approached the gem within ten feet, the golems did nothing. The mage then took off the *ring* and placed it on the floor.

The *invisible* accomplice picked up the ring and then carefully moved over to the gem, slowly and carefully for utmost quiet, as the innocent mage reappeared and walked back to the plinth again.

Although both the Palace and specific rooms within it (including the chamber where the gem was guarded) have been rendered proof against astral, ethereal, or other magical passage, by means of gorgons’ blood mixed into the mortar and by lead shielding, the plinth on which the gem-casket rested is not so protected. The *invisible* accomplice touched the casket containing the real gem, simultaneously becoming ethereal, and passed “into” the pillar with the gem. There he remained until all the hue and cry had died down and the mage signaled him that it was safe to emerge. The moment the theft was discovered, but before the high-level help actually arrived to investigate, the accomplice cast *obscure object* upon the gem itself, and upon its casket.

DMs should take care to remove the gem from play (perhaps by use of the priesthood of Sune, operating against PCs in an “at all costs, no holds barred” manner, to gain the gem) if PCs somehow get hold of it and use it as a “constant healer.”

5. The Temple War

The DM can introduce this adventure whenever PCs are near one of Waterdeep’s temples to Tymora or Tempus (in the Sea Ward). There will be sudden explosions (perhaps a *meteor swarm*) from within one of the temples, and PCs may see a robed, masked figure emerge hastily from a Temple door, burn a symbol on it with a *fire-finger* cantrip (the dagger of Tempus if the temple is that of Tyche, and the circle of Tyche if the temple is that of Tempus). This will take but a single round, whereupon the figure will twist a ring on its finger and van-

ish into thin air, *teleporting* away, before the PCs can reach it.

On the following round, a Watch patrol will come at a run, and under-priests and lay followers will pour out of the vandalized temple. The PCs and anyone else nearby will be suspected of somehow being involved by both groups, and unless the PCs do some fast talking, temple followers will attack them, with the Watch trying to stop the fight and apprehend the PCs. The Watch will call in reinforcements as described in Chapter 2, and in Chapter 7 under the entries for Helve Urtrace and Rulathon. One or more PCs will escape, but it is likely that at least one PC will be held and questioned closely.

The DM and players should roleplay the entire interrogation. Co-operative PCs who answer questions fully and submit to *detect lie* spells cast by minor clerics of Tyr who are present will probably be let go upon providing the Watch officers with an accurate account of where they now reside in Waterdeep, and a promise not to move residence without informing the Watch. The Watch will also forbid the character(s) to leave the City for at least ten days, with the warning that a Magister may extend this “grounding” period at that time. Gate guards—able to themselves call on reinforcements as noted above—will ensure that the affected character(s) cannot leave by any normal means.

The attack on the temple will be followed, several days later, by an attack on the other temple, and upon its door will be left the symbol of the other priesthood involved. If the suspect PCs have a good alibi for the time of this second attack (e.g. drinking in the public taproom of a respectable inn or tavern, or being in a particular merchant’s shop), suspicion on them will be lessened. If not, it will increase (the Watch will investigate both priesthoods, and find that both were honestly not involved—*detect lie* spells will be used to discern this).

If the PCs try to investigate for themselves, they will be closely observed by the Watch, but not hindered. It is suggested that the PCs see a masked, robed figure that closely resembles the one they saw outside the temple if they do any looking in the North Ward. If they attack or confront the figure, or call the Watch to do so, the figure will turn out to be a noble lady of the City sneaking back from a lover to her home (and unsuspecting husband). She will of course be furious if the Watch is involved,

and very frightened if she thinks the PCs have some connection to her husband, and she will undoubtedly flee if given any opportunity. If the PCs do not confront her, but follow her, they will see a second masked, robed figure resembling the first (they will see this figure several nights later, if they do confront the Lady). If this second figure is followed, it will go into a certain house on a quiet street somewhere in North Ward. If the PCs investigate, they will be attacked by armed men, and the masked figure will turn out to be a wizard of some power. All are members of the Cult of the Dragon, and in the house they will have some treasure—gold and minor magic—stolen from the temples and from elsewhere in the City, which they intend to take to dracoliches somewhere north of the City. If the PCs are forced to retreat from this fight, the Cult members will immediately try to leave the City with the treasure, and if the PCs pursue, they could well end up facing a dracolich in its lair.

