A detailed watercolor illustration of a medieval street in Waterdeep. The scene is viewed from a low angle, looking down a narrow alleyway. On the left is a tall, grey stone wall with a small, arched window. On the right are multi-story wooden buildings with stone accents, some with laundry hanging from windows. In the distance, an arched stone gateway leads to a brighter area where two figures are visible. A street lamp hangs from the wall on the left. The overall style is soft and painterly, with a muted color palette of greys, browns, and earthy tones.

WATERDEEP:


PEOPLE, PLACES, AND SHOPS

VOLUME II

BY PAGE BONIFACI



WATERDEEP: PEOPLE, PLACES, AND SHOPS VOLUME II



Waterdeep, the City of Splendors. Within these pages you will find two dozen unique shops, restaurants, and other places of interest for your adventures in the Crown of the North.

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, D&D, WIZARDS OF THE COAST, FORGOTTEN REALMS, THE DRAGON AMPERSAND, *PLAYER'S HANDBOOK*, *MONSTER MANUAL*, *DUNGEON MASTER'S GUIDE*, D&D ADVENTURERS LEAGUE, ALL OTHER WIZARDS OF THE COAST PRODUCT NAMES, AND THEIR RESPECTIVE LOGOS ARE TRADEMARKS OF WIZARDS OF THE COAST IN THE USA AND OTHER COUNTRIES. ALL CHARACTERS AND THEIR DISTINCTIVE LIKENESSES ARE PROPERTY OF WIZARDS OF THE COAST. THIS MATERIAL IS PROTECTED UNDER THE COPYRIGHT LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. ANY REPRODUCTION OR UNAUTHORIZED USE OF THE MATERIAL OR ARTWORK CONTAINED HEREIN IS PROHIBITED WITHOUT THE EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION OF WIZARDS OF THE COAST.

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Credits

Design:

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Cover Art:

Louise Rayner's "Warwick East Gate"

Back Cover Art:

Louise Rayner's "Chester Watergate Street looking east"

Interior Art:

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"ep: 07: The Wish" by "David Revoy, www.davidrevoy.com", used under [CC BY](#) / cropped from original.

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Acronyms used in this book

PHB = Players Handbook

XGE = Xanathar's Guide to Everything

WDMM = Waterdeep: Dungeon of the Mad Mage

Castle Ward

Farmountain Cartography

Cartographer

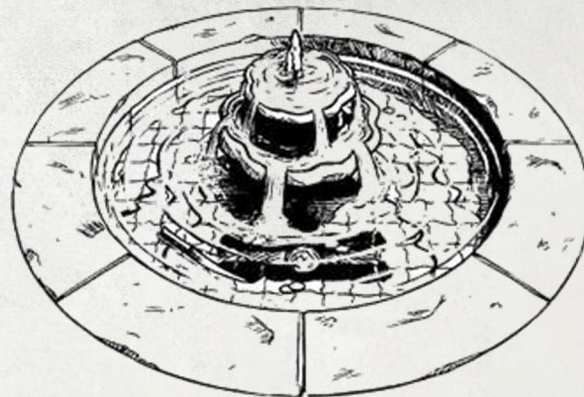
A wooden sign hangs above the storefront, depicting a whitecapped mountain inscribed with a stylized arrow and the letter N. Through the windows you can see scroll-racks reaching to the ceiling, filled with all manner of parchment and vellum. The shop's name is emblazoned on its windows "Farmountain Cartography by Consignment"

Farmountain specializes in unusual and eclectic maps. The owner (a female grey elf named Elthea) sells every kind of map imaginable, from ancient maps of since-abandoned kingdoms, to modern charts of the Moonshaes. She is always looking for adventurers and travelers to strike up a relationship. She is happy to sell maps or take anything discovered in their travels for presentation in her

Hook:

Elthea is on thin ice with the Cartographer's guild. They don't like that she refuses to confirm whether her maps are accurate before selling them, and they resent the colorful stories she tells about how they were acquired.

In order to get them off her back, Elthea needs a ground of adventurers to verify a map she has depicting an eastern approach to Kelvin's Cairn to the far north.



