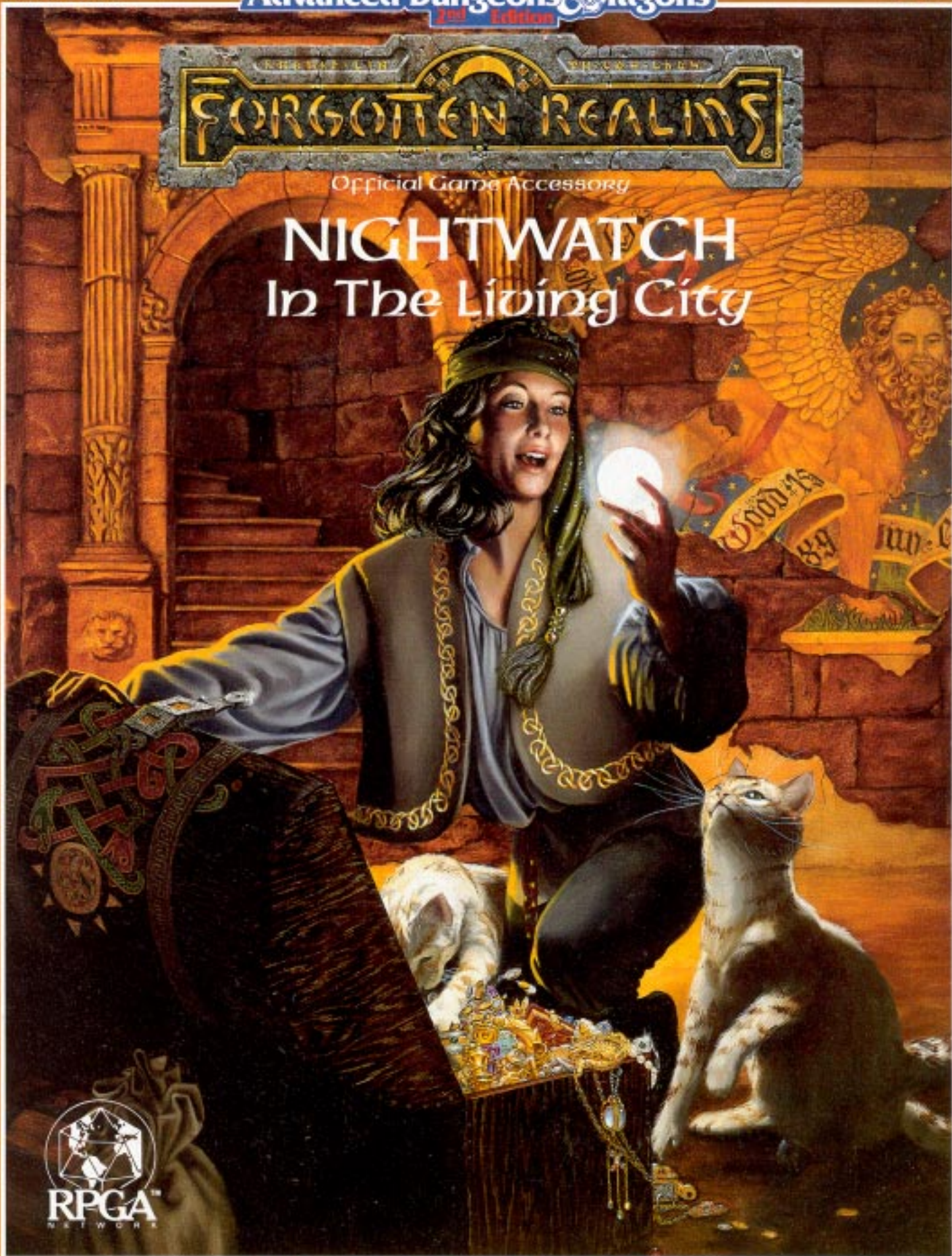


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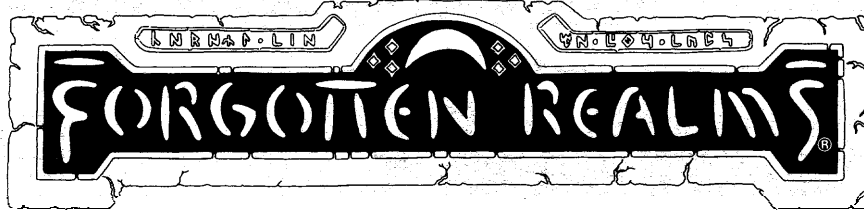
NIGHTWATCH
In The Living City



Walt Baas and Kira Glass



The RPGA™ Network proudly presents an
AD&D® 2nd Edition Official Game Module



NIGHT WATCH In The Living City

Table of Contents

Introduction	2
DM Background	2
DM Information	2
Players' Introduction	4
The Adventure	
Block A: The Market and Warehouse Areas	7
Block B: Crow's Foot	20
Block C: Ol' Town, or Fishtown	23
Block D: The Wharfs	29
Conclusion	29
Pregenerated Characters	15-18
Appendix	
Random Encounter Table	30
New Monster	30
Wandering Monster Table.....	31

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Introduction



Night Watch in the Living City was originally created as an RPGA™ Network Tournament module for the Living City. This adventure is set in the *Forgotten Realms*® world, but may be adapted to any waterfront city fantasy game setting.

The encounters within this adventure are designed with lower level characters in mind, so the suggested character levels are 1-3. Pregenerated characters are included if you and your players wish to run them.

To add spice to your gaming session, a Random Encounter Table and a Wandering Monster Table can be found in the Appendix section following the adventure. Additionally, this adventure introduces two new magic items, a new spell, and a new monster. Each is listed in detail within the adventure.

Some of the NPCs and locations within this adventure are taken from the TSR, Inc. product LC1, *Gateway to Ravens Bluff, The Living City*. That official game accessory is not necessary to run this module, but helpful!

DM BACKGROUND

Eleven o'clock and all's well — or is it? As apprentices of the City Guard, those in the Night Watch determine just how safe the city really is!

Welcome to Ravens Bluff, or the Living City as it is affectionately known. Just off the coast of The Dragon Reach on the Sea of Fallen Stars, the city beckons to adventurers, promising to stir their imaginations. It is a city filled with memorable characters, fascinating shops and businesses, political intrigue, and, of course, adventure.

The Living City is just that: a city alive with characters created by real people. The NPCs you meet on the street are not just cardboard cut-out personalities. They are the work of many gamers like yourself. And, following each session of this adventure, Ravens Bluff's population will grow as new characters make their home in the Living City.

DM Information

This module is designed as a series of both related and unrelated events. The scenario is designed to test the players' and the game master's knowledge, role-playing, and ingenuity. The adventure is divided into blocks, and the individual action is further divided into encounters. As the PCs move through a block they will meet various people with various problems. Some of the problems are related to other problems, much like in real life. In many adventures the group is given a certain task to accomplish — slay the maiden, rescue the dragon, etc. Here, they must decide who they should help, how much help they should offer, or if they should even become involved at all! These will be difficult decisions for the PCs and, as the DM, you must keep them moving along.

To complicate the PCs' situation throughout the adventure, a heavy fog enshrouds the city. The fog is known as "The Veil." Vision is limited to approximately 30'; obscurement of vision starts at arms' reach, and everything fades

Introduction

into gray beyond that. All light sources are cut to one-third of the distance they project under optimal conditions (DMG, p. 118). The PCs' bullseye lantern only penetrates 20' in any one direction in The Veil. Torchlight only illuminates a 5' diameter sphere.

However, all light sources also illuminate the fog itself (as headlights on high beams would), so everything beyond the ring of the light will be obscured. This is not to say that a very bright light source would not be visible at some distance: the bigger and brighter the source, the more chance it has to penetrate the fog. The distance of a light, however, is difficult to determine: a torch at 40' and a bonfire at 100' look about the same. The fog interferes with infravision, cutting in half its normal working distance. Heat sources can still be seen, but they resemble little more than blobs in the indeterminate distance.

Invisible objects and individuals within 15' of the PCs appear as silhouettes in the fog. Invisible creatures are -2 instead of -4 to be hit. Beyond 15', invisible objects or beings simply "melt into the fog."

Aquatic or amphibious creatures that can normally move about on land may do so freely in the fog without suffering dehydration penalties.

Sound is slightly distorted over distance in the fog. When the PCs are trying to determine the direction a sound is coming from, roll 1d4. On a 1, the sound seems to come from 45 degrees to the left of the actual source. On a 2 or 3, the direction can be accurately determined. On a 4, the sound seems to come from 45 degrees to the right of the actual source.

The Veil does not affect direction sense.

The adventure begins as the PCs assemble at the City Guard Barracks to begin an evening's apprenticeship as the Night Watch. After being sworn in, they are led to the section of town they will be patrolling for the night.

As the PCs move through the adventure, they will discover that many of the encounters are interrelated. Successful negotiation of certain problems early in the adventure will allow the PCs to gain information with which they can achieve solutions to later events. The following plotlines are in-

terrelated (the symbol ~ means "is related to"):

A1 ~ B2
A2 ~ A3 ~ C3
A5 ~ B3 ~ B4 ~ C5 ~ C7

A synopsis of the encounters is as follows:

Block A

A1: The Fish Market is a great opportunity for the DM to role-play. Many vendors are here with various styles of speech. A crazed fish-cutter gives the PCs their first taste of action. A little boy defends the PCs' reputation and sets up a later encounter (see B2).

A2: Two rival priests of the same religion fight over who should help the subdued fish-cutter from encounter A1. A decision is reached by the *Rites of Istishia* (a new spell).

A3: A runaway carriage presents the PCs with a minor challenge.

A4: Poly-Anna, a little girl gone wild with a *wand of polymorphing*, throws a tea party — attendance is required!

A5: The PCs investigate the warehouses, meet the Mactaggart Brothers (who run the Icehouse), and get involved with a druid and his pet rats.

A6: A mysterious statue blocks the coastal road — "But didn't we just come this way?" — and a playful gargoyle wants to play tag.

Block B

B1: A woman's scream pierces the night, and our heroes must save her from a pack of fierce and hungry stray dogs in search of a meal.

B2: It's storytime for little T.J. (the boy from encounter A1), and the PCs must tell a progressive fairy tale.

B3: Our heroes meet old Jack Harker, retired famed vampire hunter — well, almost retired!

B4: At the Red Sail Tavern, the PCs encounter hooligans posing as the Night Watch working a protection rap.

B5: As the PCs are ready to leave the area, a fireball in the sky attracts them to a tremendous pyrotechnic display between two old wizards.

B6: The woman in green is mean. . . a kelpie just out for a late night snack.

Block C

C1: The clash of steel from behind the Customs House resounds. The residents are just sparring, but the PCs don't know that, especially with a drow there!

C2: It's a lucky day for someone at the Wheel of Fortune Tavern. The owner is giving the bar away, and it's up to the PCs to decide how it should be done before bedlam breaks loose.

C3: An NPC from A2 arrives to ask the PCs for help. They go to the Inn of No Hope and find an amnesiac and an injured cat that leads them to . . . an apprentice alchemist who needs the help of a cat, the Night Watch, and a breath of fresh air.

C4: Three ruffians rob a local merchant. Isn't there anyone around who can help?

C5: The Silver Lily, a home-away-from-home for ship captains, beloved because it never changes. . . and why is that? Because the most beautiful vampire in the land likes it that way!

C6: A press gang attempts to enlist the party into naval service.

C7: The Salty Dog, a gambling house of questionable reputation where the Night Watch must put an end to Terrier/Rat pit fights. A antagonist who has eluded the PCs is finally found.

Block D

D1: In the grand finale, the PCs must find a way to put out a burning ship in the harbor. Why is the crew trying to stop them? Could it be all the illegal contraband on board?

Some things you should keep in mind as the DM:

1. Dissuade the party from splitting up. In the fog it will be doubly difficult to keep track of the action, not to mention slowing down the game.

2. Some of the NPCs in the city are far more powerful than the PCs. This is a good opportunity to teach humility and respect for those older and wiser.

3. Likewise, many of the NPCs are zero-level characters. In combat, they can be easily killed by a single blow. They are not cannon fodder, they are innocent bystanders.

4. Ravens Bluff has laws like most cit-

Introduction

ies. Violations of these laws are punishable for PCs and NPCs alike. The characters should be setting examples and standards for others to live by.

5. Entries which are boxed are to be read aloud to the players. All other notes are descriptions for you as the DM to interpret and pass the information along to the PCs as you see fit.

6. Any time the City Guard is summoned, it will not look good for our heroes. These higher level NPCs will swagger in and do whatever is "right" (i.e., DM's discretion) to solve the problem. Or worse, they may belittle the PCs, tell them how they should handle the situation, and leave them with strict orders to *do it!* The guards are not uncaring, but this is, after all, a test – and with all tests, the PCs are graded on their ability to solve the problems without hints!

City Guard

4L Human Male/Female Fighters (X 3/1); Stats: S17 (+1/+1), D15, C14, Ill, W10, Ch 8; AL LN; hp 33; AC 4; THAC0 16; Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, light crossbow, dagger, halberd. Each wears chain mail and carries a shield with the City Guard Emblem upon it, and wears the colors of the City Guard. The Guards don't talk much except to give orders.

7. If any of the PCs meets an untimely demise (heaven forbid!), the remaining PCs should be reminded of the laws of the city regarding the handling of remains (i.e., you are not suppose to leave them in a gutter or alley, or throw the body in the sewers!). The PCs should either take their comrade's body back to the barracks or to the Inn of No Hope in the hopes that someone there will know of a cleric who can either resurrect or perform the proper burial rites, according to city law; or at the very least, take the body along with them through the night. However, the only way a PC is likely to die in this adventure is through extremely poor judgment.

PLAYERS' INTRODUCTION

In the evenings of fall and spring, when the land and water temperatures are changing, a fog rolls in off the Sea of Fallen Stars. The fog is known as The Veil because, like a beautiful woman, it is both mysterious and deadly. It is a time when all good merchants keep close what is theirs, knowing that if they do not it will disappear into The Veil. It is also a time for pirates to slip from their secret caves, found in coves along the coast of the Dragon's Reach and come into Ravens Bluff. It is a time of mirth, myth, mystery, and magic!

You, like so many others, have ventured to the city with hopes of finding fame and fortune. Here, you've learned the most valuable lesson of employment – it's not what you know but who you know. And you know few in Ravens Bluff. Unable to join guilds or make a place for yourself, you've come to the one place where you think you can firmly entrench yourself: the City Guard. You're not sure you want to make this a life-time vocation; but it will give you the "in" you need to get off the streets and into a decent inn. Everyone knows that references from the City Guard are as good as gold. . .

During The Veil, the City Guard recruits new apprentices to help patrol the shrouded city. Young adventurers travel to Ravens Bluff in hopes of being chosen for the junior city guard, known as the Night Watch. Members of the Night Watch have no "official" power to enforce the law. They're mere peacekeepers, told to handle most problems as well as they can and only to bother the City Guard if they have to. For therein lies the rub . . . Almost every group that has fallen back on the help of the City Guard has been thanked and dismissed. Honors generally fall only to those who have used their abilities wisely and relied on their own self-sufficiency. A successful stint with the Night Watch allows a person to get employment just about any-

where in Ravens Bluff, and raises the price one can ask in response to "Adventurers for Hire" advertisements as well! Five gold pieces a week is a nice bit of change to have in your pockets, too – especially when, right now, they're empty!

As a prospective Night Watch candidate, you have assembled outside the City Guard Barracks.

Rolf "Sunny" Sunriver is the presiding Chief Constable of Ravens Bluff. He is responsible for enforcing the city's laws and is charged with turning all law breakers over to the magistrates.

Rolf "Sunny" Sunriver

Chief Constable of Ravens Bluff

9L Half-Elf Male Fighter. Stats: S 17, D 16, C 16, I 12, W 11, Ch 14, Co 15; AL LG; hp 60; AC 2; THAC0 12; Magic Items: *ring of protection +1, morning star +1, dagger +1, dagger +3, boots of elvenkind*; Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, longbow, morning star, whip, dagger, spear; Special Abilities: 30% MR vs. charm and sleep, 60' infra-vision, detect secret and concealed doors. Rolf is 5' 9" tall, weighs 180 pounds, and is 80 years old. He is a compact, muscular man who looks mostly human. He wears elven chain mail.

The barracks are comprised of two massive stone buildings. The buildings are identical. Each has three stories plus a cellar. Their entrances face each other, so the occupants can assemble rapidly for parades, inspections, or mutual defense. The buildings are located in the center of town, aside the Plaza de Arms. The Plaza de Arms is the parade grounds for the city and royal guard. El Fountaine de Pax, the Fountain of Peace, resides in the center of the Plaza, a reminder to all that peace is more important than conquest.

Night has drawn nigh and The Veil has begun to move in. Gar Saru of the City Guard calls for all to be quiet. "Form into groups of six, and move quietly into the hall. There will be a brief inspection and then you'll be assigned to a sergeant who will see you to your sector. That is all."

Introduction

Gar Saru, Barracks Captain of the City Guard of Ravens Bluff

12L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 18/23, D 16, C 17, I 10, W 13, Ch 9, Co 11; AL NG; hp 107; AC 1; THAC0 9; Magic Items: *chain mail +2, bastard sword +2, ring of free action, Horn of Goodness*; Weapon Proficiencies: bastard sword, long sword, spear, dagger, bow, halberd, pike. Gar grew up in Ravens Bluff and served in the old king's army, before accepting his current position with the Guard. At age 46, he considers himself past his prime, and views his duties as a useful way to spend his time. Gar is 5' 11" and weighs 193 pounds, most of that tight muscle.

The assembly will all move into the barracks. If the PCs hesitate, Gar will stick his head out the door and ask whether or not they will be joining the company for the evening. He will not be polite nor will he be rude — he is a very matter-of-fact man. If the PCs do not make an immediate motion toward or away from the door, Gar will simply pull his head back in and leave the door standing open. If they do move toward the door, Gar will stand aside and let them pass, pull the door shut, and walk to the front of the room. If they attempt to walk away, Gar will call after them that the city pays handsomely to those who answer her call. He will make only this one attempt to get them to come in. Otherwise, they're on their own (and so are you)!

