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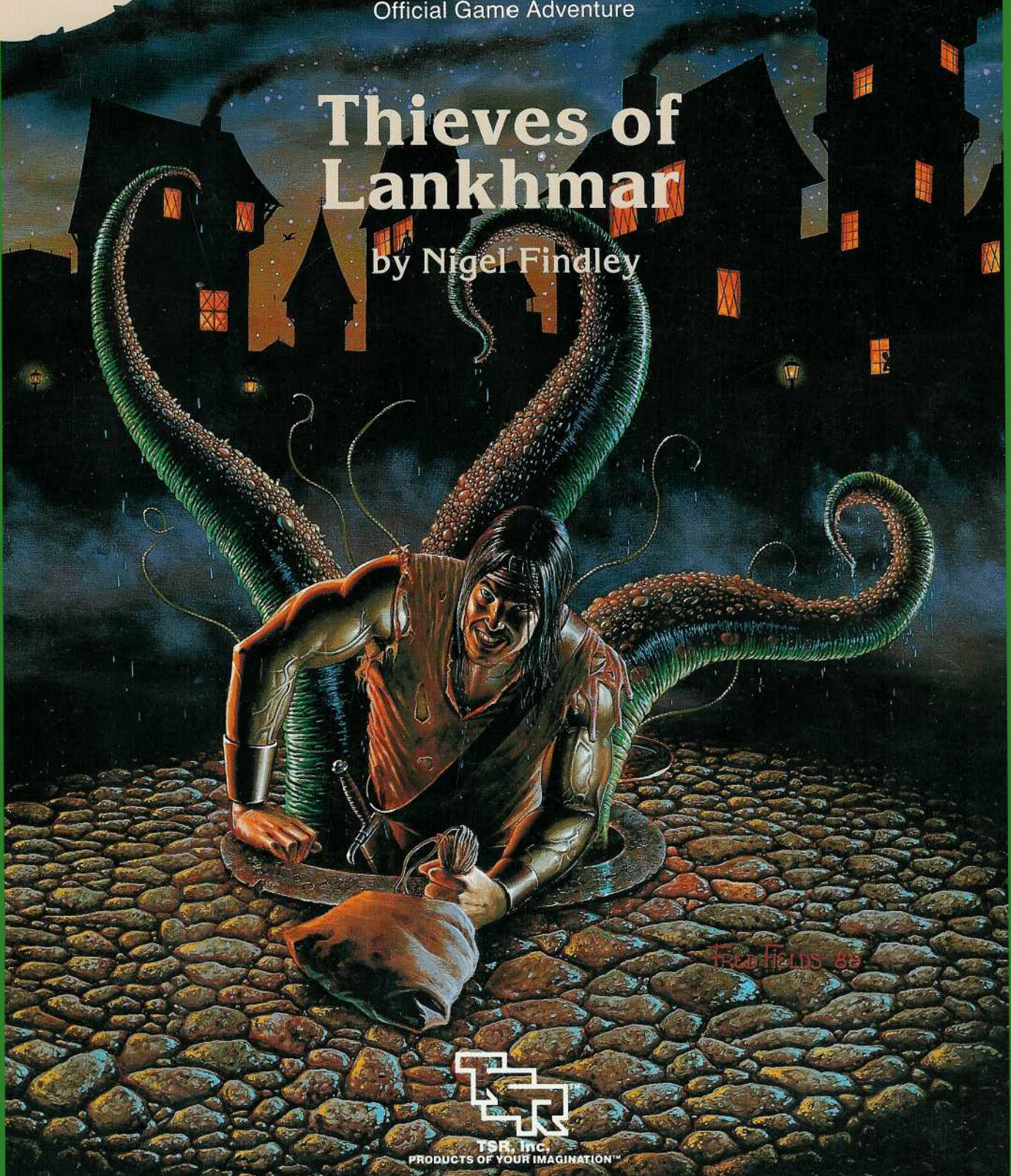
Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

LANKHMAR™

Official Game Adventure

Thieves of Lankhmar

by Nigel Findley



Fred Fields '83



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Official Game Accessory

THIEVES of LANKHMAR™

by Nigel Findley

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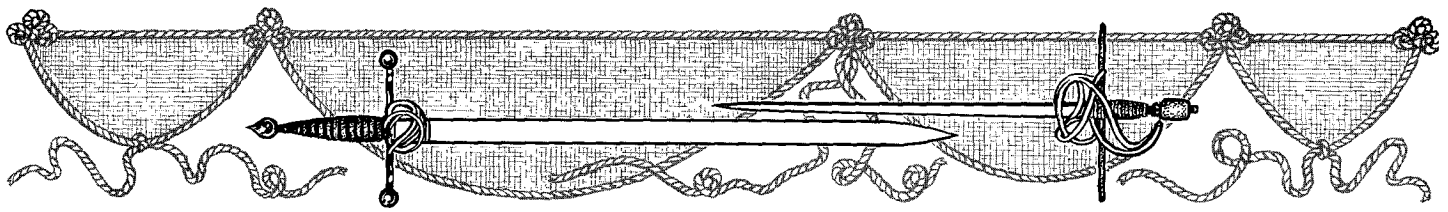
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Printed in the U.S.A.
ISBN 0-88038-825-0
9276XXX1501

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Introduction

It is midnight. Several darkly-clad figures pad through the darkening streets and alleyways or vault fleetingly across the rooftops of the Tenderloin district in Lankhmar, city of Seven-Score Thousand Smokes. A Lankhmart policeman, standing “guard” at the corner of Death and Plague Alleys, chuckles at the sight and fingers the gold he received as payment for his “blindness.” The city’s minions move aside or hide in convenient doorways or taverns. Somewhere in the River District, a City Guard captain feels an all too familiar tingle run coldly up his spine. It can only mean one thing—tonight the Thieves of Lankhmar are on a raid!!

Thieves of Lankhmar is a companion volume to the AD&D® game accessory, *Lankhmar, City of Adventure* and further enhances the exciting, dark, and dangerous setting of that Nehwonian city. *Thieves of Lankhmar* is the definitive sourcebook for any and all who are interested in the Thieves Guild perhaps the most powerful single guild or organization in Lankhmar. Existing knowledge on every aspect of the Thieves Guild (its operations, principal officers, members, history, hidden agendas, the famed Thieves’ House) as well as pertinent information on the Guild’s principal nemeses in Lankhmar is contained in these pages. Additional data on Lankhmart government and justice and settings for further adventures in the City of the Black Toga are here also. Indeed, this tome is a wealth of information for any who earn their livings in Lankhmar by “procuring” others’ wealth—and for those who may cross or fight them.

Night.

Darkness lay like a blanket over Lankhmar the Imperishable, City of Seven-Score Thousand Smokes. A chill breeze—scalpel-edged and sharp with brine—blew from the east, making the guards at the Marsh Gate shiver in their browned iron cuirasses. The breeze brought them sounds from the darkness beyond the comforting glow of their lanterns: the

cough of a marsh leopard, the death shriek of its prey. The guards rattled their pikes and tried to look stoutly courageous.

The breeze blew down the winding streets of the city. Lanterns guttered in the Plaza of Dark Delights; closet trees stirred in a sibilant hush of leaves. The breeze paused, whispering secrets around the temples of the Gods of Lankhmar, then playfully moved on to strew handfuls of garbage down Dim Lane.

Huddled here on the bank of the great River Hlal, in Lankhmar, City of the Black Toga, in the world of Nehwon, some thirty thousand souls came to what terms they could with the night. Many slept or drank, some laughed and loved . . . a few died.

Welcome to Lankhmar.

How to Use this Book

Thieves of Lankhmar is the second official ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS® game accessory that transports players and DMs to Nehwon—the world created by Fritz Lieber in his *Fafhrd™* and the *Gray Mouser™* stories—and to Lankhmar™ itself, the most famous city of that world. While the first accessory, *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*, provided a broad overview of the city, this book has a more concentrated focus. It peers into the shadows, the nooks, crannies and gloomy alleyways, scans the rooftops and byways that abound in Lankhmar, and finds those whose livelihood is scratched out of the city’s darkening places.

Thieves of Lankhmar draws heavily on the information in its precursor volume. Although enterprising DMs could apply this work to their own fantasy worlds, much of the background that makes a Nehwonian campaign unique is contained in *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*.

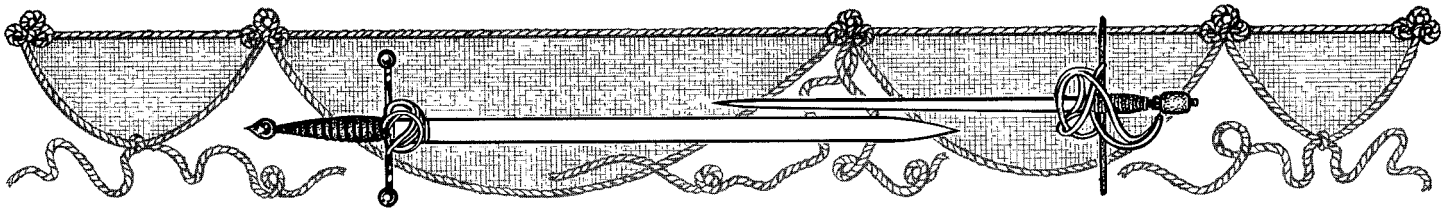
As its name implies, *Thieves of Lankhmar* provides details on perhaps the oldest—and arguably the most

influential—subculture within the City of the Black Toga. The fact that this subculture is so pervasive must influence the nature of a Nehwonian campaign: those PCs that aren’t thieves will almost certainly spend much of their time consorting with or combating those that are members of the infamous Thieves’ Guild of Lankhmar.

Second only to the government (and there are some who would dispute even that), the Thieves’ Guild has a great effect on the daily lives of most Lankhmarts. Merchants may pay for protection, nobles might open their purses to buy items unavailable elsewhere, city guardsmen might augment their meager income through bribes, travelling adventurers might get their purses slit or have their heads cracked. But as strong as the Guild’s hold may be on all Lankhmarts, it is immeasurably stronger on thieves. Any thief pursuing his or her trade within the city walls or three leagues beyond is either a Guildmember or risks the Guild’s standard punishment for freelance activities: slow and painful death!

The information in this book can be used in several ways. PCs may decide to pursue careers within the Guild; alternatively, PC thieves might prefer to live the risky—and probably short—life of a free-lancer. Either way, the section on the Guild (Chapter 3) provides the necessary background. The targets and “scores” described throughout the book might be approached by a full-scale, Guild-backed raid or by a handful of daring nonconformists. To accommodate these options, most of the adventures presented in Chapter 9 have at least two “lead-ins”: one appropriate for Guild affiliates and one for freelancers.

It’s possible that some groups of players might not enjoy playing thieves. In such cases, much of the material contained in this volume will be of limited use. There are, however, sections dealing with the future plans of the Thieves’ Guild, its affiliates and its rivals. Utilizing those sections, a resourceful DM could arrange for his



PCs to pit their wits against the shadowy forces of the thieves, trying to prevent said thieves from reaching their goals.

A Note on Role-Playing

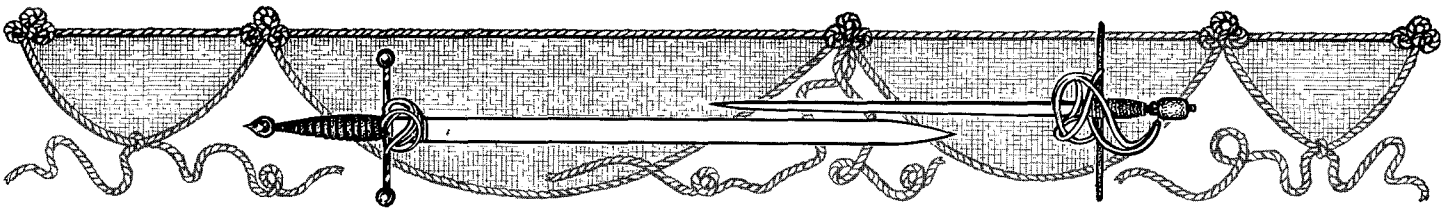
Thievery is usually subtle in nature, though violence is sometimes a tool of doing business. ("A soft word *and* a knife in the back get you more than a soft word."—*Guild proverb*). However, wading in with drawn steel and killing everything in sight usually isn't a good strategy. This fact of life is reflected in the adventures and locales throughout the book. Frequently some kind of subtlety or interpersonal interaction (i.e., role playing) is required in order to successfully complete a mission. A strong "hack-and-slash" party can probably dispatch most of the NPCs found in the adventures of chapter 9 without much ado. But then, of course, the PCs will never learn what they need to succeed in the adventure. In cases like this, the word—especially the spoken word exchanged with NPCs—is mightier than the sword.

For those PCs who enjoy a little mayhem, there are several opportunities for stand-up, toe-to-toe fights. But PCs should be aware that, even in Lankhmar, killing anyone who interferes with their goals will usually get them in serious trouble.

Lankhmar is a richly-textured society with numerous eccentricities; in many ways, its underworld is even more interesting—and considerably more dangerous. This book is your passport to that hidden society.



Welcome to the shadows.



II. Thieves in Lankhmar

Barra the scribner hurried through the twilight. Though the river-wind still blew, the night-smog was starting to gather, and it caught harshly in her throat. She coughed the hacking cough that labelled her as a true Lankhmart and cursed once more the City of Seven-Score Thousand Smokes (both actions were now so completely second nature that she would have given her oath that she had kept her silence). She clutched her light cloak tightly about her, both to keep out the chill and to conceal the bulging pouch hanging from her belt.

As she turned the corner onto Cheap Street, she left the last of the early evening strollers behind her. She looked around, her movements quick and abrupt like a bird's (which was what she most resembled with her long neck, aquiline nose and cloak flapping wing-like from her shoulders). There were shadows all around her, pooling in doorways, and lurking beneath arches, filled—so she felt—with unseen watchers. Here, of all places, she thought she should feel fear of the footpad, the cutpurse. But no. The eyes in the shadows were not friendly—oh, no—but neither, she knew, did they bear her malice OR threaten her violence. One never kills a paying customer.

Up ahead, there stood an open portal, spilling a warm yellow glow into the street. While elsewhere such a portal would have been familiar and inviting, here, in the context of a darkened street, it put her in mind of the smile of a shark.

She heard a shrill whistle, pitched almost too high for her ears. She quickened her steps. As she passed the portal, Barra tugged the pouch from her belt and tossed it through into the light. It landed with the dull clink of gold. "For the month of the dog," she whispered loudly, and hurried off, trundling down Cheap Street toward the Street of the Gods.

There came another whistle, answered by yet another from farther away. Behind her, the thieves of Lankhmar were acknowledging her payment.

Thieves and the Social Fabric

Lankhmarts are nothing if not practical; reality exists and there's nothing to be gained by ignoring it. That attitude explains why thieves in general, and the Guild in particular, hold the position they do in the city's culture.

The fabric of society is a complex one with many diverse and inextricably intertwined threads. Politics, economics, business, justice, trade, commerce—all are threads. So, too, are corruption, extortion, and other forms of wealth redistribution. These threads may be less attractive than the former, but they've become a part of society as well; only an idealist—or a madman, if there's any difference—would deny that.

Viewed from the correct perspective, the so-called "negative" facets of the city's life serve positive purposes. Corruption, specifically the openness of government officials to "voluntary gifts," circumvents the inertia and stagnation typical of large bureaucracies. Out-and-out theft stimulates the economy by putting back into circulation money that would otherwise remain locked away in counting houses, vaults, and cashboxes. Even extortion provides valuable redistribution of wealth, siphoning money away from the wealthy.

Although they might not be as welcome at social functions as, for example, merchants or apothecaries, thieves are businessmen just the same.

Guild Business

Over the years, as it grew from a rag-tag assortment of footpads and cutpurses to its current high level of organization, the Thieves' Guild has developed an aura of tradition and stability, if not quite respectability. It's a business—a highly profitable business, to be sure—and it's run like one. Unlike free-lancers or bandits, who

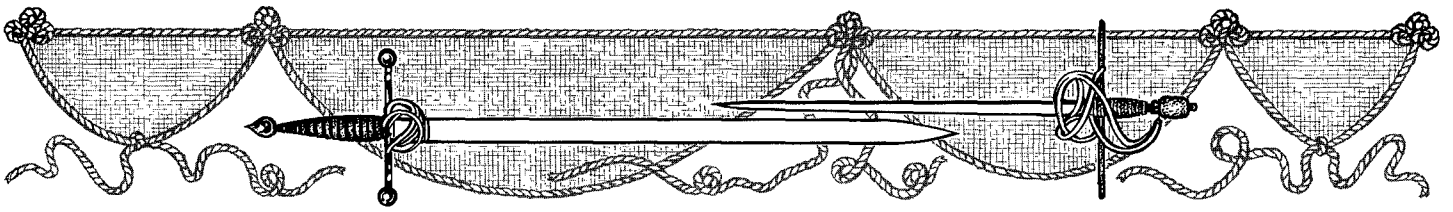
are often irrational "wild cards," Guild thieves always act in the best interest of the Guild, which means that their behavior is generally Lawful. Violence is usually bad for business and rarely occurs on Guild-sponsored raids.

It has been said that Lankhmar is ruled by a triad of factions: Government, the Merchants, and the Guilds. Of the third leg of this triad, the Thieves' Guild is by far the most influential. But this shouldn't obscure the fact that the Thieves' Guild is just one of many guilds. It's as tightly interwoven with the rest of the city's infrastructure as the Blacksmiths' Guild, for example. Quite apart from the monetary inducements paid to police constables and political functionaries to look the other way, anyone with an ounce of political savvy realizes that the Thieves' Guild can't simply be closed down (as some benighted moralists demand); removing a major societal "thread" could only weaken the fabric of the whole society. Thus, even though its location on Cheap Street is no secret, the Thieves' House never has to fear for its ever-open portal (at least, not from the "legitimate" factions within Lankhmar).

Like any other business, the Guild is acutely aware of public relations and sentiment. As long as the majority of the population looks upon it as a tolerable, even desirable, facet of the cultural matrix, the Guild will prosper. The instant a large enough portion of Lankhmart society turns against the Guild, its fortunes will decline. Thus the Guild's leaders try to keep their fingers on the pulse of the city.

Public relations are always considered in the Guild's long-range plans. For example, the current Overlord—Salamais Allarzian (detailed in Chapter 9)—is well-liked; only an especially misguided Guild grandmaster would order a raid against the Rainbow Palace; the backlash of popular opinion would cost the Guild more in the long run than such an operation would net.

Thankfully, public opinion, particularly in Lankhmar, is slow to shift. Tradition plays a large part in this. In Lankhmar the Imperishable, if some-



thing has been going on for more than a brace of years, it's a tradition. And the folk of Lankhmar are so bound by tradition that it would be unthinkable to interfere with such common activities as those of a thief . . . so long as that thief and his fellows aren't making life intolerable for everyone.

Treating thievery as a business has had an effect on the Guild, analogous to hardening of the arteries. The Guild has become a large corporation with a sizeable internal bureaucracy. While this has had an overall positive effect on profitability—cost/benefit analysis is used to evaluate any new enterprise—it has certainly decreased the organization's flexibility and slowed down its response time. Just a few decades ago, when the Guild was leaner and hungrier, it could respond almost instantly to a new opportunity; now, days can pass while the Grandmaster and his staff evaluate the potential benefits and risks of a new venture.

The master thieves of old wouldn't recognize the current Guild as an out-

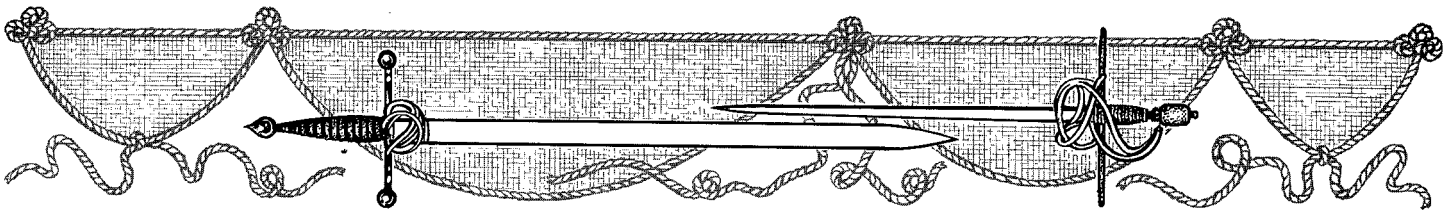
growth of the dynamic, adventurous organization they founded . . . and they'd be sickened if they did. There are many—both within and without the Guild—who blame its stagnant policies for the growing number of free-lancers (thieves without guild affiliation) and "renegades" (thieves who have broken all ties with the Guild) plying their trade within the city walls. (This only makes sense. The traits that would once have marked a thief for eventual success—daring, audacity, ambition—now would guarantee their owner nothing but frustration within the Guild organization.)

Rogues' Gallery

Thieves by nature like to keep a low profile; notoriety and public recognition are detrimental to their effectiveness and are universally shunned. Nevertheless, there are a number of thieves whose names have become, if not household words, at least passing familiar to run-of-the-mill

Lankhmarts. At the top of the list, of course, are those (in)famous free-lancers, Fafhrd™ and the Gray Mouser™; but there are others.

Voss the Wolf-Slayer: Dead now for more than a century, Voss is one of the few true folk-heroes of Lankhmar. His exploits have become so exaggerated and distorted through the years of tale-telling that it's difficult to separate truth from fiction. But, the core story seems to be this: Some 150 years ago, Lankhmar was threatened by a group of werewolves that apparently reached the city in the hold of a large coastal trading vessel. Although not well-organized, the monsters caused much trouble among the populace, killing or infecting many, and almost totally closing down commerce. With its usual victims taking extreme precautions against the werewolf scourge, the Thieves' Guild of the time found pickings suddenly slim; however—perhaps because of superstitious fear—the Grandmaster refused to mobilize the Guild thieves



against the werewolf threat.

Voss was a young thief second-class who didn't share his superiors' fears. Against direct orders, he recruited a band of like-minded youngsters and led them against the lair of the werewolves. Here the stories become extremely unlikely, almost mythical; but it seems probable that Voss slew the werewolf leader in single combat. Voss's band took fearful losses—they slew their wounded to combat the risk of infection—but finally hunted down and destroyed all of the monsters.

On his return to Thieves' House, a Thieves' Jury convicted Voss of dereliction of duty and of desertion . . . but waived all punishment. Voss soon dropped from public ken, but Guild historians relate that he rose to the position of Grandmaster before his retirement.

Arlina: It was only four-score years ago that the Thieves' Guild became a strictly male organization. Before that time, there were female thieves (al-

though they were very rare). Arlina was the last.

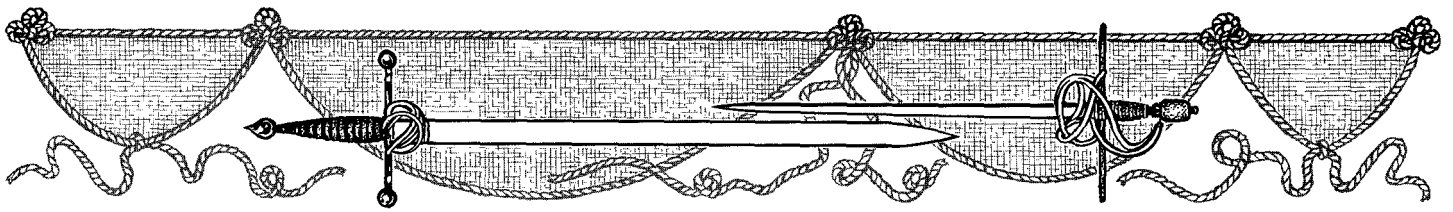
She was the close friend—and secretly the lover—of then Grandmaster Burkis, and was a thief of great skill and audacity. Before the age of 25, she'd reached the rank of master thief candidate, and rumors abounded that she might become the first female Grandmaster (-mistress?) on Burkis's retirement. Unfortunately, Patience wasn't one of Arlina's virtues.

Over a period of months, she planned a less-than-orderly succession to Guild leadership. When she thought the time was right (at the height of Chameleon Day festivities), she crept into Thieves' House and slew her lover in his bed. She had planned to make the murder look like the work of a renegade thief or perhaps a hired assassin; had circumstances not conspired against her, her plan would have worked and she would certainly have been named the first Grandmistress of the Guild. As fate would have it, however, she was seen by a guard as she left Burkis's

room and was accused of the murder. A Thieves' Jury was immediately convened to try Arlina. They proved particularly unsympathetic toward a woman who'd kill her own lover. She was judged guilty and executed with every refinement of torture. Since that day, it has been a tradition that no women be allowed into Thieves' House or into the Guild.

Arlina is remembered by Guildmembers as the classic example of why women are not to be trusted. Indeed, her name is often used in curses. Outside the Guild, her name is recalled as one who almost toppled the orderly organization of the thieves of Lankhmar.

Omphal: Under Omphal, the Guild first achieved its current ascendancy. For that reason, Omphal is recalled as the first true Grandmaster of the Guild as it exists today. Before he reached this rank, however, he built a reputation that remains unmatched by any Grandmaster to this day. (This is because most modern Grandmasters



are too concerned with the politics of achieving and maintaining their exalted position).

In Omphal's time, the Overlord was somewhat ineffectual and the butt of many jokes among the populace. In a fit of pique, and to prove that he could be tough-minded, the Overlord ordered a crackdown on the Thieves' Guild (then still called the "Backalley Brotherhood").

Another thief might have tried to pay back the government in kind by some heavy-handed display of force, perhaps even assassination. Omphal chose a more interesting way. No thief today is exactly sure how he did it, but one night he penetrated the Rainbow Palace and made off with a key part of the official regalia: the Orb of Temporal Justice, a delicate and mind-numbingly valuable creation of platinum and precious stones, and its priceless obsidian case. Omphal then contacted the Overlord—through many intermediaries, of course—and offered his proposition. If the Overlord wanted his Orb back—and, more importantly, if he didn't want the humiliating fact of its absence spread far and wide—he had to meet Omphal's conditions. First and foremost among these was the repeal of the Overlord's crackdown on the Backalley Brotherhood; other conditions included the redistribution of interesting amounts of wealth to a number of repositories known only to Omphal.

The Overlord conceded immediately, and the Brotherhood's operations returned to normal. Omphal, for his part, kept the matter secret. It was only after the Overlord's death that Omphal felt he could tell the tale. Omphal's name is, even today, often used to poke fun at an ineffectual Overlord.

Gage: Unlike Voss, Arlina, or Omphal, Gage is still alive and enjoying his retirement in the Park District of Lankhmar. Although he never became Grandmaster—probably because he realized that taking that position would cramp his somewhat free-wheeling style—he was one of the most successful of Guild thieves.

Gage's fame springs mainly from a single theft; even now, nobody has quite figured out how he pulled it off (and Gage himself isn't telling). Some thirty years ago, a small Mingol war vessel sailed into Lankhmar Harbor under a flag of parlay. Aboard was Dourm, a great war-leader of the Mingol tribes, accompanied by two score of his doughtiest warriors. His purpose was to discuss matters of territory with the Overlord. The Lankhmar military didn't fully trust the Mingols' honor regarding the flag of parlay, so several ballista- and catapult-armed Lankhmart vessels hove to nearby, just to keep an eye on things.

Aboard the vessel was Dourm's war throne, a large chair of heavy, dark wood, inlaid with gold and gems. The workmanship was magnificent, the chair's monetary value immense. Even greater, however, was its near-religious significance to the Mingols.

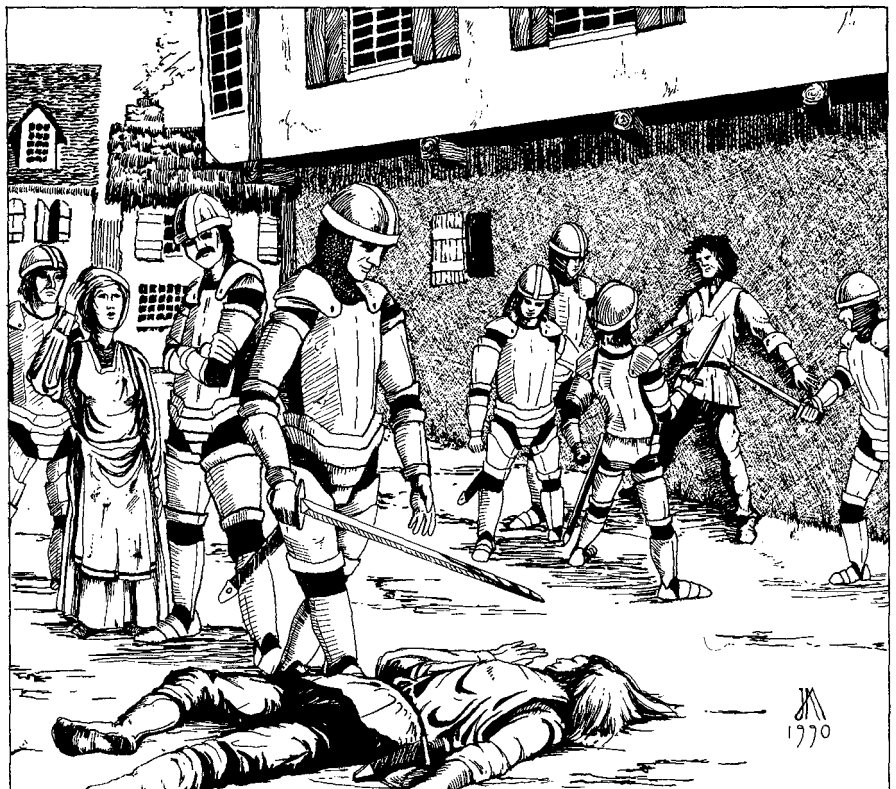
One night, while Dourm was ashore, Gage miraculously boarded the Mingol vessel, unbeknownst to its

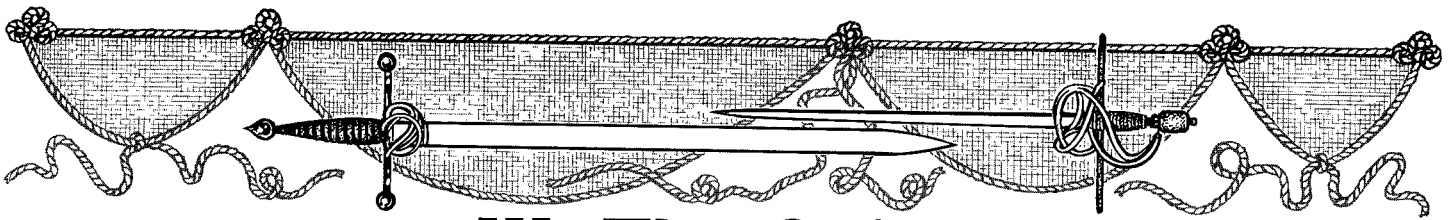
crew, and somehow (equally as miraculously) spirited away the heavy war throne. When its absence was discovered, Dourm flew into a rage, and—despite the flag of parlay AND the cordon of Lankhmart vessels around him—ordered his crew to attack and raze to the ground the city of Lankhmar. The ensuing sea battle was short and sharp. Needless-to-say, the Mingol vessel went down with all hands. So much for Dourm.

Soon thereafter, Gage retired from the Guild to live in a cozy (and secure) villa. Rumors hold that Dourm the Mingol's war throne rests within Gage's home, but no one knows for sure. Gage has few visitors and relishes his privacy enough to keep several of the Slayers' Brotherhood on retainer to maintain it.

Gage: AC 10; MV 12"; F8/T10; hp 85; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (short sword or dagger); AL LN; social level 6.

Thieving skills: PP 35%, OL 90%, FT 45%, MS 90%, HS 95%, DN 45%, CW 70%, RL 0%.





III. The Guild

Guild-apprentice Hallek moved swiftly over the rooftops, his glove-leather shoes making not a whisper of sound. Somehow his senses seemed to be unnaturally acute; all the impressions of the night—sights, sounds, smells, textures—seemed more intense and immediate. The souging of wind through the trees, the sharp tang of marsh-salt in his nostrils, the complex, shifting patterns of light and dark as the clouds crawled across the face of the moon . . . all were imprinted more strongly than ever before on his mind. Even the air on his skin had a touch all its own, like the sheerest, chill silk brushing against him.

Someone moving through the night is more than human, Hallek suddenly thought, actually a *part* of the night—so removed from his normal, daytime existence that anything else is hardly reality.

He was on the “Thieves’ Run,” that combination race, scavenger hunt, and gauntlet used by the Guild to train and test its members. Hallek judged his performance (thus far) to be exceptional. And he could do even better, he told himself with an exultant grin. He poured on the speed and his feet danced over the tiles. His major opponent was the clock; he had till cock’s crow to complete the Run. But there were others, he knew. Other thieves had been sent out, instructed to stop him—the stalkers. They were part of the test, too.

But he’d left them far behind, Hallek told himself with glee. There was no chance that they could match the pace he’d set and maintained. Soon he’d return to Thieves’ House with the best time ever recorded; soon he’d feel the silver disk—token of his new rank of thief third-class—cool in his hand.

Hallek’s overconfidence was his downfall. His foot hit the loose tile and he teetered there on the roof’s crown, fighting for balance. With an almost super human effort he regained his equilibrium . . . but too late. The figure who had been shadowing him—with some difficulty, if the truth be known (the boy WAS good)—closed the dis-

tance between them. Struggling to maintain his balance, Hallek had no time to react as a fist exploded out of the darkness into the side of his jaw.

Warin, thief second-class, looked down at the unconscious youth crumpled at his feet. Guild-apprentice Hallek’s Run was over.

Introduction

Although individual thieves join the organization for diverse reasons—personal gain, excitement, or just to avoid becoming guests of honor in the torture room beneath Thieves’ House—the Guild itself has a number of well-defined goals.

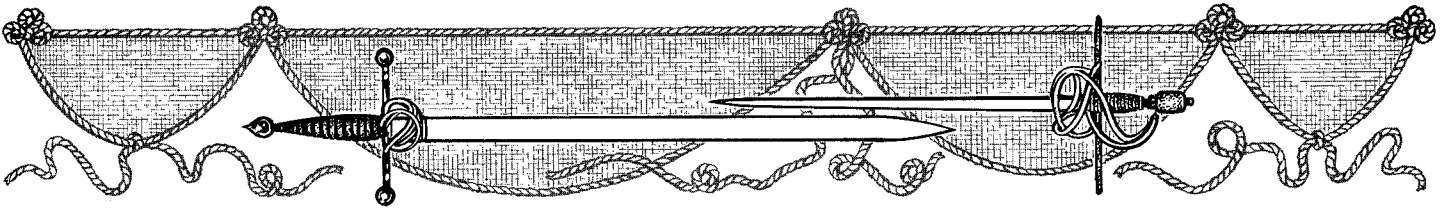
A major avowed purpose of any guild is to protect and promote its members: to forward their interests in all honorable (and sometimes dishonorable) ways. The Carpenters’ Cadre, for example, provides many functions: it acts as a recruiting agency, helping its members to get jobs; it acts as advisor and supporter, if sometimes a heavy-handed one, in contract disputes between members and employees; it sets and enforces high rates of pay for guildmembers; it acts—both directly and indirectly—to “discourage” the hiring (illegal yet still attractive) of non-guild carpenters; it lobbies the government for beneficial treatment under taxation and city laws; it uses its not-inconsiderable political strength to “stonewall” or redirect any detrimental initiatives considered by the merchant class; and it provides some income protection (pensions, perhaps even insurance) for its members. This is what carpenters get for their membership fees. (Another goal of the Carpenters’ Cadre—rarely discussed but still very real—is to accrue money, prestige and power to its senior members, particularly the Guildmaster. It is an interesting fact that the masters of many Lankhmart guilds have never worked in the trade that their guild represents; their sole recommendation for the senior position—and a significant recommendation it is—is an unmatched

skill at political maneuvering and organization.)

The Thieves’ Guild is not much different. It too provides employment (it assigns jobs to its members); arbitration of disputes (it ensures that its members get true value when dealing with fences); good rates of pay (ditto); protection against competition (it actively hunts down free-lancers/renegades); political activism (it uses its political “clout” to influence the government and other factions); and income protection (it offers senior thieves a pension, and all Guildmembers a limited form of insurance). In addition, it offers direct protection to its members—in the form of hired bravos, “safehouses”, or simply a score of “witnesses” to swear that “Dik was dicing with us all that night”.

(An interesting aside: Some philosophers consider the Thieves’ Guild to be the most “ethical” of all guilds in the city. Each Grandmaster must have worked his way up from the “rank-and-file,” and must honestly have the best interests of all his thieves at heart—for the very good reason that he couldn’t maintain his somewhat opulent lifestyle if they weren’t successful. The Grandmaster must be even more aware than most guild leaders of the morale of his Guild brothers: blacksmiths, for example, aren’t typically given to death-duels.)

The most obvious goal of the Thieves’ Guild is to realize the greatest possible profit from its operations. Although the money itself is useful, its highest purpose is to purchase power—power over the citizens of Lankhmar, and even over the government. The Guild has been referred to as a “shadow government,” and that’s not far from the truth. The lawful government—the Overlord, his bureaucracy and troops—must bear all the more onerous burdens of rulership: maintaining the infrastructure, placating the citizenry, paying the civil service . . . even making sure the garbage is (occasionally) collected. At the height of its influence, the Guild operates as the “power behind the throne;” it influences internal (and



sometimes foreign) policy and reaps the rewards of its "closet kingship."

To aid in its achievement of this overall goal, the Guild has a number of "laws":

- **"Husbandry"** "Never kill the hen that laid brown eggs with a ruby in the yolk or white eggs with a diamond in the white." It's bad business to totally clean out a "mark." Instead, the trick is to skim a healthy return, but leave the victim with a sufficient financial base so that he or she can rebuild enough wealth to warrant a return visit. (This "law" makes as much sense when applied to a wealthy gem merchant as to a "pigeon" in a card game.)

- **"Unity"** "The Guild above all." When a thief joins the Guild, he takes on certain obligations, most of them of lifelong duration. These typically boil down to protecting the interests of the Guild, keeping its secrets, and supporting brother thieves—with silence or violence, depending on the circumstances. But there are reciprocal obligations as well: the Guild must

support its members. "All for one and one for all" is a romantic illusion, and a Guild thief knows that he will be cast to the wolves if protecting him would put the Guild as a whole at risk. But he also knows that, in situations where it can do so, the Guild will throw its not-inconsiderable influence behind him. This bi-directional obligation, represented by the Guild emblem (a silver-hilted knife suspended by two identical silver chains from the ceiling of the Thieves' House chapter room) is responsible for the generally high morale within the Guild.

- **"Incentives"** "A soft word AND a knife will get you more than a soft word." Although violence for the sake of violence is bad business, the Guild isn't slow to use violence—or, more commonly, the judiciously applied *threat* of violence—to advance its interests. When violence is required, the Guild tends to avoid outright killing (except in the case of free-lancers or renegades). The unofficial rule is "Never kill when maiming will serve; never maim when wounding will

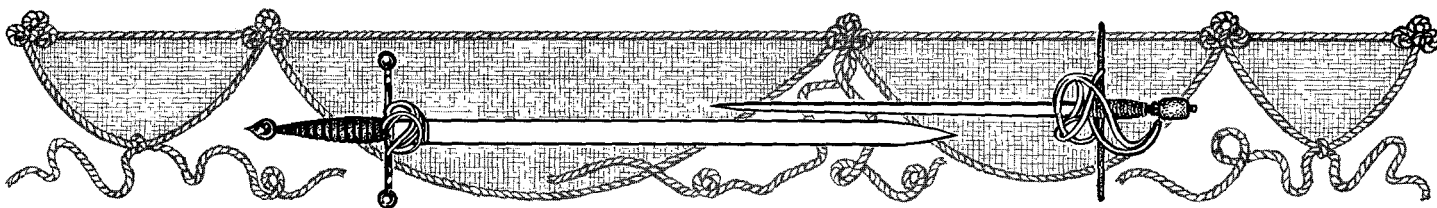
serve; never wound when marking will serve." The rationale is a different interpretation of that old saw, "Dead men tell no tales." Dead men can tell no tales about the power of the Guild. But, a man with his face scarred by a thief's knife will spread, by that man's very presence, the word that the Guild will back its will with the blade when necessary. (The Guild is always logical in the application of this rule, however. Merely wounding certain people is highly dangerous, as they'll simply come back and wreak their vengeance against the Guild; these people are killed out of hand.)

- **"The Bottom Line"** The Guild is a business and as such must always be aware of the "big picture." While a certain raid may be attractive and apparently profitable in the short term, when viewed in relation to the Guild's other activities, the raid might turn out to be a bad idea. For example, a raid on the Overlord's bejewelled pleasure barge might net a king's ransom in precious stones. The Guild leadership is aware, however, that the resulting crackdown—and possible house-to-house search (depending upon how irate the Overlord got over the theft)—will close down many of the Guild's day-to-day operations, thus costing the Guild much more revenue in the long run than a handful of gems stolen from the Overlord's barge could possibly gain them. This "accountant's mentality," although necessary for the success of such a large organization as the Thieves' Guild, rankles with many of the younger, more aggressive, and sometimes more talented thieves. It is, in fact, the reason why some of the Guild's up-and-coming youngsters have recently been turning renegade.

Alignment

Many non-thieves—particularly the young, idealistic and naive—assume that all thieves lean toward Evil in alignment. This isn't the case at all. In fact, Guild thieves—and successful thieves in general—tend toward Neu-





tral alignment. The Guild itself supports this tendency. “Evil is bad business” is a Guild truism, and it’s quite correct: if you go out of your way to be nasty (i.e., if you “promote the cause of Evil”), you won’t make as much money.

A number of Guildmember thieves are Lawful Neutral. The Lawful part implies only loyalty to and respect for the Guild, of course.

Note: All of the information in this chapter refers to the Guild since the untimely deaths of Grandmasters Krovas and Slevyas (described in “Thieves’ House,” to be found in *Swords Against Death*). It should be easy enough for the DM to interpolate this background so as to run a campaign in a time before these events, however.

The Guild in Context

The Thieves’ Guild of Lankhmar doesn’t operate in isolation. Powerful as it may be, it isn’t powerful enough—yet—to operate without concern for the other factions and organizations within Lankhmar and outside the city’s walls.

Other Thieves’ Guilds

Lankhmar’s Guild isn’t the only such organization in the land. All large cities and most small ones have their own Thieves’ Guild—although perhaps not so well-developed as that in the City of the Black Toga. Other Guilds that could rival the Lankhmar brotherhood can be found in Oool Hrusp, Kvarch Nar, Mlurg Nar, Ilthmar, Horborixen, Tisilinilit and Kiraay.

Relationships between different Thieves’ Guilds are rarely close, but rarely too are they hostile. The Lankhmar Guild, for example, claims as its “turf” the city itself and three leagues beyond its walls. Other Guilds typically define their areas of influence in similar ways. (An excep-

tion is the brutal Guild of Mlurg Nar, which also claims as its own preserve all piracy on the River Mangrishik—of which there is a lot. The Guild in Kvarch Nar might wish to dispute this, but doing so would be hazardous to their health. The last time the Guilds of the two cities met on unfriendly terms, the Kvarch Nar thieves were, in the argot of the region, “slit up a treat.”) Territory outside the preserves of any guild is “free turf”: any thieves, Guild-aligned or not, are free to ply their trade in such territory. The fact that Guilds are usually separated from each other by large tracts of free turf means that there’s very little interguild rivalry, “poaching,” or turf wars.

Thieves of one Guild visiting the territory of another are usually welcomed as (somewhat) respected, if not well-liked, colleagues, *provided* that they check in with the local Guild’s headquarters immediately upon entering the city AND that they refrain from practicing their profession while within the local Guild’s territory. Any thief from a foreign Guild who ignores either of these requirements is treated the same as any free-lancer. (Again, the Mlurg Nar Guild is the exception, considering all foreign thieves as invaders to be killed on sight . . . but few in their right minds want to go to Mlurg Nar anyway.)

The leaderships of the different Guilds usually keep in contact through various secret channels (couriers, carrier hawks and the like). Information is passed on, resources are exchanged (albeit rarely), and thieves are seconded to assist another Guild, although at a steep price.

The professional relationship between Guilds doesn’t mean that everything is always sweetness and light, however. Most Guilds have at least one “mole” installed in all similar organizations; there have been times when one Guild has tried to orchestrate a *coup d’etat* in another in order to turn the target guild into a subsidiary. There is only one recorded case of this succeeding, but this means little: it’s the victor who writes the histories, after all, so other occur-

rences might have been successfully kept quiet. (Thus, in “Ill Met in Lankhmar,” when Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser spin their tale of the Secret Seven and the plot to take over the Lankhmar Guild, under other circumstances Krovas might have given them more credence.)

Affiliated Guilds

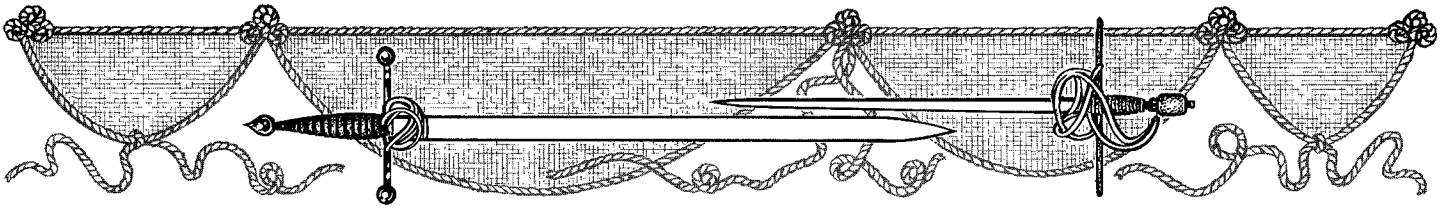
In Lankhmar, the Thieves’ Guild has as an affiliate—or, more properly, “wholly-owned subsidiary”—the Beggars’ Guild. This guild carries on its own operations and has its own coffers and accounting practices. The Beggars’ Guild has its own guildmaster, although the reporting structure is sometimes a little convoluted. For example, even though members of the Beggars’ Guild owe their direct allegiance to their own guildmaster, the Grandmaster of the Thieves’ Guild can give orders and have them obeyed. The affiliate guild pays a certain percentage of its income to the Thieves’ House coffers; in return, it can expect a certain amount of support and backing from the parent Guild.

The Beggars’ Guild operates out of Thieves’ House, and some of its male members are barracked there. It has other properties as well, including separate quarters for its female members.

Another group—although not strictly a guild—is the Brotherhood of Urchins.

The Urchins

The Brotherhood of Urchins pays no monetary tribute to the Thieves’ Guild—although the Guild does occasionally offer some support to the Brotherhood—and jealously guards its independence of action. As its name implies, the Brotherhood is composed entirely of urchins: orphans, runaways, and street children, all under the age of 16. All have been “stooled to the rogue,” swearing a blood-freezing oath to support and de-



fend the Brotherhood . . . with their lives if necessary. The oath is binding for life, although a member must leave the Brotherhood on his or her sixteenth birthday. There are many street children in Lankmar and, even with its official retirement policy, the Brotherhood's recruitment rate is high (and continually growing).

The leader of the urchins—a semi-official “guildmaster”—is usually the eldest and largest among the group (the leader is usually female, although male leaders aren't unheard of). Her leadership depends entirely on the support of the others. The group allows no leader to become a tyrant, where she can rule against the wishes of the group. Indeed, in the past, when certain leaders have wished to stay on past their sixteenth birthday, their bodies inevitably ended up floating down the River Hlal.

The Brotherhood of Urchins operates as a junior version of the Thieves' Guild; so much so, in fact, that some people think that the Guild set up the Brotherhood as a “training camp.” On the contrary, the Brotherhood evolved as an independent group in much the same way as the Guild itself. Many urchins, once they reach their sixteenth year, move on to join the Guild, bringing with them the considerable talents they developed with the Brotherhood. It's for this reason that the Guild protects the Brotherhood: where else could the thieves find such well-trained recruits?

The Brotherhood is most active in pickpocketing and small snatch-and-grab raids, at which its diminutive members excel. From time to time, however, the urchins will plan and stage surprisingly large-scale and complex operations. They have an innate benefit denied to adult thieves—they're only kids—and they play it to the limit. Urchins are much less likely to get arrested (they can claim that they were just playing a game that some adult talked them into) and are less likely to get cut down by an irate victim. Even if they are arrested, convictions are rare and any sentence will usually be mild or waived.

Some people think that the urchins are a laughing matter; this opinion does not last past their first face-to-face run-in with the Brotherhood. The urchins are ruthless and many of them are armed (usually with daggers or knives). In a scrap, they fight with a total disregard for personal safety (sages speculate that this is because they're too young to conceive of their own deaths).

A typical urchin will have the following statistics:

AC 10; MV 12"; T1; hp 1-3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 7, DEX 13, CON 9, INT 9, WIS 6, CHA 8; AL LN(E); social level 1.

Thieving skills: PP 45%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 20%, HS 25%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Other Guilds

Although not affiliates, there are a number of guilds with which the thieves have close ties. These guilds are independent or often affiliated with other, more powerful non-thief guilds. All, however, recognize that the Thieves' Guild must be treated as a large and influential client. Thus, even though the Artificers' Guildmaster, as an example, isn't under the orders of the Grandmaster, he realizes that charging the Thieves' Guild exorbitant prices for lockpicking tools wouldn't be a wise decision.

The following are the major guilds with which the Thieves' Guild deals most frequently.

The Slayers' Brotherhood

Although there's some rivalry between the Brotherhood and the Thieves—particularly after the Extortioners' Guild changed its affiliation to join the Slayers—the two organizations have close ties. Thieves are trained in rudimentary combat skills, but their specialty lies elsewhere; it makes more business sense to hire experts when bloodletting is in the offing. Both guilds are powerful and influential, so both recognize that an out-and-out feud between the two might literally tear apart the fabric of

Lankmart society. Two affiliates of the Slayers' Brotherhood with which the Thieves frequently deal are the Assassins' Circle (for the rare unavoidable assassination) and the House of the Red Lanterns (much valuable information can be garnered from pillow-talk . . . if the Thieves' Guild is willing to purchase it).

The Extortioners' Guild

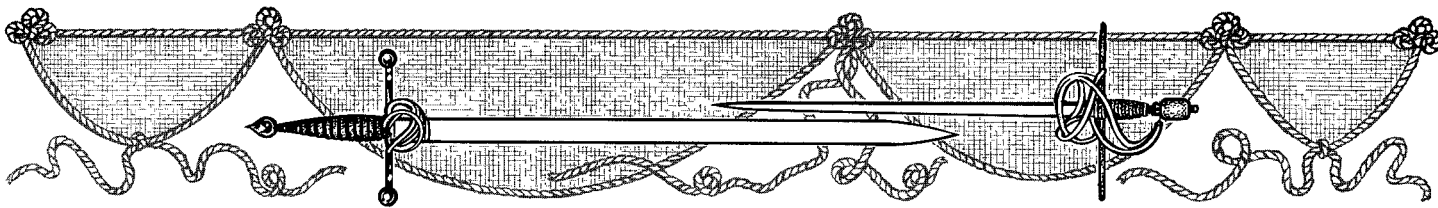
Although affiliated with the Slayers' Brotherhood, this guild is a special case. Since the extortioners “defected” to the Slayers, there's been great antipathy between Extortioner and Thief. Direct action against the Extortioners would bring about instant—and messy—retribution from their parent guild, so the Thieves operate in other ways. At any opportunity that presents itself, the Thieves' Guild will interfere with the work of the Extortioners, even going so far as to “blow” operations to the city guards. They're careful about it, however, only doing so when they can hide behind “plausible deniability” and avoid the wrath of the Slayers.

The Order of Apothecaries

Though they rarely use poisons (such being the preserve of the assassins), thieves sometimes have need of sleeping draughts or gasses to make sure that the occupants of a target building sleep through the proceedings. These compounds must be purchased from the apothecaries. The final decision as to whether to sell these substances is up to the individual apothecary approached; their guild's position on the question is “give the Thieves what they want . . . but make them pay through the nose.”

The Architects' Guild

Sometimes the floorplan to a building can be worth its weight in gold to a thief. Unlike most guilds, the Architects' Guildmaster has put forward an official policy that architects are not to trade with thieves, on pain of expulsion from the guild. This has little effect on the practice, however.



Architects are no less attracted to the prospect of extra cash than any other tradesman and it's usually easy enough to find one willing to bend the rules. Generally all that's necessary to approach an architect is for a thief to claim that he wants to see the plans "because he's considering putting up a similar building, but has a few questions first." (Note that the current Architects' Guildmaster is rather naive when it comes to the ways of the world. If he actually started to enforce his prohibition effectively, the Thieves' Guild might find it necessary to ensure the succession of a more pragmatic individual.)

The Artificers' Guild

Artificers are the source of much Guild equipment: picklocks, prybars, practice locks, and other, more specialized items. Like the Apothecaries, this guild tacitly supports trade with the Thieves.

The Fraternity of Fences

Of all guilds, the Thieves do the most business with the Fences, and the major portion of their money needs must flow through this guild. This explains the ongoing—but very subtle—struggle between the Thieves' Guild and the Moneylenders' Institute over control of the Fraternity of Fences. If the Guild controlled the Fences, they'd be able to save a great deal on commissions and could feel more secure knowing that a cornerstone of their business wasn't under the control of another party. The Institute, however, realizes much profit from their control of the Fences and enjoys some security as a result of that control: the Thieves' Guild is unwilling to stage major raids against the Institute's coffers when retribution might take the form of shutting down fencing activity throughout Lankhmar. (It's for this reason, too, that the Thieves are unable to act overtly against the Moneylenders.)

The Scribes' Guild

As well as acting as official recorders for the city, Lankhmart scribes

are also involved in drawing up contracts, promissory notes, and letters of credit. Because of this experience, they represent a resource of immeasurable value to the Thieves: the Scribes can provide forgeries or training in the arts of forgery. The Scribes' Guild—being the only money-making part of the Thinkers' Fraternity—has no official stance on dealings with the Thieves; the issue is left to the consciences of individual scribes.

The Sorcerers' Guild

Very rarely, the Thieves' Guild will hire a black wizard for a specific, short-term contract. (The only Grandmaster in living memory to employ an official Guild sorcerer was the ill-fated Krovas.)

The Constabulary

There are two distinct forces of law and order in Lankhmar: the black-clad police and the brown-cuirassed city guard (each is discussed fully in chapter 7). Both are of great importance to the Thieves' Guild.

The police are a lightly-armed civilian force. As such, they have little combat training and less *esprit de corps*. Although they're perfectly suited for arresting a clumsy—and unarmed—pickpocket, they're totally out of their league when confronted by an organized, armed, and Slayer-escorted Guild raid . . . and they know it! For these reasons, almost the entire city police force has been—at one time or another—on the unofficial payroll of the Thieves' Guild. This bribery is well-organized and includes the upper ranks of the police force. Payments from Guild coffers are transferred to high-ranking officers; from there the money filters down to the police on the street. Sometimes, for special operations, individual police will receive "bonuses" for turning a blind eye or a deaf ear or to actively discourage interference ("Sorry, this alley's closed to all traffic.").

In contrast, the city guard is a military organization. Its members are

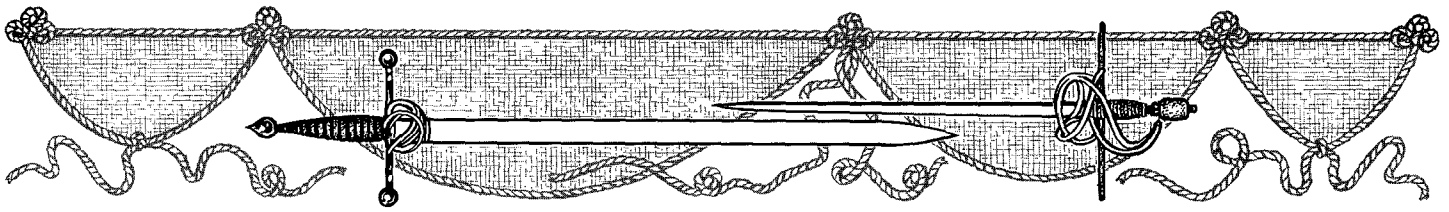
trained militia, familiar with the use of various weapons. Equipped with military arms and armor, the city guard has a strong identity and *esprit de corps*. This doesn't mean that corruption is out of the question; it merely means that bribery must be on a more cautious, piecemeal basis. There are a percentage of the city guard who'll take a bribe to look the other way—as long as they can do it without getting caught. Most of these individuals are known to the Guild. But, much to the disgust and aggravation of the Thieves, the majority of guardsmen cling to a sense of duty and honesty. Attempting to bribe one of these stalwarts is a grave tactical error that could land one in an unpleasant dungeon cell.

The Government

The government, consisting of the House of Nobles and the large civil service, has a significant effect on the Thieves' Guild. Of the two arms of government, the latter is of most concern to the thieves.

The House of Nobles has considerable power; unfortunately, because the nobles have so much difficulty agreeing on anything, this power is largely ineffectual. The Thieves' only concern is that the Guild's activities never so greatly inconvenience the noble class as a whole that members of the House WILL agree on punitive measures. As long as the Guild's actions remain at the level of "noise" (for example, limited raids against only a handful of nobles in each year), the House tends to consider the Thieves as just another mildly bothersome fact of life.

The Guild sees the civil service in an entirely different light. Here are people that can make the Guild's life much smoother or decidedly more unpleasant—and most of them are (or consider themselves) underpaid. Thus the Lankhmart civil service is a hotbed of corruption. For a fee, records can be lost (or found), complaints or crime reports can be



“misfiled,” taxation records can be retrieved (excellent “scouting reports” for thieves), legitimate business licenses can be issued to illegitimate “shell companies”—the list goes on and on.

Bribery in the civil service is a fact of life; in fact, it’s often referred to as “greasing the wheels of government.” This doesn’t mean that it’s something to approach lightly. Attempted bribes (especially to the higher-ranking civil servants) must always be couched in the most polite and subtle terms to avoid giving offense. Negotiations should be discrete or the civil servant’s colleagues might try to get cut in. Many an inexperienced negotiator has had to pay more than necessary—has even been thrown in jail—through clumsy bribery attempts.

The Overlord himself is a third level of government. He rarely interferes with the operations of the Thieves . . . and the Guild wants to keep it that way. As with the House of Nobles, the trick is to avoid irritating him—hence inviting his royal wrath—through direct raids on his property.

“They struck Lord Vraymar’s last night,” Lord Aranthor said.

“Oh?” Lord Westgarth’s face showed polite interest. The House of Nobles was still only half-full and the meeting probably wouldn’t be convened for another ten minutes. Westgarth had time to listen to Aranthor . . . even if he found the man a fatuous old fool. “Who did?”

“That thrice-damned Thieves’ Guild, who else?” Indignation made Aranthor sputter—an amusing sight that Westgarth relished. “I’m going to do something about it. I’m going to ask the House to support a petition to the Rainbow Palace for a crack-down—show those alleybashers a little of the mailed fist, that should set them in line.” The older man leaned forward earnestly. “I *can* count on your support in the vote?”

Westgarth hesitated. Vraymar was his rival on a number of important is-

ssues and he was not at all dismayed to see the man taken down a peg or two—particularly when it was the Guild, and not Westgarth himself, who did the work. On the other hand, Aranthor might be a fool, but he was an influential fool, in some circles at least. It wouldn’t hurt if Aranthor felt he owed Westgarth a favor. On the (hypothetical) third hand, the Guild was Westgarth’s only source for various . . . substances . . . to which he’d become quite accustomed recently. Clamping down on the Guild might cut off his supply. . . .

“The vote will be open, I presume?” Westgarth asked quietly.

“No,” Aranthor replied, “secret ballot. You know the House wouldn’t accept it otherwise.”

Westgarth smiled. “Then you can count on my support,” he said smoothly. To forestall further conversation, he sat back in his wide-armed chair and closed his eyes. Still, he smiled. The smile of a shark.

History

An organization as large and complex as the present-day Thieves’ Guild doesn’t spring into existence fully-formed. As Lankhmar itself grew from a tiny fishing village through small fort-guarded port town to its current stature as the acme of Nehwonian civilization, so did the Thieves’ Guild evolve from meager beginnings.

