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Kingdoms of Kalamark



GEANAVUE
THE STONES OF PEACE

BY ED GREENWOOD
WITH JOHN O'NEILL



Kingdoms of Kalamar

Official Dungeons & Dragons® campaign setting supplement: The Kingdoms of Kalamar™ Player's Guide

July 27

Once again, half the party was killed trying to cross the Kurgo River outside the abandoned keep in Tarisato. That petty warlord's really becoming a thorn in our side. Whenever we take action, he uses his political connections to thwart us. It's so real; it's like the setting is alive. We definitely need an edge.

July 29

Stopped by the game store today and saw the Kingdoms of Kalamar Player's Guide had arrived. I looked through it in the store and was very impressed. I picked up a copy and I think this might be the answer to all our problems.

August 3

The Player's Guide rules. There are a bunch of new official D&D classes and prestige classes. My new character is going to be a Fhokki Shaman from Torakk named Thokken. The Shaman class ROCKS! He gets to choose an animal for his totem—then he can shapechange into that animal. I'm still undecided on my feats and skills; there are over seventy new ones. On top of it all, there are a bunch of new spells, new equipment and new armor. The best part is that every word is OFFICIAL Dungeons & Dragons so I can use this book in my Forgotten Realms and Greyhawk campaigns as well. Bonus!

August 17

Victory for the Crusaders of the Eagle's Nest! I finally decided on the Eagle as my totem, and it saved the day. Thokken flew ahead of the party and created a diversion, allowing everyone else to make it across the bridge in safety. Once there, we circled to surprise the enemy and win the day. Without my shaman, the others' new feats and spells would not have been nearly as effective. Thokken rules!

Every player needs an edge.

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GEANAVUE, THE STONES OF PEACE

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Introduction

GEANAVUE, THE STONES OF PEACE

Peace-loving craftworkers dwell everywhere in Tellene, but very rarely do they dominate local conditions. So rarely, in fact, that "crafters" shape the character of daily life in but one city: Geanavue.

The 'Stones of Peace' was founded on the wealth of miners, stonemasons, metalsmiths and gemcutters who worked so hard that they had little taste for strife and lack of security. From its beginnings, Geanavue has been a place of law, order, and ready defense. Hard work and earned prosperity have always been its hallmarks.

Geanavue today is a prosperous, industrious and law-abiding independent city that influences a large slice of the western shore of Reanaaria Bay. Though many outside its practical borders pledge allegiance to the city, its patrols extend just about 20 miles west and forty miles to the southeast roughly in an oval shape. Thus, it claims lands from the bay's edge in Loona, south to Ravensclaw (a distinctive claw-like black shoreline pinnacle of rock, some 20 miles south of Loona) then northwest to Raarisean Tor (the northernmost Keenoa Tor), and thence northeast along the headlands to Soarid Tor about 15 miles north of the city. Going east from Loona, the territory of Geanavue extends about 20 miles along the shoreline and then northwest up to Soarid Tor.

Though many in Geanavue believe their rightful domain extends well beyond these bounds, the presence of Giilia, the City of Bats, makes the northern half of these claims largely fictitious. The effective northern limit of Geanan influence and loyalty is the line of farms along Raraag's Creek, about fifty miles north of Geanavue. In harsh winter weather, starving folk from Giilia sometimes fight their way to Geanavese guardposts to trade for food in defiance of their ruler. Some have been known to offer themselves as slaves in exchange for food for their fellow citizens-and to deliver themselves out of the misery of life in the City of Bats.

Geanavue's writ includes one sizable settlement: the trading-town of Loona, a port on the Bay of Arrival due east of the Stones of Peace. Loona and Geanavue are linked by a first-rate road, and Loonan affairs are policed and governed by Geanavue-but lightly. Laws are largely relaxed in Loona for the convenience of foreign traders.

These patrolled 'claimed demesnes' of Geanavue encompass mine-riddled mountains and their rugged foothills (where many livestock ranches can be found), upland farms, and the

downland 'country estates' of the Talasaara (self-styled nobility) and other wealthy Geanavese.

The Folk of the City

Geanavue is home to a friendly, welcoming, peace-loving population of roughly 3,700 humans, around 2,000 dwarves, approximately 1,700 gnomes, and about 800 half-elves, with a scattering of some 200 beings of other races. These total just over 8,400 taxed residents in all. At any time, this citizenry is reinforced within the city walls by an everchanging population of few hundred more 'visitors, homeless, and lawless' folk.

Great numbers of farm laborers (probably almost 20,000) dwell in the claimed demesnes. They are not directly governed or taxed by Geanavue, but can call on military aid from city patrols, and sell their wares in the city or at market in Loona (which is home to another 2,200 untaxed folk, largely dockworkers).

The humans and gnomes of Geanavue are largely 'native-born' Reanaarians, with local lineages going back several (or for the gnomes, many) generations. Most of the dwarves have come to the city from places as distant as Kalamar and the Young Kingdoms, or as refugees from Irontop. Most of the half-elves have drifted to Geanavue over the years from other places up and down Reanaaria Bay, attracted by the peace and stability of the 'Stones of Peace,' with its tolerance for artisans of all races - and its love of artistry and elegant craftings of beautiful things.

Geanavese share a love of superb craftwork with patience and a strong work ethic. It is very rare to find a Geanavese who is not skilled at working with his or her hands, though their individual skills vary widely, from sculpting stone to painting or weaving. Many beautiful things come out of Geanavue, and as the long-ago sage Ausaerum observed in his famous Musings On A Life In Tellene, "Unless one merely copies works crafted before, one must know or be able to imagine beauty to create it."

Though they value peace and order above all, the folk of Geanavue are lively gossips, not withdrawn-from-the-world dreamers. To keep their city as secure as possible, they prefer to restrict trade with outsiders to the trading-town of Loona.

The Founding of Geanavue

"Geanavue" is a name derived from the surname (Geana) of the city's founding (and ruling) family. Some Geanavese lore insists that the city was founded in the year 1 (of the Year of New Discovery calendar used throughout Reanaaria Bay), but histo-

rians generally agree that the springs that determined the site of the present-day city were discovered (and settled around) in YND 101, by folk walking north from the Zoan peninsula, seeking good land whereon to settle.

While it is quite possible that a mining camp was established then, and even used continuously to the present, it would be wrong to think of the newly-founded city as sporting a soaring central castle, stout stone walls, and the bustling commerce of today. Early Geanavue was probably called something akin to 'Gailuomaa Canoa' (meaning 'Clearsprings Camp') because of the springs of clear, sweet drinking water that rose out of the rocks thereat.

Over the years, all of those springs (except the sources beneath Castle Geana) have been contaminated, and replaced by a network of wells that reach deeper into the aquifer; their waters now serve to flush out the city sewers. The covered deep wells bring water to private buildings and to public troughs and fountains, but their flows can be turned off with wheel-valves to prevent fouling in times of pestilence, building collapse or war.

In the almost seven and a half centuries since the Reanaarians crossed the Ka'Asa range from the plains of Kalamar, other cities on Reanaaria Bay (such as nearby Zoa) have outstripped peaceful Geanavue in terms of size, wealth and influence-but not in work ethic, order and contentment.

Stern and Strong Defenses

Geanavue is girded about with a stout stone wall. This thick barrier sports interior passages and spiral stone stairs, and crenelated battlements for defense. Sloping buttress ramparts periodically stud the outer surface, then rise into guard-towers topped with ballista emplacements.

A massive stone fortress, Castle Geana, rises in the center of the city. Most of the rest of the buildings in Geanavue are of light-colored or whitewashed wood on stone foundations (that often rise from street level to about chest height for a man of average size). Cellars are common, streets are either dirt or cobbled, and trees and shrubbery are rare except inside private courtyards and on the slopes of the rocky height crowned by the castle.

A visitor will see watchful guards everywhere on the walls and at the gates, (though the city within has an air of bustling industry, not a sullen or wary citizenry oppressed by 'swords in uniform'). Geanavue's perimeter vigilance has developed because the city has always possessed wealth and valuables-and always faced danger.

From earliest times, monsters of the deeps and pirates have imperiled shipping on Reanaaria Bay - and for Geanavue to trade with anywhere but Zoa (or the undesirable Giilia), it must maintain a strong, defensible port and shipping fleets.

The city-state has also long been at war with the fire giants who inhabit the Sotai Galalia Headlands. The first settlers in the area had to fight off frequent giant raids. No matter how energetic warfare against them becomes, the fire giants retreat into the mountains, to emerge again as strong and defiant as ever. They have always ignored Geanavue's territorial claims (and efforts at making peace). So long as the peace-loving inhabitants of the city and their surrounding farms exist to provide easy raiding targets for the fire giants, and the wealth of the city depends on mining the flanks of the Headlands, this strife bids fair to continue.

In recent years, losses of livestock and even the ranchers who own them have become heavy. Some guildmasters and influential investors of Geanavue have even begun to call on the Castle to hire adventurers on an ongoing basis, to 'take the battles to the giants,' and blunt their raiding with persistent counterstrikes. Advocates of this approach desire to recruit small, independent 'bands of fortune' rather than professional mercenary troops who could ultimately pose a threat to their employers.

Whether or not this idea is adopted, it is clear that most Geanavese have the funds to make it possible - and the inclination to themselves avoid fighting, therefore making it increasingly necessary. The giant raids are getting heavier every year, and some Geanavese think that, just as in years past, safety now ends at the city walls.

The Years Ahead

While the wise say "none but the gods can see clearly when they endeavor to look ahead," Geanavue seems to be facing an increasing threat from fire giants raiding from the mountains. Nevertheless, barring military disaster or natural cataclysm (such as earthquake, plague or unbridled volcanism), the city's future seems bright. Skilled Geanavese craftworkers constantly devise new things and make numerous objects of worth. This keeps them constantly interested in their work-and constantly making money. In turn, this fosters general civic contentment and lack of want. Although Geanavue thus becomes an increasingly attractive target for raiders and would-be conquerors, it is also an ever-more-attractive place to live. Moreover, Geanavue has funds enough, without oppressively heavy taxes, to hire whatever defenders or goods it needs.

Traveling merchants have in recent years passed various approving judgments on Geanavue. In his popular chapbook "*Where I've Wandered*", Taalirun of Zoa called it "a place where there are fortunes to be made by those with the wits and will to work be it with blades or tools."

In "*A Merchant's Roster of Reanaaria*", Lhyjara of Thygasha deemed it a place where "things are happening, and yet peace reigns."

A nameless old sailor of Loona who was told of Lhyjara's opinion remarked, "Aye, a peace that must never be taken for granted. Such peace must be built and rebuilt daily by vigilant warriors, strong rule...and daring adventurers."

Chapter 1

Life in Geanavue

To most native-born Geanavese, the city is where they have always lived, and local ways are simply 'right.' Only those few who travel widely in Tellene come to see clearly how far, and in what ways, their city diverges from laws, beliefs, attitudes and customs elsewhere. To a visitor, however, Geanavue's differences may at times seem sharp and clear.

So what is it like to live in Geanavue? What is the 'feel' of the city?

A deceased sage of Zoa (Isaatoa Maaleku, in his "*My Measures of Things*") fairly and dispassionately described the Stones of Peace thusly: "Geanavue is a center of commerce and craftwork. Its hardworking artisans take pride in 'earning a good living by doing a good day's work,' and in the fact that their work produces things of either daily usefulness or beauty, and that both sorts of items are handcrafted and elegantly designed."

An anonymous sailor and sometime adventurer gives a typical 'worldly' opinion: "Loona's a brawl-port, same's anywhere. Good road away to the big city. Janvoo's an anthill of rushing, bustling workers, work work work all day long and half the night. Rush rush rush! Not so much to make coin - there's half the swindling and thieving of Zoa, say - but to make things. Things you can buy, things they're proud of making. What was that saying? 'Stone blocks, clever locks, always-true clocks, healthy stocks.' Truth, for once. Geanavue's all that. A little slim on trees and flowers and minstrelry and taking it easy, and they revel just like they work, roaring and drinking and brawling and all at gods-swift speed. Mustn't waste a minute, mustn't ever stop. Work work work, until you drop on your face, dead and worn out-but you were a success, see?"

Wealthy merchants who get invited to some Talasaaran revels might raise a trifling dispute over the sailor's opinion of Geanavese revelry, but everyone seems to agree that the place is industrious and always busy. Though street traffic thins out at night, the city never truly sleeps.

Geanavue uses Merchants' Tongue month and day names, and most streets and items have both Reanaarian and Merchants' Tongue names. Increasingly, only the latter are used in daily doings - but none of the former show any signs of being forgotten.

A Day In Geanavue

In the Stones of Peace, day is considered to begin when the sun rises over the horizon. Yet some folk will have been up for

hours fetching produce from farmers selling outside the gates, or from warehouses, if their businesses depend on such.

Most guild workers or independent crafters rise at dawn. They hand-bathe, dry-comb their hair while they hold it in their hearthfire smoke, dress, pray for success in the day ahead, drink both water and 'araun,' and then set off for work.

Drinking water is often 'tinched' with crushed mint, lemon juice or the juice of pulped wild berries. Araun is a hearty, hearth-warmed savory soup (often left to simmer overnight). It usually contains leftovers, but all 'chunks' in it (such as diced meat, potato or fish) will be small enough to drink down in a swig from a tankard, without benefit of knife or fork.

Most Geanavese workers wear a belt-cup. This is a small pewter tankard with a removable (not hinged) lid. In the center of the lid (which either slides or 'turns and lifts' off), a 'turoon' screws into place (and unscrews for use).

A troon is a hooked-together ladle, two-tined fork, and sharp carving knife. A user unscrews a troon from its lid (which holds it in the tankard just as the handle of a gluepot holds a brush in the center of its innards), unclips its 'irons' from each other, and dines. Food is not carried in belt-cups, but in stoppered belt-flasks or carry-coffers - or is purchased fresh.

Meals are taken at odd times throughout the day, whenever business lulls or breaks between craftwork tasks allow. They will be brief. Folk who lack troons or time enough for even a 'perch-on-a-barrel' meal usually buy a handpie or sausage from a street vendor or streetside serving-window, and 'eat as they walk.' Sit-down meals are most often stew, or stew and 'soorea' (a spiced bun containing small fragments of pickled or smoked meat, fish, or eel), or a "fry" (pieces of cut and smoked fish, sometimes wrapped in a bread cone), or a "joint" (slab of cooked meat).

Vendors work the day through, keeping their shops open until sunset. Then doors are locked and shutters latched down, and it is time for 'tanaur,' the main meal of the day.

Thanks to new recipes and foodstuffs coming into the city constantly through outlander trade, and the characteristic Geanavese interest in new things and new ideas, tanaur can be almost anything. Traditionally, it has been bread, cheese and stew for poor folk, and some sort of roast meat with fried and berry-sauce-drowned greens for the well-to-do. Only the poor often ate fish, clams or eels, and only the wealthy had elaborate, multi-dish 'feasts' rather than tanaurs.

Nobles and the wealthiest would-be nobles can linger over meals (with much wine) for hours. If there is no revel and the



A Geanavese craftsman makes a sale.

gossip is good, such dining can easily last an entire evening. Vendors, however, eat tanaur quickly and go out to fetch or purchase new wares, and then to restock the shop for the next dawn. Crafters go right on working to exhaustion, shut away in their shops in the dark hours. During such times a crafter is likely to answer only the most persistent knockings and hailings, unless the makers claim to be of the Watch. The same night hours are sometimes called 'the time of wagons,' because as most folk try to sleep and walking traffic in the city is thinnest, the wagons of shippers rumble through the streets taking finished goods to warehouses or out to Loona or caravan-whelmings outside the walls.

Watch street patrols are regular at all times, and heavy around warehouses in the dark hours. The streets bustle from dawn to dusk, and by night are busy with wagons but see few folk afoot. The visitor is warned that Watch officers control traffic, and must be obeyed on the streets if they yell and wave for walkers

or conveyances to stop or move in particular directions. They give directions, but will not guide or escort visitors.

Geanavue has no curfew, and horns are heard in the city only in times of war or alarm (the Castle has distinctive long, low, growling horns that sound like groaning bulls), or during festivals and Talasaaran revels (where horncalls tend to be high-pitched and bell-like or 'blatty' trumpeting).

Street-cart vendors are the usual sources for kitchen provender (spices, herbs and other uncooked food materials) as well as ready-to-eat food. After dark, inns and taverns are the only places to buy ready food. A few also sell provender, but only if they have excess amounts, or goods that are getting close to spoiling.

Most major intersections have 'duck down' public washrooms just below street level, known as 'raarakes.' Most are reached down a single stair. At its bottom will be a pair of paid-by-the-Watch, alarm-gong-equipped children,

serving as "eyes for trouble." On either side of the bench where the 'eyes' sit are two open doorways, leading to a toilet room for either gender. The top center of the doorframe is carved: a sword-like cleft means men and a double scallop shape for women. Privacy screens (that users must walk around) just inside these entryways prevent unintentional glimpses that might embarrass. Both toilet rooms sport a common bench seat over an open trough, kept clean by pumptank sluicing and scented 'banishstink' candles. It is not considered polite to use raarakes for meetings or business negotiations.

Lighting in the streets at night tends to be dimmest around the homes of the Talasaara (who may have their own tinted lights within their walled properties, but tend to dislike glare they cannot control). Everywhere else, the street lighting is quite bright, by means of wall-mounted oil lamps overseen by the Watch and fueled at Castle expense. For fire safety, lamps are fewest around the warehouses, but Watch patrols are in turn more numerous.

Street drains in Geanavue are good, and tend to smell of mildew more than anything else. Beasts leave dung everywhere, but this is soon scooped up by folk for their windowbox, rooftop or backyard herb-gardens. It is not considered right to empty chamber pots or refuse out into the street (certain alleys and

'unplumbed' dwellings excepted). However, heavy rains can bring all manner of filth down from rooftops - including the occasional corpse. Hiding bodies is surprisingly often accomplished by leaving them aloft for the birds on someone else's roof.

In winter the city smells of wood smoke, and citizens fight slippery ice by spreading smoldering straw on steep streets. The strolling visitor will notice that the roughest cobbles are found on the steepest street slopes, to aid in traction. Most streets slope to a center gutter, and sidewalks are rarities.

The smokehouses of butchers smell like roasting meat year-round, night and day. Dust is seldom a problem inside the city walls, as cobbling continues and the few dirt streets grow fewer. Prevailing local breezes tend to be from the east (bringing the stink of rotting seaweed and fish from Loona and the coast), and are cooling in summer and slightly warming in winter. The upland farms, however, are often raked by vicious winds from out of the mountains.

Geanavese Attitudes

If one goes back far enough, all Geanavese (or their ancestors) came from somewhere else. Work and commerce drives their lives. Merchant traders from elsewhere and outlanders seeking to join in the life and prosperity of the city are ever present. Even without the religious dominance of the House of Solace and the strong, vigilant enforcement of law and order, tolerance of folk of different races and origins would be high. In Geanavue, there is no such thing as an "outsider." The only misfits are thieves, arsonists, kidnapers and vandals.

The mistrusted tend to be competitors in a particular field who refuse to join the relevant guild, or join but flout rules or try to change things to suit themselves.

Other folk that Geanavese view warily are the "dangerously wealthy," who are for the most part 'suddenly very successful' merchants who want to be nobles (described chapter 8); the nobles themselves (chapter 9); wizards; and adventurers (both of which are described at the end of this chapter).

Outlaws on the run from distant justice are considered no worse than any other unfamiliar persons until they break laws in the city. The House of Geana passes good laws, dispenses fair justice, and is rightfully admired and obeyed. Where many nobles do not accept their place and try to gain ever more power, the ruling house seems to have learned wisdom - though of course, like everyone with power, they bear watching.

Clerics not of a citizen's personal faith also bear watching. Most Geanavese hate and fear religions that preach slaying, poverty, destruction or surrender of property, or that try to exclude some races and professions of folk, or exercise excessive control over anyone. It is idiocy to try to convert others or snub them for the beliefs they do hold - where are the prospects for trade in that? "The Holy Houses" chapter describes the relatively few faiths that do flourish in Geanavue, and those that operate more covertly or serve disaffected or crazed Geanavese.

Instead, people concentrate on crafting ever finer items rather than prying into the affairs of other lands. If distant countries send traders who behave themselves and use acceptable coinage, that is all Geanavese need to know about such places.

Yet like the powerful or clerics, outlanders - that is, visitors from outside the claimed demesnes of Geanavue - bear watching. They may not view things as Geanavese do, and may not know

how to behave. Older citizens think outlanders should stay outside the walls, trading in Loona or perhaps the villages along the Loonan road, and that it is safer if Geanavue is left to the Geanavese. Younger folk of the Stones of Peace see how much coin visitors spend in taverns, inns and particularly (after they see eye-catching wares) shops of the city - money Geanavue would never see if outlanders stayed outside the walls, and thought differently. "If they obey the laws and their gold is good, make them welcome," as the saying goes. Recently, larger and larger inns have begun to flourish and some city features - the mansions of the Talasaara in particular - have begun to acquire Merchants' Tongue names that threaten to outstrip older Reanaarese callings. Most of the noble houses began by shunning outlanders, but have come around to welcoming them and making trade deals with them - particularly after several of the 'dangerously wealthy' families, armed with outlander coin, managed to gain concessions from the Castle for certain activities.

Increasing visits to the city by merchants from elsewhere have also caused more Geanavese to use surnames than is the Reanaarian norm. They need to distinguish themselves from other crafters with whom they share first names, and the older habit of saying, "Teelia the Weaver of Launee Maar" ceases to work when that street may house two or even three weavers named Teelia. The guild they share can tell each person apart readily enough - but outlander merchants usually cannot. So, urged on by the Talasaaran pride in family names (and the copying of that attitude by others who aspire to nobility), more and more Geanavese are taking surnames.

Increasingly, outlanders do not seem so strange. They still bear watching, but they are no longer to be shunned or feared on sight.

Of places nearby, the mountains and the Sotai Gagalia Headlands are swarming with fire giants and other monsters, the Keenoa Tors harbor monsters and bandits, and Reanaaria Bay is home to lurking pirates (the lawless pirate port of Aasaer is uncomfortably close). The diligence of the Helms keeps Geanavese upland farms fairly safe from brigandry - though the wise traveler goes not alone or unarmed - and the gnomes of the Nanakary Forest are decent, hardworking folk. The nearest cities most Geanavese consider are Zoa to the south and Giilia to the north. Zoa is a longtime trade rival, larger and wealthier than Geanavue but also far more lawless and dirty, where folk lack common sense and consideration for others in the rush to make fortunes and do harm to all rivals. Giilia, City of Bats, is an unhappy, sinister place where undead rule and patrol the streets. Its folk long to flee - if only they dared to. When they starve in the harshest winter weather, they try to raid Geanavese farms just to get food enough to survive.

In short, it is good to be Geanavese, but the Stones of Peace are ringed about with danger. The folk of Geanavue must be ready to defend themselves at all times, but would really rather be left alone to make ever-better, ever-more-beautiful things. Most Geanavese want the Castle to make sure the city has the defenders it needs, well trained and well armed. They leave matters of war and watchfulness to the powers that be.

As an old cobbler (Liamar of Mearia Maar) said recently: "Want to bring strife into our midst? Go elsewhere, please - here in Geanavue, the Stones of Peace, we measure success in coins and good things made, not in how much blood we've spilt."

Geanavese Rituals

Geanavue has its laws and unwritten rules, too - but most folk are too busy to fuss over small details of etiquette, or care about minor breaches or slips in manners. Let Zoa or other places wallow in feuds and scandals that erupt over mere fripperies. Most Geanavese know 'what is right' and will plainly inform those who transgress or flout the unwritten rules of their errors - but an out-and-out fight might harm skilled hands or valuable goods, equipment or supplies, and in any event waste time that could be better spent. Fight if one must, yes, but not over mere rudeness.

Births

Geanavese celebrate births by holding 'naming feasts' (at which friends and family members toast a babe; this custom allows those who could not be present, such as fellow guild members of the parents, a chance to toast at other times). A typical formal toast might sound like this: "Free and peaceful workers of Geanavue, I give you (full name of newborn)!" (This name is then echoed, as glasses are raised and then half-drained.) The toaster then continues, "Let (first name of baby) join our ranks with good health, strong energy and ever-growing skills, that (he/she) flourish and Geanavue flourish with (him/her)! May the Castle above us (toasters in the Castle always say 'By the Castle around us') and the gods who watch over all make a welcome! Hear our salute!" (General revelry then follows, during which any parent of the newborn who is present will be personally congratulated by each reveler.)

Deaths

When a citizen dies, Castle scribes must be summoned for 'an accounting' of debts, guild memberships and dispersals, and the like. Members of the deceased's guild are entitled to be present at an accounting, and must be informed of it. This 'calling in' duty is customarily undertaken by the Watch, but sometimes by surviving family members.

Registered-with-the-Castle written bequests are legal in Geanavue, and are called "orors." Otherwise, property passes to relatives. If none can be found, the Castle takes all - but will yield all to any proven relative who comes forward within ten years. (If one relative claims and receives everything, but other persons later prove their claims to the Castle, the first recipient will often be required to yield up all or part of what was inherited.)

The accounting is followed by a temple service - if the faith of the deceased has a temple in Geanavue, and the family can afford the cost. The simplest services run about 40 glint, a 'plain but respectable passing' might be billed at 100 to 250 glint, and costs climb with altar time 'taken,' prayers, feasts, toasts, and the like. Services for the passing of nobles and Lords of Geana reach to the heights of grandeur and typically cost 12,000 to 16,000 glint. After the service, a slow-drumbeat funeral procession works its way outside the city's walls, and the body of the deceased is burned on a pyre. Ashes are then usually scattered on the owner's farm (if there is one), into running water (any upland stream) or into the Bay.

Nobles and members of the House of Geana are usually buried in family crypts rather than burned. Increasingly, wealthy merchants are building crypts on their own farms and insisting on "the coffin rather than the flame." (Geanavese coffins are always made of stone and are thus very heavy.)

Visitors and poor folk that die alone are left for the Watch to dispose of, and will be taken to Aladiise, a cemetery outside of town. It is also the final destination of Geanavese servants who have no kin in the city, and Geanavese whose families cannot afford temple services. There the watch members burn the deceased after whatever prayers mourners desire to personally make. City officials will give a handful of ash or fragment of bone to any family member who desires to stay and claim it, and they bury the rest of the remains under a hand-sized 'name tablet' or 'footstone' set flat into the earth.

The dead are remembered, and prayed to for guidance and appeasement, because most Geanavese believe the dead watch the living. Hauntings are quite likely if dead family members, foes, rivals or business partners are sufficiently displeased. Most ghosts, according to city lore, have the power to whisper, speak in dreams, become visible and show or point to things, and little else - but there are a few that can do more. These undead may 'walk' and become truly dangerous. It is these past incidents of terror and slaying from beyond the grave, that led to the current popularity of pyres.

The poorest (but devout) Geanavese may leave their dead in alleys for the Watch to find, or cart-carry them out into the uplands for a ditch-burial. Such customs are frowned upon, but understood as the only things some folk can afford.

Festivals

Most festivals celebrated in Geanavue are religious holy days. Only those of the House of Solace dominate city life to the point where they may interrupt trade and shop hours for anyone except those of that particular faith. It is a Castle offense (heavy fines and public rebuke to the guilty) for any guild ruler to penalize a member in any way for religious observances sanctioned by a local temple.

In addition to holy festivals, the city celebrates three secular 'high days': Arrival Day, the Feast of the Dragon and Warmfires.

Arrival Day is held on the 6th of Mustering. It celebrates the first sighting of Reanaaria Bay by explorers crossing the Ka'Asas.

On this day, large armed parties of Geanavese go out into the uplands, to the bare tors known as Aadamatuus (Spearpoint) and Rukaar (the Old Helm), which provide splendid views of the mountains and the city. There, the celebrants hold huge outdoor feasts, no matter how harsh the weather, and revelers drink and dance far into the night as bonfires blaze. The Fists field a 'full army' to guard the gates and the revelers against possible giant attack, and any wizards who want to cast impressive spells (that will not endanger spectators; beast-summonings, for instance, are banned) are encouraged to do so. Makers or sellers of strong drink distribute samples of their best brews in hopes of bringing in business throughout the rest of the year.

The Feast of the Dragon falls on 11th of Declarations. It commemorates the long-ago slaying of a dragon by Geanavese hunters scouring the mountains.

It is said that the victorious dragon slayers brought back groaning carts piled high with dragon flesh for all to eat. So on this day, the Castle, the Talasaara and the guilds all try to outdo each other in creating carts piled high with elegantly-prepared foodstuffs, usually topped with gigantic dragon heads made out of pastry and sweets. The participants spare no expense and such wagons travel slowly through the streets, where their 'tenders' freely dispense meals to all. It is considered a disgrace for your

wagon to run out of food before nightfall, unless it is promptly replaced by another food-laden wagon. The original 'groaning carts' have grown over the years into large, ornate wagons, sometimes built to resemble grand castles or ships.

This is a day Geanavese commoners try to remember all year. They carry off all the food they can, to keep for as long as possible (submerged in old coffins filled with salted water or a vinegar concoction, if they have no other means), and gorge themselves on the rest. Skewers of smoked meats or spiced apples are popular, as are small, hand-sized cheeses carved into the shapes of turtles or small game animals - but the best carts always have joints of meat to give out to the street poor, and rich stews to ladle out to commoners who come running with their bowls.

Only once has deliberately-poisoned food been served forth (by a Talasaaran house), and the Castle punishment on the guilty nobles was public death by slow poisoning. No one has dared to try such dark deeds again.

Everyone who asks for food - visitors, prisoners, servants and all - are served from the carts. As a result, few nobles or wealthy merchants dine at home that day (because their servants are all out eating). Inns specialize in light, soothing broths and the like, to rest most easily in stomachs already tortured by gluttony.

Warmfires is celebrated on the 26th of Frosting. It marks the end of a (hopefully) successful harvest and larder restocking with a last 'fling' of feasting before the real cold takes hold.

Warmfires is a work holiday, but not a public feast. Geanavese may invite friends over to their meal, or even dine back and forth, but there are no street celebrations. Employers (even Talasaara) give their servants this day off, and go hungry or dine off cold joints, pickled fish, sausages and their wine cellars. Warmfires is a family gathering and day-long meal where Geanavese tell tales, toast the dead, and share recipes and dreams. Small gifts may be exchanged (useful things or whimsies, not large or expensive items). Only certain Geanavese believe that gifts should be given at Warmfires; others see this practice as "creeping decadence."

During Warmfires, citizens examine larders for possible winter wants, sample wines and cheeses, and play games (notably knife-target-toss and the word-clue game 'Where's the Giant Hiding?').

By tradition, no one is punished or docked pay if they fail to show up for work until the latter half of the next day. Some guilds even officially 'close' for this following day,

allowing their apprentices to get utterly drunk and paying fines for any street battles, carousing damages or pranks these carousers may play. However, the full weight of Castle justice will come down on anyone whose pranks cause fires or interrupt the Warmfires meals of other citizens.

Geanavese Products

Geanavue is one of the busiest, most productive sources of exported goods in all Tellene. 'Useful things' pour out of the city. Its collective drive and prosperity is the envy of many merchants from elsewhere - yet it is not in the heart of the best farmlands, nor the most populated regions, nor on the busiest trade routes. What has made it so successful?

Hard work, true, but folk work hard everywhere. Courtiers of Castle Geana are always quick to point out the strengths of the city's present prosperity and the underlying causes. Much of what they usually say appears hereafter.

Stone quarried and mined from the nearby mountains is the chief raw material of Geanavese crafters. Many faults and veins of ore converge in rock faces north and west of the city, yielding up large amounts of high-grade basalt, marble and obsidian, smaller deposits of jet, malachite, beryl and tourmaline, and the occasional rich gem-lode.

Local stone giants, dwarves and gnomes work these raw rocks with hammers, chisels and barrels of grinding and smoothing sands taken from shores up and down Reanaaria Bay. They fashion vessels, furniture, decorative building stones, jewelry and inlays traded elsewhere for use in adorning the works of jewelers in distant cities. The material is superb, and the workmanship matches it.

A smaller group of local crafters smelt, temper, refine and cast metals from the mines, to drive one of Tellene's few industries focused on clockwork. Geanavese crafters produce timepieces (both clocks and watches) and many clockwork time-delay locks and amusing automata. Signature examples of the latter are the famous, exquisite and extremely expensive (500 glint or more) tiny 'singing bird' musical boxes. When wound and activated by pressing hidden catches, these suddenly sprout jeweled birds that trill intricate and lengthy tunes.

Nor are the masters of clockwork Geanavue's only superb crafters. If the local crafters are considered as a whelmed workforce, their skills outstrip those found in most other cities



Citizens of all ages get carried away during the Feast of the Dragon.

of Tellene. It has been said that there is nothing man-made that a worker somewhere in Geanavue cannot craft.

Moreover, many Geanavese families and guilds own farms in the gently rolling lands between the city and the Bay. Farm crops feed not only citizens, but also herds of sheep, goats and pigs. These animals in turn provide food and clothing to their owners and to local purchasers.

It would seem that Geanavese lack for nothing - and in a sense that is true: they do not need to trade to feed, clothe or house themselves. Heat would be a problem in winter in an isolated Geanavue, because good firewood near the city (in other words, wood that could be gathered without having to fight the monsters of the mountains) has become scarce - and good building lumber rarer still.

Yet Geanavue thrives on trade, because its crafters would always rather be making things rather than gathering, rearing, finding or hewing forth the raw materials they need. Food costs (spices in particular) are far lower than they would be if each individual Geanavese had to go on expeditions to get what he desired. Trade in general brings ever-growing prosperity to the Stones of Peace.

The city is in the enviable position of not being desperate for anything, so no one can overcharge Geanavese too outrageously. As a result, they usually enjoy the best prices possible. If something from afar is too pricey, local wares can be had more cheaply.

And yet, the city is not sunk into decadence nor is it awash in gold. A pirate seeking riches to seize would have to kidnap, house, feed and properly equip a lot of crafters to get them to go on creating their wares, if he wanted to reap the true wealth of Geanavue. The greatest strength of the city is its skilled workforce, second to none in breadth of capabilities, but not yet grown too large to govern, nor too haughty to cease innovation and hard work.

Geanavese Intrigue

The crafters ('commoners') of the city devote their time and energies to creating things. Geanavue's political clashes, intrigues, fashions and 'happenings' are largely set by its nobles, the Talasaara. Knowing their aims, agendas and interests is the key to anticipating what will befall in Geanavue in the years ahead.

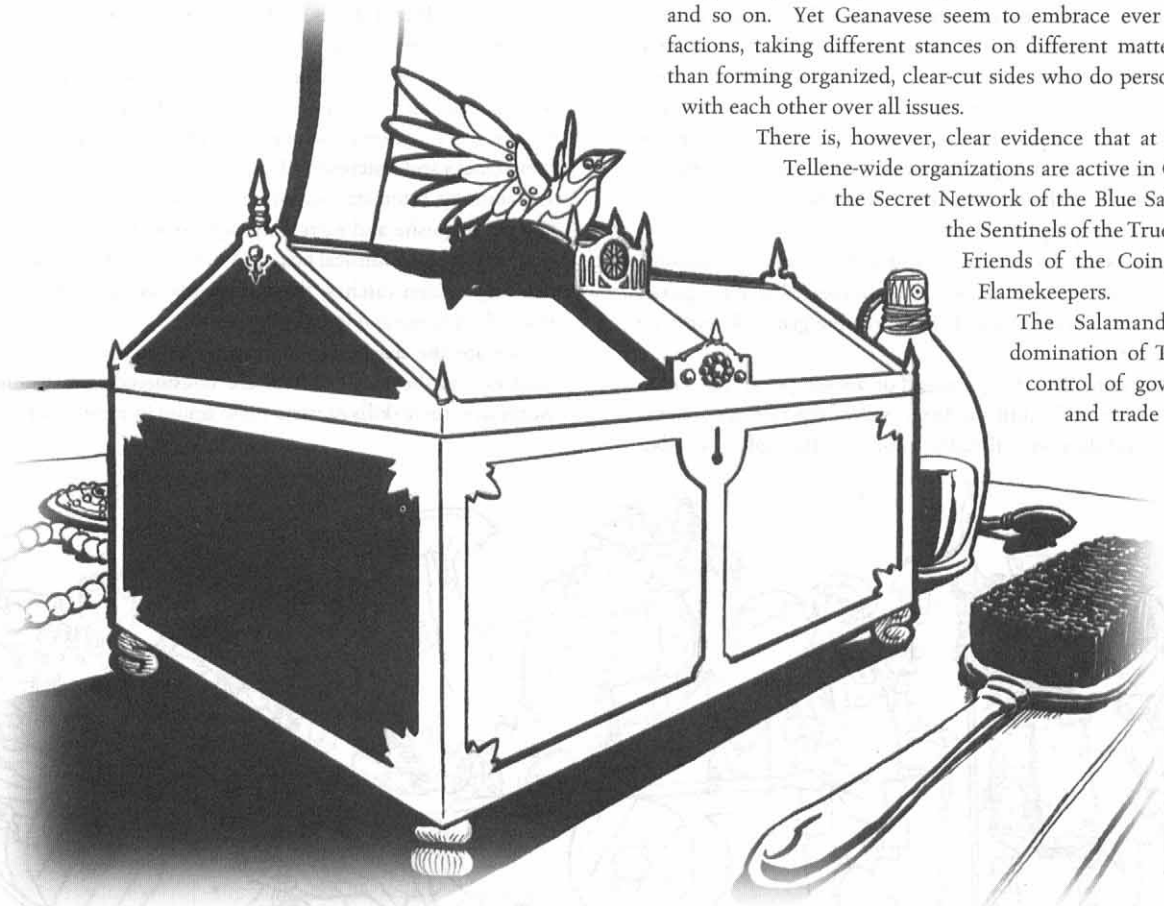
Between Castle politics, the strivings of ambitious would-be nobles, the gossip and shady-work of the nobles themselves, and similar maneuverings among the guilds, the intrigues of Geanavue are energetic and endless. Merely to set down the suspicions and known sayings and deeds of a single season would fill a thick tome.

Certain themes, of course, recur again and again: Talasaarans trying to overthrow the Lord (or at least increase their power and lessen his); guilds seeking to undermine Talasaaran rights; guilds trying to extend their own rules over new commodities and activities not yet seen as belonging to any one guild portfolio; the 'dangerously wealthy' seeking to join the ranks of the Talasaara, and so on. Yet Geanavese seem to embrace ever changing factions, taking different stances on different matters, rather than forming organized, clear-cut sides who do personal battle with each other over all issues.

There is, however, clear evidence that at least four

Tellene-wide organizations are active in Geanavue:
the Secret Network of the Blue Salamander;
the Sentinels of the True Way; the
Friends of the Coin, and the
Flamekeepers.

The Salamanders seek
domination of Tellene by
control of governments
and trade organiza-



Clockwork Automata – one of the notable products of Geanavue

tions. In Geanavue, they are trying to infiltrate the guilds, then the Castle scribes assigned to the guilds, and then Castle courtiers; it is not clear how far along their schemes have proceeded.

The Sentinels hate magic and want it eradicated, preferring to trust in the strength and skill of one's own hands. For years they have worked in vain to reduce the great local power of the priest-hoods. Recently they have become increasingly alarmed at a slight but noticeable rise of magic in Geanavue, particularly increases in the number of resident outlander adventurer spell-casters and the amount of magic possessed by the Talasaara.

The Friends are a shadowy spy network for the pirates of Reanaaria Bay. They determine and report on the movements of valuable cargoes to and from Geanavue and Loona.

The Flamekeepers are a Geanavese group, founded only about a decade ago. Wealth has given them badges (a flame rising from a cupped palm), passwords, weaponry and energetic adherents. They were formed and are led by discontented younger sons of the Talasaara who want to set aside the disliked Mearo when he comes to the throne, in favor of rule by a Council of Nobles, which they call "the Flame of Peace." The leaders keep their

n a m e s

secret, and arrange meetings in hired inn and tavern cellars all over the city, at which members wear masks and refer to each other as "Flame North," "Flame Sunset," "Flame Blue," and so on. Many Castle courtiers regard them as a joke, but some in the Watch are not so sure, and are keeping an increasingly keen eye on their doings.

Wizards

There is no Guild of Wizards, and few openly acknowledged spellcasters dwell in Geanavue. Everyone knows about "Fireworks" Feseera Lorot, owner of The Tower of Time (of which more is said in the Chapter Three: Selected Attractions), and everyone has heard of the notorious Gaini, the Lady Deceiver of Geanavue.

Gaini is a neutral evil female gnome illusionist (Wiz8) and con artist. No one knows quite what this sly swindler looks like (largely because she often employs illusions to change her appearance, posing as either gender and of many races, though attractive human and half-elven females seem to be favorites). It is clear that she is a master mimic, a skilled actor and has nerves of ice.

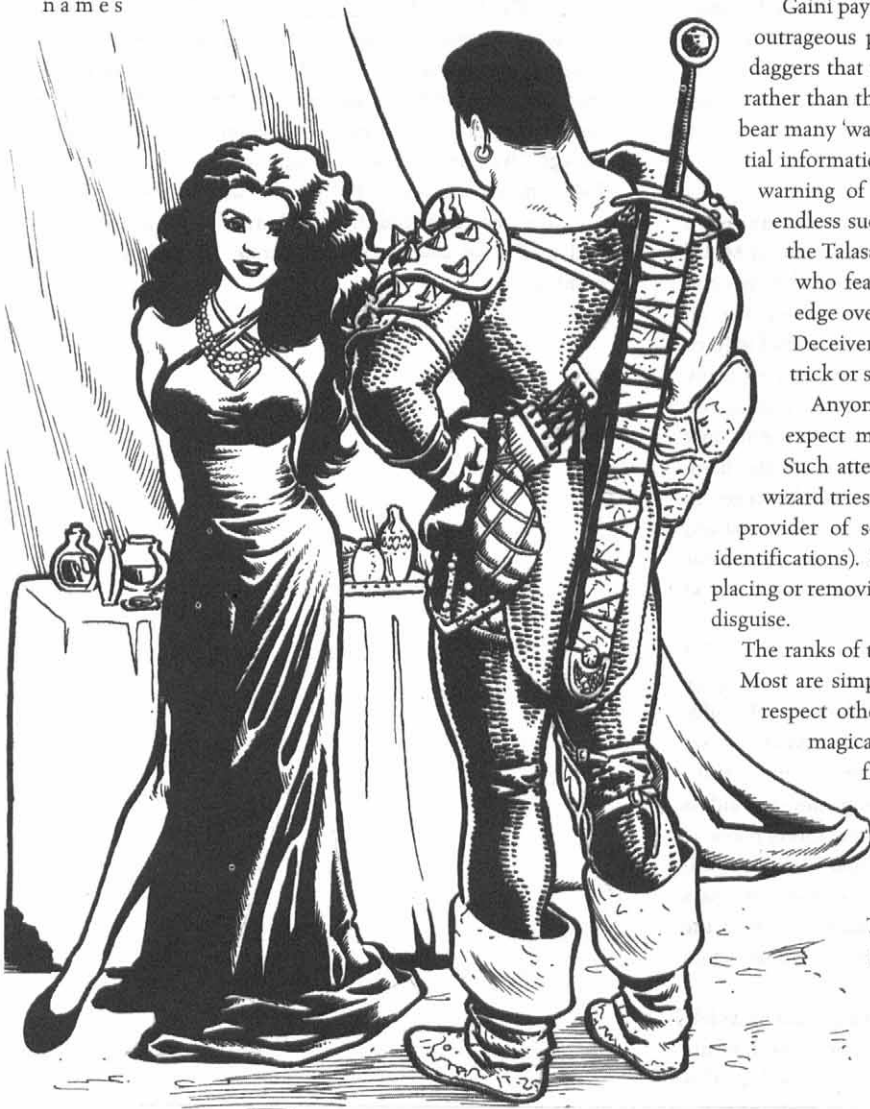
Gaini pays for her purchases with *fool's gold*, and sells (for outrageous prices) powerful wands, rings and enchanted daggers that turn out to bear only a few 'for show' cantrips rather than their full, promised powers. Walls in Geanavue bear many 'wanted' posters promising 100 glint for "substantial information leading directly to the arrest of" Gaini, and warning of her activities. Yet she manages to bilk an endless succession of greedy or desperate young sons of the Talasaara, ignorant visitors, and grasping merchants who fear for the security of their wares or desire an edge over their competitors. So successful has the Lady Deceiver been that many Geanavese speak of a small trick or simple swindle as "pulling a Gaini."

Anyone announcing his or her status as a wizard can expect more or less constant scrutiny by the Watch. Such attentions will be particularly vigilant if the new wizard tries to set up shop as a caster of spells for hire (or a provider of scrolls, potions, enchanted items or magical identifications). Some clients eager for shady-work (such as the placing or removing of charms) are certain to be Watch agents in disguise.

The ranks of the Talasaara hold many 'dabblers' in wizardry. Most are simply hungry for power - or desire the awe and respect other Geanavese will give them if they attain a magically powerful reputation. Such persons usually flaunt their pursuits with wild garb, arcane utterances and frequent workings of showy cantrips.

A few nobles desire magic for darker purposes or as a secret weapon against rivals. They have greater opportunities than most Geanavese to keep their researches secret - and more than one overconfident thief has been surprised indeed to learn that Lord So-and-so or Lady Such-and-such can and do hurl slaying spells when surprised in their own bedchambers late at night.

Talasaara of either group may be far more powerful at magic than Geanavese society



Gaini working her magic on a traveling adventurer.

realizes, though their learning is apt to be uneven. The ranks of the nobles do contain a few real wizards, such as 'Flamehair' of the Celaarivan (see Chapter Eight: The Talasaara).

Geanavue's most infamous spellcaster is Alaki 'of the Talons.' Despite meeting a violent death more than a century ago (in YND 617; see Chapter Five: The Emerald Eagle), he remains the most feared wizard of the city to this day. Alaki's ghost is said to lurk in certain Castle chambers and passages, whispering fell entreaties and sly suggestions to any who care to listen. He is believed to have left behind many evil and harmful spells, cast but somehow "not yet unleashed," as traps for those who intrude into the wrong rooms of the Castle or his former abodes, or who do the wrong things therein.

If all of these tales are true, Alaki must have lived on almost every street of the city. Just where he did live is a matter of furious debate, but rumors have grown steadily since his death - spurred by several instances of strange magical effects occurring when buildings were demolished or renovated.

All in all, Geanavese are wary around wizards. As the old drover Nooregan of the Three Wagons Runners put it recently, between fast trips to and from Loona: "How can so much power be trusted in the hands of someone who hasn't worked a trade, long and hard and in full public view, to amass it? There must be something sly about magic, at the very least...and after all, who, beyond my fellows in the guild and the folk who pay me for my goods, can I really trust?"

Adventurers

The following words were recently uttered in Baeliat's tavern by the potter Taofoor (of Taofoor's Talljugs on Larauncel Maar), but perfectly echo typical Geanavese sentiments: "If there's one thing that's worse than wizards, it's adventurers. A spell that can shatter a castle is a very big sword, true, but the man had to learn how to cast that spell - and that, at least, kept him busy for many days. Your adventurer, now! His business is killing and plundering and threatening. When he practices, it means only one thing: harm to others. Losses, and worse, for the hard-working, honest crafter. That's what your sword-swinging, dishonest! Doesn't want to work for a living, making good and useful things. He's like the flies that bite cattle: he lives off our backs, grinning and sharpening his blade, ready for the next victim. No, I don't like adventurers."

Most Geanavese would agree with Taofoor's words. Yet concern for safety against thieves and enemies has driven many a citizen (the Talasaara in particular, swiftly followed by all guilds and wealthy independent merchants who trade in goods that are readily portable and have a high individual worth) to hire guards.

Geanavue has no organized mercenary companies - and unless a Lord of Geana goes against all the pronouncements of previous Lords, including the current one, no mercenary company will ever be granted a guild charter or anything of the sort. As a result, the best equipped, trained and organized guards in the city tend to be bands of adventurers who served together before arriving in Geanavue.

Adventurers may have a belligerent reputation and be widely considered "thieves just lurking for their chance," but they are also the source of surprising (and free spending) wealth. This makes them welcome in the inns, taverns, and most shops of the city. Welcome, but watched.

They are also useful and sometimes necessary. As a veteran crafter who insisted on remaining anonymous murmured recently, "Adventurers can do dirty work, like swiftly and silently dispose of the body of some friend or tenant who fell down the stairs and broke his neck just now. Slip them a few coins and it's done. Oh, he'll be found, but floating in the harbor with empty bottles slung through his belt, or outside the city in a farm ditch with a bloody dueling-dagger in his hand, not in my fore chamber. And if there's trouble of some sort, well of course the adventurers did it. In fact, why not match our stories to make sure the Watch blames them for it? My guild or that rotting Talasaaran lord or my uncle won't let me have what is rightfully mine, and there's no way I dare to go to the Castle about it, or expect to win if I do...but there're these adventurers, right here, and they can seize what I dare not try for, yes?"

In recent years, adventuring parties have become an increasingly common sight in Geanavue. Some are individuals who have landed in taverns and are looking for work. Others are organized bands: veteran retired soldiers from afar; green young lads and lasses out seeking their fortunes; and everything in between.

The Watch and the Castle have reacted to the increasing incidence of outlander spellcasters and more swords on the streets by becoming ever more vigilant. Thus far no special laws have been enacted to ban adventurers or restrict their activities. In the eyes of at least one grimly anonymous Watch officer, though: "It's coming. Sooner or later we'll have a street battle, or half a street set ablaze, or pillage and butchery from one end of an inn to the other, and then the Lord's hand will come down, and we'll hunt adventurers for a time. Mark my words: it's coming."

Chapter 2

Selected Attractions

Castle Geana

Heading any list of 'things to see in Geanavue' is Castle Geana. This huge fortress rises like a steep stone mountain in the center of the city. It was once described by the far-traveled merchant Balamir Mokira of Bet Kalamar as "one of the crafted marvels of Tellene." Largely built by stone giants, it is fashioned of marble blocks weighing up to thirty tons each, so skillfully placed (with many striations matching from stone to adjacent stone) that much of it appears to be carved from a single titanic block.

The Castle's 24-foot high entry arch, the Arc of Beasts, is especially fine. An anonymous visiting dwarf stonemason, whose words have since been closely echoed by many others, has called it: "a masterpiece unrivalled by human hands." The Arc is adorned with intricately carved beasts, birds, serpents and monsters (but no humans, demihumans or humanoids), so sculpted as to seem to be balanced upon each other.

Castle Legends

There are many local rumors (including some obviously 'tall tales' of stone giant magic playing a part in the construction of the Castle and the city walls, but no sober, confirmed accounts of specific spells or procedures. The most colorful of these local legends insists that on at least one occasion a rain of huge stone blocks came down out of the sky, each landing perfectly in place to form a wall - in mere moments, and with no one standing near.

Most Geanavese rarely think of the building of the Castle. To them, it has simply "always been there," a huge, impressive war-pinnacle of stone in their midst. Other seats of government may be hated because of their occupants, or talked about as the site of scandal after scandal. In Geanavue, the Castle serves as a source of constant, juicy rumors, centered around its many hidden closets and secret passages.

In the supposedly dozens of concealed Castle closets, the tales say, undesired visitors and outlaws are shut away - literally 'walled up' to starve and mummify.

The Castle walls and mount purportedly contain miles of winding underground passages. One of them is a 'secret way out' of the city that, according to some accounts, reaches as far as the Counais before coming to the surface. Retired Fists confirm that there is a passage that passes under the city walls, but most of them say it surfaces in a barn or farmhouse not far from the city. Almost every tale teller claims the passage goes to this or that more colorful destination, from Talasaaran bedchambers used by long-ago amorous Lords of Geana to noble family crypts and

favorite taverns. At least one gossip swears that slithering monsters inhabit that passage now, and that Castle guards often have to race down into the dungeons to hack at a tentacled horror before it slays any more prisoners!

However little truth might underlie such tales, it will be clear to any visitor that the Castle's many vaulted ceilings, halls and grand chambers could comfortably hold the entire population of Geanavue thrice over, and (should it ever be necessary to pack folk into it for protection) double that number of folk or more if crowded together.

Seeing The Castle

Admission to the forechambers of the Castle is available to any citizen or visitor, free of charge, from dawn to dusk. Those who take advantage of this access will soon find themselves standing under the watchful eyes of as many fully armed and armored dwarven guards as is necessary to outnumber them two to one, as they await the arrival of a courtier. That courtier will courteously question them as to their business, and conduct them accordingly, under escort.

The merely curious are warned that passage beyond the audience chambers is normally only possible to Castle staff, courtiers, guards, members of the Talasaara or the ruling House of Geana (and their senior servants), temple delegations and visiting envoys who have satisfied a courtier regarding the gravity and legitimate nature of their business.

However, the chambers that can be viewed are certainly impressive enough. They are all large and high-ceilinged, with the walls and vaultings painted and tiled with scenes of craft-workers completing triumphs of their arts - usually depicted as in their shops, surrounded by admiring audiences.

The Great Hall of Approach, just within the Arc of Beasts, is a lofty-domed, echoing, bare (and usually cold) place of glossy, polished marble floors. Known to Castle staff as "the Foredoors," its walls are pierced by eight tall, arch-topped doors, each guarded by ornate filigree-barred gates that can be locked to bar passage even when the doors behind them stand open. These doors open in pairs into four adjacent rooms: a guardroom (which in turn offers access to holding cells, an armory and guard-quarters); the North Hearth and the South Hearth (two identical audience chambers where groups or individuals may speak with courtiers), and the Hall of the Carvers.

Also known as "the Room of Sentinels," the Hall of the Carvers is a long, large chamber lined with giant-sized statues of

artisans hewing and sculpting invisible stones, on raised plinths. It is used for assemblies (for citizen debates and votes, and to issue proclamations to guilds), revels, and militia whelmings and briefings. Doors at the far end from the Great Hall of Approach lead on into the Castle proper - specifically, into the Hall of Gems.

That chamber is named for its adornment of gigantic gems that bulge out of the walls, catching the light from hanging lanterns and reflecting it in dazzling, ever-shifting arrays. These gigantic stones are false, being fashioned of polished rock crystal and glass. Between them, many tall, narrow arch-topped doors pierce the walls of the Hall of Gems.

Those doors open into a reception office (where a courtier flanked by guards will direct visitors to the relevant inner office beyond), the offices of the city scribes and tax collectors, the living quarters of the Castle staff, and to another guardpost, which in turn offers restricted access to offices of the senior courtiers and to the High Halls of State.

The most famous of the High Halls (and the only one most Geanavese can name, or might have seen) is The Hall of the Basalt Throne, where Lord Haar sits when making solemn proclamations and rulings. It is surrounded by passages lined with huge (forty feet high or more) portraits of all the past Lords of Geana, the good and the bad. Stairs rising from these passages offer access to upper floors where the ruling House of Geana (and, rumors say, their concubines, pet monsters, private wizards, healers and bodyguards) dwell.

The Grimmer Face of the Castle

Persons who have the misfortune to become involved in legal conflicts in Geanavue will discover that the Castle has another gate that is always open: Jailers' Door. This narrow, inconspicuous door is located beside the portcullis-guarded Stable Arch. It is adorned with a faint, unpainted relief carving of two diagonally crossed gauntlets, fists uppermost.

Jailers' Door leads to holding cells and courtrooms. The door opens onto a passage whose left-hand wall is a guardport, through which crossbows can be trained on any intruder (a "ready room" for the guards on duty lies behind it). A door in that wall of the passage leads into a chamber overlooked by the same guardport. That room is known as Prisoner's Wait, and its walls and ceiling are lined with rings and manacles for the restraint of prisoners who struggle. Three stout metal doors in the walls of the Wait lead into passages lined by a cluster of three cells each.

On the right-hand wall of the passage behind Jailers' Door are five courtrooms. These chambers are used as needed by both the Courts of Law and the Courts of Equity. Magistrates, clerks and guards staff these night and day, for swift justice in the event of arrests or unrest.

The Towers

As one views the Castle from afar, its bulk rises raggedly on both flanks to soar skywards in the center, stabbing at the sky with two identical stout, massive cylindrical keep towers, flanked by a shorter, more slender spire.

The more northerly of the two keeps (the one with several balconies) is Lord's Mount. Therein lie the apartments where the ruling Lord of Geana dwells, above the Chamberlain and the Treasury. The other keep, Court Force, houses visitors, in several

floors of guest chambers between the apartments of the Warcaptain (and his daughters), above, and the Ready Sword (Castle security) below.

The beautiful spire beside Lord's Mount and Court Force is Windstar Tower, traditionally home to the Lords' wife and/or daughters and infant children (male offspring of a Lord traditionally take rooms in Court Force once they are old enough to be trained to ride and bear arms).

During Lord Haar's time, Castle Wizard Taluth 'Blackmantle' has used Windstar Tower for spellcasting. As a result, several chambers are said to be in need of repair. On some nights the fires and flashes of Taluth's wild spells can be seen flaring through its windows. On rare occasions magics even burst forth to crawl and sparkle over the Castle - and these are the times, Geanavese murmur, when Taluth playfully "battles" the Warcaptain's three daughters with his arcane arts.

Of the History of the Castle

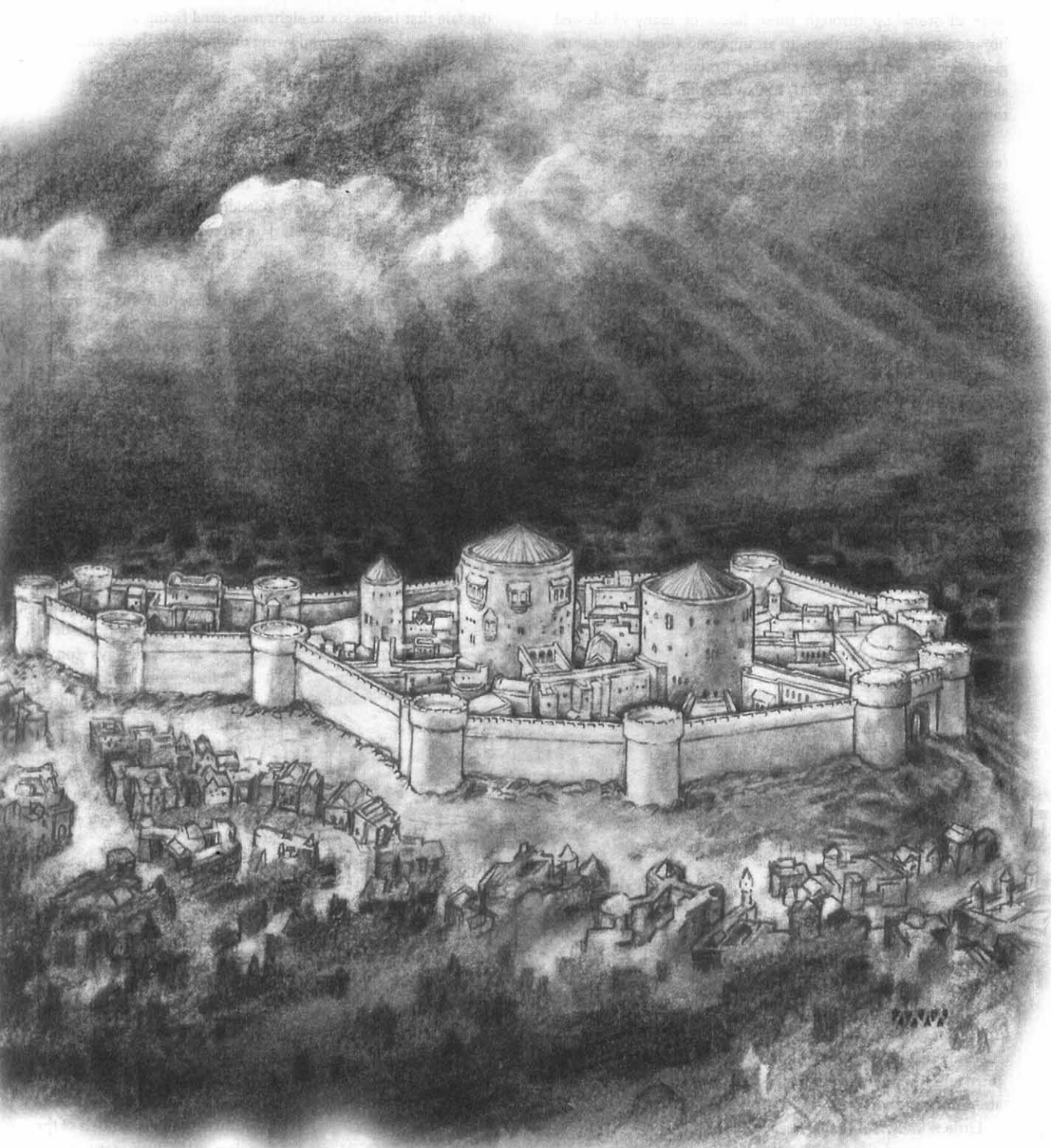
Taluth's ragings of magic have never yet set the Castle ablaze, but it was severely damaged by fire in YND 692. That blaze began when a mysterious (and, many say, Talasaaran-caused) accident caused an explosion in the pantries and cellars. The resulting conflagration collapsed the Castle's original central keep, a squat, unadorned cylinder called "the Wareye" in old texts because hearthfires often glowed red through its lone window.

No trace of that tower remains today. Where it once stood is Hazaar's Yard, one of at least three interior Castle courtyards. Named for a long-ago Castle armorer who trained troops there, Hazaar's Yard is rarely seen by the public, but is worth seeking out. In it, a visitor will find a shaded garden, planted around a central fountain whose low walls form a circular ring-seat. The Yard seems almost roofed over by a tangle of crisscrossing bridges that join upper levels of the Castle across the courtyard.

The Castle has been renovated and rebuilt in small ways by almost every Lord of Geanavue. Its last large expansion occurred in YND 701, when Lord Halavaun caused the Stables to be replaced by Griffon Wing, and the present Stables and arrow-head-shaped stable yard to be built, beyond.

Though some visitors have sneered at the warlike appearance of the Castle (saying it falls far short of grand palaces elsewhere), the visiting sage Rhoavalus of Zoa echoed the feelings of most Geanavese when he said, "I gaze upon Castle Geana and see history - the old, proud strivings of folk who work hard and achieve much, fighting when they have to, but dreaming, just a little, every day."

Those words so well capture the spirit of the city that an unknown stonemason chiseled them into a flagstone - and covertly swapped it, one night, for an existing flagstone in front of the Arc of Beasts where most visitors walk. The folk of the city have carefully stepped around that stone ever since, so as not to wear the message away. Recently, an unknown carver did the same thing to a stone near Jailers' Door, giving his or her stone the simpler message: "Geanavue: Long May It Endure."



Castle Geana as seen from the west.

The Tower of Time

The Tower of Time is the name by which most Geanavese know the second most striking landmark of their city: a gracefully soaring clock tower.

The Tower of Time rises tall and slender from its street level story of stone up through three floors of many-windowed libraries and spell chambers, to an uppermost level that sports giant clocks on all four sides. These timepieces advertise the skills of the Engineers Guild, but were commissioned by the tower's owner and occupant, the wizard Feseera Lorot.

'Fireworks Feseera' (a lawful neutral male human Wiz9 (enchanter)) is a whimsical but private man given to sudden fits of temper but also many covert kindly acts. He is best known in the city for his skunk familiar and the spectacular fireworks displays he casts for the evening of every Arrival Day.

Lorot does not welcome visitors, and customarily refuses to answer any summons at his door. Persistent knockers (including bellowing Watch officers and Helms) have been startled to be answered by a mask-like floating image of Lorot's face, that converses curtly with them - largely to bid them begone.

Some Geanavese, however, swear they have shared tavern tables, wineskins, gossip and jests in plenty with an affable, gaunt and spade-bearded man who was undoubtedly Lorot.

One popular tavern-tale in Geanavue concerns a thief who won his way inside the Tower of Time-only to find himself pursued from room to room by impossibly long snakes. When he beheaded one serpent with a knife, the severed head sprouted wings and flew at him, snapping its jaws. The thief promptly plunged through a window to escape, screaming. Some say Lorot was so amused by the image of the terrified thief that he captured it in a spell, and 'replays' it (as an illusion so vivid it seems real) to scare off other intruders when he detects them attempting entry.

Little is known of the Tower's interior, beyond the fact that it has spiral staircases and a ground floor almost entirely given over to various statues that Feseera is rumored to be able to magically animate as

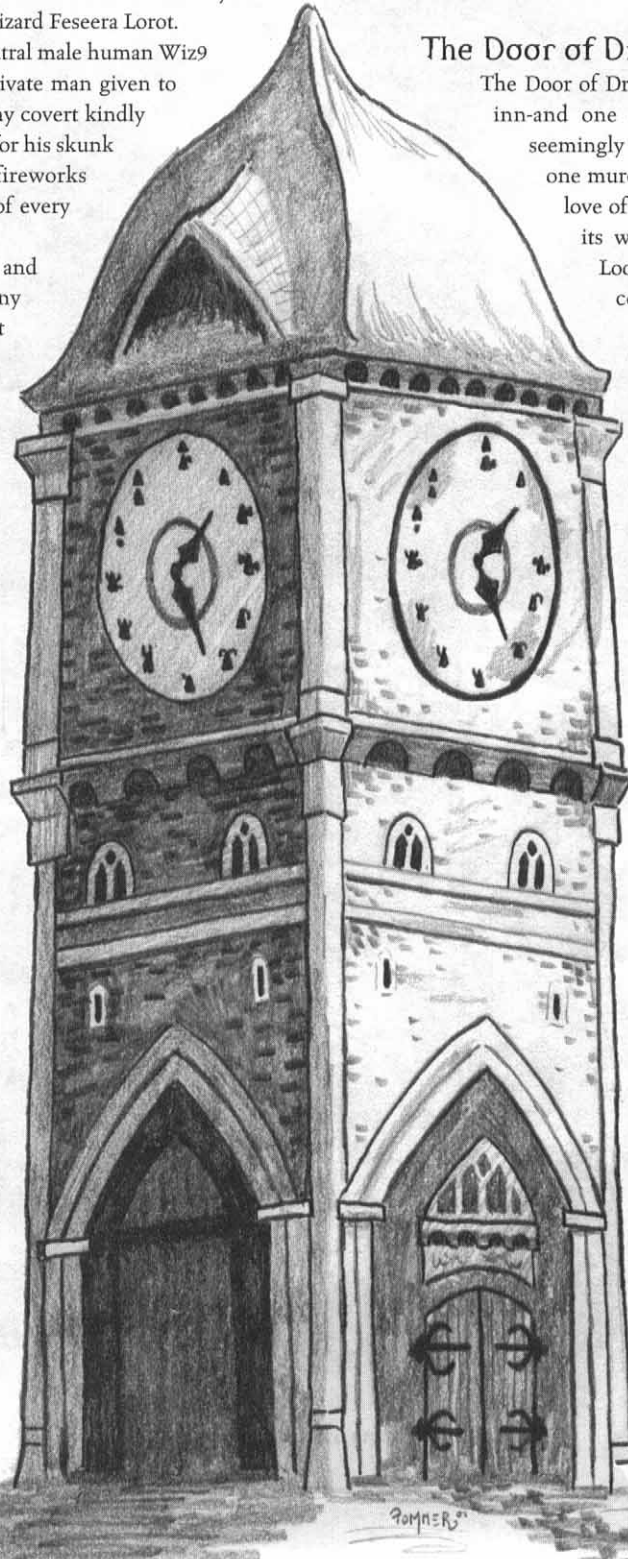
guardians (actually he uses illusions to ward off unwanted visitors). Flashes of radiance betimes emitted from upper windows suggest that spells are cast on those levels. Some of those glows have lasted long enough to show tiers of full bookshelves to wonder-struck observers - but it is almost certain the tale that insists six to eight man-sized flying dragons dwell behind the clock-faces (and swing them aside to fly out and hunt men on dark, stormy nights) is false. Almost.

The Door of Dreams

The Door of Dreams is Geanavue's most popular inn-and one of the few places in the city seemingly 'outside the rules.' So long as no one murders prominent citizens, the local love of peace and order is relaxed inside its walls, in a way only matched in Loona and perhaps in the privacy of certain Talasaaran revels. The Watch seems under orders to adopt an attitude of 'anything goes in the Door of Dreams. Patrons had best accept that as we do.'

The name of the inn comes from its florid past, when it was a place of wild revels, gambling and frolics between lads and lasses. The actual entrance from which it derives its name is a large, circular wooden front door that rolls sideways (on a gigantic 'pull rod') into a pocket in the walls. Painted with pink-and-purple mists and adorned with slivers of mica that glitter like stars, the door is festooned with fine lengths of wire, stretched tightly between small wooden pegs. They slash and lacerate anyone running into them (or trying to drag the door open from outside), but are intended simply as a musical adornment: as the door moves or breezes blow across it, the wires sing and jangle in random, eerie chiming.

The door is guarded at all times by four members of the inn staff: two stone giants (often injured Stone Fists 'on the mend') and two scantily-dressed human female 'hostesses.' The latter pair is there



The Tower of Time

to entice folk in, and the former is present to keep undesirables out (and protect the hostesses from visiting Loonan sailors and others overcome with eagerness).

Inside, a visitor will find a noisy, lively ongoing party taking place in a shabby, once-grand mansion of broad, sweeping stairs, rude statues, and soft crimson-dyed furs underfoot. Balconies protrude from every inside wall, a swift and efficient staff glide everywhere with full tankards and goblets (the source of much wealth; any drink costs a gold glint each!), and professional escorts of all races and both genders beckon, preen and purr.

The alert guest will notice that the Door of Dreams actually consists of three or four large, old mansions (each with its own four- or five-floor turret-tower, now given over to rental rooms) joined together rather clumsily by a central feasting-hall.

The central hall is a chaotic jumble of many pillars in odd locations, a many-vaulted ceiling that is low here and soaring there, and crisscrossing catwalks. The catwalks are used by scurrying servants, cloaked guests desiring anonymity (hooded cloaks are rented out by the staff for a single copper coin - of any type and origin - each, per evening), and acrobats entertaining the diners below. Many of these catwalk performers are escorts advertising themselves more than anything else, but guests are advised that the Door of Dreams is much more than a haven for drunkards and lechers: it is Geanavue's main 'hiring fair' for adventurers.

Talasaarans come here in disguise (often nothing more elaborate than a gem-trimmed half-mask) for thrills, or to hire - either entertainments for revels or bravos to help them carry out pranks or shady-work. Merchants (even guildmasters) come to 'the Door' to 'inadvertently' meet trade contacts (so as to arrange more private meetings elsewhere), or in hopes of hiring bodyguards who look impressive (as having formidable or alluring hireswords enhances a trader's reputation).

Of course, hiring outlander adventurers makes it easier for an employer desiring unscrupulous deeds done to frame or disown such hirelings if anything goes awry.

It is known that several adventuring bands long resident in Geanavue (such as the dozen halflings who style themselves 'Dark Hazard,' the six deadly women known as the 'Sword Sisters,' and the motley band of grizzled battle-veterans who call themselves 'The Old Red Axe') frequent the Door seeking commissions.

The Door is also the best place in town to buy information (along with a lot of rumor and deliberate falsehood spread by the guilds, the Talasaara and others desiring to make trouble - usually for business rivals). The customary way of announcing an intention to hear about something is to say, "My ear itches, right strongly," or some variation on that phrase.

Although many folk have learned the hard way that Watch spies mingle with interested buyers, the Door is also a good place to sell illicit, stolen or questionable goods.

Wise folk who frequent the Door go armed, in case their visit takes a dark turn. The tales of secret tunnels and 'escape shafts' in the inn that lead to nearby cellars, sewers and alleyways are true - but it is almost impossible to get into one of these 'fleeways' in haste unless one is previously familiar with a route or pays a member of the staff to be 'shown escape.' Typically the fee is two to five glint per person desiring to escape. For twice or thrice that, staffers will arrange staged fights or other diversions,

hamper or slow pursuers, and even scout out the far ends of routes to ensure that fleeing patrons can get clear away.

Rental rooms at the Door all feature door bars, chamber pots and shuttered windows (with bars), but their decor, the company awaiting within, and the presence or absence of spy holes and secret passages that renters may or may not be informed about varies widely from room to room.

The oldest, tallest inn tower is the Asainaer, named for the now-extinct wealthy family whose house it once crowned. It contains the most expensive and exclusive rooms, the largest suites, and slightly less noise and tumult than other wings and turrets of the Door. The Asainaer can boast several reputedly haunted rooms, including chambers where disembodied female voices whisper disconcertingly in renters' ears. In its notorious End Room, a headless, unclad maidservant glides from door to door serenely carrying a platter that holds a forest of wine bottles and goblets - and her own staring head. It turns to regard living witnesses as she passes, and those who have mastered their fear say that one should look closely at it. The gods, they claim, sometimes send messages to those she appears to by causing a few cryptic words to be written on cards held in the teeth of this haunt's mouth.

The Asainaer shares other sorts of hauntings with the other four towers of the inn (the Northturrets, the Osaunier, the Sataaraaven and the Moaruin). The most prevalent of these involve unseen, desperately fleeing men who groan or scream as they are caught by ghostly pursuers and impaled on sword blades. In the wake of their wet, bubbling dying noises, some of these phantoms leave glowing trails of blood that vanish shortly thereafter. Other 'popular' (in some circles) hauntings involve shining, watching pairs of eyes that appear in the darkness. These move around disconcertingly, in utter silence - but vanish whenever lantern or torchlight touches them.

Geanavese love to tell other colorful tales of odd goings-on and horrors at the Door - such as rotting, maggot-riddled bodies of smugglers falling out of secret passages onto the beds of sleeping renters, still transfixed by the multiple swords that slew them. One of the most persistent rumors claims that the inn is owned by 'Red' Raavisia, a shapeshifter who poses as a beautiful lady escort, but turns her arms to long, stinging tentacles when alone with quarry she fancies - tentacles that soon crush, strangle or rend her hapless victims.

Master-of-the-House Raagaar 'Holeblade' refuses to confirm or deny this tale - but on more than one occasion has pointedly donned a belt fashioned to look like a giant tentacle and rejoined guests who have asked him about such rumors.

Raagaar (a CN male human Ftr2/Rog5) is a tall, caustic-tongued and fearless bravo who often wears a skull mask. He keeps the revelry at the Door from erupting into large-scale slaughters with swiftly-hurled blades and by calling on several rogues. They customarily trip patrons or smother them with weighted cloaks, then pummel them. If real violence is necessary, Raagaar and his rogues will not hesitate to employ hand crossbows that fire darts tipped with sleep venom. The precise nature of this substance is unknown, but it causes some victims to fall asleep almost instantly, and remain so for one to four hours. Others are only slowed in their movements (and rendered weak, speech-slurred and staggering) for a few (about two to five) minutes.

Muratuur's Welcome

Those desiring a rather more restful sleep than the Door offers are directed past slightly less rowdy inns like The Rest of Emperors (a gilded, 'genteel' establishment) and Oboulans Deliverance-From-Talons (bright, new and spartan, named for its founder's escape from a winged monster whilst mining) to Muratuur's Welcome.

The 'Welcome' is just that: an inn that cheerfully accepts all manner of creatures as guests, no matter how unkempt, foreign, or just plain dangerous they may look.

Sailors, adventurers, mercenaries and other outlanders soon fall in love with this rambling, creaking, seemingly endless succession of parlors. The tiny, soft-spoken blonde figure of 'Mother' Alace Muratuur bustles endlessly about seeing to every need of her guests (including footrubs, garment mending, weapon-sharpening, and no-questions-asked washings-out of bloodstains) with the aid of a small army of semi-retired, injured adventurers.

Alace is the widow of the founder of the Welcome, the popular retired adventurer warrior Guluur Muratuur. He died a dozen years back when a mysterious cowl'd guest invaded his mind, directing him to slay Alace - instead Guluur triggered a precious enchanted item. Its explosion slew his tormentor and himself, shattering the room now known as 'Bloodwalls' so that its roof came down on them both. The rebuilt chamber is the one room in the Welcome that Alace will not enter.

The capabilities of the staff and the love of patrons for their 'home' (which has caused them to erupt in armed defense of Alace and her inn on more than on occasion) ensure that peaceful order is the rule inside the Welcome.

The staff tends to wear eye patches, be missing a limb or two and be experienced at violence. Longtime staffers include such notables as 'Spitwine' Soroot Aegul, a CG male human Ftr4 who once single-handedly slaughtered a pirate crew and seized their ship, the Black Keel; and Galeesa Satounreen,

a NG female human Sor5 who loves to light her way - and the inn lamps - with her own 'handfire.'

Even bitter rivals regard the Welcome as 'truce territory,' and have been known to temporarily set aside bloody quarrels for a chance to converse - and to abruptly take their disputes to an alley outside if such discussions grow heated.

Suites in the Welcome are warrens dominated by many closets, old and comfortable furniture, and 'room to sprawl.' As much as possible, Alace houses guests far apart, filling the empty rooms between them only as a last resort.

Unless one destroys doors or clambers up through windows, entry to the Welcome is only possible through the front forehall or the kitchens, but there are over a dozen out-only 'backstair doors' that allow hasty exits if the need arises. Alace's obsessions are cleanliness and comfort, and everyone has



The Muratuur's Welcome is often a newcomer's first sight inside the city walls.

access to scented bathwater, capacious soaking tubs and plentiful 'warmrobes' (which are acceptable wear all over the Welcome, not just in one's own rooms).

Certain guests of the inn rent no rooms, but only "saaludar" (storage closets). Some saaludar are large enough to contain a small bed, but they are not intended for folk to live or sleep in, only for storage. The rules governing use of these anonymous rooms prohibit storage of dead things unless they are properly preserved and packaged against vermin or leakage (a sealed keg of smoked fish in oil is fine; a man's dead body is not), and also prohibit readily flammable substances such as lamp oil. Otherwise, almost anything goes, and much contraband, disguises and 'long lost' valuables undoubtedly rest behind the Welcome's nondescript saaludar doors.

Though they have probably sheltered comparable hoards of secrets, the Welcome has far fewer hauntings than the Door of Dreams, sporting only two recurring reports. One is the silently running figure of Guluur Muratuur, who races along the passages with sword drawn and eyes blazing. Regular patrons nod and greet him gravely ere he rushes through them, leaving a chill tingling in his wake, and vanishes. The other ghost is thought to have been a young lady harpist who was murdered in her room at the Welcome by her companion. She manifests only as faint, eerie harp music that always seems distant, no matter where in the Welcome one hears it from.

Alace is known to maintain several 'hidden rooms' for the concealed storage of persons and items. Only she and a few unidentified senior staff know how to reach these chambers. In return for their steep rental fees, one buys her absolute discretion as to their use and contents - no matter who should come searching. At least one such secret suite, "Kautoor's Fang," has its own understreet crawl-tunnel entrance and exit.

Feleatur's Falconfly

The establishments known as 'darkhouses' (which are both brothels and gambling clubs) have always been rarer in peace-loving Geanavue than in most other cities of comparable wealth and size. The Door of Dreams and various small, very private clubs have traditionally satisfied local demand for these services. Recently, however, a Geanavese tavern has opened that dabbles in both interests: Feleatur's Falconfly, known to one and all merely as "the Falconfly."

This drinking-house has a typical dimly-lit front taproom. Vast, low-beamed and many-pillared, it is crowded with massive, rustic wooden chairs and round tables. From its center rise two circular, openwork filigreed metal staircases, which spiral up to an upper floor of more generously-spaced round tables where dancers perform and gamblers wager upon games. Both floors have handy 'spewshafts' down which dregs of drinks can be tossed, to a noisome sluice cellar below - where, rumor whispers, more than a few bodies of missing persons rot among the leavings of privy-chutes and the kitchen slop-barrels.

Back rooms can be rented on both the taproom and club levels. These tapestry-hung chambers are reached down narrow passages that have lockable doors at both ends, to ensure that no one listens in. The walls of those passages are pierced to allow swords to be thrust out, rumors insist, into undesired persons. When rooms are rented, musicians on staff at the Falconfly stroll constantly through passages in the walls between the rooms,

playing continuously to mask conversations - and to reassure renters that no one is standing listening in one of these passages. Despite angry wives' speculations to the contrary, these rooms are seldom used for loving purposes. Rather, they have become the most popular places in Geanavue for deal making between guilds and between merchants and outlander visitors. They are also ideal places to hire adventurers to investigate, plunder or damage something.

These "whispering rooms" typify what the Falconfly's become known for: not a haven for mindless drowning of sorrows, nor a place of raucous revelry; it is instead a busy meeting place where business is done, and plots and schemes are hatched or rehashed over every flagon. The Talasaara appear not to have discovered or decided to adopt this tavern yet (though their spies and agents might well be among the patrons), but it has become a firm favorite of merchants and visitors of all sorts.

Shops and Vendors

Most of the shops in Geanavue are clean, well-organized, and (thanks to the guilds) vary little in price or presentation. However, the finest crafters delight in displaying ever-more-clever carvings or innovative designs and hues to outdo rivals. Buyers typically delight in the breadth of selection, quality of goods and their ability to quickly survey the wares on offer.

As a result, the city offers relatively few 'interesting' shops where unexpected treasures may be found amid a clutter of secondhand curios (and possibly contraband). Persons seeking such venues are typically directed to Loona, but there are a few small, little-known back street Geanavese shops offering oddments, salvaged goods and, well, junk.

Perhaps the most interesting of these is Wevoor's House of Wonders, which stands at the Paurutaa (where vendors from Loona and the upland farms typically sell eggs, hides, live fish, fowl and stock animals, every twelfth day).

Onidemuus Wevoor (a CN male human Rog4) is constantly blinking, sleepy-looking and unshaven, with deep pouches of flesh under his large, sad-looking eyes. He is fat and as broad-shouldered as most doors, yet moves through his crowded shop with uncanny lithe grace and silence. Regular patrons have learned (sometimes to their cost) that he has perfect control over his emotions and features; it is impossible to scare or impress him. Someone once put a crossbow bolt through his hand, pinning it to a doorframe - and doubtless dealing him excruciating pain - but Wevoor's expression never changed as he calmly examined the quarrel, then jerked it forth to free his hand in a shower of blood. He then began negotiating a price for his injury!

Wevoor seems able to produce an endless supply of coins (always from a different hiding place) to pay for goods he fancies. These may be anything from empty ale kegs to old, suspiciously-bloodstained gowns of a particular hue. When buying, however, he always pays rather less than he sells things for.

He is not adverse to barter or purchasing magic - and has funds enough to have acquired at least one iron golem (Monster Manual p 109-111) as a shop guardian, as well as (if terrified reports from fleeing would-be thieves can be believed) some sort of flying animated 'weapons and pieces of armor' automatons (Monster Manual p 17), and perhaps even a rast (Monster Manual p 154). However, he prefers to deal in used everyday

things such as lanterns, chests, coils of rope, helms, daggers, cloaks and boots, chairs, beds and tents.

A brilliant blue gem as large as a man's head flashes and glows at the center of the House of Wonders, turning endlessly in a smoothly egg-shaped carved wooden cabinet that revolves on a ceiling chain. However, this prize stone is simply cleverly cut glass, enspelled with its hue and inner light by a novice wizard long ago. The cabinet turns not by magic, but by a winch that Wevoor winds up whenever his shop is empty of patrons.

Wevoor is a competent smith and armorer, and often repairs broken or worn armor sold to him. Those who know to ask can usually choose from a dozen or so suits of various sorts of armor kept in a back room. (Its door is adorned with a shield, hung ready for Wevoor to snatch up in self-defense if need be; a throwing-axe and two swords hang ready behind it.) Wevoor can make minor modifications in size to such armors, but dislikes being rushed in such work, typically taking 20 to 50% longer than what is absolutely necessary to complete the job.

Sick Horse Fountain

Few persons would look twice at the nondescript stone waterfount known to one and all as Sick Horse Fountain. Its waters pour from the open mouth of a stone horse head whose expression suggests it is contorted in pain. They flow into a green-and-black marble bowl large enough for bold citizens to bathe in. Nevertheless, this free-to-all water source is a popular meeting-place and landmark. Visitors to Geanavue would do well to mark its location firmly in their minds.

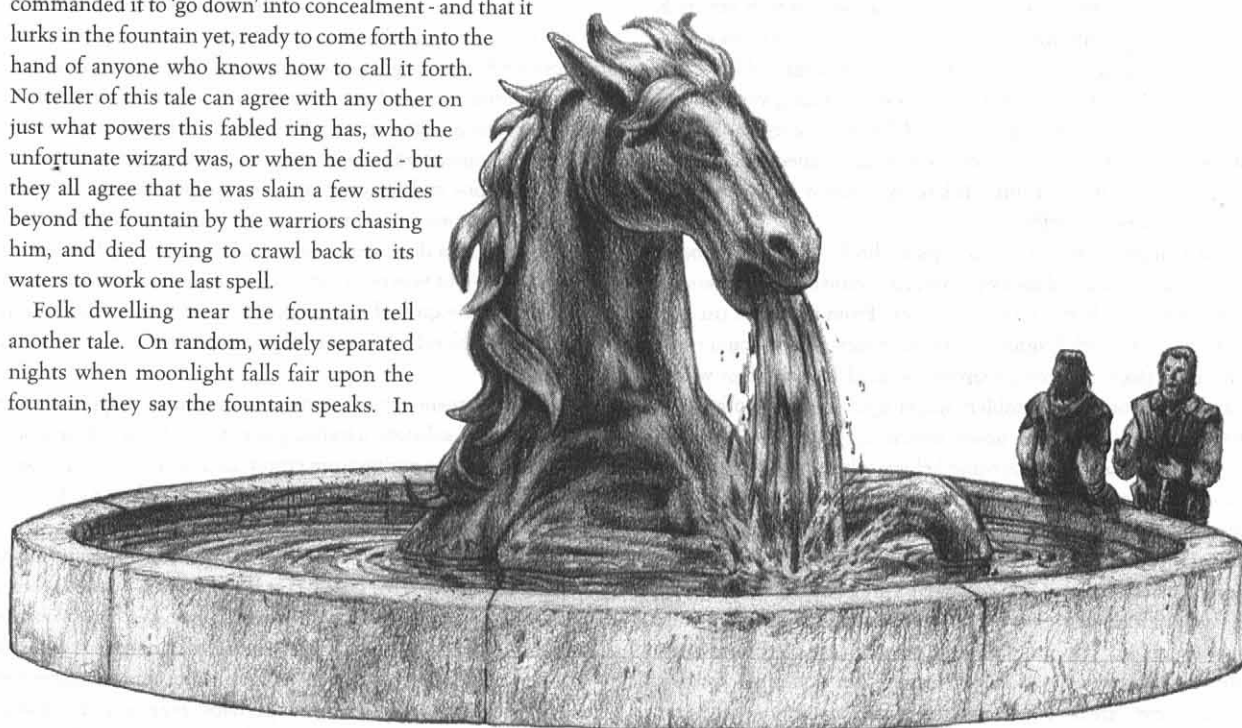
Many a duel, business deal or rendezvous is made 'by the spewing horse,' and its perfectly drinkable waters are (fancifully) rumored to have all sorts of minor medicinal and magical powers.

It is also said that a wizard pursued by three would-be slayers threw an enchanted ring into the fountain's bowl and commanded it to 'go down' into concealment - and that it lurks in the fountain yet, ready to come forth into the hand of anyone who knows how to call it forth. No teller of this tale can agree with any other on just what powers this fabled ring has, who the unfortunate wizard was, or when he died - but they all agree that he was slain a few strides beyond the fountain by the warriors chasing him, and died trying to crawl back to its waters to work one last spell.

Folk dwelling near the fountain tell another tale. On random, widely separated nights when moonlight falls fair upon the fountain, they say the fountain speaks. In

the moonlight, a startlingly loud, crisp man's voice issues from the horse head, speaking just a few cryptic words. Who this speaker is, and what the various sayings mean, is again a source of great dispute. Yet many folk dwelling near hasten to their windows when the moon is bright in hopes of hearing the 'Voice of the Fountain' (so as to remember its words, and sell this valuable lore to anyone who asks).

The locations of these attractions, as well as many other sights of the city, are noted in "The Promenade" chapter.



Sick Horse Fountain – A popular location for both innocent and less-savory rendezvous.

Chapter 3

The Basalt Throne

Geanavese may think vaguely of "the Castle" carrying out the wishes of the ruling Lord, but the Basalt Throne is upheld by a disciplined and (more than in most cities) principled military and bureaucracy. The Castle towering above them may represent the will of Geanavese to be governed, but in daily practice it refers neither to soaring towers nor to lofty principles. Instead, "the Castle" means a small army of folk who see to taxes, coinage, policing and a host of administrative matters, from keeping the sewers unclogged to spreading word of decrees and decisions throughout the populace.

Rule and Succession

Since YND 716 (535 IR), Geanavue has been ruled by Lord Haar of the House of Geana. Lord Haar is widely (and correctly) regarded as wise and just. Though he has begun to find the burdens of state wearying, he does not regard his son Mearo as ready to assume the Basalt Throne. Haar's conscience will not let him surrender his city to unready or unfit hands, nor abandon its future if war or great evil threatens.

The city has no written 'crown laws' regarding its governance. It is simply assumed that there will be a ruling Lord, that he or she will be of the House of Geana, and that he or she can rule by absolute decree - so long as the King's Code is not broken, no guild is shattered, and no "wanton seizure of property will ever be made from the Geanavese hands that crafted said items, or monies derived directly from the sale of such items" by the government. These guarantees are contained in the famous Soroveer's Oath, made by the first Lord of the House of Geana.

Recently, the importance of that 'he or she' phrasing has been emphasized. In a famous speech a few years ago, Lord Haar reaffirmed the longstanding local notion that "one day a Lady will rule us" by saying that "a Lord or Lady would sit on the Basalt Throne with equal authority, as the gods and people both witness."

Presumably, if the ruling house ever dies out, or produces a Lord or Lady utterly unfit for rule, Geanavue will face a crisis and probably a power struggle between temples, guilds and the Talasaara. Given the nature of Geanavese, such a struggle is likely to occur largely behind closed doors, with a formal 'false face' being put on things. Likely results include a puppet ruling Lord or the use of magic to craft disguises to counterfeit a "long-lost heir of the House of Geana" who may in truth be nothing of the sort.

Many folk in the city privately anticipate and fear such things, in part because Lord Haar's heir Mearo seems likely to be a weak and unfit ruler. Certain Talasaara, senior clerics and powerful guildmasters are already plotting schemes to influence him so completely as to achieve control over Geanavese affairs when he ascends the Basalt Throne.

The Castle Staff

There are three distinct branches of courtiers stationed or based in the Castle, though most Geanavese are unaware of the differences between them. In rough order of (unofficial) rank within the Castle, these are: the Lord's personal household; the Court proper (bureaucrats); and the Fists (military).

Although Castle courtiers hail from many places, near and far, few are unhappy with their present lives. They rarely betray the Lord or the city. In part, this is due to covert magical mind-scrappings practiced by wizards of the Castle and by High Peace Maker Khazuk of Geanavue's House of Solace (described in Chapter 10: The Holy Houses). Lord Haar's appreciation of the peace and prosperity he and his predecessors have built also plays a part. It is hard to bribe or blackmail a Geanavese courtier because very few of them believe they will gain anything by assisting in shady dealings, or can be stirred by thoughts of revenge or spite.

The Chamberlain

The Lord's personal household of maids, manservants, eque-ries, wizards and 'silver swords' is managed by the highest-ranking courtier: the Chamberlain. Currently, Geolain Feasiari (LG male human Ftr1/Ari4) holds the position. He is better known (behind his back) as "Gold Chin," for the ornately gilded mock uniform tunics he favors, and for his prying-into-everything ways. Feasiari is a tall, elegant, neatly-mustachioed man who possesses grand manners, impeccable dancing skills, and a habit of moving with uncanny silence when he so desires.

A feisty, prissy stickler for details, the Chamberlain is always alert for the slightest thing out of place or unusual. No impostor wearing the borrowed clothes of a courtier is likely to escape his instant notice, nor is anything broken, moved or turned from its habitual stance in any Castle chamber. Nor will Feasiari miss anything added to any major room in the Castle: once, a thief tried to hide a golden goblet among a cluster of six similar goblets, and the Chamberlain frowned and went over to it the moment he entered the room.

If he were not wholly dedicated to providing superb service, Geolain would be absolutely insufferable. As it is, even the Talasaara regard him with awe, though they try to sneer at his 'lowly birth' (a fiction, as he comes from an old and far-flung Reanaarian family).

Feasiari's loyalty to Lord Haar is unshakable. Twice he has been offered staggeringly large bribes to permit access to the Lord, and promptly exposed those making the offer - and he once charged into a hail of weapons, suffering multiple wounds, to prevent injury to the Lord.

The Lord's Household

Members of the Lord's personal household wear whatever garb is best suited to their duties. Over this, they denote status with vivid blue sashes worn diagonally from left shoulder to belt near the right hip, and pinned at the shoulder by a silver brooch bearing the family arms of the House of Geana.

Maids see to the rooms of the Lord, and all needed toiletries and supplies. Manservants see to his dress and equipage, fetching and carrying any items he may request or require. They pride themselves on anticipation: the art of having things ready to hand Lord Haar before he asks for them.

Besides fetching and holding horses for the Lord's use, his equeries serve as 'out of the Castle' messengers, errand-runners and bodyguards. For the latter role, they are trained in arms (to at least Ftr2) and to work well as a team. They number almost twenty at full muster, but rarely more than a dozen are on duty at any one time. All equeries are presumed to be of equal rank.

The devoted service of the Warcaptain's daughters (see "Defense: The Fists," below) has allowed the Lord to let his wizardly staff dwindle to one official member: the kindly, ailing old Taluut 'Blackmantle.' The Castle Wizard (a NG male human Wiz9) whistles endlessly (and tunelessly) as he totters about in a one of his identical sets of ragged black robes. His usual work involves casting shielding magics to protect the Lord from missiles, metal weapons and hostile spells whenever Haar strides around the market. Taluut's hobbies include frequently disastrous attempts to enspell wines to give off scents (spring flower blossoms, for instance) when decanted.

The Silver Swords of Geana are official state envoys and messengers (traveling diplomats to distant cities and realms). They tend to be handsome, charismatic and superbly self-controlled men. There are supposed to be at least twelve full-rank swords and four trainees at all times, but mishaps often leave the ranks short. The Swords are led by the impressive-looking Senior Sword Hariiman Haeluur (LG male human Ftr5/Ari3), a handsome man of subtle manners who can project an aura of supreme command and authority when he desires to.

The Seneschal

The Seneschal rules over the Castle itself, and has control over the courtiers known collectively as 'the Court proper,' but not any member of the Lord's personal household nor the Fists (even those dwelling or working in the Castle). On occasions when the Castle is likely to be full of visiting outsiders, the Seneschal usually requires all persons under his command to wear crimson belt-to-shoulder sashes with silver shoulder-brooches displaying the arms of the Court: a castle turret with the Emerald Eagle perched on its battlements. Otherwise, such adornments are

optional (the pompous use them, but their more modest fellows rarely bother).

Seneschal Boelain Tarealeon (LN male human Ari8), an aging, stout and gruff taskmaster with little sense of humor, shares shifts with the Underseneschal, Irobaar Talaseker (NG male human Ari3), a sardonic, slender, handsome young man from Zoa who is almost as much a hit with Geanavese ladies as he thinks he is.

Each may command the Seneschal's seven messengers to relay orders.

Whereas a Lord's messenger bears messages and items concerning affairs of state, a Seneschal's messenger bears funds and messages related to the day-to-day running of the Castle and courtly business (such as purchasing parchment and quill pens).

Officially known as 'Castle Rods,' the Seneschal's messengers are more often called 'the silver dogs' because they bear ebony rods of office with silver ends carved into the shapes of dogs' heads. They are led by Senior Rod Beligor Relivoa (CG male human Ftr5/Ari1), a bluff, pranksome, energetic but retired Fist commander. Relivoa knows entirely too much about the shady side of Geanavese life - such as where to find a lockpick artist in the middle of the night, or a lady who in a matter of minutes crafts astonishingly lifelike wax masks to make one person temporarily look very much like another.

Through the Castle Rods, the Seneschal oversees the Court proper. Its various branches are described hereafter.

The Forecourt

A dozen urbane, handsome male and female courtiers who serve as envoys, escorts for visiting personages, speakers and sages-of-lore take this name. Of particular note is the stunningly beautiful "Lady Shade," Riinaatilia Esasaade (CG female human Rog3/Ari2). Many a visiting ambassador vividly recalls her looks and warm embraces long after he realizes that he somehow gave more than he had intended in negotiations with Geanavue.

The Treasury

Some two dozen peering, scuttling, always-busy accountants, scribes, mappers, gem-appraisers, coin-minters and assayers, transaction-witnesses and record-keepers constitute the Treasury. They toil under the watchful eye of Master Treasurer Maluvikor Lariheu (LG male human Exp5), a long-nosed, fierce-eyed man who fiercely guards every coin in his care from any shadow of theft, fraud or wild spending.

The Chamber Staff

Over forty maids and orderlies who keep clean, painted, and lit all rooms of the Castle not under the care of the Lord's personal household or other branches of the Court proper (in other words, all of the rooms the general public has any chance of seeing). They work under the sharp-eyed and sharper-voiced command of Mistress Chatelaine Eleume Gusearal (LN female human Exp2). The Mistress Chatelaine is a restless, whirling-through-chambers, maroon-robed bird of a woman, with (as the Chamberlain put it, not in admiring tones): "Thrice the energy of any two maids put together." She dreams of romance with a caring, dashing hero - but in the meantime, will abase herself naked before all the gods before she will let dust or stains be seen anywhere in her domain.

The Kitchen Staff

Forty-odd cooks, carvers, pantry maids, washers and vintners who labor night and day (in shifts) under the diligent direction of three masters. Master Cook Uulem Hanoisibal (LG male human Exp4) is a quiet giant of a man with a gentle heart and whirlwind speed in the kitchen. Master Cellarer Aaroke Bealoriil (LN male human Exp1) is a careful, homely man whose nose for wines is such that he can identify most vintages in darkness, and tell if they have been watered, tainted with poison or left stand too long. Master of the Castle Purse Nesoram Elaradaro (NG male human Exp2) is the principal buyer of food and necessities for the Castle. A man who loves to bargain, he seldom misses a chance to examine the wares of any merchant visiting the city.

The Dungeon Staff

A score of jailers, locksmiths, stonemasons and builders. Among their ranks are a few gruff giants of men, but most of them are dwarves and gnomes who bear the scars of long-ago wars and sport an impressive assortment of eye-patches, artificial limbs, and stirring oaths and stories. They are under the command of Master Turnkey Eleavazaar Woaresaal (LN male human Ftr4, Str 19), a cautious, careful man whom they greatly respect. Woaresaal tries always to be fair and courteous, but his strength is legendary. He once shattered a thrusting sword with a single blow of his fist. On another occasion he foiled an escape attempt (after a prisoner stole a key, then slammed and locked a door of bars in his face) by bending the bars apart so swiftly that he squeezed through and caught up to the fleeing thief at the far end of the same passage.

The Stables

Over a dozen hostlers (stable grooms and handlers) tend beasts under the Mistress of Horse Laleeloe Raavara (CG female human Exp1/Rog4), a merry, agile tumbler who enjoyed an adventurous past up and down the Bay coast. Some folk of the Castle whisper that she only settled down here because authorities in other cities were growing very hungry for her head. Long-haired and always energetic, Raavara is seemingly fearless - and famous for her love of riding out in storms with lightning crashing down all around her (though she is not quite so foolish as to do so while wearing armor or bearing metal weapons). She never uses reins, bridles or saddles, but takes great care of the tack for everyone else, following her own favorite phrase: "Good seating, better rider, happier horse!"

The Outcourt

Two dozen riders (inspectors, who patrol against smuggling, brigands, monster intrusions, and blights) led by Senior Rider of the Uplands Haleruuk Malelenelar (LN male human Ftr7). Malelenelar is an outlander from somewhere far from Geanavue, and a grizzled veteran former Fist commander. He ignores rain, cold and threats of violence with the same casual fearlessness, and has an uncanny nose for finding concealed persons and things. The riders deliver reports to the Castle, sleep over to rest themselves and their horses, bathe and change gear, and then go forth once more, year-round.

The other component of the Outcourt is stationed in Loona. It consists of a score of 'Trademasters' (Castle trade negotiators and shipping agents), who work on the Loonan streets, docks

and warehouses under the command of the Master of Loona Rasibuur Halaagah (NG male human Rog2/Exp5). This fat, shaggy-mustachioed, always-blinking governor conceals an alert and brilliant mind behind his foolish-seeming exterior.

The Ready Sword

An unknown but small number of 'active' spies (as opposed to passive observers) and security agents. There are possibly a dozen Ready Sworders in all, whose jobs have neither ranks or titles. They do bold and often dishonest, unlawful and dangerous things to safeguard Geanavue's interests, under the direct command of Master Swordsman Goroot Olamitar (LN male human Ftr9), a grim, gaunt ex-Fist commander who lurches around with a wasted, withered right arm and leg thanks to a battle long ago. 'Roaring Goroot' (who never raises his voice above a steely snap) also oversees two other commands: the Castle warders and armorers.

The Warders

Two dozen armed and battle-trained men (large, strong Ftr2s and higher) who act as security within the Castle. They arrest persons when necessary, and escort members of the public to (and confine them to) the audience chambers. They are led by Master Warder Kaunit Deveer (NG male human Ftr5).

The Armory

A dozen skilled armorers and armory guards under the peerless skill and keen eye of Master Armorer Durmak Forgefist (LN male dwarf Ftr3/Exp8, Str 18). Forgefist is a hulking dwarf as large as many humans. He wears a squared-off beard and upswep, bristling eyebrows to give himself a fearsome appearance. To heighten the effect, he likes to cover himself with painted skin designs of claws and beaks attached to glaring eyes. These markings resemble tattoos but can be changed whenever the whim to do so takes Forgefist. They have no meaning beyond adornment, but he seldom admits that.

The Master of Beasts

Geanavese lore insists that the Castle has a Master of Beasts who trains a menagerie of fearsome monsters to hunt intruders upon command - or even, on some stormy nights, innocent citizens for sport! However, this belief is not - and, so far as Geanavese sages know, never has been - true. It is quite possible, however, that independent, predatory shape changing monsters (who may spend much time posing as carved stone gargoyles) do lurk in the Castle. Many of the Castle staff are certain of this, though they tend to disagree on the details of just which monsters they are certain they just saw.

Currency

Though perfectly legal in Geanavue, barter has been steadily declining in popularity (though this is not so in Loona). The use of "oebelaar" or promissory notes (written documents marked with both the debtor's and creditor's seals, sigils or marks, and witnessed by a Castle official) is slowly growing, though only for large amounts. Most daily transactions are exchanges of goods for coins.

Although many foreign coins circulate at face value in Geanavue and Loona, all sales of land or buildings within the city

walls must be made in gems or locally minted coins. Those who lack such currency must go to the Castle or a moneychanger. Either charges ruinous rates of exchange, usually from 15 to 25 percent. Most Geanavese will go to a moneychanger (almost all of whom are Talasaaran), because the Castle might become very interested in where a citizen acquired this or that foreign coinage - and a private moneychanger cares not a whit. The Talasaara themselves will go to the Castle to avoid any loss of reputation involved in dealing with a rival Talasaaran house.

In its first two centuries Geanavue minted a variety of coins, now seldom seen but still considered legal, and known as 'old bits.' Gold coins were smallish octagons with the arms of the city on one side and the name and head of the current lord on the other. Silver coins bore a miner's hammer on one face and the name and head of the current lord on the other. Copper coins bore a merchant ship under sail on one face and the name and head of the current lord on the other.

More recently, the Castle mint (a smithy deep in the Castle cellars) has struck circular gold, silver and copper coins that do not change regardless of changes in the lordship of the city. They are by far the most familiar and favored currency in Geanavue.

All of them display the words "1 [name of coin]" on one face, and the arms of Geanavue (wings-spread-eagle-clutching-a-ruby) on the reverse. A gold coin is known as a "goldglint" in Geanavue ("glint" in daily usage or "naelain" in Reanaarese), a silver coin is a "rosaara," and a copper piece is known as a "small." The exchange rate is the usual 1 glint equals 10 rosaara or 100 smalls.

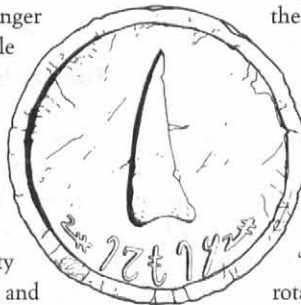
Gems, trade-bars of precious metal and platinum coins are not unknown in Geanavue, but few non-Talasaaran citizens have any - or any particular eagerness to use them in trade dealings. Give them good, solid Geanav coins, and they know where they stand.

Taxation

To encourage trade, the Lords of Geanavue have been careful down the years never to allow zealous Castle bureaucrats from succeeding with various plans to tax transactions or sales. Instead, the State levies the following taxes:

- To leave Geanavue, per wagon: 1 gp ("the gate fee" in everyday slang)
- To tie up at a wharf in Loona, per ship: 0 gp for fishing boats based in Loona; 3 gp for small trading vessels from other home ports; 5 gp for larger trading vessels, with the definition of 'small' and 'large' left to the discretion of port officials; suspected pirate-affiliated traders somehow always 'look large' ("the dock fee")
- For every city property owned, annually: 25 gp ("the head tax")
- For every Loonan or upland property owned, annually (regardless of size, but public roads are boundaries that legally separate lands owned by the same person that lie on either side of them into separate properties): 15 gp ("the dirt tax")
- On all monthly rent payments: 1 sp ("the Castle's claw")

- On all market stall rentals, per day: 2 cp ("the merchant's curse")
- On all gem appraisals, per stone: 1 cp ("the twinkle in the Lord's eye")



Glint (closeup back)



Glint (closeup front)

The Castle officials who collect these taxes wear no uniforms, but do wear distinctive masks to protect them from robbery or reprisals when off duty. These metal masks resemble the faces of foxes, and have given the name 'Foxes' to all tax collectors (often accompanied by the words "sly," "stinking," or worse). Tax collection service is a rotating (and unpopular) duty among courtiers judged fit for such tasks; the persons behind the masks are drawn from the ranks of Castle staff detailed earlier in this chapter.

To protect the persons of tax collectors, the funds they collect, and to guard against fraud or impersonations, no tax collector ever acts unless escorted by three or more fully armed and armored Helms (details of these troops appear hereafter, under 'Defense: The Fists'). When visiting Talasaarans or 'difficult' neighborhoods, tax escorts may treble or even grow to as many as twenty gnomes. Collected taxes are typically stored in triple-locked metal chests that have slides in their steeple-shaped tops, permitting access to coin slots that allow coins to be added, but allowing nothing to be readily taken out.

There's a persistent (and true) rumor that tax-escort Helms carry 'hand crossbow' guns that fire darts tipped with sleep-venom. The source and precise nature of this venom is a Castle secret, but (beyond the initial damage of the dart's strike) it causes only 'unwaking slumber' (unconsciousness) upon bloodstream contact (Injury DC 18), taking effect instantly and lasting up to an hour minus the character's Constitution score in minutes.

Tax vaults and offices can be found within the walls of all city gates and in the Castle itself. To discourage thefts, vaults have heavy standing guards (at least a dozen Helms, sometimes backed up by clerics requested for the occasion). They typically have doors requiring the use of multiple keys in a particular order; successfully opening one requires at least two unlockings involving several keys in unison.

It is widely known that the gate offices hold minimal funds and that real riches are deep in the Castle, but it is not clear how coins travel from the former to the latter. Extensive subterranean tunnels or the sewers are widely suspected, because guarded wagons and chest-carrying details of Helms are rare sights.

Collected taxes are inspected by Treasury officials and then dispersed into storage vaults and the Castle's 'ready coffer rooms' as needs dictate at the time. Most Geanavese believe that millions upon millions of gold coins lie dozens of feet deep in Castle vaults - enough to build at least three solid gold 'twins' of the Tower of Time, a popular claim insists. There are also, as most citizens will tell a visitor over tankards in a tavern, rooms upon dusty Castle rooms heaped with silver coins and gems beyond number. Such beliefs make the occasional Castle proposals for

increased taxes very unpopular - and are bolstered by the refusals of Lord after Lord to implement any tax increases.