DRACOLICH (Night Dragon)

FREQUENCY: *Very rare*

NO APPEARING: 1 (unless called by a ring of dragons)

ARMOR CLASS: -2

MOVE: As per former dragon type

HIT DICE: As per former dragon type

% IN LAIR: 20%

TREASURE TYPE: B, H, S, T

NO. OF ATTACKS: As per former dragon type

DAMAGE/ATTACK: See below

SPECIAL ATTACKS: *Breath weapon and spell use*

SPECIAL DEFENSES: *Spell immunities and spell use*

MAGIC RESISTANCE: See below

INTELLIGENCE: As per individual dragon

ALIGNMENT: *Evil (any sort)*

SIZE: L (*dimensions vary*)

PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil

Attack/Defense Modes: Nil/Nil

CHANCE OF:

Speaking: 100%

Magic Use: 96%

Sleeping: 0%

LEVEL/X.P. VALUE: *Varies/As per former dragon type, plus 1000 + 10/hp (if destroyed, along with host)*

A dracolich is an undead creature, an unnatural transformation of evil dragonkind by powerful magic known to be practiced only by the mysterious Cult of the Dragon. Like human liches, dracoliches are immune to *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *polymorph*, *cold* (magical and natural), *electricity*, *insanity*, and *death spells or symbols*. By the nature of its making, a dracolich is also immune to potions or items of *dragon control*. Dracoliches can be affected only by magical attack forms (against which they have standard magic resistance, except for the immunities listed), or by monsters with



magical properties of six or more hit dice. They cannot be poisoned, paralyzed, or held. They cannot be turned by clerics, and the knowledge of their ability to escape destruction works in dracoliches a transformation from cowardice to confidence; if a dracolich ever triumphs in any battle, from that point on, it is fearless (including immunity to magical *fear* or psionic attacks causing fear) and cannot be subdued.

A dracolich retains the keen senses (60' infravision, ability to *detect hidden* or *invisible creatures* within 1" per age level) it enjoyed in life, but its bodily processes are maintained magically; it need never eat again for sustenance. Most dragons enjoy eating—and a dracolich must eat if it wishes to refuel its breath weapon—but a dracolich never feels weakness, fatigue, or hunger. Attacks upon a dracolich, due to its magical nature, do *not* gain "to hit" or damage modifiers by type and breath weapon of dragon attacked.

All physical attacks by a dracolich (jaws, claws, and wing or tail buffets, where applicable) do the damage dealt by the dragon in life, plus 2-16 hp chilling damage. Opponents struck who fail to save vs. paralysis will also be paralyzed for 2-12 rounds by the touch of a dracolich. (The victim's immunity to cold damage, temporary or permanent, negates the chilling damage but not the chance of paralysis.) Dracoliches cannot drain life energy levels. They retain the ability to cause *fear* in opponents (as per the *Monstrous Manual*) that they had in life; as a lich, the fear they cause is slightly stronger—opponents must save vs. spell against the *fear* aura at -1 (after all other modifiers are taken into account). The gaze of their glowing eyes can also *paralyze* creatures within 4"; creatures of either 6th level or above, or 6 hit dice or greater, save at +3. If a creature ever saves against the gaze of a particular dracolich, it is immune to the gaze of that dracolich from then on.

