



CITIES OF SUNDARA SILKGIFT



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GAMES

CITIES OF SUNDARA: SILKGIFT

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WHAT IS “CITIES OF SUNDARA”?

In fantasy tabletop roleplaying games there is a tendency for settings to constantly be looking backward to a lost golden age, or a time of legend where great feats of magic and the techniques for creating potent items of power have been lost. Whether this downfall comes as a result of an apocalyptic event, societal collapse, destruction of knowledge or some combination thereof, players often find themselves struggling through a world that, for all its wonders, is not what it once was.

Sundara: Dawn of a New Age takes the opposite approach.

The world of Sundara has all of the monsters, magic, dangers and hardships you would expect in a fantasy RPG. However, the people of Sundara tend to look for the other side of the coin, harnessing the raw forces of their world in order to overcome trials and tribulations in strange, unexpected ways. Through discovery, industry, understanding and sheer grit, the people of Sundara are boldly stepping forward to master the world around them.

“Cities of Sundara” offers game masters and players alike a peek into this world. By visiting unique locations across the setting, it gives you a taste of what life is like in this setting. Not only that, but you can choose to use the cities in their original setting, or incorporate them into your own. Each supplement will also include resources such as new materials for weapons and armor, new creature types, as well as new weapons, magic items and more to enhance your game!

As the setting grows, even more elements will be included. So come, step out into the dawn of a new age with us, and revel in all the fresh possibilities that Sundara has to offer!

PROFANITY HERALDS DISCOVERY

The shout was a combination of frustration and surprise. It wasn't followed by an explosion, or a cry of pain, though, so it clearly wasn't an emergency. Taggart put his tools down, took off the protective lenses he wore and ambled across the hall with his bow-legged stride. The night was dragging on, and the other workshops had emptied out for the night. It seemed that only he and his neighbor were burning moonlight oil, as the saying went. The dwarf rapped his heavy knuckles on the door frame of the workshop, and peered in.

"Everything all right, Ella?" he asked.

"I've still got all my fingers and toes, if that's what you're asking," Ella replied. The dark-haired halfling was sitting on the work bench, her head in her hands and her feet dangling.

Taggart stepped over the threshold, taking in the scene. Ella's workspace had the messy look of a well-loved kitchen, where the clutter had a thread of rhyme and reason to it if one tilted their head and squinted. Her burner had been banked, and on top of it was an iron pot filled with some kind of thick, viscous goop. It smelled like bone meal and sawdust, with a hint of potpourri.

"Bad result?" Taggart asked.

"I bumped the dried spider silk threads with my elbow," Ella said. "Caught the bottle, but not before half of it spilled in."

Taggart wrinkled his nose as a bubble burst in the gloop, releasing a puff of strangely scented air. He rubbed his mustache, smoothing it down over his lip. Ella blew out a long breath, moving her hands to the sides of her head, rubbing at her temples.

"There's something somebody once told me that might be good to keep in mind, Ella," Taggart said.

"What's that?" the halfling asked, her eyes closed as she tried to stave off a headache.

"Profanity heralds discovery," Taggart said, chuckling.

Ella looked up at him. Her expression was less than pleased. "Chalk it out for me? I'm not in a mood for riddles."

Taggart glanced at the experiment again. He pursed his lips, drawing his thumb over his mustache again. When he was sure Ella was listening, not just humoring him, he smiled at her.

"Just because something you made doesn't do what you want doesn't make it useless. So think about that before you toss it in the midden heap and start over." Taggart yawned, covering his mouth with his fist. "I was at a good breaking point anyway. You want to split a pot of dark?"

"Pretty sure I'm going to need it," Ella said.

Taggart nodded, clumping back the way he'd come. Ella could hear him filling his kettle, and spooning out the strong tea he kept in a can. She glanced over at the thick glop her experiment had become, and frowned at it. She lifted the stirring stick, and watched as the liquid slowly dripped from the tip.

Was there something she could do with it after all?





SILKGIFT: THE CITY OF SAILS

Seen from the break wall sunk out in Weaver's Bay, Silkgift is a strange sight indeed. For though there are ships all along the port, the entire city is topped with the turning, spinning arms of windmills. It creates the illusion that the valley is ready to set sail itself, pulling away from the mountain entirely to chart its own course. And while such a thing is said in jest, there's always someone who worries one of the city's ingeneurs may try to accomplish that very task if they overhear the idea.

Because while Silkgift is still the leading producer of Archer's silk, some of the most durable and resilient sailcloth in the known world, the city's true resource is ingenuity. Combined with a workforce that comes together to turn the impossible into a reality, Silkgift is a place of invention, of accomplishment, but most importantly, it is a place that takes care of its own. A place where workers are allowed to do their jobs with dignity, and where those with unique skills or unusual talents are allowed to pursue those things for the betterment of all.

HISTORY

Though today Silkgift is a city of industry, producing unique inventions and goods that draw traders and merchants from miles around, centuries ago it was just a collection of tiny towns at the foot of the mountains. While there are some who credit hard work, the genius of individual creators, or the location of the city as the major cause of its rise in prominence, in truth it was the willingness of its people to embrace new ideas, and to join in a shared vision, that allowed Silkgift to become what it is today.

TO CATCH THE WIND

In its youth, Silkgift was actually three, separate villages. The town of Mead sat along the western part of the bay, and its primary industry was fishing. The town of Ferry was where the local roads converged with the bay, and Ferry was made up mostly of laborers who ground grain, cut wood and laid stone when it was needed. South of both of them was the town of Archer,

which subsisted largely off of small farm plots and herds of animals that could easily graze on the lowland hills.

Though all three of these towns shared in one another's hardships and successes, each giving to the others as tough times came and went, it was Archer that was the most prominent of the three. Not for its size, or for its scope, but because the town had long stood as a unique cottage industry both among the three towns, and throughout the region; it was where so-called Archer cloth was made.

This extremely durable cloth, used for the sails on fishing boats as well as on the blades of windmills, was woven from the spider weed plant. Considered an irritating invader by most, the plant creates tiny sails of durable silk to spread its seeds to the wind, and these fibers were tough enough that it required a blade to properly cut through them. The spinsters of Archer had spent generations cultivating this plant, harvesting the seeds and fibers alike, and spinning them into thread. This thread, when woven into cloth, created a durable fabric that would weather sun and storms for decades before finally fraying or tearing.

Traditionally the fibers would be harvested during the spring, cleaned during the summer, spun during the fall and then woven into fresh cloth throughout the winter. It was a slow process, and one that often took a great deal of work, but the durability of Archer cloth usually meant that replacements didn't require speed. Any leftover fabric was typically sold to the few traveling merchants who came through the area during spring festivals, or traded to the ships that knew about Archer's unique material and were willing to make the journey to the out-of-the-way location.

THE ARRIVAL OF CLEVER ELSIE

While there are differing opinions as to

what the precise catalyst was for Silkgift's metamorphosis, one of the most commonly cited points in the city's history was the arrival of Clever Elsie. Because while the spinsters of Archer had been growing as an organized force, Elsie marked their first real explosion of advancement beyond the creation of Archer cloth itself. A dwarven woman with her blonde hair hacked off at an odd angle, and a rough accent no one could truly place, Elsie arrived at the port in the oft-patched clothes of a traveler, with the run-down boots of a wanderer. She had a pack on her back, a few pennies in her pocket and little else to her name. Yet she was in many ways the stone that began the avalanche.

Elsie was no stranger to work, and she'd tried her hand at dozens of different trades over the years. While she'd never been a spinner or a weaver, she was more than happy to learn, and so she presented herself to the spinsters looking to learn the craft. Though Elsie was unusual in terms of apprentices, she was more than happy to join a crop of new students under the tutelage of Hennis Shaw. An experienced spinster and weaver who'd retired to a teaching position when her hands grew too painful to keep pace, Shaw saw that Elsie quickly grasped the form and function of the tools, and how they worked to turn the spider weed strands into first thread, then cloth. Elsie's problem was that her hands lacked the delicacy and speed to keep up the pace the spinsters required.

After several weeks Shaw was about to tell Elsie that they could find another place for her, perhaps with a task more suited to her skills, when Elsie asked for one more night at the loom. She could work while everyone else rested, and if she hadn't shown serious improvements she would move on with no regrets.

Curious, almost despite herself, Shaw agreed to give Elsie that one night.

Elsie was in that room all night, and when Shaw returned in the morning, she found Elsie's corner of the room in an absolute state. Elsie was surrounded by wood shavings, carpenter's tools, metal pins and half a dozen different pots of greases and oils. While her temper flared, Shaw managed to keep her tone even when she asked Elsie what, precisely, she'd spent the evening doing.