Though Castle holdings are probably far less than local legend envisages, it is certain that no Castle employee or hired contractor has ever been paid late or 'short.' If thefts and frauds have occurred within the Castle, they have been so swiftly discovered and hushed up or dealt with that no stain of corruption clings to the Court.

Policing The City

Although Helms are often used as safety escorts for visiting envoys, city tax collectors, arrested persons and prisoners, and as 'reinforcements' for the Watch in capture and keeping-the-peace situations, the daily enforcement of laws and 'orderly behavior' in Geanavue is done by the Watch.

A law is a rule whose breaking involves apprehension and punishment. Orderly behavior is maintained by physically restraining persons from unacceptable activities, and by Watch-delivered lectures and direct orders. Disobeying an order from any member of the Watch is, of course, a crime in itself.

Details of the Watch, city lockups, and the courts and magistrates are covered in Chapter Twelve: Geanavue In The Shadows.

Defense: The Fists

The official forces defending the city and its demesnes are known as the "Fists of Geanavue," and are correctly seen by Geanavese as well trained and superbly equipped.

They are commanded by Warcaptain Haaron Peseevituur (LN male human Ftr10), a grizzled veteran of sixty-odd winters, many scars, a bristling gray moustache and a permanent grimace of pain. He limps, but his wounds do not hamper him sprinting and swinging a sword as hard, fast and accurately as warriors in their prime. Peseevituur is a Geanavue-born man who sought adventure and saw much of Tellene in a mercenary career that eventually drove him home to seek the peace and justice he came to prize above all else.

The Warcaptain is a grim, quiet man with no political ambitions or personal pride. Since the death of his wife Velaara some years ago, he has whole-heartedly devoted himself to his daughters and to the defense of Geanavue, not necessarily in that order. He is respected by all (even by the Talasaara, who mockingly call him 'Old Grimhelm,' but take care not to get in his way). Peseevituur has shown a calm willingness to fairly apply justice to all-after safeguarding the safety of the city. He will slaughter the haughtiest noble without hesitation or trial,

special privileges be hanged, if he deems their actions a threat to Geanavue's security.

The Three Sisters

Peseevituur's not-so-secret weapons are his three daughters, the wizards Alamaata (CG female human Wiz6), Paeril (NG female human Wiz4), and Saadaera (CG female human Wiz3). They use their spells to help the Warcaptain best deploy the Fists, and to swiftly quell threats to peace (such as Talasaaran misbehavior). Like their father, they are dedicated to protecting Geanavue, quiet to the verge of being reclusive and very capable. Never unprepared for a magical emergency, they readily cajole scrolls and other useful assistance out of Castle Wizard Taluut. Past events suggest that they have access to some means of farscrying each other (probably magic items provided by Taluut) so as to direct aid to a beleaguered sister or Fist force at the right moment.

Regular Units

If the Three Sisters are the 'thumb' of a Fist, the four fingers are its four regular units: the Helms, the Axes, the Proud Lances and the Stone Fists.

The Helms

The Helms are a standing army of 300 gnomish cross-bowmen that fight in leather cuirasses. They patrol city walls and gates (and hence are called "the gate-guards" by Geanavese). A typical Helm is a first level warrior with average statistics as described on page 106 of the Monster Manual except with a typical AC of 13 due to leather armor instead of chain shirt and shield.

The Axes

The Axes consist of 40 (or more, depending on the current need) dwarven footmen who patrol the roads (primarily the busy trade road between Geanavue and Loona) and the upcountry farmlands between Reanaaria Bay and the Sotai Gagalia Headlands. They fight in chainmail with circular shields and fearsome axes - which many are skilled at throwing. One of their 'battle secrets' is that many Axes are adept at hurling their shields, too, and keep the top third of each shield razor-sharp. A cutting edge of tempered steel is bolted to the back of the shield's iron frame, so as to project just beyond the edge of the iron shield-plates (damage 1d6, critical 20/x3, range increment 10 feet). A typical Axe is a first level warrior with average statistics as described on page 79 of the Monster Manual except with a typical AC of 17 due to chainmail instead of scale mail.



Fox (tax collector)

undred-odd light cavalry militia of humans and half-elves who wear motley light armor, and are trained by the Helms in the

The Proud Lances

The Proud Lances are a huse of lances and composite bows.

Proud Lances have their mounts stabled, fed and equipped by the city (or are provided with city mounts). The Fists give them arrows and lances, but they own their personal armor and weapons. When on duty, Lances wear tabards displaying the arms of Geanavue.

Except during wartime, Lances are mustered in 'ravilars' of 36 riders. One ravilar is on duty at a time, for a 'tour' of seven days. During a tour, the Lances ride furiously along the roads to fight fire giants or brigands whenever summoned by the signal-horns of the Axes. When not on duty, most Lances are craftworkers. Lances are highly regarded in the city, and no employer or guild can legally penalize a Lance for lost work due to tours of duty or injuries received thereon. Lances vary in class and level and armor worn. A sample Lance includes Wiuxiu the carpenter, male human (Reanaarian) War1/Exp1: CR 1, Size M (6 ft. tall), HD 1d8/1d6, hp 13; Init +0; Spd 20 ft.; AC 13 (+3 studded leather armor); Atk +1 melee (1d8/Critx3, heavy lance) or +1 melee (1d4/Crit/19-20/x2, dagger) or +1 ranged (1d8/Critx3, composite longbow); AL LG; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +2; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 13

Skills and Feats: Climb +4, Craft +4, Ride +4, Handle Animal +4, Intimidate +4, Jump +4, Listen +4, Spot +4, Knowledge (local history) +4, Mounted Combat

Possessions: Heavy lance, studded leather armor, composite bow, 12 arrows, dagger.

The Stone Fists

The Stone Fists are the main defenders of Geanavue's 'claimed uplands' (mining areas in the mountains and the quarries and ranches of the foothills). They are a band of eight to ten stone giants (Monster Manual p 98) whelmed locally by their chief, Poat (N male stone giant Clr10 of the Bear) to battle when needed. His deep, mellifluous voice and cultured vocabulary contrasts oddly with his battered 'veteran-warrior' appearance. The Stone Fists fight with stone clubs and hurled boulders, and are rarely seen whelmed as a fighting force within the city walls. Poat, however, visits the city often.

His preachings have converted many local gnomes to veneration of the Bear.

Enemies Of The City

The chief foes of Geanavue are fire giants who raid into Geanavue's demesnes from the Sotai Gagalia Headlands. In recent times, these marauders have become bolder, more and more often accompanied by hell hounds, salamanders and even fire lizards. Dwarves who visit their kin in the mines in the Counais bring back tales of a hydra or pyrohydra that has taken up residence in one high mountain cavern or valley. They also bring word of an efreet lord, Sultar, who has united three hundred or more of the troublesome fire giants into a disciplined fighting force by promising them eventual revenge against Kalamar for the "vicious slaughter and battle-treacheries" that Emperor Kabori of that realm inflicted on them at the battle of Kadir Ridge.

The dwarves say Sultar is forging his army into a real fighting force by hurling it into attacks on other inhabitants of the Ka'Asa Mountains. This has in turn driven more and more lone predators ('monsters' to most humans) down from the mountains to forage in the farms and country estates of the Geanavese.

Lord Haar has another fear that he shares with no one beyond the Warcaptain (and his daughters) and the most senior Castle courtiers: Kalamaran expansion. The sack of Irontop alerted him to the devastation that might follow any foray over the Ka'Asas by Kalamar. Geanavue's wealth makes it a prize attractive to any conqueror, but Zoa is a far more strategic port, and stands less in the shadow of the pirates of Aasaer than Loona - surely Kalamar would infiltrate or attack it first. Yet, perhaps not: a captured Geanavue would make an ideal base for an assault on Zoa and the rest of the western shore of Reanaaria Bay.

Acting through certain members of the Ready Sword and personally-hired adventurers, Haar maintains a slowly-growing force (already nearly three dozen strong) of independently operating spies. Most members of this nameless and unofficial band do not know of the existence of their fellows. Although this shadowy network began merely as 'eyes' in foreign realms and cities to send Haar reliable reports of unfolding news, it is now almost wholly dedicated to seeking signs of Kalamaran preparations for easterly expansion.



A pair of Axes on patrol along the road to Loona.

Chapter 4

The Emerald Eagle

The House of Geana has always ruled Geanavue. From the city's first lord and founder Soroveer, a succession of blood heirs down the centuries has been noted for their diligence in solving the small disputes and problems of governance before they grow into larger problems. Many of them also showed courage and shrewdness in their vigilant marshalling of defenses against the "Monsters of the Mountains." These days, that phrase generally means fire giants, but if the tales of old can be believed, far more fearsome beasts including wyverns, dragons, and strange things still unnamed were not unknown as Geanavese foes. In generally high regard, then, the House of Geana has held the Basalt Throne down to the present-day Lord Haar.

Scribes call their lineage 'The Reckoning of Geana' and recount the descent of the ruling family with clarity and even color, though many early records have been lost and dates are a matter of conjecture.

It is rare to hear the term 'House of Geana' used in everyday Geanan speech. Geanavese tend to speak of "the Castle" when they mean the government and "the Emerald Eagle" when they mean the city's ruling family (a term derived from the chief badge of the royal family's heraldic arms).

Royal Blazonry

The arms of Geanavue are an emerald eagle, face-on with wings widespread and head turned to the dexter (its own right, with one visible eye gold with a black pupil), and a large, faceted ruby clutched in its claws. The ruby represents the mineral wealth of the city-state, and the eagle is derived from the personal badge of the ruling House of Geana, The Emerald Eagle (depicted when used personally by family members as clutching a blank silver shield askew in its claws, not a ruby).

The Reckoning of Geana

Here follows a simplified Reckoning, supplemented with notes on the wider life of Geanavue. Dates given are those of reigns.

YND 1: First Kalamaran human explorers cross the Ka'Asa Mountains and see Reanaaria Bay.

YND 100: Humans move north and west from the Zoan peninsula to explore and settle in areas that include the future claimed demesnes of Geanavue. Humans discover rich, easily worked mineral veins in the Keenoa Tors, the Sotai Gaglia Headlands and the Counai Heights. Humans encounter dwarves and giants.

YND 101: Humans discover clear water springs and settle around them, on the site of the future Geanavue.

YND 102: First fire giant raids on the human steadings.

YND 103: Human survivors who are unwilling to flee begin to mine metals to fashion bronze weapons and fight off the recurring fire giant raids.

Soroveer (YND 105-118?)

The founder of Geanavue and 'First Blood' of the House of Geana, this man is remembered as a wise and fearless war-general. He is credited with establishing 'fair rules' for his fledgling wood-walled miners' encampment, and thus making it attractive to many, whose arrival and settlement made the city possible.

Soroveer had three sons who died in infancy, a fourth who became his heir, and six daughters - two of whom, Arisael and Ritaara, left Geanavue with fishermen, and may have descendants who could make a future claim to the Basalt Throne (though none in Geanavue know of any). Soroveer died fighting 'Monsters of the Mountains,' and is remembered today as a hero.

Rolovaar (118?-126)

A quick-witted, progressive, and more handsome version of his father Soroveer, Rolovaar was a ladies' man whose romances may have resulted in many unacknowledged offspring. Despite his ways, he was very popular with the folk of Geanavue.

Rolovaar foresaw the growing settlement's need for protected farmlands that could feed it for years to come. He began to patrol the lands around Geanavue regularly with well-armed forces, sponsoring his own fighting bands to do so. He also dug granary and sanctuary caverns on the lookout height at the



center of town, and built a rough wooden stockade fortress over them (the first Castle Geana; many of those caverns survive almost unchanged today as Castle cellars). Rolovaar died in a fall from a horse onto rocky ground, while on patrol during a winter blizzard.

Ilikeir (126-135)

As darkly handsome as his father, Ilikeir was a proud, lazy dreamer, given to ill-favored schemes. He was also a dabbler in magic, probably a sorcerer. Some of his 'dark work,' if long-believed rumors are true, may have persisted to this day in the form of spells not yet unleashed. City lore whispers of beasts transformed into monsters and imprisoned in stasis spells in cellars of the Castle, until the right time, or the wrong intruder, should chance to release them.

Ilikeir died suddenly in a fall down a dark Castle stair while supervising construction that much enlarged the fortress. It is possible that disgusted wealthy local merchant families (the future Talasaara) murdered him, seeking to seize rulership of the growing city for themselves.

Huuladaar (135-171)

The slow-witted but honest and hard-working second son of Rolovaar, Huuladaar 'the Hand' was a warrior who spent most of his time riding patrol until called upon to assume the Basalt Throne.

His avid support for war-readiness bought Geanavue peace throughout his reign, while he caused to be crafted the Throne used today, expanded the Castle greatly, and built two successive rings of stone city walls as Geanavue grew.

Huuladaar was astute enough to see that prosperity based on one commodity (stone) was precarious, and was the first to welcome artificers from older, richer cities to escape guild and family feuds and high taxes by settling in Geanavue; from them the 'Clockwork Masters' of today are descended.

Huuladaar outlived his two eldest sons (the second of whom, Hasalaar, may have fathered children in Zoa whose descendants could make a claim on the Basalt Throne), and dwindled sadly into dotage after almost forty years of competent rule. He died witless on his throne as ambitious self-styled 'nobles' vied for control of the city's affairs.

Saakaer (171-184)

Huuladaar's third son was a silk-tongued diplomat and master manipulator. More than once he set one wealthy merchant family against another, and then brutally put down the daggers-in-the-alleys unrest their rivalry caused to 'restore peace to fair Geanavue.' That set the tone for his endless intrigues, rumor-whispering campaigns, and paying of spies and informers.

Saakaer made Geanavue a place of gossip, mystery and suspicion - and was widely rumored to dabble in dark magics. He was, however, careful to welcome many clerics into the city to build temples - and so offset the growing power of the merchants. That drove the proudly independent crafters of Geanavue into covert meetings (to decide how to survive, if not prosper, in the time of this "dark madman") for the first time, laying the foundations for what would soon become the guilds.

Many of the merchant families most shattered by his intrigues - and other citizens who feared Saakaer and hated what he had done to life in Geanavue - fled town. Many moved east to the

shores of Reanaaria Bay (on the site of the future Loona), built a few small boats, and clung to life by fishing.

Rigaari (184-199)

Saakaer's only son was the antithesis of his father in every way but for the glibness of tongue. A handsome, black-bearded war leader worshipped by the men who fought under his command, he was also a dashing lover of local ladies, who fathered many bastard offspring and slaughtered even more monsters. He brought 'peace through force' to the city for the first time, and built the first 'proper city wall' that could withstand a giant's blow, other than serving merely as a lookout and a temporary barrier to sneak-thieves and wandering cattle.

His travels around the Bay attracted significant trade - for the first time as other cities heard of Geanavue as something other than a subsistence-level backwoods camp of brawling miners.

With Rigaari's encouragement, certain merchants started organizing caravans to trade with Zoa and more distant places. Some of them saw the necessity for formal agreements among them, and founded guilds.

A special law, the 'Code Geana,' specifically bars descendants of Lord Rigaari born out of wedlock from ever ascending the Basalt Throne - which is a good thing, because over sixty Geanavese families are said to bear some of his blood in their veins. The Code Geana was passed three years after Rigaari's death, which occurred of heart stop during a hunt.

Sulaunoor (200-214)

If people seemed to love Lord Rigaari on sight, they seemed to regard his only son as someone to be wary of. In this, they were right. Able to carouse in his youth, very much unregarded in his father's shadow, Sulaunoor had become wise in the ways of the world before coming to the Basalt Throne.

As Lord in his own right, he was fat, bearded and luxury-loving. Sulaunoor enjoyed huge meals, exotic cheeses and wines, the company of musicians and courtesans, and splendid cloth-of-gold robes that became his trademark.

His hunger for such things led him to invest in Zoa and elsewhere, and for the first time bring caravans of foreign merchants to Geanavue (as opposed to the city seeing rare peddlers from afar, and sending its own merchants forth to bring back paltry sprinklings of exotic goods).

Sulaunoor may have been a hedonist and a glutton, but he was also a shrewd businessman. He saw that the city needed a way to transport its stone and metal (and timber and cured meats, too) more cheaply than such large and heavy wares could be taken to distant markets by caravan. When word of large sailing ships came to him from foreign merchants, he began to invest in such vessels as he had in the caravans. His investments slowly enriched Geanavue.

In the meantime, Sulaunoor 'cleaned house.' He re-organized the guilds to balance their powers and institute revenue sharing between them. All guilds would henceforth pay taxes to 'the Castle' and have equal standing, so that no longer would one or two guilds dictate to the rest - or to any Emerald Lord, either.

Subtle manipulation of everyone he dealt with was Sulaunoor's skill. He so mastered it as to maneuver his rash, boorish and restless oldest son Roarel into a life of brigandry that soon proved fatal. Then Sulaunoor used his public grief to make

peace with certain brigands, and through them deflected most brigand raids away from Geanavese holdings.

Time and again 'Lord Goldbeard' manipulated malcontents of all ranks and grievances into positions of his choosing. He also made sure that all citizens shared in some luxuries, so they saw their city as a good place to live, a better place to defend and keep, that hard work brings rewards - and that they deserved to receive some part of those rewards. In so doing, Sulaanoor elevated the artisans of Geanavue and weakened the power of the wealthiest merchants.

In a last act of moving folk against their wills, he got the head of the Forgers and Smelters Guild to agree to relinquish a 'guild tithe' on all Geanavese-produced metals: This tithe was in effect, a guild-levied tax that came before all other taxes, and was levied a second time on all coins produced by the guild. Sulaanoor persuaded the reluctant guildmaster to strike down the tithe as his 'dying wish' - then astonished everyone by dying on the spot. Wild rumors of dark magic or poison aiding Sulaanoor's death flew about the city, but no proof of anything of the sort has ever been found. It seems he simply somehow knew when he was going to die, and decided to make use of the event in one last grand manipulation.

Meleevar (214-227)

Sulaanoor's second son proved to be a kindly, peace-loving man. He was said by some to be overly naive and preoccupied with 'small things.' Certainly he spent much time gardening and playing with children and kittens - according to his detractors, neglecting the affairs of state to do so.

Meleevar was judged differently by some guildmasters, who saw him as a consummate actor. Through his 'kindly befuddled' act, they claimed, he led certain overly ambitious local merchants to overreach themselves and reap their own disasters - without himself disturbing the peace through overly harsh or bold rulership.

Meleevar's reign was troubled by the stormy temper and excesses of his younger brother Atavaar 'Wolfhead,' a brawling roisterer whose drunken fights, fire-setting, and wenching became legendary. Atavaar may well have fathered several bastard offspring among the daughters of Geanavue's leading merchant families. When he was found dead at a revel with an arrow through his head, no culprit was ever found, though there was no shortage of enemies to suspect. So hated was Atavaar that although every prominent local family denied any involvement in the murder, every last one of them privately boasted of having accomplished it.

Although no one seems to have seen his subtle hand at work at the time, Meleevar mended fences by marrying his six daughters off to six different wealthy Geanavese families - then taking his lone son and youngest child to his side from infancy to watch and learn rulership. He employed the young Halasaar as a scribe and then envoy and then 'Able Right Hand and Heir of the Lord'. Halasaar smoothly assumed more and more of Meleevar's duties until he was Lord in all but name - and Meleevar could slip into a dotage of gardening and rearing kittens almost unnoticed.

Halasaar (227-246)

Meleevar's slender son, always dressed in black was soft-tongued while his father was alive. Upon taking the Basalt Throne, however, he revealed that he had taken his measure of

Geanavue's guilds and wealthy families - and run out of patience with most of them. A wasp-tempered, proud man of brilliant wits and schemes, he squabbled constantly with most of the wealthy merchant families and a few guildmasters, pursuing grudges by attempts to financially ruin his rivals. Halasaar may not have been entirely sane and wasted much energy and attention on these private battles. However, his efforts - and those of his rivals, seeking to best him or get around his decrees or humble him in trade alliances - made Geanavue even richer and more influential in trade with distant lands.

In 230, the town of Loona (which had actually existed for over fourty years as a few huts and then a small, lawless settlement) was officially founded. It was to be wholly owned and ruled by Geanavue as a trading-port. Certain merchant families offered to build "the best and longest city street ever seen" to link city and port, and to lay down the keels of a large fleet of merchant ships (all owned by them, of course) "to enrich all Geanavue." Their condition was that the Lord of Geana recognize certain rights and privileges for them, and that those rights and privileges would persist forevermore.

Surprisingly, Halasaar agreed (some say he was influenced by large bribes, covert threats involving a mild poisoning administered to him, and perhaps even by hired magic), and the Talasaara were officially born. After more than a century of certain 'old money' Geanavese families thinking of themselves as noble, they clearly were.

Some guilds speak of this historic Code of the Talasaara agreement of YND 230 as 'the Ruin,' when the seeds of all that is wrong and bad about Geanavue today were sown. Others (such as the sage Arauberit, in his *Looking Back In Peace*, whose words follow) see it as a necessary evil in "harnessing the coins of those who had coins to roll" to swiftly bring into being a good road, docks, and a trading fleet for the city, thereby enriching and strengthening it.

As Halasaar grew older, Geanavese increasingly saw his tirades as the ploys they were. They began to ignore or mock his rages rather than taking offense as hotly as they once had. 'The Black Lord' cared little; he had already used the many disputes he had kindled to accomplish two major goals. One was forging his son into the heir he desired. A second was hurling back the growing power of certain families. In one notable case, he forced an old-money Talasaara clan to relinquish a guildmastership, thus foiling their desire to combine their wealth with the mercantile powers of a guild.

By the 'Code of Standing,' a law that passed almost unnoticed during one of Halasaar's very public fights with certain guilds and their foreign backers, he also quietly altered city law to make future civil war in Geanavue or any seizure of the Basalt Throne far more difficult. Through The Code, all six of the Talasaaran families his older sisters had married into were barred forever from any claim to the Basalt Throne. The Code also legally bound all city guilds to take up arms against any such claimant, and refrain from doing business with them.

Halasaar died suddenly on the Throne itself, in mid-word. Although his sudden death caused consternation, no suspicion of foul play ever arose.

Aaroun (246-304)

Halasaar's only son was large and strong from childhood, and his father shrewdly made him a 'mascot' of the road-patrolling warriors. He grew up riding with them, looking up to them as shining heroes as they grew ever fonder of him and his eagerness to be one of them.

Aaroun grew into a great boar of a man, loud and large and iron-strong. He brawled and blustered his genial way through fifty-eight years of rule before dying of wounds suffered in a single-handed fight with a fire giant who had dared to raid one of his farms.

'The Laughing Lord' never grew tired of riding on patrol, never thought himself 'better' than any warrior, and was much loved by the Geanavese. They considered him "as strong as the gods" and yet one of them, their champion against rich and sly Talasaara, priesthoods and guildmasters.

Taosaanar (304-312)

Aaroun fathered two sons and a daughter. Sauvaara, his youngest, a moody beauty disappeared in her fourteenth year. She is thought to have run away to Zoa with a lover, and there soon met with fatal misfortune.

Aaroun's eldest son, Taosaanar, was a far different person. Contemporary accounts brand him a battle-loving, hard-riding, hard-wenching, hard-drinking, hard-brawling flame-tempered 'boy who never grew up.'

He had his father's love of riding patrol, but "had to see blood spill," in the words of one road-captain, and as another put it, "took to battle like flames to dry tinder."

Taosaanar neglected the duties of rulership. Both guildmasters and Talasaara quickly learned how to goad him into violent rages, distracting him from decrees and purposes (and so extending their own power and influence). It was during this misrule that piracy first became a serious problem for ships sailing in and out of Loona, and that fire giant raids once more became bold.

Taosaanar died violently after getting into a brawl on the docks of Loona with drunken foreign sailors. He slew a dozen before falling with five blades through him, and the nobles lauded his battle-prowess through their sighs of relief. His quiet, studious brother Selaviin succeeded him on the throne.

Selaviin (312-383)

Called the 'Holy,' Selaviin was a kindly, farsighted man whom some derided as weak, a man who had to have peace at all costs.

Wiser Geanavese saw him as a man who could always cold-bloodedly see and weigh all consequences - and do what was best for the city in the long run, not what he might want to do or what would be easiest.

For instance, he released and pardoned the sailors jailed for his brother's death as one of first acts as Lord. The entire crew had been chained in Castle cells amid calls for their beheadings, to "properly pay for striking down a Rightful Lord of the city." Selaviin issued a proclamation announcing that no amount of spilled blood would bring Taosaanar back. His brother was as much to blame for his fate as the drinking of the sailors. Executing all for the deeds of some was a straying from justice that no Geanavese should ever tolerate, lest a Lord have one man slain at whim for the deeds of a neighbor or man with the same hue of hair. Moreover, any executions would harm trade and the

reputation of Geanavue forever, doing far greater harm than his brother would ever have desired.

Inevitably, some guildmasters and Talasaara saw Selaviin as a weakling who would "cover endless self-cravenness with honeyed words," and tested his resolve. They soon learned that he could be gently and reasonably ruthless as well as merciful. Troublemakers were often sent up into the Headlands to fight giants - which they soon ended up having to do even if they fled into brigandry or sought to find their way to Zoa or elsewhere. The giants were beaten back in time, though piracy in this part of Reanaaria Bay continued to increase. Inside the city, however, attempts to foster feuds and grudges with the Basalt Throne died away in the face of Selaviin's long, wise, capable and ever-longer rule.

Geanavese refer to this time as "the Deep Peace," and now regard Selaviin as someone sent by the gods to restore the strength of Geanavue. Such beliefs are obviously rooted in the character of 'the Gentle Lord.' Selaviin was a pious worshipper of Geonea who seemed to have a pact with the Master of Serenity to live forever on the Basalt Throne.

Though he was never what one might call 'hearty' or 'robust,' Selaviin's slender, soft-spoken body seemed not to age as the years passed...and passed. Some folk thought dark magic must be involved, but few said such things openly, or wanted to think ill of a man most Geanavese wanted to live forever.

When Selaviin finally fell ill, his son Maarikaer was already a mature and capable courtier. The Gentle Lord declined swiftly, but when the end came, he had reigned so long that some Geanavese refused to believe he was truly dead. Later, whispers arose in the city that his son had somehow magically 'stolen' Selaviin's life to prolong his own, but neither mighty priests nor powerful wizards believe this is possible for a lone mage to accomplish without benefit of fell artifacts. Yet.

Maarikaer (383-530)

Widely known as Maarikaer 'the Dark' for his dabblings in magic, Selaviin's only son revealed his full character (and magical might) only after coming to the Throne. He is most remembered today for his obviously magically assisted longevity, but at the time he was widely feared in Geanavue.

Malicious and decadent, Maarikaer was described as "catlike, sleek and darkly handsome." He established a network of spies and 'dark work' agents and used them to rob, maim and even kill certain ambitious nobles and guild members. The information his agents brought him, coupled with deadly 'slaying from afar' spells that he either found or developed, allowed him to set afire and sink several pirate ships. He later caused the heads of many pirates to explode on their shoulders, leaving their unmanned vessels to be boarded and claimed by ships he sent forth from Loona.

This enriched both the Lord and the folk of Loona (with whom he was shrewd enough to share the wealth), and made all pirates think twice about attacking any ship flying the flag of Geanavue.

'The Cat Lord' also grew very rich through shrewd and covert investments in Zoa and elsewhere across Tellene. Most believe he used this wealth to purchase magic or hire adventurers to procure more magic. The rest of it was probably spent on enlarging Castle Geana. Maarikaer tirelessly drafted plans for new wings and turrets and 'blocks' of chambers, oversaw many

more modest expansions, and ordered the digging of deeper cellars.

The Cat Lord loved wine, and was poisoned many times by fearful Geanavese rivals who wanted him dead - but magically, or through self-exposure, or covert development and use of antidotes, he seemed to grow immune to such dangers.

Magical aid almost certainly also allowed him to father a family very late in life. His four daughters were beautiful schemers who eagerly conspired with this and that Talasaaran family against their sire. So he ruthlessly struck them down, child after child (and their mother with the last of them, when her own plotting was revealed). In the end the lone kin he had left was his only son, Dalaauvaar - whom he had watched night and day by creatures ("half-monsters," the records say) whose obedience he could compel.

Maarikaer died while supervising the expansion of a Castle turret when it collapsed and fell on him. For days no Geanavese dared to dig out his crushed body, for fear that magics would keep it alive as a pulped, grotesque thing that would reach out to somehow snatch their lives from them, to effect its own recovery.

When at last the guilds together whelmed a digging force, no such horror was found...just a very dead, almost unrecognizable man. From that day to this, it has been said among the Castle staff that if you stand just where Maarikaer did, at the time of day when the turret fell, you will hear his last, ringing cry inside your head: "No! Not now! Not when the bird is flying at las." Many folk have made suggestions as to just what the last, unfinished sentence refers to, but none can agree on which one of them is correct.

Dalaauvaar (530-558)

One of the most homely and harsh-voiced Lords of Geanavue, this only son of Maarikaer hated and feared magic. He also disliked diplomacy and appearing in public. He spent much of his time restlessly wandering the Castle, leaving courtiers to conduct the business of the city (though he liked to listen to important meetings from hiding, in a darkened balcony above the converse). His first act as Lord was to summon the Fists and command them to butcher the monstrous guardians his father had surrounded him with, which they did with enthusiasm.

Dalaauvaar loved to eat eels, hear stories of heroics and monsters and interesting news from afar and dream of someday achieving greatness...or rather, having it handed to him without any effort on his part. Inevitably a guildmaster learned of this (Dalaauvaar also liked to talk to himself, and never cared if servants could overhear) and sought to influence the Lord through enticements. The guildmaster posed as a seer whom the gods had told how Lord Dalaauvaar would rise to rule Zoa and ultimately all Reanaaria, if he but did thus and so....

Dalaauvaar eagerly played along, disguising himself to attend a meeting in a seedy tavern where the guildmaster planned to have a hired wizard cast certain spells on the Lord. Unfortunately, Dalaauvaar was caught in a tavern brawl in which he took no part - but was slain anyway when a hurled chair and a hurled axe met the only thing to blunder between them.

The terrified guildmaster tried to destroy evidence of the death by setting the tavern afire. All was revealed, however, when the wizard he hired revealed himself as the dead Lord's son - and a quite capable mage, to boot.

Kuulovaas (538-549)

The quiet, sly son of Dalaauvaar had a talent for drifting about in the background, almost unnoticed, wherever he went. He used that talent, while growing up, to take the true measure of many folk in the city. Thus he knew exactly with whom he dealt when he took the Throne.

Kuulovaas ruthlessly used hired killers to purge the city of capable wizards so he could operate unchallenged. Thereafter, he considered his foes to be only those Talasaara and guildmasters who put their own interests ahead of what was best for Geanavue.

Kuulovaas grew fat and comfortable, but he wanted even the lowliest street urchins to see some benefits from his rule. His acts of sharing, tax cutting and munificence made him beloved of the people. Most of the rest of his time was devoted to studying magic - or hunting down and purchasing enchanted items to bolster his rough, rather meager mastery of it. Castle staff insists that he amassed chambers full of magical gewgaws as well as quite powerful weapons and useful things - but upon his death, none of it could be found.

To this day, according to Geanavese lore, the "Treasures of Kuulovaas" remain hidden. They are almost certainly somewhere in or near the Castle. Other rumors insist that they may lie in a rockfall-sealed mountain cavern reachable only by mining in the right place. Or their hiding place may wait at the far end of a permanent magical teleport-route from some closet or back passage of the Castle (usable only by someone who knows just how to activate it). Some insist wearing the right suit of armor is involved, but others say this is but a distortion of reports that the treasure itself includes some enchanted suits of armor that can fly and do other wondrous things.

All that is certain about the Treasures is that searching for them became an obsession that twisted and consumed the Lord's son, Siariit, who ascended the Basalt Throne upon his father's peaceful death in bed of unknown causes.

Siariit (549-561)

This gaunt, bony, always-restless boy was a "whirlwind of spite and rage and energy," according to a courtier of the time. He was also furious that his father would not let him learn magic, and hungry for power - the power to smash and change things, not just order folk about. When Siariit became Lord, he slapped down any noble or guildmaster who dared to stand up to him, until they learned to avoid drawing his attention and operate covertly.

Siariit largely ignored his duties and events unfolding in Geanavue, and devoted himself to becoming the greatest wizard ever known in Tellene. In his thefts or seizures from wizards and slaughtering of sorcerers, he showed himself to be utterly evil and unscrupulous...but was slow to bother to develop cunning, and all soon saw him for what he was.

That did not mean that anyone was eager to challenge sinister Lord Siariit. His alternately cruel and neglectful rule stretched on for years until the night when, desiring amusement, he deliberately broke his wife Amaarite's arm. She stabbed him in the throat with a broken perfume vial - and then leaped off the highest parapet of the Castle.

Maalot (561-567)

Siarii's only child and heir, the sickly, fear-ridden youth Maalot is chiefly remembered for his huge, sad, staring eyes. It's widely thought he was beaten almost witless by his father.

Maalot proved a timid, stammering man, unfit for rule of a dung cart let alone a city. Constantly sick, he succumbed to every ailment that passed through Geanavue, never rallying to full health, but did manage to father an heir before dying in the throes of at least three sicknesses.

Talaalabar (568-592)

One of Geanavue's best-loved Lords came to the Throne as an infant, but was tutored and fiercely guarded by his doting mother, Masaerap, who ruled the city in all but name for the first ten years of his rule.

Masaerap had no love for power, only for duty. From the outset she involved her child in all debates and decisions. He grew up literally 'learning on the job,' and his canny mother often took him to the homes of commoners and the taverns to 'hold court,' so all Geanavese saw and heard her patiently guide him through agonizing decisions.

She made Talaalabar listen to the words of citizens high and low, and taught him that he was there to serve them, not the other way around. As he grew straight and tall and frowningly thoughtful, she gracefully slipped into the background, becoming a trusted confidant and advisor but leaving him alone to decide.

'The Thoughtful Lord' became as widely loved by Geanavese as his mother, but his love and regard for her was everything to him. Although he took a wife, Naatalaes, and fathered a son and a daughter, Talaalabar's bond with his seemingly ageless mother was his life. When she died suddenly of shaking fever, he threw himself onto her funeral pyre and perished.

Banaatuir (592-617)

The son of Talaalabar was a fat, jovial, playful variant of his father. Unlike his sire Talaalabar, he got over the death of his mother (and, shortly thereafter, his sister Nairuut, who died unmarried and childless) and went on to rule Geanavue with mirth and much revelry.

Banaatuir was far more a friend to guildmasters and the Talasaara than most Lords of Geana, and succeeded in forging a 'ruling fellowship' in which all prominent Geanavese felt they were part of the crew of a great ship, forging ahead together. Those who had the sense to patiently set aside the grievances and bids for power that Banaatuir ignored (and these were many), and instead devote themselves to commerce, grew very wealthy.

Ultimately, all citizens shared in this 'Gold Coin Time' of prosperity. Geanavese still look back wistfully on Banaatuir's years as times of happiness as well as riches. There are said to be caches of coins hidden in walls and under floors all over the city, put there during the Gold Coin Time by wise (or cynical) citizens who feared and expected the return of troubled times.

Settlements sprang up or expanded along the road between Geanavue and Loona, the upland roads west of the city were improved, and the city walls were rebuilt again, pushed out in an arc to the south to take in still more space (and attain the configuration they have today).

Called 'the Roarer' for his thunderous and frequent laughter, Banaatuir proved to be a lover of dramas, minstrelry and clever

rhymes, and encouraged artistic activities of all sorts. The city crafters swiftly took up the best thoughts, ideas and symbols, and Geanavue enjoyed a brief renaissance of design.

It all ended very suddenly one winter day when Alaki, a wizard of Kalamar, decided that Geanavue was far too glittering a prize to resist seizing - and transformed Banaatuir and his wife Seeril into screaming torches at a revel.

The mage tried to seize the Throne for his own, aided by six apprentices who may have been driven by fear of their master. He came to be called Alaki 'of the Talons' by Geanavese for his favorite slaying spell - a magic that brought into being gigantic, short-lived rending black claws.

For a dozen days or more Alaki snapped orders and slew defiant citizens - until all of Geanavue, in unspoken and unplanned alliance, rose up and attacked the wizard at once.

They hacked Alaki and his apprentices to death and tore them apart. Standing amid their blood, Taanaavao Muaroon, one of the oldest, proudest members of the Talasaara, presented what he had been hiding - in defiance of Alaki's strict orders and despite the mage's energetic spying spells - to the city: Banaatuir's son Kaliriaan. Muaroon installed him on the Basalt Throne amid city-wide rejoicing.

Kaliriaan (617-634)

A quieter man than his father, Kaliriaan was slow to become comfortable at rulership. During his first few days on the throne, all of Alaki's magic items were stolen (most likely by Talasaaran families and senior guild members, whose descendants may keep them hidden in and around Geanavue to this day). Several guildmasters soon bullied Kaliriaan into making unwise decisions that gave the guilds powers they bitterly resented being stripped of, later in his rule. However, their work allowed the power of all guilds to grow by ending a Talasaaran stranglehold on money lending. Henceforth, foreigners and the Castle could invest in crafters and city businesses - no longer could the nobles keep all other citizens from growing wealthy, or dictate who would be successful (and continue to demand a stream of services or favors in return for their financial support).

Some Talasaara planned to lash out at the Lord for allowing such an affront to their power - courtiers even uncovered a bold plot to murder Kaliriaan and all of his family - but their efforts dissolved when the first widespread disease to afflict cattle ravaged the upland farms. The Talasaara owned most of these cattle and had to frantically shift investments, cut losses, and turn their efforts to maintaining their possessions. After almost a decade "the Bloating Death" passed on as mysteriously as it had come - and it has never yet returned to the demesnes of Geanavue.

The shy and bumbling Kaliriaan could not hope to recapture the mirth of his father's reign, and did not try. Always prone to errors of judgement, he stumbled along from mistake to retraction to courtier-arranged 'fix.' Yet he meant well, and most Geanavese saw that.

Still, few households in the city grieved overmuch when the ailing Kaliriaan (suffering from failing eyesight and a fever that carried him to the gods a season later) abdicated in favor of his son Boelain - the first Emerald Lord ever to do so.

Boelain (634-662)

This vigorous and popular man was large, strong and easygoing. He hated meting out harsh justice or tasting conflict of any kind, but did not withdraw from frays. Rather, he struck out at those who caused them.

Guildmasters and Talasaara alike were shocked the first time Boelain throttled a noble who dared to mock his honesty in The Hall of the Basalt Throne. When family retainers leaped to defend their master, he felled them with his fists, before hurling the gasping noble bodily at the nearest door with the command, "Begone! Until you can find it in you to return on your knees, with words of apology, and thereafter conduct yourself honorably!"

Tales of such deeds made the Lord a hero with the common folk of Geanavue, but hated among the Talasaara. After Boelain personally lent money to several non-noble Geanavese to allow them to buy or build ships of their own to augment Geanavue's ever-busier shipping, they plotted to have a fatal 'accident' befall him.

A servant betrayed this. Surprisingly, Boelain neither executed nor exiled anyone. Instead, he had the Fists round up all of the nobles and a gallery of random commoners to watch. Under threat of magical compulsion from several wizards he had befriended, he then forced confessions out of the Talasaara. The scene rapidly descended into a chaos of bitter, conflicting claims and accusations, which Boelain struck to silence by mocking them for daring to think themselves worthy to lead a city. He announced he was going to punish no one - but made a flat promise. If any Talasaaran, or anyone else, harmed the servant who revealed the plot, or any of the wizards, or tried to arrange any violence against Boelain or his family, he would see to it that every last family member or relative of the guilty persons was painfully slain, and all their goods and properties forfeited to the Throne.

This judgement was the wonder of the city for a month or more. Evidently the Talasaarans were better listeners than they were plotters; no such fate was ever earned. Boelain died peacefully in his bed years later, outliving his wife and his eldest child (his daughter Maroane, who died of an unidentified wasting sickness, unmarried and childless). His younger child, Malaguuraas, assumed the Throne without any troubles.

Malaguuraas (662-688)

One historian of Castle Geana (Haaroviit, writing in his *Stones Against The Sky: A Fortress Enduring*) described Lord Malaguuraas as "nondescript, quiet, private, unassuming - in fact, nigh forgettable, and swiftly forgotten by history."

All of those things may be true, and yet clearly Malaguuraas made no major blunders and ruled well from behind the scenes.

To most Geanavese, he was seldom seen or heard, a near stranger - but guildmasters, nobles and courtiers knew better. They kept their own influence as great as possible, however, by saying nothing of the Lord's work and claiming they saw little of him - so to most citizens Malaguuraas remained 'the Invisible Lord.'

In truth, he worked tirelessly behind the scenes to prevent guilds and Talasaara from 'running free' without regard for laws. His preferred private audiences and personally binding agreements rather than decrees and proclamations. During his rule, the sewers of Geanavue saw their last great expansion, drainage

and water supplies alike were improved all over the city, and many dirt streets were cobbled.

Yet Malaguuraas was more than a successful builder. He was a capable (if largely unseen) Lord of Geana - for no guild or noble family expanded their powers, pride and influence as they would have done had there been no Lord, or a truly neglectful Lord, on the Basalt Throne.

Yet Malaguuraas lived his life in near-seclusion. When he died of heart stop during one of his long, lonely 'thinking walks' through the Castle passages, a brief controversy ensued over the ascendance of his heir, Haalavoroe: many Geanavese were unaware that Malaguuraas had ever married.

Haalavoroe (688-702)

The quiet, graceful, self-effacing but brilliant son and only child of Malaguuraas came to the Throne as his mother Siriala lay dying of grief. She outlived her husband only by some dozen days.

Haalavoroe immediately faced a bold plot by one noble house to discredit his lineage by challenging Siriala's marriage - and another to slay him and put their own false "Haalavoroe" on the Basalt Throne in his place.

As skillfully as any seasoned courtier, Haalavoroe sought allies among the weakest guildmasters and nobles, so the inevitable rewards due them after crisis was past served only to better balance matters of Geanavese governance. He then cultivated personal friendships among Talasaaran heirs so the generation that would rise to lead those families when he was growing gray would be personally loyal to him. To those who returned his friendship, he gave roles as his senior confidants, so they felt they had a say in all decisions.

Haalavoroe then drafted clear rules (the Appendar to the Castle Codex) limiting the power of any group of persons related by blood or marriage, save the ruling House of Geana, within any guild, trade alliance, pact, brotherhood or collective, and in "all powers of the Throne."

In effect, the Appendar barred all Talasaara from ever openly ruling the city or having any vote or veto over Geanavese policy. It also prohibited them from directly engaging in business transactions, property and land ownership transfers, or co-agreements with any guild, senior guild official, officer of the Fists, senior courtier or member of the House of Geana.

Henceforth, any Geanavese who married into House Geana legally lost any standing their blood-lineage might give them. In other words, if a Talasaaran lady married a Lord of the city, she ceased to be a member of whatever family she had come from. Her former kin thus gained no tie to the House of Geana nor any possible future claim to the Throne.

Crafting and proclaiming these laws put Haalavoroe on the brink of war with the heads of all the noble houses - but their heirs rebelled against plots and calls to arms or for 'accidents.' Seeing a way to be legally free forever from Talasaaran domination, the guilds supported the younger nobles enthusiastically. The Fists closed ranks around the Emerald Lord to ensure that no 'accidents' occurred, and he outlived the furious senior Talasaara as he married the commoner Alaareada and had sons.

Years of furious scheming and tension passed in Geanavue and with them died elder noble after elder noble. Haalavoroe's first son, Aarinaire, also sickened and died, but his second,

Taneevaar, grew up hale and strong in the training and watchful care of the Fists.

While the nobles bent their attention and efforts into schemes against the Lord and his courtiers, the wisest city guilds and crafters kept a low profile - but invested heavily in shipping concerns, growing wealthy just as the Talasaara had centuries earlier. Much of this trade with Zoa and more distant centers went by caravan, for piracy was growing ever more rampant in Reanaaria Bay. The Talasaara owned more ships than non-noble Geanavese, so they suffered the worst losses; some sages call the latter half of Haalavoroe's reign "the time when the most glittering wealth of the Talasaara found its way into bloody hands in the alleys of Aasaer."

A Lord of Geana not under constant attack might have led a naval expedition against the pirates, but time and again when Haalavoroe tried to organize such efforts, Talasaaran treachery dashed his attempts in disaster. It was all too bloodily clear that most of the noble families put their thirst for revenge before their own wealth and safety, as well as before the welfare of their city and its future. In the end, Haalavoroe gave up trying, because each attempt sacrificed loyal Fists he could ill afford to lose - if Geanavue was to have a future. Besides, the most enthusiastic pirate hunter was his own strapping son, Taneevaar - and if the forays continued, sooner or later a pirate sword or a Talasaaran-hired arrow or spell would claim Haalavoroe's heir.

As each failing, elderly noble felt death reaching for him and decided he now had nothing to lose, another attempt was made to topple the man they hated above all others (and privately called the "Traitor Lord"). Haalavoroe survived poisoning after Talasaara-sponsored poisoning, but grew sick and frail under their ravages.

When at last the sick, pain-wracked and half-blind Haalavoroe felt himself growing truly feeble, he paid a formal visit to the most powerful and implacable of his surviving foes, Miaraz Arioohon.

Haalavoroe carefully worded his request for audience to mislead Arioohon into thinking the Lord of Geana needed his aid. A gleeful Miaraz fell for the bait and allowed the visit. At their meeting, the Lord caused his walking-stick, an item no one in Geanavue had until that moment known was enchanted, to explode with fury enough to shatter an entire spired tower of Arioohon House, slaying Miaraz even as he perished.

Haalavoroe left behind on his desk a note that has become a Castle saying: "Victories are but brief, bright feathers. Every defeat is a heavy stone upon the heart. Yet the weight of such stones makes courtiers wiser than warriors. A stone is a burden, but a rending blade through a heart is an ending to all."

Taneevaar (702-716)

Taneevaar 'Scourge of Pirates' came to the Basalt Throne with a reputation as a ruggedly strong, reckless swordsman who loved wenching almost as much as chasing down pirates. However, there has never been any hint that he fathered offspring before his marriage to Gaalia Arioohon, daughter of the dead Miaraz.

He bullied the grieving Arioohon survivors into this initially loveless union, on the advice of senior Castle courtiers who saw it as the best way to regain the House of Geana's hold on power. Taneevaar took Gaalia with him almost as a hostage during a whirlwind campaign against the pirates of Aasaer.

He won victory after victory, in a string of battles too short to do more than temporarily break the pirates' power and open the shipping lanes again for a season or three. Taneevaar dared be absent from the city not a day longer than was absolutely necessary, lest he lose the Basalt Throne altogether to certain busily scheming nobles and a few opportunistic guildmasters.

After scouring Aasaer once, Taneevaar put aside his brief naval career and set about becoming a thoughtful but stern Lord - who was soon widely respected in Geanavue. Almost as an afterthought, he also worked at being a loving husband (and soon, father).

Taneevaar kept up his weapons practice, and sometimes rode patrols alongside his warriors. It was on one such occasion, after years of ruling the city capably and giving it 'peace through strength,' that he was slain by a "rock-serpent" (the precise sort of snake remains unknown, though the Fists recovered all that was left after dicing it in a furious storm of hacking blades).

They brought the Lord back to the Castle raving, his body wracked by spasms. The herb-healers, wizards and priests of



Haar of the House of Geana – Lord of Geanavue

Geanavue could do nothing for him, no matter how frantic their efforts.

In one of his few lucid, sweating moments, a foaming-mouthed Taneevaar abdicated in favor of his son, ere lapsing into screaming and writhing once more. When the grievous wounds of the serpent carried him off at last, some dozen days later, his wife Gaalia stunned the Ariohons by plunging his belt-knife into her own breast and demanding to be burned with him as she died.

This was done - and their son Haar took the throne, soon proving himself as able a diplomat as his grandsire Haalavoroe.

Haar (716- present)

Early in his reign Haar proved himself a skillful courtier...but it was soon apparent to all that he was much more than that. He sought to be no less than a friend to all Geanavese, high and low. "A friend by deeds, not honeyed words," as one disbelieving Talasaaran put it. "The sort of man you never want to betray or even disappoint."

Rather than bold doings, Haar's reign has been a succession of small deeds that fix this problem and help that citizen. The courtiers have grown in reach and power as Haar increasingly trusts them to notice matters and deal with them without his involvement. Although some clerics, guildmasters and nobles watch this rise in the daily power of the Castle warily, in the eyes of most it has not gotten out of hand (yet).

Wise, just, and sensitive, Haar has become widely regarded as among the very best of all Emerald Lords. Though clearly grown tired of ruling, he will not abdicate until he deems his son Mearo ready to rule.

Haar sent his son to Zoa in 742 YND as a formal ambassador for the Basalt Throne, to negotiate lower port taxes for Geanavese ships docking there. Mearo's success in negotiations is secondary to Haar's hopes that Mearo will learn something. Haar hopes exposure to the excesses and intrigues of Zoa will teach Mearo some lessons and make him more fit to see the needs of others - and therefore rule Geanavue more wisely than he seems likely to, if he were given the Basalt Throne right now. Some courtiers fear Mearo will merely find new vices and excesses in Zoa.

Thus far, the heir of House Geana has shown flashes of arrogance, moodiness, willful recklessness and violence. Mearo seems unable to judge character or see what is 'right' - beyond deeming whatever he desires to do 'right.' He seems little interested in women and has taken no wife. He does, however, seem excited by wealth and the brief power that spending it wildly can confer.

Haar is over sixty and ailing. He can no longer sit in a saddle or on a throne for long, or remain still for extended periods, without becoming very stiff and wracked with pains. Yet he will not retire if Geanavue, through war, threat or Mearo's unreadiness, still needs him.

If Mearo makes no progress on his own within the year, Haar plans to recall him. Haar's most senior law-scribes would then tutor Mearo, at least grounding him in his duties and responsibilities. Mearo will also be told the details of the long-standing tensions and grievances between the Throne and various guilds and members of the Talasaara.

Haar's wife Roavaara is dead. He has an unmarried daughter, the shy, quiet and rather plain Soriasaa. She seems to have inher-

ited her father's shrewdness and knack for befriending those she meets. However, she rarely leaves the inner rooms of the Castle, and seems to lack all interest in social life, politics or anything much except reading romantic tales and hearing minstrel-brought news of the heroics of real life adventurers and outlaws.

Forms of Address

The current formal titles of Haar, and presumably of any successor are: "Lord Most High and Right of the Basalt Throne, Emperor of Geanavue, Keeper of the Peace of the Mountains and Overlord of Loona."

In daily practice, a Lord of Geanavue is colloquially called "the Emerald Lord" (a bad one might be denounced as "hardly an Emerald Lord"), but to his face might be called "Basalt Lord" or "Lord of the Throne."

A written letter to the ruling Lord would not be considered impolite if it was headed simply "Lord Most High" or "Lord-" or "-, Lord of Geanavue," no matter how highborn or high-ranking the writer. Such a letter would be considered rude, however, if it neglected all of the Lord's formal titles, but did set forth all of the writer's formal titles.

Pretenders to the Basalt Throne

Heralds, minstrels, guildmasters, gossips and Talasaara in Geanavue enjoy speculating as to who might be lurking in the shadows, waiting to claim Lordship over the city should an opportunity arise.

This hobby is largely fueled by long-standing Talasaaran attempts to discredit, slay, set aside or control this Lord or that - or at least curtail the powers of the Basalt Throne.

An examination of the Reckoning reveals at least eleven sources of possible 'pretenders' to the Basalt Throne. Geanavue has never yet faced a serious crisis over 'who shall rule?' but time and again Talasaara, guildmasters and even courtiers have subtly hinted that they can produce this or that "legitimate" heir to the Throne...and may well do so if the current Lord pushes them just a bit farther.

These suggestions may be bluffs, or it may be that none yet quite dare to jeopardize their standing and prosperity in Geanavue by such a bold move. If that is the case, they may deem this or that next decree as the "step too far" that goads them into action, threatening the very stability of Geanavue itself.

For the record, 'possible pretenders' include:

- Any surviving descendant of the two daughters of Soroveer 'First Lord,' who departed Geanavue with merchants faring southwards overland. Arisael left in YND 109, and Ritaara in YND 111. Both were unmarried at their departure, and were reportedly seen in Zoa thereafter, but their fates are unknown. No word has ever come to Geanavue of their marrying or having children.

- Descendants of the possible bastard offspring of the second Lord of Geanavue, Rolovaar, who between YND 120 and 126 had many lovers, none of whose names are recorded or who has ever claimed to have borne children of his seed. The passage of over six hundred years without such claims makes the probability of any turning up in the future more and more remote. Should someone falsely proclaim their right to sit the Basalt Throne, they are far more likely to claim descent from a known member of House Geana rather than an illegitimate and hitherto unknown child of a man dead now for over six centuries.

- Any surviving descendants of Hasalaar Geana, the second son of Lord Huuladaar of Geanavue. Hasalaar died in Zoa in YND 164, while his father still held the Basalt Throne, but was known to have had several lovers. He married one of them, Raana Roevelo, in YND 160. They soon parted ways, but what became of Raana, and whether or not she ever had any children (either Hasalaar's or who could have claimed to be Hasalaar's) is not known.

- Descendants of the many known bastard offspring of Lord Rigaari, fathered between about YND 172 through YND 199. Rigaari did not take the Throne until 184, so only his later descendants would have any standing when measured against descendants of children born before he became Lord. Over sixty Geanavese families, from noble to lowly, claim some share of Rigaari's bloodline - but the Code Geana law stands in their way. Proclaimed by Rigaari's son Sulaunoor, it specifically bars illegitimate descendants of Lord Rigaari from the Basalt Throne. Its existence means that in the event of an empty Throne, all other claimants would have to be exhausted before any 'blood of Rigaari' could be considered. Sixty 'old lineage' Geanavese families are involved, and scholars disagree as to just when this or that child was born, and even just which ones were sired by Rigaari. There seems a vanishingly small chance that any of "Rigaari's Brood" could claim the Basalt Throne in any way other than by sheer force - as (in the eyes of most Geanavese) a usurper.

- Descendants of any possible bastard offspring born of the dalliances between Lord Sulaunoor and various courtesans, prior to his marriage. There was no hint of the existence of any such children at the time (and courtiers' diaries suggest the Lord may have taken magical measures to prevent conception), so this possibility seems vanishingly small. Such a claimant would almost certainly be an impostor.

- Descendants of any possible bastard offspring born of Atavaar 'Wolfhead' Geana's dalliances with Talasaaran women circa YND 216-223. It is unlikely that there were more than three such children. Also, the noble families at the time would have firmly claimed their parentage to be legitimate, so this would now seem most likely a source of fabricated claimants.

- Descendants of the six daughters of Lord Meleevar, whom he married into six Talasaaran families circa YND 223-225. Such persons are specifically disbarred from claiming the Basalt Throne by the Code of Standing created by Meleevar's son Lord Halasaar in YND 242. As that law has stood for over five centuries and calls on all of the city guilds to resist all such claims militarily and through cessation of commerce, pretenders from this source are unlikely to succeed.

- Possible descendants of Lord Aaroun's daughter Sauvaara, who vanished in YND 264. She reportedly fled to Zoa with a lover - but also reportedly soon met her death there. Castle agents are known to have made extensive inquiries in Zoa as to her fate - and learned nothing. Although she could quite well have never gone to Zoa at all, no trace of her, nor of any of her descendants, has come to light in more than four centuries.

- A claim arising out of the rather far-fetched belief that the eldest daughter of Lord Maarikaer, a darkly beautiful, tart-tongued lass named Saasoree, had offspring before her treasonous liaison with the Gaonagel noble family was discovered and she was slain by her father in YND 522. Saasoree was the only one of the Lord's four daughters believed to have survived beyond puberty, but it is unlikely she managed to carry a child to

term unnoticed. If she did, it is even more unlikely that she could have spirited any infant away to safety before her doom befell her. The ravages visited upon the Gaoanagels make their successful hiding of any babe well nigh impossible. There is no hint in Castle or Gaonagel records of any babe or dalliance on Saasoree's part with any Gaonagel or in any Gaonagel house. (At the time, the family meticulously recorded her every act and utterance in their presence, for purposes of possible blackmail later).

- A claim arising out of the contention that Taanaavao Muaroon put forth an impostor as Lord Banaatuir's son Kaliriaan in YND 617 (upon the death of the wizard Alaki of the Talons). A pretender would of course claim descent from the 'real' Kaliriaan. Although this idea seems ridiculously far-fetched, rumors have repeatedly arisen in Geanavue for over a century, probably as the result of Talasaaran whispering campaigns. Certainly the Kaliriaan who took the Throne looked like his father and knew things that only the real Kaliriaan would have been likely to know.

- A claim arising out of a contention that Lord Malaguuraas never married, and therefore Haalavoroe should not have succeeded to the Basalt Throne in YND 688. This contention leads inevitably to a search for the most legitimate descendant of one of the earlier claims listed here - and, just as inevitably, bitter dispute. A claimant might attempt to say that the Haalavoroe who did become Lord was an impostor. Few Geanavese would likely believe that, as it would, necessitate presenting a descendant of a now-revealed 'real' Haalavoroe. Although Lord Haalavoroe faced some controversy when claiming the throne because of public ignorance of the marriage of Lord Malaguuraas, he succeeded in discrediting and shattering attempts to dispute the legitimacy of the marriage - and to replace him with a false Haalavoroe at the time.

- A claim arising from someone claiming to be (or perhaps be the offspring of) a child of Lord Taneevaar, conceived during his 'Wild Year' of fighting pirates in YND 702 - which came to an abrupt end with the death of his father Haalavoroe. Although all know that Taneevaar enjoyed the company of many women at this time, he was quite young - and during his reign and all the years since, there has been no hint of his fathering any children.

To some outlanders, the endless whisperings and speculations as to possible pretenders to the Basalt Throne may seem either treasonous or some sort of sick obsession. To Geanavese, it is a pastime encouraged by the Talasaara...and it thrives.

Foes of the Eagle

Even the most casual student of Geanavese history knows that almost every guild and Talasaaran family has been at odds with the Basalt Throne over the years, some of them often and bitterly.

"Only the wisest man knows his own heart," the saying goes - yet there are a few families considered by nearly every thinking citizen to be deep, eager foes of the House of Geana. The Kuhelaria, long masters or senior members of The Guild of Stonemasons and Miners, and the Talasaaran families of Arioohon, Malasiikaar and Unadeen top this list.

Only the Malasiikaar go so far as to insist that their claim to the Basalt Throne is as strong or stronger than that of the present Lord Haar. They base this claim on their descent from the warrior Varaaero Malasiikaar, who was present at the Founding.

Chapter 5

The Castle Codex

The lengthy and detailed roster of active laws in Geanavue is known as 'the Castle Codex.' Sages and expert courtiers wrangle almost continuously over its Byzantine details, but some general observations are made here for the purposes of 'keeping citizens and visitors out of daily trouble.'

Peace and Order Before All

The King's Code known in many regions and cities of Tellene is in force in Geanavue, but sentences meted out to the guilty reflect local values. Particularly heavy punishments apply to crimes of arson (vandalism is considered 'arson,' even if flames are not involved), burglary, extortion, forgery, impersonation of a Castle official, possession of illegal or stolen items, rioting and incitement to riot, robbery, sedition, theft, and treason or revolt. This emphasis on maintaining order is strong in the city and on the road linking it with Loona.

In the demesnes (upland farms and 'countryside'), slightly more relaxed rules apply. It is rare to see any charges laid for public drunkenness, disorderly conduct or unlawful dueling, for example, unless a death or substantial property damage occurs. Whereas entering a home uninvited in Geanavue would certainly bring a charge of "trespassing," entering onto a farm or unfenced fields would not (though forcible entry into a dwelling or barn would).

In general, persons acting in ways that threaten or cause damage to other persons or their property will run afoul of the authorities. Persons who 'behave themselves' in public, regardless of their race, origin or appearance, will not.

'Trade Is King'

Geanavue's wealth comes through trade, and visiting merchants are welcome in the domain. It is rare to see a charge laid for "blasphemy" or "usury," for example; these are fields wherein aggressive law enforcement would be seen by the citizenry as 'intruding on their rights.' Geanavese strongly feel that outsiders should enjoy the same protections, primarily so they will keep coming to the city to buy goods and spend coin on food and lodging.

This "undue reverence for trade" (as a long-ago cleric of Geanavue once called it) extends to causing laws to be relaxed in the trading-town of Loona, and to allowing the daily use of foreign coinage within Loona. There is one important exception: all sales of land or buildings within the demense must be

made in gems or Geanavese-minted coins, and either party to such a deal has the right to demand a Castle valuation of any gems involved.

There are a small host of other, lesser-known city rules, the breaking of which puts folk in the position of having to pay fines to the Castle (often immediately or face closure until payment is made). These include passing falsely represented, broken, incomplete or spoiled goods in trade and unlawfully retaining or restricting the passage of or confining the goods, animals, conveyances or servants of any person (on a whim, out of anger over a private dispute not brought to the authorities, or to try to exact payment out of one person when a debt is actually owed by another).

This latter sort of case arises fairly often. If a merchant never settles his inn bill in full, and an innkeeper later lodges someone else from the same trading company but then tries to keep goods (such as a pack animal) for payment of the first debt, a dispute before the Courts of Equity will inevitably arise.

In such a case, the following results are usual. If the innkeeper has not earlier registered a 'short/lost payment claim' with the Castle, the magistrate could charge the innkeeper with extortion or theft for his action of seizure. If the innkeeper legally substantiates the debt, but fails to establish a link the debtor and the second merchant to the satisfaction of the Court, the magistrate will order restitution be made to the second merchant plus a fine be paid to the Castle. If restitution is not possible due to damaged or consumed goods, a fine must be paid to the second merchant but it should be noted that consequential and incidental damages such as "lost time and therefore trade" is very rarely considered a matter for restitution.

On the other hand, if the debt has legal standing and the innkeeper proves a link between the debtor and the second merchant, the Court will rule on the rightful amount of seizure. If the innkeeper has taken too much, he must repay the excess, but if he has taken too little, the second merchant will have to pay more (or suffer forfeiture of goods to the Court or even banning of the trading company from Geanavue until the debt is settled).

The Castle typically seizes 'found' goods of unknown ownership until someone manages to establish it. Honest Geanavese are usually reluctant to pick up 'lost' items in the streets for fear of others branding them thieves or duping them into involvement in some Talasaaran plot or guild dispute or other. Desperate persons will take such 'streetfallen' goods without

informing any authorities, because all citizens know that (as the sage Arauberit, in his *Looking Back In Peace*, put it) “the Castle takes what no citizen claims, and is slow to relinquish no matter how loud the outcry.”

The Talasaara

Down the years, successive Lords of Geana have made decrees concerning the self-styled nobility of Geanavue, and their ‘special’ rights. These include the Code of Standing of YND 242, the Appendar to the Castle Codex of YND 690 (both detailed in Chapter Four: The Emerald Eagle), and the slowly amassed ‘Rights of the Nobility’ (detailed in Chapter Seven: The Talasaara, under “Powers”).

Nobles can forfeit some of their special rights by their own behavior (persons are entitled to defend themselves if attacked by a Talasaara). A friendly local might warn a visitor close to confrontation with a Talasaara that wealthy Geanavese seem able to produce ample numbers of witnesses to support their testimony or view, often seemingly from nowhere.

Royal Law

Like most monarchies, Geanavue has accumulated a body of restrictions on succession to its throne. These include the aforementioned Code of Standing, the Appendar to the Castle Codex (part of which sets aside the lineage of any person marrying into the House of Geana, so that no family gains a claim to the Basalt Throne through marriage) and the Code Geana of YND 202 (which denies all illegitimate descendants of Lord Rigaari from the Basalt Throne unless no other claimants to the Lordship remain). Further details appear in Chapter Four: The Emerald Eagle).

The ruling Lord is the final legal authority in Geanavue and therefore has the right, and technically the responsibility, to personally decide every case. Of course, this is impractical, which is in fact why the Basalt Throne created the position of magistrate. The Lord does still decide special cases. The Throne must review all criminal cases directly involving royal family members or Talasaara (it is their right to demand audience before the Lord before punitive penalties may be meted out, though they rarely make this demand for minor matters). The Lord Geana may choose to preside over cases appealed twice by royal family members or Talasaara or those of very high profile, exhibiting the possibility of extreme volatility among the populace. Any senior courtier (that is, a Castle official who is either high-ranking or of long service) can claim before a magistrate that actions they take, that are otherwise crimes, were justified through their “rightful advancement of the interests of Geanavue.” This claim is not allowed to other persons, whatever their professed motivations, but even for the loftiest Castle courtiers, it is not an automatic dismissal. All such claims are resolved through the presiding magistrate consulting with other magistrates and courtiers before allowing (or denying) this claim to cause innocence.

Three: The Basalt Throne identifies the incumbent Master, under ‘The Outcourt’ branch of the Castle Staff. The Master firmly deals with acts that harm trade or damage property in Loona but he lets public brawling, riots and even dueling to pass unchallenged (unless death or fire occurs). Known pirates are free to walk the ways of Loona without fear of any charge of “piracy” unless they practice piracy in Loona’s harbor or anywhere within Geanavue’s claimed territory.

‘Peace and order before all’ may be the rule in Geanavue, but in Loona it is clearly ‘Trade is King,’ and peace and order follow sadly in trade’s wake. Loona was created as Geanavue’s “trading threshold” with the wider world, and many Geanavese still prefer that foreign merchants (“street hawkers” and sailors in particular) restrict their visits and trading to Loona or the weekly markets held in Geanavue.

It is strictly forbidden to set up stalls or otherwise attempt to conduct trade (except wagon repairs and transport substitutions) along the road linking Geanavue and Loona. Most riders on patrol for the city frown on anyone slowing or hampering travel in any way (so as to discourage brigands from even thinking of ‘blending in’ with roadside groups). This prohibition on trade does not apply to roadside or off-road buildings and attached yards, just to the highway itself. Creating false detours or road blockages for any reason are held to be crimes as serious as arson.

Justice and Punishment

Details of the Fists and courtiers who may be called in to consult with magistrates as “experts” in court cases appear in Chapter Three: The Basalt Throne. The Watch, magistrates, court process and jails are detailed in Chapter 12: Geanavue in the Shadows.

Loona

The Master of Loona, a courtier appointed (as all courtiers are) by the ruling Lord, governs the trading-port of Loona. Chapter

Chapter 6

The Guilds

Like guilds found elsewhere, the guilds of Geanavue are organizations of crafters who work in the same field. For years, the guilds of the Stones of Peace have been the only real opposition in the city to the eccentricities and excesses of the Talasaara. (The Lord of Geana can jail, exile, execute, fine and rebuke nobles, but hardly stand alone against all of them on a daily basis unless he wants to be murdered or plunge the city into bloody internal war.)

An early Lord of the city (Rigaari, in the winter of YND 196) allowed guilds to be founded on the understanding that they would hold their members responsible for shoddy work, swindles and the like. The guilds were also bound by charter to encourage minimum standards of workmanship, generally predictable prices, and fair systems of apprenticeships and trade.

The intent was to escape both nepotism and Talasaaran patronage practices. Henceforth, craftwork and trade would be conducted in ways that made affairs unlikely to be controlled, openly or behind the scenes, by bribery or alliances that set Geanavese against each other, restricted trade or encouraged corruption.

In practice, every guild exists by a Castle charter that constrains it to operate under the essential principle of "one member has one vote, all votes are equal, and all important guild business must be put to votes, participation in which must be open to all members."

Guilds can create, alter and function under all manner of arcane and complex internal rules and rituals (in secret if they so desire), but all such matters must bind only their members, and not customers or non-guild competitors. No guild may openly demand or slyly create an absolute monopoly on anything. No guild may conduct important policy and pricing votes in private (without both public and Castle witnesses), or prevent or hamper its members from voting.

There has been one clear case of sham voting; a guild settled affairs by secret vote and then later staged a 'public vote' to satisfy courtiers. When the city Lord of the day (Halasaar, in the summer of YND 229) discovered this, he publicly burned the guild charter. He then confiscated its treasury and divided its portfolio amongst the other guilds, declaring that it would never be re-founded. In an afternoon the Guild of Master Locksmiths was no more.

This harsh lesson has never been forgotten. Geanavese tell true tales of many merchant families and cabals of friends running guilds like private kingdoms for decades or even

centuries at a time. Yet no matter how heated or laced with intimidation or menace internal guild politics becomes, guilds keep to the Lord's rules when dealing with the wider world. A long-standing Castle decree underlines this: guild regulations must "fall before" (meaning that they cannot contradict) the King's Code.

All guilds function (formally, at least) in much the same way. Guild charters identify those individuals eligible for membership, what fees, reports and representations guilds must make to the Castle, and how the particular guild governs itself. Most guilds restrict membership to people residing-or at least owning buildings-in Geanavue, who actively engage in certain types of work or trade. Blood lineage, race or place of birth can never be impediments to guild membership.

Guild Guidelines

The details of titles, etiquette and day-to-day power within guilds constantly change, but in general, all guilds have the following structure and activities:

- A guildmaster, responsible to the Castle for seeing that the guild obeys the King's Code and all local decrees. The guildmaster represents the guild in negotiations with the Lord and the Talasaara. A guild may have both negotiators and 'voices' (spokespersons for the crafters) in addition to the master, and most do, but the guildmaster must be present to 'bind the guild' in all major agreements.
- A governing council, sometimes known as 'senior masters' or 'lords of the guild.' The council determines policy, drafts guild proclamations, and administers internal justice and administration. The guildmaster is usually part of this body.
- Specific guild members, sometimes called 'hands' or 'maces,' who act as guild envoys or agents (sometimes temporarily or for specific matters only). The guild charges and entitles these to speak for the guild, collect dues and act in public ceremonies and guild dealings with the Castle. Each guild council determines their precise powers and duties. Guildmasters usually control these hands directly only when trouble or corruption threatens the guild. Guild negotiators and voices will be this sort of empowered guild officer.
- Every guild also has a Castle scribe assigned to it. The scribe conducts and records all guild votes (to guard

against blatant intimidation or 'policy steering', which involves making guild decisions without votes or full and proper disclosure to members). The scribe keeps all guild matters secret so long as no breaches of voting procedure, city laws and decrees, or guild rules are observed. A complete and current written code of guild procedures and regulations must be furnished to, and maintained by, the scribe at all times. Usually the scribe stores at least one copy of this document securely in the Castle, in a place and manner not known to guildmembers, to guard against tampering.

Guilds govern themselves, naming their own officers and determining how guild work is done and what authority various guild officials have. However, all policy matters, increases in dues, and official appointments must be determined by vote open to all members. Votes must be observed by the Castle scribe and by all members who desire to watch. Exactly how individual members vote, however, may be kept secret (by sealed ballot, 'hidden placing of counters' or some other method) if the guild desires it so.

By charter, all guilds must entertain policy change suggestions at any time from the Castle, any guild member (Castle scribes watch closely for attempts to stifle or ignore rank-and-file guild members), and any member of the Talasaara (though most guilds dismiss suggestions from nobles with open scorn).

Geanavese law also requires a guild to consider policy change suggestions from the general public at least twice a year, in open-to-the-public meetings. These often become 'complaint sessions' for guilds involved in messy, noisy or smelly work. Although guild officials often dislike holding such meetings, the guildmaster and any specially empowered guild agents must attend them. Wise officials do not try to steer or quell anger at these 'open moots,' but instead use them to gauge public opinion about the guild.

Guild-assigned Castle scribes are required to report all suspected transgressions of guild laws and decrees to senior courtiers. The Three Sisters (see Chapter 3: The Basalt Throne) carefully scrutinize the scribes themselves to guard against guild attempts to bribe, threaten or otherwise influence 'their' scribe. Most scribes are good-natured but diligent in carrying out their guild-watching duties.

The Lord of Geana has the charter right to dissolve any guild forever, dismiss particular persons from membership, strike down any guild practice, ritual or regulation and levy fines. In practice, most Lords warn, fine and then make public proclamation of transgressions, in that order, when dealing with defiant or deceitful guilds.

Most guilds appoint their officers for one to three year terms. Most allow members to freely rise from the ranks on merit (and distrust those overly eager for authority, whilst overloading those who serve faithfully with guild work). Almost all Geanavese guilds charge their members annual dues, known as "taatuurs."

Taatuurs take the form of a combination of cash payments, provision of goods for various purposes (such as a securely-stored reserve or

commonly-held sale stock used to fund guild activities), and participation (in the form of unpaid work) in guild market fairs, revels and other special events. Most Geanavese taatuurs range between 25-50 glint, with 35 glint being the most common amount. All guilds lower cash dues in 'bad years' when members face hardship. At the same time, however, they typically increase required guildmember participation in activities designed to alleviate the causes of hardship-such as trading expeditions to other cities, forays abroad to acquire needed materials, and so on.

Guild officers almost always receive monthly salaries, but the amounts of these payments are always guild secrets, and vary widely.

Most guilds extend charity, loans or 'work aid' to stricken members (the injured, sick, or survivors of fires or other disasters). Most also arrange clerical or herbalist doctoring for sick members. Almost all help to equip and train apprentices.

Most guilds also spy on their members in an ongoing, light-handed, and essentially fair and friendly manner. This is usually done to ensure members follow guild regulations and never engage in that darkest (at least, in the view of the guilds) of crimes: belonging to (or actively serving in) more than one guild at a time.

The Charter Roster

The following list presents the guilds of Geanavue as they exist at the present time. They dominate Geanavese craftwork, but by no means do they hold exclusive control over the trading of any particular commodity within the city. Talasaarans and independent traders are free to dabble in markets and shop sales at any time, or even to permanently compete with guilds. However, few do so in any serious way.

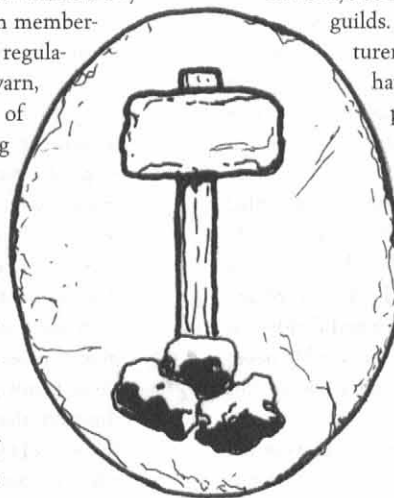
Most citizens see the guild members as 'stern but fair' folk whose opposition to the nobles and occasional firm disputes with the Castle has aided the common good, however self-serving the guild's motives. To most Geanavese, guilds are 'a good thing.'

Commoners keep a close eye on guildmasters, however, and are quick to ridicule any guild official who "gets above himself" and adopts flourishes of wealth or shows of condescension of the sort practiced by nobles.

The Castle often rejects applications for guild charters, and nowadays seems reluctant to allow the formation of any new guilds. In recent decades, various fishmongers, adventurers and wizards seeking to found their own guilds have been turned down dozens of times. The penalty for claiming guild status without a charter is exile from Geanavue for ten years. Those who repeat this offense face permanent expulsion.

The Fellowship of Builders

Almost all exterior building work (raising structures, street repairs and anything involving sewage or drainage) in Geanavue, most of the interior work (building renovations) and demolitions are performed by the members of this guild. The Fellowship boasts 200 voting members (130 masters and 70



Guild badge - Builders

journeymen), and can muster (with "prentices") almost another 770 "willing hands."

A guild 'mareetor', or agent, arranges the terms of Fellowship work with clients. If a job involves more than a single member's 'strength' (that is, more workers than any individual guild member has on staff), specialized work gangs (roofers, tilers, stonewhelters, and so on) must be arranged by the mareetor. Each such crew works under the direction of a 'taasaker' or work boss, and all of them report to a 'lemaur' or overall job supervisor.

'Stonewhelters' dig foundations and then build walls with wooden beams and stones. Only carpenters who primarily do trim, paneling and decorative carvings have a special name: 'finishers.'

Guild discipline is simple. Those who break Fellowship regulations are 'sat down' for a set time. The guild simply leaves them out of all guild work, to starve. If they undertake non-Fellowship work during such time, they risk expulsion from the guild.

Non-guild builders cannot call on Fellowship members for aid or advice. Several severe court punishments (involving permanent exile from Geanavue) have put an end to the formerly frequent Fellowship practice of showing up after dark or during rainstorms and sabotaging non-guild work.

Guildmaster

Vuuawa Balauko (LN male human Exp8). 'Bold Balauko' is a fat, cat-sly purring man who has mastered intrigue and subtle manipulation. He runs Balauko's Best Tiles, of Sootil Maar.

Under him, the Fellowship has a governing council of eight Senior Fellows, including a Treasurer and a Scribe. Six 'standing' mareetors report to the council. Often the council appoints additional, temporary mareetors to negotiate for the Fellowship on a job-by-job basis). The guild also maintains a security force of seven armed 'trustees' to guard officials and maintain guild discipline.

Headquarters

Pearoe Hoolon (Highpost Hall) on Laaneloe Seeral.

Badge

A stone-headed hammer (gray 'block' head on a brown wooden handle), standing vertically upright on a pile of three gray stones (top stone smaller than the ones beneath so that their pile forms a truncated triangle), on an upright, oval-shaped field of gold.

Other Notes

Formerly a large, amorphous group of rough-and-ready men who deemed "undisciplined thugs" by many citizens, in recent years, the Fellowship has settled down

into a fairly peaceful brotherhood that "gets on with the job." (Brotherhood is an appropriate term because its members are almost exclusively male, though the guild has no ban on females.)

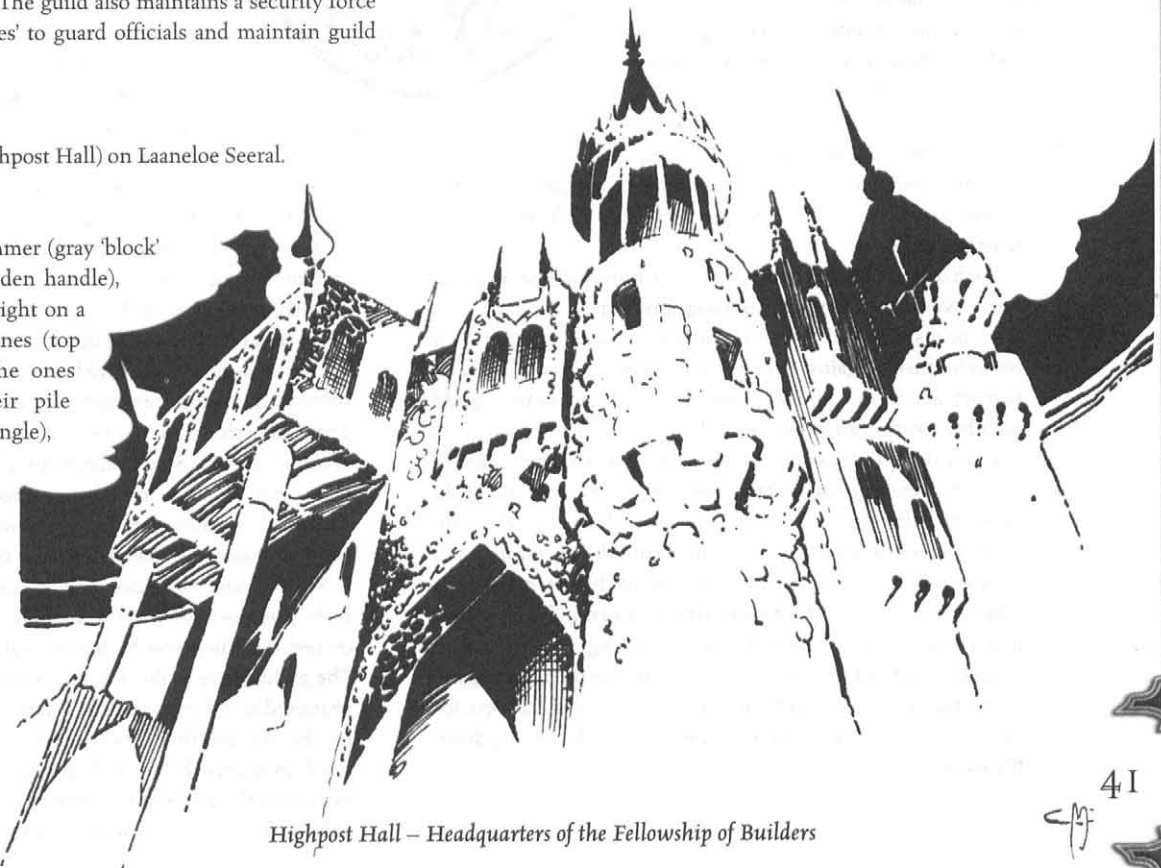
In the past (over a century ago), city-hired warriors clashed with builders over collapses caused by shoddy Fellowship work. Fellowship members sometimes rioted at any attempt by the Castle to regulate building in any way. Thankfully, relations are now cordial.

The Fellowship takes great care to prevent certain members' habits of cutting corners on quality or amounts of materials from affecting the strength or stability of the structure. The guild only allows this in areas that will be hidden when work is finished. As a result, collapses of guild-raised buildings are now rare.

Guild regulations prohibit the use of magic to alter the appearance of guild work (either to make one material look like another, or to suggest substance where there is flimsy or no material). Of course, clients can have enchantments applied when Fellowship work is done.

The prosperity of Geanavue keeps Fellowship members busy tearing down what they built a decade or two ago and raising ever-more-grand structures on the same sites. As a result, for their own safety, Fellowship members have become far more careful about robust foundations and proper drainage.

Rumor suggests that a complete, detailed map of the sprawling city sewers is kept in a hidden vault in Highpost Hall. This map may be far more accurate than anything held by the Castle because builders always do unofficial 'side-work' for folk along the route of a torn-up street. These unofficial jobs are usually done to improve 'jakes' (flows and cistern overflows), install secret 'back ways' into and out of buildings, and enlarge



Highpost Hall – Headquarters of the Fellowship of Builders

storage cellars so that they extend under streets or even under adjacent buildings owned by others.

This latter practice is the source of the only continuing controversy involving the Fellowship. The Castle continually tries to stop such "encroachment into the underspaces of others" by decree. In response, the Fellowship maintains an incident-by-incident defense of "we just found things that way, we didn't do it." The guild maintains that forcing guild members to fill in, frame and reinforce these areas at great cost would be an unjust imposition on the guild. Similarly, forcing them to make smaller the storage spaces of clients and neighbors who may not be Fellowship clients at the time means, in fact, holding one citizen of Geanavue responsible under law for the actions or transgressions of another. Negotiations on such matters continue.

Fellowship of Butchers & Tallow Chandlers

Members of this guild slaughter, skin, butcher and smoke cure sheep, goats and pigs. They also tan the hides of their kills, and render the fat into greases and candles. The 'Slicers,' as they are universally known, are 68 voting members strong (46 masters, 22 journeymen), and their apprentices number about another 130 "willing hands."

Members must have a smokehouse and secure meat storage (a lockable, cool stone chamber with agile rat-slaying dogs or cats). Guild regulations govern the cleaning of meat, what can be added to flesh and hides to preserve them, how long meat can be kept before sale, and just what can and cannot go into sausages and 'helms' (mash-patties of ground meat pounded up with herbs and onions).

Despite guild efforts, persistent city rumors insist that old candle wax, vegetable matter and unappetizing animal matter (bones, human corpses and daily wastes) find their ways into Fellowship-made sausages and helms.

Such dangerous deceptions may well have been widespread in the past. Nowadays, however, putting any human material into food, or disposing of or storing human remains, are the worst possible affronts against Fellowship regulations. Spreading false rumors about the practices and contents of another guild member's wares run a close second.

Guild discipline usually involves 'seize and burn' orders of some or all meat goods. For the worst or repeat crimes, the guild orders the offender's meat storage area boarded-up. Such "shut-seals" last for at least a month (three months in winter), and always seal all meat inside. After a shut-seal has been served, it takes a long time for the rotten stink to go entirely, no matter how energetic the cleanup. It takes even longer for citizens to forgive, forget and return to buy food from that proprietor again. Aromatic fires that scorch all affected surfaces work best for banishing rotten odors, but of course always risk burning down the building being treated.

Guildmaster

Soroulain Malauk (LN male human Exp9/Ftr3). A monstrosously fat and massively muscled, bald-headed 'meat block' of a man, Malauk has a neck, shoulders, and arms that resemble a stone giant's more than a human's. Those who hold no love for him or his policies sometimes call him 'the Boar' or 'the Old Hog'. He grew up brawling on the docks of Loona, enjoyed a brief career as an adventurer (some say pirate) after being forced to leave town in some haste, and reappeared in Geanavue a decade later. By then he had coin enough to buy and rapidly expand his own business. Another decade has passed since then, but Malauk remains a genial, worldly-wise man with a taste for simple jests whose laughter resonates like thunder. He's also the proprietor of Malauk's Meats on Teevo Taraane (at Tealia Maar).

Under Malauk, the Fellowship's governing council of six Old Master Carvers determines policy and handles guild discipline. Four hulking, heavily-armed Masters-at-Large aid enforcement of their decisions. (At least two current 'Largers' are notorious for their accuracy with hurled cleavers).

Headquarters

Launar Hoolon (Fellowshame Hall) on the Paurutaa (at Maalan Maar).

Badge

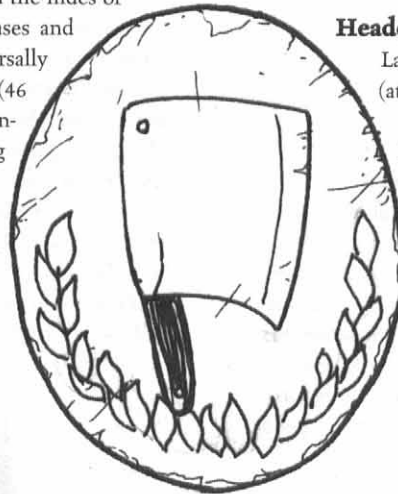
A silver cleaver, blade edge to the dexter and wooden handle to the sinister, running from lower sinister (handle) to upper dexter (bladetip), surrounded by a wreath of upward-blazing golden flames, on a scarlet, upright-oval-shaped field.

Other Notes

A Lord of Geana (Beolain, in YND 651) more or less ordered this guild into existence (a unique occurrence). He forced all chandlers and butchers of the time to join together in a Fellowship and establish some rules for their professions. For some years before issuance of the guild's charter, many Geanavese had died or been made very ill from eating tainted meat or strange substances used in the making of helms or sausages. When new scents added to candles began to asphyxiate people or render them senseless (deliberately, rumor insisted, so thieves could set to work or so untended candles could start fires), city-wide uproar forced the Lord to act.

For some fifty years problems with mystery ingredients in helms and sausages persisted (and still arise occasionally today). The Fellowship soon gained a reputation for truculence and 'sharp' dealings. Stories about the guild racing good sausages from shop to shop for Castle inspectors to view repeatedly, whilst other wares were hidden, remain firmly entrenched in city lore. Such tales inevitably recur periodically.

Such insolent practices ended abruptly when half of a human body was discovered on a mincing table. The butcher who owned that shop was beaten to death by outraged neighbors. The guildmaster of the day, one Saarisor 'Sharpshanks' Beruud, promised to reform the Fellowship. He began by publishing - for the first and thus far only time - recipes for what went into guild members' helms and sausages. These recipes allowed variance only in amounts of pure meats and seasonings. The act did much to restore Geanavese confidence in Fellowship goods.



Guild badge - Butchers

Over the years since, members have drifted away from such recipes, but not before the public widely accepted one Fellowship innovation: handpies. These small, greasy pastry balls contain finely chopped, cooked fowl or diced, stewed organ meats and tend to be spicy. Guild members customarily sell them from a serving window to customers who eat them hot, on the street.

The Slicers have settled into a hardworking, peaceful daily routine far removed from their past notoriety. They now content themselves with innovations in pastry and seasonings. In recent years, the rage has been for much more highly spiced sausages and handpies (known on the streets as "firebites") inspired by foods brought from afar by sailors.

Thus far, Guildmaster Malauk's only attempted guild-wide innovation is a commonly run slaughterhouse (promptly dubbed 'the Bloodhouse' by citizens). Intended to confine butchery to outside the city walls, and deliver smoked or fresh-cut-and-cleaned carcasses to members' shops, the scheme met with fierce resistance from most guild members. It has been largely abandoned. The Fellowship now runs the Bloodhouse as a pay-service smokehouse for citizens who want to preserve kills (of all sorts) of their own. (Known clients include poor citizens who have deceased family members 'smoked whole' to keep them from rotting whilst they gather coin to pay for burial.)

The Fellowship of Weavers and Woolfolk

Members of this guild shear sheep or buy shearings from farmers, and make this raw wool into plain and dyed cloth suitable for local use or export sale. Universally known as the 'Weavers,' they can muster some 236 voting members (187 masters, 49 journeymen), and their apprentices make up another 94-odd "willing hands." Among the busiest of Geanavese workers, Weavers sleep little, work much and have little taste for politics or fripperies. Women make up the majority of both members and apprentices in this guild, one of the few not dominated by men.

The Fellowship provides herbal and alcoholic painkillers for members with broken or needle-pierced fingers. Its other important services include steam massages for members' aching arms and backs and holding 'seeren.' Non-guild members may partake of both massages and medicines for a fee, but only members can participate in seeren.

Although the city whispers of far racier activities, seeren are nothing more than odd-hours revels for weary weavers. The guild provides good meals and well-paid male and female escorts to relate recent city events to members who have been far too busy at their work to keep abreast of the news.

In the view of most Fellowship members, any Master of the Weavers who provides such things to members can otherwise do as he sees fit. As a result, this guild has some of the highest taatuurs (50 glint/member annual dues) and traditionally corrupt guildmasters known in the city.



Guild badge - Weavers and Woolfolk

Guildmaster

Huuroa 'Roundcoin' Raukoer (LG male human Exp6), of Brightweave Brothers on Laaneloe Seeral (at Learen Taraane). A rather humorless but staunchly honest Master of the Weavers, Huuroa looks like a king visiting Geanavue. His height, bold stride, upswept white brows over startlingly large and dark eyes, rugged good looks, and love of fine clothing contribute to his aura.

Unlike most of his predecessors, Huuroa touches no coin that does not belong to him. However, he keeps the guild taatuur set high, putting funds thus gathered into guild coffers (for aid funds) and investments (quiet purchases of many city properties). Roundcoin tempers commoners' fears of "guild money-grubbing" by sponsoring many small, independent shopkeepers (in return for small discounts for guild members' families).

Roundcoin keeps the guild council (comprised of four Senior Weavers) busy as purchasing agents and errand-runners. They remain largely powerless.

The Guildmaster's Guard was formerly a personal bodyguard of a dozen highly-trained and well-armed warriors, needed to defend Master against fellow guild members. Roundcoin transformed them into bodyguards for all guild members, working in shifts. A Guildmaster's Guard is either off duty, guarding guild warehouses, arranging massage and pain-relief "comfort services" for guildmembers, or escorting them wherever they feel the need for protection.

Huuroa wins respect in the city with his no-nonsense approach. The guild's traditional reputation as "decadent would-be nobles" (built through the actions of self-indulgent, foppish guildmasters who strutted like 'pretend Talasaara' on the backs of their own guild members) is slowly waning. Though governance of the guild could fall right back into corruption if the wrong person replaced Roundcoin, signs suggest that members would no longer willingly submit to blatant greed and deceit in Suntapestry Hall.

Headquarters

Siitaara Hoolon (Suntapestry Hall) on Tealia Maar (at Mearia Maar).

Badge

A white ribbon curling in an 'S' shape through the open blades of a pair of golden shears, situated to form an 'X'-shape with blades uppermost, on an upright, oval-shaped field of rich green.

Other Notes

Traditionally a very wealthy and industrious guild, the Weavers' specialties include making quilted bedding and winter cloaks for Geanavese, and a variety of bright cloth for use everywhere.

This guild is currently rising out of centuries of corrupt leadership into a new eagerness of purpose. Roundcoin's shrewd investments in other businesses have spurred change. These businesses have inevitably caused hunched, squint-eyed weavers to look up from their looms far more often and take an interest in matters other than how fast they can make and sell bolts of

cloth. Weavers now feel important again, and speak out and invest in all manner of trade and social matters. It remains to be seen how Talasaarans and other, traditionally more 'active' guilds will react to the awakening of this longtime sleeping giant.

The Forgers and Smelters Guild

Members of this guild derive workable metals from the ores produced by local mining. They produce and sell ingots, bars, beams and metal plates, and occasionally fashion plate into shutters or shields for 'finished sale.' The 'Hammers,' as the city knows them, are 60 voting members strong (26 masters, 34 journeymen), and from their prentices can muster another 80 "willing hands."

Almost all Hammers are strong males, slightly deaf, scarred or half-blinded by hot 'forgesplash' and flying metal shards. They tend to be wealthy, always bone-weary and in pain, and thus either grim or snarling. In either case, their tolerance of fools tends to be short; they reserve what patience they have for their work.

The strength of most Hammers makes them fearsome foes when angered. A large group of Talasaaran guards once made the mistake of drawing sword and ordering a path cleared for their noble master-through a throng of Hammers. The Hammers hurled them bodily into a heap, one atop another.

Guildmaster

Taarasar Beteer (LN male human Exp10/Ftr6), the Master of Metals. Beteer is a stern, cold-eyed and always-alert retired (some say semi-retired) warrior. He tries to be fair but no pushover to anyone, no matter how sly.

Beteer runs the ten-member-strong Council of Smiths with an iron hand, using Councilors more as go-and-see and fetch-and-carry men than guild officers. He sees no need for any other guild functionaries beyond a Treasurer. He hires this Treasurer scribe from the Castle (in addition to the Castle-assigned 'watch scribe') rather than choosing an elected member.

'Taar' Beteer also runs his own smithy, Warmetals, on Pelaun Maar (at Garaasoun Seeral. The guildmaster specializes in making fine-tempered blades and gauntlets, making this the closest thing in Geanavue to an armorer's shop.

Headquarters

Saavar Hoolon (Stoneshields Hall) on Dealoot Maar (at Launee Maar).

Badge

A silver anvil, beak (or pick) to the sinister, superimposed upon a golden lightning bolt that zigzags from upper dexter to lower sinister, on an upright, oval-shaped field of purple.

Other Notes

The Hammers have always been a widely respected guild because of their wealth and ready ability to arm Geanavue for war. Down the years (and currently), they have tended to avoid politics, intrigues, and the daily cut-and-thrust of

trade-strife and social maneuverings, applying themselves instead to their work.

Most Hammers are wealthy, and see their high taatuurs (50 glint/year dues) as no hardship. They consider it well spent, largely on healing for injured members.

Gifted by a succession of competent, responsible guildmasters, the Hammers have avoided scandal and controversy. They allow members to experiment freely with alloys and platings, disciplining only those who attempt to pass thin-plate off as pure metal, or falsely sell untempered weapons as 'guild true.' (Only those tools, weapons and other finished items that meet the exacting forge-standards set by the Hammers can be considered 'guild true'.

Recently, a new fashion has swept the guild - and is still raging. Hammers of all ages and taste in garb wear fanciful 'show armor' (of their own making) in public. They wear only a few of these 'flashglimmer' pieces at a time, not half- or full suits of armor. Flashglimmer items are always polished bright, and typically take the form of one of the following: a pair of gauntlets, a pair of bracers, a gorget, an armored belt or a codpiece.

The Hammers wear 'greatarms' to celebrate the most grandiose occasions (and some fashion plate Hammers celebrate every day in this manner). A greatarm is arm-and-shoulder armor that (when worn with a matching gauntlet) covers one arm from fingertips to shoulder in articulated magnificence, crowned by an upswept, grandly-ornate 'collar' of shoulder spires or sculpted snarling beast-heads.

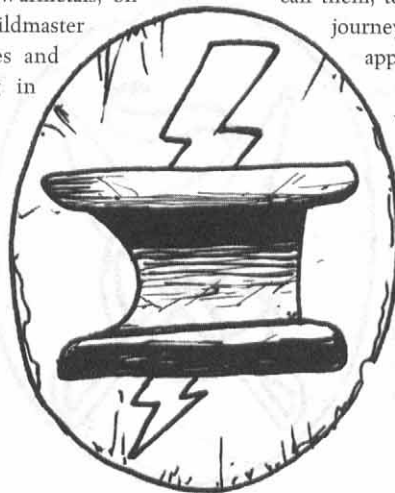
The Guild of Carters, Craters and Coopers

Members of this guild make storage vessels (barrels, crates and coffers), load and unload cargoes, and make deliveries within the city and its demesnes. They also ship goods elsewhere by conducting them safely into the hands of other merchants (usually ship captains calling at Loona, but sometimes caravan masters). The 'Heave-and-Runners,' as the Geanavese call them, total some 52 voting members (20 masters, 32 journeymen), and from their hirelings can muster approximately another 57 "willing hands."

Almost all members of this guild are strong, vigorous men. Most Geanavese view them as dim-witted at best (perhaps due to what one long-ago Castle official once called "droppage, breakage, and fool-headed delivery" incidents). Most citizens have a ready store of jokes about Heave-and-Runners doing dunder-headed things (such as unloading boxes full of crockery onto a temporary table made of boards balanced on two barrels-and then taking away one of the barrels, causing the whole cargo to crash into ruin).

Although such incidents happen fairly often, it should be remembered that they form a tiny portion of the prodigious number of deliveries that members of this guild make

daily. Moreover, if the Heave-and-Runners (with their numerous arcane internal rules about what streets to traverse, and when) did not exist, city streets would always be hopelessly



Guild badge - Forgers and Smelters

choked with individual shopkeepers and crafters trying to fetch or deliver their own materials and wares.

Most Heave-and-Runners can expertly wedge and pad wares in a container so as to minimize breakage. They are also masters at tossing coffers, barrels and small crates accurately for easy and successful catching by a fellow guild member (or for safe delivery onto a window ledge or balcony, in cases where no one is there to catch it). Many are also superb at quickly creating custom-sized containers.

Guildmaster

Taofoor Doroat (LN male human Exp8), of Doroat Caskworks on Learen Taraane (at Laaneloe Seeral). A quiet, worldly-wise man, he never forgets a face, a lie or a sum owed. Doroat is an efficient, no-nonsense Lord Barrelmaster of Cartage. He hates his awkward formal title, and as a result one and all know him simply as "Lord Master."

Doroat is well liked by his fellow guild members. The masters of other guilds hold him in even higher regard, due to his success at eradicating the most outrageous thefts and excesses of the past. (All Geanavese have stories about entire 'misplaced cargoes,' and shipments wherein all but one or two items were smashed beyond repair during delivery).

The Heave-and-Runners still have a reputation amongst Geanavese for rampant pilferage, but some merely accept that a small amount of goods will go missing. A few even leave 'forgotten' access slide-panels open to allow things that they do not consider vital to be taken (a practice referred to as "letting the carter take his thumb-worth," or simply "thumbs"). In truth, only a few guild members 'help themselves' often. Losses have merely become an ever-present topic of disapproving gossip in the city, wherein real incidents are elaborated upon endlessly.

Headquarters

Manaehon Hoolon (Manyhands Hall) (better known to Geanavese as 'Barrel Castle') on Mearia Maar.

Badge

A nine-spoked wooden wagon wheel beneath a cart (represented by a horizontal wooden bar with handles curving up from it to the dexter), over which floats an upright barrel. All three of these elements are of a light brown ('tan' or 'tawny') hue, and are placed so that they do not quite touch each other on an upright, oval-shaped field of light blue or turquoise.



Guild badge - Carters

Other Notes

One of the largest and busiest guilds in Geanavue, the Heave-and-Runners recently restructured their billings and operations. Instead of competing with each other (which, over the years, resulted in increasingly dangerous headlong cart-races through the streets), guild members now assist each other. Often they trade cargoes in the streets between a conveyance going in one direction and another going elsewhere. Sometimes they perform a 'moving toss' over the heads of pedestrians, as guild-driven wagons slow down but do not stop.

The shipping of persons (either kidnapped for ransom or to be sold into slavery) is punishable by either death or exile (after branding and a month of hard labor shoveling sewage in the Castle cesspits). Sentences depend on the wealth and influence of the guilty party, and the condition of the victim.

Nevertheless, Geanavese rumor insists that the practice goes on daily. There have been regrettable incidents where Talasaarans and merchants have punished disloyal servants or debtors by having them bound, gagged, loaded into barrels, and then delivered elsewhere in the city so as to give them a 'rough ride.' Care is usually taken to avoid suffocation deaths, but bruises and broken bones are common, and the Heave-and-Runners are furious when they discover that they have unwittingly been partners to such serious crimes. This is the reason that all cargoes sent from particular addresses or by specific clients (those guilty or widely suspected of indulging in 'rough rides') are accepted by this guild only if they can inspect contents and seal containers themselves.

Members of this guild have developed various sorts of heavily oiled or waxed cloths and papers (sold for quite stiff prices, sometimes as much as five glint for a large sheet) for the wrapping of 'wet' cargoes. Some Geanavese often ship recently butchered raw meats or spiced offal around the city, either in regular trade or as warning messages or insults to rivals. Heave-and-Runners grow very tired of being doused in blood or salted slake-water when carrying these bundles. They resent conducting the rest of their workday in a sticky, stinking condition). The practice remains a 'pet hate' among guild members.

A few senior Heave-and-Runners have recently taken up the art of carving fine 'puzzle box' containers. These are usually cleverly cut and polished sections of logs. They disassemble into irregularly shaped interlocking pieces only if a recipient knows 'just how' to dislodge a 'key' piece, and then manipulates the rest of the slide-together parts in the correct sequence.

Notable practitioners of this art (quickly growing in popularity among Geanavese) include 'Old' Tamaas Reavin, of Reavin's Coffers on Saaraun Taraane (at the Heavuur); Nooregan Gazee, of Careful Hands Carters on

Deasaa Taraane (at the Meaavur); and Tasaamara 'Smoketresses' Haelauva, of Tasaamara's Fine Carrycabinetry, on Raabeal Maar (at Misoroa Seeral).

The Guild of Clockworkers and Artificers

Despite its formal name, Geanavese now almost universally know this guild as 'The Engineers Guild,' using a term imported from abroad by far-traveled merchant traders. 'Engineers' make wonders by mechanism and clockwork, exactly as 'artificers' have always done. Some members of this guild prefer to be called by one term and some cling to the other. Furious arguments often erupt (or client relations suddenly become frosty, with sharp increases in fees) if someone uses the 'wrong' term.

The Engineers built the clocks in the Tower of Time, as they did many of the best locks in the city (those used by the

Talasaara, for example, and in sensitive areas of the Castle). Usually, one opens such locks by inserting several keys into the same keyhole in the correct sequence, turning each in a particular direction and for a certain number of revolutions before moving on to the next. Internal bell-gongs ring sharply to signal mistakes, lock-picking attempts or attempts to force a 'top' lock. Such alarms seldom ring loud enough to attract the attention of neighbors, but always more than sufficient to awaken sleeping occupants or alert a guard or passerby that something sinister is going on.

Despite the fact that most Geanavese think of the Engineers as the source of timepieces and locks, locking devices are in fact an 'unofficial sideline' of this guild. For years water pumps (mostly of the 'helix-screw-in-a-cylinder' sort, though Engineers steadily experiment with and improve piston-chamber specimens) have been the main daily work and concern of the Engineers. The Fellowship of Builders see to drainage, piping and sewage, but the Engineers are the ones who 'lift water' up into a structure.

Some Talasaarans like the idea of automated lamp lighting and 'control-from-a-distance' (perhaps better described as 'signal servants from afar') devices. They keep bemused Engineers busy designing, crafting and installing rod, cog and cable devices in noble mansions throughout the city. Most Talasaarans interested in mechanisms take an almost childlike delight in working with an Engineer to create ever more elaborate devices. They also develop close, respectful friendships - but a few haughtily dismiss and hire 'new' Engineers with each job...either not noticing or not caring that the fees charged by members of this guild rise with each new hiring.

Guild members largely respect each other's installed work (though private fights over 'thefts of ideas' often develop and can grow quite bitter). They have long since established internal rules in which they agree (among other things) that clients desiring explosive or projectile-weapon devices will be frustrated by endless 'sad failures' on the part of hard-working hired guild Engineers.

The Engineers currently have 27 full members (11 gnomes, 9 humans and 7 dwarves, all referred to as 'Masters'), and 44 apprentices (23 gnomes, 12 humans and 9 dwarves). This guild tends not to welcome applicants or encourage competitors, deeming their work too "dangerous" and "exacting" for dilettantes or ignorant, if enthusiastic, dabblers.

Nor do they accept excessive administration. The guildmaster has only a secretary and two 'speakers' (envoys) as staff. Guild members (often Masters temporarily disabled by injuries suffered when a device went wrong) fill these posts only because Engineers refuse to be 'ordered about' by non-Engineers, or have such 'prying fools' know anything of their secrets and guild affairs. Any member who shows signs of settling into any of these three staff positions will be urged with ever-increasing firmness to 'pass it on.'

The Masters seem to share a deep-seated mistrust of anyone learning too much and gaining too much power. As one Master recently put it: "one bloodsucking guildmaster is enough of a leech on our backsides, thank you very much."

Guildmaster

Lenaiz Meneveer (NE male human Exp6/Rog4). Every guild member (reluctantly) agreed that this sly, smooth-tongued diplomat and salesman should lead them, if they must have a leader. He is the first master of intrigues to helm the guild (after an unbroken succession of gruff, preoccupied, politically naive 'lovers of innovation'). Clinging to the oil-haired, perfumed remnants of striking good looks, this aging rake's vanity is only outstripped by his self-delusion over his irresistibility in the eyes of ladies. Professional female escorts decorate his arms at all hours, but he seems eternally puzzled as to why all other Geanavese women do not swoon into his clutches.

Meneveer also undoubtedly embezzles a small (he would say 'trifling') portion of taatuurs. He uses such 'found monies' to dabble in smuggling and fencing activities. He carefully returns all guild coins he has taken to a 'secret' guild cache out of his profits from such shady-

work. If ever questioned about a shortfall in guild funds he plans to use these funds to clear himself. In the meantime, he loans cache funds out for very short terms to desperate Talasaarans, ship captains, and other persons with collateral he can readily seize, at very steep rates of interest.

Guild members suspect or even know very well what he is doing, but tolerate such activities as long as he represents their interests ably in negotiations at the Castle and with visiting outlander merchant traders. For his part, Meneveer dreams of somehow becoming very rich. Perhaps his fortune will come through some sort of covert business arrangement with pirates or adventurers. If he could only figure out how to seize, extort or otherwise derive ready flows of coins into his coffers without achieving dangerous prominence in the process...

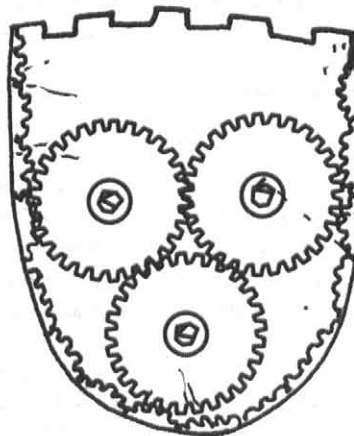
Headquarters

Feomer's Hall on Olokear Taraane.

(Feomer, remembered as one of the greatest artificers of all time, co-founded the guild. Rumor has it that a fabulous cache of trapped locks and ingenious automatons of his making lies hidden somewhere in Geanavue - or was found and plundered by a Talasaaran house who managed to keep their find and identity secret.)

Badge

Three golden, metallically shiny cogs of many small teeth arranged in a point-down equilateral triangle with their teeth engaged. The number of teeth vary with almost every depiction, a variance outsiders often think is some sort of secret code, but actually illustrates independence, or 'bloody-mindedness', on the part of individual Engineers more than anything else. The cogs appear on an upright, shield-shaped field of deep blue (of a hue some outlanders call 'royal') with scalloped edges. The edges always take the shape of a series of semicircular outer edges of toothed cogs, engaged with each other to form a continuous border (again, the number of cogs varies with almost every example of this badge).



Guild badge - Clockworkers

Other Notes

Most citizens fear or at least mistrust the Engineers, as do other guilds. Many regard it as 'a guild for the dangerously wealthy'. In other words, people see the Engineers as the willing servants of persons whose riches allow them to indulge personal whims and eccentricities regardless of the consequences for others. As a result, the Engineers are not particularly popular with Geanavese.