Once inside, the PCs will see that the hall is stark with all chairs and tables pushed into the corners. A lone podium stands at one end. Two figures stand at the podium. One is the Captain of the Guard heard outside, the other is Rolf "Sunny" Sunriver. When the PCs have entered the hall and is are quiet, Sunny will address the gathering.

"From here on out you will represent the city and all she stands for. Although you yourselves carry no authority, you will be considered peacemakers during the time of The Veil. Stand ready for inspection."

The two older men walk along and inspect each person's weapons and wardrobe. Sunny smiles and talks

among the new recruits. Gar follows a step behind, his face almost expressionless. At one group they stop and talk for a moment. Sunny shakes his head, and a small boy turns and walks from the hall. "Too young," you hear murmured through the recruits. The two approach your group. Sunny smiles, nods, and carefully looks you over.

One by one ask the PCs their names and their professions. Sunny will then turn to Gar and say:

"Acceptable." Gar nods and reaches into a small burlap bag he carries and pulls out a blue glass disc. He shakes his head and almost sadly gives it to (the tallest member of the group).

After a few more minutes the inspection is over and "Sunny" Sunriver takes the podium. "Each group now holds a different colored disc. A sergeant here in the guard hall holds a matching disc and your duty assignment for the evening. Each sergeant in turn will come to the podium, hold up the colored disc, and then take the group to the appointed station. Some of you may be disappointed by your assignments, but remember, the important thing is the job that you do, not where you do it. If any of you have doubts about your ability to perform your duties tonight you are free to leave (pause) No? Then raise your right hand and repeat after me:

"As an initiate of the Night Watch . . . I do solemnly swear . . . to use my mind and body . . . to maintain a peaceful . . . law-abiding atmosphere . . . in my assigned sector . . . I swear to break no laws . . . or take any person's life . . . while on duty tonight . . . I give my oath. . . as a member of the Night Watch.

"May the gods hold favor with you." One by one a sergeant steps up to the podium, raises the colored disc, and shouts out the color. Each then moves toward the door to meet their party. Slowly the hall begins to empty until you realize you're the only group left. A sergeant walks up

to your group and holds up the blue disc, shakes his head and says, "Sorry, it's just the luck of the draw. Come on, The Veil is already rolling in . . ."

Luath, Sergeant of the City Guard of Ravens Bluff

7L Human Male Fighter Stats: S 16, D 14, C 17, I 11, W 10, Ch 10, Co 14; AL LG; hp 33; AC 4; THAC0 14; Magic Items: *ring mail +2, long sword +1*; Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, dagger, bow, pike. Sergeant Luath is one of the third-shift sergeants. He was recently promoted to sergeant after saving a family from a fire. He is still very much a rank-and-file watchman, and he is uncomfortable with his new responsibilities and authority. Luath is 5' 8" tall and weighs 163 pounds.

Luath will introduce himself to the PCs and explain to them what the significance of the blue disc is. All of the sections of town are color-coded on a map in Gar's office. The blue disc, is for Ol'town, or Fishtown as it's known to some. He will explain to them that their duties are to try to keep peace without breaking any laws themselves . . .

"You've drawn a tough assignment for tonight. Ol'town wouldn't be where I'd want to start, but it's as good as any. Some decent people still live in Ol'town — you might hear some call it Fishtown. Most problems lie with the sailors passing back and forth. Few things you should know, though. You've got three areas to cover. First, there's Ol'town itself. That'll be a handful in The Veil. Try not to start any trouble at the Silver Lily. It's a favorite of ship's captains, and any trouble there could give our city a bad name all across the seas. There'll still be some sellers at the fishmarket. Stop, say hello to them. Remember, it's them you're protecting. Secondly, the warehouses ought to be pretty quiet tonight. The Gardens of Opulent Splendor lie between the warehouses and Crow's Foot. Crow's Foot shouldn't be a

Introduction



problem. It's a small residential area that lies north along the coast. Most of the market vendors live there, and a tavern or two can be found, mostly so people don't have to walk through the warehouses and the Gardens over to Ol'town. Should be pretty quiet around Crow's Foot, as usual. Now, the Gardens, that's another story. The Gardens have been turned into a group of temporary embassies for new diplomats traveling to Ravens Bluff to open up new routes of trade. Be warned, embassies represent their native soil and the laws of each of the diplomats' home countries are observed in their area of the Gardens. Entering one without an invitation is punishable by death in some cultures, so be careful. It's easier if you just try to steer clear of the Gardens!"

Luath will walk the PCs to the City Gates as he talks and will answer any questions the group might have as they go. Remember, he's newly promoted so

he won't know many specifics about governmental figures, members of "society," etc. Luath is a "good cop," at home on the streets.

If specifically asked what the laws of the city are, Luath will inform them of the following:

- 1) Murder is a crime.
- 2) Theft of private property is a crime.
- 3) Theft or destruction of guild property is a serious crime.

As for interpreting these laws, Luath says, "You'll just have to use your best judgment."

Sergeant Luath takes the blue disc and inserts it into the rear facing of a double-sided bull's eye lantern. He opens the back, so the light can shine through and the PCs see a blue letter N etched in the glass.

"This is the emblem of the Night Watch. Use it only to identify yourselves, otherwise use the front opening to see your way around. Most of the time you won't need a light. Just

make sure you return both pieces to me in the morning. Here are the City Gates. This is as far as I go. You're on your own now, and remember . . . think before you act. Don't use force unless it's absolutely necessary. You're bound by the same laws as those you're protecting. And, if there's one thing I've learned it's that everything happens for a reason. Ships sink because they have a hole in them, not because they feel like sinking. If you absolutely require the help of the City Guard, send a runner back to the barracks. But a friendly word of advice: None of the groups who ever asked for help were ever asked to join the City Guard. Keep your wits about you, and be careful." Sergeant Luath then turns and walks away into the thickening Veil.

The Market and Warehouse Areas

Block A

Caveat Emptor! or, "Let The Buyer Beware!"

Just outside the City Gates lies the harbor fish market. The market sells the fresh-caught fish of the day (and yesterday's, in many cases). The market is frequented by most of Ravens Bluff's citizens early in the morning (when the smell is least offensive) to make their seafood purchases. Cod, redfish, and squid are popular, along with the more exotic caviar and krackon. The market also sells fishing supplies, nets, hooks, string, and maggots for bait. Fishhead jewelry can be found along with exotic shells, seashell statues of Istishia, and fishing boats.

As you step out through the City Gates you are assaulted by the smell of seawater and day-old fish. The harbor fish market stands to your left and the warehouses to your right. Many of the stalls are closed or are in the process of closing.

The vendors who are still open will do all they can to attract the PCs' attention and get them to come their way. As many later encounters rely on the PCs interacting with a few of the vendors *now*, do what you can to get them over to the stalls. The NPCs will call to the PCs, but will not necessarily talk to them unless the PCs stop to do so. Most of the vendors realize that the Night Watch doesn't have a lot, if any, money. They will, however, be glad to see the Night Watch, especially with The Veil rolling in. Paraphrase what's written, as you see fit.

Stall A

A leathered old man:

"Aye, my good lads and lassies. I've got some good squid for ye today." He picks up a handful of squid, "Let ye

have it real cheap. Say a copper a handful. Squish! Squish!" He breaks off a tentacle and pops it into his mouth. The tentacle squirms as he chews, "They be delicious! Still kickin' they is . . . yum!"

Ivan Snargan

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 11, D 13, C 14, I 10, W 11, Ch 10; AL N; hp 4; AC 10; THACO 20. This man unwittingly has discovered sashimi, although few in the city consider raw fish a gourmet meal.

Stall B

A matriarchal woman:

"Nice redfish for a young noble perhaps? They be very fresh. Look, they still have their eyes open. That's how you can tell they're fresh. Yes sir, never sell sleepin' fish, my dad always said. A silver a piece, or half for half. Remember, you can lead a herring to water, but you'd better get him there fast or he'll die."

Margee Garote

OL Human Female Vendor. Stats: S 10, D 12, C 10, I 13, W 13, Ch 12; AL N; hp 4; AC 10; THACO 20. She believes in hard work and large families.

Stall C

Two young girls in their mid-teens, plain but not unattractive:

"Exotic shells, kind sir? Very beautiful, no two alike. I collect them and my sister makes them into jewelry."

If asked their names, they will reply Sally and Sissy. Sally sells seashells by the seashore with her silly sister Sissy. The jewelry consists of shells strung on thin pieces of kelp. The prices range from a copper to a gold piece depending on how many shells are strung.

Sally and Sissy

OL Human Female Vendors. Stats: S9, D 12, C 10, I 11, W 11, Ch 12; AL LG; hp 3; AC 10; THACO 20 (same stats for each). They keep the family stall in order to

"hang around," and their parents hope that they will meet eligible bachelors to marry.

Stall D

A gruff but otherwise friendly man:

"Ay, youse kids. Youse gots a conch shell for da Veil? How youse gonna find youse selfs in da Veil wit out one?"

Should the PCs inquire further the man will explain, "Don't cha knows what's a conch shell? It's a little shell we'se use 'rounds here to communicate wits one another durin' da Veil. Listen. He very deftly places the conch shell to his lips and blows a single harmonious note. (D two octaves below middle C, for you music lovers.) "Sees, it's easy and den when you gets lost youse can finds each other . . . Pretty smart, huh? Only a silver for da little uns and ten for da big uns."

Harland McGruff

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 10, D 11, C 14, I 13, W 14, Ch 11; AL NG; hp 4; AC 10; THACO 20. Selling one of the few fun and frivolous items in Ol'town is a tough job. But, he firmly believes that to be truly alive, you have to laugh. Harland has sold conch shells to kings and queens, and peasants alike.

Harland has seen this group coming. The shells are not only difficult to blow but almost everyone in Ol'town has one. They hold a unique place in people's hearts. Children believe that they will keep monsters away and blow them when they're frightened. Others do it as a religious act to Istishia during The Veil. But many follow the common courtesy of blowing theirs when they hear another in the distance. When a lot of Ol'town residents take to the streets the sound can be quite festive. Unfortunately it does not really help the PCs to find each other in the fog. To keep life interesting for the PCs during the night, they will hear the sound of conch shells blowing every once in a while, especially when they're over in Crow's Foot and in Ol'town!

The Market and Warehouse Areas

STALL E

A dirty, greasy man is toasting skewered rats over a small fire. When he thinks no one is looking, he'll lick his lips and take a nibble on a hot one, hurriedly putting it back on the rack to be sold. The PCs may not notice this, unless someone specifically says they will watch the old man; or, if any of the "delicacies" are picked up and turned over, as he will always put the bitten side down!

"Rat on a stick? Anyone care for some... RAT ON A STICK? Gets 'em every morning I does, so you knows they're fresh... Rat on a stick!"

Greasy Man

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 13, D 12, C 14, I 11, W 11, Ch 9; AL CN; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20. Abandoned to the streets at an early age, he has become quite a gutter gourmet. He really doesn't understand why more people don't eat rats, especially people in need. He doesn't really have a name that he remembers, and if asked, "What's your name?" he'll reply, "Call me whatever you want!"

If they look closely, the PCs will notice small holes in the carcasses, not made by human teeth, but definitely teeth marks. If asked where or from whom he gets the rats, he will say that "the piper" sells them. This vendor buys fresh dead ones every morning. If asked about the holes, he will hem and haw and evade the question. The vendor thinks the piper's name is "Jack" and that he lives over in Crow's Foot ("Jack" is also rumored to be a bard). He volunteers this information in case they want to buy some rats of their own, providing they do not set up shop in Fishtown!

STALL F

A small and quite adorable boy speaks very properly, if a little excitedly:

"A small bit of tackle for you, sir? We've got a few small fishing poles

and some thin but tough strands of twine, great for catching fish." A young boy, standing next to the much older man, smiles at you, and continues, "Hooks, we've got hooks. Look, here in the box." The young lad opens a long, thin box full of sharp bits of twisted metal. "We sell little nets for little fishies, too."

T.J.

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 5, D 9, C 14, I 10, W 8, Ch 18; AL LG; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20.

Thomas

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 12, D 11, C 12, I 11, W 15, Ch 16; AL LG; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20.

T.J. and his grandfather cannot go out on fishing boats because of their ages, so they sell their wares at market — a couple of coppers here and a silver piece there. T.J. is a small boy of about six or seven, very cute and impish with tousled blond hair. Thomas looks to be in his 50s, with white hair and short beard, and bright gray eyes. Both are neat and clean, but their clothes are very thin and worn. They live in Crow's Foot, as most of the sellers here do.

STALL G

In the booth next door, a large man with bulging biceps covered with tatoos snarls:

"Bah, buy little boy's toys from a little boy. If you want real he-man fishin' tackle, get it here. Look at this hook, it's bigger than your hand! You can catch real krackon with this. Nets, too, huge ones for catching monsters of the deep! Your choice, ten silvers apiece."

Unter Johnsshan

OL Human Male Vendor. Stats: S 15, D 10, C 13, I 10, W 9, Ch 7; AL N; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20. He hates his job, the wharfs, this town, and everyone in it. He would leave if he had any other place to go — and, once he got there, he'd hate it, too!

STALL H

A hunchbacked crow of a woman:

"Beautiful fishheads for you! Nice fishhead jewelry . . . Keeps the rats away. See their eyes shine when the sun catches them. Pretty aren't they?" (Remember, it's night). "Aye, and they're magic too!"

If asked how they are magic, she will call the PCs to bend near and then whisper rather loudly in their ears, "Guaranteed to attract cats, they will . . . Cackle, cackle! Yep, guaranteed! Ha, ha, ha!"

Helga

OL Human Female Vendor. Stats: S 9, D 11, C 10, I 8, W 12, Ch 10; AL NG; hp 3; AC 10; THAC0 20. She believes that fishes' eyes have otherworldly powers. She loves to gossip about the other vendors, but never maliciously.

STALL L

As you approach the next stall you see an eerie sight. A disheveled man in a bloody apron is cleaving fish into little, tiny pieces. A simple sign reads "Chum." (A term meaning friend, or bloody fish you put in the water to attract sharks — your choice.) He turns and looks up at you.

DM's note: Grit your teeth and breathe rapidly from the back of your throat, tilt your head sideways, and leer at your players with a glazed, bug-eyed expression. You get the picture.

Slowly he turns and looks at the woman selling fishheads and screams, "I can't take that song any more, you fish freak!" and rushes the old woman in the next booth with the fish cleaver.

Theodore, the Chum Man.

1L Fish Cutter. Stats: S 11, C 10, D 9, I 8, W 9, Ch 14; AL LG; hp 6; AC 9; THAC0 20. Items Carried: cleaver (1d4 damage), *Amulet of Undersea Friendship* (new magic item, below).

Theodore is a man who has readily

The Market and Warehouse Areas

and happily accepted his station in life. He is normally talkative and jovial. While cleaving fish early this morning before the fishing boats went out, his blade hit a solid object in one of the larger fish. Much to his surprise, he found a simple silver medallion on a metal chain. Since it was very pretty and obviously belonged to no one, he put it on.

New Magic Item

Amulet of Undersea Friendship: This powerful medallion was created by the Locathah for diplomatic negotiations between underwater races: it works as a *friendship* spell, with *permanency* cast on it. If worn by a water breather it makes all creatures perceive him as a friend. The amulet works only on races born as water breathers, and will drive non-water breathers insane within hours. The insanity manifests itself with desires to attack those nearby. It causes the wearer to think all other beings are fish-headed humanoids. A *remove curse* spell is required for land-based creatures to remove the magic item from another's body.

Theodore is currently wearing the medallion underneath his clothes, and that is the reason for his state of mind. It will take him two rounds to reach Helga. If the PCs do not interfere, he will kill the old woman with a single blow and proceed to make chum out of her. Needless to say, local innocent bystanders will rush for protective cover, but will not interfere. They will also be very upset with the Night Watch for not stopping such a hideous murder, and may even attempt to drive the Night Watch off. . . throughout the rest of the adventure, the PCs will find themselves be ridiculed by passers-by, especially if they venture into Crow's Foot (i.e., "There's them that let old Helga be murdered — as good as murdered her themselves, they did!").

If Theodore is subdued, or rendered unconscious, a small crowd will gather and ask in a most accusatory manner what the PCs have done to him. Among them, Theodore is a very well-liked individual. They will all agree that he has been acting rather strangely today, but that's no reason to pick on him! Things

will start to get ugly, when Little T.J. from stall E steps forward and defends the PCs, citing them for their acts of heroism in saving the woman. T.J. should be most effective in calming the crowd down, as he never tells a lie. He and his grandfather also like Theodore, but have noticed a very terrible thing happening to him throughout the day. T.J. will say that Theodore told him of finding a "valuable treasure" and he will beg the Night Watch to help Theodore. If the PCs search Theodore, they will find the amulet, but will not be able to remove it. The crowd will apologize to the Night Watch ("We all need to look out for one another, that's all.") and move off. If thanked by the PCs, T.J. will beg them to come to his house at 8 bells and tell him a bedtime story. He will be most insistent and persistent, in a most innocent and endearing manner (like the kids in "It's a Wonderful Life").

If Theodore is killed, the clerics in A2 (see below) will argue over the rights to the body. Adjust the player readings as necessary.

Nobody knows where Theodore lives as he is always the first to arrive at the stalls in the morning and the last to leave. So what do they do with the Chum Man?

ENCOUNTER A2

The Right Hand of God Wrestles With The Left

DMs note: Any time during or after the beginning of this encounter, the remaining stalls will close and all will go home for the night.

As the PCs try to decide what to do with Theodore, they hear . . .

"What has happened to this man?" An elf steps from the mist covered in seaweed clothing. He looks at you quizzically. A smaller figure stands closely behind him.

Bulclutha

7L Aquatic Elf Male Druid of Istishia (god of elemental water, known as "The Water Lord"). Stats: S 17, D 15, C 10, I

12, W 15, Ch 16; AL N; hp 33; AC 5; THAC0 16; Items Carried: spell components (kombu, arame, hijiki), *bracers* AC 6, *Horn of the Tritons*, headband made of seashells; Sect: Order of the Magnificent Storm (believes storms cleanse both the sea and the land). His name means "deepwaterman." Spells: 1st: *combine*, *purify food and drink*, *cure light wounds* x 2, *create water*; 2nd: *slow poison* x 2, *chill metal* x 2; 3rd: *protection from fire*, *stone shape*; 4th: *lower water*.