An old Nehwonian adage claims, “One Lankhmart, a rogue; two Lankhmarts, an argument; three Lankhmarts, a conspiracy; four Lankhmarts, a thieves’ guild.” There’s some truth to that. Early in the history of Lankhmar, a number of petty sneaks, thieves, and alleybashers decided that there was strength in numbers. Although their association grew out of necessity (the populace of the then-small town had decided that a constabulary of some kind was called for) and was not sufficiently organized to be called a guild, it was a sign of

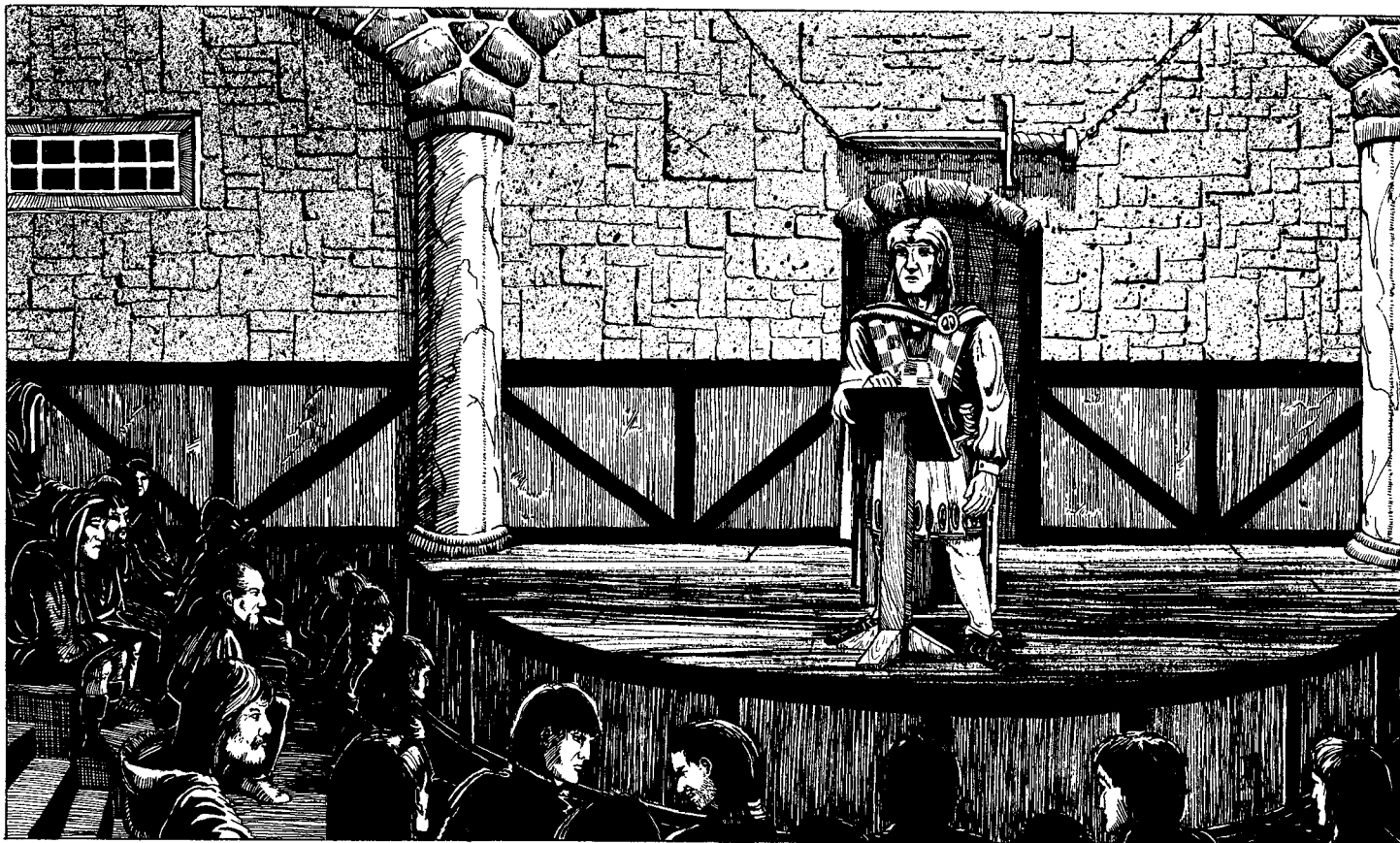
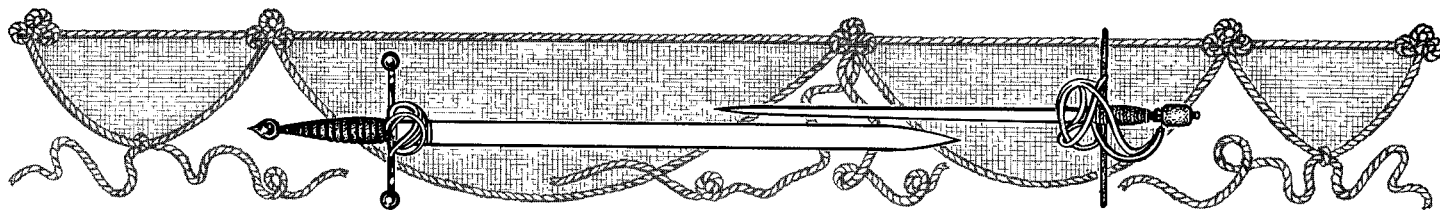
things to come.

As the town grew, so too did the “Backalley Brotherhood,” as they came to call themselves. From a loosely-knit—and mutually suspicious—group that would (maybe) hide a colleague from the police or provide each other with corroborative witnesses, they became more organized: a steadily more efficient infrastructure of crime. They hadn’t yet reached the level of organization where there had to be a leader, but that wasn’t long in coming.

The Brotherhood’s membership had grown and they were going through the port town of Lankhmar with the efficiency of a mowing machine. This efficiency almost proved their undoing. Under the anguished urgings of the populace, the town constabulary roused itself to a concerted effort to eradicate the Brotherhood once and for all. It was this adversity that forever changed the face of thievery in Lankhmar and gave birth to the Guild as we now know it.

Though powerful—in an unfocused way—the Brotherhood lacked the organization necessary to combat the enmity of the constabulary. Left to itself, it would have resisted for a while, but would eventually have been swept from the face of Nehwon. It was from this environment that the first true leader of the Brotherhood arose.

His name was Fellis and he originally hailed from Ilthmar. Once an official in the Ilthmart Moneylenders’ Guild and now turned master thief, Fellis well knew the advantages of organization. Despite the opposition of “traditionalists” who believed that the only authority a thief should accept is his or her own wishes, Fellis led the Brotherhood into the modern age. (This leadership wasn’t without hindrance; more than one “chapter meeting” ended with blood on the floor when Fellis was forced to back his authority with steel.) Eventually, truly organized at last and united behind Fellis, its new leader, the Brotherhood was able to stand against the encroachment of the constabulary. Never again would the Brotherhood



have to depend entirely on secrecy for its survival. It had tasted power and the taste was intoxicating.

Before his retirement, Fellis left his mark on the Brotherhood in numerous ways. In addition to sketching out the bureaucracy that would be refined by later leaders, he put into place the organized training and grading systems that have survived to the present day. He borrowed other ideas from the Moneylenders' Guild, including internal discipline (this would eventually evolve into the Thieves' Jury and Thieves' Trial), organized accounting, and planning based on long-term profitability, not short-term gratification.

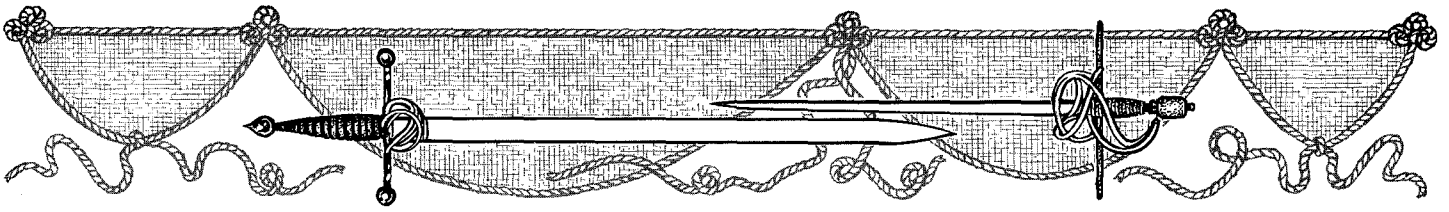
Fellis was followed by several score leaders who—although they lacked his breadth of vision—kept his dream alive and slowly built the power of the Brotherhood. It wasn't until Lankmar had grown into a huge city that the Brotherhood was again fundamentally changed by its leader.

His name was Omphal, one still remembered in tale and in jest, both within and without the Thieves' Guild.

It was after his run-in with the Overlord (see the section entitled "Rogues" Gallery) that Omphal ascended to leadership of the Brotherhood. Perhaps it was his recent success that persuaded him, but—whatever the case—he decided that the Brotherhood no longer had any need for secrecy. Its power was such that it could undeniably step forward and take its place among the most influential factions in Lankmar. Using some of the money he'd received from his Overlord gambit, he bought up almost a complete block of land on Cheap Street and constructed what he called "Thieves' House." Into this he moved the entire operation of the Brotherhood. To reflect the pseudo-respectability that he considered the Brotherhood to deserve, he renamed the organization the Thieves' Guild. (He was secretly pleased when his "guild brothers" named him "Grandmaster.")

And it had truly become a guild, with the membership structure, business management, and responsible lead-

ership typical of any other guild (so far had the ambitions of Fellis developed); the only difference was the business perpetrated by the Guild. At first there was serious opposition to the new guild, mostly from the older, established guilds (the Overlord and the government remaining noticeably and uncharacteristically quiet throughout this period). But soon the other guilds realized that there was some advantage, albeit slight, in having an overt rather than covert Thieves' Guild: they could now keep an eye on its operations. Also, since it had come out in the open, the Guild was forced to be at least marginally concerned about public opinion and reaction. While the man or woman in the street might now accept the Thieves' Guild as a respectable or traditional part of Lankmart culture, this would soon change if the Guild got out of hand and made itself too unpopular with the citizenry. Even the Thieves' Guild wouldn't be powerful enough to stand up to hostile reactions from the entire populace.



Almost immediately, the Slayers' Brotherhood followed the Thieves' example and "came out of the closet." Since then, the fabric of Lankmart society has never been the same.

Over the last several hundred years, the Thieves' Guild has continued to grow, but at a slower rate than previously. As its wealth and power have expanded, its leadership has come to realize that the Guild has more to lose if it makes a mistake. Thus, its policies have become steadily more cautious and conservative and its bureaucracy more elaborate and hidebound. While the thieves of the early Backalley Brotherhood despised the traditional rich guilds, such as the moneylenders, the current Thieves' Guild tends to emulate them. Business is good and the Guild has more power than ever before. But some disenchanting thieves have taken to wondering whether certain valuable commodities—excitement, daring, reward, glory—haven't been lost in the process.

Changing Traditions

As the nature of the Guild has changed, so has its attitude toward itself and the society around it. Matching the Guild's growth in numbers, the pride—and sometimes arrogance—of its membership has grown likewise. In its earliest days, the Backalley Brotherhood tended to see itself in the same way as did its victims: a gathering of vicious scum. Under Fellis, however, the Brotherhood discovered pride. Members began to walk tall and speak proudly of their accomplishments (if only in chapter meetings). When the retired Fellis died, the Brotherhood showed their respect and thanks by burying him in a fine tomb with much ceremony. (This tomb, which used to be outside the town's walls, has long since vanished as Lankmar spread.)

The tradition of burying Guild leaders with honor and ceremony continued. It found its acme in the time of Omphal. When he built Thieves'

House, he constructed in its cellars what he called the "Thieves' Sepulchre," a private tomb reserved for Grandmasters and other Guild thieves of note—particularly those who died during the execution of particularly significant or spectacular operations. For almost a century, Grandmasters were interred in the Sepulchre, their bodies often ornamented with jewelry to represent the wealth that they themselves had added to the Guild's coffers. Each year, on the Day of the Parrot in the Month of the Goat, Guild thieves would hold a memorial service in the Sepulchre (or in the chapel two floors above) to honor the memory of their dead leaders. The nature of the service would vary as the tenor of the Guild changed: some years it would be in the name of the god Aarth, others in the name of Mog, others in the name of the Jackdaw God of the Beast Cults. In later years, the service became aggressively atheistic.

Traditions change. As the Guild evolved more and more into "big business," its traditions of honorable burial and devotions to the long-dead master thieves fell into neglect. Within a couple of generations, the Thieves' Sepulchre itself was forgotten (not too difficult to do, since it was in the deepest part of the Thieves' House cellars, accessible only through concealed doors and secret passageways). To quote a contemporary of Guildmaster Krovas, "Now the only Thieves' Sepulchre is the junkyard, the incinerator, or the Inner Sea."

Since the death of Guildmasters Krovas and Slevyas at the hands of the long-dead master thieves themselves, there's been an understandable resurgence in reverence for those worthies. No one has had the temerity to seek the passages to the lost Thieves' Sepulchre, but the yearly memorial service has been reinstated (now in the name of the master thieves themselves.) A few Guild thieves, particularly those who witnessed the deaths of Krovas and Slevyas, actively worship these dead Grandmasters as gods.

Membership

Members are the lifeblood of any guild and its eventual success will depend on their nature and quality. The Lankmart Thieves' Guild is even more aware of this than most other guilds.

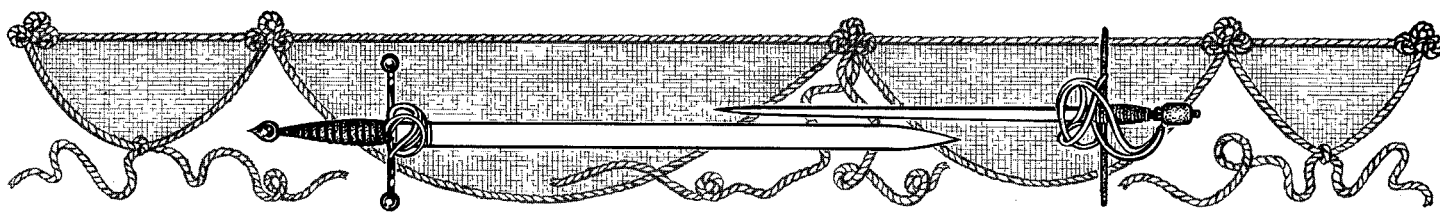
Selection of Candidates

Not just anyone can be a thief . . . at least not a Guild thief of Lankmar. Candidates for Guild membership come from three main sources: direct applications, referrals, and the Brotherhood of Urchins.

Since the location of Thieves' House is well-known, it's easy for a prospective (and daring) thief to simply show up at the Guild's ever-open portal and ask for a job. Most of these direct (or "cold") applicants are native Lankmarts from the poorer parts of town—laborers, sailors, street-wise youths who see a great future ahead for themselves in the Guild—but not all. Some are veteran adventurers or even thieves from another city or another land, looking for "gainful" employment in Lankmar. Still others are Lankmart free-lancers who've decided not to tempt fate any longer by operating outside the Guild.

Referrals typically come from the same strata of society as direct applicants. The difference is that a referral is known to at least one member of the Guild and can vouch for by him. It is the Guildmember (the "proposer") who actually approaches the Guild with the identity of the referral and who sets the evaluation process in motion. Referrals are usually looked upon more favorably than cold applicants. (This is because the proposer knows that the quality of the man he vouches for reflects directly on him; thus a thief isn't going to propose someone in whom he has no confidence.)

As explained earlier, the Brotherhood of Urchins acts as a kind of "farm team" for the Thieves' Guild. Many members of the Brotherhood



approach the Guild for membership when they reach their sixteenth year. Although these young men are treated, on the surface, as any other cold applicant, they already have an inside track on the evaluation process. The very fact that they were members in good standing of the Brotherhood means that their mettle has already been tested. Also, if they were senior members of the Brotherhood—the leader, for example, or one of his officers—they are probably already known to the officers of the Thieves' Guild.

No matter what the source of the applicant, the evaluation process remains the same. The first step is an interview with a middle-ranking Guild thief (perhaps thief second-class). This initial interview is intended to make sure that the applicant is serious and knows the seriousness of the path he's on. In addition, it serves to weed out those who are obviously unsuitable for membership (outright cowards, the unstable, blood-thirsty psychotics, etc.). The thief-interviewer passes the result of this face-to-face meeting on to the Recruitmaster (the master thief responsible for membership development).

If the Recruitmaster and the interviewer agree that the applicant is suitable, the Guild moves on to the next step: a detailed check of the applicant's background. This has several purposes: to confirm that the information the applicant provided in the interview is correct, to flesh out the Guild's picture of a prospective member, and to root out any weaknesses or experiences—physical and mental—that might affect the applicant's suitability. In the case of adventurers or thieves from out of town, this check is carried to extremes, regardless of the difficulties involved. This is because the Guild is afraid that foreign guilds might use such people to infiltrate their operations. (Indeed, several such spies have slipped through the Guild's security already.) The background check is equally elaborate in the case of admitted free-lancers wishing to join the Guild to avoid re-

prisals. Although the Guild isn't adverse to making these people "legal," they fear—and perhaps rightly so—that the free-lancers will use the mantle of Guild membership as protection and continue their unsanctioned activities on the side.

If the background check turns up something untoward, the Guild reacts by either confronting the applicant with it and demanding an explanation, rejecting his application for membership, or putting him to torture or to death—depending on the nature or degree of the discrepancy found. If, however, the check comes up clean, the next step is a private interview with the Recruitmaster. The Guild officer uses this interview to impress upon the applicant the importance of Guild rules, and the binding nature of the two-way obligation that the applicant will be accepting. Throughout, the Recruitmaster talks in generalities only, never discussing detailed procedures or operations. He then asks the applicant if he wishes to continue with his petition for membership. If the applicant withdraws his petition, he's free to go, but any subsequent applications for membership will be rejected out of hand. If the applicant stands by his petition, he can never thereafter change his mind or leave the Guild without facing the consequences.

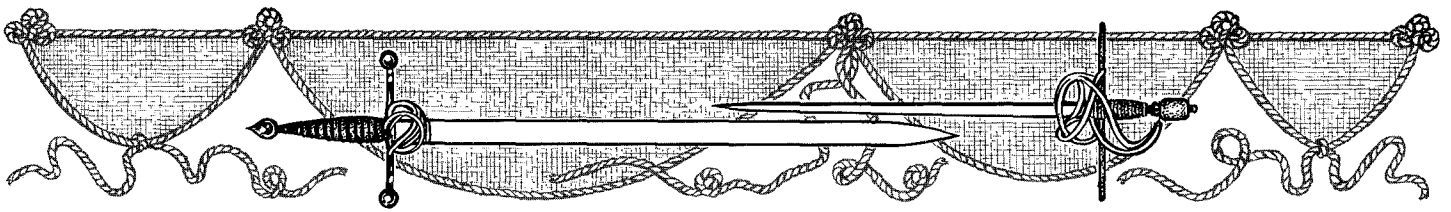
To prove himself worthy of initiation, the applicant must now successfully complete a private criminal operation. The applicant can choose his own target, time, and methods; the only restriction is that it must be completed by him alone, with no help—in personnel or equipment—from the Guild. (Note that the freedom to choose his own operation—an innovation brought in by Omphal, by the way—gives the Guild yet another way to gauge the mettle of the applicant. The applicant must decide between choosing an easy but unimpressive operation that he's certain to complete successfully, or a more challenging and, hence, more impressive "score" at which he might fail.) The applicant must tell the Recruitmaster, in advance, the details of the opera-

tion, including when he'll perform it. At the conclusion of the operation, he must return to the Thieves' House and turn over to the Recruitmaster all of the loot that he's acquired.

Although the applicant is told that he'll be working entirely on his own, this isn't quite true. From the time he sets forth on his operation to its completion, he's kept under surveillance by a number of Guild thieves. These shadows' sole duty is to keep an eye on the applicant and they aren't to help him in any way if things go sour. The Guild—again it was Omphal—realized that letting the applicant choose his own score left an opening for duplicity: he might arrange with an accomplice to fake the raid. The shadows are instructed to watch specifically for this situation.

Once the applicant has successfully concluded his private operation—and after he's paid his initiation dues in full—he becomes a candidate for initiation. Only Guild thieves are present during the rites of initiation and they don't discuss those rites even among themselves. Therefore, details about the initiation ceremony are sparse. Suffice it to say that it is a dignified ceremony that takes place in the Thieves' House chapel, with the participants calling on the names of the Jackdaw God and (more recently) of the dead master thieves who lie in the secret cellars below to accept the initiate into their service. The ceremony reaches its climax with the presentation of the silver-hilted thief's knife.

After his initiation, the new Guild-member holds the rank of apprentice (this regardless of his skill, experience, and level). Unless he can prove to the Recruitmaster that such training is unnecessary in his case, he must undergo apprentice classes (described later). An experienced (i.e., higher-level) thief won't remain an apprentice for long. As soon as he can convince the Recruitmaster that it's appropriate, he can challenge the Guild's tests for rank advancement. No matter how experienced he may be, however, he can't skip ranks and



must take the tests in order. Thus, while Guild rank and experience levels for a new Guildmember may not coincide, this discrepancy is almost always quickly rectified.

Revenue, Income and Dues

Like any other trade organization, the Thieves' Guild of Lankhmar demands dues of its members. The structure of these dues is unique.

Before initiation, a candidate must pay the Guild a fee of 20 gold rilks. The Guild also has monthly dues, standing nominally at 5 gold rilks, though, in reality, few thieves pay this exact amount.

Thieves must, by Guild law, turn over to the Guild coffers *all* proceeds from any operations they might happen to perform. This includes incidental pickpocketing as well as pre-planned Guild raids. (Depending on his orders, a thief might first fence any hard goods, and submit the cash

received to the Guild.) The Guild then pays back—usually in coin, but not always—the thieves' cut: 30% of the take. This might be augmented by any bonuses the Guild sees fit to grant (hazardous duty pay, for example, or an "aesthetic value" bonus for a particularly smooth operation).

The Guild's bookkeepers tally up the revenue generated by each thief for each month (not an easy task since few operations are conducted solo and credit must be shared). Each month, 1% of each thief's revenue is credited toward his Guild dues for that month. For example:

Grif has a good month, and is credited with adding 600 gold rilks to the Guild coffers. His cut of this total would be 180 rilks, probably paid to him in coin. One percent of his month's revenue would be 6 rilks, which is credited against his monthly dues. Since dues are only 5 rilks, Grif's dues for this month are covered. (Any additional credit isn't be accrued from month to month—too much bookkeeping—and is "lost.")

Pug, on the other hand, has a disastrous month. Apart from a nasty bite administered by a watch leopard (which he barely managed to escape), all he has to show for his monthly toil is a revenue of 80 silver smerduks (equivalent to 40 rilks). This means his cut for the month was only 12 rilks. On top of that, the credit toward his dues amounts to only four-tenths of a rilk, or 8 bronze agols (one percent of 40 rilks). Nominal dues are 5 rilks (100 agols), so Pug must somehow find a way to pay the Guild the balance of 92 agols.

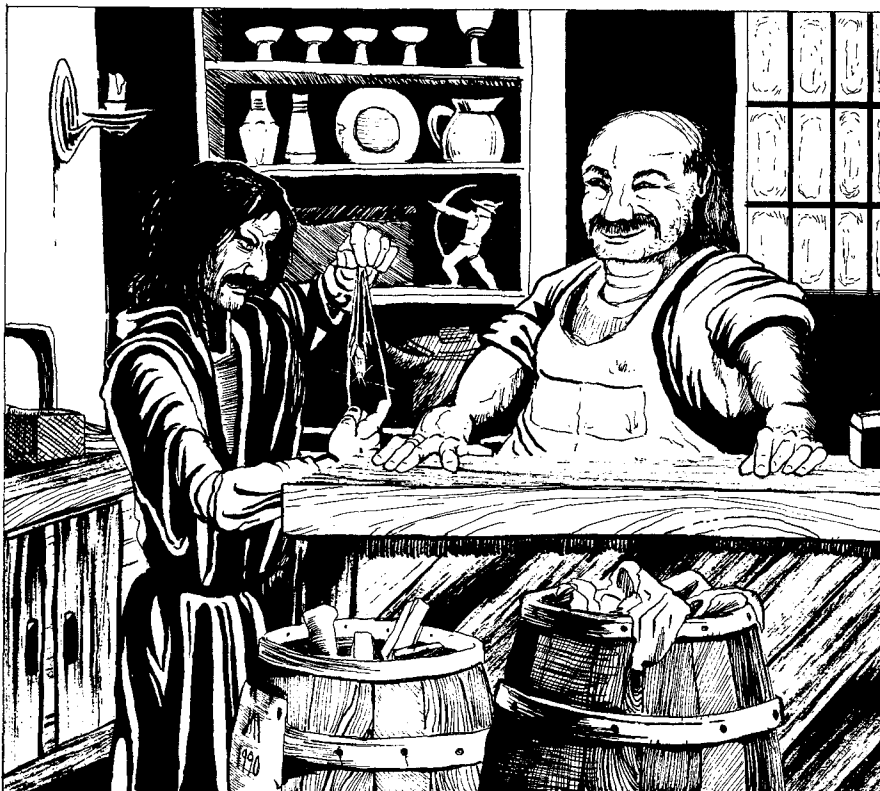
Though this system may seem unfair to thieves who have a bad month (and unlucky thieves will be the first to say so), no one can deny that it acts as an added incentive not to slack off.

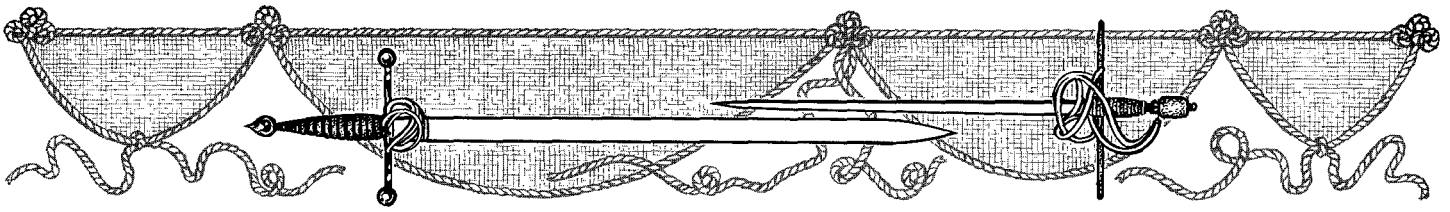
Note: It's sometimes an attractive option to withhold some of the loot from an operation, pocketing it without reporting it to the Guild bookkeepers. (Sometimes it rankles to have to say goodbye to 70% of the fruits of your labor.) The attractiveness of this option is usually more than offset by the risks, however. The punishments for withholding are steep and cover the gamut from brutal floggings (at the very least) up through banishment from Lankhmar to death by torture, depending on the amount of the withholding. Usually Guild thieves will only withhold on their last operation—before turning renegade and fleeing the Guild.

Bonuses and Fines

The standard thieves' cut is 30% of the take. This can be augmented or decreased by bonuses or fines. Typical bonuses include:

- Hazardous duty (an additional 2% of the take)
- Aesthetic value (an additional 1% of the take)
- Identifying a free-lancer or renegade (5 rilks)
- Killing a free-lancer or renegade (10 rilks or more, depending on his/her identity)





—Capturing a free-lancer or renegade alive, and returning him/her to Thieves' House (50 rilks or more, depending on his/her identity)

—Interfering with an Extortioners' Guild operation (5 smerduks)

Most major "scores" are planned by (or at least in collaboration with) the Operations Officer; if a thief sets up a major operation on his own initiative, he'll usually be given a bonus of an additional 5 to 10% of the take. Other bonuses can be awarded at the discretion of the Guild officers.

Typical fines include:

—Putting a brother thief at risk (50% of the perpetrator's cut)

—Putting the Guild as a whole at risk (ALL of the perpetrator's cut)

—Killing unnecessarily (10% of the take)

—Jeopardizing the operation (50% to ALL of the perpetrator's cut)

Other fines can be levied at the discretion of the Guild officers.

Salaries

Certain thieves—officers and their immediate staffs come to mind—do very little actual thieving and so contribute little directly to the coffers of the Guild. Their contribution is indirect but valuable nonetheless. Paying them a cut of their generated revenue wouldn't work; 30% of nothing is nothing. Instead, these guildmembers are paid salaries, negotiated with their direct superiors. All salaries must be approved by the Grandmaster.

Salaries range from about 6 rilks per month for a junior clerk, through 600 rilks per month for a junior officer, up to 1,000 rilks per month and more for a senior officer. Salaried employees are exempt from monthly dues.

Benefits

Thieves receive some significant benefits for turning over 70% of their ill-gotten gains to the Guild. As well as

relative intangibles like security and support—both moral and practical (i.e., research and planning)—there are several tangible benefits. For example, the Guild has its own clinic and keeps close ties with several physicians throughout the city. Private citizens might have to pay 3 gold rilks or more for the attentions of a doctor or leech whereas Guild thieves receive treatment for free, whether or not the injury or sickness occurred as a result of Guild operations. In addition, if a thief is unable to work because of injuries sustained *in the line of duty*, the Guild waives all dues and supports him free of charge in Thieves' House—or pays reasonable expenses, if he lives outside the House—for the duration of his disability. If the disability proves to be permanent, the thief is retired with honor (see the section on "Retirement"). Also, if a thief with a family or other dependents is killed in the line of duty, the Guild supports those dependents, if only at the subsistence level, until they can get back on their feet and earn their own living.

Retirement

Counter to fiction and stereotype, and unlike the very real guild in *Mlurg Nar*, Lankhmar's Thieves' Guild isn't a "once-in-never-out" organization where members only "retire" in a pine box. On the contrary, the Guild recognizes that thieves age, and that, in their decreasing abilities, they bring risk to the guild. Less cynically, it also appreciates the rightness of recognizing an aging member for his life-long contributions to the Guild.

An aging thief can approach the Grandmaster and ask for honorable retirement. If the Grandmaster agrees, the thief is relieved of active duty, although his bonds to the Guild continue to his grave. (In the case of the Grandmaster, he presents his petition to his officers; such a petition is, by tradition, never denied.) Retired thieves represent a repository of valuable information, the Guild recog-

nizes, so they are often brought back as "consultants." In an emergency, the Grandmaster can even call them back to active duty.

Thieves below the rank of master thief receive no retirement benefits; instead, they're expected to earn their own way in the world. If called back on consultancy, they are paid for their service. Their medical benefits and insurance terminate with retirement.

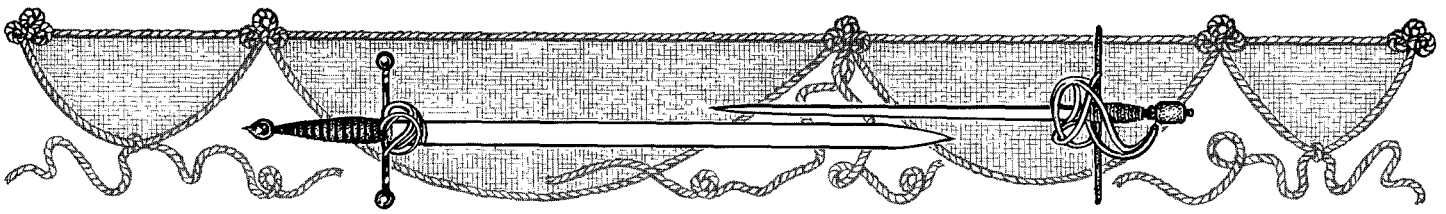
Master thieves receive a "pension." Each month, they receive a payment equal to 25% of their "base income." This base income is calculated as their monthly "take-home" averaged over the last 12 months of active duty. Their medical benefits continue until death.

Officers represent a special case since their thieving income is limited because of their time-consuming duties to the Guild. Rather than a pension calculated from base income, they are awarded a stipend decided upon by the Grandmaster. This stipend is usually enough for the retired officer to live comfortably for the rest of his days. A similar situation holds for Grandmasters, except that the stipend is decided upon by the officers. A retired Grandmaster's stipend will usually allow him to live out his life in luxury.

No matter the rank of the thief, retirement has its rules. The first is that the ex-thief must protect the Guild with his silence or his actions. The second is that the retiree must forever refrain from thievery. Breaking either of these rules is considered to be "acting contrary to the interests of the Guild;" the perpetrator is immediately classed as a "renegade"—with all the attendant consequences.

Going Inactive

Retirement, death, or disability aren't the only ways for a thief to leave active duty. Thieves can petition the Operations Master to allow them to "go inactive." The most common reason for a thief going inactive is that his physical skills have started to deteriorate.



rate (usually through age), his failing capacities becoming a threat to himself and his colleagues. The Operations Master will usually grant a petition on these grounds.

Inactive—or “armchair”—thieves still have a lot to offer the Guild in areas other than the physical execution of operations. Armchair thieves have the time to properly research and precisely plan future operations or to perform other support-related functions. Alternatively, their interests might lead them into the realm of “research and development”: evaluating new lockpicking equipment or investigating different techniques in forgery.

Most inactive thieves eventually apply for retirement. Some never do, however, relishing the camaraderie of the Thieves’ House.

“Rough month, Barrab?”

“Shut up,” Barrab ‘the Blade’ snarled, fingers straying meaningfully toward the throwing knife in his forearm sheath. The speaker obligingly paled and suddenly remembered he had pressing business elsewhere.

He was right though, Barrab had to admit. It *had* been a witch’s teat of a month. He’d just visited the paymaster and his purse didn’t feel near as heavy as it usually did toward the end of a month. And his shoulder still hurt from a fall taken a couple of weeks ago. Finally—and this stung worst of all—when the watchman had come after him, he’d missed with his first dagger and had to finish the man off with a second. *Missed!* Barrab the Blade had missed! Barrab’s ego, usually strong enough to be considered monomaniacal, was having a rough time of it.

“Barrab!”

The young man spun again, ready to growl, shout . . . even kill. Then he saw who was addressing him: Norvegicus, the Recruitmaster.

“Barrab,” the officer said again in his quick voice. “Job for you tonight. Take the new batch of recruits out, show them the rooftops, give them a training run. Got it?”

“But . . . why me?”

Norvegicus fixed him with sharp black eyes. “Recruits need training. For training, I send them out with one of the best . . . the very best.” His eyes narrowed. “Why? Not up to it?”

“No, no, I . . . I’m up to it,” Barrab stuttered quickly, straightening to his full height.

“Good. Nightfall, my office. Be there.”

Norvegicus watched the younger man walk off. Yes, there was a spring in his step and steel in his spine again. Good.

Morale was part of the Recruitmaster’s job. And Norvegicus was very good at his job.

Rank

In the Lankhmart Thieves’ Guild, the word “rank” is used to indicate the level of achievement a thief has reached as a *thief* in the Guild. Thus a character’s rank usually equates fairly closely to his level in AD&D® game terms. (This isn’t always the case, however, as with higher-level thieves who have just joined the Guild, and are ranked as apprentices.) As a rule of thumb, the following table can be used.

Guild Rank	PC Level
Apprentice	1
Thief 3rd-class	2
Thief 2nd-class	3
Thief 1st-class	4-5
Junior journeyman	6
Senior journeyman	7-8
Master thief candidate	9
Master thief	10-15

Perhaps “rank” isn’t the best term to use to describe advancement within the Guild, carrying with it as it does connotations of military chains of command. But it was used around the time of Grandmaster Krovas (at least, according to Fritz Leiber’s stories). And, rank and authority within the guild don’t necessarily go hand-in-

hand. While most Guild officers have reached the rank of master thief, not all master thieves become officers. Conversely, a member of the clerical staff who wields very real power over financial matters might not even have reached thief first-class; his skills simply lie in other areas.

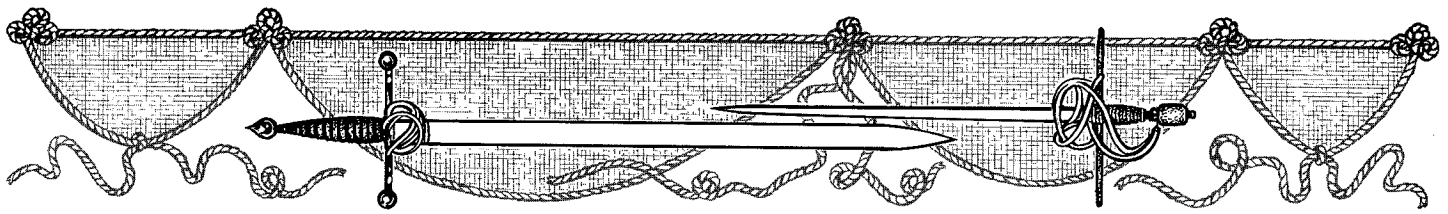
Advancement

Rank is based on demonstrable skills, not simply on seniority or attending training. A new rank is only obtained by passing a test set by the Recruitmaster.

Tests must be taken in the prescribed order; thus a thief can’t “skip” ranks. If a thief fails a test, he must wait a reasonable length of time before attempting it again. (In AD&D game terms, a character—whether PC or NPC—can’t attempt a particular test again until he’s advanced to the next level.) NPC thieves will usually take the test for the next highest rank immediately upon having achieved a new AD&D game level. PCs, of course, can challenge a new ranking test at any time.

Ranking tests usually combine oral (question and answer) and practical components. For lower ranks, the practical part often takes place in the House’s labs (applied lockpicking, forgery, mock combat, etc.). For the higher ranks, the practical component is often applied on the streets and rooftops. (The exact details of any ranking test are left up to the DM—since the “Recruitmaster” frequently changes the details of his tests. The tests should be sufficiently difficult so that PCs’ levels and ranks generally adhere to the relationship in the table above.)

Although they rarely carry it with them, each Guild thief owns a small silver disk, stamped with a symbol representing his rank. When a thief passes a ranking test, he turns in his old rank disk to the Recruitmaster and receives another representing his new rank.



The “Thieves’ Run”

The Recruitmaster can add this combination of race, obstacle course, and scavenger hunt to any ranking test. By tradition, the advancement to thief first-class and to master thief both require a Thieves’ Run.

In concept, the Thieves’ Run is simple, in execution much less so. The candidate for new rank is given a course that he must run around the city. This course usually includes some roads and sewers and considerable roof-work. While running this course, he must pick up one or more items. These items might have some value (a golden candlestick from the Temple of Issek, perhaps) or none at all (for example, an intact, blank parchment scroll). There is a time limit to all this, of course; the runner fails if he doesn’t make it back to the Thieves’ House by the deadline. (By modifying this deadline, the Recruitmaster can make a particular run more or less challenging.)

But the clock isn’t the runner’s only opponent. A number of other—usually more experienced—thieves are sent forth to prevent him from completing his mission. They might follow the same course, after giving the runner something of a head start or they might be sent out earlier to prepare to ambush him. These “stalkers” can use any means short of lasting physical injury to prevent the runner from succeeding.

A special kind of run is reserved for higher-ranking candidates. Instead of being given the entire route at the outset, they’re given only the first stage. At the completion of that stage, they find the instructions for the second and so it goes. An even more challenging twist is employed when the stalkers know the locations of the subsequent instructions. In this case, the runner must either beat the stalkers to the instructions or catch them and extract the information.

Successful Thieves’ Runs are often the most exciting and personally rewarding memories that Guild thieves

cherish. On the negative side, an unsuccessful Thieves’ Run has been used to humble many an arrogant young thief.

Training

The Thieves’ Guild offers extensive and free training to apprentices. In game terms, this means that Guild members of 1st level (and zero-level if the DM chooses to use those rules) can receive free training to advance them to 2nd level. *This should not negate the experience point and time requirements.*

After achieving 2nd level, training is no longer free. However, if the character can find someone within the Guild willing to train him, training costs are only half of normal. Half of these reduced training fees go into the pocket of the mentor, the other half to the Guild. The Guild has no objection to this form of free enterprise.

Relative Numbers

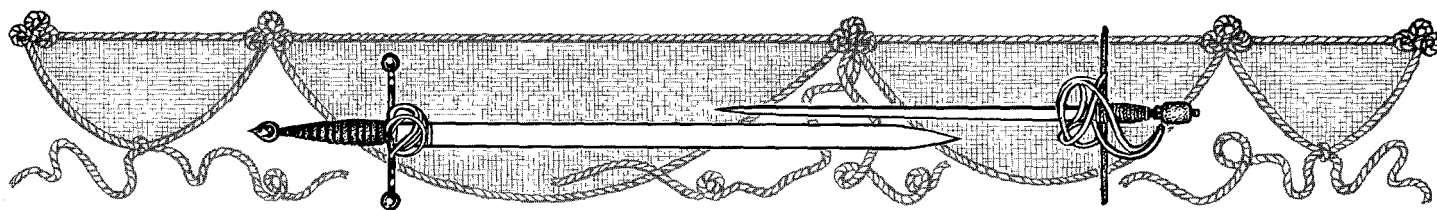
Out of a total Guild size of some 400 thieves, the majority—perhaps 270—are of rank thief second-class and below. About 20 have reached the rank of master thief.

Rating

Another classification scheme used by the Guild, independent of rank, is “rating.” Rating is used more as an award or public recognition than as a mark of advancement. It’s also a way for the Recruitmaster to quantify different thieves’ skills so that he can effectively advise the Operations Master in setting up duty rosters.

As thieves undergo training, or as they develop their skills on operations, the Recruitmaster watches them for signs of real talent in a variety of areas. Such talent or expertise can earn a thief a “rating.” There are three levels of rating—capable, talented and expert, in ascending order. The





Recruitmaster can give a thief a rating, change his rating—up or down—or rescind a rating at any time. Areas to which ratings are applied include (but aren't limited to) burglary, double-dealing, lockwork, mechanicals (traps, special tools, etc.), nightwork, pickpocketing, and roofwork (second-story). Thus a thief might be rated as “talented” in double-dealing or “expert” in nightwork.

Guild Organization

The organization and power flow of the Guild hierarchy borrows from both the military chain of command and the corporate “matrix management” styles.

Undisputed head and ruler of the Guild is the Grandmaster. Reporting to him and frequently serving him as advisors are the “officers” of the Guild. Together Grandmaster and officers form the “Council.” Officers, most holding the rank of master thief. These officers fall into two categories: line officers and staff officers.

Line Officers: These represent the “senior management” of the Guild and have the responsibility for the continued operations of the organization. All line officers are of master thief rank and all are candidates for the position of Grandmaster should the incumbent die or retire. (This doesn't mean that staff officers can't become Grandmaster, but it's a rare event.) Line officers include the Watchmaster, responsible for Thieves' House security; the Housemaster, responsible for running the House; the Recruitmaster, responsible for recruiting, training and “membership development;” and the Operations Master (usually the most influential officer), responsible for orchestrating individual operations under the policies and guidance provided by the Grandmaster.

Line officers have other high-ranking thieves reporting to them within their areas of expertise and over whom they have absolute authority (subject, of course, to the will of the Grandmaster). For example, the

Guild's Master Floor Planner, who is responsible for all floor plans used to aid thefts as well as maintaining the map room, reports to the Operations Master. If an issue overlaps the preserves of two or more line officers, they must negotiate matters to their own satisfaction or turn to the Grandmaster for arbitration (unlikely except in very thorny cases).

The Beggars' Guildmaster is considered to be of similar rank to the line officers, although he is very unlikely to ascend to the rank of Thieves' Grandmaster—through normal procedures, at least. Reporting to the Beggars' Guildmaster are the Night and Day Beggarmasters (these two must also make weekly reports to the Thieves' Grandmaster) and the Housemother.

Staff officers: These represent the more support-oriented functions of the Guild. They are nominally of the same rank as the line officers, but usually bow to the wills of their more powerful colleagues. Staff officers are sometimes of master thief rank, but not always. Promotion in staff functions is related more to specific non-thief skills than to rank and level. Staff officers also have other thieves reporting to them. Since staff functions are more easily delineated, there are fewer disputes concerning overlapping responsibilities. If they do occur, however, the process for resolving them is the same as for line officers—negotiation. Staff officers can very rarely be reassigned to line responsibilities or, even more rarely, assume the position of Grandmaster. As if to emphasize the distinction between staff and line authority, staff officers' titles do not include the word “master” and refer solely to their areas of expertise.

Staff officer functions include: Logistics (usually working closely with the Housemaster and Operations Master), holding responsibility for supplies and equipment, both normal and specialized, including procurement; Research & Records, responsible for acquiring and maintaining information that might be useful to the Operations Master; and Bookkeeping &

& Finance (frequently misnamed “treasurer”).

At the present time (for the purposes of this book soon after the death of Grandmasters Krovas and Slevyas), the Councilmembers are as follows. Most are described in the section on important NPCs in Chapter 8.

Grandmaster	Grav
Watchmaster	Awad
Housemaster	Smit
Recruitmaster	Norvegicus*
Operations Master	Pedeen
Master Floor Planner	Dickon**
Beggars' Guildmaster	Tabor
Night Beggarmaster	Fliim**
Day Beggarmaster	Bannat**
Housemother	Cromwella
Logistics	Carski
Research & Records	Arrik
Bookkeeping & Finance	Prob

* Norvegicus is discussed in the section entitled “The Wererats.”

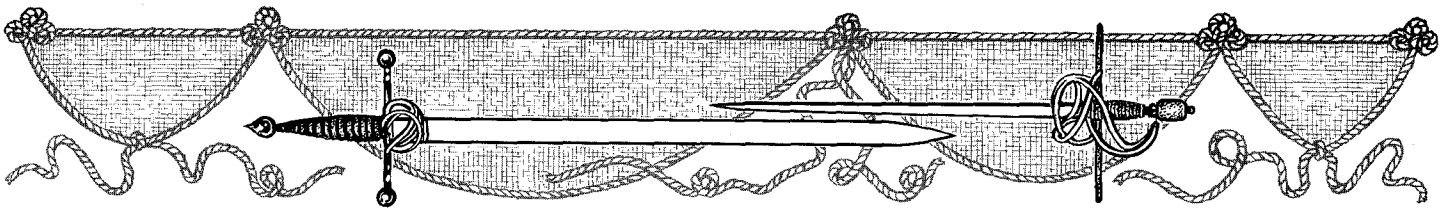
** These characters are described in Chapter 4 of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*.

Discipline

Discipline is necessary to the success of any organization; this axiom is particularly true for a group like the Thieves' Guild, whose very existence so depends on solidarity and secrecy. The Guild's system of discipline dates back to the days of the Backalley Brotherhood, before the current Grandmaster/officer structure arose. It worked well then and it does so now; why change a tradition that remains effective?

While setting rules and policy is the province of the Grandmaster, disciplining those members caught breaking these rules is—officially at least—out of his hands. The relevant traditions are referred to as “Thieves' Trial” and “Thieves' Jury.”

To outsiders, a Thieves' Trial might resemble a drumhead court-martial at its worst. It's bound by centuries old tradition, however, and the process continues to turn out verdicts that are



surprisingly just. Thieves' Trial can take place at any place and time, often immediately upon discovery of some transgression. While anyone can call a Thieves' Trial, tradition specifies that only thieves of junior journeyman rank or above can preside at one. If a thief of sufficient rank isn't present, the accused is held until such time as one can be found. When such a thief is available, he is named as judge (the accuser isn't eligible). If the accused holds a rank equal or senior to the selected judge, he can refuse to accept the authority of that judge and another must be found. The accused can refuse, at most, two judges. If, on the other hand, the accused ranks lower than the selected judge, he has no recourse. (It's apparent that the Thieves' Trial isn't free from political considerations.)

Despite the term used, the judge actually has little say in the final outcome. His first duty is to select between three and eight other thieves—of any rank—to form a Thieves' Jury. The accuser then states his charges, produces any evidence he possesses, and calls witnesses as he sees fit. The accused must remain silent throughout this portion of the Trial (the judge having considerable authority to enforce his silence). When the accuser has finished his presentation, the accused can defend himself, also calling witnesses, providing evidence, etc.. During all testimony, the judge has the final say as to what is or isn't relevant.

After both sides have spoken, the question is put to the Thieves' Jury: guilty or innocent? Any deliberation among the jury members is open and usually is kept brief. They then individually give their answers. The majority decision is the verdict of the Thieves' Trial. To avoid deadlocks, a sensible judge will generally choose an odd number of jurors. (This procedure may seem "quick and dirty," but that's the nature of most of the decisions the Thieves' Trial must make. The process is simple enough that it can be held in a hallway with a handful of thieves present, but is open-ended

enough to allow for a big production—involving the Grandmaster, perhaps, and taking place in the Thieves' House chapter room.)

If the verdict is "innocent," the accused is released immediately. If the verdict is "guilty," the next step is sentencing. For minor transgressions involving merely extra duties or fines, the judge passes sentence then and there. If the crime warrants a serious sentence (banishment, disfigurement, torture, or death), the relevant testimony and the verdict must be passed on to the Grandmaster himself, unless he was already present. He then determines the sentence.

There is the potential for unjust results from a Thieves' Trial—an accuser with a personal grudge against the accused could select a judge of like mind, who would then select jurors who would uphold his opinion. Overall, however, the system works, particularly since details of each and every Thieves' Trial must be communicated to the Grandmaster, along with the names of everyone involved as juror, accuser, and judge. Usually the Grandmaster knows his thieves well enough to realize when a jury was "stacked." So even after the fact, he can still take appropriate action against the people who perverted the justice of the trial.

As befits such an organization, sentences for transgressions within the Thieves' Guild are usually severe. The following table lists selected crimes and their usual sentences.

Crime	Sentence
Treason, sedition(1)	A
Theft from the Guild(2)	A,B,C,D
Assaulting an officer	A,B,C,D,E
Threatening an officer	C,D,E
Killing a thief—unjustified	C,D
Killing a thief—justified(3)	E,F,G
Withholding(4)	A,B,C,D,E
Insubordination	D,E,F,G
Disrespect, irreverence	E,F,G
Training violations(5)	E,F,G
House rules violations(6)	E,F,G

Notes:

1. Includes conspiracy to betray the interests of the Guild and plotting against the life of the Grandmaster.
2. Active theft, such as stealing goods from the storerooms.
3. Killing of a thief might be justified in cases of self-defence, extreme provocation (e.g., insults against parents, religion or honor), or in a duel.
4. Discussed in the section on dues.
5. Includes such things as cheating on tests or using grease in pickpocketing exercises.
6. Includes disobeying House rules (no women in the House, no drinking in residence rooms) or failing to complete assigned house duties.

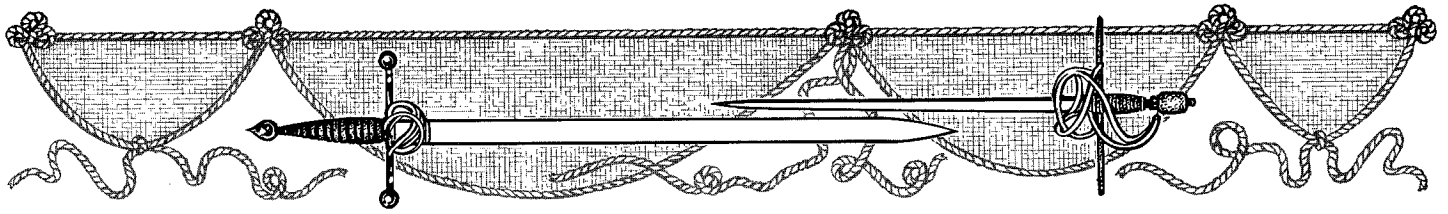
The following table explains the sentences. If a crime has a number of possible sentences associated with it, the actual sentence applied will depend on the severity of the crime. For example, a thief who attacked an officer with his knife would probably be tortured to death; if he punched the officer in the nose, on the other hand, he might only be flogged. Multiple sentences can be applied; thus, a thief guilty of serious insubordination might be flogged *then* expelled from the Guild.

Sentence

- A Death by torture
- B "Clean" death
- C Banishment from Lankhmar(1)
- D Expulsion from Guild(2)
- E Flogging
- F Fine (depending on severity)
- G Extra duty

Notes:

1. If the thief ever returns to Lankhmar, he will be treated as a renegade and immediately hunted down.
2. The thief can remain in Lankhmar, but must support himself through means other than thievery. If he returns to thievery, he will be considered a renegade and immediately hunted down.



Disputes

Disputes frequently arise between working thieves—perhaps due to a disagreement over the distribution of spoils, a case of apparent favoritism, or a perceived insult. In such cases, the parties to the dispute have several options.

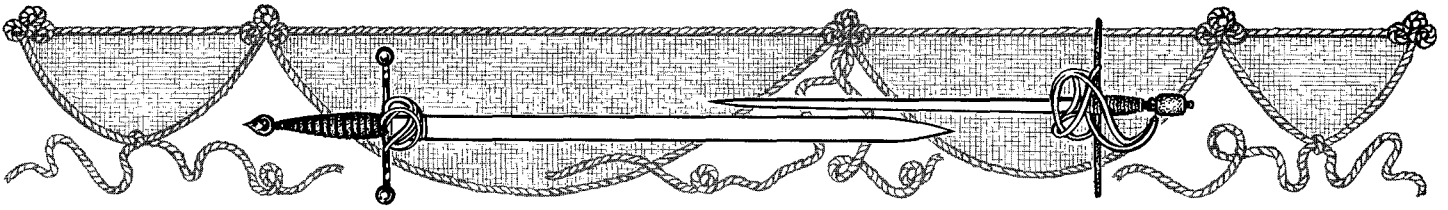
The most common way of settling disputes in an official manner is to depend on the judgement of a Thieves' Jury. The actual procedure is very similar to that of a Thieves' Trial except that both parties to the dispute must agree on the judge. When both

parties have had their say, the Thieves' Jury renders its decision. This decision—which may include fines or punitive damages—is final and can be overturned only by the Grandmaster himself.

If the disagreement is so serious or emotion-charged that neither party is willing to settle it through a Thieves' Jury, the parties can request a sanctioned duel. Only a Guild officer has the authority to sanction a duel, and will do so only if he's convinced that there's no other way to resolve the dispute. Such a case might arise where the two disputants utterly and irrevocably

despise each other. Here, a Thieves' Jury decision might settle the current dispute but won't defuse the emotional situation. The hatred would continue to build—probably fuelled on one side by the Jury's decision—until it exploded, possibly at an inconvenient or dangerous time (during an operation, for example). If the officer believes that only *the death* of one of the disputants will settle the problem, then he'll sanction the duel—because all sanctioned Guild duels are fought to the death.

The officer sanctioning the duel must decide whether the duel will be



“open” or “closed.” Most duels are open; that is, spectators are allowed. An open duel will usually take place at night in a nearby alley. The only weapons allowed to the combatants are their silver-hilted thieves’ knives; magical aid, poison, and other unbalancing factors are outlawed, their use punishable by death. The duel is to the death, no quarter can be asked or given. A combatant trying to flee the duel area while his opponent is still alive will be slain by the spectators.

Rarely the officer sanctioning a duel might decide that an open duel would be detrimental to Guild morale (for example, if the disputant expected to lose has vociferous backing among the other thieves and the officer expects that actually watching the man get cut down will stir up trouble). In such cases, the duel is “closed” and takes place within Thieves’ House. In the basement of Thieves’ House is an empty room reserved for closed duels. The two combatants, armed only with their silver-hilted knives, are sent into the room and the door closed behind them. The door is opened again only when one of the combatants is dead (“two men enter, one man leaves”). There is a peephole in the door where an officer keeps an eye on the duel to make sure that “unbalancing factors” aren’t used.

Sanctioned duels are very rare. More frequent—but still uncommon—are unsanctioned duels, in which one thief draws steel and challenges the other to immediate satisfaction. Although Guild law doesn’t cover such spur-of-the-moment duels, there are traditions (which a thief ignores at his own risk). Chief among these are two: first, challenge must be openly given and accepted before the cutting begins; and second, thieves’ knives are the only acceptable weapons. Unsanctioned duels rarely proceed to the death, usually stopping at first blood or when one combatant concedes.

Unsanctioned duels are, by strict reading, against the laws of the Guild. Guild leadership understands that they’re going to happen, however. Thus if death or mutilation doesn’t re-

sult, a duel might be punishable as a House rule violation (“spilling blood on House premises”). Killing another thief in a fair duel is considered a justifiable killing; the actual punishment meted out will depend on such factors as relative skill levels, which party was the challenger, and whether an offer to concede was made. (For example, the victor was the challenged party—a younger, less-experienced thief—and, when first blood was drawn, he offered the eventual loser a chance to concede. In such a case, the victor would probably have to perform additional kitchen duty for a week or some other minor punishment.) If the duel isn’t fair for some reason—if the victor is vastly more experienced than the loser or if he obviously orchestrated the duel as a chance to eliminate a rival—the killing might be judged as unjustified, drawing the appropriate, and more severe, punishments.

Politics

Politics plays a big part in any large organization and the Thieves’ Guild of Lankmar is no exception. Many ambitious men have climbed an extra rung or two up the ladder of success by stepping on the back—or body—of a rival. Surprisingly, perhaps, the political maneuvering within the Guild is no more bloody than that within most other guilds, although there are some exceptions (within the Assassins’ Circle, for example, where politics is always very polite and gentlemanly, contrary to most outsiders’ expectations). On the other hand, the politics within the Guild is the epitome of refinement when compared to the Laborers’ and Toilers’ Brotherhood.

Selecting a New Grandmaster

The Grandmaster and his officers comprise the “Council” of the Guild. Much of the Guild’s political maneuvering occurs within this Council. The officers know that Grandmasters

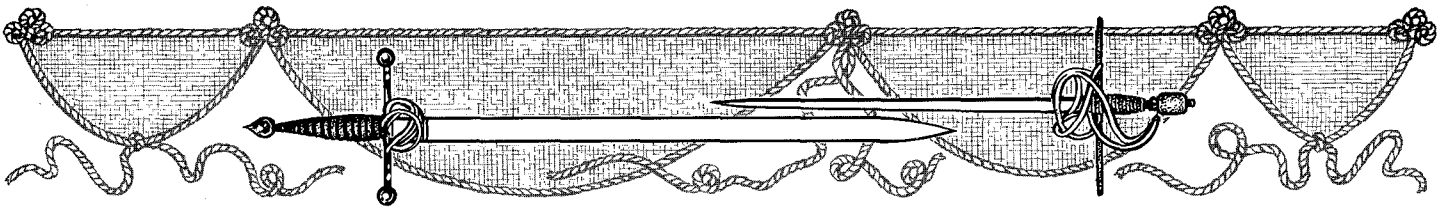
don’t last forever and are constantly working to make sure that they’ll be the next to sit in his chair.

The actual ascension to Grandmaster depends on a vote of the Council. Each officer—staff and line—has a single vote in the selection of the new Grandmaster. The ballot is open and the candidate with the most votes is the new Grandmaster. If the old Grandmaster is still alive (in the case of his retirement), he has one single vote in the proceedings as well. Because it is an open ballot, no officer can vote for himself.

The election procedure for Grandmaster sounds simple and in its mechanics it is. The description doesn’t include the discussion, wheeling and dealing, and promises (sincere and otherwise) that go on behind the scenes. To become Grandmaster, an officer must have the support of the majority of the Council. To gain that support, he’ll be constantly lobbying the other officers, making them promises and supporting them when he can. On the other side of the coin, a weak officer—one who knows he has no chance of becoming Grandmaster—will try to ally himself with the one who he believes *will* gain ascendancy.

The complexities that can occur are obvious. A devious officer might secretly promise his support to several of his colleagues in return for immediate benefits. When the vote comes, he throws his weight behind that officer who will, in his estimation of the moment, benefit him the most in the years to come. (There’s a problem here, of course: the ballot is open, so his colleagues will know that he betrayed them.)

Even when a new Grandmaster isn’t in the offing, it remains essential for Councilmembers to build and maintain strong alliances. There’s a provision within Guild tradition for impeachment, so even the Grandmaster himself can’t ignore the political realities. A motion for impeachment must be proposed by any single member of the Council. After discussion, the Councilmembers—except for the Grandmaster himself, of course—cast



their (open) ballots. A simple majority is all that's necessary for impeachment. The impeached Grandmaster is "honorably retired" according to Guild customs. The Council must then get on with the business of selecting a new Grandmaster.

Impeachment proceedings are very rare because of the tough decisions and very real dangers that they present to all Councilmembers. For example, the gods help the proposer of a failed impeachment motion—and everyone who voted with him. Conversely, one can easily recognize the predicament of an officer who opposed a successful impeachment.

In any vote of the Council (including an impeachment motion), a tie is decided by the Grandmaster, if present. If the Grandmaster is dead, then ties are broken by the officer in charge of Bookkeeping & Finance. (As with so many traditions, there's no real logic behind this.)

Officers

The responsibilities, authorities, and titles of the Guild's officers have remained unchanged for almost a century and no Grandmaster is likely to change the arrangement. Why try to fix something that's working?

Officers are selected by a process similar to the election of a Grandmaster. If an officer's position comes open (through death, retirement or impeachment), the remaining Councilmembers can propose candidates as his replacement. After discussion, an open ballot is held. The candidate receiving the most votes fills the vacant officer's position. As always, politics and influence form an important part of this process and are at the forefront of everyone's minds. Each officer will want to stack the Council with members who are personally loyal to him (or at least not actively hostile) and will want to prevent the election of those allied to his enemies. Favor-trading and influence-peddling play as big a role in officer promotions as they do in Grandmaster selection.

Officers, too, can be impeached using a process identical to that for impeaching the Grandmaster. Impeached officers are sent into "honorably retirement."

Officers' Staffs

While the composition and distribution of responsibility within the Council is fixed, the same can't be said for an individual officer's staff. A newly-appointed Guild officer can—and often does—reorganize his staff, promoting those thieves he considers particularly competent (or particularly loyal to him personally). This, too, offers a chance for politicking and intrigue, although the consequences of success and failure aren't so great.

Thieves within an officer's staff—and those wishing to become part of one—are constantly jockeying for position, building up their own reputations and tarnishing those of rivals, trying to gain the attention of an officer. Favor-and influence-peddling are almost as much a part of life for ambitious underlings as they are for officers. Because of this, many of the most competent and "honorably" (by their own lights, at least) Guildmembers avoid the rat-race of internal politics and concentrate instead on garnering wealth and what influence they desire through perfection and use of their thieving skills.

Internecine Warfare

Sometimes the driving force of ambition overcomes the restraints of propriety and tradition. When this happens, disputes between factions—most frequently at the Council level, but sometimes among underlings—can get bloody and develop into undeclared war.

No guild's history is totally free of the taint of assassination and *coup d'etat*. The Thieves' Guild's certainly isn't, although documented cases are few and far between. This could well be another case of the victor writing the history books, however.

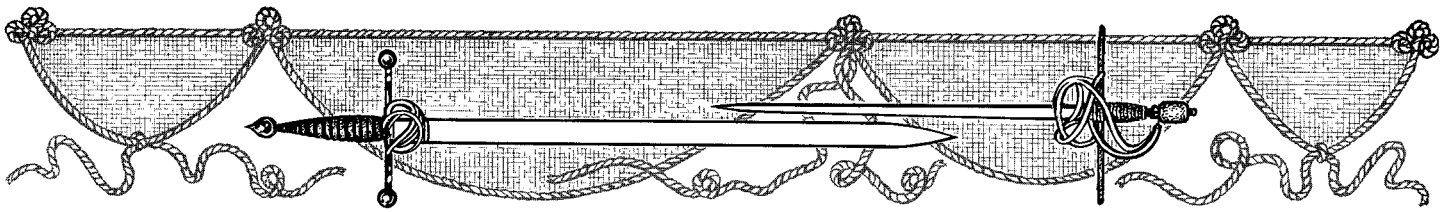
It might seem attractive to a man of overweening ambition to simply lead in a band of slayers, kill off Grandmaster and Council, and put himself at the head of the Thieves' Guild. A moment's thought usually dispels this notion. Such a usurper would have to kill not only all Councilmembers who opposed him, but also all their supporters throughout the Guild. Even then, would he be able to trust his erstwhile supporters who, on their parts, would wonder whether or not they would soon meet the same fate as the other Councilmembers? Probably not; he'd have to kill them as well. This degree of bloodletting at the top of the totem pole wouldn't sit well with many of the rank-and-file Guildmembers and they might soon challenge the usurper's authority. Such a challenge would have to be put down—quickly and ruthlessly. Then how would other rank-and-filers, not involved in the original resistance, respond to the suppression of their brothers? Could they not, also, rise in arms against the tyrant? And even if the usurper could hold control of the Guild in his mailed fist, how effective would be a force of thieves ruled by fear and violence? How many would turn renegade, and how soon? More to the point, how long before they started withholding money to hire an assassin to end the tyrant's rule? No—overall, a *coup d'etat* led by one man would be unlikely to succeed.