Fountain of the Dawnbringers

Public Fountain

Splitting the broad boulevard into two, you come across an old stone fountain. Moss grows over the three-tiered basin. Within the highest tier, you can see the broken bases of what would have once been several humanoid figures, but at some time over the years they were damaged or removed. Beneath the surface of the fountain you can make out a thin layer of coins, sparking in the sun.

This fountain once depicted an ancient adventuring band, whose deeds have been forgotten to time. The monument is still a popular spot with adventurers, as legend holds that tossing a dragon, a shard, and a nib into the fountain will bring luck when plundering Undermountain.

Hook:

The three stone figures that once surmounted this fountain are now spread throughout Level 6 of Undermountain (as depicted in WDMM).

If the figures are returned, the city will pay 100 gold per statue for restoring the city's history. Things get awkward when the Order of Magists and Protectors determine the statues to be petrified adventurers.

Reta the Mouse

Fence and Store

Sewer tunnels stretch out in every direction, illuminated by a flickering lantern hung from the center of the junction.

Out of the shadows steps a small figure, hunched down beneath a heavy backpack. Her hairy feet are bare on the broken stones, and she moves with a swaying and unsettling cadence.

“What are you buying?”

Reta is an old wererat woman who keeps her face covered when dealing with customers. Her store is constantly shifting places beneath the city. Its location is denoted by a lantern hung in the middle of a four-way intersection somewhere beneath the district.

The wererat is good at disappearing, and despite repeatedly being chased away by the Watch, she always returns. The dung sweepers guild prefer to simply avoid her place of business. Should the players threaten her, she uses her **Portable Passage** to escape.

She'll buy just about anything, and her selection is constantly shifting. In addition to the sample provided here, roll twice on the trinket table from the PHP. Each trinket costs 3d6 gold.

Reta the Mouse' Sample Stock

Item	Price
Acid Vial	20gp
Basic Poison Vial	80gp
Charlatan's Die (XGE)	50gp
Dust of Sneezing and Choking	460gp
Hat of Vermin (XGE)	70gp
Spell Scroll (Gust)	10gp



Higher Magic Games

If you want to include more magic items in your campaign, Reta could have anything from Magic Item Table B for sale in her shop. Each time your players visit the shop, roll again for what item she has for sale that day.

Portable Passage

Wondrous Item, Major, Rare

Similar to a *portable hole*. This fine black cloth can be placed onto a solid surface, whereupon the *portable passage* opens into a hole 10ft deep. Unlike a *portable hole*, this is not an extradimensional space, and is in fact a room hidden somewhere in the depths of the Waterdeep Sewers (possible connecting to Undermountain).

You can use an action to close the *portable passage* by taking hold of the edges of the cloth and folding it up. This closes the passage, and the cloth can be folded by a creature on either side of the passage.

Placing a *portable passage* inside an extradimensional space created by a bag of holding, Heward's handy haversack, or similar item instantly transports everything inside the item, including the *portable passage*, to its hidden room.

Dock Ward

Flowers of Alaron

Florist

A small wooden cart sits along the dock here. Bouquets of red and yellow flowers fill the front, with a young woman calling out to arriving passengers.

“Beautiful flowers! Show your lady the best of the City of splendors!”

Midara Blackwater makes her living out of this small flower cart. She can be found along the dock’s day in and day out, selling flowers to new arrivals.

Her shop is named for the largest Isle of the Moonshae’s, the coast of which claimed the life of her Captain Blackwater. His name is sung by sailors across the ward for seeing his crew to safety when their ship sank, going down with the vessel as they escaped.

Midara doesn’t have the same rosy image of her father, remembering instead the man who left his wife and infant daughter penniless to fend for themselves as he sailed to his death.

The Old Tenement

Inn

This old house looks like it might slide off the cliff face into the harbor at any moment.

Inside, an old woman sits behind a small desk in the cramped entry. A guttering lamp does little to drive back the darkness in the room.

The fire is low, and a cutting sea wind blows through the open windows.