Malstrua

1L Aquatic Elf Female Druid of Istishia. Stats: S 12, D 14, C 12, I 16, W 13, Ch 15; AL N; hp 7; AC 9; THAC0 20; Items Carried: spell components (kombu, arame, hijiki), driftwood staff. She is an apprentice druid of Bulclutha. Her name means "beautiful storm." Both believe in a simplistic lifestyle. No opulence, no fanfare. Spells: 1st: *create water*.

Give the PCs a few minutes to tell their story before Bulclutha offers:

"Do not worry. There is a small refuge for those in need in Ol'town. You can leave him with us. We will take him there where he will be safe."

Stepping out of the fog from the direction of the City Gates is a large, well-dressed man. To his left is a torch bearer, and to his right is a manservant. He swaggers up to them and says:

"Not so fast! I will take this man. I have a much better place for him than the elf does. I belong to a true temple, a beautiful, splendid place, not some shanty on the docks . . ."

Donken Skippershelm

6L Human Male Priest of Istishia. Stats: S 16, D 14, C 15, I 12, W 15, Ch 16; AL NG; hp 36; AC 5 (chain mail); THAC0 18; Items Carried: spell components, *bag of holding* (small), *mace* +1, tithing basket; Sect: Order of the Sacred Sea — they pray for calm seas and protect ships and ports. He is wealthy and self-important. People respect him because he tells them to. Spells: 1st: *bles*, *combine*, *create water*, *detect evil*, *detect magic*; 2nd: *augury* x 2, *know alignment*, *detect*

The Market and Warehouse Areas

charm; 3rd: water breathing, locate object.

The conflict between Bulclutha and Donken is strong. No malice, just healthy competition between different divisions of the same church. They've had these run-ins before. The two will argue over who should help Theodore. They will not offer to share in the help each has in mind, and the PCs will not be able to get them to unify the church. Have them argue with the PCs until finally one of the clerics calls for a decision by the *Rites of Istishia* (new spell, below). The NPCs will ask only that the Night Watch hear their arguments so that the PCs can decide on who's side each will argue according to the *Rites*.

Bulclutha's argument:

"When people have nowhere to go, they turn to the gods to ask for help. That is why I am here in one of the poorest parts of town, to find those who need help and give them aid. I ask only that, when healed, they hear of Istishia and know it is through his aid that they have been saved. In this way I have followed Istishia's wishes, for all my rewards come through Him.

Donken's argument:

I come down to the docks looking for those who need help. Those I find may have been wealthy ship owners or prosperous merchants who have fallen on hard times. I am not, however, solely concerned with their past. I take them to the temple, and give them what they need in order to return to good health and status. I ask nothing but for their future support of the Church and of others less fortunate. I have no wish for them to become happy peasants, as often happens when left to recover in such an environment as this. They are much more important to the Church and to others in need as rich and powerful members of the community."

New Priest Spell

Rites of Istishia

(*Conjure/Summoning/Divination*)

Level: 3

Sphere: Elemental (Water)

Range: 10 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Special

Casting Time: 3 rounds (once per week)

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

Material Components: Large body of water, ground sea shell, Holy Symbol

Whenever Istishian priests disagree, a decision may be reached by the *Rites*. Each dissenting priest must first find a third party to argue his/her case to a large body of water. The clerics then cast a *Combine* spell, followed by the spell of the *Rites*. The spell of the *Rites* summons a number of lesser water elementals, who act as judges, equal to the number of clerics involved in the dispute. At the end of the debate, the clerics then step out onto the water's surface. The one who is found to be in favor with Istishia (i.e., whomever the DM feels was argued for more eloquently) will be held upon the water's surface by one of the elementals. The others will be dragged to the bottom by the remaining elementals, regardless of depth, and then released. The elementals will take no other action — they cannot be coerced into attacking or defending the priests. If a water elemental is trapped by a Priest of Istishia summoning it, "The Water Lord" may withhold spells (DM discretion) until the elemental is released.

DM'S note: Play this to the hilt. The PCs may either divide themselves or may have to be divided into two groups of three. Make sure the PCs understand how important the *Rites* are to the two priests, and that religious circles of Ravens Bluff are very influential with the City Elders . . . use political pressure if necessary. Give the PCs a couple of minutes to organize their arguments while they walk to the end of the nearest pier. Then let the debate begin by having the two clerics face the sea, raise their Holy Symbols in one hand and spread sea

shell dust with the other upon the water's surface, and incant in unison, "Oh Istishia, by your *Rites* we ask judgment!" Let each side argue their case, and make sure that all participate. The elementals (i.e., you) decide which group has done the best job. Remember, though the aquatic elf can still breathe if he sinks to the muddy bottom, the human cannot — so if he loses, the Night Watch will have to rescue him . . . he will not cast his *water breathing* spell as he is sure he will win the argument!

Bulclutha will immediately recognize the amulet and its powers, and will know how to have it removed from Theodore's body. Once removed, the amulet will then be put under the protection of the superior of the Istishian church for proper handling. The party should not concern itself with the amulet.

If the PCs do not attempt to keep the amulet, Bulclutha gives the PCs three potions of *water breathing*. He is sorry that he does not have one for each of them. It is up to the PCs who gets to keep the potions.

ENCOUNTER A3

AN affair in SCARLET

As the party returns to their nightly vigil they hear:

From the direction of Ol'town you hear yelling the clatter of horses' hooves, and in the distance someone screams, "Runaway coach."

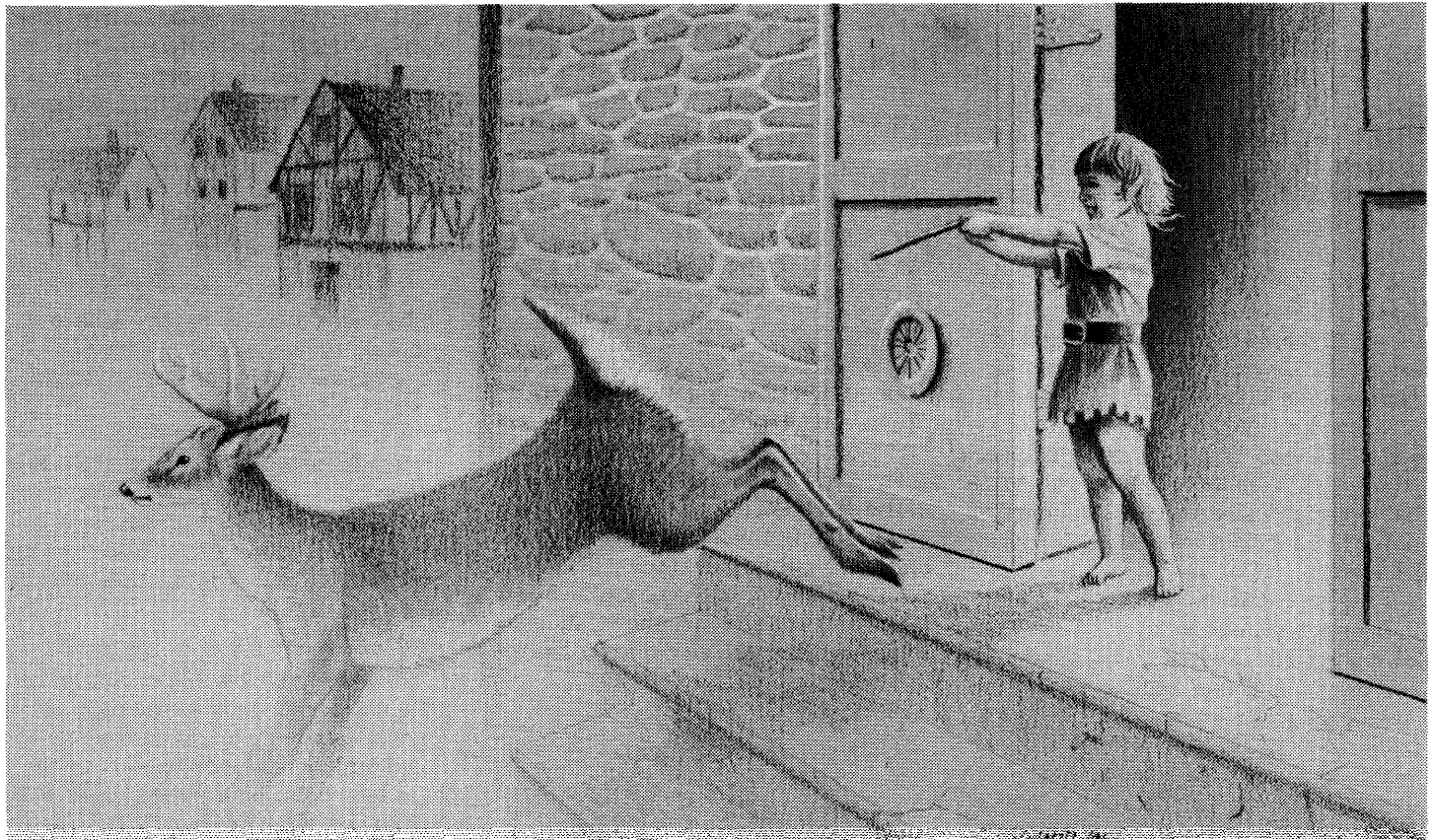
Horse and Carriage

Stats (for horse): AC 7; HD 2; hp 10; MV 24"; #AT 2; DMG 1d4 (x2); THAC0 19; INT Animal; SZ L; AL N.

The sound becomes louder as a coach bears down on the PCs. Remind them that a runaway coach could do some real damage and cause serious injury, especially in The Veil when people can't see it coming. The horse is headed toward the Gardens of Opulent Splendor. Give the PCs plenty of chances to stop the carriage.

The PCs may use many methods to stop the coach that do not involve per-

The Market and Warehouse Areas



sonal physical risk (e.g., throw a blanket over the horse's head, etc.). The PCs may attempt to grapple and overbear the horse. A PC makes a normal attack at -8. If multiple attackers are all attempting to pull down a single target, make only one attack roll with a +1 bonus for each attacker beyond the first. The PCs may attempt to leap onto the horse or carriage with a successful Dexterity roll at -2. Brute force or a successful nonweapon proficiency riding, land-based roll will bring the animal under control.

When the carriage is finally stopped the PCs will find two disheveled patrons. On close inspection the PCs may find traces of blood on the horses' hooves and carriage front.

The Lady in Scarlet, Princess Mara Va Janraie

OL Human Female Diplomat. Stats: S 9, D 12, C 10, I 8, W 11, Ch 14; AL NG; hp 40; AC 10; THAC0 20. She is from Westgate, far to the southwest, and is the only daughter of a wealthy merchant of rare and exotic perfumes. She and her family are currently residing in the Gar-

dens of Opulent Splendor. She is a young, stately woman, richly dressed, with dark skin and hair. Although she "appreciates" the Night Watch's help, she is greatly irritated that her evening has been ruined. If any of the PCs is a Paladin, she will be most inclined to let that individual help her. She will definitely show more appreciation toward the more charismatic and comely PCs. She knows:

1. She was going out for the evening with this fine upstanding member of Ravens Bluff society.
2. There was a scream, some bumping, and the horse and carriage took off!
3. She is a diplomat and does not have to answer questions.
4. She wants to go home — *now!* (And she wants to take her escort along, if possible.)

Sir Winford Stanley the Third, Esquire, Baron of Mermittle Keep and all of the adjoining lands, First Counsel to the Representatives of Ravens Bluff. He is in reality . . .

Mortimer Mittlemer

8L Human Male Specialist Mage. Stats: S 9, D 17, C 10, I 16, W 16, Ch 10; AL CN; hp 25; AC 2, AC Rear 5; THAC0 16; Magic Items: spell components, *bracers of defense AC 5*, *hat of disguise*, *dagger + 3*, *dust of disappearance*, *ring of animal friendship*, *potion of extra healing*, *potion of water breathing*. Mortimer Mittlemer is a notorious con-artist who is ever developing new scams. Mortimer's present scam is posing as a Ravens Bluff noble. Mortimer is always convincing in his roles, as he chooses them carefully and practices them on his associates before trying them out in public. Mortimer is a specialist wizard, relying primarily on spells from the School of Illusion.

Spells: 1st: *audible glamor*, *phantasmal force*, *ventriloquism*; 2nd: *alter self x 2*, *hypnotic pattern*, *invisibility*; 3rd: *non-detection*, *fly*, *hold person*, *suggestion*; 4th: *improved invisibility*, *illusionary wall*, *emotion*.

Mortimer was looking to kidnap the princess without her knowing it. He was to wine, dine, and romance her

The Market and Warehouse Areas

while his assistant delivered a threatening note. They would stage a fake kidnapping attempt which he would, of course, thwart, and later pick up a handsome reward for his effort. Unfortunately, his plan failed when the horse was spooked by a black cat. Mittlemer's accomplice was thrown from the carriage when the chase began.

After regaining his composure, Mortimer will identify himself by his full title and command the Night Watch to escort the lady ambassador to the Gardens and see to her safely home. He will tell them he must go find if his driver is still alive and confront the ruffians who, in all likelihood, caused this mishap out of a desire to create an international incident. He will milk this for all it's worth.

If the party tries to split up or go with him, he will remind them of his position with the High Council of Ravens Bluff and ask them if they care to spend the rest of their lives removing barnacles from the bottom of ships at dry dock, which he will most happily arrange if so desired. Against the Lady in Scarlet's pleas, he will slip off into the night alone. If followed or escorted, he will create a diversion, turn invisible, double his movement rate, and slip off undetected into The Veil. It is now up to the Watch to escort the Lady back to the Gardens of Opulent Splendor.

ENCOUNTER A4

Poly-Anna and The Gardens of Opulent Splendor

As you approach the gates of the Gardens of Opulent Splendor, you hear quite a commotion. The sound of yelling and running is accompanied by the noise of barnyard animals. A figure comes running out of the gates and begins to turn toward you when a thin green beam of light pierces the fog and strikes a jewelled-bespeckled man. He is immediately surrounded by dancing motes of sparkling emerald light. In less than an heartbeat he is transformed into a small grey-and-white

rabbit. A doe darts by him, looks at you, then heads up the road in the direction of Crow's Foot.

Standing just inside the Gardens of Opulent Splendor is a small girl with a too-very-big conical hat and a wand. She looks at the party and says in a high pitched seven-year-old voice:

"I am the mighty sorceress Anna. Bow down now and serve me or I'll turn you all into newts!"

The Lady in Scarlet will gasp, and run in the direction of her home. Anna will ignore her, but will focus her attention on the PCs. Hopefully they will comply with her request. If they show any hesitation, roll 1d6 and turn the PC showing the most resistance according to the following table into a:

- 1 – Pig
- 2 – Newfoundland puppy
- 3 – Chicken
- 4 – Hedgehog
- 5 – Goat
- 6 – Choice of DM's imagination

"Fetch the bunny (and the whatever) and come on in. We're going to have a tea party." With that she turns and runs into a nearby building.

Anna Kent

1L Human Little Girl-Future Wizard. Stats: S 5, D 9, C 12, I 10, W 7, Ch 13; AL CG; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20 (average stats for a seven-year-old); Items Carried: spell components, *wand of polymorphing* (15 charges remaining — command word, "Griznat"). She came to this boring old city with her uncle from Saerloon, and she's not really sure why. Spells: 1st: *cantrip*

The inside of the Gardens is as beautiful as its name. Much exotic flora surrounds magnificent mansions. A door is open on the building closest to the right. Inside is a hallway with stairs leading up along the left-hand wall and an open door on the right. The hallway continues to the back of the house where the kitchen is found. Several doors open off of this hallway, all on the

right. The PCs see through this open door a dining room where a small girl sits at a little table in a corner near a lavish fireplace. Various stuffed animals sit on pillows arranged around the table. She bids the PCs to sit down and have tea. She pours imaginary tea and serves imaginary treats. Once everyone is seated, she will say:

"Everyone here is royalty (she will motion to her animals) — we are all queens and kings, princes and princesses; who are you?"

She will be most insistent that the PCs cooperate. If they hesitate, hint to them that if they play along they may get more information. If pressed about how things came to be like they are, she will pout and say:

"It's all my horrible, old uncle's fault. He makes me study all the time, and never lets me play! Even the maids and butlers here won't play with me. He says I can be a great wizard if I keep at it. But it's so boring. I can cast cantrips! But that's all he'll teach me. So this afternoon, I snuck up to his study while he was out. I know all of the passwords to get up there! I was just looking at some of his stuff when he came home. Boy was he mad! I couldn't get him to stop yelling at me and he said he was going to punish me. So, I grabbed the wand and said the magic word. He didn't yell at me then . . . You're not going to yell at me, are you?"

By this time the PCs should have figured out what's going on: a spoiled, too-smart-for-her-own-good little girl of seven or eight has gone wild with her uncle's *wand of polymorphing*. They are going to need to get Anna to cooperate and help them get upstairs to the study, where, she will tell them, her uncle is being punished for being so mean to her. She is susceptible to flattery and challenges. She knows how to get by the wards on the stairs (really an *alarm* spell, originally designed to scare her and to keep her out) because of a poem she overheard her uncle mumbling:

The Market and Warehouse Areas

*Bright fires burn
on dark earthen loam;
dry cold waters
and winds that blow home.*

The study is at the top of the stairs seen in the hallway. The *alarm* spell is on the area of stairs (beginning on the third one) up to the door at the top (20 stairs). By repeating the poem a person can walk up the stairs and enter the room without the alarm going off.

Upon entering the room, you see a goat in purple robes, quietly chewing on the pages of a book. It turns, looks at you, and bleats.

With a little encouragement and reassurances that she won't be punished, Anna can change her uncle back to his true form. He will then be a little red-faced but very composed. After taking the wand from her (gently), he will thank the Night Watch and introduce himself.