Customers appreciate their more ingenious devices - particularly small and simple things that a crafter can examine and understand at a glance. Often a crafter who can see the everyday usefulness of a particular mechanism orders "a copy of that." Such devices include servant-summoning bells that work from one room to a distant chamber, doorbells that function automatically when a door (or window!) is opened or passed through, and dumbwaiter kitchen-to-bedside food-moving devices.

Yet the same folk often view the Engineers themselves as too-clever folk who may quite well be thinking up ways of getting past their own locks or otherwise 'doing dirty' everyone else in Geanavue. The habitual arrogance of many members of this guild does nothing to dispel this widespread notion.

The Engineers do not, of course, seem to care. Most Masters eagerly pursue their individual interests. They seem even more eager to fight their fellow members fiercely on a single matter of ever-growing controversy. Of course, they believe no non-Engineer in Geanavue has any right to hold or express an opinion on this matter. Should Engineers create devices that have any magical component or operation that depends on enchantments or not?

Despite the rarity of magic (that would inevitably make magically assisted devices outrageously scarce and expensive), this debate has raged with increasing ferocity for over three decades. Frustrations (augmented in some cases by excessive drink) over failed devices have sometimes caused it to briefly boil over into the trashing of workshops, knife fights at guild meetings, and pitched battles between apprentices ordered by their Masters to fight each other.

Almost unnoticed in this tumult is the increasing hunger of merchant traders for the most utilitarian and simple Engineer-crafted devices. Outlanders want useful items that can be duplicated and sold elsewhere in Tellene. If traders cannot get specimens swiftly through commissioning them from Masters, perhaps they can hire adventures to steal a few from guild shops or examples already in use in Geanavese homes and businesses...

The Guild of Importers and Exotics

Members of this guild specialize in 'to order' importing of goods not available locally - and also import wares they believe Geanavese will want, once they appear in city shops. Over the years, they have judged Geanavese tastes rightly more often than wrongly. Those with an excess of coins but a surfeit of boredom (such as the Talasaara and wealthy merchants seeking to impress the nobles and so ascend to join their ranks) often desire rare and unusual things. As a result, members of this guild have collectively become very wealthy, and acquired an apt nickname from their detractors: the 'Goldcoin Guild.'

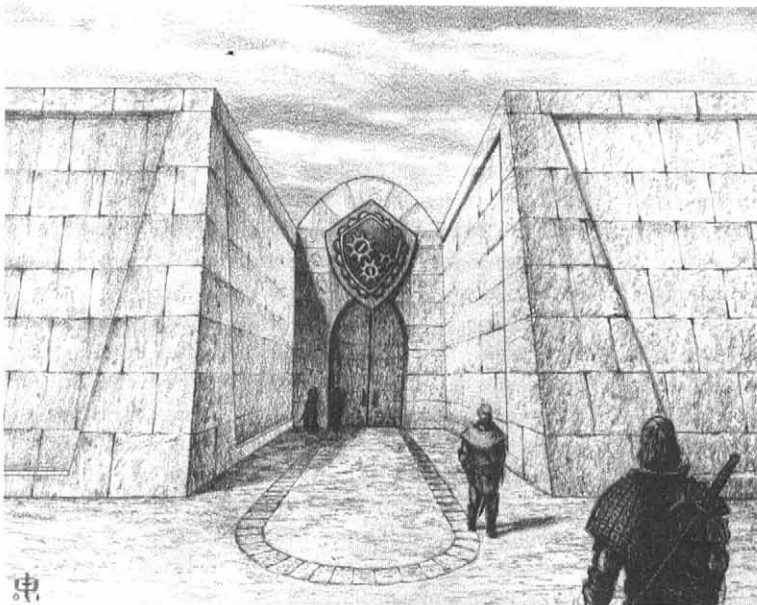
Certain imports, such as scents for use in Geanavese candle making (nothing drives off city stench from a room as well as burning a properly scented candle), have become mainstays for this guild. So has a onetime sideline that has become their main business: money lending (and money changing).

The guild's nickname comes from greed, wealth and ruthless usury. Another practice gives the guild the word "Goldcoin" rather than "Glint." For years certain guild members melted down some of the coins received from clients in money changing. They then used the derived metal to make counterfeit coins of other, more valuable currencies. These "false coins" contain less gold and more of the less valuable metals than a real coin of the same sort, though the fakes became very good. Despite increasing Geanavese anger, this practice continues.

Serving as a local investment banker is no way to become popular anywhere in Tellene, and Geanavue is no exception. The cold-blooded investment decisions and stiff rates of interest charged by the Goldcoin Guild have earned them the barely concealed hatred of many Geanavese. After all, by choosing whom they loan to, the Goldcoins decide who has the chance to become rich and successful, and who must spend their days working hard for paltry handfuls of copper coins.

But ill feeling towards this guild runs deeper. The widespread Geanavese belief that they continually evade taxes and make underhanded investment deals leads many to regard the Goldcoins with suspicion and mistrust. Moreover, (probably true) rumors of their involvement with the Secret Network of the Blue Salamander persist. The Salamanders (a not-so-secret, utterly ruthless and lawless) organization seeks power everywhere in Tellene by covertly infiltrating and seeking to control guilds, governments and all other organizations.

The days of importing ointments that do not accomplish what sellers claim they do, or that harden or 'go off' within hours of being unsealed, are over. Yet Geanavese women do not soon forget such Goldcoin subterfuges. When a local bard dubbed this guild "The House of Lotions, Potions and Lies," the name



Feomer's Hall – Headquarters of the Guild of Clockworkers and Artificers

stuck. This mocking term has become widely used, particularly at the feasts and revels of Talasaara rich enough to never need to deal with the Goldcoins.

Those Talasaara who must deal with the Importers and Exotics because of financial reverses usually find themselves twisting on the twin tines of a fork that never lets them go. Ever-increasing interest rates form one tine. The other is 'foreclosure blackmail,' which can best be defined as 'do this for us, or we'll seize property in lieu of your debt.' The deeds meant by 'this' are usually illegal, often humiliating and always dangerous. Some Talasaara relinquish properties rather than be pushed around, of course, and others try to hire adventurers and professional slayers to carve a way out of their problems - but Importers and Exotics guild rules are very clear on such matters. All Goldcoins act together against a debtor who tries to work violence on any guild member.

The Goldcoins have only 22 members. All wealthy merchants, most remain bitter over rebuffed attempts to join the Talasaara. They have no apprentices, but each keeps two or three trusted assistants. They also hire well-equipped and formidable bodyguards, and each can muster a 'street strength' of almost twenty armed men in a pinch. As this costs money, and the Goldcoins are notoriously miserly, such 'pinches' do not occur very often.

Guildmaster

Boelain Vaotal (NE male human Ari4/Exp3/Rog3). Vaotal 'the Viper' (not a nickname wise people use to his face) is an extremely skilled actor and subtle diplomat. He regularly cries or appears troubled or delighted on cue. Vaotal ages gracefully and still retains the handsome appearance of his youth. High-browed and gray-bearded, he has the bearing of a sage or man of importance.

The Viper guides his guild like a precise, many-bladed weapon, in an endless quest for influence. He once put his philosophy "control through influence, not ownership, so when the tax collectors call or thieves strike, we're not there - and yet at all other times, we rule through gentle suggestions." Of course, he only speaks this way to fellow guild members at private meetings.

Vaotal commands a shadowy force of more than a dozen agents loyal to him personally. These 'persuaders' are ruthless slayers and thugs who intimidate recalcitrant clients or vandalize their properties. They also ensure that the Viper will never face a serious challenge for the guild leadership. They serve as his personal bodyguard against persons-including a few in his own guild - who believe that Geanavue, Tellene and even life in general would be improved by Vaotal's sudden and permanent removal from the scene.

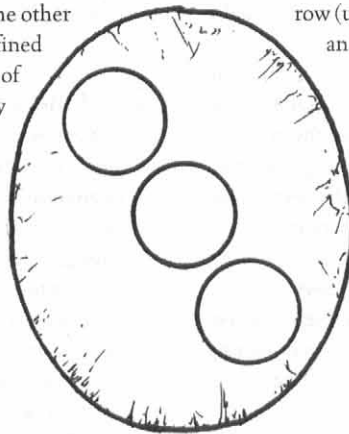
The Viper employs his agents in endless spying on the guild's most important current clients and on his fellow guild members. If someone does slay him or topple him from command of the Goldcoins, it will not be due to any lack of diligence on his part. The Viper takes great care to be aware of what everyone important is 'up to' at all times. Of course, Vaotal is not above selling information gained in this way for his own personal profit.

Headquarters

Mauvoo's Hoolon (Fairwinds Hall) on Lusiipir Maar (at Baarot Maar and Taaragil Maar).

Badge

Three gold coins (featureless discs) arranged in a diagonal row (up at the sinister end, down at the dexter end) across an upright, oval-shaped field of rich grass green.



Guild badge - Importers

Other Notes

The Goldcoins are by nature very secretive. Geanavue only knows as much about their activities as described here thanks to a dying guild member. One Haasivuur Nartuir, who betrayed guild secrets in a city wide chapbook entitled *Good Citizens Beware!*, never saw his work published as it hit the streets just after his death. Geanavese cynically see recent Goldcoin dabbling in imported scents and exotic cooking oils as merely a convenient 'cover' for increased trade in poisons and drugs.

There is even a widespread rumor that some of the cooking oils contain a poisonous ingredient that remains in the stomachs of users. This builds up over time, to be 'activated' only when the Goldcoins add a second ingredient to later casks, followed shortly by offers of antidotes at ruinous prices.

While probably false, the fact that this rumor can persist on the streets at all (beyond the few days of interest any wild or sinister tale enjoys) says much about how deeply the hard-working Geanavese distrust, fear or hate this guild.

It is known that certain Talasaara (perhaps for their own murderous purposes, rather than a simple fear for their own skins) hired alchemists to determine if this slow mass poisoning is possible. Reports say their hirelings pronounced the idea viable - and confirmed that there are rumors of poisoners doing just this in distant places, long ago. However, none of the alchemists have yet produced proof of 'slow poison' attempts working, anywhere. Moreover, none can identify an effectively deadly substance that would work through long-term ingestion when added to any sort of oil, and not be immediately harmful or detectable. Individual doses imbibed or consumed immediately, yes - but surviving cooking heat and the passage of much time, no.

Although several Goldcoins may well be Blue Salamanders, this guild carefully hides its sinister sides behind almost restless energy, endlessly seeking 'new' exotic goods to import, and ways of improving or changing these goods to make them more attractive to Geanavese and other Reanaarians.

Goldcoins or their trade agents (the aforementioned "trusted assistants" of each guild member) often meet outlander merchants or adventurers arriving in the city. They may invite these outlanders to private feasts to learn of their travels and exploits. The guild members always openly profess their intent to learn of things that could someday soon become profitable 'trade goods from afar' in Geanavue. But the Goldcoins also seek to build an ever-increasing network of contacts. Should future strife necessitate a few ready swords and spells, the Goldcoins know upon whom to call...

The Guild of Jewelers and Polishers

For years this guild remained a collection of haughty, bad-tempered old men who bestowed upon themselves the title 'Master Gemcutter'. They spent most of their meetings either drinking or arguing furiously amongst themselves over politics, "what should be done about the nobles," and similar matters that were more accurately gossip than guild business.

However, the daughters of its Master Gemcutters have recently transformed the guild. Now 16 members of the 24 'High Jewelers' (and 28 of their 42 apprentices, who use the titles 'Rising Jeweler') are women. Haughtiness has not vanished from the guild, but its members are now much younger and more creative.

No longer do they peer at stones without benefit of magnifying lenses, growing increasingly stooped and near-sighted. No longer do they cut and polish stones "the one right way for this sort of gem, the way it's always been done." As a result, sales have recently soared, and Geanavese and visitors alike can commission works of their own design. This has led to a local fashion explosion of fanciful pectorals and wrist-bracers.

By contrast, as recently as a century ago, only a Lord of Geana or a Talasaaran choosing a wedding gem would have had any say in the making of any piece of jewelry. Everyone else would have had a choice of (only) already-crafted rings, brooches, pendants, dagger hilts and belt-buckles.

That all changed with Haaladuuta Esiaamar. The widow of a respected gemcutter (Taaleenar 'Surehand'), she was devastated by his sudden death-and, with three young daughters, facing financial ruin. Out of kindness the senior jewelers of the day allowed her to assume Taaleenar's guild membership (assuming she would sell off his stock and then become a repairer and polisher to which they could send their 'dross work' or send poor would-be buyers.

Instead, Haaladuuta (who had already made clasps and fastenings of fine chain for her husband) immediately started offering fine chains for wearing at the ankle and wrist. Clients could order chains with their choice of type and number of gem-studding. Haaladuuta even offered a plan by which clients could buy a gem at a time, as they could afford it, and have it added in place of a length of plain chain. Her clients were almost exclusively women. In fact, certain ladies of pleasure started ordering distinctive 'Haaladuuta chains' so as to identify themselves to possible clients in the streets without having to speak a word.

Buyers flocked to Haaladuuta. When their husbands complained that she offered nothing for them, she started offering heavier chains for men to wear at the throat. She would also engrave gorgets with their choice of badge or design. Apprentices of other jewelers heard of the opportunities she offered for design freedom, and came to work for her.

The outraged Master Gemcutters met, and for once came to a swift and clear decision. They decided to expel Haaladuuta from the guild. However, when their wives (almost all clients of Haaladuuta) heard of this, they revolted. They told their

husbands, in varying degrees of 'or else' fury, to reverse their decision.

When this was reluctantly done, Haaladuuta suggested that all guild members involve interested wives and daughters. Amidst all the scoffing and sneering, a few were too miserly to pay apprentices, or too failing in eyesight to continue without help, and quietly did so.

Haaladuuta promptly suggested that some of these new female members specialize in designing and making graduated series of lenses for jewelers to peer through while working. She also encouraged them to make lamps with long, narrow hoods that could concentrate light in small areas. In this way, the making of monocles, spectacles and magnifying lenses of all sorts became a specialty of this guild.

Many Geanavese shops now sport another of Haaladuuta's innovations: magnifying lenses set into countertops. These have small, delicate wares displayed on a secure shelf in the counter beneath them, and let in lamplight from one side.

Even if every last gem in the place was sold or stolen, any jeweler's shop in the city could readily be identified by its rows of "Haala's Lenses." These round glass discs slide into fork-like wooden frames. When placed into holes in wooden disc bases, the frames stand upright, and people can look 'along a tabletop' at a jeweler's work. Sometimes jewelers place them sideways into upright wooden blocks so that they lie horizontally. A jeweler looks down at the work through the lenses. In either configuration, a jeweler can line up two or more lenses and look through them together, at varying distances, to achieve just the degree of magnification desired.

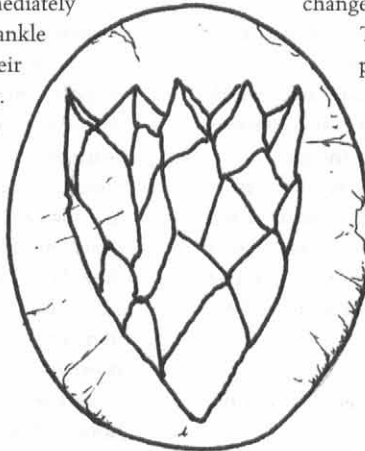
Haaladuuta's manner was so friendly and generous, and her innovations so successful, that even the most stubborn guild members failed to ostracize her "little lady play-jewelers" (as the old jeweler Taarinaan sneeringly labeled them). They also failed to keep them out of positions of power in the guild-and the changes continued.

Today, no jeweler would think of working without proper light and lenses. No more do they learn to proceed 'by feel' as their sight fails with advancing age. More importantly for other Geanavese, few jewelers in the city would dare to think customers will buy just what they choose to offer, with no possibility of re-sizing, alterations or choice of designs.

Nor are many members of this guild as impoverished as their predecessors. With some specializing in making brooches that resemble miniature birds, others in carved and gem-set sword-hilts or scabbard mounts, and fellow guild members offering everything in between, sales continue to rise.

No longer does cost restrict adornments of personal attire to only the very wealthy. Non-guild 'street jewelers' even make and selling rings and necklaces fashioned from cut, polished and oiled animal bones scavenged from kitchen scraps and leavings.

Now dead, Haaladuuta's daughters Taaleiria, Ceopeari and Kaalaele continue her work. They remain important, influential guild members specializing in thin, polished 'sheet inlays' of fine stone set into windows, lampshades, fanlights and other uses where light will shine through them. Ceopeari has even collab-



Guild badge - Jewelers

orated with Dealaan Faaridon of the Engineers to make a lamp with such 'light-tinting shades' that turns by clockwork, making its colored reflections slowly move around a room. This is the latest rage, and Ceopeari cannot keep up with the demand for extra shades of differing hues to establish various moods (though flame orange and ruby red remain the most popular).

Guildmaster

Master of Splendors Saarmon Stoutcastle (LN male human Exp8). 'Old Castlenose' is a fussy esthete with a habit of peering over his spectacles. He hails from somewhere "far to the west" (perhaps Kalamar), but has spent years in Geanavue as a member of this guild. Given to grand manners and flourishes, he wears luxurious but wildly overblown clothes to go with his long, drooping mustaches and untidy beard. Despite such pretension, people tolerate him because of his kindness, understanding of the problems, dreams and needs of others, and his genius at defusing conflict and achieving agreements.

Saarmon truly regards his fellow guild members as his kin-surrogate sons and daughters in a large and often unruly family, but one that simply 'must' stand together through the travails of life. He wants members to help each other whenever and however possible. "We're not competitors, we're a full splendor of choices, abetting and augmenting each other," as one of his favorite sayings goes.

He works hard to keep all High Jewelers happy and all Rising Jewelers working towards clear goals. Both the Rising Jewelers and their 'masters' know and understand these goals, so no apprentice gets frustrated working forever for someone else, and no 'master' assumes a particular apprentice will always be around as their understudy.

Saarmon is probably the only male High Jeweler that the feminine majority of guild members will accept in office over them right now. Almost all male guild members support him staunchly (possibly because he is not a woman). As a result, the mastership seems to be his for as long as he lives and desires it, but will almost certainly go to a woman after him.

By tradition (one of the few unchanged by Haaladuuta's whirlwind of changes), the guildmaster of the Jewelers and Polishers holds the title 'Master of Splendors,' and runs the guild as its public spokesman and main policymaker. His vote counts as six 'scores' in all votes made by the guild's ruling council of ten elected members (known as the 'Old Masters'), whereas their votes count as one score each. One exception to this is that one of the Old Masters serves as Coffermaster (treasurer), and his vote 'scores two.'

The collective membership of the guild elects both the Master of Splendors and the Old Masters every three years, but the only the Old Masters elect a Coffermaster.

This system tends to lead to a situation where the Coffermaster either fiercely opposes the guildmaster or is simply his toady. The attitude of the guild at large towards its master determines which. The council tends to be friendly towards a popular and trusted guildmaster (and thus will be thrown out of office with him if he falls out of favor). If a guildmaster is not both trusted and popular, the Old Masters tend to be his political foes, elected to balance against his plans and possible excesses.

Due to the value of their wares, members of this guild often desire to hire bodyguards and shop guards. Such hirings are either personal or 'guild common.' Personal hirings must still be

reported to the Old Masters to prevent 'hiring wars' within the guild or fights arising out of misunderstandings regarding who has how many guards stationed where.

The guild might typically hire common guards for a shipment of incoming or outgoing gems belonging to several guild members. The same or separate sets of guards might be hired to guard the gem shipment while in 'whelming warehouse' in Geanavue, during transit to Loona, whilst in dockside storage and loading or unloading there, and even aboard ship or 'around the wagons' during overland passage. The Coffermaster, not the guildmaster, always handles common hires.

Headquarters

Degealaul (Splendorgate Hall) (known to most Geanavese as 'the Jewel Box') on Mearia Maar.

Badge

A white gem on an upright, oval-shaped field of ruby red. The depiction of the gemstone always tapers to a triangular bottom, and its top resembles the points of a crown. Those points are sometimes shown touched with silver stars (which are supposed to be 'star-gleam' highlights).

Other Notes

The continuing hunger of the ever-more-prosperous Geanavese for new, innovative jewelry, coupled with their traditional love for practicality, has recently led several High Jewelers to offer important new wares.

The most popular (first begun by Siloosa 'of the Flaming Eyes' of Siloosa's Fine Stones and Adornments, on Mearia Maar at Beacetal Taraane) is a range of small vials with stoppers. Carved out of gems, these vessels can take various sizes, and piercings allow them to be worn on a neck-chain, or on a belt or hip dangle-chain. They are sold as containers for scents, cordials (strongly-flavored liqueurs, another recent Geanavese fad), or "nose-powders."

Nose powders are snorted like snuff, and have three main purposes: curing ills, blotting out offensive smells by substitution of an overpowering, more pleasant one, and making the user 'feel good.' No Castle decree nor guild rules have yet regulated these, and may be composed of anything that has been reduced to a powder (herbs, various drugs, the powdered rinds of rotten fruits, and all manner of scents and dyes). Some actually do what they claim, and some are simply a waste of coin. Nose powders are made and sold by street vendors, often farm folk come in from the demesnes for a day. The Guild of Jewelers and Polishers has nothing to do with their creation or their sale.

Very recently, another guild member (Reolain Gaariata of Old Lantern Fine Jewelry, on Reanoor Seeral, at Raabeal Maar and Misoroa Seeral) has begun to sell 'love vials.' These beautifully stoppered containers of his own making, hold love poems inside. The vials are made of cut and polished glass or gemstone, depending on the price, and the verses exquisitely written on tiny scraps of parchment. He either composes (or borrows) and pens these sentiments himself, or writes them to a buyer's order as personal messages.

Giving these as love-gifts is the 'rage of the moment' in the city. Tales have also surfaced of these being exchanged to pass on secretive guild (or less legal cabal) messages. Two persons

wearing identical vials meet, swiftly trade their vials, and part (to read the newly acquired messages elsewhere in privacy).

The Guild of Stonemasons and Miners

The oldest and most influential of all Geanavese guilds, this brotherhood consists of those who mine for gems and ore, and those who quarry, cut and dress stone. Geanavese call its members 'Deepmasters,' and respect them more than any other guild. The city has literally been built from their wares and their toil, and made rich by their tireless work.

Stone has never been a fantastically profitable sales - good, but it has always been necessary for shelter (homes, shops and warehouses) and for defense (jails and fortified walls and towers). The quality and amount of stone offered by the Deepmasters set Geanavue on the road to the prosperity it now enjoys, and kept it there during lean times. Geanavese never forget that this guild has always literally been the foundation of their city. Only those Talasaara who prefer not to remember that wealth must be earned through work (rather than being what the long-ago noble Aluugeir Mauhuuro, in his chapbook *A View From A Height Deserved*, called "an anointment of the gods upon the truly worthy"), treat the Deepmasters without respect.

The majority of Deepmasters have always been human males. Dwarven males make up the largest minority, followed by dwarven females and a scattering of gnomes. The current guild roster stands at 86 men, 41 dwarven males, 18 dwarven females and 17 gnome males. A senior member is known as a 'Master Hand,' and a junior member as a 'Hand.' Both have an equal vote, but Masters have more influence and speak before Hands in policy debates. All members have four to six apprentices. Apprentices bear the title of 'Trusted' but have no votes. Both sorts of Hands pay a taatuur of 60 glint. Apprentices pay nothing.

Some Deepmasters only quarry stone and a few only mine or prospect. Most do a little of everything: cutting and dressing stone, carving stone, and some laying of stone and raising of foundations. They usually do this last only where other guilds associated with building or drainage do not want to do the work, such as outlying farms and the most dangerous corners of Loona).

A typical Geanavese "stoneworks" consists of a 'city yard' and an 'outyard' (which, as the name suggests, lies outside the city walls). A city yard almost always consists of a warehouse with an office in front and stores of dressed stone stacked everywhere else. Thanks to theft in the past, the practice of leaving literally open yards has nearly vanished. Most lie near a city gate to minimize travel times to the outyards.

An outyard is usually a walled compound enclosing some small sheds where masons cut the most valuable stones (and store tools, usually in an underground 'dug' whose heavy stone lid has some trick or trap to lifting it, to discourage theft). Any outyard also contains piles of grinding sand, rubble, gravel, 'raw rock' and finished ('dressed') stones. It also has either a spring or, more likely, a rainwater catch-pond to collect water. The water

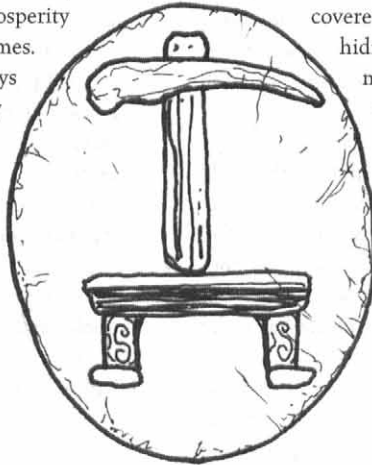
is used in cutting, to cool the saws, in polishing, to keep the dust down around the yard, and to water the horses. A fenced area inside the walled compound contains a paddock and stables for the 'heavy horses' that pull the stone wagons, and water troughs filled with water pumped from the spring or pond.

Centuries ago, when various Deepmasters were directly responsible for repairing sections of the city walls, they built their outyards right against the outside of Geanavue's great outer wall. A Lord ended this practice by decree when giant raids became heavy and the defenders realized that the yards gave marauding giants both cover and a ready supply of missiles-right in the shadow of Geanavue's walls.

Inevitably, there are still rumors of secret passages that run under the walls, from cellars in the city to places that were once cellars in outyards, and are now stone-slab doors only lightly covered with concealing earth. Tales persist of fugitives hiding for years in these forgotten passages, or monsters using them as lairs from which to prowl the city at night. One even hears stories of certain unscrupulous Deepmasters who, for fees, would bury a chosen victim alive in their outyards, or arrange to have the person 'accidentally' crushed with falling stones as they passed a building site or walked down particular alleys.

Most Geanavese, however, believe, or prefer to believe, that the Deepmasters are solid, serious, honest, reliable, 'firm as the stone they work with' folk. The guild badge evokes instant respect (not something other guilds can claim). Most citizens trust its members to be left alone in the citizen's house or cellars, walk on the citizen's roof at all

hours-even when walking from one building to another, for reasons that have nothing to do with that citizen at all-and scale the citizen's walls at all hours. "If a Deepmaster says it must be so, then it must be so," as the old Geanavese saying goes. There have been notable abuses of this trust, but by and large it still prevails.



Guild badge - Stonemasons, etc.

Guildmaster

Dealaan Sumora (NG male human Exp9/Ftr2, Str 17). A tall, close-mouthed giant of a man whose craggy face and hard gaze make him look almost as if he were made out of stone, Sumora is a master of menace. He uses his grim persona and "You don't want to upset or annoy me, friend, believe me you don't" manner to get his own way, and conceal his romantic, sympathetic nature.

Mercilessly teased in his youth, Sumora lashed out once and broke a bully's neck. He fled Geanavue and spent some years as a lone miner and prospector, fighting beasts when he had to, but longed to return to the city. Eventually he did, to find his skills at tracing ore veins highly valued, and all the kin of his victim dead or gone from Geanavue. He also found that miners and prospectors who had seen him working alone had carried tales back home and made him famous among Deepmasters. The guild welcomed Sumora into the fold with open arms. Once his fellow guild members took their measure of his personality and saw how other Geanavese respected him on sight, he soon rose to the mastership.

Deathly afraid of revealing his sentimental nature in public, 'Old Stone' Sumora will react with glowering anger to any situation that stirs his softer side. So expert has he become in this act that many citizens literally whisper or shrink back in awe at his approach.

His fellow Deepmasters (the Master Hands, at least) know his act for what it is. They largely approve of the concessions and rulings he gets for the guild without ever actually having to do anything that gets in the way of their ongoing work. Guild members consider Sumora a 'paper tyrant' who serves their interests alone, toiling as treasurer, secretary (with the Castle scribe scrutinizing and editing), and spokesman all in one.

Guild policy is whatever Old Stone says it is until at least three Deepmasters disagree. Then the dissenters call a meeting, and a voting majority (if a quorum is present) decides guild policy henceforth. If there is no quorum for a matter considered serious, the entire mob of members goes from member's home to city yard to outyard, and then on to the next member, and so on, to gather them in for voting.

Sumora sees future consequences very well. He always clearly and fairly says what might happen in the future if the guild decides thus or that-or if having decided 'X' this night, they do not also do 'Y' soon. His fairness and reasoned explanations of all sides of a matter, not just the one he has chosen, are both legendary and the foundations of his long career in office. In short, the Deepmasters trust him absolutely-and he has never shown himself in any way unworthy of that trust.

Though Sumora's wife died long ago, he shows no signs of taking another. His five sons, all of them Hands, run his business for him. He seems devoted to promoting a bright future for all Geanavue and all Deepmasters, not enriching himself. Increasingly, commoners of the city who dare not go to the Lord of Geana (because of shady situations) or think they have no hope of actually getting to see him, come instead to Sumora. People take his advice or judgement as if it was a Lord's decree. In their eyes, Sumora ranks near the Lord of Geana. Such responsibility both touches and tortures him, and he can often be seen walking the city streets in the wee hours, wrestling his way towards inner peace.

Headquarters

Voonai Hoolon (Worthydelve Hall) on Alaun Maar.

Badge

A Geanavese 'stonehammer' (a brown wood-handled, blue metal-headed tool with a long, down-curving pick to the dexter and a large, round hammer-end to the sinister) standing upright on a white stone bench. A rough cross stone laid across two elaborately carved identical 'footstones' compose the bench. The stonehammer and bench are displayed on an upright, oval-shaped field of dark gray.

Other Notes

The Deepmasters have been guilty of quiet arrogance in the past. Not the loud or sneering denunciations practiced by the worst of the Talasaara, but rather a firm assumption of absolute power. As one guildmaster (Toloa Feaveu, in YND 622) said, when wading into a dispute over trade laws in Geanavue: "That's far enough! When all is said and done, no

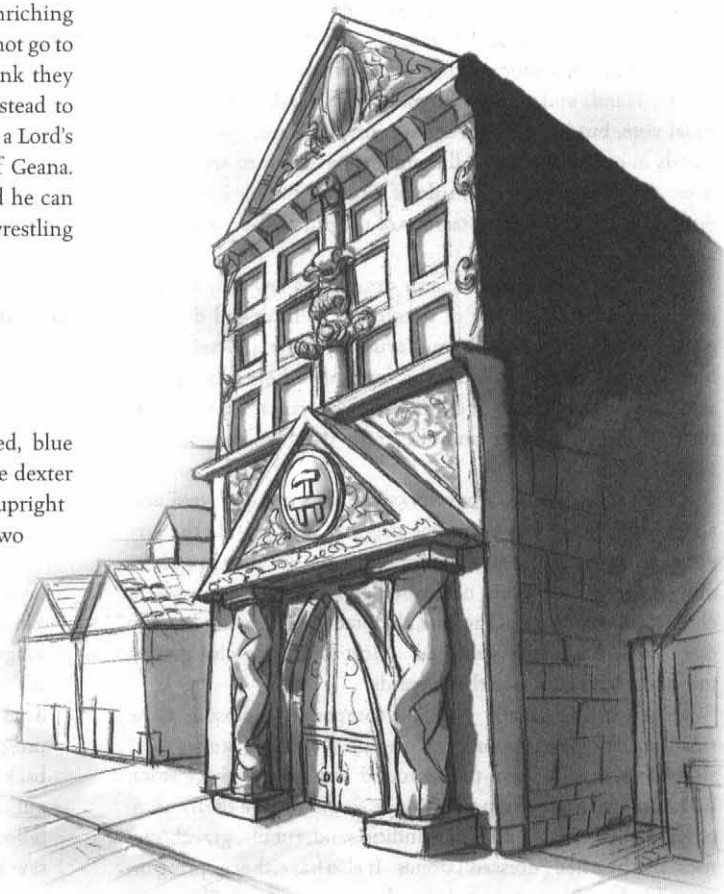
matter who's strutting around the Castle, we decide what rules stand or fall in Geanavue."

Today, this guild carefully follows Sumora's lead in making Feaveu's viewpoint clear without ever openly saying it. "Meddlers and peddlers" should leave the Deepmasters alone to get on with their honest work. That will enable them to continue getting ever wealthier in a Geanavue that - if run they way they want to see it run - does not worry them with coups that threaten the Castle, or scandals and decrees that threaten general prosperity or the conditions of trade.

"Things are fine as they are," Sumora's predecessor Liamar Huuraew once said. "Change must come, but change for the sake of change or some merchant trying to be overly clever is never a good thing. Let his greed be the fire that warms his work-bellows, not a road to swift coins for him - and ruin for us all."

For their part, the Deepmasters have themselves largely avoided public controversy. A few are given to drinking prodigiously at city taverns (on rare occasions, not regularly nor often). Moreover, city lore insists that Deepmasters are legendary lovers who have upset many Geanavese husbands. Such personal peccadilloes have not yet reflected upon the reputation of the guild as a whole.

Members of the Guild of Stonemasons and Miners genuinely seem to hate the decadence, intrigues and 'sharp' dealings of the nobles and the more grasping city merchants. All Geanavese trust anyone who openly holds such views, so long as they do not happen to be Talasaara or greed-driven merchants.



Worthydelve Hall

The Guild of Wagoners and Wheelwrights

The 'Rumblers' (actually 'Rumblewheelers,' though almost no one ever utters this full name) are the men who make carts, wagons and rock-sledges, repair them, and cart dung and refuse away. Some confuse them with the Guild of Carters, Craters and Coopers, who handle all other shipping in Geanavue (and, of course, use wagons and carts to do it).

If your cart breaks an axle or wheel, its underbeams collapse, or its drawbars or harness give way, you call on the Rumblers. More often (because they pay many street urchins to 'fetch and cry' for them), they call on you before your spilled load or stopped conveyance can cause too much trouble to other traffic.

Most Geanavese see the stereotypical Rumbler as a man about seven feet tall and five feet wide, with a cheerful nature and the strength of three oxen. All Geanavese children know that these calmly regretful Rumblers can knock maddened draft animals cold with a single punch. A typical Rumbler will crawl under a wagon and lift it on his back so that a broken wheel can be removed from the axle. If the axle is broken, he can quite easily hand the pieces out to others while kneeling and holding the entire weight of the wagon and cargo on his back.

The truth, of course, is rather less heroic. It is true that almost all Rumblers are large, strong human males, and that they think nothing of lifting heavy weights and working in the street. In almost all cases of Rumbler street rescues, traffic tangles (an interested gawking crowd, if nothing else) lie between a stricken wagon and any Rumbler "mend-wagon." So Rumblers end up carrying wheels, axles, wagon-beams and trusses (all of which every mend-wagon carries in ample quantities) through the streets. Sometimes, to the delight of the crowd, they toss heavy items to each other like toys. Constant exposure to dung and to spilled wagon loads makes them hard folk to disgust, and most, yes, remain cheerful in all but the worst winter weather.

Rumblers fix first, bill on the spot and send 'collectors' around a month after each repair to gather in any amounts still owed. Persons who refuse to pay usually discover that the Rumblers will remove the earlier repair on the spot, leaving a wagon stricken again. If the wagon is elsewhere or its owner has dozens of wagons, they will instead take a front door, a porch or balcony, or whatever handy attachment would inconvenience the deadbeats in some serious way. In rare cases, they have been known to dump a full load of dung on a doorstep, usually so as to entirely bury the door.

Such refusals are understandably few. They do treat inability to pay differently. Notoriously sympathetic, they sometimes even arrange with other guilds to collect outstanding Rumbler payments by deducting the coins from the taatuurs of poor guild members. On the other hand, the Rumblers quickly recognize and react to invented 'sob stories'.

Most Geanavese regard the Rumblers as local godsends. Aside from dung collection (a copper coin each time), they just hope they do not have problems that require the Rumblers' help. This guild is now settling into a position of 'necessary respectability' second only to the Guild of Stonemasons and Miners, although very few Geanavese would ever regard a Rumbler with awe.

Instead, they see them as "good friends, even if they're strangers." This is due in part to an improvement in Rumbler behavior and image.

The Castle outlawed the old guild practice of equipping wagons owned by nobles and others the Rumblers disliked with "flyaway" wheels that would very quickly work their way off axles (after deliberately whittled-down 'wheel pins' broke). It should be remembered, however, that it was a form of rough justice. Usually, they only gave flyaway wheels to folk who liked to race their carts and carriages through the streets. The problem with flyaways was that other, innocent folk often got hurt or had their property damaged. Thus the castle had to step in.

No Rumbler free of injury has ever starved. A 'standard' open cart in Geanavue typically sells for 35 glint in good condition. A new one, built by this guild, can be had for 50 glint. With a spare wheel and hoop-frame cargo cover, the price rises to 60 glint. A new set of drawbars-and-harness costs another 10 glint when bought with the wagon and 20 glint if bought separately.

For heavy or large wagons, add 15-20 glint to all prices. For rock-sledges and other conveyances built for very heavy loads, or metal-plated against fire or unwanted entry or egress (such as coin-wagons or prison wagons), add a minimum of 25 glint to all prices.

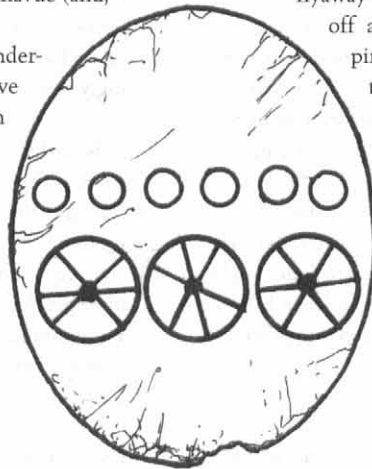
A used but good wagon wheel has a street price of about eight glint (up to twice that if large or very well built). A new one made and sold by the Rumblers goes for 12 glint (and up to twice that). When told that an entire new wagon costs less than four wheels, Rumblers cheerfully agree and even more cheerfully leave the decision as to which way to go with the client.

Emergency wagon repairs in the street are usually a flat 25 glint unless a body rebuild of the wagon is necessary or live cargo must be chased and retrieved. Many Geanavese merchants, if they can, gladly pay for what's called "a polish and spare." 40 glint buys the emergency repairs and a new wheel (as a spare), plus a later (at leisure) wagon inspection and minor adjustment. Major repairs found during that inspection will cost extra. On the other hand, if the wagon suffers any other damage or street collapses when covered by a "polish and spare," the second emergency repair costs nothing more. Rumblers even sell "Guild Cards" entitling either the bearer, or a specifically named person, to a later 'free' emergency repair or polish and spare. Such cards actually cost 20 glint for the former, and 35 glint for the latter.

Most Rumbler yards have rental carts (four to eight glint/day) and wagons (6 to 10 glint/day), but renters must provide their own beasts. Rumblers also sell 'used but good' wagons for 25 glint 'as is,' or 35 glint with an emergency repair guild card included. A typical Rumbler yard has three of each sort of wagon, and two to five of each sort of cart, at any given time.

Most Rumbler yards lie outside the city walls, but there are a few old, well-established ones inside, near city gates and even in the heart of Geanavue.

This guild currently has 27 members, all human. All but four are men, and all are strong. Most are also large.



Guild badge - Wagoners

Rumblers tend to work in teams of four to six, of whom half may be 'journeymen' (apprentices who work for half pay and have no guild votes). Journeymen who work for the guild for a cumulative number of days equal to three years must be given full membership (no matter how many full members they may have worked under, or how long it takes for them to get their "days enough"). Full members may work for each other or as partners. Ownership of a Rumbler business is usually based on having land enough for a yard and money enough to buy wagons. Obviously, guild members must also have the wherewithal to make wheels (the right wood, steam-kettles for bending the wood, a water tank or water-wagon, and so on).

Most Rumblers dislike intrigue or bureaucracy, and are only too happy to let another of their number become guildmaster. So long as that individual does not anger them or get caught doing anything very wrong, they are content to leave him in office. Rumblers trust in the Castle scribe to keep things honest and running.

Guildmaster

Raizix Tarealeon (CG male human Exp7/Ftr5, Str 18). The current 'High Wheelmaster' is a cheerful, brawling veteran mountain fighter now running to fat. He hands all guild monies to the Castle scribe because he cheerfully admits to being "bad with coin-keeping." Raizix spends his time going from member to member to deal with grievances and problems before they grow into anything large.

Tarealeon heads the Rumbler collection teams, rounding up injured or otherwise down-on-their-luck members or journeymen to help him. Collectors draw guild pay as they tramp the streets). He is notoriously eager for any chance to get into a fight. Even well armed bands of thieves have learned not to try to take coins from a Rumbler collection team. The attempt will cost them immediately, dearly and in blood. Tarealeon's specialty is hurling men headlong down a street or against the side of the nearest building. However, he has also been known to grab hands that grip hostile swords...and crush them in his own mighty, tightening grip.

Headquarters

Siirego's Hall on Maleel Maar.

Siirego was an early guildmaster of fearsome looks and temper, who broke more than one neck with his bare hands and ruled the guild with an iron fist for years. He built the guildhall and the Rumbler reputation before dying in burning Rumbler stables trying to get all the horses out before the roof collapsed. His ashes and bones lie in a glass case under the meeting table, in full view of all, and all guild oaths are sworn on them. A typical such oath follows this format: "I do solemnly swear that" [whatever is being sworn] "or, having betrayed my oath and all Wagoners and Wheelwrights, I'll expect Siirego to rise and come for me."

Badge

A horizontal row of three brown, six-spoked wagonwheels beneath a horizontal row of six gold coins, on an upright, oval-shaped field of forest green. This emblem symbolizes the guild's ability to make money for all, through the journeys it makes possible.

Other Notes

Individual Rumblers may rightfully be accused of wooing wives belonging to others, drinking like sailors ashore, or starting brawls for personal entertainment. However, most Geanavese regard the guild as a whole as 'friendly, good-natured boys'. Rumblers have avoided scandals and strife within their ranks. Their only recent innovations have been the guild cards (introduced about a century ago) and custom-crafted, increasingly ornate wagons and carriages for Talasaarans (a practice that is gathering popularity right now).

Wealthy, non-noble merchants have seen some of this "fancy-work." They are starting to get interested in having their own carriages that boast installed toilets, beds, windows that open, rooftop observation perches with seats and railings, foldaway awnings, lamp and banner standards, swing-down steps, multiple floors, and even fold-down serving-flaps that can make a wagon into a shop on wheels.

However, be warned that Rumbler prices for custom conveyances typically begin at double the usual price for such a vehicle (which buys the best materials, suspension and finish). Each special feature then increases the price, by about 25 glint per feature. If a buyer want windows with glass in them, that swing open, the price will be 25 glint for each window-not one payment of 25 glint for all of the windows.

A Note Concerning Guilds

Many Geanavese dream of forming their own guilds and somehow getting rich overnight. It is almost as if, in such idle fantasies, a guild charter spontaneously spews gold coins into their hands every morning.

In truth, most guilds provide rules for settling disputes among hard working crafters, and a means for them to stand collectively against threats or affronts from others. Like all organizations, guilds can be hotbeds of gossip and intrigue. A guild can be a cage of viciousness when members overstep bounds - as well as petty and arbitrary in the setting of such bounds. However, the Castle has covert spies in addition to its scribes. Such efforts make sure that guilds never think to challenge the Lord's authority or act directly against non-guild competitors.

Increasingly, the Talasaara view the rising power and wealth of the guilds as a threat to their own status. Talasaara use their own hired spies, vandals and even infiltrators to damage or try to control guilds - or at least try to keep updated on everything the guilds do. Some nobles have even hired adventurers to impersonate guild members and then commit illegal acts so that a particular guild will be blamed. Some have even had agents attack guild property and members outright.

This sort of activity seems to be on the increase. There are even suspicions 'on the street' that strange creatures called doppelgangers may be watching such strife, waiting to assume the shapes and lives of guild members who 'disappear' during any troubles. While such rumors lurk in all cities, who can say that none are based on truth? And who can tell what the most cunning Talasaarans have in mind for the guilds? Or, for that matter, what secret intentions the most powerful guildmasters hold?

Chapter 7

The Talasaara

Though Geanavue has never had a formal social ranking system (with noble titles, feudal duties or castes), Geanavese society has inevitably sorted folk into 'higher' and 'lower' ranks. Through the centuries, wealth and influence have most directly influenced one's status.

'Money talks' as it does everywhere, but in Geanavue (more than most other places) individuals earn respect if their craftsmanship is of high quality. Guildmasters, senior guild members and courtiers also have more influence than their wealth or craftsmanship would otherwise give them - and so do local 'old money' families, which are the closest thing Geanavue has to nobility.

These relatively few, long-established and wealthy families tend to own more land and buildings than 'lesser citizens.' They also have more than one way of earning coin, and can influence affairs in Geanavue more than anyone else except the most powerful of the clergy and the Lord of Geana himself. They use their influence both subtly (through setting fashions or expressing approval or disapproval) and brutally (through outright bullying or financial threats, usually of boycott).

In Geanavue, these families are known as the Talasaara. They fiercely contend with the Castle for increasing power and against 'upstart' newly wealthy families and the guilds to maintain their power. If they ever truly united, they would easily be able to wrest rule of the city away from the House of Geana. That would be a turn for the worse in the view of most Geanavese. Luckily, anything more than a temporary union of more than two Talasaaran houses is (in the words of the minstrel Soanazaar of Zoa) "about as likely as the suns and seas both changing color overnight, or water deciding to run uphill." The never-ending battles between Talasaaran families are the fiercest struggles known in Geanavese society. Of all the hard-working folk of Geanavue, only these self-styled nobles have traditionally enjoyed the luxury of starting disputes, or fanning their flames, purely for personal entertainment or 'sport.'

The bitter, petty, arrogant and restless nature of the Talasaara often surprises visitors to Geanavue, who have heard of the city's peace and love of order. Yet it is precisely this characteristic of the Geanavese that allows its nobles to behave in this way...and keeps them trapped forever.

Most of the Talasaara have more coin than they know what to do with, and spend it frivolously or on foolish schemes involving hired adventurers, intricate plots, and wild, swiftly-passing fads.

Blackflames

The worst foe most Geanavese can have is a mature Talasaaran with a grudge. Some embittered nobility have devoted their lives to ruining folk they dislike. However, the nobles who cause the most casual daily trouble are bored, rebellious youths. Many of these too-wealthy wastrels spend their time getting into brawls and vandalizing or thieving for sport. Other citizens, who dare not cross them for fear of the consequences, call them 'blackflames'. Geanavese will often eagerly maneuver visitors (particularly mercenaries or adventurers capable of doing some real damage) into confrontations with these worse-than-idle Talasaarans.

The name 'blackflame' is derived from an old ballad that includes the following lines: "Know that true evil's bitter bite/Is a flame that burns black as night/Consuming but giving forth no light/Spurning altar, defiling rite."

Some blackflames are furious to be lumped in a group with anyone else. Many of these 'lone wolves' see themselves as rebels against Geanavue. As the now-dead wastrel Kaavael Arioohon put it, "all that is decadent is Geanavue - and I stand against all Geanavue with pride!"

Most blackflames, however, are proud to be hated, feared, and collectively labeled by other citizens. They see it as recognition, which means someone is paying attention to them, and thus paying them, however grudgingly, a measure of respect. When people weep or rage at their misdeeds, they gloat - and are spurred to ever-greater outrages.

Others of this proud sort of blackflame see such open vandalism as childish, and delight in devising their own not-so-secret societies, with passwords and mysterious meetings and codes and dark plots. Of course, such groups are ripe for exploitation by unscrupulous smugglers, pirates, outlander merchants both trade-ambitious and evil, priesthods, rogue senior Talasaara (often operating in disguise or through intermediaries), guildmasters, and the 'dangerously wealthy.' Naive blackflames have been led into scandal after disaster after dangerous plot over the centuries. Although some of them turn out unexpectedly heroic, they show no signs of acquiring wits or judgement enough to escape being ensnared in such dark deeds in the future.

The Powers of the Talasaara

Most nobles' power consists of using their patronage, investments and approval as weapons (or merely threatening to employ them so). However, the Talasaara have, over the years, won some formal privileges not held by other citizens. Guildmasters, heads of temples, and senior courtiers enjoy similar powers, and may be considered of equal rank-though the nobles will take every opportunity to sneeringly, cuttingly, coldly, or subtly inform them that they're really no equal to any Talasaara.

These powers are set forth hereafter.

- In any case in which any member of the Talasaara is involved in a legal dispute that comes before the Courts, that Talasaara is entitled to have the opportunity to produce evidence. The evidence may be whatever the noble in their sole judgement deems necessary to prove guilt or innocence. The noble may produce this evidence either on the day of the hearing or on any subsequent dates agreed upon by Castle and the noble, or the magistrate and the noble. These "subsequent dates" may not be more than a month after the day of the initial hearing, except at "the pleasure of the law." (In other words, the noble may not delay justice by setting a date years ahead, or setting and then postponing, unless the magistrate and Castle officials agree to this.)

If this evidence involves witnesses (and in practice, it almost always does), the Crown is must make such persons attend the Court, if possible. The Crown need not hunt for desired witnesses outside Geanavue, Loona or the claimed demesnes, and no Talasaaran may call more than a score of persons as witnesses in any one case. Failure of witnesses to appear does not suspend court proceedings or absolve the Talasaaran (or anyone else) from the full weight of justice.

However, the Talasaaran is free to name any person they deem necessary to give evidence-and the Court, not the Talasaaran, must pay all such witnesses a "fair day's wage" for every day spent wholly or partially in Court.

If more than one Talasaaran is involved in a given dispute, all Talasaara are entitled to this same right, and the right of one noble cannot diminish or infringe upon another-nor can a Talasaaran witness in turn exercise this right. (A noble witness might be asked by the court to furnish evidence to support their testimony, in the form of items or witnesses, but they could not claim the right to produce witnesses themselves. This stipulation prevents nobles endlessly delaying justice, turning cases into conflicts between ever-increasing opposing armies of hired witnesses, or supporting each other against a guild or citizen by-as one cynical but anonymous courtier put it-"drowning them in paid-to-lie witnesses.")

- In a Court of Equity case in which a member of the Talasaara is involved, the noble is entitled to have the evidence reviewed by a jury. This jury consists of three commoners chosen at random (that is, by a farmer chosen by a Fist patrol and secretly brought into the city to select persons), three senior clergy (temple heads or their immediate underlings), and three peers (that is, other members of the Talasaara whose families are not related by marriage to the Talasaara defendant or plaintiff). The magistrate cannot deliver a verdict or sentence that is not agreed to by a majority vote of this jury-and most juries expect to privately negotiate sentences, or even verdicts, with the magistrate.

- In any case in a Court of Law in which any member of the Talasaara is involved, the noble is also entitled to have the evidence reviewed by a jury. This jury consists of three commoners chosen at random, two guild officers (chosen by Fists drawing lots to randomly choose the guilds, but the guilds then choosing the individuals), three senior clergy (temple heads or their immediate underlings), and six peers (in this case, 'peers' are other members of the Talasaara whose families may or may not be related by marriage to the Talasaara defendant or plaintiff).
- In any case in which a member of the Talasaara is accused of a "Crime Against the Crown" in a Court of Law, they are entitled to have the evidence reviewed by a jury consisting of one commoner, one guildmaster, one cleric and ten peers. The accused noble has the right to 'refuse' any three persons placed on the jury, causing them to be removed from the jury and replaced by other persons. After three refusals, the accused Talasaaran loses this right of refusal for that court case.
- In any case in which a member of the Talasaara is accused of a "Crime Against the Crown" in a Court of Law in which possible sentences include death, exile, mutilation, hard labor, imprisonment, or confiscation of property, the accused noble is entitled to have the evidence reviewed by a jury consisting of one commoner, one guildmaster, one cleric, and the heads of all other Talasaaran families except one or two of the accused's choosing. The accused also has the right to 'refuse' any twelve non-Talasaaran persons placed on the jury, losing that right thereafter (in other words, they can refuse one commoner after another, or any combination of guildmasters, priests, and commoners they dislike the look of, up to a total of twelve persons turned away from jury service).
- No Lord of Geanavue nor any Fist or Castle official shall ever practice 'summary justice' on the person or property of any Talasaaran. They may not give orders regarding the freedom of, confiscate from, imprison or mete out punishment upon-without benefit of a full trial (at which the aforementioned powers are in effect).
- No Lord of Geanavue or any Fist, member of the Watch, or Castle official shall ever 'violate the person' of any Talasaaran. This includes, but is not limited to: torture, challenges of force or the threat of force or physical blows.

The Talasaaran waives this right if he or she strikes first. It has caused the use of 'hired bludgeons' and 'capture hoods' when arrests of Talasaarans must be made.

Hired bludgeons are mercenaries, often sailors desiring to make a few coins while their ships are docked, who do any necessary pouncing on, shackling of, or pummeling of a Talasaaran necessary to effect their arrest. (Capture hoods, described in detail in the Watch entry in the "Geanavue In The Shadows" chapter, are used so the arresting patrol can claim not to have recognized the Talasaaran, and hence not know that they were entitled to better treatment.)

- Every Talasaaran House can designate one servant or temporary employee to enjoy the same freedom from summary justice or violation of person as a 'true' Talasaaran. This employee shall at all times while this immunity is being claimed wear a distinctive white tabard displaying the badge of the House prominently upon back and breast.

This right was intended to keep trade envoys and representatives attempting to attend Court hearings or audiences at the

Castle from being hampered in their duties, but has been increasingly misused to allow shady or 'strongarm' activities to be performed with limited immunity. As a result, Watch patrols are now devising 'accidents' (usually being felled by objects that just happened to topple down from a window or roof above) to befall Talasaaran agents who are obviously abusing this right. Typical abuses consist of agents who start brawls to have a merchant's shop, wares, horses, tavern, or person damaged or harmed, or agents who perform thefts or vandalism and count on their 'special status' to allow them to escape arrest.

- Every member of the Talasaara is entitled to surround themselves and be accompanied at all times by up to six persons, to guard the body of the Talasaaran and keep them safe from threat and real or perceived harm. This right shall persist even to attendance at Court hearings and in the presence of the Lord or any individual, superseding all other normal practices. The bodyguards shall be garbed and armed as the Talasaaran sees fit, including magic if desired, but not including poisonous substances or live beasts.
- Every Talasaaran family is entitled to equip all of their properties with as many servants and custodians as they see fit (at their own expense). They are also entitled to keep and equip, at their own expense, up to a dozen 'house guards' per family member who habitually resides at that property, in addition to personal bodyguards. Such house guards shall not include persons able to cast spells unless such persons register with the Castle. Such registration may not be reasonably refused.

In practice, wizards and sorcerers have never been numerous enough to account for many registrations. However, in the very rare cases where a noble family has "opened the coffers," as happened during the rule of Lord Haalavoroe, Castle officials allowed a maximum of three wizards, and up to two apprentices for each, per property.

House guards may include any number of persons equipped with enchanted items. House guards may wear and wield all arms or armor as desired and procured by the noble family, except for, flame-hurling devices and poisons.

House guards are entitled to take whatever actions they see fit, within the orders of their employers, to apprehend or control the activities of persons entering into the property to which they are assigned, including offering violence. They are entitled to pursue fleeing persons out of the property to effect capture and arrest, but may not slay except to defend themselves.

In all pursuits that venture off guarded property, the Watch is to be alerted with all reasonable speed, and wherever possible, captures are to be made by the Watch.

House guards are not otherwise allowed to operate 'under arms' outside of their assigned property, except when ordered to accompany a family member who is traveling in a conveyance (usually a coach or litter) into or out of the city or the Castle.

In the Castle, bodyguards may remain armed and with the Talasaara, but house guards must report to the garrison and surrender their weapons or abide within a 'safe chamber' until the Talasaara departs. During such times, they must allow Castle officials or guards to search the guarded conveyance or carry out routine duties.

- Every member of the Talasaara who is confined or imprisoned is entitled to send messages, including summoning calls (by means of Watch officers, courtiers, or members of the Fists, who shall perform such duties promptly and correctly) to other persons within Geanavue and its claimed demesnes.

Every confined or imprisoned Talasaaran shall be free to receive visits from any persons who may desire to come into their presence. Visitors may be searched and accompanied by authorities, and authorities may disarm them or prohibit them from bringing certain items into the presence of the prisoner. Authorities may also limit the number of visitors allowed into the presence of the prisoner at any one time. Converse between visitors and the Talasaaran prisoner shall be private, free from direct, indirect or magical observation and listening by the authorities or other parties. Imprisoned Talasaarans shall not be prevented from receiving frequent, regular, or numerous visits, nor constrained so as to prevent their signing documents, examining wares, or otherwise conducting business while confined.

- A Talasaaran is accorded all of the rights of a respected citizen of Geanavue, regardless of age or gender. This power is often used by Talasaarans who want to have goods put out of their hands and hence away from seizure, but still use and enjoy those goods. So Often, they legally transfer the goods to their children, mocking courts and aggrieved claimants alike.
- No curfew or restraint of entry shall ever be enforced against any Talasaaran in Geanavue or its demesnes, except in time of declared war. (In other words, a Fist officer could stop a noble from wandering out by night to casually converse with an encamped army that was besieging or attacking the city, but no Watch officer can stop a seven-year-old Talasaaran boy or girl from strolling home in the dead of night or gathering with other Talasaaran youths in street gangs).

Etiquette and Being Talasaaran

The Talasaara have no formal titles. However, it is customary to address them as "Lord Sir" or "Lady" in public, and their servants always refer to them as "Lord" and "High Lady." Females who are not the Lord's wife or the dowager wife of a deceased or former Lord are addressed simply as "Lady."

The nobles do not have any exclusive status either, but in Geanavue 'everyone knows' who is Talasaaran and who is not, and no new families have been elevated to the ranks of the nobility in over three hundred years. One of the unwritten criteria for noble status, in fact, is to have held wealth and influence in the city for at least five centuries. The most haughty Talasaara, the Houses of Arioohon, Malasiikaar, and Mauhuuro, trace their lineage from persons present at the founding of the original camp that grew into Geanavue.

Non-Talasaaran families who amass wealth can only hope to increase their influence by becoming supporters of the Talasaara. Thanks to local suspicions of foreigners being spies or simply 'unfriends' of the Geanavese, newcomers have little hope of rising to prominence in either temples or at court. Thus, supporting a Talasaara family is really the only route to power for a newcomer.

These lesser families are listed as 'supporting families' of the Talasaara in the roster that follows, and are dealt with in more detail in the chapter entitled "The Dangerously Wealthy."

It should be noted that in the same way that the House of Geana contends that all individuals who marry into its ranks lose whatever lineage they previously had and become wholly and only Geana, all of the Talasaara consider that anyone marrying into their ranks loses all former status. It is possible for any

individual to marry into the Talasaara, but not possible for any family to claw its way into nobility through marriages.

If one wants to insult a Talasaaran, calling them either a "pretender" or "unworthy of their name" are deadly insults, though the latter stings most when it comes from a known fellow Talasaaran. Denouncing them as "decadent" or "wastrels" or "lazy" merely amuses them, as does any suggestion they do not deserve their wealth or somehow stole it.

For their part, Talasaara desiring to be polite will address the Lord of Geana or the head of another noble house simply as "Lord." Noble females they will call "Lady" regardless of age or standing. A guildmaster would be hailed as "Guildmaster!" a commoner as "Citizen!" and any stranger or obvious foreigner as "Outlander!" To a noble, such speech is being civil; Talasaara trying to be rude will call a person almost anything.

When addressing personal friends of any rank, Talasaara tend to use just their name or nickname and no title. This is why bewildered visitors to Geanavue often witness grandly-dressed young folk calling such things to each other as: "Good feast, Staggers! Will I see you at Stinky's ball?" or "Saggy! How's Ponderous? And have you heard from Wenchrider lately?" (Older Talasaara find such behavior undignified, and murmur much the same words, never calling them for all to hear in the streets.)

The Roster of the Talasaara

Badges: In the entries that follow, it should be noted that the self-styled nobility of Geanavue lack formal arms, but use a 'badge.' It is displayed on the tabards of their heralds and 'immune agents' (see "The Powers of the Talasaara," above) and on the shoulders or sleeves of their retainers. It also appears on the helms or breastplates and shields of their bodyguards or 'house guards,' on the gates or over the doors of their residences, on fence-markers on their farms, and occasionally as brooches or other personal adornments worn by the Talasaarans themselves.

Beyond badges and the occasional sash or even rarer tabard, no non-military Geanavese use habitually-worn "colors" or uniforms for themselves or their retainers, and the Talasaara are no exception.

Mottos: The motto of a Talasaaran family is usually displayed on front gates, the entry arch of the family's grandest residence, and on the walls of their feasting halls. It usually represents the essential 'spirit' or nature the house aspires to (not necessarily how its members truly behave).

Seats: The 'seat' of a noble family is their primary city residence. All Talasaaran families own other residences as well. Some are rented out to paying tenants, and there are a few more modest 'city houses' for the use of guests, estranged family members, or those who have the desire to meet clandestinely with someone. All Talasaaran families also have 'country houses' amid their farm holdings, which are used for hunting and other sports. Country houses also host occasions in which privacy is paramount (trysts, family meetings that are likely to turn into fights, illicit business, and reputation-damaging activities).

A Talasaaran 'city seat' is typically a grand mansion surrounded by a small garden with trees, a pool and/or fountain, and several 'bowers' of benches and pleasing venues where folk may sit in comfort and semi-privacy. There will also be stables and one or more outbuildings where food and carriages are

stored, with the servants dwelling above. Most Talasaaran city seats have their own well in the cellar of the main house, or in a 'wellhouse' in the grounds.

All Talasaaran city seats are surrounded by high stone walls. These are pierced by stout, high, lockable iron-bar gates. The bars of 'side' or 'rear' entrances are almost always entirely covered by massive metal plates emblazoned with the family badge. Front gates may look like almost anything, so long as the entry is large (enough for coaches and wagons to pass through) and impressive. Often they sport metal arches, around double-panel gates of barred openwork fitted with ornate (and sometimes even beautiful) adornments. Servants are always assigned to guard entrances at all hours, and trained to raise the alarm before they tackle thieves or suspected intruders. Alarm-gongs are common in Talasaaran city seats.

The central part of any city seat is, of course, its large, grand house. Ground-space has always been expensive in Geanavue, so most of these buildings soar upward for four stories or more in a profusion of turrets, balconies, and bow (or bay) windows. These houses sometimes have their own private 'family' names in addition to their formal ones, and are always known as "mansions." Talasaarans never sell their mansions or officially move to other city addresses, though they may move out to more modern or comfortable quarters (or even out of the city entirely) and leave their mansion forlorn, abandoned and overgrown. More often, such an empty mansion is still home to a few servants, who receive communications and deliveries for their employers, and relay them to the proper addresses. Young Talasaarans tend to unofficially commandeer such nigh-abandoned family mansions for playgrounds, or (when older) as meeting-places for trysts, blackflame hijinks, and illicit secret society meetings.

A wealthy merchant or guildmaster may dwell in a property very similar to (or even grander than) a Talasaaran mansion, but in formal speech, the Talasaara will insist that any such dwelling is a 'high-house' at best, and more likely 'an abiding' such as commoners have - never a 'mansion.'

In the entries hereafter, the formal name of a mansion appears first, followed by its Merchants' Tongue name (bestowed on it by outlanders who've had dealings with the noble owners). The street listed thereafter is the 'official' address of a mansion (its precise location is described in "The Promenade" chapter).

Interests: Every Talasaaran family, down the passing centuries, has used their wealth to indulge themselves in a bewildering array of hobbies, passing fancies, and investments. However, their 'interests,' as given in the roster that follows, refer to the sorts of wares and business ventures that they are currently engaged in substantially, that is, rather than "whatever Lady X may be dabbling in this month."

Unlisted Nobles: Most noble families have a substantial number of uncles, aunts, and daughters (often wastrels). These persons do not, for space reasons, appear in the roster hereafter. In fact, there are more plump, overindulged fashionable females (collectively known in the city as "matrons") among the ranks of the Talasaara than all other ages and genders.

These ladies range from feeble through idle (the majority) to socially spiteful but otherwise inactive (the next largest group) and energetically eccentric. A few matrons are even competent, hard-striving proponents of the family mercantile interests.

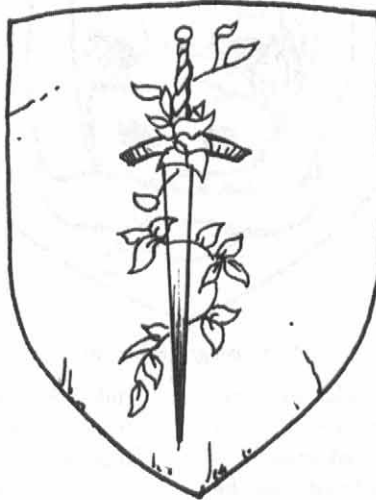
Some matrons like to dabble in romances with outlanders, or 'trifle with danger' by consorting with adventurers, baiting adventurers, or even hiring adventurers to undertake missions for them. A few of these missions will be genuine forays to recover lost family treasures or wayward young nobles, but most will be "fools' missions" (a lot of false treasure maps are sold to the gullible, and noble matrons are just wealthier than most gullible folk).

Sometimes matrons will hire adventurers to make spiteful little strikes against the property and plans of rival matrons. Often adventurers undertaking these sorts of tasks are deliberately misinformed by their noble employer (as to the true ownership of property they're seizing or destroying, for example).

Unless otherwise noted, one can assume that every Talasaaran family has members not listed in the roster. Two-thirds of such persons will be "matrons" with 'fashionable Talasaaran' names like Alaatea, Buurebeata, Ceopeari, Cataarace, Daaralau, Duuaura, Feloeaana, Gesaala, Keilaaw, Laatelaura, Maedeliite, Opareana, Penaadele, and Taareteasa.

One should also note that although the Talasaara may seem very far indeed from the industrious, peace-loving craftworkers whom outsiders see as 'typical Geanavese,' they are the exceptions to the rule. These nobles are the few Geanavese who have enjoyed wealth and status for generations enough to indulge all their wants, desires, and eccentricities.

They may not be the backbone of Geanavue (the craftworkers are), but they are the outer spikes and spines that first strike any visitor in an incautious encounter. Outlanders, judge not all Geanavue by these bejewelled folk-but if you'd be wise and know the local perils you may face, these glitter foremost among them!



Noble badge - Arioohon

Arioohon

Badge: "The Rose Blade:" a vertical, point-down needle-bladed dagger, with the thorny stem of a white-petalled flower (a 'dawnrose') entwined around it, and a single blossom displayed atop its pommel. The blade is silver with a rich brown grip and pommel, and the flower has green thorns and leaves and white blossoms - both displayed upon a shield-shaped field of rose-red.

Motto: "Dauntless and Daring"

Seat: Nealau Hau or "Roseturrets House" (Laraunel Maar)

Interests: Shipping (eight-ship naval fleet), money lending, dyes and polishes, investments in Zoia

Current Head: Araanahaar 'Goldspheres' (LN male human Ari3/Ftr3), an aging miser rumored to have murdered many rivals in his youth, and hidden their wealth in chimneys and other odd places across the city. His nickname comes from his love of furniture, such as cut-away highback chairs and round tables, made of huge gold-plated spheres and hemispheres.

Current Heir: Serulier (CE male human Ari3/Ftr4), a spoiled, hedonistic 'blond god of beauty' given to feuds and cruelty and displays of impressive swordplay. He spends his time sneering at the "crawling worms" around him (all non-Talasaarans),

picking fights, and playing pranks with his friends (other Talasaaran blackflames).

Prominent Family Members: Taalazaar 'Grimhands' (LN male human Ari3/Wiz6), a reclusive wizard who turned away from the frustrations and difficulties of crafting new spells to the lucrative business of concocting and selling scents and medicines (some of which work, and some of which do not). He often trades his wares for spellbooks and scrolls brought to him by travelers. Taalazaar dresses in stark black and likes to act dramatically and mysteriously. Many aging Talasaaran ladies swear by his musky perfumes, and they have made him quite famous. He carries many small gilded vials of scents he has made in his sleeves, to sell on the spot at revels. He carries certain other vials at all times, for personal defense. Some of these, when hurled to the ground and shattered, non-magically duplicate the effects of a fog cloud spell (lasting 10 minutes). Others duplicate the 'smoke cloud' form of a pyrotechnics spell (for 1d4+1 rounds).

Supporting Families: Calara, Haraukuir, Paerit

One of the three oldest and most haughty Talasaaran families, the Arioohon are proud to be one of the 'Circle of Six' (the six Talasaaran families named in the Code of Standing proclaimed by Lord Halasaar in YND 242). They tend to have wavy blond or light brown hair, and to favor wearing white (often trimmed with gems or gilded piping to display their wealth). The Arioohon are truly adventurous in nature, ever interested in the new, the untried, and the daring. They often sponsor explorative voyages or alchemists, mages, and engineers who plead for funds to finish crafting this or that 'bright-but-just-beyond-reach' innovation.

"As starry-eyed and empty-headed as an Arioohon vainly chasing a dream" is a quotation from a Talasaaran noble made so long ago that even the family the speaker belonged to has been forgotten. The saying, however,

is still in use, and fittingly.

There hasn't been a good Arioohon scandal in two generations, but one now-dead family member is remembered for purloining invested Castle tax funds, and another for so avidly courting Talasaaran ladies that he spent a fortune on shapechanging spells to make himself ever-more-handsome and 'new and different.'

Beliinuar

Badge: "The Boar's Head:" a face-on, snarling severed boar's head. This is always depicted as shaggy brown, on a white field. The head always has two yellow, impossibly-long tusks curving up past the top of its head, and white eyes with red pupils. Three red drops of blood are always shown falling away below the head.

Motto: "Loud Snarl, Never Silent"

Seat: Biiraunara Hau (Teelia Maar)

Biiraunara was a fierce warrior matriarch of the Beliinuar some three centuries ago.

Interests: Foreign investments, winemaking and importing, importation of fine textiles and furniture

Current Head: Amaategaar 'the Roarer' (CE male human Ari8/Ftr2), a mean, cunning old rascal. Loud, boisterous, and driven by his hatreds and rages, he is a large, craggy, red-faced man years away from his youth of adventuring up and down Reanaaria Bay. The Roarer is given to shouting obscenities during frequent rages, and lingering at his table as bottle after bottle of wine 'runs empty' and the hours pass. Amaategaar spends his drinking time and most of the rest of his waking hours brooding and scheming about how best to shift family investments and avenge himself on his many foes and rivals. He particularly hates the guilds, and will do anything (no matter how reckless or outrageous, so long as it does not cost ready coin) to weaken their power or waste their time and funds.

Current Heir: Agaaren (NE male human Ari3/Ftr2), a taller and more muscular and agile version of his father. The 'Young Roarer' has the same hot temper, mean streak, and cunning, but possesses wits enough to master his rages and control his tongue, his sword, and his urges towards instant revenges. In all matters except knowledge of skeletons in closets and the innermost foibles of city rivals, he is far more formidable than his father.

Agaaren also enjoys the added benefit of operating in his sire's shadow. Rather than brawling personally, he energetically hires adventurers to maim and slay foes or burn their homes and belongings.

Prominent Family Members: Robiinuur (CN male human Ari2/Ftr8), the 'Old Uncle' of the Beliinuur, is a legendary drunk and 'hearty' brawler who holds no grudges but backs down from no one. A former sailor (and, some say, sometime pirate), he loves to trade colorful tales of lawless adventuring and monster-slaying with visiting adventurers in taverns such as Toorisaal's Fool (on Blacklock Street) and The Brave Basilisk (on Faethergut Lane). Robiinuur knows all the retired (and semi-retired) thieves, fences, adventurers, and forgers in Geanavue, and happily directs would-be clients their way.

Supporting Families: Haelinool, Whiterush

The Beliinuur are very much like their chosen badge: the loud, aggressive, coarse boors of the Talasaara. They are too old a family to be openly dismissed as 'lowborn' by their fellow nobles, but too crass to avoid being labeled so in private.

Beliinuur of both genders tend to have russet, red, or chestnut-hued hair and muscular builds. As a family, they favor garments that tell all eyes of their warlike nature. Even the women will wear stylized bracers and shoulderplates or arm-casings of silver-gilt, spiked armor with their gowns. Beliinuur men often don spike-knuckled gauntlets and swordbelts bristling with glittering weapons just to go out shopping.

Only a rare few elder family members care about investments, the future consequences of anything, or the wider world outside Geanavue's walls and demesnes. The others happily devote their time to finding good opportunities for

brawls or duels, and in pursuing the feuds and rivalries this behavior engenders. More than one Geanavese craftworking family has been ruined or exterminated by a Beliinuur seeking entertainment. As all Geanavese know (or will soon learn, to their cost) only the older, less energetic women of the family are safe to be around.

The Castle wizards have even developed (more or less in self-defense) an unwritten and unofficial 'Beliinuur strategy.' Whenever any member of this belligerent noble house attacks visiting trade envoys or ambassadors, Castle staff, the House of Geana, or any of the Fists, spells are cast that force the offending Beliinuur to feel the same physical pain that he or she causes all persons, for the next few days. This usually acts only as a temporary curb on Beliinuur aggression, for in the words of one magistrate (who wishes to remain nameless), "the House of the Boar seem to be very slow learners."



Noble badge - Beliinuur

Celaarivan

Badge: "The Ruby Resplendent:" an upright (long axis vertical) faceted gemstone of rich red hue and diamond shape. It is always shown gleaming (with tiny gold 'stars' of reflection glimmering at random here and there on its surface) on a field of gold (also diamond-shaped, but at least thrice as large).

Motto: "Rightful Pride Our Flame"

Seat: Aarugae or "Rubygates" (Mearia Maar)

Interests: Mining, stonecutting, gemcutting/gemtrading/jewelry, shipbuilding

Current Head: Saareeva 'Coldkiss' (CE female human Ari7), a biting-tongued, restless, ruthlessly cunning matriarch possessed of the pale, brittle remains of what must once have been stunning beauty. She regards the world around with bitterness; as a series of rivals to be hurt or dragged down, and victims not yet exploited. Almost certainly the slayer (by poison) of her boorish husband Borooteloar, she delights in destroying whomever she chooses. Saareeva enthusiastically makes foes by the dozens, daily (using her nickname where she can hear of it is a certain way to be added to her list of enemies).



Noble badge - Celaarivan

Current Heir: Emearer (CE male human Ari3/Ftr5), a darkly handsome, lithe young 'blade about town' who delights in seducing older women of high and low station - and in being as rude and casually swindling as he can manage to everyone else he meets.

Only Emearer's skill with a sword (and the ability of the family wealth to buy "sworn witnesses" by the dozen to insist he was elsewhere at the time his latest dark deed occurred) have kept him alive thus far. However, only fear of his mother's dogged vengeance has kept any of a dozen Talasaarans of other families-to say nothing of guildmembers and other merchants-from bringing about Emearer's death at all costs, just to be rid of his spite and willful destructiveness.

Prominent Family Members: Selimaara 'Flamehair' (CN female human Ari4/Sor8), a sorceress of legendary temper and an almost-as-infamous whimsical sense of humor. This tall, red-

haired beauty is known to consort with adventurers; be intensely interested in buying, selling, trading, developing, and investigating enchanted items; and to have mastered many defensive magics (with which she keeps her mother, among others, at bay).

Disgusted with her family's attitudes and behaviors, Selimaara 'walks alone,' largely ignored by her kin and left to her own devices. These enthusiasms have at times extended to romancing courtiers to get her own way in some matter, or adopting 'per' adventuring bands as her personal bodyguards and monster-and-magic-fetchers. She often covertly 'mends fences' with persons wronged by her relatives, to avoid outright blood-feuds and street wars from erupting. It's said that some hated Celaarivan foes fear Selimaara's magics even more than the nasty schemes of her mother.

Supporting Families: Ruuniigor, Taalis

A particularly rude and haughty family, the Celaarivan are constantly challenging other Talasaarans to duels. Young Celaarivan males in the heat of a sneering disagreement are also prone to challenging lower-ranking 'filth' (such as foreigners) to duels - but outlanders beware: when fighting non-Talasaarans, they see nothing wrong with cheating. This often takes the form of employing a champion, slaying magic, a crossbow-firing sniper...or half a dozen hired 'blades-in-the-back' artists.

The Celaarivan are an old noble house who take pride in being one of the 'Circle of Six' (the six Talasaaran families named in the Code of Standing proclaimed by Lord Halasaar in YND 242). The fantastic wealth they have amassed in the gem trade almost makes up for the fact that their earnings now come almost exclusively from foreign dealings. Since they have so alienated the Geanavese, no one willingly deals with them. Most merchants cringe, cower, and hastily put on false smiles when Celaarivan sweep grandly into their shops. Guildmasters and Castle officials are now openly rude to Celaarivan (without fear of rebuke from anyone) which is, of course, how Celaarivan have always treated them.

"Bile and Spite" was a nickname given to Lord Borooteloar's father, Lord Eamiis, who ruled the family for some sixty ruthless years. Eamiis died under the hooves of his own horse while trying to flay a stranger alive with his whip; it's said he often slashed out with his whip at random persons who came within reach as he rode. The nickname came from a popular Geanavese ditty (of anonymous composition) that claimed bile and spite ran through Eamiis's veins instead of blood.

That belief was so apt and strong that it persists to this day, and has been applied to all current family members except Flamehair. Citizens do not quite dare to trust the Celaarivan sorceress, in case she turns out to be just as savagely double-dealing as her kin. Most who meet her personally, however, say she amuses and entertains them. (The exceptions are those who saw her in a temper.)

Celaarivan learn at a very young age to be thick-skinned, and even to glory in being feared and hated. There's a certain status conferred within family ranks by successfully engaging in outra-

geous behavior in the city or its demesnes. In this case, "successfully" is defined either as 'getting away with it,' or in "having such a devastating effect on our foes or enhancement of our fell reputation that the fines or forfeitures or other costs scarcely matter." That quotation from Saareeva Celaarivan illustrates that the House of the Ruby is well aware that their image can be a weapon every bit as keen, deadly, and far-reaching as legal action, direct threats or trade sanctions.

This family is far more aware of doings in distant cities than most Talasaara, because their wealth depends so much on outland trade. For years they have developed land holdings and a network of spies outside Geanavue-to which individual Celaarivan flee whenever things grow too hot for them. "Cold as the gems they're rich with" is a common Geanavese opinion about this noble family...and they seem deeply and endlessly proud to be so judged.

Daraan

Badge: "The Ready Hand:" a left-handed gauntlet, upright and of silver-gray, on a (shield-shaped) field of deep blue.

Motto: "Vigilance Both Sword And Shield"

Seat: Leatadaar or "Castle Daraan" (Savuu Maar)

Interests: Weapons-trading, arrow-making, plumbing ("turnwheel valves," pipes, and fittings), copper mining and trading

Current Head: Auraunaroo (LG male human Ari11/Cav2), an upright, stern "handsome pillar of a man" (in the words of the lady courtier Palariil Tiinaduuki). Auraunaroo looks like the minstrels' depiction of an ideal 'good hero-knight'-and acts like one, too, demanding firm adherence to principles and discipline. By so doing, he's earned the rare trading status of "utter reliability." At the same time, he always looks ahead to consequences and future likelihoods.

Current Heir: Naatilaasa (NG female human Sor3/Ari3), a thin, graceful and usually silent lass who possesses bone-white coloring and an eerie, almost skull-like face, adorned with very large black eyes. There's nothing whatsoever 'wrong' with her, but her looks make folk think she's strange or monstrous. Yet Naatilaasa refuses to use magic, cosmetics, or 'flesh-masking' (very expensive facial surgery practiced by a handful of secretive, unguilted Geanavese, wherein shaped plates are slid under the skin and healing spells used to obliterate all signs of the incisions) to alter her appearance. Among her reasons for keeping her natural appearance are that it makes people fear and respect her rather than ignoring her or dismissing her as a 'good little girl.'

Prominent Family Members: Baaraas 'Old Buck' (LN male human Ftr9, Str 17, Con 18), a gruff, hearty 'old sword' (a weatherbeaten, nostalgic veteran warrior). He loves battle,

strategy, riding in the rain, and monsterslaying - and isn't above occasionally hiring adventurers for an 'unofficial patrol' through upland areas recently raided by fire giants.

In battle, Baaraas dispenses seemingly inexhaustible supplies of vicious swordcuts, hoarsely roared-out bawdy songs, and bad



Noble badge - Daraan

jest. On rare occasions he has reportedly aided stricken allies with potions of healing.

(Baaraas's potions are wax-sealed metal vials that he carries in a few of the many dagger-sheaths worn here, there, and everywhere about his boots, shield, and battered full plate armor. The rest of the sheaths carry daggers.)

The Old Buck is a bachelor but a sentimental romantic, easily moved to tears by budding love or acts of gallantry. He is often swept into excitedly helping lovers elope or carry out demonstrations of their passion. He once rode day and night, through battles, to fetch a young Talasaaran lass of a family hostile to his own. He then brought her into the Sotai Gaglia Headlands to the side of her battle-wounded lover and then rode escort to bring them both safely back to the city, fighting fire giants all the way.

Supporting Families: Litaalan, Marauk, Oleedaar

The Daraan are an old Talasaaran house, and proud to proclaim themselves one of the 'Circle of Six' (the six noble families named in the Code of Standing proclaimed by Lord Halasaar in YND 242). However, the Daraan stand not in sneering hauteur 'above' their fellow Geanavese, nor in hatred and opposition to the House of Geana. Rather, they see themselves as longtime "servants of all" who have done much work for Geanavue as their rightful duty. As a result of their efforts, they have earned a place in "the foundation of the greatest city in all Tellene" (these words are all drawn from the writings of the now-deceased old scholar of the Daraan, Laaranaas the Sage).

In short, the Daraan are one of the nicer Talasaaran families, and because of their adherence to law and principle, very 'safe' to deal with. Even many rival nobles respect them as fair and "as impartial as possible" adjudicators in disputes among the Talasaara. At the same time, the Daraan are both envied and hated by other nobles for their incorruptibility and for the example they set that so outshines most of their fellow nobles. Minor backslidings in honesty among the Daraan are apt to be dismissed as fabrications, precisely because other Talasaara have for so long tried to besmirch them in scandal by inventing this and whispering falsely about that.

Their very honesty has slowed the Daraan from becoming as rich as most Talasaaran families, but their dogged pursuit of quality and utility in their wares and fairness in their dealings has made them 'the' local giants in sanitation and water delivery. There's scarcely a modern gutter or pipe installed in Geanavue that hasn't passed through Daraan hands, nor fails to bear their tiny "upright gauntlet" stamp.

Auraunaroo lost his wife Irisaala to a fever some years back, and if his daughter Naatilaasa should fall without issue, control of their house will pass to one of the eight 'Upright Knights' (also referred to, less flatteringly, as the 'Armored Posts'). These younger brothers of Auraunaroo are all no-nonsense, law-abiding and law-upholding warriors.

The Upright Knights seem to prefer clanking about in full suits of armor to any other garments. They are all muscular, mustachioed, and very capable with their swords. In descending order of age and precedence, their names are: Naritaam (LG male human Ari6/Ftr6), Gaaraudar (LG male human Ari6/Ftr5), Haariim (LN male human Ari5/Ftr5), Peleodaar (LN male human Ari5/Ftr4), Meaguut (LN male human Ari4/Ftr4),

Orivaar (LN male human Ari4/Ftr3), Belaasin (LG male human Ari4/Ftr3), and Roosib (LG male human Ari3/Ftr3).

It's not known if they possess some sort of family empathy or telepathy, or a magical means of communication (some family servants suspect the latter, and that it lurks in the 'blackstone in gold' Daraan family rings they all wear) - but somehow the Upright Knights seem to know when one of their number is in need of reinforcements. Many a blackflame seeking to terrorize a Daraan servant or despoil Daraan wares or property has suddenly found themselves staring into the cold gaze of one of the fully-armored brothers, with barely have time to gulp at the glittering length of a ready-drawn Daraan sword pointed their way ere another brother or two appears, followed by more. This has given rise to a Geanavese catch-phrase that has almost become a second family motto: "A Daraan is never alone."

Eluudaas

Badge: "The Falcon Free:" a brown falcon flying on a (circular) field of purple. The falcon is heading to the left, with its wings spread above it, and clutches in its golden claws a burning brand. This branch is always depicted as black and curved in an upside-down crescent, with a ball of white flames at its dexter or right-hand end.

Motto: "Never Sleeping, Never Content"

Seat: Vaukoataurs or "Falconroost Towers" (Baeraude Maar) Vaukoa was an early Lord Eluudaas.

Interests: Importation of magic (a trickle of small and 'everyday useful' enchanted items such as 'evershine' lamps and glow-at-will daggers that unlock certain doors at a touch), exotic timber, herbal essences and tinctures, art

Current Head: Gedoor (CN male human Ari13), a sharp-featured, fussy man given to sudden but brief flares of temper. He has a love of supercilious words and pronouncements, and a nostalgic hunger for the shady, daring deeds of his youth. This latter interest makes Gedoor endlessly eager to hear news of adventures, misadventures and monster slayings. It also leads him to dabble in covert hirings of outlander adventuring bands to "just do this" and "just do that." This is usually to blunt the plans of aggressive rival Talasaaran houses or guildmasters. He regards such targets as "overreaching upstarts" whose rise in power has dangerously weakened Geanavue and promoted peace. This in turn led to a lessening of the city's vigilance and battle strength, endangering all Geanavese. At any one time, Gedoor will have three to five adventuring groups under hire, each kept in ignorance of the missions and even existence of the others. Meanwhile, the head of House Eluudaas schemes how best to subtly steer events in the city.

Among the plots he is considering next include an attempt to manufacture an internal struggle among the Goldcoins, with an eye at discrediting and weakening that guild and perhaps reducing it to a handful of servile members rather than the 'arrogant foul-folk' that it is now. If he could make the Goldcoins believe that particular noble houses are involved in financing factions in their internal strife, the Goldcoins might try to hurt those rival Talasaara. As a result, Gedoor needs to hire some outlander rogues who are skilled actors to pose as Goldcoin agents and to whisper in a few Celaarivan and Beliuinar ears. Adventurers who are not as good at acting can do the vault-

robberies, forgeries, and other swindles, both subtle and obvious (that is, that Gedoor wants to be detected).

To keep the spies of overly suspicious nobles from sniffing out what he is up to, Gedoor knows he needs a diversion. For that, he will need to have agents in Loona (posing as smugglers or pirates, but subtly letting slip that they're funded by Huuriikol coins) to hire adventurers to plunder or set fire to several warehouses of the Navaelo family. If the Navaelos do not retaliate, yet another adventuring band will have to be hired and ready to return the favor-leaving behind a badge or two of the Huuriikol when they depart. The resulting feud should weaken both the Huuriikols and Navaelos, as well as distracting all Talasaaran scrutiny from Gedoor's hired adventurers. He will keep another adventuring band on hand to implicate the Unadeen if things quiet down too swiftly. He will also have several known rogues of Loona to spy on all of his adventurers, in case it becomes necessary to frame them for some crimes and so remove them from the scene.

Current Heir: Raarisitor (CG human male Ari4), a handsome, graceful, controlled bravo who knows just how striking his flowing, shoulder-length chestnut-brown hair, piercing brown eyes, and finely-chiseled features make him look. Although he loves being the dashing scourge of ladies young and old, noble and lowborn, Raarisitor desperately desires to 'do something important' rather than being "an empty shell" - but doesn't quite know how to find or seize a chance to make his mark. So he restlessly fritters his days away, striving to be the perfect 'worthy, cultured heir to a foremost noble house' (though even other nobles can see that he is just superbly acting a role).

Prominent Family Members: Aranaliit (LG male human Ari1/Rog7/Wiz4), a frail, wizened shell of a once-athletic farfarer, now little more than a tall, gliding ghost of a man. His younger days were spent travelling many lands, forging trade-contacts and remaking the family fortune. Legendary among other Talasaaran families, who regard Aranaliit with great respect, he is ignored by his kin. The Eluudaas kin see Aranaliit as an embarrassing reminder of the family's comparatively recent brush with poverty (and the money-grubbing and less-than-respectable 'outland adventures' necessary to claw their way back to riches).

As he feels his final days coming upon him, Aranaliit desperately wants to pass on his spells and learning to someone who will appreciate them, even if that someone turns out to be a 'backstreets barefoot' or an outlander adventurer. If he can enlist such a person in a last, daring adventure, he'd like to strike down Agaaren Beliinar and Saareeva Celaarivan before he dies, to "scorch away at least two dark blooms of the festering rot that makes the Talasaara Geanavue's shame today."

Supporting Families: Belasaan, Garanaaw, Mituulun, Taalurauv

The House of Eluudaas is a Talasaaran family of middling lineage and status. They have been largely absent from city commerce for the last three decades due to their fantastic family wealth. This was amassed (almost entirely through the efforts of Aranaliit Eluudaas) by trading in minor magics from distant

lands and in particular by the selling and trading of paintings, statuettes, and other art objects.

The Eluudaas art collection is unmatched in Geanavue (even by the House of Geana), and trusted family servants handle the family's mercantile matters almost entirely now. There are persistent rumors that the Eluudaas own (and sometimes sell, for truly staggering sums) door-sized paintings that are in fact teleport devices. Different tales describe these paintings in different ways. Some say they allow persons to step 'through' them to unknown remote locations. Others claim they lead to and from certain long-abandoned mines in the mountains. A few accounts say the paintings merely lead to prisons or hidden storage chambers that persons who know how to control the paintings sometimes place monsters in (that they can summon to attack upon command).

Such tales and occasional murmurings about "Gedoor's hired sword-dogs" are the only whiffs of controversy or scandal clinging to the Eluudaas. Otherwise, members of this house are 'model' Talasaarans in the eyes of their fellow nobles, if such a thing exists.

To protect their art treasures against thieves, the family is known to maintain a network of pit-traps and 'catch-traps' (though there's some disagreement about just what these latter sort of menaces are), and guards. The Eluudaas guard force is said to be a large and capable mustering of trained falcons, warriors, and (some rumors insist), semi-tamed monsters.

Down the years, many attempts to snatch Eluudaas paintings and statuettes have been made, and a few - a very few - are thought to have succeeded. Most have failed so spectacularly that Geanavese lore claims that every flagstone in the central courtyard of Falconroost Towers has at least one thief buried under it. These dead were interred upright, the tales say, and their vainly-reaching, ghostly hands can be seen coming up through the stones like glowing white claws, under the light of certain moons.

Faleemaar

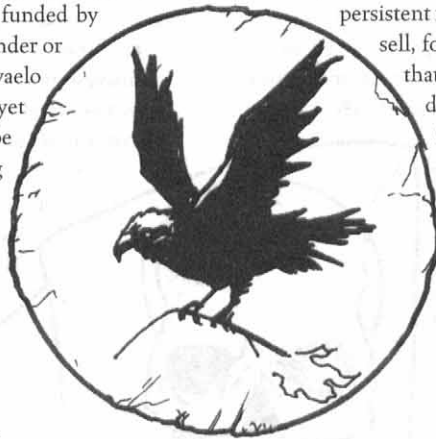
Badge: "The Starry Skull:" an ivory-hued human skull on a fluttering-pennant-shaped field of scarlet. The skull is depicted face-on, with its jawbone intact. Its dexter (viewer's right) eyesocket is dark, but in its sinister (viewer's left) eyesocket is a bright white star of many points.

Motto: "Inspiration Our Guiding Star"

Seat: Rumealain Hau or "Tallowgates House" (Launee Maar)

Interests: Livestock, stock breeding, horse trading and training, harness-making, horse armor importation

Current Head: Balaavin (LN male human Ari6/Brd1), a tall, impressive-looking man fascinated with music and the emotions (particularly awe) it can evoke. Despite having a very shrewd business mind and keen sensitivity to the thoughts and emotions of others, the current Lord Faleemaar delights in "acting mysterious." In fact, he loves to obviously overact at all times, adopting an affected, effete manner complete with grand gestures and loud, impressive speeches - but it should never be



Noble badge - Eluudaas

forgotten that behind all the playacting (which drives his cousin Taurauuk wild) lurks an ever-watchful mind.

Current Heir: Kelaaduun (CG male human Ari2), a hardy, energetic young man driven by restless urges to indulge in high revelry and to somehow (without too much discomfort or effort, please) make his own mark and earn high esteem in Geanavue. Kelaaduun has nondescript looks but no particular talent for singing, glib repartee, clever quips, graceful dancing, or anything much to attract the eyes of young Talasaaran ladies. He is keenly and despondently aware of these shortcomings, to the point that he is growing desperate. He would certainly hire adventurers to stage some sort of abduction or peril that he can swoop in and 'gallantly, daringly rescue' someone from - or some such contrivance, if only he could think of what to do, and how to do it without the truth coming out.

Prominent Family Members: Taurauuk (pronounced "Tore-AWK;," a LN male human Ari8/Ftr5), a gruff, white-bearded, snarling old terror who says exactly what's on his mind, no matter how rude or inappropriate. He is quite likely to interpose a coarse evaluation of a woman's form and features in reply to her being formally introduced to him. On the other hand, he is similarly direct, honest, and dismissive of intrigue and even the most minor deceit.

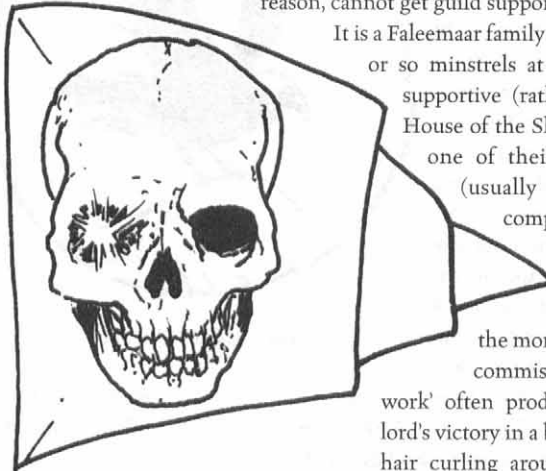
Possessed of a sailor's rolling gait and lurching, arm-waving attempts to keep balance due to gout, Taurauuk was for many years captain of the lone Faleemaar ship. The Sailing Skull, as it is called, is an "ungainly, gigantic covered barge awash in dung and bawling beasts" (according to the steward of Tallowgates, Aunisel Reaviin). He transported prodigious herds of livestock in the Skull, in all seasons, and 'made' the family fortune. Balaavin rewarded him for this by retiring the ship (along with Taurauuk) in favor of eight replacement vessels.

Taurauuk is keenly interested in seeing that all Geanavese are treated equally in the Courts, and that his fellow Talasaarans don't "lord it over anyone." He will champion oppressed commoners and even outlanders when they get into disputes with Geanavue's nobility, stances which have made him roundly hated in many a Talasaaran parlor, but beloved by the guilds and the citizenry. His fame (or infamy) in such matters blossomed after a night some six years ago, when Taurauuk encountered more than a dozen blackflames vandalizing a shop and waded fearlessly into them, breaking heads and limbs with vicious efficiency.

He has been poisoned at several revels since, but seems immune to most deadly concoctions. Taurauuk has also been the surprising victor in several duels when challenged by young nobles who are sneeringly eager to prove themselves. Those who get into disputes with him are warned that he can throw knives, chairs, tables, and people with the same ease and accuracy. Taurauuk loves good music and dancing, and thinks well of anyone-Talasaarans in particular-who eschew arrogance.

Supporting Families: Baredimaur, Daunet, Maerimau, Saanasel

House Faleemaar is generally regarded as an honorable and even 'nice' Talasaaran family of middling wealth and power. Their public demeanor tends to be calm, businesslike, and given to subtle demonstrations of influence rather than pride, attention-seeking flourishes, or aggressive behavior. The Faleemaar believe in building solid allies through usefulness to others. For years, they have sponsored many small shops and poor Geanavese businessfolk (that is, crafters or merchants whose activities stand outside guild portfolios, or who, for whatever reason, cannot get guild support).



Noble badge - Faleemaar

It is a Faleemaar family tradition to be patrons to a dozen or so minstrels at a time, in a good-natured and supportive (rather than dictatorial) way. The House of the Skull will throw a revel whenever one of their minstrels wants to perform (usually when said musician has composed three or more new songs of note, or at least reworked the music of others in new and striking ways), but refrains from the more common Talasaaran practice of commissioning ballads. ('Commanded work' often produces ballads that trumpet this lord's victory in a business deal or the glories of the hair curling around that lady's left earlobe, or grandly invent dozens of awe-inspiring acts of heroism or military exploits for a blackflame who

has just learned to ride a horse the length of a street without falling off.)

This patronage has made them the eager destination of all minstrels (and not a few bards of skill) around Reanaaria Bay - and except in the harshest winter months, there's a fairly constant stream of would-be house minstrels coming to Tallow Arch (the 'street' name in Geanavue for the gatehouse of Rumealain Hau). There, the jaded Keeper of the Portals listens to them all - posing as the Lord Faleemaar if need be - before allowing what he calls "a select very few" inside for the family to hear.

The Keeper is a taciturn man named Bel'Robin Thake (a LG male human Ftr4). A Kalamaran by birth, he was briefly a traveling mercenary until the Faleemaar hired him as a house guard. Thake served faithfully for years, but retired to this reward post because of the wounds he sustained. These injuries make him limp and prevent him standing in comfort for long, hence shortening his patience. It is the Keeper's private opinion that folk should work for a living. Music should be made in off time, and people should not claim good coin from nobles too rich for their own good in return for a few pleasant tunes. But then, the Faleemaar do not pay him for offering his opinions, so he keeps his words to himself. Would that a few more 'great minstrels' would feel the same way...

Gaonagel

Badge: "The Iron Gate:" a closed black metal door flanked by two spearhead-topped stone posts, and encircled by a loop of large white chain, on a shield-shaped, dun-colored field.

Motto: "Ever Vigilant, Never Unguarded"

Seat: Raizitaur or "Fairwind Towers" (Launee Maar)

Interests: Mercantile shipping, fishing and whaling

Current Head: Pauzimer 'The Old Gargoyle' (NE male human Ari9), a bitter, not entirely sane man. 'Cursed by the gods from birth' with tusk-like teeth jutting from an overslung lower jaw, prominent ears and brow-ridges, reddish eyes, and a grayish skin color, Pauzimer has always had an uncanny resemblance to a gargoyle. As a result, Pauzimer has always been treated to public shunning to match.

For his entire life, the Old Gargoyle has gained most of his satisfaction by hitting back at the world that hates him. Specifically, he uses the Gaonagel wealth and influence to ruin rivals financially and have personal enemies slain or maimed.

All Geanavese know about Pauzimer's tactics, and they have made him almost universally feared. Notably, he is one of the few Geanavese whom 'Coldkiss' Celaarivan will shrink back from crossing. Secretly, Pauzimer yearns to be loved, and will go to great expense to cosmetically or even magically disguise his looks and wander the taverns and darkhouses, hoping for a night of tenderness (even if he has to buy it).

Current Heir: Donelaas (NG male human Ari1/Ftr4), a good-natured, large, muscular and handsome sailor and scourge of young Talasaaran ladies. Since the recent death of his uncle (the popular, jovial Taarasiiker Gaonagel, fondly remembered across the city as the fat, roaring, and prodigiously-drinking-but-never-drunken 'Uncle Stormbeard') Donelaas has become the public face of House Gaonagel.

He is eager to assume a large role in Geanavese society, but does not want his father dead. In fact, Donelaas would be overjoyed if Pauzimer gained some sort of miraculous recovery from monstrous looks and venomous behavior.

Donelaas is also eager to try new ways of trading and new goods to deal in. From childhood he has wanted to make new friends and 'grow.' He knows his wits are not the keenest and that his learning is woefully lacking, and wants to become all that he should be to properly helm a major Talasaaran house someday.

Prominent Family Members: Saaraunara 'The Kiss of Death' (CE female human Ari9/Sor2), an aging but still bonily beautiful 'dangerous dark lady,' who in her day broke Geanavese hearts by the handful.

Still amorous, husky-voiced, and lithe, Saaraunara now uses magic to keep up her strength - but it can do nothing to banish her ennui. She is simply weary of flirtation and lovemaking with "boys half her age, or less," of breaking men's spirits, and of playing "little cat-spitting games" with other deliberately-alluring Talasaaran women.

Now seventy-six years of age, Saaraunara wears long, trailing black gowns and searches constantly for new amusements. She has developed the habit of taking poisons, both to render herself slowly immune to them and for the sensations they bring.

Saaraunara often hires adventurers to be her playthings or to do damage to rivals, but perhaps the cure to her boredom is to join an adventuring band herself! They would have to be outlander strangers to the city, of course. Saaraunara could rely on the magic items she has collected down the years to carry herself through perils. She could also use her intimate knowl-

edge of many Talasaaran families and their abodes to make treasure snatching truly successful - and to reveal to all Geanavue some of their dirty little secrets. All it would take to reveal some of those secrets would be awakening this guardian monster to roam the streets, and handing out that written record to a particular guildmaster. Yes...

Saaraunara's magic items are known to include a navel ring that can glow continuously with *faerie fire* on command, a *ring of regeneration*, and an *amulet of health*. She also owns a *glove of storing*, which she customarily uses to store an easily-ruptured palm-sized throwing-bladder of carrion crawler brain juice. Upon impact, the brain juice causes paralysis, though Saaraunara herself has built up an immunity to it.

All of these items are blood-bonded to her 'pet' quasit, Riitariit (by a process known only to it), so it can trace them if they are taken from her.

Saaraunara sometimes gives her 'glow ring' to persons, or contrives to let them steal it or unwittingly carry it away, so Riitariit can hunt them later, either for sport or to locate a hideout or abode. Riitariit serves The Kiss of Death as a spy, and their agreement is that when she dies it is entitled to all her personal (not family) wealth - currently some 667,000 glint - all of her magic items, and whatever of her remains it desires to take. Saaraunara has always suspected that her 'pet' will kill her when it tires of her or judges her too feeble to further its purposes. Yet in a recent time of depression, when she asked it to take her life, Riitariit refused, urging her to "find and do whatever great evil thing feels right to you, when you enter into it."

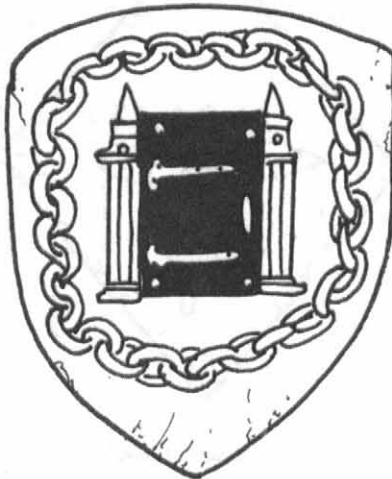
So The Kiss of Death is searching for what that right 'evil thing' might be. The notion of joining and guiding an adventuring band to do great evil in Geanavue (particularly if they proceed in ignorance of the true evil of their deeds) is slowly awakening great excitement in her. For the first time in decades, Saaraunara is looking forward to awakening, each new morning, and plotting something important once more!

Supporting Families: Esabur, Sookolaun, Turaeve, Zarimaun

One of the 'younger' noble families of Geanavue, House Gaonagel seizes eagerly on all matters of heritage and family history that a noble can take pride in. These 'prideful deeds' include slaying many sea-monsters of Reanaaria Bay, amassing and running what has often been the largest and most profitable fleet of merchant vessels owned by any Geanavese family (including the House of Geana), and in developing such decadent and eccentric 'true nobles' as The Kiss of Death.

House Gaonagel was once very popular among the sailors of Loona because of Taarasiiker 'Stormbeard' Gaonagel's habit of quietly paying the debts and ship repair bills of other captains sailing out of that port. Stormbeard did such kindnesses to "keep us waveriders strong against the coins and sly tongues of them what sits in the city getting richer and fatter off our sweat," and never asked for anything in return. Some folk of Loona might return a favor or two in his memory, if approached properly.

Most interested observers agree that House Gaonagel is poised to achieve new political prominence in Geanavue. They will achieve it if Donelaas has his way, can clearly see something



Noble badge - Gaonagel

to strive for, and can avoid being besmirched in scandals by his crazed father and aunt. Even disinterested courtiers have their eyes on this Talasaaran family, to see what will come out of Raiziitaur in the years just ahead.

Gaveelo

Badge: "The Bloodflower:" a three-petaled crimson flower displayed on a white field. The flower is stylized and symmetrical (identical petals to right and left, framing a central one). It rests on two horizontal green leaves, from which drip three crimson teardrops of blood. The white field is diamond-shaped, its long axis vertical.

Motto: "Triumph Through Needful Travail" (in earlier decades, this was rendered "Triumph Through Sacrifice," and the older motto can still be seen in many places)

Seat: Seavor Hau or "Seavor's House" (Ereeve Maar) (Seavor Gaveelo was 'the Founder of the House,' an astute and revered man who planned and paid for the mansion, though he never lived to see it built.)

Interests: Importing strong spirits and lamp-oils

Current Head: Pearivoo (LG male human Ari3), a bustling, burly little man with elegantly-waxed and curled mustaches and a love of waistcoats covered with criss-crossing gold chains hung with many pendant-gems.

Always eager to be of service and almost obsequious in manner, Pearivoo is seemingly delighted even to be accorded the status of a Talasaaran and allowed to participate in their revels. As he scuttles about, he learns far more about his fellow nobles than most of them realize, because he's that rarest of things among the nobility: a good listener. He will spend hours at revels listening to boasts and schemes and raucous gossip, piecing everything together to weed out exaggerations and falsehood behind his earnestly-quivering little face. Only his son and his wife Halamaea (CG female human Ari4/Rog1, a onetime tavern-dancer) know the true brilliance of his mind.

Although Halamaea sometimes wishes all Geanavue could be left gasping in awe at Pearivoo's intellect (and acting skills, to have hidden his wits so well for all these years), she can only shake her head in admiration at how he's managed to further the family wealth based on his information gathering.

For his part, Pearivoo truly doesn't care what anyone thinks of him, save his kin - and High Peace Maker Khazuk. The head of House Gaveelo reports much of what he learns to Khazuk, so as to keep the powerful cleric able to anticipate brewing trouble and more ably maintain peace in Geanavue. Pearivoo thrives when crafters and nobles alike are restless in peace and prosperity, allowing him to make his little deals and investments; open strife would hurt the Gaveelo purse!

Current Heir: Raarigaar (CN male human Ari2), a taller, fatter version of his father. He just wants to have fun and gain the respect of all the Talasaara, rather than being covertly laughed at (as his father is).

Raarigaar spends small fortunes on hiring lowborn lasses to revel with him in small city inns he 'takes over' for the occasion. He loves throwing feasts for commoner friends and acquaintances

at which he can play 'the life of the party' and enjoy all the pleasures money can buy.

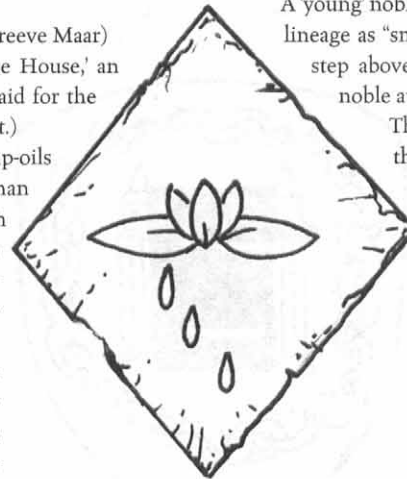
Neither ambitious nor ruthless, Raarigaar dreads the day his father dies or becomes incapable, because, heir or not, he honestly does not know how to manage anything (or even what is socially and legally expected of him, as a Talasaaran). He has noticed with alarm that his mother is starting to investigate his dalliances. He suspects from her glances and comments that she is growing impatient with his wastrel ways, and will soon take him firmly by the neck, or throat, or both, and force him into learning and working. Now if he can somehow do (or hire someone to say he has done) something heroic, to earn her respect before this blow falls...

Prominent Family Members: None

Supporting Families: Cauter, Faurinoor, Oleirum

A 'young' noble family, often dismissed by Talasaarans of older lineage as "small jolly fat people who scuttle along, barely a step above their beginnings as shopkeepers" or "hardly noble at all."

The current Gaveelo are acutely aware of how they're regarded, but only the heir is likely to try to cause something dramatic. Aside from his personal need to impress his mother, Raarigaar is itching to hire someone to endure the hardships of whatever bold deed that will win Talasaaran respect for his family. However, he cannot think of any suitable deed, no matter how often he cudgels his wits. Perhaps the gods will tell him in a dream, or some outlander will stride into one of his revels with a desperate need that the Gaveelo status and glint can meet, and so be catapulted into prominence overnight!