Tired as she was, Elsie beamed, and got to work on the modified loom. Some of the changes she'd made were obvious, such as extending several pegs with longer pieces of wood, allowing her easier access to the threads than she'd previously had. Other changes she'd made were more subtle, such as extending the loom's frame, and adding cat's eye marbles to act as bearings. As Shaw watched, Elsie worked the loom on her own, rapidly weaving fresh cloth in half the amount of time it would have taken three experienced weavers working in concert on the same device a day before.

It seemed that, when all was said and done, Shaw had helped Elsie find her special skill after all.

THE CREATION OF THE INGENEURIUM

It didn't take long for Elsie's modified loom to be seen, and awed at, by the other heads of the Archer cloth collective. While there was some skepticism at first, once the first sample of cloth it produced was examined, they asked Elsie a simple question; could she do this to the other parts of the spinning and weaving process as well?

Elsie, beaming, said there was only one way to find out.

While modifying the rest of the looms with her improvements was a start, it was only the beginning of Elsie's labors. Elsie also collected spider weed seeds, and

constructed an irrigation system to ensure they had plenty of water. She even installed screw pumps into wells, powering them with smaller windmills built into the hillside. When given a spinning wheel and instructed on the process, Elsie made changes to the wheel's size, the pedals and how it was lubricated, resulting in a machine that produced twice the amount of thread for roughly the same amount of time and energy.

Elsie's inventions and changes had great promise, but for all her cleverness there was only one of her. Which was why the collective held a meeting, asking those who had experienced Elsie's changes first hand if she should be given an official position to expand her efforts. The vote was a unanimous yes from all those present.

So, with the blessing of the collective, Elsie founded what became known as the Ingeneurium; a place where questions were asked, and solutions found. It seemed a grand title for Elsie and a handful of apprentices... but in many ways it was the Ingeneurium that was the heart of the small towns that became a city.

THE FOUNDING OF SILKGIFT

Elsie and her ingeneurs (as they came to be called) achieved dozens of notable feats over the next decade. Grace Tully, a girl with clumsy hands but a very green thumb, found new ways to grow spider weed year-round in dug out greenhouses along the hillside, thus freeing the collective from depending on the normal seasonal cycle to ensure they had enough fibers for the coming season. Twin ingeneurs Ashra and Mishen, who had been apprentices at the mill along the coast, created a device they called a wind harvester; a series of pulleys and chains that raised heavy weights inside a structure which could then be lowered to turn the mechanisms in the event that the wind died. The history books even record Kane Kurik, a man of elven descent more

known for his drinking than his wits, creating a unique pressure system that allowed water to be pumped directly into homes and businesses once it was raised into high towers. Over the next generation or so, this same system allowed for the laying of sewers which whisked waste away where it wouldn't cause residents any harm.

With Archer able to produce significantly more of its signature cloth, and with more workers required to construct the ever-growing projects laid out by the Ingeneurium, the towns all experienced a great deal of growth. And rather than each of them attempting to handle their unique growing pains separately, the three towns instead voted to become a single city. While the elected representatives spent months proposing plans, holding votes and discussing boundaries, in the end the three towns became the city of Silkgift... because while there were a hundred different jobs that needed to be done within the city, none could deny that the main industry was Archer cloth. And even if someone thought their own profession divorced from the doings of the spinsters and the weavers who made that cloth, chances were good that they were bound up with them in some way they simply could not see.

It was the next great task achieved by the Ingeneurium, though, that took Silkgift from just another trade city to a regional powerhouse.

THE BUILDING OF THE ARCHER CANAL

The Salt Hills around Silkgift were filled with rivers and streams winding their way toward the sea. Ferries and riverboats had plied these routes for centuries, but the ribbons of water tended to be fairly small. Worse, with so many branching



paths it was easy for the inexperienced to lose their way until they washed up somewhere far away from the lights of even the most remote hold fasts. So, while there were always some who came to Silkgift via the rivers, those who wanted safe, reliable passage for their goods or passengers needed to take a long voyage by ship... a journey that could take nearly a month with favorable winds and a fast ship. It took significantly longer for those on a cargo hauler that simply didn't have the blessings of the sky's breath.

The idea of the canal was first proposed by Arfen "Dagger" Wright. A young man from the hills, he'd been a shipwright's apprentice for a time before he found his way into the ranks of the ingeneurs. Elsie, who was walking with a heavy cane by that point in her life, found Arfen bent over a drafting table long after the others had gone home. He was surrounded by scattered maps of the hills, nautical charts and rough calculations. When Elsie asked what he was doing, he tried to say it was nothing; a thought experiment. She waited, remembering the patience of the woman who had taught her to use a loom so long ago. And when he needed prompting, Elsie asked him to walk her through his thoughts.

According to Arfen's calculations, if the ingeneurs could dig a canal from Silkgift through the Salt Hills, down to the Gilded Coast where there was a constant stream of merchants, commerce and travel, it would position them as a unique pathway to safe, swift passage. While there were a wide variety of variables, it seemed that if this thing could be accomplished that a ship could make the passage in days, rather than weeks or months. Though Arfen hadn't figured out all of the specif-

ics, and he was down to flapping his hands at the details by the end of his speech, Elsie had that twinkle in her eye. This project would be the greatest thing she'd ever tried to do, and once it was complete it would change everything.

For the next year, Elsie tasked teams of mapmakers, surveyors and others to explore the Salt Hills, plot a route and provide detailed descriptions of everything they saw between Silkgift and the Gilded Coast to the south. She kept the purpose quiet, instructing Arfen to tell no one about the idea he'd had until she had the details in-hand to form a more concrete plan. Everything from the location of rivers and streams as they stood, to where certain communities were located, to the measurements of the water table were things Elsie needed to know. Then, once she had the information present, she gathered a team of her best ingeneurs, along with Arfen to provide input on what was his original idea, putting together a plan for how to accomplish this endeavor. It took them another six months of planning, but once they had worked out the details, they presented the idea to the people of Silkgift.

At first there was shock. Then there was confusion. Then there was worry. But as Elsie and her team answered one question after another, explaining not only the route the canal would take, but how swift it could move ships along the passage, where way stations and communities would be built, and how it could expand Silkgift's current reach, the people began to feel what Elsie had felt the night Arfen had first explained his idea to her... excitement. The Archer Canal would not be completed easily, or quickly. In fact, it was likely that many workers would spend their whole lives on it and never see it completed. Like people who planted trees for their grandchildren to enjoy the shade, though, that didn't make it any less worthwhile an endeavor.

All told, it took nearly a hundred years

of constant work to build the canal, and all of the support structures that allowed it to function. From damming the rivers and streams along strategic points to allow canal masters to alter the flow of the waters, to installing great locks moved by huge counterweights, to properly laying the stone foundations and drainage channels, to building canal-side access roads for those on foot to actually follow the waters, it was a massive expenditure of time, energy, effort and cost. However, the canal has done everything the ingeneurs claimed it would, and more. A vital route for trade and travel, it's also linked the entire region in a way no existing trails or waterways did, and it's allowed for an expansion of farming, mining and many of the ideas and advances already prevalent in Silkgift itself. Additionally, much of the stone that was displaced during the construction was quarried and repurposed to build those very dams, roads and buildings that now line the waterway. Not only that, but so many fresh inventions, tools and machines had to be created in order to overcome obstacles that the canal more than paid for itself just in the discoveries made when the ingeneurs were under pressure to continue moving forward.

It was also the last, great work that Elsie lived to see completed as the head of the Ingeneurium.

SILKGIFT TODAY

It's been nearly a century since the Archer Canal was completed. In that time Silkgift has become a major center of trade, of manufacturing and a travel destination for many throughout the region. Hardly a day goes by without some strange, new invention being conceived of in the city, and it's only a matter of time until it sees the light of day. And once the ingeneurs have worked out all the flaws in the design, and shown it can work, there will be bidders for it across the land.

While Silkgift is an exciting city, there is an old saying about those who fly too close to the sun. For while the city has made huge strides in many ways, creating ingenious solutions to so many problems, the break-neck pace of invention can be dangerous. And even if one manages to avoid the accidents that can come with flawed execution of a grand design, the bright lights of creativity cast deep shadows. There are always those looking to snatch the next great discovery for their own profits... or who are hoping to sell a "great" discovery to the unwitting before they find out they've been had.