Verdaste Saardan

9L Human Male Wizard. Stats: S 11, D 14, C 12, I 17, W 15, Ch 9; AL LG; hp 20; AC 10; THAC0 18. He and his niece are from Saerloon, in the south of Sembia. He has come to do research with the Mages' Guilds of Ravens Bluff to see if he can identify who or what "Daimos" is (see *DM'S Sourcebook of the Realms*, pp. 72-74). Verdaste is short of stature, standing 5' 7", and weighs 135 pounds. He sports a white goatee that sets off his piercing black eyes. Spells: 1st: *cantrip x2*, *comprehend languages*, *alarm*, *message*; 2nd: *knock*, *whispering wind*, *wizard lock*; 3rd: *dispel magic*, *item*, *wraithform*; 4th: *Otiluke's resilient sphere*, *wizards eye*; 5th: *fabricate*.

Verdaste will ask about what other mischief his niece has been up to. He will tell the PCs not to worry, that he will take care of returning the people of his house, and whoever else he might find, back to their true forms. If they have brought the bunny up with them (and any among the party who acquired Anna's displeasure), Verdaste will change them back. The bunny is Verdaste's accountant, and he will say with great feeling that he has had enough

and that Verdaste will have to find someone else to keep his books! He will bolt from the room and howl all the way down the stairs as the alarm goes off (it can be shut off with a *dispel magic* spell). Verdaste will give the party a small bag of sixty gold, and each PC will also receive a potion of *healing* and another (random) potion (see below). He will ask them not to mention this "little incident" to anyone.

Random Potion Table

Roll 1d10 — do not duplicate potions among the PCs.

- 1 Animal Control (avian)
- 2 Clairaudience
- 3 Clairvoyance
- 4 Climbing
- 5 Diminution
- 6 Fire Resistance
- 7 Gaseous Form
- 8 Levitation
- 9 Ventriloquism
- 10 Water Breathing

ENCOUNTER A5

Rats, Rats, and Double Rats!

As the PCs leave the Gardens, they will pass by the Warehouse District where adventure awaits them. If they choose to go in at this point:

As you pass through the Warehouse District you can tell that most of the buildings are dark, except for one. A strange, sawing sound can be heard from inside.

The house is a two-story construct with a stone ground floor and a wooden upstairs. Two doors are evident: a large double-door on the ground floor and a single door upstairs. A gangplank leads from the ground level to an upstairs door.

This is the ice house for the docks. It is run by the Mactaggart Brothers (see below). They supply much of the ice used by fishermen along the wharf and the inns throughout the city.

If the PCs approach, they will see through a single ground floor window next to the double-doors two tall red-

haired men, one wearing spectacles, discussing something in a ledger. The pair will notice the PCs and motion for them to approach the door. They will introduce themselves as the Mactaggart Brothers and offer a tour of their ice house. They are very proud of their ice house and enjoy showing it off.

Ian Mactaggart

5L Human Male Priest of Gond (god of construction). Stats: S 16 (+1), D 14, C 12, I 12, W 16, Ch 15; AL NG; hp 26; AC 9; THAC0 18. The friendlier of the two brothers, Ian stands 6' 1" tall and weighs 180 pounds. He tends to look at life as something to be watched, not participated in. His voice is calm and melodic. Spells: 1st: *create water x 3*, *purify food & drink x 2*; 2nd: *chill metal x 3*, *resist cold x 2*; 3rd: *waterwalk*

Ross Mactaggart

5L Human Male Wizard. Stats: S 12, D 15, C 10, I 17, W 11, Ch 11; AL NG; hp 13; AC 9; THAC0 19; Magic Item: *Staff of Savona* (new magic item — described below). At 6' 1" and 185 pounds, it would be difficult to tell the two apart except that Ross wears spectacles. Ross is quieter, but when he speaks, he does so with more authority and more rapidity than his brother. Spells: 1st: *comprehend languages x 2*, *enlarge*, *Tenser's floating disc*; 2nd: *deephockets*, *strength*; 3rd: *tongues*

New Magic Item

Staff of Savona: This staff allows the possessor to gate a single para-elemental of the summoner's choice once per week. If the creature summoned has fewer hit dice than twice the summoner's level, it is able to be controlled — if the creature has more hit dice than twice the summoner's level, it may turn on him/her. The creature will remain for one turn before returning to its own plane of existence.

Ross uses the staff to help create the ice blocks in the basement.

Two huge blocks of ice reside in the basement. Two men use a large plane to shave ice into sheets while two other men are sawing smaller blocks from larger ones. The brothers will explain

The Market and Warehouse Areas

that they use *create water*, *purify water*, then summon an ice elemental to freeze the water into large ice blocks. They explain that their business has been very profitable and that things have been going well. However, a sense of foreboding will be evident in their manner. When asked, Ian will explain,

"A couple of nights ago, a little before midnight, I heard some noises from out back at the grain houses behind us. I could have sworn I saw a lot more rats than I've ever seen. But when I went and got my brother, they were all gone. Now I'm not so sure of what I saw. I could swear I've heard lots of squeaking noises from out back since then, but I can't tell if they're really there or if it's just my imagination."

Ross adds, "Say, you all are officials, per se. You wouldn't mind checking it out for us would you? It seemed awfully peculiar, and would mean a lot of peace of mind for both of us."

The PCs may choose not to check in on the Mactaggart Brothers. Regardless of whether or not they do, when they pass through the warehouse district, they should begin to hear a hushed chattering and squeaking from inside one of the buildings (yes, the one behind the icehouse). Closer investigation will reveal an unlocked door to the warehouse from where the strange sounds emanate. Peering inside they can see a lone stooped figure standing at the far end, illuminated by a dim light. The rest of the warehouse is dark, and contains many crates and barrels. It would be easy for the party to sneak to the far end. As they reach the far end of the room, they can plainly see a human male, alone and mumbling to himself. After a brief moment, he will turn and say,

"We've been expecting you. Please do not try any violence. You are surrounded. If you don't believe me, look around you."

The light source will immediately flare to illuminate the entire warehouse. A sea of rats encloses the party (see below – they have managed to re-

main undetected while the PCs have made their way to the man). Make sure the PCs understand that they will not survive an attack of this magnitude. If asked what he is doing or wants with the Night Watch, he will explain:

"We have a problem which you can help us with, and possibly prevent the bloodshed of many innocent beings. There is a man who has been collecting my little pets for use in a terrible game of sport. Many of my most beloved friends have died. We want you to stop him. If you do not bring this man to justice, then I will be forced to take to the streets at dusk tomorrow with some of my pets and scour the waterfront until we find him. We implore you to help us so there is no more bloodshed."

Cudzu

9L Human Male Druid. Stats: S 7, D 10, C 8, I 13, W 15, Ch 15; AL N; hp 32; AC 8; THAC0 16; Magic Item: *ring of protection* +2; Items Carried: spell components, Holy Symbol, waterskin, walking stick, rations. The offspring of two druids from an area outside Ravens Bluff, Cudzu is determined to make the city safe for the "little creatures." Cudzu entered the sewers 57 years ago and has seldom ventured out into the city streets since. He knows the sewer system better than any person alive, and has assembled a menagerie of "pets" beneath the city. He does not hate surface dwellers, as long as they leave him alone – and they have, up until now! He probably stands 5' 6", but is quite stooped over. He walks with a shuffling gait. He has brown hair, brown skin, and brown clothes, all of which look to be the results of life in the sewers and not necessarily their natural colors. A rather pungent odor permeates a 2' radius around him.

Spells: 1st: *purify food and water* x2, *animal friendship*, *locate animal/plant*, *cure light wounds* x 2; 2nd: *charm*, *messenger*, *snake charm*, *speak with animal* x 2; 3rd: *hold animal*, *summon insects* x 2; 4th: *giant insect*, *repel insects*; 5th: *animal growth*.

Rats (4,327)

Stats: AC 7; HD (FRA)1/4; hp 1; MV 15";

#AT 1; DMG 1; THAC0 20; INT Animal; SZ S; AL N. A mass attack will overwhelm the PCs.

Cudzu knows nothing about this "killer" except he uses magic pipes to charm his victims into following him. He has been seen almost every night in Ol'town, but efforts by Cudzu's pets to track him have failed. Cudzu wants the rat killing sport stopped. Somewhere, someone is putting a lot of rats into a pit and then sicking a foul monster on them. Hundreds of rats have died in the past month! This is all he knows. If the warehouse is observed, it will be apparent that none of the crates and barrels full of grain have been touched. Cudzu will be indignant at any implication that his pets would steal food, as he is most caring and attentive to their needs. He lives with his pets in the sewers, and uses this warehouse as a meeting place in time of need, as no one would be suspicious about rats in a grain warehouse!

If asked about who he is, where he comes from, or why he is living with rats in the sewers, he will explain very simply that he is a creature of nature, and nature's blessed live in towns and cities as well as in the wild. Why would one of his kind not live in a city to see to those who are blessed by that which he serves? (Cudzu is not the most direct of individuals when questioned about himself.)

He will insist that one of his pets goes along with the party. If the rat fails to return soon after dawn with a message, he will go out as planned and seek the "murderer" himself. He knows that he is old, but he wants to help his little friends, even if the cost is his life. He understands that the Night Watch has many duties to perform, and is content to give them the rest of the night to search for this murderous piper. He does not necessarily want revenge on this man, he merely wants any rats that are held captive to be freed, and the sport to be stopped. If Cudzu is attacked, he will *shapechange* into a rat and disappear into the throng. All the rats will then scatter. If the rats are attacked, he will call for the PCs to stop (round 1); he will beg them to stop the attack (round 2); he will lead his pets on a counter attack and overwhelm the PCs (round 3 – and end of adventure!).

Characters

Tavera

Silverthorne

2nd Level Female Elven Thief

STR: 12 (wt: 45; mp: 140; d: 7; bb/lg: 4%)
DEX: 17 (r: +2; m: +2; df: -3)
CON: 15 (+1 hp; ss: 95%; rs: 96%)
INT: 10 Languages: Elven, Common, Thieves Cant
WIS: 14
CHA: 12 (max # of henchmen: 5)
THAC0: 20
Attacks: 1 per round
AC normal: 5
AC rear: 8
Armor type: leather
Hit points: 11
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Deity: Selune

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	13
Rod, staff, wand (items)	14
Petrification, polymorph	12
Breath weapon	16
Spell	15

Thief Skills

PP OL F/RTMS HS DN CW RL
 25% 30% 20% 40% 40% 20% 60% 20%

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger, Short sword

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Appraising (10), Singing (12), Tumbling (17)

Weapons: Beautiful, ornate silver-hilted dagger and matching short sword. The ivy design of each seems to grow from the pommel, swirling around creating the hilt and the hilt guard.

Possessions: *pouch of accessibility, ring of chameleon power, leather armor, rope, thieves picks and tools, small backpack, 20' thin strong rope, 2 days rations, waterskin, small silver mirror, silver inlaid hair brush set.*

Money: 42 silver pieces (Why carry gold? Silver is much nicer . . .)

Appearance: Tavera is a fit 5'1" and 96 pounds. She has shoulder length blond hair and steel blue eyes. She is 109 elven years old, but looks about 19 in human terms. She has a small silver-colored birthmark on her left shoulder.

Sandino The

Brave

2nd Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1)(wt: 85; mp: 220; d: 10; bb/lg: 13%)
DEX: 13
CON: 16 (+2hp; ss: 95%; rs: 96%)
INT: 13 Languages: Common
WIS: 11
CHA: 14 (max # henchmen: 6; loyalty: +1; react: +2)
THAC0: 19
Attacks: 1 per round
AC normal: 7
AC rear: 7
Armor type: Leather (+1)
Hit points: 20
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Deity: Tymora

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	16
Rod, staff, wand (items)	18
Petrification, polymorph	17
Breath weapon	20
Spell	19

Weapon Proficiencies: Short sword, dagger, club, crossbow

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Animal Handling (10), Etiquette (14)

Weapons: *Scimitar + 1, dagger, 3 darts*

Armor: *Leather armor + 1*

Possessions: 2 medium belt pouches, 40 monogrammed multi-colored silk handkerchiefs, small silver mirror, mustache grooming set, pewter stein, bar of soap, candle, flint and steel.

Money: 10 gold and 15 silver.

Appearance: Sandino stands a proud 5'8" at 142 pounds. He possesses rich brown eyes that match his hair. He is a well-travelled 21-year-old.

Fenwick

Tallgrass

2nd Level Human Male Mage

STR: 16 (0, +1)(wt: 70; mp: 195; d: 9; bb/lg: 10%)
DEX: 07
CON: 16 (+2hp; ss: 95%; rs: 96%;)
INT: 16 (sl: 8th; cls: 70%; ml: 11) Languages: Common
WIS: 11
CHA: 14 (max # henchmen: 4; Loyalty: +1; React: +2)
THAC0: 20
Attacks: 1 per round
AC normal: 8
AC rear: 8
Armor type: Ring +2
Hit points: 11
Alignment: Lawful Good
Deity: Chauntea

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	14
Rod, staff, wand (item)	11
Petrification, polymorph	13
Breath weapon	15
Spell	12

Weapon Proficiencies: Quarterstaff

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Agriculture (16), Cooking (16), Endurance (16), Reading/Writing (17)

Possessions: *Spell Book, ring of protection +2, bag of tricks, quarterstaff (an old pitchfork handle, actually), straw hat, 3 day's rations, bag of hay, bedroll.*

Money: 5 silver coins.

Spell Book (black/white cowhide):
 1st: *armor, cantrip, grease, read magic, spider climb, Tenser's floating disc*
 2nd: *glitter dust, knock, web*

Appearance: A tall 6'1" and 205 pounds stands him out from the rest. He is 22 years old with close cropped black hair and grey eyes.

Characters

Fenwick Tallgrass

Background: Fenwick loved life on the family farm, located just north of the Fire River in an area several days ride from both the Earthfast Mountains to the north and the market at Ravens Bluff to the west. Fenwick's father was very proud that his son was following in his footsteps, knowing that Fenwick's diligence, patience, and strong work ethic would make him a good farmer.

Fenwick never meant to hurt or displease his father. Nor could he ignore his calling, which he didn't know he had until he met the old hermit, Jaskin. Fenwick knew him to be a solitary man who lived in the woods beyond the pasture. Upon their first meeting, Jaskin treated Fenwick kindly and with respect, asking a few simple questions and studying Fenwick intently all the while. When he left Jaskin, Fenwick was feeling rather unsettled. Fenwick returned the next day to find Jaskin waiting for him. His greeting seemed odd at the time: "Good, you're on time. Let's begin." And so Fenwick's instruction in the magic arts began.

Two years passed when Jaskin announced he could teach Fenwick no more. He told him of a city within three weeks' walk where Fenwick might be able to apprentice with a much more powerful mage. Fenwick protested, not really wanting to leave the farm, but Jaskin only said, "It is your calling."

Fenwick's father took the news hard, but he was not upset for long. Chores were divided among Fenwick's two brothers and baby sister. His mother put a few meager belongings together, and wished him off, saying, "Be a good boy, watch your step, don't trip in front of anyone important, and eat everything on your plate." Fenwick's spirits soared during the three weeks it took to reach Ravens Bluff. The people he met on the way were all so nice, even the fellow he met a day's out who claimed that the silver Fenwick had was really his and that Fenwick's parents probably found it by mistake. He hopes everyone is as nice in the city.

Fenwick is a wide-eyed naive country boy with a heart of gold. He is awed by everything he sees and everyone he meets. He wants nothing more than to be respected for his skills. He is clumsy, outgoing, and good natured, not easily offended and very gullible.

Sandino The Brave

Background: Four generations ago Sandino's family was deeded a large grant of land and a minor title southwest of Surd in Sembia. Sembia is a wealthy merchant kingdom situated east of Cormyr on the western edge of the Sea of Fallen Stars. His family made it rich in the wool business.

Sandino led a very pampered life, and showed no interest in learning the family business. To curb Sandino's boredom, a weapons instructor was hired, a man of tremendous bravado. He gave Sandino some very important advice: If you suspect an opponent may be more than a match for you, taunting will often lead them into an off-balanced first attack!

Sandino was quite taken with combat, and excelled rapidly. He longed to test his skills against true and worthy opponents. Following weeks of discussion Sandino succeeded in convincing his family to allow him to travel abroad. His parents made him promise not to get killed while he was away.

Sandino's mother spent his remaining time lecturing him on how to behave kindly and gallantly towards fellow travellers, especially towards those of the female persuasion – a rather old-fashioned view, but with certain charms. His father gave Sandino a suit of magic leather armor, passed down through the generations. Arrangements were made for Sandino to travel aboard a cargo ship bound for Ravens Bluff.

What a mistake it was to travel by sea. Now he really had an illness that only dry ground could cure! Sandino did manage to take part in a sea battle against pirates who tried to take the ship and its cargo, earning him a momentary respite from his seasickness, as well as valuable fighting experience and a magic sword.

Sandino was never so happy to be on solid land again. Ravens Bluff has proven to be an admirable city, if a bit harsh. He hopes to put his skills to good use here and become the hero he has always known he could be!

Sandino is arrogant and brash; yet very brave, charming, and well-mannered at times. He leaves a silk handkerchief embroidered with the initials "S.B." at the scene of any combat regardless of whether or not he wins. Sandino hopes this strategy of self-promotion will spread his fame, which he will use to intimidate future opponents.

Tavera Silverthorne

Background: Born in the city of Procampur, south of Dragons Reach on the Sea of Fallen Stars, Tavera grew up in one of the richest independent city-states to be found on the northern coast of the inner sea. The city is known for skilled goldsmiths and gem cutters.

Tavera's father, Tavant, and two brothers, Aatar and Zevast, spent years creating and re-creating masterpieces in silver, many adorned with the wonderful gems that can be found in the region. But this type of work never appealed to her. The only part of the business that ever interested Tavera was the trips her family would take to sell their fine jewelry and weapons. Travelling always inspired her – strange new places and exciting new mysteries to be explored!

Alas, the trips stopped a few years ago when the family business had developed a name for itself and her father and brothers were busy filling orders. As soon as she came of age, Tavera decided to give in to her love of travel. With best wishes from her mother, Starell, Tavera packed a few things and went on her way to find adventure in the first big city she came to. . .