Noble badge - Gaveelo

Huuriikol

Badge: "The Gemclaw:" a golden bird foot on a light green field. The foot is depicted as having four talons, and floats (not attached to any leg or avian body), vertically on the diamond-shaped (long axis vertical) field. Its talons are shown clutching a smoothly-spherical, translucent sapphire-blue gemstone.

Motto: "Nearer The Gods"

Seat: Tarepet Holond or "Tarntrumpets Hall" (Aanugo's Maar)

Interests: Money lending and changing, timber and woodcarving

(Huuriikol mills turn out carved posts, railings, doorframes, and doors. The latter always have bold reliefs carved into them. A large human-like face cut into a door is still known as a 'holk' in Geanavue because of the fashion of carving them started by the Huuriikol).

Current Head: Borauvaan 'Greatstaff' (LE male human Ari8/Sor2), a "huge, impressive whale of a man, loud and arrogant and tremendously self-important as he sweeps from room to room in glittering finery, his great mustache swirling" (as he was once very accurately described by the Castle scribe Halaat Varaudo).

Borauvaan truly believes himself a superior being to everyone in Geanavue - and, probably, all Tellene - with the exception of, as he puts it, "some deluded holy men who run temples here and elsewhere." He expects everyone to bow before him, and those

who do not are put on his mental list of 'persons to humble somehow, and soon.'

Possibly the richest man in Geanavue, Borauvaan was wealthy enough to purchase outright the large, impressive gilded staff that has earned him his nickname, and all of its magical components. The bulbous, curving head of the Greatstaff overtops Borauvaan's own six-and-a-half feet by another couple of feet-but although it winks and blinks with magic, it is not truly an enchanted item. Rather, it is an impressively carved piece of wood, into which magic wands have been inserted in slots, so that their ends cluster. Someone grasping the staff by its smooth-polished 'grip' can readily touch them all with a finger so as to command their powers (one wand at a time). The Greatstaff contains a faulty *wand of charm person* (it functions about a third of the time; its failures causing emissions of an eerie, short-lived green glow that drifts away in a direction of the wand-activator's choosing, dwindling rapidly), a *wand of magic missile* (as a 1st-level caster), a *wand of daylight*, a *wand of shatter*, and a *wand of dispel magic*.

Borauvaan prefers to keep his personal magical abilities secret, exulting in them as a 'hidden weapon' he can surprise foes with someday, if he ever grows really powerful enough. (His dabbings in magic are of course known to all Geanavue.)

Current Heir: Saamuut (CN male human Ari2), a nasty, less-than-handsome youth not yet grown to his eventual large stature, but "all gangly knees and elbows right now" (as an anonymous Talasaaran matron of another family recently described him).

Saamuut inwardly despises himself for his clumsiness and lack of accomplishment, ambition, or for his lack of any "real" skills (aside from destroying things, as an enthusiastic black-flame). However, he does not hesitate to indulge himself in endless furies over the failure of others in Geanavue to accord him the fawning respect that is his due as a Huuriikol (and eventual head of that most exalted of families).

Saamuut wants everyone to bow or kneel to him, and regard him with awe, respect, or fear. Anyone who does so delights him and is instantly his friend. Everyone else needs to be taught a lesson, to be harshly and speedily driven to their senses - or at least driven out of Geanavue. The perfect solution, Saamuut often thinks, is for someone to give him an enchanted sword so powerful that folk would have to treat him with respect. Of course, he would have to ensure that no one could expose the truth about his acquisition of the sword; everyone must believe he acquired it himself. This would involve a narrative of great heroism, wherein Saamuut valiantly vanquished skeletal warriors, evil wizards, and even a snarling dragon to seize the sword. If only he could get such a blade...

Prominent Family Members: Aarebukuul (pronounced "ARR-a-buckle"), also known to many Geanavese as 'Old Sword.' This giant of a man (a LN male human Ari2/Ftr3, Str 17) is grossly fat but scarcely seems so because his arms and shoulders are so massive, and he stands almost seven feet tall!

Aarebukuul has not swung a sword in anger for years, though he did enjoy some years of youthful adventuring and acquitted himself well fighting giants. However, his rusty idleness does

not stop him from strutting around the city in gloriously gilded and fantastical half-armors, sneering at what he sees as everyone else's lack of battle-skills or basic war-competence. (His 'show armors' feature high, spired collars, hooked and iridescent polished shoulder spikes, and chased and inlaid breastplate and bracer designs.)

Aarebukuul dislikes foreigners, "monsters" (anyone not a dwarf, halfling, gnome, human, or half-human), and "upthrusting women" (any female who is not servile or at least silently submissive). He does what he can to keep Geanavue "clean of such creeping rot and thieving reavers."

Aarebukuul has a soft spot for women who weepingly throw themselves on his mercy in disagreements, or who shrink to his side for protection in situations of danger. He will (condescendingly) comfort and defend such females, even at great danger to himself-because "a Huuriikol never shrinks from any foe."

Supporting Families: Tolakau, Vorol

The 'House of Huur' is a comparatively 'young' Talasaaran family whose bloodlines make its members large and good-looking. The Huuriikol have amassed vast fortunes by being moneylenders (and changers) to the city, and in the process have cultivated the 'art' of being haughty in the extreme. Commonfolk hate them and ridicule their airs (from a safe distance or privacy), and even many fellow Talasaarans find their arrogance tiresome, boring, and contrived (after all, they are not a truly 'oldblood' family, so whence this position of superiority?). Many nobles have been heard to remark that they truly cannot understand how the families who support the 'House of

Holk' can bear to keep up an endless, exaggerated 'more-servile-than-thou' act. Members of those families have been heard to agree that it requires almost superhuman self-control and a love of wallowing.

None of this seems to bother the Huuriikol, who sweep blissfully through life scorning and offering casual rudenesses to nobles, courtiers, and commoners alike. They either know they are the pinnacle and rightful center of all things Tellene, or believe they can win such status by claiming it loudly and persistently enough. And if an outlander or wealthy Geanavese merchant or even a guildmaster should dispute it? Well, what are such folk, but worms to be trodden underfoot.

Inisabaar

Badge: "The Black Gem:" A gleaming, oval black gem. It is always represented with its long axis vertical, and having a white reflection on the lower left arc of its glossiness. The gem appears superimposed upon a vertical scarlet ribbon of half its width, that stretches from center top to bottom of a shield-shaped golden field.

Motto: "Rightful Riches Ably Employed"

Seat: Loakaar Hau or "Wyvernstar House" (Raabeal Maar)

Interests: Importation of Fine weapons and scents, jewelry making, and trade in 'trophy' monster relics (stuffed beast heads, horn drinking jacks, fang jewelry, skull bowls, and the like)

Current Head: Raarakiir (LN male human Ari10), a tall, urbane, darkly handsome man of manners, gliding grace, and a



Noble badge - Huuriikol

bottomless, never-failing memory for faces, voices, and passing comments made years ago.

Raarakiiir truly never forgets anything. He judges folk accordingly, but warily and subtly, not holding lifelong grudges as most Talasaarans do. As a result, he notices when persons change their ways. He also holds no scruples as to the sort of people he trades with and goods he deals in, so long as agreements, laws, and rules are respected.

If fellow Talasaarans, wealthy Geanavese, and outlanders are foolish enough to pay 'extra' amounts for fancy weapons, perfumes, flashy 'gems to be worn,' and oddments made of dead beast parts, he'll happily enrich himself and his kin selling such things. If being 'noble' accords him special privileges, he will shamelessly make use of them, and fight to keep them. However, he knows very well that anyone who truly believes Talasaarans are 'better' than their fellow Geanavese or anyone else is a fool...and fools are the prey of the wise merchant.

Raarakiiir is proud to be the 'Wise Merchant' of Geanavue, but that was a nickname bestowed on him by a generation of craftworkers almost all dead now, not his fellow nobles. So he smiles thinly, shifts family investments to take advantage of changing rarities and demands, and goes on getting rich, amusing himself in the arms of various bored wives of other Talasaaran families as the days and revels pass...

Current Heir: Talees (CG female human Ari2/Sor2), a soft-spoken, polite, graceful, and usually silent little beauty. Geanavue judges her to be something of an emptyheaded waif, a pose her father encourages because it gives her an advantage in trade and social negotiations. In truth, Talees is every bit as intelligent (and rapidly becoming as worldlywise) as Raarakiiir, and is eagerly learning all he can teach her about helming a Talasaaran family and its wealth. Though she secretly dreams of having a little 'throw off the harness' adventure of her own (something daring that would let her see somewhere else in Tellene, and behave just as she desires for a month or so), she'll do nothing to 'crack' her image or upset her father's plans.

Raarakiiir's philandering entertains and amuses rather than upsetting her. Talees admires his intelligence and especially his perception, and is rapidly learning from him how to learn the needs and desires of individuals (so as to manipulate them).

At the same time, a hunger for freedom, for "doing something wild and to the gutters with the consequences!" is growing in her - rising until it will soon burst forth somehow...

Prominent Family Members: Galaatoor (NG male human Exp6/Wiz4), the aging scholar of the Inisabaar, and elder cousin to Raarakiiir. Geanavue knows him as one of the most skilled jewelry designers and crafters in the city, a kindly if fussy and increasingly shakes-ridden old man. Galaatoor, however, has a secret (to all but his kin) love: wizardry.

He also has a completely secret obsession: he searches endlessly, by research and by scrying spells, for certain lost books of magic that he believes are moldering somewhere hidden and forgotten in the city. The secrets of greatness for

Geanavue and for himself - as, say, Emperor of Reanaaria - wait on their pages, if he can but find them.

The great wizard Alaakauno visited Geanavue some centuries ago, was stricken with disease, and fled to die not far from the walls. His body was found, but his spellbooks were not. Maarikus of House Geana built a dark library of magical lore, but its location has been lost. Veetuur of Zoa came to the city to recover a tome stolen from him and he was murdered by unknown hands. And so on the stories go, for tome after tome, describing a vast library of magical might to shake Tellene, if only it can be found!

Supporting Families: Darinefiir, Kadaatimier, Maulokei, Keimau

A Talasaaran family of quiet profile, the Inisabaar are tainted in the eyes of their haughtiest fellow nobles because they "sell us the stylish things we wear for adornment or have about the house, to impress lesser folk."

The Inisabaar are otherwise seen as wise and hence wealthy but 'not quite respectable' nobility. This judgement is confirmed in the eyes of gossiping Talasaaran matrons because 'House Inisabaar' consorts with outlander traders and, worse, adventurers - in fact, they're constantly hiring adventurers to bring them back monster relics! And yet, they seem to feel not the slightest shred of shame - can you quite believe it?



Noble badge - Inisabaar

Lakalaur

Badge: "The Goldglint Hand:" an open human hand on a shield-shaped rose pink field. It's a left hand, upright in a 'flat' fingers and thumb together open pose, and is of gleaming golden hue.

Motto: "All Things Enriched By Our Touch"

Seat: Mausar Hau (Lukatoor Taraane)

Interests: Landowning (and building rentals), money lending, building of secret passages, locks, hiding places and traps

Current Head: Saarasanaara (LN female human Ari8/Sor4), a beautiful, graceful, husky-voiced woman who looks perhaps half her true age (of sixty-two years). The matriarch of the Lakalaur is strikingly beautiful, having golden hair, emerald eyes and honey-hued skin.

She's still a 'very close friend' to a dozen powerful Talasaarans, and often meets with them in houses few know the Lakalaur own. During such dalliances, Saarasanaara gives guiding advice and encouragement that allow her to steer the affairs of at least five Talasaaran families, and influence the deeds and futures of seven others. Most of a generation of male Geanavese nobility are hopelessly in love with 'Lady Warmsun' (as an awed outlander minstrel dubbed her, long ago). And when their sons and heirs catch sight of her at a revel, they swallow and stare and understand just how their fathers feel.

Down all of her years, Saarasanaara has kept her magical skills hidden. Only members of her own family, a few unfortunate victims, and one or two Talasaaran men who are now either deceased or who are among her eldest, most trusted 'old flames.'

The matriarch of the Lakalaur is a consummate actress whose life is driven by three things: her sensitivity to what others are

feeling, her iron self-control, and her well-hidden plans and desires (the ends she manipulates men towards). Her ability to 'read' the thoughts and emotions of people is almost magical.

Saarasanaara is as much a mother and trusted confidante as a lover to 'her' men. She guides them so deftly and subtly that most do not care that she is doing so, on the rare occasions when they notice.

Current Heir: Faeriin (NE male human Ari2/Rog3), a handsome, unscrupulous young man who knows very well how fortunate he is and how skilled his kin are at what they do. He has a taste for cruelty and violence that he indulges in sordid little swindles and intrigues in Loona, and on visits to Zoa. (He's not foolish enough to risk his standing in Geanavue by being 'caught out' at murder or theft, or even coming to be regarded as a blackflame.) Quite happy to live off the work of others, Faeriin has taken care, while keeping a very low profile, to become skilled in rigging traps, locks, and concealed doors. He attends every possible revel in the mansions of other Talasaarans, so as to see all he can of what traps and concealed doors other nobles have in their houses. He probably holds more of such matters in his head than the busiest Geanavese thieves.

What Faeriin really wants to do is slay, maim, steal, and terrorize. Perhaps, when he becomes head of the house and is no longer surrounded by ladies so perceptive, he will kidnap a few oh-so-haughty Talasaaran lasses and shackle them away in hidden prisons to be his torture slaves. In the meantime, he has decided to begin building his own network of hired outlander thieves and adventuring bands to do his dirty work. They will be expendables who will never know who they are truly working for, but who can reach where he dare not, and do the less alluring dark deeds.

In the immediate future, these will include stealing jewelry in Geanavue and stealthy slayings in Loona.

The targets of the jewelry thefts will be several exalted Talasaaran ladies of the less-aggressive families. Faeriin plans on later presenting a few distinctive pieces back to them at revels, as "Something of yours I saw at an upland inn in Loona, and knew should be returned to you. After a few thrusts of my sword, the men trying to sell it knew that too". In this way, he can enhance his reputation as a capable and dangerous man of action, so that if he tries to terrorize folk later, he is not so apt to be laughed at.

The slayings in Loona answer more immediate concerns. Faeriin has his eye on some valuable shipments of outbound guild goods, and inbound supplies from other Bay ports, that regularly pass through Loona. If he can eliminate certain people from Loona who serve as muscle and eyes for the guilds and other shady cabals, he could put his own agents in a position to 'skim' shipped goods more or less at will.

Not only will this enrich him, it should (when his victims and rival cabals send in new agents to 'set things right in Loona') give Faeriin some targets to practice his slaying, maiming, and terrorizing on.

Prominent Family Members: Witeesaara (NG female human Ari4/Exp2/Wiz5) is a pipe-smoking, reclusive 'mad creator' and

locksmith. She keeps her wizardry well hidden from the public (her servants dote on her, and do their part to keep her secrets). Strong-willed yet good-natured, Witeesaara is a wrinkled but still attractive and spry sixty-year-old.

'Old Lady Lock' is famous among Talasaarans for her innovation of adding scent-bladders to Lakalaur traps. The nose of a strolling noble can tell if such a trap has been 'tripped' without the need for venturing too close to possible danger in darkness (or without armed aid).

Officially, Witeesaara keeps busy devising new tints and dyes to conceal tripwires and alterations to existing tapestries and paneling. Unofficially, she devotes her days to covertly augmenting her wizardry by purchasing spellbooks and scrolls from agents in Zoa and elsewhere who report to her what adventurers are willing to sell.

One acquisition (a nameless, tattered tome of unknown authorship and considerable age) details how to control a "way to other worlds," and mentions that the (unnamed) place most easily reached by the control methods outlined in the text is "a vast and sprawling realm bright with magic, where many sorcerers and wizards vie for mastery." Witeesaara now dreams, of course, of either visiting that world or sending agents to it to get magic for her. She keeps such desires secret even from her servants, not to mention her older sister Saarasanaara. Personal danger set aside, there are limits to respectability-and to how formidable a middling-level Talasaaran family will be allowed to grow before their fellow nobles consider them too dangerous to be left alone.

Supporting Families: Balas, Sotol, Unuteirar

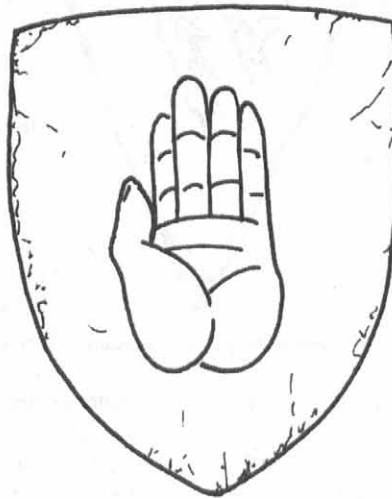
This Talasaaran family of middling status and ever-growing wealth has long been dominated by its beautiful, strong-willed women. Many of them have wielded great 'behind-the-bedcurtains' influence as mistresses of Talasaaran lords, heirs, and even Lords of Geana (more than one lady of the Lakalaur has been all three at once).

Saarasanaara and Witeesaara are energetic members of this family tradition, and each has a daughter who seems likely to 'join the softly guiding Lakalaur hand' when they come of

age. Saarasanaara had Amaraala (CN female human Ari1) by her now-dead husband Enapaar thirteen summers ago. Witeesaara has never married, but gave birth to Rokaara (CG female human Ari1/Sor1) eleven winters back (she has never revealed who fathered her daughter). Both of these young ladies have watched their mothers at work and discussed manipulating men from a very young age.

House Lakalaur occupies a unique position of power among the Talasaara for another reason: their construction of traps and defenses is in many a city seat and upland mansion. This compels their fellow nobles to trust them, but has also led to some blunt (if very private) warnings down the years. If the Lakalaur were ever grow too 'uppity' or politically powerful, other noble houses would be forced to exterminate them "simply to guard our secrets."

Rather than being enraged by such comments, as most old-lineage Talasaaran families would have been, the Lakalaur women saw the wisdom of keeping their political profile low and



Noble badge - Lakalaur

arrogance banished from their nature. After all, any noble family of ever-growing wealth who engages in money lending, is a landlord to many citizens, knows the hiding-places and defenses of many nobles, and dabbles in difficult-to-defend-from-afar land purchases in other cities is both vulnerable to attack, and a potential foe (or even 'threat too dangerous to let stand') to many.

So the Lakalaur play the 'Silent House' so well that the phrase has become their nickname, and many commoners often forget their existence and status despite their boastful badge and motto. The young, handsome heir of the house sees the wisdom of continuing to play such a role; it gains all the benefits of nobility whilst avoiding many of its costs and pitfalls. Hence "the soft road lies clear before us" as Saarasanaara and Witeesaara both say to each other with smiles, in family conferences...and direct the affairs of the Lakalaur accordingly.

Malasiikaar

Badge: "The Crimson Fist:" a crimson gauntlet on a steel-gray field. The clenched right-hand gauntlet rises diagonally from lower sinister (wrist) to upper dexter (knuckles; fingers towards viewer) on the arrowhead (or sometimes just tall, narrow triangle)-shaped field

Motto: "Geanavue From The First"

Seat: Saaretuur or "Saaret-turrets" (Veeluh's Maar)

Interests: Stone facings, bondings, dyes, and inlays (export and creation); shipping (wagon and ship owning, for rentals); landowning (extensive holdings in both Geanavue and upland farms)

Current Head: Kevoorin 'The Smiling' (NE male human Ari7/Ftr1), a coldly handsome, ruthless man. He acquired the nickname commoners of Geanavue use fearfully and almost exclusively (as in "Which way will The Smiling take House High-And-Mighty, d'you think?" or "Where does The Smiling stand on this?") because, in youth, he never smiled.

Now, in the prime of his life, Kevoorin smiles often - but only when he's defeated or hurt someone. In public he affects an air of boredom, and dismisses even crises as "mere details, that matter not." The truth is, he notices every little detail of situations and agreements, and every tiny slight offered his house in negotiations. He uses the wealth and deeds of the Malasiikaar like a weapon to wound foes, rivals, and those who have 'won' against the family in any way. He will always exact a greater price than the feelings, wealth, status or property of the Malasiikaar originally suffered.

This cruel drive to best all others in life has made The Smiling and The House of the Fist deeply feared in Geanavue. Courtiers think twice about possibly crossing them in the smallest ways, and even Lord Haar treads cautiously where the he might affect the pride and place of the Malasiikaar.

Kevoorin loves no one. He sees his kin as useful because he knows them so well, and can therefore manipulate them into the best loyalty obtainable to him anywhere. He cares for nothing except status (he loves being feared) and for power - both in terms of social influence and magic. He has secretly amassed a single handful of enchanted items over the years, but is working

towards gathering Tellene's largest hoard of magic - why not? Such pure power is a delight to have and to hold!

The Smiling conceals his 'lovely toys' in many places around Saaret-turrets, guarded by elaborate traps. Under his clothing (which is usually black and designed to make him look severe and impressive), Kevoorin always wears armor and a magic ring. His ring is usually a *ring of the ram*, though a few senior servants - who would swiftly die if their master ever discovered that they knew anything about him having magic at all - believe he may own other rings. They have described effects that suggest he might own a *ring of regeneration* and a *force shield ring*.

The Smiling avoids physical intimacy because it makes him vulnerable, except with females ignorant of his identity, whom he can meet in a prepared and guarded setting. These ladies are captured by Malasiikaar agents, thoroughly examined to make

sure they possess neither weapons nor wizardry, and then shut into houses secretly owned by the Malasiikaar, where a masked Kevoorin either hunts and pounces on them, or poses as a fellow 'bewildered prisoner'.

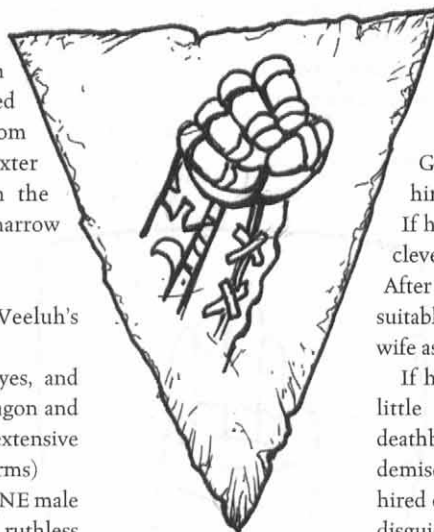
Kevoorin is cold-bloodedly forging his son Goolokaut into a suitable heir by maneuvering him into a series of challenges and unwitting tests. If his heir fails to measure up in ruthlessness, wits, cleverness, or loyalty, Kevoorin will murder him. After that slaying, The Smiling will marry another suitable servant, sire another son, and then strangle his wife as he did the previous one.

If he ever tires of this heir-forging, he'll name his little sister Maraatii head of the house - on his deathbed, of course, to keep her from hastening his demise. Until then, all the murmured rumors various hired dupes have spread of "hidden heirs" dwelling in disguise in several places around Reanaaria Bay should keep her busy trying to track them down, rather than plotting his doom...

Current Heir: Goolokaut (LE male human Ari2/Rog2), a tall, bony, glib-tongued and cheerfully heartless thief who sports iron discipline and a patch over his missing left eye. Both of these traits are courtesy of his merciless father, whom he hates more than all Tellene and everything else in it).

Though he can see that Kevoorin is trying to make him into a suitable successor, and agrees with that goal, Goolokaut is bitter that his father never shows him trust or tenderness, or even imparts any wisdom directly. He is determined not to be goaded into trying to impress The Smiling or rebel openly against him, but instead build his own plans and defenses against the inevitable day when his father will become disappointed with him, and decide to eliminate him in favor of his far more capable aunt Maraatii.

Perhaps it would be best to hire a band of adventurers, Goolokaut has thought more than once. They'd have to be hired in utter secrecy, and taught all about Kevoorin Malasiikaar so they could know how best to hurt the dreaded head of The House of the Fist. Although the thought that his father's spies would find out his plot within days-and deliver him up for death under torture-leaves Goolokaut sweating, he's come to the point where he almost thinks he doesn't dare not to hire adventurers. They increasingly seem a weapon he must have.



Noble badge - Malasiikaar

Prominent Family Members: Maraatii (CE female human Ari4/Sor6) is a fiery-tempered lover of violence. She often wears ornate masks and revealing black garments, adorns herself with large and obviously fake "amulets, orbs, and other nameless-but-powerful things of magic" jewelry, and acts the part of 'fey, sinister and mystical mage' so heavy-handedly that most Geanavese are sure that it's mere false affectation.

Maraatii is a calculating coldheart who dreams of the day when The Smiling will overreach himself and she can seize power-slaying him slowly, under the torment he deserves. "The First Fist" is an old Geanavese name for the Malasiikaar, and Maraatii believes that reviving city-wide pride and awe towards the House of the Fist, rather than fear or overlying hatred, will enable the family to accomplish more. Kevoorin's 'grind the faces of all others into the dirt, just because we can' approach seems dangerously stupid to her. How long will the city tolerate his violence to all others before deciding to rise up as one and rid itself of a nuisance that's become too dangerous?

To avoid being dragged down in Kevoorin's fall or a general extermination of House Malasiikaar, Maraatii needs allies. She has set about slowly and secretly seducing the most powerful and capable male Talasaarans. All the choice Talasaaran men are in her clutches, that is - except for those she judges she can never win over as a friend, or trust to keep their true relationship with her secret (she doesn't care if they all boast of enjoying her company, but she doesn't want anyone learning that the 'special, secret friendship' he enjoys with her is precisely the same sort of trusted closeness she shares with dozens of others). Someday Maraatii may need these men to rise up and defend her against Kevoorin or his enemies and she wants them to spring

eagerly to her aid when she calls, not stop to consider if they're before so-and-so but after such-and-such in her affections.

In the meantime, Maraatii hungers after magic items as eagerly as her brother. She does not dare to disturb his traps to take or tinker with his enchanted things, but knows she will need an arcane armory to hold her own if open conflict ever breaks out between them. Various rogues, personal trade agents, and adventuring bands covertly and ceaselessly scour Tellene for magic items to bring back to her. Maraatii pays well for such treasures, using funds raised from rents on properties that Kevoorin knows nothing about, bought with funds she stole, embezzled, or earned with her favors or spellcastings. Thus far, however, she has only a few scrolls, potions, and trinkets. She will do almost anything to get her hands on magic of real power - in a way that she can keep secret from her brother. She suspects (correctly) that Kevoorin will simply have her slain if he ever thinks she has grown too powerful.

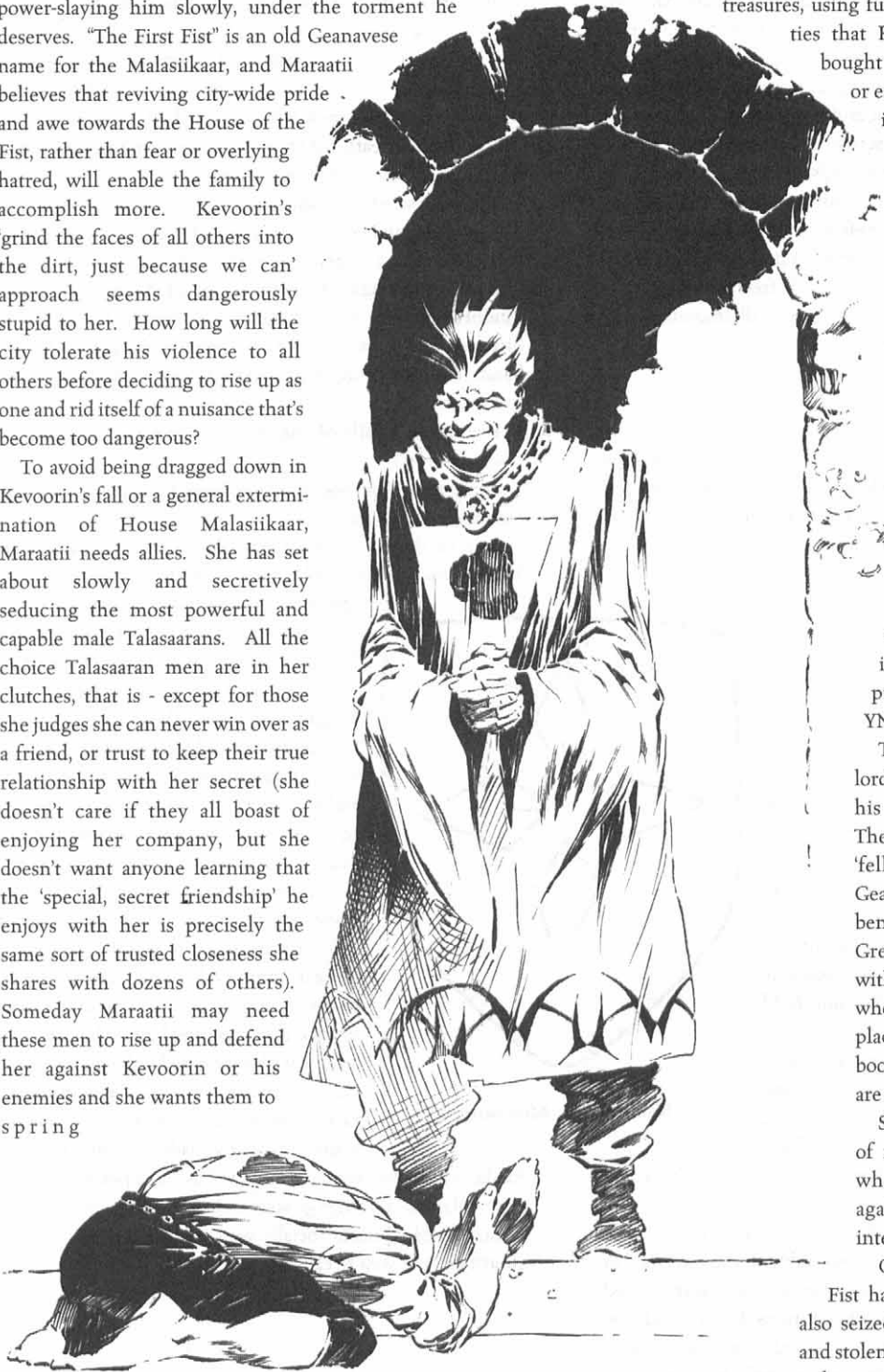
Supporting Families: Calasaar, Duuragaun, Helevoor, Kalesel, Raat

The oldest, proudest Talasaaran family, the Malasiikaar take quiet satisfaction in being one of the 'Circle of Six' of Talasaaran families named in the Code of Standing proclaimed by Lord Halasaar in YND 242).

The first and greatest Malasiikaar lord was Saaret (a name also borne by his grandson and great-grandson). The first Saaret was also the first local 'fell sorcerer' known to the Geanavese. He is buried in a crypt beneath the vast, many-lantern-hung Great Hall of Saaret-turrets, along with the next six lords of the house who succeeded him. This fearsome place is a crypt from which deep boomings and other strange sounds are said to sometimes escape.

Saaret established the family trait of ruthlessly lashing out at anyone who offends (even unwittingly) against Malasiikaar investments, interests, desires, and preeminence.

Over the years, the House of the Fist has made countless foes-but it has also seized, earned, swindled, blackmailed, and stolen countless coins, so that its fortune today equals or perhaps outstrips that of the House of Geana.



Kevoorin (The Smiling)

Geanavese guilds, other Talasaara, and commoners alike may stand in the way of any Malasiikaar simply buying up entire streets of shops and houses on a whim. However, the cost of such purchases (even at fair market price rather than the lower sums members of this family can usually squeeze out of persons daring to sell to them) would never be an impediment. Price never crosses the mind of a Malasiikaar purchaser, except as a means for using the purchase negotiations as sport.

This most feared family lacks gossipy, casually spiteful 'social flower' matrons. Aside from Kevoorin, Goolokaut, and Maraatii, there are only three other living Malasiikaar: three feeble-witted, aging elder female cousins of The Smiling, who are confined until death in lonely, cobwebbed upper towers of Saaret-turrets. Their names are Alixoor, Boebea, and Leugoo, but when they are mentioned at all, their more active kin refer to them as 'the Hags.' The Smiling ordered their hands and feet be broken from time to time, and gave them no clothes against the chills of winter. Servants whisper that before their imprisonment and torments drove them mad, their "feeble-mindedness" consisted of nothing more mad than befriending folk freely, giving gifts to persons they were fond of, and spending small amounts of the vast Malasiikaar fortunes rather freely.

Muahuuro

Badge: "The Diamond Flower:" a stylized metallic golden flower on a field of scarlet. The bloom has four diamond-shaped petals, arranged in a diamond pattern, and the field is shield-shaped.

Motto: "No Brighter Flower In Geanavue"

Seat: Kaatamoar or "Castle Muar" (Dealoot Maar)

Interests: The collecting, duplication, refinement, and sale of various 'machines and devices' (contraptions that mechanize a particular activity); livestock trading; sales of smoked meats, hides and horns

Current Head: Gaunait 'Oldhorn' (LN male human Ari7), a stiffly formal, polite aging trader still fascinated by investments and opportunities (or as he puts it, "the new and the coinflow"). He is not above using the family wealth as a weapon to discomfit or harm rivals (rich merchants and guildmasters as well as Talasaara), but does not hold grudges. To Gaunait, all this buying, selling, dealing and scheming is a great, endless game to be enjoyed, not a war to make foes and sourness. On the other hand, he is a Talasaaran, and head of one of the oldest families to boot-courtesies must be observed, rituals adhered to, and rightful places kept to.

Gaunait is rapidly acquiring the girth, baldness, fiercely large moustache, and squint (that leads inevitably to the monacle) of the sort of elder noble so long ridiculed by minstrels and Geanavese commoners alike. His affectations do not blind him to the sneers, suppressed mirth, rolled eyes, and public playacting of others. Instead, he's increasingly trading on his own gruff "Eh, now? Say ye so?" act to watch what others betray of themselves after they label him 'old, deaf, stupid, and stiffly

noble.' Nothing delights Gaunait more than new ventures, new ideas, and new ways of doing things-if he sees real potential in them, not foolishness or lurking fraud.

Current Heir: Leezaar (CE male human Ari3/Rog1), a handsome, smooth-tongued swindler and actor who perfected a gentle friend-to-all act at a young age. From behind this mask he plots and schemes how best to exploit, defeat, or cheat all rivals when he becomes Lord Muahuuro. (Leezaar sees everyone in the city who happens to be wealthier than the Muahuuros, as well as anyone who is not fawningly deferential to him personally, as a 'rival'.)

'The Young Horn' also plots and schemes to become Lord of his house as soon as possible. Killing his father won't bother him in the slightest; the trick is to do it without anyone suspecting his hand in the death-but at the same time making sure his father knows who's bringing about his doom.

No one is safe from a witting or - better, in his eyes - unwitting role as a pawn in Leezaar's intrigues. He delights in having six or seven unfolding schemes 'in play' at any one time, whilst wandering through life with an air of benign (even pious) kindness towards all. Outlanders (who can be framed - or disposed of - at will) make the perfect 'sharper tools' in his hands...but the Young Horn takes delight in his subtle skill at using them all.

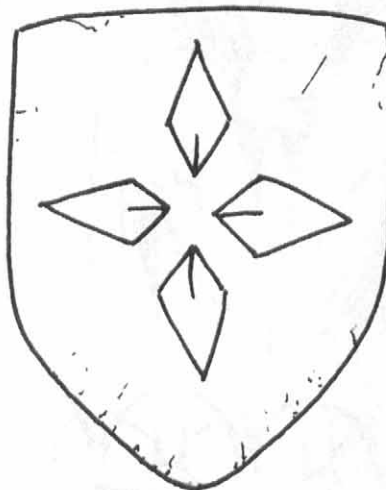
Prominent Family Members: None (this is a house of "many faceless aunts")

Supporting Families: Bereta, Calamaer, Feareenar, Haalafloor, Kalauden, Mauroemun

One of the three oldest, proudest Talasaaran families, the Muahuuros feel honored to be one of the 'Circle of Six' noble families named in Lord Halasaar's Code of Standing of YND 242. They are widely seen by both commoners and other Talasaarans as conservative and decorous, 'proper, stiff and haughty old nobles,' the soul of tradition and 'arrogant airs and graces.' The corruption Leezaar represents is almost expected of them - which is a good thing, because hints of his sly activities are increasingly leaking out.

Although the Muahuuros have been involved in scores of scandals down the years, the Talasaara of today regard them as honest, honorable, and almost boringly cautious (despite the behavior of the current head of the house and heir). They are treated almost with kindness by the guilds, because Gaunait (if he sees good possibilities for profit, never out of sentiment) is a ready source of swiftly-made-available investment

funds. He is also less dangerous to have as a potential foe than most Talasaara, if things go sour and his investment is lost. This makes the Muahuuros socially very popular...a strength Leezaar almost can not wait to capitalize on.



Noble badge - Muahuuro

Navaelo

Badge: "The Open Beak:" a bird's beak about to swallow the moon. The beak is black outlined in gold, and gapes open to frame a white sphere (the moon). There is a tiny, triangular scarlet tongue rising from between the meeting halves of the beak, and everything is surrounded by a (diamond-shaped) field of deep green.

Motto: "Engulfing All"

Seat: Haelaar Hau or "Haelaar House" (Lusiipir Maar)

(Haelaar was a prominent and powerful early Lord Navaelo who started building the first family mansion. His son, who completed it after his death, expanded and rebuilt Haelaar's original so much that a family joke claims that "old Haelaar's ghost gets lost when drifting around the place." This gliding, moaning phantom is seen fairly often, by visitors as well as family members. It can seem terrifying, but has never shown any signs of knowing living persons are present.)

Interests: Guild investments, importation and trade of cheeses, metalwork jewelry, and feathers for adornment and garment making

Current Head: Boemaut 'Butterbelly' (CE male human Ari9/Rog1), a short, rotund, smooth-tongued diplomat (or less politely, 'swindler') whose nickname is best not uttered to his face.

Thanks to a long-ago hurled dagger, Boemaut has but one eye. He customarily covers his missing orb by a gem-adorned eyepatch. Before a deep, abiding love for food and drink made his belly as large as it is today, he was known to all Geanavese as 'One-Eye.'

Ruthless and sly, Boemaut never lets his bitterness at Tellene's treatment of him show. Instead, he sets about adroitly getting more than even, trying to do so in such a manner that Navaelo involvement is hidden and his quarry can't foresee or readily avoid being 'done.' Many Talasaara have learned that it just does not pay to cross the Navaelo - so they avoid this family, awaiting the day when some twist of fortune leaves Boemaut and his kin vulnerable to swift, ruthless reprisals.

Intrigues, shady deals, and innovations in financing and circumventing both laws and guild rules are meat and drink to Butterbelly, who always seems to wear a slight smile and speak with exquisite politeness. He loves wines, sauces (and eating in general) and dancing.

Though most other Talasaara know nothing of this beyond the fact that Butterbelly always takes generous time in watching whatever scantily-clad female dancers they've hired for this or that revel, Boemaut secretly desires to regain the lithe precision of his slimmer days, and glide through intricate dances himself.

Butterbelly also likes to collect art. He has several hidden cellars of stolen paintings and statuettes to which he retires (usually in the company of a tankard of warm soup and a handbucket of butter-drenched shrimp, skewers of seared ox, or fried eels) when in need of comfort.

Current Heir: Huurum (CN female human Ari3/Rog1) is Boemaut's only surviving child (her two older brothers, the cruel and widely-hated Daar and Naavara, succumbed to blades in a

brawl and poison administered by an unknown foe, respectively).

Huurum had nothing to do with the deaths of her siblings, but might well have done. She's a cruel, manipulative sensualist with a voracious appetite for acquiring-but soon discarding, in a manner that always harms-males who can escort her to revels and trysts and tavern brawls (she seems to like all three venues equally).

Huurum has large, dark eyes and a 'hard' face, but is otherwise the epitome of lush feminine beauty, and loves to wear dark, daringly-slit garments. Whereas her father is subtle, Huurum likes to be direct, brutal, and swift, always letting her victims know who is besting them. She is almost doing this to taunt her father, but secretly admires Boemaut's deftness. Huurum fully intends to 'branch out' into his habits of running a dozen intrigues at once (with the aid of hired adventurers and other dupes), though she intends to hide her skulk-work behind her bold escapades, not behind his "soft, oh-so-servile smiles."

She is growing restless, though. It is time to do something truly bold - if she can only think of something dastardly enough...

Prominent Family Members: None

Supporting Families: Ariparael, Valamaas, Wiinooruen

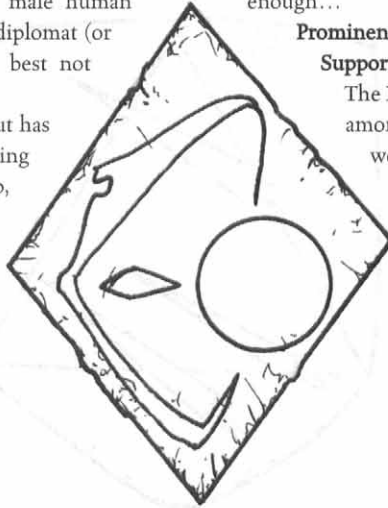
The Navaelo are a Talasaaran family of less influence among the nobility than their ever-growing wealth would normally dictate. This is due in part to a long tradition of pranksters and swindlers in the house ranks.

Another Talasaaran patriarch once described their escapades as "the irritating and destructive habits of the Navaelo." These 'habits' have always been tolerated among commoners because of the family's steadfast and generous investments in the guilds. They have always done their guild investments through guild officers to avoid any appearance of personal favoritism towards particular crafters. Many Talasaarans have scorned or openly hated and tried to harm or belittle the Navaelo (or even strip them of

their noble status) for the same reasons. "So eager to dine with commoners because they are so common" is a typical Talasaaran matron's putdown.

This leads most nobles to ignore the Navaelo until they have need of 'common' contacts or a business partner. But they reluctantly include them in revels and other social occasions, just in case need of such aid comes soon.

This in turn leads the Navaelo ever more enthusiastically into trade with guilds and commoner-merchants, and gives them a great amount of influence with Geanavese citizenry. The Castle has tried to take advantage of the 'split' between the Navaelo and haughtier Talasaara-but courtiers have learned to their cost that Boemaut Navaelo is more subtle and manipulative than they could ever hope to be.



Noble badge - Navaelo

Oriimar

Badge: "The Three Points:" a trio of spearheads on a forest green field. These 'Points' are long, thin silver spearheads, without shafts. They all point to the upper dexter (sloping diagonally from lower sinister, in parallel), and are set in a triangle with one spearhead above the other two (which flank each other). Sometimes this badge appears on large forest green tapestries - if the field is shield-shaped, the shield is sometimes outlined with a golden border.

Motto: "All Things Through Diligence"

Seat: Huliinisaa Hau (Suree Maar)

(Lord Huliinisaa Oriimar was a prominent early head of the house, who first assembled and trained a team of scribes to write in the same simple, readable 'Oriimar Fist,' a style of handwriting that's large but legible. From this beginning, the family fortunes grew very swiftly. Prior to this, the Oriimars had been importers with an increasing specialization in inks. The family had discovered early on that if they made their own inks from local materials, the cost was much less than imported inks, and losses due to 'hardened' inks during shipping were almost eliminated. They could leave prices as high as the imports, however, and make a fortune on the difference. Lord Huliinisaa's innovation led to a flood of Oriimar-scribed materials, and wealth for the family acquired at an eye-opening rate.

Interests: Papermaking and importation; bookbinding; inks and printing (a press with woodcuts used for illustrations and ornamented capital letters, and the rest of the text written in by hand)

Current Head: Laurone 'Longbeard' (LG male human Ari4/Exp2), a tall, impressive patriarch with a mellifluous voice, a magnificent gray beard, and startlingly black eyebrows contrasting with snow-white head hair (it shades to gray on the sides and back). His eyes are amber and flare like flames when he's angry, which is often-or perhaps just seems to be often, because Laurone is a superb actor in total control of his facial expression, voice, and manner. If he shows rage, it is because he wants to.

Longbeard despairs at the increasingly open greed, selfishness, and decadence of the Talasaara, and fears the day when the hard-working, industrious Geanavese commoners will arise and slaughter their nobility just to be rid of all the annoyances. Though not naturally skilled at, or inclined to, ingratiate himself with commoners, Laurone is working hard at dealing with guilds as 'just another merchant.' Just another rather special merchant, that is: one who 'has connections' and can use the "powers and graces of the Talasaara" to aid guilds in presenting their wares abroad and in closing local deals (especially land and building purchases) to their advantage.

He's managed to forge many respectful working relationships with crafters, and many commoners regard him as a friend. What he doesn't realize is that most crafters regard the Talasaara as an endless source of amusement and a shield against raiders, rapacious foreign merchants, and any excesses the Castle might

contemplate - and so are far from feelings of rising up to rid themselves of their nobles.

Crafters regard the increasing corruption of the Talasaara as continually improving 'handles' with which to manipulate the nobles - Laurone Oriimar amongst them. They do appreciate his attitude (and that of certain other Talasaaran lords) in treating his fellow Geanavese as equals, and are quite prepared to reward him for it with enough trade to make the Oriimars ever-wealthier. Under Longbeard's lordship, the family's coffers have filled at an astonishing rate, making them both able and willing to buy this high-house or that farm or yonder warehouse with ready cash, in a matter of moments. It is a source of much mirth amongst crafters that most other Talasaaran families interpret such behavior to mean the Oriimars are foolish wastrels who'll soon be poverty-stricken, rather than a rising powerhouse to beware.

Current Heir: Duusitoor (CG male human Ari1/Rog2) is a quiet, handsome, shrewd man who is every bit as accomplished an actor as his father. In fact, Duusitoor plays three roles so well that only servants are quite aware of his duplicities. He is among the wildest of blackflames, admired by his fellow young nobles for his daring trickeries and pranks. He is also the dutiful shadow of his father, diplomatic and helpful (while he learns every detail of Longbeard's tactics, business dealings, and who owns and does what among Geanavese crafters). When away from the city, he can play a startlingly different role: a titan whose rages and speeches are every bit as impressive as his father's, commanding instant respect from all around him.

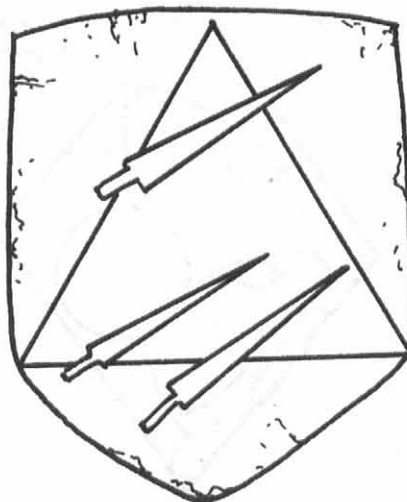
Duusitoor wants to be head of House Oriimar eventually, but also wants to 'make it' on his own. It is very important to him to achieve some clear sort of success that owes nothing to his lineage and the family wealth. Duusitoor wants to do something dramatic and important, something that 'matters.' He is not yet quite sure just what, or how - but he is

starting to hire (for minor 'find out this for me' tasks) and befriend outlander wizards and adventurers, with an eye to building forces he can later whirl swiftly into action, if need be, to 'do something important.'

Right now, his life is hollow: bright with success and yet empty, waiting for - Duusitoor knows not what. He just knows he has to be ready, when the right moment comes along...and, listening gods, let that moment be soon!

Prominent Family Members: Seveeko 'Dusty-tongue' (NG male human Ari6/Ftr5), a tall, white-bearded, constantly-humming scholar of old Geanavese gossip. He is widely regarded among Talasaara as a terrible bore-but nonetheless useful as a retriever of old facts and lore.

Seveeko seems little interested in current intrigues and events, and is utterly unimpressed by rank, danger, or threats and menaces (he once yawned when a blackflame thrust a blade to his throat). Decades ago 'Old Seveeko' fought many monsters in the mountains and thieves on the docks of Loona. The still-steel strength of his wrists and street-cunning of his expecta-



Noble badge - Oriimar

tions and sudden movements have startled more than one would-be cutpurse.

Such encounters do not excite him, even when he is wounded, harms a foe, or coins are snatched from him - after all, none of it matters. What is important (to Seveeko's way of thinking) are skeletons in city closets of more than a century ago, the scandals, cabals, and feuds that stretch back to the Founding and have shaped each and every Talasaaran family and Geanavese neighborhood into what it is today.

How can young folk blunder forward into the future without knowing the past, with all its strivings and tumult? The events that laid down the winding trails that have brought them to where they stand today? How can a lad or lass call themselves 'Geanavese' without knowing what Geanavue is, or how it got that way? Merchants in Zoa count on such obliviousness all the time, guessing how a man of Geanavue will react to this business offer or that rumor, and how he can thus be predictably manipulated. Are the young of Geanavue too stupid to see this? Or do they make use of such tactics themselves?

Current thoughts and stances often bewilder Dustytongue. He can not quite believe folk around him can be quite so unaware of the lore of their corner of Tellene, or ignorant of its truths. To be bound up only in concerns of the moment betokens a small mind - like a dog so intent on chasing a rat that it races out under the groaning wheels of a passing cart. Young folk these days...

Supporting Families: Iluivar, Saradaar, Zaaliusur

A Talasaaran family that tends to be overlooked in the feuds and scandals of the nobility because it presents a 'calm, quiet, and cultured' face to Geanavue. Nobles often dismiss this family because House Oriimar's many dealings with commoners cause it to be regarded as both foolish and 'common' by most Talasaara.

Among Geanavese commoners, this family is regarded as one of the few 'worthy' Talasaaran houses, folk to cultivate business ties (and hopefully friendships) with, so as to be allies when House Oriimar assumes its rightful place in the forefront of the Talasaara. This (the more optimistic crafters hope) should happen soon and mark a new diligence, worldly-wisdom, and energy among the nobility and Geanavese trade in general. Other nobles may resist, and trouble may flare and if it comes (older crafters say 'when' it comes), the commoners of Geanavue know which side they'll be backing.

Taraasur

Badge: "The Bloodblade:" a silver sword on a (shield-shaped) field of gold. The unsheathed, vertical sword stands point uppermost. A pair of downward-curving crimson teardrops of blood are descending from either side of the blade - which is itself depicted as clean of gore.

Motto: "Ever Watchful, Ever True"

Seat: Toorit Hau or "Torchturrets House" (Dealoot Maar)

Interests: Duplication of existing items (fabricating copies of furnishings, fine garments, and art objects for export)

Current Head: Beelibaar 'Stonejaws' (CG male human Ari4/Exp6), a handsome, urbane man of polished grace and manners. Beelibaar has perfect control over his face and utterances, even in the face of great astonishment or pain (hence his nickname). He can carry even the most complex patterns and exact colors (even to reflections and textures) in his memory for years.

Armed with these skills, Stonejaws takes great delight in personally designing and crafting items that disguise stored items or their own function, or mislead the eye as to their dimensions. His true genius, however, lies in his ability to avoid offending either city guilds or fellow Talasaaran houses by the 'copying the look' or actual item-duplication activities of his house.

Beelibaar always manages to flatter and augment, rather than anger anyone or make them think the Taraasur are 'stealing' ideas. He cares little for status or even wealth, so long as he has enough funds to pursue all of his ideas and artistic challenges. Stonejaws lives for the joy of creating and finding new things to 'capture the looks of,' and finds both the searches and the craftwork endlessly interesting.

Current Heir: Saunisaar 'Tall Tree' (NG male human Ari2/Ftr1), a very tall and thin but handsome lad who can - and at revels and in blackflame pranks, has been known to impersonate a female when properly garbed. Saunisaar loves beautiful things, but lacks his father's skill at both remembering hues and in personal craftwork.

As he grows older, the Taraasur heir has grown increasingly restless. He loves all the beautiful things and being a part of creating more-but he wants, nay needs adventure. Every day he craves danger, suspense, weaponplay, romance, and actual, physical 'rushing around.'

Fortunately, Saunisaar and his father are close and honest enough with each other that he does not have to try to hide his yearnings. By hiring adventurers, manipulating affairs and even shady cabals and trade dealings, Beelibaar has even taken to covertly arranging adventures to 'find' his son. These partially satisfy Saunisaar's cravings for derring-do - but the Tall Tree finds, somehow, that he needs more and more...

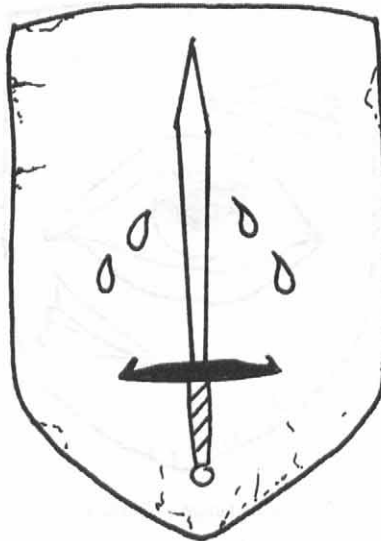
Prominent Family Members: None

Supporting Families: Huunaar, Iamaas, Kuluuravin, Storn

This noble family is legendary for its diplomacy and discretion. House Taraasur never betrays confidences, passes on secrets, or displays its doings and affairs for Geanavue or the wider world to comment upon.

A noble family of 'young' lineage, the Bloodblade House has managed to avoid the scorn that senior noble houses usually heap upon junior families simply by making itself too useful.

When a favorite vase, chair, or statue is damaged or stolen, House Taraasur is called upon to repair or craft a replacement. When a crafter wants to make many copies of something eye-catching and the item or its making is not a "straight-ahead guild matter," the Taraasurs establish the 'fury-work' (assembly-line process of making many identical items swiftly). When a key is lost, the Bloodblade House receives an entreaty. When a 'look'



Noble badge - Taraasur

for furnishings must be swiftly mounted for a revel or to match a single prized garment or item, the Taraasur are turned to.

Their prices are high, so their clients are almost always Talasaarans or the very wealthy. It should be noted that this noble family treats outlanders, courtiers, Talasaarans, and the most lowly of crafters alike, so long as their coins are good.

The Taraasur tend to live simply, using their coins to assemble an ever-expanding array of tools that will make them capable of more things, and allow them to accomplish projects more swiftly. These 'tools' include a fantastic array of paints and materials, a mill, a smithy, and 'house servants' whose ranks encompass many fine forgers and artists. The Taraasur take care to indulge their skilled servants, keeping these special crafters happy by allowing them time, freedom, and materials to undertake all manner of personal 'side projects' for their own satisfaction-or even to sell on their own, or through Taraasur revels. (Revels thrown by the Bloodblade House serve as showcases for exotic and splendid furnishings, fashion garments, and art of all sorts.)

If a client needs a damaged wall, gown, or painting repaired swiftly and almost tracelessly, a Taraasur house servant can usually do the work (often working at frantic speed whilst the young noble who created the damage is frantically delaying and distracting the owner of the damaged item).

The Taraasur also import art items from abroad, and are always looking for the unusual, the exotic, and the beautiful brought to Geanavue by outlanders. They are careful not to 'set the fashions' and indulge in the typical Talasaaran displays of 'outspending thy neighbor.' Rather, they present an endless array of interesting and beautiful things for (usually the matrons of) other noble houses to seize upon, buy and order more of. Thus, they manage to remain purveyors to all, and enemies of none.

As Lord Beelibaar Taraasur once put it: "I lay my table with all manner of things wondrous from across Tellene, and invite all Geanavue to delight in what they find there. When they have borne away what they can't live without, I find more treasures to fill the table again."

Unadeen

Badge: "The Eye And Fins." A single large, staring eye flanked by two silver fish fins, on a deep blue field. The eye has a dark purple pupil, black iris, white sclera, and silver lids. The fins appear to orbit the eye, one of them having its point down to the sinister, and the other having its point up to the dexter. In other words, the two fins are so positioned that invisible fishes to which they are attached are swimming clockwise over the eyeball, in an 'up and around to the right' direction on the viewer's left of the eyeball, and in a 'down and around to the left' direction on the viewer's right of the eye.

Motto: "Crossed At Peril"

Seat: Vaneelaar or "Seawind Spires" (Dealoot Maar)

Interests: Fishing, merchant shipping, wine and spirits importation, (piracy)

Current Head: Saakaut 'Coldcloak' (LE male human Ari7/Wiz1), a coldly sarcastic, sneering, every-inch-haughtier-than-thou patriarch who acts as if he gave personal permission for the Founding, has been lord of everything Geanavese ever since, and has recently concluded that allowing the city to be built may have been a mistake-considering the riff-raff that now besets and offends his senses. Guildmasters and courtiers in particular Saakaut snubs and corrects with almost his every breath whenever he encounters them (true commoners are entirely beneath his notice).

Behind this glacial, patrician front lurks a scheming mind that notices tiny details and pays much attention to unfolding events. Saakaut's mind is fed by a constant flow of news and gossip that's brought to his ears morning and evening (in private audiences) by a secretive private army of spies and information-gatherers. 'Eyes' planted in the Castle, the households of most major Talasaaran families, Loona, a few guilds, and 'the streets' (in particular, Muratuur's Welcome and the Door of Dreams) report with highly-trained accuracy - to trusted senior Unadeen

servants who bring Saakaut what amounts to regular news reports.

With the information thus gleaned, the coldly rude mage guides Unadeen affairs, particularly the dispositions of its merchant vessels. Ships of the family fleets sometimes carry legitimate cargoes, and sometimes practice piracy on vessels of rivals (when such prizes are laden at their richest).

Saakaut keeps his feeble mastery of magic hidden by seldom casting spells where anyone can see him, servant or the public. However, his interest in wizardry is a part of Geanavese lore that he simply can not make folk forget. Everyone calls him a mage - and at times he finds playing the part of a wise, mysterious, and far-thinking wizard useful.

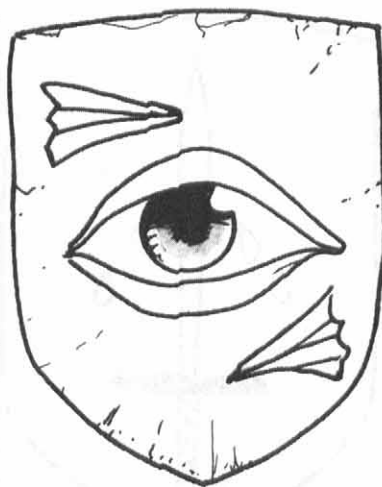
Saakaut never forgives nor forgets, but he also never grows angry. Instead, he dispassionately

'keeps score,' considering life, commerce, and political intrigues all part of an ongoing game in which he must captain his family subtly, and take his revenges when he can truly shatter rivals and seize the greatest gains.

Curiously, for all his sneering at "dirty, brutish inferiors," Saakaut does not mind consorting with his personal hirelings, even when their ranks include pirates, thugs, and foreign adventurers. It is almost as if he views them as part of his household staff, and therefore acceptable company.

Current Heir: Daaritibuuko (CE male human Ari2/Rog3), a smooth-tongued and moderately handsome lout who is among the worst of all blackflames. He is prone to black rages that overwhelm any shreds of prudence he might possess, and spill him into orgies of slayings, fire-setting, and wild vandalism.

A series of hasty departures from the city and energetic bouts (on his father's part) of buying witnesses and magically compelling innocents to be 'stand-in victims' have kept Daaritibuuko from real retribution thus far. However, his only nod to increased subtlety has been to hire ever-increasing numbers of brigands and adventurers to be his 'trusted agents' and do dirty work for him. (Said dirty work includes muggings, thefts, arson, and vandalism, usually inflicted upon the persons



Noble badge - Unadeen

and property of crafters who have displeased the Unadeen heir in some trifling manner.)

Daaritibuuko rarely tells one lot of agents about the others, and when he grows bored, delights in manipulating them into bloody collisions for his personal entertainment. If Daaritibuuko Unadeen has any redeeming qualities, he has not shown them to Tellene yet.

Prominent Family Members: Isaraakaat 'Black Smile' (CE male human Ari3/Rog6) is a cruel and embittered younger brother to Saakaut-and a limping, permanently injured ex-pirate. Isaraakaat's nickname comes from his oversized eyepatch and his habit of leering up from under it.

He has worn the patch since a swordslash took out his right eye and made that side of his face horribly disfigured (most of his nose was shorn away in a gash that left him with a deep horizontal trench where his cheek should be).

A thorough-going villain, Isaraakaat has proven very useful to House Unadeen. His cunning and keen ability to sense even the smallest treacheries among Unadeen ship crews have made him an invaluable paymaster and disciplinarian for his brother Coldcloak.

He also keeps busy running his personal dark web of petty blackmail among Talasaaran servants and Castle courtiers. Saakaut knows of this sideline, but prefers to ignore it and know as few details as possible. This policy has also kept him ignorant of Isaraakaat's second sideline: dangerous and energetic diversions of Unadeen monies that would certainly risk the pirate's neck if Saakaut ever learned their full extent. It's probably the danger of these bold personal treacheries that interests Black Smile-that and the rapidly-growing fortune he's made 'on the side.'

Supporting Families: Caulaan, Rounaseele, Susauveir

All Geanavue knows that the Unadeen are 'a bad breed' - a family of violence, cruelty, and utter lack of morals that (according to the courtier Laariviik, writing words three centuries ago that are every bit as apt today) "it's best never to cross or even come to the notice of."

Unadeen sailors often rampage through Loona like an invading army come a-pillaging. Many Geanavese suffer rudenesses, thefts, and violence at the hands of House Unadeen in silence, afraid to even tell others what has happened (let alone complain to the Castle) lest the 'Dark House' lash out at them.

Others have poured out their fury and frustration into their pens. Dozens of anonymous chapbooks have been written about secret and dirty Unadeen deeds - and many of these lurid volumes (doubtless well-based in truth, regardless of whatever embellishments they may contain) remain popular bedside reading in Geanavese inns of the less respectable sort. The current generation of Unadeen leaders offered Geanavue no less than six cruel, rapacious 'Black Brothers.' Their feuds and duels once terrorized their fellow Talasaarans, but their ranks have now dwindled to just Saakaut and Isaraakaat.

If the Dark House ever acted in unison, they would become truly dangerous not only to Geanavue, but to all Reanaaria Bay. However, they can not seem to work together more than super-

ficially, whilst in truth tirelessly pursuing personal gains and agendas. Nothing delights a Unadeen more than a villainous plot that surprises and discomfits kin as much as it does its primary victims.

Women are held of no account whatsoever in Unadeen homes, and the more than a dozen bitter matrons who are either discarded wives or ignored sisters of the Brothers spend their days in idleness spiced with spiteful acts.

Taraasitaania (NE female human Ari6/Sor1), Celebaati (CE female human Ari5/Sor1), and Imakaaria (NE female human Ari4/Sor1) are the most infamous members of the present roster of such distaff Unadeen "shes," due to both their wits and their (very) minor dabbings in sorcery. Their reach is neither as long nor as sharp as that of their prowling male brethren, but their hearts are as dark, and their minds every bit as brilliant-and energetically evil.

Vanidaol

Badge: "The Koadal" a construction of three double-bladed axes joined at the butts of their handles, to form an inverted "Y"-shape. All of the axes are depicted as being of solid pieces of silver metal (not wooden handles attached to metal heads), and are displayed on a diamond-shaped (vertical-axis-longest) field of oak brown

Motto: "Actions Our Ambassadors"

Seat: Aragaun Hau or "Blackdragon House" (Alaun Maar)

("Lord Blackdragon" was an outlander name for Aragaunel Vanidaol, an early head of the house. In his day, Aragaunel was legendary in Geanavue for his battle-prowess, which earned him the official title of 'Scourer of the Mountains.')

Interests: Horsebreeding and trading; training warhorses; trade in weapons, armor, harness, and war equipment

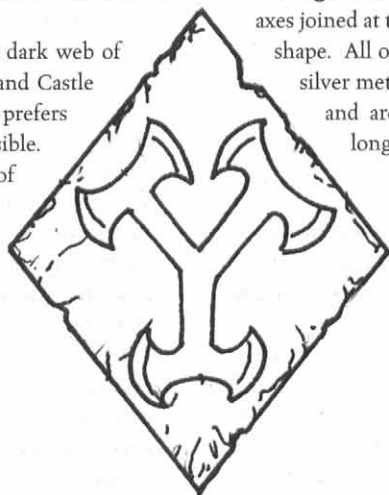
Current Head: Aavudeer 'Old Hawk' (CN male human Ari8), a heavy-set, craggy-faced

man who looks and acts like a retired warcaptain, though he's never swung a sword in anger.

Descended from a line of real warriors (who over the years did much to defend Geanavue and its upland farms from all manner of menaces), the head of House Vanidaol is pretending to honor his family war-heritage, but in reality spending his efforts on another historically-recurring family practice: getting very wealthy buying and selling arms and equipment.

Aavudeer is a masterful actor. Every aspect of his speech, dress, and manner magnifies the impression he wants to convey: that he is an experienced, successful, now-retired man of war. The Old Hawk is careful never to overplay his hand - he's not a man who boasts of military exploits, or tells colorful tales that can be proven to be fanciful or borrowed. Aavudeer's also constantly alert for the tiniest details of the actions, words, and facial expressions of others, so as to learn all he can and judge how they feel.

Pretending to false deeds and stances is not a lifestyle the head of House Vanidaol sees as bad or evil. To him, it is merely a way of living that is profitable, rewarding, efficient, and beyond the



Noble badge - Vanidaol

capabilities of most people - so his mastery of it gives him a satisfying and useful advantage.

At any one time, Aavudeer will have half a dozen plots or schemes 'on the go' for amusement and profit. These often include using Vanidaol agents to buy up specific goods as they simultaneously spread rumors, so as to create temporary shortages and drive prices up. (The goods are stored in family warehouses, notably several fortified armories in Loona.)

Other 'favorite' plots involve creating alarms and distractions for other Talasaarans. This the Old Hawk accomplishes by ever-shifting combinations of rumormongering, planting false evidence of merchant ship sinkings and pirate activity, and trying to make Geanavue think certain nobles are up to their ears in 'shady dealings.' If the city seems too quiet for anyone to get such an impression, Aavudeer employs certain disguised agents to hire adventurers to commit acts of arson, vandalism, and judicious thefts (aimed at the Old Hawk's business rivals). He then starts spreading new rumors about who is behind such 'troubles,' and why.

In Aavudeer's view, life is one vast entertainment, best enjoyed if one 'plays the game' of manipulating events ably and with style-and Talasaarans are the best players, with the Old Hawk of the Vanidaols the best among them. Others may splash more wealth, boast more loudly, or wear brighter clothes-but with a lower profile and smooth subtlety, Vanidaols prevail. Vanidaols always prevail.

Current Heir: Viigal 'Stormbird' (a CE male human Ari4/Rog3) is loudly and lazily one of the darkest blackflames in Geanavue. He's given to lounging around thinking up ways of causing trouble to all but his own kin-and then energetically going forth and doing those things.

At revels and other social functions Viigal can be quiet, controlled, and even act the part of a shy, innocent, or retiring man-but by night or in lowlier surroundings, he's trouble striding eagerly forward through life. Stormbird doesn't carry grudges with quite the deadly fervor of some Talasaarans, but fails to forget those who've crossed him, either-and will seek to do them harm whenever it won't overly inconvenience his current aims and actions. Adventurers and successful foreigners awe him a trifle, and Viigal looks up to them as examples of what he dreams of being. They are also, of course, a ready supply of useful allies, agents, and contacts, and for both reasons he'll be slow to mark such folk as his foes. On the contrary, Stormbird will be swift and eager to involve battle-tested outlanders in his schemes, if he can, and leave them to be blamed when (there's seldom an 'if') things go wrong.

Such plottings are often poisonings, contrived 'duels' or deliberately - instigated brawls, bold 'feast hall invasion' thefts, and slay-all-guards plunderings of guild warehouses that involve ready wagons being filled and rushed inside warehouses Viigal has rented for the occasion.

Prominent Family Members: Felaamiira 'Redresses' (CG female human Ari5/Sor7), a loud, shameless, fun-loving matron who was once part of the infamous Firedragon Fellowship.

Now the last survivor of that overbold band of adventurers, the aging and ever-more-portly "Red Flower of the Vanidaols" can be easily located at every revel by her raucous, frequent laughter, the clouds of blue smoke that trail from her pipe, and by the ridiculous scarlet-and-gold clothes she wears. These garments are usually gowns of a design that would be attractive

on females a third her age and a quarter her girth. She always wears them together with headdresses that would look frightful on anyone. A courtier once described one of Felaamiira's cranial adornments as "a collision between two or three very large and very dead birds." A frequently worn favorite is a tiara shaped like a merchant ship under full sail that towers a good two feet above her eyebrows.

The red hair for which Felaamiira is nicknamed long ago went gray, but she dyes it various orange and very, very red hues and often puts on blush makeup and (to quote a courtier who strongly wishes to remain anonymous) "heavy floods" of ruby jewelry to match.

Redresses is amused by nearly everything, even thieves who try to steal from her. She considers no one an enemy, and everyone a source of entertainment. In pursuit of the latter, she often shamelessly gossips, and dares or hires folk to do outrageous things (or manipulates them into such acts by wagering on their abilities). Felaamiira's adventuring career and some timely magic left her extremely wealthy. For years she has carelessly hurled coins about like drops of water-much to the pleasure of her nephew Aavudeer. He leaves it to her to keep up the lavish appearances of the Vanidaols, whilst he devotes the family funds to trade, and getting ever richer.

Felaamiira knows exactly what Aavudeer and his son are up to, and cares not a jot - though she does think it would be extremely amusing if both Aavudeer and Viigal (separately) were somehow plunged forcibly into real adventures (by which Redresses means dangers, privations, and much physical exertion that lasted for at least a season). She would love to see how the experience would shake their present stances and characters.

In fact, if Felaamiira could just arrange things with some passing adventurers so that neither Aavudeer nor Viigal could ever learn of her involvement and that she could somehow be kept informed of what they did and said, throughout the fun, she would leap at the chance to plunge them both up to the ears in two real cesspools of adventure!

Supporting Families: Aaraegeem, Bitaros, Calataun

House Vanidaol cultivated an image over the years that can be described succinctly (as a courtier did once) as "enthusiastically warlike and very decadent."

The 'warlike' part is now a sham, at least as far as personal participation goes, and only the heir of the house is currently trying hard to live up to the decadent label. However, Redresses is just the most prominent and energetic of a small host of aged Vanidaol women who used to wallow in extremes of indulgence and eccentricity, but are now mere fading shadows of their former selves. Lady Arie Vanidaol, for example, still collects bird's eggs upon which she hires "charming artists" to paint fanciful scenes of fluffy beauty. Her sister, Lady Taatee Vanidaol, has attended revels and gone out on daily walks with an imaginary companion (with whom she engages in long, complicated, and entirely one-sided conversations) for many years.

Thieves contemplating expeditions to Blackdragon House are warned that the Koda (the three joined axes depicted in the family badge) do exist. They have been fashioned in pairs joined by short axes, to form wheels that one can roll down staircases at intruders.

More often, however, intruders see - and feel! - koda made with a hollow ring at the hub where the metal axehandles join,

so they can be swung or spun on a stick or the butt of a spear, and then released off its end to whirl through the air at targets. Several of the Vanidaol house guards are experts in such wieldings of the koadas, which the long-ago warrior Blesker Lthree (who was wounded by one) described as "just the same as being struck hard by two axes at once."

Velaurlil

Badge: "The Silver Shields:" a diagonal row of seven shields on a deep blue (round) field. The plain, mirror-bright silver shield rise from lower sinister to upper dexter, and overlap (lower over upper) to form an unbroken band of metal.

Motto: "Steadfast, Sturdy, Enduring"

Seat: Biiannahuir or "Brightbanners" (Alaun Maar)

Interests: Merchant shipping (shipowning); woodcarving (every surface in a Velauran home except the floor is relief-carved, and they export great amounts of "finecarving"); carpetweaving and banner-making

Current Head: Raaraako 'Flamecloak' (LN male human Ari6/Ftr4), a weathered-looking, ruggedly handsome fighting-man who loves beauty that he can touch and feel (notably in the forms of carved wood, and women he's not married to). His nickname comes from a long-ago incident in which he set his cloak afire at a revel and ran through the stables of his host and rival, Lord Malasiikaar, causing the horses to stampede out into the streets.

Raaraako remains in fighting trim despite advancing years, still has his strength, and has been known to fearlessly wade into groups of blackflames with his fists. He is most famous, however, for his deadly-keen eye when it comes to throwing things - even in the dark and over great distances. A young noble trying to arrange a tryst might say he'll bounce a pebble off a certain window as a signal, but Lord Flamecloak would tell the lady to leave her window open so his pebble could land in her bedside drinking-cup.

Despite his energetic amours, Raaraako is every inch a cultured noble in public. He is also a hardheaded businessman respected by the guilds for his fair and open dealings.

Lord Flamecloak's main concern is that his heir be fit to lead the family ere he dies. His lesser concerns are worries about various Talasaarans (in their zeal to pursue individual whims, feuds, and freedoms) doing things that weaken the peace and good life in Geanavue.

Raaraako keeps a close eye on who's hiring which adventurers to do what - and why - and quite often hires other adventurers to counter the activities of those he considers are going 'too far.' He does not want adventurers who grow too comfortable and successful in shady Geanavese activities to set themselves up as an unofficial, everpresent thieves' guild (or anything of the sort), and works to keep all such undesirables weak, divided, and at odds with each other.

Since the death of his wife Mauraii a decade ago, Raaraako has returned energetically to his wenching ways of years before - and is reportedly much sought after among Talasaaran matrons.

Current Heir: Ekaagaar (CG male human Ari2/Ftr1), a happy-go-lucky, lazy, splendidly handsome youth (one Talasaaran matron recently described him as a "purring golden lion") possessed of long, flowing honey-hued hair and a swift sword. Whereas his father's dalliances almost make other male nobles proud, Ekaagaar's attentions to their wives enrage them. If the flower of House Velaurlil ever takes a wrong step away from the well-lit, whirling revelry in certain houses, his stomach may swiftly find a dagger-blade or three.

Ekaagaar is bored and irritated by his father's attempts to guide him into learning what he should know and doing what he should do to be head of a noble house. He knows he must become properly equipped in such matters, and never openly objects or fights with Lord Flamecloak over such matters. Ekaagaar just makes it clear that he really does not care, nor is paying overmuch attention. Into the Bay with all ledgers and laws and courtesies-it is time to have fun!

Prominent Family Members: 'Silken' Saatara (a CG female human Ari6) is sometimes also called 'Lady Silk.' By any name, she is a lusty, busty lady who loves pranks and naughtiness and giving other Talasaarans something to gossip about. All Geanavue has heard of her hunger for pleasures of the flesh. She hurls herself into daily dancing, dining with gusto and near-nudity, and never contents herself with one man when five or six are available.

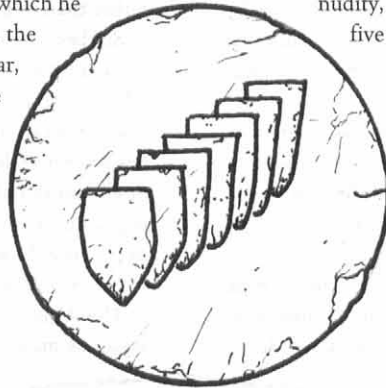
Saatara's cheerfulness, love of fun and adventure, and forgiving nature make her very popular among males (she does not restrict herself to nobles). She has the knack of keeping men as both lovers and firm friends for years so that she can call on dozens to aid her in an emergency, and scores or hundreds to lend a hand when she has more time to contact them and arrange matters.

Her father, the now-deceased Lord Kaaleel Velaurlil, once angrily demanded to know just whom she had spent a certain night with (because their tryst involved entry into his money vaults). Saatara was able, on a few

hours' notice, to calmly present him hundreds of naked men, filling his own feast hall. Most of them were prominent Talasaarans, and as he stared down at them from a balcony they all insisted in chorus that she'd been with them, personally-and only them, alone. The phrase "everyone loves Saatara" may have begun as a catty remark that became a city-wide joke, but it's long since become an affectionate truth.

For her part, Saatara loves making folk happy, as well as all sensual pleasures. She does not care about property (want her gown? take it; she'll stroll home naked) or insults (er, just how could you insult her?). Seeing other people succeed in elopements, bold business ventures, and in setting up shops that sell crazy things because that's what they want to do gives her great joy. Saatara often invests in doomed schemes for that reason, never expecting to get her coins back and never losing a friend in the process. On the other hand, some of those strange ventures have succeeded very well, and made her extremely wealthy. So if her older brother Raaraako ever despairs of her, she will just buy or build a house twice the size of Brightbanners and go right on as before.

Supporting Families: Haumaar, Mauteer, Oorokaer



Noble badge - Velaurlil

An old, proud Talasaaran house, the Velauril often remind lesser mortals of their membership in the 'Circle of Six' (the six Talasaaran families named in the Code of Standing proclaimed by Lord Halasaar in YND 242). For centuries they have cultivated a 'stylish, fashion-flair' image, of hedonists who have so many coins enough they can throw to the winds that they can indulge their every whim. They have maintained this pose even during lean years when their larders, coffers, and servants dwindled to almost nothing. Today, the Velauril are every bit as wealthy as they always like to appear to be, and are busily buying up farms and houses all down the shores of Reanaaria Bay so as to do something with their wealth that doesn't involve moneygrubbing work or getting into foe-making 'sharp' business dealings.

The Velauril attend every revel, are the picture of drawling idleness, and are putting a slightly darker past behind them. For years they were known for their 'dangerous' decadence, as a house that could boast both many stunningly beautiful daughters, and scores of handsome sons who liked to pick fights and slay folk in 'rigged' duels involving poisoned weapons, servants striking from afar, and so on.

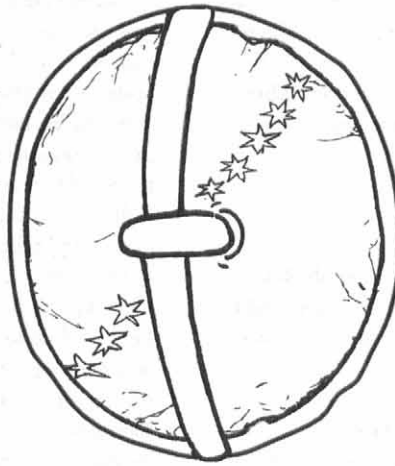
Now the remaining beauties are aging matrons (Saatarā is only the boldest of six sisters, who share eleven living aunts whose wrinkles are now adorned with more powder and jewels than they have flesh to support), and the lone son is far too lazy to be seeking battles.

Geanavese lore still remembers very well what the Velauril were, but look far more kindly on the present family members. Most Talasaarans have one or more magnificent carved doors and panels that came from Velauran workshops and whenever they can afford such things, Geanavese commoners are following suit. "Proper Velauran work" is even catching on as a local phrase for 'something good, done with cheerfulness.'

Extinct (?) Noble Houses

Down the centuries, some Talasaaran families have died out (though none have done so recently). Elders can dimly recall the names and badges of Houses Imearar and Vulait. In the early years of Geanavue, Soomaar and Baereel could have claimed importance, though the self-styled 'nobles' of then lacked the formal rights and powers the Talasaara enjoy now.

Geanavese tales of vanished noble houses are usually accompanied by eagerly-embellished rumors of hidden riches lying lost and waiting in walled-up crypts and forgotten, collapsed cellars somewhere in the city. In truth, little more has been found beyond interesting but only moderately valuable 'junk' discarded inside rebuilt walls and old middens.



Noble badge - Vulait

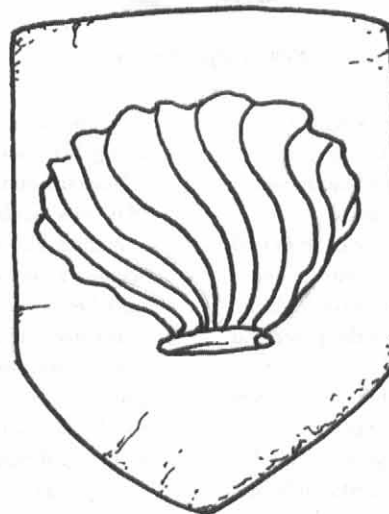
However, there are always folk who dream aloud of what "might await the fortunate"-and as Geanavese do seem to be folk who hide little emergency caches of coins here and there, there could be some truth to tales of lost hoards. Of course, only the foolish or unlucky citizen would announce to all Geanavue that he had found such a prize, so such riches may well have been quietly snapped up long ago.

Although it is highly unlikely that anyone will emerge claiming to be a member of one of these 'lost' or "Fallen Houses" (as minstrels like to call them), stranger things have happened in Tellene before now. Decrees made by various Lords of Geana set forth a process for recognition. A claimant 'proven to be rightful' would acquire the rights outlined under the heading "The Powers of the Talasaara," but nothing

more: no property, wealth, or even 'real' recognition (that is, everyday treatment as a noble by Geanavese-Talasaarans in particular). Many folk believe such respect would not be forthcoming for a 'revealed' noble of a long-lost house - but as it's never happened yet, this is a matter of conjecture and debate rather than fact.

Scribes interested in such things tell us that the last 'known stock' of the Imearar family was an aging male, one Raatigau, who retired to his upland mansion in or around YND 578. All trace of this house, and even the location of the Imearar lodge, has since been lost. The badge of House Imearar was "The Spiral Shell:" an upright white shell (with a purple sheen around its edges, and a 'spiral with chambers ascending to the right' shape) on a deep blue (shield-shaped) background. Its motto was "Masters of Waves, Builders of Many Turrets."

The Vulait family apparently died out when a young, vigorous male, one Laakilaar, was stabbed in a tavern brawl in YND 616. Although attempts were made then to trace three female relatives who had left Geanavue for Zoa or elsewhere on separate occasions half a century earlier, no word of them was found. The badge of House Vulait was "The Buckle And Stars:" a large golden belt buckle (oval of metal with central vertical bar around which curls a horizontal metal tongue or prong) that encloses a dark purple field, across which are scattered (in a roughly diagonal upper-dexter-to-lower-sinister band) a random number (that is, varying from specimen to specimen of this badge) of tiny, many-pointed golden stars. The house motto was "Always Bravely."



Noble badge - Imearar

Chapter 8

The Dangerously Wealthy

It is simplistic to view Geनावue as a herd of nose-to-their-tools crafters ruled over by a decadent lord while debauched nobles battle guildmasters for true political power - although many visiting Zoan merchants hold that view (and not a few Geनावese, too).

In truth, much of the day-to-day dissent (and the change it causes) in Geनावue is fomented by merchants who have risen to wealth but cannot or will not marry into the nobility-in short, 'would-be' nobles. These folk, often referred to as 'the dangerously wealthy,' have money enough to hire troublemakers, meddle in guild politics or high society doings, ruin honest crafters, and invest in more businesses than their own. In short, they are Talasaara without the titles or privileges, but often with far more frustration and anger towards the nobles or the Geनावese status quo. Some of them lash out.

Some of these rich individuals constantly stir up trouble in the city - and opportunities for thieves, mercenaries and adventurers (both as hirelings of the dangerously wealthy and operating independently).

As all commoners know, these would-be nobles are capable of anything. Desperate to attain the status of nobility, they try to outspend the Talasaara, throwing larger and wilder revels, embracing each new passing fashion or fad and hiring adventurers to obtain this or that item. Perhaps this will be the key to rising into the ranks of the Talasaara.

Eccentrics

Certain humans who excel at creative endeavors tend towards obsession, eccentricity and generally 'odd' behavior. This is as true among the greatest artisans as it is for other creative types. The Geनावese tolerate mild eccentricities - but they do not celebrate them.

In this city, outrageous behavior cannot be a road to public interest and thus

personal fame and fortune. The majority of citizens quietly shun those who 'misbehave'. After all, if most Geनावese are crafters themselves, what makes So-and-So so special that he needs to howl and break things, or wear only pink, when I manage to craft my pots without such time-wasting and potentially stock-damaging silliness?

However, mild eccentricities (usually in the form of habits that outlanders might mistakenly label 'superstitions') abound. This potter will not throw clay unless a certain door is open and he faces in a given direction; that carver prefers to always wear an ancient, ragged tool apron whether he is working or not, and so on.

Three individuals among the 'dangerously wealthy,' however, are known for (and apparently governed by) strange behavior. It is not known if this is the result of crass publicity seeking, insanity or fell magic. Most Geनावese do not care because these eccentrics spend money copiously in the pursuit of their obsessions, and so can be termed 'valued clients' rather than 'dangerous crazies.'

Bouzaar Aaraageem

Bouzaar (CN male human Exp1) is a fat, loud and endlessly enthusiastic fan of new fashions.

He bustles about from feast to feast dressed in wild and outlandish costumes, often garb intended for females.

Unscrupulous outlanders, or those seeking amusement, have sometimes duped him into dress that is as fictitious as it is ridiculous, but usually Bouzaar wears the 'latest rage' from somewhere distant. He may unwittingly be a step or two behind the actual fashion of a faraway place simply because of the time it takes for garments and observers to travel. A Castle courtier once aptly described Bouzaar as a "gigantic, sweating toad of a man" - but he is popular with both garment-makers and revelers. The former enjoy his



Bouzaar Aaraageem - Eccentric fan of fashion

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coins, and the latter enjoy his antics because he has no shame, and will boldly - and endlessly - try to mimic female singers and public figures from afar. On the rare occasions when he is downhearted, he will put on a favorite older costume from his many wardrobes. Bouzaar tirelessly imports fabrics, garments and costume accessories, selling whatever catches on - and is his own best salesman simply through his cheerful buffoonery and panache.

Vaxea Calamaer

Vaxea (CE male human War2) is a slender, agile enthusiast of both pain and duels. He loves fighting - not so much with swords, though he is skilled with a blade - but with whips and hurled breakables (such as pots). He loves feeling the pain of 'a good blow' and the satisfying impact of delivering one to a foe, and as a result is quite hard on his kin and servants, who have learned to expect surprise attacks at any time, and to defend themselves as best they can. The first advice given to newly-hired Calamaer servants is, "Protect your eyes," and the second is, "Try not to reveal a weakness or dislike to the Master, for he will attack it above all else."

Screams are music to Vaxea's ears. His wife, two sons, three daughters and sixteen longtime servants are all battle-hardened (they withstand pain stoically, and spring into action in sudden confrontations, where other Geanavese might stand bewildered). When Vaxea gets into a rage, nothing breakable in a room is safe. (Badly injured Calamaers and their servants are taken to one of three modest city residences not known to Vaxea, to recover safely out of his sight and reach.) The Master of the Calamaers regularly purchases large amounts of crockery and flimsy furniture (such as pedestals and side tables) to 're-arm' rooms he has emptied of useful breakables.

Reolain Heleveor

Reolain (CN male human Com6) collects secrets, buying low (typically paying a small or two to a 'street spy', often a shop proprietor or a child apparently engaged in innocent play) and selling high, to those who desire to know a particular thing. Reolain loves to feel 'in the know,' with his head full of facts other Geanavese want hidden. But he is not driven by a burning need to know everything or take undue risks in learning 'just a little more.' Gossip and innuendo can be bought and sold just as easily as truths, though "the Whisperer" himself likes to know which is which.

Reolain attends every noble revel to which he receives an invitation (in disguise, if he fears any Talasaara are angry enough with him to cause harm to his person), but otherwise keeps to one of three taverns. The trio of favored taverns keeps changing - but Reolain is always accompanied by two hired stone giant bodyguards. He's a nondescript-looking man of pleasant manner who likes to chat about anything and everything, though he never reveals anything that the whole city does not already know about any Geanavese person, guild, business, political policy, rumor or event.

In the past, Reolain tried to force his way into the ranks of nobility by threatening to blackmail certain Talasaarans by revealing the secrets he had learned about them. Finally, they drew him aside at a revel and bluntly told him that any more such threats would result in the slaughter of his family and destruction of his properties through a series of unfortunate

accidents - a sequence of misfortunes that would end with his own maiming, and then slow death.

After some years of model behavior, Reolain has begun to quietly befriend certain young nobles (often by providing them with certain secrets they seek). He hopes to soon reach a point with each when he can (separately) ask them directly how he can become one of the Talasaara.

The Masters of Days Ahead

Almost all of the Geanavese families referred to as the 'Dangerously Wealthy' are investors who try to increase their influence, sway guilds into policies, deeds and decisions that will benefit 'their' businesses, and so on. Some of them are unscrupulous, shrewd in business, and swift-witted enough to be truly dangerous.

All Geanavue has heard of Peasor 'Glintboots' Ariparael, who wears spectacular footwear decorated with gaudy gold-plated metal ornaments, and owns dozens of merchant ships sailing out of Loona. Every citizen also knows of Lenaiz of the Tiles (Lenaiz Calasaar), whose multi-hued glazes were once the rage in Talasaaran decor, and whose floor and wall tiles still cloak the inside walls of perhaps a sixth of all Geanavese buildings. These are the most famous investors in Geanavese businesses, famous for their ostentatious displays of wealth and their often-ruthless foreclosures and acquisitions of debtor businesses.

However, a wiser breed of investor maintains a far lower public profile, but acquires even more influence. At least two individuals of this lesser-known group have been so successful that they have acquired considerable influence among nobles and guilds who owe them large sums. Yet they have also achieved positions (by combinations of blackmail, interests set against each other in alliances, and the like) such that no one who owes them coin quite dares to try to elude debts by striking out at them. These investors are Sutila Baredimaur and Wiuxiu Satoun.

Sutila Baredimaur

Sutila (LN male human Exp3) is a short, stout, silken-voiced man who tries to look ahead at what his business foes, partners and debtors want, what they will probably try to do, and what they will most likely achieve. He tries to avoid open threats and other unpleasantness by using his anticipation to deftly steer rivals and angry debtors to vent their anger on others, or to try to borrow (to pay their debts to him) from another party that is actually (unbeknownst to them) also owned by Sutila. He is not interested in driving anyone out of business or into ruin, only in building an ever-growing herd of Geanavese who must pay him small but regular amounts of interest. As the ranks of those beholden to him grow ever greater, he makes more and more covert little deals with individual debtors to do this certain small deed in return for a reduced payment this month. As a result, he can create temporary shortages or gluts that affect prices and increase his profits on other investments. "Softly, barely noticed and richer at the end of the day" is Sutila's oft-murmured (by himself, to himself) motto.

Wiuxiu Satoun

Wiuxiu (NG male human Com4) is an aging but still handsome man who has always had a knack for 'taking the long

view.' He can see consequences and likely outcomes almost instinctively, and places his coin so as to (almost always) profit from changing fashions and the fortunes of others—he can somehow 'see what's coming.' He cannot articulate this foresight to others and sell it, nor can he be forced or tricked into sharing or revealing it. He almost always "invests in the right thing," and sees who will of necessity become a rival, enemy or ally. In turn, he puts himself in position to best deal with them. As a result, the head of 'House Satoun' has become fabulously wealthy, though he has been careful to avoid splashing wealth around, instead investing it ever more widely. He is currently eyeing Zoa, feeling that property holdings there might be a wise idea. Thus far, it does not seem as if Satoun's hunches (or wisdom, or combination thereof) have ever led his coins seriously astray.

The Supporting Families

The brief entries that follow list high houses only for those families possessing one within the walls of Geanavue. Many of these ambitious clans own several more modest city residences, and occupy one to three of them, while renting out the rest. Some families are buying up properties until they can acquire an entire block (which they plan to demolish to make room for the high house of their dreams), and others desire a particular location that has not yet become available.

Aaraegeem

This family consists of its fashion-loving head and his eight daughters. All eight of these are endlessly embarrassed by their father's antics, and all desperately seek to marry out of the family or make their mark in their own pursuits (though none of them have yet found anything at which they can excel). They dwell in over a dozen rather modest city dwellings, and attend their father's revels (at a warehouse he has converted into a lofty dance hall with many balconies) only when they cannot slip away from his searching servants. Aaraegeem supports the Vanidaol noble house.

Ariparael

Led by the famous and foppish Peasor 'Glintboots,' these are merchant shippers who control a sizable fleet of ships sailing Reanaaria Bay. Otherwise quiet, nondescript and even retiring, the family includes three uncles and six sons of Peasor, all shrewd businessmen who dwell in modest Geanavese lodgings, raise large families, and build luxurious upland lodges. They support the Navaelo noble house.

Balas

Makers and sellers of buttons and buckles, this family has a long history of rising and falling fortunes, investments in many guilds, and enthusiasm for giant-fighting and upcountry hunting. They dwell in the high house of Ainivoor Hau. Balas supports the Lakalaur noble house.

Baredimaur

Recently grown extremely wealthy (through the myriad investments of the head of the family, Sutila), this family has begun buying up properties along Uriin's Maar and Naaria Taraane, in hopes of someday building a grand mansion (when

they take their place among the Talasaara). Until then, of course, they continue to profit as landlords by renting at stiff rates to concerns and outlanders who would otherwise never be able to get such desirable addresses. They support the Faleemaar noble house.

Belasaan

Dealers in gilded, cut and otherwise decorated glass, they specialize in importing and exporting their wares in protective crates. They seem to prefer old, rundown lodgings, betraying their wealth only in the number of dwellings (five) and warehouses (many) they own, as well as in their splendid clothes when they attend revels. Belasaan supports the Eluudaas noble house.

Bereta

Brewers, vintners and importers of wines, most consider this prissy and particular family 'genteel' rich. Conservative in dress and manner, they dwell in modest city lodgings, but are busily buying up farmland between Geanavue and Loona (to increase grape crops, some believe, although others cleave to the view that the Bereta clan just want to be landlords and have lumber to sell occasionally). Bereta supports the Muahuuro noble house.

Bitaros

Makers of ornate 'cascade' glass-and-brass ceiling candle lamp assemblies, the family Bitaros is hard-drinking and fun-loving, famous for their large, wild, and generous revels. They dwell in a high house called Gelauna Hau (after its long-dead builder, Getagiir Bitaros). They are supporters of the Anidaol noble house.

Calamaer

Led by the eccentric battler Vaxea Calamaer, this family deals in weapons, armor, banners, tabards and scabbards—and the adornment of all such goods with heraldic badges, guild marks, or personal symbols and mottoes. They maintain half a dozen very modest city dwellings. They support the Muahuuro noble house.

Calara

Longtime roof merchants to Geanavue, these craftworkers specialize in 'spouting-dragon' waterspouts, ridge-peak sculpted serpents and other adornments. The family dwells in Taramair, one of the oldest and grandest Geanavese high houses. They support the Ariohoon noble house.

Calasaar

Makers and glazers of tiles under the leadership of the famous Lenaiz Calasaar, there are over a score of tall, thin, fair-haired and husky-voiced Calasaar aunts, sisters and daughters, but very few Calasaar males. The Geanavese lodgings of this family consist of a small but exquisite hall built to show off their tiles, and more than a dozen rental apartments scattered throughout the city. Calasaar supports the Malasiikaar noble house.

Calataun

This family consists of makers of toggles, catches, slides and other fasteners for garments and 'leatherwear' (belts, baldrics, pouches, and the like). They have traditionally 'imported'

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(stolen) new styles and innovations in the material and design of fasteners. The Calataun usually rent modest houses in Geanavue, fixing up interiors to luxurious heights and then selling them for large profits and moving to repeat the process (often). Calataun supports the Anidaol noble house.

Caulaan

Preservers and picklers of meats, fruit and vegetables, the Caulaan have long guarded their secret recipes and processes for making highly spiced pickling-brines that beautifully flavor what they preserve. They dwell almost exclusively in the uplands and support the Unadeen noble house.

Cauter

They import, grow, sell and export herbs and exotic plants. Hot-tempered family patriarch Daavelin Cauter loves to race teams of coach-horses. They dwell in the white-stone-sheathed (and adorned with copious urns) high house of Cauter Hau. Cauter supports the Gaveelo noble family.

Darinefiir

Importers and developers of scents, ointments and tonics (medicinal drinks of highly secret composition), this family owns no lodgings in the city. They keep to their upland holdings, except to restock several small shops in Geanavue (which all include sleeping quarters, and are usually run by servants, though often visited by family members). Members of the Darinefiir clan arrive at revels in large, magnificent, closed coaches. They support the Inisabaar noble house.

Daunet

They distil potent drinks and 'elaeter', an oil derived from certain caterpillars that emits a soft 'silvery green' glow when applied to oils. Actually, it also glows blue and yellow, shifting as it decays). They support the Faleemaar noble house.

Duuragaun

These very successful cattle-traders and tanners rival the Vorol family in trade and hide selling. Romantics who love tales of treasure, they buy and wear fantastic armor and swords that glow (usually by means of copiously-applied 'elaeter') to feel as if they are part of thrilling and covert adventures. The Duuragauns dwell in the grand, many-towered high house of Sevoot Hau and support the Hurukuol noble house.

Esabur

These importers and developers of glues and abrasive powders for polishing stone, glass, wood and various glazes and sealants, and for cleansing human flesh own city shops which include upper floor lodgings. They keep a low public profile, but eagerly mingle with nobles at revels and in all manners of hobbies and diversions. Esabur supports the Gaonagel noble house.

Faurinoor

These very wealthy importers and sellers of fashion gowns, hats and sundries ("many-goods," or small household and garment items) dwell in a spectacularly luxurious high house called Teleacel Hau (known to Geanavese as 'The Other Jewel Box,' to distinguish it from the Jewelers Guild headquarters). They support the Gaveelo noble family.

Feareenar

Importers and makers (through many hired ex-sailors and upland country folk, who do the work) of cords, cables, ropes and netting, the family Feareenar owns luxurious upland lodges but nothing in the city itself. Known for gallant airs, splendid costumes and fast horses, they support the Muahuuro noble house.

Garanaaw

Famous breeders and sellers of edible fowl and trainable 'warbling' songbirds, unusually strong bloodlines make this family tall, handsome and blond to the verge of having white hair. Upbringing makes them friendlier to birds than to people; they can be as haughty as any 'trueblood' Talasaaran. They dwell in the large, grandly-pillared high house of Garanaaw Hau (which stands near their massive aviary barn). Garanaaw supports the Eluudaas noble house.

Haalafoor:

Upland breeders of draft horses and oxen, these important (though low profile) landlords in Geanavue keep a handful of modest apartments for themselves. Apt to be taciturn and nonsensical, they dress plainly (except at revels). Quick to lend coin to nobles in hopes of increasing influence, but though individual Talasaara may respect particular members of this family, most nobles laugh at them behind their backs as 'hopelessly over-ambitious dirthead farmers.' They support the Muahuuro noble house.

Haelinool

Successful wine-merchants and vintners, these are hearty 'hunting, riding, and reveling' folk who own ever-expanding land holdings in the uplands, and agitate for either more frequent Castle patrols or the right to assemble their own private army capable of slaying giants. They dwell in the gold-stucco-sheathed high house of Ereduur Hau (named for Ereduur Haelinool, the long-dead family patriarch who built it), and support the Beliiunar noble house.

Haraukuir

Shipbuilders and repairers, this clan owns shops in Loona and has perfected swift and effective processes for steaming and shaping wood. (The "secret oils" they add to the vapors are largely a sham to keep others from duplicating their methods). They own nondescript houses in Loona and Geanavue, but are seldom seen in the city except at revels or Castle functions. Haraukuir supports the Arioohon noble house.

Haumaar

This family imports and develops paints and dyes, including some magnificent red and flame-orange hues that they get by adding various amounts of powdered copper to their "secret brews" of pigments. They own luxurious (and heavily guarded) lodges in the countryside between Geanavue and Loona, but take rooms at inns on the rare occasions when they stay overnight in the city. They support the Velauril noble house.

Helevoor

Though the head of this house, "the Whisperer", deals in secrets, the rest of the Helevoors are among the most polite and

particular of Geanavese, avoiding arrogance, flashy displays of wealth, and flamboyance of all sorts. They own dozens of non-descript city apartments and houses, and make their coins (a few here, and a few there, at quite reasonable rates) by busily arranging cabals of investors for ventures (and "shields" of other investors as insurance against possible losses by particular cabals or ventures). They support the Malasiikaar noble house.

Huunaar

Known to be proud, aggressive and always eager for a fight, these weapon importers and adorners are duelists, brawlers and professional warriors. Many are minor officers in the Fists. The clan has a large upcountry mansion and forge, but members stay in loft lodgings in their own warehouses when in Geanavue. Huunaar supports the Taraasuur noble house.

Iamaas

Importers and crafters of blown glass of exotic hues and shapes, much used in luxurious Geanavese interior adornments and lamps, the Iamaas clan tries to keep the substances they use to tint glass secret, acquiring new materials faster than others can discover the tinting agents already in use. Apt to be short, stout and even 'jelly-fat,' they are fiercely sensitive to mirth over their wobbling, waddling appearance. The family owns modest city and upland homes, and supports the Taraasuur noble house.

Iluivar

These weavers and importers of exotic fabrics have perfected expensive fabrics that string pearls or pierced precious stones into their weaves. They provide much cloth that goes into the best and most flamboyant clothing of the Talasaara and those who aspire to nobility. High prices keep this family very wealthy despite modest sales. Apt to be very short, very slender and very dark-haired this family dwells in modest city apartments and a few shabby Geanavese houses. They support the Oriimar noble house.

Kadatiir

Dealers in scents, stains and waxes for wood furnishings and interior trim, this 'etiquette before all' family of distant, dignified folk love their privacy. They dwell in the forbidding, fortress-like high house of Vazaar Hoolon. Kadatiir supports the Inisabaar noble house.

Kalauden

These breeders of goats, sheep and sturdy ponies own many rambling stone houses in the uplands, none of them luxurious and no city holdings at all. Apt to be coarse, hearty they love fast gallops, swordplay and fire-giant-baiting (a deadly sport that consists of taunting fire giants and then fleeing before them, to draw them into patrol ambushes-or just for sport). They support the Muahuuro noble house.

Kalesel

Successful makers and sellers of needles and pins, the Kalesels believe the world is after their wealth. Thus, they equip their properties with elaborate locks and traps, and rarely entertain guests. Their stout-walled high house of Peadaun is named for a famous early patriarch of the family. The Kalesel clan has long supported the Malasiikaar noble house.

Keimau

Cutters and vendors of chalk and marble from family-owned upland quarries, these very private folk rarely attend revels. When they do, they neither dance nor make merry. Bloodlines make them white-haired, and their upbringing makes them self-reliant, hardy and tolerant of folk of all races and origins who cut stone, mine, prospect and fight beasts of the mountains. They dwell in a high-walled, soaring-towered stone high house called Raizivaun Hau and support the Inisabaar noble house.

Kuluuravin

These importers of exotic woods and stones also deal in 'curiosities' (fad items from other cities or trophies such as the teeth, claws or skulls of fearsome monsters). They dwell in large houses in Loona and anonymously rented apartments in Geanavue, often holding feasts (to which they invite both the high and low) of their own to display their wares. Thanks to a few disasters, they always hire guards to prevent blackflame vandalism at such events. They support the Taraasuur noble house.

Litaalan

Miners, smelters and refiners of copper and 'odd metals' (lead, zinc and the like), this clan makes alloys which the Daraan noble family in turn cast into pipes and plumbing fittings. A wealthy, hardy, diplomatic family, they share the reputation of fairness and honesty of their noble patrons. Bloodlines make them very attractive, but upbringing keeps them modest and soft-spoken followers rather than gregarious or aggressive trendsetters. They dwell in upland foundries that resemble small fortresses, and maintain a few modest apartments in Geanavue. Litaalan supports the Daraan noble house.

Maerimau

A tall, gaunt family of fine weavers, the Maerimaus specialize in adorning garments with embossed badges, curlicues and repeating-pattern adornments (notably the badges of noble families, worked into garments worn by the Talasaara or their servants). They model their latest and greatest wares by eagerly attending all possible noble revels, Castle functions and large gatherings, and are always both impeccably and flamboyantly dressed. They dwell in a variety of apartments above their city workshops and support the Faleemaar noble house.

Marauk

A short, darkly handsome family, the Marauks expertly draw up contracts and trade agreements. Though they are used most by people who desire that Castle scribes know nothing at all about the arrangements or trade dealings under discussion, the Marauk themselves have a reputation for honesty and strict adherence to the letter of all agreements. They make their living precisely because they are so good at anticipating all eventualities, covering them in clear, everyday language understood by all parties to a deal, and explaining what they have done so that everyone 'knows the rules.'

Marauk contracts tend to be long, exhaustive and very complicated. A typical such agreement will feature clauses akin to the following: "If U does V before the fabric is delivered, W follows. If V occurs after delivery of the cloth but before it is cut for the making of the garments, Y will be applied. If V occurs after the

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cloth has been cut, Z will then be the remedy." The Marauk own a sprawling upland mansion and a dozen fine city houses (most of which they rent out to others). They support the Daraan noble house.

Maulokei

The Maulokeis salvage burned, broken and sunken cargoes, vessels and contents (of collapsed or fire-damaged buildings). Recently risen to wealth after years of "scrabbling for scraps," it is widely believed in Geanavue that the soaring Maulokei fortunes have some as-yet-revealed connection to the pirates of Aasaer. All of Geanavue knows that the family has sometimes arranged for discreet imports or exports of recognizable stolen goods. They dwell in an ever-changing collection of city dwellings that they purchase, refurbish into something grander and sell at a profit. Maulokei supports the Inisabaar noble house.

Mauroemun

This clan deals in herbal medicines and imported medicinal powders of secret composition to which fell rumors cling ("they use snake scales and dragon spittle, I hear"). Wealthy and conservative in dress and manner, they are known to provide sleeping-draughts and 'happiness inducing' powders to the Talasaara and other Geanavese who can afford their steep prices. Typically, these customers covertly imbibe these concoctions in wine. The Mauroemuns rent luxurious city apartments, but spend much of their time on their upland farms (which sport sprawling lodges). They support the Muahuuro noble house.

Mauteer

These writers of speeches, love entreaties, poetry and business letters write for the Talasaara and others who lack the time or wits to compose such things. They also write for those who wish to conduct affairs in private (away from the scrutiny of Castle, guild or family scribes, or their own family members). Widely suspected of being expert forgers, the Mauteer frequently come under the scrutiny of anonymous Castle agents. They tend to be short, slender and dark-haired, with pale skin. The family favors maroon for garments, and find their favorite diversions in all manner of strategy games. Members of the Mauteer dwell in several small but quietly luxurious city houses and support the Velauril noble house.

Mituulun

This energetic, handsome, popular and easy-going family gained fame as successful builders, renovators and sellers of houses and upland farms. Recently they have become interested in horse breeding. Longtime loyal supporters of the Eluudaas noble house, they dwell in the large and many-balcony-studded walled high house of Olaneer Hau.

Oleedaar

Makers and importers of polearms, ornate banner-poles, flagstaves and ladders, members of the Oleedaar clan are apt to be burly, fair-haired and hirsute (currently, all the male Oleedaars sport huge bristling white mustaches). They dwell in apartments above their warehouses and in several upland hunting lodges and support the Daraan noble house.

Oleirum

This family grows and buys in bulk root vegetables and berries on behalf of farmers who lack carts, draft animals, staff or desire enough to bring their own wares into the city for sale. They also import art objects (through Loona) and export (rumors say) people or items that certain Geanavese desire to vanish swiftly and utterly from the city, in such a manner that no one sees them departing. They dwell in upland mansions and apartments above their own city warehouses. Oleirum supports the Gaveelo noble family.

Oorikaer

A trio (father and two sons) of idle dandies, their great wealth is due to inheriting the goods and coins of their far-more-numerous elder generations. They dwell in modest apartments off Mearia Maar, but dress like merchant princes when they attend revels and Castle functions. They support the Velauril noble house.

Paerit

Thread, wire and cord merchants these days, their ancestors were also busy shippers and ship owners a century ago, but fell on hard times and were forced to sell their fleet to the Arioohon. Bloodlines give them black hair and prominent (often described as "glittering") black eyes. Proud and apt to be 'difficult,' they dwell in a grand high house with a large and distinctive turret named Paerit Hoolon. Paerit supports the Arioohon noble house.

Raat

These craftworkers make fluted and spiral-chased pipes, used in musical instruments, ornately decorative plumbing or 'speaking tubes' built into some luxurious houses for communication (and eavesdropping) from chamber to chamber and floor to floor. Bloodlines make this family tall, elegant, handsome and possessed of melodious voices; some have impersonated wizards or great clerics in the past (for fees). They own a few modest city apartments, and several luxurious dwellings south of the Geanavue-Loona road. Raats support the Malasiikaar noble house.