The years clearly have not been kind to this old woman, her weather-beaten face is almost completely concealed beneath a thick pile of shawls, resembling a pile of fishing nets. She motions to you with one withered hand, pointing at a crudely painted board that lists the price as five copper per night.

If this hostel ever had a proper name, no one remembers it. Those forced to stay here certainly have no interest in interrogating the ancient owner. Nearly a dozen rooms here play host to sailors down on their luck, criminals on the run, and those only one step above sleeping in the streets. The wind howls through the twisted planks, and the beds are little more than bales of straw covered in old canvas.

The owner makes no attempt to speak with her tenants, merely collecting their coin nightly. She seems to always be downstairs, no matter the hour, ready to collect.

Hag Lair:

The Old Woman is a Sea Hag, and the Old Tenement is her lair and primary feeding source. She’ll abduct tenants as food when she hungers. To protect her lair, she refuses to interact with those that come to stay, and simply motions at the sign. The low lighting in the entryway means anyone without darkvision has disadvantage to see through her illusion.

Hook:

Someone the party is seeking (possibly an informant for the Zhentarim or Harpers) stayed here and was the Hags latest victim. Before they died, the victim hid the information they were carrying under the floorboard of their room. Players that try to stay here have a one in six chance of staying in the same room as their contact.

Field Ward

Corvo's Pawn Shop

Fence and Pawn Shop

Wooden shelves line the depths of this narrow shop, leading to the far end where a wooden desk is surmounted by heavy iron bars. From the depths of the protected shop, a croaking, hollow, voice greets you "Welcome. See what you like. Pay at the front." The shopkeeper's final words are punctuated by the tip of a heavy crossbow appearing between the bars.

Corvo is an aged Kenku, whose feathers are ragged and greying. He still has a keen eye, and any thieves find he's a dead shot with his crossbow.

The pawn shop is a fixture of the Field ward, and one of the more dependable independent fences in Waterdeep. The Zhentarim have tried to lean on him several times, but Corvo has enough blackmail on important figures (legal and criminal) throughout the city to call in protection when needed.

Hook:

Occasionally, Corvo will commission thieves to gather specific items for one of his clients. Someone out there is looking for an ancient Dwarven beer stein, owned by the eccentric noble Osvald Brimmen.

Iron Soul

Blacksmith

The rough lane winds and twists until you start to feel lost. Just as you consider turning back, you notice a hut, nestled right up against the trollwall. A plume of smoke and steam rises from behind the little building.

"Looking for the swordmaker are ya?" An old man calls out from beneath the roof of his hovel. "Been here eight years, never seen that fire go out. All day, every day, whoever's in there keeps it burning. The urchin won't say either." He gestures to a small dirty child sitting near the entrance to the small forge.

Iron Soul is the name of a Warforged Blacksmith, who keeps to himself within his small forge. He has become obsessed with creating the perfect sword, believing that it will make him equal to his (unknown) creator, or bring his creators attention down to him. He toils day in and day out, recycling swords he deems imperfect, constantly refining and perfecting his technique.

Iron Soul is distrustful of people and the city. He stays hidden within his forge and uses a hired street urchin to conduct business and buy him charcoal and metal. He pays the urchin well but won't allow them inside the forge.

Hook:

Iron Soul is capable of crafting enchanted blades if players manage to contact him. If players commission a sword from him, it becomes clear that the enchantment comes at the cost of a portion of his animating soul.

If players befriend the obsessive Warforged by bringing him samples of adamantium or mithril, he may undertake his final task, and forge himself into a pair of intelligent swords.

North Ward

Desert Wind Farrier

Farrier

The rhythmic sound of hammer on metal echoes down the street. A tall auburn-skinned man with a shock of red hair is bent over an anvil outside a small shop. Behind the forge you can see a brightly painted stable with two fine tan horses. A wrought metal sign is mounted to a low stone wall, proclaiming this to be “Desert Wind Farriers”.

Ramad So-Kuhr (male Mulhorandi Fire Genasi) is a master farrier, offering extremely fine horseshoes. In addition to traditional steel shoes, he also makes silver- and gold-plated shoes (specially worked for durability) for parade dress and noble’s horses.