Dracoliches can use any magic available to them in life; once they have acquired a full roster of spells (most are aided in this by the Cult) they can never gain new spells, but never need to study or concentrate to replenish their arsenal. Their magical natures revitalize their spell ability, each spell being replaced 1 day after it is cast. Instead of casting a spell, a dracolich may attempt *undead control* (as per a *potion of undead control*) once every three days. Such control, if successful, lasts for one turn only, upon any sort(s) of undead present, and

such undead save at -3 vs. the control. Control can be exercised up to 6" distant; undead cannot be *summoned* by means of this power. While *undead control* is being exercised, spells cannot be cast. A dracolich cannot drop *control* of undead and regain it immediately after casting a spell—it must wait three days before any attempt at *control* will again be successful. Dracoliches without spell-casting ability can use *undead control*.

Dracoliches can employ their breath weapons only three times a day, as in life. Note that they will *teleport* (if provided with a means such as a magical ring, by the Cult or through their own acquisition of treasure), or merely leave their bodies behind and flee in spirit-form, to return to the vicinity of the host (often a sword in their own hoard) that contains the essence of their spirit before being reduced to zero hit points; few opponents can destroy a dracolich outright. A dracolich can be destroyed by a *power word, kill*, or by the destruction of its host at a time when a suitable corpse is not within range for the dragon's spirit to possess.

Dracoliches usually appear as they did in life, except save that their eyes are glowing points of light floating in dark eyesockets. Some few are reported to appear skeletal or semi-skeletal.

In any event, PCs will have to explain all to the Watch to try and clear their names, holding a live Cult member if possible for the Watch to question. (The Watch takes disturbances of the peace seriously in Waterdeep—such can seriously harm trade, and everyone is then the poorer.)

6. The Emerald Dragon Affair

A ship, *The Emerald Dragon* sinks just outside Waterdeep's harbor in a storm, and all hands are lost. The DM should make this big news in the City, and immediately follow up with rumors that search parties of the Guard employing *water breathing* and with mermen aiding them have failed to find any trace of the crew—not a corpse—nor of the ship's cargo, which is whispered to have been chests and chests of gems; the sunken ship is empty. A few days later, another rumor should make the rounds: a sailor known to be of *The Emerald Dragon's* crew has been seen by night, walking down Dock

Street by the water's edge.

The PCs will become directly involved in this affair when they are on a street in Waterdeep. They will encounter a closed wagon with a broken wheel; the wagon's driver will ask them, in apparent desperation, to help change the wheel on the wagon, by running off and buying a wheel from any wheelwright they know of; he offers 7 gp to any one who brings him a wheel. Several NPCs will hear the offer and rush off towards the nearest wheelwright; regardless of who comes back with the wheel, they will be paid and the wagon-driver will offer a further 1 gp per person to lift the wagon and hold it up while the old wheel is pulled off and the new one put on. PCs approaching the wagon closely at any point will become aware of a rotting-flesh smell coming from the wagon. If they investigate, they will discover what's inside—if not, the wagon driver will offer 2 gp more to anyone who will guide him to the River Gate. The driver will seem somewhat confused, not entirely "with it", at all times. If a PC does guide him, things will go well until the River Gate is within sight, whereupon the driver, instead of paying the PC this last fee, will turn the wagon into side alley and attempt to strangle him or her. If the PC fights back, the driver will break free and run around into the back of the wagon, and the PC will then discover its contents. The wagon driver, a former sailor of *The Emerald Dragon*, has no more gold on his person, and will be *confused* and helpless whenever PCs open the wagon, as he is suddenly released from *psionic domination*.