Rounaseele

Rope and cord merchants, this family has become very wealthy over the years, and owns much land between Geanavue and Loona. Apt to be quick-witted and appreciative of jests and witty songs, they breed black horses of outstanding size, swiftness and might on their upland farms. The Rounaseeles dwell in the high house of Haraun Hoolon (named for their first and most famous stallion) and support the Unadeen noble house.

Ruuniigor

Very wealthy horse and cattle merchants for the last two centuries, this clan now dabbles in the importation and enhancement of glass lenses, mirrors and oval windows. The family consists of fops who love the whirl of fashion and do not care how ridiculous the latest craze makes them look. Always luxuriously dressed and often given to flowery affectations of speech and manner, they do not rise to anger quickly if ridiculed for it. They dwell in a high house made magnificent by the use of many angled glass panes (that make it sparkle as if it was gem-studded),

known as Reace Hoolon (after its deceased builder, Reace Ruuniigor). They support the Celaarivan noble house.

Saanasel

These crafters, importers and sellers of coach lamps and ornate window-frames desire privacy so strongly that, aside from revels and Castle functions, they are never seen in public. Bloodlines tend to make them short of stature, and frequently the pupils of their eyes have a tan or butter-colored hue. The clan dwells in the small (but well known due to its location at the intersection of many streets) high house of Reedearen. The mansion is a tall, close cluster of towers within its walls. The Saanasels support the Faleemaar noble house.

Saradaar

Sellers, refiners and traders of many metals this wealthy clan grows ever wealthier through their sideline of training and selling the services of servants. Their servants tend to be as superb actors, urbane diplomats and masters of self-control as the Saradaar themselves. They dwell in the grand high house of Saradaar Hau. The house of Saradaar has long supported the Oriimar noble house.

Satoun

Traditionally makers of scrollwork trim, recent generations have increasingly invested in many Geanavese guilds and independent businesses. Rising to ever-greater wealth under the leadership of current family head Wiuxiu Satoun, this clan has taken to calling itself 'House Satoun' and acting like nobles when in the uplands. There they hunt, gallop fine horses and build grand lodges-and they almost disappear into the shadows when in the city (where they dwell in many rented apartments). Quiet, almost servile supporters of the Taraasuur noble house, they often manipulate the Taraasurs into deeds against Satoun business rivals and defiant debtors.

Soololaun

Makers and sellers of ornate clasps and hinges, bloodlines make this family handsome folk, with hair of light hue and many curls, but upbringing makes them haughty in the extreme. Wealthy and given to spectacular bouts of spending. Longtime supporters of the Gaonagel noble house, the Sookolaun dwell in the large, walled high house of Naurinear.

Sotol

An arrogant, horse-loving family of copper merchants, members of this clan tends to have a large build. They dwell in the grand high house of Hiiturun, famed for its beautiful emerald mosaic panels (tall, narrow and arch-topped adornments that alternate along the walls of the 'great rooms' of the house with windows of similar proportions). They support the Lakalaur noble house.

Susauveir

Makers, importers and adorners of tridents, forks and anything large or small that has tines (from weapons and statuary to kitchen utensils), members of this family dwell in a handful of decidedly shabby 'lowcoin' city houses. Bloodlines make them striking, with copious manes of long, curly hair. Upbringing makes them affected and arrogant. They support the Unadeen noble house.

Taalis

This clan sells paints and a waterproofing sealant known as either 'waterquench' or 'lamarol' after its inventor, Lamaraun Taalis. They dwell in the fountain-studded, vaulted-ceilinged high house known as Lamaraun Hoolon. The house of Taalis supports the Celaarivan noble house.

Taalurauv

Makers and importers of locks, clockwork mechanisms, bolts, slides, cogs and hinges - these craftworkers are the only reliable Geanavese alternative to the Engineers (and then only to folk interested in purchasing a few fittings, not for those who need a design problem solved). As a sideline, they produce 'everyday items' that conceal personal weapons (inkwells and boot-heels that contain daggers, lamps that fire darts, and so on). They



The Three Sisters question a member of the Sotol family

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dwelt in a few small but well-appointed houses scattered across the city and support the Eluudaas noble house.

Tolakau

This once numerous family grew rich making aromatic smokes (sealed in jars for release at revels, birthings, festivals and religious rituals). Now, reduced to a few aging, gold-bedecked, wheezing aunts and uncles, the Tolakaus act as if they are nobles - and expect to be treated as if they were respected senior Talasaara. They dwell in old, crumbling houses in the Holyhouses area of Geanavue. The Tolakaus support the Hurukuol noble house.

Turaeve

Reduced to a handful of beautiful daughters guarded by a sharp-voiced, eternally suspicious aging harridan of a mother, these formerly energetic importers and merchant ship owners are still landlords to many of the properties in Loona. The doors and windows of their modest, fortress-like city house are watched at all hours to keep suitors away from the Turaeve maids (and the maids themselves away from elopements or nights of fun). The Turaeves support the Gaonagel noble house.

Unuteirar

Makers and sellers of pickles, liquid preservatives and edible flavored oils and sauces, Fhokki bloodlines make Unuteirars tall and striking in appearance. Most members of this family also have good singing voices. They dwell in the uplands and maintain two modest city houses, one near the northern city gate and the other near the most northerly of the western city gates. The Unuteirar family supports the Lakalaur noble house.

Valamaas

Traders in all sorts of goods, the Valamaases do much bartering and have a longstanding reputation as clever tricksters. Apt to be short, deft, soft-spoken, glib-tongued and very dusky of skin, the house is based in Loona but maintains several anonymous city residences. They support the Navaelo noble house.

Vorol

These longtime trade rivals of the Duuragaun deal in hides and leather goods). Apt to be haughty and demand treatment as if they were Talasaaran, the Vorols dwell in a large, grand high house called Daukel Hau. They support the Hurukuol noble house.

Whiterush

Outlanders whose family name is obviously a Merchant's Tongue corruption of something else, this clan tends to be dignified and sparing with words. They trade in lumber, hides and fine potters' clay, and own several merchant vessels operating out of Loona, as well as a handful of gravel quarries. They often win Castle contracts to improve the roads in the demesnes of Geanavue. They dwell in two small but grand city houses, and a variety of upland lodges. The Whiterush family supports the Beliinar noble house.

Wiinooruen

A martial family of duelists, weapon-collectors and importers, this clan has been reduced to several brothers and their sons (all

deadly swordsmen). Rumored to dabble in sponsoring adventurers - and to hire sorcerers to do dark work for them, it is said in the city that "a Wiinooruen always gets more than even with a foe." They dwell in modest city lodgings. The Wiinooruen family supports the Navaelo noble house.

Zaaliusur

Makers and exporters of various glues, (lubricant) greases, and sealants, they have their own secret recipes that control hue and odor as well as efficacy. Sometimes mocked for this by the Talasaara and other wealthy social climbers among the Geanavese, the Zaaliusurs swiftly and easily take offense, and act as scornful and haughty as any elder noble family (with hired duelists to boot). The clan lives in a modest city dwelling and supports the Oriimar noble house.

Zarimaun

These importers of exotic goods dwell in Loona. They are known in the back streets of Geanavue as the folk to ask if a rare or particular thing is needed. Those seeking a man's or monster's skull, or a set of lockpicks, or a huge old treasure chest sparkling with gems and covered with mysterious inscriptions, or a sword that was broken long ago - or at least looks as if it was, will often seek a Zarimaun. They also rent a few anonymous city apartments, and quietly attend all revels and Castle functions. They support the Gaonagel noble house.

Chapter 9

The Holy Houses

Faiths appear in this chapter in roughly descending order of their influence in Geanavue. Note that the House of Solace dominates all Geanavese and the distinctions in power between other faiths are far more minor. Except as noted hereafter, all Geanavese temples adhere to the holy symbols, garb, colors, animals and festivals of their wider faiths.

Traditionally, evil faiths have been neither welcome nor worshipped openly in Geanavue. There are signs that this is changing, but all of the 'Darker Faiths' have less overall influence than their more benign rival clergies (catering to individuals, in private or in clandestine meetings, rather than public congregations) and they appear here after non-evil faiths.

Geonea the Peacemaker

(NG; **peace and comfort**; **Kingdoms of Kalamar** pgs. 194-195)

The Peacemakers dominate Geanavese life almost as strongly as the Castle does, and their city temple reflects that power.

Geonea Hau is the Geanavese temple of the Lord of Tranquility. While officially called the House of Solace, this building replaced an earlier, smaller temple of that name and for a time both temples were in use, so this one acquired the outlander name of "Haven House." A simple, symmetrical stone building, it stands on the south side of the Saar at Auraut-moot, just inside Diirunider Dolaar, the north gate in the city wall. The front entry of the temple faces north to that gate, and consists of huge but easily opened semicircular wooden doors reached up a flight of eight stone steps. These stairs narrow as one ascends them.

Inside Geonea Hau, squat pillars bear carved reliefs of armored warriors of many races shaking hands with one another. The warriors are depicted as letting their weapons fall, to accumulate in a great tangle around their feet.

Temple guards and duty clerics await entrants in a lofty, echoing forechamber. (The city provided these trained-in-tact human guards, because the Peacemakers will not lift a hand to defend themselves nor stop thefts of temple property, though they will fight fires with fierce energy.) Here clergy meet with petitioners and conduct them either on into 'the Consecrate' for services of worship, or to audience chambers (there are at least four on either side of the forechamber) for counsel, healing or discussions of secular affairs. The wooden walls of these audience rooms are paneled in green, whereas the forechamber

(representing the unhallowed wider world) is gray-vaulted and pillared, with an earthen-hued floor.

The forechamber is decorated with frescoes of peacefully grazing (untended) sheep, rabbits reclining with foxes, doves and hawks flying peacefully side by side, and hunting cats trotting peacefully among deer. A huge carved stone holy symbol of two disembodied clasped hands dominates the room. As long as three tall men lying flat, it hangs from the ceiling on chains, its lowest part some four feet off the ground. During a riot some twenty years ago, this impressive carving was used as a ram by someone who set it swinging.

Weapons are not allowed beyond the forechamber of the Geonea Hau except as altar offerings. Any weapon beyond this point could be more accurately called a sacrifice, as it will be melted or beaten into a farming implement.

A passage adorned with tapestries of Peacemakers quelling various conflicts, and a curved ceiling that sports small, identical carvings of the clasped hands of Geonea the Pacifier, leads from the forechamber into the Well of Stairs, which offers access to the Consecrate.

In the Well, many curving spans of stairs rise up, offering access to the Consecrate, the clerics' quarters and kitchens, the dining hall, the herb-hall and halls of healing and the bowers.

The bowers are a dozen or so glass-roofed indoor garden rooms with comfortable benches, tinkling falls of running water over stones, and the like. These are intended as private confessionals or meeting-places, for the clergy to confer with worshippers, troubled non-believers and secular visitors.

The Consecrate, or holy chambers, lie in the center of Geonea Hau, surrounding 'High Solace,' the chamber that contains the most exalted altar to Geonea the Peaceful One. Here clerics meet behind closed doors throughout each day, to share what they have learned about feelings, deeds and events in the city, and agree on temple policy to best "See and Shape the Unfolding Path of Peace."

These inner, holy rooms are simple chambers of blue and green, lit by day through skylights, that are ranged around the central altar chamber. This most holy of temple rooms, High Solace, contains a circular central dais reached up concentric steps, overhung by another large carving of the clasped hands of friendship.

Chapter 9: The Holy Houses

Clergy

Some forty clergy dwell 'within the Consecrate.' They wear the usual cotton robes of hues dictated by their rank (in ascending order: green, blue, and lavender), augmented with matching cloaks when weather is cold or wet. While working, clerics of Haven House may wear garb of any hue, but whenever possible are to either match or echo the hue of their cleric raiment. When that is not possible, they prefer earthen hues or white to other garb.

A dozen of these 'Local Holy' are dwarves (former Fists, converted from the practice of arms by the High Peace Maker). The rest are human, almost entirely Geanavese-born; another dozen or so Peacemakers dwell and work in the demesnes.

The city's Pacifist-sect House of Solace dominates Geanavese life and thought. Indeed, most citizens agree with the "peace-at-all-costs, for in all other strivings lie waste and strife and the roots of evil" philosophy of the faith. The High Peace Maker of the House of Comfort wields almost as much daily influence at court as Lord Haar does, and much more daily social influence on the streets.

Unless commanded by her to assist in or perform acts of violence and vandalism, most Geanavese will believe and obey a known Peacemaker without hesitation. They see the clergy of Geonea as "holy, gentle persons" who "always do good and almost always do what is right and best."

The prosperity, success, and essential nature of Geanavue are seen as founded and nurtured by the House of Solace; Geanavese commoners regard the word and will of any cleric of Geonea as greater than that of any Watch officer, Fist, magistrate, or courtier below the rank of Lord Haar himself (none of those officials see things that way, of course). Most Talasaara, visiting outlanders and guild officials see the House of Solace as ineffectual and naive, though somewhat dangerous in the lack of prudent defendedness they counsel their faithful to adopt, but well-meaning.

For their part, the Pacifists see themselves as striving to the highest purity mortals can attain by counseling and working towards peace and harmony between all peoples and an

ordering of nature to keep cruelty, strife and tyranny to a minimum. Violence is born of injustice, mistreatment and lack, so basic comforts should be provided to all, under the House of Solace's guidance. On a cold or wet day, a visitor to the temple can expect to be given comfortable seating, a firestone-warmed robe and a cup of warm, nourishing soup upon entry unless he specifically refuses such things by saying some variant of, "I already know comfort, Holy Follower — praise be to Geonea the Lord of Ease."

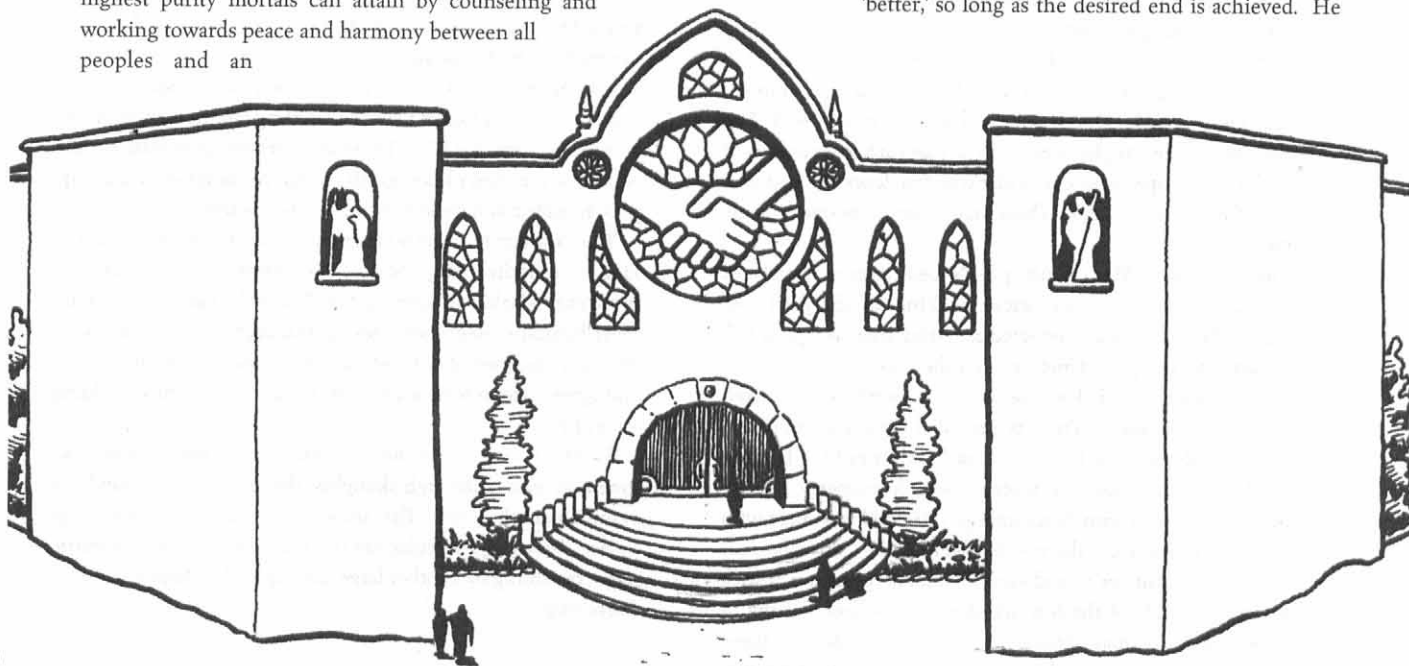
Khazuk

High Peace Maker Khazuk (NG male dwarf Clr17), is the most influential person in the city after Lord Haar. He and the Lord work well together, largely because their goals are so similar. Khazuk advocates the philosophy of the Pacifist sect: total peace, even at the expense of one's life, and constant work to ensure "peace and ease for all" and service to see to the comfort and needs of all citizens. Khazuk labors diligently tending the ailing and feeding, clothing and sheltering the poor. Even the lowliest street urchin can expect his interest, kind advice and friendly ear.

Strife, so the House of Solace believes, arises through unfulfilled needs, wrongs unaddressed, discontent and boredom. The latter cause is thankfully rare in Geanavue, thanks to the hard-working, craft-skilled nature of the citizenry (which itself has been aided and nurtured by years of guidance on the part of the House of Solace).

The Peacemakers work diligently to address the first and third causes, by deflecting and blunting guild, family and personal rivalries, seeking to manipulate nobles without their meddling being noticed. The High Peace Maker works directly with the Lord of Geana on the second cause. Many Castle initiatives begin at his urging, and many laws and Lord's rulings are drafted, modified or informed by his gentle influence.

In this Khazuk succeeds by his subtle approach: he cares not who gets credit for things or who is seen to be 'right' or 'better,' so long as the desired end is achieved. He



Geonea Hau is simple in decoration, but imposing of stature.

has no false (or justified) pride, love of power for its own sake, or desire for rank or title.

Khazuk's genius, beyond being a good listener, sympathetic friend and skilled manipulator, is in remembering faces, names and tiny details of all that is told to him. He is constantly building an ever-more-complex tapestry of "what is afoot in Geonavue" in his mind, accurately gauging the mood of the populace better than anyone else and 'steering' the city on the path of continued peace. He has little love for adventurers and nobles who delight in stirring up trouble, but he always hides his true thoughts well. Khazuk is a masterful actor; if he acts surprised, enraged or pleased, it will always be an act. He may feel exactly as he is behaving, but he will always have judged how his position will be interpreted by others, and modified his actions accordingly.

Khazuk's influence is so great that many of the dwarven footmen have left the Fists to "turn to Solace," causing a near-crisis in city defenses. In the last three years, almost eighty dwarves have "renounced the axe," forcing the gnomes to train younglings to arms and courtiers to encourage humans and half-elves to join the Lances. In the countryside, the dwindling numbers of the grimly fearless dwarven footmen has begun to take its toll: more and more, the fire giants raid freely, and the hard-trotting gnomes and wild-riding Lances arrive too late to do more than bury the butchered and watch barns and crops blaze, the raiders and the livestock they came for long gone.

Khazuk never holds himself aloof or distant, and thus has less daily need than many temple leaders for a second-in-command. Nonetheless, the House of Solace has such a person: a tall, bald, grim-looking man of few words known as Peace Maker Aalexor (NG male human Clr12). Aalexor willingly endures pain rather than engaging in violence, often interposing his body between tavern brawlers and taking their attacks in enduring silence. He serves as Khazuk's stand-in when the High Peace Maker is asleep, and is also master of the temple novices and its quartermaster. He is unshakably loyal to Khazuk, and believes that Geonea has gifted the High Peace Maker with keener insight into the Ways of Peace than other mortals so he will never disagree with Khazuk on temple activities and positions.

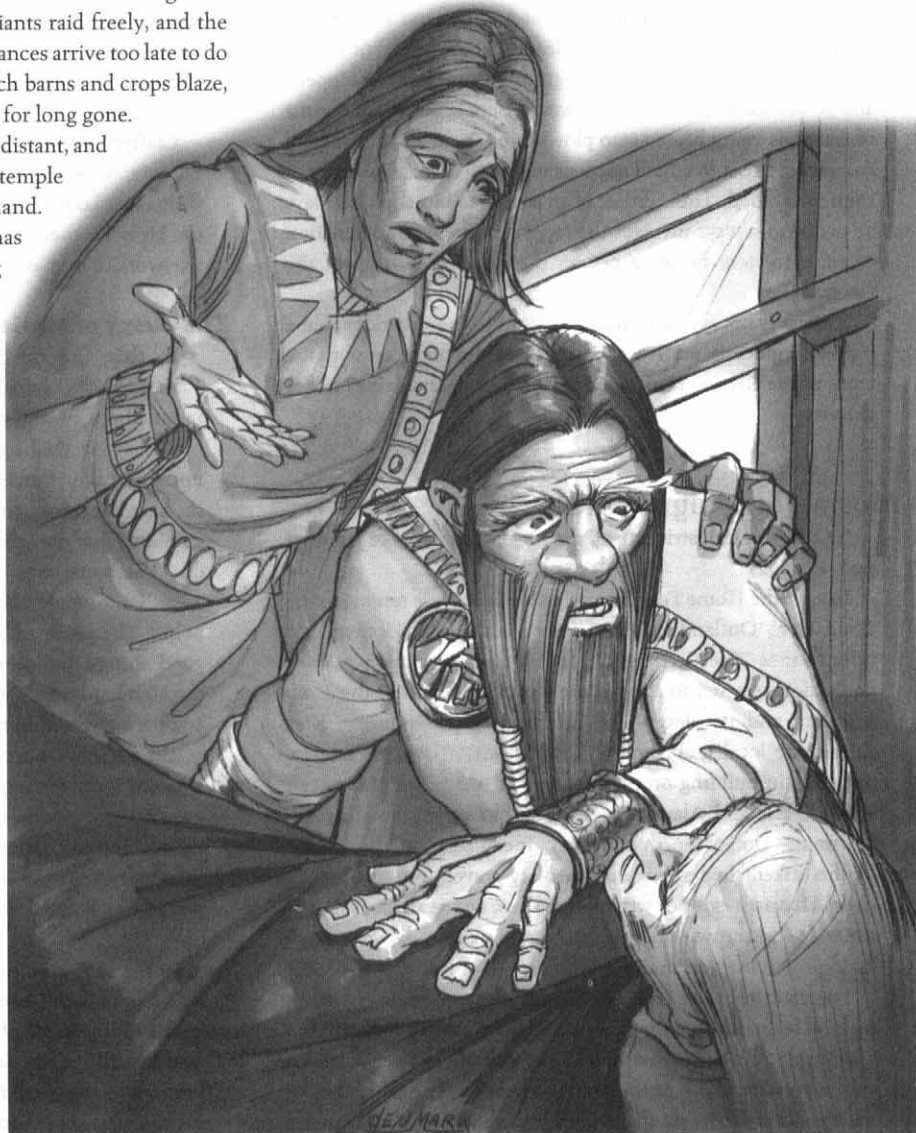
Beneath the Peace Maker are: one Serenist and Comfortist (a dwarf and a half-elf). They serve as the "hands at the ends of their superiors' arms," enacting daily temple business and holy work.

The seventeen lesser clergy hold no special temple offices, and use the common rank-titles of the House of Solace. Much of their time is spent drafting mediation agreements that

will settle disputes without bloodshed, listening to grievances and offering aid and advice.

Although some of the clergy of Geonea Hau enjoy knowing all the gossip and petty secrets of the citizenry, and take pride in being revered and seeing the success of their work, they have few pronounced personal vices. There are strict temple rules against any cleric keeping what he or she has learned, seen, or suspects secret from fellow clergy of Geonea Hau, and Khazuk carefully fosters a 'team' feeling. The only weakness common to all Geonea Hau clerics might be described as "an irresistible need to be in the know."

In general, Geonea Hau is in agreement with the Lord of Geana (and constantly working to 'steer' Haar's opinions and rulings). Its clergy considers themselves the "correcting conscience" of the not-evil-but-overworked-and-often-lazy Castle courtiers, and see other faiths as well-meaning (unless evil) but hindered by creed and personal shortcomings. Crafters are only mortal (and thus need constant aid and guidance), guilds are to be watched (as the centers of concentrated crafters' will, and thus prone to doing more ill in a shorter time than any individual) and Talasaara are problems. A few nobles are



High Peace Maker Khazuk attends to the spiritual needs of a wide variety of Geanavese.

Chapter 9: The Holy Houses

harmless or indifferent, many are whimsical and willful and hence potentially dangerous, and all too many are malicious or power-hungry or resentful of all clergy and the House of Solace in particular and must be regarded as enemies.

Altars and Rituals

Clerics of the House of Comfort spend their days praying, doing temple work (seeing to the needs of Geanavese, hearing their complaints, and counseling them to the ways of peace) and in discussing what they have observed of city conditions and events during their temple work with their fellow clergy.

Personal prayers are made kneeling before small corner altars in sidechambers; larger rituals of prayer and “purging of what is not peaceful” (for lay worshippers and even non-believers, as well as clergy) occur in mid-morning and mid-evening. These rituals are known as Aarunur (morning) and Varaaedur (evening), and consist of a plainsong chant overlaid by a cleric’s prayer, anointing of brows and palms with warmed, scented consecrate oils, and ‘whispering fury and sorrow to the stones.’

The Geanavese House of Solace does not celebrate special holy days at set times or to commemorate long-ago events. The Revelations of Geonea (his teachings to mortals) are remembered by readings of his holy words at Aarunur and Varaaedur.

Special rituals are held at the death (“Buaraduun”) or admission (“Rausaaeve”) of clergy or longtime faithful lay worshippers, and at “Sorinuur” or ‘Weaponshrives.’ These latter rituals consist of weapons being beaten into plowshares on an anvil or melted in a sacred fire into which pacifists willingly shed a few drops of their own blood. The sacrifice of an enchanted weapon is always an occasion, always involves the forge, and the willing donation of such an item brings a person the eager friendship of the Geonea Hau.

Khazuk is not averse to aiding persons in their worldly affairs if they conduct themselves to further peace in harmony with the work of the Geonea Hau, and can be relied upon as allies rather than rivals.

Mosia, the Holy Mother

(LG; home, industriousness, marriage; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 191-192)

Ilavaar, the Home Foundation, is the Geanavese temple to the Counselor. Outlanders that do not worship the Homemaker refer to it as “The Crafthearth” after a famous public prayer of dedication referred to the building as “the Hearth of the Holy Mother,” and its clergy, the Brotherhood of Industry, later gained the local nickname of ‘Craftpriests’. Ilavaar is a large, rather plain building on the east side of Aalim Seeral between Baarot Maar and Alaun Maar, a few blocks southeast of the Diirunider Dolaar (north city gate). It can be readily identified by the linked rings symbol of the deity graven into its bronzed doors. Ilavaar’s exterior windows are few, but its shape is that of a many-spired crown, and the spires topping its walls have many ‘hidden’ windows on their inner sides.

The Hearth of the Holy Mother also hides a beautiful architectural feature from non-believers who are outside its walls: the Taaluut or Sunshaft. This small, square, roofless interior courtyard serves for much of the year as a bakery. The faithful bake loaves of bread in ovens that curve about the Mother’s Fire in the

center of the Taaluut; their smell makes mouths water for blocks around.

Much of the rest of the temple is a vast, happily cozy home, where in room upon room one can feel secure rather than feeling awed or solemn. Lofty, echoing chambers are few, small linked-ring altars are everywhere, and washing hangs out in plain view. This is home, not reverential vaulted emptiness dedicated to a grand overgod.

If the clergy of the Geonea Hau are revered as the foundation and bulwark of Geanavue’s stability and prosperity, the clerics of Ilavaar are the trusted workers who embody home life, mothering arms and family traditions.

In Geanavue, the Brotherhood specializes in caring for the orphaned and homeless, settling domestic disputes in an ongoing, loving and assisting manner (rather than a single judgment and parting), and in sharing ‘home lore’ about ways of doing tasks, remedies and medicines. They support and serve the spiritual needs of the militia and train with them. Senior clerics of the Counselor school guards throughout Geanavue in proper behavior and cooperation. Unguilded crafters and Geanavese guild members who do not hold offices within their guilds pray in the Home Foundation for greater industriousness and its rewards, or “superb work superbly rewarded, ever-better.” The aid and support rendered to such worshippers long ago earned the Brotherhood of Industry the local nickname of ‘Craftpriests.’

Craftpriests will fight fiercely to defend a home, any home. Looters, vandals, and arsonists who operate anywhere in Geanavue, Loona or the demesnes can expect to have clerics of the Holy Mother on their trail like hunting dogs, doing detective work to unmask the guilty and bring them to Court justice.

The Clergy of Mosia

In this, the clergy of Ilavaar are led by Grandmother Taaranitara (LG female human Clr6/Com2/Exp1), a tall, stout mountain of a woman. She is soft-spoken but very shrewd, and can dispense chilling gazes as readily as soothing words. A midwife, baker, butcher, carpenter and surgeon of superb skills, she sees her most useful role in Geanavue as providing the ‘true comforts’ that the mistaken beliefs of the House of Solace fail to do. The home must be defended, by fighting when the need arises (and where clerics of Geonea the Peacemaker refuse to help). The peace and stability fostered by the Peacemakers are good things, but they must be enforced. This comes only through hard work, not pacifism, and through building families and harmony within marriages and among kin.

These needs must be seen to for all Geanavese, and ‘wallowing in peace’ is not the way. The work of “the truly enlightened holy” must involve readiness to defend oneself and pitching in to help injured or sick crafters complete contracted tasks. As they serve, the Craftpriests of Geanavue learn many craft skills, and most can do rough-and-ready carpentry, mason-work, weaving and so on.

In the long run, the well-meaning but essentially weak and deficient faith of Geonea the Pacifier must and will be surpassed by the Brotherhood of Industry. Through the diligent work and guardianship of the clerics of the Holy Mother, Geanavue—the home of us all—shall be enriched and preserved. “If every home in the city is made better, the city is made better.”

"If outlanders see this, they will also desire what Geanavue has. The fools, evil-tainted, and misguided amongst them, shall be dissuaded from plundering Geanavue or seizing the city by fierce defense led by the Brotherhood of Industry. Then, they will have no choice but to work toward such betterment of homes for themselves, under the ready guidance of the Home Foundation."

The High Mother is assisted by High Father Beloraar (LG male human Clr5/Com2) and High Mother Caalara (LG female human Clr7), her two senior 'seconds,' who ably command twenty-four clerics of lesser ranks (who address each other collectively as "Holy Kin," using proper faith titles when speaking to individuals). Novices joining the Brotherhood of Industry are few, and traditionally include more widows and lonely aged persons than young believers. Their fellow clergy care for all members of the Brotherhood, no matter how infirm or wandering-witted they become, until they die.

Altars and Rituals

A few consecrations of items or clergy are held within Ilavaar. Most of the formal 'gathering together' rituals held therein, however, are weddings and marriage anniversary celebrations. On some days, the church echoes with as many a dozen such services going on at once.

Lesser daily holy observances consist of prayers (spoken and thought) and blessings (particular ways of doing things) that accompany needful daily tasks (cooking, baking, mending and so on). Fresh-baked bread is given to random folk on the streets (and known needy) to the accompaniment of chanted prayers to the Holy Mother, and all folk are reminded to 'trust in the Counselor' if they desire advice.

In their roles as matchmakers, clerics of the Holy Mother host or sponsor many dances and romantic gatherings in halls, temporarily spruced up warehouses, and inns around Geanavue. The intent is to bring the young together into marriage, and to strengthen the devotion of already-married couples. For commoners not welcome at the feasts of the nobles and the wealthy, such events are the closest they get to 'private revels.'

Craftpriests also visit individual Geanavese to bless them upon their ascension to guild membership or office, occupying a new home (the hearth and outside doors must be cleansed and blessed), selling of a successful business, and to anoint merchant vessels on inaugural voyages or upon completion of dangerous or very successful runs.

The Brotherhood concerns itself with the daily needs of Geanavue, and are widely considered to care nothing for politics and events of the wider world. ("Look after your home, and let others look after theirs, and your life is complete.") The High Mother and her two seconds, however, do concern themselves with politics, taking care to act behind the scenes. In general, their love of home and family places them in firm alliance with the Lord and the House of Solace, a position of "watching and tempering the policies of" Castle courtiers and the guilds, and of trying to find ways of curbing and influencing the wildest excesses of the nobles (through counsel of disturbed Talasaaran individuals, servants, and so on). On several occasions, nobles' bodyguards who got out of hand and looted or destroyed property were attacked not only by weapon-wielding Craftclerics, but through law amendments urged and promoted by the senior clergy of the Home Foundation.

Foornaar, the Speaker of the Word

(LG; honor, oath, ethics; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 192)

The Geanavese temple of the Speaker of the Word stands in the southwest corner of the moot of the Daeloot Maar and Vaolain Maar, fronting on the Daeloot. It is known to outlander non-believers (who adopt different nicknames for the temples of the same lawful faith in different cities, whereas the faithful use the same formal, proper name for both buildings) as "Honorgate House." Citizens of the Stones of Peace call it Elaolaar Hau or 'The Hall of Oaths.'

The Hall of Oaths is a long, arch-roofed hall whose side-walls each bulge forth in a flanking tower (akin to a pair of very squat castle keeps). A series of mismatched additions at the rear of the temple have added desperately-needed living quarters for a growing clergy.

Aside from two narrow, high naves along either side of the main temple hall, and the side-towers (Caunelet to the north and Caunulofoor to the south) that connect to them, most of Elaolaar Hau is occupied by the high-vaulted, curve-walled Hall of Oaths.

This impressive chamber features 'panes' of stone wall (between the fluted vaultings) graven with prayers to Foornaar the Irreproachable One, and serves to magnify and echo all words spoken between its walls. (The playing of musical instruments is forbidden because of the dangerous shakings and roars they produce.) Thus, worship is restricted to strictly defined prayer and controlled chanting. Pledges sworn every dawn to Foornaar the Lord on High (by Keepers and worshippers muttering on their knees, simultaneously) rise into a sonorous thunder clearly heard in nearby streets. At every new moon, they likewise chant unison prayers, in rising tones that build to an impressive crescendo audible blocks away.

The Clergy of Foornaar

Now some twelve clerics strong, the Keepers are flourishing under the guidance of Grand Esquire Arunaar Eireko (LG male human Clr7). This popularity is due in large measure to growing guild corruption. The additions of known guild and outlander skullduggeries to the traditional 'willful evils' of the nobles has reinforced the desires of Geanavese commoners and individual crafters for ever-present honesty, fair dealings, clear contracts (and full and equal enforcement of their tenets). The Keepers of the Word are the citizens' insurance against the ongoing spread of corruption.

For their part, the Keepers believe the prosperity of Geanavue can only continue through the high ethical standards of the citizenry, which standards can only be maintained with the aid and diligence of the Hall of Oaths. The Keepers of the Word must ensure that all Geanavese (through religious instruction or through the influence of relatives, neighbors, or fellow guild members who do heed The Word) keep their word, avoid disgrace, and follow a consistent ethical code. Promises not kept are sins, and such sins must be stamped out everywhere, in the Castle as well as guildhalls and nobles' mansions.

This zealotry makes some Geanavese uneasy. What if evil stirs among the Keepers? Who will stop it, if the Keepers have become the scourges of all others? Yet the citizenry still see the Keepers as vitally necessary, and to be encouraged.

"Secrets are evil," the Grand Esquire preaches, and he has elevated two Clerics of Honorable Highness to the office of Reverend to assist him in Foornaar's holy work. Arunaar Eireko

is astute, dedicated, earnest, and a trifle naive (he believes all intelligent beings are inherently good, and led astray only by "too much temptation," which can be offset by other temptations and by spiritual instruction), but his two Reverends are strong-willed, suspicious, ambitious folk.

One is Hamibuur (LG male human Clr5), and the other is Laakilaas (LG female human Clr4/Exp1). They direct Keepers of lesser rank to spy and pry energetically, and use the secrets thus gleaned as weapons. That is, they threaten to expose falsehoods publicly (blackmail) if the persons concerned fail to behave thus-and-so. The desired behavior is always more adhering-to-oaths and furthers the cause of Foornaar's faith, cleaving corruption, but it also always increases the power and behind-the-scenes influence of the Keepers. Hamibuur and Laakilaas are not hypocrites: they truly believe they are doing what is best. Only time will tell what befalls when their activities bring them into conflict with Lord, Castle, or the head of another faith.

Between private prayers for holy guidance, and sessions of 'revelment' (working among worshippers and the general public to uncover strayings from oaths and ethical codes), Geanavese clerics of the Speaker gather behind closed inner temple doors to discuss their conduct, and be instructed by their three senior clerics in how best to speak and act in all situations (what to say and what to omit, what is honorable and what is not, and so on).

The Hall of Oaths officially looks upon all Geanavese as friends who must merely be watched and guided to "Keep them looking upon the light of the Word," and the Grand Esquire

truly believes Tellene works this way. His two Reverends privately regard Geanavue as a fair-faced cauldron of corruption, placid on the surface but rotten at the core. Consequently, they look upon everyone from Lord to beggar, including all other clergy, as evil and duplicitous.

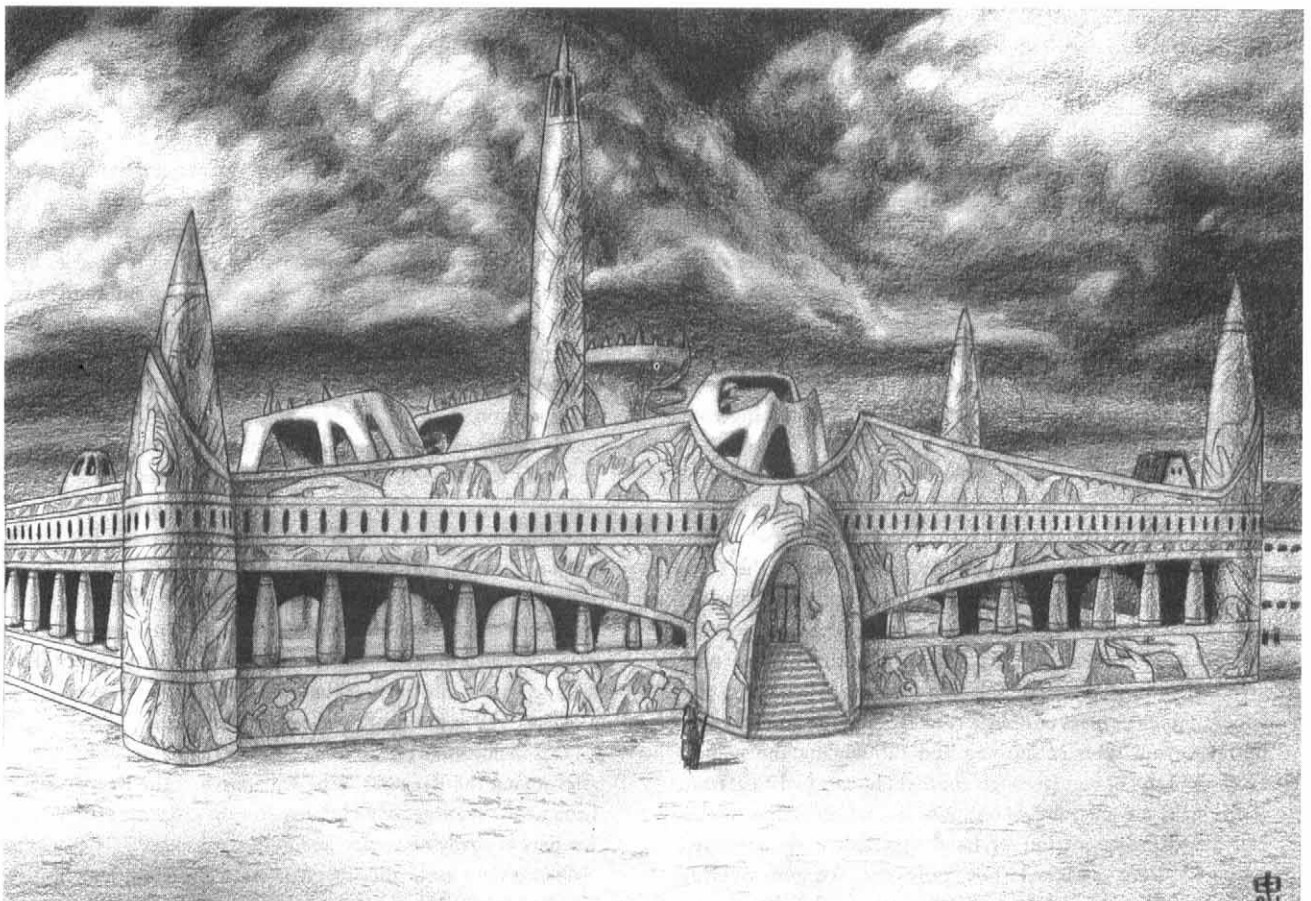
Gaaria the Founder

(LN; law, order, cities; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 201-202)

The Geanavese temple to Gaaria the Great Builder is a gigantic, sprawling building that can claim to 'front' on no less than three streets (it offers grand entrances to each). Taosil's Taraane runs along its southern face, the Saar along its east face, and Maleel Maar bounds it to the north. Whether or not one's taste runs to sculpture or great size or almost grotesque ornamentation, it is unquestionably the most magnificent temple in the city.

If it were not so close to the largest gate in the city wall, the Founder's Creation would dominate Geanavue as a visual landmark. Instead, it serves to impress visitors to the city that great wealth and stoneworking skill must be found in Geanavue. It also gives hundreds of birds roosts and nesting-sites, despite skilled slingers among the clergy who frequently bring down fowl for the cooking-pots. (Temple punishments often involve climbing down from the roof and 'scouring out' nests and droppings among the stonework.)

Aaran Hau, the Founder's Creation, is also known as "The House of Hands" because of the many carved human hands (most of them twenty feet tall or more) that curve forth from its



walls. Various of these forearms and hands are sculpted as if hammering at the walls, putting spires and stone blocks in place, pulling on ropes, holding up balconies, and even cradling the frames of many of the tall, narrow temple windows. 'Magnificent' is not too strong a word to describe Aaran Hau, inside and out. Fountains, stairs that spiral without visible support (in helix-like ribbons of ascending stone) and intricately-curving glass chimes are everywhere—lasting testaments to the skills of the greatest Geanavese builders, offering their greatest works to the glory of the Founder.

A spindle-shaped central tower encloses the three bells heard often in the streets around the temple. The end of every 'great prayer' to Gaaria the Upholder is marked by the striking of the Tiraanit: Seneesor 'the Trumpet,' a high bell that represents inspiration; Golaaum 'Deepknell,' a huge bell of such a low tone that it can be felt in the bones and teeth more than heard, which signifies Tellene beneath what is built, that yields the materials of building; and Akalaaser 'Satisfaction,' a rich, pleasant bell of middling tone, that denotes successful completion of the builder's task. When these bells sound, chimes and sculptures throughout the temple interior echo and augment their songs in a symphony never heard outside.

Unlike most temples, Aaran Hau has no 'Great Central Holy Room' and no receiving room or fore chamber that separates visitors and the unholy from the devout and sacred. A visitor who enters stands at the heart of a long, curving gallery with many interior balconies and side-rooms at various levels reached by their own stairs and connected by catwalks and cross-bridges. Though the Founder's Creation has often been expanded in the past, its current head believes in devoting holy building-work to other places in the city, "that all may see, and marvel, and be aided."

The Builders of Law believe that work, specifically, the inspired and capable creation of items from the raw stuff of Tellene, and the maintenance of law and order, solve all problems. Through building great things The Great Builder spurs the creativity and skills of mortals, slowly raising them to ever-greater power and purity. Great things (bridges, towers, turrets, great gates, and other large and impressive structures) are what faithful of the Founder should devote themselves to—but where others strive for mere bulk, clerics of the Upholder ensure that every small detail of anything they build is as good as they can make it. Does a wall around a Talasaaran mansion have a substantial, impressive-looking walkway? Are the walkway and the rest of the wall drained properly, to let water be directed off to a specific purpose (such as storage cisterns or garden watering), or does water seep into the wall, to weaken it? How are the stones or wooden panels and palisades of the wall anchored in the ground, arranged, and fastened to each other? Could this be done in a way that is stronger and more impressive? (Very, very rarely would any Builder be concerned with the cost of a building method. Efficiency is a consideration, beauty another, but endurance and performance are the foremost factors.)

Let others cut corners in their slapdash building, and devote themselves to intrigue, worry, politics and gossip. Worthy mortals build things, following the plans and guidance of the Builders of Law. Even if a mortal life is fleeting, a creator's works may well outlive her, to aid and inspire those who follow.

In like manner, public order is something built daily, by the proper laws and the respect and proper performance of the populace in upholding them. Lawbreakers must be chased and apprehended in all cases where they cannot be forestalled in their wrongdoings. Prevented or captured, such individuals must be instructed as to proper conduct. So the Builders of Law confront troublemakers, visit prisoners to pray with and lecture them, and also preach to guards and Watch officers as to proper conduct and ever-better performance of their duties. "We watch the Watch" is an inner temple saying. "If the Lord of Geana forgets his laws, we remind him. If order breaks down, we must restore it."

Clergy

The Geanavese clergy of the Upholder are led by Constable Orimaar Torilaun (LN male human Clr6/Exp6), an amiable mountain of a man who is sturdily ugly but exudes quiet confidence and authority. His large, shovel-like hands are capable of the most intricate detail-work (for instance, he can pick locks as swiftly as if he held the proper keys, and assemble and disassemble even tiny, intricate mechanisms with astonishing speed), and he spends almost all of his waking hours instructing and working with others.

A murmured, "As the Founder inspires" is all the daily public praying that many Geanavese followers of Gaaria do. All Builders pray privately and in silence to the Upholder for strength, skill and guidance upon awakening and retiring, each day. A Builder of Law spends those days in work, with and under the guidance of superior clergy, not in 'empty ritual.' A new or difficult task, either in building or in maintaining or establishing order, usually begins with a prayer for guidance, wherein the cleric looks for inner (visions) and outer (events, sightings, and utterances by others) signs from Gaaria the Founder as to how to proceed.

Although they are careful never to aid any citizen in building things that legally infringe on the rights and property of others, the Builders of Law keep themselves constantly busy. They repair and renovate, fixing leaking roofs and unsafe structures everywhere and improving the homes of the poor. It is their duty to examine each new item or device created or brought to the city, and seek to improve upon such things. Life is to be spent building, not in scheming or pride or mumbling phrases of praise that Great Gaaria has undoubtedly heard thousands upon thousands of times before.

The exceptions are the annual Founding, and Celebrations of Completion. The Founding (of Aaran Hau), is celebrated on the 16th of Mustering in a day-long feast in which no work is done, but many prayers are chanted and sung. Many of these devotions are uttered to rhythms pounded out on anvils, or with hammers beaten on plates of metal. The far more frequent Celebrations are elaborate prayers performed whenever a newly-built structure or item is completed.

Although Geanavese clerics of Gaaria recognize the temple ranks common to the wider faith, this does not mean segregation: Torilaun encourages everyone to work together, the lower ranks of the clergy taking orders from the higher. Senior clerics are expected to teach the younger (as well as lay worshippers and non-believers), but "not to exalt themselves by presumption of their greater rank, longer service to the Founder, or presumed superiority of purity." On the other hand, lower ranks and lay

persons are “not to challenge the authority of those who stand closer to Gaaria; to question or besmirch their purity is not to advance your own.”

Among the most garrulous and approachable of the Geanavese Builders is ‘Old’ Auloaro, a weather-beaten, gravel-voiced man of great handyman skills and a friendly manner to all. Auloaro is an Upholder, (LN male human Clr4/Exp3) but he is not a ‘cloistered cleric.’ Mending broken things in a trice is his specialty, and he walks the streets looking for folk to help, especially lowly crafters and commoners. Auloaro knows more Geanavese citizens by name and face and voice than perhaps any other man alive, and something of the lives and troubles of all of them. He often drops a quiet word to the clergy of Mosia the Holy Mother or Geonea the Peacemaker when he thinks their aid is most needed in a particular situation or life. He also serves as Aaran Hau’s chief negotiator in the buying and bartering of materials with merchants and guilds. He is assisted in his work by a young, grave and beautiful Architect by the name of Alaele (LN female human Clr5), who can weave and sew with astonishing speed—and move far more swiftly than the aging Upholder.

The Builders largely ignore city politics and the various power groups. A notable exception is their swift and firm response to curb any initiatives that would restrict a supply of materials or the right to do any sort of work to a particular guild or group. Auloaro and Alaele see the necessity for keeping the devout of the Founder’s Creation fully informed of current events, gossip and the changing moods of the city. All of the local Builders of Law, however, see value in remaining aloof from intrigue and daily politics, and just getting on with the Founder’s work. They want Geanavue to marvel at what the faithful of the Great Builder achieve, for in that wonderment, not in better wealth or food or comforts or happiness, is the salvation of all.

Fealain the Landlord

(N; money, business, greed; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 208)

Geanavue’s Parish of the Prolific Coin is known as Oronilii Hau (“Turncoin House” to outlanders). It is a grand, many-spired structure that stands on the north side of Baarot Maar, a block southeast of the Diirunider Dolaar (north city gate). Though the entry chambers of the House of the Profitmaker are gilded and bespeak wealth and splendor, the current local head of the faith has suppressed a former love of luxury and free spending. She now directs her Profiteers to be masters of astute investment. She wants shrewd donors and benefactors, not mere misers whom Geanavese might turn against. (However, if such donations are timed and placed to sway persons to positions that will benefit the future profits of the Parish or its faithful, there is no sin in such wise work.)

Clergy

The leader of Oronilii Hau and this renewal of the local faith is Accountant Simeera Haaloen (N female human Clr4/Exp2), a slender, rather plain woman who has a magnificent fall of ankle-length glossy black hair and large, arresting black eyes. She has worked to curb her hot natural temper and become “the Cool Head and Heart of the Goddess.” She is succeeding in this, in part because merchants of middling and rising wealth have benefited greatly by her careful investment advice.

Although the seven Profiteers under her command hold the same temple ranks as the faith does everywhere else in Tellene, they now, on her orders, work hard to remain personally anonymous (even using masks from time to time). This style works against past and ongoing attempts on the part of nobles and ‘dangerously wealthy’ would-be nobles to influence individual Profiteers with bribes and business deals that promise them personal profit. It is much harder to set cleric against cleric, conduct ongoing attempts to influence specific Profiteers, or foment dissatisfaction among the lowest-ranking clergy if the perpetrators cannot tell one cleric from another.

The Profiteers are readily ‘out in public’ and available to attempts to corrupt them because their duties include spying on guild and noble doings and investments. Persons desiring to make a show of attracting wealthy and sophisticated to their revels often directly invite clerics of the Coinmaster to such events.

Simeera is able to use the monies of many investors to do many of the same things nobles and wealthy non-noble Geanavese have been trying to do to her clergy and to the city at large: subtly control prices (by creating false shortages of goods at key times, and the like). As a result, she is able to make a great deal of money for many Geanavese—and can be seen as ‘the guiding architect’ of the recent wave of prosperity in the city.

Altars and Rituals

The Parish of the Prolific Coin holds prayer services every three hours, and offers private investment consultations at all times. Every eighth day is a ‘Holy Day,’ but so frequent are they that each individual observance means little (worshippers can freely choose any holy day to make their sacrifices of gems and coins, receiving in return ‘official anointing’ with their names entered in temple rolls as ‘reaffirmed in their devotion’). Worshippers who give abundantly to the church receive temple counsel and aid with more alacrity than those who give less (even if their paltry gifts are because they have less to give).

Holy days are obvious to faithful of the Coinmaster and passersby in Geanavue alike, because Profiteers wear glorious ‘forefront of fashion’ garb (augmented by brooches or embroidered sashes, belts, or baldrics bearing the golden scales holy symbol of the Coinmaster) for the seven days between holy days—but on holy days abandon all other garb for shimmering robes made of linked coins or (wire-set) gems!

The local clergy of the Profitmaker are trained to be capable fighters (to defend and protect property, including their own temple), skilled investors, and jewelers. Few use them as appraisers because of their well-deserved reputation as swindlers (in gem-appraisals only), but many folk turn to the Parish of the Prolific Coin first for work involving dyeing gems or matching them in size and natural hue to other gems (perhaps through trading stones with those in the temple vaults).

Under Simeera’s guidance, the Profiteers view everything in terms of money and its flows, and business and its successes, failures, and potentials. No one is a foe except so far as they steal or restrict the access to profit of others, and no one is a friend except in how they promote possibilities for profit for all. The Profiteers recognize that the hard-working and peace-loving Geanavese offer the perfect setting for high investment returns -

so the Stones of Peace must remain strong (and be aided to do so as much as possible).

Naataal the Raiser

(NG; harvest, life, fertility, agriculture; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 194)

The Geanavese uplands contain the local Church of the Life's Fire. Known as Raadaevune, 'the High Harvest Hearth,' or sometimes 'the Great Barn' to non-believers, it consists of a natural grass amphitheater whose 'stage' leads into one end of an old, sunk-into-the-earth, sod roofed and stone-lined storage barn. Worshipers seldom gather in numbers enough to fill the amphitheater except during harvest festivals attended by Geanavese of all faiths.

Altars and Rituals

Over the years, the barn has saved the lives of many persons by offering food (it doubles as a granary) and shelter in severe winter weather.

Worshippers of Naataal the Farmer's Wife often leave offerings of foodstuffs at the barn, free for the taking by the needy. Watchful Friends of the Fields see that those who take food truly are needy and not merely folk seeking foodstuffs to sell in Geanavue or elsewhere.

Clergy

Field Leader Norineen (NG male human Clr3) leads the Church. A tall, gaunt, soft-spoken man, Norineen goes barefoot except in the most severe winter weather, walks everywhere, and spends much of his time tending plants, doing cuttings and grafts. He also gives instruction and special herbal concoctions to women who wish to become pregnant but for whatever reason cannot. He keeps a hidden store of seeds and dispenses a few to all interested persons with a blessing.

Norineen dislikes any formal ritual beyond Church requirements, and so keeps the local Friends of the Field as simple gardeners and workers who aid farmers when necessary, not "grandly-robed, self-important holynoses." Norineen keeps his clergy aloof from the cut-and-thrust of city politics and intrigues, repeating the teaching that "The ambitious rise and fall, doing harm when their schemes go awry, but whatever comes, we strive to provide and nurture. Someone must, and let it be us, and let it be done with love." (That last phrase has become a popular and lasting uplands holy saying of Mother Tellene.)

Norineen's most popular and energetic assistants are the gruff and homely Fielder Braasiis (NG male human Clr2), and the "ruggedly beautiful" (buxom, strong blonde farm girl) Fielder Alaatea (NG female human Clr1).

The Friends of the Fields have recently lost influence thanks to the rise in veneration of the Bear, but retain a firm foundation of Geanavese farmers as believers.

Huunaav the Traveler

(NG; travel, stars; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 197)

Geanavese who venerate the Traveler worship him at a recently-opened temple in Loona. The Temple of the Stars is 'Fauvinisaar' in Reanaarese, which outlanders speaking

Merchant's Tongue mangled into "Fallingstar Tower." Now, even most Geanavese have taken to calling it just 'Fallingstar.' The faith has always been embraced by Loonan sailors seeking the Voyager's protection to see them safe into port. In recent years, with continued growth in travel of all kinds, congregations have been growing.

Fallingstar is an ugly, drafty converted warehouse where visitors may conduct rituals of sacrifice whenever they desire. It has a 'steady clergy' of four human Questers, who are led by Wordler Raatilaar Felavaar (NG male human Clr5/Exp3). Three Journeymen are retired sailors who miraculously survived sinkings and shipwrecks, but one among them is a former caravan-master. The Journeymen can and will tell many colorful tales of their adventures (a way, they believe, of gaining converts, especially among the young).

As yet the faith has no aspirations to anything more than simple service to the devout and undertakes no dabblings in Geanavese politics. However, some of Raatilaar's sermons suggest that he is beginning to take an interest in acquiring city patrons and a greater role for the Temple.

Bealaar the Bear

(N; nature; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 207-208)

Stone giants in the Geanavese uplands worship Old Grizzly and a swiftly rising number of humans and dwarves do as well, thanks to the influence and increasingly high profile of Poat (N male stone giant Clr10).

The stern, charismatic stone giant chief truly believes he has seen Bealaar in all of his forms in the Geanavese uplands so often that "this must be the Bear's favored ground." Poat has no doubt that if Geanavue would but turn to His worship, the "full glory of his power" would be granted to them. In turn, this would usher in an era of true greatness for the city, whereupon the monsters of the mountains would be hurled back and "the true balance of nature returned."

Of course, to do this, the folk of Geanavue would have to renounce many of their harsher "affronts to the land," living in harmony with nature and setting aside much prosperity of coin for purer, richer lives. Not surprisingly, few wealthy citizens of the Stones of Peace have embraced these ideas. However, among the less fortunate laborers of Geanavue, veneration of the Bealaar the Old Oak grows rapidly. Three charismatic humans help Poat in his efforts. These 'Holy Paws of the Bear' are Anigilius (N male human Dr9), Baarom (N male human Dr7), and Seelara (N female human Dr4). They travel often to the city but sleep in the streets and gather folk to pray in alleys, establishing no temples. Seelara's beauty, soft singing and alluring dancing often attracts the eyes of non-believers to the small, informal gatherings of worship. Wherever she dances on stone, she or believers travelling with her strew moss, leaves, or dirt for her to dance barefoot upon.

Keifau the Raconteur

(CG; the arts; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 198-199)

Traditionally, Geanavue has had little use for paintings, poetry, music and performers such as minstrels, actors and jugglers (except to demonstrate either their sophistication or how wealthy they are, to be able to afford such "frivolities"). Upland farmers and sailors calling at Loona, however, have always enjoyed such entertainments.

Clergy

Recently, wandering Merry Muses (clerics of Keifau the Eternal Bard) have begun to appear in the uplands and, increasingly, in Loona and Geanavue. There is talk of establishing permanent temples in both places, and Reelaara 'Starhair' (CG female human Clr7), a singer and dancer of great beauty who hails from Zoa, has purchased a home in Loona. She hopes to rebuild it as a proper theater of the Arts, but in the meantime has taken to giving free evening performances.

At such events, Starhair appears scantily clad in a dim chamber, using a spell to light her hair with tiny glimmering lights as she croons torrid love songs. Many sailors and young men are hopelessly in love with her and several Merry Muses who dwell with her are making fistfuls of coins by selling very good hand-sized paintings of her (in

provocative poses, painted on roundels of wood) for two glint each or even more.

Starhair is not a prostitute, and truly believes that life is incomplete without exposure to an ever-changing variety of performances and arts. Her shows begin with jugglers, dramatic storytellers, songs, and small plays, either slapstick farces or satires of Geanavue. Her Merry Muses often take these performers throughout the uplands and into Geanavue itself (usually performing in taverns), while Starhair works with new performers to polish their art and 'step in' as 'fresh openers' for her shows.

Some of the more biting satires are attracting both anger and notoriety in Geanavue. The Merry Muses perform them with increasing frequency at revels or private 'house parties' so Talasaara can laugh at lampoons of the Lord of Geana, rival nobles, would-be nobles, and the guilds. Other patrons such as guild officials or the 'dangerously wealthy' enjoy a laugh at Talasaara, and so on.

Starhair's most capable assistant is one Raavelo 'Manybells', a native-born Geanavese who is an agile actor and acrobat (CG male human Exp2/Clr5). Starhair, Manybells and the four lesser Muses have recently instituted widespread sales of "carry-charms." Carry charms are small painted wooden or bone plaques (or more rarely, enameled and shaped copper jewelry). They bear the likeness of a beautiful or striking or amusing performer (often in costume or depicted in mid-performance) on one side, and a pithy or amusing saying or rhyme on the other. Carry-charms are often sold on the street from stalls or by the poorest wandering vendors. Increasingly, they are collected by wealthy persons, and made be resold in shops for far more than their original prices. Many Geanavese have taken to privately creating charms of their own for sale, and traveling Merry Muses are encouraging this by loudly stepping in to prevent any merchant or guild trying to control the supply of charms, or make themselves the sole source.

The most important innovation the Muses have managed, however, is to interest commoners in private, in-house performances of inspirational songs, poems, or tales of heroism (given by a hired performer) to a family member upon their joining a guild or faith, attaining a rank or distinction, becoming betrothed or married, or in celebrating an important anniversary. For years Talasaara have commissioned such personalized performances (though in many cases the performers were little more than prostitutes playing a role), but now the non-noble have begun to embrace such entertainments as worthwhile rather than "fripperies for the idle." The future of the Theater of the Arts in looks bright.



Poat - Chief of the Stone Fists, devotee of the Bear

Darker Faiths

The rising prosperity of Geanavue has attracted the attention of many of the more evil faiths of Tellene. None have as yet openly established temples in the city or its uplands, but many are working, usually as individual clerics, to found secretive cults among the nobles and the most ambitious wealthy merchant families. Usually they promise power and success (and practical clerical aid, right now) in return for devotion to the god in question. The symbols of both Zoolaa the Mistress of Spite and Miazaar the Prince of Chance have begun to appear on alley walls in Geanavue, not just in Loona. While it remains to be seen how successful they will be in attracting adherents, it certainly appears that the dark faiths are on the march.

Zoolaa the Corrupter

(LE; injustice, envy, jealousy; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 213-214)

The Jealous Eye is well on the way to founding several Courts of Inequity in the Geanavese demesnes. A determined and wily Judge of the Eye, one Mindrel Rondstern (LE female Brandobian Clr9), has arrived in the demesnes and is leading the Covetous Ones. Hailing from the far land of Mendarn, Mindrel is strikingly tall (over six-and-a-half feet) though very slender, with jet black eyes and hair, and beautiful (though more than one observer has described her as "hard" or "glittering").

The Judge often uses magic to disguise herself and moves often (from inn room to rude lodgings to anonymously-rented town houses). She attends all noble revels and feasts thrown by the dangerously wealthy that she can, gloriously attired.

She is often seen talking to Talasaara (promising her aid in enabling them to escape judgements against them and levied taxes and to find loopholes in the law). Mindrel also meets secretly with guild officials. With them, she seeks to arouse their envy of the nobles and rich unguilded merchants and offers her aid in plots to frame individuals of both sorts for guild misdeeds or false crimes so as to aid the guild. She often murmurs, "The law is a snake in my hand, that I will guide to bite those I choose."

Mindrel seems to have an endless appetite for men. She visibly gives herself to one man after teasing others, so as to arouse envy and jealousy. She delights in setting her two very capable Advocates of the Eye (Aumiraas and Toovitaal, both LE male human Clr6s) at each other's throat in rivalry over her. Naturally, all three know what game is being played, and seem to openly laugh and enjoy it at times, particularly when the two men combine forces to seduce or best Mindrel. Both Advocates are bearded, handsome, urbane men who are consummate actors, able to pass for nobles or magistrates with equal ease. They assist Mindrel in keeping iron control over a clergy of low-ranking Covetous Ones (Followers of the Eye) who are all good-looking (seven human females and three human males).

As the Covetous Ones sidle through Loona, Geanavue and the uplands whispering words designed to arouse envy and goad Geanavese into purloining holy items and treasures out of spite, the faith of the Corrupter is definitely on the rise.

Peasor the Emperor of Scorn

(NE; hate and bigotry; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 219)

There have always been a few, scattered human worshippers of Peasor the Despiser in Geanavue. They have always held that only Reanaarians should dwell in the Stones of Peace and its demesnes, and all others should be confined to Loona or elsewhere. The only vigorous present worship of the Emperor of Scorn in Geanavue, however, is dwarf-centered. Purger Adurmak Tukurz (NE male dwarf Exp2/Clr8) wants to purge all fire giants from the mountains. In this, he gains much support from customers who visit his shop. Tukurz puts metal toecaps, replacement heels, and spurs on boots, ferrules on sticks and canes, and end-caps on tools, working in rented rooms that move often, but are always in the vicinity of the Meaavur.

To certain dwarves he investigates and befriends, however, and only to such individuals, Adurmak reveals his other, secret goals. After the fire giants are gone and dwarves have firmly established themselves in the formerly giant-held caverns in the mountains, it will be time to covertly work against stone giants (killing them off in dwarf-engineered cavern-collapses and other 'accidents').

When the stone giants are reduced to paltry numbers, it will then be time to work against the humans. At first through the sewers, causing building collapses, but eventually open warfare will be necessary and even desirable, so the humans know who is slaughtering them and throwing them out. All humans must be purged from Geanavue, to make it dwarven.

In the meantime, Adurmak openly sponsors adventurers to go hunting fire giants, desiring them to map all caverns they find and bring their maps back. He is recruited at least four dwarf shopkeepers in Geanavue to become Purgers. One of them is a young, hot-tempered, and energetic smith by the name of Fulkaft Gramdal, who makes elaborate hinges and catches and covertly murders humans whenever he can. Gramdal is a NE male dwarf Exp6/Clr2, who runs Fulkaft's Fine Forgework out of various cellars along Laaneloe Seeral. Although he can be polite, reasonable, and even kind to patrons, he loves slaying when he gets the chance and is not mad enough to attempt murders when there are witnesses or a good chance of his being discovered.

The worship of Peasor the Hatemonger is small and covert (although Castle agents have caught hints of "human-hating dwarves" residing in the city), but strong in belief and quickly growing. Many dwarves opposed to open strife with humans (usually because "that way lies doom, there is no end to the humans!") see Geanavue as a city that has achieved wealth and stability by relying on dwarven defenders and dwarven ways and craft-skills, so why shouldn't the dwarves take what is rightfully theirs?

Zael the Unseen One

(NE; murder and revenge; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 219-220)

The Unseen One as yet has no open temples in Geanavue or its demesnes. Members of the Veiled Priesthood meet in Loonan cellars or more often at remote rented hunting lodges in the uplands, establishing a new and temporary 'House of Knives' every month. Priestly robes are hidden in secret cavities in the walls of Loonan warehouses owned by clerics of the faith.

As yet, the clergy is small, numbering only four. Another three novices want to join, but have not yet been allowed to know the identities of the masked clerics they meet, in case they have made arrangements with the Castle or someone else to betray the Veiled Priesthood. When properly tested (which will involve their performing a specified and daringly difficult act of revenge), the surviving novices will be admitted into the ranks.

Clergy

The leader of the Veiled Priesthood styles himself "High Dark Knife," (NE male human Asn3/Clr6/Rog1). By day, he is also Aarvelko Streene, an outlander fishmonger who is kept various fish shops on the Loonan docks for the last dozen years. "Aarvelko Streene" may well be an assumed name.

The High Dark Knife's assistant in the clergy is Draabro Voorn, a Loonan carter of outlander origins who makes frequent wagon runs to all over the demesnes and into Geanavue. Among the Veiled, Draabro is "Soul Tracker" (and a NE male human Asn2/Clr4/Rog1).

The Veiled Priesthood have started many rumors in Geanavue (in taverns and the Door of Dreams inn) about "the Knives of the Avenger" being available for hire by contacting persons who answer to the pass-phrase "The scorpion dagger is drawn" in the

Shield in Loona. The usual response is, "I am a seller of souls," but the contact is always a clever street youth of Loona, hired only to guide persons who correctly approach him to a particular table in a specific tavern, both table and tavern changing daily.

Increasingly, Talasaara and other wealthy Geanavese desiring revenge on rivals, ex-lovers and business foes have hired the Knives to 'do dark work' for them. A killing always involves substantial payment (100 glint for a commoner, 500 glint for a guild official or important merchant, and 1000 glint and up for courtiers, minor clergy, and nobles, in advance) and the owing of a favor. The Knives reserve the right to refuse a target (though they will maintain utmost secrecy about having been approached, no matter what services they perform or refuse). Lesser deeds (such as thefts, framings, mutilations, woundings and humiliations) involve much lower fees (25 glint is typical) and only "small favors."

Foobia the Vicelord

(CE; vice and sloth; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 224)

The Abaser is venerated in Geanavue and Loona by six wandering clerics. Currently, they are under the leadership of Depraved Lord Insulter Bouzaar 'Greatbelly,' a huge, rotund man



The Rise of the Darker Faiths makes itself known in strange and frightening ways.

with a handsome face, burning eyes, a mellifluous voice and a talent for vocal mimicry (CE male human Clr6). If Greatbelly has any enlightened plans for the future of the faith, he does not bother to articulate them. Corrupting Geanavese youth and founding brothels are all he concerns himself with at the present time.

Clergy

Bouzaar's Vicelords (a Clr4, two Clr3s, and three Clr1s) specialize in goading drunken sailors (and even better, tipsy city revelers) into orgies and attacks on the temples of other faiths. During these wild attacks on rival temples, the Vicelords themselves will attempt to defile both altars and clerics of the rival faith, plunder temple wealth and treasures, and then make their escapes.

The Vicelords maintain no temple, and have no plans to do so - beyond keeping a few rooms for their own use in the brothels they are busily establishing in Geanavue. The worship of Foobia in the Stones of Peace accentuates vice and lewd behavior, and downplays the god's aspect of sloth (though lazy persons, disenchanted by the endless 'work-work-work' ethics of Geanavese life, are welcomed by this faith, especially if they are virgins).

Vicelords have held 'open public rituals' in city brothels, certain haunted rooms in the Door of Dreams inn, in various warehouses in Loona they have rented or broken into, and at some revels where drinking (with their assistance) has gotten well out of hand.

Foobi the Overlord

(LE; oppression and slavery; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 214-215)

The Overlord has no real church in Geanavue or its demesnes, yet. Slavery is legal in Geanavue, but frowned upon (although shipping a free Geanavese citizen off into slavery elsewhere is a crime). Though some Talasaara own house servants and workers in their wilderness mines, the general practice is scoffed at by most Geanavese because they view it as a blatant admission that one is too poor of character to do his or her own work. And if there is anything that most Geanavese share, it is pride in doing one's own work, whatever the task. Five wicked individuals seek to change that. Four are Servants, novice clerics of Geanavue and Loona recruited by Shackler Malaran Darisek (LE male human Clr5), a Kalamaran who appeared in Loona three summers ago. Darisek seeks to make slavery more widespread and accepted. Only when he has managed to change this attitude among some Geanavese will the patient Shackler move to the next stages of his plan. These stages consist of recruiting important Castle officials to the faith and establishing a House of Shackles (underground temple of the Overlord) beneath the mansion of a noble. The Talasaara may either be unaware of his new neighbors or a convert to the cause, it matters not to Darisek. In the meantime, the Bringers of the New Order under Darisek's command are busy enslaving poor and kinless persons in Loona, to sell as slaves to unscrupulous shipcaptains docked in Loona. Soon they hope to establish regular slave trades and to gain a supply of outlander slaves they can sell to Talasaara.

The Shackler himself prepares to befriend and subvert Lord Haar's son. He will begin this process as soon as opportunities arise. If the next Lord of Geana worships the Yelder To None,

the faith cannot help but soar in Geanavue, and Tellene will be a step closer to the Day of Blessed Tyranny.

Xiznoom the Harvester of Souls

(NE; death and the underworld; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 217-218)

The Aladiise, the large cemetery not far south of Geanavue along the Zoan Road, has always been haunted. Most of its apparitions are silent phantoms of loved ones or long-dead warriors, who ignore the living. There were also tales of clutching skeletal fingers after dark, but nothing more. At least, until the last few years, when screams were often heard coming out of the cemetery at night and passing carters saw black-robed skeletons chasing terrified men among the tombs then felling them with scythes.

Clergy

In truth, there is only one scythe-wielder: a living cleric of the Harvester of Souls who came to the cemetery from southern Reanaaria Bay (and is of Svimohzish stock). Butcher Izvan Yahul is a NE male human Clr7. After he personally achieves the church rank of Harvester, he hopes to someday found an open temple to Xiznoom in Geanavue. In the meantime, Yahul slays children and youths he can catch alone (or in pairs, such as lovers out on trysts) in the countryside. He also covertly, and very carefully, recruits novitiate Harvesters in the dives of Loona and Geanavue and kills victims in the cemetery.

Yahul buys these victims from Satauroaver Vuria of Loona. Vuria sells the Butcher folk who have crossed him or who owe him debts but who (usually for reasons of disability or size) are unsuitable to become members of Vuria's future army of undead.

Yahul drugs his purchases and brings them to the cemetery in a fish cart by night (after a day of selling most of the fish that covers them in Geanavue). Then he stands over them in his robes, wearing a skull mask and wielding a scythe and waits for them to awaken.

Victims regain consciousness to find themselves barefoot and hobbled at knees and ankles with ropes whose knots have been soaked in water to tighten them. Yahul then begins to cut their clothes from them with his scythe, not worrying if he cuts flesh, too. When victims try to flee, he lets them get a start and then chases and slaughters them, for he believes that having to chase agitated, lively persons makes their deaths 'worth more' in the eyes of the Bringer of the Grave.

At present, Yahul has recruited only two novitiates, both of whom cheerfully enjoy killing: Dealaan, a stablehand and NE male human Clr1; and Daaralau, a NE female human Clr1 and weaver's daughter of waif-like beauty who looks like an innocent child and is as swift with a dagger as many seasoned warriors.

Twice the Butcher has allowed his novitiates to hunt victims in the countryside with him, but insisted on doing the final killings himself. However, Yahul does not yet trust his newly recruited Harvesters enough to tell them about what he does in the cemetery.

The Aladiise is a long way from the dark temple Yahul dreams of, but he is content to move slowly, with one exception. He has spent two years of 'off days' observing the clergy of Geanavue (and visiting outlander clerics, too), sizing them up as 'proper' victims to be sacrificed to the god on the night of the next Soul

Harvest. Thus far, Yahul has been forced to slay his own novitiates instead, but things will get better. They always do...and Izvan Yahul is a very patient man.

Miazaar, "Risk," the Master of Stealth

(CN; **thievery, gambling, luck; Kingdoms of Kalamar pg. 212**)

Though there is no Church of Chance in Geanavue or Loona, many Blackflames venerate the Master of Stealth. A surprising number of their Talasaaran parents also worship Miazaar, King of the Dice (as do many Loonan sailors of whom the nobles would shudder to be within a dozen miles).

Geanavue (in upper rooms of nobles' mansions, and cellars scattered throughout the city) and Loona (in various back rooms and dark warehouse corners) both have their tiny private chapels to Risk, and both also have their Challengers of Fate. Three clerics of Miazaar the Prince of Chance dwell in Loona, and another three in Geanavue. Both branches of Challengers report to the authority of Aauraak (a CN male human Clr7 who hails from Zoa).

Aauraak is busy selecting the right building in Geanavue to convert to "The Golden Gambling Horn of Geanavue." He envisions the future Church of Chance as a luxurious dining establishment that will sell wine, act as a brothel on the side, and offer 'secure storage' of items patrons desire to be well-hidden but also safe. Having successfully completed several "holy church mission" thefts of valuables (and rewarded himself 'on the side' while doing so), Aauraak has more than enough funds to buy several high-houses or build his own from the ground up.

Soon he will have his staff lined up and the sumptuous interior complete. Then the faith of Old Lucky will burst onto the scene in Geanavue, to soar from gamble to gamble thereafter. Aaurark's Challengers will be boldly ready to dare all.

Zaavarel the Impostor

(CE; **lies, deceit, mischief; Kingdoms of Kalamar pgs. 221-222**)

"Zaavarel" is an increasingly-popular local name for The Impostor, who has five undercover clerics in Geanavue. The Great Deceiver once had almost a dozen energetic faithful in Loona, but so great was their mischief at the time of Taneevaar's pirate-fighting (see "The Emerald Eagle" chapter) that they were hunted down and slain.

Their modern successors in the faith avoid Loona altogether. These new Impostors operate subtly among young nobles, the dangerously wealthy, guild officials and courtiers in Geanavue, seeking to work mischief on individuals, corrupt or frame them, and destroy order.

They are determined to do so, however, while leaving as little trace of themselves as possible. It is not that they fear being hunted down by the authorities, rather, they see clumsy and obvious operations as demeaning to the Great Deceiver.

The Impostors usually operate independently (from time to time, they will pair up when deceptions demand it, but otherwise hire dupes and agents they keep ignorant of what is truly happening). However, they take overall direction—and receive funds from a self-styled Lord of Lies, a onetime cobbler by the name of Baatireevaur (a CE male human Clr8).

Baatireevaur forged some contracts and wills, arranged an 'accidental' death, impersonated someone and ended up with the

fortunes of four recently-deceased wealthy merchants in his hands. He promptly invested the funds and 'disappeared' from Geanavese society, seeing it as a "sick" and "mind-gnawing" order where those in power made everyone below them "work like whipped dogs" for the general prosperity, but prevented anyone from ascending in real rank, regard and influence from that from which they were born.

The Lord of Lies seeks to change all that, aided by the cleverness of the most able of the Impostors he sponsors: a man who calls himself the Able Deceiver (but is in truth a guild-expelled former jeweler named Taofoor, a CE male human Clr5).

After some years of serving the Great Deceiver among Impostors all over Tellene, Baatireevaur recruited Taofoor, and the two of them carefully investigated Geanavue for possible comrades in the faith. The most successful of the three clerics they have initiated thus far is the former leather-dyer Teelia, (CE female human Clr3) who has beauty, a love of daring and danger, and a real flair for acting (and so plays a large role in many of the ruses and swindles practiced by the Impostors).

Chapter 10

The Promenade

To Reanaarian merchants, to 'promenade' is to 'stroll for the purpose of being seen' (for example, a merchant celebrating new-won prosperity by donning finery and setting forth on a roundabout way, afoot or by coach, for a revel). It can also, however, mean to 'stroll for the purpose of seeing'—and so it is used here: a casual, by no means exhaustive, walking tour of Geanavue.

Noble mansions, warehouses, guild headquarters, crafters' workshops and the like are scattered and intermingled throughout the city. Citizens therefore seldom speak of city districts or even neighborhoods. It is easy for a first time visitor to get lost until one masters the habit of using the Castle turrets and the Tower of Time as landmarks, and navigating 'around' them.

Hence, a visitor to Geanavue is likely to find this tour useful. Thanks to frequent visitations from outlanders desiring to hire away Geanavese crafters from the city or deal personally with guilds rather than merely buying wares in Loona, many city features have Merchant's Tongue names as well as Reanaarian 'callings.' Outlanders should be aware that the Reanaarian word "Maar" roughly equates to 'Street' and "Taraane" is a 'Lane.' "Seeral" is a 'Way' (usually a street of middling importance between a Maar and a Taraane when first built, but not always so in the present day), "Dolaar" means 'Gate,' "Vaaniit" means 'Yard,' "Hau" means 'House' and "Hoolon" translates as 'Hall.' Such words may not see much use outside Geanavue and its uplands—but to the visitor walking the streets of this city, they serve as handy guides as to what to expect. So let our promenade begin....

From Loona to the Castle

The road from Loona enters the city through its main, eastern gate. The Loona Dolaar (or 'Loonan Gate') serves as a Fists armory and barracks, a militia rallying-point, and the main entrance to the city. It is the only city gate defended with two outlying fortified towers, the Tareetuir. These squat turrets contain armories, stables, jail cells and fortified strong-storage rooms for contraband. They are the 'Toll Towers' in everyday Geanavese, but inevitably "the Teeth" to outlanders.

Passing within the Loona Dolaar, the facade of an inn, Muratuur's Welcome, confronts the visitor across a bustling chaos of rumbling wagons and hurrying people. Muratuur's forms the 'prow' of a block of buildings separating the Launee Maar (the wide, busy street to the west of the inn) and the Noolar Maar (the slightly narrower street to the east).

In the center of this triangular city block is Raiziitaur ("Fairwind Towers" to outlanders), the walled city seat of the Goanagel noble family. At the southwesternmost corner of the block stands the grand, impressive "soaring fortress of stone" Saavar Hoolon ("Stoneshields Hall" to outlanders), headquarters of the Smiths guild. It is actually made of wood with thin stone cladding that once fell off and shattered in the street below with distressing (and deadly) frequency, but since the shield-shaped plates have been overlaid at critical cladding-joints (the reason they appear to be scattered at random), the 'stone skin' stays on. The shields, by the way, have never displayed any badges or armorial devices, though occasionally cryptic marks that convey private messages are added to the lowest shields.

The outlying building at the northwestern corner of the block is Aatemat's Hoolon, once the mansion of the wealthy furs-merchant Aatemat. Over the century or so since his death, it has been converted to low-cost, noisy dwelling-space (individual rooms, let out mostly to apprentices and casual 'short-coin' laborers). Three rather rickety floors of these lowcoin rooms rise above a street-level floor given over to a trio of competing 'tanitor-houses' (Geesiraa's, Peasor Hau and Saanitoraal's). Tanitor-houses are cook-shops that bake bread and pastries overnight, switch to handpies in early morn, and before midday begin spit-roasting large beasts to provide joints for evening tanitor.

The largish building three doors up along the Noolar Maar from Muratuur's Welcome is Meaker's Sarave, an old but still palatial rental mansion shared by successful merchants. Each tenant has an entire floor, and they share four 'duty pairs' of door guards, to keep away unwanted visitors day and night. Between Meaker's and the inn lie the inn stables, in which residents of the Sarave can rent stalls.

Recently the merchants of the Sarave collectively purchased Vaxea Hau, a moribund inn. After giving it the bare minimum of renovations, they now rent out its suites by the month to long-term laborers visiting Geanavue, at rates 'a clear glint' below inn fees. The former inn, now known as Arauvaar Hoolon ("Warmfires Hall"), is the large building with red awnings across the Noolar Maar from the Welcome.

Warmfires forms the prow of the small block bounded by the Saar the Noolar Maar and Taosil's Taraane. The Saar is the long street that runs along the inside of the city wall all around Geanavue, whereon no wagons can be parked in case the Fists need to hurry here or there to defend the city.

North across the Taraane from the Warmfires block stands the gigantic magnificence of Aaran Hau, the Geanavese temple to Gaaria, the Great Builder. It is known as “the House of Hands” in Merchant’s Tongue, thanks to the gigantic relief carvings of human hands that adorn its walls, frozen in acts of hammering, pulling on ropes, and seemingly holding the frames of the building’s tall, narrow windows in place. Important rituals occurring within are marked by the striking of a distinctive triad of bells: a high-pitched knell followed by a deep, rolling boom that can be felt more than heard, and then the echoing peal of a bell of middling tone.

Between the temple and the city wall stands a pair of ramshackle buildings occupying a rare position: between the wall and the Saar. These are the home and shop of Lewao ‘Bannermaker,’ who sews, weaves and dyes pennants for the Fists, the Castle and wealthy Geanavese. Out of respect for his long and dedicated service, courtiers have refrained from asking Lewao to relocate—but upon his death, these buildings will very likely be unceremoniously torn down, leaving the adjacent militia rally-shed alone against the wall.

North of the temple, across the short, curving street known as Maleel Maar, stands Siirego’s Hall, the headquarters of the Wagoneers guild. With its fire-blackened turrets, it looks like an old and much-besieged keep. The soot actually comes from braziers of meats the guild used to fry and give away during festivals—a practice that ended when several balconies caught fire and burned away (never to be replaced; their former doors are now the largest of the arched windows in the Hall). Siirego’s is called a “Hall” in Merchant’s Tongue and not “Siirego Hoolon” in the Reanaarese fashion because so many outlanders need to find it for deliveries, to pick up cargoes, and to arrange business with the guild.

Immediately to the northwest of the Hall, in the center of the triangular city block to which it belongs, is the guild’s sprawling carriage shed. Low-cost shops and dwellings make up the remainder of the block, due to the ever present noise of guild activities. Most of the shops offer minor repairs to house wares, and sell ‘salvaged’ (used) items of all prices, descriptions and conditions. Occasionally their dark, crammed interiors will be enlivened by a real salvage cargo bought from the docks of Loana. Non-perishable goods (such as secondhand glass bottles

and net-floats) will be carried up onto the roofs of these shops to make more room below for hundreds of carved bone combs, or walking sticks that sport pommels adorned with seeing-lenses that magnify, or lady’s coffers with mirrors in the lids.

The block dominated by the Wagoneers is bounded by Maleel Maar, the Saar and Aanugo’s Maar, the street that runs from the wall to the moot of Noolar Maar and Taosil’s Taraane. The north-western corner of Aanugo’s moot with the Saar is occupied by Tarepet Hoolon (“Tartrumpets Hall”) the soaring-walled city seat of the Hurukuol noble family. Its distinctive gilt-and-blue-marble trim makes it a landmark for lost outlanders traversing the Saar. Although there are ground-floor shops fronting on Vaolain Maar, most of the rest of the block is occupied by three- and four-floor “huureet” (buildings divided into various long-term rental lodgings, both single rooms and apartments).

The block of shops and offices to the southwest of the Hurukuol mansion (down Aanugo’s Maar and across the mouth of Vaolain Maar) encircles some of the oldest and busiest warehouses in the city. Wagons rumble frequently and at all hours between their doors and the Loona Dolaar. The block is bounded to the south by the narrow, curving Saunea Taraane, and to the west by the winding, very busy cross-route of Dealoot Maar.

The Dealoot Maar passes at least four buildings of note. At its northern end, where it meets the Saar nigh the city wall, stand the whitestone walls of Tooriit Hau (“Torchturrets House” to outlanders), city seat of the Taraasur noble family. The Dealoot then crosses the Vaolain, and on its western side at that corner is the impressive Elaradolaar Hau (“Honorgate House”), the Geanavese temple of Foornaar, Speaker of the Word. Its main chamber, the Hall of Oaths, has a splendid vaulted ceiling and curved walls, that serve to magnify all words spoken therein and make them echo. As a result, the pledges sworn every dawn to the god can often be heard outside as a thundering “roar of murmur.”

Proceeding south along the Daeloot’s west side, one crosses the narrow eastern end of Vuzoor Maar. Then one passes along the stern walls of Vaneelaar (“Seawind Spires” to outlanders), the Geanavese mansion of the Unadeen noble family, to the Daeloot’s moot with the eastern end



Seawind Spires

of Veeluh's Maar. The spitting, fanciful "dragon heads" about forty feet up the walls are downspouts from the mansion roof, and mark the top of the stone cladding. Above them, the walls are of arau (stucco) and wood, painted to look like stone and give Vaneelaar the look of a warriors' castle.

The next block south along the Dealoot is of relatively recent construction (after a disastrous fire). Its crafters' homes and shops encircle six modern, bustling shared-space warehouses. Thereafter the Dealoot widens into Waeride's Vaanit ("the Wide" to most outlanders), which has long been a market for the buying and selling of beasts of burden and the services of caravan 'riders' (mounted guards).

Nautuir Maar and then, as one continues south, the curving end of Baeraude Maar meet with the Dealoot in the Vaanit. If we continue south along the Dealoot, we cross the Launee Maar to reach the Daeloot's end. Here it forms a moot with the serpentine Uriin's Maar, under the graceful, inward-curving walls of Kaatamaur ("Castle Maur"), city seat of the Mauhuuro noble family. Kaatamaur has been built to resemble a miniature castle, but one whose spires taper inward and then soar, like the fanciful fortresses of legend. It always sports many scarlet banners bearing the Diamond Flower (or, as some sages insist, "the Diamond in Flower") of the Mauhuuros.

If we then turn south on Uriin's Maar as far as the next cross street, Telaaw's Maar, head southeast onto that and thence almost immediately northeast onto Ereeve Maar to double back to the city's main gate, we pass two magnificent mansions. The first-seen, largest and most southwesterly of these is Seavoor Hau ("Seavoor's House"), belonging to the Gaveelo noble family. This huge building of white arau studded with many dark purple balconies is built around a magnificent central garden that has a circular pond at its heart. The curving street on its west side is Healago Maar; the narrower street on its east side is Lukatoor Taraane.

The second mansion (the one with blue arched 'eyelid' roofs of tiles over each window) is a high house. In other words, the mansion houses non-nobles and so cannot properly be called a mansion. This high house belongs to the Cauter family, longtime herb and exotic plant merchants who support of the Gaveelo family. Known (unimaginatively enough) as Cauter Hau, it stands on its own, surrounded by Ereeve Maar on its northwest side, Lukatoor Taraane passing to the west, and two narrow ways to its south (Guleat Taraane) and east (Duurin Taraane). The current head of the family, Daavelin Cauter, is known both for his love of racing teams of harnessed coach-horses and for his vicious temper. Frequent travelers in the area know to stay well out of reach of the long drover's whip he habitually keeps coiled and ready on his shoulder.

The block bounded by the Launee Maar, the Dealoot Maar, Uriin's Maar, Telaaw's Maar, Ereeve Maar, and Lukatoor Taraane is dominated by another noble mansion: Mausar Hau, city seat of the Lakalaur family, which stands on the west side of Lukatoor Taraane at its moot with the short Daguinuin ("Dragon-down") Taraane. The curious curved tops of the many chimneys of Mausar are stylized wyvern-heads, jaws parted as they gaze skywards.

Thanks to its proximity to the Loona Dolaar, the public well to the southwest of Mausar has always been a popular meeting-place for Geanavese venturing forth to Loona, to gather into groups for protection against the legendary perils of that "almost

lawless" port. Public wells are officially nameless, but its use as a moot has earned this one the name "Sotaerilau" (literally, "in the shadow of Sotaer"). The Watch regularly pass by the well to see who waits there, and why.

Most visitors to Geanavue head west from the Loona Dolaar toward the Castle, so let us do the same. The Launee Maar, the Dealoot Maar and Uriin's Maar offer a natural (and therefore always busy) route.

Most folk take Uriin's west toward the visible towers of the Castle, where it can be followed as far as Naaria Taraane, the narrow street that winds along the eastern verge of the hill crowned by the Castle. Those visiting for a second time may take Uriin's in the other direction, south around the curve and across Telaaw's Maar to reach what is probably Geanavue's most important street, Tealia Maar. The Tealia can be traversed westward to the Arauvuur ("the Fountain of the Raised Hammer"), and thence to the Arc of Beasts, the main (southern) entrance to the Castle. From there, one can continue directly west to the Mearaun Dolaar ("Upland Gate"), the western gate in the city wall.

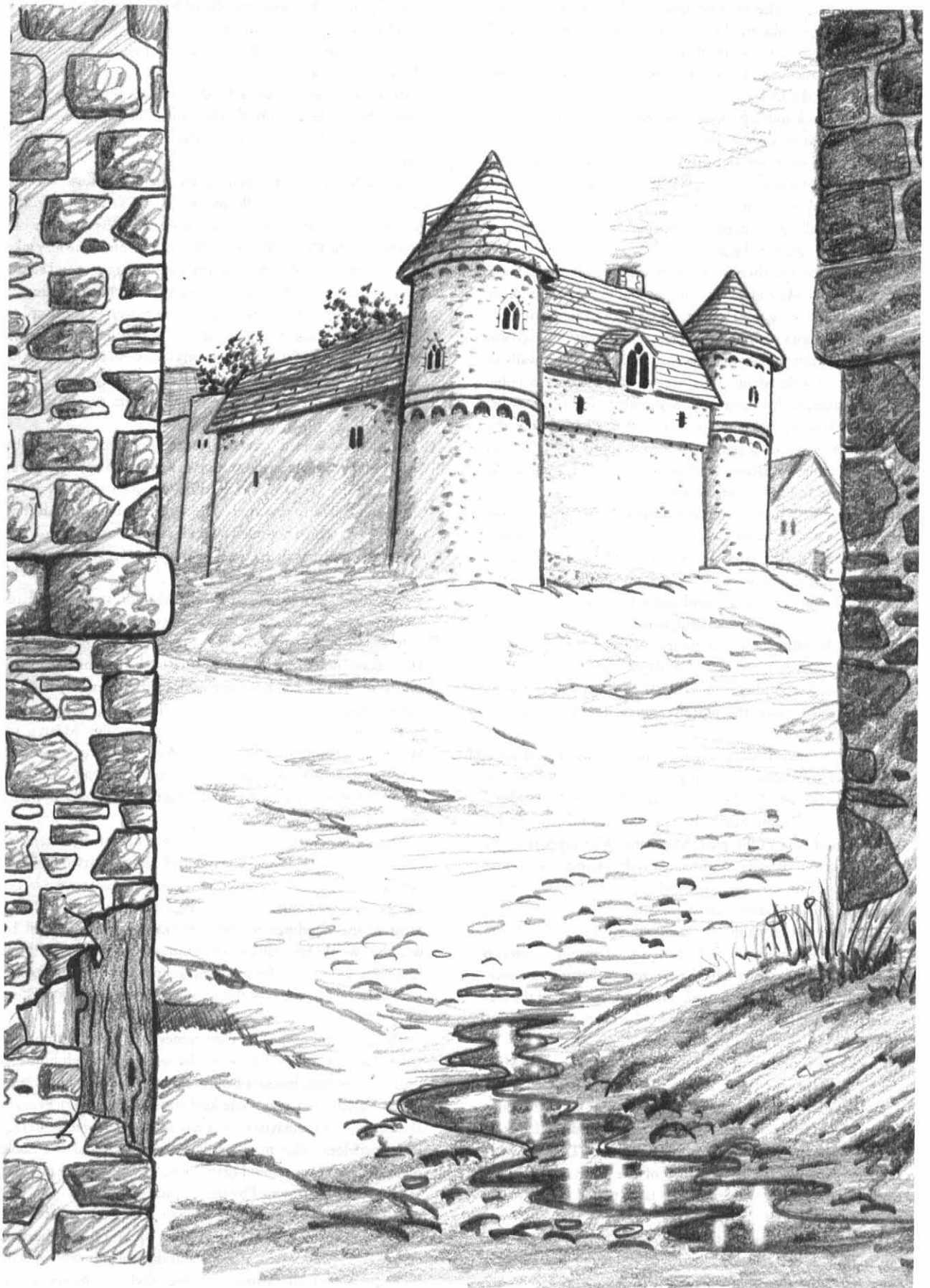
More experienced travelers journeying from the Loona Dolaar to the Castle usually stay on the Launee Maar all the way west to Naaria Taraane, thence to the Arauvuur, and reach the Castle more swiftly that way. The walled noble mansion they pass where it stands bounded by the Launee, Naaria, Uriin's and Suree Maar is Rumealain Hau ("Tallowgates House"), city seat of the Faleemaar noble family.

Gawkers interested in splendid architecture can turn north on Naaria, keeping the soaring bulk of the Castle on their left, and view Saaretuir ("Saaret-Turrets"), the Geanavese home of the Malasiikaar noble family. Saaretuir is the pinkish mansion whose south end has been carved into the likeness of (some crafter's idea of) a rampant dragon. It stands at the moot of Naaria and the westernmost end of Veeluh's Maar. Its Merchant's Tongue name derives from its many out-thrust turrets. Observers have likened them to the heads of a thriving clump of flowers. The Saaretuir block is bounded to the north by the short arc of Olonoor Maar.

Aside from the two noble mansions, much of the three city blocks bounded by Olonoor, Suree and Tealia Maars and Naaria Taraane consist of new buildings—rebuilt to make them larger and grander, as befits abodes so desirably close to the Castle. Most of the buildings in these blocks are homes owned by wealthy would-be nobles, or huureet offering small but luxurious lodgings (often owned anonymously by Talasaara, who keep one or more of the rooms for their own clandestine uses).

The northbound traveler then comes to the Stable Arch (and Jailers' Door) Castle entrances to the west, and a high house to the east. The high house is Doluin Hau, the recently built home of the wealthy but non-noble keel-and-sails merchant Everaen Doluin, one of Geanavue's most handsome and eagerly sought after bachelors. This mansion is every bit as grand as a noble mansion, and more tasteful than the nearby 'real' noble city seat of Huliinisaa Hau, owned by the Oriimar family.

Huliinisaa stands due north of the Castle, between its prow ('the Arrowhead') and the great open space of the Paurutaa ("Market"). Vendors from Loona and the uplands sell live fish, hides, eggs and all manner of table fowl and beasts in the



Tallowgates House

Paurutaa, on every twelfth day, but there are always a few stalls here on the days between.

Across Suree Maar from the southern end of Huliinisaa stands the haunted Xeanar Hau (“Silverspires House”), owned by a succession of ill-fated folk. Its spired magnificence contrasts sharply with the nondescript building immediately to its north, fronting on that end of Suree Maar considered by most to be ‘an arm of the Paurutaa.’ More typical of the abodes and shops of most Geanavese (and of all the other buildings in this large triangular block), it houses three floors of crafters who dwell and work above Wevoor’s House of Wonders, a street-level junk and curio shop.

If one follows Haraudil Maar along the southern flank of Silverspires to where it crosses Maalan Maar, one finds soaring wealth once more, in the form of a most spectacular noble mansion. Leatadaar (“Castle Daraan”) is a cream-and-scarlet masterpiece of slender spires and raked balconies. Like many noble mansions, it sits alone at the juncture of several streets, forming its own small ‘city block.’

In this case, Maalan Maar bounds Leatadaar on the west and Haraudil Maar bounds it to the north. To the east lies the short swing of Savuu Maar, a “haughty” Geanavese address much sought after by those of rising wealth and status. To the south it is bound by the passing sweep of Veeluh’s Maar, and to the southwest by the arc of Gelimoot Taraane. The small, impressively-pillared mansion that faces Leatadaar across the moot of Gelimoot and the Maalan is Maraas Hoolon, the high house of another successful merchant, in this case the short, fat, perpetually-smiling horse-trader Olaarau Maeraiz.

Veeluh’s Maar passes another high house on its run. On its south side, forming a city block all its own bounded by Veeluh’s,



Activity in the Paurutaa is often too swift and confusing for newcomers.

Baeraude Maar on the east, and Uroa Taraane to the south, stands Kealiintaar. This sea-blue marble edifice is the recently built residence and pride of Sulleevur Imirrit, a dealer in fine carvings from Tellene far and wide.

In general, outlanders visit this part of Geanavue most often, and it caters most to their needs and expectations. It is a place of bustling activity and spending, with high prices and eye-catching wares on offer in the many shops.

Northeastern Geanavue

Visitors to the city seeking swift access to the Paurutaa usually come by way of the Diirunider Dolaar (“Coldshadow Gate”), the north gate in the city wall. Those entering that portal find themselves in an intersection known colloquially as ‘Auraut’ (“the Throat”). Straggling lines of small militia barracks line either side, along the wall, the Throat itself ahead. Then the road angles to their right to widen almost immediately into the Paurutaa, where the pillared eminence of the Geona Hau (“Haven House”) presides directly in front of visitors. This is Geanavue’s temple to Geonea, and many folk murmur that more actual decisions of governance are made within its walls than in all of the mighty Castle beyond.

Speaking of the Castle, let us stride the length of the marketplace, and pass along the west side of Huliinisaa Hau, city seat of the Oriimar. The street we walk down is called Lukalai Maar, after a famous long-ago Geanavese butcher whose sheds once stood here. The ornate dark blue mansion occupying the northeastern corner of its moot with Raabeal Maar (and sprawling northwest, for the entire first block of the Raabeal’s north side) is Loakaar Hau (“Wyvernstar House” to outlanders), city seat of the Inisabaar noble family. Its many oval carvings of hunting scenes and heroic moments in battle are capped by carved beast-claws. Identical claw carvings hold up the rooflets above each window.

Turning our back on the many-bannered home of the Inisabaars and heading east, we pass across the front of the Arrowhead, northernmost end of the Castle, and its Houmaal Dolaar (“Marchforth Gate”). There were once public gibbets here, and it later became a place for martial contests, displays of feats-of-arms, and a mercenary hiring-fair—before some unfortunate incidents convinced courtiers that allowing gatherings of armed men so close to the Castle was a mistake.

Taking the Haraudil Maar past the oft-empty mansion of Silverspires to its moot with Maalan Maar, and then following the Maalan northwest back towards the market, the first side street is Aalim Seeral. On the northwest corner of its moot with the Maalan is the famous Tower of Time, abode of the wizard Feseera Lorot.

The street that runs southeast from the Tower, briefly paralleling the Maalan, is known as Eokael Seeral. Three high houses of note stand along it. The most northwesterly fills the eastern face of the city block bounded by Eokael, Taaragil Maar on the east, Alaun Maar to the north and Aalim Seeral on the west. Known as Tarameir, it is one of the oldest and grandest Geanavese high houses, and home of the Calara family (supporters of the Arioohon noble house, and longtime roof merchants to Geanavue, specializing in ‘spouting-dragon’ waterspouts, ridge-peak sculpted serpents and other adornments).

A block to the southeast, on the southwestern corner of the moot of Eokael Seeral and Lusiipir Maar, stands the small ‘jewel

box' of Teleacel Hau, home of the wealthy Faurinoor family. Teleacel is decorated with many oval panes of etched and tinted glass, so that colored light is cast and reflected throughout its interior, and is a popular place for revelry. In fact, Teleacel Geanavese sometimes call it 'The Other Jewel Box' to distinguish it from the headquarters of the Jewelers guild (a much larger and grander building located on Mearia Maar near the west wall of the city).

Across the inter-section from Teleacel, to the northeast, lies a far more private and forbidding high-house: Vazaar Hoolon, the home of the rich but non-noble Kadatiir family. Few outside the ranks of Geanavese nobility are invited within its walls to view the sculpture-studded gloom within.

A block to the northeast of Vazaar Hoolon, in the southwest corner of the moot of Baeraude Maar and Vaolain Maar, stands another 'real' noble mansion: Vaukaotours ("Falconroost Towers" to outlanders, thanks to the falcon of the family badge), city seat of the Eluudaas family.

Immediately to the north of Vaukaotours, the Vaolain crosses a long street that stretches right east and west across the entire city. This is Alaun Maar, formerly the site of (an earlier, smaller run of) city walls. As locals say, "the Alaun seldom sleeps." A pair of impressive noble mansions marks the moot of the Alaun and the Vaolain: Briianahuir on the east side and Aragaun Hau on the west.

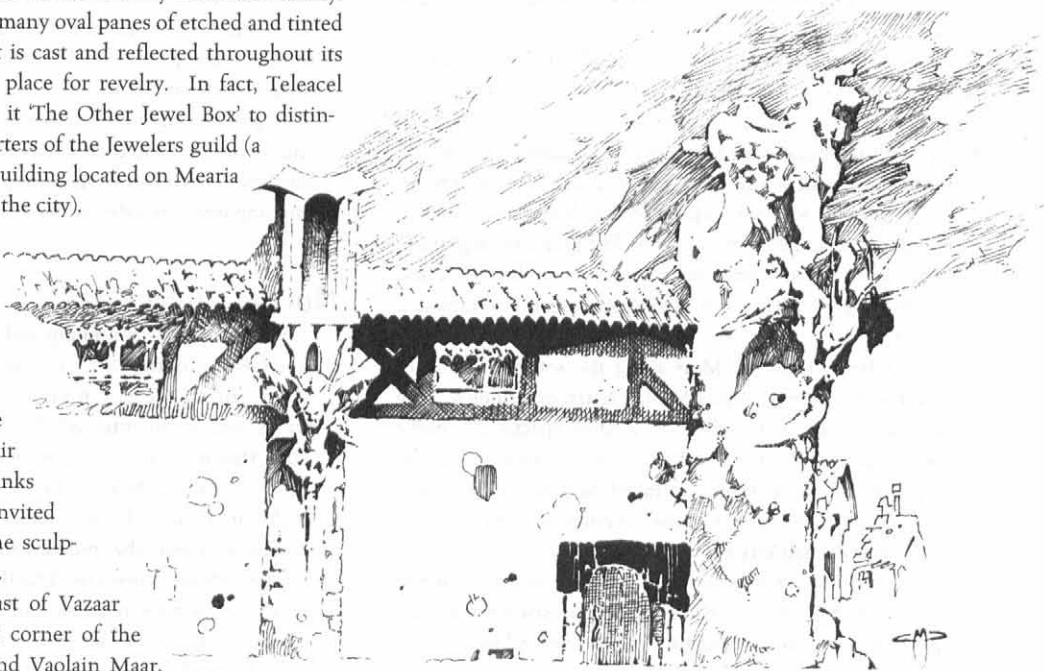
Briianahuir ("Brightbanners"), city seat of the Velauril family, dominates a city block bounded by the Vaolain, the Alaun, Aaroas Taraane to the east and north (as it curves northwest), and Reenaav Seeral (the street that runs northeast from the moot of the Alaun and the Vaolain). The grand, dark-walled mansion between the Aaroas and the Saar is Raizivaun Hau, the high house of another wealthy merchant family (in this case, the intensely private Keimau; purveyors of chalk and marble from family upland quarries, and supporters of the Inisabaar noble family).

Aragaun Hau ("Blackdragon House") is the city seat of the Vanidaol noble family. Black dragon-claws clutch downspouts and balconies all over its high cream-hued araun walls, and the archways that hold its entry doors are carved into stylized gaping maws with fangs.

The walled compound at the heart of the city block northeast of Aragaun Hau (across the curve of the Vaolain and also bounded by Reenaav and the Aaroas Taraane) is the Wagoneer yard of Auriil Geolain, not a home to anyone.

Directly west of Aragaun Hau, across the Lusiipir Maar stands Healaar Hau ("Healaar House" to outlanders), city seat of the Navaelo noble family. This estate forms its own block, bounded by the Alaun, the Lusiipir, Taaragil Maar and the mouth of the Baarot Maar, which runs northwest to the Diirunider Dolaar.

The area between Healaar Hau, Alaun Maar, the market and the city wall is sometimes known as 'Holyhouses' to outlanders



Tarameir – one of the oldest and most grand noble residences.

because of the three important temples clustered therein—but few Geanavese would understand or use the term.

Not counting Healaar Hau itself, there are four blocks of buildings in Holyhouses. The westernmost, bounded by the market, Alaun Maar, Alaakel Maar and the Saar, consists of modest dwellings and shops dominated by the Geona Hau. Immediately to the east is an older block of shops and dwellings that boasts no temple at all; its most prominent building is Saavego's Pride, the sprawling, cheap, often-raucous rooming house at its southern end.

East of that block, across Aalim Seeral, stands Ilavaar ("The Crafthearth"), the Geanavese temple to Mosia the Counselor, surrounded by crafters' shops and dwellings.

North across Baarot Maar is the last, triangular block of Holyhouses. At its southern end is Mauvoo's Hoolon ("Fairwinds Hall"), the fortress-like headquarters of the Goldcoins guild, and two doors up the Baarot from Mauvoo's stands Orolaar Hau ("Turncoin House"), the Geanavese temple to Fealain the Profitmaker.

This reach of the city holds another guild headquarters: Launar Hoolon ("Fellowsflame Hall"), home to the Butchers guild. Launar stands on the eastern side of the Paurutaa, forming the 'point' of the block bounded on the south by Maalan Maar, on the east by Alaakel Maar, and to the north by Alaun Maar.

If this part of the city can be said to have any overall character, it would be "quietly busy and well-to-do."

Western Geanavue

The 'upland side' of Geanavue is defined by the rough boundaries of the city wall from Diirunider Dolaar around to Maeraun Dolaar (the west or 'Upland Gate'), Tealia Maar on the south, and the Castle and Paurutaa on the east.

Let us begin once more out of the north. Entering Geanavue through the Diirunider Dolaar and turning sharply west along

the inside of the city wall, we take the Saar to the second side street west of the Throat. This is Alavadar Maar, and it runs southwest. Turning down it, the first cross street we come to is Olokear Taraane, which runs from the Paurutaa to the Saar, creating two small city blocks which now lie to our left (east) and right.

The impressive building fronting onto Olokear in the center of the eastern block is Feomer's Hall, headquarters of the Engineers Guild. One can easily recognize it as such by the ever-turning cogs set into the arch surrounding its double entry doors. Despite some popular city rumors, pumped water turns these, not magic. Only guild members are allowed in beyond the entry hall (which is crowded by curious devices designed by Engineers) because of 'guild secrets.' A few who have managed to penetrate farther say the only secrets they saw were the precise contents of well-stocked wine cabinets and in which of the many magnificent reclining chairs (with footstools) guild members most liked to sprawl and snore.

The walled mansion dominating the western block, with its tall emerald mosaic panels, is Hiiturun, high house of the Sotol family (copper merchants allied with the Lakalaur noble family). The Sotols are large, well-muscled, haughty folk known for buying fast horses. They occasionally come storming forth from this grand house for late-night gallops along city streets.