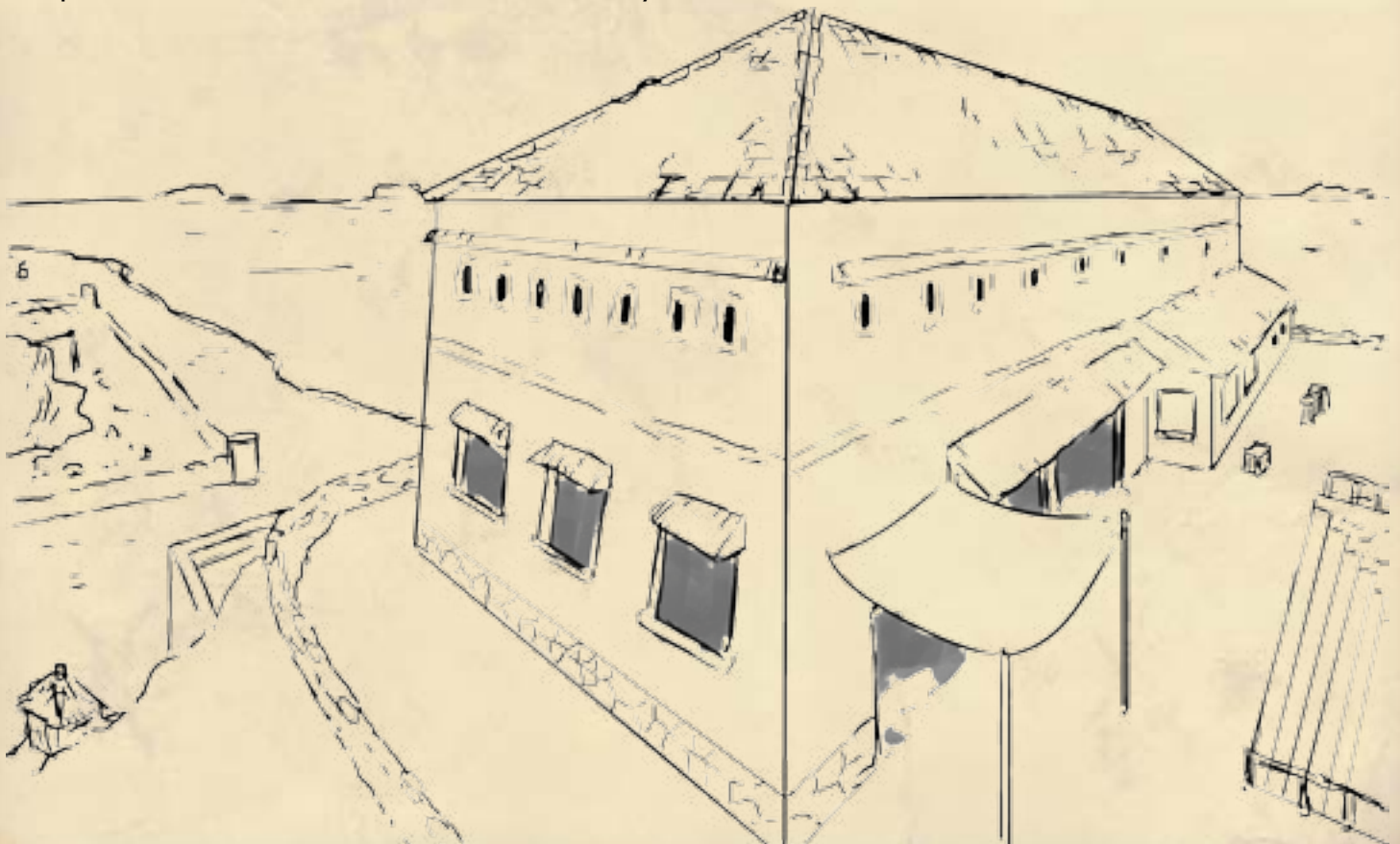
Let the buyer beware, as the saying goes.

THE CIRCLE

Going back to the time that Silkgift was a collection of three small villages that relied on one another to endure hardship, the people of the region have always organized themselves around the common good. Many hands made for light work, and cooperation led to a close-knit community

where no one was left wanting. More than that, with everyone looking out for one another, it ensured that those with unique skills were allowed to pursue them for the betterment of all. Those who had an affinity for fishing could fish, those who could farm were allowed to farm, and those who could stitch could stitch... but weavers, painters, herbalists, healers, brewers and carpenters were allowed to learn and practice their trades without worrying whether or not they would have a place to sleep, and food to eat when the work day was done.

This, more than anything else, is what made Silkgift a place for creativity and invention, and even as the small towns grew and changed this attitude never faltered. It has, if anything, been the bedrock that has allowed the city to truly flourish. Growth in both the size of the city, and in the complexity of its operations, meant that Silkgift needed to formalize its structure, and the structure that was eventually decided on is known simply as The Circle.



Based on the informal gatherings commonly used to discuss issues that affected the community in the past, the Circle's representatives are now chosen by the districts of Silkgift. Meetings are held publicly, and all issues are open for community input. Representatives of the Circle decide how to best use the funds in the community coffers, as well as what laws need to be implemented for the safety of the people of Silkgift. While these proceedings are usually fairly dull affairs, simply discussing the allowances for various departments and public officials, new positions being created to ensure necessary work gets done and the maintenance of the city's existing public works, there are times where new inventions, expansions and projects generate a great deal of interest from the citizens. When that happens, the discussions can grow... animated, to say the least.

DUTIES, RIGHTS AND RESPONSIBILITIES

One of the contradictions of Silkgift is that its citizens are both fiercely independent, while at the same time holding to a strong sense of duty to the community as a whole. As many citizens will say when asked, you can hate the color someone painted their house, the clothes they wear or how much they choose to smoke or drink, but as long as what they're doing doesn't bother anyone else, let them live their lives the way they choose.

In the old days the towns would have regular, informal meetings where they would air grievances, and discuss problems with one another. Decorum was extremely important in these early affairs, and focus was often put on solving problems so everyone could move forward rather than on assigning blame or shame. Over the years these meetings have endured, allowing most neighborhoods to solve their own problems internally without getting the larger wheels of government turning.

The city also has a large number of public services in place to help all citizens, ranging from fire brigades, to waste removal, to physicians, to the city Watch. In addition to these services Silkgift offers housing and food to anyone who needs it, in addition to skill training for those who are still trying to find the trade that best suits them. This is in sharp contrast to how many other cities conduct their affairs, and it is often something visitors find stunning when it's explained to them.

Silkgift pays for this prosperity in large part by charging dues to citizens and visitors, and by specifically keeping the good of communities at the forefront of its development efforts. From docking fees, to surcharges on goods brought in by merchants, there are dozens of different streams of income that flow into Silkgift. However, the citizens of Silkgift also own the collective mechanisms of production. This is why food is freely distributed throughout the city, with any that's left over after a harvest is sold at a profit to merchants who transport it elsewhere. It's also why money made from the sale of Archer cloth, and the export of unique mechanisms produced by the Ingeneurium, go to fund the city, and those who live within it.

While it is true that Silkgift may not have the decadent wealth that so many other cities boast, it also lacks the beggars and footpads one would expect to see in a place of its size. And, generally, citizens will say they'd rather their neighbors be fed and sleeping comfortably than trade a happy close-knit community for cold, unfeeling gold.

GAZETTEER

Silkgift has grown and changed significantly over the centuries since it was a handful of small, sleepy valley towns along the shore of Weaver's Bay. Each of the following districts contains locations of note, NPCs players are likely to meet in that

district and rumors they might hear if they spend a significant amount of time in that particular area.

GREAT FERRY

A sprawling mass of travelers, merchants, residents, and tradesmen, Great Ferry is where the land and the sea come together in Silkgift. Old stones and squat buildings line the docks, weathered with age just like the fisherman who still ply the waters. The district grows larger and fresher as it moves inland, though, with colorful flags flying from most buildings, and the soft shush of windmills as a constant noise in the background of Silkgift's center of trade.

Originally known simply as Ferry, built where the water met the mountain roads, the district of Great Ferry is now far larger than the original town could ever have imagined becoming. Filled with warehouses and storefronts, Great Ferry is where a majority of Silkgift's bulk business takes place, and specifically where a majority of Archer cloth is sold, or where fresh orders are commissioned. The district has a majority of the storefronts officially run by the city, as well, which are easily identified by a small, golden spinning wheel painted on their signs.

NOTEWORTHY LOCATIONS

- **Confluence Square:** Located north of the Archer Canal, Confluence Square is where all roads meet in Great Ferry. Merchants and travelers who come to the city from Fir Tree and Saltsridge along the mountain highways mingle with sailors and fisherman from the harbor, and both groups will rub shoulders with the tradesmen and residents who call Great Ferry their home. There's always some variety of event happening in the square, ranging from open air theater, to performances from music companies, to demonstrations of the latest and greatest inventions and dis-

coveries produced by the Ingeneurium.