Tavera is whimsical and happy-go-lucky; yet she is quite able to fend for herself. A sometimes flighty exterior masks her personal strength and fortitude. She believes a solution always exists for any problem or obstacle, and will demonstrate her cleverness at any opportunity. Tavera becomes bored and restless rather easily.

Characters

Tondrea Metisca

2nd Level Human Female Illusionist

STR: 13 (wt: 45; mp: 140; d: 7; bb/lg: 4%)
DEX: 16 (ra: +1; mm: +1; def -2)
CON: 14 (ss: 88%; rs: 92)
INT: 15 (sl: 7th; cls: 65%; max: 11th) Language: Common
WIS: 13
CHA: 16 (max # henchmen: 8; Loyalty: +4; React: +5)
THAC0: 20
Attacks: 1 per round
AC normal: 6
AC rear: 8
Armor type: Bracers AC 8
Hit points: 7
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Deity: Mystra

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	14
Rod, staff, wand	11
Petrification, polymorph	13
Breath weapon	15
Spell	12

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Reading/Writing (18), Spell Craft (13), Swimming (13), Weather Sense (07)

Possessions: Spell Book, bracers AC 8, ring of swimming, dagger, small backpack, bedroll, three day's rations, waterproof bag (for spell book).

Money: 4 gold and 3 silver coins

Spells:

1st: *audible glamor*, *cantrip*, *spook*, *phantasmal force*
 2nd: *hypnotic pattern*, *invisibility*, *whispering wind*

Appearance: A beautiful, suntanned 18-year-old with sunstreaked blond hair and hazel eyes. Pert at 5' 6" tall and a lithe 108 pounds.

Konklen Peacekeeper

2nd Level Halfling Fighter

STR: 16 (0, +1)(wt 70; mp 195; od 9; bb/lg 10%)
DEX: 17 (ra +2; ma +2; -3)
CON: 14 (ss 88%; rs 92%) (+4 save vs rod, staff, wand, & spells)
INT: 12 Languages: Halfling, Common
WIS: 13
CM: 15 (max # henchmen 7; Loyalty +3; React +3)
THAC0: 19
Attacks: 5/2 per round
AC normal: 3
AC rear: 6
Armor type: Brigandine
Hit points: 17
Alignment: Chaotic Good
Deity: Arvoreen

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	16
Petrification, polymorph	17
Rod, staff, wand	18
Breath weapon	20
Spell	19

Weapon Proficiencies/Specialization: Short sword (+1, +2); 5/2 attacks per round; Two-Weapon style; Ambidexterity

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Armorer (10), Blind Fighting

Weapons: Short sword +1, short sword, dagger

Armor: Brigandine (AC 6)

Possessions: ring of feather falling, potion of diminution, sharpening stone, small backpack, oiled rags, 4 day's rations, water skin, drawing of family, book entitled *Famous Halfling Fighters* (a short book, written in halfling), blindfold, fake purse (contains bits of metal).

Money: 1 gold, 12 silver, and 9 copper coins.

Appearance: A seasoned 28-year-old, 3'7" short, and a fast 64 pounds, with sandy brown hair and bright green eyes.

Thaldorf Hardground

2nd Level Male Dwarf Priest

STR: 16 (0,+1)(wt 70; mp 195; d 9; bb/lg 10%)
DEX: 10
CON: 12 (ss 80%; rs 85%)(+3 save vs spells/items/poison)
INT: 10 Languages: Dwarf, Common
WIS: 16 (mda +2; Bonus 2/2)
CHA: 13 (max# 5; React +1)
THAC0: 20
Attacks: 1 per round
AC normal: 4
AC rear: 5
Armor type: Chain & shield
Hit points: 14
Alignment: Lawful Good
Deity: Berronar

Saving Throws

Poison, paralysis, death	10
Rod, staff, wand (items)	14
Petrification, polymorph	13
Breath weapon	16
Spell	15

Weapon Proficiencies: Mace, Hammer, sling

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Cooking (10), Healing (14), Religion (16)

Possessions: mace +1, boots of varied tracks, stone hammer, chain mail armor, shield, cooking pots, flint and steel, recipe book: *How to Prepare Just About Anything*, backpack, 2 candles, snacks.

Money: 2 gold and 7 silver coins.

Spell Spheres:

Major: Combat, Protection,
 Minor: All, Charm, Healing

Spells available:

1st level: *bless*, *command*, *cure light wounds* (x 2)

Appearance: Prematurely balding with a thick black beard, and stone blue eyes. At 65 years old, he stands 4' tall and weighs 145 pounds.

Characters

Thaldorf Hardground

Background: "The road is your home, and you must insure the safety of your home . . ." was how the priest ended the initiation ceremony, and Thaldorf set off down the road.

The Dwarven roads through the Earthfast Mountains were sparsely populated and seemingly safe. Still Thaldorf travelled on, spreading his own brand of religion to any audience along the way and insuring the safe passage of fellow travellers. The communities he visited were full of hardworking dwarves, and, at the end of a long day, they enjoyed his light-hearted stories and teachings in front of a warm hearth.

After many weeks, the mountains gave way to the western foothills and then to the Fire River. The lands along the river were even more sparsely populated than the mountains, but more dangerous. More than once he rescued a solitary traveller from a gang of thieves or ruffians.

When he stopped to rest his weary feet and preach a bit, Thaldorf found his audiences smaller, but with a mix of races in attendance. People likened him to bards who occasionally visited their homes and inns, filling the air with life and laughter. He found more and more that his stories appealed to everyone – entertaining stories, full of good words to live by. They encouraged him to follow the river to "the big city" where his stories would have the size audience they deserve!

Thaldorf is a jovial dwarven priest and a good story teller. His teachings are similar to Aesop's Fables – a good moral and a happy ending. He believes in having fun in life: As long as the sun rises, the road is winding, and your belly is full, it's a good day.

Konklen Peacekeeper

Background: Konklen grew up in Griffin Wood, located southeast of the mountains that separate Ravens Bluff and Procampur. As the third son of the Protector of the Shire, Konklen's life was filled with military decorum. The military training his father imposed on the family came easily to Konklen. "A born fighter," his father would beam. Concentrating on his father's favorite weapon, the short sword, Konklen became one of the best short sword fighters in the Shire.

Konklen was destined to a life of service to the Shire – and then he fell in love. Marissa was her name, and Konklen wanted to give her everything. But, the bliss of youthful love was denied when his heart's desire departed with a self-titled "bard." Konklen was crushed. Ignoring his duties, he spent many an hour watching the griffins gliding and dipping over Griffin's Point, letting his mind wander. He dreamed that one day he would ride one. One dream led to another, and soon he realized that he would like to see the world outside the Shire.

No one in Konklen's family had ever been struck with "halfling wanderlust," but his family was very supportive, considering all that he had been through. Konklen set out to forget his heartache and find himself. He set his sights on Ravens Bluff, knowing that his skills may have a use in the city.

Unfortunately, everywhere Konklen goes the debate about his profession is always the same. . . "I am a fighter! Really, I am not a thief . . . so what if the last halfling you met robbed you blind! . . . Hey! Those are fighting words!"

Konklen is proud of his abilities and orderly in his personal life. He is not afraid to speak his mind. He sees the world as a wonderful place, but dislikes the prejudices many people, especially humans, have about halflings. He prefers to negotiate and offer an option first, before carving up his opponent.

Tondrea Metisca

Background: Tondrea grew up in the best of both worlds. Her father, Tondroan, was a ship's mage of some renown, and her mother, Andrea, studied illusion from Chondra, one of the great female gnome illusionists of all time!

All through her childhood Tondrea's life was filled with the wonders of magic and the sea. However, when Tondrea and her brother, Tosier, reached adolescence, their parents settled in the port city of Yhaunn in Sembia. To Tondrea, Yhaunn (some still call it Chondathian) became the "Port of Yawn." The sea always beckoned. She and Tosier spent many hours exploring the beaches and coves up and down the Yhaunn area. The disappearance of Tosier while diving in underwater caves last year made her realize for the first time how deadly the sea can be.

Tondrea's parents encouraged her to travel the Dragon Reach to assuage her grief. The more time she spent going from ship to ship, earning passage as an entertainer both on board and in port, the more she became her old self. Travel lifted her spirits and gave her a dream: Someday, when the power of magic becomes strong within her, Tondrea will explore the Pirate Isles! Until that time, the port cities of the Dragon Reach will serve as her training ground.

Tondrea is naturally curious and rambunctious. She is given to short bursts of strong emotion, which pass as quickly as they come. She is an excellent swimmer and enjoys casting illusions of the wonders of the sea and sea life.

The Market and Warehouse Areas



At the conclusion of their meeting, Cudzu will call for the rats to "Form up!" The rats will scurry into neat and even rows on either side of the warehouse, with a center aisle leading to the door. While the PCs are watching the formation, Cudzu will *shapechange* into a rat and blend into the crowd. He will not communicate with the PCs again. The rats will stay in formation until the PCs leave the warehouse, then they will disperse as noiselessly as 4,327 rats can do. The "chaperone" rat will either follow the party the rest of the night or allow one of the PCs to carry him. He will show a preference for the PC with the lowest comeliness.

ENCOUNTER A6 "Tag - You're it!"

As you head back toward the coastal road, you see something up ahead through the fog laying across the lane.

A large, grotesque stone statue lays across the road. It is about 6-feet in length and 4-feet across. It appears to be the likeness of some evil creature, possibly a demon of sorts ... and it is dripping wet!

The statue is in reality a kapoacinth gargoyle.

Kapoacinth Gargoyle (1)

AC 5; HD 4 +4; hp 28; MV 9/15; #AT 2 (4); DMG 1-3/1-3 (claws only); THAC0 17; INT Low (5-7); SZ M (6'); AL CE; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; MR. Gargoyles do not need to eat or drink, so they can stand motionless for as long as they wish almost anywhere. The damage they do to others is not for sustenance, but only for their distorted sense of pleasure.

This kapoacinth gargoyle has come out of the sea to "play." The gargoyle intends to lie motionless in the road to see what the PCs will do with it. Who knows, maybe they will take it to some nice house that it can terrorize! If the

PCs merely drag the statue off the road, it will remain motionless until the PCs have all turned their backs to it. Then it will try to sneak up on the last PC in line to begin playing its strange game of tag (see below).

If the PCs attack the gargoyle or draw blood to see if it is real, the gargoyle will flash a toothy grin and attack. It will use only claw attacks (1d3) on the PCs, as it wants to play with them, not kill them.

Gargoyle Tag: The gargoyle will play a bizarre game of "tag" with the PCs. It will try to touch each of the PCs once then begin touching them again in the same order. If/when the gargoyle has taken half of its hit points in damage, it will flee to the sea to come back again another day to play.

Crow's Foot

Block B

ENCOUNTER B1

A Three Dog Night

As the party reaches the edge of Crow's Foot a woman's scream pierces the night. The scream comes from the back of a house off to the PCs' right. If they investigate, they will find . . .

As you round the back of a house, you see a middle-aged woman surrounded by three mangy dogs, growling fiercely. She is clutching a bucket and screaming to high heaven.

Middle-Aged Woman

OL Human Female Pig-Slopper. Stats: S 14, D 11, C 12, 18, W 9, Ch 7; AL N; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20. She was on her way to slop the two pigs she keeps in a pen in her backyard. The bucket contains the still-warm leftovers from dinner. The smell has attracted the dogs, who sensed an easy meal.

Dogs (3)

Stats: AC7; HD 1 + 1; hp 5; MV 15"; #AT 1; DMG 1d4; THAC0 19; INT Animal; SZ S; AL N.

The dogs haven't had a decent meal in several days. If they take any damage, they will turn tail and run — this meal is too dangerous. The woman will not feed them. Once the dogs are gone, she will be quite abusive to the PCs:

"Well, it's about time. Decent folk can't count on the city for nothin'! What took ya so long? And I suppose ya want somethin' for your measley effort, don't ya? Not here, no sir! Go on, get movin'. People are waitin' for ya to be doin' your job. What ya standin' around here jawin' for? Even the city, big and rich as it is, can't get no good help!"

She will stalk into the house mumbling to herself, ungrateful to the Night Watch for having "saved her life."

ENCOUNTER B2

In Search of a Bedtime Story

All is quiet as you enter the little hamlet at the foot of Ravens Bluff. It is very dark as there are no torches set out to illuminate the narrow cart paths used as streets. Still, a few of the residents pass you in both directions, either going home or off to one of the taverns in Crow's Foot. This part of town seems much more peaceful than any place you've been so far. The bells of the city can be distantly heard.

Let the PCs wander around for a few minutes. The buildings are mostly Tudor in design, many stucco, some stone. Thatched roofs are very prominent. Candles and hearthfires can be seen through many windows as families are settling down for the evening.

At the far end of this area is the cottage of little T.J. and his grandfather. Anyone they meet on the street can give them directions. If the PCs come here before exploring Ol'town (Block C), they will hear the distant peal of eight bells, and they will be expected when they arrive at the cottage.

T.J. will be in his nightclothes, his face pressed against a single window at the front of the cottage, looking both ways until he spies his heroes. He will jump up and down excitedly, and disappear from the window. The front door of the cottage will be thrown open and he will rush out to meet his friends in a very thin nightgown which is a bit small for him.

His grandfather will be smoking a pipe in a chair by the fireplace. The cottage is small and sparsely furnished. A large hearth which doubles as the "stove" is at the back of the house. A table and two chairs are to the left of the hearth, with a cupboard in a corner. A bench with a worn pad and a single chair where Thomas sits are arranged in front of the fire.

To the right is a loft with a ladder. The loft is T.J.'s bedroom. Underneath the loft is a cot and small nightstand, where Thomas sleeps.

The cottage is very neat. T.J. will lie down on the padded bench, pulling a thin blanket with several holes in it over him in anticipation of his story and the dreams he hopes to have that night.

However, if the PCs come here late in the night, the grandfather will awaken and tell the PCs that little T.J. cried himself to sleep waiting for them. He will give the PCs a real talking-to!

T.J. will tell the Night Watch about his dad, a big strong sailor who will be coming back real soon on a big three-masted ship. If the PCs begin to ask questions, Thomas will remind T.J. that it's past his bedtime. The little guy wants to hear a story — something he's never heard before, and he wants all of them to tell it. He always falls asleep after a good story.

DM's note: This is known as progressive storytelling. Without preparation the first person begins a story, and the next person continues where the last person leaves off. The story can go around as many times as necessary as long as everyone contributes. Demand a good story from your players. Don't let them off too easily.

Eventually T.J. falls asleep and Thomas takes him up to bed. Upon his return he tells the PCs a story.

"You folks seem nice enough, and I'd like to tell you a little sump'um about T.J. before you go. T.J.'s dad has been gone a long time. I don't know if he's ever coming back. He fell deeply in love with an innkeeper in Ol'town a few years back. Unrequited love, I'm sorry to say. She told him she was in love with some sailor fellow, a ship's captain, I guess. Anyway, I tried to talk him out of doin' something foolish but he wouldn't take no heed. He joined a pirate crew and went looking for this man. That was three or four summers ago and we haven't heard a thing since!"

The old man is close to tears. He and T.J. are all each other have left, since T.J.'s mother (his daughter-in-law) died in childbirth. They really have very little.

Crow's Foot

Encounter B3

A Stake Out

As the PCs exit T.J.'s house and make their way through Crow's Nest back toward the east, they see a man with a lantern moving toward them. He is an old vampire hunter named Jack Harker.

A man with a lantern in one hand moves slowly through the fog towards you. You notice a sharp pointed stick in his other hand, which he uses as a walking stick.

Old Jack Harker, Vampire Hunter
5L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 10, D 14, C 9, I 16, W 13, Ch 12; AL LG; hp 29; AC 10; THAC0 16; Items Carried: Holy Symbol of Tyr (god of justice), 2 stakes, lantern with flask of oil, 2 vials Holy Water, silver dagger, potion of *gaseous form*, potion of *healing*. He heard a rumor that there is a vampire running a tavern somewhere inside the city, and he is out to find it. He will be very friendly to the Night Watch once he finds out they're not vampires by pointing his Holy Symbol at each PC. He will be a bit suspicious with a rat following them, but will trust his Holy Symbol's accuracy. He doesn't know anything about rats other than vampires can summon them — he will direct this comment to the PC closest to or carrying the chaperone rat.

"Harker's the name, vampire huntin's the game. Been huntin' 'em for years. Thought I had one tonight, before you scared him off. I've got some important information that I paid a lot of money for about a location of a vampire here in town . . ."

He waits for the PCs to draw close before telling them about the rumor he has heard.

"I'm on my way to the Red Sail Tavern. Why don't 'cha come along, and if we run into any of them blood-suckers I can teach you a lesson or two! It's only a couple of blocks from here."

He will want the PCs to accompany him, but will let them go on their way if they raise enough objections, as long as they don't talk him out of going for a look-see. He is not breaking any laws.

Harker has seen many things and is quite knowledgeable about the supernatural. However, time has not spared him in the same way it has those he seeks. The aging experience has left him bitter and hurt that good must grow old and die while evil may live on.

Encounter B4

Will The Real Night Watch Please STAND Up?

On their wanderings through Crow's Foot, the PCs will pass the Red Sail Tavern; unless, of course, the PCs choose to go along with Jack Harker, who will take them directly there. They will overhear an argument taking place near the front door.

Through the fog you hear an argument as you approach the building known as the Red Sail Tavern. *Voice 1*: "I don't care who you say you are, you don't look like no city Night Watch to me."

Voice 2: "Now listen here, mate, either you pay us the forty silvers, or we come in and trash the place, you know what I mean?"

Voice 1: "I thought you were supposed to uphold the law, not break it."

Voice 3: "We do uphold the law — forty silver and your place is safe for the night, gov'nor."

Voices 4 and 5, chuckling: "We promise . . ."

By now the PCs should be aware that they are facing a protection scam with some hooligans passing themselves off as the Night Watch.

Hooligans

1L Human Male Fighters (x 4). Stats: S 10, D 10, C 11, 18, W 10, Ch 7; AL NE; hp 7; AC 8 (leather); THAC0 20; Items Carried: dirk, short club, small belt pouch, 3 sp.