Inside the wagon is the creature who has been *dominating* the sailor, who will attempt to *dominate* a lone PC, or *psionic blast* the first PC if several others are present, and try to escape in the wagon. It is a mind flayer, (a prisoner from the ship), who sits on six chests of gems (total amount and value to be determined by the DM—they may all be bloodstones, moonstones, and/or pearls if the value should be kept low in the interests of campaign balance), and the stacked bodies of *The Emerald Dragon's* slain crew, all of whom have had their brains sucked out. The mind flayer will try to do the same thing to each PC, escaping by *probability travel* with a chest of gems only if hard-pressed (i.e. by the arrival of lots of Watchmen with mages in support, or by persistent attacks from the PCs). It will attempt to get out of the City with the wagon if possible, if necessary *levitating* atop a



Gate-tower and *dominating* gate-guards to attack each other, and the sailor or a PC or another citizen to drive the wagon, to do so. (Anyone successfully *dominated* who is driving the wagon will not be killed for their brain until the illithid finds a better human slave to control.) PCs attacking apparently innocent, *dominated* citizens—or gate-guards—will not, of course, be very popular with the Watch.

7. The Unmourned Passing of Roungoze Haballanter

This adventure can begin whenever PCs are drinking in a City tavern, *except* The Bowels of the Earth tavern in Dock Ward.

They will notice a man seated alone in a corner, in robes, drinking wine and reading some notes on two scraps of parchment. His hat and staff are on the table in front of him. If any of the PCs look at him overlong (he certainly looks like a wizard) he will look up and glare at them. If any PC approaches him he will cast a *push* spell and keep them at bay, glaring but saying nothing. After a time, the tavernmaster will approach him rather nervously and place a small, unlit brass lamp on the table, saying, “Excuse me, good sir—be ye Roungoze Haballanter?” The man will only stare at him, and the tavernmaster will continue, “Because if ye are, then this is yours. A man left it last night, saying ye’d want it when ye came.” The man will then nod, curtly, and the tavernmaster will return to the bar. Roungoze will then reach for the lamp. The DM should ensure that PCs are attentive to this, by attracting their attention by the scared white face of the tavernmaster as he passes, or by another means.

The lamp suddenly changes to the small (four-inch-tall) form of a man in robes, who casts a spell at the astonished Roungoze—and Roungoze, arms moving frantically in the casting of a spell, fades slowly away to nothingness—*disintegrated*. The tiny figure then turns a ring on its finger and vanishes (*teleporting* away). There will be an uproar, but PCs will notice that Roungoze’s hat, staff, and one piece of parchment are still on the table (the other scrap of paper was *disintegrated* with the unfortunate wizard). The tavernmaster will call for the Watch, who will confiscate everything when they arrive ten rounds later—but in the meantime everyone in the place will examine the

table, the wine, and the three items. If PCs *detect magic*, nothing is magical—but DMs should make them aware that all eyes are upon the items while they (and others) make such examinations. There will be utterly no chance for anyone to pocket, hide, or substitute something for any of the items unobserved.

When the Watch arrive, they will ask for statements from everyone, and if any of the PCs have cast a *detect magic*, *identify*, or any other spell, several people will say so, and identify the spell cast by the PC(s) correctly if these are not unique. The Watch will want to know the spell results. The adventure will end there unless the PCs get a look at the surviving page of notes, before or after the Watch arrive. They are in Common, and read as follows:

“Then did I essay the studs down the length of the rod, with most spectacular results. That closest to the bulbous end caused a blade to spring forth from the ball, whilst the handle shortened, and behold! I held a blade such as a fighting-man might wield with pride in bloody battle, and from the faintly-glowing blade burst flames, which ran up and down the steel in a manner most wondrous. The studs had retreated into a recess in the handle, under the grip of the fingers when holding the blade, but the second stud, which is twice the size of the first, could readily be distinguished; and when pushed, the sword-blade vanished back into the ball right speedily, and from it flashed forth yet another blade, broadening to an axe blade, whilst the whole lengthened again to form a battleaxe. I continued in my investigation of the weapon, most careful to try every manner of its employment, several times in peril of my fingers, at the least—and I can state without reservation that the item is indeed a “Rod of Lordly Might,” as the mage Dassalar describes it in his *Items of the Power Arcane*, the standard work on the subject. I have left the rod safely as we agreed, in the bowels of the earth, and collected my fee without demur from your apprentice. I remain, as ever, your willing hireling.