This doesn't mean that a coup couldn't be organized by one or more Councilmembers; it simply means that their actions couldn't be overt. Perhaps a single assassination—particularly one that looked like an accident—would serve.

"He has to go."

"Yes. But how?"

The room—rented, in a small inn—was swathed in darkness, its two occupants just shadowy shapes. Members of the Thieves' Guild's officer echelons, they knew and trusted each other; that was apparent from their



postures and voices. That there was respect as well was also apparent.

"There's always the direct approach," whispered one.

"Return to the bad old days?" questioned the other . . . "Blood on the councilroom floor? Do you really wish that?"

"No. No, of course not," responded the first, "but it is an attractive image."

"Yes, attractive." The second thief was silent for a moment, studying the shadows surrounding him, formulating his question. "Would you lead a vote of impeachment?"

"Am I a fool? Would you?"

"No. You're right. He still has the balance of power at the table."

The first thief threw up his beshadowed hands in frustration. "Who, then, can we turn against him?" he asked.

"Norvegicus would be perfect," answered the second thief. "He's young, competent, ambitious. . . ."

"Yes, but he has his own agenda—he eyes the chair himself."

"Will he get it?"

"Not this year, . . . probably not the next. But after that—who can say?"

"And if we supported Norvegicus now?" pondered the second thief. "With our weight behind him. . . ."

"Would you like to serve under Norvegicus?" retorted his compatriot.

"No, certainly not," was the reply. "What do we do, then?"

"We wait," concluded the first thief. "The time isn't ripe."

"Wait—we always wait," murmured the other.

Chuckling mirthlessly, the first thief rose to leave. "Then we should be improving with practice, shouldn't we?"

The Wererats

At any given time, there are probably three or four different factions struggling for dominance within the Thieves' Guild. Most of these are known, at least to their direct rivals. Since the time of Grandmasters

Krovass and Slevyas, however, there has been another faction active; its existence is—to the present—known to no one outside its membership.

Some years ago, a small group of wererats set forth from Ilthmar and slipped, undetected, into the city of Lankhmar. They quickly infested the sewer system beneath the city, but stayed away from the mazy passages of Lankhmar Below still occupied by Hisvin and his ilk, the survivors of the Rat War. And, while both groups are wererats, they have no connection with each other. In fact, Hisvin and his people aren't even aware of the existence of the new group. The new wererats, however, *do* know about Hisvin's group, but don't have access to the *potions of diminution* possessed by Hisvin's wererats.

The leader of this most recent addition to Lankhmar's sewer system is named Norvegicus and he is the key to the newcomers' hidden agenda. Norvegicus had been a member in good standing of the Ilthmar Thieves' Guild (either his superiors didn't know his true nature or they didn't care, Ilthmar being the city of the Rat God, after all). Be that as it may, Norvegicus possesses considerable thieving skills because of his previous experience in Ilthmar (see his stats below).

Norvegicus' first action was to apply for membership in the Lankhmar Thieves' Guild. The standard "reference check" turned up Norvegicus' membership in the Ilthmar Guild, so he was duly initiated. His skills—and sometimes his (discreetly used) supernatural abilities—quickly earned him a reputation. Throughout his time with the Guild, no one has suspected his true nature nor do they today. His rapid advancement in rank and responsibility were helped by the fact that more than one of his rivals fell prey to "creatures of the night." So obviously monstrous were their deaths that no suspicion attached itself to Norvegicus. At present he has reached the position of Recruitmaster and the second part of his agenda has begun.

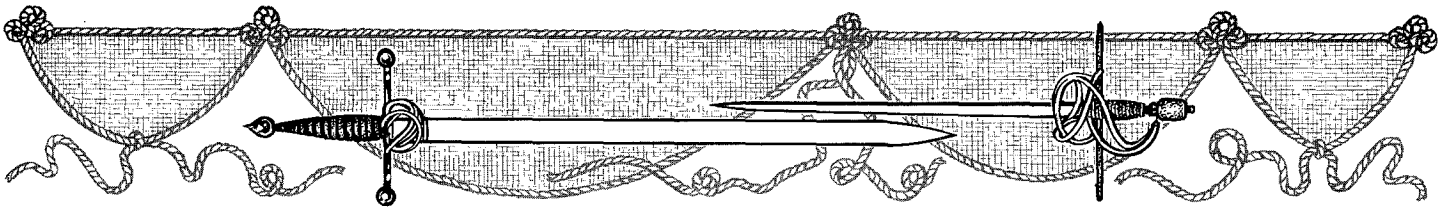
While Norvegicus worked his way up the leadership hierarchy within the

Guild, more wererats loyal to Norvegicus entered the city, raising the population of newcomers in Lankhmar Below to over a score. Now Norvegicus—using his reputation and authority as Recruitmaster—has started to induct his fellow wererats into the Thieves' Guild. Since it is he who conducts the reference check and initial interviews, evaluates the applicants, and sets their ranking tests, it's been an easy task to initiate some twelve of his fellows into the Guild and start them along the path of political advancement. As has Norvegicus, these new members are keeping their true natures inviolably secret.

The wererats' plan is nothing if not ambitious: they intend to take over the Thieves' Guild of Lankhmar. And they should be able to do it if Norvegicus can continue to induct as many of his fellows into the Guild as he has over the past year or so. Twelve wererats in a Guild of over 400 may seem an inconsequential number. On the contrary, it's a good, solid cadre on which to build a takeover bid; many seizures of power have begun with less.

The process won't be rapid and Norvegicus knows it. But wererats are—potentially—immortal, so he can afford to be patient. Like any good strategist, he must continually adjust his schedule to account for daily set-backs and advances, but he currently expects "D-Day" to arrive in about ten years. By then, he'll have a good enough following among the thieves—human and wererat—to allow him to seize the position of Grandmaster. Once in the position of ultimate authority, he intends to so orchestrate matters that most if not all of the Council is filled out with allies of both species; "midnight visits" to eliminate or convert rivals will be used as necessary until he can consolidate his support and guarantee his power for as long as he wants it. The plan is ambitious, to be sure, but chillingly possible.

As of now, though, there are only thirteen wererats in the Guild, including Norvegicus, and he's the only one in a position of authority. There are an additional 12 wererats living in



Lankhmar Below; that number is expected to double over the next year.

Norvegicus (wererat)

AC 6; MV 12"; HD 3+1; hp 25; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 or by weapon type; SA surprise on 1-4, lycanthropy, shapechange; SD hit only by silver or +1 or better magic weapons; AL LE; social level 5 (as human) / 0 (as rat).

Thieving skills: PP 45%, OL 40%, FT 30%, HS 65%, HN 30%, CW 98%, RL 10.

In human form, Norvegicus is a slender man of medium height with chestnut-brown hair and mustache. His skin is pale and his dark eyes are somewhat sunken. He appears to be in his late 30s. He always talks quickly and his voice is quite high-pitched; the effect this gives is that he is high-strung and maybe a little unstable at times. He carries his thief's knife at all times. Hidden in his room (within Thieves' House) is a long sword which he can use quite proficiently.

Other wererats: AC 7; MV 12"; HD

3+1; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 or by weapon type; SA surprise on 1-4, lycanthropy, shapechange; SD hit only by silver or +1 or better magic weapons; AL LE; social level 2 (as human) / 0 (as rat).

Note that Norvegicus is a special case and that none of his fellows shares his high level of thieving skills. As Recruitemaster, however, he can shield them from having to display this lack. If forced into it, though, other wererats will have the following base scores for thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 10%, HS 5%, HN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Free-lancers and Renegades

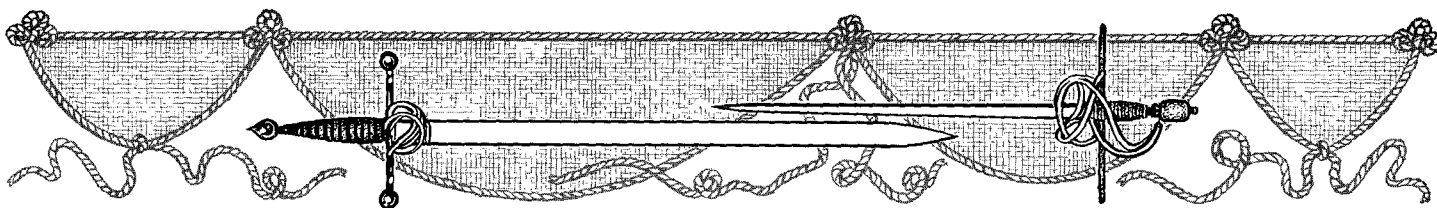
Thieves' Guilds are, by nature, jealous of their exclusivity, the Lankhmart Guild perhaps more so than most. Thieves operating outside the Guild's authority are considered—and treated as—a threat. After all, if suc-

cessful non-affiliated thieves prove that they can operate profitably without the support and protection of a guild, then Guildmembers might start to wonder why they're forking over 70% of their take to the Thieves' House coffers. Non-affiliated thieves fall into two categories: free-lancers and renegades.

Free-lancers are those thieves who have never been affiliated with the Lankhmart Guild. They may be adventurers who've drifted into the city (like Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser) or locals who've "graduated" from the petty pilfering done by almost everybody to more ambitious pursuits. While the Guild is implacable about hunting down free-lancers and either absorbing or liquidating them, it is reasonable in its definition of "freelance thievery." Occasional shoplifting or "borrowing" won't get you into trouble with the Guild (long though the Guild's arm may be, it isn't long enough to grab everyone who's ever filched something from a hawker's barrow). If you turn it into a career, however, you'd better keep looking over your shoulder. The more profitable the thievery becomes—and the higher the thief's profile and reputation—the more vigorously the Guild responds.

If the Guild is implacable in its pursuit of free-lancers, it is downright fanatical in its hostility toward renegades. Renegades are apostates, thieves who were once members in good standing of the Guild, but who broke away to go it alone. They're more dangerous than free-lancers because they're direct role models for other dissatisfied Guild thieves. The Guild's zealous reactions reflect this fact. While it's rare—and only in the cases of particularly flagrant activity—that the Guild will mobilize in an operation specifically to hunt down a free-lancer, "police" operations to eradicate renegades aren't uncommon. Unlike free-lancers, renegades will never be reabsorbed into the Guild.

There's a fine line between withholding and out-and-out renegade activity. If a thief is on an authorized



operation and just “neglects” to turn in to the Guild all the loot he’s stolen, that’s withholding. Depending on the amount involved, the punishment can range from flogging to death by torture. If a thief withholds everything (claiming a raid yielded nothing) or doesn’t inform the Guild that he was “on the job” at all, then that classifies him as a renegade. For a Guild thief, no level of “extracurricular activity” is acceptable; the Guild wholeheartedly believes in the saying, “Give them a span and they’ll take a league.”

If free-lancers or renegades are caught, the standard punishment is the same: death by torture. In the case of captured free-lancers, the Recruitmaster can decide whether or not to induct them. This might occur in the case of someone new to town who honestly didn’t know the score. As for renegades, there’s no such choice. (Note that the “no women” rule of the Guild automatically sentences any female free-lancer to death.) If the condemned thief has a particularly high profile, their slow death is often a spectacle to which Guild thieves—particularly those involved in his or her capture—are invited. Making a spectacle out of the execution reinforces the lesson that the Guild deals harshly with those who betray it.

“Police” Operations

Occasionally the Guild mobilizes to actively rid the city of free-lancers. Unless a freelance thief keeps his or her activity to a very low level—probably not enough to live on—or is exceptionally sly and devious, it’s nearly impossible to operate in complete secrecy; *someone, somewhere* knows what the free-lancer is doing, and usually that’s enough to betray the free-lancer to the Guild. With its network of informants (referred to internally as “The Net”), very little happens, particularly in the underworld, without word getting back to Thieves’ House. Then it’s simply a matter of distributing a few coins among selected informants and stool-pigeons and waiting for someone to

turn up the identity—and often the address—of the free-lancer. Then a deputation of Guild thieves is sent to “invite” the free-lancer to an audience at Thieves’ House. More free-lancers are caught this way than any other.

To capture or eradicate more cautious free-lancers—and most renegades, since they know the extent of The Net and respect the danger it poses—the Guild has to resort to more extreme measures. These can include city-wide surveillance of attractive “scores” and even door-to-door searches (which the Guild can get away with in the seedier parts of town).

If these methods don’t work, the Guild will sometimes set up “sting” operations. The Operations Master may enlist the aid of a client merchant or tradesman—a jeweller, for example—and let word drop that a particularly large consignment of fire opals will be in his safe overnight (the Lankhmar grape vine is particularly efficient at spreading this sort of information). Then Guild thieves will be stationed around the jeweller’s establishment to capture anyone who comes calling. Again, this system is more effective for picking up free-lancers, since renegades know what the Guild is capable of perpetrating and have seen such “stings” before.

In extremity, the Guild might even go so far as to hire guild assassins to terminate especially irksome renegades or free-lancers. (This option is taken only rarely because it has a number of significant disadvantages: it costs more money; it cheats the Guild of the education and entertainment value of torturing the victim to death; and, most significantly, it shows that the Guild isn’t all-powerful.)

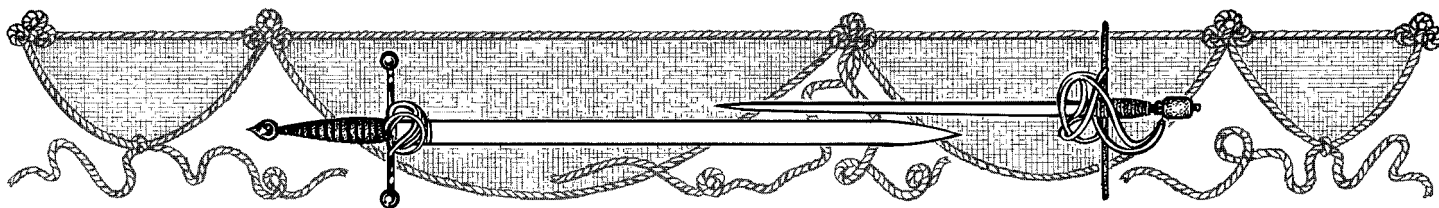
Special Dispensation

As much as it would like to, the Guild can’t hunt down *all* free-lancers in Lankhmar. There are a few whose high social status (and/or other factors) grants immunity. These exceptions in-

clude Ivlis (one-time consort of Grandmaster Krovas), Countess Kronia of the 77 Secret Pockets, and Snarve, all of whom are described in Chapter 4 of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*.

Another highly notable exception was Javan Kistomerces, who became Overlord when his cat-loving nephew Radomix Kistomerces died of a respiratory infection. According to the judgement of the street, Javan was “barking mad” (sanity never being a prerequisite for tenure in the Rainbow Palace) and fancied himself a cut-purse of some skill. In fact, he was clumsy to a fault (Dexterity 7). However, when the mood took him, he would don a disguise—usually a threadbare travelling cloak thrown over his usual cloth-of-gold garb—and sneak out into the streets alone. (generally accompanied, at a discrete distance, by his personal bodyguard and a paymaster). Once out of the palace, Javan would slink through the streets, picking pockets and cutting purses with abandon as he went. In this he had absolutely no skill, so his “marks” always knew what was going on. But they also knew he was the Overlord, so they pretended not to notice. As Javan moved on, the ever-present paymaster would recompense the victims with cash. (A thriving but short-lived business grew up around the Overlord’s activity. People began to frequent Javan’s regular haunts carrying pouches bulging with iron tics on their belts and waiting for the Overlord to strike. After he did and the paymaster arrived to make restitution, they’d claim the purse had been full of silver smerduks or gold rilks.)

Much to the relief of many inside the government, and out, the mad Overlord’s career—and life—were cut short. One day he picked as a victim Doud the Mingol, new to town and not in on the joke. As Javan went—clumsily as always—for the Mingol’s purse, Doud slew the Overlord in his tracks. Doud never denied his actions, so the ensuing trial was merely a formality. He was convicted of regicide and high treason—and fined a total of five iron tics.



(In)famous Free-lancers and Renegades

Although those two consummate rogues, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser, have the greatest notoriety, there are other unaffiliated thieves (described below) who have generated almost the same level of ire within the Lankhmart Thieves' Guild. Most of these aren't known outside the Guild or outside the "closed shop" of the underworld. At least one, however, can claim that his name is almost a household word.

Alyx the Pickpocket: As a woman, Alyx is forbidden membership in the Guild and so plies her trade outside it. She is described in Chapter 4 of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*.

Thorn: This is only a *nom de guerre*, probably taken because he knew that he was a "thorn in the side" of the Guild. Nobody knows Thorn's true name.

If Thorn would deign to join the Guild (and the Guild would be stupid to deny his request), he'd reach the rank of master thief within a year and hold the rank of officer within another—he's that good. But such a channelled and constrained existence isn't for Thorn. He's in it for the excitement as well as the money and he won't do anything that would compromise his freedom of action.

Thorn is a large man for a thief, standing 6' tall, with broad shoulders and well-developed muscles. He has dark, close-cropped hair and dark eyes, but that's about all that can be said of his appearance. Thorn was blessed with a totally nondescript face and no distinguishing features. By changing his outfit, perhaps tinting his hair, or even altering the set of his expression, he could be many totally different people. Even his voice will rarely give him away, since he has an actor's control over pitch, timbre, and accent (in fact he did once train as an actor, but gave it up for more interesting pursuits). The only factors he can't disguise are his size and his confi-

dent, fluid movements, which are reminiscent of a large hunting cat.

Thorn specializes in acquiring jewelry. The Guild knows that and they've frequently tried to set up "sting" operations to apprehend him. On more than one occasion, though, Thorn has somehow made it past the watchers, stolen the bait, and made his escape into the night.

Thorn prefers to work the Cash, Noble, and Citadel Districts because there the pickings are best. Thorn has never been known to steal anything from a religious institution, even though certain temples on the Street of the Gods have had various attractive pieces of jewelry among their holy treasures. No one knows whether Thorn's avoidance of holy relics stems from some strange attack of morals or from fear of divine retribution. Guild thieves tend to consider it weakness.

Thorn has no direct animosity toward the Guild or its members and he'll only cause them harm if they first try to harm him. Conversely, the thief's flashy successes of late—talked about by laymen as well as people "in the trade"—have been damaging the Guild's reputation; doing harm to Thorn is high on the Guild's list of priorities.

Thorn: AC 8 (with *ring of protection* +2); MV 12"; T13; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, I 14, W 12, D 18, C 13, Ch 14; AL CN; social level 6.

Thieving skills: PP 60%, OL 95%, FT 95%, MS 95%, HS 95%, DN 90%, CW 95%, RL 5%.

He is usually armed with a *dagger* +2 and a sling with a dozen sling bullets. He's also proficient with the short sword, crossbow, and blow gun, though he rarely has cause to use these weapons.

Gavin: This thief is almost the antithesis to Thorn. He's not particularly smart, not highly skilled, and far from successful. To make matters worse, his appearance is singularly distinctive; he is short, wiry-thin, and has a face like a swarthy hatchet.

His career as renegade started

without much thought (as have many things in Gavin's life). He was assigned a standard pickpocket shift in the Festival District—an undemanding assignment well-matched to his abilities. More through luck than planning, he managed to cut the purse of a richly-robed figure and make his escape into the crowd. When he checked his loot, he found the purse contained a number of large gems. Considering that the wealth he now held in his sweating hands was considerably more than the grand total that had ever passed through them, his next action was understandable: he ducked out of sight without reporting his haul to the Guild and celebrated with a grand drunken binge.

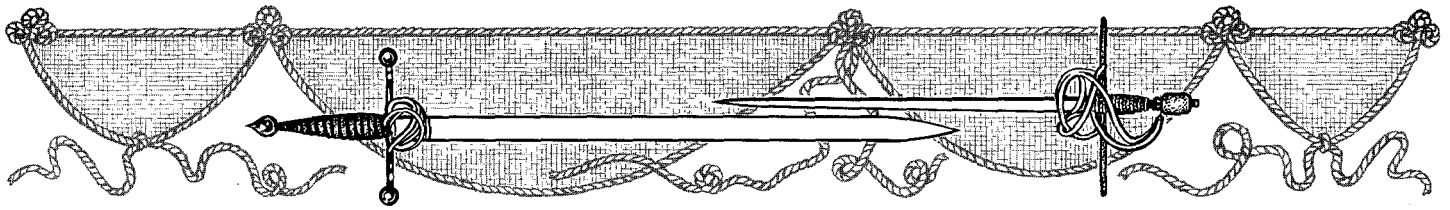
When he returned to sobriety, he realized that he'd committed himself to the life of a renegade and was risking slow and unpleasant death. He'd never been one for striking out on his own, so he decided to find friends—if possible, powerful friends. He turned to the Extortioners' Guild and bribed his way in with a small fraction of his ill-gotten gains.

Now Gavin thinks he's safe. The Thieves' Guild can't come after him—or so he believes—without bringing down on themselves the wrath of the Slayers' Brotherhood, the Extortioners' parent body. Normally he'd be right. What he doesn't know is that the Extortioners' Guild doesn't really want him and certainly doesn't trust him. In essence, they're holding on to him as an investment: one day they may be able to placate the Thieves' Guild by presenting them with Gavin.

Gavin: AC 8; MV 12"; T3; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 11, I 8, W 8, D 14, C 10, Ch 9; AL N(E); social level 1.

Thieving skills: PP 75%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 25%, HS 50%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

He usually wears unpadded leather armor (concealed under a loose robe) and packs a brace of throwing daggers, several darts, and a short sword—despite his perceived security within the Extortioners' Guild, he's not taking any chances.



Zorin the Lost: He is one of the more unpleasant characters in a city full of distasteful types. Tall and skeletally thin, Zorin has almost translucent skin and flashing grey eyes. He is bald, has a hook nose, and his long-fingered hands resemble nothing if not huge spiders.

Zorin was originally training as a white wizard in the city of Ilthmar, but his acquisitive and rapacious nature didn't fit well with the benevolent and contemplative facets of the white wizards' art. Before long, he was wooed by the "dark side" of magic and left his white wizard mentor to drop out of

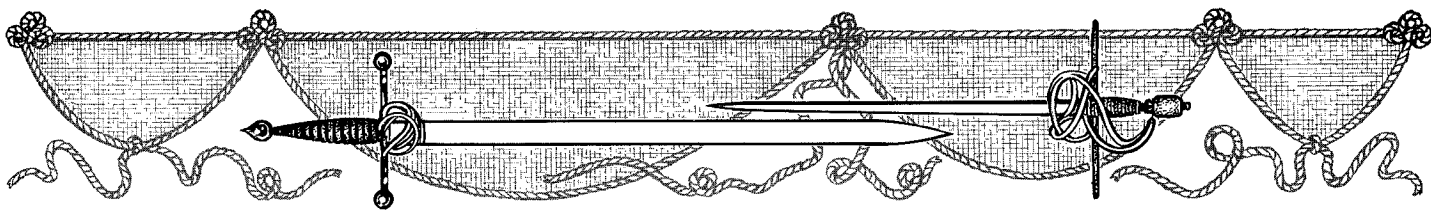
sight. (To this day, his mentor refers to him as "Zorin the Lost;" the epithet has spread with Zorin's reputation.)

For several years nothing was heard of Zorin. It must be assumed that he found a tutor more akin in world view, however, since he eventually resurfaced as a fairly skilled black wizard. Unfortunately for Zorin, one of the side effects of his secret training was a pathological fear of rats. For obvious reasons, Ilthmar, city of the Rat God, was no longer an appropriate home, so he moved to Lankhmar.

It was in Lankhmar that he discovered another activity, in addition to

magic, that struck his fancy: theft (preferably coupled with gruesome violence). He bribed, intimidated, and ensorcelled a number of slayers, assassins, and casual alleybashers into teaching him the rudiments of their crafts. Soon, Zorin emerged with a most unsettling combination of skills to become a magic-wielding, murderous thief.

He tried to join the Thieves' Guild, but that organization refused him on two grounds. First, since the death of Hristomilo, no black wizard had been allowed into Thieves' House; second, they immediately recognized that



Zorin was deranged. Stinging from their rejection, Zorin swore that he would do everything in his power to make the Guild regret their decision.

Zorin is disturbingly powerful—and quite mad. The Thieves' Guild would surely love to remove him from the face of Nehwon, but nothing significant has been done against him yet (mainly because the Guild isn't sure how to go about tangling with him).

Zorin is rumored to live in the River District. Many believe that he makes his home in one of the old towers that used to be worship places for old—and typically nasty—gods, before the Great God cleaned them out. (It's now officially forbidden on pain of death to enter such places; no man knows what evil things may lurk there, fattening on loneliness and waiting. . . .)

Zorin: AC 4 (with *bracers of defense*, AC 4); MV 12"; MU3/T3; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 8, DEX 14, CON 8, INT 16, WIS 10, CHA 6; AL CE; social level 1.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 45%, HS 60%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 30%.

Spells: *cure light wounds*, *change self*, *improved phantasmal force*; (Note: Zorin's mixture of magic-user and clerical spells is a consequence of his shift from white to black wizard.)

Magical items: *Bracers of defense AC4*.

Zorin always wears his *bracers of defense*, and carries a short sword, plus a brace of throwing daggers. When he goes abroad, he'll usually be disguised using his *change self* spell. Zorin will never cast *cure light wounds* on anyone but himself.

There's one more thief of note outside the Guild, perhaps even more significant in the grand scheme of things than Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser. This mystery figure—Midnight—is discussed in detail in Chapter 4.

"I want him," Grandmaster Grav growled. "That renegade, that Tekul. Pedeem, I want him!"

Operations Master Pedeem leaned back in his chair. The boyish smile that usually lit up his face was conspicuously absent and his eyes were cold. "I know, Grav," he said quietly. "I too. He makes fools of us, his very existence shames us. But. . . ." His fist struck the counciltable to emphasize his point. "But how much will it cost us? Police operations are expensive. How many thieves do we reassign? How many scores do we postpone? How many pickpockets do we take off the streets? What is he worth to you, Grav? What would you pay for his death?"

The Grandmaster was silent for a moment. "Much," he said at last, "but you're right. Vendettas are costly. The word is out?"

"On the street even as we speak," Pedeem confirmed. Then he smiled and years seemed to vanish from his face. "Don't worry, my friend" he said reassuringly. "We'll have him. Sooner or later, we'll have him."

Operations

While the training, residential, bureaucratic, and disciplinary functions of the Guild are important, above all are its money-making operations. To quote a past Grandmaster, "Without successful operations, the bookkeepers don't have any beans to count." There are five distinct classes into which just about any operation can be slotted.

The first class is the most common, usually referred to as "ongoing operations." This is a catch-all category that includes "targets of opportunity." For example, each day a number of thieves are assigned to pickpocket duty in various districts. They aren't given specific targets, they are just told to go out and generate the maximum revenue they can while taking only reasonable risks. Other ongoing operations include shoplifting and other forms of petty larceny. (This isn't to say that ongoing operations can't

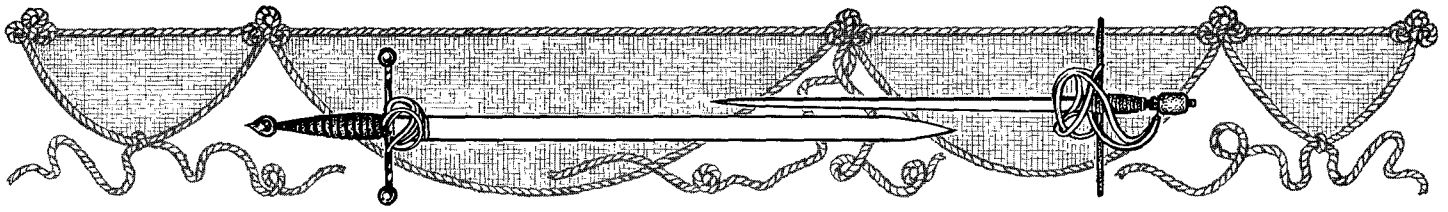
be well-planned at the tactical level; frequently thieves will coordinate on such set-pieces as the "bump and grab," "blind and lift," and other old chestnuts. It's just that there's no overall strategic plan and targets aren't selected beforehand. Anyone who walks into the area is fair game.) A thief's yield from ongoing operations will vary from day to day, although there are some thieves who always seem to be able to squeeze a good take out of even a slow day.

Another ongoing operation, but a less active one, is counterfeiting. The Guild's "mechanics" are constantly working on new ideas: shaved coins, lead "rilks" covered with the thinnest layer of gold, or even glass-in-resin "glulditches." There's also continuing competition between the Guild's mechanics and the treasurers of other organizations. The treasurers seek new ways of preventing forgery of their letters of credit and promissory notes while the mechanics seek ways of circumventing the new measures. (So far this competition is about even; the only winners are the treasurers and mechanics themselves, who've guaranteed their own employment for a long time to come.)

The most glamorous and exciting operations are called direct raids (usually also the most risky). These are the activities that generally come to mind first when you think of the Thieves' Guild. Such activities as second-story work, burglaries, jewel theft, house-breaking, and the like fall into this category.

The major difference between raids and other operations is preparation. The target is selected and researched beforehand and the thieves do some advance planning—study of the building's floorplan, timing the movements of guards, gathering special equipment, bribing a retainer, drugging a guard dog—all these things and others are planned for in the preparation for a raid.

The idea for a direct raid can either come from the Guild—in which case several thieves will be assigned to the job—or from an individual thief. In the



latter case, the thief will usually ask for Guild approval to go ahead (although he doesn't have to) and involve the Operations Master in the planning. If he does go to the Guild, the originating thief will usually be allowed to take part in his own operation if he wants to. (Going to the Guild for help has some major advantages. As well as giving the thief access to the considerable planning and research facilities of the Thieves' House, it also ensures that the Guild knows he isn't considering doing the job as a renegade.) The Operations Manager is heavily involved in the preparation of all guild-originated, and most thief-originated, direct raids.

The Guild is also heavily involved in operations that they class as "stings": double-dealing, fraud, con games, forgery, etc. Stings include such old favorites as running pyramid schemes, selling the same piece of land to several people, bilking little old ladies of their savings through "investment funds," selling "holiday estates" in the Great Salt Marsh to foreign noblemen, even peddling parts of the Rainbow Palace to visiting adventurers. The Guild doesn't carry out nearly as many of these profitable ventures as it would like, mainly because the required skill set is rare. The perfect thief for such a job would combine high intelligence with a disarming and amiable manner (high Charisma). Unfortunately, such people are only rarely attracted to the Thieves' Guild.

More within the capabilities of most Guild thieves are protection rackets. This is a dicey issue and the subject of historical and ongoing disputes between the Thieves' and Extortioners' Guilds. The question is, of course, when is a protection racket thievery and when is it extortion? The Thieves claim that "receiving payment to compensate for profits lost by not burglarizing an establishment" doesn't infringe on the Extortioners' territory. The Extortioners, on the other hand, hold that extortion is extortion, no matter how you dress it up. In any case and despite the ongoing dispute, a number of businesses choose to pay

the Thieves' Guild a retainer to keep its attentions directed elsewhere.

When the actions of free-lancers or renegades is considered, this isn't always such a good deal for the Guild. If a businesswoman keeps up her payments to the Guild and is nevertheless visited by a thief (freelance or not, that's not her problem), she'll feel quite entitled to raise a stink about it with the Guild. The Guild might be tempted to ignore it, but you don't get and keep "clients" by forgetting customer service. There's a very real obligation for the Guild to hunt down the free-lancer or prevent a reoccurrence of the event—at least, if the Guild wants to stay in the protection racket. (This, in turn, provides a temptation to the Extortioners' Guild; more than once they've hired free-lancers to raid a "protected" establishment. And so the dispute goes on.)

"Security actions" make up the final class of operations. These include police actions against free-lancers or renegades as well as direct defense of Guild property and personnel. An example occurred some twenty years ago when a group of thieves from Mlurg Nar guild came to town with the sole intention of "kicking some Lankhmart behind." The ensuing rumble was considered a "security action."

The Spoils

The Guild's entire purpose for running operations is to generate wealth—and thence power. But wealth can be found in a number of forms. While cash is most convenient—it is legal tender, after all, and doesn't involve fences or other complications—it is frequently not the most valuable loot when compared to the effort needed to get it. Guild wealth can take other forms, including:

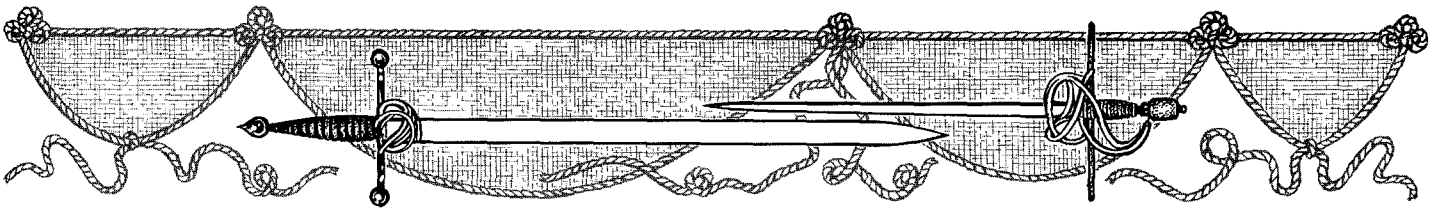
Monetary instruments: These include letters of credit, promissory notes, "futures," and "shares" (the latter two being similar to the instruments of the same name in our world, although considerably less formal in

their sale and use in Lankhmar). These can be highly valuable. Letters of credit between large trading companies in the millions of rilks aren't unheard of and are much more portable than the equivalent value in coins. There is the problem of redemption, however. Most of these instruments specify both the payor and the payee. Thus a letter of credit might be issued by Muulsh the moneylender to the Shipwrights' Guild. No one can draw on the letter of credit without proving that he or she is an officer of the Shipwrights' Guild.

This fact fuels the competition between the Thieves' Guild's "mechanics" and the issuers of these instruments. The issuers are constantly experimenting with new methods of making their instruments impossible to forge (special inks on gold-impregnated paper, for example); the mechanics are constantly turning up new ways to duplicate these methods. There is no "unified front" in this battle; each individual guild or organization will probably have its own technique. But the ongoing competition does make it fairly difficult for others to determine the validity of a particular instrument ("is this a clumsy forgery, or have those gods-cursed jewelers changed their letter of credit *again*?") So far, the only type of letter of credit that hasn't been forged is that issued by the Overlord himself. Written in an ink based on behemoth blood, on parchment interwoven with gold thread, it's often not worth the bother.

Although most of these monetary instruments name both payor and payee, "bearer" instruments do occasionally appear. These can be cashed by anyone without proving identity. Thus, they are as good as cash. Bearer instruments are very attractive to thieves: how else could you fit ten thousand rilks so easily into your jerkin pocket?

"Easy to Transact" Items: These are items that are easy to fence and that retain most if not all of their nominal value. Gems, furs, and the like are the



most common examples. Pieces of jewelry that aren't easily identifiable (plain gold rings, for example) or fairly common works of art are also covered by this category. The main criterion for determining an "easily transacted" item is that there is no simple way of proving that the item was stolen.

Fences usually pay between 70% and 90% of the listed value for these items.

"Difficult to Transact" Items: These items are either easily identifiable or of no use or interest in their present form. For example, a distinctive platinum tiara designed personally for the Overlord's niece would fall under this category; a plain silver "costume" tiara of which there are dozens throughout the city would not. This category also includes unique works of art. The famous painting entitled "The Behemoth," which hangs in the Rainbow Palace, would be very difficult to fence and is a fine example of a difficult to transact item.

Items such as a golden altar symbol from the temple of the Red God belong in this category. Few people would be interested in buying an altar symbol, but many would be interested in its gold once it's been melted down.

Fences pay between 10% and 50% of the listed value for these items, depending on how distinctive the item is and the risk attached to possessing or fencing it. (Such a risk would be exceptional in the case of the painting mentioned above.)

Consumables and Useful Items: Sometimes a thief comes across "weird" items like animal pelts, fine wines, or rare spices. If he's smart—and if he can do it—he'll take these objects. While stealing a box of dried Eevanmarensen sage isn't as glamorous as filching a first-water gem, a smart thief will know that this rare spice is worth no less than one guilditch per ounce.

Unusual or luxury items are often easy to sell, even without going through a fence (and paying him his cut). For example, a discerning tavern

owner will usually buy a barrel of Ilthmart fireweed brandy without asking any questions or even suspecting it is stolen.

These items can usually be sold for their full listed value. The only difficulty might be finding an appropriate buyer.

There are some things that a thief might not want to sell—staples like food or items that he finds useful for himself—and will simply keep. Of course, he must recompense the Guild in some form for these items.

Information: Sometimes the most valuable yield from an operation isn't even tangible. Information is power, it has been said. More to the point, information that can lead to future operations is wealth. The location of a rich hoard of loot might be written in a traveller's journal. Stealing the journal could provide a rich payoff in the future.

Operations are sometimes planned specifically to gather a specific piece of information. More frequently, however, the information is found in passing. Unfortunately, the latter case requires that the thief involved be perceptive and intelligent enough to recognize the value of the information.

Operational Planning and Execution

Whether the idea for an operation was internal (originated by the Guild's officers) or external (initiated by an ambitious thief), once the Operations Master is involved the procedure is the same. The first step is research: on the target, the potential loot, expected security precautions, etc. The importance of each facet of research varies depending on the job. For example, if the goal is to steal the payroll from a trading company, all that needs to be known about the loot is how many coins will be present. If the goal is to clean out a lordling's pleasure house, there are many more questions to be answered: relative value of items, difficulty of fencing them, dis-

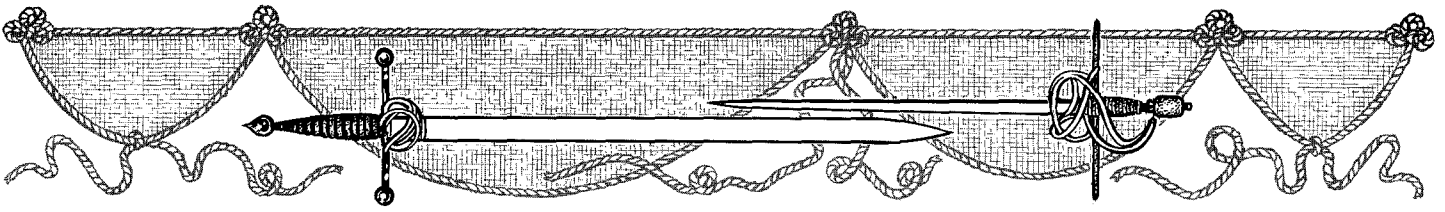
tinctiveness (and hence added risk), items that could be ransomed back, etc.

The Guild has access to many sources of information. A corrupt architect can supply a floorplan, informants can tell much about the target's habits or inhabitants, knowledgeable specialists inside and outside the Guild can estimate the relative difficulty of fencing particular items, and so on. Once this preliminary investigation is complete, the next step is usually to "stake out" the target and keep it under surveillance. Much more can be learned from first-hand observation than from secondary research: a household's daily schedule, the presence of a guard animal, perhaps even the existence of more arcane defenses. If, as an example, the owner of a target building always says a certain word while locking the front door and another as he unlocks it, you can be pretty sure that the lock is somehow ensorcelled and the roof suddenly becomes a more attractive entry option. For major operations, the Guild will often go to the extent of building scale models of the buildings involved. When coupled with the facilities of the map room in Thieves' House, this gives the thieves assigned to the job a very realistic picture of how things will be when they're actually on the job.

With the background research out of the way, the Operations Master and his staff will work out the operation plan. This breaks down into a number of phases:

1. Approach and set-up—when and how the thieves will make their approach to the building (as a group through the sewers or over the rooftops on a moonless night, or individually through noontime crowds, rendezvousing in a back alley, etc.). This phase also includes the preparation of any diversions necessary for the next phase.

2. Penetration—actual entry into the building. Will the thieves pick the front door lock, force a window, or jimmy the trap door to the roof?



3. Acquisition—getting the goods. This might involve jimmying a strong-box or cracking a safe, or simply taking the jewelry from the top of a woman's dressing table.

4. Exit—leaving the premises with the loot. Will the thieves use the same route by which they entered or will they leave by a different way?

5. Dispersal—getting clear of the area undetected. Again, the thieves may use the rooftops or depend on disguise and deceit.

6. Disposition—dealing with the ill-gotten gains. With almost everything except cash, this involves contacting a fence. In a well-planned operation, the appropriate fence is picked out beforehand, and possibly forewarned (depending on how much the thieves trust the fence) so that any preparations necessary for handling an especially delicate or difficult item can be transacted smoothly and rapidly.

The overall plan will describe, from start to finish, the progress of a perfect operation. However, in Nehwon, as in any other world, nothing is ever perfect. For each phase, there should be at least one contingency plan. What if the front door can't be picked? What if the poisoned meat only slew one of the two watch-leopards? What else is worth taking if the safe is empty? What if the diversion ends too soon and the guard returns to his station while the thieves are still inside the building? What if the police have been alerted and are trying to seal off the block? Sometimes contingency planning even involves hiring armed escorts from the Slayers' Brotherhood. This isn't as common as it was in the time of the cautious Krovas, but it does happen for certain operations.

A good operational plan isn't simple to prepare. That is why so many Guild thieves will hand their ideas over to the Operations Master—they'll still get credit for innovation and they'll have a much better chance of getting through the raid alive.

Once the plan is put together, the next step is to choose a team. While a job might require a particular skill

set—and hence a particular person or group of people—most positions on a team can be filled by a number of candidates. For these people, the Operations Master turns to the duty roster.

The duty roster is a schedule generated by the Recruitmaster (aided by the Operations Master) that assigns thieves to specific duties at particular times. In a perfect world, a duty roster would make sure that every thief spends most of his time on jobs that he enjoys and is well-suited to handle while giving him enough opportunities to "stretch" and learn new skills. In reality, the duty roster is a compromise—and, being a compromise, it's disliked by just about everybody in the Guild. Most senior thieves, who've lived under the duty roster for years, recognize its necessity and don't complain (much). But young fire-brands frequently take it as almost a personal affront ("Pickpocket duty—again?!").

Individual thieves are responsible for their personal equipment when on an operation: thief's knife, other weapons, personal thieves' kits, appropriate clothing, and anything else they feel they want to cart along (holy symbols in some cases, but more frequently good luck charms). All other equipment is issued by the Logistics officer and his staff from the Guild's large cellar storerooms. This additional equipment might include ropes, grappling irons, prybars, special lock-picks, sleeping draughts, even (rarely) poison. The Guild owns some few highly-specialized magical items (see Chapter 6, "The Role of Magic," for further descriptions), but these are only used on the largest and most important of jobs. All equipment—especially magical items—must be fully accounted for when the operation is over; if issued items aren't returned, the thief responsible for their loss might find their value deducted from his cut of the operation—or his hide.

There are times on a job when one thief must pass some information on to another but talking isn't a viable option. Because of this, the Guild trains its operatives in a number of different

means of communication. The Guild uses a form of simplified sign language for instances when silence is of the essence. The vocabulary of the language is very limited, but it's also very specifically tailored to the kinds of things thieves might want to communicate. Thus, while this form of sign language is not good for philosophical discussions, it is excellent for silent warnings (such as, "I don't think the guard is asleep.") When thieves aren't in line of sight, there's another code based on whistles. Again, the whistle language has little flexibility, but it's usually sufficient for on-the-job communications.

Sometimes it doesn't matter whether anyone overhears a conversation as long as they don't understand it. For these times, the Guild has evolved its own spoken and written language known as Thieves' Cant. This language is among the first things taught to new apprentices and Guild thieves are expected to be fluent in its use. While the common tongue is used for all but the most secret discussions, the Recruitmaster will often insist that thieves use Cant in his presence, just to keep them in practice. Though more flexible than sign language or whistle code, Thieves' Cant is still a limited language. It is, however, perfectly suited to its application. In some ways it's even better than the common tongue for discussing the fine details of an operation.

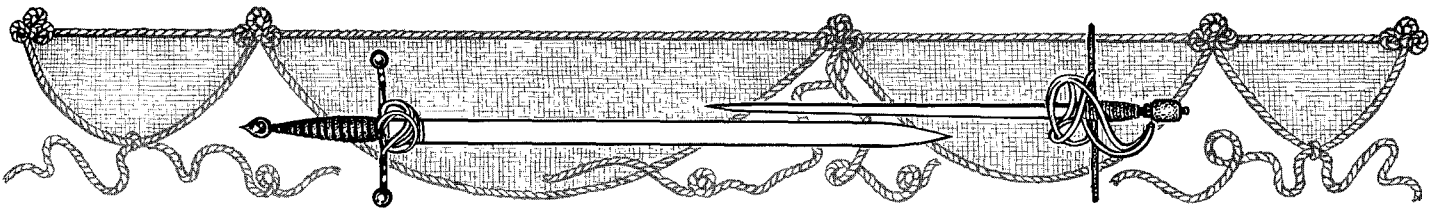
When on an operation, thieves are aware of several unwritten "rules." Most of these are humorous on the surface, but contain a germ of truth. These are:

—Murph's Law: "Whatever can go wrong will go wrong and at the worst possible time;"

—Jor's Addendum: "Murph was an optimist;"

—Tel's Commentary: "Jor was an optimist;" and

—Pherson's Law: "If you get hurt, you're stupid." Other, unattributed "rules" include:



- “The bigger they are, the more noise they make when they fall;”
- “Everything is always heavier than it looks;”
- “Glass will always break so as to make the most noise;”
- “The last guard is *never* asleep;”
- “Give them enough rope and they’ll hang *you*;” and
- “If it looks too good to be true, *it is*.”

“The Net”

Part of the Thieves’ Guild’s ongoing success is due to its city-wide network of informants, spies, and agents. Referred to as “the Net,” this loosely-knit group continuously feeds information into the Thieves’ House. Most of the information is useless (random gossip, for example) and some is downright erroneous. But the Guild will still pay its people. It doesn’t happen often, but more than once a major score has developed out of a piece of seemingly idle gossip.

The Net breaks down into two broad classifications. Active agents are typically held “on retainer” by the Guild and will accept specific assignments (for example, “Find out everything you can about the black wizard who just arrived in town.”). These agents can be found everywhere in the city—even in the Noble District—and in most social strata. They may be non-guild beggars, bartenders, shopkeepers, housemaids, even bored aristocrats . . . anyone who has access to potentially interesting information and is willing to accept the Thieves’ Guild’s coin.

Then there are the “passive” agents, those not on retainer but still willing to sell gems of wisdom to the Guild. At one time or another, just about anybody in Lankmar could be a passive agent; it’s just a matter of passing on a useful piece of information and getting paid for it. Merchants, children, housewives, even city guards . . . all from time to time contribute to the Net.

There’s no stigma attached to selling false information to the Guild . . . as long as you didn’t *know* it was false when you sold it. For honest mistakes, there will be no reprisals; the Guild would much rather pay for five pieces of incorrect gossip than miss out on a sixth, valuable piece because the seller wasn’t completely sure of his facts. In cases of out-and-out fraud, however, the Guild isn’t so lenient. Depending on the circumstances, retribution for intentionally passing on fraudulent information could range from a bravo coming by and laying on a beating to surgical extraction of the tongue.

If the Guild has a network of informants, then certainly so do the government and the forces of law. These networks, too, break down into passive and active agents. When the Guild finds a passive agent—perhaps someone who was browbeaten or bribed into providing information to the police on a single occasion—it’ll take some retributive action. This usually won’t be harsh (maybe a mild beating or a bloodchilling warning). In the case of active agents, however—spies or plants within the Guild’s Net—death is the only acceptable punishment. There’s an ongoing battle between the intelligence arms of the Guild and those organizations arrayed against it. (Sometimes this competition erupts even between organizations supposedly on the same side. Not long ago, the police accused the city guard of trying to infiltrate its network of stool-pigeons. The city guard denied the allegation, pointing instead to the Overlord’s house regiment. Spokesmen for the Overlord declined to respond.)

“Yo, Sir?”

Hair-trigger reflexes almost took the thief clear out of his chair. But equally fast came recognition and he relaxed. “Grom,” the thief said to the malodorous old man who’d sidled up to him. “I told you not to do that. One day I’ll slit your throat before I know it’s you.” He

sighed. “Well, what do you have for me today?”

Grom chuckled, a wholly unpleasant and phlegmy noise. “Zorin,” he said. “I’ve seen him, I think I know where he lurks.”

The thief sat forward eagerly. “Where?”

The old man chuckled again. “My money first, that’s our bargain. Remember? Let’s say two rilks this time.”

“Let’s say one,” the thief countered automatically, although the information—if true, he cautioned himself—was worth much more. “Now *where*?”

“Where’s my money?”

The thief’s eyes glittered coldly. “Information first this time. Humor me.” And suddenly a surgically-sharp blade was in his hand. Coolly he began to clean his nails with it. “Where?”

The old man seemed unable to take his eyes from the hypnotic glitter of the steel. “Wall Street,” he said hoarsely. “Halfway along—in Benedict’s Warehouse.”

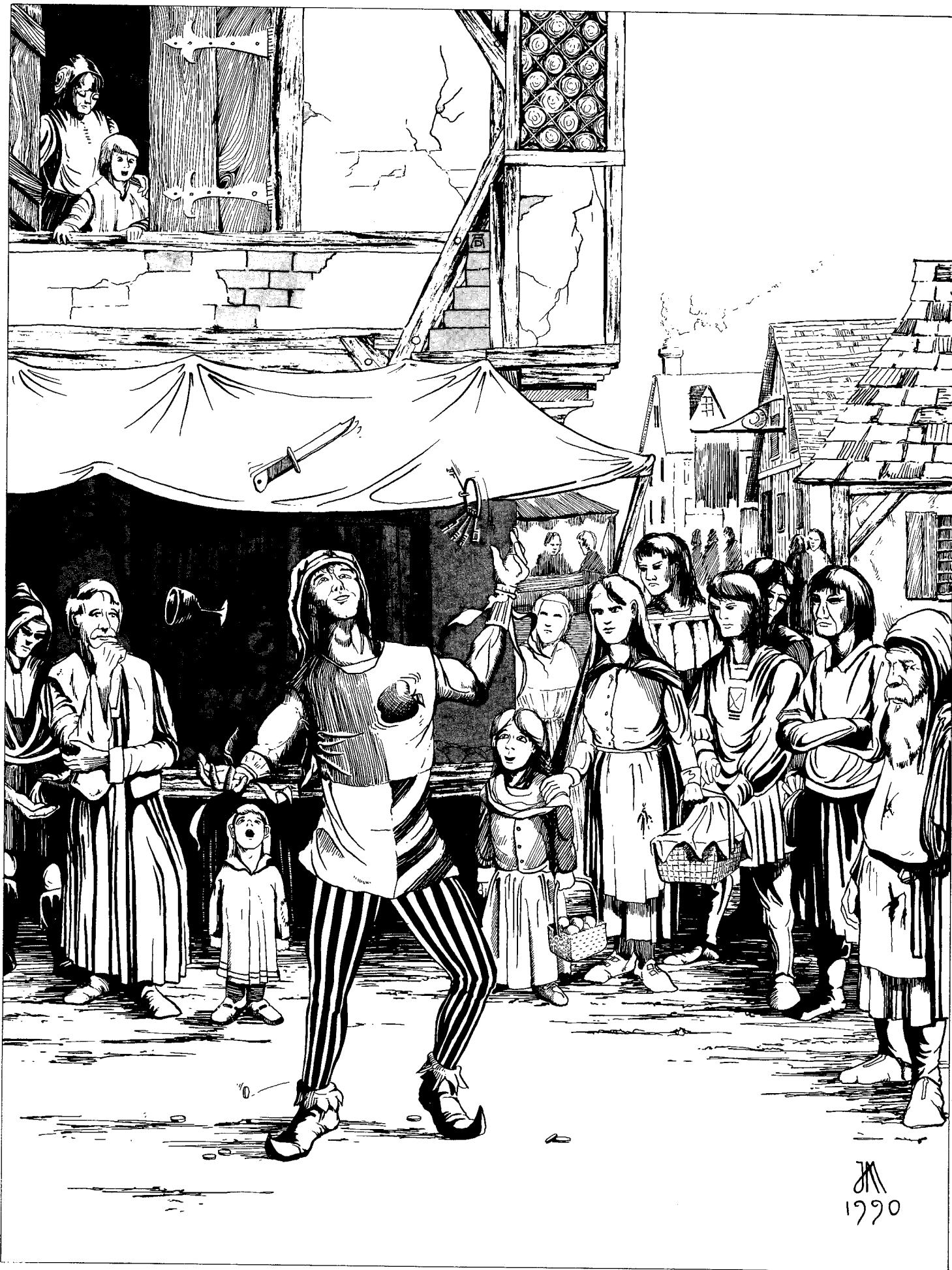
Instantly the knife was gone. The thief pulled a coin from his pouch and tossed it to Grom. With a speed that belied his apparent age, Grom snatched it out of the air and turned to hurry off. “Don’t spend it all in one place,” the thief called after him. “And if I find you’ve lied to me, we’ll be meeting again. Soon.”

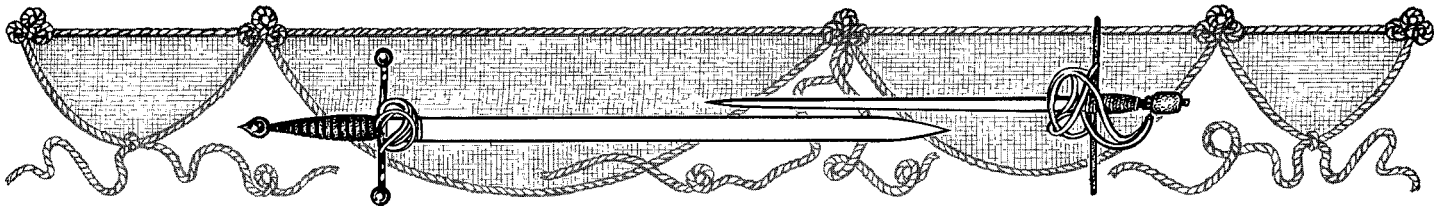
Adventure Ideas

The preceding information on the Guild should suggest a wide range of potential adventures for DMs to throw at their players. Whether PCs decide to join it, operate outside its bounds, or even try to combat it, the Thieves’ Guild will probably be a key feature of many adventures in the City of Lankmar.

Here are just a few “story starters.”

- The PCs somehow come to suspect the existence of Norvegicus and his wererats, but they don’t know who





is involved. Can they stop the creatures' plan to dominate the Guild?

- One of the Guild's informants seems to be a double agent, feeding information to the Guild AND the city guard both. Can the PCs find out the culprit and eliminate him or her? (Or, alternatively, can the PCs—working with the city guard—bring the double agent “in from the cold” before the Guild discovers the agent's identity and terminates him/her?)

- The moneylenders have started using a new kind of letter of credit that's reputed to be impossible to forge. Can the Guildmember PCs acquire a copy of the new credit letter for the “mechanics” to work on? (Or, alternatively, can the PCs protect the secret from the Guild?)

- There are some things—particularly well-known works of art—that are virtually impossible to fence. Can the PCs track down a buyer for such an item? (And can they be sure that the supposed buyer isn't actually a police or city guard agent?)

- The Guildmember PCs are assigned to hunt down and kill a particularly irksome renegade. (Alternatively, the freelance PCs are the target of a determined Guild “police action.”)

- A jealous colleague decides to “do a number on” a Guildmember PC. Starting with rumors and subtle political maneuvering, he starts to destroy the PC's credibility within the Guild. Can the PC identify the culprit and stop him before the damage goes too far?

- A Guildmember PC must perform a Thieves' Run to gain his next rank, or is ordered to act as “stalker” for another thief's Run. (Or, non-Guild PCs find themselves caught up in the middle of a Run. Perhaps an item they casually picked up contains the clue for the next stage in a senior thief's Run. Now they have the thief *and* the stalkers after them.)

- The Guild PCs must “remind” a recalcitrant merchant that it's time to “renew his insurance.” (Or, a terrified merchant asks the PCs to defend him against the vengeance of the Guild.)

- The PCs must keep a future target under close surveillance. (Or the non-Guild PCs notice that their accommodation seems to be under Guild surveillance. Why?)

Thieves' House

Located on Murder Alley between Cheap Street and the Street of the Silk Merchants, the four-story Thieves' House is the official home and headquarters of the Thieves' Guild of Lankhmar. It is constructed sturdily of stone and wood, and is as proof as any building in Lankhmar against fire. Its roof is slate and steeply canted and can be accessed by several ladders; the design dispenses with the small ceiling windows typical of Lankhmar architecture. The building has few windows—an advantage from the point of view of security, but a grave disadvantage from the standpoint of light. Most rooms must be lit, day and night, by oil lamps.

Much of Thieves' House is taken up by barracks for lower-ranking thieves and more opulent quarters for the “aristocracy” of the Guild. Although many Guildmembers live within the House—the rent is free, after all—a good number prefer to pay for their own quarters outside the House's walls. By so doing, they avoid the chores and other duties assigned to House residents; on the negative side, they also give up the safety provided by the House's elaborate security provisions.

First Floor

1. Entry hall. The door to the Thieves' House is always open and is approached from an alley off Cheap Street. This hall is lit by torches. The front wall appears to be very thick; this is because there is a small gallery above the door where two guards are always stationed, armed with short swords, knives and strangler's nooses (treat as garrotes). In the floor is a trapdoor leading down to a room in the

cellar (area 116). In this room is stationed a third guard, who emerges from the trapdoor to help the door guards above if he hears trouble. The cellar guard is also armed with a short sword and knife.

Guards: AC 8; MV 12”; T3; hp 3-18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2.

2. Pickpocketing classroom. Instructors (most under the orders of the Recruitmaster but some working as freelance tutors) use this room to teach other thieves—usually Guild apprentices—how to pick pockets and slit purses.

During class times (see the daily schedule in the section on “Daily Operations”), there are 1-3 instructors and 4-12 apprentices; at other times, there's a 35% chance that 2 thieves (level 2-8) are present, practicing their skills.

Instructor(s): AC 10; MV 12”; T3-6; THAC0 19/19/18/18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2-3.

Apprentice: AC 10; MV 12”; T1; hp 1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 1.

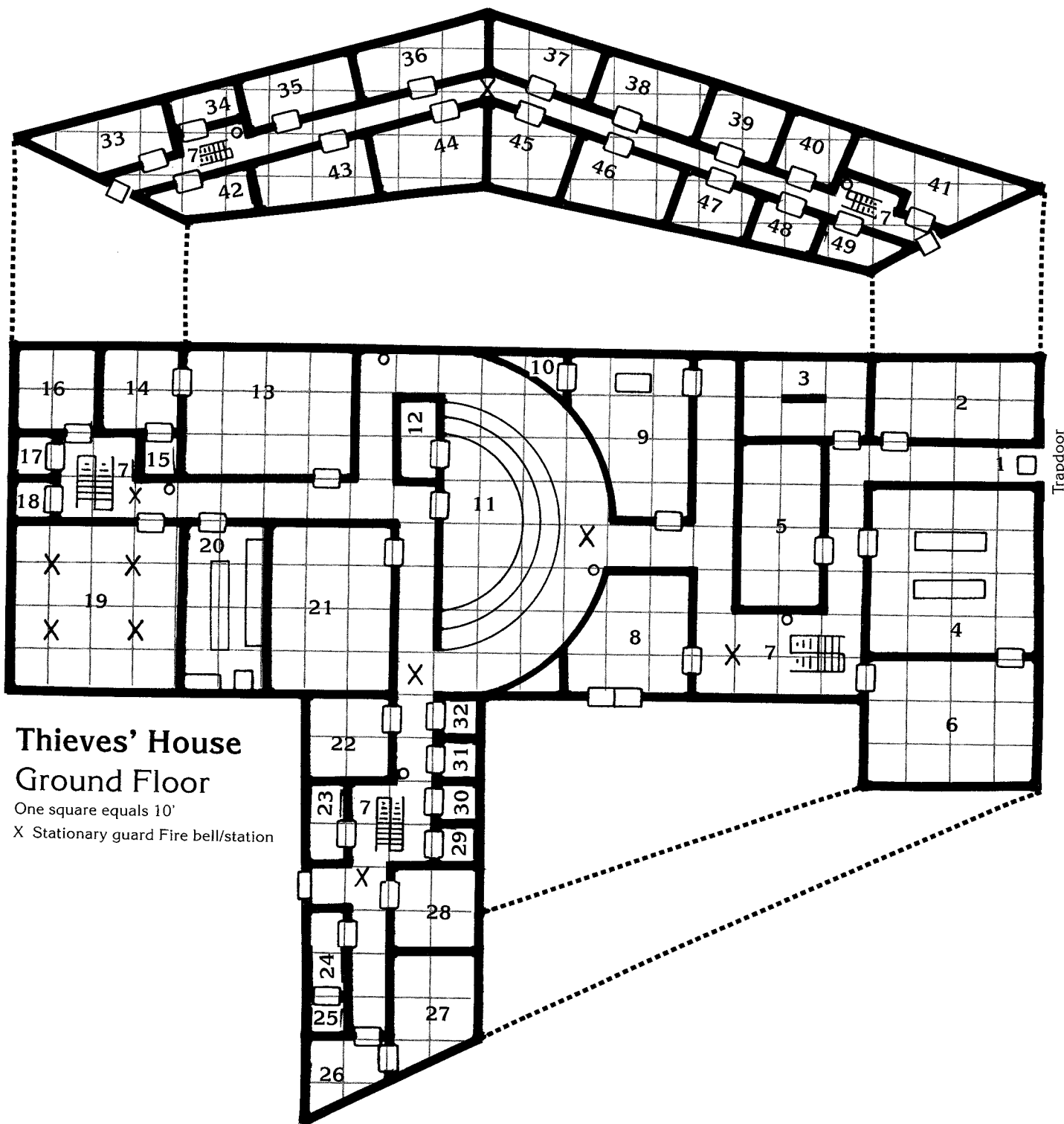
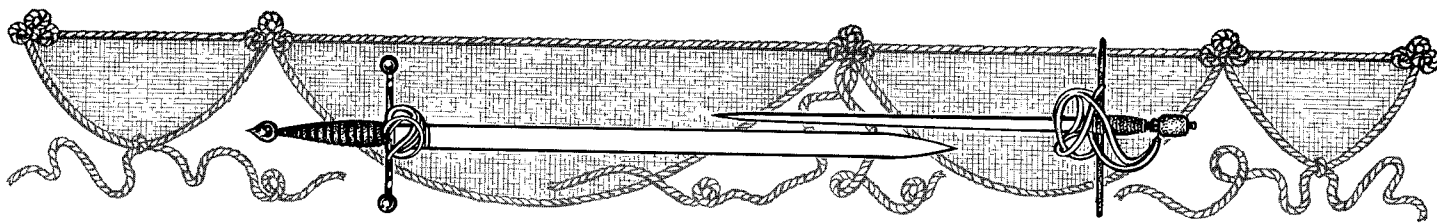
Thieves rarely come to the classrooms armed with anything but their thief's knife.