- **Ferryman's Row:** A street on the southern side of the district that's located just off the canal, Ferryman's Row has some of the more risqué entertainment that Great Ferry has to offer. From taverns like the infamous Siren's Song (with its lascivious reputation as a place for sailors on leave looking for a bit of company), to the Beacher's Row bath house (where the water isn't the only thing that gets steamy), there's never a dull night in this particular part of town.
- **Cask's Crossing:** The northernmost bridge connecting Great Ferry to Old District, this crossing is a heavy draw-bridge of iron and steel. Counterweighted for smooth operation, Cask's Crossing is rated for the heaviest burdens. As such, it tends to be a constant stream of imported goods moving from Great Ferry into the rest of Silkgift, and of items manufactured for export being shuttled to the city's official storefronts and warehouses from Noonbrook and Fool Street. Named for the ingeneur Evaline Cask, who designed the unique mechanism that allows the bridge to operate so smoothly, Cask's Crossing is something of a wonder to see in action.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- **Cassie Shores:** The proprietor of the Siren's Song, Cassie is aging so gracefully that it's truly hard to tell any difference at all unless you're looking very closely indeed. With a rich laugh and a sultry voice, she still takes the stage in the tavern from time to time to serenade the clientele in the lounge. In addition to caring for all the ducklings who work in the tavern, Cassie is a particularly active figure in Greater Ferry's political scene. While her presence is not always welcome, she always claims to speak for those who do the hardest jobs in the city... pun very much intended.
- **Artan Rake:** The Capstan of Cask's Crossing, this gnomish man's wild shock

of aqua hair stands out in most crowds, even if his lack of height makes him tough to see at times. Though tall for a gnome, with a long nose and rangy build, his voice is far deeper than seems possible given his thin chest. Ever since he took over the duties manning and minding the bridge and its crew there have been no accidents involving those crossing over or beneath it. A former captain among the Canal Wardens, Artan's bridge personnel are run as tightly as any ship's crew, and the results truly do speak for themselves.

- **Heracat Moute:** Gray-skinned and broad-shouldered, this orc-blooded man has a preference for hard liquor, and soft men. One of the hands whose job it is to keep the canal clean and running smoothly, Heracat is often gone for weeks at a time on a city patrol, trawling the waters and checking canal mechanisms to make sure things are operating without issue. Heracat is always back sooner or later, and usually filled with fresh gripes about whatever nonsense is going on down the way that's become his problem to deal with.

ity, but even with how striking it is no one can actually identify the artist by their style. The work itself seems to be a criticism of greed, and the pursuit of material wealth over the preservation of nature, family and community. While there are some who've argued it should be scraped away as soon as possible to send a message that hiding in the shadows is no way to make a statement, others feel the art is both beautiful and that more people could stand to hear what the mystery artist has to say.

- Peddlers and drovers coming to Great Ferry from the north road have said there are bandits stalking the highway, looking to waylay anyone who looks like they might have money. Silkgift hasn't had issues with banditry before, given that the city's public works programs and safety nets mean there's no need to steal what would be given freely to those in need. This has led some to wonder whether these so-called bandits are truly what they appear to be, or if they're merely playing a game of cloak and dagger to disguise their true intentions.

WHISPERS AND RUMORS

- City properties all along the canal at being rented out by outside investors in unprecedented numbers. Who is paying the fees to use those buildings, and what they plan to do with all this space once the ink is finally dry, no one seems to know. Despite the lack of information, or perhaps because of it, speculation is running rampant about what outside interests are moving into Silkgift. And while some citizens are more than happy to collect the revenues, there are others who want to know exactly whose money they're accepting before they start spending it.
- Mysterious graffiti is appearing all over Great Ferry, seemingly without any rhyme or reason as to where or when. The art is of a particularly good qual-

NOONBROOK

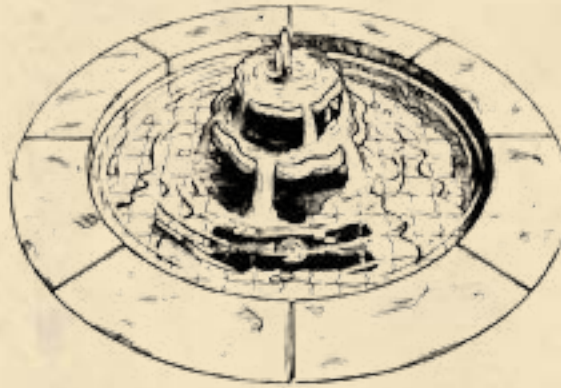
The original site of the town of Archer, Noonbrook is neatly divided into the residential and industrial areas. Among the residences are homes and shops built from stone quarried from the digging of the Archer Canal, each bearing a tall tower that catches the wind, funneling it inside to keep the interiors cool during the warmer months. Water towers dot the area, and the carefully maintained streets are dotted with fountains that boast whimsical figures and water-spitting faces. On the other side of town, water pumped from the hill-sides drives the spinning wheels and looms that weave the city's main export, while also watering the crops and greenhouses to ensure there's both spider weed and food aplenty for the city's residents. Water clocks are a fairly common sight, and

many of them operate as examples of public art, in addition to large, fanciful time pieces.

Noonbrook is, in many ways, a perfect example of what Silkgift provides for its people. The birthplace of the trade in Archer cloth, it has also incorporated all the proven ideas from the Ingenium to show how even small changes can improve lives. From using the stones dug out when the Archer Canal was formed to build homes and pave the streets, to embracing the pressure systems that deliver water under the very streets, Noonbrook is filled with families, craftsmen, students and workers. However, while it was once home to a small army of spinsters and weavers, only a fraction of this part of the city now works in that trade; the mechanisms of Clever Elsie and her successors have made it so the cloth practically spins itself, these days, overseen by specially-trained craftspeople who make sure the thread and cloth produced are uniform in quality.

NOTEWORTHY LOCATIONS

- **Old District:** Old District is made up of the historic buildings where the original spinsters plied their trade, and the preserved structures contain many of the old tools that were used so many years ago. If one takes a tour of the quadrangle, taking in the practical demonstrations of how spider weed fibers were spun and woven by hand, it provides a real sense of just how much things have changed since those founding days. Not only that, but Old District provides a touchstone to the city's past, ensuring that the old ways aren't forgotten even if they're no longer the way things are done today.



- **The Silk House:** The collective term for the greenhouses used for growing unique varieties of spider weed, the Silk House surrounds a large atrium just off the road that separates Noonbrook from Mead Harbour. The greenhouses are several stories tall, and catwalks can be seen inside linking the different growing beds. The birthplace of experimental crossbreeds of plant, the Silk House

ensures that their varieties of spider weed aren't allowed to reproduce with the general population... not until they've been properly studied and approved, anyway.

- **Peddler's Wharf:** Located along the canal front between the two major bridges that connect Silkgift, Peddler's Wharf is where merchants on small boats can tie their vessels up, turning the dock into a miniature floating market during business hours. While the wharf is relatively broad in terms of space, there's never any shortage of individuals selling everything from produce and trinkets to river salvage and imported curiosities. You never know what you're going to find, though regular shoppers have learned that a suspicious eye and discerning ear can help one avoid the more obvious fakes and counterfeits.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- **Aranor Greenthumb:** A long-haired halfling man with a bird's nest of a beard, Aranor is one of the heads of development within the Silk House. Often heard singing to the plants as he checks their soil and water consumption levels, encouraging them to grow big and strong, there are whispers that there's a touch of magic in his methods. Aranor

scoffs at such claims, but his reputation as a botanical master precedes him in those particular circles.

- **Maureen Ainesborough:** An old spinster with the city's gilded wheel pinned to her chest, Maureen was a very young girl during Clever Elsie's final days. She remembers the gruff old dwarven woman fondly, often telling stories about how Elsie would hand out treats and curses with equal freedom from her wheelchair once she grew too weak to walk. Though now retired from both the loom and the spinning wheel, Maureen is one of the hands who leads tours and answers questions for those who walk the boards in Old District.
- **Florian Banks:** A slippery eel of a man, with his oiled hair and long fingers, Florian is a regular sight among the merchants at Peddler's Wharf. He always has some strange trinket or unusual bauble for sale, claiming he fished it out of the canal, or found it washed up along the banks down the way. He rarely meets a customer's eyes when making such a claim, though, no matter how smoothly the line slides off his lips.

WHISPERS AND RUMORS

- Odd plants with thorny stalks and blue flowers have been seen growing all across Noonbrook. Their sweet scent and milky sap are both pleasant, but no one seems to know just what they are, or where it is they came from. The Silk House has officially requested that these blooms remain undisturbed while they attempt to figure out exactly where they came from, what dangers they pose and what purpose they could be turned to if properly cultivated.
- Several of the fountains throughout Noonbrook have run dry of late, the water slowing to little more than a trickle. The water is always restored within a day or so, but representatives from the city have been vague about what is causing the interruptions. Some people

are saying it's a problem with the wells, or with the irrigation systems that feed into the waterworks, but there are more than a few citizens who are suggesting the water is being purposefully diverted for another of the Ingeneurium's experiments.