For the right price, he can also provide stronger magical horseshoes.

Desert Wind Farrier’s Stock

Item	Price
Parade Horseshoes	220gp
Horseshoes of the Zephyr	1,500gp
Horseshoes of Speed	5,000gp

Flourhaus Bakery and Confectionery

Bakery

Steam billows from the chimneys of this two-story shop. The double front doors have been cut in half, opening into a small storefront. Inside you can make out racks and racks of bread and pastries.

Flourhaus sits along the south edge of Trollskull Alley. A male Dwarf is currently manning the counter, by the name of Rurik. A straight-talking fellow given to gossip; Rurik has been around Trollskull Alley for just under a century. His wife is an aged Rashemi woman by the name of Shevarra. Even at seventy years old, she’s a firebrand, and the two of them have frequent shouting matches across the ovens.

Rurik has a passion for creating elaborate sugar follies (decorative architectural models), casting them from molten sugar and caramel.

Flourhaus Menu

- *Waterdeep Mountain Roll*: Soft bread filled with rum-raisins and nuts.
- *South Ward Strudel*: Flaky pastry around a filling made from pistachios and honey.
- *Cragmere Croquembouche*: A towering pillar of crisp pastry, filled with caramel and custard.
- *City of Splendor Scone*: A soft buttery scone flavored with chives, goat cheese, and mustard.

Remmier's Reliquery of Rags, Raiments and Regalia

Clothier

Tall glass windows fill the front of this shop, a deep green sign names it "Remmier's Reliquery of Rags, Raiments, and Regalia".

Inside you can make out an impressive stock of exotic clothing. Emerald green cloaks from Sembia, purple silk cravats from Cormyr, fine rabbit leather gloves from Everlund.

A consignment shop, with all sorts of eclectic fashion items. Remmier's is a popular shop for upper-class folk looking to make a statement with some new piece of fashion.

Remmier is a Half-Elven man, who has become quite forgetful in his advanced age. His assistants often follow him around the shop, cleaning up after he absentmindedly re-arranges displays. Remmier enjoys recommending outfits to customers but is liable to wander off or fall asleep mid-sentence.

Statue of Caladorn Cassalanter

Statue

Standing tall like a conquering hero, the marble statue in the middle of the square command's attention, bearing ornate armor, and hefting a large mace to the sky. A brass plaque affixed to the base identifies the subject as Caladorn Cassalanter, hero and Lord of Waterdeep.

Caladorn Cassalanter was Open Lord of Waterdeep in the late 1300's. This statue was erected by his family after his death.

Hook:

The 100-year anniversary of Caladorn's appointment to Open Lord of Waterdeep is approaching. The Cassalanter family is planning a ceremony to remember his contributions to the city, including an event around the statue. Unfortunately, the statue's stone mace has been stolen, and the Cassalanter's are looking for someone to recover the weapon.



Sea Ward

Aurielo's

Tavern

You hear the melodious sound of a duet drifting out into the busy lane, its source is a very nice two-story bar. A bright brass sign hangs out into the street, bearing two masks (one grinning the other sad) surrounding the name "Aurielo's".

Through the large windows you see a pair of performers dressed for the stage, drinks in hand, performing a theatrical love song for a rapt audience of patrons.

A ritzy bar, popular with performers and patrons from the many nearby theaters. On a given night you might find any number of stars and actors holding court for their fans.

Aurielo's Drink Menu

- *The Damnation of Goeth*: A decadently sweet cocktail.
- *The Barber of Baldur's Gate*: A blend of dry white wine and local mead.
- *Bardic Courage*: Damson plum gin.

Hook

Two competing Diva's come to blows over who performed the character of *Dianella* better in their respective versions of *The Damnation of Goeth*.

During the brawl, the bar is robbed, with the owner's entire savings stolen from beneath their nose. Who robbed the place? Were the diva's in on the heist?

Downybeard Tobacconist

Tobacconist

This merchants stall opens out to the broad boulevard. Inside a well-dressed and groomed Halfling smokes an ornate pipe while carving another out of blackwood.