3. Lockpicking laboratory. The most noticeable feature of the room is a 6' tall partition in which are mounted a staggering variety of locks, small doors, compartments, etc. The air smells of metal and oil. There are also several small worktables in this room at which student thieves can practice assembling and disassembling a variety of padlocks.

During class times, 1-3 instructors and 2-8 students are present; at other times, there's a 40% chance that 1-3 thieves (level 2-8) are present, practicing their skills.

Instructor(s): AC 10; MV 12”; T3-6; THAC0 19/19/18/18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2-3.

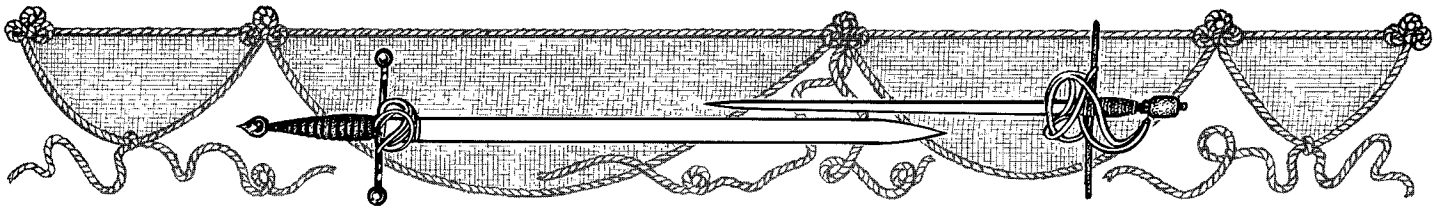
Student(s): AC 10; MV 12”; T1-2; THAC0 20/20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 1.



Thieves' House Ground Floor

One square equals 10'
 X Stationary guard Fire bell/station

Trapdoor



4. Refectory. Thieves who live in Thieves' House—and many who don't—eat here at several long tables. During mealtimes, there are anywhere from 30 to 60 (30+3d10) thieves of all levels present; between mealtimes, there are usually a few (1d6-1) thieves present, chatting among themselves.

5. Tumbling room. Part of the floor is padded. Here thieves are taught the skills of slipping, dodging, ducking, tumbling, tripping, and otherwise foiling pursuit. During class times, there are 1-2 instructors and 4-8 students; at other times, the room is unoccupied (older, more experienced thieves usually get all the practice they need on the street).

Instructor(s): AC 10; MV 12"; T3-6; THAC0 19/19/18/18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2-3.

Student(s): AC 10; MV 12"; T1-2; THAC0 20/20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 1.

6. Kitchen. There are worksurfaces along both long walls, and a table down the middle of the room. At the east end of the room is a large fireplace with racks, griddles, etc. for cooking. Hanging from the ceiling throughout are large pots and pans, bunches of spices, ropes of garlic, etc. Everything is kept scrupulously clean.

For one hour before and during mealtimes, there are 4-6 cooks present, preparing the meal; for a half-hour after mealtimes, there are 2-4 thieves (level 1-3) assigned clean-up duty.

Cooks: AC 10; MV 12"; T1-3; THAC0 20/20/19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3.

7. Stairwells. Only the stairwell marked with the asterisk goes all the way up to the fourth floor and down to the basement. Others usually only give access to the floor above or below.

8. Loading bay. An organization the size of the Guild goes through a fair amount of food, drink, and other

supplies every day. Deliveries to replenish the House's stock are usually made on a weekly basis.

The two large wooden doors are secured by 4 separate locks and are chained and barred from within. Only the Logistics officer has keys. Once inside, supplies are taken by the thieves on duty down the nearby stairwell to the storage rooms in the cellars.

9. Chapel. By tradition, services have always been held here at midnight on the night of the new moon. Over the years, the god(s) to whom the services were directed have changed. Currently, both the Jackdaw God (beast cult) and the Dead Master Thieves are revered in the monthly services.

Opposite the door in the south wall is a black-draped altar. On it rest some shiny pieces of costume jewelry (of negligible value, although robbers might not know that) and a human skull, brown with age (most definitely *not* the skull of a master thief; the donor was some adventurer who tried to interfere with a Guild operation).

The monthly services last 1 hour and are led by the Grandmaster or someone designated by him (usually an officer). Services are attended by 11-16 thieves (the older, more experienced thieves tend to be more devout, so the thieves present are usually level 7-12).

10. Storage room. This wedge-shaped room is where such things as altar dressings, etc. were kept, in the days when the services were well-attended. Now this room is almost empty and rarely used.

11. Chapter room. This is designed like an amphitheatre, with rows of benches set step-wise up the amphitheatre so that even the back row can see. The room is large enough to seat 150 men. Light is supplied by torches held in brackets mounted on the walls. The semicircular stage area has a podium, and other equipment (chalk boards and the like)

can be rolled in from a small storage room (area 12). Suspended from the ceiling over the stage area, where it can be seen by everyone sitting in the room, is the emblem of the Thieves' Guild: an enlarged representation of a silver-hilted knife suspended by two identical silver chains (the knife is big enough to be a broadsword; the chains are the same scale).

This room is used when the Guild leadership must address the rank and file (it was built when the Guild was considerably smaller). Such meetings are rare and are always led by the Grandmaster.

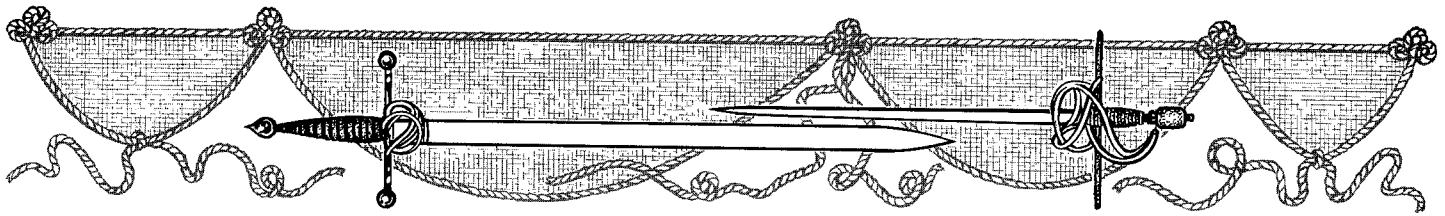
12. Storage room. This room contains equipment sometimes used in the chapter room: chalk boards, pointers, maps, etc.

13. Armory. Although Guild thieves are responsible for their own personal weapons, occasionally the Guild requires special weapons for a particular job. These are issued by the guild armorer, a large unpleasant man referred to as "Blades" (nobody knows his real name). The armory is his personal territory, and even the Grandmaster thinks twice before overruling a decision by Blades.

The armory contains a number of every weapon usable by the thief character class—and several that aren't. There are also specialized items, such as crossbows modified to fire bolts with ropes attached or spears with spring-loaded barbs that extend on impact.

The armory is also where thieves can bring their personal weapons for repair (for a fee, of course). Blades is a weaponsmith of some skill and he enjoys experimenting with new ways to put a scalpel-sharp edge on a weapon.

There's a 75% chance that Blades is in the armory area (rooms 13-15) at any time, day or night—probably lovingly polishing some of his beloved weapons. When he's not present, the door to the corridor is locked; only Blades and the Logistics officer have keys (though the Logistics officer usu-



ally doesn't open the door without Blades' permission anyway).

"Blades": AC 10; MV 12"; F6; hp 48; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 4.

14. Weaponsmith's work area.

Here can be found most of the tools of the weaponsmith's trade: hammers, whetstones, grinding wheels, etc. There's also a small forge and quenching bath; but, since Blades concentrates more on weapon repair than creation, he rarely uses it. Scattered on short worktables throughout the room are weapons and other pieces of equipment in various states of repair.

15. Storage room. Blades uses this room to store his equipment when it's not in use. The storage boxes and shelves are full of tools, scraps of metal, boxes of rings (for making ring-mail coils, etc.), pieces of leather, sheets of sharkskin (for wrapping swordhilts), and similar paraphernalia.

16.-18. File rooms. A bureaucracy as big as the Thieves' Guild generates a staggering amount of paperwork and all this paper must be stored somewhere. These rooms are lined with wooden filing cabinets packed to bursting with paper: personnel records, notes on operations, forms tracking the disposition of other forms, *ad infinitum, ad nauseum*. The filing system is so cryptic and convoluted that it's unlikely that anyone not working in the Research & Records department will ever find what they're looking for. (There's not much here of interest to anyone but a bureaucrat anyway.)

During office hours (0900 to 1700), there's a 75% chance that each of these rooms is occupied by 1 (75%) or 2 (25%) filing clerks, doing something incomprehensible with the paperwork. Outside office hours, the rooms are locked; all members of the Research & Records department have keys.

Filing clerk: AC 10; MV 12"; T1; hp

1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3. Clerks are never armed with anything more than their knives (which they always carry to remind others that they are more than just "office drones;" they're thieves too).

19. Forgers' workroom. This large room is broken up into a number of individual carrels. Here the forgers of the Guild work to copy monetary instruments (promissory notes, letters of credit, and the like), forge letters of mark from the Overlord, etc. During office hours (0900 to 1700), there are 2-8 forgers present. At other times the door is locked, although there's a 10% chance that 1 forger will be working late. All forgers plus the Operations Master's staff have keys.

Shelves around the walls contain samples of the Guild's work, plus archives showing how such things as letters of credit have changed over the years (by studying the pattern of development, a good forger might even be able to predict how such things might change in the future). The shelves are also used to store the tools and materials of forgery.

Forgers: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level (60%) or T1 (40%); hp 1-4 or 1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 3. The forgers are usually small, intense men with limited interpersonal skills and bad distance vision.

20. Counterfeiters' lab. There are work surfaces around the walls and a marble-topped table in the middle of the room. On the tabletops are the tools of the counterfeiter's trade: delicate jeweler's implements, fine chisels and carving tools, wax for taking impressions, clay for making molds, etc. In one corner is a small closed forge, in which burns a fire hot enough to melt copper. During office hours, there are 1-4 counterfeiters present, investigating new ways of counterfeiting coins, creating fake jewelry, and imitating valuable works of art. Outside office hours, the room is empty and the door locked; the

counterfeiters and the Operations Master's staff have keys.

Counterfeiters: AC 10; MV 12; 0-level (60%) or T1 (40%); hp 1-4 or 1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 3. The counterfeiters are similar in nature to the forgers in area 19.

21. Exercise room. The room contains a selection of free weights and some mats for tumbling practice. There's a 50% chance that the room will be occupied by 1-3 thieves, levels 1-12, working out.

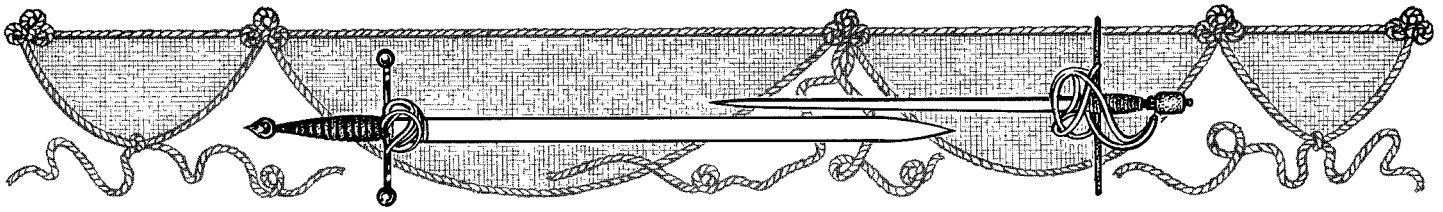
22. Climbing room. The ceiling is some 30' high. The northwest wall is divided into several sections, each composed of a different surface: tightly-fit bricks, loose, rough-hewn stone, wooden planks, crumbling stone blocks, etc. The floor directly at the foot of this wall is padded (diminishes falling damage to one-quarter of normal). During class time, 1-2 instructors teach 4-6 students in the finer points of climbing walls. At other times, there's a 40% chance that 1-3 thieves, levels 3-8, are practicing their skills.

Instructor(s): AC 10; MV 12"; T3-6; THAC0 19/19/18/18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2-3.

Student(s): AC 10; MV 12"; T1-2; THAC0 20/20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 1.

23. Floorplan storage room. Over the years, the Thieves' House has "acquired" a lot of floorplans, most purchased from architects not averse to accepting the Guild's coin. These are cataloged and kept in this room, carefully stored in large, flat drawers.

24. Library. Under the authority of the Research & Records department, this room is lined with full bookcases. All books deal in one way or another with the thieving arts (there are no magical tomes present). The door is never locked, since thieves may need to use the books at any hour. There's a 50% chance that a librarian is present, reshelving books; there's also a 25%



chance that another thief (level 2-12) is present, doing research).

Librarian: AC 10; MV 12"; T1; hp 1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3.

25. Secured library. The door to this tiny room is securely locked (-30% penalty to Open Locks roll) and only the Research & Records officer and the Grandmaster have keys. Within are books which the Guild considers either too inflammatory or too valuable for public reading. These include copies of a philosophical tract written by a famous renegade of yesteryear arguing that a centralized Guild is an anachronism that should be destroyed; a book (in translation) by someone called Mack O'Vali, teaching the niceties of political machinations; and other such fascinating reading material. There are rumors that the room also contains one copy each of the *Manual of Quickness of Action* and the *Manual of Stealthy Pilfering*. Only the Research & Records officer and the Grandmaster have keys to this room.

26. Clinic. When Guildmembers get injured in the line of duty, they can come to the House's private clinic for free treatment. This treatment is limited to cleaning and binding of wounds, cautery where necessary, and stitching; no white wizard would agree to cast healing spells for the Thieves' Guild. The Guild's private doctor—Kent—was once a member of the Fellowship of Physicians, but was expelled when it was found he'd killed a patient by operating while drunk. Unable to earn a legitimate living in his old profession, he jumped at the opportunity when the Thieves' Guild offered him a job.

The room is fairly clean, with a single "operating table" in the center and some smaller tables bearing tools of the medical trade.

There's a 25% chance that Kent is present, probably stitching up a thief (level 1-8) who made a mistake on an operation. The door to the corridor is never locked.

Kent: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N(G); social level 2. When he's sober—which isn't often (15% of the time)—Kent is competent at binding and treating minor injuries or illnesses.

27. Sanitorium. Called "the san" by the thieves, this is where injured or ill thieves can stay during their convalescence. There are four beds. The patients are tended, and the room cleaned, by a thief named Jaib, whose main job is to learn everything that Kent can teach him (before the Guild eliminates the drunken doctor).

There are 1d4-1 thieves (level 1-8) temporarily residing in the san. There's a 30% chance that Jaib is cleaning up and a 10% chance that Kent is present.

Jaib: AC 10; MV 12"; T1; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 9, I 15, W 13, D 13, C 10, Ch 9; AL LN.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 10%, FT 35%, MS 10%, HS 5%, DN 35%, CW 60%, RL 20%. Jaib is a smart young man, well able to learn whatever Kent can teach him. In time, he'll become a much better medic than his mentor.

28. Master Floor Planner's workroom. It is here that Dickon (see page 47 in *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*) creates the detailed maps and scale models often used for the planning of raids. The worktable is covered with the tools of his trade—parchments, fine pens and brushes, pots of ink, pieces of wood, delicate woodworking tools, etc.—and with partially complete maps and scale models. Dickon loves his work, so there's a 75% chance at any time of finding him working away on a new project. When he's not present, the door is locked; Dickon and the Operations Master have the only keys.

29.–32. Bookkeepers' offices. These small cell-like offices have just enough room for a desk, a chair, and a small filing cabinet. During office

hours, each is occupied by one junior bookkeeper; at other times, the door is locked (the individual bookkeeper and the Bookkeeping & Finance officer have keys).

Bookkeeper(s): AC 10; MV 12"; T1(40%)/T2(30%)/T3(30%); hp 1-6/2-12/3-18; THAC0 20/20/19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3.

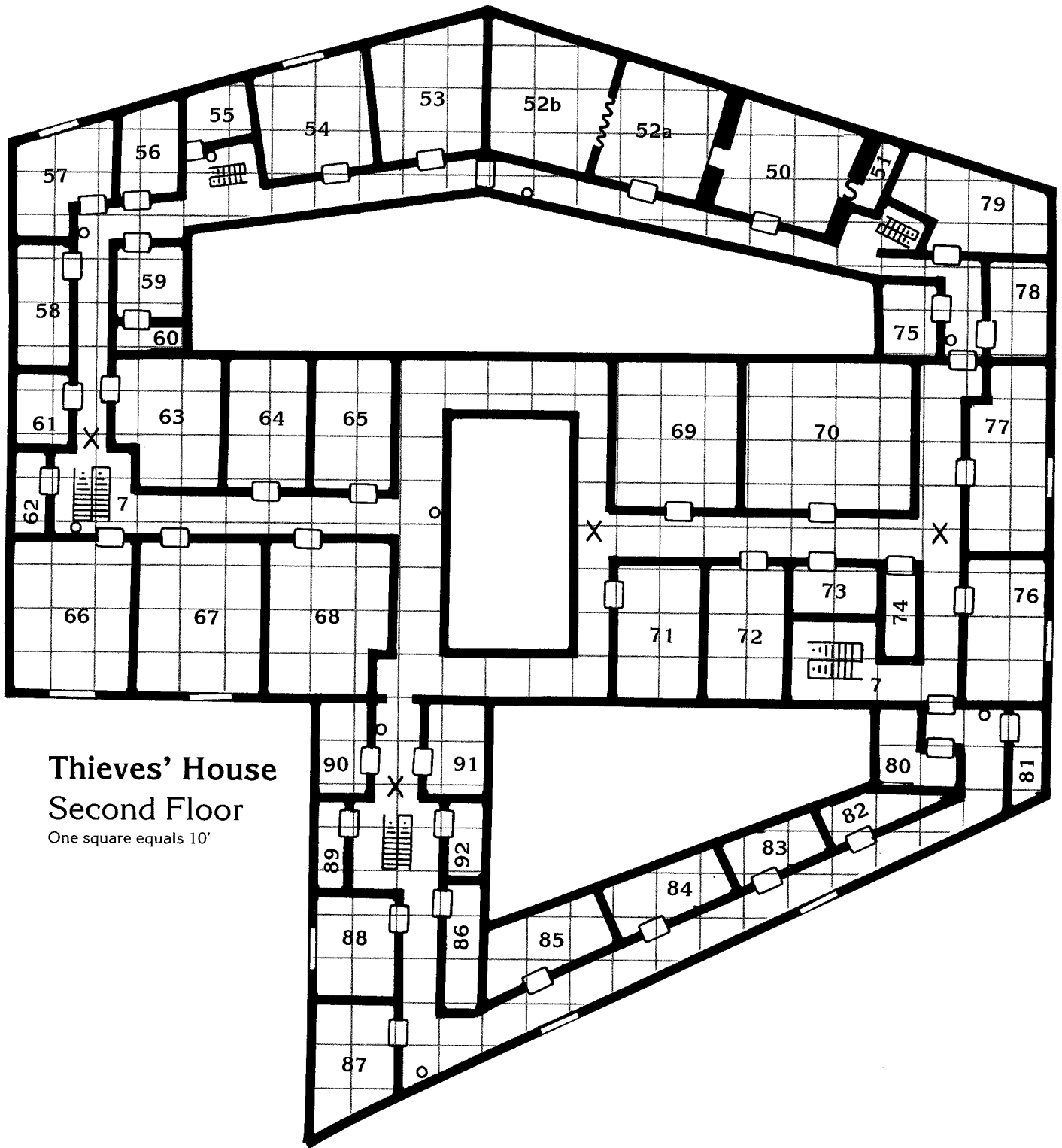
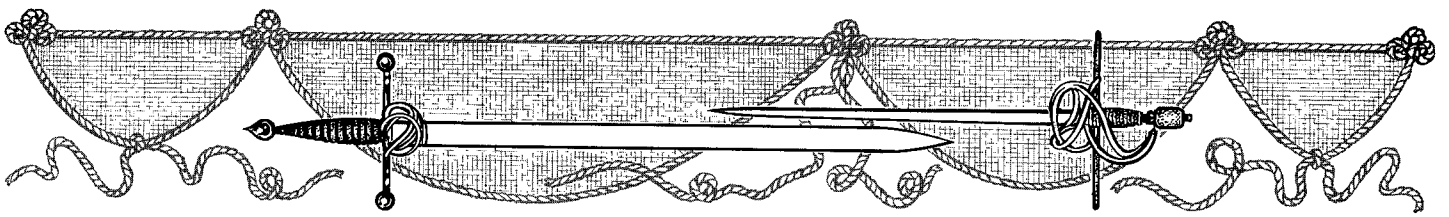
33.–49. Barracks. These rooms house those thieves who live in Thieves' House. They are set up like army barracks, with bunk beds and wooden lockers mounted on the walls. Thieves are usually segregated with regard to rank, but this isn't always possible. In general, the higher the ranking, the fewer the number of thieves barracked in one room.

Rooms 33, 35, 36, 41, 43, and 44 house 12 thieves, levels 1-3 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 39, 40, and 42 house 10 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 37, 38, 45, 46, and 47 house 4 thieves, levels 7-9 (1-4 present at any time); rooms 48 and 49 house 4 thieves, levels 10-13 (0-3 [1d4-1] present at any time). Room 34, though small, will usually house 1-2 thieves, levels 10-13 (1 present 25% of the time)

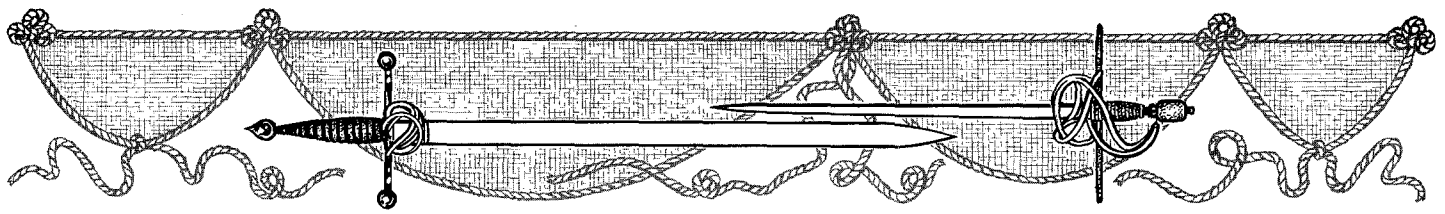
Lockers typically contain clothes, personal equipment, and perhaps some money (most thieves—particularly those of higher rank—have places off-site to stash their wealth; there's no honor among thieves, after all . . .).

Second Floor

50. Grandmaster's study. This is a large room with two alcoves set in the east and west walls. In the center is a heavy cypress table. Around the table are half a dozen comfortable chairs (for private meetings). There are other, more plushly upholstered chairs elsewhere in the room. The east and west walls are filled with bookcases. The books—most of them unread—cover a bewildering range of subjects: histories of Lankhmar (land and city), tomes on the locksmith's art,



Thieves' House
Second Floor
One square equals 10'



political tracts, metaphysical musings, and so on.

On a pedestal in the eastern alcove is a bust of a man in vigorous middle-age (it's Omphal as he appeared in life). Grasping the bust's head and turning it clockwise (as though breaking the man's neck) causes a secret door to open in the back of the alcove, leading to area 51.

The western alcove is empty apart from some decorative wall hangings.

51. Secret passageway. Half-way down the passage is a cord hanging from the ceiling close to the wall. Pulling this cord causes weighted fabric to fall from the ceiling in the northern one-third of the passageway, entangling anyone in that area for 1-2 rounds. In the wall just below the cord, there is a lever. Pulling this lever causes a heavy stone door to slowly shut just south of the lever's location in the wall, effectively sealing off the northern two-thirds of the passage. It takes the door 15 seconds to completely shut. This gives the person who pulled the lever sufficient time to pass through, but probably not enough time for a pursuer to make it. The first pursuer must make a 1d20 check against Dexterity (modified by a -1 penalty for each round the pursuer might have been entangled in the weighted fabric). A successful check means that the pursuer has made it through the door before it shuts. A failed check means that the pursuer must make another 1d20 check against Dexterity or be caught by the door (inflicting 2-24 points of damage). Once shut, the door cannot be opened from within the passage. The only release is on the far side of the door, just inside the secret entrance into the passageway from the Grandmaster's study.

This passageway used to lead to the residence of Ivlis, one-time consort to Grandmaster Krovas, in Squill's tenement (see pages 26 and 50 of *Lankmar, City of Adventure*). Since the death of Krovas, the door in the north end of the passage that once opened into Ivlis' quarters has been

sealed from both the Guild and the tenement sides. It is now a solid wall and cannot be entered or exited except by destructive or magical means.

52. Grandmaster's quarters. They are opulently furnished, and almost indecently comfortable. All floors are carpeted and all walls bear rather valuable works of art (these used to belong to various collectors around the city). There is a living area (area 'a'), furnished with plush chairs and a low table, where the Grandmaster sometimes takes his meals, and an adjoining bedroom (area 'b'), which sports a bed big enough for a mid-sized orgy. Light in both rooms comes from "candlesticks" carved from solid gold (8 of them, each worth 50 gold rilks), on whose "wicks" *continual light* has been cast. Beside each candlestick is a metal cap which fits over the wick to "turn out the light."

The Grandmaster of the Thieves' Guild is a wealthy man, even more wealthy than most of the rank and file know. Although he keeps most of his possessions off-site (stashed in various repositories around town, many of which have been handed down from Grandmaster to Grandmaster over the generations), he does have some "spending money" concealed in his suite. Underneath his bed is a shallow wooden box, 12" on a side and 4" deep. It's locked (only the Grandmaster has a key) and defended by a poison needle trap (save vs. poison at -2 or die unpleasantly in 1-4 rounds). The box contains a few choice pieces "requisitioned" from the Thieves' House vaults: a diamond-encrusted brooch (value 2,500 gold rilks), a ruby pendant (1,000 gold rilks), a platinum goblet studded with emeralds (10,000 gold rilks), a finely-worked gold signet ring bearing the crest of an Ilthmart noble family (2,000 gold rilks), and a velvet bag of small diamonds (each worth 300 gold rilks).

During the day, there's a 30% chance that Grandmaster Grav (see Chapter 8 for Grav's statistics) is present; at night, the chance increases to 85%.

53. Recruitmaster's office. Norvegicus the Recruitmaster (described in the section entitled "The Wererats") has a spartan, almost bare office; but he still manages to keep it untidy. There are papers all over the desk and spreading onto the floor, little knickknacks spilling out of drawers, etc. Some of his colleagues have even go so far as to tease Norvegicus about his "rat's nest" of an office (none knows how close to the truth he's come). There's nothing incriminating in any of the papers; Norvegicus is very careful about that.

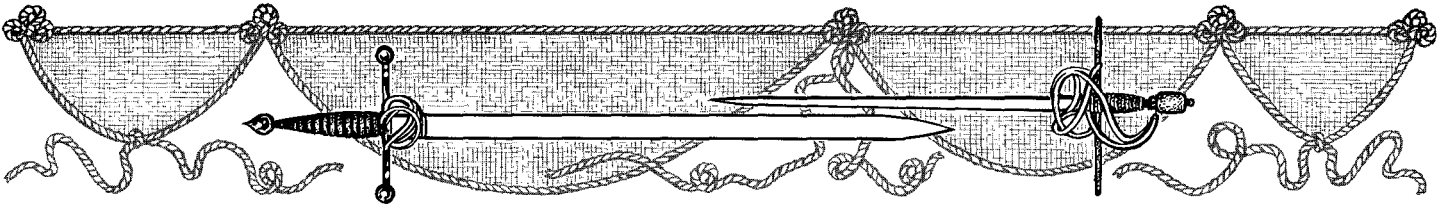
There's a 35% chance that Norvegicus is present; when he is not, the door is locked.

54. Recruitmaster's residence. Like his office, Norvegicus' quarters look like a tornado hit them. Clothes, papers, knickknacks, mementos, even coins and a couple of small gems (10 gold rilks base value) are strewn everywhere. His bed is never made. Concealed under his mattress is a long sword, lovingly cared for and wrapped in oilcloth to protect it. Hidden in the same place is a small leather pouch, containing a symbol of a rat cast in solid gold (value 50 gold rilks).

Norvegicus' room is one of the few rooms in the Thieves' House to have a window. However, that window is heavily barred on the outside and does not open. Thick, heavy curtains are always drawn on the inside. The window offers little light to the room.

There's a 25% chance that Norvegicus is present (when he is, he's in bed, bundled up in the sheets as though he's in a nest); when he's not present, the door is locked. Norvegicus has set a poison needle trap in the doorlock (save vs. poison or die in 2-6 rounds).

55. Storage room. This room contains a number of filing cabinets filled with obsolete files (personal histories on thieves now dead, duty rosters reaching back years, etc.). There's no good reason to keep these files; it's just that, as in any bureaucracy, files



are kept on hand until a conscious decision is made to destroy them.

56. Watchmaster's office. Although the office isn't overly large, Awad the Watchmaster has gone out of his way to make it as lavish as he can. There are fine carpets on the floor and paintings on the wall, and the ink pot and quill set on the desk is solid gold. The locked drawers of Awad's desk contain schedules for the guard watches that defend Thieves' House . . . plus a couple of throwing daggers. Awad is present 15% of the time. When he's not, the door is locked.

57. Watchmaster's residence. As with his office, Awad has taken time and trouble to make his quarters opulent. The furniture is of the finest quality, the bedsheets are sheerest silk, and the carpet is a rare eastern weave. Awad is very cautious about protecting what's his, so all of his valuable possessions are concealed off-site. This room also has a window. However, as in area 54, that window is heavily barred on the outside and cannot be opened. Thick, heavy curtains are almost always drawn on the inside. Awad allows a little natural sunlight to enter the room occasionally.

There's a 20% chance during the day that Awad is present; when he's not, the door is locked. This chance increases to 85% at night.

58. Bookkeeping & Finance Officer's office. There's a slightly foreign look to the decor of Bookkeeping & Finance Officer Prob's office, as though to remind others of his Sarheemart origin. The colors of the carpet are unusual; the small paintings on the wall display an unfamiliar but still pleasing style. Prob's desktop is completely bare; he prides himself on his ability to keep his office in an orderly state. Like Logistics Officer Carski, Prob has a small cot set up for those times he must work late.

There's a 90% chance of finding Prob here during office hours; this drops to 30% at other times. When

he's not present, the door is locked. Prob has the only key.

59. Paymaster's office. This is where Guildmembers come to pay their dues, hand over the proceeds from their operations, and to collect their cut, bonuses or salary. As with other business offices, this room is open from 0900 to 1700 and securely locked at all other times. Only the paymasters and the Bookkeeping & Finance Officer have keys.

The room's decor is spartan, with a single desk behind which sits one of several authorized paymasters. The paymaster's desk is flanked by 2 guards hired from the Slayers' Brotherhood. During business hours, the desk drawers contain 2-200 iron tiks, 2-200 bronze agols, 1-100 silver smerduks and 4-80 gold rilks, plus records and ledgers. The cash drawers are cleaned out every three hours, and at the end of business hours, and their contents taken down—under guard—to the vaults. Outside business hours, there is nothing of value in this room.

Paymaster: AC 10; MV 12"; T7; hp 33; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; thief skills: PP 45%, OL 40%, FT 35%, MS 40%, HS 35%, DN 45%, CW 90%, RL 30%; AL LN; social level 3. The paymaster is armed with his thief's knife and a short sword.

Guards (x2): AC 7; MV 9"; F5; hp 35,38; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL (L)N; social level 2. They wear studded leather armor and are usually armed with broadswords and light cross-bows (although choice of weapons is left up to the individual guards).

60. File room. Cabinets contain ledgers recording the amounts paid to and by Guildmembers. The paymasters have the only keys.

61. Research & Records Officer's office. The walls of Research & Records Officer Arrik's office are lined with wooden filing cabinets. His desk is covered with neat piles of papers. The only personal touch in the entire room is a small framed painting on the

desk: it depicts an innocent-looking red-headed woman (Arrik's lover Ylalal).

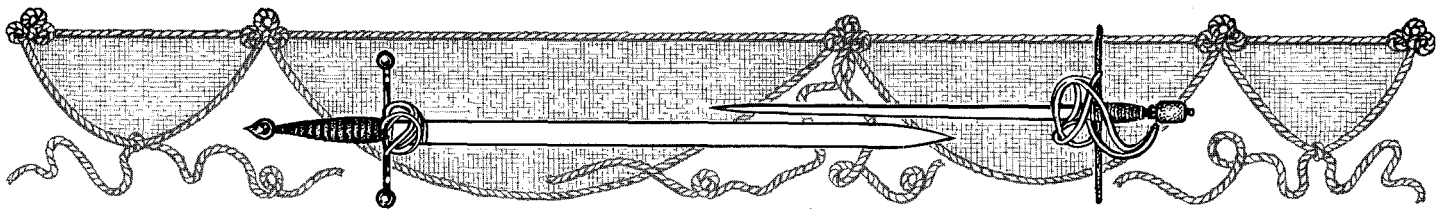
There's a 75% chance of finding Arrik here during office hours; this drops to 10% at other times. When he's not present, the door is locked; Arrik has the only key.

62. File room. This room is identical in purpose to rooms 16-18 on the ground floor. During office hours (0900 to 1700), there's a 75% chance that the room is occupied by 1 (75%) or 2 (25%) filing clerks, doing something incomprehensible with the paperwork. Outside office hours, the room is locked; all members of the Research & Records department have keys.

63.-68. Barracks. These rooms are similar to rooms 33-49. Rooms 66-68 house 12-24 thieves, levels 1-3 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 63-65 house 10-20 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time). The windows indicated in rooms 66 and 67 have been sealed—somewhat crudely—and offer no light or means of entrance.

69. Wizard's workroom. This is where the black wizard Hristomilo did his magical work when Krovas was Grandmaster. Since the death of Hristomilo, no one has been brave enough to tamper with its contents—even to dispose of them. Thus the room is basically the same as it was when Hristomilo was alive.

The floor is marble, darkly colorful, and complexly whorled. The walls are hung with astrological and anthropomorphic charts while the shelves hold cryptically labelled porcelain and glass jars that contain unidentifiable—but obviously rotten—specimens. Down the center of the room is a wood-topped table supported by many metal legs. The table is covered with flasks, alembics, cucurbits, and other pieces of specialized glassware, many of which are broken. The tabletop is marked in many places with stains and burns, and halfway down some lava-like substance has hard-



ened to form a solid “waterfall” to the floor. Nothing in the room will prove of any use to a black or white wizard: neglect has seen to that.

This room is always empty, save for a 50% chance of 1-3 rats. The rats aren't hostile; in fact, they seem more sad, as though seeking for something—or someone—that's lost to them.

Rats: AC 7; HD 1/4; hp 1,1,2; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease; AL N(E).

70. Map room/Councilchamber.

The floor of this large room is light-colored marble, the ceiling blue as lapis lazuli. In the center of the room is a round table constructed of ebony and ivory squares. About it are set eight straight-backed but well-padded chairs. The chair with its back to the door is larger and more plush than the others. (This of course is the Grandmaster's chair.)

Around the periphery of the room are smaller tables covered with models of dwelling houses and other buildings, accurate to the last detail: ventilation holes under roof gutters and ground-level drain holes, creviced wall or smooth. Many are cut away to show the layout of rooms, closets, strongrooms, doorways, corridors, secret passages, smokeholes and airways.

From knee-height up, the entire wall opposite the door is a map of Lankhmar and its immediate environs. Every building and street is depicted. There are signs of recent erasure and redrawing at many spots, and here and there little colored hieroglyphs of mysterious import (these mark concealed entrances to the sewers and other items of interest to thieves).

The northwest wall is covered with all manner of thieves' tools, from thick prybars to tiny telescoping wands useful for reaching through windows to hook items of jewelry from a dressing table.

The southeast wall bears all sorts of quaint, gold-gleaming, jewel-en-

crusted objects, mementos chosen for their oddity. These range from a female mask of thin gold, thickly set with rubies simulating the spots of the pox (value 1,000 gold rilks), to a knife whose blade is wedge-shaped diamonds set side by side (value 10,000 gold rilks). (The DM can determine the other items as he or she feels fit; remember that oddity rather than value is the criterion.)

There is a 10% chance that 1-3 thieves, levels 2-12, are using this room to plan an operation; there's a 25% chance that at least one of these thieves is a Guild officer).

71.-73. Barracks. These rooms are similar to rooms 33-49. Rooms 71 and 72 house 10 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time); room 73 houses 4 thieves, levels 10-13 (0-3 [1d4-1] present at any time).

74. Disguising room. The room is full of racks of garments, rich and plain, spotless and filthy. There are also wig stands, shelves of beards and such, and several wall mirrors faced by small tables crowded with cosmetics. Each table has a stool in front of it. There's a 10% chance that at least one thief (level 1-12) will always be present in this room, working on a disguise.

75. Barracks. This room houses 4 thieves, levels 10-13 (0-3 [1d4-1] present at any time).

76. Logistics Officer's office. As well as the usual desk, chair, and filing cabinet, Logistics Officer Carski also has a small cot set up in his office. The window in this room is barred and heavily draped. Carski rarely opens the drapes for fear someone will see into his offices from the outside. He is pressing to have the window sealed.

There's an 85% chance of finding Carski here, either working away or catching a few hours' sleep on the cot. On the few occasions that he's away from his office, the door is locked; Carski has the only key.

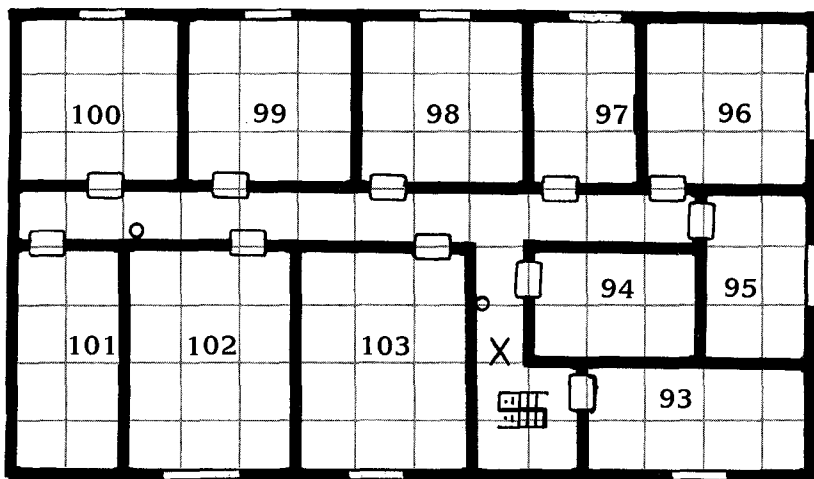
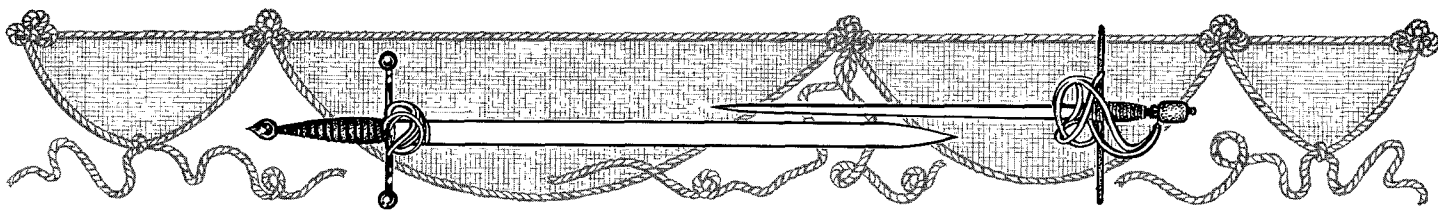
77. Operations Master's office/meeting room. The office of Pedeen, the Operations Master, is large enough to be called a meeting room. At the south end of the room is his desk, a comfortable chair, and a small bookcase containing bound notes. A separate furniture grouping includes a round table and 6 chairs. One wall sports a chalk board. It's here that Operations Master Pedeen—by himself, or in collaboration with others—plans the innovative operations that have earned him his reputation in the Guild.

The window in this room is as the others on the second floor, heavily barred on the outside and draped on the inside. However, Pedeen enjoys the sunlight and on many occasions leaves the drapes open. He is considered somewhat daring, even reckless, by his colleagues since an open window could invite disaster—an assassination attempt, for example. Pedeen seems to be oblivious to the danger. He is not entirely imprudent, though, and closes the drapes during planning sessions. He is also cautious enough to remove all plans from the chalk board and tables, etc. before he opens the drapes. There is little to no chance of discovering Guild operation plans by peeping through the window from an adjacent rooftop (though some unfortunates have been caught—and died—trying).

There's a 60% chance that this room will be occupied: either by Pedeen alone (65%) or by Pedeen plus 1-4 other thieves, levels 2-12 (35%). When he's not present, the door is locked.

Since Pedeen has a penthouse elsewhere in the city, he has no assigned residence in Thieves' House.

78. Housemaster's office. This is where Smit the Housemaster draws up the roster which assigns particular thieves to cleaning duty, kitchen duty, etc. within Thieves' House. It's a fairly spartan office, with an unremarkable desk, a couple of chairs, and a small filing cabinet. At any hour, there's a 25% chance that Smit will be at his desk, working away; when he's not, the door is locked.

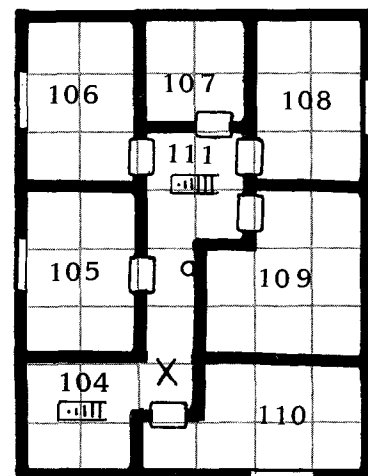


Thieves' House Third Floor

One square equals 10'

X Stationary guard

Fire bell/station



Fourth Floor

79. Housemaster's residence. In contrast to his office, Smit's large single-room residence is comfortable, albeit modest when compared to the quarters of other officers. There's a bed, a table, and several padded chairs, plus a small bookcase. On the walls are various mementos from Smit's long and distinguished career: a banner from an Ilthmart trireme, a small painting depicting the eldest son of an earlier Overlord, and other such items. These aren't valuable, but hold significant memories for Smit.

Smit is present 25% of the time; when he's not, the door is locked.

80.-92. Barracks. Rooms 83 and 88 house 12 thieves, levels 1-3 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 84, 85, and 87 house 10 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 82, 86, 90, and 91 house 4 thieves, levels 7-9 (1-4 present at any time); rooms 80, 81, 89, and 92 house 4 thieves, levels 10-13 (0-3 [1d4-1] present at any time).

Third Floor

93.-103. Barracks. Rooms 93, 96, 98, 99, 100, 102, and 103 house 12 thieves, levels 1-3 (2-8 present at any time); rooms 94, 95, 97, and 101 house 10 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time).

The windows on this and the fourth floor are also heavily barred and draped; the drapes are never opened. The rank-and-file that live in these rooms are overly paranoid about the possibility of being seen by unfriendly eyes spying from the adjacent rooftops and becoming more easily identifiable in public. In truth, this is not likely to happen as no one is generally watching the windows of the third and fourth floors of Thieves' House; Guild sentries on neighboring rooftops always have the windows under surveillance (to prevent such an occurrence).

Fourth Floor

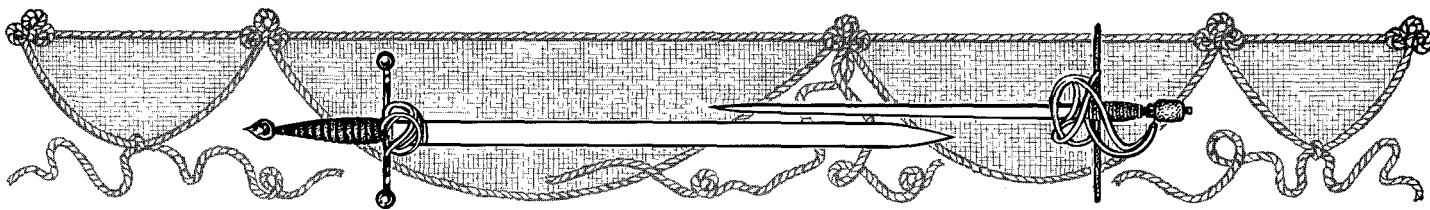
104. Stairwell. The stairs lead down only.

105.-108. Barracks. Rooms 105, 106, and 108 house 10 thieves, levels 4-7 (2-8 present at any time); room 107 houses 4 thieves, levels 7-9 (1-4 present at any time).

109. Slingers' "ready room." This is where the Thieves' House special roof defense—a detachment of expert slingers—is stationed, waiting for a call to defend the rooftops. A detachment consists of 1 officer and 6 slingers. There are chairs, tables, and reading materials scattered about the room. Most of the on-duty personnel spend their time napping, chatting, or sharpening blades.

Officer: AC 10; MV 12"; T2; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1 (sling) or 1d4 (dagger); AL LE; social level 1.

Slingers (x8): AC 10; MV 12"; T1/F1; hp 1-10; THAC0 19 (sling) or 20



(dagger); #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 3 (sling) or 1d4 (dagger); AL LE; social level 1. The slingers are cross-trained fighter/thieves, who have weapon specialization in the sling (giving them a +1 bonus "to hit" and a +2 damage bonus with that weapon only). The unit is unarmored; each member carries only his sling, a dozen sling bullets, and a dagger for close-in work.

110. Barracks. This room houses 12 thieves, levels 1-3 (2-8 present at any time).

111. Roof staircase. A narrow, exceedingly steep staircase leads up to the flat roof.

Basement

The basement is the known area beneath Thieves' House. There are stories that one or more cellars lie even deeper, but no one knows quite where . . . and after the death of Krovas, no one wants to go looking.

112. Stairwell. The stairs lead up only.

113.-114. Storerooms.

115. Guardroom. This room is directly below the entry hall on the ground floor (area 1). As explained in the description of area 1, this room is always occupied by a guard. If he hears combat or other commotion above, he opens a trapdoor in the ceiling of this room and leaps (climbs?) into the fray. (This is such dull duty that guards assigned it often bring something with them to combat the boredom—reading material, cards, or, perhaps, a flask of liquid entertainment. For this reason, this guard's concentration may not be of the highest if he ever has to act: figure-1-4 rounds delayed reaction, in most cases.)

116.-117. Vaults. The thick iron doors on both these rooms are secured by twin-key locks: both keys

must be inserted and turned simultaneously to open the doors. To pick these locks, two thieves must simultaneously work on both locks. Both thieves must succeed and the length of time taken for each thief can't differ by more than 3 rounds. (For example: Two thieves work on the door, each on one keyhole. Both make their Open Locks dice rolls, so both succeed. The time required to open a lock is 1d10 rounds. One thief rolls a 3, the other rolls a 7. This means that the first thief took only 3 minutes to manipulate his part of the lock, while the other took 7 minutes. The difference is greater than 3 rounds, so the thieves are unsuccessful: the first thief managed to manipulate his part of the lock mechanism, but by the time the second thief had done so, the first part of the lock mechanism had clicked shut again.)

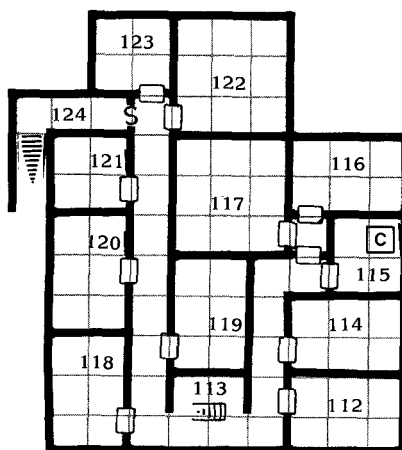
Note: the walls of both these rooms are made of brick and lined with iron; a great amount of effort and noise would be required to break into them via a wall.

Each Guild officer is given a key that works in only one of the two keyholes: thus two officers must cooperate to open the door of a vault. The only person in the Guild who possesses keys to both portions of the lock is the Grandmaster. The keys are so incredibly complex that the chance for a locksmith to successfully copy a key is one-half of normal.

The contents of the vaults are left up to the individual DM. As a guideline, however, remember that the Guild is rich: a total value of goods as high as 500,000 gold rilks per vault room isn't unthinkable.

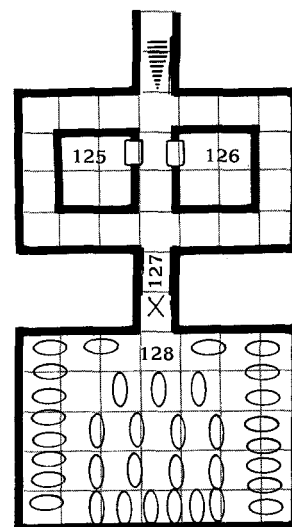
118. Pantry. This is a large, walk-in room containing the House's store of food.

119. Wine/beer cellar. The Guild supplies small amounts of wine or beer with meals (if it doesn't, it knows its members will get what they want elsewhere; this way it can at least partially control the amount consumed). Tuns of beer and barrels of wine (nei-

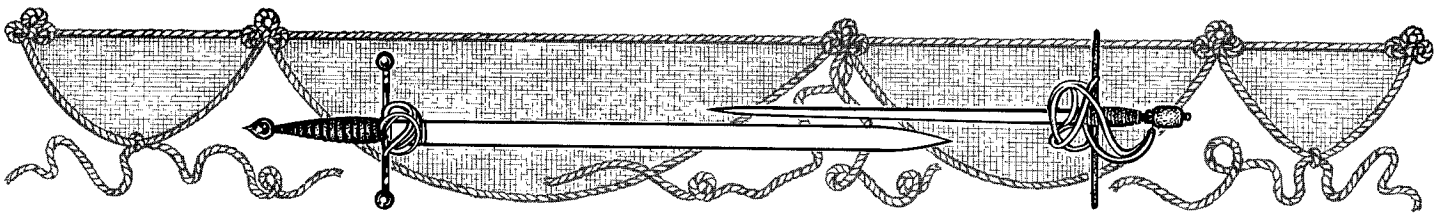


Thieves' House

Basement
One square equals 10'



Cellar



ther of particularly high quality) are stacked to the ceiling. The door is locked. The few keys in existence are issued on a daily basis by the Housemaster to those responsible for preparing the meals.

120. Equipment storeroom. Here the Guild keeps its cache of thieving equipment: pry bars of all sizes, lock-picking tools, ropes, grappling hooks, modified crossbow bolts, carbinieres and other climbing devices, and several additional pieces of equipment. (Assume that at least one sample of any imaginable, non-magical thieving tool can be found here.) The door is always locked; only the Logistics officer and selected members of his staff have keys. The lock is so complex as to penalize a thief's Open Locks roll by -20%.

121. Magical equipment storeroom. Over the years, the Guild has collected a fair number of magical items, ranging from simple enchanted daggers up to rare—and therefore ex-

tremely valuable—thieving-related items (see Chapter 6 for some examples). The Guild is very protective of these items, and will issue them to thieves only on rare occasions. (The DM must decide what and how many items are present, depending upon just how common magic items are in his or her campaign.)

The door is secured by the same type double lock as that used on the treasure vaults (areas 117-118). One key is held by the Logistics officer, the other by the Operations Master; even the Grandmaster must approach these officers if he wants a magical item for some reason, and even he must suitably justify his request.

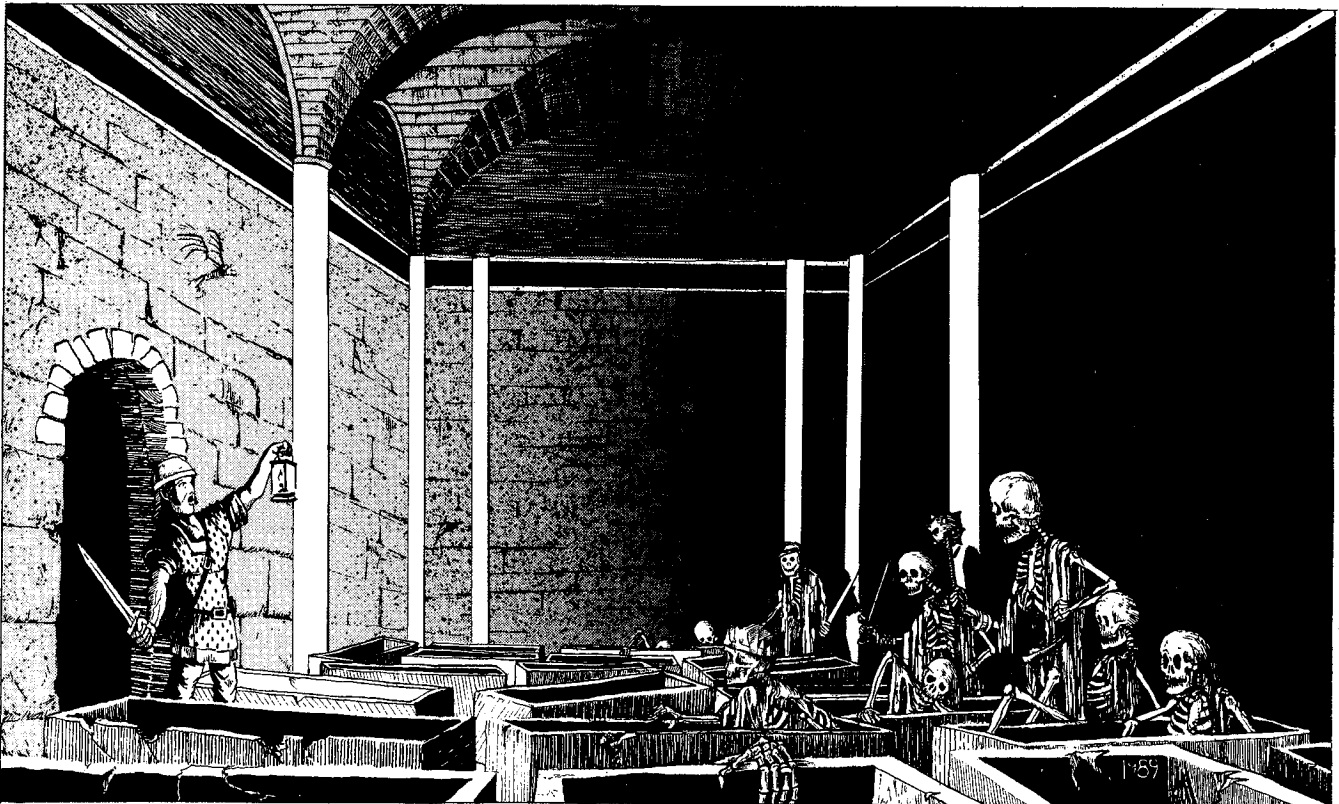
122. The "Black Chamber." This torture chamber is where many freelancers and renegades—not to mention Guild thieves convicted of serious crimes—have spent their last awful hours. In the center of the room is a table, complete with straps to prevent the guest of honor from leaving before the end of the performance. On the

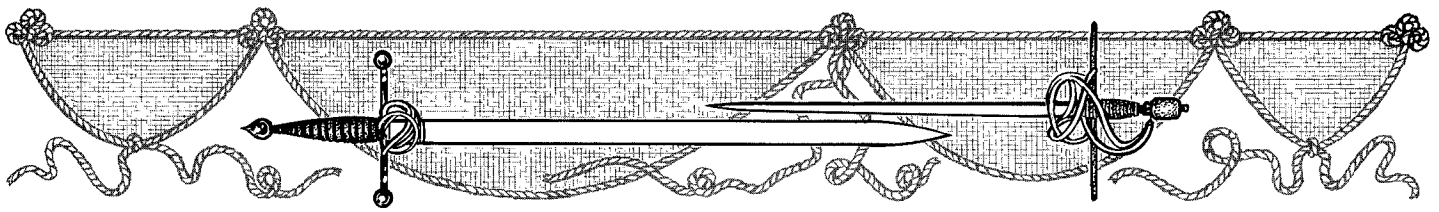
walls are mounted various implements of slow and agonizing death. The room is large enough so that numerous spectators can observe the proceedings.

123. Duel room. This empty room is reserved for those rare occasions when the Grandmaster decides that a sanctioned duel should be closed (see the section on "Discipline"). There is a peephole in the door. There are bloodstains on the floor and walls. The door is never locked.

124. "Lost" passage. The secret door leading to this passage and stairway isn't hard to find (normal chances for detection), so it is a certainty that someone has noticed its existence. Why, then, has the area been ignored—even forgotten—for so long?

The reason is simple: pure, unadulterated fear. The thieves know that Grandmasters Krovas and Slevyas were both slain by the dead master thieves and these horrific creatures must have come from the cellars.





Might not admitting—even to oneself—the existence of this secret door be too much like tempting fate . . . ?

The passage is some 30' long and leads to a set of stone stairs that descend below the level of the basement 40' before reaching the cellar.

Cellar

This forgotten level was excavated to house the Thieves' Sepulchre. Over the years, as traditions changed, the Sepulchre was forgotten and the level fell into disuse. Today it is still deserted, but for different reasons.

There are no light sources within this cellar except for those that brave characters bring with them (although—as described later—even this might not be of much help). The air is dry and warm—surprising for a sub-basement—and has a spicy odor, almost like cinnamon.

125.-126. Storage rooms. In the early days of Thieves' House, these rooms were used as robing rooms and chapels in which those visiting the Thieves' Sepulchre could suitably prepare themselves. As respect for the dead master thieves waned—but before the existence of the cellar was forgotten—other uses were found for the rooms. They now contain dusty boxes full of old records—ledgers, reports of daring raids, etc.—all so brittle with age that they will immediately crumble into dust at even the gentlest of touches. (Due to its quantity, this dust has the effect of *dust of sneezing*, though it's non-magical.)

127. Trapped hallway. The 'x' on the map indicates a trapped stone in the floor. Any weight on this stone causes two blades (one at shoulder height, the other at knee height) to spring from the northwest wall, causing 2-16 points of damage (make a 5d6 check against Dexterity to avoid damage). A character must be actively searching for traps to find the stone; anyone walking along the corri-

dor has a 65% chance of hitting the trapped stone.

128. Thieves' Sepulchre. This is a large room with a 15' high ceiling. There are 35 stone sarcophagi, all have had their lids removed and shattered on the floor. This room is the home of 35 dead Master Thieves, laid to rest here with great honor in generations past (see pages 65-66 of *Lankmar, City of Adventure* for details on these creatures). As long as the existence of Thieves' House isn't threatened or none of their number is dishonored, the Master Thieves will feel no need or desire to leave their sepulchral abode. The dead thieves normally lie at rest in their sarcophagi (they removed the lids, by the way). When anyone enters the area, however, they will rise from their coffins and await the visitors.

In addition to the *fear* power attributed to them, the dead master thieves have one additional power: they can each cast *darkness, 30' radius* once per day, with a duration of 10-30 turns. The dead thieves can see through their own *darkness*, although they can't see through *darkness* cast by any other creature or device.

Most of the thieves were buried with some symbol of the wealth they added to the Guild's coffers while alive: a handful of gems, golden jewelry, a set of platinum bracers, whatever. These are left behind in the sarcophagi. The DM can determine the contents of the different sarcophagi. As a guideline, each sarcophagus should contain items from 1,000-6,000 gold rilkis in value.

This room is also home to 100 skeletal bats. These creatures won't normally attack intruders. If anyone is foolish enough to engage the master thieves in combat, however, the bats will fly in the attackers' faces to distract them and disrupt spellcasting.

Skeletal bats: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1/2; hp 1-3; #AT nil; Dmg nil; AL NE.

Guards

Thieves' House is one of the best-guarded buildings in Lankmar. Its security is set up in layers; even though intruders might penetrate one or perhaps two layers, the next should surely stop them. The layers work in reverse as well. Should some infiltrator actually gain entry to the Thieves' House, he must run the gauntlet of the layered defense if he wants to get *out* with his life.

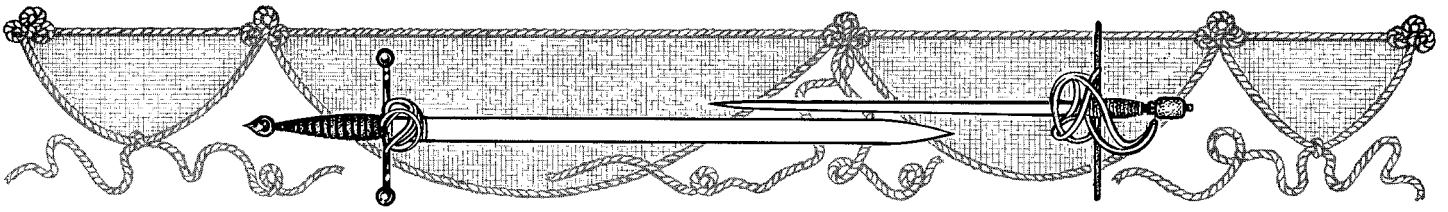
The Guild owns most of the other buildings on the block, and their windows and roofs provide cover for the first layer of guards. This duty is usually drawn by young apprentice thieves (AC 10; MV 12"; T1; hp 1-6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LE; social level 1) armed with throwing daggers and slings. There are 8 such guards on duty at one time, dispersed around the nearby buildings. They stand watches of 4 hours before being relieved. Although armed and instructed to engage any obvious enemies, these guards' main purpose is to warn the guild house of approaching trouble through whistle signals. If overt trouble is expected, these thieves might be backed up by an equal number of bravo hirelings from the Slayers' Brotherhood.