- Brown bottles with letters inside of them have been floating down the canal. These "mermaid messages" as they've been called, have become a curiosity among the whole city, but particularly the young people of Noonbrook. While the sender often doesn't sign their name, leaving the messages anonymous, sometimes they leave instructions for how they could be sent return letters. This has led to more than one courtship, but there is word that the city is moving to institute an alternative system for anonymous post so that the bottles don't cause problems with the canal's functions, or do damage to the vessels that depend on the waterway being clear of debris.

THE HARBOURS

The waterfront is always one of the busiest places in a city, and that's just as true in Silkgift as it is anywhere else in the world. Ships line the docks, ranging from deep-drafted cargo ships to local fishing boats draped in hard-used nets and smelling of the day's catch. A large number of vessels simply wait their turn, watching as the locks of the great canal shift and grind, disgorging water and ships as steadily as clockwork. There's a subdued bustle in both of the Harbours, and day or night it never seems to completely stop.

The two Harbours of Silkgift are like siblings; alike in many ways, but one of them is clearly far older than the other. Small Harbour is built from stone and brick, rounded from wind, waves and the passages of generations of feet. Mead Harbour is larger, built to support the huge cranes and spinning tidal wheels that provide energy

for many of the waterfront's necessities. The two Harbours are carved from the same stone, as the saying goes, and for sailors coming to the city from the north they are the face of Silkgift.

NOTEWORTHY LOCATIONS

- **The Harbourmaster:** The oldest pub in all of Silkgift (and some claim the oldest building in the city that still stands), the Harbourmaster is built from the remnants of old ships that were broken up in storms more than a dozen generations ago. Located in the eastern bend at the Small Harbour docks, the only thing saltier than the customers who frequent this particular tavern tends to be the ale pulled from its huge, oak casks.
- **The Tide Turner:** Built at the central curve of the Mead Harbour docks, this device looks like nothing so much as a collection of large water wheels like one would find outside a sawmill. Ingeniously constructed, the wheels actually work in concert to catch the shifting flow of water throughout Mead Harbour (particularly the flow of water that comes from the canal itself), storing that energy in large counterweights. These weights are the main source of power for the stationary cranes installed up and down the docks which raise and lower heavy cargo off the ships. An invention that has greatly reduced both manpower and accidents that come with loading and unloading a ship, these unique tools are slowly seeing more use outside of Silkgift as other cities attempt to replicate their function.
- **Barter Street:** Located mid-way between the water and the border of Great Ferry, Barter Street is a place filled with shops and stores of nearly every size and description. While everything from fruits, to cloth, to promises of service may be exchanged as legal tender on Barter Street, no one's money is good in this little corner of the city. A bit of a quaint tradition that stretches back to before the canal was even built, or when Silkgift had officially declared itself a city, Barter Street confuses almost as many visitors as it delights. For many merchants who still have goods in their



holds and peddler's packs, Barter Street is the last place they go before they depart from Silkgift, hoping to make a few final trades so they don't bring any of their initial goods with them.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- **Moldivar Hurst:** A dwarven man with thick sideburns, and a large mustache that makes his clean-shaven shovel of a chin seem even more aggressive, Moldivar is the current acting canal master. He ensures that all ships entering or leaving the Archer Canal have been properly vetted, that all dues for canal use have been paid and that their paperwork and passes are in order. Efficient and no-nonsense, Moldivar has done the job long enough at this point that several captains are actually the grandchildren of sailors and helmsmen he met when he first took the position.
- **Mir Dranner:** Often found behind the bar at the Harbourmaster, Mir's green hair and prominent tattoos mark her out immediately among the pub's clientele. Able to drink and swear in step with most of her regular patrons, Mir has more than a touch of elven blood running through her veins. Though not the bar's current owner, there is no one in all of Small Harbour who would argue with the statement that Mir is the mistress of the Harbourmaster.
- **Torne Blacke:** Long-haired and deep-chested, with hair black as iron and a wicked smile that always has some meanness lurking in the corners, Torne is a man who seems to do nothing but drink, gamble and toast his way up and down the waterfront. While there's no denying that he tends to walk away from the table with more silver in his pockets than when he arrived, Torne's true skill seems to be in keeping track of who is up to what. Knowledge is worth more than gold if properly applied, or so the adage goes in Silkgift, and Torne is proof that the Blacked old saying has a

far darker meaning than most intend.

WHISPERS AND RUMORS

- The canal tokens given to captains who've paid their fee to use the waterway are changing far more frequently than used to be the case. Some suggest it's because there are counterfeit tokens being sold to undercut the canal dues. Speculation is growing as to whether such an operation exists in Silkgift, or if it's outside the city near one of the mouths of the canal where captains can purchase the tokens on the sly. City officials will neither confirm nor deny any of these accusations, which is only spurring the rumors on.
- There's been an increased security presence at the Mead Harbour warehouses out on the western side of the district. There's speculation about what is being kept in there that people might want to steal, but others have suggested the increased presence of the Watch is because of previous thefts that no one is talking about. Some have taken the idea even further, suggesting that the Watch isn't there to keep the citizens out, but to keep whatever is being housed in; though whether it's dangerous animals, enchanted contraband or simply goods being held in quarantine due to concerns they might cause sickness no one seems to be able to agree on.
- You never know what it is you're going to find when you take a walk down Barter Street. Rumors are running wild about someone who was trading wishes for tarts and spices, and while it sounds absurd, dozens of residents claim they're coming true. While there's always a certain amount of bias when it comes to wishes (after all, as the ingeneurs say, that's the nature of mistaking good fortune for fate), there are definitely some inexplicable things that have happened over the past several weeks. More people than usual have been drawn to the street, keeping a

sharp eye out. While all of them are looking for whoever it is that's passing out whims and desires, half of the investigators seem to be there to find out who the mystery person is, and the other half seem to be there to make a wish or two of their own.

FOOL STREET

Colorful, whimsical, and filled with the promise of the strange, unusual and bizarre, Fool Street is like walking through a dream that may or may not be dangerous. Oddly colored smoke rises from several chimneys, and small wonders can be found around nearly every corner. From strange constructs that perform simple tasks, to self-brewing tea pots, to ceramic heaters that can keep an entire room comfortable with no more than a few candles placed inside, Fool Street is an eclectic place where imagination runs amok, and occasionally manifests as something useful... or at least entertaining.

The largest district in Silkgift, at least when it comes to the sheer area that it takes up, Fool Street has expanded outwards from the beating, clanking, thumping heart of the Ingeneurium. Home to inventors, experimenters, short-term visionaries and those with a curious streak, Fool Street has given birth to thousands of creations over the years. While most of them are mere curiosities, toyed with and forgotten relatively quickly by the public, others have been the driving force behind many of the strides that have kept Silkgift on the cutting edge of unique creativity.

NOTEWORTHY LOCATIONS

- **The Ingeneurium:** The workshop first used by Clever Elsie and her early apprentices still exists, though it has grown and changed significantly over the years since it was first implemented. A collection of workshops, laboratories and warehouses, the main body

of the Ingeneurium is located near the Second Bridge, between the canal and the Southern Road. The Ingeneurium is oddly-shaped, and large roads run through the facility for ease of transporting materials in, as well as for shipping unique creations out. Though a large complex, the Ingeneurium is a testing ground, not a manufacturing facility. Once inventions, designs and mechanisms are proven and approved, production takes place elsewhere in Fool Street.