On top of scaring a few silvers out of the locals, these guys are looking for a fight. Although outnumbered, they will fight until wounded, taunting the real Night Watch. Once wounded, they will head to the north and break for the trees that ring the hamlet where they can escape. If the PCs show them the emblem of the Night Watch, the hooligans will hesitate, but will then claim, "Hey, these guys are the ones who stole our lantern!"

After the real Night Watch chases off the imposters, the tavern owner will be most thankful, and explain that this gang has been "working" many of the legitimate businesses throughout Ol'town.

Gov Landrum

0L Human Male Tavern Owner Stats: S 12, D 15, C 11, I 9, W 11, Ch 13; AL NG; hp 4; AC 10; THAC0 20. He likes to help people with their problems, which makes being a tavern owner the perfect job.

Gov knows:

1. It's rumored that a vampire lives somewhere along the waterfront, "if you call that living!" He doesn't believe it, because he doesn't really believe in vampires.

2. Some new "sport" is rumored to be going on somewhere over in Ol'town. He doesn't know where, being for "them's who can pay." He hasn't heard whether the sport involves rats. He jokes that maybe the vampire knows!

3. He knows better than to go into the Gardens as rich "foreigners" live there.

If Jack is along with the PCs, he will simply watch the fight. Once the hooligans have made their escape and the PCs give up the chase, he will ask them if they want to help him "check out" everyone in the Red Sail Tavern. If they do go in, they will see approximately 12 people, including the owner, in the tavern. Jack's method of checking is to walk around and hold his Holy Symbol very close to the face of each patron. Needless to say, this will not endear him to any of the tavern-goers. Play up this interaction. Eventually the owner will want to know what's going on, and it's up to the PCs to tell him. He will provide

Crow's Foot

the above information. After a while, the owner will politely ask them all to leave. Once outside Jack will say:

"Another good day's work. Not a soul-stealer amongst them. Time to be on my way. I'm sure my niece will be waiting for me. She's a sweet child."

He will disappear into The Veil in the direction of the City Gates, bidding them, "Good night and good searching!"

ENCOUNTER B5

"Now what was the name of that spell?"

As the PCs begin to leave Crow's Foot, a fireball in the sky attracts them to a tremendous pyrotechnic display by two old wizards. The two, an illusionist and a conjurer, are returning home from a tavern following an evening of revelry. As they walk, they discuss the "good old adventurin' days." One adventure is always their focus, each convinced that it was his spell that led to the death of the blue dragon. Neither is malicious, or intends to hurt anyone, including each other. But, as they retell their stories, they recreate the event by casting real spells!

Yvas

7L Human Male Illusionist (formerly 9L, but age has crept up on him). Stats: S 10, D 16, C 10, I 16, W 12, Ch 14; AL CG; hp 17; AC 0; THAC0 18; Magic Items: *bracers AC4*, *ring of protection +2*, *Robe of Eyes*; Items carried: spell components, 15 sp. This retired adventurer has a small scribe shop in Ol'town, and lives in Crow's Foot.

Spells: 1st: *cantrip*, *phantasmal force*, *ventriloquism*; 2nd: *fool's gold*, *misdirection*, *whispering wind*; 3rd: *spectral force x 2*, *hallucinatory terrain*.

Modo

7L Human Male Conjurer (formerly 9L, but age. . . well, you know). Stats: S 12, D 16, C 12, I 16, W 12, Ch 13; AL N; hp 18; AC 0, THAC0 18; Magic Items: *bracers AC5*, *cloak of protection +3*, *portable hole*, *alchemical jug*; Items carried: spell components, 12 sp. This retired

adventurer runs a small alchemical store in Ol'town, and lives in Crow's Foot.

Spells: 1st: *cantrip*, *comprehend languages*, *mending*, *Tenser's floating disk*; 2nd: *deppockets*, *fool's gold*, *knock*; 3rd: *fireball*, *Melf's minute meteors*; 4th: *fire shield*.

The story goes like this . . . One day a group of adventurers came into possession of an old treasure map. The map was really the trick of a young blue dragon. The dragon sent out a dozen false treasure maps in order to attract foolhardy adventurers to her lair. Thus she could have food to eat without having to go out to hunt for it, and perhaps gain some additional treasure in the process.

The band of adventurers of which our two magic friends were a part was a bit different than other groups, being more cautious. Following the advice of many information spells, they lured the dragon out into the open where they had devised a plan to trap her. The combination of traps, strength, spells, and surprise enabled them to be victorious. Each member of the party felt it was their contribution that was ultimately responsible for the victory. Soon after this battle, the party split up. The two are the only remaining witnesses of the momentous event still alive.

As with many stories, the truth becomes lost in the telling. Both of these aging souls believes that he is responsible for the victory. And, the argument goes:

As you approach, you see a huge blue dragon standing at the intersection of two streets. Two old men are shouting at each other. One of them turns and spellcasts. Small balls of light hit the dragon, and it turns toward the two and rears with pain. Turning back towards you it mimics the actions of the spellcaster standing behind it, and says, "I tell you again, it wasn't those darn meteors that killed her. . . it was *me!*"

The PCs might know that this can't be a real blue dragon, since they are not affected by dragon fear.

The two will continue their argument

using real spells until the PCs persuade them to go home (or until they're out of spells).

ENCOUNTER B6

ANYONE CARE FOR A SWIM?

As the party returns to the main crossroads of the coastal road and Journey's End:

Through The Veil you hear the sound of night life as you walk toward Ol'town. As you near the area of the docks off to your right, you hear the sound of a single set of footsteps approaching.

If the PCs wait or investigate, they find:

A woman clad in shimmering emerald green steps from the fog. She is one of the most stunningly beautiful women any of you has ever seen. She bows to your group and points back toward the water.

The woman is no lady. She is a kelpie.

Kelpie (1)

AC 5; MV 9/12; HD 5; hp 24; #AT nil; THAC0 n/a; INT Average; SZ M; AL NE; SA charm once per day, save at -2; SD nil. Once per day, the kelpie can cast a *charm* spell with a -2 penalty to the victim's saving throw. The kelpie's charm works only on humanoid males. Charmed males will do anything to please or protect the kelpie.

This kelpie is hungry. She has decided to come out of the water to the edge of town, hidden by the fog, to find a mate . . . uh, meal. As she is mute, she will use motions to try to get one of the PCs to go down toward the water with her. She will attempt to convince the male PC with the highest charisma to accompany her. If that PC will not go with her to the water, she will attempt to charm any of the other males in the group.

O'Town (Fishtown)

Block C Encounter C1 It's an Old Custom

As you pass the Customs House, also known as Narwhal Manor where the import/export records are kept, you hear the sound of clashing metal coming from the back of the building!

A voice cries out, "HA! . . . over here, you scoundrel!" And the sound of metal rings out again.

If the PCs choose to investigate:

As you turn the corner of the house, you see a small patio enclosed by a six-foot high wrought-iron fence with a gate.

Inside is a half-dressed man with a shield protecting himself from a blindfolded drow wielding a scimitar.

The two are the residents of Narwhal Manor, Master Draco Elass and Docara.

Docara has asked Elass to help her learn blind fighting. Not knowing himself, he is helping the best way he can, by letting her practice against his superior weapons skill.

Master Draco Elass

7L Half-Elf Male Fighter. Stats: S 14, D 13, C 13, I 11, W 12, Ch 12; AL LG; hp 32; AC 9; THAC0 14. Master Elass is a retired sea captain famed for his many campaigns against pirates on the Sea of Fallen Stars. He is known for being secretive and keeping to himself. However, he is also known for receiving guests, mostly visiting ship captains, and entertaining them lavishly.

Docara

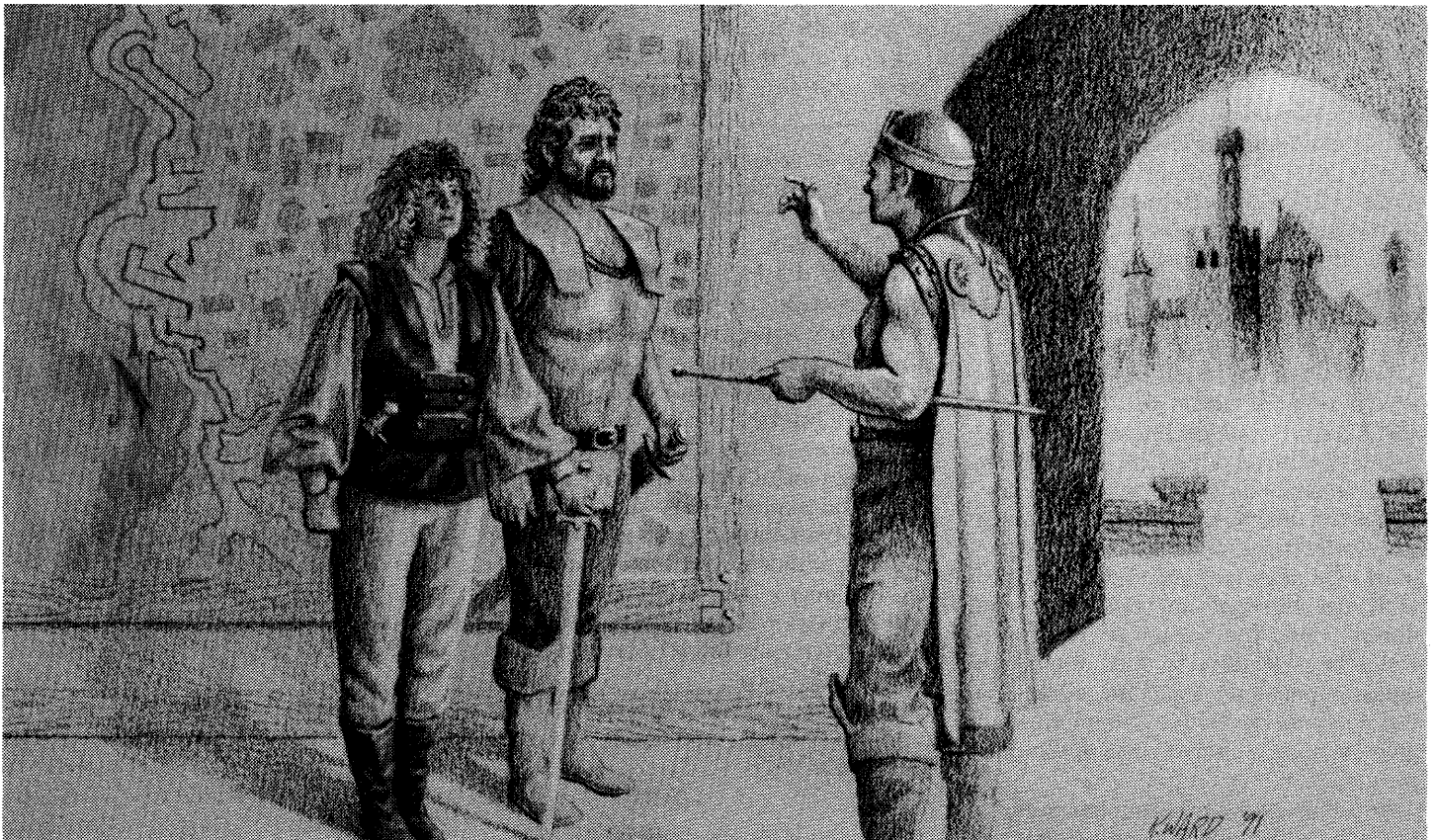
0L Female Drow Elf. Stats: S 11, D 18, C 14, I 18, W 16, Ch 14; AL N/LG tendencies; hp 6; AC 6; THAC0 20. Elass has spread the rumor that Docara is a boy to avoid any gossip. Docara never talks to anyone and is seldom seen far from the manor. When in the city streets, Docara is heavily hooded and robed. She appears to be 13 years old (in human terms).

When they are disturbed, Docara will hurriedly throw off her blindfold, don a cloak draped over a nearby patio chair, and rush into Narwhal Manor. Elass will remain behind and good-humoredly explain to the PCs that he and his boy servant were merely sparring ("It's good for a servant to learn how to defend the roof over his head"), and that since what they are doing is being done in the privacy of a man's own home, it really isn't anything for the Night Watch to be concerned about. He will bid them goodnight and retire to the manor.

Encounter C2

Someone's Lucky Day at The Wheel of Fortune!

Up ahead you hear the loud din of many people squeezed into a small space coming from what may be a tavern. People are shouting within,



Ol'Town (Fishtown)

and occasionally you hear a single voice rise above all the others. Although it does not sound like a fight is going on, the noise is quite loud even a block away.

A crowd of about 30 people are jammed into a small bar. A burly bouncer notices the PCs as they approach. If asked what all the commotion is about, he says:

The bar owner has just inherited a piece of land in the country. He's leaving the city for good at dawn, and wants to give The Ship's Wheel — that's the name of this joint — away tonight. But, he can't figure a way to go about it fairly. If you got any ideas, go on in — that's why everyone else is here!

Benny Belcher, the Bouncer
1L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 17, D 12, C 16, I 12, W 14, Ch 10; AL N; hp 12; AC9; THAC0 20; Items Carried: small club (1d4), pouch with 15 sp. It's not a bad life . . . bust a few heads, meet a few girls. Could be worse.

Nelson Landscaper
0L Human Male Bar Owner. Stats: S 13, D 14, C 15, I 12, W 16, Ch 15; AL LG; hp 6; AC 9; THAC0 20; Items Carried: deed to the tavern, belt pouch with 20 gp, keys, knife (1d3). A real swell guy, and pretty smart, too. After all, he is getting out of the city for life in the country.

The owner will explain to the Night Watch that an uncle just "passed on, rest his soul," and left him a large farm. He's gotten tired of city life, and has decided to move his family to the country. To sell the tavern, he has to pay taxes on the transaction and file a lot of paper work. He doesn't want to have to deal with the bureaucracy and, since he doesn't need the money or the headache, he's decided to give the place away — perfectly legal! He enlists the PCs to come up with a fair method to give the tavern away to one of the people inside.

Drawing straws or a number out of a hat will not be popular with a few pa-

trons, who feel they've been unlucky all their lives and this will be just one more chance for the few lucky ones to benefit. Likewise, physical tests won't be fair, according to some, and mental prowess will be pooh-poohed by those who like the idea of an arm-wrestling contest. The PCs will need to be creative with a solution.

ENCOUNTER C3 The Inn of No Hope

Malstrua from Encounter A2 will run up to the PCs as they leave The Ship's Wheel. In a timid but insistent voice she will ask the Night Watch to come back with her to the Inn of No Hope. If questioned, all she can say is that she and Bulclutha have a most dire need of their help. She knows nothing else. She will follow the PCs until they agree to return with her.

At the hospice, a dozen or so rag-tag people sleep on seaweed-bagged beds. Bulclutha wanders around the room looking after the residents. Upon the PCs' entrance, the sea elf cleric turns and says: "Hail and welcome, members of the Night Watch."

A couple of the people start to bolt for the door before his voice calms them:

"They want nothing, relax. They're visitors — unofficially, right?"

Bulclutha shows the PCs around. The lowest of the low are here. Indigents and street people who have nowhere else to turn come here for a bit of bread and a place to sleep for the night. It is a very pitiful sight to behold. If Bulclutha won the Bites of Istishia in Encounter A2, Theodore the Chum Man will be sleeping restfully on a mat in a corner. Bulclutha explains how a superior of the Istishian church came earlier in the evening and removed the cursed amulet. It is now in safe-keeping. Theodore will recover without any ill effects. If Donken won the Bites, of course, none of this will occur.

Bulclutha motions for the PCs to come over to an individual stretched out on a mat.

"This is a peculiar case, take a look at this man." A young man lies on his side with a black cat curled underneath his arm. The man has an obvious gash on his forehead, the bandages fresh with blood. The cat's fur is matted with blood and it appears to be sleeping. The cat wears a strange collar with runes engraved in the leather.

Bulclutha explains that the man was brought in by two people, neither of which could identify him. Bulclutha used his last *cure light wounds* spell to heal the man, but had nothing left for the cat. He is afraid it will die soon. Bulclutha says that after the man awoke he could not remember who he is, where he lives, or what happened to him and the cat. If they could somehow help the cat maybe they could find out something about the man.

Amnesiac, Human Male is in reality . . .

Elmerth Willowit
5L Half-Elf Male Thief (assistant to Mortimer Mittlemer). Stats: S 17, D 18, C 18, I 7, W 6, Ch 10; AL N; hp 30; AC 3, AC rear 7; THAC0 18; Thieving Abilities: PP 95, OL 55, FT 40, MS 50, HS 50, DN 25, CW 60, BL 0, BS x 3; Magic Items: *bracers of defense* AC 7, *dagger* +2, *dust of disappearance* (2 uses).

As soon as the cat is healed, it will look around the room and dart for the door. At the door it will scratch to be let out. The cat will try to make it apparent that it wishes to be followed. Once outside, it will take a few moments to get its bearings and then set out for the deepest, oldest part of Ol'town. It will not outdistance the party as it needs their help. The cat, Esper, is a familiar to the apprentice alchemist Dasanara Espara. The cat left for help after its master botched an experiment on distilling sleeping gases. Both the cat and its master will die without the Night Watch's help.

Dasanara Espara
1L Elf Female Apprentice Alchemist (Wizard). Stats: S 8, D 14, C 16, I 17, W 13, Ch 16; AL CG; hp 6; AC 8; THAC0 20. A very attractive woman with a one-

Ol'Town (Fishtown)

track mind – she wants to help people more than anything else in the world. One way to do that is through the creation of potions that heal and restore, and alchemy is a means to that end.

Esper, Cat Familiar

Stats: AC 7; HD 1 + 1; hp 5; MV 5"; #AT 2 (rear claws, 1-2); DMG 1-2/2; THAC0 19; INT Average; SZ S; AL N; SA Has empathic link with Dasanara.

The alchemist's apprentice was having trouble fabricating a particularly difficult sleeping gas formula. Her mentor told her that they would work on it in the morning. She agreed and told him that she wanted to clean up before she went home. He began to protest until she reminded him that he had a meeting with another mage that evening. Remembering he was late, he grabbed his staff and departed, reminding her to be careful. She, of course, set out immediately to correct the failed experiment. Give her an "A" for effort. She mixed the correct amounts of everything, in the right order, but mispronounced a syllable in the incantation, which would have kept the gas compressed in the mixing beaker. At the mispronounced syllable, the gas immediately expanded to fill the room. Only Esper, the cat, was able to get out of the room in time. In his hurry to get help, however, he was hit by a carriage (see Encounter A3) and was critically injured. Esper and the thrown coach attendant were taken to the Inn of No Hope. The gas, trapped in the alchemist's chamber, will kill the apprentice if the Night Watch fails to get her outside.