Bravo hirelings: AC 7 (ring mail); MV 9"; F3; hp 3-30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LE; social level 1.

These bravos would typically be armed with clubs and long swords.

The second and third layers are the door guards, as discussed in the description of the Thieves' House. As explained there, these guards are strengthened during times of trouble.

Until very recently, guards would be set in the very corridors of the Thieves' House *only* when the alarm was raised. However, since the nighttime incursion of Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser—the one that led to the death of Hristomilo, the black wizard—this practice has changed. Now, key corridors typically have one guard; particularly important rooms (the



Grandmaster's quarters, for example) could have two door guards—a thief and a bravo.

Thief: AC 10; MV 12"; T2; hp 2-12; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (usually dagger & short sword); AL LE; social level 1.

Bravo: AC 8 (studded leather); MV 12"; F2; hp 2-20; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (long sword & dagger); AL LE; social level 1.

There are also wandering guard details—also consisting of a thief and bravo duo, with statistics as above—who follow no set pattern of movement. Their job is to keep an eye out for suspicious persons and activities within the House. Although they rarely go so far as to ask for identification from other thieves (such identification being subject to forgery anyway), the thief component of the guard detail will usually recognize authorized personnel. (For example, only certain high-ranking thieves are allowed unescorted into the map room and a guard detail would certainly recognize such worthies; any unfamiliar face seen trying to enter the map room would be cause for further investigation.) Because it is important that they know who should and should not be abroad in different parts of the House, the thieves assigned to these duties are older and more experienced than those who draw outside guard duty. Their orders are to engage in combat with intruders (only if required to prevent the intruders from escaping) until help can arrive; otherwise, their duty is to raise the alarm. Since these guards have no set routes, meetings with them can be handled as other encounters, using the "Encounter Tables" found later in this chapter.

Internal guard detachments, both stationary and patrolling, are doubled during times of trouble. All of these detachments stand watches of four hours.

The Thieves' House roof also has regularly stationed guards. Normally, there are 6 roof guards located at strategic points along the crest of the steeply-pitched roof. During times of trouble, or when incursions are ex-

pected, these sling-armed guards are doubled.

Roof Guards: AC 10; MV 12"; T2; hp 2-12; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (slings and sling bullets, dagger, & darts); AL LE; social level 1.

In addition to normal roof guards, a unit of slingers is always on duty on the fourth floor, ready to take to the roof. This unit consists of an officer (a higher level thief) and six expert slingers. These experts are cross-trained fighter-thieves, who have weapon specialization in the sling (giving them a +1 bonus "to hit" and a +2 damage bonus with that weapon only). The unit is unarmored; each member carries only his sling, a dozen sling bullets, and a dagger for close-in work. There are 24 trained slingers in the Guild. They are required to stand one 6-hour watch each day.

Officer: AC 10; MV 12"; T2; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 1 (sling) or 1d4 (dagger); THACO 20; AL LE; social level 1.

Slingers (x8): AC 10; MV 12"; T1/F1; hp 1-10; THACO 19 (sling) or 20 (dagger); #AT 1; Dmg 1d4 + 3 (sling) or 1d4 (dagger); AL LE; social level 1.

These are the guards *most commonly* set around the Thieves' House. It is not out of the question for others to be established for particular purposes (for example, if the Guild expects an attack in force, it will certainly reinforce its normal guards with heavily-armed bravos).

One final note: for identification purposes, all guards wear colored bandannas when on duty. These are usually more subtle, less flamboyant colors; the outside and roof guards especially prefer darker colors.

Daily Operations

Like any guildhouse, the Thieves' House is home to a wide variety of functions. It serves the Guild as school, barracks, refectory, storehouse, offices, vault, temple (for those who care for such things), and sanctuary. Because thievery by its very nature is a round-the-clock activity, there are people abroad in the Thieves'

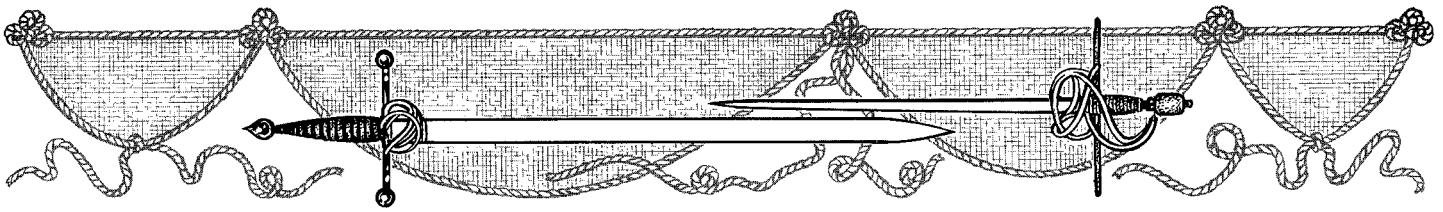
House 24 hours per day. Only in the hour after dawn and the hour following mid-day do activities tail off to a low level.

The smooth running of the House's internal activities are the responsibility of the Housemaster. He is usually a master thief nearing retirement who—for one reason or another—didn't make it to Guildmaster. Although he has little or no say in the business activities of the Guild, the Housemaster's word is law when it comes to duties within the House. Although the Grandmaster can overrule him, he seldom does.

Note: All times are based on the 24-hour clock, where 0100 is 1:00 AM, 1200 is noon and 2400 is midnight.

Meals: Meals are served four times per day, at 0600, 1200, 1800 and 2400, although the makings of a hand-meal (bread, cheese and perhaps a cold joint of meat) are laid out at all hours. This set-up is to ensure that all thieves, no matter what their schedule, will be able to get at least one hot meal per day. Certain thieves who have shown skill at cooking serve the Guild as chefs, although this doesn't preclude them from other activities as well. Clean-up duties are performed by other thieves, according to a duty schedule prepared by the Housemaster at the beginning of each week. Guild thieves don't have to pay for meals within the House; visiting thieves from other guilds typically pay a *per diem* rate of two bronze agols. The food served is nourishing, but rarely interesting (particularly after several meals in a row). For this reason, most thieves—other than apprentices, who are required to eat all their meals within Thieves' House—will usually fill their bellies elsewhere.

Training: While most Guild thieves gain their training from the "school of the street" (i.e., on active duty), the Thieves' House does offer fairly elaborate training facilities. These classrooms, "labs," and libraries have been detailed in the Thieves' House description. The Guildmembers who benefit most from these facilities are the apprentices: young neophytes



who have just joined the Guild. (If you, as DM, are using the rules on zero-level characters from the *Greyhawk® Adventures* hardcover, pp. 117-126, these apprentices are zero-level and training to become 1st level. Otherwise, they have recently become 1st level thieves, and thus have no experience points.) Apprentices undergo a rigorous training program, coupling classroom and lab sessions with practical experience on the streets. They typically attend classes from 0800 to 1000 and 1400 to 1600, or from 2000 to 2200 and 0200 to 0400 every day (depending upon whether they are working day or night shift). During the rest of the day, the classrooms, labs, and libraries are free for other thieves to use, either for private study or for level-advancement training from a mentor.

Watch changes: The different layers of guards around the House have differing shift lengths and change watches at staggered times. This is to ensure that there isn't a time when *all* layers of the guard are in a state of flux. Changes in the watch typically occur on the hour, but the Watchmaster (a master thief responsible for scheduling, monitoring, and disciplining the House's watchstanding thieves) may change the schedule around on whim to keep people on their toes. Thieves—other than apprentices—don't work on set shifts, working, instead, at the times necessitated by the actual operations to which they're assigned. On the other hand, beggars, from the affiliated Beggars' Guild, do work set shifts. Guild beggars work 12-hour shifts (or "beggard-watches," as they call them), each shift under the authority of a Beggarmaster. Shifts change at 0600 and 1800, when the beggars return to Thieves' House to turn in their "earnings."

"Bureaucratic" functions: Like any large business, the Thieves' Guild depends on organized record-keeping and paperwork. This work is done by accountants and clerks (although they may describe themselves differently, most of these functionaries also being skilled as thieves). Despite

the 24-hour activities of the Guild as a whole, an early Grandmaster discovered that there's no real need to keep the "business offices" open around the clock. Thus, the Guild's clerical functions operate on an 8-hour business day, from 0900 to 1700. (This doesn't mean that the clerical staff can't be rousted from their beds at need, however.)

Chapter meetings: These rare gatherings call together all available members of the Guild to discuss matters of grave importance to the organization as a whole. While the Grandmaster alone is responsible for policy decisions, he'll often ask for input from the assembled Guild before making a particularly momentous decision. When the Grandmaster chooses to call a chapter meeting, the traditional time is midnight, the location the "chapter room" on the first floor of Thieves' House.

Following is a typical daily timetable. Details might change at any time, depending on the whims of the various Masters.

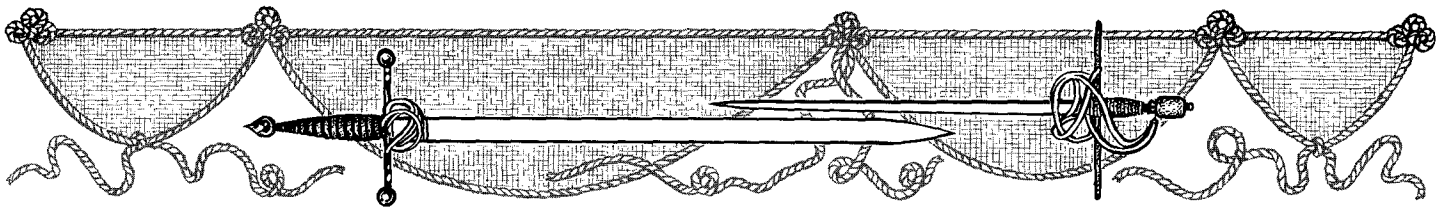
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|------|---|------|--|
| 0100 | Door watch change; slinger watch change | 1700 | "Business offices" close |
| 0200 | Internal watch change; apprentice classes begin (night shift) | 1800 | Internal watch change; beggar-watch change; meal-time |
| 0400 | Outside watch change; apprentice classes end | 1900 | Door watch change; slinger watch change |
| 0600 | Internal watch change; beggar-watch change; meal-time | 2000 | Outside watch change; apprentice classes begin (night-shift) |
| 0700 | Door watch change; slinger watch change | 2200 | Internal watch change; apprentice classes end |
| 0800 | Outside watch change; apprentice classes begin (day shift) | 2400 | Outside watch change; meal-time |
| 0900 | "Business offices" open | | |
| 1000 | Internal watch change; apprentice classes end | | |
| 1200 | Outside watch change; meal-time | | |
| 1300 | Door watch change; slinger watch change | | |
| 1400 | Internal watch change; apprentice classes begin (day shift) | | |
| 1600 | Outside watch change; apprentice classes end | | |

Emergency Procedures

As efficiently organized as Thieves' House appears during "business as usual," it's when trouble rears its head that the organization really shines (as Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser found out, almost to their terminal detriment). The Guild uses a number of different methods of signalling among its members, depending on the circumstances: whistle codes, bells, and its own language ("Thieves' Cant"). These methods are used to communicate throughout the House the exact nature of the emergency.

There are two major types of emergency—fire and intrusion.

Fire: Located strategically throughout the House are fire bells. Anyone discovering a fire immediately rings one of these bells (or instructs someone else to do so) to rouse the rest of the House. Though less of a fire trap than most buildings in Lankhmar, much of the construction of Thieves' House is wood, so fire represents a very real danger. To counter this threat, there are "fire stations" throughout the house, each consisting of a bucket of sand (since there are some fires, like grease fires, on which water shouldn't be used). If the fire is small, the facilities at one or two fire stations might be enough to contain it. For a larger fire, the alarm bells are rung again, but in a particular rhythm communicating the danger. Thieves staying in the House know their fire duties, and immediately start performing them. Some set up a "bucket bri-



gade,” bringing water from the wells (or sand from a sandpile in the alley) to the fire; others take charge of evacuating the area at risk; still others rescue what valuables they can from threatened rooms. The efficiency of these procedures is such that, in the century or more since the founding of Thieves’ House, there has been no significant damage done by fire (even the Rainbow Palace can’t claim this).

Intrusion: The layered defenses of the House make it very unlikely that intruders can gain entrance without at least some warning being given. If intruders are detected—either approaching or actually within the House—the same methods of communication as for fire are used to raise the alarm, and to communicate exactly where the intruders are. Thieves barracked within the House have “alarm stations”—guard positions they take up when the alarm sounds. These alarm stations are supposed to deny entry into the more important areas of the House (particularly the vault rooms). When the location of the intruders is broadcast through bell codes, the patrolling guard detachments converge on them; stationary guards will usually hold their positions, unless circumstances dictate otherwise. Door guards, too, hold their positions; their duty is now to prevent any intruder from leaving the House alive. By this time, the defense of the House is usually under the control of the Watchmaster, who uses runners and bell or whistle codes to communicate his instructions. Again depending on the circumstances, the outside guards will usually be “rolled in” toward the House, forming a perimeter to prevent escape. If the intruders were detected while approaching the House across the rooftops, the slingers will be sent to the roof to repel them; otherwise the slingers will only be sent to the roof if the intruders have fought through the roof guards and made their escape that way. These precautions are frighteningly effective. In more than a century, the only people to have penetrated Thieves’ House and sur-

vived are Fahrd and the Gray Mouser (they did so more than once, it’s true, but only through deception or through kamikaze-style assault).

Encounter Tables

There are two distinct types of table for each location. The first (“Normal”) represents conditions in Thieves’ House when no alarm has been raised, or when no trouble is expected. The second (“Alarm”) represents conditions when the alarm has been sounded, or when imminent trouble is expected.

First Floor—Normal (d10)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-2	1-3	Wandering guard detachment
3-5	4-5	1-3 thieves (levels 1-8)
6-7	6-7	1-6 thieves (levels 1-6)
8-9	8-9	2-8 thieves (levels 2-8)
10	10	Officer (random selection)

First Floor—Alarm (d10)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-4	1-5	Wandering guard detachment
5-7	6	1-3 thieves (levels 1-12)
8-9	7-9	1-6 thieves (levels 1-12)
10	10	Officer (random) + 1-6 thieves (levels 1-12)

Other Floors—Normal (d10)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-2	1-2	Wandering guard detachment
3-5	3-4	1 thief (level 1-10)
6-7	5-7	1-4 thieves (levels 1-10)
8-9	8-9	2-6 thieves (levels 1-10)
10	10	Officer (random)

Other Floors—Alarm (d10)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-3	1-3	Wandering guard detachment
4	4-5	1-2 thieves (levels 1-12)
5-7	6-7	1-4 thieves (levels 1-12)
8-9	8-9	2-6 thieves (levels 1-12)
10	10	Officer (random) + 1-4 thieves (levels 2-12)

Basement—Normal (d6)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-3	1-4	1 thief (level 1-6)
4-5	5-6	1-2 thieves (level 1-8)
6	—	Officer (random) + 1-4 thieves (level 2-12)

Basement—Normal (d6)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-3	1-4	1 thief (level 1-6)
4-5	5-6	1-2 thieves (level 1-8)
6	—	Officer (random) + 1-4 thieves (level 2-12)

Basement—Alarm (d6)

Day	Night	Encounter
1-3	1-3	Wandering guard detachment
4-5	4	1 thief (level 1-10)
6	5-6	1-3 thieves (levels 1-10)

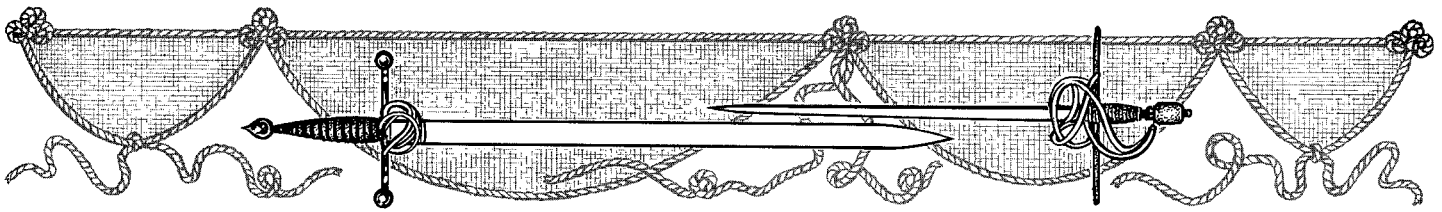
Other Guild Buildings

In addition to Thieves’ House, the Guild owns a number of other buildings. Some are in the same block as the House, but many others are scattered throughout the city.

Safehouses

These are hideouts and bolt-holes, perfect places to plan operations or to hide out until “the heat’s off.” Most hideouts are in buildings owned by the Guild through one or more “front” companies. Some are tenements or rooming houses, others are warehouses. A few of the Guild’s safehouses are actually the homes of stores or businesses (often these businesses have no connection with the Guild and would be shocked if they knew who their landlord truly was). Safehouses are so numerous that no thief (apart from the Grandmaster and some of his advisors) knows where they all are—and that’s just the way the Guild likes it.

Safehouses can be found in every area of Lankhmar (except for, *maybe*,



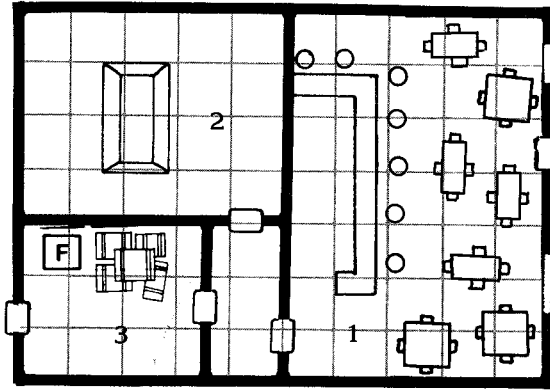
the Citadel District). Some strategically useful safehouses are listed below.

Harin's: an inn and rooming house on Fool's Gold Court in the Park District. A number of the rooms are permanently rented in the name of a reputable (at least on the surface) merchant; Harin is paid extra not to notice the comings and goings of certain "business acquaintances" using those rooms. (Harin guesses at the nature of these "acquaintances," but he doesn't *know*—and he doesn't want to know.)

The Mugworts' Warehouse: a small warehouse just off Damp Street in the Tenderloin District. The Mugworts are a family of one-time alleybashers who "acquired" the warehouse when they found its key on the rapidly-cooling body of one of their "clients." Using this as a base, they continue their brutal and clumsy extortion business. The Guild allows them this freedom in return for use of the secret rooms concealed beneath "their" warehouse. (For more details on the Mugworts, refer to Chapter 8.)

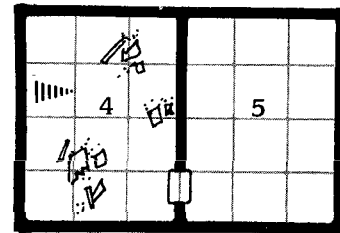
The Wharfdale: a well-maintained residential building on Pinchback Alley in the Mercantile District. The upper four stories of this wood and stone building are taken up with large, well-appointed apartments, including the penthouse. Unlike most such apartments, these are sold outright to their occupants rather than rented. The ground floor is home to two small businesses: a silversmith and a lapidary shop. The penthouse and another apartment are owned by aging master thieves who have built up respectable identities since their retirements. Both maintain ties with the Guild, however, and are quite willing to shelter Guild-brothers on the run.

Temple of the Jackdaw God (Beast Cult): a small, ramshackle building in the Temple District on the Street of the Gods, just east of the intersection with Cheap Street. Jack-



"The Hole" Tavern
Ground Floor

One square equals 3'



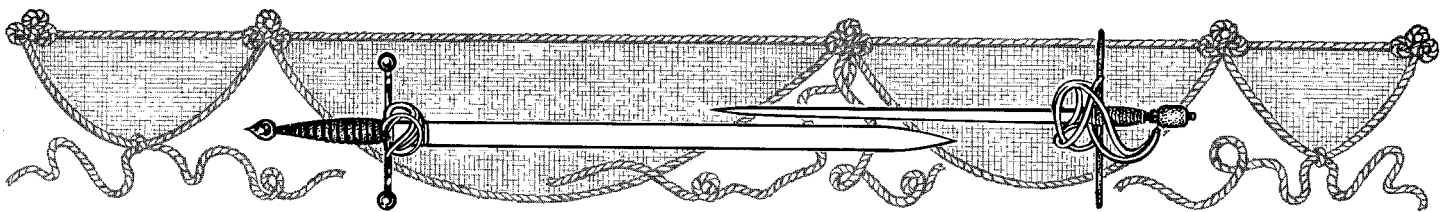
Cellar

daws are birds with a penchant for stealing shiny objects; thus the Beast Cult of the jackdaw god is a natural for thieves. About five years ago, the Temple of the Jackdaw God had reached the peak of its climb up the Street of the Gods (almost as far as Pimp Street) and had started its decline. This decline suddenly stopped when the temple reached its present position, even though the number of worshippers continued to decrease. Naturally, the priests of other gods took the temple's retinue to task for not following the "laws of nature" and continuing its slide toward the Marsh Gate, even going so far as to visit the temple with the intent of voicing their point-of-view. These ambitious priests returned—those that *did* return—with various abrasions and contusions. In fact, the Thieves' Guild had decided that the small temple made an ideal safehouse. The temple's priest, an Ilthmart named Ainga, no doubt knows the nature of the majority of his "loyal congregation" (particularly those who frequently use the "private

chapel" in the basement), but is willing to keep his mouth shut as long as he continues to receive glittering knickknacks for his altar.

"The Hole"

The Hole is a rough, one-story tavern on Nun Street near Punishment Square in the River District, a favorite hang-out for sailors and longshoremen. Several years ago, its owner and operator, an ursine man named Quent, fell afoul of the Thieves' Guild: he neglected to pass on to the Guild the receipts from a rat-fighting pit he was running in his back room. When they found out about this money-making concern, the Guild had a "business meeting" with Quent—a meeting which impaired his ability to walk for several months—and made him a proposition. Quent could keep his bar, and continue to run the rat-fighting (which his customers had come to expect), but he must allow the Guild free use of his premises at any time. Of



course, Quent accepted the Guild's proposition most enthusiastically.

During opening hours (usually 12 noon to 1:00 a.m.), the Guild often uses The Hole's cellars for meetings or as a bolt-hole; Quent is always present when the bar is open. When the tavern is closed, and Quent returns to his home in a run-down tenement nearby, Guildmembers have free run of the whole premises.

Quent: AC 10; MV 9"; F1; hp 11; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (+3 strength bonus); S 18(01), I 9, W 7, D 10, C 15, Ch 8; AL NE; social level 2.

Quent is always armed with a knife in his boot, and keeps a club behind the bar. He's brutish and vicious when provoked, and—after his "conversation" with the thieves (which is responsible for his lowered movement rate, by the way) —he will fight, though not to the death, to protect his "friends" privacy.

1. Tap room. Low-ceilinged and smokey, with sawdust on the floor to soak up spilled beer (and other fluids), this place reeks of stale beer, sweat, and urine. There are half a dozen tables, and some stools at the bar. When the tavern is open, Quent is always on duty behind the bar. During the day, there are 1-8 patrons present; at night this number increases to 2-16. All are drunk and highly obnoxious, no matter what the hour (most are sailors drinking their pay).

Bar patrons: AC 10; MV 12"; F1-3; hp 1-10 to 3-30; THAC0 20/19/18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL (C)N(E); social level 1. Most are armed with knives or daggers, though some pack more serious weaponry (short swords, clubs, even broad swords on occasion).

2. "Back room." It's here that Quent runs his profitable rat-fighting franchise. In the center of the room is a wooden "pit" (designed to look similar to the nearby Punishment Square), covered with a wire mesh to keep the "combatants" from leaping out. The back wall of the room is lined with

small cages containing an assortment of the most vicious rats imaginable (there are 11-16 of the creatures present). Using gloves of light chain mail, which hang on a hook near the cages, the participants extract two or more rats, toss them into the pit, and watch the fun. Since the rats are kept hungry, they fight viciously and are apparently entertaining, as Quent can draw reasonable crowds for big bouts. Many participants bring their own fighting rats; the rest bet on "intramural" fights between members of Quent's stock.

Since Quent works the bar, he needs someone else to run the fights. This is a young man named Clem, who looks more than half-rat himself. Fights take place every third night; when there's a fight on, 4-12 patrons (plus Clem, of course) crowd into the back room to bet on the fights. Most will fight to protect their rights to enjoy their "innocent entertainment."

Clem: AC 10; MV 12"; T3; hp 11; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL (C) NE.

Thieving skills: PP 55%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 40%, HS 35%, DN 35%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Rats: AC 7; HD 1/4; hp 2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease; AL NE. These rats are bred and trained to fight, so they're superior to normal rats in damage inflicted and THAC0. If released, they'll attack anything that lives and fight without fear until destroyed.

3. Stock room. Here Quent keeps his stocks of liquor: tuns of beer, kegs of bad wine, casks of brandy, etc. Both doors are locked; only Quent (and some of his "friends") have keys. The trapdoor in the floor (usually concealed by an empty barrel) leads down a steep ladder into the cellars.

4. Storage room. The room contains the materials necessary to run a tavern: flagons, chairs and tables (most broken, waiting to be fixed), and the like. The steep ladder leads up to area 3.

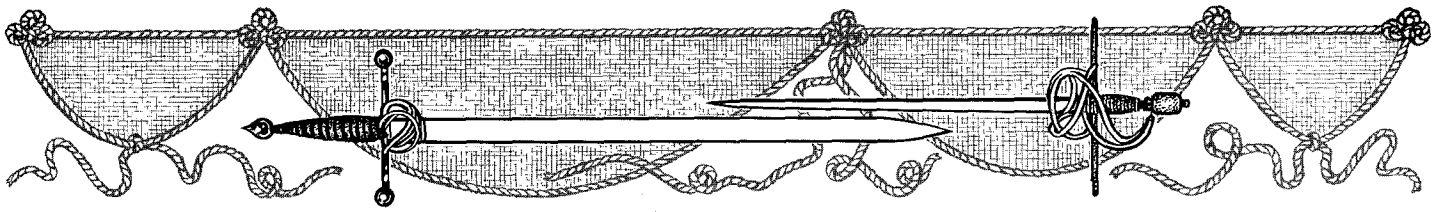
5. "Meeting room." This is the room of most value to thieves, a good place for secret meetings or for "lying low." During the day, there's a 20% chance of finding 1-2 thieves present (levels 1-4); by night, the chance increases to 35%, and the number of thieves increases to 1-4.

"The Residence"

Because of the Thieves' Guild's prohibition against women entering the House, there is a separate building which houses the female members of the Beggars' Guild. This low, one-time warehouse is on the same block as Thieves' House, facing Murder Alley. The Guild keeps up the pretense that this building is nothing more than a warehouse. To support this pretense, the ground floor is mostly empty, with a few crates and sacks piled around the walls. Only the most naive observers could accept this dissimulation, of course: the comings and goings of female beggars twice a day tend to strain its credibility.

The upper floor of the warehouse is broken into a dozen dormitories (each sleeping six or eight beggars) and some rudimentary cooking facilities. When a beggar watch goes off duty and the women return to the residence, they can collect a plate of food from the kitchen and eat in their rooms. (The Guild supplies them only one meal per day; if they want more food, they can find it themselves.)

The residence is run by a Housemother. Contrary to the pleasant connotations of this name, the Housemother is usually a tyrant, with total authority over "her girls" while they're within the residence. While Guild thieves and male beggars usually feel at least some loyalty toward their masters, female beggars—to the last woman—hate and fear the Housemother, with no respect at all. The only reason that "the girls" don't retaliate against the Housemother is that they know retribution from the Beggarmasters or the Beggars' Guildmaster himself will be swift and unpleasant.



IV. Midnight

Tekul, erstwhile master thief of the Thieves' Guild of Lankmar, waited silently in the shadows. He smiled thinly to himself. In the olden days he would have hated this duty, waiting as back-up to the lead team that was already cleaning out the gemcutter's across the way—chafing at the bit and aching for action. Now, though, he rather enjoyed the solitude and the peace. He was still part of a well-laid plan, an important part, he was now wise enough to recognize. But, for now at least, he had time to think. And to remember.

He'd once been proud to carry the silver-hilted thief's knife, token of Guild membership. It was the first—but certainly not the last—thing of value that he'd earned with his own skill alone. But soon he grew disillusioned. It wasn't that he had expected the Guild to be a bastion of honorable conduct; he'd never been that naive. But he *had* expected that it would at least be efficient. In the breach, though, he saw something different: worthy thieves being passed over for advancement because they didn't care to toady, while men with no talent other than a glib tongue became officers. And the Council. . . . The way it seemed to him, if they spent half as much effort on improving Guild operations as they did on jealously guarding their own prerogatives, well. . . .

He shook his head. He'd wandered down these alleys of thought many times during the year it took him to finally make his decision.

Renegade. All his career he'd been taught to despise—even to fear—the renegades who broke from the Guild. But now that he'd turned renegade himself (leaving his once-cherished knife sunk in the eye-socket of one who tried to stop him), he could no longer think of the word in the same way. He wasn't an object of fear and certainly shouldn't be one of hatred. He was merely a professional—and a good one, damn it—who'd grown dissatisfied with rampant incompetence.

At least there was one other in the city who felt as he did.

The messenger was discreet, unobtrusive, but the message he bore



shook Tekul to the core. It was an invitation—an invitation to join another organization, another Guild, under the leadership of the one they called Midnight.

Tekul was no fool and he well knew the stench of a Guild "sting" operation. . . . and so from the start he knew that this was something else, something different. But still he did his checking, as this Midnight must have expected him to. Finally, he accepted the invitation.

The memory of his meeting with Midnight was still strong—and always would be, he believed. (Even now, two months later, it made him shiver.) Unarmed, flanked by four masked thieves, he swore his allegiance to the cloaked and hooded figure of Midnight as he (*it?*) stood across the room from Tekul.

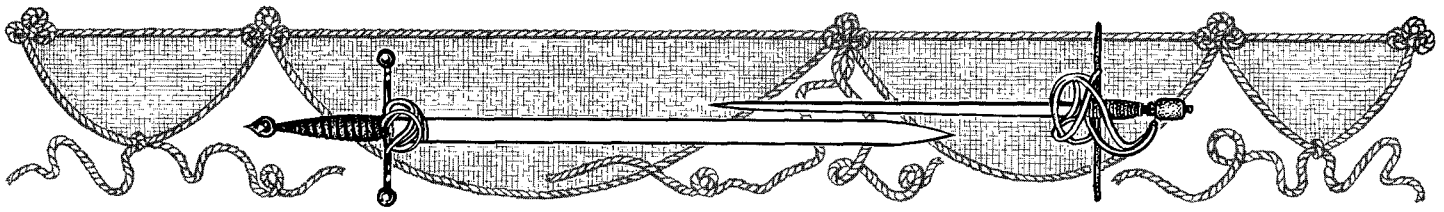
Midnight. . . . What could he say about that strange figure? In size, undistinguished: under six feet, neither slight nor brawny. No hint of face visible under the black cowl. And that voice! It was the voice that unsettled

him more than anything. Pitched tenor, it was soft and insistent, but totally free of inflection, accent, even emotion. In a word, *dead*. Hearing that voice, Tekul wouldn't have been surprised if Midnight had thrown back the concealing cowl to display a leering skull.

But, dead man or demon or whatever, Midnight was a leader he could gladly follow. Midnight had built an organization that was everything that the Guild could—*should*—have been. Tekul wasn't the only renegade to be welcomed into Midnight's Band.

A quiet whistle brought him back to the present. As it was repeated, he had to smile. The code was different, but the idea of whistle speech was an obvious theft from the Guild. Midnight always knew to take the best from that moribund bureaucracy and leave the dross. Tekul himself was proof of that.

His job finished, he moved stealthily off into the night.



Introduction

One of the laws of business that is constant from world to world is, "If you get into a market first, *control* it, and *keep* control of it; if you leave even one niche open, competition can move in, and eventually challenge your dominance elsewhere as well." This is as true for criminals as it is for candle-makers. Unfortunately for the Thieves' Guild of Lankmar, its leadership either forgot this dictum or started to believe their own myths about the Guild's invulnerability. For now, where before there was only competition from scurrying freelancers and daring renegades, there exists an overt challenge to the Guild's dominance. Another pseudo-guild—Midnight's Band—has arisen, and, shockingly, is eroding the Guild's formerly sacrosanct power base.

How did this happen? How could it have happened? Despite the Guild's vaunted intelligence network, there was no warning, no intimation that something was building to a head. When Midnight's Band burst, fully-fledged, onto the scene, it was a complete shock to the Guild's leadership.

Then, in a single night, an orgy of perfectly-executed raids inflicted some two dozen rich merchants with some loss. Granted, none of the raids cleaned out its victim; many seemed almost solely for show. Understandably, the victims were as mad as wet cats and blamed the Thieves' Guild for the depredation. The problem for the Guild was, they knew nothing about it.

The next day a messenger arrived at the Thieves' House with a package for the Grandmaster. Within was a short note, written in a flowing hand. It read:

Gentlemen: The days of your Guild draw to a close. Enjoy what time you have left. You will find it all too little.

Midnight

Also in the box was a single black rose.

The messenger knew nothing about any Midnight—a session in the Black

Chamber assured the Grandmaster of that—and there were no clues to be garnered from the package itself. The Council decided to keep this communication secret and simply claim responsibility for the "Night of Thieves," as it had come to be known. But the word went out on the Net that anyone—*anyone*—providing further information to the Guild about someone called Midnight would be richly rewarded.

The next development in the saga wasn't long in coming: another rash of thefts, although not as wide-ranging as the Night of Thieves. This time, however, they were limited entirely to businesses who were paying insurance money to the Thieves' Guild. And this time, at every burglarized business, a token was left behind by the thieves: a black rose.

The new rash of burglaries was a master stroke. The Guild was forced to admit—at least to its victimized "clients"—that a new group had emerged and was challenging the Guild for dominance.

The Net was expanded. The Guild called in every outstanding favor it was owed. But still the Thieves could learn nothing of Midnight . . . other than that several highly-skilled Guild renegades had joined his Band. The Council immediately recognized the underlying consequences of this news: Midnight could now be expected to know almost everything there was to know about Guild policies and practices. Recognition codes, passwords, and whistle codes were immediately changed, though the Council secretly didn't expect this to help. They knew that the next time a thief went renegade, he'd probably take the new codes right to Midnight. Security was beefed up, several supposed "renegades"—actually innocent victims—were messily tortured to death as an added deterrent against turning renegade, and the biggest Guild police operation ever staged was executed . . . all with no measurable success.

The story of Midnight—and the ineffectiveness of the Guild's attempts to stop

him—had started to spread through the streets. The Guild was becoming a laughing-stock. The Council quickly realized that they had to make a grand gesture, and make it fast, in order to save face.

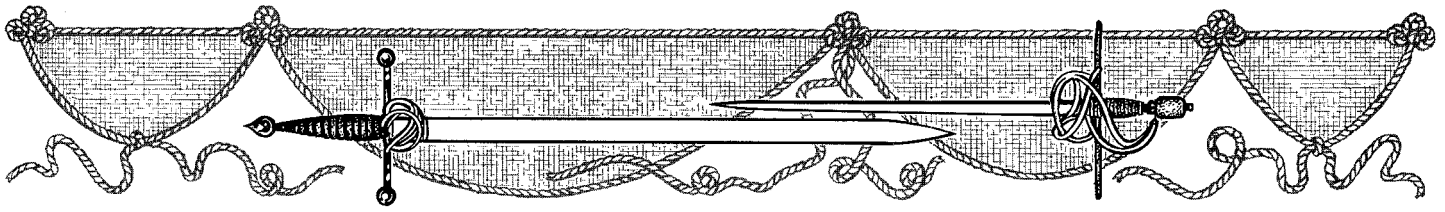
In times gone by, when the Thieves' Guild had still been known as the Backalley Brotherhood, the master thief Omphal had stolen the Orb of Temporal Justice—a key part of the Overlord's regalia—from the Rainbow Palace. By repeating this triumph, the Guild could prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that no upstart band of brigands could challenge its control of Lankmar.

The raid took weeks to plan and prepare, and went off with surprisingly few hitches—only one thief captured and two slain. The locked obsidian case that contained the Orb was brought back to the Thieves' House. As the Council looked on, the delicate lock was picked and the case opened.

Inside, resting on the fine purple velvet that lined the inside of the case, was a single black rose.

The Orb itself was found the next night—the mark of a rose delicately engraved on its platinum surface—hanging from the outstretched hand of the Shrine of the Black Virgin in the Plaza of Dark Delights.

If the Guild Councilmembers were enraged before, now they were downright apoplectic. The Guild has declared outright war against Midnight's Band. Many ongoing operations are curtailed so the personnel can be re-assigned to hunting the rivals. Particularly devious "sting" operations have been set up and massive cash "incentives" have been offered to any member of the Band who wishes to defect. Both plans have proven totally ineffectual. It has been suggested (by several Guildmembers) that the Guild perform a notably outrageous crime and leave a black rose on the scene, with the intention of goading the city guard into doing the Guild's dirty work for them. While a good idea, it proved a little late: Midnight's recent thefts have been as outrageous as anyone could wish to accomplish.



Meanwhile, uninvolved observers have been watching with amusement. It looks as though it will be a long campaign. . . .

Midnight

Nobody in Lankhmar knows who Midnight is, not the members of Midnight's Band, not the Thieves' Guild, not anyone . . . and that's just the way *she* wants it.

Midnight—whose real name is Emerys—has gone to great lengths to ensure that her true identity is kept inviolably secret. Even the closest advisors in her Band see only the false identity she's established—the dead-voiced, cowl-clad figure seen by Tekul and all initiates into the Band. While having a faceless leader seems to bother some of her followers, the majority are secretly pleased: if Midnight can keep his/her/its identity secret from them, then surely their leader can keep their operations hidden from the Thieves' Guild. Even the whispered rumors that Midnight isn't from Nehwon at all can be looked upon from a positive standpoint: discipline—never much of a problem within the well-organized Band—becomes even easier.

Emerys' auburn hair and figure are very attractive. Her comeliness is marred, however, by a puckered scar on one cheek. In social situations in her true identity, she keeps her hair long in an unsuccessful attempt to hide her scar from view. Although she is 28, she dresses, speaks, and acts so as to appear much younger and very naive, never letting on about her profession or capabilities.

Ten years ago, Emerys came to Lankhmar from her home in Sarheemar, with her lover Telperion (whose likeness appears in a locket she always wears). Telperion was a freelance thief; for a year or more, they ran wild throughout the city, supporting an exciting lifestyle through his robberies. Then Telperion—still an independent—fell afoul of the Thieves' Guild. In an ambush planned

by the thieves, but executed with the assistance of the Slayers' Brotherhood, Telperion was slain and Emerys was disfigured. Broken-hearted and embittered, she dropped out of sight for some time.

When she resurfaced, it was with the goal of revenge against those who had stolen her old life from her. At first her vengeance took the form of petty and annoying thievery; she hoped that the crimes would be blamed on the Thieves' Guild. But then her latent talents surfaced and she "graduated" to beating the Guild to rich prizes, killing its members (initially) whenever she could. It was at this time that she took on the false personality of "Midnight" and started spreading rumors about the master thief who would humiliate and eventually destroy the incumbent Guild.

These rumors, intended at first just to aggravate the Guild (though they dismissed them out of hand), produced an effect she never anticipated. Young independent thieves—similar to her Telperion—appeared out of the woodwork, wanting to join Midnight's "counter-Guild." She soon realized that Midnight needed a physical manifestation.

Along with some of his thieving skills, Telperion had taught her his ability to disguise the voice and assume different accents. Soon, with a black cowl hiding her face, a lifeless yet compelling voice disguising her identity, and under conditions of greatest secrecy, she began recruiting. Right from the start, her security was the tightest, and as yet none of her thieves knows her as anyone other than Midnight, the mystery figure.

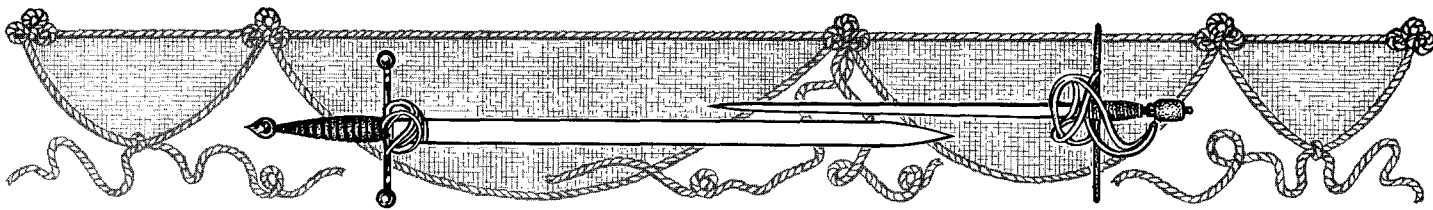
At the outset, most of Midnight's compatriots were young and idealistic, thieves of lower level. Now, however, she has taken to recruiting certain renegades from the Guild. She has to be careful—several times the Guild has sent out "plants" to try and infiltrate her organization. But the reasons that many thieves turn renegades are exactly those reasons why they'd fit in with her Band. Although it may seem nonsensical, almost all of

Midnight's thieves are not Evil in alignment. They entered the trade of thievery not because they enjoyed hurting people, but because it was something at which they could excel. Though the money is nice, most of Midnight's followers are "thieves for thievery's sake." They would feel very much at home with the "gentleman thieves" of other times and other worlds, like Simon Templar and the Phantom. They aren't into "rob from the rich and give to the poor": what they take they keep. Although their interests and personalities are widely different, all of Midnight's thieves strongly believe that the Lankhmart Thieves' Guild is a repressive anachronism that should be eradicated from the face of Nehwon—and they're all working toward that goal. (In game terms, most of Midnight's thieves are Chaotic Neutral in alignment, though some have mild Evil tendencies while others lean more toward true Neutral.)

Now Midnight's associates are ranging far and wide, challenging the staid Guild at its own game. Thanks to Midnight's wide-spread intelligence network, Guild thieves now often win through to what they expect to be a rich haul only to find an empty chest and a single black rose—Midnight's symbol—waiting for them.

Midnight's goals have now matured slightly. While her motivation (revenge against the Thieves' Guild) remains unaltered, she has become wiser about how best to go about it. She's changed her habit of killing Guild thieves that crossed her path; destroying the Guild that way would take too long. Now she has come to the conclusion that the appropriate field for her battle is the opinion of the public. If she can goad the Guild into taking ever greater risks—and *still* beat them to the loot—the public will look upon the Guild and its thieves as buffoons. For an organization like the Guild that depends on respect and fear from the populace for its success—and its very survival—this means the beginning of the end.

Midnight/Emerys does have a life outside her Band . . . albeit a limited



one. As Emerys, she lives in a rooming house in the Marsh District. This was her original territory when she and Telperion were at work, so she knows all of its nooks, crannies, and sewers. This knowledge makes it easy for her to come and go unseen. Her neighbors know Emerys as a recluse who spends endless hours in her room praying before a small shrine to an unknown god. (In fact, the kneeling figure is a dummy that Emerys has created to cover her frequent absences.)

Recently, additional complexity—as if she needed any more—has crept into Emerys' life. On one of her infrequent shopping expeditions in her Emerys identity, she met a huge, red-haired barbarian from the Cold Wastes—one Fafhrd by name. For the first time since the death of Telperion, she felt the stirring of emotions that she'd thought dead forever. Though they only spoke for a moment, she thought she saw a quickening of interest in the barbarian's twinkling eyes. Now, though she knows its foolish—nay, worse than foolish—she walks the city as Emerys on every occasion that presents itself, looking for the imposing red-haired figure. In frequent fits of self-justification, she calls her continued interest in Fafhrd “pre-recruitment research” (what a member of her Band that barbarian would make). But in more honest moments, she admits that her “pre-recruitment” argument is nothing but self-delusion.

Midnight/Emerys

AC 8 (10); MV 12"; T10; hp 42; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 9, DEX 16, CON 10, INT 13, WIS 10, CHA 13; AL CN.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 30%, FT 30%, MS 95%, HS 95%, DN 95%, CW 60%, RL 35%; social level 5 (Midnight)/3 (Emerys).

As her thieving skills show, Emerys is a master at secrecy, although her more mechanical abilities (opening locks, for example) are somewhat lacking. When in her “Midnight” persona, she wears leather armor under her black cloak; as Emerys, she wears

no armor. At all times, she has a *dagger of venom* (one of her first thefts) and 3 darts (one of which is poisoned) concealed on her person. She always wears—again, concealed—a silver locket that contains a hand-painted likeness of a handsome young man (Telperion).

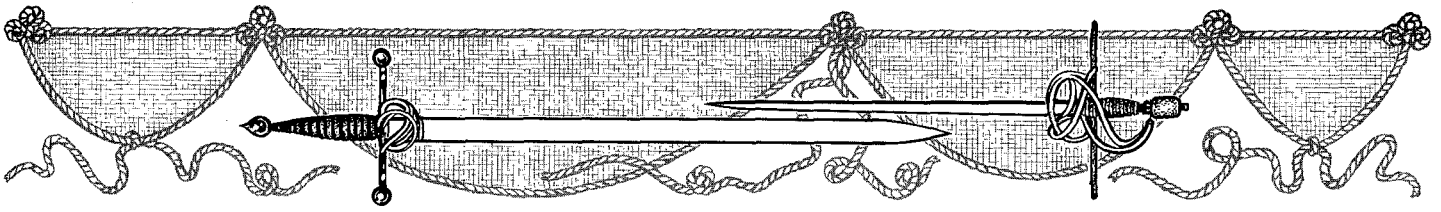
Midnight's Band

Midnight's organization is much smaller than the traditional Guild, perhaps 40 thieves in all. The majority are young free-lancers—male and female—of 1st to 4th level. But re-

cently, a half-dozen renegades have joined her. These are more experienced thieves, though still young, of 5th to 7th level.

The Band is still small enough so as not to require the multi-layer bureaucracy prevalent in the Thieves' Guild. Most decisions are made by the Band as a whole, or by the sub-groups who will be most affected by the decision. The only matter on which Midnight keeps tight personal control is recruitment: no-one can be proposed for membership until she's extensively checked their background. (The thieves recognize their vulnerability to





infiltration and so support this somewhat uncharacteristic autocratic stance.)

Operational planning is done by the group as a whole, everyone having an equal say in the process. Even though the Midnight's Band doesn't have the extensive resources possessed by the Thieves' Guild, Band members typically have a surer feel for the "pulse" of the city than their Guild counterparts.

The division of loot from an operation is decided by those who participated in that operation (Midnight is always present during these discussions, but rarely says anything). There's no official declaration concerning giving a cut to Midnight and the Band as a whole; nevertheless, it's become a tradition that at least 10% of every take should go into the Band's coffers.

Everyone knows that, as the Band grows, these egalitarian practices will have to end. But they're willing to leave that for the future. In fact, the Band is growing very slowly, and the growth rate seems to be decreasing further. Most acceptable free-lancers have already joined the Band; those that haven't are typically the dregs: brutal alleybashers and murderous footpads. Over recent weeks, the only new initiates have been renegades from the Guild. Although she won't speak of her plans, Midnight has her eye on several more prospective recruits, still stifled within the Guild but hating its stagnation. They will be perfect members of her Band. The problem is how to approach them safely; she has yet to find an answer.

The Band has no official headquarters. They meet in abandoned cellars, disused warehouses, and the like, usually in the Marsh District. The location of the Band's coffers is known only to Midnight, although most members suspect that they're hidden somewhere in the Marsh District.

Future Developments

It doesn't look as though the antipathy between Midnight's Band and the Thieves' Guild will die down. On the contrary, the rivalry—if that isn't too weak a word—is swiftly escalating.

The Guild has its network of informants looking for any clues to the identity and whereabouts of the hated Midnight and has assigned several loyal thieves to pose as disaffected renegades in hopes that they'll be "recruited" into the Band. In addition, the Guild has teams of thieves staking out what they consider to be choice targets for Midnight's Band, hoping to capture a member and extract further information from him. The Guild's job in this regard is made more difficult by several factors: first, even with its great manpower, the Guild can't cover all potential targets without virtually shutting down its own money-making operations; and second, Midnight's opinion of what makes a choice target seems to differ greatly from that of the Guild. No Guild-watched establishment has ever been hit. Instead, the Band has hit surprising targets that, in retrospect, make sense, but are impossible for the Guild's Council to predict. So far, none of the Guild's police operations has been even marginally successful. As its impotence against the Band becomes more apparent, both its reputation in the city and the morale of its membership have dropped.

From Midnight's side, she's continuing her depredation against Guild-insured businesses, but with a lower intensity. Now she's beginning to concentrate on lesser nobles and even the officers of other guilds, people who up until now thought themselves safe from thieves. While these operations are certainly more risky, they're also very highly visible and the subjects of barroom tales city-wide. Already people on the street are referring to Midnight's Band as "the new Guild," and to the traditional

Guild as "those fossils." The latest move in the public relations game has been the rumor—totally false and initiated by Midnight herself—that the traditional Guild offered her a position on the Council if only she'd work with them, not against them. The rumor further claims that she turned down the invitation.

Adventure Ideas

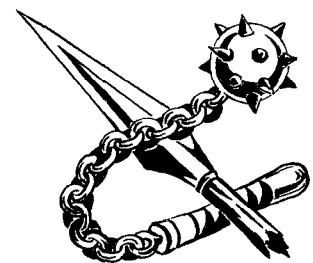
The ongoing rivalry between Guild and Band provides many potential adventures.

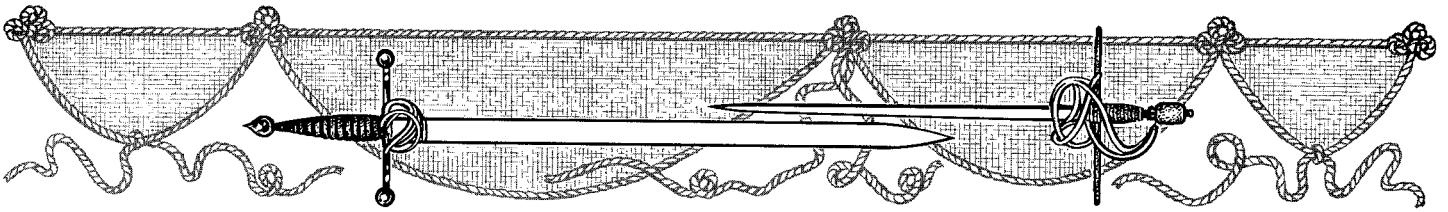
As members of the Guild, the PCs can take part in the struggle to destroy Midnight's Band and return their Guild to its previous position of respect and prominence. This struggle can take the form of information-gathering, surveillance over potential targets, or even espionage and attempted infiltration.

As free-lancers new to the city, the PCs might wish to join Midnight's Band. But how can you join a shadowy organization when you can't even find its headquarters? Or, alternatively, freelance PCs might cross a Band operation when both they and Midnight are going after the same spoils.

If Fafhrd himself is being used as a PC, the players might find themselves involved through the developing relationship between him and Emerys. Perhaps Fafhrd discovers that his latest *inamorata* is being pursued by the Thieves' Guild—for reasons he doesn't understand—and he must protect her.

Another alternative is that the PCs are on the side of law and order and must do something about the escalating criminal activity as each thievery organization tries to outdo the other.





V. Prime Targets

Operations Master Pedeen sat in the high-backed, broad-armed chair, facing the wall-sized map of Lankhmar across the Council table. It was the chair reserved for the Grandmaster, but nobody else was there to see his flouting of tradition—and, in any case, wouldn't this chair be his soon enough? The thought brought a grin to his boyishly handsome face.

With an effort, he forced his mind back to the matter at hand. An operation, the Guild needed a rich operation. That thrice-damned Midnight's Band (who was Midnight, anyway?) was really starting to cut into the Guild's profitability. That had to be stopped and Pedeen was just the man to do it (well, to organize it, at least).

But how? What single operation would net the Guild the most, without opening it up to the chance of retribution from the House of Nobles or—all gods forbid—the Overlord himself? Pedeen chuckled. When he put it that way, the question quite simply answered itself. It had to be Jengao the Gem Merchant—on Silver Street near the intersection with Cash—or Muulsh the Moneylender—near the North Docks and the deserted tower (temple, whatever it was in yesteryear).

Pedeen sat back and smiled the smile of a predator. Yes, Jengao or Muulsh. Now, which would it be . . . ?

Jengao the Gem Merchant

Jengao the Gem Merchant lives and does business in the same building: a three-story house on the east side of Silver Street, near Cash. Despite its age, it is in good condition. Its roof is sloped toward the street—an interesting architectural decision which screens the front of the building with a curtain of falling water during the rainy season. Considering the business he's in, Jengao was wise when, several years ago, he brought builders in to close off the skylights in the roof; now it is impossible to tell where they were.

Jengao and Wife

Jengao is a gem merchant, not a jeweller. As such, he buys gems—from miners, adventurers, even fences (he's not fussy)—and sells them to jewelers throughout the city at a hefty profit. He doesn't like dealing in quantities of fewer than 10 gems or values less than 1,000 gold rilks. Jengao isn't a member of the Jewelers' Guild; his allegiance lies more with the mercantile faction than with the guilds. But guild jewelers respect him and treat him with honor (if only because alienating him would mean cutting off a valuable source of gemstones).

Jengao: AC 8 (*ring of protection*, +2); MV 12"; 0-level; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 9, DEX 12, CON 11, INT 13, WIS 9, CHA 14; AL LN; social level 4. Jengao is tall and thin (he prefers the description "aristocratic") with a hooked ("aquiline") nose. He's in his early 50s. Jengao's major personality trait is arrogance: he knows his importance to the jewelers of Lankhmar and he's not above using that importance as a weapon. People who wish to deal with Jengao must feed his ego continuously or he might suddenly decide he doesn't need their business. Most people who have ever dealt with Jengao hate him, although they aren't say so, even to each other, in fear of never making another deal with the gem merchant. Any of them would love to hear about anything that brings him down a peg. Even the city guard and Lankhmar police know—and dislike—Jengao: he's been condescending to them on too many occasions. Thus they'd perhaps be a little slow in responding to any calls for help.

Jengao doesn't trust people—any people—but he saves his most virulent distrust for wizards, black or white. Thus, even though he could certainly benefit by them, he refuses to use magical wards or alarms around his property. He prefers to use

animals to guard his possessions (a favorite quote being, "Animals don't bite the hand that feeds them").

Jengao is very protective of his wealth . . . but even more protective of his skin. He'll immediately attack any intruders, using the knife he always carries with him or any other weapon that comes to hand. But as soon as he takes any damage, he'll throw aside his weapon and surrender. This doesn't mean that he'll assist anyone in robbing him, however: he will stoutly refuse to divulge his secrets, arguing, "I'll tell you nothing—and if you kill me, I'll certainly tell you nothing. What profit, then, in killing me?" (He can only hope that his argument will work, though he has never had opportunity to use it.)

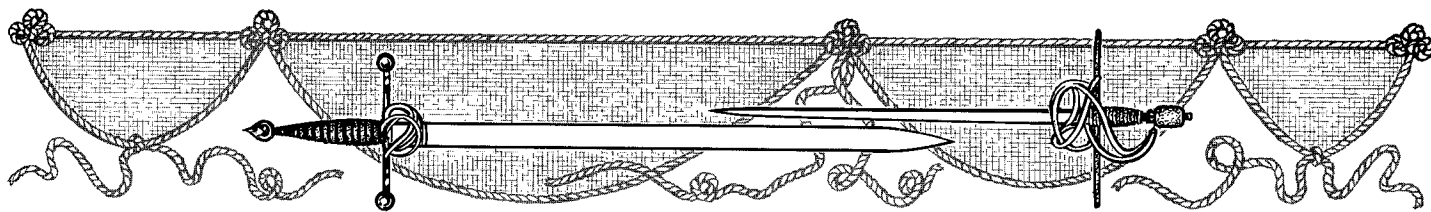
Jengao's wife is named Toa. Overweight, with black hair always styled in "extreme" coiffures, Toa looks like a poorly made-up pig trying to look glamorous. She's about the same age as her husband and shares his outlook on life, including her willingness to attack intruders with the small knife she keeps concealed in her rather full bodice. As soon as she takes any damage, she too will surrender; unlike her husband, however, she would willingly help the intruders if that's what it took to save her life. (Unfortunately, she doesn't have the keys to any of Jengao's safes or vaults, so she will be of little use in that regard.)

Toa: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 4.

Jengao's House

All the windows are barred and the doors locked *at all times*. Unless otherwise stated, rooms are lighted by strategically-located oil lamps, most of them made of beaten gold (value 300 gold rilks each).

At night, the lower floor of the house (rooms 1-6)—except the larder—are patrolled by a mated pair of marsh leopards. These creatures will attack anyone (except Jengao and Toa) who sets foot in the building (alerted by any



sound, they arrive in 1-2 rounds). If one leopard is slain, the surviving animal will fight with increased ferocity (+1 to hit and to damage) until it, too, is killed or kills the intruder(s). To allow their wandering, all interior doors on the lower floor—except those to areas 6 and 7—are left open.

Marsh leopard (x2): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 3; hp 18,20; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; AL N.

1. Entry hall. The large front door has a lock that Jengao believes to be of surpassing intricacy. (On the contrary, the locksmith who installed it had taken an instant dislike to Jengao and lied to the merchant: the lock is very easy to pick, giving thieves a +10% bonus to their Open Locks roll.)

During the day, anyone who knocks on the door is greeted by Jengao's butler—a hulking young man with close-cropped blonde hair and a manner even more abusive (if that's possible) than his master's. The butler is openly armed with a broad sword and will fight (but not to the death) to defend his employer. If reduced to 6 or fewer hit points, he'll surrender.

The butler doesn't live in the house, but in a rooming house nearby. He arrives at sunrise and leaves at sunset.

Butler: AC 10; MV 12"; F7; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength); STR 16, DEX 12, CON 16, INT 8, WIS 9, CHA 8; AL N(E); social level 2.

2. Waiting room. When visitors arrive to see Jengao, the butler puts them in this room to await Jengao's pleasure (it's usually the gem merchant's pleasure to make them wait for a while, just to show who's in charge). There are fairly comfortable chairs and a couch in this room.

3. Meeting room. This is where Jengao does business. There's a table with six chairs around it. The chair at the head of the table (Jengao's, of course) is comfortably padded; the others might have been designed by a torturer who must have turned furniture-maker. In front of Jengao's

seat, fastened to the underside of the table by spring-loaded clips (and out of sight of anyone seated at the other end of the table), is a hand crossbow, which is always loaded. The door in the northeast corner of the room leads to a hallway that gives access to the private portion of the house in which Jengao and Toa live.

The room is well-decorated, with paintings on the wall. Most of these are fairly well-executed renderings of Jengao.

4. Kitchen. This small but well-equipped kitchen is occupied during the day by Jengao's cook (in fact, the butler's wife). She appears as small and delicate as her husband is big and menacing, and Jengao is only dissuaded from attempting to start an affair with her by the possibility of vengeance—either from the cook's brutish husband or from his hostile wife, Toa. (In fact, the attractive cook is almost as lethal as her husband. If Jengao tried anything, he would probably end up much the worse for it!)

During the day, there's a 90% chance that the cook is present. At night, she's at home with her husband.

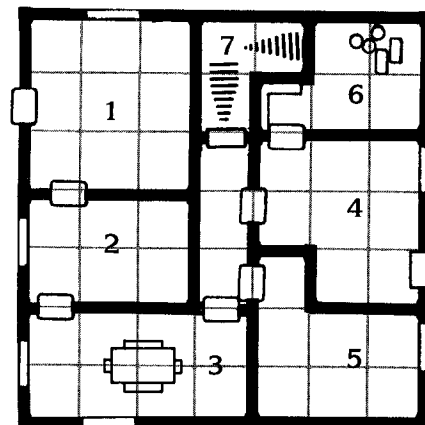
Only Jengao has a key to the back door.

Cook: AC 10; MV 12"; F4; hp 28; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 2.

5. Leopard "kennel." The two marsh leopards spend the day in a large cage within this room. It's the cook's duty to feed them at noon with a couple of slabs of raw meat (a duty she loves; the innocent ferocity of the feeding marsh leopards appeals to her). During the day, the door is shut, although the nature of the room's contents can be inferred easily from the growls heard from within.

The air is thick with the smell of leopard and is full of shed leopard fur.

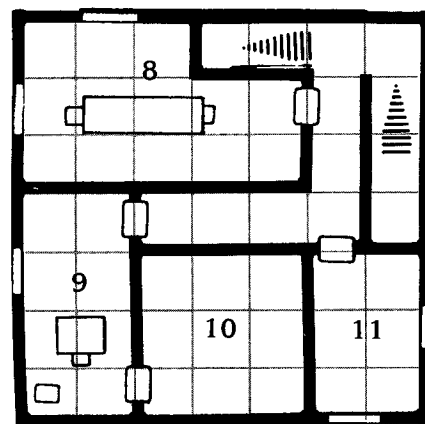
6. Larder. At night, the door to this room is securely closed to prevent the leopards from getting in and eating all the food.



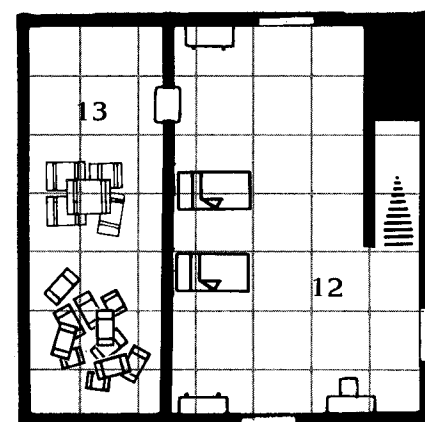
One square equals 5'

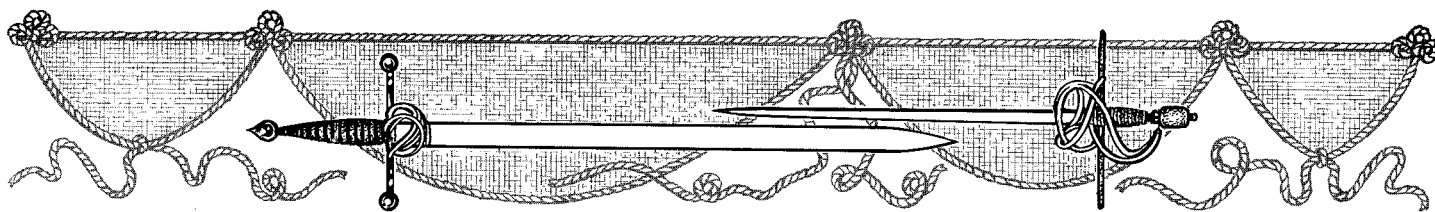
Ground Floor Jengao's House

Second Floor



Third Floor





And there's a lot of food, most of it of high quality and higher price. Jengao and his wife consider themselves gourmets and are well able to pay for the best.