- **Nightmare Alley:** Located on the southern side of the district, Nightmare Alley is filled with crackpots, nut jobs and tinkerers who've got more than a couple of screws loose. The worst of them are boomers, so called because their contraptions and mechanisms tend to blow up in their faces when put under any kind of pressure. Over the years this term has also expanded to include paranoid conspiracy theorists, fanciful philosophers who smugly demand others prove their delusions wrong and those who spout dis-proven rhetoric as if it were truth. The shops in Nightmare Alley specialize in knock-off wonders and bargain-priced inventions, but buyers should take an extra dose of caution and make sure they never touch anything if they can avoid it. Accidental curses and dangerous flaws are common among the goods sold in this part of Silkgift, but as so many people are fond of saying, mad genius is still genius. Sometimes you need to roll the dice if you want to find a treasure in the trash heap.
- **Archer's Dock:** Built at the first bend in the canal past the Second Bridge, Archer's Dock is where the passenger boats for the canal ferry tie up between runs. These vehicles have an interior cabin and an upper deck, and while they boast aether engines like many other vehicles run by Silkgift's official services, the ferry is actually hauled along by great chains that run beneath the ca-

nal, and which are pulled by the turning of windmills built along the canal itself. These vessels stop at a dozen communities along the canal, providing transportation from Silkgift to the outlying towns and villages. In addition to the canal ferry, though, it's quite common to find charter boats and canal cabs at Archer's Dock, ranging from old-fashioned rowing boats to fantastical creations that run on means arcane, alchemical and sometimes both.

curls, and skin the shade of well-oiled hardwood, Theesa is the postmaster in residence at Archer's Dock. Though there are usually dozens of clerks and carriers handling the day-to-day details at the Dock, Theesa is always filling in where necessary in order to ensure that her post runs as smoothly as possible. She also handles all sensitive matters for the city that come through Archer's Dock, and is the only individual who carries the keys to the vaults where sensitive deliveries and correspondence are stored.

PERSONS OF INTEREST

- **Anvar Krupt:** A man with heavy shoulders and thick nails, Anvar's orcish heritage is clear in his heavy jaw and green-tinged skin. One of the long-term residents of Nightmare Alley, he's a natural savant when it comes to creating enchanted items with nothing more than skill, the right materials and a touch slightly off-kilter inspiration. His creations always come out with at least one serious flaw in them, however; the result of trying to pound magic into the world with fire and brute strength alone. From warhammers that refuse to remain balanced in the hands of wielders without orcish heritage, to shields that lose their magical properties if they aren't wet, Anvar's workshop is a gallery of strange items available at discount rates for those who can overlook their... quirks.



- **Sharona Dyer:** A curiosity hawk, Sharona is a magpie somehow caught inside the body of a young woman. Always walking the paving stones of Fool Street in a swirl of scarves and a jangle of bracelets, Sharona is constantly on the hunt for the Next Big Thing. From games where the pieces move themselves, to unique cloth that repels spills, she's never been shy about anything that catches her roving eye. She's far from an easy mark, though, as several shysters and so-called inventors have learned to their cost. Those creations she finds that do earn her approval, though, find that a good word in Sharona's circles could very well mean half the city beats a path to their workshop to see the latest trend for themselves.

WHISPERS AND RUMORS

- There's been a particularly loud series of explosions from a third-story workshop in Nightmare Alley recently. No one's

entirely sure who is currently using the space, or what it is they're working on, but there are more than a few residents of the district who are grumbling that the ingeneurs should investigate to make sure no one is in danger. Fool Street may be tolerant of all kinds of weird ideas and backward experiments, but even in Nightmare Alley nobody wants to live next door to a boomer.

- Livered messengers from the Inge-neurium took delivery of several large, unmarked crates off of the canal ferry at Archer's Dock recently. While that isn't unusual in and of itself, the crates were all sent by different routes through the city, rather than to a single destination. Some people who remarked on this strange situation said that it was to throw off anyone who might be following the crates with a shell game... but who would be following them, and why, are something of a heated debate. While some consider it baseless conjecture, with Fool Street residents inventing conspiracies around the Inge-neurium yet again, even a stopped clock is right twice a day.
- A bizarre new invention has cropped up throughout Fool Street. A public disposal closet, these one-room shacks can be used as garbage cans, street side chamber pots or practically anything else. While they are growing in popularity, there is still a distrust of just what mechanism they contain that allows them to dispose of practically any kind of waste with no smell, and no mess. While the devices haven't been recalled or banned, there have been meetings with the Inge-neurium and the closet's inventors. The details of these meetings have not become public yet, but some suspect it's only a matter of time.

NEW EQUIPMENT

Silkgift is a city of invention, and it seems like every new discovery leads to unexpected ripples in the water as dozens of

workshops, inventors, and self-proclaimed visionaries incorporate these findings into their own unique designs. While the following items are most commonly found in Silkgift itself, their use is growing more and more common as merchant captains procure bulk orders to sell these unique discoveries abroad.

NET CASTER (ONE-HANDED SIMPLE WEAPON)

Though Silkgift has always been a place where neighbors take care of each other, as the city grew it needed to establish a constabulary. The City Watch, which is comprised of the Silkgift Constabulary on land and the Canal Wardens on the water, is made up of volunteers whose job is to keep the peace. This generally means intervening in situations before they get out of hand, attempting to deescalate problems whenever possible, but there are times when words simply aren't enough.

While every Constable and Warden carries a variety of tools on their duty belts, the most reliable is the net caster. While it looks like the child of a torch and a cross-bow, this unique item helps the Watch when situations escalate around them. All they have to do is ensure the caster is cocked, aim it at their target, and pull the trigger. When that happens, it launches a weighted net at the target, instantly putting the Watchmen on advantageous footing. There are several varieties of nets that a caster can fire, and the city's alchemists and ingeneurs seem to be coming up with new varieties all the time, but the more common variants are listed below.

NET CASTER (ONE-HANDED WEAPON)

Cost: 50 gp; **Weight:** 3 pounds

Range Increment: 20/40 feet

Category: ranged

Proficiency: simple

Load: Loading a net caster is a bonus action that provokes an attack of opportunity.

Drawing the fresh ammunition from a belt, bandolier, or other container is considered part of the reloading action.

Net casters are simple weapons that fire pre-packaged rounds that explode out into nets that hamper a target, often allowing for capture or arrest. One of the unique properties of this item is that it ignores the AC bonus from physical protections (including a barbarian's Unarmored Defense bonus, though not a monk's). Often this means a target will only receive their Dexterity bonus when determining their AC against attacks from a net caster, though magical defenses like *shield*, *shield of faith*, *mage armor* and others apply against these attacks.

While used against humanoids, net casters are also commonly used to bring down dangerous animals without hurting either the animal, or the individual being threatened by it. The exact effects of a hit with a net caster will depend on the variety of ammunition it's firing. A net caster may be fired with one hand, but takes two hands to load.

STANDARD NET ROUND

Cost: 5 gp; **Weight:** 3 pounds

A standard net round for a net caster fires a hemp net not unlike a fishing net. A creature hit by a net round is treated as if they were hit by a thrown net. If a net round survives a battle, it can be reloaded into a fresh net caster round. This takes 15 minutes of time, and a DC 13 Intelligence check, as well as access to either alchemist's supplies or a tinker's tool kit. Those who are proficient with either of these tool kits do not need to make the check, but they still require access to a kit, and an uninterrupted period of time to reload the round. A broken net cannot be reloaded.

ARCHER NET ROUND

Cost: 15 gp; **Weight:** 1 pound

Spider weed silk has been used to make nets and similar fishing accouterments for hundreds of years, and it is also used in Archer rounds. Significantly tougher to escape than a standard net, an Archer net requires a DC 15 Strength saving throw to burst. The net has 15 hit points, hardness 3, Resistance to piercing damage and immunity to bludgeoning damage. These nets can be reloaded into their rounds in the same way as a standard net round listed above. A broken net cannot be reloaded.

AETHER TECHNOLOGY

Wind is a constant companion in Silkgift, and while residents have harnessed that wind through ship sails, windmills and even wind catchers, there have always been curious minds at the Ingeneurium who have wondered what other uses the wind could be put to. While there were experiments done with gas bladders, as well as attempting to use a bellows to force compressed air into an iron cylinder, the results were mixed (and often involved the container being cracked or shattered by the sheer force of the gas it was trying to contain). While there have been some successes in using compressed gases to achieve small feats in the past (running small-scale sewing machines, powering hand tools etc.), they were often far too cumbersome and labor-intensive to be considered worthwhile.

All of that changed once Ironfire began producing reliable, uniform quantities of dragon steel, however.

This material, which was stronger than any other commonly-available metal alloy, lit a fire under the quest for functional aether technology. It took several years, and no small amount of expenses, but an entire workshop of the Ingeneurium managed to successfully retrofit and re-imagine the older designs to incorporate this high-quality material. After that initial phase of experimentation, the ingeneurs showed how

a compressed aether cylinder could pump water, power a spinning wheel, run engraving tools and a variety of other tasks. If run on a large-scale, it was even possible to use this compressed air to turn a screw, allowing a relatively small vessel to propel itself without oars or a sail (for a fairly limited distance, at least).

Over the past several decades aether technology has grown a great deal more common throughout Silkgift, though it is still mostly utilized by city organizations like the Canal Watch and the Ingeneurium. However, it's far from an uncommon sight to see inventors and entrepreneurs up and down Fool Street trying to find a new, unique way to utilize this compressed gas invention. In fact, perhaps the most infamous creations that utilize this technology were first developed outside the Ingeneurium; the aether weaponry of the Saran Armory.