The cat will lead the party up a back alley to a door. A picture of two beakers is engraved on it, one pouring liquid into another. When the door is open, a blue gas will billow out. All standing in the alleyway must save versus spell or fall asleep for one turn. Once inside, they'll have no problem waking Dasanara Espara, who is in desperate need of a breath of fresh air. She will cuddle Esper and thank the PCs profusely. She will explain to them what happened and why it's important not to tell anyone, especially Modo (Encounter B5), her mentor, for she could lose her apprenticeship. She promises to be

more careful in the future. She gives them each a potion for their trouble – *Sleeping Gas* (15' x 15', save vs. spell), the same type to which she had fallen victim.

About this time the amnesiac (Willo-wit) speaks up:

"If the cat is yours, then I truly don't have a clue as to who I really am."

She will ask the PCs for any background that they know of this man. Following the explanation, she will be eager in her pleas to allow the man to stay with her so that she can help him. She has the recipe for a potion of memory restoration somewhere . . .

If the PCs have picked up the "observation" rat from Encounter A5, Esper will notice it now. The two of them will take up a defensive posture against one another.

Dasanara will tell the PCs that she senses something from Esper about the rat. If prodded, she will say she is unsure but she knows someone who could help, if the PCs can keep a secret. She will tell them to go to the Silver Lily and ask, as discretely as possible, to speak with Lady Nadeaux. She always knows what's going on!

If the PCs want to return the amnesiac to the Inn of No Hope, Dasanara will insist he stay with her. She will use what knowledge she has to help him and promises to take him back to the Inn of No Hope when she goes home for the night. She really doesn't think it's a good idea for him to go to the Silver Lily.

ENCOUNTER C4

The Tap

Walking the streets of Ol'town, the PCs pass an alleyway where they hear . . .

You hear the sound of scuffling from a nearby alleyway, an "Umph!" (like the sound of someone getting the wind knocked out of them) and the sound of something being dragged across cobblestones.

Three young thieves have just knocked out a merchant and are in the

process of robbing him.

Thieves (3)

1L Human Males. Stats: S 12, D 10, C 11, I 8, W 9, Ch 7; AL CE; hp 6; AC 10; THAC0 20; Thieving Abilities: PP 20, OL 15, FT 5, MS 15, HS 15, DN 25, CW 70, RL 0; Items Carried: sap, small club, pouch with 16 sp.

Erban Heralby, Merchant

OL Human Male. Stats: S 8, D 9, C 9, I 11, W 14, Ch 11; AL N; hp 3; AC 10; THAC0 20. Erban is a young trader, native of Yhaunn, who has come to Ravens Bluff to build up his own business in the textile trade. This mugging is the latest in a series of misfortunes for the entrepreneur.

The thieves have dragged Erban into the back of an L-shaped alleyway, which has a dead end. The only way out is a loose sewer grate in the far right-hand corner. Crates, barrels, and garbage line the alley. If attacked, the thieves will throw the crates and garbage (rotten tomatoes, eggs, cabbage heads, etc.) and roll the barrels at the PCs. A successful hit with a crate will do 1d4 points of damage and barrels will do the same plus knock the PC down for one round. The thieves will fight only long enough to coat the PCs with garbage and escape through the grate to the sewers below.

If the PCs attempt to follow the hoodlums into the sewers, it will make little difference – once in the sewers the thieves will easily make their escape. The sewers are knee-deep in slime and excrement. The smell is horrible and permeates clothing in one turn. After adventuring here, the PCs will stink for the rest of the night, unless they go somewhere to wash up (Desiree, of the Silver Lily (below), will have a servant take them into the kitchen for a quick rinse; they can get similar help at the Inn of No Hope). If they spend any time attempting to track the thieves, the PCs will encounter two crocodiles.

Crocodiles (2)

Stats: AC 5; HD 3; hp 11; MV 6" (due to muck); #AT 2; DMG 2-8 / 1-12; THAC0 16; INT Animal; SZ 10' long; AL N; SD Surprise. The crocs are guarding an area that gets a lot of rubbish flow (e.g.,

Ol'Town (Fishtown)

an easy meal). They will defend this portion of the sewers, and will not allow the PCs to pass. If the PCs get past them, they will not follow. The thieves feed the crocs on a semi-regular basis, so the animals are more friendly towards them.

If the PCs persist in wandering around aimlessly (which they will if they stay in the sewers), let them find a sewer grate that leads out near the warehouses.

Encounter C5

The Silver Lily

The Silver Lily is an old manor home. The large oak front door is inlaid with three silver lilies. There is no handle on the door. Entrance is gained by placing the palm of your hand on the center lily and speaking the owner's name. If knocked upon, the door is answered by the most important captain.

A favorite of sea captains, the Silver Lily remains exactly as last left, never changing. This is due to the proprietor, a vampire named Desiree Nadeaux.

Desiree Nadeaux

Vampire and Human Female Inn Keeper Stats (Vampire): AC 1; HD 8 + 3; hp 35; MV 20; #AT 1; DMG 5-10; THAC0 13; INT Exceptional; SZ M; AL NG (see human stats and description); SA Charm, Energy Drain (If she is forced to use Energy Drain, she must make a system shock roll or suffer an alignment change – she will not prefer the latter); SD + 1 or better weapon to hit, regenerate 3 hp per round. Stats (Human): S 17, D 15, C 16, I 12, W 16, Ch 17. The daughter of the original owner, she was smitten by a handsome sea captain who visited one night 118 years ago when she was 20. Although he gave her the "dark kiss," her purity and innocence kept her from becoming evil. Now she patiently awaits his return, knowing that their love is forever. She loves to listen to tales of the sea in hopes of hearing some news of her love. She always dresses in full-length Victorian high-necked gowns of white or silver, with her long light brown hair piled high on her head, framing her pale porcelain face. She is stunningly beautiful in appearance. Desiree is quiet, proper,

charming, and quick with a smile (albeit, a small one!).

All of the ships' captains who frequent the Silver Lily know who and what Desiree is . . . In exchange for superior room and board, each of the captain's will let her have a little of their blood – she doesn't take enough to harm them. The experience leaves them exhilarated and light-headed, adding to the warm sensation of excellent food and drink. The house specialty is Golden Amber, brandy that Desiree herself makes in the basement and ages for a very long time.

PCs will have reason to seek out Desiree. Most especially, the young elven alchemist, Dasanara Espara (encounter C3), advised them to ask Desiree about their mission for Cudzu, the druid of the sewers (encounter A5). PCs may also have deduced that Desiree is the innkeeper who was the object of the unrequited love of T.J.'s father (encounter B2).

When the PCs knock, they will be greeted by a distinguished older gentleman, who will inquire about their business. He will listen patiently, ask them to wait, close the front door, and go upstairs to consult with the Lady. He will return and invite them to accompany him upstairs.

Once inside, the PCs see a stairway leading up to a second floor on the left. This leads to the Parlour, where the captains are entertained. A row of coat hooks line the wall on the right, and a door is straight ahead, which leads to the living quarters of the manor.

At the top of the stairs they will find themselves in a large, lavishly decorated and furnished room. A mahogany bar runs the length of the far left wall. Divans and wing-backed chairs, richly upholstered and deeply cushioned, are scattered in close, tasteful arrangements throughout the room. Seven or eight rather sophisticated men are lounging about, each holding a snifter containing an amber liquid. Desiree glides smoothly across the room to greet the PCs. In a soft husky voice she invites them to sit with her in a quiet corner grouping, listening intently to all they have to tell or ask her. She will inquire as to whom they have met and what they've seen so far. She will volun-

teer the following information if asked:

1. Someone has been magically herding rats in Ol'town, and the old druid who lives in the sewers is very upset about it. She fears he may act rashly if answers to the mystery are not soon discovered. If asked why this druid lives in the sewers, she will casually reply, "Everyone has to live somewhere."

2. Gambling is not illegal in Ol'town.

3. The best place to find a "game" is at the Salty Dog. But, beware of the owner – he's rather "uncouth" (i.e., he's a real slime, but Desiree would never say that).

4. The city advertised a rat bounty several months ago.

5. She knows Bulclutha at the Inn of No Hope. She always donates food and blankets when he asks for them. She thinks it's a very good cause. (All the captains in the room will raise their glasses as in a toast and say, "Yes, a very good cause!" then resume their private conversations.)

6. She has had many suitors in the past, but remains faithful to the man she loves, and patiently awaits his return. She does not remember T.J.'s father – he is just one of many sailors.

7. She knows the Mactaggart Brothers. She buys ice from them.

8. There is a very polite retired captain who lives at the customs house. He occasionally comes by to warn her guests of approaching storms, and he is always correct in his predictions. She knows about his "house guest," but, out of politeness, will say nothing more.

9. She has never heard of Jack Harker – but then, she doesn't get out much. If accused of being a vampire, she will turn to the captains and make a joke of the implication. They will all get a jolly good laugh out of it! (But, they will be ready to protect her in case of trouble – they will delay the PCs so she can escape down the stairs, then they will throw the PCs out! After all, this is a "kinder, gentler" establishment.)

When the PCs are ready to leave, she will ask them not to disclose where they received their information. It has taken her many years to build up trust in this part of Ravens Bluff, and she would hate to lose it in just one night.

If asked the password to get into the Silver Lily, she will tell them to return when they are ships' captains!

Ol'Town (Fishtown)

ENCOUNTER C6 Stop The Presses!

As the PCs are walking up the street, they are accosted by a press gang. Press gangs are conscript agents who force average people into maritime service, including those who never fancied themselves sailor material. A good knock on the head and the conscript wakes up miles out to sea with little choice: join the crew or be forced to walk the plank!

A burly group of men approach you as you walk down the street. You hear one of them say, "Aye laddies, 'eres a strong group that could serve a capt'n well... get 'em, boys!"

Press Gang

2L Human Fighters (x 6). All stats: S 15, D 14, C 12, I 9, W 11, CH 10; AL N; hp 13; AC 8; THAC0 19; Items Carried: belaying pin (an implement to which a rigging line on a ship is tied; treat as a small club – 1d3 damage), rope (to keep volunteers from getting lost), gags, small pouch with 2 gold coins.

The six members of the press gang are being paid 2 gold per sailor they bring to the ship tonight. So far, the evening has yielded a future deck hand who is busy sleeping off a knock on the head. The members of the press gang will fight only until they have taken damage equal to over half of their hit points. None of them wants to die, and all will make a run for the ship if they have to . . .

If the PCs don't go down after one round of fighting, Captain Egan will show up and demand to know what is going on!

Captain "Red Eye" Egan

5L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 17, D 12, C 16, I 10, W 15, Ch 8; AL N (greedy); hp 49; AC 5; THAC0 16; Magic Items: *bracers AC 6, ring of protection +1, cutlass +1*. Egan is captain of the *Ill Wind*, a two-masted schooner that sails the Sea of Fallen Stars. His last crew deserted him after he was turned into a parrot in the southern isles by a witchdoctor (tribal wizard). He still has a craving for crack-

ers every once in awhile, and he occasionally squawks when he is excited – but he'll deny either habit if noticed and called to his attention.

The captain has a writ allowing him to recruit sailors in this port. The writ merely states that as captain of a ship in port, he has the right to secure a crew for his vessel. The writ does not define the means he can or cannot use to get a crew. He does not want to hurt the PCs or have the small crew he has assembled severely injured. If the PCs don't go down in the first or second round, Egan will call for a truce and try to verbally recruit the PCs (possibly a future adventure for your players . . .).

ENCOUNTER C7 The Salty Dog

A rough and tumble establishment is the favorite of sea-faring men who like sport. Darts, daggers, cards, and knucklebones (dice) can be found in abundance here. Any kind of scam is welcome. Conrad, the doorman, will let anyone in for a silver. No money? Take a long walk on a short pier!

If shown the Night Watch emblem, he will grudgingly allow the PCs to pass, saying in a loud voice, "Well now, the boss always lets the CITY GUARD in for free!"

Conrad, The Doorman

3L Human Male Fighter
Stats: S 17, D 8, C 12, I 8, W 9, Ch 5; AL N; hp 18; AC 9; THAC0 18; SZ BIG – *really* big (a la William "The Refrigerator" Perry)! He is often confused with his two brothers, Orson and Roundo (same stats, same everything!), who also work here in the tavern.

Upon entering, the PCs will see the bar to the left and several round tables with approximately four chairs at each scattered throughout the center of the room. Dart and dagger targets are painted on the wall at the back, and the card and dice games are in progress throughout the room. Stairs going both up and down are against the right-hand wall (up at the back, guarded by Orson, and down near the front, watched by Roundo; the stairs down are blocked by

a short iron gate).

Upstairs is for the high rollers, and it costs a gold piece just to watch. There is no limit on bets placed in games upstairs. But downstairs is a *real* treat . . .

At the bottom of the stairs that leads into the basement is a small arena. A pit, 6' x 6' x 4', is sunk into the floor. It is flanked on three sides by four rows of benches, staggered in height so that all the attenders have a clear view of the arena. The walls of the pit are covered with a greasy liquid that smells of blood. The chaperone rat will become agitated. Double doors separate this room from another smaller one on the far side of the room.

Inside the smaller room are hundreds of rats inside cages. They are hungry, afraid, and agitated at their captivity. A large drum-shaped object is in a corner of the room. When the top is unscrewed, a chute that exits down and to the left is seen. The interior of the chute is coated with the same greasy substance as the pit walls. Dead rats are shoveled out of the pit and disposed of by sliding their carcasses down the chute and out into the harbor. The "observer" rat will run to the cages and squeak excitedly.

While the PCs are in the tavern, several men with small terrier-type dogs will enter and immediately walk downstairs. They are tonight's contestants. Not long after their arrival, the bar's patrons will begin to shuffle downstairs to enjoy the night's festivities. Each of the patrons will give the bouncer a "wooden nickel" as they walk by. This is their ticket, and can be purchased for a silver piece from the bartender. The Night Watch will each be given one as a courtesy, if they ask to be allowed downstairs. If they attempt to use force to go downstairs, both Roundo and Orson will thwart their attempts, and call down for the Pit Boss to come up. The Pit Boss will do his best to calm down the PCs by giving them each a wooden nickel and inviting them down to watch the fun. Once he gets the PCs seated, he will ignore them as his attentions turn on the matches and bets. He will evade questions as to his name, saying only that he is the owner of the establishment.

The first match should just begin as the PCs reach the bottom of the stairs. It should be fairly obvious what's going on. If the "observer" rat is with the PCs,

Ol'Town (Fishtown)

it will become greatly upset and will depart immediately, presumably to report to Cudzu.

DM Note: The sport of rat killing was prevalent in England in the mid-19th century. Dogs were specifically bred for this type of contest. A dog would be put in a pen with rats; bets would be made on how many rats the dog could kill in one minute. This was considered a "gentleman's sport."

A rat-killing contest is currently in progress. Bets are being placed at a frantic rate; the Pit Boss is intently watching as a terrier is tearing into about 50 rats, killing indiscriminately while its owner cheers loudly. All eyes are riveted to the arena. The PCs could easily get into the next room without being noticed. Aside from the patrons (about 20), a couple of noticeable characters are here. They are the Rat Man and the Pit Boss.

Rat Man

2L Human Male Bard. Stats: S 10, D 12, C 8, I 13, W 10, Ch 15; AL N; hp 10; AC 9; THAC0 20; Items Carried: rat sack, rat bowl, rat pole, rat knife, rat

trap. He is an older, balding, pot-bellied, sniveling coward of a human being. He is a lousy bard and a general failure in life, until he found a set of Pipes of the Sewers (DMG, p. 177). He now leads a life of rat-catching – ignoble, until he and the Pit Boss set up this new "game."

Pit Boss

2L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 14, D 10, C 16, I 9, W 11, Ch 13; AL N; hp 10; AC 9; THAC0 19; Items Carried: bag of 20 gp, dagger, keys to the tavern, dog whistle, (greasy) comb and mustache brush. He has dark greasy hair and a pock-marked face, which sports a pencil-thin mustache. He is the owner of the Salty Dog, a bar that was just eking out an existence until the introduction of the rat/terrier matches. With very few expenses, he's now making money hand-over-fist. He has checked a couple of ordinances and, to his knowledge, there is nothing illegal about this game.