The front gates of Hiiturun look down Revaan Maar, the next street west of the Alavadar. (Revaan was a fighting hero of the Fists, who perished valiantly battling monsters in the mountains, long ago.) Revaan begins at the Olokear and runs southwest, meeting first with the short arc of Seavens Taraane. Seavens has inevitably become known as "Sevensticks" to outlander merchants, who for some years had an unofficial 'shared house' inn in the large building in the center of the block bounded by the Saar, the Revaan and Seavens. This onetime 'outlander's rest' is now reputed to be a highly secretive 'darkhouse' (brothel). Its discretion hints that its clientele are Geanavese of high station. The shop on the south corner of the moot of Seavens Taraane and Tuloarai Seeral is the home and shop of the cheese merchant Ooros Vearene.

Another walled high house stands in the southwest corner of the moot of Revaan and Seavens. The wealthy Kalesel family dwells in the house, known as Peadaun (named after a famous Kalesel ancestor). The Kalesels are makers of needles and pins, and longtime supporters of the Malasiikaar noble house. Would-be thieves are warned that the door-locks drive forth long and wickedly-sharp pins into the hands of persons who try to force them, or even apply the correct keys to their various keyholes in the wrong order!

The largish building across the road from Peadaun, immediately to the east across Revaan Maar (three doors north of Alaun Maar), is Omear's Taeduur, a stoneworks of typical size and prosperity. Its peeling and much-mended doors are always emblazoned with laboriously penned advertisements, entreaties and petitions put up by citizens from all over Geanavue. At all hours folk can be seen peering at these notices, in hopes of finding either just the right job offer or a cryptic reply to whatever covert question they may have asked in their own, earlier written message. Mischief-makers are warned that the Watch do read these postings, and take professional note of the most interesting.

Taking the Alaun Maar around the end of the block and back across the Alavadar, one finds three large buildings in the next city block (which is otherwise given over to recently built but modest crafters' shops and above-shop residences). Two are public-hire-space warehouses (often bristling with privately hired guards set to watch over this or that chest or pile of crates). The third is Voonai Hoolon ("Worthydelve Hall"), headquarters of the Stonemasons guild.

Worthydelve is the large, dark brown building fronting on the north side of the Alaun, in the middle of the block. Some folk say its twin door-pillars of rough boulders are stone golems that will animate when a guild member commands them to—but most Geanavese dismiss this as empty legend. When asked about it, most Stonemasons either laugh or refuse to answer.

The next city block to the south (bounded by the Alaun, the Alavadar, the Paurutaa and the short Saarenaa Seeral) encircles three new and very busy warehouses, usually used for the storage of long-lasting foodstuffs (cheeses, sausages, smoked fish and the like). The large building fronting on Saarenaa was once the headquarters of the long-disbanded Guild of Master Locksmiths. Now it is Keleal's Taeduur, one of the most successful stoneworks in Geanavue, and therefore apt to be noisy at all hours.

In fact, its din recently caused the owners of the Rest of Emperors Inn to largely abandon their eastward rooms (and charge even higher rates for the remaining suites). The Rest is the richly decorated building that makes up the southern end of the block to the west of the one containing Keleal's. Its gilded carvings and crimson draperies make it easy for wealthy outlanders to find (few others can afford to stay there). The Rest fronts on Raabeal Maar and the short arc of Peatuir Taraane. Before the stoneworks grew so prosperous, however, the most expensive rooms in the Rest looked south and east across the Alavadar—straight at the western end of the luxurious home of the Inisabaar nobles, Loakaar Hau.

The largest building on the western side of Peatuir is the home and shop of the mirrors and window glass merchant Luria Meakoor. Bars prevent large cobbles from being hurled through the 'rainbow' glass of its front. Between them, passersby can glimpse themselves reflected countless times, in galleries of 'endless mirrors' of all hues and shapes—including 'rippled' glass. Meakoor's shop stands in a small block of shops that all have residences above. No tenants rent these shops because the crafters who live and work above sell their wares below. They are among the most successful—and skilled—in Geanavue. Many of them specialize in fine decoration and detailing-work applied to the surfaces of "luxury items" of all kinds.

South and west of the Rest of Emperors Inn are areas where merchants of rising wealth dwell, rebuilding whatever properties they buy into their own (often tasteless) monuments. The garish designs abounding here are a result of deep and enthusiastic engagement in petty (and to others, often amusing) games of snobbery and my-status-is-greater-than-thine. In this part of Geanavue, one is most likely to find grand or spacious suites, floors or even entire homes newly built or rebuilt, and offered for rent to anyone with coin enough to spare. Outlanders are advised that a firm offer to 'rent but not sell' often changes into an eager sale if outrageously high amounts of money are offered.

The three blocks south of the Rest of Emperors and west of the Castle contain examples of the "teer hau," a new sort of

Geanavese building. Preferred by some modestly wealthy Geanavese, a teer hau is a small but luxuriously-appointed home attached to its own stables by walls that enclose a modest yard or compound (rather than the huge mansions more familiar in the city).

All of those larger walled compounds in 'Upland' Geanavue are the high houses of wealthy non-noble merchants, in fact, with but three exceptions: the aforementioned Loakaar Hau on Raabeal Maar; the city seat of the Celaarivan on Mearia Maar; and a Wagoneer yard, also on Mearia.

The northern half of Mearia Maar is perhaps the most important street in Upland Geanavue. If one begins walking north along it from its moot with the Tealia (within sight of the Arc of Beasts at the southern end of the Castle), one first sees the many-balconied headquarters of the Weavers guild. Siitaara Hoolon ("Suntapestry Hall" to outlanders) takes its name from an early guild member, who perfected the cross-throw two-shuttle loom still popular in Geanavue. Suntapestry Hall stands on the north-western corner of the moot of Mearia and Tealia. On the western side of the Mearia, as one moves north, stands a row of shops sponsored by the Goldcoins guild. Their windows gleam with cast-off luxuries from the wealthiest Geanavese households and imported curios from afar. The most famous of these is Rubiidon's, because the monstrously fat Rubiidon is (in the words of the far-traveled Zoan merchant Lavoraar Turuun) "an ever-flowing fount of wild tales, joviality and preposterous claims."

Directly across from Rubiidon's, on the eastern side of the Mearia, is the tall-pillared headquarters of the Carters guild. Manaehon Hoolon ("Manyhands Hall" to outlanders, but better known to Geanavese as 'Barrel Castle') is an echoing, marble-floored building. With its high, arched ceiling, painted with scenes of men straining under loads and struggling to bodily lift up bogged-down carts, it resembles many temples. The three shops to the north of it, along the east side of Mearia Maar, are competing but uniformly prosperous furniture vendors (Delaago's Thrones and Grand Seats, Amaraat's Cabinets, and Soovaa's Fine Furnishings, respectively, as one moves north).

Turning back to the western side of Mearia and looking north, the curio shops end with Rubiidon's. They then give way to the Wagoneer yard of Ozea Liimaar, a bald, mountainous man reputed to be strong enough to lift a laden cart by himself to remove a broken wheel and slide a good replacement onto the axle.

The next structure of note along the Mearia is Aarugae ("Rubygates" to outlanders), city seat of the Celaarivan noble family. Old and fortress-like, made of sooty and much-weathered stone, it stands on the eastern side of Mearia Maar, at its moot with Toolea Maar.

Toolea is a short, curving street that boasts "Baaroe Hau" at its eastern end (next to the Castle wall). This is the luxurious teer hau home of Kanisiker Baaroe, one of the most powerful and wealthy members of the Goldcoins. Great cat-beasts roam Baaroe's yard to discourage thieves and whispers say that he guards his glint and bedchamber with mechanical slaying-traps, too.

Continuing along Mearia Maar, one passes the mouth of Geanar Seeral, where a rustic but excellent local tavern and tanitor-house, Saeree's, occupies the northwest corner of the street-moot.

On the southwest corner of the Mearia's moot with the next street, Seezaar ("Shieldsar" to most outlanders) Maar, stands Leerauma's, the haughtiest and most luxurious of Geanavue's beauty-baths. The proprietress, Leerauma, is one of the most beautiful women in Geanavue—and also one of the tallest and strongest, topping six feet in height and demonstrably able to pick up ruffians one-handed and hurl them! Here the wealthiest ladies of the city (and a few bold and equally rich men) bathe in perfumed waters, have their hair cut, plucked or styled, receive dyes and paintings on their skin and nails, and enjoy much gossip over a variety of expensive herbal "healing quaffs."

A popular pastime at Leerauma's is watching (through its tinted oval windows), and commenting upon Geanavese men arriving and departing the building across the road, on the northwest corner of the Mearia-Seezaar moot. This is Bazigaar's, an academy run by a small, always-energetic outlander who for years has trained interested Geanavese in the use of sword and dagger. From time to time he demonstrates his skills by fighting with blunted, dye-tipped swords. He takes on eight to ten opponents at once, usually defeating them in a matter of moments; or else he hurls daggers the length of a large hall to sever silk cords (from which fruit are suspended) at its far end.

As one continues up the Mearia, the next cross street is Reanoor Seeral. On the northeast side of that moot, filling an entire block on the eastern side of Mearia Maar, is Olaneer Hau, the high house of the Mituulun merchant family. For years the Mituuluns have been famous as successful builders, renovators and sellers of houses and upland farms, and as staunch supporters of the Eluudaas noble family. The elegant panels of its wooden outer walls weather swiftly, and are often oiled and refinished to a glowing, almost golden hue. Note the emerald green glass 'accent' windows that stud the upper reaches of the walls like many staring eyes. Most observers notice them only when lamps are lit inside, because of the many large balconies around them.

Facing Olaneer Hau across the Mearia, in the center of its block, is a long, narrow building faced in gleaming blue marble. This is Reeru Hau, the fortress-like home of Tauniser Reeru, a powerful and wealthy member of the Goldcoins who seems to enjoy acting in a sinister manner. Every day as he walks the streets (always smiling coldly at the world around him) anonymous men murmur as they pass, or make arcane hand-signals, in an almost unbroken parade. Many dark rumors persist of his using harmful magic on Geanavese who became his foes or trade-rivals—but no proof of such magical prowess (or fell crimes) has yet been found.

The next cross street is the western end of Raabeal Maar. On the northeast corner of its moot with the Mearia stands Halaunel's, a quietly luxurious local 'three' (a house that offers dancing, drinking and dining). Its dark street-floor paneling and arched-and-exposed-beam upper floors are typical of substantial older Geanavese structures.

A few doors down and across the Mearia stands one of Geanavue's largest private buildings: the sprawling Degealaul (named for its long-ago builder Degeal, who was said to be building his own private temple to the god Mosaa ere he died with his work unfinished). It has become "Splendorgate Hall" to outlanders. Today, it is the headquarters of the Jewelers guild—and so is known to most Geanavese as 'The Jewel Box.' Decorated with many beautiful displays of jewelry (many hung

in shafts of soft light and turned slowly by means of servant-pedal-powered clockwork), the Jewel Box is rumored to have extensive secret passages enabling guild members to covertly reach the cellars of many other buildings in the city. Some even pass under the walls to emerge somewhere in a Wagoneer yard, a stoneworks or a paddock outside Geanavue (depending on which tale one hears).

The Fists, the Castle and many rival guilds would of course be intensely interested in such passages (if they really exist). There are even whispered tavern-tales of a long-running, secret "bloody daggers war" under the city between the Jewelers and the Goldcoins over control of these Secret Ways (which may in truth, of course, be no more than short tunnels linking a few cellars, and going nowhere near the city wall).

Past Degealaul, the Mearia curves northwest to reach its end in a moot with the Saar, but not before passing along the flank of yet another magnificent high house. This one has walls set with angled panes of glass so as to sparkle in the sunlight, as if beaded with gigantic raindrops or studded with huge gems. Known as Reace Hoolon (after its builder, Reace Ruuniigor, a now-dead family patriarch), it is the abode of the Ruuniigors, wealthy and long-successful horse and cattle merchants known to be supporters of the Celaarivan noble family.

The short street to the south of Reace Hoolon is Beacetel Taraane. The long street to the east is Seanaar Seeral. The narrow street to its north is Duinalaar Taraane. The street that curves past it to the northwest is Haabelau Taraane, and the Saar and the Mearia complete the avenues surrounding the home of the Ruuniigors.

On the southeast corner of the moot of Mearia and Beacetel stands Siloosa's Fine Stones and Adornments. The small building adjacent to it on its south (down the east front of the Mearia) is an icehouse, where for small fees a patron can store perishables on cold stone slabs, buried in ice, submerged in chill water (fresh or salt), or even literally placed 'on ice.' Eerit's Cold Caress gives no guarantees against spoilage, but is well respected and much used. Corpses and body parts are accepted by the fur-clad staff (for storage in locked inner chambers), but at very steep prices.

There is one other 'important site' in upland Geanavue: another high-house. This one, known as Reedearen, is a small but soaring-towered 'false castle' belonging to the intensely private Saanasel family (who travel to and from revels and Castle functions in a closed coach, and are otherwise never seen in public). The Saanasels are coachlamp and ornate window-frame

merchants, and supporters of the Faleemaar noble family. Their tastes evidently run to bright blue roof tiles and many fancifully carved stone gargoyles perched in many places on their walls.

Reedearen is important to folk not named "Saanasel" only because of its location; it stands in the center of many intersecting streets and so is a

helpful landmark to travelers unfamiliar with this part of Geanavue. No less than eight mouths of avenues face the walls of Reedearen. Some folk even find counting and keeping them straight confusing, but the trick is to use the larger, darker walled high-house immediately to the north of the Saanasel home as a counting-point. This darker high-house is Naurinear, home of the wealthy and rudely haughty Sookolaun family, makers of ornate clasps and hinges who have long supported the Goanagel noble family. It is notable for the clusters of huge lanterns that hang out from its walls on curving iron arms—and are very rarely lit.

The street immediately east of Naurinear is Revaan Maar. The next street mouth, moving south and east, belongs to Raabeal Maar, which curves sharply at this point, and is considered (according to courtiers who keep track of city maps and names) to curve around Reedearen's south side before continuing on westwards, four street-mouths later.

Between this end of the Raabeal and the next street-mouth, facing Reedearen, stands the large and successful Tasaamara's Fine Carrycabinetry. The beautiful but sharp-tongued Tasaamara is one of the most popular members of the Carters guild.

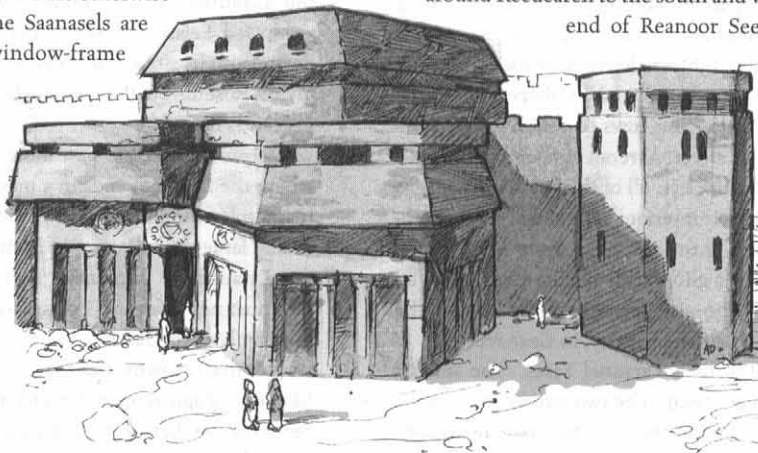
The street-mouth on the other side of Tasaamara's is one end of Misoroa Seeral. The Misoroa curves toward the Castle, past several walled-yard houses, to reach one of the few splendid dwellings in Geanavue that does not take the shape of a walled compound. Gelauna Hau houses the Bitaros family, makers of ornate 'cascade' glass-and-brass ceiling candle-lamp assemblies. The hard-drinking, fun-loving Bitaros have long supported the Vanidaol noble family, and are famous for their lavish and raucous revels. Getagiir, who amassed the Bitaros family fortune some three hundred years ago, also built the house that now bears his name.

On the other (south) side of the mouth of the Misoroa, facing Tasaamara's, is Old Lantern Fine Jewelry, easily recognizable by the ornate many-candle lantern that hangs inside its window. This curiosity, as tall as most men, is an oversized replica of many coach lamps, but has a gleaming, curiously mottled appearance because various parts of its bars and filigree have been treated with different 'finemetal' finishes, to demonstrate what customers can order for their bracelets, rings, tiaras and pectorals.

The next street-mouth after the Misoroa, continuing to curve around Reedearen to the south and west, belongs to the curving end of Reanoor Seeral. A narrow city block

separates it from the next street to the west, Seanaar Seeral. Seanaar is considered to cross the Raabeal here, and form the western side of the ring around Reedearen.

The next street-mouth to the west is the western end of Raabeal Maar. The next street-mouth after that, continuing north and west, is the other end of



Splendorgate Hall

Seenaar Seeral, which runs on north past the walled high-houses of Reace Hoolon and Vanitivur Hau (home of the Balas family of button-makers, who support the Lakalaur noble house).

The last street-mouth is that of Raanea Taraane, which runs along the west wide of Naurinear. The last bit of the ring around Reedearen is considered to be the end of Revaan Maar—and thus we have walked right around to where we began counting.

Our journeys have doubtless caused us to be observed and speculated upon. Many wealthy and successful crafters dwell in upland Geanavue, in a part of the city as quiet and clean as they can make it. From behind window-curtains, servants watch outlanders passing on the streets below with interest—not just as suspected thieves, but because gossip rules in this part of the city.

Southern Geanavue

All that part of the city south of Tealia Maar and Taarin Seeral (the roughly east-west street that the eastern end of Tealia curves south to meet and end in) is the least prosperous but most populous part of Geanavue.

Most crafters live and work in southern Geanavue, where buildings tend to be old and modest, decay and poverty are most evident, smells are strongest, and where the sounds of work can be heard at almost any hour. Yet many houses of wealthy and powerful merchants stand here, among their more humble neighbors.

After the Tealia, the major streets in this part of the city are Laraunel Maar, Bukelaur Maar, Lavarakoor Maar and the southern half of Mearia Maar. The Laraunel links Arauvuur, “the Fountain of the Raised Hammer”, with Naevun Dolaar, or south city gate. Bukelaur Maar curves southwest through the heart of southern Geanavue, from its moot with Laraunel under the walls of the Arioohon noble mansion. Lavarakoor Maar is the ‘great curve’ that links the Amaraan Dolaar, or southwestern city gate, with the Tealia between the Arauvuur and the southern end of the Castle.

Notable landmarks of southern Geanavue include the walled mansions of the Arioohon and Beliinar noble families, the headquarters of the Builders guild, and the open street-moot of the Meaavur (known to outlanders as “Sick Horse Fountain” because of the pained expression sculpted on the horsehead spout that disgorges its waters).

Let us begin our tour at the Naevun Dolaar. We enter to find the familiar Saar stretching to left and right along the inside of the city wall. Directly ahead are a wide, busy street on the left and a narrower street to the right, enclosing a slender city block called ‘the Eye’ by outlanders because of its shape. A narrow street well to our left plunges into rows of warehouses in the heart of a city block. That street, Aaronel Taraane, performs a typical function: except for the Eye, all of the city blocks within view have warehouses in their interiors. The shop in the southwestern angle of the mouth of the Aaronel, Lovers’ Knot Ropes, Nets and Cordage, is run by a glib, darkly handsome man by the name of Niazel Laaria—who also happens to be one of the busiest fences, or buyers of stolen property, in Geanavue.

The large street ahead of us is Laraunel Maar. The smaller street on the right is Pereet Seeral. The two streets are joined a little way north (at the far end of the Eye), by a narrow passage called ‘the Thrust.’ Due east of the Thrust, the still-new inn known as Oboulan’s Deliverance-From-Talons stands on the

south side of the wide street-moot where the Pereet turns northeast, crosses Xoosar Taraane, and heads for the Meaavur.

East of the inn, across the Xoosar, stands Sevoot Hau, the grand house of the Duuragaun merchant family (prosperous tanners and cattle-traders, and supporters of the Malasiikaar noble family). At the other (southeast) end of the same block is Daukel Hau, the similarly grand home of the Vorol, longtime rivals of the Duuragaun in the leather trade, and supporters of the Hurukuol nobles.

Southwest of Daukel Hau, across the moot where the Xoosar, the Saar and Learen Taraane all meet, is a local tavern: Beliiak’s. It stands in the western angle between the Xoosar and Saar. Though rustic, it is generally friendly and relaxed—and popular with visiting drovers and local crafters alike. Behind Beliiak’s, next to two bustling warehouses in the heart of this city block, is the small, square home of Miana, who sells cordials of her own making to those with aches and pains of the head and stomach, from her back door. She is also Miana ‘Manyeyes,’ a notorious fence of stolen goods.

From Beliiak’s, we can stride west along the Saar to reach the Naevun Dolaar again. This time, let us head up Laraunel Maar.

First, glance at Gealaal’s House, occupying the corner between Aaronel Taraane and Laraunel Maar. Drovers can rent Spartan rooms here (straw mattress cots, privy bucket, wall pegs and a built-in bench are the typical furnishings, without heat or lights) on three floors above the street-level establishment known as “Gealaal’s Mouth” to outlanders. Geanavese know it as Gealaal Hau. The Mouth is a roaringly busy, ‘all hours’ tanitor-house. Gealaal’s is always hot, noisy and a good place to hear shouted gossip (amid a multitude of deafening conversations).

North along the Laraunel, we pass several dingy secondhand goods shops (all specializing in used harness and odds and ends of old cargo) to reach the mouth of Riatoov Maar.

Riatoov curves northwest, and is crowded with an inviting array of trinket shops, but we remain on the Laraunel. Heading north past the Thrust and the mouth of Boosar’s Seeral, we follow the Laraunel’s own curve to the northwest, and its moot with Bukelaur Maar and Laaria Seeral. Laaria is the narrow street running northwest, Bukelaur the larger one curving southwest, and Laraunel here turns just a shade west of due north, around the mighty walls of Nealau Hau (“Roseturrets House” to outlanders), city seat of the Arioohon noble family. Its stern, fortress-like bulk fills an entire block along the eastern side of the Laraunel, to the mouth of the short, narrow, always-shadowed Selarea Taraane. Hired guards in full armor look down from its stone-clad balconies and battlements at all hours, giving Roseturrets the feel of a hostile keep in the heart of this peaceful city.

We press on north, past more prosperous crafters’ shops, to where the Laraunel ends in a moot with the Tealia, in the open marketplace dominated by the fountain Arauvuur.

The large walled mansion immediately west of the mouth of the Laraunel is Biiraunara Hau, city seat of the prominent Beliinar noble family. Biiraunara was a fierce warrior and early matriarch of the family, and the armored figure brandishing a sword that crowns the north-facing mansion gates is her likeness. Popular sport for city youths includes scaling it and perching on her arm or breast waving to folk below. The overbold are warned that the Beliinar take a very dim view of

this, and have been known to send forth servants armed with rocks to hurl at Biiraunara-climbers.

Walking west to the end of the city block dominated by Biiraunara Hau, we turn south down the next street opening off the Tealia. This is Lavarakoor Maar, sometimes called “the Way of Wagons” by outlanders because of the seemingly endless streams of rumbling farm wagons that bring produce from upland farms along it.

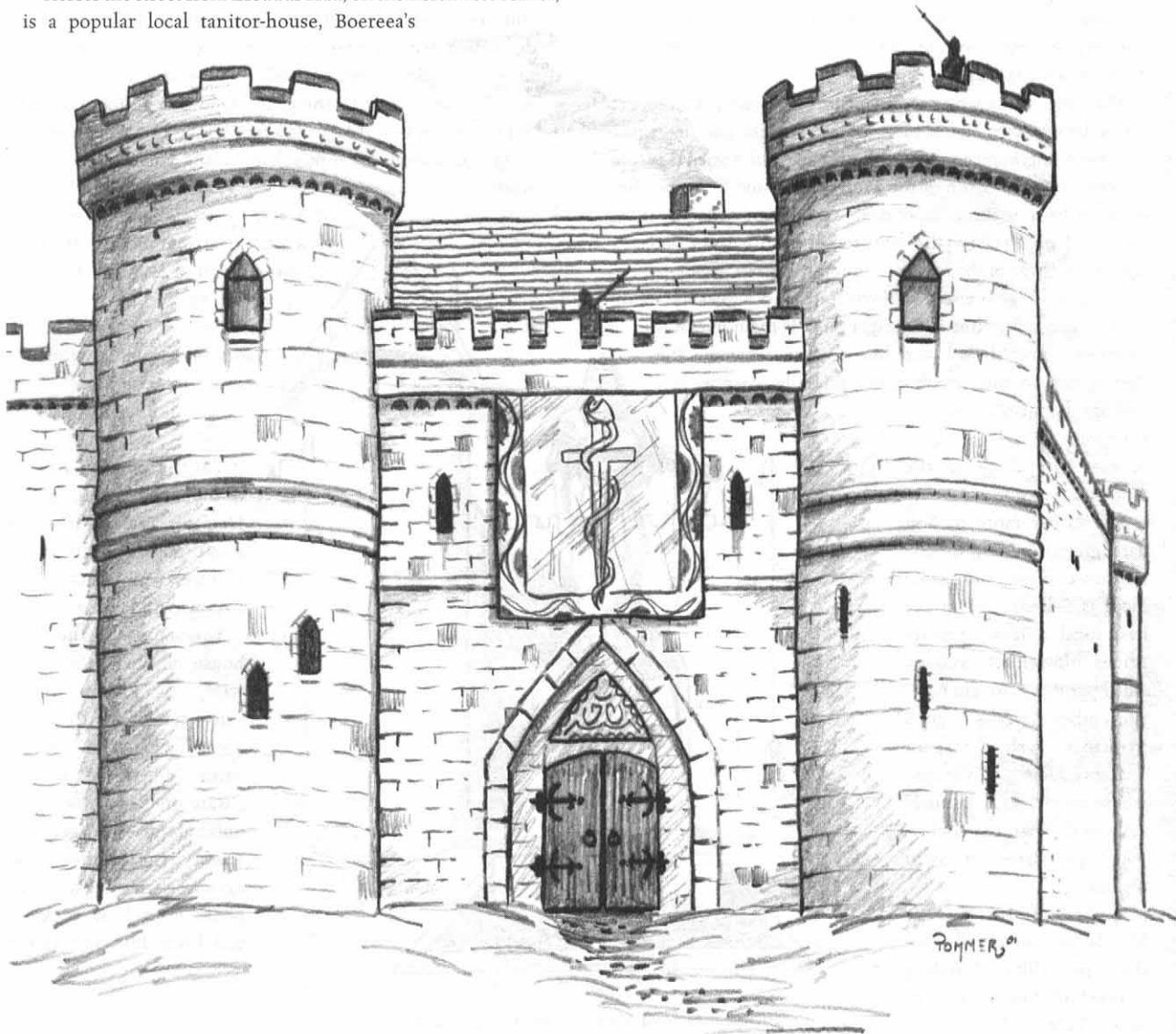
The first cross street we encounter is Causiliik Seeral. Taking it southeast, we immediately see Garanaaw Hau, the large, grandly pillared high house of the Garanaaw merchant family on our right (south). The Garanaaws are famous for breeding and selling birds both for the dining table and to warble only on cue, and are known supporters of the Eluudaas noble family. Their massive aviary barn stands behind the house, at the heart of this city block.

Continuing down the Causiliik as it curves south, we see another high house on the northeast corner of the moot of Causiliik and Laaria. This one, of stone covered in golden stucco, is known as Ereduur Hau (after the now-dead patriarch who built it), and is the home of the Haelinool family, successful wine-merchants and supporters of the Belinuuar noble family.

Across the street from Ereduur Hau, on the northwest corner, is a popular local tanitor-house, Boereea’s

Hoolon. It became a “Hoolon” from a “Hau” only a year ago, when it expanded into the back of the building adjoining it to the west, to provide a sit-down dining area for patrons. Boereea’s serves no strong drink, but does offer mint- and berry-juice-slaked ice water.

The entire city block immediately to the south of Boereea’s, bounded by Laaria on the north, Causiliik on the east, Riatoov on the south, and Lavarakoor to the west, is something of a local mystery. Every last building in it now stands empty. One after another, over much of the last decade, they have been bought by the wealthy mirrors and shutters merchant Korodoev Haarisun (who himself dwells in the luxurious home across the street, on the southeastern corner of the Causiliik-Laaria moot, facing Ereduur Hau). As Haarisun bought each property, he turned all tenants out and hired outlander adventurers as guards to keep squatters and vandals away. The guards remain there, close-mouthed about the contents of the buildings. Haarisun shows no signs of expected Geanavese behavior: that is, hiring builders to demolish and build (or rebuild) some sort of gigantic high house—or even, like some enterprising Goldcoins, building several adjacent mansions, for rental or sale to Geanavese aspiring to social greatness.



Roseturrets House

Haarisun's guards watch us closely as we pass west along the 'Ghost Block.' Except for youngsters at play, Geanavese have long since stopped walking past Haarisun's empty holdings to satisfy their curiosity. Aside from those who dwell along its north side, the street is now most often used by carters trying to make speed because a half-empty street should have less traffic. We cross Lavarakoor Maar, and enter the westernmost 'run' of Laaria Seeral.

Here, the semicircular block to our left (south) is crammed with warehouses, particularly on its Lavarakoor side, but the block on our right is dominated by a huge, ramshackle building familiar to many visitors to Geanavue: the famous Door of Dreams Inn. It looks like just what it is: approximately four large, old mansions (probably once the homes of nobles) joined together, with a large feast-hall built between them.

No less than five large towers rise out of the inn's chaos of wings and angled roofs and precarious balconies. The oldest, largest and central one is known as the Asainaer. The two towers to its west are Noruutuir ("Northturrets" to outsiders because it is the most northerly tower) and Osaunier; the eastern towers are the Sataravven (back from the road and closer to the Asainaer) and the Maaruin (the most easterly tower). No less than two stable buildings (former warehouses) lie behind the inn, to the northeast, a testimony to the success of this raucous haven for travelers desiring to see the sights of Geanavue—and Geanavese desiring to see travelers.

The street at the western end of the block dominated by the inn is the southern end of Mearia Maar. Unlike the mercantile and noble importance of its northern half (in the upland part of the city), this lower run of the Mearia is fronted by home after home of hard-working, moderately prosperous crafters. If we turn north on it as far as the next cross street (Gaaraget Taraane), we can see three of the four most interesting exceptions.

The grand high house with the turret that occupies the southwest corner of the Mearia-Gaaraget moot is the home of the Paerit family of thread, wire and cord merchants. The Paerits support the Arioohon noble family (despite, or perhaps because of, having been forced to sell their fleet of merchant ships to the Arioohons, in leaner times).

The rather more modest dark green building on the northeast corner of the same moot is Selaar's, one of the best local tailors. Selvaar prides himself on making sturdy clothing "for fair coin" (in other words, good workaday garb for poor crafters). His son Vuutaar, whose shop stands immediately to the east, is a cobbler who specializes in swift repairs.

Looking north up the Mearia, one cannot fail to see the prow-like building jutting forth from its western side. This is the dazzling

shop of Ziliaan's, gown-maker to the glint-heavy. When not creating revel-garb outrageous in both style and cost for nobles who should know better, this haughty beauty of a tailor makes superbly fitted garb of rather better taste—for clients who can afford her stiff prices. For all her airs, "Lady Ziliaan" lives modestly on the top floor, above the cutting rooms that in turn overlies her showrooms.

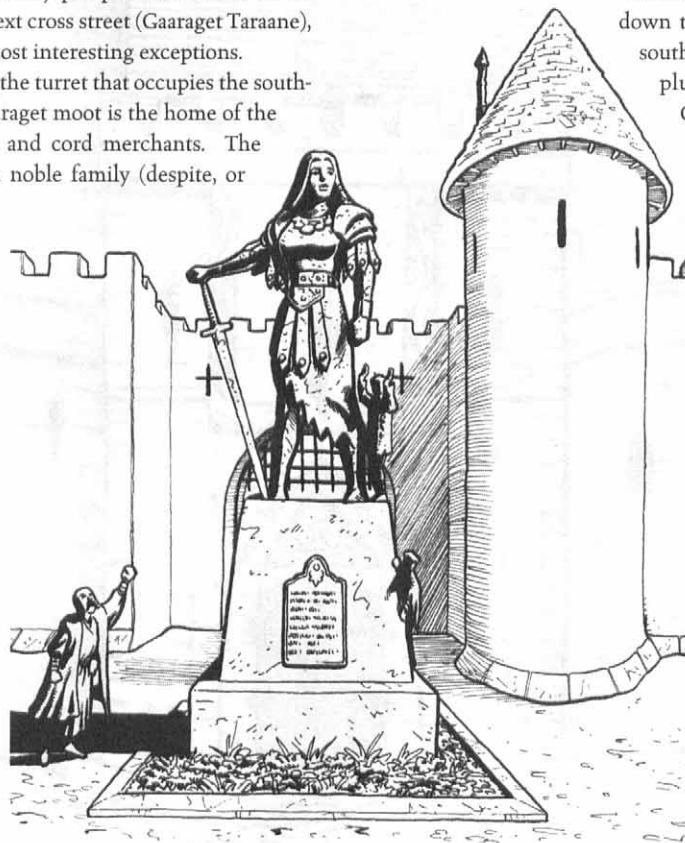
Two doors beyond her shop, on the southwest corner of the Tealia-Mearia moot, stands the fourth 'landmark' of the southern Mearia: Holoenau's Foroonohau (which roughly translates as "Holoenau's grand-and-stylish House"). This huge shop sprawls over four levels (above two cellars not open to the public). It offers almost any household furnishing one might think of, from wall-mirrors to footstools to highpost canopied beds to sword-racks. Every one of these wares is crafted for superb (some would say 'flashy') looks, and offered at wincingly-high prices. Nevertheless, if one needs to furnish a room in a manner that screams "luxury with no thought for the cost," this is the place to go. Anivear Holoenau even offers swift - cart delivery anywhere in Geanavue. He is a large, florid, jovial man who loves to gossip (not about clients, of course) and hear tales from visitors to the city as he sells everything he can to them.

Less well known are the special 'extras' Holoenau provides for stiff fees: building well-concealed hiding places into many decorative items and pieces of furniture. For those desiring to hide gems, glint, jewelry or rolled-up documents, "ever-smiling Anivear" seems sent by the gods—who may all too soon reach out to recover him if he puts a foot wrong in his energetic and dangerous dabbings in merchant cabals, alliances and 'shady-work.'

Walking west along the Tealia and down the next southbound street (the southern run of Huuleen Maar), we plunge again into southern Geanavue. Crafters' homes-above-shops are all around us as we traverse Huuleen, but two buildings of note lie ahead.

On the southwest corner of the moot of Huuleen and Heelaun Taraane (the first street south of Tealia, it links Huuleen with Ulairia Seeral), is Laramaun Hoolon.

Laramaun is the high house of the Taalis family, who are known to be supporters of the Celaarivan noble family. The Taalis sell paint and tinted 'lamarol' ("waterquencher" to outsiders, this 'goop' of secret ingredients seals against water leakage like pitch, but lacks its stickiness and black hue, and can be



Biiraunara Hau Statue — object of sport and spite

painted). Lamaraun was the inventor of waterquench, and the founder of the Taalis fortunes.

Continuing south on Huuleen, we cross Gaaraget Taraane, and come to a sharp bend in the western 'front' of buildings along the Huuleen. The large, long building in the center of this curving block is Emaarigol's, a hairshearing, herbal remedies, weapons-practice, gambling, drinking and gossip-shop for men. Emaarigol's is popular with Geanavese crafters below the rank of guildmaster. Nobles never frequent it, and wealthy would-be nobles are seldom seen inside, but there are many successful, prosperous merchants who have no desire for high social standing, and remain frequent patrons. There is no truth to the rumors of a large staff of lady escorts at this club. The ladies reside in a completely separate business establishment right behind Emaarigol's (Tauronoor Hau, the oddly shaped building in the interior of this city block), and are forbidden to enter the club. Interested patrons must cross the alley and go to them.

The next street south along Huuleen, Utaal Taraane, is very short, but offers us a quick link to Laaratuur Maar. That north-west-southeast street was named for a famous olden-day merchant of barrel-like girth, roaring laughter and a seemingly magic touch for coins. Everything he dabbled in was a mercantile success, and when Laaratuur died (of overwork, some say, though others insist 'overindulgence' is probably nearer the truth), he owned almost every building in this corner of Geanavue. His fortune was vast, but he had so many offspring that it swiftly vanished as his heirs divvied it up.

One of the grandest of Laaratuur's houses, much changed, now survives as the Drovers' Rest rooming-house, just inside Amaraan Dolaar. It is the large building on the south side of the Lavarakoor Maar, on the southeast corner of its moot with Sootil Maar, the first street in from the city wall (not counting the Saar, which is little more than an alley in this area).

The Rest is an inn of sorts, though it does not welcome outlanders. They will be told that it is "fully booked" no matter how much they offer or when they come calling—because it is. Owners of upland properties who often come into Geanavue with wagons of provender or herds of livestock rent rooms at the Rest by the season. Anyone who has a key to a room can use it, with no questions asked. Aside from providing the space, an end-of-hall privy, water to drink and bathe in, and a firefighting service, the staff of the Rest leaves guests alone. No food or amenities such as bedding or even furniture are provided. Renters can use their rooms for any legal purposes they desire, from storing wares to holding revels, with no questions asked. Despite a history of contraband, corpses and captives being hidden in rooms, the Rest has never been closed down, and is still lightly policed by the Watch.

The large, tile-fronted building across the Sootil from the Rest and a door down (southwards) is Balauko's Best Tiles, the very successful business of the current Builders guildmaster. For years neighborhood children climbed to its gently-sloping roof to play and hurl items or themselves down to the street below. He broke them of this habit by chaining a fierce dog up on the rooftop, a practice still sometimes necessary.

The large, slate-shingled building in the next block south of Balauko's, filling the southern angle of the Sootil's moot with Saaraun Taraane, is another stoneworks. To illustrate the skills of its owner, Raavinar's Taeduur has mock stone walls (of

different materials and patterns, in vertical 'strips') cloaking its true, timber walls.

The larger eastern angle of the same moot is filled by Saradaar Hau, the grand high house of the Saradaar family of wealthy metals merchants. The Saradaar are longtime supporters of the Oriimar noble family, and known for their strict and superb training of servants. As an increasingly lucrative sideline they produce staff whose services they sell (for a one-time fee) to other wealthy Geanavese, who after the twenty days of work the fee buys, must negotiate wages and terms of employment with the servant if they want to permanently retain him on staff. Almost everyone does.

Servants trained by the Saradaar are forbidden to join guilds, but if they could, would almost certainly qualify for membership in a (thus far non-existent) guild of actors. They acquire almost perfect control of emotions, facial expressions, tone of voice and posture (among other traits, mastering the ability to pose with such immobility that they are often overlooked or assumed to be statues). The Saradaar discourage 'endless servant shopping' with a simple rule: after enjoying twenty days of a 'sold' Saradaar servant, a buyer and his family must 'go without' for twenty days before the Saradaar will sell them another.

Proceeding northeast up the Saaraun, the first street north of Saradaar Hau is the western end of Bukelaur Maar. If we turn onto it for one block, we see another high house standing alone amidst many meeting streets. This is Haraun Hoolon, the home of the wealthy Rounaseele family of rope and cord merchants. The Rounaseeles are known to be supporters of the Unadeen noble family, and (on their upland farm) to breed black horses of superb height, strength and speed. "Haraun" was the name of the first and most famous of the Rounaseele stallions.

Retracing our steps to the Saaraun and following it northeast to its end, we find ourselves back at the "Heavuur," in a moot with Laaria Seeral, Mearia Maar and the Saaraun. In the angle where Huuleen and Saaraun meet stands a very successful carters business: Reavin's Coffers. Reavin has expanded into the three adjacent buildings adjoining his original one (the first three shops marching down the northwest front of the Saaraun), and now offers a "short term secure storage of items large and small" to passersby, at reasonable fees. For a few extra coins, staff members will swiftly 'encoffer' an item in its own rough but sturdy wooden carry-case.

The moot of Huuleen, Laaria, Mearia and Saaraun is known as the Heavuur. Folk congregate to be hired at this local meeting place, if they desire a few hours of 'loading and unloading' work for farmers and drovers, in return for the price of a meal. The Heavuur has a long-standing reputation for violence (usually a few weary, desperate and drunken men swinging fists at each other, but sometimes extending to knife-fights and slit throats). This has recently been curbed by a standing Watch presence. Folk in this part of the city can now always find at least three Watch-cotaars at this street-moot.

From the Heavuur we take the Mearia south across the Lavarakoor and the Bukelaur, to its eventual end, as a much smaller street amid poor, drab surroundings, in its moot with Levepaar Taraane.

Levepaar runs from the Saar nigh a wall-tower, northeast to meet the northwestern end of Riatoov Maar, just short of where the Riatoov ends in a moot with the Lavarakoor. It is a major

route for many of the poorest laborers in Geanavue, traveling between homes and workplaces.

Along the way, the Levepaar is crossed by a narrow street known for its frequent use by the Watch as a swift 'cut-through' route from the Bukelaur southeast to the Saar near a wall-tower. This is Viisikaar Taraane, notable for a mystery: for years, the corpses of slain people have been dumped on it. As they were likely to be soon found by the Watch, no one quite knows why this short backstreet earned this peculiar honor.

There is one other short walk of interest in southern Geanavue. Let us return to the southern gate of the city, the Naevun Dolaar, and head for the Meaavur ("Sick Horse Fountain") by a roundabout route.

Again we take Pereet Seeral. Following it northeast past Oboulans Deliverance-From-Talons, we cross Xoosar Taraane, and continue northeast. Just past Sevoot Hqu, a wide street, Laaneloe Seeral, opens to the southeast. Turning a short block down it, we reach its moot with the narrow, north-south Learen Taraane. Two buildings of note stand on the northeast and southeast corners of that moot.

The building on the northeast corner is the prosperous business of the current Weavers guildmaster. The founder of the Raukoer family fortunes was Bariitevean Raukoer, and outlander merchants dubbed him "Brightweave," a nickname he liked so much that he used it when he opened this loom-barn with his brothers. "Brightweave Brothers" it remains to this day, four generations later.

Across the street, on the southeast corner, is a successful business owned by another guildmaster. This one is Doroot Caskworks, and its owner is the current master of the Carters guild. The specialty here is the making of winecasks with relief-carved ends advertising fine drinkables. Discarded, worn-out casks in the alley east of the Caskworks give the neighborhood an ever-present wine-drenched smell. Hearth-scavengers are warned that such wood is slow to catch because of its damp, but blazes up *very* swiftly when it does ignite—and gives off a strong wine reek when blazing.

Let us turn north, up the Learen. Two doors up its eastern front from Brightweave Brothers, on the southeast corner of the Learen's moot with Hamaukul Taraane, stands Feleatur's Falconfly, the notorious tavern and darkhouse. Few folk come and go by its front entrances, but there are said to be many passages leading into it from cellars of nearby shops (and usable at all hours, for very small fees).

The Falconfly faces a Wagoneer yard, across the street. Seetoov's Ready Wagons is run by the colorful Beolain Seetoov, infamous for 'accidentally' running full dung-carts through the fronts of several shops owned by persons who refused to pay him fees he claims they owed him.

Let us turn east on the Hamaukul to the next cross street. It is Pelaun Maar, fronted by the homes and shops of some of the oldest and most prosperous Geanavese who dwell in the southern part of the city. It runs north (and curving west) to the Meaavur, and south (and curving east) all the way to a moot with the Saar in the southeastern run of the city wall. Let us go south, all the way, to where the Pelaun curves east around two buildings to end at the Saar. The larger of those two buildings is Warmetals, the busy, always-noisy smithy of the current Smiths guildmaster. The street facing Warmetals to the north, opening onto the Pelaun at this point, is Garaasoun Seeral.

If we turn up the short run of the Garaasoun to its other end, in a moot with Laaneloe Seeral, we find ourselves facing a large, strange-looking building that fills most of the inside of the great curve the Laaneloe makes here, as it heads north. This is Pearoe Hoolon ("Highpost Hall" to outlanders, and "Highpost" even to most Geanavese), headquarters of the Builders guild. Its walls are a riot of buttresses, balconies, relief carvings, and clashing styles of decor and architecture, advertising almost every sort of building-work guild members are capable of doing. Iliir Pearoe was a guildmember who donated the land for this "monstrosity" (as many neighbors call it) of a guild headquarters.

There are persistent whispers of a trap built into Highpost. Enemies of the Builders are invited to the guild headquarters for a meeting to 'settle differences,' then ushered into a room whose floor promptly falls away, dropping them over a hundred feet to their deaths in a deep refuse pit.

Let us turn back west on the Laaneloe to the Pelaun, and turn north to reach the Meaavur at last. One building of note stands like an arrowhead on the north side of the open moot of the Meaavur, between Hamaukul Taraane (slightly west of north) and Deasaa Taraane ("Daysa" to outlanders), the first street east of the Hamaukul. Both Hamaukul and Deasaa make very short runs to end at the Tealia, and the building between them is Careful Hands Carters, one of the busiest such businesses in Geanavue.

Another short-run street, Aulovin Taraane, leaves the Meaavur to the west, to end almost immediately in a moot with the narrow, north-south Tevoo Taraane. The large building west of the moot is Aatevaar's Alloys, home and shop of the tall, elegant alloy merchant Aatevaar. Known for his large mustache, his wit and his way with the ladies, 'Whirlwind Aatevaar' is widely rumored to have just sold his business (along with the secrets of flowmetal) to the Forgers guild for a large amount of glint!

The glittering (thanks to its gilded window-frames) building a little to the north, on the southeast corner of the Tevoo's moot with the Tealia is Malauk's Meats, the successful business of the current master of the Butchers guild. Fittingly, we end our walks on the bustling, noisy flood of carts and hurrying folk that is the Tealia, the busiest street in the city, and the crowded backbone of Geanavese commerce.

Our promenade around the city has not identified the home of every important Geanavese family nor the businesses of all prominent merchants, but it is enough for an outlander to escape being lost for very long. Like any other city, Geanavue is an ever-changing tapestry of folk dying, moving and arriving. Businesses and personal fortunes rise and fall—but the peace and stability Geanavue is justly famous for keeping such changes fewer and less severe than in more warlike cities.

As an anonymous merchant said long ago, "Glint rules Geanavue like everywhere else—but here they work hard for it, and have built a good place to live."

Chapter 11

Undercity Features

Law-abiding Geanavese often trade exciting tales about the monster-haunted, outlaw-roamed sewers under the city, but very few of them have ever seen the dark, wet and noisome world that underlies their cellars. The original settlers of the area first chose Geanavue as a campsite because of the springs of drinkable water that rose to the surface. Unfortunately, the small cluster of springs soon became fouled from livestock and overcrowding. Inhabitants dug wells and raised buildings, and the springs soon vanished under the expanding city. Today, deep wells stab down into a vast aquifer to provide drinking water for Geanavue. Almost every large and grand building in the city has its own well, and many public access wells stand throughout the city (though they have their own covers). The original springs, however, still well up in the unseen depths, and have powered Geanavue's sewer network for many years.

How the Sewers Work

In general, occupants flush wastes down 'privy chutes' from upper rooms of a building with jugs of water (either drinking water or 'wash water' collected in cisterns from rain falling on rooftops). These privy chutes are usually small pipes, but are occasionally shafts large enough for a person to fall down. The chutes invariably descend to a cesspool somewhere in the cellars of the building. Though all cesspools stink, the presence of their 'standing waters' prevent truly foul sewer gases from welling up inside buildings and making conditions therein nauseating at best and explosive at worst.

From the side of a cesspool near (but never as low as) its bottom, a 'sluice pipe' runs to the sewers, climbing upward at some point and then down again in a humpback known to Geanavese as 'the snakerun.' This double elbow of piping helps trap water to provide a barrier against foul gases, and sometimes incorporates a protective grating in its run to prevent large objects - or creatures - from traversing the sluice in either direction.

In this manner, countless sluice pipes (including some that are now disused or walled off, and are therefore 'dry') connect to the sewers. By means of these 'small tunnels,' the cellars and/or the privies ("jakes") of most buildings in Geanavue connect to the city sewers. These lesser connections (not shown in full on any map) provide an ever-changing labyrinth much used by thieves, murderers and smugglers as well as otherwise law-abiding guild members desiring to conduct certain unobserved

activities. Such covert doings include visits to certain other persons for trysts or to conduct shady business, and exchanges of stolen or extremely valuable goods.

There are exceptions to this standard arrangement. The cellars of the Castle and some grand inns and mansions boast a series of 'settling pools' with gratings between each, to guard against intrusions from the sewers and to allow for possible recovery of unintentionally discarded valuables. A few folk scoop from their cesspools to glean fertilizer for mushroom growing in their cellars (or, it is often whispered, for use in medicines and even ale). Some warehouses lack all water and sanitary connections. Some shabbier dwellings share cesspools or dispose of wastes into alleys (either by pipe or hurled chamber bucket), and thence through street gratings into the sewers. Such street chutes are flushed by rainwater directly down into the 'main runs' of the sewers. These larger channels underlie the cellars of most buildings in Geanavue. The exceptions are some warehouses, much of the Castle, and many mansions, both for security reasons and because the builders had influence enough to prevent any hindrance on digging ever-deeper and more extensive future cellars.

These main runs are navigable by folk swimming or trudging in the filth, sometimes by persons using stilts, and fairly often by men poling skiffs along. There are also certain places where ceiling ropes or railings have been affixed to allow travel above 'the wet.'

The sewers are supposed to work as follows: the springs welling up under the Castle (at Geanalar and Kelatena), at Balelaar, and especially at the huge spring of Aarelinaar under the Paurutaa, fill the caverns constructed around them to form lakes.

Aided and abetted by the 'flood times' of heavy rainfall, the flows from the lakes constantly wash out the sewers, flushing wastes from north to south across the city to sinkholes. The most notable of the Sinks of Geanavue are Arauneduroom, the 'Great Sink,' which lies beneath the market-moot just inside the Amaraan Dolaar (the southwestern city gate); and Daruuroom, the 'Little Sink,' a little way south of Arauneduroom.

The waste-laden waters disappear down the sinkholes and deep under the earth, emerging on the surface again well south-east of the city, in the stinking Esameraas (or 'Night Swamp'). The 'Flow' is the name given to the subterranean river between the Sinks of Geanavue and the Esameraas, and it is said to be a

nightmarish succession of caverns inhabited by many lurking oozes, otyughs and worse.

In practice, the sewers often become clogged. For this reason, many fixed and portcullis-like lifting 'gates' (usually stout iron lattices of bars) that formerly divided up the sewers to prevent unauthorized travel have been outlawed and (usually) removed. The sole exception to this prohibition is Saaraun, the always-guarded 'Pool of Swords,' where three massive gates bar intruders from getting in under the Castle through its sole sewer outflow. Problems with 'sewer chokes' have also made it unlawful to deepen cellars without Castle permission. This prevents breaching a sewer and creating unintended geysers of filth from claiming entire city buildings and causing possible collapses. It also prevents anyone breaching a well and so contaminating it and possibly flooding out a building.

The Cellarers

Sewer chokes have also made necessary the aforementioned men in skiffs, the dark villains of many tall tales and tavern whispers around Geanavue. Some of the least-envied men in the city work to clear sewer debris with 'drag claws' and nets, poling their skiffs laboriously along (and in some cases lying on their backs on the flat vessels, and proceeding by 'walking' along tunnel ceilings).

In Castle Geana, Geanavese mansions and elsewhere on Tellene, a "cellarer" usually means a servant in charge of wine cellars-but in the sewers of Geanavue, cellarers are the folk who keep the sewers flowing. Armed with long boathooks, 'stab bars' and strong stomachs, they labor to break up blockages. Although laws require them to report and surrender any human remains they find to the Watch, and yield up any missing valuables for which they are specifically ordered to search, by tradition everything else they may find is theirs to keep-on top of their generous Castle pay. Despite the good coin a cellarer can make, it is not a job for which there is much competition.

Cellarers are employees of the Castle, chosen and dismissed entirely at the whim of Castle officials, and forbidden to join or remain members of any guild. They must be strong, but need not possess good looks or social graces; many are disfigured. For security reasons, many criminals are forbidden to 'take the key' (an expression of origin made obvious by examination of "manshafts," hereafter), but blackflames and other persons who

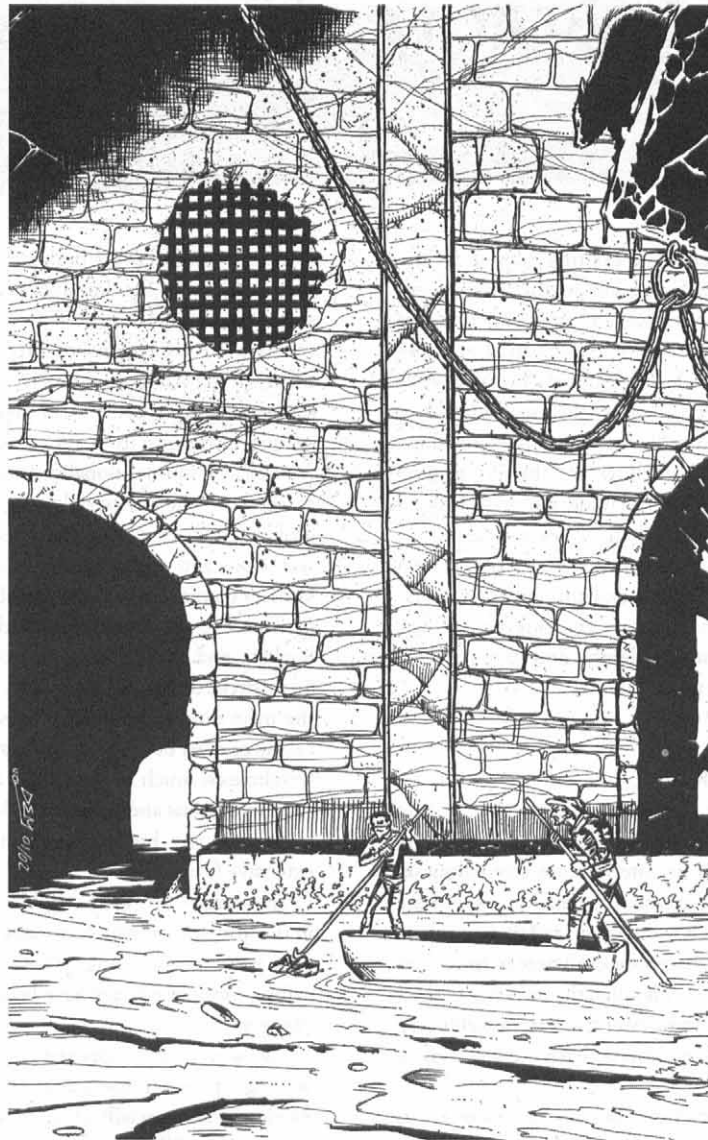
have displeased their elders or creditors may well find their way into the ranks of the cellarers for a season or more. Almost all of the 'Men of the Skiffs' are male, because a cellarer's tasks require much arm and shoulder strength, but females are not barred from the ranks, just very, very rare. Some women cellarers concealed their gender for years, although at present there are at least two openly female sewer workers ("Firehair" Ameeree, a CN female human Com2; and Saaraguta 'the Black,' a CE female human Rog2).

Cellarers collect debris that might cause or has caused blockages in areas of the sewers, and take them to "saaracs." Though someone ignorant of the sewers who views a map of the main runs (like the one included herein) might see little difference between a "pool" and a "saarac," the former is a water-moot that must be kept clear so as to keep the sewers flowing. The latter is a water-moot that has two channels that must be kept clear and space where refuse can be taken (and usually deposited on ledges or 'backwaters'). A "lake" is simply a large "pool."

Not everyone who built

parts of Geanavue's ever-expanding sewers knew the details of how the sewers worked, or cared. Therefore, the sewers sport bad sections that clog continuously and quickly. Every single 'dead-end' tunnel, for instance, must be regularly 'rodded out' and dredged with dragged boulders, nets and claws, to clear its debris down to the nearest saarac. From time to time saaracs must be emptied, either up to surface carts (a noisy, messy, slow job that invariably draws complaints from neighbors near the 'manshaft' that provides access to the saarac) or downstream, through the sweating efforts of many cellarers working together.

The aim of the cellarers is to keep the sewers flowing, remove blockages, and to slowly feed debris into the Sinks. Feeding



Sewer workers 'poling' one of the great sinks

debris into the Sinks is a delicate process because the worst nightmare of all would be to cause a blockage down in the Flow that backed up into the city, and made necessary a major excavation or some such drastic measure. The alternative, of course, might then be to abandon the city as its cellars and then its streets flooded, and many buildings collapsed, and the water monsters came....

Manshafts

The shafts around the city are accessed through large openings in the street cobbles, typically a dozen feet square and covered by stout boards. Theft of these and storage of anything in the space beneath is against Geanavese law, which is the only force holding the boards down. Anyone strong enough can readily lift them to reveal a square, stone-lined pit about ten feet deep, with a large metal trapdoor (usually eight or ten feet square) at its bottom.

This customarily locked trapdoor may only be opened by the use of four keys turned in unison (by law, possession of such hand-sized, wedge-shaped keys is restricted to the Watch, cellarers and certain Castle officials, though there is apparently a brisk trade in 'lost,' stolen or copied keys).

If the trap is swung aside or lifted off entirely, a shaft only slightly smaller than the trap itself is revealed. The shaft descends into the aromatic depths by as straight a route as possible. The walls sport massive iron hooks (typically almost a foot in thickness) for the affixing of ropes, blocks and slings, and (on other walls) one or even two iron ladders (grabirons) of only slightly smaller size. The cellarers are duty-bound to report rusting or failing grabirons to the Castle, and - as their lives depend on grabirons holding fast - seldom fail to do so.

The bottom edges of a manshaft, where it opens out into a large space below, sport a variety of rings and hooks. These are intended for the mooring (or hanging, up out of the waters) of skiffs and the anchoring or storage of lines and poles, though items left unguarded in such places have a way of disappearing. Many cellarers take all their gear with them when leaving the sewers (often into a 'small tunnel' or cellar whose locked and trapped access is known only to a lone cellarer, or to a small circle of persons).

Aarelinaar

The oldest and largest of the springs under Geanavue bubbles up like a fountain in the center of this dark, always-dripping cavern. A wide ledge runs around most of the lake here, and luminescent fungi have been encouraged to grow in many rock crevices. In recent years, certain fungi have even spread to beneath the waters, lighting the lake from below.

This gives the cavern an eerie, endless illumination, and as it costs no candle-wax or lamp-oil to tarry, cellarers often gather here in their skiffs to talk, plan and consult a large map of the sewers smoked onto the smoothest, lightest part of the eastern cavern wall. There are rumors of a vast treasure in gems being hidden somewhere in the lake. Most tales say the former owner concealed the treasure somehow in the cavern roof, or hid it under rocks in the waters near the upwelling waters of the spring; but they warn those eager to go looking that every channel and chamber of the sewers has its own treasure tales.

Raumuur ('the Old Cellars')

Located almost entirely beneath the Geanavese temple to Geonea (The Peacemaker), just inside the north gate of the city, this linked series of chambers is largely 'dry.' In other words, except during the spring melt or after prolonged and heavy rains, the sewer waters reach only to its entrance. This is because the floor slopes upward out of the 'wet' into space used for the storage and repair of skiffs and cellarer gear, and for piles of refuse.

The walls of Raumuur are reputed to sport many loose stones, behind which lie 'secret' storage niches in which one can rent space for stiff fees (paid to certain masked persons met in the back rooms of particular establishments). There are almost as many tales of just which building cellars connect to these 'Cellars' of the sewers as there are folk telling them. But, for the right coin, a surprising number of residents in the area can conduct you - past many a lock, chain, bar and heavy trapdoor - into passages that lead into the Old Cellars.

Aelenuur ('the New Cellars')

A larger, more easterly companion to Raumuur, Aelenuur is almost identical to its older and more famous counterpart. For years, the chief maker of Geanavue's "deep boats" (sewer skiffs) dwelt and worked here. Since his passing (wherein he was burned in Aelenuur in his last, unfinished boat, and his ashes given to the Flow), the cellarers of Geanavue have shared his tools and supplies, though not without several deadly squabbles for control. As a result, the Watch sometimes patrols here, and there are rumors that members of the Ready Sword (see Chapter Three: The Basalt Throne) have infiltrated the ranks of the cellarers. These rumors are almost certainly true.

Leevix Saarac

This saarac is named after Leevix, a popular long-ago cellarer, prankster and reputed son of a nobleman who drowned here. Unsavory characters frequently use this large saarac as a meeting place.

Loreer Saarac

Everpresent breezes from above sweep this large saarac clean of odors. While sporting ample ledges for debris storage or assembly of persons, this saarac is more famous for a marking high on the western wall and ceiling. Faintly luminescent ashes (or algae?) outline what looks like a silhouette of a man. Local legend teaches that this is the remains of Loreer the Wizard, slain here in a duel. Supposedly, the silhouette of his broken body remains here from when he was blasted by an explosive spell. Though seemingly unfeasible, the outline has been here for as long as any cellarer can remember.

Vuule Saarac

Long the lair of the outlaw Vuule (who flourished several centuries ago), this saarac is rumored to hide many caches of treasure. Chests and cauldrons of coins have been found in hidden niches behind the walls, but nowhere near what the tales claim waits here, as yet unfound.

Galaudar ('Roaringwater')

Huge metal doors anchored to pivots in the ceiling and the submerged floor here are used to direct the bulk of the water

flowing strongly down from Aarelinaar into various of the runs opening off this chamber. These doors are operated by means of jointed rods that take three men (standing on ledges that line the walls) to shift, and they cannot quite close off any of the runs. The nickname of this place comes from the noise of the water rushing past the doors, which have shattered or overturned many an inexperienced cellarer's skiff.

Luurisa Saarac

This huge saarac is named for a lady of easy virtue who for years plied her trade here. When her charms began to wither, she turned to operating a kitchen for the cellarers, and selling them scents, lotions and bathing them for fees. Though Luurisa died some decades ago, her cauldrons and cooking chimneys survive, and the saarac's wide ledges now serve the cellarers as a daily shared 'soup kitchen' and gathering place. Everyday cellarer humor often involves comments about inappropriate and disgusting things finding their ways 'into the stew' and when they say such things, they mean the provender they make or purchase here (from several successors to Luurisa, who exist in more-or-less amiable competition).

Lautenaa ('Dark Lake')

This large, ledgeless chamber is a frequent meeting place for cellarers on skiffs. From time to time, the participants even anchor a raft here to facilitate such moots.

Bukuul Saarac

Named for a shapechanging rogue who was finally cornered and slain here (almost a century ago), this saarac is too small, and frequently needs clearing. Cellarers deem it a place of ill luck, as many of them have been injured down the years trying to carry debris away from here. Extremely damp conditions and winter freezes keep the stones of the walls in a crumbling, falling-away state.

Kaalaun ('Pool of the Dead')

This out-of-the-way pool was constructed some centuries ago when recurring blockages made it clear that natural flows in the sewers brought debris to this area. It gained its grisly name and haunted reputation when cellarers discovered bodies of many rogues and cellarers in the wake of a furious battle for control of nearby 'small tunnels.' The tales include dagger-wielding wraiths that drift in the vicinity - and no cellarer likes to tarry here.

Kulaketenaa ('Lake of Skeletons')

This large, usually placid chamber gained its eerie name when heaped bodies of dead beasts mysteriously appeared here. So many beasts, in fact, that their heaped bodies formed a large temporary island. No one knows for sure how the beasts came to be piled here, nor from whence they came, but the popular explanation is that there was a mighty wizards' duel. No one tells how the duel ended or even the names of the participants. The bodies were too large to take away whole, so the cellarers were forced to let many of them decompose. This, in turn, attracted many hitherto-unseen slithering feeders (such as great water-worms (Snake, Huge Viper - Monster Manual page 202) and eels) to the rotting carrion. For some months thereafter these waters were very dangerous, but reports of such lurkers have

become rare over the last decade. Some cellarers swear that they have seen a wizard, or the phantom of a wizard, striding along on the surface of the water, peering down into the depths with a palely-glowing radiance issuing from his empty hand. He is obviously looking for something, but those who brag that they have approached closely claim he must be using magic to do so, because he has no face but hollow emptiness!

Kulakenuur ('Bone Cellar')

Many of the bones from the long-ago pile of monsters in the adjacent Kulaketenaa gathered here. Some cellarers got into the habit of bringing any bones that they regarded as potentially useful (that is, large and strong bones that might serve in the making of furniture, weapons and suchlike) here. Cellarers take what they need or think they can sell to interested Talasaara or merchants ("Oh, that? The horn of a great wargul, I think it is called. I slew it in the sewers, single-handedly, years back, when I had to go down there to rescue a lost maiden. Haven't I told you about that? Well, now! It all began..."), so the pickings are usually slim. For much of the time the northerly half of Kulakenuur is dry (its floor slopes steeply upward as one moves north), and so it is often used for storage and cellarer encampments and the inevitable (if Geanavese tales can be credited) treasure hiding.

Fauroronaun ('Lost Pool')

Waters usually flow swiftly in this chamber. It gained its name from several drownings over the years. The victims end up in its depths, tangled amid ruined skiffs and held under for some time only to bob up and frighten some passing cellarer or other. According to cellarer lore, anyone who drowns in the sewers will end up here.

Gealaalaun ('Pool of Gems')

Waters rush through this chamber, which has a high, domed ceiling. The rushing causes convection currents and pulls in fresh air from many small bores whose upper openings are hidden on the steep, brush-cloaked slopes beneath the Castle walls.

According to persistent city legend, a fortune in stolen gems remains concealed here. Some tales say chests were sunk beneath the waters and covered over with rubble that fell into deep fissures and so escaped the frequent cellarer draggings (highly unlikely, almost every cellarer agrees). Other stories say wizards created portals in midair here that lead to 'otherwheres' in which the gems are hidden. Such portals are supposedly reached through invisible doors that admit only persons approaching them from just the right direction and a precise height somewhere well above the rushing waters. Geanavese lore ascribes the origin of the jewels to dozens of different wealthy merchants and Talasaaran families, even to the Castle and the House of Geana itself. Naturally, no tale speaks of the recovery of the fabulous hoard of gems.

Geanalar

A cool, clear spring rises here to provide the castle with its most precious and closely guarded drinking water. Folk in Geanavue believe that some sort of magical power clings to this hidden cavern, though lore disagrees as to its origin. Some say it is divine power, others that it is sourced in mighty spells cast

long ago, and still other beliefs center on a magic item of awesome powers submerged in the depths of the little lake.

Geanalar's waters do sparkle with momentary luminescence whenever disturbed, though it is possible this has nothing to do with magic. Certain long-standing Castle rituals make use of cups of Geanalar water. Vials of water purported to be from this deepest Castle fount are from time to time surreptitiously sold in the city for large sums of money, as a mere drop of it is believed to bring fertility, banish curses, taints and ill luck, and bring good fortune in business.

Kelatenaa

('the Castle Lake')

Though the spring rising at its heart flows but feebly, this great chamber holds both the outpourings of the Kuleel spring and the overflow from Geanalar, and provides the Castle with most of its drinking water. The penalty for fouling or attempting to foul these waters is immediate death without trial, a law resulting from the long-ago popularity of one Castle official murdering another by drowning him in Kelatenaa.

Devout staff at the Castle often request permission to pray privately within sight of the waters here. Though Geanalar is said to be more 'holy' (or "god-touched"), something of the same mystique clings to Kelatenaa. It is impressive to behold, with a high, vaulted stone ceiling (illuminated by *continual flame* spells cast on random bosses of the vaulting), and walls out of which tall stone statues protrude. Tradition says the statues are former Lords of Geana, but in truth no one remembers who they are or why they were fashioned; most appear to be solemn, long-bearded men of great height and gaunt build.

There are jetties in the southeast and northwest corners of Kelatenaa, where ornate skiffs are moored. These float unused for decades at a time, although there are tales of former Lords of the city (or heirs to the lordship) courting or proposing to those they desired as mates while afloat on the waters of Castle Lake.

Saaraun ('Pool of Swords')

This small chamber, the most ornate in the sewers, sports no less than three portcullis gates. Each gate consists of bars as thick as a large man's thigh (with the spaces between them no larger). They stand spaced across a cauldron-shaped room whose walls are lined with balconies. No less than a dozen Helms stand guard here at all times, equipped with tower shields, leather armor, numerous daggers and throwing axes, and several crossbows each. Some of those crossbows are ready-loaded with quarrels tipped in paralyzing (carrion crawler brain juice or an equivalent) or sleep-inducing substances (blue whinnis or something with the same effects). Certain of the tower shields will be hooked into support arms built onto the balcony walls, to keep them erect as stationary barriers until a guard needs to snatch them up for personal use.

Cellarers are accustomed to clearing the mouth of Saaraun with at least four bows trained on them continually, but they do not enjoy the scrutiny. They clear in haste, and few men of the skiffs tarry here an instant longer than they must.

The Helms are under orders to prevent all unauthorized entry into the Castle underways. They will not hesitate to shoot their crossbows, because they can always question (and apologize to, if need be) a wet, awakened and restrained person after they have fished him out of the waters. They usually accomplish such

recoveries with forty-foot-long 'mancatcher' hooks; each balcony is lavishly equipped with these steel implements.

Saaraun is the only link between the sewers under the Castle complex and those serving the rest of the city. The Castle underways have many jetties, connecting stairs and skiffs, and can readily serve as routes of transport beneath the Castle complex. There are tales of disguised persons being smuggled into or out of the Castle via the sewers and certain wines (transported in immense casks), and perhaps other goods as well, still arrive and depart the Castle by this route.

Balelaar

Westernmost of the rising springs that flush out the sewers of Geanavue, this small, clean lake is thought to be named for a



Resting Castle staff speculate on the enigmatic statuary.

rancher who first claimed the spring (and furiously defended it against other settlers, until someone, or several someones, judging by the number of arrows in him, disposed of him one night). Cellarers seldom visit Balelaar unless they desire privacy for some reason, because its strong flow flushes out the tunnels around it quite capably. Balelaar has long ledges along its northern and southern alcoves, and is in good repair.

Hauroom

Southeasternmost of the sinkholes that drain the city sewers, Hauroom is the one most apt to clog with debris. As a result, it sports its own manshaft, and various skiff operators visit it at least thrice monthly (the cellarer euphemism for wasting time is "going to check on Hauroom"). An old Geanavese expression insists that, "Anyone who goes missing in the southern streets sooner or later ends up in Hauroom," but in practice corpses dropped down manshafts by night are just as likely to end up in Raunadoroom, the next sinkhole to the west.

Raunadoroom

This sinkhole connects to the large saarac that shares its name. The saarac often rapidly fills with debris removed from the sinkhole by cellarers working as fast as they know how, because the actual drain-holes here are small enough to become easily clogged.

Like Hauroom, water flows here can be strong enough (especially during the spring melt or after heavy rainfalls) to trap skiffs in little whirlpools for hours or even days, unless other cellarers haul the caught craft out by pulling on lines. Like Hauroom and the two larger, more famous sinks at the western edge of Geanavue, Raunadoroom is equipped with many grab-rings, blocks and even winches mounted on its walls to aid cellarers against the flows. Unlike all of the other sinkholes, the small sinks that drain Raunadoroom are tiny enough that entire skiffs (intact, and with crew aboard) cannot be sucked down into the Flow during 'Thunder Times.' That expression comes from the roar of raging water plunging down into unseen depths. Although it is a sound heard in every sinkhole chamber, some configuration of size and ceiling make it especially deafening in Raunadoroom.

Colalamaun ('Alchemical Pool')

This pool is named for its origin: the long-ago collapse of a metallurgist's house when an experimental mixture went awry. Its explosive discharge caused the cellars of the house to fall into the sewers here, and the house to then collapse in on top of the chaos, killing the aging alchemist, one Olon Reevur.

The Castle had to pay handsome fees to several guilds to drop all other work and quickly excavate the ruin. Massive stone slabs were used to dam the sewer waters whilst Colalamaun was created, and then the engineers roofed over the pool. Shortly, builders raised new buildings on the site. Several vicious fights erupted over valuables and supposed magic items found during the construction. Supposedly the builders constructed their own elaborate secret passages here, connecting the sewers to the surface through the walls of the new structures. City lore insists that at least one of these doors is a concealed entrance somewhere on the outside of a building such that its owners might not even know that strangers are entering their walls and

descending to hidden cellars and the sewers below, or ascending from those same places on dark business bent.

Mauroom Saarac

One of the busiest saaracs in the sewers of Geanavue, this moot of five channels clogs often. It lacks ledges large enough to hold all the debris collected here, so piles of sludge are always collapsing back into the flow of the waters. Only veteran cellarers have much success in creating stable heaps and even their work tends to collapse when dredge-buckets are lowered down the manshafts in attempts to remove debris.

Mauroom was a handsome, black-bearded builder of much of the sewers in this part of the city. Said to have been very wealthy, he suffered a great "vanishing of coins" upon his death. City lore, of course, insists that he built a hiding-place for his wealth somewhere in the walls of the sewer runs, and that a fabulous hoard of readily-spendable everyday coinage still lies hidden, awaiting some lucky seeker.

Amaukaun ('Amauk's Pool')

This run-moot clogs easily, and as a result cellarers travel here at least twice per month. Its walls are scorched by a long-ago fire (a wizard's *fireball* hurled in a duel, according to most tales). Amaukaun is named for its longtime resident, a grotesquely misshapen man who dwelt here for forty-some years, emerging into the streets only at night to pounce on dogs, rats and even humans. Amauk slew his victims with rocks, took them back to the wide ledge in this pool chamber and devoured them raw. Cellarers insist that however enhanced the tale of "Bloody Amauk" has become, a deep hollow in the center of this pool was found to contain many small bones after he died and the cellarers for the first time in decades dared to tarry herein long enough to properly dredge it out.

Daaraun ('Three Pools')

These busy pools were recently rebuilt with ledges broad enough to allow cellarers places to camp, rest and even haul out their skiffs. As a result, Daaraun is one of the places where some men of the skiffs can be found for days at a stretch and a known and easily accessed connection to one of the buildings above allows folk from the surface to easily meet cellarers and trade with them. Folks desiring some lost person or item to be searched for, or something to be hidden, often come here.

Spaces behind loose stones in many places along the sewer-run walls, and chambers such as the Cellars, offer expensive but insecure long-term storage. However, far more secure storage can be had by hiring cellarers to hide items and even people for a few days or less by keeping such valuables under cover or disguised aboard their skiffs as they work.

Kuladarakaun ('Pool of Monsters')

This otherwise unremarkable pool has a backwater that clogs often. More than a century ago, a tentacled water-monster arrived from somewhere unknown (up a spring, or from the Flow, or perhaps even released by some sorcerer, Talasaaran, or adventurer in the city above) and took up residence here. It began to slay cellarers stealthily, only attacking when a single skiff was present, and it could drag down everyone - so for a long time the precise location and nature of this peril went unidentified.

By then the monster had somehow birthed a dozen or more smaller versions of itself, and they roamed the sewers hungrily, slaughtering cellarers at will until a concerted effort to hunt them down and cleanse the sewers was mounted. The 'Great Beast' was slain at last, and no successor has ever replaced it, but cellarers are still wary when in or near this chamber, just in case the monster crept up from the Flow through some yet-undiscovered fissure in its depths.

Mureetalaun ('Mureetal's Pool')

Mureetal was a tiny, implike man who died some sixty years ago. He designed and built the great doors in several other cities that control sewer-flows, and also insisted that a pool had to be created right in this spot to 'moderate' the flows. Mureetal was so successful in his reshaping of runs and moots to make water move more readily in the sewers that this pool was named for him upon his death. It is otherwise unremarkable, save for a stone relief carving of his face (thrice life size) mounted on one wall. Some cellarers swear that the face speaks, answering questions put by those who either use spells or know "the right words" to awaken it, but others dismiss this as pure fancy, or tales spun by those who have had too much to drink.

Whatever the truth about Mureetal's speech, it is certain that the carved face's open mouth (readily reachable by someone standing on a skiff) often serves cellarers as a small storage niche for the transfer of coins, small items and messages.

Daruuroom ('Little Sink')

The smaller and more southerly of the two most famous sinkholes of Geanavue's sewers, this always-echoing chamber can be a deathtrap. Strong flows of water plunge down into the Flow through a hole here that is large enough to swallow entire wagons and skiffs without the slightest hesitation. Cellarers who do not know exactly what they are doing, or have crews strong and numerous enough to securely cling to the grabirons provided in profusion on all of Daruuroom's walls, are quite likely to be 'sucked down' and drowned.

Veteran cellarers claim that Daruuroom is actually the only sink whose victims are likely to survive their plunge into the Flow, because the descent is so swift that they may emerge into breathable air - among the lurking monsters below - in time to avoid outright drowning. Others say that a horrible death under monster claws is hardly something to rejoice over, especially if it is reached in agony thanks to the injuries of being hurled down onto rocks. Still others scoff at the whole idea, wondering aloud how any 'veteran cellarer' could know what happens to those who are "swallowed" in Daruuroom.

Arauneduroom ('the Great Sink')

This subterranean lake of sludge is the largest and most famous sinkhole in the city sewers. Most of the sewer waters descend into the Flow through eight or nine holes in the depths of this chamber. At any time, there are usually six to eight whirlpools operating in Arauneduroom. Their suction is strong enough to drag down almost anything that comes into contact with their coiling walls, but experienced cellarers know what route to take across Arauneduroom so that a skiff can 'ride' the opposing tugs of adjacent whirlpools and so safely pass between them.

Unfortunately, changes in the speed of water flowing into this chamber, or the overall amount of water and sludge (water level), can cause changes in the whirlpool pattern. Therefore, it is always safest to traverse Arauneduroom by carefully poling or 'hauling' (pulling on ropes or grabirons) along the walls of the chamber. Of course, this takes much longer than crossing the treacherous lake, and several bold cellarers have escaped pursuers - other cellarers, hostile rogues and authorities, alike - by striking out across Arauneduroom where their foes dared not follow.

Kulaudarakaun ('Kulaudarak's Pool')

This is the most recently constructed moot-chamber in the sewers. It is named for the short, dapper, perfumed-bearded man who (correctly) insisted its creation would lessen recurring and severe chokes to the north of it. Some twelve years ago, Kulaudarak took employment under a Zoan merchant interested in constructing canals somewhere far from Geanavue - a task from which he is yet to return. Some Castle staff say that he is unlikely to ever do so, comparing the coins he was offered to his Geanavese pay.

According to both Cellarer and surface city lore, Kulaudarak caused hundreds of stone blocks in the walls of Kulaudarakaun to be made with concealed hinges and hatches, and niches to be crafted behind them. It is not known if he intended to rent out this storage or use them for his own covert activities, but certain cellarers say that other (unidentified) cellarers did find many of these 'hide-holes,' all of them empty, and are now using them for their own purposes.

Such claims are supported by the fact that there always seem to be at least two skiffs loitering in or just outside the Pool, closely watching each other and everyone else who comes into view. Any cellarer who tries to search the walls will be quickly hailed, threatened (and, some say, rammed and sunk).

The roster of the guardians of Kulaudarakaun is large and everchanging, but by no means includes all or even most cellarers. Some cellarers believe that the Castle itself is using Kulaudarakaun, and that those who guard it are really Ready Sword agents.

Tuurazak Saarac

This busy chamber is of vital importance in keeping nearby Arauneduroom unclogged (because clearing blockages in the Great Sink involves an expensive undertaking and sometimes the loss of life among cellarers). Several times a month three or more skiffs will arrive hereto clear it and its proximity to a nearby well makes to-the-surface sludge removal a careful, exacting process. Tuurazak was the builder of this saarac and a corrupt (some also say mad) man, who reportedly built many traps into the sewer runs. Most of these were destroyed with the removal of the many sewer gates, but some - cellarers whisper - still await the unwary or the overly inquisitive, in particular intruders bold enough to probe run walls looking for loose stones and treasure stored behind them...

Samuraun ('Samar's Pool')

This is the only 'pool' chamber in the sewers that cellarers sometimes deliberately clog with debris, to lessen (when a blockage is also created in Tuurazak Saarac) or alter the flows into adjacent Arauneduroom. It is named for the long-dead

cellarer who perfected this technique, a handsome and capable man who later rose high in the ranks of Castle officials (and, it is said, secretly married no less than four Geanavese women, maintaining all of these relationships at the same time). At Samar's suggestion, the pool chamber was enlarged to provide an alcove in its north wall - the only place in all of the sewers where skiffs can securely dock in a ledge-lined and grabiron-studded basin specifically designed for this purpose.

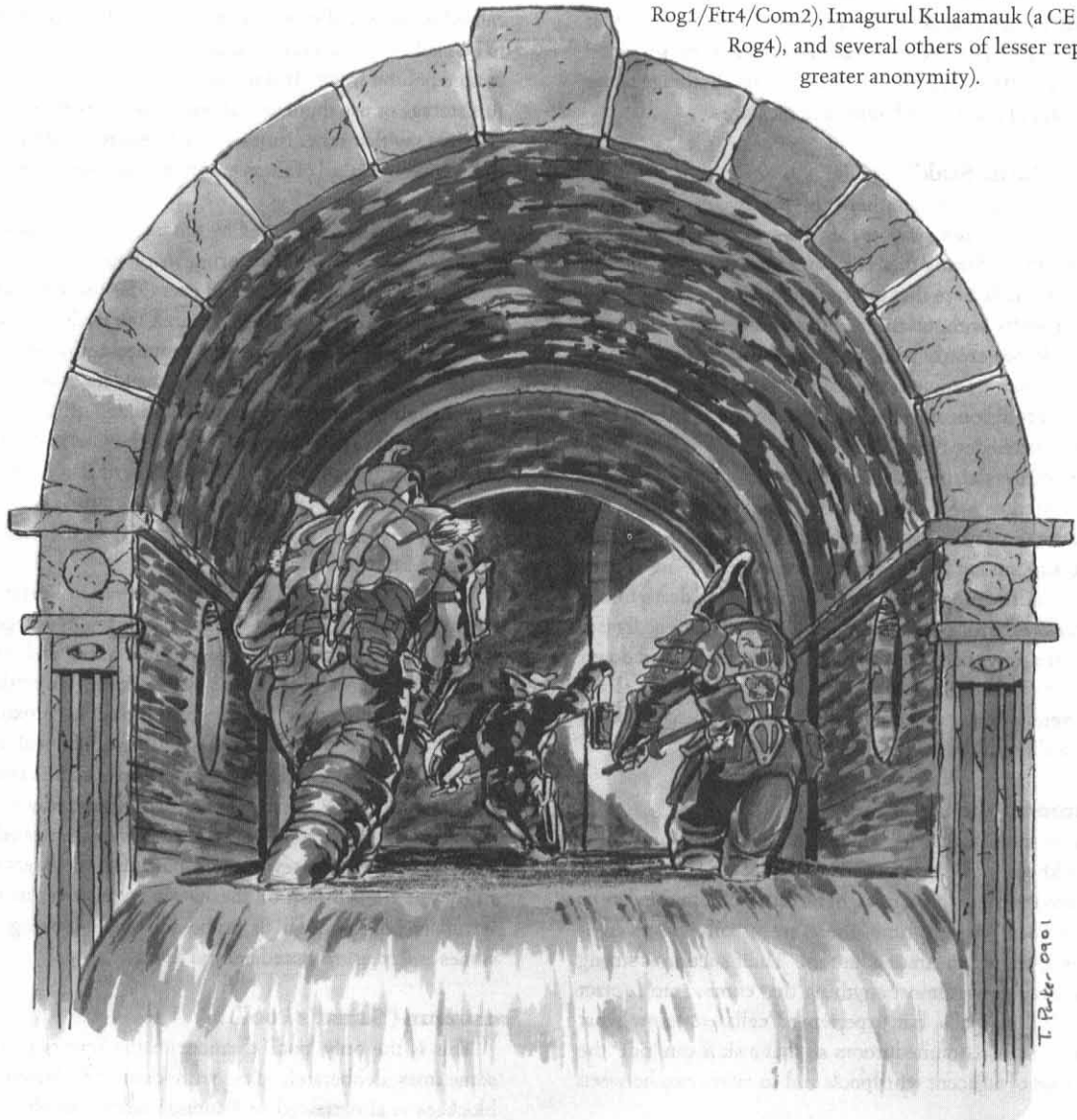
Faurorelulaun ('Lost Barrel Pool')

This otherwise unremarkable pool is famous in cellarer lore as the place where one of the gigantic casks of Castle wine was somehow 'lost' during its journey to the Pool of Swords. The location of this chamber suggests the infamous barrel was directed well astray from the route it should have taken through the runs, pointing directly to a cellarer theft. The sly manner in which this tale is usually told makes it clear that cellarers drank the cask's contents before it truly became lost (probably down the hungry bore of Daruuroom), and that Castle attempts to identify the guilty parties somehow ended in failure.

Coming Up From Below

Although many cellarers are folk in hiding from Geanavue (for reasons of their deeds, debts, looks or delusions), and live in the sewers, most spend only a few days (typically) to two weeks (during times of severe blockages) per month below. For these folk, removal of their stench (which can, if unattended, last well beyond a month) is paramount. Some establishments, for a fee, provide cellarers with secret cellar entrances, lockers or clothes for use when 'walking the streets', and baths of strange concoctions of oils and scents that purport to remove the stink of the sewers from flesh and hair. In some cases, these baths merely mask one stench with another, and in other cases they simply fail to attain their intended goal, but cellarers swear that some much-loved hostesses have 'got it right' and can deliver them from carrying their own stink around with them. In return, some cellarers will readily hide these persons or their friends, clients and valuables 'down below.'

The most financially successful cellarers are those who like life both above and below, can operate capably in both places, and offer services to both their fellow cellarers and to "surface folk" who desire things 'lost' or kept hidden in the depths. These currently include Raadurar Neevaur (a NE male human Rog1/Ftr4/Com2), Imagurul Kulaamauk (a CE male human Rog4), and several others of lesser reputation (but greater anonymity).



Chapter 12

Geanavue in the Shadows

Rogues from elsewhere in the Sovereign Lands often see peace-loving Geanavue as *the* place to practice their 'trade.' An entire city full of wealthy folk! Most of whom are hard-working, inattentive-to-anything-but-their-work craft workers who take to their beds dog-tired! A city peaceful and law-abiding for years, and therefore patrolled by a paltry few lazy, inexperienced Watch-constables. In short: a paradise ripe for plucking!

Well, not so. Geanavue is generally law-abiding for some good reasons in addition to the nature of its native-born crafters. One of the best of these is the city Watch.

The Watch

The Most Watchful Law Officers of Geanavue are known to all simply as 'the Watch.' Most Watch officers are eager and attentive, seeking out trouble before it can happen. They promptly investigate suspicious gatherings of persons or work going on in unaccustomed places or at unusual times. Six to ten cotaars (or to Geanavese commoners, 'Gaaniors' meaning 'bullnecks') comprise the typical patrol. Watch actions are always conducted with one constable watching the others from afar, to raise the alarm (and summon guards) the moment trouble unfolds. There is no stigma to making a false call, so constables will not hesitate.

A typical Watch-cotaar knows one or two city neighborhoods intimately. He will not hesitate to shadow any stranger, or approach a visitor to the city and quietly introduce himself and then offer quiet warnings about which taverns to avoid, or which merchants may be less than honest in their dealings.

It is a crime to disobey any direct order from a Watch officer (punishable by a night's detention, during which Watch officers will deliver some firm and blunt 'law and order' lectures to the incarcerated). It is also a crime to physically strike any Watch officer (fine of 3 gp/blow struck).

However, Watch officers are themselves immune from legal punishment when they physically strike or restrain others—so long as they do not touch a noble, Geanavese courtier or guildmaster, do not kill, and do not demonstrably break bones.

This allows them to aggressively pursue and apprehend by any necessary means suspected miscreants and troublemakers without hesitation. Since they command the respect of most citizens, they are doubly swift and effective in maintaining public order. Drunkards tend to give Watch patrols their most frequent trouble, but horse troughs in which to douse and sober up the belligerent are always handy. The Watch hunts down

anyone who tries to intimidate any citizen in Geanavue or its demesnes (except Loona) so a typical cotaar fears no one, not even a gang.

Watch-cotaars are usually armed only with stout clubs and poles. They wear metal helmets, stout boots, broad belts that can serve as effective flails and padded 'jacks' (stout armor tunics). Cotaars also carry four special pieces of equipment: a blindfold, two short lengths of stout wire (used for wiring big toes or little fingers and thumbs of prisoners to each other, all-in-all highly-effective bindings), a lead-collar and a capture hood.

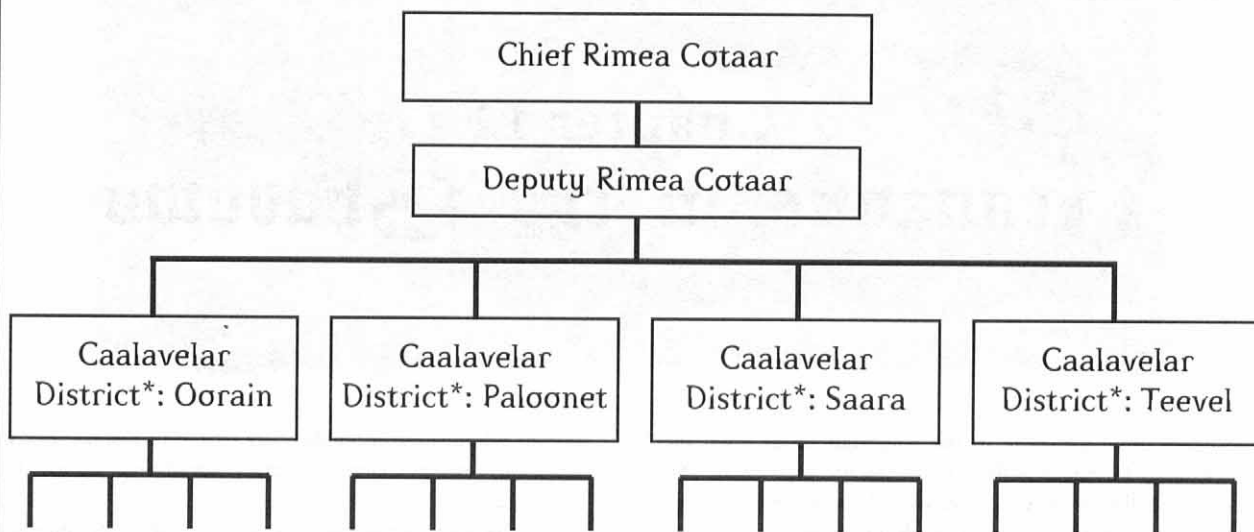
A lead-collar is a locking, slide-to-size-before-padlocking stout metal neckband set with four rings (spaced around the outside), to which are affixed at least three six-foot lengths of chain. These can be used by two or more officers to lead a prisoner or hold him between them, or by a single officer who loops and locks the chains around the prisoner's hands (usually behind his back) and uses the run of chain down from the collar as a 'handle.'

Watch officers have orders not to affix a prisoner in any position where he can strangle or have his neck broken (even if trying to injure himself). Even so, fleeing prisoners whose dangling chains caught on something have suffered serious and even fatal injuries. There have even been cases where some suspect the Watch officers hoped this fate would occur or responded very slowly to rescue a choking prisoner of known 'bad' character.

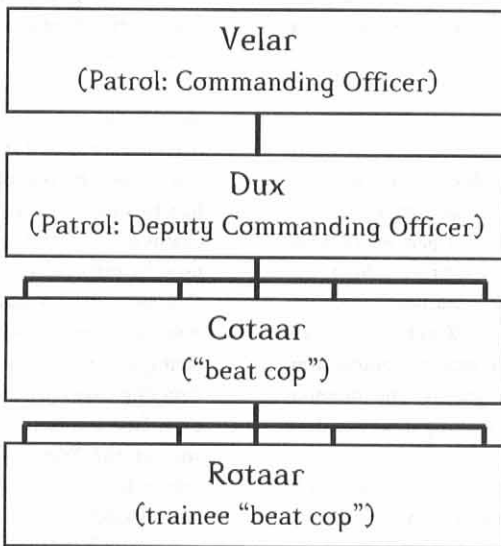
Capture hoods are large leather or canvas open-ended sacks. Usually five feet long, they have a 'top' or 'rim' fitted with rows of belts or straps. These hoods are thrown over the head of someone resisting arrest, blinding and hampering them, and if necessary, the straps can be tightened to transform the person into a helpless bundle. The arrested person can either be lead through the streets by ropes (and even held 'between' cotaars who hold the lines tight, so they cannot reach anyone), dragged by means of ropes or slung on a pole (through the straps) for carrying. Cotaars typically do this only to subdue violent or dangerous persons.

"Watched over by the Watch" (or simply "watched over") is a popular Geanavese expression for someone thought to be dishonest or for any suspicious behavior. It is widely known that the Watch assists elderly and infirm residents by running errands for them, shifting furniture or cooking-wood they cannot easily lift, and even providing food and drink. In return, the aided citizens serve as "eyes and ears" for the Watch. Watch-cotaars take care to aid many people, so their true spies cannot

GEANAVUE CITY WATCH HIERARCHY



***As many patrols as needed in each district. Each Patrol has 6-10 officers**



easily be identified. Experience has taught them to remain wary of exaggerated gossip and the tendencies of certain of their agents to cast false suspicions on rivals and old foes.

Currently, Corat Nae (LN male human War1/Ftr5) heads the Watch Cotaars. A wise, impressive-looking old man who knows the feuds and unsolved crimes of Geनावue for three decades back (and was a successful adventurer and pirate-hunter for some years before that), the Chief Rimea Cotaar is widely respected. Locals aptly describe him as “quietly fearless,” as he has never been known to lose his temper, regardless of provocation or danger. The Watch love him because he is kindly but stern and fair. His oft-repeated saying is, “Geनावue will respect and obey its Watch, because no Watch officer will ever disappoint Geनावue. Or else.”

Corat insists on training all Watch officers himself and in rotating all ‘duty ranks’ (offices below himself and his deputy) regularly, so that no one is forever a subordinate, everyone

receives training in everything, and no one becomes ‘too cozy’ with folk in a particular neighborhood or line of work. Pay is based on time worked and years of service, not rank.

Corat has taught all Watch officers to listen to every tale offered to them, to try to find three witnesses for everything and to always think of who might benefit from every crime or unusual act. Watch officers of any rank are free to say anything to any other Watch officer; there is no such thing as ‘need to know’ or ‘subordinates need not offer opinions.’

Corat has a Deputy Rimea Cotaar who hides his sense of humor behind a laconic manner and fearsome personal appearance. Noen (a LN male human Exp4, who has no surname) is tall, thin and ugly; his face very much resembles a skull. He serves Corat capably and loyally as secretary, understudy and message-runner.

Together Corat and Noen preside over four Caalavelars (district duty officers). The caalavelars in turn preside over four

city districts, which are, for long-forgotten reasons, known as Oorain, Paloonet, Saara, and Teevel. The precise borders of these districts change whenever Corat deems they should (but in general, Oorain is in the southwest, Paloonet in the northwest, Saara in the southeast, and Teevel in the northeast, with the Castle Mount usually serving as one dividing line, and Tealia Maar as the other). The caalavelars send out patrols as they see fit. Most patrols have six to ten officers, and all have a 'velar' (commanding officer) and 'dux' (deputy commander) leading at least three cotaars.

The Watch has a total current strength of 86 cotaars (including 12 women), and 47 'rotaars' (trainees, of whom 22 are female). Rotaars 'shadow' (work at the elbow of) regular cotaars on patrols and in lockups and record keeping. They are always 'extra strength' for patrols and guard details, never left to work on their own or substituted for cotaars who should be present.

The Watch patrols Geanavue at all hours, and officers going off duty always confer with those taking over (there are paid overlap times, deliberately staggered so thieves will not be able to identify and exploit a 'no Watch in sight' time).

Arrest and Detainment

When a Watch officer shouts, "Down you go!" or some variant of "You, man in blue! Down! Blue man down!" he is commanding the subject to stop moving, set down anything in his hands, and submit to the hands of the Watch.

If any Watch officer touches someone and says, "Custody," that person is under arrest (this is customarily done even to unconscious, trussed or held down persons).

Restraints may be placed on an arrested person, and they may be slapped, hurled to the ground or pummeled for 'subdual' if the officers deem it necessary. Armed persons who do not disarm themselves completely when 'called down' can expect such rough handling.

Watch officers transport (usually on foot) prisoners to a Watch 'lockup' as swiftly as is safely and prudently possible. If this means leaving fallen loot unguarded or a brawl or fire unattended, 'swift' may mean chaining to a post, horse trough, shop sign or the undercarriage of a handy (parked, not

moving or likely to move soon!) wagon for some time before actual travel begins.

Lockups

Watch lockups are simple places: essentially stone rooms with means of chaining and anchoring prisoners inside.

Most look like warehouse cellars (the only chambers in most warehouses that are made of stone), with high ceilings that are braced with metal crossbeams. These beams provide anchors for rows of ceiling-manacles (long chains with lockable metal 'adjustable-clamp' cuffs at their ends).

Most lockups have a few high, narrow 'slot' windows. Lockup windows always have stout metal shutters (hinged, unpierced plates that can be moved open and shut from the floor by means of a 'hook-pole'). Lockup shutters can always be both bolted and locked (hook-poles manipulate the bolts, and separate 'lockpoles' control the locks).

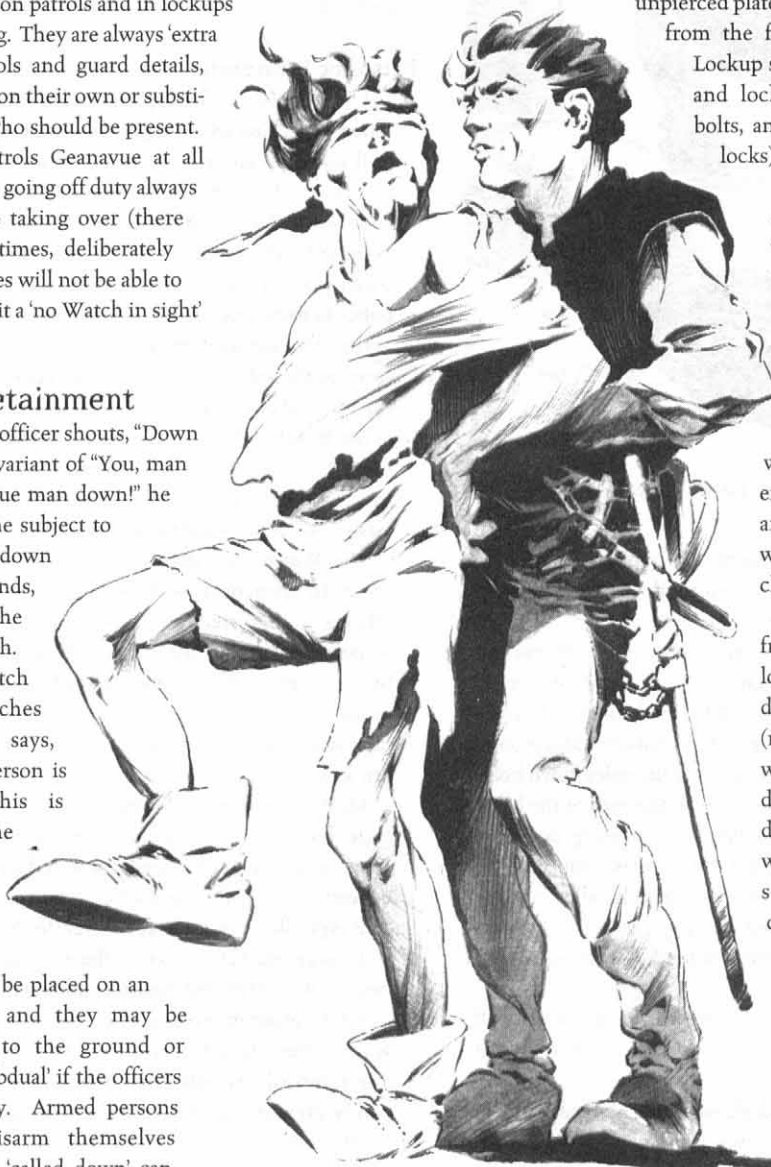
Every lockup has two entry doors; wherever possible, these will open onto different streets and be on opposing sides of the building. They are always massive, made of metal and set in a massive metal frame that is slightly smaller than the door and so creates a 'lip' against which the door may rest. Lockup entry doors always open outward and have hinges on their inside whose pins are locked in place with chains.

Not far inside the most frequently used entry door of every lockup rests a desk and chair for the duty guard. A row of metal cages (rectangular boxes made of a lattice-work of stout metal bars) usually dominate the room beyond the desk. These cells loom four feet wide and seven feet tall, each built separately, although chains or clamps may hold them together in everyday use.

All lockup cells are equipped with lockable doors, at least four manacles, a locked-in-place toilet bucket, and side 'pockets' that allow (if wood or metal bars are slid through them horizontally as carry-handles) each

cage to be used as a sort of litter for carrying prisoners through the streets or for placement on a wagon.

In a lockup, these cells are customarily arranged in a row, far enough apart that prisoners in adjacent cages cannot reach each



An officer of the watch takes an offender into custody.



A Thief makes off in the night with a lovely valuable.

other to exchange items or do harm. Once placed as desired, cells are locked in place with the ceiling manacles to prevent toppling (or unauthorized removal of a cage).

Along a wall facing the row of cages, but well out of reach of them, rests a long wooden bench. Sockets pierce this 'ready bench' at intervals that allow wooden bars to be locked in place along it, so as to confine single seated individuals. Metal poles hold these bars in place. A cotaar can slide the poles down holes behind the bench, to link up with holes in the ends of the bars.

Each bar has shaped semicircular 'bites' missing out of it. When one bar is locked to another, these 'bites' form holes to trap wrists and ankles. Holes in the benches also allow cord or chain (or in the better-equipped lockups, leather belts with buckles, affixed and waiting on the benches) to be passed around the waist or torso of a prisoner.

If space permits, a lockup will also feature a row of wall manacles out of reach of both the cages and the bench, affixed at typical throat and ankle levels.

In a corner, usually near the desk, sits a pile of large, battered metal lockboxes, each with its own key (on a loop of cord) hanging from its padlock, and (if prisoners are in residence) a smaller, neater pile of locked boxes.

Out of reach of all prisoners will also be either a pump and basin, or an elevated water-cask with spigot and several buckets. The Watch uses this for washing down the lockup and occasionally for giving water to prisoners (or dashing it over their heads). There is also a lockable (and almost always locked) metal-sheathed and reinforced cabinet containing spare keys, lanterns and candles for them, a flint and steel, and spare manacles.

The adjustable-clamp cuffs of all manacles consist of two curved pieces of metal positioned to form an oval hole. The ends of both pieces are pierced, and metal rods through those holes link the pieces together. The rods in turn are pierced with small holes that guards insert small pins or 'stop keys' through, to hold the cuffs tight at a particular size around a wrist, ankle, arm above the elbow, leg above the knee, or neck. Stop keys can be locked in place with the use of small chains, but the guards seldom bother unless a prisoner is very strong and belligerent.

Watch lockups are located throughout the city, in street-level rooms. Although the size of the walled grounds of Talasaaran dwellings sometimes dictates otherwise, the intent is to locate lockups no farther apart than twelve to fourteen blocks from each other.

Prisoner Treatment

Upon arrival at a lockup, the cotaar will restrain the prisoner (often by cuffing wrists together behind the head and through a wall manacle) and then thoroughly search him. All weapons, coinage and other small items will be removed from the prisoner, including any belts and *always* including all footwear, because barefoot persons are far less likely to try to flee. The cotaar places these possessions into a lockbox, and it is Watch policy to never obstruct a prisoner's view of his or her belongings as they are examined and then stowed 'under key.' The prisoner receives the sole key to his own lockbox (usually looped by its cord around one of their ankles, or otherwise affixed to them out of reach of their hands and mouth), and the box must travel with them if they are removed from the lockup. There is a master key for all lockboxes, but it is held under lock and guard in the Castle, and is not handy to jailers.

The Watch may strip prisoners and leave them naked to humiliate them or cause them discomfort from the cold. Many officers do this often (particularly when a prisoner is possessed of good looks), but the Chief Rimea Cotaar frowns on such practices where the prisoner is unlikely to be dangerous or the crime is a minor one. Stripping a suspected killer or arsonist is fine; stripping someone who cursed a cotaar after having a few drinks is quite another matter.

Most lockups are for temporary detention only. A few are large buildings with Watch armories and sleeping quarters above, a lockup on the street level, and a cellar of holding cells beneath. The Watch use such cells for convicted prisoners. The cells typically feature a heap of straw for bedding, a water bucket and a toilet bucket secured to the walls on short chains, several rings with heavy fitted manacles and no light.

After a prisoner serves a sentenced incarceration or is released without trial, the prisoner is freed from lockup with all belongings returned. At least three Watch officers and a Castle scribe will be present at such 'returns,' and the scribe will ask the if any items are missing. The scribe will record any complaints they make, although these are very rarely acted upon save as a cumulative means of slowly changing Watch practices.

If a prisoner is found not guilty at trial (or sentenced only to pay a fine, and has done so), she is free to go immediately. This means she is freed on the spot of all restraints, and the Watch must "immediately" return anything taken from her. However, if confiscated property is a weapon, beast or other dangerous item, the Court sometimes decrees that its return occur at a specific time or place or under certain conditions.

Trials and Punishments

Any Watch officer can order any person except a Talasaaran, courtier or official envoy of another city or country held for a night's detention without trial. However, no person can be detained without trial for more than seven consecutive nights. Additionally, a prisoner cannot be "released" by one officer and then "detained" by another officer standing beside the first, to continue incarceration for another week.

Trials must be held in the Castle, and the Watch is responsible for getting prisoners to the court chambers in safety and privacy (usually by covered wagon). Trial is usually (except in rare instances) by sole binding decision of a magistrate, who may elect to summon one to five fellow magistrates in cases deemed difficult, law creating, or very sensitive.

Prisoners (usually still in restraint) and Watch officers enter a locked, barred area of a court chamber. The magistrate sits or stands on a low balcony above "the prisoners' cage," and the public sits in an adjacent area ("the well") beside the cage. A Castle scribe will always be present as a witness, but if other members of the public attend (either as interested parties or just for their own entertainment), at least one Watch officer will be present in the well to keep order.

The presiding magistrate conducts the trial and has "absolute decree of order" in the court, in other words, he or she can order persons to be silent, to be expelled, to be charged and sentenced on the spot, and so on. Courtiers and Talasaara have limited immunities to such sanctions. This 'instant justice' power means that few folk dare to cross a magistrate once he snaps, "Warning!"

Trials begin with accused offering-up an explanation, followed by a plain-language explanation by the Watch. The magistrate then questions any 'injured parties' (persons who were stolen from, usually, but also relatives of the slain, or of anyone injured too grievously to attend court), witnesses to the crime and those that personally know the accused, and from there proceeds to question and discuss 'as necessary' to arrive at a judgment of guilt or innocence. There are no lawyers, and the 'order' rules are whatever the magistrate says they are. So long as an accused is allowed to freely and fully present his side of the story when prompted, and the magistrate examines all evidence and questions all witnesses the magistrate deems, there are no firm grounds for appeal except new evidence coming to light.

Accused persons who rant or give speeches will be interrupted by the magistrate, who will ask them to tell the court immediately anything directly bearing on questions asked or factors that the court should be aware of pertaining to their innocence or sentencing. If they do not do so the magistrate typically orders the prisoner to silence, and proceeds. Drunk, crazed or 'strange-witted' prisoners are typically handed back to the Watch and ordered held until "they are ready to face justice." However, strict Castle rules prevent prisoners being held 'forever' because of strange behavior (though there are dark tavern-tales in the city of "locked away and forgotten prisoners" who died of starvation, and now roam Castle passages in their chains as murderous undead).