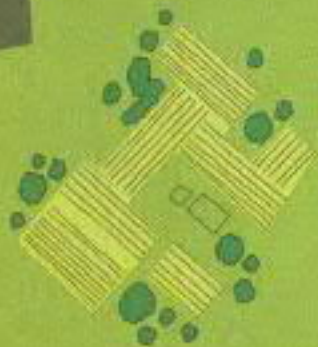
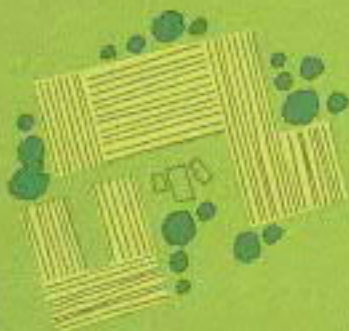
Phloid Shaustrayt, Sage”

Questioning by the Watch will reveal that no one in the tavern knows of either Phloid or Roungoze, and as one man says, “. . . and I know every sage in the City.” (DMs should decide beforehand whether he indeed does or not, but the Watch officers will nod in agreement; it should be obvious to the PCs

that neither man is a Waterdhavian.)

There is one clue as to the whereabouts of the *Rod* in the note: the “bowels of the earth” referred to is really The Bowels of the Earth tavern, in Waterdeep’s Dock Ward (if the PCs are not familiar with it, it does have a rather rude signboard hanging out over its door, readily visible to any passers-by, and the DM should mention it if the PCs ever pass that way, and see if they make the connection). No one in Waterdeep knows of Phloid Shaustrayt or Roungoze Haballanter, but if the PCs inquire about the mage Dassalar of any Waterdhavian magic user or Palace courtesan or official, they will recall that a sage who owned the only known complete copy of Dassalar’s famous book *Items of the Power Arcane* used to own The Bowels of the Earth tavern, in the docks. A lot of innkeepers and older merchants have heard of Dassalar, and will suggest asking a mage or at the Palace for more information about him.

If the PCs do go to The Bowels of the Earth and use a *locate object* or physical search to uncover the hidden *rod of lordly might*, they will discover one of two things, at the DM’s option; either the *rod* will be long gone, someone else having figured things out and got to it first (this is best if the DM thinks PC possession of the *rod* would unbalance play), or the *rod* will be there, in an old satchel behind a huge keg in the cellar, with a startled fighter of high level and a *ring of spell turning* on one finger already with it in his grasp; he will fight his way out if PCs try to take it by force, and will expect trickery if they try to bargain for it. DMs should note that the cellar’s confines (20’ X 40’, with a 5’ high ceiling, and dotted with several thick pillars that support the floors above) make it hard for area-effect spells to be cast without endangering the entire building and other party members, hard for many PCs to engage this fighter in physical combat, and easy for the fighter to topple barrels onto, or to reach PCs close enough to see him at all, with the *rod* or his sword. The cellar has a back way out, connecting to the sewers; if the PCs give chase, the sewer descriptions in Chapter 3 should be consulted.