Role-playing notes for this encounter:

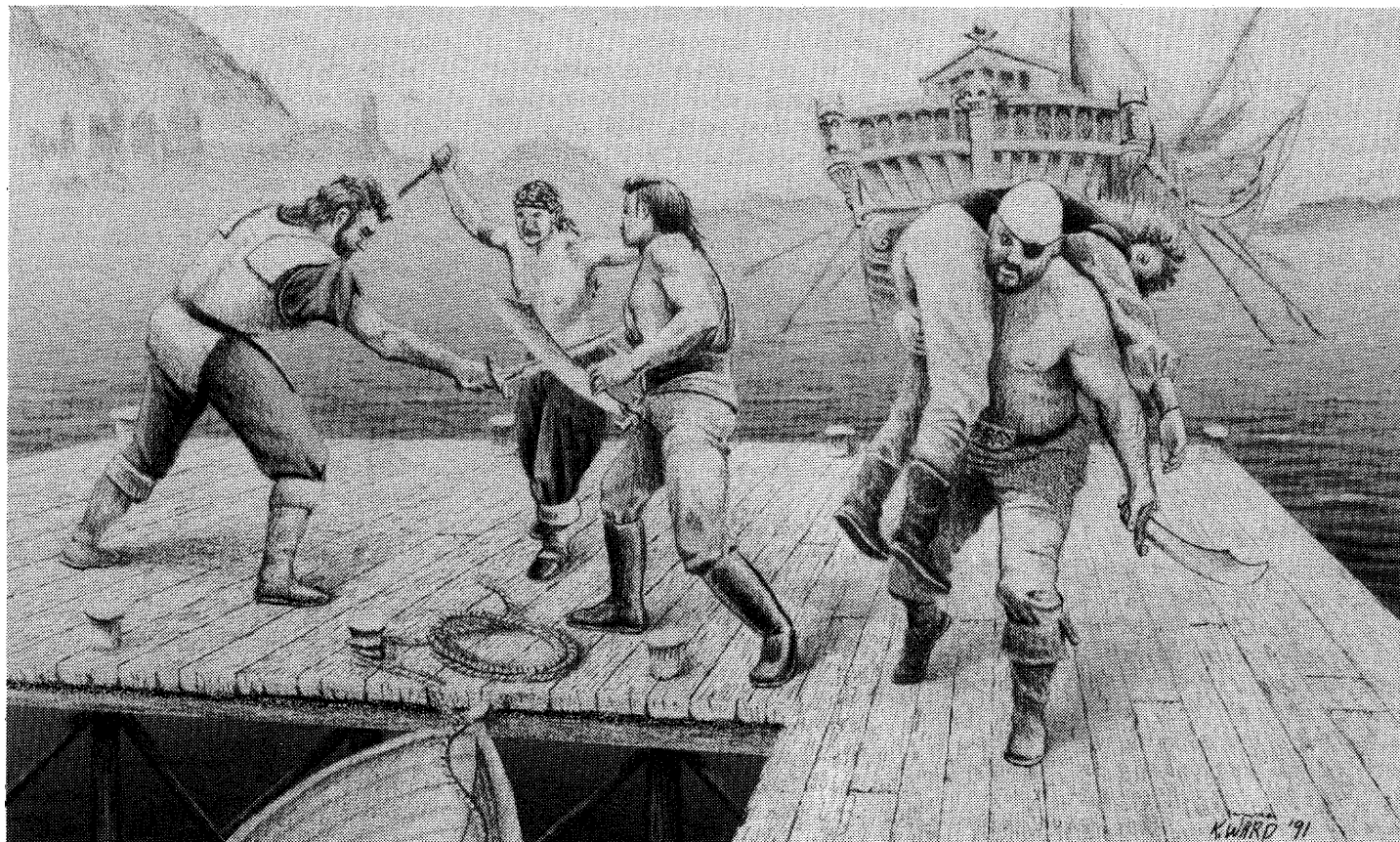
1. If the PCs call for a halt to the match, the Pit Boss will ask them to come upstairs with him, where they

can talk undisturbed. He will explain that he has checked into local ordinances, and that there is no law forbidding his games.

2. If the PCs tell the Pit Boss and/or the Rat Man about the druid, they will laugh about the "looney." They do not take Cudzu's threats seriously.

3. If the rat cages are opened, rats will scatter in every direction seeking a way out of the building. The Rat Man will attempt to keep as many rats from escaping as possible by playing his pipes.

4. If the rats are let go without the owner's permission, he will tell the Night Watch that charges against them will be filed in the morning. (He won't really file charges as he was involved in a little incident a few months back, where he acted as the facilitator between an individual and the Assassins' Guild for a contract on a city official. Luckily, the attempt failed, the individual fled, and he has avoided being implicated – so far!)



The Wharfs

Block D

ENCOUNTER D1

Ship Fire!

As you look out toward the wharfs, The Veil takes on an eerie glow. Something bright and orange pierces the night, and what's that smell . . . ?

Fire!

When the PCs arrive at the wharf, red and yellow flames lick the silhouette of a one-masted schooner in the harbor. On the dock that leads to the ship are eight burly sailors. They block the way of several would-be firefighters carrying buckets of sand and water. The largest of the eight barks:

"Captain's orders . . . no one is to go near the ship until she returns. Not us, and NOT YOU!"

Mylar Newell, First Mate

2L Human Male Rogue. Stats: S 15, D 14, C 13, I11, W 10, Ch 12; AL N; hp 9; AC 9; THAC0 20. He was promoted for his brains (relatively speaking) and his brawn.

Sailors (7)

1L Human Male Rogues. Stats: S 14, D 12, C 13, I8, W 9, Ch 9; AL N; hp 5; AC 9; THAC0 20; Items Carried: wooden cleat

(1d4), dagger (1d4), belt pouch with chewing tobacco.

The fire started not long after the captain left to conduct some "business" in town, and the crew truly doesn't know what to do. The sailors know the ship is loaded with contraband. If caught, they could all go to jail for life or, worse, be sent to the gallows for piracy. They have decided to let the ship burn rather than be caught. You can always buy a new ship, but you can't buy a new neck!

Our clever PCs must think of a way to put out the fire without the sailors' help or interference. The schooner will burn to water level one turn after discovered. During this time, there is a 10% chance the fire will spread to adjacent ships. There is also a 20% chance that the wharf will catch fire as the flames reach the ship's water line.

The captain started the fire before she left, supposedly to visit her "buyer."

She had the crew think that they were smuggling one bill of goods, when in reality she had obtained a much more precious cargo, which she kept in her cabin. The crates in the hold were filled with straw (to burn) and stones (for weight). In burning the ship, she will receive compensation for the loss of her ship from the Port Authority, but not for any cargo, as this is considered a hazard of the industry. This way she is able to replace her ship, but won't have to pay her crew, saying, "Sorry, boys, we've got nothing to split. Guess we'll have to put out to sea and try our luck again."

She profits all the way around.

Tayon Laveela, Ship's Captain

5L Half-Elf Female Rogue. Stats: S 9, D 17, C 10, I 16, W 12, Ch 14; Thieving Abilities: PP 20, OL 20, FT 5, MS 30, HS 40, DN 75, CW 90, RL 15, BS x 3; AL NE; hp 21; AC 5; THAC0 18; Items Carried: *bracers of defense AC 8, robe of blending, 2 daggers +1, potion of levitation.* Tayon comes from a family of sailors. Although discouraged at a young age, she pursued what she felt to be her life's calling in the same way she has done everything — aggressively. She has little regard for others, and will manipulate anyone to achieve her own ends.

Upon her return, Tayon will demand to know what happened to her ship. She may plant the notion that a competitor probably started the fire out of jealousy. If the ship is "saved," the crew will discover what is in the hold when they go out to start the clean-up. The captain will cry, "We've been duped!" and blame the person from whom they acquired the cargo for double-crossing them — she's quite the actress, you know!

The ship's manifest shows them to be carrying spices (yeah, sure). If her ship has safely been destroyed, she will give orders for her crew to begin the clean-up, and politely thank the Night Watch for their help. Regardless, she will assure the PCs that the proper reports will be made, and that she and her crew will safely travel the seas quite soon.

Conclusion

The glow of dawn begins to fill the sky. As the sun begins to warm the air, The Veil subsides and you know that it is time to return to the barracks, the night

spent somewhat successfully and certainly not in vain! For you each hope against all hope that your tour of duty will be looked upon favorably by Gar

Saru and "Sunny" Sunriver, and that before too long you will be wearing the uniform of the City Guard of Ravens Bluff.

Appendix

Random Encounter Table

Use these encounters in addition to the location ones described already, to spice up the characters' tour of duty on the Night Watch.

1. The Little Night Watch

Three youngsters with their home-made "weapons" follow the Night Watch and "want to help . . ."

Erin

0L 10-year-old Human Female. S 4, D 8, C 9, I 9, W 11, Ch 12. Erin has short black hair (pageboy style) and a friendly smile. She carries a wooden sword and shield her brother, Dylann, made. She wants to be a merchant or a princess when she grows up.

Dylann

0L 11-year-old Human Male. S 3, D 9, C 8, I 9, W 10, Ch 11. Dylann is tall for his age, and is proud of the fact that he cuts his own hair. He is wearing a torn and tattered purple bathrobe over his clothes, and carries a small wooden dagger. He wants to be a wizard.

Terrible Tim

0L 10-year-old Human Male. S 7, D 7, C 12, I 7, W 9, Ch 11. Tim has sandy brown hair, and is lean and muscular for his age. He carries a two-handed stick and wants to be a mighty warrior when he grows up. He gave himself the nickname "Terrible" because he secretly wants to impress Erin.

2. To Catch a Thief

A young thief is sent by the Thieves Guild to steal "something" (anything) from a member of the Night Watch. This is part of the Guild's initiation process.

Sabisa

1L Human Female Thief. Stats: S 12, D 16, C 14, I 9, W 11, Ch 8; AL CG; hp 4; AC 8; THAC0 20; Skills: PP 25%, OL 10%, F/RT 15%, MS 20%, HS 35%, DN 15%, CW 60%, RL 0%. Items carried: belt & pouch, incomplete set of thieves

tools, conch shell, 2 sp. She is dressed all in black.

Sabisa will be very embarrassed if she fails, and will probably break down and cry. She knows she won't get into the Guild for her failure. If the PCs try to comfort her, or, worse, offer to give her something in order to pretend she succeeded, she will be outraged and insulted. She will stalk off into The Veil. Sabisa will try twice more throughout the night (randomly) to accomplish her task. Actually she feels bad about stealing something from them (since they haven't done anything to her), so she will plant a potion she found on the person from whom she successfully steals something. She doesn't know what the potion does — if she did, she might keep it. The potion bottle contains a *philter of persuasiveness*. If she does succeed the group will hear her brief and joyful giggle through the fog.

3. Pranksters

Two local youths run down opposite sides of the street dragging fishing line between them to try to trip people walking in the street. They are doing it for fun, not to hurt anyone.

Pranksters

0L Human Males (x 2). Stats for both: S 12, D 13, C 14, I 9, W 10, C 11; Items Carried: 25' fishing line, conch shell.

4. The Ghosts Of The Night Watch Past

Anywhere along the waterfront road, the PCs may encounter ghost-like forms of a long-dead Night Watch patrol. Ten years ago this night, a group of adventurers doing their duty as the Night Watch died while trying to save a merchant being attacked by ruffians. They are now **sorrows**, a type of haunt (see below). At this time every year, their ghost-like figures walk Ol'town as penance for their failure.

New Monster

Sorrow

Climate/Terrain: Any
Frequency: Rare

Organization: Any
Activity Cycle: Any
Diet: Nil
Intelligence: Non (0)
Treasure: Possible
Alignment: Any
Number Appearing: Varies
AC: N/A
Movement: 6/faster if on phantom mount
Hit Dice: N/A
THAC0: N/A
Number of Attacks: Nil
Damage/Attacks: Nil
Special Attacks: See Below
Special Defenses: See Below
Magical Defenses: See Below
Size: Variable
Morale: Champion (15)

XP Value: 1,500

A Sorrow is the restless spirit of a person who died while performing a task that was personally morally important. Sorrows may appear as individuals or in groups of varying size.

Sorrows appear only on the anniversary of the tragic event. Like a haunt, they desire the fulfillment of some task.

Sorrows generally assume a slightly glowing, translucent form of their former self(s). In this state they tend to resemble groaning spirits, specters, or ghosts. Sorrows may also appear as luminescent balls of light (identical in appearance to a will-o-the-wisp). In either form, sorrows are insubstantial and cannot affect or be affected by beings/things of the prime material plane. Sorrows do not have the haunt-like ability to take over a living body in order to finish an appointed task. They rely on living beings to understand their plight and allow the Sorrows to accompany the individual or group in hopes some deed done by those living will free the Sorrows from their haunting obligation. Sorrows have a 10% chance of being able to communicate verbally with living beings.

If the majority of an approaching party or if an individual has an alignment opposite to that of a Sorrow (good vs. evil), the Sorrow will groan in an attempt to cause the group/person to flee in fear (save vs. wand).

Sorrows have no memory of the time that passes between their time on the

Appendix

prime material plane and whatever plane their souls went to following death. Part of their essence has been forced to the Ethereal plane during the anniversary of their death; for this reason Sorrows cannot be turned.

Habitat/Society:

What a sorrow was doing at the time of demise varies. Often a sorrow may be seen as a phantom guard of a keep or any other job that would be considered routine. Unlike a haunt, the sorrow does not have a burning need for revenge. Rather the sorrow wants to continue whatever duty it was performing when it was alive. Often it does not even know that it is dead.

Ecology:

Why sorrows return is a mystery. They seem to possess an overly strong work ethic that follows them to the grave and beyond.

5. Here Kitty, Kitty

Luck Eater (1)

AC 7; HD 4; hp 28; MV 15; #AT nil; DMG nil; THAC0 17; INT Low (6); SZ S (1'); AL N; SA Purr (30' r., save vs. spell or be attracted to adopt the cat; also -2 penalty on all savings throws, damage, and chance to hit for those who fail); if not fed in 30 minutes, the Luck Eater causes those who fail the save to attack the next group encountered; SD Purr (on whim or, after fed, when cat departs — characters who fail their saves will allow the cat to leave, defending it if necessary). The Luck Eater appears as a golden tabby cat. It is very affectionate, but will become bored with the party after about 5 turns or when fed, whichever comes first.

6. Two-Fisted-Jake

The local Tough Guy wants to fist fight (subdue, no weapons) the toughest member of the Night Watch. He emerges from a warehouse/store where he has been moving huge crates and barrels and challenges the PCs to pick one among them to a fair fight to defend their honor. Jake is not a bad person, he just likes to fight. He has 10 gold he can wager.

Jake, the Local Tough Guy
2L Human Male Fighter. Stats: S 18/77, D 10, C 16, 15, W 11, Ch 7; AL N; hp 20; AC 10; THAC0 19. Jake is of medium stature but solidly built. He is bare-chested and barefooted, and wears only loose and baggy pants belted with a bit of rope.

Wandering Monster Table

1. Sea Zombies (2)

AC 7; HD 5; hp 26, 28; MV 6/12; #AT 1; DMG 1-10; THAC0 15; INT Low (5-7); SZ M; AL CE; SA Stench (20' r., save vs. poison or -1 to attacks and +1 to victim's AC), disease (10% chance; SD Spell immunity (to sleep, charm, illusion). They are two pirates who were tossed overboard before their ship reached the harbor several weeks ago.

2. Land Lampreys (10)

AC 7; HD 1+2; hp 6, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8, 9, 9, 10; MV 12; #AT 1; DMG 1hp/round (see below); THAC0 18; INT non (0); SZ S (3'); AL nil; SA drain blood (1hp per round attached), encumber (-1 to DEX for each lamprey attached to victim); SD nil. These are just out for a late night snack. After 3 rounds of successful blood sucking, a land lamprey will feel satiated and leave.

3. Garbug (or flying lobsters) (2)

AC 5; HD 2 + 2; hp 13, 14; MV 6/9; #AT 6/1; DMG 1-4 + special; THAC0 19; INT Animal (2); SZ L (9'); AL N; SA Paralyzation (six 2' tentacles, no damage, and 5' proboscis (1-4), secretion causes paralyzation for one turn); SD nil. The garbugs will try to surprise their prey using the low visibility caused by the fog (surprise is especially likely if the victim does not know that garbugs can fly!).

4. Swarm of Bats (25)

AC 8; HD 1-2; hp 1 each; MV 1/24 (B); #AT 1; DMG 1; THAC0 20; INT Animal (1); SZ T (4"); AL N; SA Swarm (tends to put out torches, confuse spell casting, etc.); SD nil. The heavy fog tends to confuse their ability to navigate.

5. Saltwater Troll (Marine Scrag)

AC 2; HD 6 + 12; hp 42; MV 3/swim 12;

#AT 3; DMG 1-4/1-4/9-16; THAC0 13; INT Low (5); SZ L (10'); AL CE; SA may attack multiple opponents/limbs continue fighting even if severed; SD Regeneration. An intelligent party will realize that the troll's extremely slow movement will work to their advantage.

6. Giant Crustacean (Crab)

AC 3; HD 3; hp 21; MV 9; #AT 2; DMG 2-8/2-8; THAC0 16; INT non (0); SZ L (12'); AL N; SA nil; SD Surprise. When all else fails, the PCs could try melted butter and lemon wedges.

7. Sea Lion (beached)

AC 5/3; HD 6; hp 39; MV 1/swim 18; #AT 3; DMG 1-6/1-6/2-12; THAC0 13; INT Semi (4); SZ L (15'); AL N; SA Mauling (+4 bonus attack/double damage); SD nil. The PCs will hear it roar from the shore's edge and will find a sea urchin stuck in its paw. It will not attack the party if they ease its pain and/or successfully remove the urchin from its paw.

8. Doppelganger

AC 5; HD 4; hp 21; MV 9; #AT 1; DMG 1-12; THAC0 15; INT Very (11); SZ M; AL N; SA Surprise; SD Save as 10L fighter. Masquerading as an old beggar, it will try to sneak up on the last person and attempt to knock them out and take their place as a member of the Watch.

9. Troglodytes (2)

AC 5; HD 2; hp 11; MV 12; #AT 3; DMG 1-2/1-2/2-5; THAC0 19; INT Low (5); SZ M; AL CE; SA Scent (save vs poison, lose 1d6 point of strength); SD Surprise. They snuck into port as stowaways and are attempting to sneak into the city under the cover of the fog when the PCs discover them.

10. Snake, Constrictor

AC 6; HD 3 + 2; hp 18; MV 9; THAC0 17; #AT 2; DMG 1/1-3; THAC0 17; INT Animal (1); SZ M (15'); AL N; SA Constriction; SD nil. With rodents being scarce, it has not had a decent meal lately.



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A1

A5

A2

A3

C1

C3

C5

C4

C6

C2

C7

D1

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons



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NIGHTWATCH *In The Living City*

Walt Baas and Kira Glass

Situated where the Fire River flows into the Sea of Fallen Stars, Ravens Bluff is a bustling port and trade center. Residents and frequent visitors to Ravens Bluff often boast that the city is the brightest spot on the Dragon Reach, but even the proudest citizen thinks twice about taking to the streets when the Veil, a thick, cold fog, rolls in. The veil turns the city's vigorous docks into a gloomy den where only the brave, the stubborn, or the foolish go abroad. When the veil drops, neophyte adventurers join the Nightwatch, a special police force that sees to it that the fearless citizens who prowl through the Veil restrict themselves to licit business. A successful tour in the Nightwatch means wealth and recognition (those who fail quietly join the uncounted dead). This module is specially designed to introduce novice characters to the rigors of adventuring.

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