A gilded apothecary chest lines one side of the stall, each small drawer labelled with a type of smoking tobacco in crisp script.

"Need a new pipe friend?" The Halfling calls out, "'got a fine assortment here, plus the finest tobacco in the North."

A small, aromatic shop with a wide variety of pipeweed, tobacco and snuff. Its owner is Kro Downybeard, a halfling from Luiren, who makes good coin on custom wooden pipes with hand-carved crests and symbols on them.

Downybeard's Menu

- *Longfellow Leaf*: Smooth and earthy smoke.
- *Cambion's Contract*: A sweet and spicy tobacco, with hints of cinnamon and vanilla.
- *Jungle Fire*: Chultan herbal pipeweed.
- *Battlehammer's Best*: Dwarven pipeweed, imported from Mithril Hall.

Downybeard Pipes for sale

Pipe	Price
Blackwood Poker	5gp
Calantra Full-Bent Billiard	15gp
Weirwood Half-Bent Taper	30gp

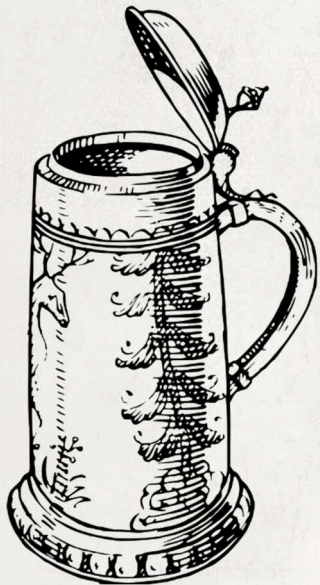
The Regent

Fest Hall

The street before you is filled with young Waterdhavians, dressed in extravagant fashion. Huge gowns and foppish outfits make the street resemble a parade of peacocks as much as a city street.

The object of their fancy appears to be a large festhall, the sign out front featuring a caricature of a steward peering over the walls of a castle.

The Regent is a popular spot for dancing, drinking, and large parties in the north of Waterdeep. Their monthly public masquerade is a highlight, quite popular with the burgher's and rich commoners of the city.



Seven Stars Magical Supply

Reagent Shop

The inside of this shop is a cacophony of exotic sights, sounds, and smells. Dried herbs hang alongside desiccated snake tongues. Jars of grasshopper legs and coffered gemstones. Bundles of amber and crystal rods reflect strange lights from the multi-colored lanterns that hang from the low ceiling, forcing you to carefully navigate the labyrinthine interior.

A middle-aged woman sits behind the counter, buried far back in the store, idly weaving glowing lines of magic in the air. She gives you a wide grin as you enter "Welcome to the Seven Stars."

Seven Stars is one of the best stocked magical supply shops in Waterdeep. The proprietor, Estrada Valheim, is a powerful enchantress and former adventurer. She retired to the city about a decade ago and opened her shop to supply a new generation of spellcasters. She carries material components for any spell of 6th level or lower and can find components for higher level spells within a tenday. She also keeps a special spell book with spells that she will sell to good customers.

The shop is well protected with magical wards and sensors, allowing her to see and hear anywhere in the shop if she is on the same plane. She can also cast spells using any spot in the store as the point of origin.

Seven Stars Spells for Sale

Spell	Price per Spell
Ice Knife (XGE), Tasha's Hideous Laughter, Sleep, Unseen Servant	25gp
Crown of Madness, Dust Devil (XGE), Misty Step, Suggestion	75gp
Catnap (XGE), Magic Circle, Sleet Storm, Tiny Servant (XGE)	150gp
Charm Monster (XGE), Fabricate, Locate Creature, Water Sphere (XGE)	300gp
Cloudkill, Dominate Person, Geas, Hold Monster, Infernal Calling (XGE)	750gp

South Ward

Ubtau and Uluu

Tavern and Restaurant

Strangely carved wooden pillars and the bones of exotic creatures dominate the inside of this small dark bar. The centerpiece being a massive snake skeleton hanging over the bar.

The pungent smell of fried meats, exotic herbs, strong drink, and the musky scent of your fellow patrons fills the air.