Stacked against one wall are small casks of expensive brandy and fine wines—valuable commodities, but difficult to carry off without attracting unwanted attention.

7. Stairway. The door at the foot of the stairs is kept closed at all times. During the day, this is to prevent people from seeing into the private areas of the house; at night, it's to keep the marsh leopards downstairs where they belong. (Even though they would viciously attack anyone else, the leopards are unaccountably fond of Jengao and wife, and—left to their own devices—would come upstairs to sleep on the humans' beds.)

8. Dining room. Jengao and Toa never invite people over for dinner, feeling, as they do, that it is the responsibility of any other party to invite *them*. They do, however, enjoy their dinners together.

The floor in this room is richly carpeted; the walls are panelled with fine, dark wood. The long table is an antique, as are the chairs and sideboard. The cutlery (two place settings are always on the table) is sterling silver, filigreed with gold (value 300 gold rilks per place setting). The 2 crystal wine goblets set beside the place settings are from distant Quarmall (value 250 gold rilks each).

The cook's last duty of the day is to serve dinner to Jengao and Toa here at 1830 (the meal is generally over by 1915). At other times during the day, there's a 10% chance that either Jengao or Toa are present here.

9. Jengao's study. Jengao keeps all his records locked in wooden filing cabinets or in the locked drawers of his desk in this room. His most important records—valuable to him, but to no one else in Nehwon—are in a large iron-bound chest in the corner. The chest is secured by a padlock pro-

tected with a fairly common (but virulent) poisoned needle trap (save vs. poison at +1 or die in 1-4 rounds).

Toa never enters this room. During the day, there's a 40% chance of finding Jengao here, working; at night, there's a 5% chance that Jengao is working late by candlelight. When he's not present, the door is locked.

10. "Vault." Windowless and accessible only through his study, this is the most secure place Jengao could think of for his gems. The walls, ceiling, and floor are lined with thin sheets of iron, turning the room into one large safe (the weight is, of course, considerable, requiring reinforcement of the weight-bearing walls of the ground floor).

The door is locked at all times; unlike the lock on the front door, though, this one *is* highly intricate (-35% on a thief's Open Locks roll). The lock also has two independent traps, both spring-loaded poisoned needles (save vs. poison or die in 1-3 rounds).

The walls of the vault are lined with individual lockboxes: 20 of them, each with its own keylock. It is in these that Jengao keeps his stock of gems. The nature of his business being what it is, the number of gems in the vault at any one time can fluctuate wildly; the vault's total capacity is significantly more than Jengao has ever needed.

The total contents of the vault are: 1-100 stones, base value 10 gold rilks; 2-24 stones, base value 50 gold rilks; 2-12 stones, base value 100 gold rilks; 1-8 stones, base value 500 gold rilks; 1-4 stones, base value 1,000 gold rilks, 0-1 (1d2-1) stones, base value 5,000 gold rilks. These stones are always distributed among a number of lockboxes.

11. Toa's library. Unlike her husband, Toa enjoys reading. Thus—although Jengao bought the books in this room just for appearances and swank—this room is much more Toa's than his.

The walls of the small room are lined with bookcases literally groaning under the weight of leather-bound vol-

umes. The books range from natural histories to political treatises, from texts on heraldry to dissertations on wild flowers. They were selected not so much for their content as for the impressiveness of their bindings and their "snob value."

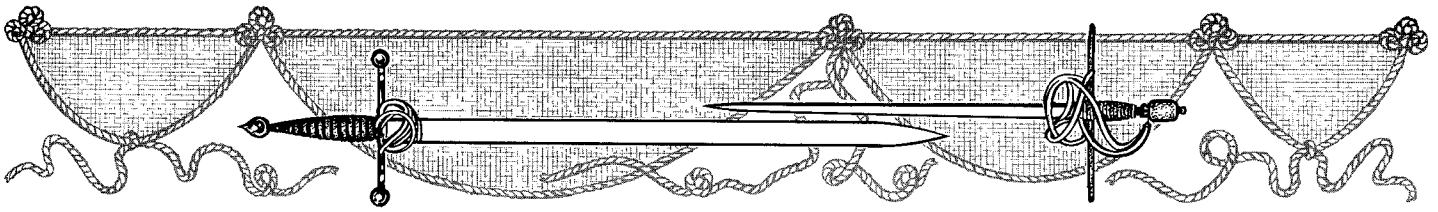
There is a single comfortable chair near either window; at night, the room can be well-lit by four oil lamps suspended from the ceiling by thin chains. During the day, there's a 35% chance that Toa will be here reading. At night, the chance drops to 5%.

12. Bedroom. Large and luxurious; this is where Jengao and Toa sleep (separate beds, of course). The ceiling is sloped, so headroom decreases from 12' on the east side of the room to 6' on the west. The floor is richly carpeted, the walls hung with tapestries. Both beds are as large as a standard double bed. Against the north and south walls are two large wardrobes (his to the north, hers to the south) which contain the expensive (and frequently tasteless) clothes favored by Jengao and Toa.

Also against the south wall is a dressing table with locked drawers (Toa has the keys). These drawers contain the ostentatious pieces of jewelry she loves so much (she doesn't have many, but what they lack in number they more than make up for in grotesqueness). They include: an uncomfortably heavy ruby-encrusted gold ring (value 1,500 gold rilks); a platinum brooch depicting a bat with ruby eyes (value 1,250 gold rilks); a grossly large sapphire pendant (value 2,000 gold rilks); a diamondstudded black choker (value 800 gold rilks); and an over-ornamented coronet (value 1,750 gold rilks).

Concealed under Jengao's bed is a locked chest, trapped with yet another poison-needle trap (save vs. poison or die in 2-8 rounds). The chest contains his operating cash: 10-100 silver smerduks, 200-500 gold rilks, and 4-12 diamond-in-amber glulditches.

During the day, there's a 15% chance that Jengao is present and a 20% chance that Toa is present. At



night, the chances increase to 90% (Jengao) and 85% (Toa).

13. Storeroom. Ceiling height decreases from 6' on the east side to little more than 1' on the west side. This room is used to store boxes of old clothes, blankets, old records, and assorted (generally worthless) knick-knacks.

Muulsh the Moneylender

As with Jengao the Gem Merchant, Muulsh the Moneylender works from his home: a stone building near the warehouses in the River District.

Muulsh Since Atya

Muulsh isn't an overly attractive man: quite overweight and given to profuse sweating. It amazed all his friends and business associates when he married the young and beautiful Atya (it *didn't* amaze them when they learned that Atya had Muulsh on a very short leash). As is his way, Muulsh continually bought his young wife expensive gifts to try and buy her love and respect, but was not overly successful in this regard.

The moneylender truly loved Atya—though it must be said that he also relished the effect that such a beautiful woman had on his reputation around town—and thought his life was over when she vanished. He sought (and found) solace in the arms of his maid, however, and soon realized that he wasn't as heartbroken as he'd first imagined. Since then, he's been living the life of a "swinging bachelor," spending most of his evenings with an constantly changing parade of beautiful women: merchants' daughters, actresses, bards, "hostesses"—all the attractive women Lankhmar has to offer. The only common factor amongst these women is that they look upon their relationship with the moneylender as more or less professional. Muulsh is one of the richest men in

Lankhmar and he always buys his women beautiful gifts—but . . . he is, after all, still a "moneylender," replete with all the social stigma attached to that title.

Muulsh has few "return engagements." The major exception is Nena, a beautiful and well-known member of the Entertainers' Guild. Muulsh and Nena have spent more than a dozen evenings together and rumors are circulating that the moneylender may be settling down again.

Muulsh: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 9, DEX 10, CON 7, INT 12, WIS 9, CHA 7; AL LE; social level 3. Muulsh always carries a dagger and isn't afraid to use it; if he actually receives a wound, however, he'll surrender. If pressed, Muulsh will show intruders where his wealth is stored. But the moneylender is cunning and won't tell the intruders everything; in fact, he'll try to trick them into setting off one or more of his many traps.

Nena: AC 10; MV 12"; T5; hp 17; THACO 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 15, CON 10, INT 12, WIS 10, CHA 15; AL N; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 75%, OL 20%, FT 5%, MS 90%, HS 35%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%. Nena is coolly beautiful, with high cheekbones, green eyes, and brown hair that reaches her shoulders. Her personality is even and somewhat unemotional on the surface—so much so that her entertainer colleagues have nicknamed her "the Ice Witch"—but she has a sharply cynical sense of humor. Despite what many might think, Nena honestly likes Muulsh (nobody can figure out why). She is always armed with a concealed dagger and will fight ferociously if threatened.

For the last several years, Muulsh has cultivated a relationship with a female black wizard named Nunce. The relationship remains purely professional, no matter how hard Muulsh has tried to make it otherwise. Nunce is responsible for the numerous magi-

cal wards and alarms encountered throughout the building. (Such magical protections are expensive, but Muulsh can afford them.)

Muulsh's House

Muulsh's three-storied house has a flat roof with small windows. Built of stone, it appears subtly unpleasant, with harsh, angular lines.

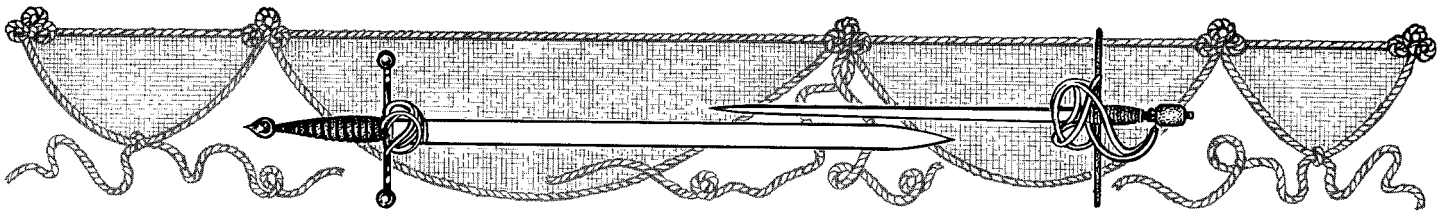
The windows are securely latched from within and are crisscrossed with metal bars. Each of the ground floor window frames has a *magic mouth* spell cast on it. The spell is triggered whenever anyone tries to bend or cut the bars; the "mouth" will shout, "Intruders!" and the name of the room being entered loudly enough to be heard throughout the house.

All rooms and hallways in the building have small disks in the ceiling on which *continual light* has been cast. These light disks can be eclipsed by sliding adjacent metal disks over the lighted ones, thus "turning off the lights."

1. Front hall. This room is used only to receive Muulsh's guests outside business hours; it is rarely used. Hence, the front door is always locked and can be opened only when Muulsh (or someone else to whom he has given a key) opens it. The door across the front hall, which opens into the hallway leading to the private part of the house, is always locked as well. In fact, this door is self-locking; it re-locks every time someone with a key passes through it. Only Muulsh and his maid servant—and only because she may have to serve him dinner upstairs in the dining room, area 15 on the second floor—have keys to this door which, for obvious reasons, they always carry with them.

The floor here is polished grey stone (very attractive, but quite slippery when wet).

2. Clerk's office. Muulsh has a young clerk named Boub working for him. Boub works from 0900 to 1700,



with a one-hour break at noon. Boub sits behind his desk, laboriously hand-copying ledgers and accounts. He also serves Muulsh as secretary, handling his appointments and preventing uninvited guests from entering Muulsh's office beyond (in area 3).

When Boub isn't in the office, the door to the street is locked; Boub and Muulsh both have keys.

Boub: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. Boub is an intense young man who takes his onerous work very seriously. He appreciates the chance to work for Muulsh—even though he's paid a pittance—but this appreciation doesn't extend to risking his skin for his boss.

3. Muulsh's "public" office. In contrast to the rest of the house, Muulsh's business office is very spartan; it's just not good business to flaunt his wealth in front of clients, he's decided. There's a plain desk with a padded chair behind it and two visitors' chairs in front. The desk drawers contain blank contracts, records, and ledgers (but no money).

Muulsh is present only when he has an appointment. At those times, the door to the rest of the house (in the north wall) is unlocked; otherwise, it's locked, and Muulsh has the only key.

Muulsh conducts his business in the following manner: People wishing to borrow money make an appointment at which they tell Muulsh how much money they want. At this meeting they also discuss such details as collateral, rate of interest, and repayment schedule. The prospective borrower signs a contract, then Muulsh schedules a follow-up appointment.

Between the first and second appointments, Muulsh checks out the prospective borrower and decides whether he wants to loan the money. If not, he so informs the client and destroys the contract. If he wants to go ahead, Muulsh has the exact amount of the loan ready in cash to give to the client when he arrives for the next meeting.

Repayments are handled in a similar manner. The borrower makes an appointment with Muulsh, who receives the money and immediately carries it to his vault.

During any business meeting where money will be changing hands, Muulsh has another employee present: Horth the Mingol.

Horth: AC 7; MV 12"; F9; hp 78; THAC0 11; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength); STR 17, DEX 10, CON 17, INT 6, WIS 11, CHA 8; AL N(E); social level 4. Horth lives in a tenement nearby, but is kept on retainer by Muulsh for his somewhat daunting presence. He always wears hide armor, sketchily covered by foul-smelling furs. His pride and joy is a two-handed morning star, with which he has specialized. Horth's orders are simple (which is lucky, since he'd have serious difficulties remembering them if they weren't): if anyone starts trouble with Muulsh, bash in the troublemaker's head.

4. Kitchen. This is a large, airy space filled with almost any cooking and eating utensil imaginable. These line shelves on the walls and hang from hooks from the ceiling. Clumps or ropes of various spices and cooking vegetables also hang throughout the kitchen. There is a large cooking/baking fireplace in the northeast corner of the room. There is certainly enough kitchen here to prepare food for a sizeable household.

Muulsh has a live-in maid/cook, Ardra by name, who keeps the kitchen moderately clean, but isn't fanatical about it (she knows that her boss will never come in to check). Indeed, this generous kitchen is rarely used now that Atya is gone; Muulsh eats few meals at home, preferring to go out to restaurants. During the day, there's a 10% chance that Ardra is present.

The back door is always locked. Muulsh and Ardra both have keys.

5. Maid's room. This area is where Ardra spends most of her off-duty hours. (It should be noted that this is a different maid than the one with whom

Muulsh had an affair soon after the disappearance of Atya. Ardra is, however, cut from the same cloth: decorative and not overly smart.)

Ardra's room decor is highly (some might say excessively) feminine, with lots of pink ruffles and bows. There's a bed, dressing table, and wardrobe. The door has a lock, but Ardra never uses it (hoping, perhaps, that Muulsh might visit her one night and give her expensive presents).

During the day, the room is empty since the girl is working. At night, she's always there. Even though she's a light sleeper, she'll pretend not to hear if someone enters the room (again she's hoping that it might be Muulsh). If she realizes it's a real intruder, however, she'll scream loudly enough to wake the dead.

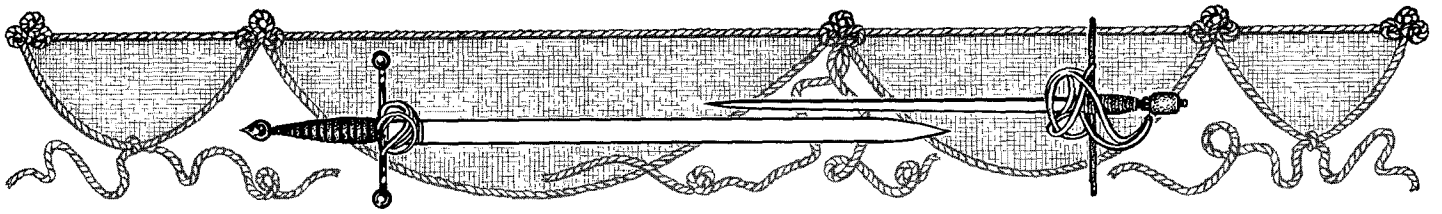
Ardra: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN(G); social level 2. Ardra is a bubble-headed blonde in her late teens. She's a true romantic, thinking that it will be just a matter of time before Muulsh falls in love with her and sweeps her off her feet to live happily ever after.

6. Pantry. This room is a typical pantry, with a few barrels, boxes, and containers of food lining shelves on the walls and sitting on the floor. There is little in the way of wine, ale, or other strong drink here.

As might be expected, Ardra doesn't keep much food on hand, since Muulsh eats out quite often and she's the only one who eats in the house on a regular basis. The majority of the food is blandly healthy (Ardra's chosen menu), while some is excessively rich and exotic (to be prepared when Muulsh does eat or entertains at home).

7. Linen closet. This large walk-in closet contains table cloths, sheets, bed-spreads, and the like. There is nothing here of any value.

8. Private office. The door is always locked; Muulsh has the only key. The door has had *magic mouth* cast



on it; the spell is triggered if anyone other than Muulsh himself attempts to open this door. As with the windows around the first floor, the mouth will shout, "Intruders in the office," loudly enough to be heard throughout the house in the event of a break-in.

This room is considerably more comfortable than his "public" office (area 3). There is a heavy carpet of a complex Kleshite weave on the floor, the desk is made of honey-gold ironwood, and the chair is plushly padded. The locked desk drawers contain contracts like those in the public office; the only difference is that these contracts describe loans to more well-known people in Lankhmar. The bottom drawer also contains some "petty cash" in small strongbox: 150 gold rilks and 2 diamond-in-amber glulditches. There is no trap of any kind on this box. Muulsh figures if, by some miracle, a thief gets this far, he may only take the petty cash and leave the rest of the valuables alone.

There's a bookcase against the northeast wall, which conceals the en-

trance to Muulsh's vault. The secret door is revealed by pulling two particular books out of the bookcase in a specific order, then swinging the entire bookcase out of the way. The secret door itself is further secured with a keylock; Muulsh, of course, has the only key.

9. Vault staircase. This steep staircase is always in darkness. At the bottom is a heavy metal door that glows faintly with a cold blue light. This is the door to Muulsh's vault.

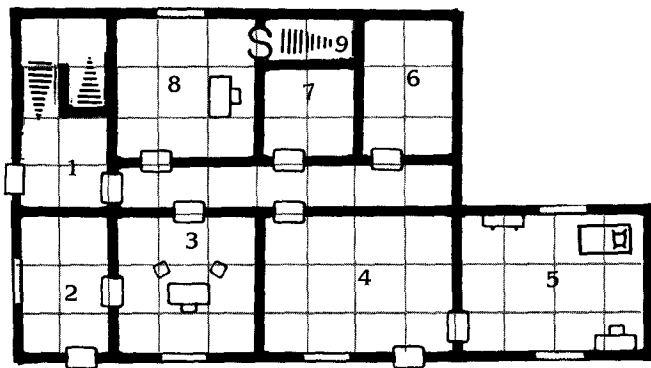
The metal door is securely fastened to the stone walls of the vault, giving a -5% penalty to attempts to force it open. It is secured by a highly complicated three-cylinder lock (-30% penalty to a thief's Open Locks roll). Muulsh has the only key.

The door is protected by a number of *dweomers* (asterisks indicate uniquely Lankhmart enchantments which are detailed in Chapter 6). These are: *unpickable locks** (keyed to Muulsh), *electrical wards**, and *silent alarm** (cast twice—once to send

a message to Horth the Mingol, who will arrive girded for battle in 7-12 rounds; and once to notify Captain Seif, described in Chapter 8, who will arrive, day or night, in 11-20 rounds with his patrol of 8 guardsmen and 1 sergeant). There is also a *magic mouth*—yes, another one—cast on the vault door (triggered to say "Intruders in the vault" if anyone other than Muulsh touches the door).

As if the magical protection weren't enough, the area in front of the door is trapped: anyone who tries to open the door—even with the key—without first pressing a concealed stud on the vault door-frame—triggers two counter-rotating scythe blades that slash out of the walls. These inflict 2-12 points of damage *each* (save vs. wands for half-damage). Once triggered, the blades must be reset by hand.

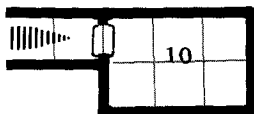
Halfway down this steep staircase lies an additional hindrance. This a "trip step"—a step with a riser a couple of inches shorter than all other risers in the staircase. Anyone



Muulsh's House

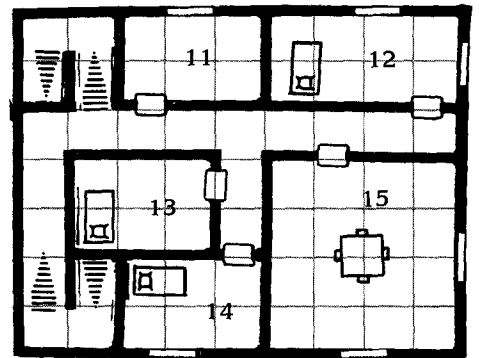
Ground Floor

One square equals 5'

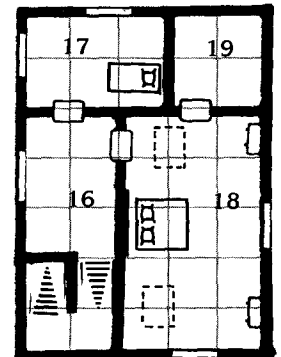


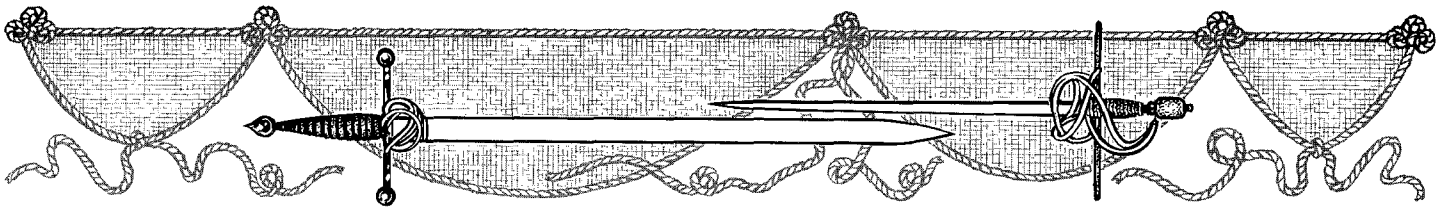
Basement

Second Floor



Third Floor





descending or ascending the staircase and not actively examining the steps (and not aware of the trip step, of course) must make a 7d6 Dexterity check or fall. If the character falls while *descending* the staircase, he or she must make another 7d6 Dexterity check to avoid hitting the metal door at the bottom and triggering the magical wards. Both Dexterity checks are made with a +5 penalty if the character is running.

10. Vault. This small room is set into the stone foundations of the building. For added protection, its walls are lined with iron. The heavy door can be opened from the inside without a key.

Despite his wealth, Muulsh keeps relatively little of it in the vault in coin form; he maintains just enough to continue his moneylending trade. He invests heavily in other businesses, usually through intermediaries, shell companies, and blinds. Because of his extensive business connections, many of his "loans" are actually issued as credit at gaming houses, taverns, and such that he owns.

There has to be some cash on hand, of course. Muulsh keeps the coins in small velvet bags in small chests of drawers in the vault. The drawers aren't locked since Muulsh figures that any thief good enough to get into the vault won't be deterred by another few locks. The total contents of the room vary, depending on the conditions of Muulsh's short-term accounts. Therefore, at any one time, the vault will contain the following ranges of actual cash: 3,000-8,000 iron tiks, 2,000-5,000 bronze agols, 100-1,200 silver smerduks, 100-1,200 gold rilks, and 10-100 diamond-in-amber glulditches. Muulsh finds this sufficient for day-to-day business. Of course, if someone wanted to borrow 50,000 rilks to buy a ship, Muulsh would have to make other arrangements. But then, such loans would have to be arranged, giving Muulsh sufficient time to collect the money from the coffers of his other businesses.

11. Study. This is a comfortable room where Muulsh likes to read (the only relaxation—other than female company—that he has time for). The walls are lined with bookcases (mainly "easy reading" titles, the Lankhmart equivalent of trashy romances), the floor is covered with thick rugs, and the few softly-padded chairs adorn the room.

Set into the stone outer wall of the room is a small safe, secured by a keylock. The keylock is trapped with a spring-loaded poison needle (save vs. poison or suffer 2-8 points of damage per round for 2-4 rounds). In addition, the safe is dweomered with *electrical wards** and a *magic mouth* (which will shout, "Intruder in the study;" and is triggered when anyone other than Muulsh attempts to open the safe).

The safe contains some of the baubles that Muulsh has bought to give to his women. These include: a diamond collar pin (value 500 gold rilks), an unadorned platinum ring (value 250 rilks), a gold-chased silver brooch (300 rilks), a ruby pendant (1,000 rilks), a pair of emerald earrings (1,750 rilks for the pair), a gold filigree hummingbird with amber eyes (1,000 rilks), and a chalcedony circlet (2,000 rilks).

12.-14. Spare bedrooms. On very rare occasions, Muulsh has house guests who require separate sleeping quarters. Decor and furniture are simple, but quite warm and comfortable.

15. Dining room. Although Muulsh eats most of his meals at restaurants, he occasionally enjoys a romantic dinner at home (cooked and served by Ardra the maid). The furniture is very avant-garde for Lankhmar: black lacquered wood with brass accents and white cushions on the chairs. The place settings (dusky pink antique ceramic plates and bowls, finely-wrought silver flatware, and lead crystal goblets—all imported long-ago from Sarheenmar and now worth no less than 2,000 gold rilks each) are a subtle but impressive demonstration of Muulsh's wealth.

There are four chairs around the table, although Muulsh rarely uses more than two (or one, if he can convince his guest—usually female—to sit on his lap). A black lacquer and brass sideboard holds the plates, cutlery, goblets, and two large gold candlesticks (value 200 gold rilks each).

16. Art gallery. This area is open to the staircase. The walls here are enlivened by 5 large paintings. These are all fairly valuable; while Muulsh knows nothing about art, he does know how to read a price tag. The paintings are worth 200-1,200 rilks each.

17. Spare bedroom. This room is similar to rooms 12-14 and is maintained for the same purpose.

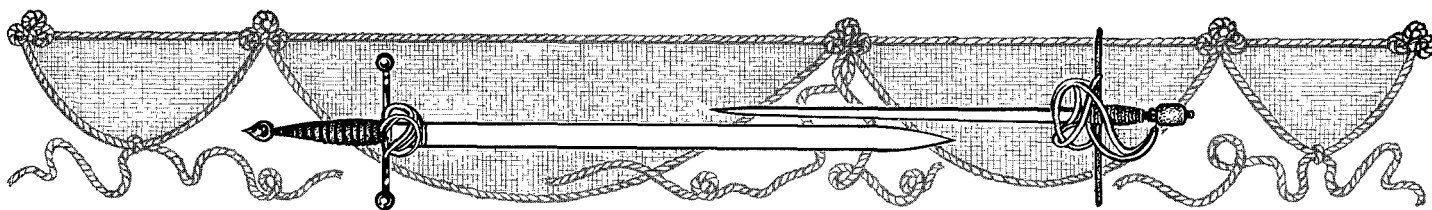
18. Muulsh's bedroom. This is a large, spacious room. There are two skylights—protected by tightly spaced bars—leading to the flat ceiling.

This room is lavishly appointed, with velvet curtains around the walls and priceless Kleshite carpets on the floor. The bed is covered in sheets of finest silk and big enough for a party of six.

It's obvious that this room was once—and, occasionally, still is—shared by a man and a woman. There are two dressing tables, one (Muulsh's) rather messy, the other totally bare, as though it's never used (or used by someone who doesn't want to leave behind evidence of her presence).

A locked drawer in Muulsh's dressing table contains a few pieces of jewelry. These, and others, used to belong to his wife Atya. Muulsh, for reasons of his own, has saved a diamond-encrusted ring (value 2,200 rilks), a pair of pearl earrings (800 rilks), a jewelled comb (1,500 rilks), and a dainty mirror made of highly-polished platinum with a gold frame (2,500 rilks).

19. Walk-in closet. Most of the clothes hung here belong to Muulsh. There are, however, a few pieces of feminine garb here and there (few of the same size).



VI. The Role of Magic

"Piece of cake," Duart muttered. The countinghouse wall had been easy to climb, the latch on the window simple to lift with his thin-bladed knife. And, best of all, the upper floor of Muulsh the moneylender's building was unoccupied. But then, Duart had known that it would be. He'd seen Muulsh and his new companion—a toothsome slip of a girl, Duart remembered—leave an hour before, dressed for a night on the town.

Duart had staked out the moneylender's house for a week and studied well a copy of the floorplan that he'd "acquired." He felt that he knew the place almost as well as Muulsh himself.

The safe was exactly where the plans said it would be, set into the thick stone wall of Muulsh's study. The single keylock was another one of those damnable multi-cylinder affairs. Muulsh must have paid a fortune. . . . But anything could be picked with time and the right tools—and Duart had the right tools. He opened the drapes a little, and moonlight spilled across the floor. More than enough light to work by. Duart hummed tunelessly to himself as he took out his implements.

As he started to insert the tension wrench into the keyhole, something—a sensation of unnatural cold—triggered alarm bells in the back of his mind. He tried to pull back his hand, but it was too late. The metal wrench touched the iron surrounding the safe's lock.

Duart could remember no apparent transition. One instant, he was standing next to the safe; the next he was flat on his back across the room. His ears were ringing, every nerve in his body was tingling, and the smell of a thunderstorm was in his nostrils. His right hand—the one that had been holding the wrench—felt like it was on fire. When he forced himself to a sitting position and looked at the safe, he could see the tension wrench still inserted in the keyhole. But the spring steel of the tool was blackened and twisted as though struck by lightning. Maybe the light had been wrong be-

fore, or maybe he just hadn't noticed, but now he saw that the door of the safe glowed faintly with a cold, blue light.

Magic!

A good thief knows when it's time to forget a job and leave. Duart promptly forgot this one . . . and left!

Magic and Thievery

Compared to the standard AD&D® game "universes," Nehwon is a magic-poor world. Enchanted items are rare, and spellcasters are few and far between (mainly because of the restrictions under which they must work).

Even so, magic and magic-users do exist. And the large amounts of money involved in both sides of the crime game (commission and prevention), particularly in a city like Lankhmar, will certainly attract the more mercenary sorcerers to this booming market. Thus, there are a number of magical items specifically tailored to the realities of the thief's, or the potential victim's, world. There are also a handful of black wizards in Lankhmar who have specialized in protective spells and will—for a (typically large) fee—cast them on behalf of people who have much to fear from theft. (It should be noted that, because of the cost and the unpleasant necessity of having to deal with black wizards, very few people actually commission these spells.)

Magical items aren't the kind of thing that can be picked up at a store. Those people who own them will always guard them jealously and will be extremely unwilling to give them up, no matter what price is offered. The Thieves' Guild owns one or two of the more interesting items and issues them to a thief as required for specific operations. The Guild will always take special precautions, however, to make sure that the thief doesn't turn renegade and run off with the item.

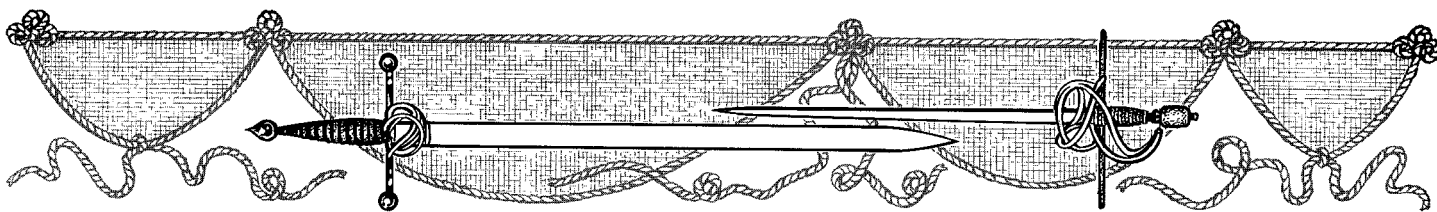
Magical Items

Rod of Climbing: This item is similar in appearance to a *rod of lordly might* and can be used by any character class. When a concealed stud is pressed, a spike that magically pierces and anchors in any form of solid rock extends from one end of the rod, while the other end sprouts three sharp hooks. The rod then lengthens 5 to 50 feet in a single round, stopping when a second stud is pushed. Horizontal bars three inches long fold out from the sides, one foot apart, in staggered progression. The rod is firmly held by spike and hooks and will bear up to 4,000 pounds weight. It completely retracts by pushing a third stud.

The rod can also be used to force open doors. (The rod's base spike is planted 30" or less from the portal to be forced, and in line with it, then the rod is extended). The force exerted is equal to *storm giant* strength.

Enchanted Grappling Iron: Apart from a faint aura of magic, this grappling iron is indistinguishable from any other such implement and can be used by any character class. When thrown, with a rope attached, there's a 75% chance (modified by whatever bonuses or penalties the user might normally receive for such an action) that the iron will hook onto something solid to allow climbing. Once the iron has hooked, it gives a 5% climbing bonus to anyone attempting to climb the rope.

Skeleton Key: This powerful item is carved from the thigh bone of a dead master thief. It can be used by any character class. It normally appears as a small ivory key with a complicated design engraved on it. When inserted into any keyhole, the skeleton key changes in size and shape until it fits the lock. This process takes 1 round. The key then has an 85% chance of opening the lock. It can be used three times per day. This item is highly magical and strongly evil; the key inflicts 1-6 points of damage on anyone of non-Evil alignment who



touches it. Also, each time it is used there is a 5% (non-cumulative) chance that the spirit of the thief whose thigh bone was used in crafting the key will take notice. If this occurs, the spirit emerges from the key as a *haunt* (AC 0 or victim's AC; MV 6" or as possessed victim; HD 5; hp 30 or victim's hp; #AT 1—as 5 HD monster; Dmg special or by victim's weapon type; SA possession, dexterity loss; SD in natural form, hit only by silver or magical weapons or by fire; AL NE). The haunt will try to possess the character who is using the key. If the possession attempt is successful, the haunt (in the victim's body) will make all efforts to hunt down and kill the black wizard who originally made the key. Once the haunt has emerged from the key, the key becomes totally non-magical.

Magical eartrumpet: This small metal cone increases any character's ability to hear noise. When held to the ear, it gives a thief a bonus of 25% to his or her roll to Detect Noise (to a maximum of 95%). Other character classes receive a +1 bonus to their die roll to hear noise. The eartrumpet can also be held near a combination lock, in which case it magnifies the tiny sounds from within the lock, giving a thief a 15% bonus to his or her roll to Open Locks (to a maximum of 95%).

Veil of X-ray Vision: This appears to be a strip of fine, diaphanous cloth about 18" long and 4" wide. If bound over the eyes like a blindfold, it endows any wearer with the ability to see clearly through objects as though those objects were clear glass. The thickness through which the wearer can see depends on the material observed.

Material	Thickness
Lead	1/2"
Other metals	2"
Stone	2"
Wood	6"
Other common building materials	6"
Flesh	12"

It also gives the wearer the ability to see clearly in fog, smoke and other visibility-reducing conditions (whether natural or magically induced). The *veil* has a number of obvious uses to the creative thief: seeing through walls or into locked boxes, and the like. It also gives thieves a 30% bonus to their Open Lock rolls—to a maximum of 98%—whether the locks are key or combination (the thief can see the tumblers within the lock). It gives non-thieves a 10% chance to pick a lock (they still require suitable tools, however). The *veil* can be used for a maximum period of 15 minutes per day after which time it ceases to function for an entire day.

Standard magical items (potions and oils of *climbing*, *flying*, *gaseous form*, *invisibility*; rings of *invisibility* or *X-ray vision*; and *robes of blending*, *boots of elvenkind*, *hats of disguise*, etc.) will be even more rare than the Nehwon-specific items described above.

Special Spells

These spells are *exceedingly uncommon* and affordable by only the richest nobles and merchants in Lankhmar. Black wizards are rare enough, and only a very few of their number know how to cast these special spells.

Note: As stated in *Lankhmar, City of Adventure* (pp. 88-89), spell casting in Nehwon is a little different than in other AD&D® game milieus—it takes longer! All spells taken from the *Players' Handbook, 2nd Edition* and used in a Nehwonian/Lankhmart campaign should be subject to the following extended casting times:

PH Casting Time	Nehwon Casting Time
1 segment	1 round
1 round	1 turn
1 turn	1 hour
1 hour	1 day

However, the spells that are listed hereafter originated in Nehwon and are **not** subject to the extended cast-

ing times. Their casting times are exactly as listed under each spell.

Unpickable Locks (Alteration)

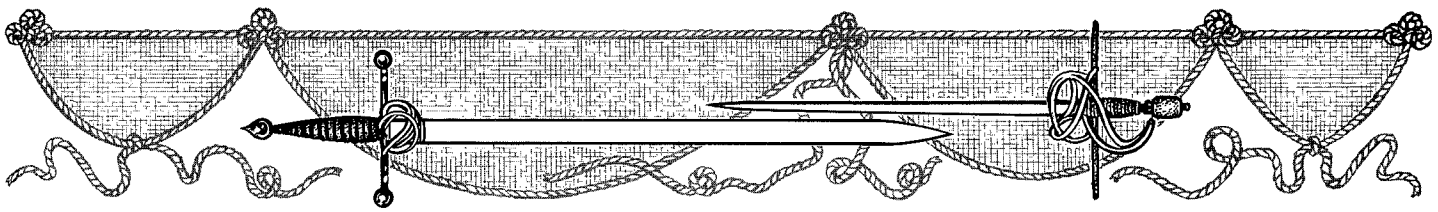
Level: 2
 Range: Touch
 Components: V,S,M
 Duration: 2-4 months
 Casting time: 2 rounds
 Area of effect: One lock
 Saving Throw: None

This specialized *dweomer* can be cast on any lock—key or combination—and lasts from 2-4 months. While the spell is in effect, any thief attempting to pick the lock suffers a 25% penalty on his or her Open Locks roll. Its advantage over the spell *wizard lock* is that it can be "keyed" to any single individual (not necessarily the spellcaster); this "authorized" individual can open the ensorcelled door freely. The spell's disadvantage is that it makes picking the lock more difficult, not impossible. The material component of this spell is a sliver of bone.

Electrical Wards (Alteration)

Level: 4
 Range: Touch
 Components: V,S,M
 Duration: 3-5 months
 Casting time: 4 rounds
 Area of effect: Object touched
 Saving Throw: None

This variation of *shocking grasp* can be cast upon any metallic object. If anyone touches the object without first speaking a Word of Release (this Word is different for each casting of the spell), the *dweomer* delivers 2-20 points of electrical damage (save vs. spells for half damage). There is no limit to the number of times the wards can be "disarmed" (with the Word of Release) and "rearmed" (with a different Word of Setting) for the period of the spell's duration. However, the *dweomer* can only be triggered and



deliver its damage *twice*; then the wards are gone. (Duart, at the beginning of this chapter, fell afoul of this spell.) The spell causes the affected material to glow with a faint, blue light (25% of detecting it in daylight, 80% in shadow or half-light, and 100% in complete darkness). It also causes the air within 1 inch of the treated material to feel unnaturally cold. The material component is a short length of copper wire.

Silent Alarms (Alteration)

Level: 5

Range: 5 yards/level

Components: V,S,M

Duration: Special

Casting time: 5 rounds

Area of effect: 1 object

Saving Throw: None

This *dweomer* combines attributes of the spells *magic mouth*, *message*, and *ESP*. When a prestated condition is met (for example, “when an unauthorized person enters the gemcutting room”), the *dweomer* is triggered. A telepathic message—again prestated—is sent to a predetermined person. This message is strong enough to wake the “target” from sleep and is repeated twice. No one else knows that the spell has taken effect. Usually the “target” of the telepathic message will be the owner of the establishment or object guarded by the spell; in some cases, however, the target is a trusted officer in the city guard. As with *unpickable locks*, this spell is keyed to allow “authorized” persons to enter the protected area without triggering the *silent alarm*. Also, because of the number of people affected by the spell (authorized person or persons and message recipient), the spellcaster must have those people (or something from their immediate persons—hair is generally acceptable) present when the spell is cast. This is also one of the more expensive spells because of its complexity, duration, and scope. The spell will remain in place until it is triggered



by the occurrence of the prestated condition. The material component of this spell is a button (one taken from the spellcaster’s own clothing would suffice) and, if necessary, a strand of hair from any person to be involved in the spell who cannot be present at its casting.

Timed Stasis (Alteration)

Level: 7

Range: Touch

Components: V,S,M

Duration: 2-4 months

Casting time: 10 rounds

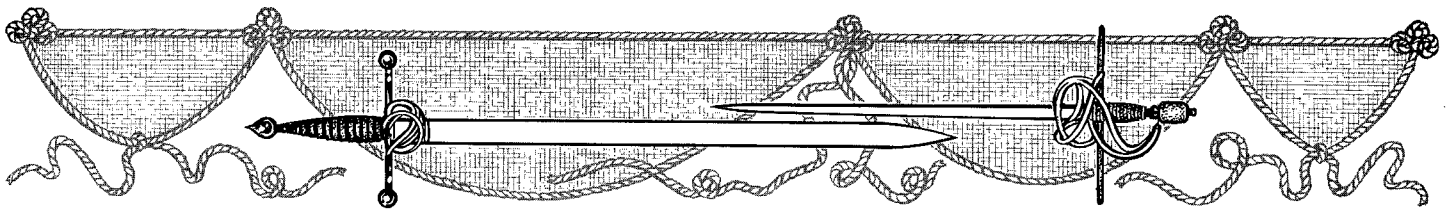
Area of effect: One container, 27 cubic feet maximum volume

Saving Throw: None

Another highly specialized *dweomer*, this draws elements from the spell *time stop*, hence its high level (7th). When this spell is cast on a container—a chest or safe, typically—that container is totally impervious to any attempt to open it for a preset

length of time or for a predetermined period each day. In fact, for the container and its contents, time has come to a complete stop. The protected container is immune to all physical, magical and scrying effects—even to a *wish*. (In effect, the container and its contents are no longer part of the normal universe.) The spell is frequently used to protect safes during the night; for this application, the preset period of stasis might be “from dusk to dawn.” *Timed stasis* must be re-cast every 2-4 months to maintain the protection. Each time it is re-cast, the period of stasis can be changed; the period of stasis cannot be changed while the spell is in effect. The material component of this spell is a small spring made out of platinum (valued at no less than 500 gold rilks).

In addition to these special spells, *magic mouth* and *wizard lock* (which, though rare, cost far less than those listed above) are also very commonly used.



VII. The Forces of Law

Constable Balthus coughed again. The gods damn this Lankhmar night smog, he thought. Nights were cold this time of year, which didn't help, especially here at the corner of Plague and Death, and the tight-fitting black leathers of a police constable weren't particularly warm.

Plague and Death. He swore again. The intersection of Plague Alley and Death Alley was often called Dead Man's Corner. Because of its proximity to the infamous Thieves' House, it wasn't the safest place for a policeman to stand alone, at night. But that, of course, was why he was assigned to it, as punishment, and as a reminder that he should rethink his ways.

Punishment. For what? For doing his job, that's what. He'd reported to his superior that Kabit, a man in his barracks, was on the take, being paid by the Thieves' Guild to look the other way. How was he to know that his superior was getting a cut from Kabit?

And so he was out here, Balthus was, alone in the night. Kabit was probably on Whore Street, sitting by a brazier with a handful of colleagues, watching the scenery stroll by. So this is the reward for doing a good job?

There were footsteps in the darkness—cat-like footsteps, more than one set. Balthus knew what he'd see even before the figures emerged from the fog. Three men, slim and wiry-fit, dressed in tight-fitting black garb not too unlike his own. What little light there was glinted off dull silver from the figures' belt sheaths. The constable knew from which House they came.

Balthus was momentarily aware of his weapons belt, of the weight of iron-shod cudgel and wickedly-barbed darts. He shifted forward onto the balls of his feet, ready.

But then, for an instant, he thought of the people of the city, the citizens who were perfectly satisfied to leave a corrupt police official in his job. *Leave the corrupt to send an honest man to die protecting them? Let'em rot!* he thought. Casually, he leaned back against the wall, crossed his ankles, and began whistling a jaunty tune.

The thieves' cold eyes were on him now, as they passed. One muttered a comment to another—uncomplimentary, no doubt. But the third . . . there was understanding in his eyes. With a half-smile, he gave Balthus a supportive thumbs-up gesture. Then all three melted away into the fog.

For several minutes Balthus didn't move, considering his new career. He wondered how he'd like it.

The Legal Process

A rather cursory but functional description of Lankhmar's legal system can be found on pages 77 and 78 of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*. There are some important topics that aren't covered in that volume, however.

At any given time, there are probably a score of accused criminals awaiting trial in the dungeons beneath the Hall of Law. This stone fortress-like building is just within the walls of the North Barracks. There are two dozen courtrooms of varying sizes on the ground floor, where the Judges of Lankhmar decide on the guilt or innocence of accused criminals. The remainder of the building is taken up by guardrooms and areas where witnesses can be kept incommunicado until needed.

There are usually forty official Judges, appointed by the Overlord from a list of "suggestions" provided by the House of Pleaders. These worthies are members of noble families who will serve the House's interests (i.e., stretching trials out for as long as possible, to increase legal bills, and ruling against anyone benighted enough to represent himself without benefit of council). Judges are appointed for a term of one year; no Judge may serve more than four consecutive terms. For their service, Judges receive an honorarium of 50 gold rilks per month, plus any other considerations paid to them by the House of Pleaders.

There are few if any "instruments of judicial process" (such as subpoenas) in Lankhmar. If a pleader wishes to

call a witness, he or she simply instructs a patrol of city guards to go out and bring the witness to the Hall of Law. The witness is kept incommunicado—although treated quite well—until required in the courtroom. A "witness detachment" usually comprises 8 guardsmen and a sergeant.

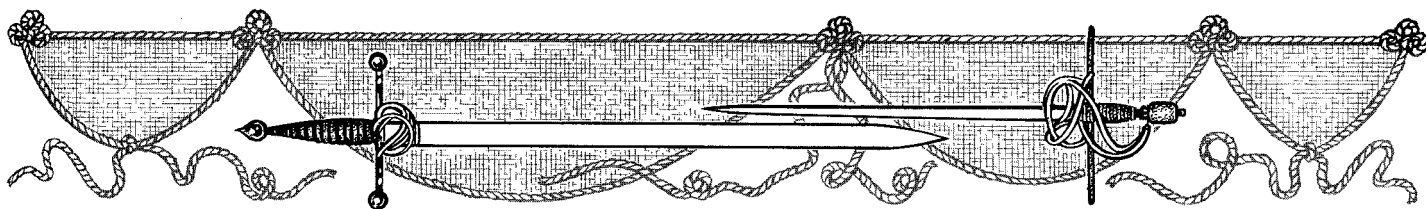
Lankhmart trials aren't the public spectacle that they can become in our world. Because the Hall of Law is inside the walls of the North Barracks, curiosity-seekers can't gain access to it (unless they can bribe or smooth-talk their way past the gate guards). The gates are guarded round the clock by 12 guardsmen, 2 sergeants and a captain. An additional 12 guardsmen and 2 sergeants—all armed with long bows—are in the towers flanking the gate.

Courtrooms themselves are guarded by another 12 guardsmen, 6 of whom are within the courtroom while the other 6 stand outside the door. Accused criminals—always securely manacled—are flanked by 2 sergeants. The judge has 2 sergeants as a personal bodyguard.

Because the Hall of Law is within the walls and fortifications of the North Barracks and, hence, surrounded by city guardsmen, it is not an easy place to break out of (or into). The dungeons themselves are windowless, the subterranean halls constantly patrolled by guardsmen. The one door that gives access to the dungeon area is guarded by a detachment of 8 guardsmen and one captain. All city guardsmen are generally of the types listed here.

Guardsmen: AC 5; MV 9"; F1; hp 1-10; THAC0 20; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. They wear browned iron splint mail with shields, and carry long swords, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon. Guardsmen on gate duty carry halberds.

Sergeant: AC 4; MV 9"; F4; hp 4-40; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. They wear banded mail of browned iron and carry long swords, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon.



Captain: AC 4; MV 9"; F8; hp 8-80; THAC0 13; #AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3. They wear banded mail of browned iron and carry long swords, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon.

The Forces of Law

There are two distinct organizations responsible for keeping the peace in Lankhmar: the city guard and the police.

City Guard

The city guard is a military organization which operates from the North Barracks in the Palace District. Its members are common soldiers who are rotated onto the guard force for periods of 6 months to a year. Its reporting structure follows the standard military model, and its discipline is as harsh and unyielding as that of any other military organization.

For this reason, city guardsmen are *notoriously hard to bribe*. Except for the elite detachments that operate in the Noble and Palace Districts (discussed later), city guardsmen operate under a penalty of -4 to any reaction rolls for bribes. This penalty increases to -5 for sergeants (or when a sergeant is nearby) and to -6 for captains (or when a captain is nearby).

Although the actual men in the unit are not permanently assigned to the city guard, the post of commanding officer is permanent. The current commanding officer is General Davitt—nicknamed “Foehammer” by his men—a veteran of many campaigns against the Mingols. General Davitt “Foehammer” is described further in Chapter 8, “Major NPCs.”

To join the city guard, a character must first enlist in the Lankhmar army for a minimum term of 2 years. After 6 weeks of basic training with the army, the character can apply for a posting with the city guard. Such an application has a base 30% chance of success (modified by Charisma or other

extenuating circumstances). The maximum length of any posting to the city guard is 12 months, after which the character is rotated to another duty. Army pay may appear low—use the pay scale for military occupations in **Table 64: Military Occupations**, *Dungeon Master's Guide (2nd. Ed.)*, p. 108, multiplying all values by $\frac{3}{4}$ —but includes accommodation, food, equipment, and training for level advancement.

City guardsmen patrol the city streets and stand guard over buildings and areas of particular importance to the government. For details concerning meetings with city guard detachments, see the section on “Encounters.”

Lankhmar Police

This is a civilian organization set up by the City Council when a past Overlord refused to assign more of the troops from the North Barracks to city guard duty. (As a matter of interest, the Overlord wanted the troops near him to protect him from imagined assassination attempts. In fact, his fear was warranted but misplaced: he was killed and replaced by the commander of the North Barracks.)

Police constables are typically neither as well trained nor as well armed and armored than their military counterparts. This, in part, reflects their differing duties—the police usually attempt to discourage casual thefts and muggings, break up riots, etc.—but also is a consequence of their lower level of funding. Additionally, the level of discipline is considerably lower, as is the organization's morale and *esprit de corps*. This manifests itself in the ease and frequency with which constables may be bribed (+1 bonus to reaction rolls with respect to bribes). The Thieves' Guild often jests, with a certain degree of truth, that the Lankhmar police is its most useful affiliated guild.

Regardless of rank, a member of the police wears tight-fitting black leather (AC 8) and carries an iron-

capped cudgel (club) and four darts. He will often carry unofficial (“hold-out”) weapons as well: perhaps a sling concealed in a pouch or a dagger in his boot. The police force uses the same rank names and nominal reporting structure as the city guard. Stats for typical policemen are as follows:

Constable: AC 8; MV 12"; F1; hp 1-10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL variable; social level 2.

Sergeant: AC 8; MV 12"; F2; hp 2-20; THAC0 19; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL variable; social level 2.

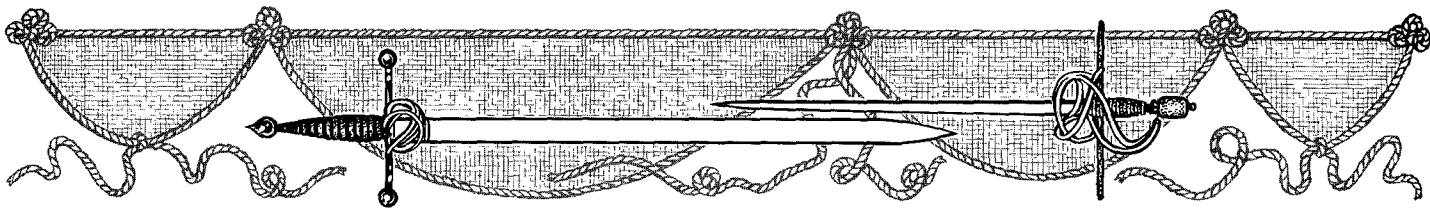
Captain: AC 8; MV 12"; F3; hp 3-30; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL variable; social level 2.

Members of the police force cover a wide range of alignments. Most center around Neutral with Lawful tendencies, but Evil tendencies—or out-and-out Evil outlook—aren't unusual. Some few lean toward Good, and there are even a handful who are Chaotic Evil (these few see the police force as a good cover—and good protection—while they indulge their more unpleasant tendencies).

The commanding officer of the Lankhmar police is currently Dasinder, who styles himself as “the Chief.” Dasinder is described in Chapter 8, “Major NPCs.”

Joining the Lankhmar police is much easier than joining the city guard. All you have to do is go to their headquarters on Nun Street in the River District and apply at the front desk (an accompanying “voluntary contribution” to the “police benevolent fund” would probably be a good idea also). If you've got four limbs, two eyes, and look like you can handle yourself in a scrap, you will almost certainly be accepted. Payment is 3 silver smerduks per month; standard equipment is included, but the character must pay for training and must find his/her own lodging, since the police force has no barracks. Members of the police frequently accept bribes, which makes up for the low rate of pay.

Police detachments patrol the city streets and stand guard at strategic in-



tersections. See the next section for details on encounters with the police.

Encounters

As might be expected, the vigilance of the city guard or police varies from district to district (military or police presence is going to be considerably greater in the Noble District than it is in the Marsh District). The DM can use the following tables to handle random encounters with police or city guard patrols.

Police:

District	Day	Night
Park	25%/4 turns	5%/4 turns
Festival	25%/3 turns	15%/3 turns
Marsh	2%/5 turns	—
Plaza	10%/5 turns	1%/5 turns
Cash	25%/2 turns	10%/2 turns
Mercantile	25%/3 turns	20%/3 turns
Tenderloin	10%/5 turns	3%/5 turns
River	25%/4 turns	20%/4 turns
Temple	20%/3 turns	5%/3 turns
Noble*	10%/5 turns	10%/5 turns
Citadel*	—	—

(*: These districts are more or less the exclusive preserves of the city guard.)

City Guard:

District	Day	Night
Park	25%/3 turns	10%/3 turns
Festival	50%/3 turns	30%/3 turns
Marsh	5%/6 turns	1%/6 turns
Plaza	25%/4 turns	10%/6 turns
Cash	50%/2 turns	20%/2 turns
Mercantile	25%/3 turns	10%/3 turns
Tenderloin	10%/4 turns	5%/5 turns
River	50%/3 turns	15%/3 turns
Temple	50%/4 turns	30%/4 turns
Noble	25%/1 turn	50%/1 turn
Citadel	25%/5 rounds	50%/5 rounds

These tables are used as follows. Assume that the PCs are wandering the Tenderloin District by day. Every 5 turns, roll percentile dice for an encounter with police. On a roll of 01-10, the PCs have met a detachment of

police. Additionally, every 4 turns, roll percentile dice for an encounter with city guards. On a roll of 01-10, the PCs have met a detachment of city guards. (This system is designed to stagger encounters as much as possible, while giving each district its own personality.)

A city guard patrol usually consists of 2-12 guardsmen and one or more leaders. If fewer than 7 guards are present, the leader is a sergeant; otherwise, the guardsmen are led by a sergeant and a captain. In the Noble District, the number of guardsmen is 3-12. In the Citadel District, a patrol consists of 2-20 guardsmen and one or more leaders. If there are fewer than 12 guardsmen, they are led by a sergeant; otherwise, they're led by two sergeants and a captain.

A police patrol usually consists of 1-12 people. If there are more than 3 but fewer than 8 people present in the patrol, one of them will be a sergeant; if there are more than 8 people present, one will be a sergeant and one will be a captain. At night, the patrols tend not to patrol, but prefer to stand near braziers for warmth (the light of the brazier gives advance warning of their presence).

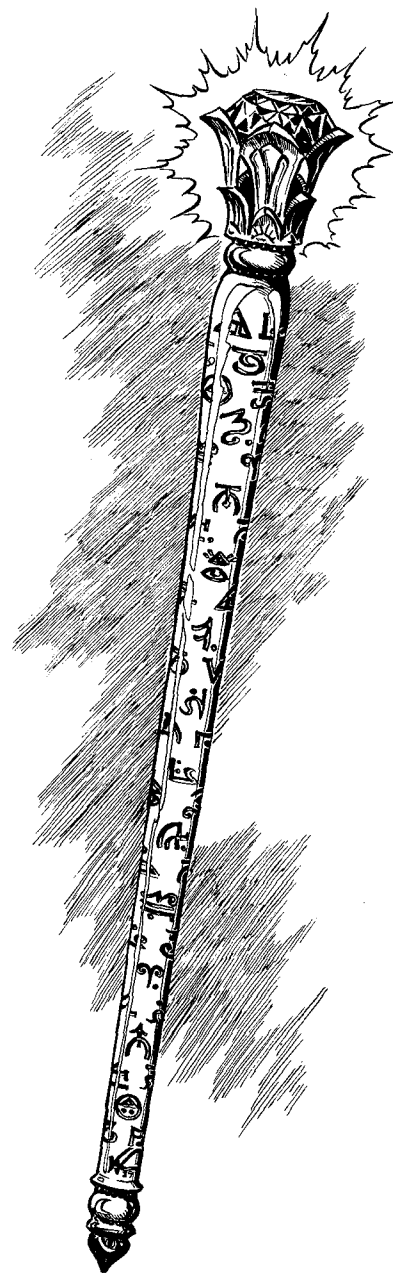
Encounter Reactions

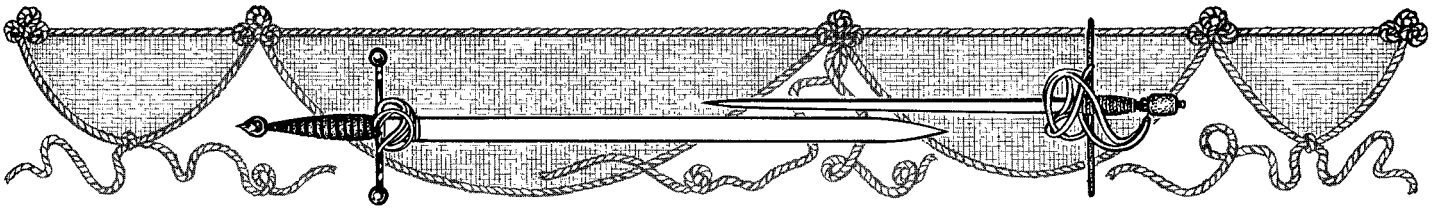
Once the PCs have come upon a patrol of one kind or the other, the question is, how will the patrol react? It depends on two main factors: the PCs' social level and their behavior.

The main table to use is **Table 59: Encounter Reactions**, on p. 103 of the *Dungeon Master's Guide (2nd. Ed.)*, modified by the factors in **Table 50: Situational Modifiers** on p. 70, and by character Charisma. In addition, the reaction is modified by relative social level. For each social level by which the dominant PC in the party "outranks" the leader of the patrol, decrease the appropriate die roll by one (and vice versa).

The same table and modifiers can be used to determine whether a patrol can be bribed. In this case, also in-

clude the modifiers described in the "City Guard" and "Lankhmar Police" sections when attempting to bribe a city guard or policeman. Remember, too, that the city guard patrols in the Citadel Districts are elite units, with a 75% chance of *automatically* arresting anyone who offers them a bribe. (In the other 25% of cases, they might consider it; again, use Tables 50 and 59 described above.)





VIII. Major NPCs

This chapter describes a number of important NPCs involved (in one way or another) with Lankhmar's underworld. Depending on the actions of the PCs, these characters can be useful allies, implacable enemies, or simply colorful "extras."

Arrik

AC 10; MV 12"; T8; hp 24; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 8, DEX 13, CON 9, INT 14, WIS 9, CHA 10; AL LN; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 45%, OL 20%, FT 35%, MS 50%, HS 15%, DN 95%, CW 60%, RL 70%.

Arrik is the Research & Records officer of the Thieves' Guild. Although fairly young for his responsibilities—he's only just turned 35—he is the perfect choice. He is intelligent, bookish, and very pragmatic. Arrik has applied his considerable skills to organizing the Guild's records, and now the Research department is working smoother than ever thought possible. Apart from his thief's knife, he is rarely armed.

Arrik has taken as a mistress an innocent-looking red-head named Ylalal, and he honestly loves her. However, if he found out the truth about her—that she's the Overlord's spy—he'd kill her in an instant. He has a large apartment in the Park District, where he lives with Ylalal.

Awad

AC 8 (leather armor); MV 12"; T10; hp 24; THACO 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x4 dmg from backstab); STR 9, DEX 13, CON 9, INT 13, WIS 9, CHA 12; AL LN; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 55%, OL 50%, FT 35%, MS 75%, HS 80%, DN 60%, CW 75%, RL 0%.

As Watchmaster for the Thieves' Guild, Awad is responsible for the defense of Thieves' House and the scheduling of the different watch detachments that guard the building.

Awad is a tiny man, barely over 5' tall and slender of build. His light

brown hair is thinning on top, and he's usually clean-shaven. Despite his size, or maybe because of it, he's a very dangerous man to cross. In his forty-odd years of life, he's had to defend himself—verbally and physically—against people much more imposing, and he's become very good at it. Awad is a master of intrigue and politics, but this doesn't lessen his very real abilities when it comes to defending the Guild.

Awad always wears a light suit of leather armor concealed under his otherwise loose fitting clothes. Apart from his thief's knife, he carries a brace of throwing daggers.