In cases of extreme delicacy or puzzlement, the magistrates have the authority to call on (and even hire) wizards, sorcerers or clerics to try magical means of getting at the truth. Such uses of magic have been very rare. Sometimes spells have been used to detect falsehoods or to remove enchantments from accused persons and witnesses that prevent them remembering or testi-

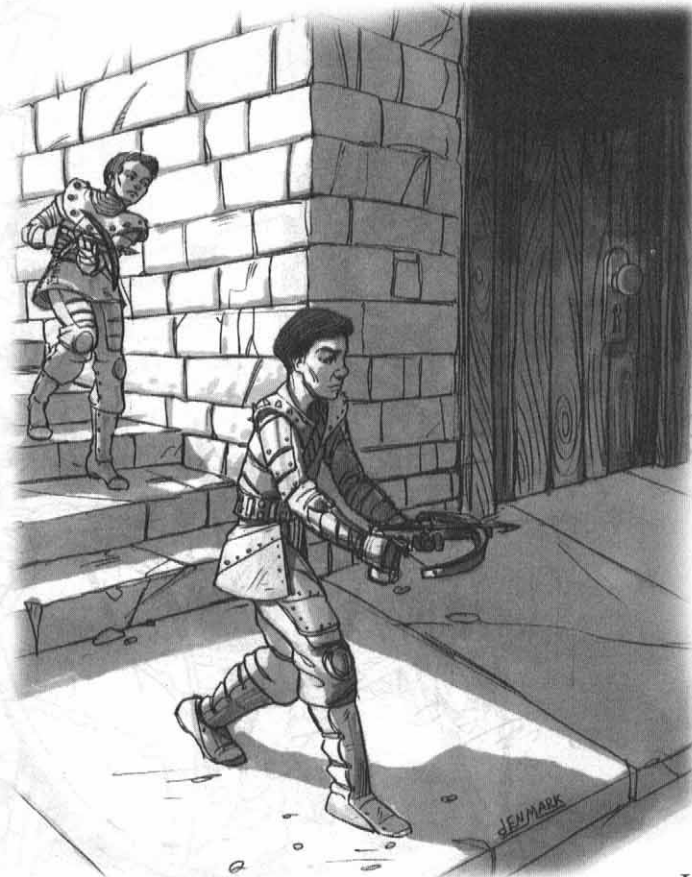
fying properly. As a result (particularly in cases where the Talasaara may be involved) Geanavese courts are alert for signs of such magical 'tampering.'

In general, the King's Code is followed, with certain local modifications. Mutilation is a rare punishment, though both branding (as a thief or murderer) or loss of fingers happens from time to time. A few rapists have even been 'gelded.'

One of the most popular sentences in the city is fining. Folk unable to pay their fines within a set number of days (usually three) have their sentences shifted to the second most popular local sentence: labor.

In times of strife, labor consists of repairing or augmenting the city walls, or loading and unloading supplies. At all other times, labor consists of enforced duty (often shackled or collared on a 'long chain' to a boulder, large tree or rock-laden prison wagon) on upland farm work-gangs. Such gangs are sometimes ordered to fix boundary fences (stone walls), fix bridges, or clear ditches for better drainage, but are usually detailed to do road repairs. This usually consists of shoveling gravel into holes.

Another punishment awaits prisoners who inflict violence on anyone in court, or whilst on their labor sentence try to escape their road gang, shirk work, or offer violence to the gang overseers (members of the Fists who have long whips, and are allowed to use them as they see fit). Such "wolf" prisoners will be flogged (magistrates determine how many strokes, not an overseer or Watch officer) and then detained in a 'deep cell.' Deep cells are just that: dungeon cells deep beneath the Castle, where prisoners languish alone (except for rats, snakes and



Helms come to the aid of the Watch near the city wall.

spiders) in the dark. Prisoners who refuse to cooperate with the court during their trials are always given some deep-cell detention time.

Geanavue views incarceration as wasteful. A crafter cannot work while locked up, and merely consumes food and water. Incarceration sentences therefore seldom exceed a month at a time.

In the case of recalcitrant prisoners detained in the deep cells, such month-long detentions are often renewed. After a month served, they are dragged back into court for a brief hearing. If a prisoner remains defiant or uncooperative, she will be sentenced to another month of deep cell confinement. This can continue, a month at a time, indefinitely, but magistrates are well aware of the chance of making prisoners insane by keeping them alone in the dark for days on end, and sometimes vary deep cell time with a few days of labor.

Labor sentences usually range from one to three months. Coupled with a fine of 25-50 glint, or forfeiture of goods in lieu of that amount, court-commanded labor is the most frequently imposed sentence in Geanavue. Repeat offenders or those who defy the court or misbehave as prisoners face additional fines.

Floggings are rare because they damage a person who could otherwise be a more productive worker. If imposed by a court, a flogging always consists of a decreed number of strokes on the bare back delivered by a Fist using a six-stranded whip of long waxed cords tipped with small metal barbs. The prisoner (regardless of gender) is stripped to the waist and wrist-manacled

to a post. By law, all floggings must take place "under the public view." The Castle whips swiftly lacerate the skin to leave the back raw and bleeding, so the number of strokes sentenced by magistrates may be as little as ten (or as high as forty). Prisoners who faint are revived with buckets of cold water. Castle law requires that they be conscious for each lash-stroke delivered.

Magistrates

Geanavese justice impresses many outlanders by its fairness and seeming lack of corruption. They often ask who comes to serve as a Geanavese magistrate, and how such officials are chosen.

The Lord names magistrates by decree, and is apt to give such relatively well-paid jobs to veteran Fists injured in the line of duty, loyal and diligent courtiers, ailing sailors, senior guild members rendered unable to continue their careers by injury or failing health and so on.

This tends to give Geanavue older, more conservative folk as magistrates, but the current Lord of Geana has been careful to try to balance his appointments. There are both widows and young disfigured persons currently serving as magistrates (rather than begging or being exploited as 'forever-apprentices'). Recently Lord Geana named some magistrates who are simply young persons who show wits and wisdom, but have no notion of what career they desire.

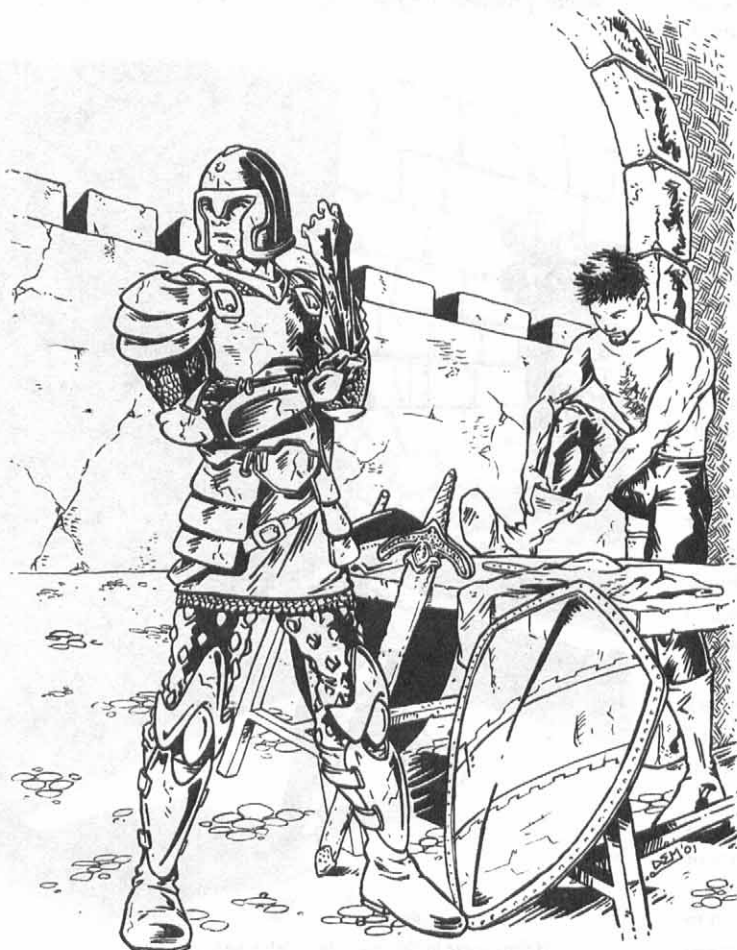
The Lord may also dismiss magistrates at a whim. Unofficially, the last three Lords of Geana removed magistrates from office when senior courtiers complained firmly enough about sentencings. Such complaints are expected from the head of the Watch and from Talasaara (and will be cheerfully ignored when coming from such sources), however, the Lord of Geana pays careful attention to what his agents bring him of general public reaction to sentencings. Consequently, he may meet privately with magistrates to discuss the implications of particular sentences (both before and after sentencing, though beforehand meetings are very rare unless a magistrate requests them).

Magistrates can resign at any time without penalty (unless evidence turns up that they resigned rather than pass judgment on someone who secretly paid them to 'decide' it was time to resign). Otherwise, magistrates serve for 12-year terms, which are often renewed indefinitely.

Regardless of how a magistrate leaves office, one who served as magistrate is exempt from all justice (beyond one-night Watch lockups) for a decade. If one abuses this immunity by committing serious crimes, he will be exiled immediately. Similarly swift exile also awaits magistrates who are suspected by the Lord of Geana to have accepted payment to influence judgments or to resign, and it should be noted that exile includes the claimed demesnes as well as Geanavue and Loona.

Magistrate's salaries are secret, but are known to be high. It is also fairly well known in the city that senior courtiers test each magistrate at some point by arranging to have someone try to bribe them, and all those who take a bribe are dismissed.

The Geanavese saying "To every magistrate a shadow" refers to the diligence of the Castle in spying on magistrates. The Castle watches over every meeting (including



Soldiers ready themselves for duty.

trusts), investment and daily journey of a magistrate. Castle spies have orders to scrutinize magistrates so closely to make sure they are kept independent of Castle, Talasaaran and guild bribery, coercion or influence.

The Lord of Geana is the sole exception to this rule. The current Lord has been careful to largely avoid influencing magistrates, and to make sure his discussions of particular cases never leave any magistrate with an impression of his preferences for future judgments or any 'favorable' pattern of behavior. Some past Lords, however, have used the magistrates as weapons against the Talasaara and certain Geanavese rivals or rebels. So enlightened is Lord Haar that he recognizes magistrates (like all other citizens) need friends with whom to discuss things. Castle spies still watch magistrates' friends closely to make sure they are not in the pay of, or coerced by, interests seeking to sway a judgment, but they do not try to isolate magistrates as some earlier Lords of Geana did.

Any person caught trying to blackmail or otherwise threaten a magistrate will face swift exile and forfeiture of all city property and possessions. Talasaarans face exile and very stiff fines rather than forfeiture, but guild officials receive the full penalty plus causing an immediate Lord's review of their guild charter. (In such cases, Lords of Geana can dissolve guilds by revoking charters, leave the guild untouched, dismiss certain persons from ever holding guild office henceforth or even restructure a guild at whim by rewriting its charter.)

To protect magistrates from 'mob justice' following unpopular verdicts, standing orders command all Watch officers and Fists to leap to the defense of any magistrate they see in need. Watch training encompasses the ability to recognize all city magistrates. In addition, the Castle has the power to appoint "bodyguards of the Court."

Current Crime

In Geanavue today, overly ambitious thieves do not enjoy stellar careers. Pickpocketing and shoplifting of small items is common, but only small and occasional thefts are likely to succeed for long. As far as the Watch knows, there are only six or so successful thieves currently 'at large' and operating in Geanavue.

Most famous of these is Raisix the Black (NE male human Bar2/Rog4), a handsome, black-haired man with startlingly black eyeballs, and thus, a penetrating stare. He is a superb mimic and accomplished actor who often attends revels in disguise, to steal as he dances and flirts.

Perhaps the longest active Geanavese thief is the mysterious Teelia "the velvet" (CE female human Rog7/Shadowdancer 4). There have long been rumors that she is a courtier or at least has a lair in the Castle (one tale insists she is a cook or kitchen maid therein). Petite, velvet-silent, and reputedly very beautiful, she skulks around far more places than she ever steals from. Many a groggy, just-awakened Geanavese man has been entranced by brief glimpses of her leaving his bedchamber: a flitting apparition in the shadows who may or may not be real, and whose purposes remain a mystery.

Xookaer (CE male human Rog5) is a menacing "surrender your coins or feel my blade" sort who has nerves of ice and an uncanny instinct for when to strike and when to vanish (moments before witnesses or the Watch appear). He has a large,

ugly face and a simple sense of humor. "Watching other people get hurt" is high on his list of amusements.

Gazee (NE male human Rog4) is another sort of 'low' thief. He is a spider-agile 'snatch and grab' man, whose boldness and bland, ordinary looks usually enable him to get close to victims unnoticed (often in street crowds), snatch, and be gone while witnesses are still blinking and trying to make certain of what they have seen.

Vuuawa (CE male human Rog4) specializes in bold substitutions: see a parked wagon laden with goods, snatch it, and leave in its place a similar (but empty) wagon. Espy a Talasaaran grand carriage whose servants have been sent on some errand, snatch it, and leave a second stolen carriage (from where it was parked, just down the street) in its place to promote confusion and arguments between nobles. Parcels being delivered for noble or wealthy ladies? Distract the delivery wagon drovers, substitute similar (but empty) parcels and be gone. And so on....

Vaolai 'the Invisible' (no known specifics) is the thief whom the Watch are most anxious to catch because she likes to disguise herself as a Watch cotaar. Some victims say Vaolai is a shapechanger (perhaps a doppelganger who murdered the real Vaolai and took her place) because they have glimpsed her body slowly changing its shape into quite another form. Vaolai is a small, dark woman with a slight limp and strong features; she is not ugly, but neither would anyone call her beautiful. She has scowling black eyebrows and a glare that cuts like a knife when she so desires.

Time and again, the Watch have arrested, stripped and searched Vaolai, who sells small wooden carvings in the streets, and found no trace of the jewelry that the shapechanging thief specializes in taking. Nor have they found any evidence that she either has wealth or spends much. However, the gossips who advance the theory that "Vaolai" is a shapechanging monster say she probably swallows the jewelry, or 'flows' her body around a sack of valuables so as to hold such loot inside her flesh. A few even cleave to the view that Vaolai is simply a crazed woman who steals gems to keep them hidden in a 'glittering cave' cellar or sewer where she goes to see and fondle them and lives in poverty the rest of the time.

The Watch knows of at least three 'fences' (purchasers of stolen goods) in Geanavue. Time and again these persons are arrested and fined, losing this or that specific stolen item, but it has been years since anything large, valuable and unique has been found in the possession of any of them. Therefore, a new and more successful secretive fence is operating in Geanavue, the 'Three Blind Hands' have learned some new tricks or all three of them have ways of swiftly handing 'hot' items to this new fence.

The 'Three Blind Hands' is a back alley term that should not be misunderstood to mean these fences work together or like each other much. They are Miana 'Manyeyes,' whose unmarked shop is reached off Xoosaar Taraane; Niazal Laaria of Lovers' Knot Ropes, Nets and Cordage on Aaronel Taraane; and 'Old Lumm' (a retired sailor) of Old Lumm's Keels and Tillers, Sorel Maar, in Loona.

Chief Rimea Cotaar Nae has been conferring with all Watch officers, trying to shape a plan or means of catching at least one of these three notorious fences 'at work' with some traceable (possibly enchanted) item. Somehow, unique stolen valuables



Raisix and Teelia the Velvet make an exchange.

are being spirited out of Geanavue, but how and by whom remains unknown.

The Watch would also very much like to know who 'Saarel of the Reaching Hand' is. This notorious kidnapper is guilty of delivering many wealthy merchants into the hands of pirates. The kidnapper has also put numerous enemies of nobles into the clutches of gloating Talasaara (ridiculing and gently torturing suspected thieves and merchants who have been rude to them was for a time a popular entertainment at revels held by certain noble families). Moreover, if certain crimes attributed to this rogue are indeed Saarel's work, the Reaching Hand is also guilty of being a slayer-for-hire.

There are dozens of skilled forgers in Geanavue, and scores of less competent ones, who can counterfeit anything from coins (common) to duplicating stolen jewelry or furniture (very rare, done well), and faking the handwriting, signature or seal of a particular person (seals are easy, writings less so).

What the People Think

A citizen of Geanavue would not dream of departing from his home or shop leaving doors open and unlocked; but neither would he bother to bar doors, close all shutters, and fetch weapons to keep ready by his bed on a typical warm summer night. When items of great value are temporarily present, the citizen might hire a guard, or fetch a metal tool and a pot to keep handy (because Watch patrols always come running when they

hear a gong-like repeated banging of metal, except in smithies or other crafters' shops that customarily emit such sounds).

The average Geanavese citizen 'knows' the city is rife with dark trade dealings, minor swindles, and underhanded or preferential treatment practiced (and expected by) guilds, Talasaara, and more shadowy cabals and personal alliances of merchants. Yet, commoners shrug off such deceits as merely part of doing business. They would be more concerned if armed gangs were practicing extortion, arson and wholesale theft in the streets, or if general 'order' broke down so that citizens would all have to go armed and expect to have to protect themselves every few moments, or never to enter certain streets or neighborhoods.

This is not the case, and Geanavese want to keep matters that way. They are quite prepared to forgive occasional Watch slip-ups or over zealousness in return for the bullnecks being enthusiastic and efficient at pouncing on and eradicating threats to city peace and safety.

Although Geanavese are not servile when dealing with the Watch, nor fearful enough to refrain from speaking their mind to officers and speaking to officers as equals, they do tend to obey and even actively aid the Watch. A shopkeeper who will defend his own staff and wares like a lion might not rush down the street to battle an armed thief fighting with another shopkeeper three blocks away. However, if the Watch chases that thief, or he sees a Watch officer wounded by the thief, he is quite likely to run, dagger or handy tool at the ready, and 'pitch in.'

The most successful crimes in Geanavue are shadowy deceptions involving money, not 'smash and grab' or 'drawn dagger' matters. So long as things stay that way, Geanavese will continue to be content with the peace and safety of their city.

Chapter 13

Loona

A middle-aged Geanavese crafter recently described Loona as “a ramshackle, lawless chaos where sailors brawl, rats scuttle, and no respectable person would want to enter - or dare to, without a large and capable bodyguard.” Others have called the town “a den of thieves” and “a large refuse pit where wizards blast warehouses to flames and swordsmen leap from arriving ships to hack a clear space for docking. Then beasts and sinister sorcerers from afar pour out, soon to slither like gliding snakes into our fair city”.

These words aptly describe the general Geanavese view of Loona. The collective opinion is colorful, extreme - and not all that far from the truth.

Loona is Geanavue's port and territory. Whenever necessary, the Fists arrive in force to restore order and the authority of the Lord of Geana.

The rest of the time, this dockside town of 2,200 folk is altogether more ‘worldly’ and relaxed in its rules and policing than Geanavue. To someone not armed and ready to defend himself, it certainly seems lawless.

The folk of Loona are known as Loonans. (Some older writings refer to them as “Lounar,” but “Loon” is regarded as a serious insult.) They tend to be a rough, hardy, blunt and cheerful lot. Many have shady pasts and shady present careers.

Geanavese commoners openly ‘look down on’ Loonans - when not buying fish from Loonan trundle-carts in the streets of Geanavue, or muttering their need for illicit information or items to a Loonan (and offering covert payment for same).

Loona offers both warehouses in which cheap and unusual wares can be had, and a ‘safe meeting ground’ where spies, gossips and thieves can deliver valuable information and stolen items to others, who pass such things on to persons willing to pay. Many Geanavese consider ‘their’ port to be a place of fish and lawlessness—that and the destination of a smooth, superbly built, road linking Loona and Geanavue.

Streets and the Sagging Structures Between

Most of the streets in Loona are hard-packed, stone-studded mud (except after heavy rainfalls, when they become quagmires). They are either nameless or bear names only in Merchant's Tongue. For years they changed with bewildering rapidity, as bold entrepreneurs cut off competitors from access to the world by building warehouses right against their front doors, filling streets and alleys overnight.

Eventually this caused such wild, widespread rooftop battles and arson that a Lord's decree outlawed the practice. This law still stands (applying to Geanavue and the demesnes, too), and sets forth penalties of hard labor and forfeiture of all goods for the perpetrators, plus destruction of all unlawfully built structures.

As a result, all building in Loona now requires a permit. Such documents cost three glint each, so most Loonans do not bother to rebuild anything, contenting themselves with minimal ‘running repairs.’

Not surprisingly, most of the buildings in Loona are now ramshackle, leaning affairs, and rot (thanks to shore fogs and the constant ‘wavespume’ damp) is ever present.

Almost everything is built of timber (with guano-encrusted wooden roofs sealed with tar and moss- or mold-covered mud chinking stuffed into all gaps). Walls commonly need both interior and exterior braces to hold them up. Thankfully, cellars are rare (due to the high likelihood of flooding); building collapses would otherwise be frequent. Catwalks, sagging balconies and poles holding corners of buildings up (and serving as outside ladders) are everywhere. Were it not for the damp, Loona would be one huge bonfire just waiting to happen.

Life In Loona

Its buildings may no longer rise and fall like the waves in Reanaaria Bay, but Loona is still home to whirlwind change. The sagging, much-braced buildings now tend to remain where they are, but the folk dwelling and trading in them move about often, vanish (usually a step ahead of the Watch) onto ships or into the uplands, and frequently change the names of their mercantile operations. A tavern may be on one corner now, and another several days later. Swiftly stowing contraband under a floor and then covering that floor with tables full of carousing, reeling-drunk sailors is an effective way of hiding stolen goods from the Watch, the Fists or anyone else. Correct, detailed directions to anywhere in Loona therefore change often, adding to the general Geanavese mistrust of the trade-town and harbor.

Most Geanavese never go to Loona. Those who do often travel in large armed bands to “go down” to a nearby fortified inn, venturing into the muddy port itself only for midday shopping or for evening revelry. Loona is the place to see dancing monsters, naked men and women wrestling each other and a variety of beasts, weird sights from afar, and entertainers whose songs and jokes are daringly disrespectful of guilds, Talasaarans

and the Castle itself. Popular city lore warns that Geanavese can expect to be robbed, raped and half-murdered if they dare to venture "close enough to smell the fish" of Loona. (In truth, most Loonans take care not to molest such 'herds of customers' for fear of ending the generous supply of visiting spenders or provoking a violent and thorough scouring-out of the port by the Fists).

In general, no one cleans up refuse in Loona, no one keeps the peace except in their own establishment (and then generally just to guard against fire or wholesale property destruction), and there is no reliable street lighting at night.

The port streets have been furnished with tall iron basket-braziers in which bonfires can be lit for night loadings and revelry. These are only used for those occasions, and serve as nests and perches for foul seabirds (gulls, pelicans and the long-winged, gliding fish-hawks known as 'soarers') the rest of the time. Tying washing-lines or affixing notices to these brazier-poles is unlawful, and Loonans seldom do the former (because lines and washing are swiftly stolen or cut as a prank, to drop the linens into the mud) but cheerfully affix all manner of notices and banners. To a Loonan, a banner is not something grand that flaps from a lance or building. A Loonan banner serves as a code-flag (usually a knotted piece of cloth of a particular hue), whose presence or position on a pole or type of knot has a meaning readable only by a select few folk.

The Hiring Fair

Everyone in Geanavue knows about Loona's hiring fair. There adventurers, would-be (or disgraced former) guards, and even self-declared thieves and blackguards gather daily to be hired by anyone with coin enough. One of the few immobile attractions of the port, this dawn-to-dusk moot is held in a large open square known as 'the Shield,' where eight streets meet.

The Fair is the only place where the average Geanavese commoner or non-guild merchant can expect to find a variety of guards to choose from - and even Talasaarans come here to secure the services of adventurers and thieves (to steal from rivals). Guilds and powerful independent merchants are the chief patrons of Loona's thieves, hiring them to bedevil or plunder business rivals.

Eliiak's

Everyone in Geanavue has also heard about Eliiak's—a rooming house that moves around a sprawling succession of ramshackle former warehouses. One can rent rooms for a night or a month 'under the hand of kindly old Eliiak'. Truth be told, Eliiak, a one-eyed, whip-wielding giant of a man who goes about surrounded by a ring of grim bodyguards and sports a bristling belt of many daggers under his not inconsiderable paunch is neither kindly nor old. Eliiak Buiranen hails from somewhere distant, is gruff of voice and has a scalp largely bald due to puckered scars that crisscross his head (NE male human War9, Str 18).

Many ladies of low repute, sailors in port for just a few days, Geanavese youths out for a thrill or their elders arranging shady meetings can be found in Eliiak's. Often they spend part of their stay cowering behind the barred doors of their rooms, listening to the shouts, screams, breaking bottles and running feet after dark.

Eliiak's is always spartan, dirty, dark, foul smelling—and inexpensive. It offers hungry vermin, rusty steel chests (to keep vermin out) in every room, rope-mattress beds, stout bars for windows and doors, and walls too riddled with holes to house secret passages that might offer hidden entries into rooms. Even so, all words can be overheard, and many deeds seen, through chinks and holes in the walls, floors and ceilings.

The Mad Sail

Other fairly permanent inns in Loona include The Mad Sail and Blue Boots. Both have been known to move a few doors down when fires or floor and stair collapses force relocation, but often move back to their former premises after repairs, and can always be found in the same general area.

The Mad Sail caters to sailors, offering them chamber ladies and strong drink to share with such lasses. Outlanders of all sorts are welcome, but anyone from Geanavue is regarded with suspicion as a possible "spy for the Castle yonder." Cheap but rowdy and dirty, The Mad Sail offers the best opportunity to get some sleep at midday. Rooms have been known to come with a decor of sprawled dead bodies at no extra charge.

The Mad Sail is owned by a 'silent ring' of investors, represented by a seldom-seen Geanavese merchant who goes (in Loona only, it seems) by the name of "Haaperitan." 'Old Red' Haaraasae (CN female human Ftr6), a burly, battered and short woman wider than any three sailors put together and stronger than some oxen (Str 18) runs the place. She uses down-on-their-luck sailors as her bouncers and staff, mothers them and treats them fairly, and as a result earns their intense loyalty. Usually slightly tipsy, they can call on about three dozen agile chamber ladies as bottle- and chair-hurling reinforcements.

Blue Boots

This large inn was named for the thigh-high, distinctive lace-up leather boots worn by its famous founder (Gagareesa, the now-deceased "Dancer to the Talasaara"). Nowadays, it does not so much move as continually expand into adjacent or nearby buildings. Sometimes older "wings" of the place (as component buildings are always called, even if not physically connected to the rest of 'the Boots') are allowed to fall into disrepair.

Though the most timid Geanavese visitors to Loona still prefer to stay outside town in a fortified road-inn, venturing into the port only in the daylight hours, Geanavese bold enough to stay in Loona itself favor Blue Boots. The reasons are (relative) cleanliness, safety and amenities. The Boots also offers duty hostesses who are not there to share the beds of patrons. Rather, these ladies attend to patrons' needs and make sure they receive something close to what they request: wash-water, more blankets, a cloak against the chill, and so on.

Beer (bad) and cordial (a fiery, strong and ever-changing combination of the ends of various strong drinks, mixed together) and 'hothands' (covered metal bowls of stew) can be ordered to the rooms of patrons, allowing them to avoid dangerous trips out in search of provender. The stew is always thick gravy into which fried slices of bread, meat, potato, eel and fish have been stirred. It varies in taste and cannot be eaten neatly, but is always spicy hot, and filling.

One of the last pairs of blue boots that were often Gagareesa's only garments when working is now preserved in the front lobby. They sit in a dimly lit but fire-warmed front room where

patrons check in. The present owner of the Boots can seemingly always be found there, though he is sometimes asleep on the floor behind the counter. Sutureer Feasiari, a handsome, slender, black-bearded human (NE male Rog4), wears flashy clothing. He has a quick smile and an even swifter mind. He anticipates what lies ahead better than almost anyone else in either Geanavue or Loona, and arranges his affairs (and deploys his staff, which includes the members of at least two former adventuring bands) accordingly.

"Laughing Boots," as many know him, runs an inn that gives its guests the most attentive service in Loona. Lodging runs three glint per night, plus one glint per jack (of either beer or cordial) and two silver per serving of hothand. Those prices are high for Loona, but they buy the best a visitor can reliably find in town.

Taverns of Loona

There are seldom less than eight drinking-houses in town at any time, but they change names and locations often. In particular, the sailors' bars and gambling houses (where *really* shady folk gather to do business) have short but colorful careers.

Loonan taverns are all the same: a few rentable 'private rooms' for illicit dealings or trysts above a raucous taproom where a stout counter separates drinkers from tavern masters, 'jack-lasses' (waitresses), and a row of casks set up on trestles. Battered metal jacks are the drink-containers of choice; hard buns, nuts, and smoked fish 'sides' are the only food to be had; and heavily-armed bodyguards keep order but otherwise literally sit on the money (takings are tossed into strongchests that the guards use as seats).

A few tavern masters truly enjoy the life in Loona. Their houses are apt to be longer on the scene than others (when they move, they usually retain the same name, signboard and core staff).

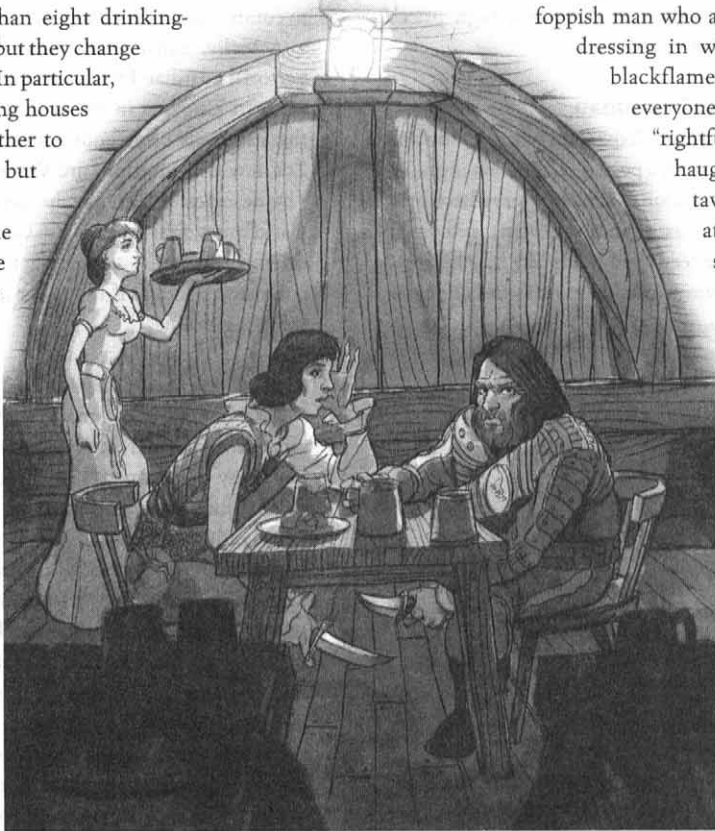
The most successful Loonan master is Goolas 'the Fat' (CN male human Exp2/Rog2). His houses always feature jokes and pratfall entertainment, and are known as "The Stormcrown" (after the name of his ship, seized and wrecked by pirates a decade ago). Any Goolas tavern welcomes sailors, pirates and all and retains a distinctive easygoing and welcoming 'feel'. In winter, he takes care to keep things cozy, with warming stones by fireside to take to the coldest corners.

Faalirun 'the Rat'

Faalirun (NE male human Rog9), a small, slim, whining man runs a nastier type of establishment (to suit his disposition). He holds grudges and sponsors his own spy network. Faalirun 'knows everyone and how to get anything' in Loona, though most folk wish he did not. His always calls his taverns "The Rathole" or "Rat's Roost," and they are as dark and dirty as drinking-houses ever get. The provided entertainment is fighting—literally. Faalirun's ever-present bodyguards and undercover agents actually start brawls if things get too peaceful. They may keep anything they can snatch or steal from victims struck senseless in such disputes. They often dispose of such naked unfortunates by dropping them into the harbor to drown and drift for the fishes to nibble.

Saravel 'the Sneering'

Saravel (CN male human Rog7) is a handsome, foppish man who aspires to the nobility. Forever dressing in whatever the latest Talasaaran blackflame fashion may be, he tells everyone that he was cheated out of his "rightful place" amidst the highest and haughtiest nobles in Geanavue. His taverns are always staffed by attractive women clad in salacious parodies of the gowns worn by noble ladies, and decorated in mock or haphazard 'luxury' (with lots of mirrored glitter, buntings and lighting). His bars are always called "Saravel's Castle" or "the High House of Saravel," and are as close as Loona ever gets to fine decor and (a parody of) manners.



Loona's taverns: rarely will you find more wretched dens of scum and villainy.

Goaalo Meerapiim

Goaalo (CG male halfling Exp4/Sor4) is a small, slender, swift man with a ready wit and a certain sly, handsome allure. A master of seasonings that do not poison but are addictive, he adds them to his wines and beer to make patrons desire

nothing else. Thus, no matter how ruinous prices get in his latest version of "The Old Cheese" or how rat-nibbled the tavern's signature strong cheeses become, it will be crowded with regular patrons.

In this way Meerapiim has made much coin over the years, and invested in many shipping concerns. Most members of Geanavue's Guild of Carters, Craters and Coopers send income to him on an annual basis, and he sees to it that their shipments move to and from the holds of ships at Loona's docks with a minimum of pilferage, loss and bribes. He will not hesitate to hire adventurers to do this—or send them to swiftly slay or drive off other adventurers who come nosing around Loona looking for trouble.

Many Talasaara know Meerapiim, by various names, as a purveyor of fine cheeses or 'drinks guaranteed to create certain effects' (such as gaiety, lust, contentment or torpor) for their revels. He knows far more about the back passages of their mansions than they would be comfortable about.

'Old Bloods' of Loona

In addition to the tavern masters, Loona boasts a handful of 'fixture' folk who somehow survive for years amidst its knifings, fleeings before creditors or authority, and general transient nature. Most notable among these 'old bloods' are four persons introduced here.

Aasamerela 'Manythreads'

Aasamerela (N female human Exp8), a wizened old seamstress who uses her many daughters as both spies and assistants. 'Old Aasa' makes exquisite gowns and fine cloaks, duplicates of favorite garments - and disguises that command high prices among thieves and tricksters in Geanavue.

Geetemah 'Old Weedbeard' Fooramau

Old Weedbeard (LN male human Exp2/Ftr6) is one of the few old, retired sailors to actually sport a peg leg, Geetemah is one of the most important citizens of Loona. Trailed everywhere by a menagerie of monsters (such as gigantic serpents and large spiders) and strange beasts he feeds and tends like his children, 'Old Weedbeard' makes a living speedily assembling crews or

locating replacement sailors for needy sea captains. He also lends funds to injured, sick, and down-on-their-luck sailors, sometimes housing them in exceedingly spartan bunkrooms in some of the many warehouses he owns (renting space therein is his major source of funds). The sailors love him like a father, and everyone else finds him very useful despite his legendary cursing, lechery and capacity for drink.

Satauroaver Vuria

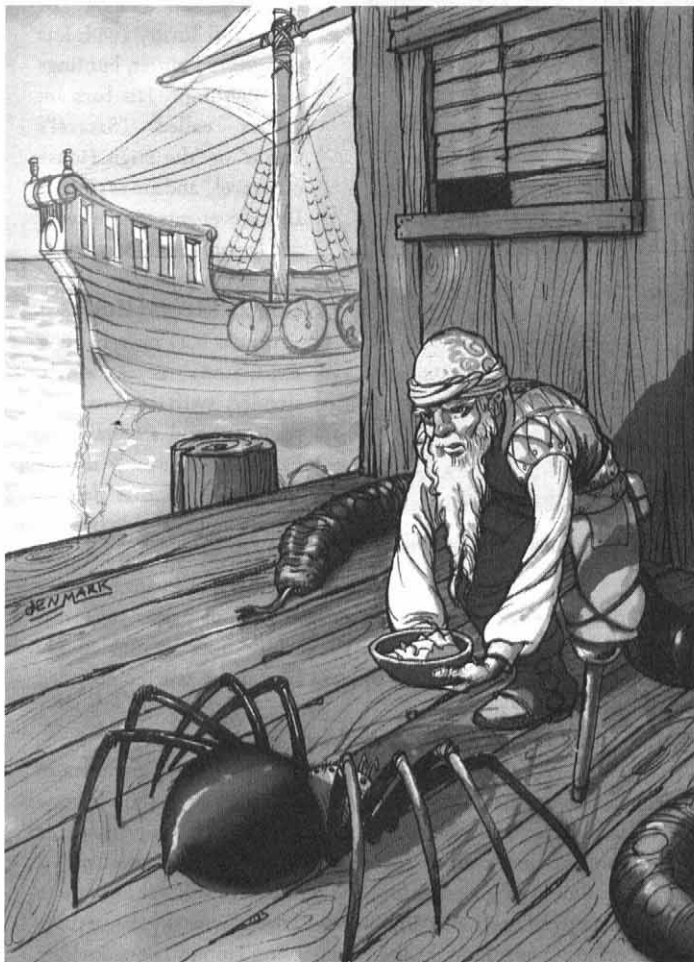
Satauroaver (NE male human Ftr8/Blackguard 6) is a former senior Fist officer 'gone bad,' Satauroaver is an arrogant, charismatic man. Handsome and strong, he is deadly with a sword - and a tyrant. He keeps a few not-so-secret slaves to beat and order about, and he hides in Loona as the kingpin of several bands of slayers and 'dock thugs' (loaders and unloaders) for hire. Most Loonans know that he is "pure, cold evil" and "never forgets or neglects to seize whatever he can," and that "he loves to command skeletons and the shambling dead" (zombies).

Actually, Satauroaver busily builds funds, weapons and a personal guardian force of undead for a future bid at carving out his own kingdom in the uplands. When he finds a rich mine that can easily be defended, and arranges a network of buyers in Zoa, it will be time for Lord Vuria to take the riches—and power - he deserves. Of course, he needs to buy the loyalty of a few blackflames first to prevent Geanavue's whelming Fists from driving him out. Assassinating the Lord of Geana ought to cause confusion enough, if they ever do take arms in earnest against his rising realm...

Torunemora 'Lady Death-by-Night'

Torunemora (CE female human Rog9/Shadowdancer 6), a tall, gaunt (one merchant described her as "almost cadaverous in her bony slenderness") and secretive woman. Torunemora dwells alone (no one is quite sure where) in Loona. She often sleeps or hides for hours on rooftops, is habitually very silent in her movements, and for years has made much coin as a slayer, kidnapper, and thief. Torunemora specializes in striking by stealth to gain whatever clients desire. She exchanges her loot for pay when meeting clients at one of Loona's taverns. (She has standing agreements with all of the taverns she uses: they will mobilize undercover swordsmen to aid Torunemora against any client who decides to slay her at such a meeting.) She pays well, employs disguises to dwell unidentified in Loona when she's not 'on business,' and has become something of a legend amongst Talasaara for her skill in removing jewelry from sleeping ladies without awakening them, avoiding guard dogs, and so on.

So good is she that the Watch has not yet put her on their "must call down" list. To avoid becoming too dangerous to leave alive, Torunemora often refuses Talasaaran offers when the targets are other nobles.



Geetemah with two members of his menagerie.

Chapter 14

Adventures Arising

Most adventure opportunities in and around Geanavue are going to arise from "offers of hire" from Talasaara, guilds, or individual citizens, but the city does hold some currently unfolding possibilities for adventures of more importance and scope.

The identities, levels, and statistics of the villains and victims in these suggested avenues for adventure are left to the Dungeon Master.

- Beginning only about a month ago, folk have been set upon and robbed in Geanavue with astonishing success. In all of these recent cases, the thieves seemed to know just when a particular individual was carrying a lot of coin, and where their intended victim went, no matter how swift or torturous an escape route he took!

These robberies are the work of a visiting band of rogues who work with a wizard. The mage casts a *Sarma's coin beacon* spell (see the "New Magic" chapter) on a coin and gives it to an intended victim as 'change' when the victim purchases a healing potion, map, scroll or magical service (advice or the casting of a spell) from the mage. The wizard and rogues can trace the coin thereafter, so the rogues can successfully hunt down the target person. The mage usually arranges to meet the target just after dusk in a particular tavern, and the rogues gather therein to nurse drinks and carouse, awaiting the chase.

This band of rogues has been quite successful, and amassed several thousands of glynt in coin. If attacked or chased by PCs, they'll split apart and flee, gathering later at an agreed-upon spot - whereupon they'll begin to spy on the PCs to learn who they are, and how they can be caught alone and individually eliminated.

The band has established a 'trap gauntlet' (an obstacle course of pitfall and falling-block traps and 'crossbow shooting galleries') in a disused warehouse. They'll lead formidable foes into the gauntlet for easy slaying.

The PCs could become involved by approaching the wizard to purchase needed healing (thus setting themselves up to be victims); or observing the rogues departing on a chase; or get literally bowled over by the desperately fleeing victim - and then the rogues.

- Someone dupes a guildmaster into unwise discussions (a 'pretend plot') about slaying and replacing the Lord of Geana. The 'someone' is working with confederates who, posing as spies for

a Talasaaran house operating completely independently of the plotters, begin to blackmail the guildmaster. They threaten to expose his part in the plot to the Castle - and hope that he'll both pay them increasingly steep amounts of 'hush money' and do something desperate against the noble family they're purporting to work for.

The PCs could get involved by being approached for hire as adventurers to 'get to the bottom of this' by the desperate guildmaster; or concerned fellow guild members who know something's troubling their leader but know of no way of getting a direct answer out of him; or the increasingly suspicious Talasaaran house; or even a courtier who's got wind of some of this, but doesn't know enough to report anything to a superior -yet.

- Outlander merchants begin importing 'tamren' (a meaty, smoky-flavored oyster-like shellfish) into Geanavue by the barrel, at astonishingly low prices. The tamren are a delicacy traditionally affordable only by the wealthy, and the importers *must* be selling them at a loss - but the barrels keep coming. Some of the barrels go back to Loona and aboard ship again full of nails made in Geanavue, and others full of cured meats and local fish - but many of them must be going back empty...at least until PCs encounter a barrel that rolls off a wagon in front of them one dark night and splits open - to spill out coins or even gems! Then, of course, the PCs are attacked from all sides by hireswords desiring that no witnesses remain alive to spread word across the city of this strange cargo...

Where's the money coming from? Petty thefts? Stealing from Castle or Talasaaran vaults? Guild coffers? Is someone counterfeiting coins elsewhere and moneychanging in Geanavue? It's up to the PCs to find out—if they can stay alive long enough.

WHAT TONGUES ARE SAYING

Talk around Geanavue these days is dominated by the latest news, speculations, and whispers about the following topics.

Castle Intrigue

A cook in the Castle kitchens has been found dead of poison - a taint so strong that it bloated his body and turned it purple! A second cook is missing. Twice this month inner chamber doors in the Castle have been found forced open.

Chapter 14: Adventures Arising

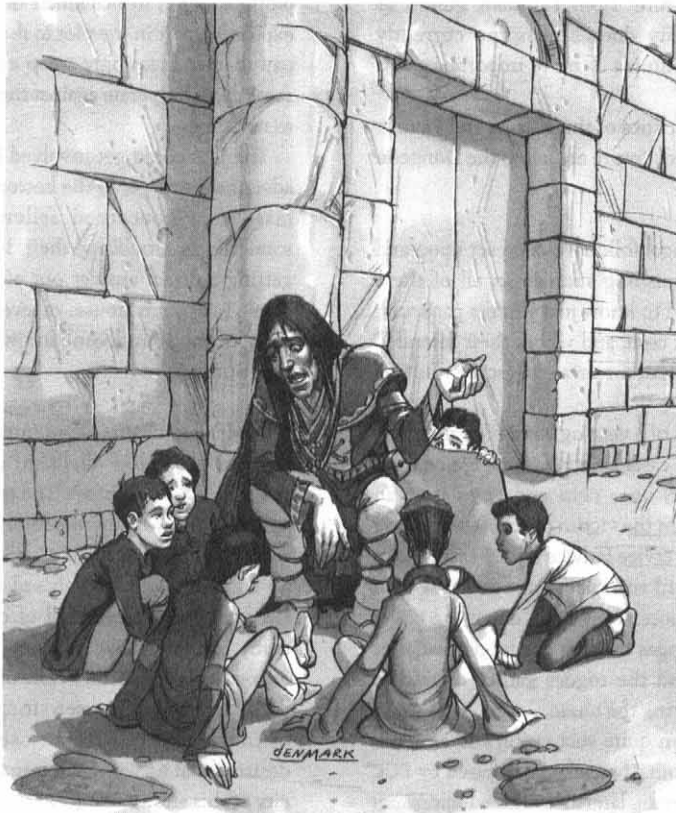
Unknown persons have been seen entering and leaving sewers by night near the Castle, and anonymous Geanavese buyers recently purchased Castle plans from a shop in Zoa. They paid so much that they must have been acting for Talasaaran masters. Many Talasaara have begun quietly hiring adventurers and mercenaries - as if in covert preparation for war. So, which noble house is trying to murder the Lord of Geana, when, and what will happen if they succeed?

A Faulty Fellowship

Two members of the Engineers Guild working in the partially-flooded cellars of a large, old warehouse on Alavadar Maar were found slain some days ago in a particularly gruesome fashion: their faces had been torn off. A day later, another two guild members were found slaughtered in the same manner in their homes, far from the warehouse.

Now a member of the Fellowship of Builders has been found murdered in the same way, also in his lodgings. This guildsman had earlier been called in by the Engineers to work with them in piping out the warehouse cellar floodwaters.

Has the guild work in the cellars awakened some sort of monster that now stalks members of both guilds? The owner of the warehouse, guildless cloth-merchant Haeravo Mulikeer, an outlander from "far to the east," has vanished. Is he another victim? Or is he the master of this slaying beast, ordering it to kill to protect some secret or other that the guild workers uncovered?



Merchant Trials

Prominent local merchant Peasor Naisiix has been accused of murdering his wife Veuza, who perished this past winter. Naisiix's accuser is a man hitherto unknown in the city, who claims to be Naisiix's son, Liamar. He says he fled their home in fear over a dozen years ago when Naisiix threatened to slay him. He also insists that Naisiix had been building a collection of monsters (brought to him by adventurers) for some time, and that these beasts have slain and devoured several disloyal servants and trade rivals of Naisiix over the years.

Naisiix, a successful seller of eating-fowl and medicines who belongs to no guild, dismisses this "false son." He recently hired

bodyguards - outlanders whom a tavern patron overheard Naisiix ordering to "see to" this claimant.

No complaint by either the merchant or his accuser has been made to the Watch, the Castle or any city court. Neighbors say Naisiix and Veuza did have a son, Reolain by name, who died while but a child, of (the tale of the time said) a fall from a high window.

Outlandish Fashions

An outlander fashion is sweeping the city: the wearing of 'swirlcloaks' of silk or other flamboyant 'sheen' fabrics. Swirlcloaks fall from the right shoulder in a diagonal descent across the wearer's back, ending at the belt to form almost a skirt at that 'low end.' Geanavese wear them belted on, in the form of an over-the-shoulder baldric with a front 'swash' that offers wearers space for brooch adornments and carry-pouches.

Seized upon by folk of both genders, swirlcloaks are now 'everywhere.' Talasaara have taken to wearing pierced and hemmed specimens, and dismissing the shining full cloaks that the rest of Geanavue is wearing as "common" and "hopelessly tawdry and outdated."

If this fashion follows the same pattern as the chased and bejeweled gorgets of last season, some Geanavese will wear them forever. Interestingly, swirlcloaks, gorgets, and the elbow-length leather gauntlets of three seasons ago were all items of male dress from other lands embraced by Geanavese of both genders. What will be next? False beast-tails, breast-bells or curl-toed boots?

Root of the Vault

A substantial amount of money is missing from the Castle vaults - some say as much as forty thousand glint. Whispers making the rounds of the Castle suggest that something odd or strange was found in the locked vault where the coins had been - but what? Private discussions have occurred between Castle officials and senior clerics of several city temples. Why? And who took the coins?

A Street Tale

A few nights back, a screaming man wreathed in blue flames was seen running down Pelaun Maar. He came from no one saw where - but then vanished in mid-stride, as if snatched away by magic. So who was he? Who on that stretch of Pelaun Maar (lined with old houses owned by long-time citizens of wealth and means, with not an outlander or visiting tenant among them) is secretly a sorcerer or wizard of considerable power?

Forging Competition

The Forgers and Smelters Guild has just purchased Aatevaar's Alloys for 100,000 glint. Aatevaar of Tevoo Taraane had recently perfected a process by which base metals could be combined in a 'flowmetal' that could be easily cast and then plated with more expensive pure metals. The result was cast metal-work that was lighter and stronger than traditional iron, half the price, and able to take intricate cast-shapings, rather than more expensive and time-consuming hammering and bending.

An anonymous guildmember revealed the purchase amount in several taverns and Guildmaster Beteer is said to be furiously trying to find out who it is. Several reports say "much shouting" has gone on in guild meetings over plans to purchase Aatevaar's business. Many forgers advocated ignoring the competition from Aatevaar, but when flowmetal orders soared and contracts for the Forgers and Smelters dropped by half, the decision was inevitable. Now it seems internal guild battles continue over the question of whether the alloy should be used by the guild or suppressed and forgotten.

Meanwhile, Aatevaar contemplates buying several ships with the funds. He assures Geanavese that the coins are "well-placed", not simply sitting in chests somewhere. Several merchants comment that Aatevaar has told them his agreement with the guild prohibits him from selling or volunteering the secrets of flowmetal to anyone in Geanavue (and its uplands), or doing any flowmetal-work in the city - but nothing was said about flowmetal and other cities, such as Zoa. Fine smiths point out that there is nothing new about alloys or casting metal; Aatevaar's innovation lies in devising a plating process between the alloy and pure metals that works.

Deep Unease

The mirrors and shutters merchant Korodoev Haarisun has just bought the last of an entire block of buildings along the south side of Laaria Seeral. It has taken Haarisun seven years and many hundreds of thousands of glint to buy all twenty-two buildings - and as he purchased each one, he turned all tenants out. Now they all stand empty, boarded up and guarded by outlander adventurers who refuse to say anything about what they guard. Other residents of Laaria Seeral say they have heard and felt digging. Wagons full of supplies and old wood refuse have been arriving and departing, always by night and amid "aggressive, sword-drawn swarms" of armed men. What is Haarisun up to, and what lies inside his twenty-two buildings?

The Silverspires Secret

Silverspires House stands empty again! The palatial high house, properly known as Xeanar Hau, is bigger than many Talasaaran mansions, though it has no grounds. Said to be haunted, it is well known as a landmark to Geanavese who come to shop at the Paurutaa because of its beauty, bulk and distinctive silver-sheathed turret pinnacles. Silverspires stands on the northeast corner of Haraudil Maar and Suree Maar, sprawling over the space of six or seven Geanavese buildings of average size. It boasts a palatial feasting-hall ringed by two tiers of balconies, kitchens and dining halls capable of feeding and sitting seven hundred guests, and no less than forty-six bedchambers. Silverspires has had a swift succession of several dozen owners since its builder and first owner, the infamous gambler and merchant fleet owner Ositaal Aukinaset, was murdered there by masked hired slayers in YND 702. The latest, an independent outlander nuts-and-spices merchant by the name of Gaasikaar Doruud, fled out of his own high bedchamber window - to his death on Haraudil Maar far below.

Doruud is believed to have encountered the ghost of Ositaal Aukinaset, or perhaps one of the other dozens of ghosts said to haunt Silverspires. Many Geanavese refuse to work there or even enter the mansion now. It can be had for as little as 1,000 glint from the Fellowship of Builders (the largest creditor of the owner before Doruud, a Zoan carpet merchant by the name of Iriilin Oozinel). Members of that guild have recently refused to work on the building, even to dismantle it - ever since some of the hauntings plucked and snatched at workers, causing several fatal falls, one severe tumbling injury, and one unintentional self-hanging.

There are Geanavese tavern tales that some of the "haunts" of Silverspires will follow folk who spend a night there, hunting such overbold fools to their deaths. Some stories insist that the ghosts can reach into their victims and chill their hearts into stopping; others that the haunts pick victims up, fly high over the city - and then let go. Still others claim that the spirits merely snatch up a handy sword and impale their victims, pinning them to the nearest wall.

The truth about the hauntings of Silverspires remains a fatal mystery, and there is much dark mirth about the city concerning just which outlander the Fellowship will dupe into buying the mansion again. They might all be able to retire rich by doing this repeatedly - for as the old city saying attests, "Outside the walls of Geanavue there's no shortage of fools."

A Title Dispute

Raarunisal of the Guild of Importers and Exotics has just returned from a long buying trip in many outlands, and reports that 'the' big fashion sweeping many cities right now is the adoption of fanciful titles and badges by all commoners.

Some other travelers report observing no such thing in their journeys, and some Talasaara have condemned Raarunisal's report as "an outright lie" and "a bitter attempt to seize the rightful trappings of nobility that he doesn't merit and was therefore forbidden for all time to have."

Nevertheless, Raarunisal is now doing a brisk (and swiftly growing) business in formal personal title "charters," and designing badges. His clients thus far have all been wealthy

merchants - he charges 2,000 glint for a title and 1,000 for the design of a badge!

Cheese merchant Ooros Vearene of Seavens Taraane, for example, is now "Lord Mountdragon of Sevendragon," and reportedly very pleased with his badge of a seven-tailed dragon flying up at the sun, with a heroic, sword-brandishing Oroos in a saddle on its back. Despite Talasaaran dismissals of the design as "arrogant," "tasteless" and "an affront to all who love order and rights," all of Vearene's servants are now wearing smart-looking black tabards embroidered with it. The seamstress who made them warns other crafters that all Talasaara who have hired her in the past have sent servants to "coldly and rudely" inform her that she can expect not a coin of their business in future.

Guilding the Lily

The mirrors and windowglass merchant Luria Meakoor of Peatuir Taraane has petitioned the Lord of Geana for a guild charter. Meakoor is trying to found a new guild governing makers of glass panes, lenses, silvered glass (mirrors) and decorative glass (tinted and mosaic 'windowry').

The Guild of Jewelers and Polishers has lodged a formal protest that the making of magnifying lenses is now a customary pursuit of their guild, and that the proposal therefore infringes on their charter rights.

In response, Meakoor filed an angry letter with the Castle (and also read it aloud for public hearing in several city taverns), to the effect that the lenses made by jewelers are "mere apparatus." He claims that - as jewelers' lenses are set within specialized frames - the jewelers themselves, by their own logic, are guilty of infringing on the guild charter rights of the Fellowship of Builders!

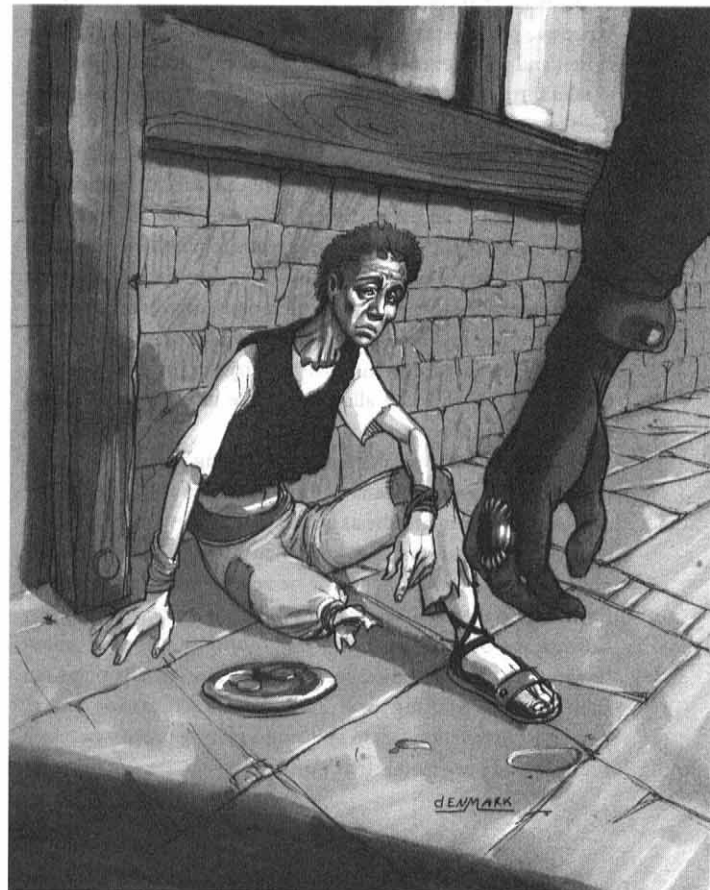
The preliminary response of the Castle has been to agree with Meakoor that the challenge shall be dismissed. However, there has been no word of acceptance of Meakoor's bid for foundation, and most citizens expect it to be (after a season or so of consideration) denied.

The mood of the city, however, is unexpectedly restless. Talk in the taverns suggests that if Meakoor is turned away, many independent merchants will turn against the Lord of Geana. According to excitedly-repeated reports of the loudest tavern talkers, the guildless merchants will rise because they view a refusal of Meakoor's proposal as "one more gate slammed in our faces." Some even say that Geanan rule is turning into a "quiet tyranny" that "no Geanavese not of the Castle or the nobles should continue to support." Lord Haar, they say, is "a good man," but increasingly he is seen as doing the bidding of "faceless Castle folk who do as they please."

Olibuut 'Oldlegs'

Olibuut 'Oldlegs,' a one-legged beggar familiar to persons who use Utaal Taraane and Laaratuur Maar, claims to have noticed that an increasing number of outlanders in Geanavue wear distinctive finger-rings. Olibuut describes these rings as having black stones clasped in gold mounts worked to resemble gaping jaws. This device is unfamiliar to Geanavese sages and far-traveled local merchants alike.

Is the city being infiltrated by a previously unknown, secretive organization? If so, is it a merchants' cabal, pirates—or something larger and more ambitious? Is the Lord's rule safe? Is the city itself secure, or are Geanavese unwittingly welcoming in an invading army who may soon rise up with fire and sword, to end the peace and prosperity that is Geanavue?



Olibuut 'Oldlegs' tells a tale of outlanders with a sinister connection.

Appendix A

A Slip of the Knife

Emearer's arms and shoulders ached from the hours spent holding his gouges, chisels and draw-knives. The fingers whose skill made him one of the most respected finecarvers in the Peaceful City were as numb as if they suffered from winter-sear, and as stiff as so many cast iron bars. On top of that, he was so weary that his gaze kept blurring, and he staggered down the maar like a drunkard.

Aye, it was a day like any other. Most crafters measured day and night by moon-down, but the racing clouds this night - and the usual pall of smokes from hundreds of kilns, forges and hearths - hid the moon. Trudging along under the lamps, Emearer judged night to be when he set down his tools and sought sleep at last.

He came to a moot where his way crossed a dark and narrow taraane, but did not bother to pause or watch warily, even when something moved in the dimness. This was, after all, Geanavue, not Loona, nor Aasaer of the Pirates nor crowded and decadent Zoa.

Three or more figures stepped out of the mouth of the taraane, and this time the carver looked up. So many identical helms and dark leather jacks meant the Watch, and it was always best not to offend the bullnecks . . .

But the cotaars were stepping wide to let him through, with friendly nods. They took his vague wave and mutter for what it was, a cordial reply. Like bullnecks all over Geanavue, they had seen Emearer, and a hundred crafters like him, lurching out late and weariness-cloaked for a tankard a time or tenscore before.

He really should have stayed at the shop to finish the last Oorikaer finial. Watchfully-peering eagles, all sixteen of them, beaks parted to cry warning, just as they'd wanted. As big as a man's head, and though he'd used no jig-frames, carving each freeknife and in turn, only the closest scrutiny could find the tiny differences from finial to finial.

Twenty-five glint for each piece the Oorikaer were paying, but they had promised an extra twelve coins on top of that if Emearer could deliver all sixteen finials before four mornings from now.

In time for their next revel, no doubt. He was no guild-master or an official of a rich or important guild, to be invited to such feasts - and a good thing, too. Trotted out

like a tame dog to be head-patted and simpered at, for one noble to pass on to the next. Oh, many made their fortunes that way, for a season, but the Talasaara were notoriously fickle. Today's bright star was tomorrow's tired and tawdry trash, to be hurled into alleys, burned without ceremony to keep lesser families from sporting what had graced a truly noble house or table, or hacked apart amid drunken merriment at a revel. Emearer shook his head, wondering - and not for the first time - why the gods tolerated such sloth and wastefulness and arrogance.

He stumbled on a loose cobble, and almost fell before he caught his balance and straightened wearily. Ah, but he was tired. Too tired to cut without endangering the piece or his own skin.

It was best that he had stopped when he had. He barely remembered blowing out the lamps and stowing them in the stonebox against fires, slapping at his codpiece to make sure his keys rode safe with him, dropping the puzzle-pins into the locks, and snapping the lock-hasps closed.

Not that anyone in Geanavue would steal or despoil those finials, except to spite the Oorikaers or try to ruin Emearer 'Brightknife.' Everyone knew who had adopted the watcheagle device. Well, perhaps some of the Talasaara who wanted none but nobles to have a badge or mark or motto might work ruin on his carvings...

No matter. The finials were safe in their hiding-chamber under the loose flagstone against all but the worst fire, or thieves who could shift a toolchest that took all of Emearer's strength to shove a handlength across the floor.

He saw the signboard of Teelia's Tankard ahead, hanging in the light of its own lamp, and quickened his steps, mouth filling in anticipation.

Ah, but Teelia knew crafters like the woodsheener she had been. There would be hot fried keevin waiting for him - greasy, crackling-hard brown buns filled with crushed and pan-fried Loonan crabs in the fiery sweet sauce that was her secret. Fit for the gods.

It more than made up for the thick, syrupy burnt small beer she served for the six smalls that Emearer grudgingly gave her. Oh, aye, he could have downed iced taohuu

wine - or even better stuff, from Zoa and elsewhere - by the flagon every night. He was one of the best finecarvers in all the city, and his work brought in plenty of coin accordingly...but Emearer 'Brightknife' was going to have a shop of his own some day, importing the wares of others. Some day, when his eyes and fingers started to fail him. He hoped he would be old, then, but a knife could slip tomorrow and cost him a finger. That meant saving every last old bit and small one could, not spending like these fools who hoped to buy their way into the Talasaara.

As if any Geanavese with a head on his shoulders would want such a fate!

Gaudy jewel-birds, prancing and preening through idle day after idle day, in a life of such emptiness that it must be maddening...well, it would madden him, at least.

Emearer sighed as he turned in under the sideboard to thrust aside the counterweighted, easy-swinging door. Madness for some was eager drink to others. As the long ago Selaviin the Holy had said, 'Some sort of ambition rules us all.'

Heh. Even carvers, working past moon-down to carve one more eagle finial just like all the rest.

Even Geanavese-bred maids like Teelia, who should know better. Love the life or not, there was no rest from aching backs and long stumbling hours for her.

Most taverns in Geanavue did not last all that long. Oh, the places stayed the same, and so did most of the regular patrons, but running a tavern was a chancy thing, and ownerships - and the signboards with them - changed often. Some did well, used their coins wisely, and rose to better things. Most sank back down, and if they lacked a crafter's skills, ended up drawing tankards and waiting tables for others.

This dark and worn corner alehouse had been Liamar's Boots before Teelia's coming, and Haar's Warmfires before that.

With a satisfied groan he shuffled through the leather curtains that kept out the worst cold winds, driving rain and night-chill, already tasting the platter of keevin Teelia would have waiting for him on the overhearth shelf. Even if they had gone dry, they would be w...

As Emearer stepped past the leather curtains, he noticed something different.

The stillness hung in the room like the silently-singing tension of Geanavese warriors crouched in an upland ditch, waiting for night-skulking fire giants to stride within reach.

Emearer thrust aside that old and dark memory and blinked, the better to stare at the danger that was here and now.

Here, in Teelia's alehouse, haunt of weary crafters and oldbeards, where no peril should have come. Too seedy for Talasaara, their glitteringly ambitious sycophants or outlanders - yet too respectable and well policed for the desperate, sailors, or adventurers.

A ring of silent Geanavese sat at their usual tables, tankards clutched in hands, eyes fixed on a slender, dark-

robed woman who stood alone in the open space amid the tables where minstrels were wont to perch on their high stools.

This was no minstrel. She looked Brandobian, with her raven-dark hair, moon-white skin and slender figure - and her eyes were two blue-black pools. Pools that seemed to tug at the carver as he shuffled into her stillness. He felt like he could have fallen into them forever, far from the light, far from Geanavue and his shop and the woodshavings that he scooped daily into his cook-hearth...

"Carver," Teelia asked shakingly, from somewhere seemingly far away, "will you have ale, or s-something finer?"

Clutching at the sound of the familiar voice as if it were a rope thrown to him in the heart of a dark and silent drowning, Emearer tore his gaze away from those dark eyes, and said roughly, "I thank you, Teel-ah." That was the way she had always told him to pronounce it. "I think I'll have a flagon of your own celaar this night - if there's keevin handy to wash it down with."

As their eyes met, those of the tavernmistress were wide and dark with warning. The woman standing alone in the dark gown in the center of the taproom was trouble.

Trouble. Here in his favorite alehouse. Where he just wanted to take his ease at last, and feel Teelia's soothing fingers rubbing at his neck and shoulders for a moment as she shared the news of the day.

Emearer felt anger rise in his throat like a black flame, and turned to face the stranger with his flagon of celaar at his lips and his face like - he hoped - bland stone.

"Fair even to all in this house," he murmured, and let his gaze fall back into those dark and waiting eyes. "Even you."

The dark-gowned woman crooked her mouth in a mirthless smile. "I give you good greeting too, carver."

Emearer nodded slowly, not offering his name. That in itself was an insult of sorts, though not to wizards. At least, not in the eyes of Geanavese, who would see it as level-headed prudence.

As to whether or not the wizard saw it as slighting, well now...

Mouth suddenly tinder-dry, Emearer knew he would soon see.

She took a single gliding step forward, towards him, arms rising from her sides and hands opening, holding-empty air.

This lone, empty handed woman must be a mage. No holy symbol or clerical vestments, no great or grand weapon to be seen - and yet she held a ring of folk silent and statue-like, frozen in fear.

Magic. A coldness ran down Emearer's throat, like a snake scuttling for cover. Magic was rare and dangerous. Oh, he had seen hangings in the Castle that glowed with their own light - without flame or fuel - and they had hung there silent and dusty on one visit, and looked much the same seven winters later. Yet the magic one heard talked of in the taverns over ale or wine or hot mulled kaezee was of evil men and their deadly spells - magic that did harm

to others, and in the end even to those who unleashed it, twisting like a serpent to fang the hands that wielded it. No, magic was not welcomed or trusted in Geanavue.

Gods, magic was warily mistrusted everywhere! Why was this mage so open about her power? Did she want to be hated, perhaps struck down from behind by someone too fearful to keep still? And why come to Geanavue, where honest folk worked hard and danger was something to be kept safely far away? Unless she was trying to sell a fire giant slaying spell to the Castle, perhaps...but Teelia's Tankard, though only a few short streets from the Castle Mount, was a long, long way from the Castle in other ways.

So she was either crazed - well, weren't all wizards? - or she needed someone here. Someone she had been waiting for.

All around the silent circle of folk at the tables, heads were leaning forward. All eyes were bent on him.

She'd been waiting here for Emearer the carver.

He almost took a step back, but her dark eyes were measuring him, and the celaar was fire in his mouth, and the keevin steamed close at hand.

As he put the flagon down, his free hand went to the handle of his favorite knife, the one he always carried. With a nonchalance that fooled no one he reached for the nearest bun, snatching back his fingers at the heat of the glistening grease, and licking them. Why wait for him here, in front of all these folk, instead of coming to his shop?

Emearer's throat tightened. She needs to blame something on me. His fingers ached to slide under his sweat-soaked tunic and touch the warding-stone he wore there, around his neck. It was a guildcraft bauble, not consecrated, and even those sold by the mightiest clerics probably could not really turn aside many magics. She would have some spell or other to slither into his mind, and force him to...to...

"What is it," Emearer heard himself asking in level, calm tones, "that you have sought me out to do? What dark magic needs a simple carver's involvement?"

The woman smiled, an eyebrow lifting in peaked challenge. "Have I mentioned magic?"

"You don't need to," Emearer said grimly, sinking firm fingers into a keevin heedless of the heat, and biting down hard.

The burning made him reach out a hasty hand for his flagon - and when he had washed that still-flaming fire down his gullet and it had washed searingly through his chest, his celaar was all gone.

The woman turned smoothly to the bar, her hands still empty, and out of empty air took three glint and a tiny, glittering dark green gemstone, placing them gently in front of a silent Teelia. "Celaar for everyone, good lady," the witch said calmly, "and for my friend Emearer 'Brightknife' here, as much as he desires and your cellars hold."

There was a stir of amazed breath, just for a moment, and then silence fell again, as heavily as a smothering temple curtain.

"Forgive me, lady," Emearer said firmly, "but I do not know you. How is it that you know my name?" This was Geanavue, and he was Geanavese. Alive or dead, he had a reputation to maintain.

"Thrice since my arrival in your fair city," the witch began pleasantly, taking up Emearer's refilled flagon and handing it to him with a smile of thanks that persisted unchanged in the heat of Teelia's burning gaze. Then

she took the next flagon herself, raised it as she turned slowly to toast the room, and added, "Peace be upon Geanavue and all her honest folk, a peace I cherish as much as all of you do."

Silent, sullen gazes were her only answer. She shrugged, sipped celaar, and then turned back to Emearer and continued, "I have looked upon fair finecarving. Thrice I asked whose knife shaped it, and thrice I was given the name 'Emearer.' Not wanting to disturb you at your work - just as I would prefer not to be interrupted at mine - I asked where you might be found when taking ease, and was directed here. Where I have found these good folk masters of silence and intent gazes, which at least frees me from the raucous brawling that infests so



Emearer in trouble...

Appendix A: A Slip of the Knife

many alehouses up and down the Bay. Strangers are unwelcome in Geanavue?"

"Aye, and magic, lady," Emearer told her, crunching another keevin and finding it blessedly cooler upon the tongue. "Are you desirous of hiring my knife for a particular carving?"

The tavern relaxed visibly. This was familiar trade-talk, if overly formal. The way outlanders who had not the sense to stay in Loona were usually treated.

"Your knife, yes, but for a particular carving, no."

Emearer sipped celaar. He was not going to ask her what she meant. He had more work than he could handle, and he was the crafter here. Instead he reached for another bun, saw that Teelia had slipped a slice of salted eel onto the platter beside it, and smiled his thanks at the lady of the house.

She returned it with a look that bade him be very, very wary. He flickered his eyes in the closest he dared come to a nod - with the witch's great dark eyes fixed full on his face - and told the taproom as much as the outlander woman, "I hire out to no nameless man, or maid either. Who are you, and what's your business with me?"

"My name is Vaolai," was the smooth reply - but the lips that uttered it belonged to no Reanaarian, and the Tankard at large silently agreed that the name was falsely given. "I need the use of a knife that has been wielded by skilled hands for a short time, to...try something. I'd prefer that its owner be present, to prevent wild tales of what I've done from spreading. I merely need to...try something."

"Magic," Emearer said flatly. He turned back to the bar for the last bun, saving the eel for last, and added in the same voice, "No."

"Emearer," the witch said with the first hint of wheedling in her voice, "I mean no harm to anyone, and"

The carver turned back to her slowly, letting his anger show clearly for the first time. Once he let it flow through him, he discovered that fear had kindled it into a dark raging that shook him to his very fingertips. He had to fight to keep his voice steady.

"Outlander," he said roughly, "you stand in the heart of Geanavue, the Stones of Peace. We work hard here, and stand and fall by our toil, leaving swordwork and spells and sly cleverness to others. Others who do their fell work well outside our gates. Every tyrant says he means no harm, and every wizard, too. Take yourself and your magic from this place - and in your going, keep to the peace you claim to revere so much - and leave us be. Leave me be. I want no part of any magic, unless it's a spell you offer freely to the Lord up in his Castle that drives away fire giants and pirates, and does nothing else."

"And if I do not leave?" the witch asked softly.

"Then I will," Emearer told her, taking the slice of eel into his hand. It might, after all, be the last thing he ever tasted. "Straight back out this door, to the Watch 'necks I passed on my way here. I'm sure some of them have wielded knives a time or two, and you can try your offer on them. I'll enjoy watching that."

The witch drained her celaar, set her flagon gently back on the bar with a nod of thanks that Teelia stared through stonily, and then turned slowly around to survey the taproom again. Some silent gazes came at her from grimly nodding faces, this time. It was clear the carver spoke for them all.

She turned back to Emearer, folded slender arms across her breasts, and said quietly, "I've worked no magic here, nor intend to. My coin is good. I stay."

"Until the Watch comes, then," Emearer said in farewell, turning on his heel to show her his back and his fearlessness with it, ere shouldering his way out into the night.

The maar was as misty and smoky as ever, turning the lamplight the usual eerie blue. The eel was as tasty as he had thought it would be, though it was somehow gone in two bites.

He looked down the way he had come, and then back up the maar. Groaning carts in plenty, led by bored, half-asleep drovers, but not a Watch helm in sight. Of course.

Choking down a curse upon the gods before it could slip out of his mouth, Emearer turned back down the maar. To make things harder for thieves and fire-setters, the bullnecks were careful not to keep to regular routes or times, but they would come out of a taraane or seeral sooner or later to cross the maar, and then he could cry warning about the witch. He hoped that Teelia's alehouse would not be a pillar of flames by then.

Idle crafters accomplish nothing. With a determined stride the carver set out back down the maar, the way he'd come. The bullnecks had come that way, and headed yonder, so there was a good chance that... His train of thought was interrupted.

There was the faintest of sounds behind him, a soft boot just grazing a rough cobble, and Emearer whirled around with a snarl, his favorite knife leaping into his hand.

It was the witch, of course, her robes a dark and fluttering cloud as she sprang at him, her hands two reaching claws. A great backhanded sweep of his arm should tumble her away and let him get clear, but-

She ducked as swiftly as any darting gnome veteran of the Fists, under his arm - and pounced upon him! One hand clawed at him, her knees drove bruisingly into him, and the other hand she held high as if to throw something at him. Her hand was empty - a spell, of course! With the fearful beginnings of an oath he drove his knife at it and into it.

Dark blood fountained and the witch fell back, sinking down and cradling her injured hand as anyone would. She looked much smaller now, her face twisted in pain. Emearer took a step towards her and then halted uncertainly. She was a mage, he should finish her now. Before she could lift that sweating face and snarl-

"My thanks, carver." The voice trembled on the verge of tears, and Emearer remembered a stout warrior sobbing like a child from the pain of his smashed hand, after a fire

giant had trodden on it in a raid. The witch looked up at him with those great dark eyes and smiled.

A chill ran through Emearer 'Brightknife.' She'd managed some sort of fell magic after all, and he was doomed!

A red glow, like the flames that dance over the hottest coals of an old fire, was rising from her palm as she held the wrist of her injured hand and dark blood dripped from between her fingers.

Emearer sprang back with another startled oath as his knife flared into similar flame. He almost flung it away from him, but the witch snapped out, "Don't!" and something in that commanding voice made him pause.

Holding the knife as far away from him as he could, Emearer watched her blood fade from it in the glow, and a tingling spread into his fingertips. "What...what have you done to me, witch?"

"Given you a fright and torn something on the front of your tunic, I believe," was the calm reply. Her voice held less pain now, and Emearer saw that there was no longer blood on her hand - nor any wound at all. "You helped me," she added, "and the spell seems to have been a success."

"What spell?" the carver growled, shifting his grip on the knife, so he could throw it at her if need be.

"Open your hand until your knife lies in your palm, ungrasped," she commanded.

Emearer frowned, and gripped his weapon all the harder.

The witch rose and showed him both of her empty hands, keeping them palms out and in front of her. "Please," she added, almost in a whisper.

Slowly, wondering if he was making the worst - and perhaps last - mistake of his life, Emearer opened his clenched fingers.

The witch nodded slowly, and then her eyes shifted to the side. Emearer knew that trick, and kept his own gaze hard on her face. "Choose one of yon shutters," she said. The carver took a step back from her and risked a swift glance towards where she had been gazing.

The shuttered shop beside them sported stout wooden boards painted in alternating dark green and light gold. The paint was peeling; he snatched his gaze back to the witch.

"The green one right to my left," he said, his eyes on hers.

She said nothing and stood as still as a statue - but the knife suddenly whirled away from his palm, taking the tingling with it, and Emearer heard a solid thunk to his left. His blade biting into old and rotting wood.

He whirled to look, and then as swiftly spun back to face her. Now she would try some other spell! No witch was going to-

The outlander woman stood quite still, a little smile on her face. "You're quite safe, Emearer. The spell worked, and you did help me. I pay my debts."

She extended her hand - and with a slight groan of wood, Emearer's knife sprang free and flashed back to her hand. A sudden whirlwind of tiny twinkling lights blew out of nowhere around it, and then returned to nothingness again. The witch held it out to the carver on her palm. "You have the word of Vaolai that this knife will never slip and harm you, henceforth."

"Vaolai," Emearer echoed, not quite sneering. "Who are you, really?"

The witch smiled. "Mindrel Thronel am I, but my mother, whose grandsire was of Loona, also named me Vaolai."

"And your spell?"

"A weapon not my own, that has shed my blood, I can now hurl from afar at a chosen target, and then call back to my grasp - once. The casting still needs work, but you've proven it can be done. The second spell was my thanks to you. Look not for it in the heads and books of the weak wizards hereabouts."

Slowly Emearer reached out for his favorite knife, daring...he drew in his breath...daring to take it up.

His fingers brushed her hand as they closed around the hilt, just for a moment, and he caught his breath again.

She smiled as they stood nose to nose, and added softly, "My thanks again, carver. You are a good man - a true Geanavese."

And then, suddenly, she was gone.

Emearer stood alone in the misty maar, staring at - nothing. Swallowing, he reached out gingerly with his free hand, and felt only empty air.

Night mist, and nothing more. She was truly gone.

"Ho, there!" The voice from behind him was one he had heard before, and with it came the footfalls of many boots whose owners strode in fear of nothing. The Watch patrol he had been seeking.

Emearer turned around, opening his mouth to tell what had just happened, but the nearest bullneck did what Watch cotaars always liked to do: spoke first, his question stabbing out like a sword.

"Who was that woman, and where is she? What passed between you?"

Emearer swallowed, and shook his head.

"Well?"

"Magic," the carver muttered. "Gone, just like that. She was an outlander - a sorcerer."

"She'd have to be, to vanish like that," the largest bullneck growled, as they gathered around Emearer. "What was your business with her?"

Emearer shook his head, suddenly aware that he was holding his knife in his hand. "I - nothing. She wanted me to help her with magic, and I refused. I'd never seen her before tonight."

"Did I see a blade drawn?" another constaar snapped.

The carver nodded. "My knife." He held it out for them to look at. "I - feared for myself, and drew on her."

Like a striking snake the largest bullneck plucked it from Emearer's palm, and held it to the light of a lantern

unshuttered by one of his fellows. He peered, nodded and handed it back, looking almost as closely at Emearer. "No blood. You must have impressed her, to make her take herself away with magic."

The carver nodded, sheathing his knife. "Aye," he said a little wearily. "You could say that."

"Did she use any spell on you?"

The carver shook his head. "Not that I felt or saw. Once I'd drawn it, she seemed interested only in my knife."

The largest bullneck chuckled, and so did the one with the lantern.

"Emearer of Lusiipir Maar, right?" another constaar asked. "Called 'Brightknife'?"

Emearer nodded. "I am." The Watch officers all nodded in unison, and then the largest bullneck clapped the carver gently on the shoulder.

"Best get indoors, crafter. The gods have smiled on you this night."

"Fair morning," another cotaar added, as Emearer gave them a smile and a nod. He returned the farewell in unison with other bullnecks who took it up, and headed back to the Tankard, not looking back. After all, in the Peaceful City, an honest crafter trusts the Watch to guard his back.

He felt suddenly more tired than he could ever remember being, so much so that his legs felt weak. It seemed a very long way to the Tankard, this time, but when he came through the curtains, Teelia looked up as sharply as all the regular customers, and a hush fell again.

They had been talking, but it seemed that no one had moved, almost as if he had stepped out less than a good drinker's swallow ago, and not the long time that it seemed.

No, it could not have been all that long, though, could it? As he stepped to the bar, Teelia was eyeing him warily.

So was everyone else. Curious and fearful, all their gazes. Emearer looked back at Teelia. "Well?"

She set down the flagon she'd been polishing, and asked quietly, "Did she catch you? Cast a spell on you?"

Emearer shook his head. "We talked, I drew my knife, and she used magic to make herself vanish - as her coins probably will, too."

Teelia shook her head and pointed down the bar. A neat stack of gold coins stood alone beside an empty tankard, one as tall as the other.

"Not so far," the taverner said softly. "Should I put them down in the back corner of my stone-cellar, do you think, in case they erupt in flame or turn into spiders?"

Emearer nodded, as astonished as everyone else in the place at how many coins the witch had left. "I would," he said roughly. "And I'd also have another flagon of celaar, if you have some."

He felt in his purse, but Teelia held up a staying hand and shook her head.

"She paid, remember?" She set down a flagon before him and quoted the old Geanavese maxim: "I am nothing if I break my bargains."

Emearer nodded. "As are we all."

His words were echoed, all around the taproom.

As the celaar splashed into the flagon in front of him, the carver smiled in relief and anticipation. Drawing his knife, he studied it closely, turning it over and over in his hands. It felt no different....

Feeling the weight of many gazes, he looked up, smiled and told Teelia and the rest, "Just checking. It certainly seems she did nothing to it."

He said that a lot in the days and months that followed. Though he never saw the witch whose name was and was not Vaolai again, that knife never slipped or missed.

Even when he knocked over his candle and made the very last cut on the last watchful eagle finial in the dark. Nor when he hurled the little blade across the room to sever a thief's climbing-rope, a decade later. Nor yet when another handful of years had passed, on a candlelit night when he could barely see through his tears to smile down at Teelia, and cut the birthing-cord of their first daughter.

Dark witch or great mage or wandering goddess, it seemed that the outlander's magic held.

From that misty night outside the Tankard on, Emearer 'Brightknife' was allowed no slip of the knife.

Appendix B

New Magic

NEW SPELLS

Sarmar's Coin Beacon

Divination
 Level: Brd 4, Clr 4, Sor/Wiz 4
 Components: V, S, M/DF
 Casting Time: 1 full round
 Range: Touch
 Target: One metal object
 Duration: 2 hours/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Spell Resistance: No

This rare spell allows the caster to magically 'mark' a specific metal item. He must touch the item during spellcasting.

One usually casts *Sarmar's coin beacon* on coins, but it also functions on the blade of a sword or any other item composed mostly of metal. The target of the spell must be a single, specific item.

The marking is invisible to all except the caster, any other creatures who directly touch the caster during casting, and beings employing *detect magic* or a similar spell.

To affected persons, the marked object appears to 'glow.' This is a mental effect, unimpaired by intervening objects, darkness or the covering or containment of the item, but extends only as far as normal vision would.

For the duration of the spell, you and other affected beings can trace the movements of the marked item, as long as it remains on the same plane as the caster. Even if the item is far beyond normal visual range (so that it does not seem to glow), those attuned to it can 'feel' the precise direction of the item from their present location (though no hint of its distance is given).

The tracing effect can be ended by *dispel magic*, the destruction of the item's original state (the melting of a coin, for instance), or the placing of any (other) lasting enchantment on the marked object. This latter property of the spell prevents the marked object from being used as a 'trap from afar,' but also prevents

beings with powerful magic from tracing an active beacon dweomer back to the caster.

Arcane Material Components: A length of spiderweb and an eyelash from the caster.

Hitherto unknown in Geanavue, this spell and its origins remain mysterious. Its present users have no idea who Sarmar is (or was). It has become popular as a 'trap the thief' spell to trace items expected to be stolen – such as a gold coin left on a windowsill or 'forgotten' on an altar.

Taatiir's Tearing Talons

Evocation
 Level: Sor/Wiz 9, Strength 9
 Components: V,S,F/DF
 Casting Time: 1 action
 Range: Medium (100 ft. + 10 ft./level)
 Effect: three 10-ft. hands
 Duration: 7 rounds
 Saving Throw: None
 Spell Resistance: Yes

This rare spell creates three claws that appear between you and one opponent, and thereafter move as directed by you. (You direct them as a free action, but they must always move in near-unison, either floating in the same direction, converging on a single spot or raking the same target.) They are Large-sized (5 ft. by 5 ft. and 10 ft. reach), and resemble black claws with three fingers and no thumb.

The claws can move up to 60 feet and attack in the same round. The caster may vary the distance each claw moves, but they must move in a heading no more than 20 degrees different from each other. The tearing talons can pass through each other and their caster harmlessly – as if they were intangible, but they are solid in all other respects (a talon overlapping a talon attacks as only a single talon; damages are not doubled). Since you direct these hands, their ability to notice or attack invisible or concealed creatures matches yours.

The claws attack once per round, always striking at the same target. Their attack bonus equals your caster level plus the

Appendix B: New Magic

relevant ability (Intelligence for wizards, Wisdom for clerics and Charisma for sorcerers), +11 for the claw's Strength score, -1 for being Large. Roll separately for each claw.

Each claw does 1d10+12 points of damage. They can mark rock (casters with practice can cause them to scratch messages), score through an inch of metal or glass per round, score through three inches of bone, chitin or wood per round, and readily penetrate and harm all flesh, hide and vegetable matter they touch. If the claws are all moving in a narrow area (such as a passage), they serve as one-half cover (+4 AC) for the target of all attacks directed 'through' them.

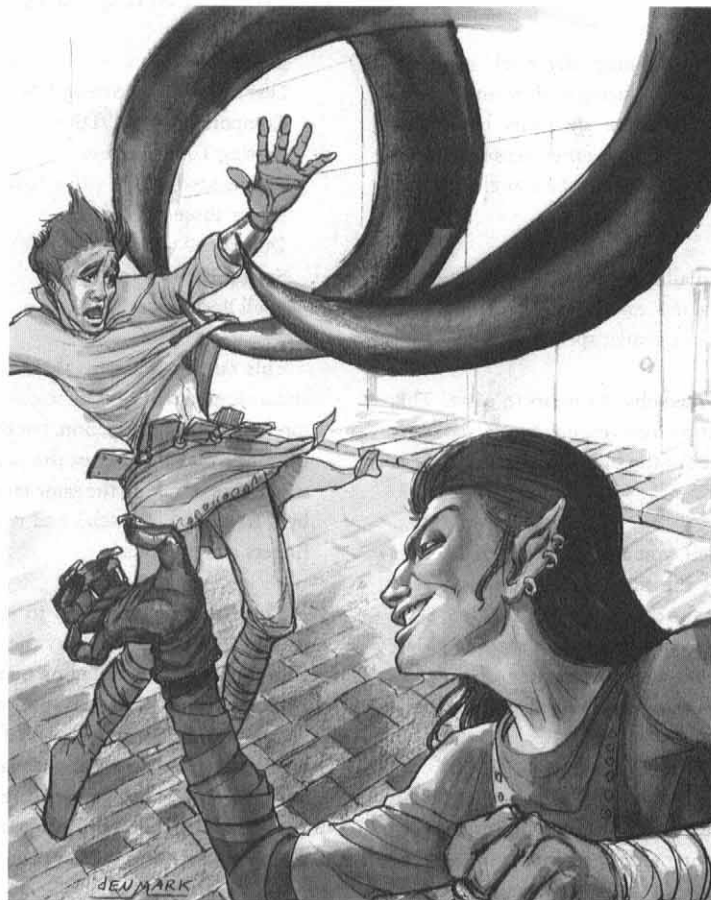
Arcane Focus: A leather glove, whose fingers and thumb have been tarred. Drops of human blood (the caster's own will suffice) must be mixed with this tar for the glove to function. In addition, shards or slivers of either glass or gemstone must be pressed into the tar so they adhere to the glove, at least one on each finger (though they need not be on the tips of the digits). The caster must wear the glove, and must have at least three operable fingers. If there are fewer (or there are not shards on each digit of the prepared glove), the spell fails; if more, the talons still have only three fingers each.

This spell is infamous in Geanavue for its use by Alaki of the Talons, the wizard who briefly seized control of the city after slaying Lord Banaatuir. Rumors persist in Geanavue that various

Talasaaran families sent agents to loot the abodes of Alaki and his apprentices before the mobs arrived to burn those places – and such rumors are true. Much dark magic seized that day proved more dangerous than useful to its new owners, and some fearsome remnants remain locked away to this day. Other spells and items have seen some use by their new owners, and this spell is one such magic.

It must be assumed that more than one Talasaaran family has access to *Taatiir's tearing talons*, because two wizards used it against each other in a rooftop duel. After the staff wizard of a noble mansion rebuffed a raid on the house, the house wizard of the raiding family attacked him. Both wizards are thought to have perished, screaming and torn apart – but someone removed the bodies before the Watch could recover them.

It should be noted that most Talasaarans' 'house' wizards can do no more than cast a few minor spells. Public fear of powerful spellcasters and deadly spells are effective deterrents, and real wizards of power are both expensive and dangerous. (Nobles who require such castings usually hire wizards in Zoa on a short-term or single-task basis.)



Taatiir's Tearing Talons are a terrible sight to behold in action.

Appendix C

Non-Player Characters

Characters in this appendix are listed in alphabetical order by the exact name that they appear under in the text. In many cases this includes a title or a nickname and the entry often begins with the character's first name instead of his or her surname.

Also note that certain skills, feats and spells used in this appendix are not described in the D&D Player's Handbook. These are described in detail in the Kingdoms of Kalamar Player's Guide (Spring 2002 release). They include Knowledge (fighting styles), Knowledge (monsters), and the Pantomime skill, as well as the feats Antimage, Blessed, Cat Burglar, Champion of the Faith, Circle of Friends, Critical Spell Strike, Elemental Adept, Fast Healer, Fearless, Final Breath, Instant Stand, Silver Tongue and Sprint and the Exile spell.

Aalem, male human Ftr 3: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 3d10+12; hp 33; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 17 (+1 Dex, +6 Banded mail); Attack +7 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +2, Will +2; AL N; Str 18, Dex 12, Con 18, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +2, Climb +10, Craft +7, Handle animal +7, Hide +1, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Spot +1, Use rope +3; Improved bull rush, Point blank shot, Power attack, Two-weapon fighting, Weapon focus (longsword).

Aarebukuul "Old Sword," male human Ari2/Ftr3: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 2d8+2 + 3d10+3; hp 31; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +5; AL LN; Str 15, Dex 7, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Dwarven, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Climb +8, Forgery +5, Hide -2, Jump +5, Knowledge (fighting styles) +5, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Listen +1, Move silently -2, Read lips +3, Ride +0, Speak language +5, Spellcraft +3, Spot +1, Swim +10; Combat reflexes, Great fortitude, Lightning reflexes, Power attack, Skill focus (swim).

Aasamerela "Manythreads" female human Exp8: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 8d6+8; hp 39; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +8; AL N; Str 13, Dex 17, Con 13, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Gnome, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Balance +8, Decipher script +15, Forgery +8, Gather information +12, Hide +12, Intuit direction +13, Jump +12, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (religion) +8.5, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Perform +12, Ride +12, Search +5, Spot +2, Tumble +7.5, Use magic device +7.5, Wilderness lore +4.5; Point blank shot, Skill focus (jump), Skill focus (use magic device), Skill focus (knowledge (religion)).

Aauraak, male human Clr7 (Miazaar - Risk): CR 7; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 7d8; hp 32; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +6; AL CN; Str 13, Dex 9, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +11, Hide -1, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +3, Move silently -1, Profession +7, Spellcraft +8, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +3; Alertness, Combat casting, Empower spell, Heighten spell.

Domains: Trickery, Chaos.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 3+1 / 2+1 / 1+1.

Aavudeer 'Old Hawk,' male human Ari8: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 8d8-16; hp 29; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +5/+0 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +7; AL CN; Str 8, Dex 14, Con 7, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Elven.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +13, Bluff +11, Concentration +3, Diplomacy +14, Hide +2, Knowledge (monsters) +11, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Read lips +12, Sense motive +10, Spot +3; Alertness, Point blank shot, Skill focus (appraise), Skill focus.

Accountant Simeera Haaloen, female human Clr4 (Fealain The Landlord)/Exp2: CR 5; Size M (4 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 4d8-8 + 2d6-4; hp 17; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +8 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +10; AL N; Str 15, Dex 18, Con 7, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Fhokki, Merchant's Tongue, Elven.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +2.5, Concentration +4, Diplomacy +7, Disable device +8, Hide +5, Jump +4, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +8, Listen +5.5, Move silently +5, Profession +8.5, Ride +7, Scry +7, Spellcraft +8, Spot +3, Use magic device +2; Blind-fight, Dodge, Lightning reflexes, Scribe scroll.

Domains: Knowledge, Luck

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Appendix C: Non-Player Characters

Alalee, female human Clr5 (Gaaria The Founder): CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 5d8-5; hp 16; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +1 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will +7; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 6, Con 9, Int 8, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +7, Hide -2, Jump +4, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Listen +3, Move silently -2, Spot +3; Combat casting, Craft wondrous item, Weapon focus (morningstar).

Domains: Earth, Protection.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 2+1.

Alamaata, female human Wiz6: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 6d4+12; hp 32; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +6; AL CG; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 7.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Craft +13, Hide +1, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Knowledge (religion) +11, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Scry +11, Spellcraft +10, Spot +1, Wilderness lore +3; Enlarge spell, Heighten spell, Maximize spell, Quicken spell, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (craft).

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/4/2): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *charm person, feather fall, grease, mage armor, magic missile, Nystul's magic aura, shield, shocking grasp, sleep*. 2nd — *endurance, fog cloud, ghoulish touch, knock, Melf's acid arrow, mirror image, summon swarm*. 3rd — *dispel magic, fly, secret page*.

Amaategaar "the Roarer," male human Ari8/Ftr2: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 8d8-8 + 2d10-2; hp 43; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +9; AL CE; Str 17, Dex 9, Con 9, Int 7, Wis 17, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Aquan, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Giant, Merchant's Tongue, Goblin, Halfling, Ignan, Infernal.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Climb +7, Handle animal +6, Hide -1, Innuendo +8, Intimidate +6, Listen +5, Move silently -1, Speak language +9, Spot +5; Alertness, Exotic weapon proficiency (kukri), Improved critical (flail, light), Leadership, Skill focus (appraise), Weapon focus (longbow, composite), Weapon focus (longsword).

Amaraala, female human Ari1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 1d8+1; hp 9; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +4; AL CN; Str 12, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki

Skills and Feats: Disguise +7, Hide +3, Intimidate +5, Pantomime +6, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +8, Move silently +3, Read lips +4, Sense motive +4, Spot +8; Alertness, Skill focus (listen).

Ameeree, female human Com2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 2d4-2; hp 4; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +2; AL CN; Str 16, Dex 15, Con 9, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Hide +2, Jump +7, Listen +6, Move silently +2, Ride +6, Spot +2, Swim +8; Great fortitude, Skill focus (ride).

Anigilius, male human Drd9: CR 9; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 9d8-18; hp 29; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +9; AL N; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 7, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 12; SA Nature sense, animal companion, woodland stride, trackless step, resist nature's lure, wild shape (3/day, Large), venom immunity.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +10, Craft +13, Diplomacy +12, Escape artist +4, Handle animal +10, Heal +8, Hide +2, Listen +5, Move silently +2, Spellcraft +13, Spot +5, Wilderness lore +14; Alertness, Craft magic arms and armor, Dodge, Mobility, Silent spell.

Druid spells per day: 6/5/5/4/2/1.

Araanahaar, male human Ari3/Ftr3: CR 5; Size M (5 ft. tall); HD 3d8+3 + 3d10+3; hp 32; Init +2 (-2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +7 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +0, Will +3; AL LN; Str 15, Dex 7, Con 12, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Orc.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +2.5, Disguise +7, Hide -2, Jump +6, Knowledge (nature) +3, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen -1, Move silently -2, Pick pocket -1, Speak language +4, Spot -1, Swim +9; Blind-fight, Improved initiative, Power attack, Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Skill focus (knowledge (religion)), Track.

Aranaliit, male human Ari1/Rog7/Wiz4: CR 11; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 1d8+1 + 7d6+7 + 4d4+4; hp 50; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +10; AL LG; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +9, Appraise +13, Bluff +8, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +12, Escape artist +11, Forgery +8, Hide +4, Innuendo +11, Intimidate +10, Intuit direction +10.5, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +12, Move silently +3, Spellcraft +9, Spot +2, Wilderness lore +6; Point blank shot, Precise shot, Rapid shot, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (appraise), Skill focus (forgery), Spell penetration.

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/3): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *charm person, jump, magic missile, Nystul's undetectable aura, protection from chaos, silent image, sleep*. 2nd — *ghoulish touch, levitate, summon monster II, web*

Auloaro, male human Clr4 (Gaaria The Founder)/Exp3: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 4d8 + 3d6; hp 34; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +9; AL LN; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Craft +7.5, Diplomacy +5, Disable device +6, Disguise +3, Heal +6, Hide +2, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen +2, Move silently +2, Open lock +7, Profession +7, Scry +6, Spot +2, Use rope +4, Wilderness lore +3; Combat casting, Maximize spell, Skill focus (scry), Weapon finesse (gauntlet).

Domains: Law, Protection.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Aumiraas, male human Clr6 (Zoolaa The Corrupter): CR 6; Size M (6 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 6d8; hp 39; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +4 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +8; AL LE; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 17, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +7, Craft +2, Diplomacy +9, Hide +0, Listen +5, Move silently +0, Spellcraft +1, Spot +5; Alertness, Combat casting, Combat reflexes, Weapon focus (quarterstaff).

Domains: Trickery, Law.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Baaraas, male human Ftr9: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 9d10+27; hp 101; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +13/+8 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +2; AL LN; Str 19, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +10, Handle animal +11, Hide +1, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Spot +1, Swim +10; Alertness, Blind-fight, Improved critical (greatsword), Improved critical (shortbow), Leadership, Power attack, Quick draw, Skill focus (handle animal), Toughness, Weapon focus (greatsword).

Baarom, male human Drd7: CR 7; Size M (6 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 7d8; hp 39; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +8; AL N; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 17; SA Nature sense, animal companion, woodland stride, trackless step, resist nature's lure, wild shape (3/day).

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Druidic, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +11, Craft +11, Diplomacy +12, Handle animal +9, Hide +2, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Spellcraft +10, Spot +3, Swim +10, Wilderness lore +13; Brew potion, Craft wand, Run, Scribe scroll.

Druid spells per day: 6/5/4/3/1.

Baatireevaur, male human Clr8 (Zaavarel – Confuser of Ways): CR 8; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 8d8; hp 36; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +5/+0 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +9; AL CE; Str 10, Dex 9, Con 10, Int 7, Wis 16, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +10, Hide -1, Innuendo +4, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Listen +3, Move silently -1, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +5; Enlarge spell, Leadership, Skill focus (concentration), Spell focus (divination).

Domains: Chaos, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Balaavin, male human Ari6/Brd1: CR 6; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 6d8-12 + 1d6-2; hp 26; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +8; AL LN; Str 9, Dex 15, Con 6, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +2, Handle animal +10.5, Hide +2, Jump +0, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +10, Move silently +2, Perform +7, Read lips +6, Ride +12, Spot +1, Wilderness lore +6; Leadership, Point blank shot, Skill focus (ride), Skill focus (handle animal).

Bard spells known (2 per day): 0th — *detect magic, flare, light, open/close*

Beelibaar 'Stonejaws,' male human Ari4/Exp6: CR 8; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 6d6+12 + 4d8+8; hp 64; Init +9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 15 (+5 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +12/+7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +10; AL CG; Str 10, Dex 20, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Bluff +9, Disable device +12, Hide +5, Intuit direction +3, Knowledge (monsters) +7, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Listen +13, Move silently +13, Perform +9, Pick pocket +16.5, Scry +9, Spot +3, Tumble +14.5; Alertness, Improved initiative, Skill focus (pick pocket), Skill focus (disable device), Skill focus (knowledge (arcana)).

Bel'Robin, male human Ftr4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 4d10+4; hp 33; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +7 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +3; AL LG; Str 16, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Concentration +4, Craft +6, Handle animal +8, Hide +3, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Ride +8, Spot +2, Swim +10, Use rope +5.5; Blind-fight, Cleave, Deflect arrows, Dodge, Improved unarmed strike, Power attack.

Belaasin, male human Ari4/Ftr3: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 4d8-12 + 3d10-9; hp 24; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +5; AL LG; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 5, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Craft +8, Disguise +10, Handle animal +11, Hide +2, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +3.5, Listen +6, Move silently +2, Pick pocket +5, Ride +4, Sense motive +6, Spot +6, Swim +11; Exotic weapon proficiency (axe, orc double), Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Power attack, Skill focus (bluff), Two-weapon fighting.

Boelain Vaotal, male human Ari4/Exp3/Rog3: CR 8; Size: M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 4d8+8+3d6+6+3d6+6; hp 69; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+2 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +8, Will +11; AL NE; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Bluff +8, Climb +8, Craft +6, Disguise +7, Forgery +7, Gather Information +11, Handle animal +7, Hide +3, Intimidate +12, Listen +8, Move Silently +3, Open lock +7, Perform +8, Sense motive +7, Spot +1, Swim +5.5, Tumble +8, Use rope +8. Ambidexterity, Improved Initiative, Iron Will, Skill focus (gather information, Skill focus (intimide)).

Boemaut "Butterbelly," male human Ari9/Rog1: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 9d8-9 + 1d6-1; hp 32; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +9, Will +6; AL CE; Str 10, Dex 18, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Orc.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Craft +3, Diplomacy +9, Disguise +4, Hide +4, Intimidate +4, Listen +2, Move silently +5, Open lock +6, Perform +13, Ride +11, Search +2, Sense motive

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+10, Spot +14, Swim +9, Wilderness lore +10; Alertness, Improved initiative, Leadership, Point blank shot, Skill focus (wilderness lore).

Borauvaan "Greatstaff," male human Ari8/Sor2: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 8d8-8 + 2d4+2; hp 37; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +12; AL LE; Str 11, Dex 13, Con 8, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +5, Forgery +13, Gather information +15, Hide +1, Knowledge (monsters) +9, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Spellcraft +1, Spot +9, Swim +11, Wilderness lore +14; Point blank shot, Precise shot, Skill focus (gather information), Skill focus (spot), Skill focus (forgery).

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/5): 0th — *dancing lights, ghost sound, light, ray of frost, read magic*. 1st — *magic missile, shocking grasp*.

Bouzaar Aaraageem, male human Exp1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 1d6+3; hp 9; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +0 melee or +1 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +4; AL CN; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Decipher script +4, Forgery +1, Handle animal +2, Hide +1, Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Ride +5, Search +3, Sense motive +6, Spellcraft +2, Spot +2; Point blank shot, Skill focus (search).

Butcher Izvan Yahul, male human Clr7 (Xiznoom Harvester of Souls): CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 7d8; hp 33; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +7; AL NE; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 9, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +7, Hide -1, Listen +6, Move silently -1, Scry +3, Spellcraft +5, Spot +4; Alertness, Extra turning, Two-weapon fighting, Weapon focus (gauntlet).

Domains: Death, Destruction.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 2+1 / 1+1.

Celebaati, female human Ari5/Sor1: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 5d8+5 + 1d4+1; hp 36; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +10; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Abyssal, Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Infernal, Orc, Undercommon.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Bluff +9, Concentration +2, Disable device +2.5, Disguise +11, Handle animal +10, Hide -1, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (nature) +10, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +4, Move silently -1, Profession +3, Speak language +6, Spellcraft +4, Spot +4, Swim +9; Alertness, Extend spell, Iron will, Point blank shot.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 5/4): 0th — *dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, mage hand*. 1st — *magic missile, shield*.

Constable Orimar Torilaun, male human Clr6 (Gaaria The Founder)/Exp6: CR 11; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 6d8-6 + 6d6-6; hp 44; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +6, Will +11; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +2, Concentration +7, Diplomacy +8, Disable device +9, Hide +2, Intimidate +11, Listen +12, Move silently +2, Ride +11, Scry +9.5, Spellcraft +11.5, Spot +1; Heighten spell, Silent spell, Skill focus (diplomacy), Skill focus (listen), Skill focus (spellcraft), Toughness.

Domains: Law, Protection.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 2+1.

Corat Nae, male human War1/Ftr5: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 1d8+2 + 5d10+10; hp 53; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +8, Ref +2, Will +1; AL LN; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 11, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +8, Concentration +4, Handle animal +7, Hide +1, Intuit direction +3, Listen +0.5, Move silently +1, Profession +1.5, Spot +0; Dodge, Improved unarmed strike, Quick draw, Toughness, Two-weapon fighting, Weapon focus (longsword), Weapon focus (handaxe).

Daaralau, female human Clr1 (Xiznoom The Harvester of Souls): CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +5; AL NE; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 17, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +6, Craft (weaver) +5, Heal +7, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Listen +3, Spot +3. Point blank shot, Run.

Domains: Death, Destruction.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Daaritibuuko, male human Ari2/Rog3: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 3d6+9 + 2d8+6; hp 37; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +5; AL CE; Str 7, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnoll, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +9, Balance +7, Bluff +5, Decipher script +8, Diplomacy +5, Disable device +8, Disguise +2, Hide +1, Innuendo +3, Knowledge (fighting styles) +4, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Open lock +6, Perform +6, Pick pocket +7.5, Spot +3, Tumble +7, Use magic device +6; Alertness, Lightning reflexes, Two-weapon fighting.

Daavelin Caüter, male human Exp 2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 2d6; hp 7; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +4; AL N; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Decipher script +2, Diplomacy +3, Escape artist +7, Handle animal +4, Hide +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Sense motive +3, Spot +3, Use magic device +6; Alertness, Lightning reflexes.

Dealaan, male human Clr1 (Xiznoom The Harvester of Souls): CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 1d8+1; hp 9; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +1 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +5; AL NE; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

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Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Handle animal +2, Knowledge (religion) +4, Listen +4, Spot +4. Alertness, Iron Will.

Domains: Death, Evil.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Depraved Lord Insulter Bouzaar "Greatbelly," male human Clr6 (Foobia The Vicelord): CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 6d8-6; hp 32; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +7; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 8, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +4, Diplomacy +7, Hide -1, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Listen +2, Move silently -1, Profession +10, Spot +2; Brew potion, Extend spell, Heighten spell, Lightning reflexes.

Domains: Chaos, Evil.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Donelaas, male human Ari1/Ftr4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 1d8+2 + 4d10+8; hp 50; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +8 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +3, Will +2; AL NG; Str 18, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 4, Wis 9, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +2.5, Diplomacy +6, Hide +2, Listen -1, Move silently +2, Read lips +3, Spot -1, Swim +11; Combat reflexes, Improved bull rush, Improved unarmed strike, Power attack, Skill focus (read lips), Two-weapon fighting

Duusitoor, male human Ari1/Rog2: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 1d8 + 2d6; hp 19; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack -1 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +7; AL CG; Str 7, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Climb +3, Disable device +4, Gather information +4, Hide +3, Innuendo +7, Pantomime +7, Listen +5, Move silently +3, Perform +6, Profession +6, Read lips +6, Ride +7, Spot +6, Tumble +8; Alertness, Iron will, Toughness

Ekaagaar, male human Ari2/Ftr1: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 2d8 + 1d10; hp 24; Init +2 (-2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref -2, Will +3; AL CG; Str 12, Dex 7, Con 10, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +3, Handle animal +7, Hide -2, Listen +2, Move silently -2, Spot +6, Swim +4, Wilderness lore +5; Alertness, Improved initiative, Skill focus (handle animal), Two-weapon fighting.

Emearer, male human Ari3/Ftr5: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 3d8 + 5d10; hp 49; Init +4 (+4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +9/+4 melee or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +6; AL CE; Str 14, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Craft +9, Handle animal +4, Hide +0, Knowledge (nature) +8, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +4, Move silently +0, Perform +7, Read lips +7, Ride +8, Sense motive +8, Spot +10; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Improved initiative, Leadership, Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Weapon focus (shortbow), Weapon focus (longspear).

Faalirun "the Rat," male human Rog9: CR 9; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 9d6+18; hp 52; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +9, Will +5; AL NE; Str 10, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +12, Decipher script +11, Disguise +10, Hide +11, Intimidate +12, Listen +4, Move silently +14, Open lock +9, Pick pocket +14, Search +5, Sense motive +12, Spot +16; Alertness, Improved initiative, Martial weapon proficiency (trident), Shield proficiency, Two-weapon fighting.

Faeritiin, male human Ari2/Rog3: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 2d8+6 + 3d6+9; hp 37; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +7, Will +7; AL NE; Str 9, Dex 15, Con 17, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Draconic, Elven, Gnome, Halfling, Ignan, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Disguise +9, Gather information +8, Handle animal +8, Hide +2, Innuendo +9, Knowledge (nature) +6.5, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Pick pocket +8, Search +8, Sense motive +10, Speak language +4, Spot +9, Swim +6, Tumble +4; Combat reflexes, Lightning reflexes, Skill focus (sense motive).