A tavern founded by a former resident of Chult named Mballiba. The albino Dwarf owner is an unusual sight even by Waterdhavian standards, and his traditional Chultan food and beverage is considered extremely exotic.

The patrons are mostly former residents of Chult looking for a taste of home, or those in Waterdeep on business. There's also a small contingent of Flaming Fist mercenaries who have developed a taste for the exotic fare during tours of duty in Fort Beluarian.

Ubtau and Uluu Menu

- *Jungle Moonshine*: A rumor persists that this harsh spirit is brewed by Undead.
- *Nyanzaru Ale*: A light and fruity beer.
- *Chult Egg*: A large egg wrapped in unidentified meat. It's not immediately clear what kind of beast laid the massive egg.
- *Fried Jaculi*: Juicy strips of spiced snake meat.

Memory of Cimbar

Bathhouse

A large Chessentan man pushes past you, wearing little more than a waist-wrap. The walls of this warm bathhouse are covered in rich murals depicting the history of Cimbar and Chessenta.

The front desk is staffed by a bored-looking woman, idly scribbling in a small book. She glances up as you approach. "Access to the baths is two gold. We do not offer any sort of massages and will not bath you. Don't harass any other bathers. If you fall asleep and drown, we aren't liable."

A richly appointed bathhouse, decorated with sweeping columns, tapestries, and frescos. Popular with Chessentans, Lizardfolk, and anyone else who enjoys a good soaking. Baths are shared between species and genders, and anyone harassing others is removed by the black-scaled Dragonborn bouncer.

The baths are heated by a large dwarf-forged furnace, and twice a tenday a local mage is hired to fill one of the large tubs with ice-water for athletes and those who enjoy the shock.

The Remorhaz

Tavern

Entering the bar, your eyes take a moment to adjust. The windows are covered in heavy cloth, and the only light available is from taper candles at each table. In the guttering light, the spined head of a Remorhaz looms out of the darkness above the bar, its eyes scintillating in the darkness.

You become aware of many eyes in the darkness, with the uncomfortable feeling of being sized up as prey. After a moment of quiet, noise returns to the taproom, as the patrons evidently decide you aren't a threat.

Owned by a Shadar-Kai by the name of Ore'lin, The Remorhaz caters to a rough and tumble crowd of adventurers, beast hunters, and similar types. Long evenings are spent trading stories across mugs of the house-brewed ale.

One contingent of the regulars are people normally uncomfortable in bright light. Any night you might find several Drow, Svirfneblin, or Deep Dwarves enjoying the darkness of the tavern.

The Remorhaz Menu

- *Shadowdark Lager*: A black lager brewed with spruce tips.
- *Burning Sun Ale*: A bright golden ale spiced with horseradish.
- *Deepwater Stout*: A smooth dark beer.

The Old Nag

Statue

An old statue can be seen here, seemingly forgotten and ignored. It stands in the corner of a nearby house, looking like it once stood in a place of honor, but has since been forgotten as the city flows around it.

Looking closer, you can spot some impressive detail in the casting, obscured by age and green corrosion. The old statue has weathered changes before, and likely will continue to do so.

The Old Nag is a hidden shrine to Mask, originally having been painted as a proud grey mare. Detailed inspection (DC 16 Investigation) shows the outline of a mask carved into the creature's features.



Trade Ward

Timminara's Terrific Tinctures

Alchemist and Apothecary

This cramped shop is open to the street. Racks of strange spices and desiccated animal parts line the walls, as a glass alembic bubbles away in the back, strange purple steam rising out into the street.

A hunch-backed tiefling woman grinds ingredients in an obsidian mortar. Without looking up from her work, she speaks to you in a reedy voice “feeling sick my friends? Come within, let Timminara see you, let Timminara treat you.”

Timminara is a wizened female Tiefling, who has lived in the Trade Ward for nearly sixty years. Her small apothecary has become a cornerstone of the local area.

She specializes in treatments for various diseases. She isn't a healer herself, but provides potions for common ailments, and is often called on by local temples and other houses of healing.