Carski

AC 10; MV 12"; T8; hp 28; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 11, DEX 14, CON 11, INT 12, WIS 10, CHA 10; AL LN; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 55%, OL 50%, FT 45%, MS 40%, HS 35%, DN 45%, CW 90%, RL 30%.

Carski is the Thieves' Guild's Logistics officer. He's tall for a thief—perhaps 6'2"—with short, dark hair, an aquiline nose, and dark flint-hard eyes. He's only in his mid-30s and reached his present position through the efforts of Grandmaster Grav; in return for the favor, Carski became (and still is) one of Grav's staunchest supporters.

The first impression anyone gets of Carski is that of sheer intensity. He has the ability to concentrate 100% on *anything* until it's done. While this makes him an excellent Logistics officer, it makes him quite tiring as a conversationalist. If he has any life outside his work, nobody knows about it.

Carski never wears armor and usually carries only his thief's knife though he does have a short sword concealed in his office. Carski must have a home—somewhere—but he rarely uses it. Most often he sleeps on a cot in his office.

Cromwella

AC 10; MV 12"; T6; hp 24; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (+1 dmg bonus due to Strength; x3 from backstab); STR 16, DEX 13, CON 14, INT 12, WIS 10, CHA 9; AL LN(E); social level 2.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 95%, HS 95%, DN 50%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

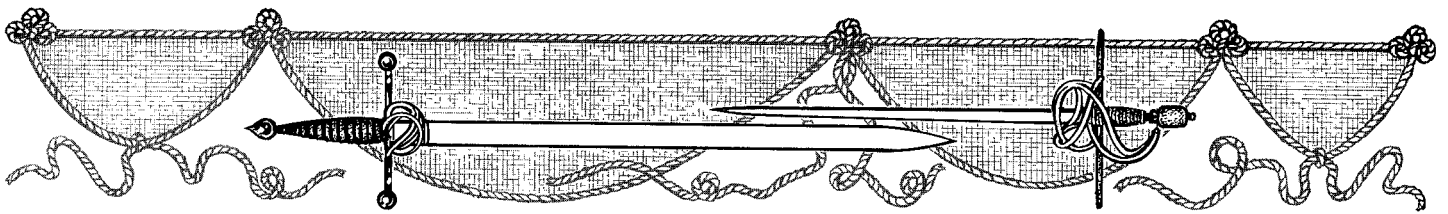
Cromwella is Housemother, the officer in charge of the female beggars' residence who reports directly to the Beggars' Guildmaster. She's a nasty, fat woman with pale skin, stringy blonde-grey hair, and piggy eyes. Nobody knows just how old she is, and nobody dares ask. Despite her size, she can move like a cat and seems to know everything that's going on in her "territory"—particularly if it's something you don't want her to know.

She keeps a knife in her girdle and has a whip (with which she's proficient) on her belt. Cromwella lives in "the residence."

Dasinder ("the Chief") AC 6 (*ring of protection* +4); MV 12"; F5; hp 28; THACO 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 10, CON 11, INT 13, WIS 9, CHA 16; AL N; social level 7.

Dasinder is currently the commanding officer of the Lankhmar police. He's the youngest son of a minor noble; he has four elder brothers between him and the title, so he realizes that if he wants to prosper in the world, he'd better do it on his own. With that in mind, he petitioned the Lankhmar city council to allow him to take over the police force when its previous commander retired. He's a very plausible rascal (as his Charisma of 16 may attest) and a good leader of men, so the council agreed without much hesitation (nobody else wanted the job anyway).

Dasinder believes the old saying, "Every man has his price," but knows that his own is high. Luckily for him, there are people in Lankhmar willing to pay it (the Thieves' Guild Grand-



master, among others). He's always extremely careful to keep his "extracurricular activities" secret, however. Despite his openness to corruption, Dasinder has been doing a good job. True, he hasn't made any inroads against the Thieves' Guild—considering his monthly stipend from that organization—but the streets have been safer from freelance alley-bashers, muggers, and cutthroats since he took office.

Dasinder wears no armor, depending instead on his magical protection, but always has a short sword and dagger on his belt.

He is in his late thirties, of medium height with dark hair and dark eyes. He has an easy smile and a warm, compelling voice. Dasinder lives with his family in the Noble District.

General Davitt "Foehammer"
AC 10 / 1; MV 12" / 6"; F13; hp 81; THAC0 7; #AT 5/2; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength); STR 17, DEX 12, CON 14, INT 11, WIS 11, CHA 15; LN(G); social level 8.

Davitt is the commanding officer of the city guard based in the North Barracks of the Palace District. When going about his normal business, Davitt is unarmored and carries only a dagger on his belt and a knife in his boot. If he anticipates action, however, he wears a highly ornamented suit of full plate armor, and wields a two-handed sword (with which he has specialized, giving him 5 attacks every 2 rounds). Davitt is aging, but still a forceful personality with palpable physical menace (when he wants to use it). He is totally incorruptible and hates thieves.

Davitt is in his late 50s, with short-cropped greying hair and a grey, fastidiously trimmed beard. His eyes are bright green and piercing. Tall and still muscular, he looks every inch the military man, and his gravelly voice has the whip of command. Davitt has large—but sparsely decorated—quarters in the North Barracks.

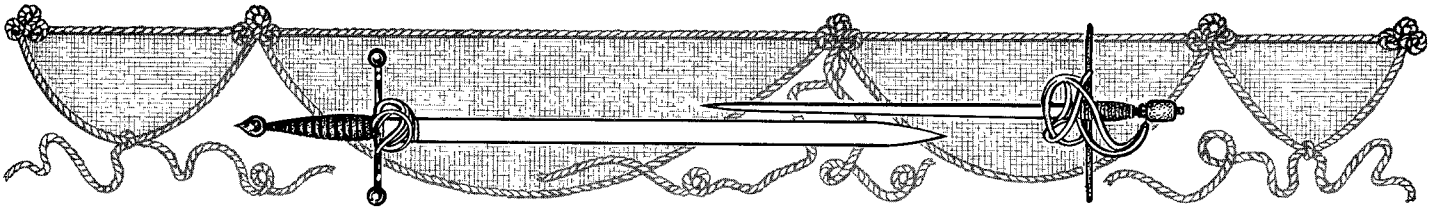
Grav, Grandmaster of the Thieves' Guild

AC 6 (ring of protection +4); MV 12"; T10; hp 42; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x4 from backstab); STR 8, DEX 13, CON 6, INT 14, WIS 12, CHA 15; AL N; social level 6.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 30%, FT 75%, MS 80%, HS 95%, DN 95%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Grav is a rather unassuming little man, perhaps 5'6" tall, a little pudgy, and balding. As if to make up for his bald spot, he has a full beard, which he keeps impeccably trimmed. His brown eyes are weak and watery. His voice is mild, and he often hesitates in speech as though afraid that he'll offend someone.

He joined the Brotherhood of Urchins when he was 8, with the avowed intention of eventually becoming Grandmaster of the Thieves' Guild. Now, 45 years later, he has reached his goal. Grav was never a very productive thief; his talents ran more toward keeping his own skin intact than



generating revenue. As soon as possible, he joined the staff of the Logistics officer, and that's where he came into his own.

Grav has an unmatched ability to generate support from others, build alliances, and balance off favors. That's how he advanced in the Guild: by cultivating friendships, carrying out backroom diplomacy, and reaching consensus where no one thought consensus was possible. Even though there are those who might be better in the Grandmaster's chair from an operational point of view, none of them could even come near Grav's ability to hold together the shaky alliances around the Council table.

It is probably time that Grav considered retirement. But he won't consider the idea unless forced, and those who would force him fear the chaos and the flurry of backstabbing that will probably occur when he leaves.

Grav lives in luxury in the Grandmaster's quarters of the Thieves' House. He has a small *pied a terre* in the Temple District.

Karsh "the Mingol"

AC 8; MV 12"; T5/F1; hp 29; THAC0 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (+3 bonus due to Strength; x3 from backstab); STR 18/51, DEX 13, CON 15, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 10; AL (C)N; social level 2.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 80%, FT 50%, MS 40%, HS 10%, DN 15%, CW 70%, RL 20%.

Karsh the Mingol is a big, brutish man who runs the restaurant called "The Mingol Horsemen" in the Marsh District. He always wears Mingol furs and padded armor, and his garb is grimy, smelly and usually bug-infested (as is his hair and beard). His restaurant goes to great lengths to provide the "full Mingol experience," which means it's hardly more sanitary than Karsh's clothes.

In fact, "Karsh" is one of the spies the Overlord sent into the city some years ago. Nobody now knows his true name; his colleagues in espio-

nage are only half-joking when they speculate that he's forgotten it himself. Rather than following in his colleagues' footsteps and taking the cover of a merchant, he decided that "Karsh" would get him in touch with a more interesting stratum of society. And so it has: "The Mingol Horseman" is known as a meeting ground for smugglers (those with strong stomachs, that is). "Karsh" never advertises his thieving skills, pretending to be a simple Mingol fighter. Thus he's always armed with his traditional Mingol broadsword (and a couple of boot knives for good measure).

"Karsh" isn't really a Mingol: he's just a big, strong man who can carry off the part. His knowledge of the Mingol language, culture, and customs is perfect. When he's in character, he stomps around like a bear with gout. In his own identity, however, he moves like a hunting cat.

Karsh lives in a flat above his restaurant.

The Mugworts

Bella: AC 10; MV 12; T5; hp 14; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 8, DEX 14, CON 10, INT 11, WIS 9, CHA 12; AL CE; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 65%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 60%, HS 75%, DN 15%, CW 70%, RL 0%.

Domo: AC 10; MV 12; F5/T4; hp 42; THAC0 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength; x2 from backstab); STR 16, DEX 12, CON 16, INT 8, WIS 8, CHA 7; AL CE; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 45%, OL 15%, FT 5%, MS 55%, HS 70%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Firk: AC 10; MV 12; F2/T6; hp 24; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 13, DEX 17, CON 11, INT 10, WIS 7, CHA 8; AL CE; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 20%, OL 70%, FT 65%, MS 15%, HS 20%, DN 75%, CW 90%, RL 0%.

Gors: AC 10; MV 12; T8; hp 35; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 11, DEX

14, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 10, CHA 9; AL CE; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 95%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 90%, HS 95%, DN 15%, CW 80%, RL 0%.

Talan: AC 10; MV 12; F2; hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; STR 14, DEX 12, CON 10, INT 11, WIS 13, CHA 13; AL N(G); social level 2.

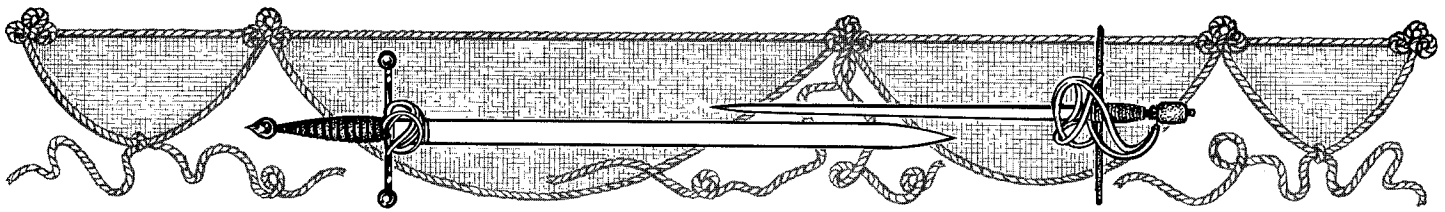
The Mugworts are an interesting family, ranging from Bella, who is 21 (the youngest and the only daughter), to Domo who's 30. There's a very strong family resemblance: all are tall and broad, with hooked noses, straight black hair, and gray eyes. All except Talan make their living as brutal muggers and alleybashers (Bella is the most bloodthirsty of the lot). They live in a small warehouse just off Damp Street in the Tenderloin District (they "acquired" this when they took its key from the body of a "client" who had no further use for it). The Thieves' Guild uses this on occasion as a safehouse and storage site.

Talan is the only one to break with family tradition. When he turned 18 he left the "family business" and started up a perfectly legal—and quite successful—chandler's shop in the River District. He has, in fact reached the point where he's ready to buy a second store in the Mercantile District.

Despite the obvious differences in outlook, the Mugworts are a closely-knit family. Whenever they get together, there are arguments (which generally pit Talan against the rest), each side trying to convince the other to "give up their foolishness." But there's love and loyalty between them. Trifle with one Mugwort, and you'll end up facing all five.

Pedeen

AC 9 (*ring of protection +1*); MV 12"; T13; hp 41; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x5 from backstab); STR 11, DEX 16, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 15; AL LN; social level 4.



Thieving skills: PP 60%, OL 95%, FT 75%, MS 80%, HS 70%, DN 35%, CW 80%, RL 15%.

Pedeen is the Operations Master of the Thieves' Guild. He is in his mid-40s (but looks more than a decade younger when he smiles), of middle height and slim build, but with steel cables for muscles. He has unruly black hair, which he keeps short, and a trimmed mustache. His eyes are green and sparkle with good humor. He has a Y-shaped scar on his brow; normally difficult to see, it reddens when he's angry.

Despite his ready smile, puckish good looks, and quick sense of humor, Pedeen is a dangerous man: cold, and totally amoral. He's most at home in a touchy political environment (to use his own phrase, he enjoys "swimming with the sharks"), so he's a natural for Guild advancement. This isn't to belittle his very real skills, however: he's an excellent organizer and a very shrewd judge of people. Unless Norvegicus, the Recruitmaster (and wererat), makes a bid for the position, Pedeen will probably be the next Grandmaster.

He never wears armor, trusting to his *ring of protection +1* and rarely carries any weapon other than his thief's knife (openly, that is; he always has a fine wire garotte concealed up his sleeve).

Pedeen lives in a run-down building in the River Quarter, overlooking the Hlal. He owns the penthouse, which is luxurious inside, in contrast to its outer appearance.

Prob

AC 10; MV 12"; T7; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type(x3 from backstab); STR 10, DEX 13, CON 10, INT 14, WIS 10, CHA 13; AL LN; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 95%, OL 60%, FT 30%, MS 30%, HS 20%, DN 30%, CW 65%, RL 30%.

Prob is the Bookkeeping & Finance officer (frequently misnamed "treasurer") for the Thieves' Guild of Lankhmar. He is sly and scheming,

with a great love for money. But he is also very loyal to the Guild: if he were to go renegade, he knows he'd never have so much money flowing through his hands.

In his mid-40s, he's tall and handsome, with curly, light brown hair and blue eyes. He is always well-dressed and dapper. He speaks with the accent of Sarheenmar, and he's a very glib and convincing speaker. Apart from his thief's knife, he is rarely armed.

Prob keeps an apartment in the Cash District, but often works very late at the Thieves' House, where he has a cot set up in his office.

Captain Seif

AC 4; MV 9"; F9; hp 86; THAC0 12; #AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 14, DEX 12, CON 17, INT 13, WIS 11, CHA 13; AL LN; social level 3.

Captain Seif of the Lankhmar City Guard is that very rare specimen, the totally honest—and adamantly incorruptible—man. He despises criminals and those who victimize the helpless, but he's no "bleeding-heart liberal." He believes that occasionally violence is the only recourse, and he's not slow to use it when necessary. He's not a vigilante, but neither is he slow to bend the rules when they get in the way of his job (play Captain Seif as "Dirty Harry with a sword").

Seif wears banded mail of browned iron and carries a long sword, with two boot daggers for back-up. His normal duty assignment is to lead a detachment of 8 guardsmen and 1 sergeant and patrol the Cash District at night.

Seif and Muulsh the Moneylender are acquaintances.

Note: Seif can serve as a dangerous—and, therefore, exciting—ongoing nemesis for Guild or freelance thief PCs.

Smit

AC 10; MV 12"; T14; hp 49; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type(x5 from backstab); STR 9, DEX 15, CON 9, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 15; AL LN; social level 4.

Thieving skills: PP 65%, OL 75%, FT 60%, MS 85%, HS 80%, DN 80%, CW 85%, RL 20%.

The aging, but still vigorous, Smit is Housemaster for the Thieves' Guild; as such he is responsible for the smooth running of the Thieves' House.

No one knows Smit's age but the guess is that he's almost 65. He has the perfect "thief's face" (totally average, with no distinguishing features for the eye to fix on and the brain to remember) and an unassuming manner . . . usually. When he cares enough about an issue to do something about it, he speaks with a certainty and authority that nobody wants to contradict. Smit is unique in the Guild in that he's the only one that *everybody* respects. He could have the chair of Grandmaster anytime he wanted it. But Smit is unique on that score as well: he doesn't want it.

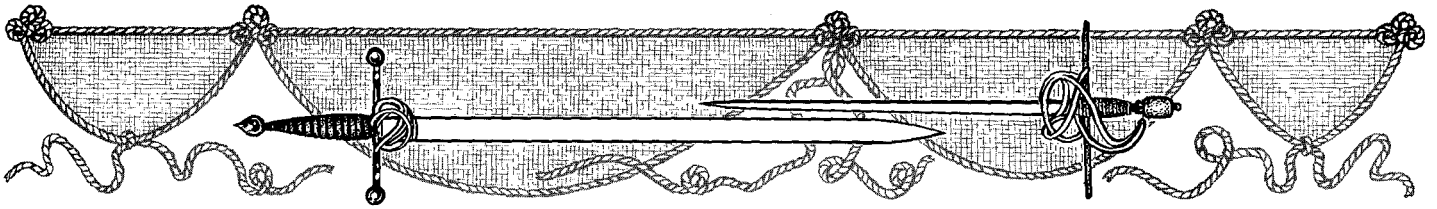
Smit was a respected master thief in his day. Even though his colleagues in the field would deny it, he decided two years ago that his physical skills were fading. He was considering retiring when a deputation of officers—including the former Housemaster—approached him with the idea of taking on Housemaster duties (anything was better than losing Smit's knowledge and presence). He accepted the offer, and the Thieves' House has been better for his efficiency.

Smit never wears armor and never carries any weapon other than his thief's knife. He lives in modest quarters within Thieves' House.

The Snargets

AC 8 (leather armor); MV 12"; F1/T1; hp 9 each; THAC0 20; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (x2 from backstab); STR 13, DEX 12, CON 12, INT 11, WIS 8, CHA 10; AL N; social level 2.

Thieving skills: PP 25%, OL 15%, FT 10%, MS 25%, HS 20%, DN 20%, CW 65%, RL 0%.



Bari and Gari Snarget are identical twin brothers in their late 20s. They have short-cropped blond hair, pale skin, blue eyes, and faces just made to sneer.

They have the dubious distinction of being undoubtedly the most corrupt members of the Lankhmar police. The Snargets can be bribed to do—or not to do—anything; the only issue is the price.

The Snargets usually wear the black leather armor of the police and carry the regulation club and darts. It's rare that they're not carrying some hold-out weapon as well: usually throwing daggers or a short sword.

The Snargets live in a large, well-appointed two-bedroom apartment in the Cash District. Both are cads and womanizers. They're currently looking for an attractive pair of identical twins.

Tabor

AC 10; MV 12"; T6/F2; hp 33; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 14, DEX 12, CON 11, INT 12, WIS 10, CHA 13; AL N(E); social level 2.

Thieving skills: PP 95%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 70%, HS 65%, DN 25%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

As master of the Beggars' Guild, Tabor controls Lankhmar's second most significant organization dedicated to detaching money from its current owners. He worked his way up from the streets, through the Brotherhood of Urchins and into the Thieves' Guild (where he stayed for a while before discovering that there were less risky ways of turning a profit). The skills that helped him up the ladder are still with him. There are few better than Tabor when it comes to political maneuvering and backstabbing; a number of ruined reputations, curtailed careers, and slit gizzards have been left as signposts of his advancement.

Tabor is a big, nasty 50-year-old with thick, unkempt black hair and beard. He dresses in disreputable clothing and looks as though he should be a walking louse farm. (In

fact, he's very clean—if scruffy—and has a pathological fear of insects.) He keeps in good shape and often inflicts disciplinary action with his fists. He's not officially a Guild thief, so he can't carry the silver-hilted knife. Instead, he packs an intimidating iron-capped club and a brace of daggers. When it comes to an all-out fight, he favors a broad sword.

Since the death of Gis the assassin (in the story "The Cloud of Hate"), Tabor has lived on the fifth floor of Fleeria's House of Pleasure in the Cash District. Fleeria is well aware that Tabor has ties to the Thieves' Guild, so she has standing instructions that her girls "be nice" to Tabor on a regular basis.

Ylalal

AC 10; MV 12"; T6; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x3 from backstab); STR 9, DEX 14, CON 9, INT 14, WIS 10, CHA 13; AL (L)N; social level 3.

Thieving skills: PP 15%, OL 50%, FT 35%, MS 75%, HS 75%, DN 20%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Ylalal is one of the Overlord's undercover spies in Lankhmar. She is a beautiful red-head who looks a decade younger than her 28 years. Her cover is that of a farmer's daughter forced by poverty into a life of prostitution. She used this cover to get close to Arrik, the Research & Records officer of the Thieves' Guild, and eventually to become his mistress. Arrik is loyal to the Guild and is careful about pillow talk, but such are Ylalal's wiles that she can frequently loosen his tongue a little. . . .

Though Ylalal is listed as a thief and has thieving skills, she's applied her talents to those specialties which would most help a spy: concealment, silent movement, etc. She is extremely loyal to the Overlord and reports to him on a weekly basis through a complex series of "dead letter drops," "mailboxes," and such. She knows that Arrik hasn't begun to suspect her yet . . . but she also knows that pushing her luck is deadly. She

plans to "come in from the cold" within the next few months.

Ylalal never wears armor—it would be out of character—but neither does she ever fail to wear at least one knife somewhere on her person. She lives in Arrik's apartment in the Park District.

Nemeses

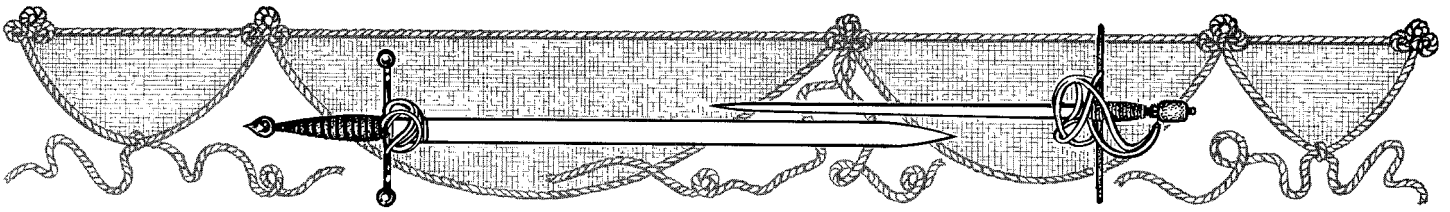
As any bard knows, "A good story needs a good villain." Likewise, compelling adventures can arise when the PCs are faced with powerful and interesting NPC enemies—their "nemeses."

A good nemesis probably shouldn't be a "one-shot deal:" the PCs shouldn't just meet him, defeat him, and kill him in one adventure. Successful nemeses prove an ongoing threat and challenge to the PCs and can be the source for many adventures.

A nemesis might start off as a shadowy figure, about whom the PCs know little. As time goes on, both sides—the PCs and the nemesis—gain more complete pictures of each other. Both factions grow and gain power at approximately the same rate, so the level of challenge is always high. After what may be years of duelling, when the PCs finally meet their nemesis face to face, the confrontation can be climactic.

Some PCs may be frustrated if they can't "off" a nemesis character immediately; they shouldn't. They should know that "only important people have important enemies," and the fact that they have a powerful nemesis raises their stature in the community.

The following two characters are described at three age levels: youth, mature, and peak. These reflect their abilities at different times in their lives. The reason for doing this is to allow the DM to pick an appropriate level to suitably challenge his PCs. Once the nemesis is involved in the campaign, he (or she) will gain experience and advance in levels as a normal NPC (alternatively, the DM can simply "promote" the nemesis to the next higher age level when appropriate).



These nemeses are designed to oppose thief characters, whether members of the Guild or not. For non-thief PCs, the DM can either modify these characters or create similar nemeses from scratch.

Hari, Fighter

Age:	Youth	Mature	Peak
Level	6	8	11
Armor Class	5	5/2	2
Move	12"	12"	12"
Hit Points	50	75	91
THACO	15	13	10
# of Attacks	3/2	2/1	2/1

Damage: by weapon type
(+3 Strength bonus)

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Social Level 2 3 4

STR	18/51 (+2, +3)
INT	16
WIS	10
DEX	14
CON	16
CHR	13

Hari is a tall, attractive woman with flowing blonde hair (she usually has her hair tied back so it doesn't interfere with her sword arm). Despite her great strength, she's not visibly muscle-bound; she does have obviously good muscle tone, of course. Her skin is tanned, and her eyes are green (with brown flecks). When she speaks, which is rare, her voice is melodious. She rarely, if ever, smiles.

Hari usually wears chain mail concealed under a light travelling cloak. Her favored weapon is a bastard sword that she names "Requiter," but she is very proficient with other weapons as well. Her travelling cloak usually conceals Requiter and a hand axe, both hanging from her belt. She will also carry a brace of throwing daggers hidden somewhere on her person. She has Tracking proficiency.

Hari was born the sole daughter of two Lankmart merchants. They weren't of noble extraction by any means, but they made more than



enough money to guarantee them and their daughter a comfortable life. This cozy existence was shattered when Hari was only 8 years old. Thieves Guild members (Hari thinks, but she can't be sure) broke into their house. Her father heard something and went downstairs with a sword to check things out; her mother nervously followed. Hari's father surprised the thieves in the act, and one of them—his reactions working faster than his mind—slew him with a thrown dagger. Hari's mother saw her husband killed and began to scream. By Lankmart law, both thieves were already murderers, and one more body wouldn't make much difference; they slew the mother as well to silence her. As the thieves made their escape, they didn't notice young Hari watching from the upstairs landing.

Hari was raised by relatives. The rest of her childhood was comfortable, but she couldn't forget her parents' fate. As soon as she was of legal age, she enlisted in the army and requested transfer to the City Guard.

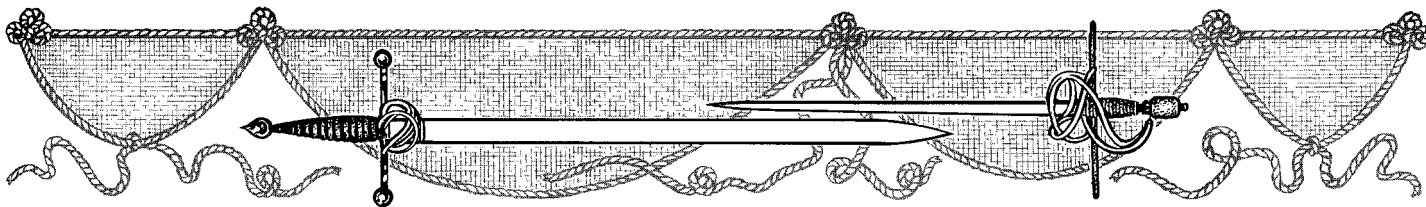
While in the Guard, Hari developed into a skilled fighter, increasing her strength and weapons' proficiencies rapidly through intense, rigorous training. To those who watched and trained her, she seemed ambitious, even driven, in this regard. More to the point, Hari was obsessed. From the

start, she knew that her only reason for joining the City Guard was to wreak vengeance upon thieves in general (and the Guild in particular) for the killing of her parents.

As time passed, however, Hari began to recognize that the City Guard wasn't the appropriate channel for her vengeance. Although the Guard was sometimes successful in bringing criminals to justice, Hari more often noted its failures: operations called off for political reasons or fouled up by bureaucratic interference, accused criminals escaping or being released through the actions of corrupt officials, and so on. She finally decided to pursue her vendetta another way.

Hari resigned her Guard commission in the most clear-cut manner she could think of: one night she just climbed the wall of the barracks and vanished into the city. Since then, she's been acting as a vigilante, tracking thieves—arresting them if she can or killing them if they won't "come along peacefully." Although they officially disapprove of her desertion and subsequent actions, members of the City Guard appreciate the help that Hari has given them around the city. Thus City Guardsmen (non-corrupt ones, that is) form part of Hari's extensive network of informants.

Over the years, Hari's name has become well-known throughout



Lankhmar. To non-criminals, she is something of a folk hero (this is why her social level increases with time). To criminals, of course, she's a serious threat, and they would certainly like to remove her as such. It has become increasingly difficult to do so, however, since, in a recent encounter with a particularly bull-headed Guild thief (whom she was forced to dispatch), she acquired the *ring of protection* +3 he was wearing—a ring lent him from the Guild's vaults. She is now just that much more difficult to kill. (This incident should occur during Hari's "mature" period, as noted by the shift in her Armor Class.)

If Hari gets it into her head that certain thieves were somehow involved in the death of her parents—the PCs, for example—she'll certainly do everything in her power to track them down. When she does, she will make no attempt to arrest them; she will kill them outright herself.

No one knows where Hari lives, but rumor has it she has a hideout somewhere in the River District.

Dominic

Age:	Youth	Mature	Peak
Fighter	4	6	7
Thief	3	7	11
Magic-user	3	3	3
Armor Class	8	8	8
Move	12"	12"	12"
THACO	17	15	14
Hit Points	28	60	75
# of Attacks	3/2	2/1	2/1

Damage: by weapon type
(+1 Strength bonus)

Alignment: Chaotic Evil

Social Level 1 2 3

Thieving Skills:

Pick Pockets

PP 45 55 75

Open Locks

OL 40 60 90

Find Traps

FT 15 35 65

Move

Silently MS 20 50 50

Hide in Shadows HS	15	35	60
Detect Noise DN	25	25	35
Climb Wall CW	70	90	95
Read Language RL	10	10	10

STR 16 (+0, +1)

INT 14

WIS 8

DEX 12

CON 11

CHR 9

Dominic is a small man, little over 5' tall, and weighing not much more than 100 pounds. His hair started to thin when he was 16, and by the time he was 20 he was totally bald. He has a thin face, grey eyes and an aquiline nose. He talks very fast, and his voice is piercing (and irritating). He usually wears leather armor and packs enough weapons to look like a walking armory: throwing daggers, broad sword, sling, club, even a hand cross-bow.

Dominic never knew his parents. He was raised in the streets of Mlurg Nar; he joined the Mlurg Nar thieves' guild when he was 16 and fit in well with their brutal policies and procedures. He worked his way up in their organization for four years, using a combination of inspired thievery and discreet back-stabbing.

On his twentieth birthday, he was assigned command of a major operation. Nobody and nothing came back from that raid: not Dominic, not the thieves assigned to him . . . not the gems they'd been sent to steal. In fact, Dominic had led the operation masterfully. When they were successful, though, he slew his men, pocketed the take, and left the city forthwith. He eventually surfaced in Lankhmar.

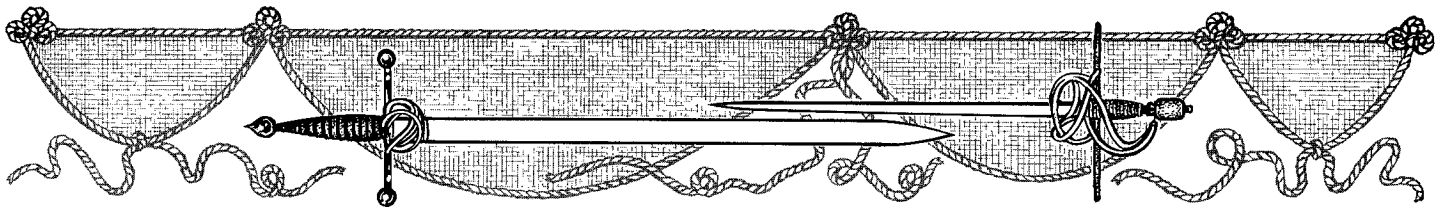
Compared to the streets of his home town, Lankhmar is a calm, safe, and courteous city . . . and easy pickings for a thief who doesn't care how many people die as long as he gets his loot. Dominic soon made a name for himself in the City of the Black Toga.

Dominic is too independent—and too unstable—to join or form a solid organization. He is good at recruiting muggers and alleybashers to help him out, however; sometimes he even pays them.

Over the years, Dominic's sanity has started to slip. Not only does he take offense at the least little thing (thereby establishing a lifelong, blood vendetta that can only be satisfied by the offender's death), he's become a little paranoid and thinks that everybody's out to get him (he's right in a lot of cases, of course). He could easily convince himself that a certain group—the PCs, for example—have dedicated themselves to eliminating him or have offended him to such a degree that their lives are forfeit. Such a delusion would drive him to an ongoing campaign against his supposed offenders or pursuers.

Dominic has several hide-outs throughout the city. His main one is a disused warehouse in the Marsh District.

A note on Dominic and his use of magic: It is believed that between the time he left Mlurg Nar and the time he arrived in Lankhmar, Dominic learned the rudiments of magic use. But, Dominic's magic is very limited. Though he has the intelligence to be a fair wizard, his predilection for fighting, thieving, and brutality allowed him to learn *only* three spells by the time he arrived in Lankhmar—*cantrips*, *unseen servant*, and *protection from cantrips*. He is very much impressed with himself and his magic, not realizing that it is of the puny, "custodial" sort. (It is possible that as Dominic matures and reaches his peak, his magic use will increase. However, this increase will not manifest itself in greater levels of competency, but in a wider variety of spells learned. He will *never* be able to memorize more than two 1st-level spells and one 2nd-level spell.)



IX. Adventures

This chapter presents two adventures that involve the PCs in the underworld of Lankmar. The adventures follow the same overall format: "Introduction" (suggested number and level of characters and any other requirements), "Setups" (ways to introduce the PCs into the adventure), and the details of the adventure itself. "Concluding the Adventure" discusses possible consequences of success or failure and suggests ways in which the action of the adventure could develop further in a campaign city. As to typographical standards, boxed text is intended for the DM to read aloud to the players.

It's possible that, for some character parties, not all PCs will be members of the Thieves' Guild; some of them might not even be of the thief class. That's why the second adventure has more than one "Setup;" one might be appropriate for Guild thieves, the other for free-lancers, while the third would suit PCs who may not be "career thieves" but aren't above a little casual larceny.

Neither of these adventures is set up for use with characters who want to combat thieves; thus, there's nothing in the way of "police work" in the classical sense. This isn't to say that an enterprising DM couldn't take the background material from an adventure and turn it "inside out," however. . . .

Thieves' Run

Introduction

This is an adventure for a single thief PC of 1st-4th level who is a member of the Guild. Combat—lethal combat, at least—isn't the goal here, so he needs no weapon other than his thief's knife.

Setup

- The PC is trying to advance a rank within the Guild. He's already undergone the standard testing—

lockpicking, etc.—when he's called in to see the Recruitmaster.

"On Your Marks . . ."

You knock on the door and wait. Why are you here? you wonder. You did well on your testing, you're sure of it. Why does the Recruitmaster want to see you tonight?

"Come." The voice from within the room is sharp, high-pitched. If it weren't for the obvious authority in the tone, you might think it was the voice of a child.

Norvegicus the Recruitmaster is sitting at his desk. As you enter, his sharp gaze darts over you, evaluating. "You completed your testing," he says without any preamble. "Did well, too, quite well. But. . . ." His eyes hold yours. "I want you to do The Run. Understand?"

He goes on without giving you time to answer. "Good. A simple run, this one, nothing complicated. You know the shop of Krownis the hag, 'The Blue Moon'?" Again no time for answer. "Good. Go there. Steal her crystal ball. Be back here in two hours. With the ball. Go now!"

As you turn to hurry from the room, he calls to you, "And be careful—there are 'stalkers' about."

The PC can choose his own route to and from the Blue Moon, which is near the corner of Fool's Gold Court and Festival Street (location 51, Park District). It is night, so the crowds have decreased. The distance from Thieves' House to the Blue Moon (and back) is such that the PC probably won't make it unless he takes a fairly direct route and jogs/runs most of the way.

Background

Norvegicus has already dispatched four stalkers—Delb, Jato, Kork and Nigit—to watch the obvious ap-

proaches to the Blue Moon. These thieves have concealed themselves so they can watch the following intersections: Craft Street and Whore Street (Delb), Cheap Street and Barter Street (Jato), Pimp Street and Festival Street (Nigit), and Pimp Street and Barter Street (Kork). Delb and Kork are at street level, concealed in shadows; Jato and Nigit are on the roofs, so they can watch the "high road" as well as the streets. They are under orders to leave their assigned stations only if or when they spot the PC and not until then.

The stalkers have been further ordered to prevent the PC from completing his run (without injuring him). If they think they can get away with it, they might try to immobilize him (non-lethal combat is an option); alternatively, they might follow him and prevent him from entering Krownis' establishment, rob him afterwards, or whatever other sneaky trick they (you as DM) can dream up.

Delb: AC 10; MV 12; T2; hp 7; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 14, CON 11, INT 9, WIS 9, CHA 9; AL LN; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 35%, OL 10%, FT 5%, MS 30%, HS 45%, DN 20%, CW 65%, RL 0%.

Jato: AC 10; MV 12; T2; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength); STR 16, DEX 15, CON 13, INT 8, WIS 9, CHA 6; AL LN; social level 1.

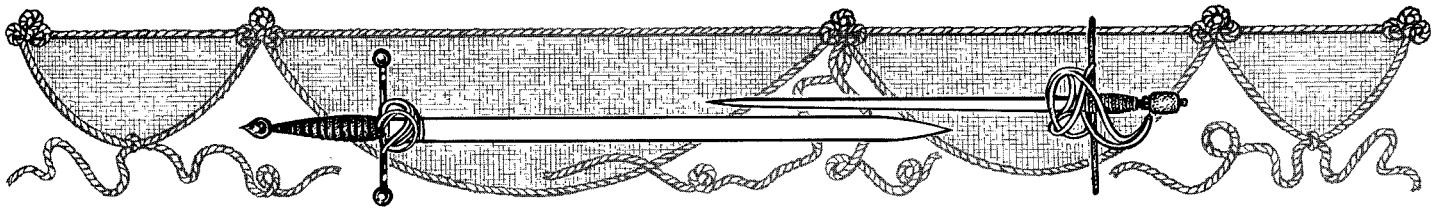
Thieving Skills: PP 20%, OL 10%, FT 10%, MS 35%, HS 35%, DN 15%, CW 90%, RL 0%.

Kork: AC 10; MV 12; T2; hp 6; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 16, CON 10, INT 10, WIS 9, CHA 11; AL LN; social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 25%, OL 20%; FT 10%, MS 25%, HS 50%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 5%.

Nigit: AC 10; MV 12; T3; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type: STR 12, DEX 14, CON 11, INT 13, WIS 9, CHA 13; AL LN(E); social level 1.

Thieving Skills: PP 20%, OL 15%, FT 5%, MS 40%, HS 50%, DN 20%, CW 90%, RL 0%.



The stalkers are armed only with their thief's knives . . . except for Nigit who—totally against orders—has brought along a set of brass knuckles to give himself “an edge” (these inflict 1d3 points of damage when used in a punching attack).

The Run

If the PC enters any of the “watched” intersections, the stalker must make his roll to Hide in Shadows. Stalkers on the roof have a +15% bonus when hiding from a PC on the ground; stalkers on the ground have a +5% bonus when hiding from a PC on a roof.

If the stalker fails his roll to Hide in Shadows, both the stalker and the PC must roll initiative; the stalker has a bonus of -2 added to his roll. If the PC gains initiative, it means he has spotted the stalker before the stalker noticed him. The two characters are 100-200 feet apart, and the PC can then take whatever action he sees fit. If the stalker gains initiative, it means that each has spotted the other at about the same moment; again, they're 100-200 feet apart.

If the stalker's roll to Hide in Shadows succeeds, it means that he's spotted the PC without the PC spotting him. As before, the stalker will have spotted the PC at a range of 100-200 feet.

The stalkers' goal is to prevent the PC from succeeding on his run. If they immobilize him or render him unconscious, they will hold him prisoner until the time limit is up. Then they will accompany him back to Thieves' House. The PC and the stalkers are all on the same side, after all, and there shouldn't be any hard feelings.

Set Piece Encounters

There are also a number of “set piece” encounters that you as DM can use to complicate the PC's progress. You can select as many or as few of these as you deem appropriate.

1. Rats: The PC has come too near the nest of 4 normal rats, and the crea-

tures attack to drive him off (this nest can be on ground level or on a rooftop). As with the ravens above, the rats will continue to attack as long as the PC remains nearby. If combat occurs on a rooftop, the PC must make the same rolls to Climb Walls as attempted with the ravens.

Rats (x4): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 1,1,2,2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease; AL N.

2. Abusive drunk: While on ground level, the PC encounters a well-dressed young reveller, obviously very drunk. The PC sees the drunk before the young man is aware of the PC and can take “evasive action” or try to hide in the shadows until the reveller has passed. If the reveller does notice the PC, he approaches him and abusively demands that the PC give him enough money for another drink (another thief has already made short work of the drunk's purse); the words “low life scum” and other even less complimentary epithets come quickly to the drunk's lips.

If the PC refuses to give him some coins, or tries to pull away, the drunk flies into a rage and attacks the PC with his fists (punching attack; see *Player's Handbook (2nd.Ed.)*, page 97). The drunk has a dagger in his boot, but won't remember it unless the PC draws steel first. In non-lethal combat, the drunk will fight until either he or the PC is rendered unconscious; if weapons are used, he'll fight until he's received 4 hp of damage, then he'll drop his dagger and run (stagger) away. The fight will attract the attention of any stalker within 200'.

Drunk: AC 10; MV 12"; F2; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (+1 bonus due to Strength); STR 15, DEX 9, CON 12, INT 10, WIS 7, CHA 9; AL CN(E); social level 6.

3. Rotting roof: While on a roof, the PC hits a spot that's almost rotted through. The PC must make an ability roll against his Dexterity (use 3d6). If he fails, his leg has crashed through the roof to hip level. He suffers no damage, but it takes him 1 round to extricate himself (reactions from in-

habitants of the building depend on the nature of the building and how nasty the DM is feeling). If he succeeds on his ability roll, it means the PC sensed the roof giving way and was able to throw himself aside before anything disastrous happened. (This is just a “nuisance encounter” intended to build atmosphere.)

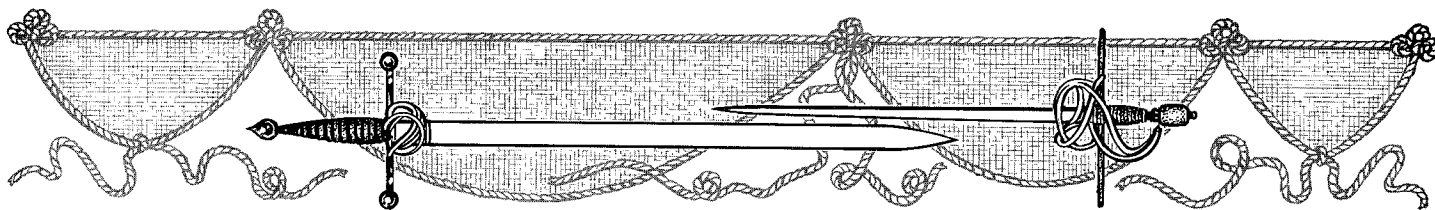
4. Bats: Without warning, a flurry of tiny bats are flapping around the PC's head. They don't attack—in fact they're busy chasing a flock of succulent night moths and don't care about the PC at all; they won't bite even if he attacks them—but they do have a 10% chance of making a roof-climbing PC stumble. If he stumbles, he must make an ability check against his Dexterity (use 3d6) or fall to the street below, suffering any consequent damage. After their initial “assault,” the bats flap off after their midnight meal.

Bats (x10): AC 8; MV 1"/24"; HD 1/4; hp 1,1,1,2,1,1,1,1,1,2,2; THAC0 20; #AT nil; Dmg 1; SD in good flying conditions AC is 4; AL Nil.

In addition to these set-piece encounters, there are the normal chances that the PC will encounter police or city guard patrols (if he's on a rooftop, “encounter” means that he sees them and must prevent them from seeing him).

Krownis the Hag

The Blue Moon, a dilapidated building on Festival Street, just west of Fool's Gold Court, is owned and operated by Krownis, endearingly referred to as “that old hag.” She is a woman in her mid-50s (although she looks a good decade older) who has been worn down by a hard life. Her hair is thick, black, and matted, making her skin look even paler in comparison. She always wears flowing layers of multi-colored silks. The colors are so mismatched that she is thought by many to be color-blind; when she moves, watching those shifting colors can unsettle a strong stomach. Her voice is rough from years of smoking



bad tobacco in her little metal pipe. She exaggerates its rasping tone while she works until it's enough to make a listener's teeth split. When she couples it with a nasty cackle, she certainly sounds like a stereotypical witch.

None of the locals believe that she's got the Talent (the gift for fortune-telling), but that doesn't prevent gullible tourists from stopping in to see what the future holds. Many travellers—who should have known better, so her neighbors think—have come to Krownis to hear what she sees in her crystal ball.

Unknown to everyone, she *does* have some kind of Talent. Once a month, she can actually see things in her crystal ball (the effect is that of an *augury* spell). The magic is within her, of course, not the worthless and totally non-magical crystal ball, and the drain on her psyche is so great that each such divination ages the woman by six months.

For a handful of bronze agols, Krownis will give what she calls a "surface reading." There's no magic involved in this, just her acting talents, an uncanny ability to sense exactly what a person wants to hear, and her highly persuasive manner. Her customers usually go away at least satisfied, if not happy. If, however, she thinks a patron can pay, and if money is getting tight, she might offer to perform a "deep reading" for 50-500 gold rilks. This is the real thing, using her *augury* ability. A deep reading takes upwards of an hour, for the woman must prepare and get into the proper mental state to perform.

Krownis can't support herself solely on surface readings, of course. Her establishment is a cross between a junk shop, a herbalist, and a tea room. She usually opens an hour or two before noon and closes at sunset.

Krownis: AC 10; MV 9"; 0-level; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 7, DEX 9, CON 8, INT 13, WIS 13, CHA 13; AL N; social level 1.

Krownis is never armed.

The Blue Moon

Both doors and all windows to the Blue Moon have locks (Krownis is slightly paranoid). The back door is always locked, while the front door is only unlocked when the store is open.

The locks are actually very simple to open. In game terms, any attempt to pick the lock will succeed, but the PC must make a roll to Open Locks anyway. If he succeeds, the lock opens silently; if he fails, the lock still opens, but with a loud "click" that breaks the stillness of the house.

Once inside, the PC can explore the building as he sees fit.

1. "Curiosity shop"/Tea shop

The room is dark, but not pitch black. The sparse light coming in through the front windows glints off glass jars and porcelain containers on shelves behind a small counter. There are two circular tables, each barely large enough for two people to take tea together.

Some rooms have a feeling about them; this one does, and the feeling is "strange." With its low ceiling, in the dim light, and with the scent of unidentifiable herbs stinging your nostrils, you could easily believe you've stepped out of Nehwon and into . . . anywhere.

Behind the counter, Krownis keeps her stock: strange herbs (both fresh leaves and dried powder), roots, berries, and the like, none of it with any medicinal or magical value; most of these are in small glass containers. She also has a bewildering assortment of junk stashed back here: keys without locks, locks without keys, cracked vases, worthless costume jewelry, just about anything—but nothing of any value. During the day, she keeps her cashbox here; at night, she keeps what little money she has under her mattress.

2. Kitchen/Storeroom

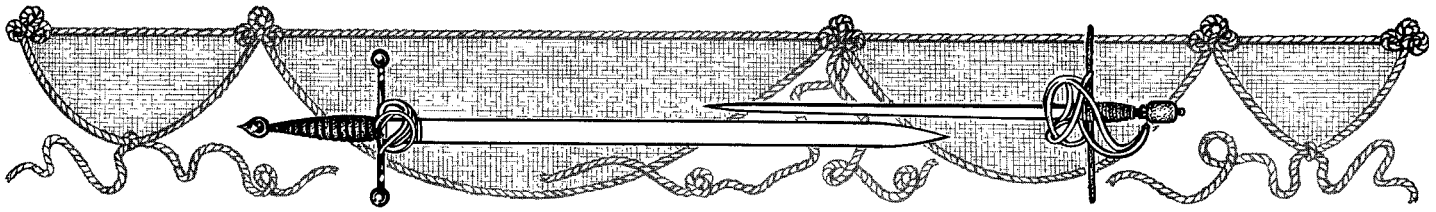
In this darkened room, a small fire (really, more like a couple of embers) burns in the grate of a fireplace, its light glinting dim and red off an iron kettle hanging on a rack nearby. The smell of the smoke—what is it that the hag burns, anyway?—mixes nauseatingly with the ever-present scent of bizarre herbs. From the scant light coming in through the window, you can barely make out the doors in the room. Aside from a low stool and some shelving near the fireplace and the doorless cupboards on the walls, the room seems unadorned and empty.

This is where Krownis makes the herbal teas that she serves to her infrequent customers. The fireplace in the west wall is large, but Krownis rarely burns much wood in it. There is a door near the fireplace leading to the back of the Blue Moon. There are two doors in the east wall; one door leads to the tea shop and the other opens into a passage and stairway that leads to the second floor. A small sideboard near the fireplace contains roughly-made earthenware cups. The cupboards hold more jars containing a selection of herbal tea mixes, bunches of fresh vegetables, bundles of garlic, onions, and peppers, and a chunk of horse meat that is slowly spoiling.

This is also where Krownis cooks her own meals. There's no suitable place to keep food fresh, so she's forced to go to a nearby market daily.

3. "Reading" room

Darkness prevails here, the only light entering the room through the door from the front room. A warm, faint glow reaches toward you from a spot across the room. A small table draped in black cloth dominates the room. There are but two chairs at the table. Again the air is different in this room: herbs mixed with



smoke, though the smoke has a bite that you guess might be mildly hallucinogenic.

This is where Krownis brings her clients for both surface and deep readings. On the north wall is a small wooden cabinet with no door. Within it is a small brass incense burner, a pack of ragged cards, a black iron dagger (more for effect than for anything else), and Krownis's crystal ball.

This last is a flawed crystal sphere just a little larger than a clenched fist, supported on a small wooden stand that looks like a bird's claws. It is totally non-magical and worth only a couple of tiks.

4. Krownis' bedroom

The light from the window shows you an unusual sight. You seem to have stumbled into the nest of a pack rat—a huge pack rat that likes herbal tea. The floor is nearly invisible, covered with stuff piled everywhere: clothes, cloth, curtains, sheets, and scarves, all sporting colors that wouldn't be found on any respectable rainbow. There's a sickening tang in your nostrils as the scent of more herbs (most unrecognizable) and the sharp, sour smell of old sweat combine into an overwhelming melange

This is Krownis' bedroom. Her bed—always in disarray, even when she is not in it—is buried under some piles of clothes, curtains, and sheets, etc. in the southwest corner of the room near the chimney (to take advantage of its warmth).

Unless already encountered elsewhere, Krownis will be in bed, asleep. She's not a sound sleeper (see "Unsettled Slumbers"), and there is a 40% chance per turn that she'll awaken. Concealed under the mattress of the bed is a bag containing 32 tiks, 15 agols, 4 smerduks, and 5 rilks.

Company

While the PC is exploring the premises, he hears a loud "click": it is the sound of someone picking the lock on the front door.

The "someone" is a petty adventurer named Drabbit. Drabbit visited Krownis earlier in the day for a surface reading—not a very positive one, as it turned out. He wanted more detail, but didn't have the cash to pay for a deep reading (and Krownis won't extend credit, particularly to adventurers who might flee the city without paying her). Drabbit figures that, if he can steal Krownis's crystal ball, he might be able to perform his own deep reading (he's dead wrong, of course, but he doesn't know that).

From his earlier visit, Drabbit knows where Krownis keeps the crystal ball and goes directly to the reading room. Unless the PC does something to stop him—or unless the adventurer spots the PC—Drabbit will take the crystal ball and leave. If he does encounter

the PC, the adventurer will first try intimidation; if this doesn't work, or if the PC physically tries to stop him, he'll fight. He's serious about getting the crystal ball . . . but not dead serious. If Drabbit is reduced to 3 hits points, he'll try to escape. He is quite willing to kill the PC to get what he wants, however.

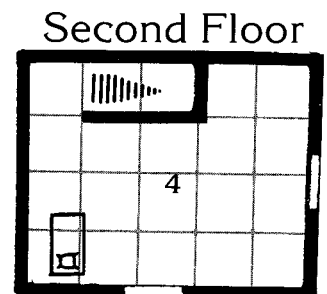
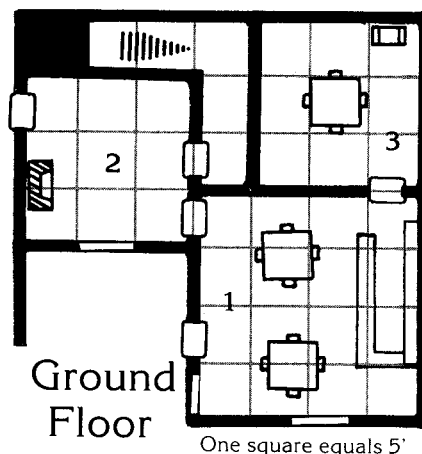
Drabbit: AC 10; MV 12"; F2/T1; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 13, DEX 13, CON 12, INT 7, WIS 8, CHA 7; AL CE; social level 2.

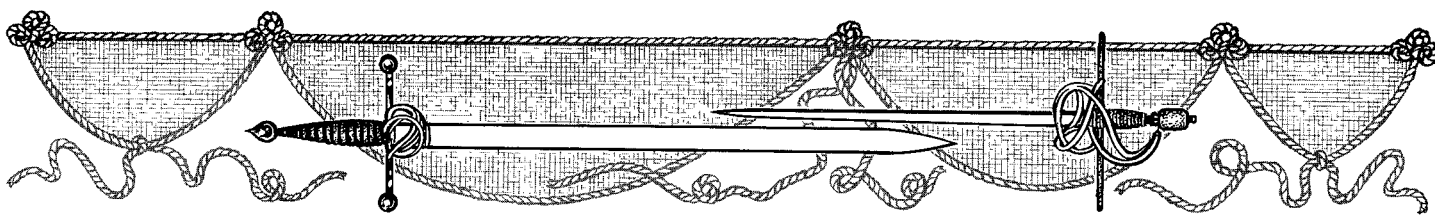
Thieving skills: PP 25%, OL 40%, FT 5%, MS 25%, HS 10%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%.

Drabbit is a small man with the face (and personality) of a rabid weasel. He has a short sword sheathed at his hip. Drabbit is very superstitious; if Krownis makes an appearance, or if he hears her, he'll flee in terror, even if it means giving up his prize.

Drabbit isn't a smart man. It should be fairly easy for a creative PC to outsmart him; fighting Drabbit should be considered only as a last resort.

Blue Moon





Unsettled Slumbers

Krownis has never been a sound sleeper. There's a 40% chance each turn that the woman will wake up, get out of bed, and perform a quick tour of her premises before going back to bed. If Drabbit and the PC exchange words, the chance of Krownis waking goes up to 70% per turn; if they come to blows, Krownis will automatically wake up.

If Krownis sees anyone in her establishment, she won't approach them — she knows that thieves carry knives, or worse. Instead, in her harsh crone's voice, she'll threaten the intruder(s) with supernatural retribution (none of which she can actually deliver) and make blood-chilling "prophecies" about the intruder's future (none of which are necessarily true). If she sees anyone trying to make off with her crystal ball, the most she'll do is throw an old shoe at him; the shoe will cause no damage, even if it hits. (Remember that Drabbit will flee as soon as he sees or hears Krownis.)

The old woman won't follow anyone outside, but she will start screaming for the police at the top of her lungs. A detachment of 4 police constables and 1 sergeant will arrive in 1-4 turns. The police will arrest any intruders—using force if necessary—and drag them away to jail. Krownis will definitely testify at the trial, and—unless very clever—the defendant(s) will be convicted.

If the PC hasn't already encountered the stalker Nigit (stationed at the intersection of Pimp and Festival Streets), Krownis's screams will also attract that stalker's attention. Nigit will come to investigate, arriving in 1-6 rounds.

Concluding the Adventure

If Drabbit gets his hands on the crystal ball, he'll "high-tail it" back toward his accommodations, a seedy rooming house on Nun Street near the intersec-

tion with Grain Street. Of course he will do anything he can to shake off pursuit. The PC might have to make such a pursuit if the adventurer has beaten him to the crystal ball. (This may call for some on-the-spot, improvisational role-playing, which can be great fun and a challenge for both the DM and the PC.) It is still imperative that the PC acquire the crystal ball in order to complete the Run.

Once the PC has acquired the crystal ball (however that occurs), he must make his way back to Thieves' House within the time limit. Remember that his return route might involve him with any remaining stalkers. Also, if (as DM) you think that the PC's quest has been too easy, you can certainly involve him in other encounters, choosing from the earlier list, or devising your own.

If the PC returns, on time and with the crystal ball, he has succeeded on his Run and is awarded his new rank. The worthless crystal ball is his to do with as he wishes (a memento).

Ideally, there should be no hard feelings between the stalkers and the PC (everybody's just doing his job). This isn't an ideal world, however. If the PC beats Nigit in a fist fight, or otherwise "dishonors" the stalker in his own eyes, Nigit will hold a grudge against the PC until he can set matters right. (This ongoing bad blood between Nigit and the PC can be the basis for future adventures.)

The free-lancer Drabbit might be a suitable target for a future Guild "police action" (assuming he survives).

The Costume Party

Introduction

This is an adventure for 2-5 characters of 3rd-6th level. Although it's not strictly necessary, involving the PCs in this adventure will be easier if they are members of the Thieves' Guild. PCs need not be thieves, however.

The main focus of this adventure is

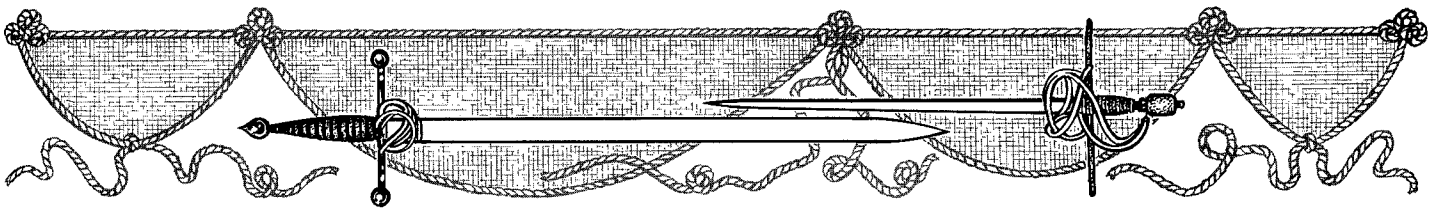
interaction with a large cast of NPCs. Combat, or even the direct use of thieving skills, can be avoided, assuming that the PCs are at least marginally cunning. The character levels mentioned above are guidelines only. A group of 1st or 2nd level characters could succeed at this adventure as long as they're willing to role-play and are innovative. Likewise, a higher-level group should still find this adventure challenging, provided they do not approach it as a "hack-and-slash" episode (and there are ample reasons to discourage this).

Setups

- If the PCs are Guild members, they're called in by Pedeem, Guild Operations Master. He tells them the Grandmaster has decided that the nobles have been getting off too lightly recently; it's time they remember that even they should fear the Thieves' Guild. The PCs have been selected to teach the Noble Quarter this lesson—by stealing the 'Star of the East' from a petty noble by the name of Domick. The Guild will support the PCs with whatever non-magical equipment they decide they need (*no* personnel); the planning and execution of the raid is entirely up to them.

- If the PCs are operating as freelancers or renegades, they hear the tale of the 'Star of the East' from one of their normal contacts. The story should be so embellished that the PCs are strongly attracted to "go for it."

- If the PCs don't normally operate as thieves, they may need some added incentive to acquire the 'Star of the East.' They are approached by a mild-mannered, elderly man by the name of Lals (AC 10; MV 9"; 0-level; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; THAC0 20; AL NG; social level 2), who claims to be the last living member of the family that originally owned the Star. He will attempt to play on the PCs' sympathies to persuade them that returning his lost property would be the heroic thing to do . . . and the rewards would be great!!



The 'Star of the East'

If the stories are to be believed, the gem called the 'Star of the East' came into human ken some five centuries ago in the exotic city of Tisilinilit. It's said to be a star sapphire the size of a woman's clenched fist and of surpassing beauty. Other, less familiar tales ascribe to it some minor magical powers.

In game terms, the Star of the East has a value of 25,000 gold rilks. It does, in fact, have a minor magical power in that anyone who keeps it continuously in contact with his or her body will find that wounds heal twice as fast as normal.

The Star was owned by a small family renowned for its noble lineage. The patriarch of that family had the Star incorporated into a platinum necklace of wondrous workmanship, and, for many generations, it graced the necks of the family's ladies—some of the most beautiful women in the eastern lands.

Some sixty years ago, however, the family seemed to simply disappear. Its senior members vanished, its lands and properties fell into disuse, and the Star of the East disappeared from human knowledge.

It was only a decade or so ago that the sages were able to pick up the trail of the Star. Somehow it had appeared in Lankhmar in the possession of a lesser noble known as Domick. Rumors, of course, flew thick and fast: that Domick's family was somehow responsible for wiping out the original owners, that the Star was cursed to kill the offspring of its owner to the seventh generation, that Domick was secretly a member of the original Tisilinilit family, etc. To this date, none of these rumors has been proven.

Domick has a walled and hedged estate in the Noble District of Lankhmar, at the intersection of Kings Road and Noble Street. Here, he lives with his lovely wife Varena and a small staff of servants.

Domick is no fool when it comes to security for the Star (of which he is disgustingly proud). Again one must turn to rumors, but purportedly Domick

has hired a fire wizard to seal, enchant, and ward a safe in which he keeps his treasure. The only time the Star comes out of this safe is when his wife Varena is to wear it at one of Domick's parties.

Among Domick's weaknesses is a love for costume balls. At least once a season, he holds a huge masquerade to which all of the noble families of Lankhmar—even the Overlord himself—receive gold-embossed invitations. This curious pastime of Domick's is a subject for laughter among the other nobles, although nobody ever declines the invitations (except for the Overlord).

As Fate would have it, Domick's next masquerade is scheduled for four days hence. . . .