Though old man Saran has retired from his workshop, the Saran Armory is run by his daughters Selene and Koriss. Both of them have the same dark skin as their father, and the same lean features. While Koriss is the one who carries on the legacy of invention and creation, refining the unique weapons her father first crafted, Koriss is the one who handles the business side of the Armory. Though the Saran Armory is far from the only producer of such weapons today, they are still one of the most trusted merchants to go to for aether weapons and accouterments.

SIDEBAR: DRAGON STEEL

The following is taken from *Cities of Sundara: Ironfire*.

A rare substance for centuries, the metallurgists in Ironfire have made dragon steel a significantly more widely available material. While there are still individuals who cling to the status of "natural" dragon steel dug from the earth as being more potent,

durable and true, there is functionally no difference between the two... except that the steel produced by the Dragon Forge is of a far more uniform quality.

One reason the metal is so prized is that dragon steel weapons can hold an edge far better than nearly any other non-magical blade. When sharpened with a whetstone (a process that takes roughly 15 minutes of focused work), a non-magical dragon steel weapon that deals piercing or slashing damage deals +1 damage for the next 24 hours. Additionally, dragon steel is so resilient that it can ignore the first touch of a rust monster. Additionally, scouring the weapon after an encounter with a rust monster (a process that takes a short rest) can remove all the negatives stacked on it. This cannot repair broken weapons or ammunition, however.

AETHER REPEATERS

Aether repeaters are firearms that use compressed air tanks rather than the combustion from sparking powder as propulsion for their shots. Popular among naval vessels who use them to repel pirates, as well as among Silkgift's defense forces, the higher-quality versions of these weapons are often carried as signs of status as much as they are a sign of the bearer's martial prowess. Often favored by hunters for their relatively quiet discharge, these weapons have found their way into the hands of more than one so-called adventurer who has used them to great effect... if the stories about figures like Jack Teller and Elia "Deadeye" Harne are to be believed, at any rate.

STANDARD AETHER WEAPONS

Reloading a fresh round into the chamber of a standard aether weapon by cocking a hammer or flicking the reload switch is a bonus action. A standard aether weapon takes an Action, or a single attack as part

of the attack Action to reload a full complement of balls. A standard reservoir holds enough compressed air to fire the weapon at full capacity before running out, and replacing a depleted reservoir takes 1 Action. A misfire causes the weapon to gain the broken condition, and it will only fire within the first range increment, and deal half damage. Repairing a broken aether weapon requires Tinker's Tools, and a DC 14 Intelligence check, and take a minimum of 5 minutes. Those with proficiency in Tinker's Tools don't need to make the check, but cannot speed up the process. Misfiring a standard aether weapon with the broken condition does not cause the weapon to explode, but it does ruin the aether reservoir. A standard aether weapon can fire underwater, but its range is reduced to 10 feet. Standard aether weapons are considered early firearms. All aether weapons typically come with 2 reservoirs when purchased, though additional reservoirs may be purchased for 20 gp. Refilling a reservoir using a manual pump requires 20 minutes for two-handed aether weapons, and 10 minutes for one-handed aether weapons.

AETHER RIFLE (TWO-HANDED FIREARM)

This weapon is long and sleek, with a steel barrel and a padded, leather-covered stock. The stock is, in actuality, the aether reservoir that propels the balls from the chamber. An angled ammunition feed is attached either to the side of the weapon, or along the top, allowing gravity and the flick of a lever to feed a new ball into the chamber.

Cost: 500 gp; **Damage:** 1d8; **Range:** 50/100 feet; **Misfire:** 1-3; **Reload:** 10; **Weight:** 10 pounds; **Type:** B, P; **Properties:**



ties: Two-Handed

AETHER PISTOL (ONE-HANDED FIREARM)

These weapons come in a variety of shapes and styles, from thick and blocky to slender and sleek. Their internal mechanisms all operate in the same way, though. While most models of aether pistol use the same method of reloading as the aether rifle (with an ammunition feed along the side or top of the weapon), alternative designs have been tried by some manufacturers and tinkers.

Cost: 300 gp; **Damage:** 1d6; **Range:** 30/60 feet; **Misfire:** 1-2; **Reload:** 6; **Weight:** 4 pounds; **Type:** B, P; **Properties:** Light

DRAGON STEEL AETHER RIFLE (TWO-HANDED FIREARM)

A gleaming weapon, with the unique, swirling pattern of dragon steel revealed through a fine acid etch, these rifles are often adorned with personal symbols, stamps and engravings. Some have barrels with snarling beasts around the muzzle, while others carry the personal heraldry of their owner to ensure all those who see it understand who the bearer is. Or at least who they represent.

Dragon steel aether rifles are considered advanced firearms, and they are more potent even than normal aether rifles. Even if they misfire while they have the broken condition, these weapons do not ruin the attached aether reservoir. Additionally, a dragon steel aether rifle automatically reloads a fresh ball into the chamber

once a previous one has been fired, and its reservoir can hold enough compressed air to fire double the normal number of rounds (20 instead of 10). These rifles tend to be easier to repair than standard aether rifles, as well, and a DC 12 Intelligence check using Tinker's Tools is all that's required. Additionally, the repair can be done in 1 minute, and the check can be ignored by someone proficient with this tool kit. Lastly, rounds fired from these rifles are so potent that they ignore Resistance to piercing and bludgeoning damage within the first range increment, and treat immunity to these damage types as Resistance instead.

Cost: 800 gp; **Damage:** 1d10; **Range:** 100/200 feet; **Misfire:** 1; **Reload:** 10; **Weight:** 7 pounds; **Type:** B, P; **Properties:** Two-Handed

DRAGON STEEL AETHER PISTOL (ONE-HANDED FIREARM)

Works of art as much as they are weapons, dragon steel aether pistols have grown in popularity over the past several years as replacements for more traditional sidearms among those with the wealth to commission them. From grips carved from river pearls, to a cobalt blue brushing to preserve and strengthen the steel itself, to the words of a knightly oath engraved down the sides of the barrels, these pistols are as beautiful as they are deadly.

Dragon steel aether pistols are considered advanced firearms. These pistols do not ruin an aether reservoir on a misfire when the weapon has the broken condition. A dragon steel aether pistol automatically reloads a ball into the chamber once a previous one has been fired, and its reservoir can hold enough compressed air to fire double the normal number of rounds (12 instead of 6). These pistols tend to



be easier to repair than standard aether pistols, as well, and a DC 12 Intelligence check using Tinker's Tools is all that's required. Additionally, the repair can be done in 1 minute, and the check can be ignored by someone proficient with this tool kit. Lastly, rounds fired from these rifles are so potent that they ignore Resistance to piercing and bludgeoning damage within the first range increment, and treat immunity to these damage types as Resistance instead.

Cost: 700 gp; **Damage:** 1d8; **Range:** 60/120 feet; **Misfire:** 1; **Reload:** 6; **Weight:** 2 pounds; **Type:** B, P; **Properties:** Light

AETHER PUMP

A simple hand or foot-driven bellows, these pumps are used to ensure that aether reservoirs stay filled when one is on the trail and away from civilization. Though Silkgift has several public charging stations (particularly along the banks of the canal), those who maintain their own machines or venture far from the city tend to have one of these pumps to-hand. An aether pump costs 15 gold pieces, and weighs three pounds.

ENDLESS RESERVOIR

Wondrous Item; Uncommon

This small item looks almost like a decorative attachment meant to keep the inlet valve of an aether machine clear of debris. This intricately-carved iron weight often takes the form of the head of a roaring beast like a lion or a dragon, or a more fantastical form like a thundercloud with a blowing face on it. An *endless reservoir* is used to create a constantly-renewing source of pressurized air to drive a

single piece of aether technology.

For a relatively small item like an aether rifle or an aether pistol, an *endless reservoir* truly lives up to its name, providing an endless stream of propulsion for the weapon. For an aether-driven siege engine, though, an *endless reservoir* can only provide enough power 10 shots before it is temporarily exhausted. If applied to an aether engine on a ship or similarly large drive, an endless reservoir only creates enough energy to run the engine for 1 hour per day. In these latter cases the *endless reservoir* can be used again once 24 hours have passed.

GREATER ENDLESS RESERVOIR

Wondrous Item; Rare

This item works the same way as an *endless reservoir*, except it will fully power aether-driven siege engines and vehicles indefinitely.