Timminara's Stock

Potion Type	Price
Potion of Healing	50gp
Potion of Cure Disease (Cackle Fever)	100gp
Potion of Cure Disease (Sewer Plague)	100gp
Potion of Water Breathing	250gp
Potion of Resist Disease	150gp



Potion of Cure Disease

Potion, Minor, Uncommon, 50gp

Each Potion of Cure Disease is brewed for a single disease. When you drink this potion, you are immediately cured of the specified ailment.

More exotic diseases will be more rare and costly. The price provided here is for common diseases within your setting.

Potion of Disease Resistance

Potion, Minor, Uncommon, 100gp

When you drink this potion, for the next 24 hours, you have advantage on Saving Throws made to resist, or as a result of, diseases.

Rustev's Furs

Clothier

The scent of leather and fur overpowers you as you enter this shop. Above the rich mahogany shelves are mounted dozens of taxidermy beast heads. Beside the counter looms a roaring stuffed Owlbear.

The owner, a massive Dwarf wearing a golden fur cloak, calls out as you enter. "You want something to make an Uthgart Barbarian feel inadequate? Or just impress the queen of Cormyr?"

Rustev is a towering (5' 3") Dwarf. His store carries an incredible variety of furs, ranging from common rothé and fox, to exotic winter wolf and bunyip. Rustev is the preferred supplier of fur-lined uniforms for the Griffon Cavalry.

The owner is hirsute even by Dwarven standards, heavily tanned, with white scars crisscrossing his skin. He dresses in finely made leather breeches and a broad furred waist-wrap, leaving his chest bare beneath his golden fur cloak.

If asked about the stuffed Owlbear, Rustev claims to have wrestled the beast to its death, gesturing to several of his scars as being the result of those black polished claws.

Sun & Spice

Perfume Shop and Chandlery

A warm glow emanates from this homey-looking shop. Inside you see the entire store is lit by candles, A fantastic blend of spices can be smelled even from the street.

Sun and Spice is owned by an old Gnomish couple; Leopold and Lorretta. They each make their own product (candles for Leopold and perfume for Lorretta) while collaborating on scented candles.

Leopold and Lorretta are not Harpers themselves, but they do support them. Lorretta will sell her Perfume of Bewitching to Harper agents with at least two points of renown.

Sun & Spice Stock

Item	Price
Candle	1c
Scented Candle	5gp
Perfume	5gp
Candle of the Deep (XGE)	10gp
Perfume of Bewitching* (XGE)	100gp

* Not publicly for sale

Perfume of Bewitching and the Law

This perfume grants advantage on Charisma checks against certain humanoids and counts as using magic to influence the mind of another. For this reason, Loretta doesn't advertise it, and only sells it to trusted customers. Just selling the product may not technically be against the law, but the couple don't want to bear the reputation it might bring.

Surrounding Area

The Blackstone Grave

Grave

A short way off the beaten road, you spot a strange stone laying in the tall grass. Chiseled black slate, marked with a strange rune. The rectangular stone is clearly a marker, but of what you have no idea.

Named for its resemblance to a gravestone, no one has ever confirmed the strange rock marks any sort of grave. Several people have tried to excavate or remove the stone, but none have ever been able to tunnel beneath it, the rough-hewn stone continues down into the earth as far as anyone has ever dug.

Green Knight's Rest

Inn

Nestled into a curve in the road ahead, you spot a cozy looking inn, backed up against the edge of the forest.

The building is weathered but well loved, with a strong looking fence and well-tended vegetable patch.

Named for a local legend about the Green Knight, believed to be the spirit or ghost of a local noble who died centuries ago, who will appear to lost travelers and lead them to safety from the depths of Ardeep forest.

Aside from the ghost story, the Rest is a nondescript Inn, which sees all manner of travelers and caravans passing through. The owners are a human couple, Kollin and Valara, who enjoy trading stories with visitors, but deflect questions about themselves.



THANK YOU

Thank you for purchasing this supplement and supporting independent RPG creators. This product, and others like it, would not exist without your support.

All feedback, reviews, and comments are appreciated.

Page Bonifaci