Northgate

Furwatch Tower

North Trollwall

Imma Street

Horn Street

Clayton Tower

Northgate

Northgate

Northgate

Northgate

Northgate

Northgate

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The River Gate

Guardtower

Wall Street

River Street

The High Road

The Way of the Dragon

Virgin's Square

Book Street

Slut Street

Snail Street

Snail Street

Waterdeep Way

Waterdeep

Dock



Rollwall

The South Gate

Waymoot

East Torch Tower

Waterbreak

Inner Fort

Sea Stacks

Street

Street

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WATERDEEP

City of Swords

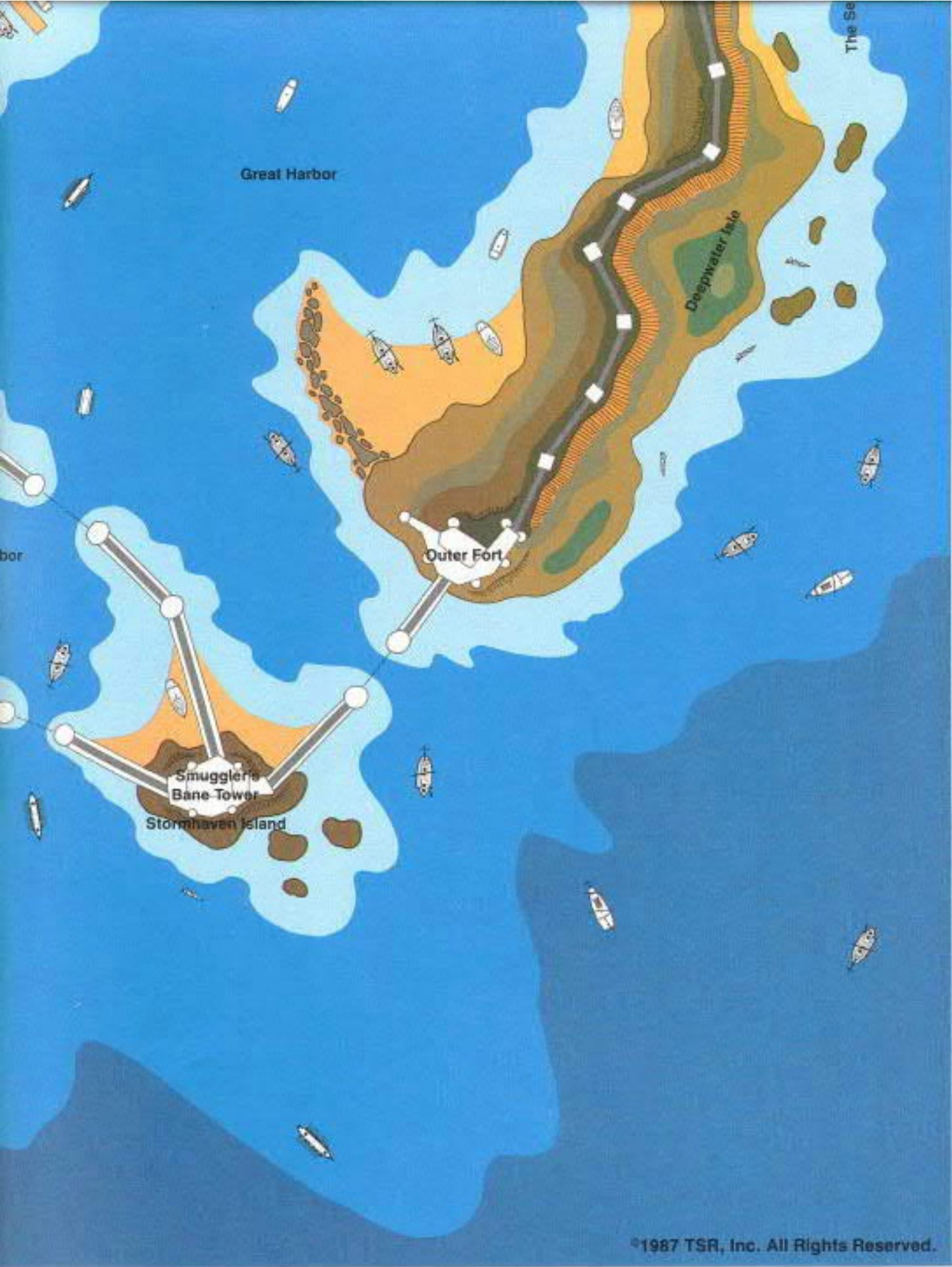


Official Game



WATERDEEP splendors





Great Harbor

Deepwater Inlet

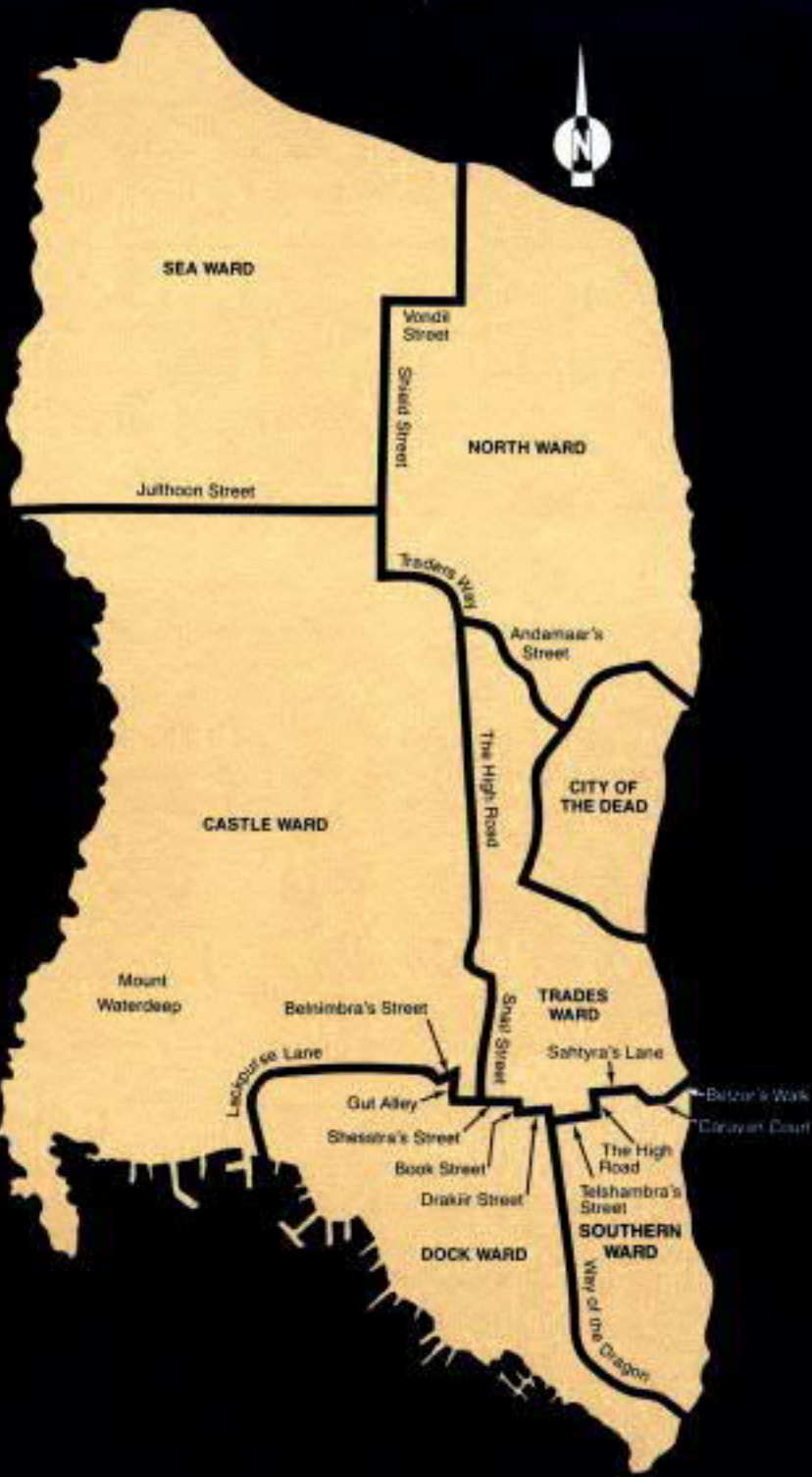
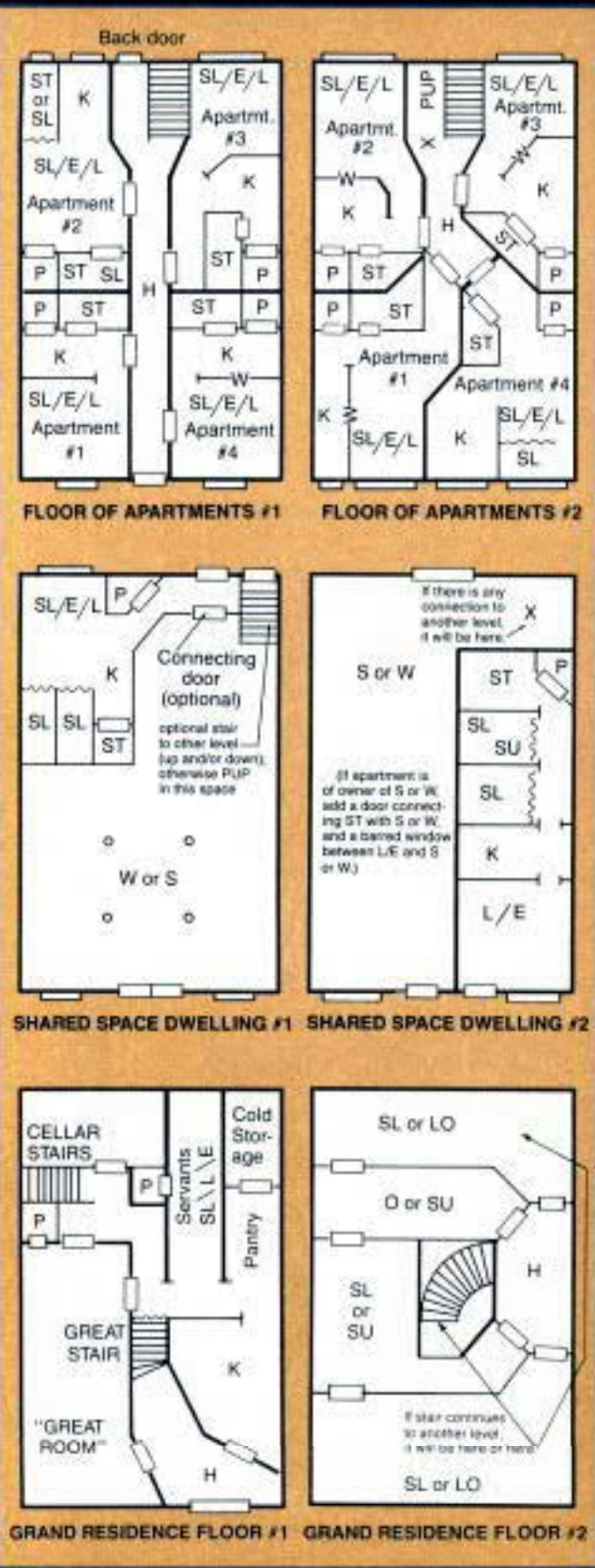
Outer Fort

Smugglers
Bane Tower

Stormhaven Island



WATERDEEP— City of Splendors



CITY WARDS OF WATERDEEP

This map depicts the boundaries of the seven districts of the present City. Many of its distances and proportions have been distorted for clarity; it is not to scale. DMs should note that Watch patrols ignore ward boundaries while actually on duty, but there are separate on-duty Watch officers in overall command of each ward. This map is also helpful as an aid to finding specific City addresses given in the text.

positions (or presence) of doors and windows, to fit the known exterior and purposes of each building. Ground floor windows are usually barred. To avoid a "sameness" contributing to boredom and too easy unlawful, undetected PC entry and egress, DMs must vary floorplan elements; use these examples as guides only.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



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by Ed Greenwood

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