ARCHER BRIGANDINE

Light Armor

Cost: 75 gp; **Weight:** 15 pounds

Armor: 13 + Dexterity modifier (maximum 3)

Archer cloth comes in a variety of different wefts and weaves, and it has been one of the central commodities that has led to Silkgift's current prominence. One of the most unique inventions that has risen to prominence over the past several decades is known as the Archer brigandine. This armored doublet is woven from many layers of Archer cloth, and backed with steel plates to provide extra protection against penetration. While it can be worn under other clothing, many people have them dyed bright colors or woven with certain patterns to show them off. Flexible and light enough to be worn for long periods of time (or while at sea without risk of drowning), an Archer brigandine is also tough

enough to stand up to a surprising amount of punishment. This is the main reason why this particular armor is the standard for both halves of the Silkgift City Watch.

In addition to its normal protections, an Archer brigandine also provides Resistance against damage from attacks made with one and two-handed firearms (but not from cannons and larger siege firearms), light crossbows, and hand crossbows.

GAME MASTER ADVICE: USING SILKGIFT

Sundara, as a setting, embraces the idea of achievement, moving forward and accomplishing the impossible. However, Silkgift may present a challenge for some game masters who aren't used to a city that isn't conducive to traditional themes one finds in a usual fantasy game.

Since the major industries and inventions in Silkgift are owned by the citizens of the city, rather than by noble families or oligarchs, the citizenry tends to be provided for. Food, living space, meaningful career choices, protection and education are all available in Silkgift, which tends to reduce profit-based crime driven by inequality. Local foot pads and pickpockets are all but unheard of on Silkgift's streets, and there are no menacing gangs of hard-bitten killers controlling illegal trades because the city generally doesn't concern itself with vice crimes.

However, Silkgift is ripe for other sorts of plots.

For example, the constant flood of innovation going on in Silkgift is ripe for industrial espionage and sabotage alike. Because while Silkgift itself might be community-oriented, outside actors may want to steal everything from new transportation discoveries to new weapons technology in order to sell it to the highest bidder. Rogue

researchers might come to Silkgift in order to try to start new lives for themselves, selling their skills and discoveries to the Ingeneurium, but their former employers and associates may be hot on their heels looking for payback. Additionally, while Silkgift's government has traditionally been built on caring for the citizens and helping improve the lives of individuals, political corruption and shady backroom dealings are fertile ground for future campaigns. It's

even possible that outside actors may try to destroy the progress the city has made, seeking to damage the Archer Canal, disrupt trade under the cover of banditry or piracy or sow other forms of chaos.

There are no shortage of plots lurking in the City of Sails... but you may need to walk down some of the narrower alleys, and think deeper than the motivations of typical fantasy RPG antagonists.

Ella was working late in her lab when she heard a familiar sound from down the hall; a low hiss followed by a kind of strangled growl. She cocked her head, waiting to make sure there wasn't an explosion, and then climbed her step stool to get down her can of tea. She put the kettle on over her corner burner, and waited for it to heat. She took it off just as the pacing started, pouring two cups and adding the diffusers, along with cream and a little bit thistle dust for sweetener. Then she took the cups and walked down the hall. She was slower these days, but Garrick's workshop wasn't far.

Ella didn't bother knocking, she just edged the door open with the toe of her boot. The long-haired shipwright's apprentice was standing in front of an assembly that Ella recognized. He rounded on the sound of the door opening, the shout swelling up in his chest transforming into a long sigh as he saw it was Ella.

"I thought you went home a few hours ago," he said. For him, that was the same as an apology.

"I don't sleep much these days," Ella said, holding out the much larger mug toward him. "Is that lubricant formula still not cooperating?"

"No," he said, taking the mug. Garrick held it close to his face, but didn't drink. He ran his calloused fingers through his hair, and stared at the results of his latest attempt. "Something's going wrong. I don't know if it's the heat, or the sand quality, or--"

"Have you asked the important question?" Ella cut him off, sipping at her own tea.

Garrick stopped, frozen still as a statue. After a second he blew a sharp breath out of his nose, and took a sip of the tea. "What can I do with what I have?"

Ella nodded, and stepped past him, getting up onto a step stool to look at what was in his pot. It was a thick, oily sludge with bits of grit in it. She took a stirring stick, and prodded it. It was thick and heavy, almost like tar as she lifted some up.

"Is it tacky when it dries?" she asked.

"No," he said. Then he took another sip of his tea, his eyebrows meeting.

"And the grit?" Ella asked. "Does it make for a solid grip?"

"Fairly," Garrick said, a frown on his mouth as well as his brow. Ella waited, but for all the sparks she could see going off in his brain, nothing was catching just yet.

"You spent two years tooling a shipyard, Garrick," Ella said, sipping her tea. "What would you do with it?"

He opened his mouth, but whatever words he'd been about to speak in haste were belayed as his brain caught a grip. He glanced over at the resin, and his eyes narrowed. Finally he said, "If it seals better than tar, it would be a godsend for a deck in a squall."

"Start with a gangway," Ella said, climbing back down and smiling at him. "Then work your way up from there."

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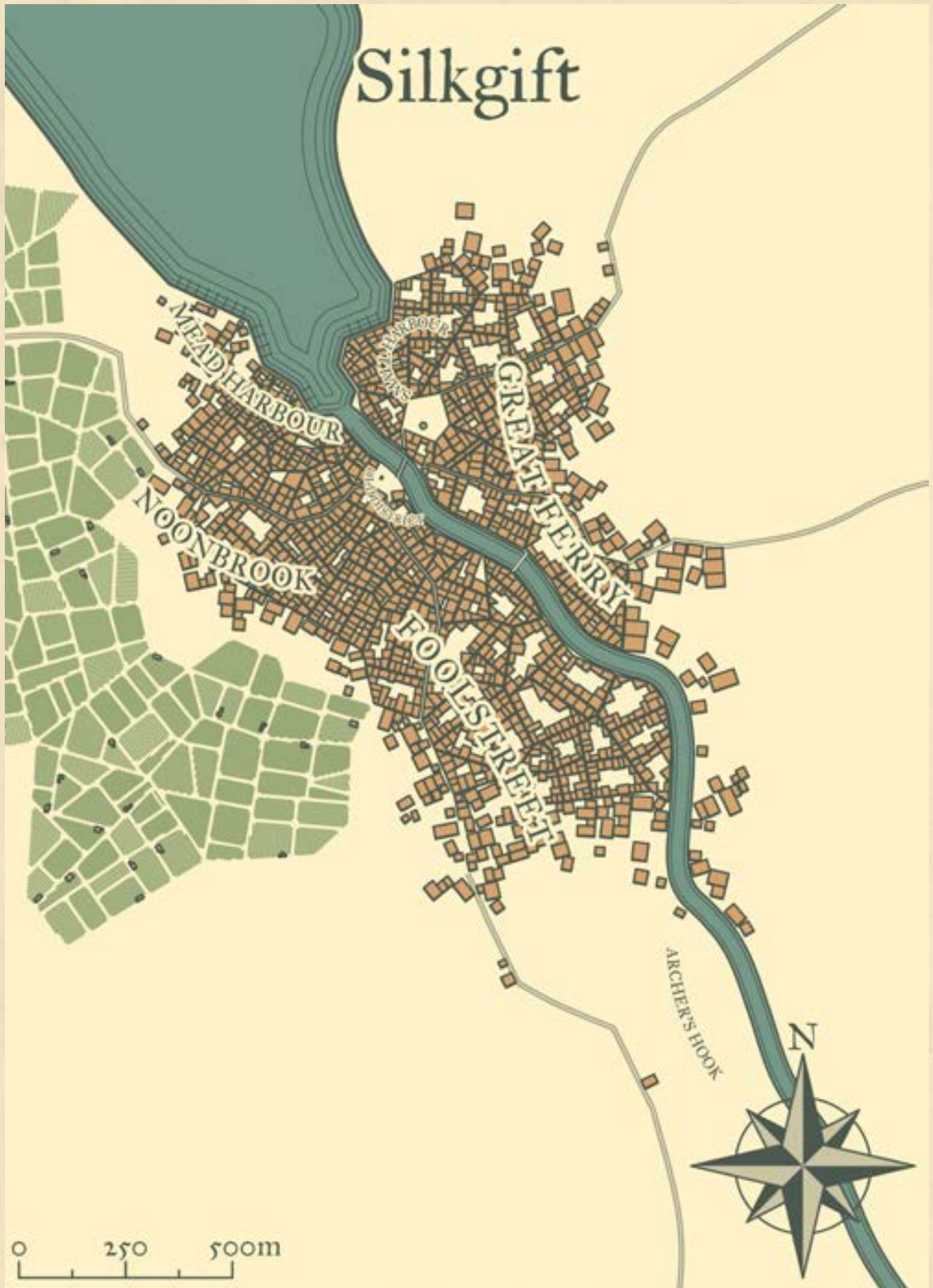
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SILKGIFT MAP



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