Preparations

Major preparations for the masquerade are underway, involving many of Lankhmar's guilds. Notable participants are the Heralds' and Messengers' Guild (delivering Domick's elaborate, gold-embossed invitations), the Order of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians etc. (preparing the entertainment), the Tailors' Guild (creating costumes), the Toters' and Carters' Guild (making deliveries to Domick's estate), plus the Butchers', Bakers', Caterers', Salters', Sweets Makers', and Vintners' Guilds.

Only members of accredited guilds are allowed entry to Domick's grounds, and they must show special identification supplied by their respective guilds. Most guildmembers who will be working on the grounds of Domick's estate will be of journeyman level. However, assigned to each ten such journeymen there will be one master serving as foreman; the foreman will certainly know by sight those guildmembers working for him or her. (This arrangement holds even for the many Toters and Carters carrying supplies onto the grounds.)

Typical Guildmembers (journeymen and foremen): AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2-5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg

by weapon type; AL variable (but usually N); social level by guild and rank. Guildmembers will usually be unarmed—unless their duties provide them with weapons of opportunity (carpenters have hammers, butchers have knives or cleavers, etc.).

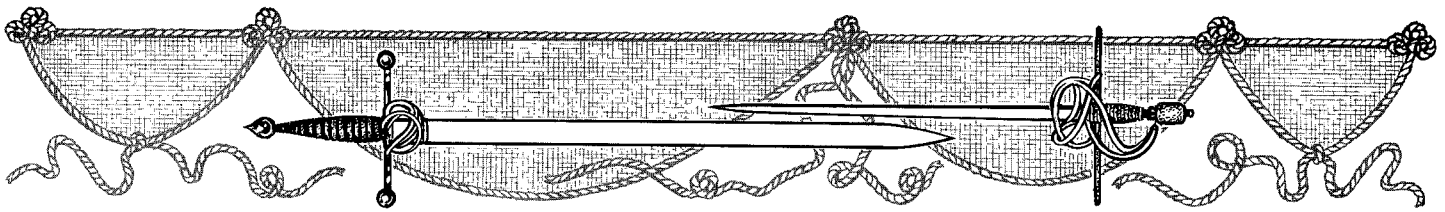
Even four days before the party, the city guard has a detachment stationed around Domick's estate. By day, there are 4 guardsmen—at night, 6—watching the front gate and an equal number patrolling the grounds. These guardsmen are under the command of two sergeants and one captain. The captain and one sergeant are always at the front gate; the other sergeant is usually carrying out snap inspections of the patrolling personnel.

The guards at the gate will certainly check the guild identification of any worker trying to gain entry. The guards are also responsible for making sure that unauthorized personnel are not smuggled onto the premises in the loaded wains that constantly pass through the gates. The guards are very difficult to bribe (particularly since their captain is around), but they aren't as thoroughgoing as they might be in their duties. Unless they have some reason to be suspicious—or unless Domick or another noble is watching—they will only give a wagon a cursory inspection.

Guardsmen (all): AC 5; MV 9"; F1; hp 1-10; THAC0 20; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. They wear browned iron splint mail with shields and carry long swords, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon. Guardsmen on gate duty carry halberds.

Sergeant (x2): AC 4; MV 9"; F4; hp 4-40; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. They wear banded mail of browned iron and carry long swords, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon.

Captain: AC 4; MV 9"; F8; hp 8-80; THAC0 13; #AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3. He wears banded mail of browned iron and carries a long sword, with a boot dagger as back-up weapon.



Party Time

On the day of the party, everything switches into high gear (see the “Chronology” for more details). The guard detachments around the estate have been beefed up—the gate detachment is now 12 guardsmen, one captain and one sergeant, while the grounds are patrolled by another 12 guardsmen, two sergeants and one captain (usually in roving groups of 4). The level of vigilance is definitely higher. Another 4 guardsmen flank the front door to the building. These guards don’t check invitations, but they will certainly turn away anyone not costumed (assuming them to be workers).

Although wearing costumes would offend the official dignity of the city guard, as well as diminish their credibility with potential intruders, they have taken some steps to spruce themselves up: all browned iron armor is polished, all brightwork gleams, and bunches of wildflowers decorate the otherwise sharp and deadly axe blades and spear points of the gate guards’ halberds.

Gaining Entry

Inventive PCs will no doubt generate many fascinating, and possibly harebrained, schemes for getting into Domick’s party. Only a few are dealt with here; for anything else, the DM is on his or her own!

Posing as workers: Only workers who can show “official” identification from an appropriate guild will be allowed in the front gate. This official identification is a small piece of parchment bearing the seal of the guild and the chop of one of the guild’s masters. But, with all the coming and going and confusion on the streets leading to and around the estate, enterprising PCs shouldn’t find it too difficult to follow some authorized guildmembers, separate them from their fellows . . . and then separate them from their identification. Alternatively, the PCs might choose to forge their own identification.

During the four days leading up to the party, the gate guards aren’t overly conscientious: a forged identification has an 85% chance of passing inspection. On the day of the party, this drops to 75% as the guards become more conscious of security; it dips to 65% during the party. (These percentages refer to forgeries of the quality that Guild PCs might get from the Thieves’ House’s “mechanics.” If the PCs get their forgeries elsewhere, the DM must adjudicate matters according to their relative quality.) Anyone caught using a forged identification (and anyone with him or her) will be arrested and immediately hustled off to jail.

Passing the gate guards’ inspection isn’t the only hurdle to overcome using this method. Guildmembers are supervised by foremen, who know their own workers . . . and who certainly recognize their own chop on an identification. If a foreman does not recognize the PCs as guild workers or discovers a forged chop on an identification, that foreman will report to, or call outright, the guards to come and arrest the PCs (the foreman’s primary concern being to spare his guild any embarrassment from actions caused by fake members of his guild). Guards so summoned will arrive in 1-4 rounds to apprehend the PC intruders . . . if they are still there.

Hiding in a shipment: Typical shipments include sacks of vegetables, sides of meat, barrels of wine, tuns of beer, baskets of vegetables, crates of fireworks, and bales of cloth. The last of any of these shipments goes in at 6 pm the day of the party (again, see the Chronology).

PCs might try to sneak into the grounds on a day before the party, perhaps with the intention of hiding out until things get underway. In such a case, there’s an 80% chance that the gate guards will only do a cursory inspection of any incoming shipment and a 20% chance that they’ll do a complete inspection. A cursory search has a 15% chance of finding concealed PCs (the DM can modify

this chance depending on the nature of the shipment); a complete inspection will certainly find anyone hiding in the wagon. On the day of the party, there’s a 60% chance that the guards will do a cursory inspection and a 40% chance they’ll do a complete inspection. (Anyone who takes the time to watch the guards’ behavior will get a good idea of these odds.)

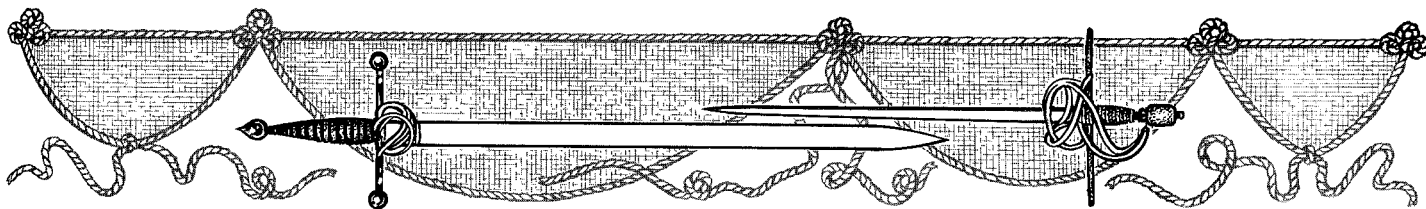
Anyone caught trying to gain entry this way will immediately be arrested and taken off to jail.

Going over the wall: There are a number of hazards associated with this idea. First, the grounds are patrolled by detachments of city guards (see the Encounter Tables for chances of meeting such a detachment). Second, even should the PCs escape detection, they still have to gain entry into the house itself, which is not a particularly easy task.

All doors except for the front door and the kitchen door are securely locked. Windows are latched, but not locked. All the light from the torches, braziers and *dancing lights* makes it very difficult for a thief to climb any of the walls without being spotted. (On the front wall, the chance of being spotted is 99%; on any other wall, the chance is 75%.)

Posing as an invited guest: This is the most theatrically satisfying solution . . . and, in fact, the one most likely to succeed.

To get past the gate guards, a PC must display an invitation. This is a stiff piece of fine gold-inlaid parchment as big as a man’s hand, bearing a gold-embossed representation of Domick’s coat of arms. The value of the material alone is 8 silver smerduks. The effect is impressive, but the workmanship itself is undemanding (thus not difficult to forge, assuming that the forger is supplied with the appropriate materials). A forgery of the quality that could be provided by the Thieves’ Guild has a 95% chance of being accepted by the guards, which reflects not only the difficulty of detecting a forgery, but also the guards’



unwillingness to erroneously challenge a noble. If someone is caught using a forged invitation, he or she will be politely “invited to the House of Law for a conversation,” and only arrested if the “guest” puts up a struggle or tries to escape. People accompanying someone so “invited” won’t automatically be arrested. Rather, the guards will look a little closer at their invitations, thereby decreasing the chances of passing a forgery to 80%.

To carry off this method, the PCs must be able to convincingly play the part of nobles (languid boredom, studied indifference, and sharp-tongued condescension are useful techniques). The PCs must also be in costume.

The costumes worn to Domick’s “soirees” are lavish affairs, often costing as much as 500 gold rilks. They usually cover the whole body; often the head as well. If the head is left uncovered, a mask is always worn.

The Guests

What would a party be without guests? Domick’s invitations have gone to all of the noble families (with one or two select exceptions), to a handful of influential figures in the civil service, to the masters of four important guilds (Astrologers’, Entertainers’, Pleaders’ and Jewelers’—not the Moneylenders’), and to the Overlord himself. All have accepted, including, contrary to his tradition, the Overlord. (No one, not Domick, not his guests, not the PCs, will know this until the Overlord deigns to arrive.)

There are some one hundred invited guests—and at least one who *wasn’t* invited—who will all show up at some time throughout the evening. The chronology lists the arrival times of the key guests; assume that there are enough “nameless” guests coming and going to ensure a dynamic party scene. Although the party is slated to begin at 8 pm, most guests will choose to arrive “fashionably late.” Most will be unarmored and unarmed (unless a belt knife is part of

their costume). Note that as all guests are costumed and masked, it’s difficult in most cases to tell who anyone is with complete certainty.

Following are some details on the most important or most interesting guests.

Domick:

AC 10; MV 12”; F3; hp 18; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 11.

Domick, the host, is in his middle thirties, rather foppish-looking but handsome, with a remarkably quick mind. As a member of the House of Nobles, he has a say in the governance of Lankhmar; however, since his major joy at House meetings is to stir up trouble and engage in—sometimes vituperative—political “discussions,” he very rarely has a direct effect on the decisions of the House. During the evening, he’ll definitely try to engage some of his peers in argument. (If the PCs are present in costume, he’ll certainly pick on one of them for conversation.)

He is costumed as a white rabbit, with a diamond-studded full-face mask.

Varena:

AC 10; MV 12”; C1 (white wizard); hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N(G); social level 12.

Spells: *sanctuary*.

Varena, Domick’s wife and the evening’s hostess, is a little younger than her husband. She’s stunningly beautiful, very sophisticated, and a good conversationalist (CHR 14). For the evening, she wears the Star of the East at her alabaster throat. When she makes her appearance at the top of the sweeping staircase, all conversation stops for a moment, and all heads turn her way.

She takes her hostess duties seriously and will try to smooth over any bad feelings engendered by her husband’s argumentative nature. If trouble of any kind erupts, and she has time to do so, she’ll cast *sanctuary* on herself and make her escape upstairs.

She wears a costume of flowing white and green robes with a leaf motif (“mist in the forest”).

Thorn:

AC 8 (with *ring of protection* +2); MV 12”; T13; hp 58; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (x5 from backstab); STR 17, DEX 18, CON 13, INT 14, WIS 12, CHA 14; AL CN; social level 6 (actual)/13 (assumed).

Thieving skills: PP 60%, OL 95%, FT 95%, MS 95%, HS 95%, DN 90%, CW 95%, RL 5%.

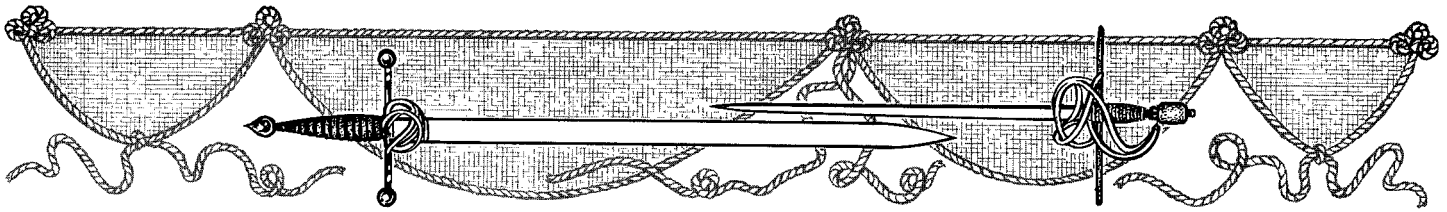
Thorn is the freelance master thief described in the section on freelancers and renegades (his statistics are repeated here for convenience). He is here tonight on business, in disguise and carrying a forged invitation.

Such is Thorn’s suave nature and confidence that he can talk as equals with the lords and ladies present (this is reflected in his “assumed” social level of 13). He moves with a virile grace unmatched by any of the other guests (except for one!), and is the center of attention—and subject of speculation—for all the ladies present.

Thorn’s intention, of course, is to steal the Star of the East . . . if he thinks he can get away with it. His plan is discussed in the section, “Thorn’s Plan.”

Thorn’s costume (complete with mask) represents a black panther; considering his fluid, feline way of moving, it is a perfect choice. His *dagger* +2, sling and four bullets are concealed under his costume . . . but easily accessible. He also wears a large ring that conceals a spring-loaded needle coated with a strong sleeping potion. Anyone pricked with the needle must save vs. spells or fall deeply asleep for 2-8 turns (a successful save means that the victim is *feble-minded* for 2-12 rounds). Although Thorn will use this ring to save his life in a pinch, he’d prefer to save it for a special purpose. . . .

A concealed pouch in Thorn’s costume contains something even more unusual: a small crystal sphere the size of a marble—a *sphere of dark-*



ness. This item was created by a fire wizard Thorn knows and cost him a goodly sum. But he considers it worth every iron tik. The sphere is ensorcelled with a version of the spell *darkness*. When the crystal is shattered—simple to do, since it's very fragile—an area of magical darkness 30' in diameter springs into existence, centered on the spot where the sphere was broken. This effect remains stationary and lasts for 5-8 rounds.

General Wansor:

AC 10; MV 12"; F13; hp 68; THAC0 8; #AT 5/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN(G); social level 8.

Wansor is second-in-command of the Lankmar City Guard. Normally he wouldn't be invited to a get-together such as this. However, his commanding officer, General Davitt was invited but was unable (unwilling) to attend. So Wansor was requested (ordered) to take his superior's place.

Wansor has no interest in politics or parties and feels an ill-disguised scorn for the "jabbering old women" in the House of Nobles. Wansor is a career soldier, first and foremost; he'd be much happier if the nobles just kept their noses out of military business and left him to do his job.

He walks with the same feline grace as Thorn. (In fact, throughout the evening, Wansor and Thorn will be seen eyeing each other, slightly puzzled. In truth—since both are competent men dedicated to their life's work—they see something of themselves in each other.)

Wansor is costumed as a lion, but he's broken with tradition enough to keep his short sword and dagger scabbarded at his side. If anyone questions him on this, he has a suitable answer ready: "What would a lion be without his claws?"

Lord Lethos:

AC 10; MV 12"; F7; hp 35; THAC0 14 (19 when inebriated); #AT 2/1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 12.

Middle-aged and fat, Lethos spends his evenings getting blind drunk, and tonight is no exception. As soon as he

arrives, he makes straight for the champagne fountain.

Unfortunately, Lethos is a mean drunk who enjoys picking fights with what he considers to be "lesser men." If any male PC is posing as a guest, Lethos will pick him as target for this evening; otherwise, he will pick on some "nameless" noble. Although he enjoys fisticuffs, Lethos isn't a good fighter when he's drunk.

He's costumed as a white mouse.

Lady Gevan:

AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LG; social level 9.

Lethos's young wife, Gevan has tragic eyes and watches with patient sadness as her husband gets drunk (again). If he picks a fight, she tries to stop it with words. If that doesn't work, she will try to pull her husband away, which will earn her a resounding slap across the face. None of the other nobles will interfere—she's common-born, from a mercantile family, after all. If any male with a Charisma of 13 or more tries to help her, she will become enamored of her savior (treat as a *charm* spell) . . . with possibly embarrassing consequences.

Her costume depicts a black mouse.

Lady Skeen:

AC 10; MV 12"; F3; hp 17; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL CN(E); social level 13.

Lady Skeen is a recent widow, though not a grieving one, by any means. She was an adventuress who managed to marry a very high-ranking noble named Marhil, who soon thereafter died of purportedly natural causes. Although Lady Skeen was common-born—and a freebooting sell-sword at that—she inherited all of Marhil's great wealth, and so must be treated with great respect. (Secretly, most of the nobles dislike her; many think she helped Marhil in his departure from this plane.)

Lady Skeen is a striking figure—tall and broad-shouldered, with a thick shock of red hair. She's currently on

the hunt for an unmarried noble to replace Marhil (and to add to her already-considerable wealth and power). She is outgoing and vivacious (CHR 13) and not above using *any* feminine wile to get what she wants. Unfortunately, only one unmarried and unescorted man was invited (Lord Otus), and she wouldn't touch him on a bet. (Two otherwise eligible males—neither of whom was specifically invited—she considers to be off-limits: General Wansor, because she believes—rightly, it turns out—that he's looking for evidence she murdered her late husband; and Thorn, because she recognizes that he's a man even she couldn't manipulate.) Anyone else, though—a PC posing as a guest, for example—might be fair game. (Rebuffing Lady Skeen's advances is a good way to gain unwanted attention, as she isn't one to keep her displeasure to herself.)

She wears the long, black robes and elaborate headdress of an Eastern wizard (though she has no magical abilities). Her loose-fitting robes conceal a small dagger, balanced for throwing, strapped on her shapely calf.

Lord Otus:

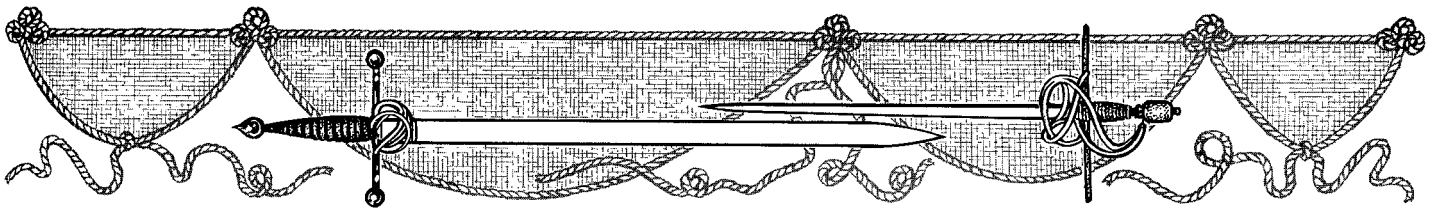
AC 10; MV 12"; F5; hp 30; THAC0 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 10.

Otus is a short, squat man in his mid-40s, with a face like a fist. He's pushy and obnoxious toward men and continuously lecherous toward anything female. Any woman left "unattended" for even a moment will become the unwelcome recipient of his charmless advances. The only exception is Lady Skeen, who he's learned to leave alone (she publicly humiliated him on several occasions with a few choice words).

He wears an elaborate costume representing a gold dragon.

Llewel:

AC 10; MV 12"; Bard 4; hp 19; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 12, CON 10, INT 13, WIS 10, CHA 12; AL CN; social



level 10. Thieving skills: PP 45%, DN 30%, CW 60%, RL 25%.

Spells: *friends, message, taunt, pyrotechnics.*

Llewell the bard is newly-elected Guildmaster of the Order of Joyous and Sorrowful Comedians, Rapturous Playactors, Graceful Dancers, and Melodious Songsters (the Entertainers' Guild of Lankhmar). In addition to this rank, Llewell is related by marriage to one of the lesser noble families and is a favorite entertainer at social gatherings around the Noble District; thus, he is welcome tonight on a number of counts.

Llewell is a tall, graceful man with chestnut-brown hair—perfectly coiffed—and a neat Van Dyke beard. His eyes are a piercing blue and always sparkle with merriment. He has brought his lute along, and he enjoys playing and singing as he strolls among the crowds.

Llewell is the only guest not wearing a specially-made costume. His normal garb—red and green jerkin and tights, gold jewelry, broad-brimmed hat with

red plume, velvet cape lined with cloth of gold—is more than flamboyant enough. As a concession to the spirit of the evening, he wears a small black mask. At his hip he wears a slender rapier (treat as a long sword).

Jubal the Necromancer:

AC 6 (with *ring of protection* +4); MV 6" (due to limp); MU14 (black wizard); THAC0 16; # AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; hp 33; STR 8, DEX 10, CON 9, INT 17, WIS 16, CHA 9; AL NE(C); social level 4.

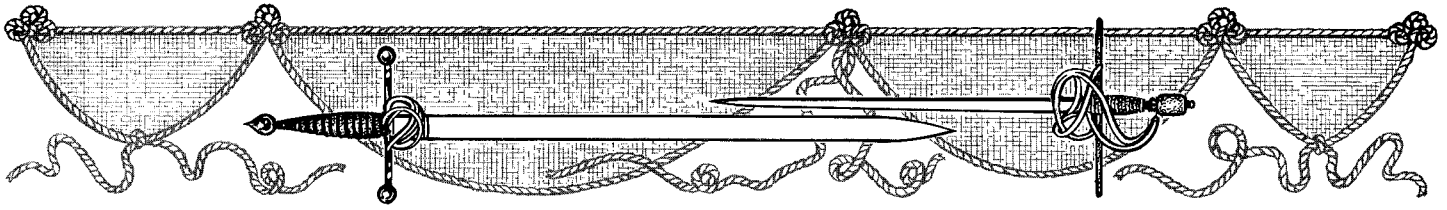
Spells: *dancing lights* (modified), *cantrip, chill touch, detect undead, magic missile* (5 missiles), *spectral hand, Melf's acid arrow, wizard lock, scare, flaming sphere, feign death, hold undead, vampiric touch, flame arrow, protection from normal missiles, contagion, enervation, electrical wards**, *confusion, animate dead, magic jar, summon shadow, teleport, death spell, invisible stalker, timed stasis**. (Spells marked with an asterisk are specific to Nehwon, and are described in Chapter 6).

Jubal is the black wizard hired by Domick to enchant his safe, and to provide the modified *dancing lights* that float above the estate. He's a tall, cadaverous man, with a bald head and a disfiguring scar that almost closes his right eye.

Jubal is a true necromancer—an adept of death magic. He is fascinated by death—studying it, not causing it, although sometimes his research does require the sacrificing of some creature (or person). His interest led him to specialize early in the school of necromancy. In addition, he knows a few spells that people are willing to pay him to cast—*timed stasis, electrical wards*, and his version of *dancing lights*, for example, and he is not ashamed to hire out his services (spell research being as expensive as it is).

The spells listed above are those that Jubal has memorized for this evening. His spell book contains a copy of every necromantic spell up to 7th level (except for *reincarnation*), plus modified *dancing lights, timed stasis, and electrical wards.*





The necromancer has a familiar: a large black cat which he calls Shadow (AC 6; MV 5"; HD 1½; hp 4; THACO 20; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1; SA rear claws for 1-2; AL NE). During the party, Shadow prowls the grounds.

Jubal is dressed as the Grim Reaper, in a flowing black robe with the cowl pulled forward to conceal his face.

Jubal's version of *dancing lights* is described below:

Dancing lights (Alteration)

Level: 1 Range: 200 yards Components: V,S,M Duration: 3 turns/level Casting time: 1½ turns Area of effect: Special Saving throw: None

The spell's effects are similar to those of the standard *dancing lights*, except that the lights created are larger and much brighter (equal to a *light* spell). The light is a harsh, flat white, not the fire-like hue of the standard spell. The lights can't be used to cause blindness (like *light*). The material components are a pinch of powdered carbon and a firefly or glowworm.

(*Important note:* Jubal is a black wizard in the world of Nehwon. This means that he is subject to all the malevolent effects and spell-casting disadvantages suffered by black wizards in Nehwon. For further enlightenment on these effects and disadvantages—which will greatly aid you in role-playing Jubal or any wizard in Nehwon—see "Spell Casters in Nehwon," pages 88 and 89 in *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*. You should realize that Jubal has already been afflicted by all but two of the malevolent effects suffered by black wizards in Nehwon; he does not yet lose endurance after casting spells, nor does he become "hopelessly enraged at the sound of laughter." Also, his spells, and those of any other Nehwonian wizard, do take longer to cast, as specified on page 89 of *Lankhmar, City of Adventure*. The only exceptions to this guideline are the spells unique to

Nehwon that are outlined in Chapter 6, "The Role of Magic," of this tome. The casting times stipulated therein for those spells are the actual spell casting times for any campaign or milieu.)

Galaric the Seer:

AC 10; MV 12"; C3 (white wizard); hp 8; THACO 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 8, DEX 9, CON 9, INT 10, WIS 13, CHA 16; AL N; social level 7.

Spells: *augury* (same limitations as noted on Jubal above).

As the Overlord's personal astrologer, Galaric is a man of no little influence in the city. He's a tall, aristocratic man in his 60s, with long white hair and a thick white beard.

Although he does have some small power, most people in Lankhmar believe that the ways of the entire Multiverse are an open book to Galaric, and he has worked hard to help the general populace maintain that belief. Like Krownis the hag (described in the adventure "Thieves' Run"), he has an almost uncanny ability to tell people what they want to hear or, better yet, what will make them believe that he is a great astrologer. This ability, coupled with high Charisma and some knowledge—albeit fleeting and incomplete—of the future, makes Galaric an incredibly persuasive man.

He is also a potentially dangerous foe. He knows that his affluence and influence depend on his credibility with the populace and, more importantly, with the Overlord. If he sees anyone as a threat to that credibility, he will do his best to render that person harmless . . . or destroy them. He'll do this through his "prophecies" ("Beware the red-haired adventurer with the large sword, your majesty; the wandering star we astrologers name 'the king-killer' is ascendent in his horoscope").

Galaric wears elaborate robes of white, embroidered with the signs of the Nehwonian zodiac in gold and silver thread. His mask is similarly embellished.

Salamais Allarzian

His Majestic Certainty, Overlord of Lankhmar:

AC 2 (with *bracers of defense*, AC 2); MV 12"; F6; hp 46; THACO 15; #AT 3/2; STR 11, DEX 10, CON 15, INT 11, WIS 14, CHA 16; AL LN(G); social level 15.

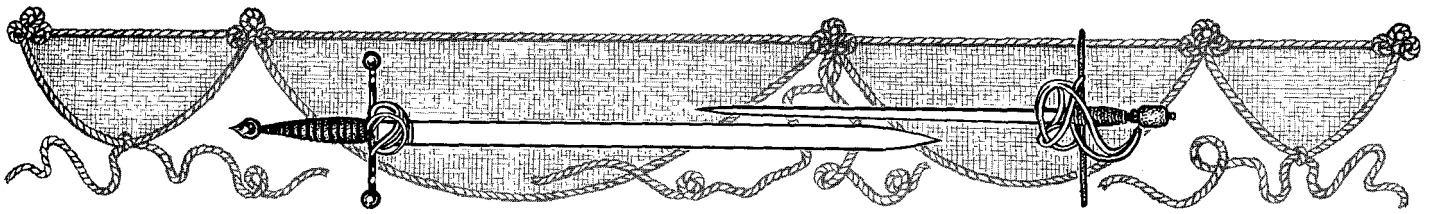
The Overlord is a man of medium height and build, in his late 30s. He has flowing silver-blond hair, grey eyes, and an undeniably regal bearing. He is very observant and a good judge of character. Unlike many of his predecessors, he usually prefers to listen than to talk; when he *does* talk, he always has something cogent to say, and he can be very persuasive. (It was this combination of traits that ensured his election to the Rainbow Palace.)

Salamais has that balance of compassion and toughness necessary to be a good (possibly great) leader: he honestly cares about the welfare of his people, but he has the toughness necessary to enforce potentially unpopular edicts. There is little doubt that he is the most effective Overlord that Lankhmar has seen in over a century. (His one weakness is that he puts perhaps too much credence in his personal astrologer.)

Despite his normally serious nature, the Overlord is aware that "All work and no play makes Salamais a dull boy." Thus he has decided to give himself a night off and go to a party. Salamais is unmarried and thoroughly enjoys the company of intelligent women, particularly when their intelligence is coupled with beauty. Thus, he has picked a suitable consort for the evening: Madam Debra, the prima ballerina from Lankhmar's ballet troupe (and part of Llewel's Entertainers' Guild, of course).

It wouldn't do for the Overlord of Lankhmar to go anywhere without his personal bodyguards. Four of these hardened warriors have accompanied him tonight.

Salamais' costume is a creation of black silk with obsidian jewelry and black pearl accents representing the black king from a chess set. A long



sword of black iron is at his hip. His bodyguards are costumed as black pawns.

Personal bodyguard: AC 5; MV 9"; F5; hp 20,26,32,45; THAC0 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 6.

These elite troops are personally loyal to the Overlord and will die to protect him. They wear chain mail armor (concealed under their costumes) and are armed with broad swords. They normally stay near to their master, without crowding him; if trouble breaks out, they form a human screen around his august person and hustle him to safety as quickly as possible.

Madam Debra:

AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; STR 10, DEX 14, CON 10, INT 11, WIS 10, CHA 13; AL (C)N; social level 6/14.

Debra, the Overlord's date for the evening, is prima ballerina of Lankhmar's only ballet troupe and holds master rank in the Entertainers' Guild. As such, her social level is 6; tonight, however—and *only* tonight—she is treated by everyone as though she had a social rank second only to the Overlord himself.

Debra is a tall and willowy blonde, with a dancer's figure and well-toned musculature. She is intelligent and outgoing, and she honestly likes the Overlord for himself, not only for his power and wealth.

Her costume—made for her at the Overlord's order—represents the black queen from a chess set. (The fact that Salamais and Debra are costumed as king and queen isn't lost on anyone present and rumors of an upcoming wedding fly thick and fast. Lady Skeen—who had considered going after Salamais herself—has decided she hates Debra.)

Chronology

Unless disrupted by other events (e.g., the actions of the PCs), this is the chronology of the day of the party. (All

times use the 24-hour clock, so 0830 is 8:30 A.M., 1900 is 7:00 P.M., etc.)

- 0800 Final deliveries begin to arrive (shipments average 2 per hour).
- 1100 Caterers arrive and begin preparing food.
- 1700 Last delivery arrives, and delivery carts leave the estate.
- 1810 Sunset; torches and braziers are lit; Jubal the Necromancer arrives, and casts his *dancing lights*; then he adjourns to the morning room to sip sherry with Domick.
- 2000 Official start of the party; food and drink are ready to serve; musicians begin playing (to empty rooms).
- 2035 First guests begin to arrive; Domick waits in grand hall to welcome arriving guests.
- 2040 Llewel arrives and begins to circulate.
- 2045 Thorn arrives.
- 2050 Lord Fandarel and Lady Blaire arrive.
- 2055 Lady Skeen arrives.
- 2100 Lord Lethos and Lady Gevan arrive
- 2110 General Wansor arrives.
- 2115 Lord Otus arrives.
- 2120 Galaric the Seer arrives.
- 2125 Domick excuses himself and goes upstairs to assist his wife Varena.
- 2127 Domick opens the ensorceled safe and extracts the Star of the East.
- 2130 Varena, wearing the Star and accompanied by Domick, makes her "grand entrance" down the stairs into the grand hall.
- 2215 The Overlord, his bodyguards, and Madam Debra arrive.
- 2335 Thorn makes his move (see the section "Thorn's Plan").
- 0030 *Guests begin to leave.
- 0100 *Last guest leaves; Jubal, Domick, and Varena go upstairs; Domick returns the Star to the safe and Jubal reseals it; downstairs, clean-up begins.

- 0110 *Jubal leaves; Domick and Varena go to bed.
- 0400 *Clean-up complete; caterers and workers leave.
- 0430 *City guard detachment leaves.

Note that these times, *particularly the ones with asterisks*, can be altered by events that occur earlier. (For example, if Thorn succeeds in making off with the Star of the East, or if the PCs foil Thorn's plan by instigating one of their own, the party certainly isn't going to continue as planned.) These times are given as guidelines to establish how the evening would normally run.

The Estate

The party takes place in three large rooms: the ballroom, the dining room (cleared of most furniture), and the grand hall. In general, the ballroom is reserved for dancing, the dining room for eating and drinking, and the grand hall for seeing and being seen (servants circulate through all three rooms with their trays of drinks and canapes).

All windows in the ground floor are open during the party (for air circulation), latched at any other time; all windows on the second floor are latched. The doors are closed but unlocked.

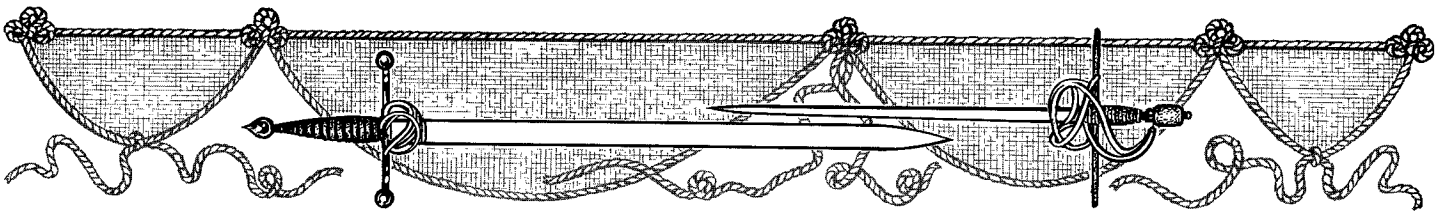
Unless otherwise specified, ceilings are 15 feet high; floors are marble on the ground floor and polished hardwood on the second.

All rooms and hallways in the building have small discs in the ceiling upon which *continual light* has been cast. These disks can be eclipsed by moving sliding metal disks over the shining ones, thus "turning off the lights." During the party, all lights are on everywhere in the house.

Throughout, when servants or caterers are mentioned, they have the following statistics:

Servants (caterers): AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2-5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 2.

Most servants will be unarmed, al-



though 25% will be able to snatch up knives for self defense.

1. Storage area. The storage area to the right of the main doors has been set aside for the personal bodyguards of those nobles who brought them; such personnel are not allowed within the house itself. These bodyguards are treated well and are served food and drink (non-alcoholic) by the caterers—and are but seconds away from their masters should they be needed. (In game terms, they can respond to a cry for help from within the house in 1-3 rounds.) At any time, there are 2-40 bodyguards present in the outbuilding, being supplied with refreshment by 3-12 servants.

Typical Bodyguard: AC 7; MV 9"; F1 (75%) or F2 (25%); hp 1-10 or 2-20; THAC0 20 or 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 3.

Most bodyguards will wear studded leather or ring mail armor (they will wear different uniforms and colors, of course, as befits their noble employers). Weapons will vary, although swords of various types will probably be the most common.

Servants (caterers): AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2-5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 2. Most will be unarmed, although 25% will be able to snatch up knives for self-defense.

2. Stables. The large stables to the left of the front door are reserved for the horses and carriages of those nobles who considered themselves too grand to walk a couple of blocks. At any time, there are 2-8 carriages, twice that number of horses, and 2-12 grooms standing about.

Horses: AC 7; MV 18" (with carriage)/24"; HD 3; THAC0 17; #AT 2 bite; Dmg 1-2/1-2; AL N.

Groom: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2-5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL LN; social level 2. Most grooms will be unarmed, although some (30%) will carry knives.

3. Grand hall. This huge room has a 30' ceiling, supported by fluted mar-

ble columns. A sweeping staircase leads up to the second floor, where a balustraded gallery looks down to the floor below. A huge chandelier—many of its crystals enchanted with *continual light*—glitters above the center of the hall.

During the ball, the grand hall is the most crowded of the three party rooms. On either side of the front door are large silver bowls filled with water in which rose petals float. It is a tradition at Domick's parties that guests cleanse their hands in the water, then dry them on towels held by servants.

In the center of the hall, directly under the chandelier, is a champagne fountain. Two to eight servants carrying trays of food and drink circulate among the guests. Three wandering minstrels (1st level bards) provide the entertainment.

4. Ballroom. At the west of the room is a low stage. During the party, a group of 6 musicians (1st and 2nd level bards) plays stately dance music. Around the walls are tables bearing canapes, rare fruits, and elaborate ice sculptures. The center of the room is kept clear for dancing. Two to 8 servants carrying trays of food and drink circulate among the guests.

5. Dining room. The room is dominated by a huge table, groaning under a load of food of every description: roast game birds, poached fish, elaborate soups and salads, delicacies from the four corners of Nehwon. The rest of the furniture that's normally in the room has been stored elsewhere. As with the other rooms in the party area, 2-8 servants serve drinks and canapes to the guests.

6. Parlor. Normally, this is used as a comfortable parlor, its walls lined with floor-to-ceiling bookcases. During the party, however, it's become a sort of temporary wine cellar. It's here that the caterers have stored the barrels of fine wines and casks of expensive brandies that will be served to the guests. Six servants are responsible for pouring the wines, while another 2-

5 are present to refill their trays before circulating among the guests once more.

7.-9. Larders. These rooms contain the large amounts of exotic food that will be consumed during the party. In each room, there's a 25% chance of finding 1-2 cooks gathering ingredients.

10.-12. Storage rooms. These rooms contain all the necessary items for maintaining Domick's household: cleaning supplies, bedclothes, tablecloths, cutlery, place settings, etc.

13. Kitchen. During the party, this room is a scene of chaos: cooks cooking and servants preparing, garnishing, and carrying away tray after tray of exotic foodstuffs. At any given time there are 6 cooks and 5-10 servants present, overseen by 2-3 foremen. The air—almost uncomfortably warm—is filled with mouth-watering aromas.

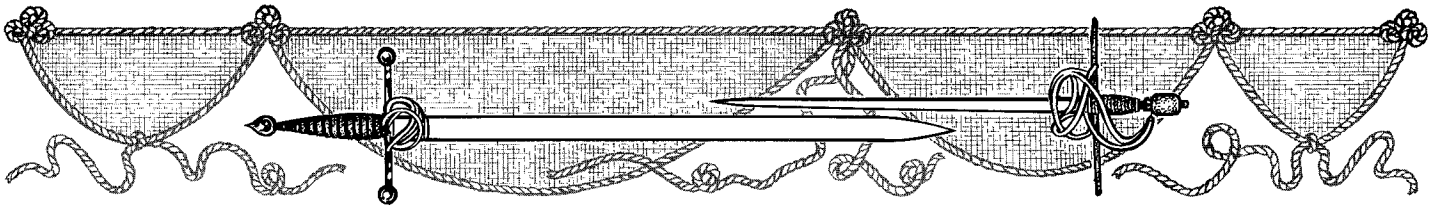
Cooks (x6): AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 2,3,3,3,5,5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 2.

Foreman: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 1d4 + 1; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL N; social level 3.

14. "Below-stairs" kitchen. This is where Domick's staff cook and eat their own meals. The room is somewhat primitive, but spotlessly clean and not at all uncomfortable. During the day of the party, it's totally empty; normally, however, there's usually at least one servant present, eating, sipping a warm drink, or chatting with colleagues.

15.-18. Servants' quarters. These rooms are small and simple, but not uncomfortable. Domick's permanent staff of servants sleep here. During the day of the party, they're all empty (the servants all have duties to perform).

19. Family gallery. The walls are lined with more than a score of paintings: generations of Domick's illustri-



ous (and not so illustrious) ancestors, all painted in a dark, depressing style.

20. Family museum. Empty suits of armor stand guard around the walls (these belonged to Domick's illustrious ancestors). The walls are covered with antique or unusual weapons, hunting trophies, and the like.

21. Library. Floor-to-ceiling bookcases line the walls. There are several chairs and a small end-tables scattered around the room. An antique writing desk is set against one wall.

22. Morning room. This is a relatively small, cozy room—at least, in comparison to the rest of the house—designed for intimate get-togethers. The furniture is designed for comfort as well as beauty, and rich carpets cover the floor. Against the north wall is a cabinet containing decanters of a half-dozen exotic sherries and liqueurs. Between 1900 and 2035 on the night of the party, both Domick and Jubal the Necromancer are here, sip-

ping sherry. (Jubal's eating and drinking at the party is nothing more than pretense, since it has been some time that he lost his sense of smell and taste to the malevolent effects of his black arts. But, out of habit, he still eats and drinks.)

23. Master bedroom. This is where Domick and Varena sleep. As might be expected, the decor is absolutely lavish, with priceless rugs on the floor, fine works of art on the walls, and gold fixtures everywhere. The bed itself is a massive, canopied thing.

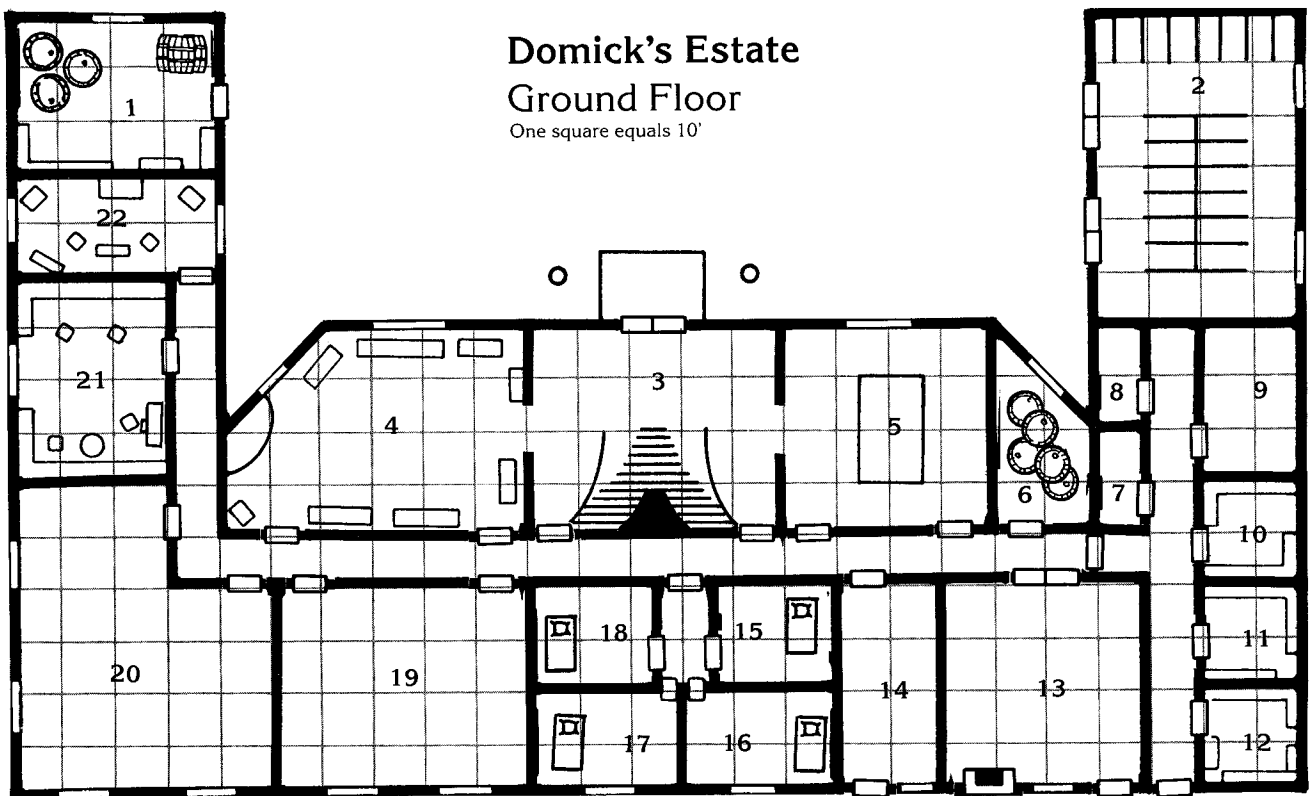
The window in the south wall shows how thick this wall is—nearly 3' of solid stone. Built into this wall is Domick's safe, its door concealed by a portrait of Domick's father. The safe has only a simple keylock, but then it doesn't need more: Jubal has cast *timed stasis* (see Chapter 6) on it, and the dweomer won't release the door until 2125 on the night of the party. In addition, Jubal has ensorceled the safe door with *electrical wards* (Chapter 6). The safe contains the Star of

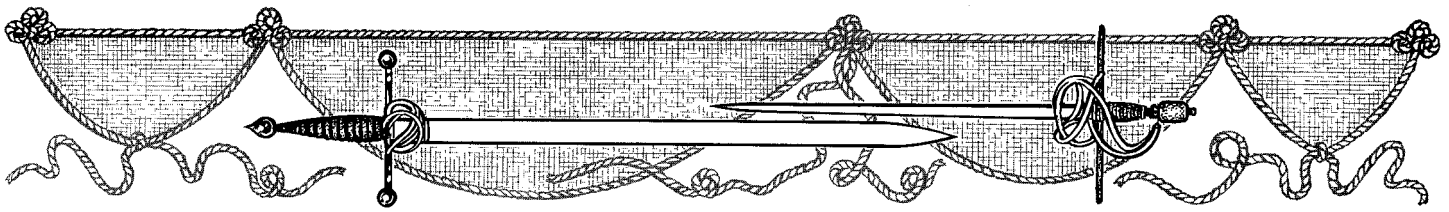
the East, plus a couple of lesser pieces: a ruby pendant (value 2,100 rilks) and a diamond-studded coronet (2,500 rilks).

At 2125, Varena dismisses her maidservant and emerges from her dressing room. Domick arrives 2 minutes later, opens the safe and puts the Star of the East around his wife's neck. He then recloses the safe (the *timed stasis* isn't in force, but the *electrical wards* remain). At 2130, they leave the room to make their grand entrance into the party.

At 0100, after the party's over, Domick, Varena, and Jubal return to the room. Domick places the Star back in the safe, and Jubal casts *timed stasis* to seal it once more. Then Jubal leaves, and Domick and Varena undress and retire for the evening.

24. Varena's dressing room. Two large wardrobes contain Varena's elaborate, but very tasteful, wardrobe. A dressing table is covered with pots of rouge, containers of powder, flasks of expensive perfume, etc. Its drawers





contain some lesser pieces of jewelry: a set of gold bangles (value 900 rilks), an emerald-encrusted bracelet (1,300 rilks), a diamond choker (1,300 rilks), and a circlet with ruby brow-piece (1,100 rilks).

Varena is present from 2030 to 2125, getting dressed for the party. She is assisted by a young maid-servant.

Maid-servant: AC 10; MV 12"; 0-level; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL NG; social level 2.

25. Domick's dressing room. Two large wardrobes contain Domick's flamboyant wardrobe. A dressing table stands nearby; within its drawers are some select pieces of male jewelry: a gold ring (value 200 rilks), gold-chased silver bracers (850 rilks), an elaborate signet ring bearing Domick's crest (875 rilks), and a circlet with ruby brow-piece (1,100 rilks).

Domick is present from 1815 to 1900, getting dressed for the party. He is assisted by a doddering manservant.

Manservant: AC 10; MV 9"; 0-level; hp 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; AL NG; social level 2.

26.-30. Spare bedrooms. Although not as lavish as the master bedroom, there's nothing spartan about these rooms. The floors are covered with plush, warm rugs, and the furniture is exquisite. Domick and Varena rarely have houseguests, but these rooms are kept ever-ready to house any that should arrive.

31. Bathroom. A fire continually burns in the large fireplace. An ingenious arrangement of pipes circulates water around the fire, providing adequate hot water to fill a large brass bathtub that dominates the center of the room.

32. Toilet. The "water closet" itself is magical. It uses a form of *teleportation* to relocate anything inanimate deposited in it to the sewers below the estate tavern (magical items receive a saving throw against magical fire;

non-magical items receive no save). Only complete items are affected (thus it cannot be used to remove, for example, the lid from a small chest or the arm from an enemy).

33. Roof access. Occasionally workers must reach the roof to repair the chimney or the roofing tiles. A steep ladder leading up to a ceiling trapdoor gives them access. This trapdoor is normally locked. The day of the party, however, the lock has been jimmied (by Thorn, of course, to give himself faster access to the roof and to safety).

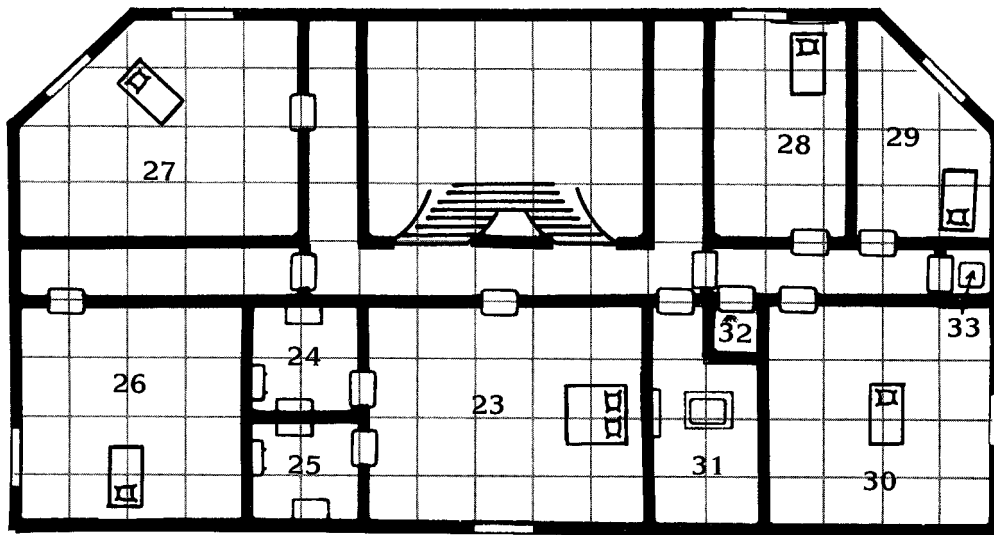
Encounter Tables

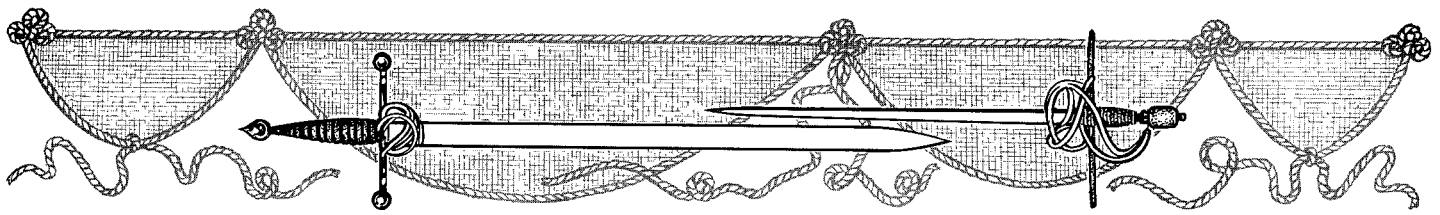
The estate can be broken down into three types of "terrain" for encounter purposes: the grounds, "backstage" (the larder, wine cellar, etc.; those areas occupied by caterers, servants, etc. other than the kitchens), and "off-limits" (the rest of the house).

The following tables describe the

Domick's Estate Second Floor

One square equals 10'





situation while the party is in full swing. For encounters before or after the party, consider the “party zone” (the ballroom, the dining room and the grand hall) to be “backstage”; also, disregard illogical encounters (e.g., “drunken guest” before anyone’s arrived, etc.).

The Grounds: (1d10)

Die roll Encounter

- 1-3 2 city guardsmen
- 4-5 3 city guardsmen + 1 sergeant
- 6-8 Shadow (Jubal’s familiar)
- 9 1 drunken “nameless” guest
- 10 2 “nameless” guests (lovers out looking at the stars)

Backstage: (1d10)

Die roll Encounter

- 1-3 1 servant
- 4 1-3 servants
- 5-6 Guild foreman*
- 7 1-3 servants + guild foreman*
- 8 Drunken “nameless” guest (lost)
- 9 Thorn (will pretend he’s lost)
- 10 Lord Lethos (drunk; will pick a fight)

*: Pick an appropriate guild.

“Off Limits”: (1d8)

Die roll Encounter

- 1-2 Domick
- 3 Domick + Varena
- 4-6 Jubal
- 7 Drunken “nameless” guest
- 8 Lord Lethos (drunk; will pick a fight)

The “party zone” (the ballroom, the dining room and the grand hall) is so full of people that encounter tables aren’t appropriate. The DM must describe the milling crowd, the flamboyant costumes, the flash of light off gem and precious metal, the hubbub of voices, and the bouquet of fine wines—everything that makes up a dynamic party.

In general, everyone will assume that a person inside the house and in costume is an invited guest. Conversely, guests will assume that anyone in the house *not* wearing a costume is a servant. If a guild foreman sees anyone not in costume that he doesn’t recognize, he will certainly ask them to produce their guild identification.

Thorn’s Plan

Thorn has done his homework well. He knows that the Star of the East is kept in a dweomered safe—one sealed with both *timed stasis* and *electrical wards*—and has come to the conclusion that the only way to get his hands on it is to infiltrate the party.

Preparation has always been one of Thorn’s strong points, and this raid is no exception. Several days ago, before security was raised to its current level, the master thief came over the wall and made his way to the flat roof of the estate. In the northwest corner of the roof, concealed under some ivy that covers a chimney, he left a cache of equipment. This cache contains several important items Thorn will need for this job.

The first is an “extra-heavy” crossbow. This weapon, wound back with a small windlass, conforms generally to the description of a standard heavy crossbow, but with the following differences: it’s +1 to hit, +2 on damage (because of the extreme speed of the projectile), and all ranges are extended by 2 (thus short range is out to 10, medium range to 18, etc.). Although this device is a daunting weapon, that’s not why Thorn brought it along.

The second item is a modified crossbow bolt. This projectile has a reinforced shaft, and the broadly-barbed head is attached unusually firmly. Trailing from the bolt is 100’ of thin, lightweight, but exceptionally strong rope. The other end of this rope is attached to the chimney, using a cunning block and tackle arrangement. Any slack in the rope can be taken up quickly by pulling on the end

of the rope that is loosely attached to the chimney, and then tying the rope off to some nearby fixture or protrusion. If you know what you’re doing, this takes no more than 1 segment; otherwise, it takes 2-4 segments.

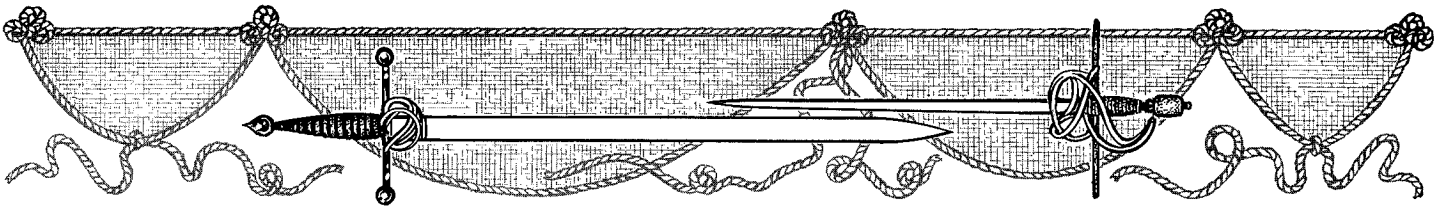
Third is a free-running pulley that can be hooked over the rope. A wooden handle is attached below the pulley.

Fourth are four rocket flares. These are modified fireworks. When triggered (by pulling a small lanyard), the flare fires a flaming projectile that emits a piercing scream as it flies. Although these flares aren’t intended as weapons, they’ll do in a pinch. Ranges are S 1, M 2, L 3; maximum range is 4. Since no one can be proficient in the use of these things, non-proficiency penalties are always applicable (bonuses due to dexterity can partially offset these penalties). A hit from a flare does 2-12 points of damage and has an 85% chance of igniting flammable materials (e.g., clothing).

Finally, the cache contains two thin wooden stakes, each about three feet long, sharpened on both ends. These stakes are held by a bandolier-type leather strap that can be speedily wrapped around Thorn’s torso so as to allow him to carry the stakes while keeping his hands free.

Thorn’s plan is fairly straightforward. At an opportune moment in the evening, he intends to come near enough to Varena to prick her with his envenomed ring. When she “faints,” he will break his crystal *sphere of darkness*. In the darkness and confusion, he’ll remove the the Star of the East from around Varena’s neck (easy enough for him to do, even without sight) and make his escape up the staircase. Again, this should be easily accomplished, even while operating in the area of effect of the *darkness*. Thorn will have spent some time earlier in the evening surreptitiously pacing out distances and calculating angles; in the confusion, he’ll be the only one who knows exactly where he’s going.)

Once he’s upstairs and out of the area of *darkness*, he’ll take the small



stairway to the roof (area 33) and retrieve his cache of equipment. He will then use his crossbow to fire the modified bolt, with rope attached, into the base of a large tree in the neighboring estate. With practiced ease, he'll take up the slack using the block-and-tackle on the chimney and tie off the rope. If necessary, he will fire the four flares at any pursuers, if there are any. If none arrive before he is ready to leave the rooftop (and he'd prefer not to harm anyone unless forced to), he will fire the flares into the area in front of the house and at the stables, hoping to frighten the horses and cause a diversion. Finally, he'll use the pulley-and-handle rig to slide down the angled rope and over the estate wall to safety. The Star of the East will be safely in his pouch, and the two sharpened stakes will be lashed across his shoulders.

As soon as he hits the ground, and if he has sufficient time, he'll drive the two stakes at an angle into the ground at the base of the tree (a sharp reception for anyone who tries to follow him down the rope). If anyone does slide down the rope and doesn't drop off before they reach the end, they'll impale themselves on the two stakes, each of which inflicts 1-6 points of damage.

Thorn will then finish his escape, melting into the darkness of the neighboring estate and eventually taking to the streets (once he has "ditched" his costume, of course).

Reactions

If any form of trouble breaks out during the party (probably an attempted—or successful—theft), most people present will react in the way typical of crowds: total, babbling confusion, which will probably prove as much of an obstruction to the troublemaker as to those pursuing him. Certain guests have more presence of mind, however, or have their own hidden agendas.

First among these is Domick. If any thief attempts to steal the Star of the East, his first reaction will be to send a servant to rouse the nobles' bodyguards from the stable and have them

surround the house. Then he'll locate Jubal and offer the necromancer a hefty fee if he can use his magic to capture the thief and return the Star.

For his part, Jubal will certainly accept the commission and will do everything in his fairly extensive power to locate the culprit. His first move will be to communicate with Shadow and have the feline familiar follow anyone seen trying to leave the estate. The wizard's agenda is slightly different than Domick's, as might be guessed. Instead of capturing the culprit, Jubal will confront him with lethal force. Then, if he can get away with it, the wizard will retrieve and keep the Star for himself (magical research is costly, after all). He will also try to collect on Domick's commission, claiming that he confronted the thief, was forced to kill him in self-defense, but was unable to locate the Star.

If anyone beats Thorn to the Star, Thorn will immediately make his escape in the confusion and try to follow the thief or thieves. He'll confront them and attempt to take what he considers as *his* prize, if he thinks he can get away with it. If the thieves look too tough, he'll bide his time and use more subtle means to "reclaim" the Star.

In case of trouble, General Wansor will be momentarily torn: part of him wants to pursue the troublemaker(s) himself, while part of him realizes he has to notify his men outside. After losing a few precious seconds, he will order a servant to notify the city guards outside, then take off in pursuit of the troublemakers. Even though he's keen for the chase, he's not stupid: he won't let himself get sucked into any traps.

The Overlord's bodyguards will simply follow orders and get Salamais (and Debra) out of the estate as quickly as possible. (Note that their leaving could cause some confusion for Jubal's familiar. The DM will have to adjudicate what, if any, effect this could have on Shadow's attempt to find and trail "anyone seen trying to leave the estate.")

Galaric the Seer will spend his time trying to come up with a persuasive

explanation for why he didn't foresee this particular turn of events.

Concluding the Adventure

There are many possibilities here for further adventures.

If the PCs manage to lay their hands on the Star, and about the only effective way to do so is to somehow infiltrate the party, they must make their escape. Unless they've managed to secure the Star without raising any alarm, escape won't be a simple matter, what with personal bodyguards and a whole detachment of city guards surrounding the building. The PCs will also be pursued by Wansor, Thorn, Shadow the familiar, and, eventually, Jubal. None of these worthies is likely to give up easily.

There is also the matter of fencing the item. It is considered to have a value of 25,000 gold rils, but is also a unique and easily identifiable item (and a very "hot" one at that, with a lot of people out looking for it). The PCs will be lucky if they can get more than one-fifth its real value from any fence, in Lankhmar at least.

If Thorn beats the PCs to the prize, he is the one with the hot pursuit on his heels. The PCs will probably try to get the Star from him, in which case, if they are successful, they might very well "inherit" Thorn's pursuers.

If the PCs get caught trying to break in or infiltrate the party, they'll have to either escape from jail or deal with the vagaries of the Lankhmart judicial system.

Whether they succeed or fail in their attempt to filch the Star, Thorn represents a source of future adventures for PCs who belong to the Thieves' Guild. He's a successful and quite famous free-lancer, a suitable target for a future police action.

No matter how the operation itself turns out, the repercussions from this evening's work could continue for a long while.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

LANKHMAR™

Official Game Adventure

Thieves of Lankhmar

by Nigel Findley

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Printed in U.S.A.

TSR, Inc.
POB 756
Lake Geneva,
WI 53146
USA

TSR Ltd.
120 Church End
Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
United Kingdom

ISBN 0-88038-825-0



9276XXX1401

\$9.95 U.S.

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