Feenik, male human Rog2: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 2d6+4; hp 11; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +5, Will +5; AL CN; Str 13, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 17, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +4, Balance +3, Climb +6, Escape artist +7, Handle animal +2, Hide +2, Innuendo +8, Jump +5, Listen +5, Move silently +2, Open lock +4, Perform +5, Pick pocket +7, Profession +8, Search +7, Spot +6, Tumble +6; Alertness, Iron will.

Felaamiira 'Redresses,' female human Ari5/Sor7: CR 11; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 7d4 + 5d8; hp 31; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +5/+0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +8; AL CG; Str 14, Dex 8, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 9, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Balance +0, Craft +10, Hide -1, Pantomime +6, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (nature) +5, Listen -1, Move silently -1, Profession +8, Scry +10.5, Sense motive +5, Spot -1; Craft magic arms and armor, Enlarge spell, Maximize spell, Quick draw, Silent spell, Skill focus (sense motive).

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/7/7/4): 0th — *dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, mage hand, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic*. 1st — *chill touch, identify, protection from chaos, shield, silent image*. 2nd — *continual flame, endurance, mirror image*. 3rd — *lightning bolt, slow*.

Feseera "Fireworks" Lorot, male human Wiz9 (enchanter): CR 9; Size M (5 ft. tall); HD 9d4; hp 25; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +1 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +5; AL LN; Str 5, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +12, Concentration +7, Craft +12, Hide +1, Knowledge +13, Listen 0, Move silently +0, Profession +10, Spot -1; Combat casting, Craft magic arms and armor, Craft wondrous item, Heighten spell, Maximize spell, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (profession).

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Wizard spells known (per day 5/6/6/4/3/2): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *animate rope, change self, charm person, hypnotism, mage armor, magic missile, obscuring mist, shield, sleep, spider climb*. 2nd — *blur, continual flame, levitate, protection from arrows, exile, web*. 3rd — *blink, dispel magic, fireball, fly, gust of wind, haste, hold person, protection from elements, secret page, slow, suggestion, water breathing*. 4th — *dimension door, emotion, illusory wall, lesser geas, remove curse*. 5th — *fabricate, feeblemind, mind fog, shadow evocation*.

Field Leader Norineen, male human Clr3 (Naataal The Raiser): CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 3d8; hp 21; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +6; AL NG; Str 12, Dex 12, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Hide +1, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Profession +8, Spellcraft +5, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +4.5; Combat casting, Craft wondrous item, Weapon focus (gauntlet, spiked).

Domains: Plant, Healing.

Cleric spells per day: 4 / 3+1 / 2+1.

Fielder Alaateea, female human Clr1 (Naataal The Raiser): CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +5; AL NG; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +7, Gather information +5, Heal +5, Hide +3, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Scry +5, Spot +3; Combat casting, Heighten spell.

Domains: Protection, Good.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Fielder Braasiis, male human Clr2 (Naataal The Raiser): CR 2; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 2d8; hp 9; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +5; AL NG; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +7, Hide +1, Knowledge (religion) +3, Listen +2, Move silently +1, Spellcraft +0, Spot +2; Extend spell, Maximize spell.

Domains: Strength, Travel.

Cleric spells per day: 4 / 3+1.

Gaaraudar, male human Ari6/Ftr5: CR 10; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 6d8-12 + 5d10-10; hp 48; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +11/+6 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +6; AL LG; Str 15, Dex 15, Con 7, Int 10, Wis 11, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Diplomacy +10, Forgery +9, Hide +2, Intimidate +9, Jump +8, Listen +5, Move silently +2, Read lips +8, Ride +9, Spot +0, Swim +4; Ambidexterity, Blind-fight, Dodge, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Skill focus (listen), Weapon finesse (gauntlet, spiked), Weapon focus (shortbow).

Galaatoor, male human Exp6/Wiz4: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 6d6+12 + 4d4+8; hp 48; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref

+8, Will +10; AL NG; Str 11, Dex 17, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +4, Animal empathy +2, Bluff +3, Concentration +11, Diplomacy +2.5, Disguise +10, Forgery +10, Handle animal +3, Heal +4, Hide +12, Intimidate +9, Knowledge (nature) +9, Knowledge (religion) +8, Listen +1, Move silently +3, Open lock +6, Ride +10, Scry +8, Spot +1, Use magic device +3.5; Dodge, Improved unarmed strike, Lightning reflexes, Point blank shot, [Scribe scroll], Still spell.

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/3): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *change self, charm person, enlarge, identify, mage armor, protection from chaos, shocking grasp*. 2nd — *blindness/deafness, invisibility, resist elements, web*

Gaunait "Oldhorn," male human Ari7: CR 6; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 7d8+7; hp 46; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +8; AL LN; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Diplomacy +10, Hide +1, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +13, Move silently +1, Perform +15, Read lips +8, Spot +3; Run, Skill focus (knowledge (religion)), Skill focus (listen), Skill focus (perform).

Gazee, male human Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 4d6; hp 17; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +8, Will +4; AL NE; Str 13, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Gather information +3, Handle animal +2, Hide +10, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +6, Jump +7, Listen +1, Move silently +4, Open lock +11, Pick pocket +9, Profession +8, Sense motive +8, Spot +1, Use rope +10, Wilderness lore +1.5; Iron will, Sprint, Track

Geedor, male human Ari13: CR 12; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 13d8; hp 65; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +12/+7 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +9, Will +11; AL CN; Str 11, Dex 17, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Halfling, Reanaarese, Dwarfven, Elven, Gnoll, Goblin, Halfling, Gnome, Infernal, Orc, Sylvan, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +15, Handle animal +13, Hide +3, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +3, Move silently +3, Perform +6, Read lips +14, Ride +15, Sense motive +7, Speak language +11, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +16; Ambidexterity, Improved initiative, Lightning reflexes, Mounted archery, Mounted combat, Skill focus (read lips).

Geetemah "Old Weedbeard" Fooramau, male human Exp2/Ftr6: CR 7; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 2d6+2 + 6d10+6; hp 45; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +8; AL LN; Str 19, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 11, Wis 16, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +12, Decipher script +4, Handle animal +6, Hide +2, Jump +13, Knowledge +5, Knowledge (nature) +4, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +3, Move silently

Appendix C: Non-Player Characters

+2, Open lock +7, Pick pocket +7, Spot +3, Use magic device +5; Dodge, Exotic weapon proficiency (urgosh, dwarven), Improved initiative, Leadership, Point blank shot, Skill focus (knowledge), Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Two-weapon fighting

Geolain Feasari, male human Ftr1/Ari4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 1d10+1 + 4d8+4; hp 39; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +7; AL LG; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 17, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Giant, Gnome, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Balance +3, Climb +6.5, Forgery +10, Handle animal +7, Hide +1, Intimidate +8, Jump +6, Knowledge (nature) +10, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Spot +1, Swim +8; Blind-fight, Iron will, Weapon focus (sword, short), Weapon focus (longsword)

Goolas "The Fat," male human Exp2/Rog2: CR 3; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 2d6+4 + 2d6+4; hp 19; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +7, Will +4; AL CN; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 17, Wis 13, Cha 11

Languages Spoken: Dwarven, Fhokki, Reanaarese, Draconic, Elven, Ignan, Orc, Gnome, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Disable device +8, Disguise +2, Hide +4, Innuendo +6, Intimidate +1, Jump +8, Knowledge +5.5, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +8, Move silently +4, Open lock +9, Perform +6, Profession +6, Scry +7, Search +7.5, Speak language +5, Spot +3, Use magic device +2, Wilderness lore +3; Alertness, Improved unarmed strike, Skill focus (jump).

Goolokaut, male human Ari2/Rog2: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 2d8-2 + 2d6-2; hp 22; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +5, Will +4; AL LE; Str 9, Dex 15, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Balance +7, Decipher script +2, Escape artist +4, Forgery +6, Gather information +8, Hide +2, Intuit direction +3, Jump +0, Knowledge +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +3.5, Listen +1, Move silently +4, Profession +2, Ride +6, Sense motive +6, Spot +1, Use rope +3; Mounted combat, Quick draw, Skill focus (knowledge).

Grand Esquire Arunaar Bireko, male human Clr7 (Foornaar The Speaker of the Word): CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 7d8; hp 42; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +8 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +7; AL LG; Str 17, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +10, Craft +9, Hide +0, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Listen +2, Move silently +0, Profession +4, Spellcraft +2, Spot +2; Extend spell, Leadership, Weapon focus (sickle), Weapon focus (mace, light).

Domains: Law, Animal.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 2+1 / 1+1.

Grandmother Taaranitara, female human Clr6 (Mosaia The Holy Mother)/Com2/Exp1: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 6d8+6 + 2d4+2 + 1d6+1; hp 44; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +8 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +11; AL LG; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 13, Wis 19, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Craft +8, Diplomacy +9, Handle animal +2, Hide +2, Intuit direction +6, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (religion) +8, Listen +6, Move silently +2, Perform +1, Profession +9, Read lips +2, Spot +4, Swim +6; Extra turning, Leadership, Point blank shot, Scribe scroll, Two-weapon fighting.

Domains: Law, Healing.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 3+1

Hariim, male human Ari5/Ftr5: CR 9; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 5d8+5 + 5d10+5; hp 69; Init +2 (-2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +6/+1 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +0, Will +7; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 7, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +8, Disable device +0.5, Hide -2, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +11, Knowledge +7, Listen +2, Move silently -2, Read lips +9, Ride +8, Spot +2, Tumble +1.5; Improved critical (flail, heavy), Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Skill focus (intimidate), Skill focus (read lips), Skill focus (ride), Weapon focus (longbow), Weapon focus (shortbow, composite).

Halamaea, female human Ari4/Rog1: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 4d8-8 + 1d6-2; hp 15; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +6, Will +7; AL CG; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 7, Int 10, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Diplomacy +5, Disable device +1, Forgery +7, Handle animal +2.5, Hide +3, Listen +3, Move silently +3, Speak language +2, Spellcraft +3.5, Spot +10, Tumble +7, Wilderness lore +8; Blind-fight, Skill focus (appraise), Track.

Hamibuur, male human Clr5 (Foornaar The Speaker of the Word): CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 5d8; hp 22; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +5 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +6; AL LG; Str 15, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +6, Handle animal +3, Hide +0, Knowledge (arcana) +1, Listen +4, Move silently +0, Profession +8, Spot +4; Alertness, Extra turning, Skill focus (craft).

Domains: Knowledge, Strength.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 1+1

High Father Beloraar, male human Clr5 (Mosaia The Holy Mother)/Com2: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 5d8 + 2d4; hp 25; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +6, Will +8; AL LG; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 8, Wis 14, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +1.5, Concentration +8, Hide +3, Knowledge (religion) +1.5, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Scry +5, Spot +2; Combat reflexes, Iron will, Lightning reflexes, Maximize spell.

Domains: Healing, Good.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 1+1.

High Mother Caalara, female human Clr7 (Mosaia The Holy Mother): CR 7; Size M (4 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 7d8-7; hp 21; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +8; AL LG; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Appendix C: Non-Player Characters

Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Craft +6, Diplomacy +10, Hide +2, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Scry +9, Spot +3; Combat casting, Combat reflexes, Empower spell, Spell penetration.

Domains: Law, Healing.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 1+1.

High Peace Maker Khazuk, male dwarf Clr17 (Geonoa The Peacemaker): CR 17; Size M (4 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 17d8+51; hp 141; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +15/+10/+5 melee or +11/+6/+1 ranged; SV Fort +13, Ref +4, Will +13; AL NG; Str 16, Dex 8, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 17, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Concentration +12, Craft +13, Diplomacy +19, Heal +11, Hide -1, Knowledge (religion) +15, Listen +5, Move silently -1, Spot +5, Tumble +0; Alertness, Combat casting, Craft magic arms and armor, Extra turning, Heighten spell, Leadership.

Domains: Warding, Good.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 6+1 / 6+1 / 6+1 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Huurum, female human Ari3/Rog1: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 3d8-3 + 1d6-1; hp 20; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +5, Will +4; AL CN; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 9, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Bluff +3, Diplomacy +7, Escape artist +4, Forgery +9, Hide +2, Intuit direction +3, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +1, Move silently +2, Read lips +6, Sense motive +7, Spot +1, Tumble +3, Wilderness lore +7; Point blank shot, Skill focus (forgery), Weapon focus (longbow, composite).

Imagurul Kulaamauk, male human Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 4d6+8; hp 21; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +4; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Draconic.

Skills and Feats: Balance +11, Craft +10, Disable device +10, Disguise +10, Gather information +10, Hide +4, Jump +8, Listen +8, Move silently +10, Perform +10, Pick pocket +11, Profession +9, Read lips +7, Sense motive +10, Spot +3; Improved initiative, Shield proficiency, Weapon focus (shortbow, composite)

Imakaaria, female human Ari4/Sor1: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 4d8+12 + 1d4+3; hp 36; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +6; AL NE; Str 12, Dex 9, Con 17, Int 9, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +1, Forgery +2, Hide -1, Innuendo +7, Listen +2, Move silently -1, Read lips +5, Sense motive +7, Spot +2, Wilderness lore +5; Alertness, Exotic weapon proficiency (urgosh, dwarven), Point blank shot.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 5/4): 0th — *detect magic, light, mending, read magic*. 1st — *expeditious retreat, unseen servant*.

Irobar Talaseker, male human Ari3: CR 2; Size M (6 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 3d8+3; hp 17; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +0 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +4; AL NG; Str 7, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +7, Disguise +3, Gather information +7, Hide +1, Innuendo +9, Knowledge +7, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Sense motive +7, Spot +1; Improved unarmed strike, Point blank shot, Skill focus (innuendo).

Isaraakaat 'Black Smile,' male human Ari3/Rog6: CR 8; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 6d6-6 + 3d8-3; hp 28; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +8, Will +5; AL CE; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Infernal.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +4, Climb +9, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +11, Gather information +11, Heal +3, Hide +2, Intuit direction +7, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Listen +8, Move silently +2, Perform +5, Sense motive +10, Spot +9, Tumble +10.5, Use magic device +11, Wilderness lore +5; Improved unarmed strike, Shield proficiency, Track, Weapon focus (shortbow, composite), Weapon focus (gauntlet, spiked).

Kelaaduun, male human Ari2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 2d8-4; hp 7; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +2 melee or +1 ranged; SV Fort -2, Ref +0, Will +4; AL CG; Str 13, Dex 11, Con 7, Int 8, Wis 13, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Handle animal +6, Hide +0, Knowledge +6, Listen +1, Move silently +0, Ride +5, Search +1, Spot +3; Improved unarmed strike, Skill focus (knowledge).

Kevoorin "The Smiling," male human Ari7/Ftr1: CR 7; Size M (6 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 7d8+7 + 1d10+1; hp 62; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +8; AL NE; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 17, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +12, Climb +4, Craft +4, Escape artist +1.5, Gather information +8, Hide +1, Innuendo +4, Knowledge +13, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (nature) +13, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Profession +3.5, Ride +9, Sense motive +12, Spellcraft +5, Spot +3, Swim +9, Wilderness lore +12; Expertise, Far shot, Improved unarmed strike, Leadership, Point blank shot.

Laakilaas, female human Clr4 (Foornaar The Speaker of the Word)/Exp1: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 4d8+4 + 1d6+1; hp 25; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +9; AL LG; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Craft +8, Heal +10, Hide +3, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Listen +6, Move silently +4, Search +3, Sense motive +5, Spellcraft +8, Spot +3; Combat casting, Heighten spell, Quicken spell.

Domains: Law, Strength

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Laurone "Longbeard," male human Ari4/Exp2: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 4d8+4 + 2d6+2; hp 40; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +9; AL LG; Str 4, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Goblin, Halfling, Orc.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Bluff +9, Disable device +6, Escape artist +4, Gather information +9, Hide +2, Knowledge +8, Knowledge (arcana) +1.5, Knowledge (nature) +8, Listen +2, Move silently +2, Perform +6, Speak language +5, Spellcraft +3, Spot +2.5; Blind-fight, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Toughness.

Leezar, male human Ari3/Rog1: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 3d8-3 + 1d6-1; hp 12; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +6, Will +8; AL CE; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 8, Int 9, Wis 16, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +2, Disguise +7, Escape artist +4, Hide +3, Jump +4, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (nature) +4, Listen +5, Move silently +3, Read lips +0, Spot +9, Swim +8; Iron will, Point blank shot, Skill focus (spot).

Maraatii, female human Ari4/Sor6: CR 9; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 4d8 + 6d4; hp 32; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +11; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Handle animal +9, Hide +2, Intimidate +10.5, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Listen +11, Move silently +2, Profession +6, Ride +7, Scry +10, Spellcraft +10, Spot +4, Swim +5, Wilderness lore +9; Alertness, Improved initiative, Martial weapon proficiency (rapier), Skill focus (wilderness lore), Still spell.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/7/6/4): 0th — *dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, prestidigitation, read magic*. 1st — *burning hands, mage armor, summon monster I, unseen servant*. 2nd — *continual flame, summon monster II*. 3rd — *gaseous form*.

Master Armorer Durmak Forgefist, male dwarf (hill) Ftr3/Exp8: CR 10; Size M (4 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 3d10+3 + 8d6+8; hp 47; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 20 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +11/+6 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +5, Will +8; AL LN; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 6.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Craft +3, Disable device +11, Gather information +8, Handle animal +4, Hide +2, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Listen +2, Move silently +2, Open lock +7, Pick pocket +11, Ride +6.5, Spellcraft +9, Spot +1, Swim +9; Combat reflexes, Dodge, Improved bull rush, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Power attack

Master Cellarer Aaroke Bealoril, male human Exp1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 1d6+1; hp 7; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +0 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +4; AL LN; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Disguise +2, Hide +3, Innuendo +6, Intuit direction +4, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +6, Move silently +3, Perform +4, Search +7, Spot +4, Tumble +7; Alertness, Skill focus (search)

Master Cook Uulem Hanoisibial, male human Exp4: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 4d6; hp 12; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; AL LG; Str 6, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Gather information +6, Handle animal +1, Hide +1, Intimidate +3, Jump +3, Knowledge +2, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Listen +2, Move silently +8, Profession +6, Search +2, Spot +5, Tumble +9; Alertness, Skill focus (tumble), Skill focus (intimidate)

Master of Loona Rasibuur Halaagah, male human Rog2/Exp5: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 2d6+4 + 5d6+10; hp 51; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +7, Will +4; AL NG; Str 6, Dex 17, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 11, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Elven, Celestial, Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven, Gnome, Kalamaran, Fhokki, Svimohzish, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Balance +11, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +8, Escape artist +8, Forgery +3, Gather information +7, Hide +11, Intuit direction +2.5, Jump +5, Listen +7.5, Move silently +3, Pick pocket +9, Profession +5, Read lips +6, Scry +8, Speak language +7, Spot +2, Use magic device +10; Alertness, Improved initiative, Leadership, Skill focus (pick pocket).

Master of the Castle Purse Nesoram Elaradaro, male human Exp2: CR 1; Size M (6 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 2d6+2; hp 11; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +4; AL NG; Str 11, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Balance +6, Bluff +2, Gather information +1, Hide +1, Intuit direction +6, Knowledge (nature) +5, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Open lock +3, Pick pocket +2, Profession +6, Read lips +3, Spot +6; Endurance, Weapon finesse (dagger).

Master Swordsman Groot Olamitar, male human Ftr9: CR 9; Size M (5 ft. tall); HD 9d10+9; hp 71; Init +4 (+4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +12/+7 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +3; AL LN; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 7.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +12, Craft +14, Handle animal +7, Hide +0, Innuendo +2.5, Jump +11, Knowledge (nature) +4, Listen +0, Move silently +0, Spellcraft +3, Spot +0, Swim +15; Blind-fight, Combat reflexes, Improved initiative, Leadership, Power attack, Toughness, Weapon focus (rapier), Weapon focus (longsword), Weapon specialization (longsword).

Master Treasurer Maluvikor Lariheu, male human Exp5: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 5d6+5; hp 17; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +0 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +5; AL LG; Str 5, Dex 15, Con 12, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Aquan, Merchant's Tongue, Giant, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4, Disable device +10, Disguise +3, Escape artist +9, Heal +5, Hide +2, Knowledge +10, Knowledge (religion) +4, Listen +3, Move silently +5, Open lock +6, Pick pocket +4, Speak language +1, Spot +1, Use magic device +8; Quick draw, Skill focus (open lock).

Master Turnkey Eleavazaar Woaresaal, male human Ftr4: CR 4; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 4d10+4; hp 27; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +8 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +2; AL LN; Str 18, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Elven, Halfling.

Appendix C: Non-Player Characters

Skills and Feats: Bluff +0, Climb +11, Craft +8, Disguise +1, Handle animal +2, Hide +1, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Ride +8, Spot +3, Swim +11; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Run, Weapon focus (longbow, composite)

Master Warder Kaunit Deveer, male human Ftr4: CR 4; Size M (6 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 4d10; hp 31; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +8 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +1; AL NG; Str 19, Dex 8, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 10, Cha 7.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Halfling, Ignan, Terran.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5.5, Craft +10, Disable device +6, Hide -1, Listen +2, Move silently +2, Speak language +1, Spellcraft +6, Spot +2, Swim +11, Tumble +1; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Expertise, Power attack, Quick draw, Toughness

Meaguut, male human Ari4/Ftr4: CR 7; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 4d8+4 + 4d10+4; hp 41; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +10/+5 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +8; AL LN; Str 16, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Concentration +3, Forgery +6, Gather information +4, Hide +2, Jump +4, Listen +10, Move silently +2, Perform +7, Spot +3, Swim +8; Alertness, Improved bull rush, Improved unarmed strike, Iron will, Point blank shot, Power attack, Weapon focus (longspear).

Mindrel Rondstern, female human Clr9 (Zoolaa The Corrupter): CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 9d8+9; hp 51; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +4/-1 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +1, Will +9; AL LE; Str 14, Dex 7, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +13, Craft +3, Escape artist +0, Heal +13, Hide -2, Listen +3, Move silently -2, Scry +11, Spellcraft +11, Spot +3; Combat reflexes, Craft magic arms and armor, Craft wand, Extra turning, Weapon focus (gauntlet).

Domains: Law, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 2+1 / 1+1.

Mistress Chatelaine Eleume Gusearal, female human Exp2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 2d6+2; hp 13; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +0 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +4; AL LN; Str 9, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 11, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +8, Craft +4, Diplomacy +7, Disguise +9, Escape artist +6, Hide +2, Knowledge +5, Listen +5, Move silently +2, Spot +1, Use rope +7; Blind-fight, Skill focus (disguise)

Naritaam, male human Ari6/Ftr6: CR 11; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 6d8-6 + 6d10-6; hp 51; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +12/+7 melee, or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +7; AL LG; Str 15, Dex 11, Con 8, Int 8, Wis 10, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki, Reanaarese, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Gather information +11, Hide +0, Intimidate +10, Jump +10, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (nature) +9, Listen +2, Move silently +0, Read lips +6, Speak language +3, Spot +2, Swim +6; Alertness, Exotic weapon proficiency (kama), Improved critical (greatsword), Improved unarmed strike,

Leadership, Power attack, Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Skill focus (intimidate).

Natilaasa, female human Sor3/Ari3: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 3d4+9 + 3d8+9; hp 39; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +5 melee, or +5 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +7; AL NG; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 17, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +7, Diplomacy +8, Gather information +9, Hide +2, Intimidate +3, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +1, Move silently +2, Profession +9.5, Scry +5, Sense motive +3, Spot +1; Extend spell, Silent spell, Skill focus (profession), Skill focus (gather information).

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/6): 0th — *detect magic, ghost sound, light, mage hand, read magic.* 1st — *burning hands, mage armor, shocking grasp.*

Noen, male human Exp4: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 4d6-4; hp 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +6 melee, or +3 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +5; AL LN; Str 16, Dex 11, Con 9, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 5.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +10, Hide +9, Knowledge (religion) +2, Listen +3, Move silently +0, Open lock +7, Pick pocket +9, Ride +7, Spot +6, Swim +5; Alertness, Skill focus (hide), Skill focus (pick pocket).

Ogolar, male human Rog5: CR 5; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 5d6-5; hp 21; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +2 melee, or +6 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +7, Will +7; AL CE; Str 8, Dex 16, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Craft +9, Diplomacy +9, Disable device +8, Forgery +9, Hide +8, Listen +4, Move silently +3, Open lock +8, Pick pocket +11, Profession +8, Read lips +9, Search +9, Spot +4, Swim +6, Wilderness lore +6; Dodge, Improved unarmed strike, Iron will.

Ogolar's Accomplice #1, male human Rog1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 1d6; hp 6; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +0 melee, or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +2; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnome, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Craft +6, Decipher script +4, Forgery +6, Hide +2, Jump +4, Listen +4, Move silently +6, Profession +6, Search +6, Sense motive +4, Spellcraft +4, Spot +8, Use magic device +5; Alertness, Shield proficiency.

Ogolar's Accomplice #2, male human Rog1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 1d6; hp 6; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +0 melee, or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +2; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 15, Con 10, Int 14, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnome, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Craft +6, Decipher script +4, Forgery +6, Hide +2, Jump +4, Listen +4, Move silently +6, Profession +6, Search +6, Sense motive +4, Spellcraft +4, Spot +8, Use magic device +5; Alertness, Shield proficiency.

"Old Red" Haaraasae, female human Ftr6: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 6d10; hp 38; Init +3 (-1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee, or +5/+0 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +1; AL CN; Str 16, Dex 9, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 8, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Appendix C: Non-Player Characters

Skills and Feats: Balance -0.5, Climb +12, Craft +11, Hide -1, Innuendo +1, Listen +1, Move silently -1, Sense motive +1.5, Spot +1, Swim +8, Use rope +1; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Improved initiative, Lightning reflexes, Quick draw, Skill focus (craft).

Onidemuus Wevoor, male human Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 4d6+8; hp 25; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +1; AL CN; Str 11, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 6.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +5, Hide +7, Listen +6, Move silently +6, Open lock +8, Perform +4, Read lips +5, Spot +0, Tumble +8, Use magic device +5; Combat reflexes, Point blank shot, Run.

Paeriril, female human Wiz4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 4d4-12; hp 4; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +2 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort -2, Ref +1, Will +5; AL NG; Str 10, Dex 11, Con 4, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +4, Hide +2, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +1.5, Move silently +0, Scry +11, Spellcraft +4, Spot +1; Heighten spell, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (scry), Spell focus (abjuration).

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/3): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *burning hands, charm person, mage armor, magic missile, shield, silent image, sleep*. 2nd — *arcane lock, ghoul touch, knock, levitate, mirror image*

Pauzimer "The Old Gargoyle," male human Ari9: CR 8; Size M (6 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 9d8-18; hp 35; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee, or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +8; AL NE; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 7, Int 11, Wis 14, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Elven, Gnome, Goblin, Halfling, Infernal, Sylvan, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Disguise +16, Forgery +13, Hide +1, Knowledge +7, Knowledge (nature) +6, Listen +9, Move silently +1, Sense motive +14, Speak language +10, Spot +4; Alertness, Great fortitude, Skill focus (disguise), Skill focus (sense motive), Skill focus (forgery).

Peace Maker Aalexor, male human Clr12 (Geonea The Peacemaker): CR 12; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 12d8+24; hp 80; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +12/+7 melee, or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +10, Ref +4, Will +12; AL NG; Str 17, Dex 10, Con 15, Int 13, Wis 18, Cha 19.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Craft +14, Diplomacy +16, Hide +0, Knowledge (religion) +12, Listen +4, Move silently +0, Profession +20, Scry +11, Spot +4; Brew potion, Empower spell, Enlarge spell, Heighten spell, Silent spell, Skill focus (profession).

Domains: Protection, Good.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 6+1 / 5+1 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 2+1

Pearivoo, male human Ari3: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 3d8-6; hp 9; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +1 melee, or +5 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +4, Will +3; AL LG; Str 8, Dex 17, Con 7, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Fhokki, Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Giant, Gnome, Halfling.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Hide +3, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Listen +0, Move silently +3, Sense motive +4, Speak language +6, Spot +6, Swim +4; Point blank shot, Skill focus (bluff).

Peleodaar, male human Ari5/Ftr4: CR 8; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 5d8+5 + 4d10+4; hp 60; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee, or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +8, Ref +3, Will +6; AL LN; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 4, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +11, Hide +1, Innuendo +7, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Ride +6, Spot +3, Swim +5, Wilderness lore +7; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Exotic weapon proficiency (whip), Great fortitude, Mounted combat, Skill focus (innuendo), Skill focus (bluff), Weapon focus (greatsword).

Poat, male stone giant Clr10 (Bealaar The Bear): CR 18; Size L (11 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 14d8+56 + 10d8+40; hp 204; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 40 ft.; AC 22 (+2 Dex, -1 Size, +1 Natural); Attack +24/+19/+14/+9 melee or +17/+12/+7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +20, Ref +9, Will +14; AL N; Str 29, Dex 15, Con 19, Int 9, Wis 17, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Giant.

Skills and Feats: Climb +11, Concentration +14, Hide +6, Jump +11, Knowledge (nature) +0, Listen +5, Move silently +2, Perform +1, Spot +8; Alertness, Combat casting, [Combat reflexes], Enlarge spell, Improved initiative, [Point blank shot], [Power attack], [Precise shot].

Domains: Animal, Plant.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 2+1.

Purger Adurmak Tukurz, male dwarf Exp2/Clr8 (Peasor Emperor of Scorn): CR 9; Size M (4 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 2d6+2 + 8d8+8; hp 58; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 20 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee, or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +3, Will +12; AL NE; Str 14, Dex 12, Con 13, Int 6, Wis 16, Cha 1.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +0, Bluff -2, Craft +0, Escape artist +5, Forgery +3.5, Hide +7.5, Innuendo +4, Listen +5, Move silently +1, Spot +5, Swim +6.5; Alertness, Brew potion, Extra turning, Leadership.

Domains: Evil, Strength.

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Raadurar Neevaar, male human Rog1/Ftr4/Com2: CR 6; Size M (6 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 1d6+1 + 4d10+4 + 2d4+2; hp 41; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +9 melee, or +7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +5, Will +0; AL NE; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 9, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +1, Climb +9, Diplomacy +1.5, Disable device +6, Gather information +4, Heal -0.5, Hide +4.5, Innuendo -0.5, Intuit direction +3, Jump +12, Knowledge +4, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Listen +2, Move silently +6, Open lock +6, Perform +3, Profession +1, Sense motive +2.5, Spot -1, Wilderness lore +2.5; Ambidexterity, Dodge, Endurance, Expertise, Improved initiative, Run, Track.

Raagaar, male human Ftr2/Rog5: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 2d10 + 5d6; hp 31; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +6 melee, or +6 ranged; SV Fort +4,

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Ref +5, Will +1; AL CN; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 6, Wis 11, Cha 5.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Balance +7, Climb +9, Craft +2, Forgery +3, Gather information +5, Handle animal +2.5, Hide +1, Listen +2, Move silently +1, Spot +2, Tumble +9; Alertness, Combat reflexes, Improved initiative, Power attack, Run, Track.

Raarakir, male human Ari10: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 10d8+10; hp 54; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee, or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +4, Will +12; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 16, Cha 19.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Halfling, Fhokki, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Goblin, Celestial, Infernal, Orc, Dejy.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +14, Hide +1, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +12, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (nature) +16, Knowledge (religion) +15, Listen +3, Move silently +1, Read lips +14, Sense motive +13, Speak language +11, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +9; Iron will, Point blank shot, Skill focus (read lips), Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Toughness.

Raaraako 'Flamecloak,' male human Ari6/Ftr4: CR 9; Size M (6 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 6d8-6 + 4d10-4; hp 48; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +6/+1 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +9; AL LN; Str 10, Dex 7, Con 9, Int 9, Wis 16, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +12, Climb +3, Hide -2, Intimidate +10, Jump +4, Knowledge +2.5, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +3, Move silently -2, Ride +7, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +7; Blindfight, Combat reflexes, Leadership, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Skill focus (bluff), Skill focus (ride), Trample.

Raarigaar Gaveelo, male human Ari2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 2d8; hp 10; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +2 melee, or +2 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +1, Will +5 (+9 vs. curses); AL CN; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +3, Bluff +8, Hide +2, Innuendo +6, Listen +4, Perform +8, Ride +3, Sense Motive +5, Spot +8; Alertness, Blessed.

Raarisitor, male human Ari4: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 4d8-4; hp 15; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +5 melee, or +4 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +7; AL CG; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 17, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki, Reanaarese, Dwarven, Gnome, Halfling, Elven, Kalamaran.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +9, Hide +1, Innuendo +7, Intimidate +11, Knowledge (arcana) +3, Listen +10, Move silently +1, Read lips +6, Ride +7, Speak language +7, Spot +3; Mounted combat, Power attack, Skill focus (intimidate).

Raavelo "Manybells," male human Exp2/Clr5 (Keifau Raconteur): CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 2d6+4 + 5d8+10; hp 56; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +6 melee, or +7 ranged; SV Fort +6, Ref +4, Will +9; AL CG; Str 15, Dex 16, Con 15, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Balance +5, Bluff +3.5, Decipher script +1, Diplomacy +8, Disguise +4, Forgery +3, Hide +8, Jump +4, Knowledge +2, Listen +4, Move silently +3, Pick pocket +8,

Spellcraft +8, Spot +4; Alertness, Maximize spell, Scribe scroll, Skill focus (disguise).

Domains: Chaos, Luck.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 1+1.

Raisix the Black, male human Brd2/Rog4: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 2d6-4 + 4d6-8; hp 19; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +4 melee, or +7 ranged; SV Fort -1, Ref +10, Will +5; AL NE; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 7, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +5, Craft +1, Decipher script +5, Disguise +4, Hide +10, Intimidate +4, Jump +6, Listen +7, Move silently +10, Perform +7, Search +1, Spot +1, Swim +4; Dodge, Improved unarmed strike, Toughness, Track.

Bard spells known (per day 3/1): 0th — *daze, detect magic, mage hand, open/close, prestidigitation*. 1st — *identify, mage armor*.

Reelaara "Starhair," female human Clr7 (Keifau Raconteur): CR 7; Size M (4 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 7d8-21; hp 25; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +5 melee, or +5 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +8; AL CG; Str 11, Dex 11, Con 5, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +7, Gather information +5, Handle animal +8, Heal +6, Hide +0, Listen +3, Move silently +0, Perform +9, Spellcraft +7, Spot +3; Combat reflexes, Extend spell, Extra turning, Leadership.

Domains: Knowledge, Luck

Cleric spells per day: 6 / 5+1 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 1+1

Reollain Heleveor, male human Com6: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 6d4-6; hp 14; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +3; AL CN; Str 17, Dex 9, Con 8, Int 12, Wis 13, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Giant.

Skills and Feats: Handle animal +11, Hide -1, Listen +9, Move silently -1, Perform +2, Profession +10, Spot +1, Swim +8, Use rope +7; Lightning reflexes, Skill focus (use rope), Skill focus (listen), Skill focus (handle animal).

Riinaatilia Esasaade "Lady Shade," female human Rog3/Ari2: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 3d6+3 + 2d8+2; hp 25; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +6, Will +6; AL CG; Str 13, Dex 16, Con 13, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Celestial, Merchant's Tongue, Elven, Giant, Goblin, Kalamaran, Sylvan.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Balance +5, Decipher script +7, Diplomacy +7, Disable device +8.5, Disguise +4, Gather information +8, Handle animal +7, Hide +3, Innuendo +7, Knowledge (nature) +3, Listen +10, Move silently +7, Perform +8, Read lips +7, Sense motive +9, Speak language +5, Spot +4, Swim +7; Alertness, Dodge, Two-weapon fighting.

Robiinuur, male human Ari2/Ftr8: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 8d10+24 + 2d8+6; hp 99; Init +8 (+4 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +13/+8 melee or +13/+8 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +6; AL CN; Str 18, Dex 19, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Undercommon.

Skills and Feats: Climb +7, Craft +8, Diplomacy +4, Forgery +3, Handle animal +14, Hide +4, Jump +13, Listen +3, Move silently +4, Perform +8, Ride +9, Spot +5, Swim +15; Alertness,

Ambidexterity, Blind-fight, Dodge, Improved critical (longsword), Improved initiative, Lightning reflexes, Power attack, Toughness, Weapon finesse (gauntlet).

Rokaara, female human Ari1/Sor1: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 1d4+1 + 1d8+1; hp 12; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +1 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +0, Will +5; AL CG; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 13, Cha 18.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Kalamaran.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +6, Appraise +4, Bluff +6, Craft +6, Hide +0, Knowledge (arcana) +6, Knowledge (nature) +6, Listen +1, Move silently +0, Spellcraft +4, Spot +1, Wilderness lore +3; Heighten spell, Maximize spell.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 5/4): 0th — *detect magic, light, mage hand, prestidigitation*. 1st — *burning hands, shield*.

Roosib, male human Ari3/Ftr3: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 3d10 + 3d8; hp 38; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +7 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +3; AL LG; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 8, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnome, Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +8, Climb +7, Craft +9, Disable device +5, Heal +2, Hide +1, Jump +6, Knowledge +9, Knowledge (arcana) +9, Listen -1, Move silently +1, Ride +7, Spot +2, Swim +8; Combat reflexes, Improved unarmed strike, Point blank shot, Weapon focus (dagger), Weapon focus (scimitar), Weapon focus (flail, heavy).

'Roundcoin' Raukoer, male human Exp6: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 6d6+6; hp 34; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +4; AL LG; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 8, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Sylvan, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Craft +10, Concentration +10, Hide +3, Intuit direction +8, Knowledge +11, Listen -1, Move silently +3, Perform +11, Pick pocket +4, Read lips +10, Ride +10, Sense motive +8, Spot -1, Tumble +5, Use magic device +7, Wilderness lore +5; Point blank shot, Skill focus (craft), Skill focus (use magic device), Toughness.

Saadaera, female human Wiz3: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 3d4+6; hp 16; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +5; AL CG; Str 15, Dex 9, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven, Halfling, Sylvan.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +8, Diplomacy +3, Hide -1, Knowledge +9, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Knowledge (nature) +5, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +4, Move silently -1, Spellcraft +9, Spot +4, Use rope +1; Alertness, Maximize spell, Quicken spell, [Scribe scroll].

Wizard spells known (per day 4/3/2): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *charm person, identify, mage armor, magic missile, shield, summon monster I*. 2nd — *blindness/deafness, daylight, web*.

Saakaut 'Coldcloak,' male human Ari7/Wiz1: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 7d8+7 + 1d4+1; hp 61; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref

+4, Will +8; AL LE; Str 12, Dex 14, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 13, Cha 17.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +9, Forgery +12, Handle animal +12, Hide +2, Innuendo +2, Intuit direction +2, Listen +10, Move silently +2, Profession +3, Read lips +15, Ride +12, Spellcraft +4, Spot +1, Swim +8, Wilderness lore +11; Exotic weapon proficiency (nunchaku), Great fortitude, Leadership, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (read lips).

Wizard spells known (per day 3/2): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *alarm, mage armor, silent image, sleep*.

Saamuut, male human Ari2: CR 1; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 2d8-4; hp 7; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort -2, Ref -1, Will +2; AL CN; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 7, Int 8, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Gather information +4, Hide -1, Intimidate +2, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (religion) +5, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Ride +1, Spot +1; Alertness, Skill focus (knowledge (religion)).

Saaraguta 'the Black,' female human Rog2: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 2d6+2; hp 11; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +8, Will +2; AL CE; Str 14, Dex 16, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 15, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Abyssal.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +7, Diplomacy +4, Disable device +7, Disguise +4, Escape artist +5, Forgery +7, Hide +5, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (nature) +4, Listen +2, Move silently +7, Open lock +8, Spot +7, Use rope +8; Great fortitude, Lightning reflexes.

Saarasanaara, female human Ari8/Sor4: CR 11; Size M (4 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 8d8-8 + 4d4+4; hp 41; Init +4 (+4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +11; AL LN; Str 7, Dex 10, Con 8, Int 15, Wis 13, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Celestial, Kalamaran, Draconic, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Gnome, Goblin, Orc, Fhokki, Deji.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +7, Bluff +13, Diplomacy +15, Hide +0, Intimidate +11, Knowledge +11, Knowledge (arcana) +7, Knowledge (nature) +11, Listen +3, Move silently +0, Read lips +13.5, Ride +11, Speak language +10, Spellcraft +9, Spot +3; Alertness, Brew potion, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Scribe scroll, Skill focus (diplomacy).

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/7/4): 0th — *arcane mark, detect magic, disrupt undead, light, mage hand, ray of frost*. 1st — *charm person, magic missile, shield*. 2nd — *arcane lock*.

Saaraunara 'The Kiss of Death,' female human Ari9/Sor2: CR 10; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 9d8-9 + 2d4-2; hp 36; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +9; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 9, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Goblin, Giant.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +0, Craft +5, Diplomacy +12, Disguise +14, Forgery +7, Handle animal +12, Hide +1,

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Innuendo +8.5, Knowledge +14, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Knowledge (nature) +11, Listen +2, Move silently +1, Profession +5, Ride +13, Speak language +1, Spot +2; Alertness, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Skill focus (handle animal), Skill focus (innuendo).

Sorcerer spells known (6/5): 0th — *dancing lights, ghost sound, light, mage hand, prestidigitation*. 1st — *hold portal, silent image*.

Saareeva "Coldkiss," female human Ari7: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 7d8-14; hp 20; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +7 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +0, Ref +4, Will +5; AL CE; Str 14, Dex 14, Con 7, Int 8, Wis 11, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +15, Forgery +7, Handle animal +7, Hide +2, Knowledge (religion) +9, Listen +0, Move silently +2, Ride +14, Spot +0; Leadership, Skill focus (diplomacy), Skill focus (ride), Skill focus (handle animal).

Saravel 'the Sneering,' male human Rog7: CR 7; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 7d6+21; hp 45; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +4; AL CN; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 7.

Languages Spoken: Dwarven, Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Balance +8, Decipher script +5, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +12, Heal +7, Hide +2, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +6, Intuit direction +11, Listen +14, Move silently +2, Open lock +11, Read lips +8, Spot +4, Tumble +12, Use magic device +6, Wilderness lore +3; Alertness, Great fortitude, Run, Two-weapon fighting.

Satauroover Vuria, male human Ftr8/Blackguard 6: CR 14; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 14d10+28; hp 96; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +16/+11 melee or +16/+11 ranged; SV Fort +14, Ref +7, Will +4; AL NE; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 14, Int 11, Wis 9, Cha 13; SA Detect good, poison use, dark blessing, smite good, command undead (as 4th level cleric), aura of despair, sneak attack +1d6, fiendish servant (horse).

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Craft +8, Diplomacy +3, Handle animal +2, Heal +3, Hide +7, Intimidate +2, Knowledge (religion) +2, Profession +8, Ride +13, Swim +7; Blind-Fight, Cleave, Dodge, Endurance, Great Cleave, Mounted Combat, Power Attack, Sunder, Trample, Weapon focus (longsword), Weapon specialization (longsword).

Spells known (per day 1/1/1): 1st — *doom*, 2nd — *death knell*, 3rd — *inflict serious wounds*

Saunisaar 'Tall Tree,' male human Ari2/Ftr1: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 2d8-2 + 1d10-1; hp 17; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +4 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +4; AL NG; Str 15, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 7, Wis 13, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese

Skills and Feats: Forgery +3, Gather information +2, Hide +2, Intimidate +1.5, Listen +1, Move silently +2, Read lips +3, Ride +7, Spot +1; Great fortitude, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Skill focus (forgery).

Seelara, female human Drd4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 4d8; hp 23; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +4 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +5; AL N; Str 12, Dex 11, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 13, Cha 10; SA Nature sense, animal companion, woodland stride, trackless step, resist nature's lure.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Druidic.

Skills and Feats: Craft +5, Gather information +3.5, Hide +0, Knowledge (nature) +6, Knowledge (religion) +1, Listen +3, Move silently +0, Pick pocket +0.5, Spot +3, Wilderness lore +7; Alertness, Scribe scroll, Weapon focus (sling).

Druid spells per day: 5/4/2.

Selimaara 'Flamehair,' female human Ari4/Sor8: CR 11; Size M (4 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 8d4 + 4d8; hp 39; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +6/+1 melee or +7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +5, Will +11; AL CN; Str 8, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 9, Wis 12, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +2, Appraise +2, Concentration +10, Hide +0, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +11, Listen +1, Move silently +1.5, Profession +4, Spot +1; Blind-fight, Craft magic arms and armor, Leadership, Lightning reflexes, Skill focus (knowledge (arcana)), Spell penetration.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/7/7/5/3): 0th — *dancing lights, detect magic, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, prestidigitation, read magic*. 1st — *burning hands, charm person, mage armor, reduce, silent image*. 2nd — *continual flame, invisibility, web*. 3rd — *blink, lightning bolt*. 4th — *wall of ice*.

Seneschal Boelain Tarealeon, male human Ari8: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 8d8-8; hp 27; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +7; AL LN; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Balance +4, Hide +2, Innuendo +4, Intimidate +8, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Knowledge (nature) +6, Listen +3, Move silently +2, Sense motive +12, Spot +13; Alertness, Leadership, Silver Tongue, Skill focus (spot).

Senior Rider of the Uplands Haleruuk Malelenelar, male human Ftr7: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 7d10+21; hp 69; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +9/+4 ranged; SV Fort +8, Ref +4, Will +2; AL LN; Str 18, Dex 15, Con 16, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Climb +10, Escape artist +2.5, Handle animal +8, Hide +2, Jump +13, Listen +0, Move silently +2, Ride +11, Spot +0, Use rope +7; Cleave, Dodge, Mobility, Mounted combat, Power attack, Toughness, Two-weapon fighting.

Senior Rod Beligor Relivoa, male human Ftr5/Ari1: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 5d10+5 + 1d8+1; hp 43; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +7 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +2, Will +5; AL CG; Str 15, Dex 12, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Handle animal +10, Hide +1, Jump +5, Knowledge (nature) +0, Listen +5, Move silently +1, Ride +5, Spot +2; Blind-fight, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Power attack, Quick draw, Run, Weapon focus (shortbow).

Senior Sword Hariiman Haeluur, male human Ftr5/Ari3: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 5d10+20 + 3d8+12; hp 85; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +10/+5 melee or +10/+5 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +5, Will +5; AL LG; Str 17, Dex 16, Con 18, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Bluff +7, Craft +4, Handle animal +10, Hide +3, Knowledge (religion) +3, Listen +1, Move silently +3, Ride +14, Spot +1; Combat reflexes, Dodge, Improved initiative, Leadership, Mobility, Quick draw, Weapon focus (javelin).

Serulier, male human Ari3/Ftr4: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 4d10+16 + 3d8+12; hp 75; Init +6 (+2 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +11, Ref +4, Will +6; AL CE; Str 17, Dex 14, Con 18, Int 15, Wis 14, Cha 18.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Infernal.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +4, Climb +8, Concentration +7, Craft +7, Handle animal +10, Hide +2, Jump +10, Knowledge +8, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +10, Move silently +2, Ride +9, Sense motive +3, Spot +4; Alertness, Blind-fight, Great fortitude, Improved initiative, Point blank shot, Power attack, Cat Burglar.

Seveeko 'Dusty-tongue,' male human Ari6/Ftr5: CR 10; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 6d8-12 + 5d10-10; hp 41; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +11/+6 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +9; AL NG; Str 14, Dex 9, Con 6, Int 12, Wis 16, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +10, Climb +7, Handle animal +5, Hide -1, Jump +4, Knowledge +10.5, Knowledge (nature) +10, Listen +3, Move silently -1, Read lips +9, Ride +6, Sense motive +10.5, Spot +7, Swim +13; Blind-fight, Combat reflexes, Endurance, Exotic weapon proficiency (hammer, gnome hooked), Leadership, Point blank shot, Weapon focus (hammer, light), Weapon focus (shortspear).

Shackler Malaran Darisek, male human Clr5 (Foobi The Overlord): CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 5d8; hp 35; Init +3 (-1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +7; AL LE; Str 12, Dex 9, Con 10, Int 6, Wis 17, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +2, Hide -1, Knowledge (arcana) +0, Listen +3, Move silently -1, Ride +2, Scry +5, Spot +3; Heighten spell, Improved initiative, Quicken spell.

Domains: Evil, Law.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1 / 2+1.

'Silken' Saatara, female human Ari6: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 6d8-6; hp 29; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +7; AL CG; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 8, Int 13, Wis 15, Cha 18.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome, Celestial, Kalamaran, Elven, Fhokki, Dejy, Svimohzish, Brandobian, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Climb +3.5, Hide +1, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Knowledge (nature) +9, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +8, Move silently +1, Speak language +9, Spot +8, Wilderness lore +9; Exotic weapon proficiency (crossbow, hand), Far shot, Point blank shot, Track.

Soroulain Malauk, male human Exp9/Ftr3: CR 11; Size M (6 ft. tall); HD 9d6+9 + 3d10+3; hp 59; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +10/+5 melee or +12/+7 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +7, Will +9; AL LN; Str 12, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Bluff +10, Climb +7.5, Craft +13, Escape artist +14, Forgery +12, Handle animal +0, Hide +3, Intuit direction +8, Jump +2, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Perform +4.5, Ride +9, Scry +4.5, Spot +2, Tumble +15, Wilderness lore +13; Combat reflexes, Leadership, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Quick draw, Skill focus (climb), Instant Stand, Two-weapon fighting.

Sotureer Feasiari, male human Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 4d6; hp 15; Init +7 (+3 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +3; AL NE; Str 11, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Bluff +3, Decipher script +7, Diplomacy +6, Escape artist +7, Gather information +7, Hide +3, Innuendo +7, Intuit direction +6, Listen +9, Move silently +3, Profession +9, Spot +2, Tumble +10; Improved initiative, Improved unarmed strike, Weapon finesse (sap).

Soul Tracker (Draabro Voorn), NE male human Asn2/Clr4 (Zael The Unseen One)/Rog1: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 3d6+4d8+14; hp 49; Init +8 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +8 ranged; SV Fort +7 (+8 vs. poison), Ref +9, Will +6; AL NE; Str 14, Dex 18, Con 14, Int 14, Wis 12, Cha 10; SA: Sneak attack +2d6, uncanny dodge (Dex bonus to AC), death attack, poison use.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Balance +8, Climb +8, Decipher Script +3, Disable Device +10, Disguise +6, Escape Artist +7, Hide +14, Listen +11, Move Silently +14, Open Lock +12, Read Lips +3, Spot +11, Tumble +7; Dodge, Lightning Reflexes, Improved Initiative, Combat Casting.

Domains: Death, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Assassin spells known (1 per day): 1st — *change self*

Sutila Baredimaur, male human Exp3: CR 2; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 3d6+3; hp 15; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +1 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +2, Will +4; AL LN; Str 8, Dex 13, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Elven.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +0, Balance +5, Concentration +3, Disguise +4, Hide +1, Intimidate +5, Knowledge (nature) +1.5, Listen +9, Move silently +1, Ride +7, Scry +7, Spot +7, Swim -0.5, Tumble +5; Alertness, Point blank shot, Skill focus (balance).

Taalazaar 'Grimhands,' male human Ari3/Wiz6: CR 8; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 6d4+24 + 3d8+12; hp 59; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +5, Will +12; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 19, Int 18, Wis 14, Cha 19.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Dwarven, Giant, Kalamaran.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +10, Bluff +9, Craft +12, Diplomacy +10, Forgery +8, Hide +2, Intimidate +5, Knowledge +13, Knowledge (arcana) +12, Knowledge (nature) +13, Knowledge (religion) +13, Listen +2, Move silently +2, Open lock +6, Perform +8, Sense motive +7, Spot +5; Empower spell, Enlarge spell, Heighten spell, Iron will, Run, [Scribe scroll], Elemental Adept.

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/4/3): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending,*

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open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance.
1st — *alarm, change self, charm person, comprehend languages, mage armor, magic missile, shield, shocking grasp, sleep.* 2nd — *bull's strength, endurance, ghoul touch, invisibility, protection from arrows, summon monster II, web.* 3rd — *fly, haste, summon monster III, water breathing.*

Taarasaa Beteer, male human Exp10/Ftr6: CR 15; Size M (5 ft., 7 in. tall); HD 10d6+10 + 6d10+6; hp 94; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +17/+12/+7 melee or +16/+11/+6 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +8, Will +10; AL LN; Str 18, Dex 17, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Animal empathy +11.5, Appraise +14, Balance +16.5, Climb +10, Concentration +5, Escape artist +11, Forgery +14, Hide +3, Jump +9, Knowledge (nature) +12, Listen +1, Move silently +3, Open lock +8.5, Read lips +12, Ride +7, Spellcraft +13, Spot +1, Swim +12; Blind-fight, Combat reflexes, Improved critical (longspear), Power attack, Final Breath, Skill focus (escape artist), Skill focus (read lips), Skill focus (balance), Weapon focus (longsword).

Talees Inisabaar, female human Ari2/Sor2: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 2d4+4 + 2d8+4; hp 21; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +1 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +5; AL CG; Str 8, Dex 11, Con 14, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +7, Craft +7, Forgery +7, Hide +0, Knowledge (arcana) +8, Listen -1, Move silently +0, Perform +5, Ride +3.5, Scry +6, Spellcraft +6, Spot -1, Use rope +0.5, Wilderness lore +1; Combat casting, Improved unarmed strike, Scribe scroll.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 6/5): 0th — *ghost sound, light, mage hand, prestidigitation, read magic.* 1st — *feather fall, sleep.*

Taluut 'Blackmantle,' The Castle Wizard, male human Wiz9: CR 9; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 9d4+9; hp 32; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +5, Will +5; AL NG; Str 11, Dex 14, Con 12, Int 15, Wis 9, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Draconic, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +14, Balance +4, Craft +13, Disguise +3, Escape artist +4.5, Hide +2, Intimidate +4, Knowledge (religion) +14, Listen -1, Move silently +2, Spot -1, Use rope +3; Craft rod, Empower spell, Enlarge spell, Martial weapon proficiency (halberd), Quicken spell, Run, [Scribe scroll].

Wizard spells known (per day 4/5/5/3/2/1): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance.* 1st — *burning hands, charm person, feather fall, mage armor, magic missile, protection from evil, protection from good, shield, sleep.* 2nd — *invisibility, resist elements, minor image, mirror image, rope trick.* 3rd — *blink, dispel magic, fireball, flame arrow, haste, lightning bolt, suggestion.* 4th — *lesser geas, scrying, stonkskin, wall of ice.* 5th — *cloudkill, cone of cold.*

Taofoor Doroat, male human Exp8: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 8d6-8; hp 26; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +8; AL LN; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 9, Int 17, Wis 15, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Giant, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +3.5, Appraise +6.5, Bluff +0.5, Concentration -0.5, Decipher script +13, Disable device +16, Escape artist +12, Heal +4, Hide +2, Intimidate +2, Knowledge (arcana) +10, Listen +4, Move silently +4, Perform +3, Pick pocket +5, Profession +13, Ride +4, Scry +13, Search +4, Spellcraft +4, Spot +4, Tumble +12; Alertness, Point blank shot, Skill focus (disable device), Skill focus (knowledge (arcana)).

Taraasitaania, female human Ari6/Sor1: CR 6; Size M (5 ft. tall); HD 6d8+6 + 1d4+1; hp 40; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +5 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +3, Will +11; AL NE; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 12, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 15.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Giant.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +2, Bluff +3, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +6, Hide +1, Intimidate +10, Knowledge +9, Listen +2, Move silently +1, Perform +11, Spellcraft +3, Spot +11, Swim +10; Dodge, Iron will, Power attack, Critical Spell Strike.

Sorcerer spells known (per day 5/4): 0th — *dancing lights, detect magic, ghost sound, prestidigitation.* 1st — *mage armor, magic missile.*

Taurauk, male human Ari8/Ftr5: CR 12; Size M (5 ft., 9 in. tall); HD 8d8+24 + 5d10+15; hp 111; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +15/+10/+5 melee or +12/+7/+2 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +10; AL LN; Str 19, Dex 12, Con 16, Int 16, Wis 16, Cha 20.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Draconic, Giant, Dwarven.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +3.5, Appraise +13, Balance +3, Bluff +11, Climb +7, Craft +8, Disguise +15, Handle animal +10, Hide +1, Innuendo +9, Intimidate +16, Jump +11, Knowledge +7.5, Listen +3, Move silently +4.5, Perform +18, Ride +9, Speak language +1, Spot +13, Swim +13; Improved critical (shortbow), Improved critical (longsword), Leadership, Mounted archery, Mounted combat, Point blank shot, Power attack, Ride-by attack, Skill focus (perform).

Teelia, female human Clr3 (Zaavarel The Confuser of Ways): CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 3d8; hp 18; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +5; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 12, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 14, Cha 18.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Climb +2, Craft +5, Diplomacy +9, Heal +7, Hide +1, Listen +2, Move silently +1, Spot +2, Swim +2; Lightning reflexes, Scribe scroll, Weapon focus (pick, light).

Domains: Chaos, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 4 / 3+1 / 2+1.

Teelia the Velvet, female human Rog7/Shadowdancer 4: CR 11; Size M (5 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 7d6+4d8; hp 51; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +8/+3 melee or +12/+7 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +13, Will +2; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 8, Cha 16; SA Sneak attack +4d6, evasion, uncanny dodge (Dex bonus to AC, can't be flanked), hide in plain sight, darkvision, shadow illusion, summon shadow, shadow jump (20 ft.).

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Fhokki, Kalamaran.

Skills and Feats: Disable Device +17, Forgery +13, Hide +18, Listen +13, Move Silently +18, Open Locks +18, Perform +17, Pick Pocket +18, Spot +13, Tumble +18, Use Magic Device +17,

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Use Rope +18; Ambidexterity, Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Spring Attack.

Toovitaal, male human Clr6 (Zoolaa The Corrupter): CR 6; Size M (6 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 6d8; hp 38; Init -1 (-1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 9 (-1 Dex); Attack +5 melee or +3 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +1, Will +7; AL LE; Str 13, Dex 8, Con 11, Int 16, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Halfling, Hobgoblin.

Skills and Feats: Balance +1.5, Concentration +7, Craft +10, Forgery +4, Hide -1, Intuit direction +5, Knowledge +5.5, Listen +2, Move silently -1, Scry +10, Sense motive +5.5, Spot +2, Tumble +3; Leadership, Quicken spell, Scribe scroll, Weapon focus (greatsword).

Domains: Evil, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Torunemora 'Lady Death-by-Night,' female human Rog9/Shadowdancer 6: CR 15; Size M (5 ft., 4 in. tall); HD 9d6+6d8; hp 63; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +9/+4 melee or +12/+7 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +15, Will +5; AL CE; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 10, Cha 14; SA Sneak attack +5d6, evasion, uncanny dodge (Dex bonus to AC, can't be flanked), hide in plain sight, darkvision, shadow illusion, summon shadow, shadow jump (40 ft.), defensive roll.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Climb +9, Decipher Script +15, Disable Device +12, Hide +22, Innuendo +6, Listen +18, Move Silently +22, Open Locks +19, Perform +13, Read Lips +8, Search +11, Sense Motive +9, Spot +16, Tumble +12; Combat Reflexes, Dodge, Mobility, Point Blank Shot, Rapid Shot, Shot on the Run, Spring Attack.

Vaxea Calamaer, male human War2: CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 2d8+8; hp 18; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +7, Ref +4, Will +1; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 18, Con 18, Int 13, Wis 12, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Climb +5, Hide +4, Intimidate +6, Jump +6, Listen +1, Move silently +6, Spot +2; Blind-fight, Fearless.

Vicelord Cleric "Feelio," male human Clr4 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 4; Size M (6 ft., 1 in. tall); HD 4d8; hp 21; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +1 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref -1, Will +8; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 6, Con 11, Int 11, Wis 18, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +1, Diplomacy +6, Gather information +0.5, Heal +10, Hide -2, Knowledge (arcana) +2, Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen +4, Move silently -2, Spot +4; Brew potion, Combat reflexes, Craft wondrous item.

Domains: Animal, Chaos.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 3+1.

Vicelord Cleric "Pusau," male human Clr3 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 3d8; hp 15; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will +5; AL CE; Str 14, Dex 7, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 15, Cha 14.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +3, Craft +7, Hide -2, Knowledge (arcana) +5, Knowledge (religion) +7, Listen +2,

Move silently -2, Scry +6, Spot +2; Craft wondrous item, Endurance, Extend spell.

Domains: Evil, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 4/3+1/2+1.

Vicelord Cleric "Geal," male human Clr3 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 11 in. tall); HD 3d8-3; hp 13; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +2 melee or +2 ranged; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +4; AL CE; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 9, Int 11, Wis 13, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Diplomacy +7, Hide +0, Knowledge (religion) +8, Listen +1, Move silently +3, Spot +1, Wilderness lore +2; Lightning reflexes, Skill focus (knowledge (religion)), Weapon focus (mace, light).

Domains: Animal, Evil.

Cleric spells per day: 4 / 3+1 / 1+1.

Vicelord Cleric "Hoopet," male human Clr1 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 1; Size M (6 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 1d8+1; hp 9; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +2 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +4; AL CE; Str 14, Dex 11, Con 12, Int 8, Wis 15, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Concentration +5, Hide +0, Listen +2, Move silently +0, Sense motive +4, Spot +2; Extra turning, Maximize spell.

Domains: Animal, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Vicelord Cleric "Weeras," male human Clr1 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 1; Size M (6 ft., 3 in. tall); HD 1d8+1; hp 9; Init -2 (-2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 8 (-2 Dex); Attack +1 melee or -2 ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref -2, Will +4; AL CE; Str 13, Dex 7, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 14, Cha 8.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Disable device +3, Hide -2, Knowledge (religion) +3, Listen +4, Move silently -2, Pick pocket -1, Profession +6, Scry +5, Spot +4; Alertness, Scribe scroll.

Domains: Chaos, Evil.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Vicelord Cleric "Kailo," male human Clr1 (Foobia the Vicelord): CR 1; Size M (5 ft., 6 in. tall); HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +3 melee or +0 ranged; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +6; AL CE; Str 17, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 9, Wis 18, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Hide +0, Listen +4, Move silently +0, Profession +8, Spellcraft +3, Spot +4; Enlarge spell, Champion of the Faith

Domains: Chaos, Trickery.

Cleric spells per day: 3 / 2+1.

Viigaal 'Stormbird,' male human Ari4/Rog3: CR 6; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 4d8-4 + 3d6-3; hp 21; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +3 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +7; AL CE; Str 7, Dex 14, Con 8, Int 11, Wis 15, Cha 16.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +8, Bluff +8, Decipher script +2, Disguise +8, Handle animal +8.5, Hide +2, Knowledge (nature) +7, Knowledge (religion) +6, Listen +4, Move silently +2, Perform +9, Pick pocket +4, Profession +7, Read lips +2, Search +5, Spot +10; Alertness, Dodge, Point blank shot, Skill focus (appraise).

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Vuuawa, male human Rog4: CR 4; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 4d6; hp 15; Init +3 (+3 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 13 (+3 Dex); Attack +2 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +7, Will +3; AL CE; Str 9, Dex 16, Con 10, Int 13, Wis 14, Cha 9.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Appraise +6, Craft +6, Disguise +6, Forgery +7, Gather information +6, Hide +3, Intimidate +6, Intuit direction +9, Listen +2, Move silently +3, Perform +6, Pick pocket +9, Search +7, Spot +2, Tumble +10; Ambidexterity, Blind-fight, Improved unarmed strike.

Vuuawa Balauko, male human Exp8: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 8d6-8; hp 18; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +7/+2 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +4; AL LN; Str 13, Dex 15, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 7, Cha 4.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Alchemy +11, Appraise +1.5, Bluff +4, Disable device +5, Escape artist +11, Hide +2, Intimidate +4, Jump +7, Knowledge +11, Knowledge (nature) +2, Listen -2, Move silently +2, Perform +1, Sense motive +11, Spot -2, Wilderness lore +9; Point blank shot, Skill focus (jump), Skill focus (sense motive), Two-weapon fighting.

Warcaptain Haaron Peseevituur, male human Ftr10: CR 10; Size M (5 ft., 2 in. tall); HD 10d10+20; hp 77; Init +5 (+1 Dex, +4 Improved initiative); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +12/+7 melee or +11/+6 ranged; SV Fort +9, Ref +4, Will +2; AL LN; Str 14, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 12, Wis 9, Cha 10.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Climb +15, Hide +1, Jump +6, Listen -1, Move silently +1.5, Open lock +4, Ride +12, Spot -1, Swim +14, Wilderness lore +2; Dodge, Exotic weapon proficiency (flail, dire), Improved critical (javelin), Improved initiative, Improved unarmed strike, Power attack, Fast Healer, Two-weapon fighting, Weapon finesse (pick, light), Weapon focus (gauntlet, spiked), Weapon specialization (gauntlet, spiked).

Witeesaara, female human Ari4/Exp2/Wiz5: CR 9; Size M (5 ft., 10 in. tall); HD 5d4-5 + 4d8-4 + 2d6-2; hp 30; Init +2 (+2 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Attack +6/+1 melee or +8/+3 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +8; AL NG; Str 10, Dex 15, Con 9, Int 13, Wis 4, Cha 12.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Gnome, Dwarven, Elven, Giant, Goblin, Kalamaran, Sylvan.

Skills and Feats: Climb +1, Concentration +7, Craft +9, Gather information +6, Handle animal +5, Hide +4, Knowledge (nature) +11.5, Listen +4, Move silently +2, Open lock +4.5, Perform +2, Sense motive +0, Speak language +7, Spot -2, Swim +3, Use magic device +6; Empower spell, Extend spell, Maximize spell, [Scribe scroll], Skill focus (knowledge (nature)), Antimage, Two-weapon fighting.

Wizard spells known (per day 4/4/2/1): 0th — *arcane mark, dancing lights, daze, detect magic, detect poison, disrupt undead, flare, ghost sound, light, mage hand, mending, open/close, prestidigitation, ray of frost, read magic, resistance*. 1st — *change self, identify, mage armor, magic missile, protection from law, shield, sleep, summon monster I*. 2nd — *alter self, darkness, invisibility, summon monster II*. 3rd — *hold person, slow*.

Wiuxiu Satoun, male human Com4: CR 3; Size M (5 ft., 8 in. tall); HD 4d4; hp 11; Init +0; Spd 30 ft.; AC 10; Attack +6 melee or +2

ranged; SV Fort +3, Ref +1, Will +3; AL NG; Str 19, Dex 11, Con 10, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 11.

Languages: Reanaarese, Merchant's Tongue, Dwarf, Gnome.

Skills and Feats: Balance +1, Craft +5, Disable device +3.5, Escape artist +4, Handle animal +5, Hide +0, Knowledge (arcana) +6.5, Listen +3, Move silently +0, Open lock +3, Ride +6, Spellcraft +6, Spot +2; Great fortitude, Circle of Friends, Skill focus (escape artist).

Worlder Raatilaar Felavaar, male human Clr5 (Huunaav The Traveler)/Exp3: CR 7; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 5d8 + 3d6; hp 35; Init +1 (+1 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 11 (+1 Dex); Attack +6 melee or +6 ranged; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +8; AL NG; Str 12, Dex 13, Con 11, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 13.

Languages Spoken: Merchant's Tongue, Reanaarese.

Skills and Feats: Disable device +3, Forgery +9, Handle animal +3.5, Heal +9.5, Hide +1, Innuendo +2, Intimidate +7, Intuit direction +2, Knowledge (arcana) +4, Listen +1, Move silently +1, Profession +7.5, Search +7, Spellcraft +7, Spot +1; Blessed, Extra turning, Skill focus (forgery), Spell focus (enchantment).

Domains: Travel, Good.

Cleric spells per day: 5 / 4+1 / 2+1.

Xookaer, male human Rog5: CR 5; Size M (5 ft., 5 in. tall); HD 5d6; hp 25; Init +4 (+4 Dex); Spd 30 ft.; AC 14 (+4 Dex); Attack +4 melee or +7 ranged; SV Fort +1, Ref +8, Will +2; AL CE; Str 12, Dex 18, Con 11, Int 15, Wis 12, Cha 11.

Languages Spoken: Reanaarese, Dwarven, Merchant's Tongue.

Skills and Feats: Balance +10, Bluff +6, Concentration +0.5, Craft +10, Disable device +8, Disguise +8, Handle animal +2, Hide +9, Innuendo +4, Listen +1, Move silently +9, Pick pocket +10, Read lips +10, Spellcraft +4, Spot +9, Use rope +12, Wilderness lore +3; Ambidexterity, Point blank shot, Skill focus (use rope).

Appendix D Glossary

Note: several names or terms may be found dozens of times (or more!) within the previous chapters. In those cases, only the most relevant page numbers are listed herein.

- Aadamatuus: A bare tor in the uplands, also known as "Spearpoint", p 8.
- Aalexor: Peace Maker Aalexor (NG male human Clr12), p 91, 159.
- Aalim Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K3-K5], p 92, 107-8.
- Aanugo's Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map R9-S6], p 66, 104.
- Aaraegeem: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Vanidaol, p 78, 83.
- Aaran Hau: the Founder's Creation, is also known as "The House of Hands" [Geanavue map S9], p 94-6, 104.
- Aaraun: a hearty, hearth-warmed savory soup, p 5.
- Aarelinaar: Rising spring, lake under the Paurutaa [sewer map H4], p 117, 119-20.
- Aarinairo: Haalavoroe's first son, died young, p 34.
- Aaroas Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M2-Q5], p 108.
- Aaronel Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J20-K20], p 112, 132.
- Aaroun: a ruler of Geanavue from YND 246-304, p 30, 36.
- Aarugae: "Rubygates" to outlanders, city seat of the Celaarivan noble family [Geanavue map E11], p 60, 110.
- Aarunur: Morning ritual in the church of Geonea the Peacemaker, p 92.
- Aarvelko Streene: Outlander, daytime name for the leader of the Veiled Priesthood, of the God Zael the Unseen One, p 100.
- Aasaer: City on Kaotoon Island, home to many pirates, p 7, 26, 34, 86, 141.
- Aasamerela 'Manythreads': (N female human Exp8), Old seamstress/craftswoman, p 136, 149.
- Aatemat's Hoolon: once the mansion of the wealthy furs-merchant Aatemat, now used as low-cost, noisy dwelling-space. [Geanavue map Q9], p 103.
- Aatevaar's: Aatevaar's Alloys, home and shop of the tall, elegant alloy merchant Aatevaar [Geanavue map M15], p 116, 139.
- Aauraak: Zoan cleric (CN male human Clr7) of Miazaar, "Risk," the Master of Stealth, p 102, 149.
- Adurmak Tukurz: (NE male dwarf Exp2/Clr8) Cleric for Peasor, the Emperor of Scorn, god of bigotry and hate, p 99, 159.
- Aelenuur: "The new cellars", a section of the city sewers [sewer map K2], p 119.
- Akalaaser: 'Satisfaction,' a rich, pleasant bell of middling tone that denotes successful completion of the builder's task, p 95.
- Alaakel Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J2-J5], p 108.
- Alaareada: Commoner, married Haalavoroe and was mother to his sons, p 34.
- Alaatea: Common name for Talasaaran Matron, p 59.
- Alaateea: Fielder Alaateea (NG female human Clr1). Low level cleric for Naataal the Raiser, p 97, 154.
- Alace Muratuur: Widow of founder and owner of Muratuur's Welcome, p 18-9.
- Aladiise: A cemetery outside of town, most of the poor end up buried there, p 8, 101.
- Alaele: a young, grave and beautiful Architect (LN female human Clr5), who can weave and sew with astonishing speed, sometimes assists Auloaro, p 96, 150.
- Alaki of the Talons: a Kalamaran wizard who murdered Lord Banaatuir of Geanavue, p 12, 32, 36, 148.
- Alamaata: Daughter of Peseevituur (CG female human Wiz6), p 25, 150.
- Alaun Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B4-R4], p 52, 77, 79, 92, 107-9.
- Alavadar Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F6-G2], p 109, 138.
- Aluugeir Mauhuuro: long-ago noble who wrote the chapbook "A View From A Height Deserved", p 51.
- Amaarite: Wife of the sinister Lord Siariit, took her own life after killing him in retaliation for breaking her arm, p 32.
- Amaategaar: "The Roarer" (CE male human Ari8/Ftr2) Lord of the Beliinar family, p 60, 150.
- Amaraan Dolaar: a gate in Geanavue [Geanavue map B19], p 112, 115, 117.
- Amaraat's: Cabinet shop [Geanavue map E12], p 110.
- Amaukaun: Amauk's pool, [sewer map J17], p 122.
- Anigilius: Human, one of the 'Holy Paws of the Bear' (N male human Drd9) who assists Poat, p 97, 150.
- Aniisar Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map R17-R18]
- Anivear Holoenu: Merchant who deals in fine furniture, p 114.
- Araanahaar: Araanahaar 'Goldspheres' (LN male human Ari3/Ftr3), Current head of the Arioohon family, p 59, 150.
- Aragauon Hau: "Blackdragon House" is the city seat of the Vanidaol noble family [Geanavue map M4], p 77, 108.
- Arauberit: Sage who wrote "Looking Back In Peace", p 29, 38.
- Araun: stucco, p105, 108, 110.
- Arauneduroom: the 'Great Sink,' section of the city sewers beneath the market-moot just inside the Amaraan Dolaar [sewer map C19], p 117, 123.

Appendix D: Glossary

- Arauvaar Hoolon: "Warmfires Hall", a rental dwelling [Geanavue map S9], p 103.
- Arauvuur: "the Fountain of the Raised Hammer", [Geanavue map J14], p 105, 112.
- Arc of Beasts, the: the main (southern) entrance to the Castle Geana. [Geanavue map G13], p 13-4, 105, 110.
- Ariooon: One of the Talasaaran families, p 34, 36, 55, 57, 59, 84, 86, 107, 112, 114.
- Ariparael: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Navaelo, p 73, 82-3.
- Arishael: Daughter of Soroveer (YND 105-118?) that left Geanavue with a fisherman, may have a descendant that has a legitimate claim to the throne of Geanavue, p 27, 35.
- Arrival Day: secular holiday, celebrated on the 6th of Mustering, p 8, 16.
- Arunaar Eireko: Grand Esquire Arunaar Eireko (LG male human Clr7). Cleric of Foornaar, the Speaker of the Word, p 93, 94, 155.
- Asainaer: One of the five towers of the Door of Dreams inn, p 17, 114.
- Atavaar: Younger brother of Meleevar (YND 214-227); Atavaar 'Wolfhead', a brawling roisterer whose drunken fights, fire-setting, and wenching became legendary, p 29, 36.
- Aukaaree Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q16]
- Aukinaset: Ositaal Aukinaset, its builder and first owner of Silverspires; infamous gambler and merchant fleet owner, p139
- Auloaro: Auloaro is an Upholder, a LN male human Clr4/Exp3. Cleric of Gaaria the Founder, p 96, 150
- Aulovin Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map P17-Q16], p 116
- Aumiraas: LE male human Clr6, Advocate of the Eye - Cleric of Zoolaa the Corrupter and assistant to Mindrel Rondstern, p 99
- Auraut: the Throat, intersection by the Diirunider Dolaar ("Coldshadow Gate"), p 89, 107.
- Auril Geolain: owner of a wagoner yard [Geanavue map N3], p 108.
- Ausaerum: sage - wrote famous "Musings On A Life In Tellene", p 3.
- Baaroo Hau: home of Kanisiker Baaroo, one of the most powerful and wealthy members of the Goldcoins [Geanavue map E11], p 110.
- Baaron: (N male human Drd7), one of the 'Holy Paws of the Bear' that assists Poat, p 97, 151.
- Baerot Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K2-L3] p 48, 92, 96, 108.
- Baatireevaur: Baatireevaur (a CE male human Clr8), onetime cobbler, Cleric for Zaaavel, The Impostor, p 102, 151.
- Baeliat's: tavern in Geanavue, p 12.
- Baeraude Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map P5-P11], p 62, 105, 107-8.
- Balas: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Lakalaur, p 69, 83, 112.
- Balauko's: Balauko's Best Tiles, the very successful business of the current Builders guildmaster. [Geanavue map C20], p 41, 115.
- Balelaar: Rising spring, lake [sewer map B12], p 117, 121-2.
- Banaatuir: Banaatuir (YND 592-617), son of Talaalabar, p 32, 36, 148.
- Bazigaur: outlander owner of Bazigaur's, p 110.
- Bazigaur ('s): A sword and dagger academy [Geanavue map C9], p 110.
- Baredimaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Faleemaar, p 64, 83.
- Bariitevean Raukoer: The founder of the Raukoer family fortunes, p 116.
- Beacetal Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C6], p 50, 111.
- Belasaan: Dealers in gilded, cut and otherwise decorated glass, they support the Talasaaran family Eluudaas, p 63, 83.
- Beligor Relivoa: Senior Rod Beligor Relivoa (CG male human Ftr5/Ari1), 'Castle Rods,' the Seneschal's messengers, p 22, 162.
- Beliak's: Local tavern [Geanavue map N20], p 112.
- Beliinuar: Talasaaran family, p 59-60, 62-3, 84, 88, 112-3.
- Beloraar: High Father Beloraar (LG male human Clr5/Com2) cleric for Mosia, the Holy Mother, p 93, 155.
- Bereta: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 83.
- Biraunara Hau: Talasaaran family Beliinuar House [Geanavue map J14], p 59, 112-3.
- Bitaros: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Vanidaol, p 78, 83, 111.
- Boelain: A ruler of Geanavue (YND 634-662), p 33.
- Boelain Tarealeon: Boelain Tarealeon (LN male human Ari8), Seneschal, p 22, 162
- Boelain Vaotal: Boelain "The Viper" Vaotal (NE male human Ari4/Exp3/Rog3), Guildmaster of the Guild of Importers and Exotics, p 48.
- Boereea's Hoolon: a popular local tanitor-house [Geanavue map J16], p 113.
- Boosar's Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K14-L18], p 112.
- Borooteoar: Husband (deceased, possibly by poison) of Saareeva 'Coldkiss', p 60, 61
- Boroow Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F15-G15]
- Bouzaar Araageem: (CN male human Exp1) Talasaaran eccentric, p 81, 152.
- Braasiis: Fielder Braasiis (NG male human Clr2) cleric of Naataal the Raiser p 97, 154.
- Brandobian: term that refers to anything from Brandobia (another region in Tellene), p 99, 142.
- Brightweave Brothers: a merchant member of the Weavers guild. [Geanavue map N18], p 43, 116.
- Briianahuir: "Brightbanners", city seat of the Velauril family [Geanavue map P4], p 108.
- Buaraduun: Funeral ritual, when clerics of Geonea the Peacemaker die, p 92.
- Bukelaur Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D20-K17], p 112, 115-6.
- Bukuul Saarak: A section of the city sewers named for a shapechanging rogue who was cornered and slain there, [sewer map S7], p 120.
- Bullnecks: slang term for members of the city watch, p 125, 132, 141, 144, 146.
- Buurebeata: Common Talasaaran matron's name, p 59.
- Caalara: High Mother Caalara (LG female human Clr7), Cleric of Mosia, the Holy Mother, p 93, 155.
- Caalavelar: district duty officers A classification of cotaar, p 126.
- Calamaer: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 83.
- Calara: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Ariooon, p 59, 83, 107.
- Calasaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Malasiikaar, p 71, 83.

- Calataun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Vanidaol, p 78, 83-84.
- Careful Hands Carters: one of the busiest such businesses in Geanavue. [Geanavue map N15], p 45, 116.
- Caulaan: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Unadeen, p 77, 84.
- Caunulofoor: One of the towers of Elaolaar Hau, p 93.
- Causiilik Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H15-J17], p 113.
- Cauter: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaveelo, p 66, 84.
- Cauter Hau: high house of the Cauter family, longtime herb and exotic plant merchants [Geanavue map S13], p 84, 105.
- Celaalea Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L10-N14]
- Celaar: Alcoholic beverage, p 142, 143, 144, 146.
- Celaarivan: Talasaaran family, p 12, 60-62, 65, 110-111, 114.
- Ceopearri: Daughter of Haaladuuta, p 44, 49, 59.
- Colalamaun: Wizard's Pool, [sewer map P15], p 122.
- Corat Nae: Chief of the Rimea Cotaars, p 126, 152.
- Cotaar: a low ranking member of the city watch, the law enforcement organization of Geanavue, p 125-127, 129, 132, 168.
- Court Force: a section of Castle Geana that houses visitors, the Warcaptain and Castle security. [Geanavue map G10], p 14.
- Daaralau: Common Talasaaran matron's name, p 59, 101.
- Daaraan: "Three Pools" [sewer map F17], p 122.
- Daavelin Cauter: Patriarch of the Cauter family, p 84, 105, 152.
- Daeloot Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map P12-R4], p 93.
- Daguinuin Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map R12-S12], p 105.
- Dalaauvaar: Son of Maarikaer "The Dark" (YND 383-530), p 31.
- Daraan: a Talasaaran family, p 61-62, 85, 86, 107.
- Darisek: (LE male human Clr5), a Kalamaran who appeared in Loona three summers ago, cleric in service to Foobi the Overlord, p 101, 163.
- Darkhouse: combined brothel and gambling house, p 19, 65, 109, 116.
- Daruuroom: a sinkhole in the sewer; "Little Sink" [sewer map C20], p 117, 123-124.
- Darinefiir: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Inisabaar, p 68, 84.
- Daukel Hau: Family house of the Vorol family [Geanavue map N19], p 88, 112.
- Daunet: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Faleemaar, p 64, 84.
- Dealaan: NE male human Clr1 in service to Xiznoon the Harvester of Souls under the Butcher Izvan Yahul, p 101, 102.
- Dealaan Sumora: (NG male human Exp9/Ftr2) Guildmaster of The Guild of Stonemasons and Miners, p 51.
- Deareat Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map G2-H3]
- Deasaa Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N16-P15], p 45, 116.
- Degeal: Builder of Degealaul, or "Splendorgate Hall", p 110.
- Degealaul: one of Geanavue's largest private buildings, the sprawling Degealaul (named for its long-ago builder Degeal, has become "Splendorgate Hall" [Geanavue map B7], p 110, 111.
- Delaago: Delaago's Thrones and Grand Seats [Geanavue map B7], p 110.
- Diirunider Dolaar: the northern gate in Geanavue [Geanavue map J1], p 89, 92, 96, 107, 108.
- Dolaar: translates as "gate" in Merchant's Tongue.
- Doluin Hau: the recently built home of the wealthy but non-noble keel-and-sails merchant Everaen Doluin [Geanavue map J9], p 105.
- Door of Dreams: Geanavue's most popular inn, many things can be overlooked here. [Geanavue map F17-G17], p 16, 17, 19, 77, 100, 101, 114.
- Doroat: Taofoor Doroat (LN male human Exp8), of Doroat Caskworks, Guildmaster of The Guild of Carters, Craters and Coopers, p 45, 116, 164.
- Draabro Voorn: an outlander (NE male human Asn2/Clr4/Rog1) in service to Zael the Unseen One, p 100, 163.
- Drovers' Rest: a rooming house that does not welcome outlanders. [Geanavue map C19], p 115.
- Duinalaar Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B5-C5], p 111.
- Durmak Forgefist: (LN male dwarf Ftr3/Exp8), Master Armorer of Castle Geana, p 23, 157.
- Duuragaun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Malasiikaar, p 71, 84, 88, 112.
- Duurin Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map S13-T13], p 105.
- Eerii's Cold Caress: an icehouse that rents out space, p 111.
- Ekalaunt Taraane: street in Geanavue [Geanavue map S15-T15]
- Elaaeter: an oil derived from certain caterpillars that emits a soft 'silvery green' glow when applied to other oils; it also glows blue and yellow, shifting as it decays, p 84.
- Elaradolaar Hau: "Honorgate House", the Geanavese temple of Foornaar, Speaker of the Word, god of honor, oath and ethics [Geanavue map Q6], p 104.
- Eleavazaar: Eleavazaar Woaresaal (LN male human Ftr4), Master Turnkey of Castle Geana, p 23, 157.
- Eleume Gusearal: Mistress Chatelaine (LN female human Exp2). Of Castle Geana, p 22, 158.
- Eliiak Buiranan: NE male human War9, owner of a rooming house that moves around a sprawling succession of ramshackle former warehouses, p 134.
- Eluudaas: Talasaaran family, p 62, 63, 83, 84, 86, 88, 108, 110, 113.
- Emaarigol's: a hairshearing, herbal remedies, weapons-practice, gambling, drinking and gossip-shop for men [Geanavue map D16], p 115.
- Emearer Celaarivan: (CE male human Ari3/Ftr5), p 60, 141-146.
- Eokeal Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K5-P7].
- Ereduur Hau: the home of the Haelinool family, successful wine-merchants [Geanavue map J17], p 84, 113.
- Ereeve Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q14-S13], p 66, 105.
- Esabur: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaonagel, p 65, 84.
- Esameraas: The Night Swamps far to the southwest of Geanavue, p 117.
- Faalirun: nicknamed 'the Rat' (NE male human Rog9); always 'knows everyone and how to get anything' in Loona, p 135, 153.
- Faleemaar: Talasaaran family, p 63, 64, 83-85, 87, 105, 111.
- Faurinoo: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaveelo, p 66, 84, 106.
- Fauronaun: "Lost Pool" [sewer map L12], p 120.
- Faurorelulaun: "Lost Barrel Pool" [sewer map B16], p 124.
- Fauvinisaar: The Temple of the Stars - Fallingstar Tower - Temple to Huunaav the Traveler, p 97.
- Feareenar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 84.
- Feast of the Dragon: secular holiday, p 6.

Appendix D: Glossary

- Feleatur's Falconfly: a darkhouse that competes with the Door of Dreams [Geanavue map N18-P18], p 19, 116.
- Feomer: Co-Founder of The Guild of Clockworkers and Artificers, p 46, 109.
- Feomer's Hall: The Guild of Clockworkers and Artificers [Geanavue map G3], p 46, 109.
- Feseera Lorot: wizard, owner of The Tower of Time, p 11, 16, 107.
- Fleeway: secret tunnels and 'escape shafts' under the "Door of Dreams", p 17.
- Fulkaft Gramdal: (NE male dwarf Exp6/Clr2) makes elaborate hinges and catches, covertly murders humans whenever he can; runs Fulkaft's Fine Forgework, p 99.
- Gaalia Arioohon: Wife of Taneevaar (702-716), daughter of Miaraiz, direct descendant of the Geana family, p 34.
- Gaaraget Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B16-F15], p 114-115.
- Gaaria: Gaaria, the Founder - God of Tellene, p 94-96, 104, 150, 152.
- Gaasikaar Doruud: Outlander merchant; rumored to have died after being haunted by Ositaal Aukinaset, p 139.
- Gagareesa: the now-deceased "Dancer to the Talasaara", p 134.
- Gailiuomaa Camp: 'Clearsprings Camp', p 4.
- Gaini, the Lady Deceiver of Geanavue: neutral evil female gnome illusionist (Wiz8) and con artist, p 11.
- Galaudar: "Roaring water" section of the city sewers [sewer map J7], p 119.
- Galeesa Satounoreen: a NG female human Sor5, longtime employee at Muratuur's Welcome, p 18.
- Gaonagel: Talasaaran family, p 36, 64-65, 84, 87-88.
- Garaasoun Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q18-R19], p 44, 116.
- Garanaaw: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Eluudaas, p 63, 84, 113.
- Garanaaw Hau: the large, grandly pillared high house of the Garanaaw merchant family [Geanavue map H15-H16], p 113.
- Gealaal's: an inn where drovers can rent spartan rooms [Geanavue map K20], p 112.
- Gealaalaun: Pool of Gems' [sewer map J11], p 120.
- Geanalar: Rising Spring, lake [sewer map H8], p 117, 120-121.
- Geanar Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B11-C11], p 110.
- Geanavese: term refers to anyone from Geanavue, or things related to Geanavue
- Geanen: having to do with the ruling house or the Crown, also law or officialdom
- Geesiraa's: A tanitor house, p 103.
- Geetemah Fooramau: 'Old Weedbeard' (LN male human Exp2/Ftr6), one of the "OldBloods", p 136, 154.
- Gelauna Hau: houses the Bitaros family, makers of ornate 'cascade' glass-and-brass ceiling candle-lamp assemblies [Geanavue map F8], p 83, 111.
- Gelimoot Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J8-L8], p 107.
- Geona Hau: "Haven House", Geanavue's temple to Geonea [Geanavue map J2], p 107-108.
- Geonea: The Peacemaker - God of Tellene, p 30, 89-93, 119, 159.
- Getagiir Bitaros: Builder of the high house called Gelauna Hau, p 83, 111.
- Ghost Block, the: a section of Geanavue in which the owner turned all tenants out and hired outlander adventurers as guards to keep squatters and vandals away. [Geanavue map H17], p 114.
- Glint: The term used to signify a standard Geanavue gold coin, p 8, 24, 47, 116.
- Goaalo Meerapiim: (CG male halfling Exp4/Sor4), Tavern owner, p 135.
- Golaauum: Golaauum 'Deepknell,' a huge bell of such a low tone that it can be felt more than heard, p 95.
- Goolas: Goolas 'the Fat' (CN male human Exp2/Rog2), tavern-master in Loona, p 135, 155.
- Goroot Olamitar: (LN male human Ftr9), Master Swordsman of "The Ready Swords", p 23.
- Griffon Wing: a section of Castle Geana. [Geanavue map G11], p 14.
- Guleat Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map S14-T14], p 105.
- Guluur Muratuur: Founder of Muratuur's Welcome, p 18-19.
- Gusearal: Mistress Chatelaine Eleume Gusearal (LN female human Exp2) of Castle Geana, p 22, 158.
- Haabelau Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B5-C5], p 111.
- Haaladuuta Esiaamar: The widow of a respected guildmaster (Taaleenar 'Surehand'), p 49-50.
- Haalafoor: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 84.
- Haalavoroe: Ruler of Geanavue (YND 688-702), p 33-34, 36, 57.
- Haaperitan Haaraasae: Haaperitan 'Old Red' Haaraasae (CN female human Ftr6), operates The Mas Sail, p 134.
- Haar: Lord and current ruler of Geanavue, p 21-22, 26, 34-35.
- Haaron Peseevituur: Warcaptain (LN male human Ftr10), Commander of The Fists, p 25, 166.
- Haaroviit: Historian, wrote "Stones Against The Sky: A Fortress Enduring", p 33.
- Haasivuor Nartuir: Member of the "Goldcoins Guild" (The Guild of Importers and Exotics) wrote a chapbook "Good Citizens Beware!", just before he died, p 48.
- Haelinool: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Beliniuar, p 60, 84, 113.
- Haeravo Mulikeer: Outlander and guildless cloth merchant, p 138.
- Halasaar: Ruler of Geanavue (YND 227-246), p 29-30, 36, 39, 59, 61, 62, 72, 80,
- Halaunel's: a quietly luxurious local house that offers dancing, drinking and dining [Geanavue map C7], p 110.
- Haleruuk Malelenelar: (LN male human Ftr7), Senior Rider of the Uplands, Leader of the Outcourt, p 23, 162.
- Hamaukul Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N14-P18], p 116.
- Hamibuur: (LG male human Clr5), cleric in service to Foorbaar, the Speaker of the Word, p 94, 155.
- Handpie: a food item eaten in the morning, p 5.
- Haraudil Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J7-M8], p 107, 139.
- Haraukuir: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Arioohon, p 59, 84.
- Haraun Hoolon: Family house of the Rounaseeles [Geanavue map F19], p 86, 115.
- Hariiman Haeluur: (LG male human Ftr5/Ari3), Senior Swordsman of the Silver Swords of Geana, p 22, 163.
- Hasalaar: second son of Lord Huuladaar of Geanavue, died in Zoa in YND 164, p 28, 35-36.
- Hau: translates as "house" in Merchant's Tongue.
- Haumaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Velauril, p 79, 84.
- Hauroom: sinkhole, [sewer map Q19], p 122.

- Hazaar's Yard: one of at least three interior Castle courtyards rarely seen by the public [Geanavue map H11], p 14.
- Heelaar Hau: city seat of the Navaelo noble family [Geanavue map L4], p 108.
- Healago Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q17-R14], p 105.
- Heavuur: a street intersection where folk congregate to be hired or meet, p 45, 115.
- Heelaun Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C15-D15], p 114.
- Helevoor: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Malasiikaar, p 71, 84.
- Hiiturun: High House for the Sotol family [Geanavue map F2], p 87, 109.
- Holoenau's Foroonohau: "Holoenau's grand-and-stylish House". This huge shop sprawls over four levels (above two cellars not open to the public) and offers almost any household furnishing [Geanavue map E14], p 114.
- Hoolon: translates as "hall" in Merchant's Tongue.
- Hooriboe Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map P2-Q2]
- Houmaal Dolaar: a gate in Geanavue [Geanavue map H7], p 107.
- Huliinisaa Hau: a mansion owned by the Oriimar family [Geanavue map H6], p 74, 105, 107.
- Hurukuol: Talasaaran family, p 84, 88, 104, 112.
- Huuladaar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 135-171), p 28, 35.
- Huuleen Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C2-E17], p 114.
- Huunaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Taraasur, p 75, 85.
- Huureet: a building divided into various long-term rental lodgings, both single rooms and apartments, p 104, 105.
- Huuriikol: Talasaaran family, p 84, 88, 104, 112.
- Huuroa Raukoer: Huuroa 'Roundcoin' Raukoer (LG male human Exp6), Guildmaster of The Fellowship of Woolfolk and owner of Brightweave Brothers, p 43.
- Ilaavaar: "The Crafthearth", the Geanavese temple to Mosia the Counselor [Geanavue map K4], p 92-93, 109.
- Iliir Pearoe: guildmember who donated the land for guild headquarters Pearoe Hoolon ("Highpost Hall"), p 116.
- Ilikeir: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 126-135), p 28.
- Iluivar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Oriimar, p 75, 85.
- Imagurul Kulaamauk: (CE male human Rog4) cellerar who operates equally well both above and below ground level, p 124, 156.
- Inisabaar: Talasaaran family, p 67-68, 84, 85, 86, 107, 108, 109, 164.
- Iriliin Oozinel: carpet merchant from Zoa, p 139.
- Irobaar Talaseker: Irobaar Talaseker (NG male human Ari3), Underseneschal of Castle Geana, p 20.
- Isaatoa Maaleku: Deceased sage from Zoa who wrote "My Measures of Things", p 5.
- Izvan Yahul: (NE male human Clr7) from Svomohzia, Butcher Izvan Yahul is a cleric in the service of Xiznoom the Harvester of Souls, p 101, 102, 152.
- Jailers' Door: an entrance to the Lord's Castle for law enforcement officers. [Geanavue map H9], p 14.
- Kaalaele: Daughter of Haaladuuta, p 49.
- Kaalaun: Pool of the Dead, [sewer map R13], p 120.
- Kaatamaur: "Castle Maur", city seat of the Mauhuuro noble family [Geanavue map P12], p 105.
- Kadatiir: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Inisabaar, p 85, 108.
- Kaerzee: cider-like mulled beverage, best served warm, p 143.
- Kalaas Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F8-G7]
- Kalauden: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 85.
- Kalesel: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Malasiikaar, p 71, 85, 109.
- Kaliriaan: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 617-634), p 32-33, 36.
- Kanisiker Baaroo: one of the most powerful and wealthy members of the Goldcoins, p 110.
- Kaunit Deveer: Master Warder Kaunit Deveer (NG male human Ftr5) of the Castle Warders (Internal castle security), p 23, 156.
- Kautoor's Fang: Secret suite within Muratuur's Welcome, p 19.
- Kealaaw Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D20-E21].
- Kealiintaar: residence and pride of Suleevur Imiriit, a dealer in fine carvings from Tellene far and wide [Geanavue map N8], p 105.
- Keevin: greasy, crackling-hard brown buns filled with crushed and pan-fried Loonan crabs; a staple food in Geanavue, p 141, 142, 143..
- Keimau: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Inisabaar, p 68, 85, 108.
- Kelatenaa: "The castle lake" a rising spring type lake in the city sewer [sewer map H10], p 117, 121.
- Keleal's Taeduur: one of the most successful stoneworks in Geanavue [Geanavue map G5], p 109.
- Khazuk: High Peace Maker Khazuk of the House of Solace (NG male dwarf Clr17) in service to Geonea the Peacemaker, p 21, 66, 88, 90-92, 155.
- Korodoev Haarison: Merchant that deals in Mirrors and Shutters [Geanavue map J17], p 111, 139.
- Kuhelaria: family that has been long time masters or senior members of The Guild of Stonemasons and Miners, p 36.
- Kuladarakaun: "Pool of Monsters" [sewer map F14], p 122.
- Kulakenuur: "Bone cellar" [sewer map Q9], p 118.
- Kulaketenaa: "Lake of Skeletons" [sewer map Q10], p 120.
- Kulaudarakaun: "Kulaudarak's Pool" [sewer map C15], p 123.
- Kuleel: Spring that feeds Kelatenaa (The castle pool) [sewer map H10], p 121.
- Kuluuravin: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Taraasur, p 75, 85.
- Kuuloovaas: A ruler of Geanavue (YND 538-549), p 31.
- Laakilaas: (LG female human Clr4/Exp1). Cleric in service to Foornaar, the Speaker of the Word, p 94, 156.
- Laaneloe Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M18-Q17], p 41, 43, 45, 99, 116.
- Laaratuur Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B16-F22], p 115, 140.
- Laaria Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F17-J17], p 112, 114, 115, 139.
- Laatelaura: Common Talasaaran matron name, p 59.
- Lakalaur: Talasaaran family, p 68-70, 83, 88, 105, 109, 112.
- Laleeloe Raavara: (CG female human Exp1/Rog4), Mistress of Horse for the Castle Geana, p 23.
- Lamaraun Hoolon: the high house of the Taalis family [Geanavue map D15], p 87, 114-115.
- Lamaraun Taalis: Inventor of a waterproofing sealant known as either 'waterquench' or 'lamarol', p 87, 115.
- Lamarol: waterproofing sealant, p 87, 114.
- Laraunel Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J14-L20], p 59, 112.
- Launar Hoolon: "Fellowsflame Hall", home to the Butchers guild [Geanavue map H5], p 108.

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- Launee Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K11-S11], p 7, 44, 63-64, 103, 105.
- Lautena: "Dark Lake" section of the city sewers [sewer map P7], p 120.
- Lavarakoor Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C18-H15], p 112-115.
- Lavoraar Turuun: Zoan merchant, p 110.
- Learen Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N18-N20], p 43, 45, 112, 116.
- Leatadaar: "Castle Daraan" is a cream-and scarlet masterpiece of slender spires and raked balconies [Geanavue map L8], p 61, 107.
- Leerauma's: the haughtiest and most luxurious of Geanavue's beauty-baths [Geanavue map C10], p 110.
- Leevix Saarak: a section of the city sewers [sewer map M2] p 119
- Lemaar: roughly translates to "overall job supervisor" in Merchant's Tongue, p 41.
- Lenaiz Calasaar: Maker of beautiful glazed tiles, p 82, 83.
- Lenaiz Meneveer: (NE male human Exp6/Rog4). Guildmaster of The Guild of Clockworkers and Artificers, p 46.
- Levepaar Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F22-J19], p 115.
- Lewao: Lewao 'Bannermaker,' a tailor who sews, weaves and dyes pennants for the Fists, the Castle and wealthy Geanavese [Geanavue map T9], p 104.
- Lhyjara of Thygasha: Author who wrote "A Merchant's Roster of Reanaaria", p 4.
- Liamar: Unknown man who claims to be the son of Peasor Naisiix, p 138.
- Liamar Huuraew: Previous Guildmaster of The Guild of Stonemasons and Miners, p 52.
- Liamar of Mearia Maar: Cobbler/craftsman, p 8, 142.
- Litaalan: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Daraan, p 62, 85.
- Loakaar Hau: "Wyvernstar House", city seat of the Inisabaar noble family [Geanavue map G6], p 67, 107, 109, 110.
- Loona: City within Geanavue's jurisdiction, a loosely controlled vassal city, p 38, 97-98, 133-136.
- Loona Dolaar: the eastern gate of Geanavue, leading to Loona [Geanavue map T10], p 103.
- Loonan: A person from Loona.
- Lord Haar: Current "ruler" of Geanavue, p 21-22, 26, 34-35.
- Lord's Mount, the: a section of the Castle Geana where the ruling Lord of Geana dwells, above the Chamberlain and the Treasury. [Geanavue map F12], p 14.
- Lorseer Saarak: a section of the city sewers [sewer map E5].
- Lukalai Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H6-H7], p 107.
- Lukatoor Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q11-S16], p 68, 105.
- Luria Meakoor: a window glass merchant [Geanavue map E6], p 109, 140.
- Lusiipir Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L2-M7], p 48, 73, 107-108, 146.
- Luurisa Saarak: huge saarak, named for a lady of easy virtue who for years plied her trade there [sewer map M8], p 120.
- Maalan Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H5-K8], p 42, 107-108.
- Maalot: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 561-567), p 32.
- Maar: translates as "street" in Merchant's Tongue.
- Maarikaer: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 383-530), p 30-31, 36.
- Maaruin: the most easterly tower of the Door of Dreams, p 114.
- Maedeliite: Common Talasaaran matron name, p 59.
- Maerimau: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Faleemaar, p 64, 85.
- Malaguuraas: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 662-688), p 33.
- Malaran: (LE male human Clr5), Shackler from Kalamar in service to Foobi the Overlord, p 101.
- Malasiikaar: Talasaaran family, p 57, 70.
- Maleel Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map R8-T8], p 54, 94, 104.
- Maneahon Hoolon: "Manyhands Hall" aka 'Barrel Castle', headquarters of the Carters guild. [Geanavue map E12], p 45.
- Maraat Hoolon: the high house of successful horse-trader Olaarau Maeraiz [Geanavue map K8], p 107.
- Marauk: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Daraan, p 62, 85-86.
- Mareetor: A guild agent - similar to a business agent, p 41.
- Masaerap: Mother of Geanavue ruler Talaalabar (YND 568-592), effectively regent during his youth, p 92.
- Maulokei: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Inisabaar, p 68, 86.
- Mauraban Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M9-N11].
- Mauroemun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Muahuuro, p 72, 86.
- Mauroom Saarak: a section of the city sewers [sewer map P16], p 122.
- Mausar Hau: city seat of the Lakalaur family [Geanavue map Q12], p 68, 105.
- Mauteer: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Velauril, p 79, 86.
- Mauvoo's Hoolon: "Fairwinds Hall", the fortress-like headquarters of the Goldcoins guild [Geanavue map L3], p 108.
- Meaavur: "Sick Horse Fountain" [Geanavue map N16], p 45, 99, 112.
- Meaker's Sarave: an old but still palatial rental mansion shared by successful merchants [Geanavue map R10], p 103.
- Mearaun Dolaar: the western ("upland") gate of Geanavue [Geanavue map A13], p 105.
- Mearia Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B6-G20], p 108.
- Mearo: Son of Lord Haa; heir apparent, p 11.
- Meleovar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 214-227), p 29.
- Mendarn: Brandobian kingdom; see the Kingdoms of Kalamar sourcebook, p 23.
- Miana: maker of cordials (sold from her back door), also known to be a fence of stolen goods [Geanavue map M20], p 112.
- Miaraz Arioohon: Opponent of Haalavoroe, slain by Haalavoroe using a magical walking stick, p 34.
- Miazaar: the Prince of Chance, god of thievery, gambling and luck, p 99.
- Mindrel Thronel: Sorceress from Brandobia, p 145.
- Misoroa Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map E7-F10], p 45, 50, 111.
- Mituulun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Eluudaas, p 63, 86.
- Mosia: the Holy Mother, god of home, industriousness and marriage, p 92.
- Moot: roughly translated, "an intersection of streets" in Merchant's Tongue.
- Muratuur's Welcome: an inn that cheerfully accepts all manner of creatures as guests [Geanavue map S10], p 18.
- Mureetal: tiny, implike man who died some sixty years ago p 123
- Mureetalau: "Mureetal's Pool" [sewer map F18], p 123.
- Naaria Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J8-J13], p

- 83, 105.
- Naatalaas: Wife to Talaalabar, p 32.
- Naevun Dolaar: the southern gate in Geanavue [Geanavue map L21], p 112.
- Nairuut: Daughter to Talaalabar; sister to Banaatuir, p 32.
- Naisiix: successful seller of eating-fowl and medicines, p 138.
- Naivao's Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L10-M12].
- Naurinear: home of the wealthy and rudely haughty Sookolaan family [Geanavue map D6], p 67, 111.
- Nautuir Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M10-P9], p 105.
- Navaelo: Talasaaran family, p 63, 73.
- Nealau Hau: "Roseturrets House" to outlanders), city seat of the Arioohon noble family [Geanavue map K17], p 59, 112.
- Niazal Laaria: Owner of Lovers' Knot Ropes, p 112.
- Noen: Deputy Rimea Cotaar (a LN male human Exp4), p 126.
- Noolar Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q9-S10], p 103.
- Nooregan Gazee: Owner of Careful Hands Carters, maker of "Puzzle boxes" and member of the The Guild of Carters, Craters and Coopers, p 45.
- Norineen: Field Leader Norineen (NG male human Clr3) is a cleric of Naataal the Raiser, p 97.
- Oboulans Deliverance-From-Talons: Inn in Geanavue [Geanavue map M19], p 18.
- Olaneer Hau: the high house of the Mituulun merchant family [Geanavue map D8], p 86, 110.
- Oleedaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Daraan, p 62, 86.
- Oleirum: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaveelo, p 66, 86.
- Old Lantern Fine Jewelry: a business member of the Guild of Jewelers and Polishers [Geanavue map E7], p 50.
- Olibuut 'Oldlegs': a one-legged beggar, p 140.
- Olokear Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F2-G3], p 46, 109.
- Olonoor Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J9-J10], p 105.
- Omeear's Taeduur: a stoneworks of typical size and prosperity [Geanavue map F3], p 109.
- Onidemuus Wevoor: (a CN male human Rog4) owner of Wevoor's House of Wonders, p 19.
- Oorikaer: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Velauril, p 86.
- Ooros Vearene: a cheese merchant [Geanavue map D2], p 109.
- Oriimar: Talasaaran family, p 74.
- Orimaar Torilaun: Constable Orimaar Torilaun (LN male human Clr6/Exp6) cleric in service of Gaaria the Founder, p 95.
- Orolaar Hau: "Turncoin House", the Geanavese temple to Fealain the Profitmaker, god of commerce [Geanavue map K2], p 108.
- Oronilii Hau: Geanavue's Parish of the Prolific Coin ("Turncoin House" to outlanders), p 96.
- Orooke Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map E21-E22].
- Orors: a written will, registered with the castle beauracracy, p 8.
- Osanier: Western tower of the Door to Dreams, p 17.
- Ositaal Aukinaset: deceased infamous gambler and merchant fleet owner, p 139.
- Ozea Liimaar's: a Wagoneer yard [Geanavue map D12], p 110.
- Paerilii: (NG female human Wiz4), daughter of Warcaptain Pesevituur, p 25.
- Paerit: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Arioohon, p 59, 86, 114.
- Paerit Hoolon: House name for the Paerit family [Geanavue map E16], p 86, 114.
- Paloonet: One of the districts in Geanavue, p 126-127.
- Paurutaa: meaning "Market" in Merchant's Tongue; a great open space in Northern Geanavue where vendors from Loona and the uplands sell live fish, hides, eggs and all manner of table fowl and beasts; the Paurutaa operates every twelfth day [Geanavue map H3-H5], p 19, 42, 105, 107, 108, 109, 117, 139.
- Peadaun: house of the wealthy Kalesel family [Geanavue map E4], p 85, 109.
- Pearoe Hoolon: "Highpost Hall", headquarters of the Builders guild [Geanavue map Q17], p 116.
- Peasor Hau: A Tanitor house, p 82, 99.
- Peasor Naisiix: A prominent local merchant, p 138.
- Peatuir Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D5-E6], p 109.
- Pelaun Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N16-Q19], p 44, 116, 139.
- Penaadele: Common Talasaaran matron name, p 59.
- Peret Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L20-N16], p 112, 116.
- Poat: Giant that lives near and is friendly with Geanavue, p 26, 97.
- Raabeal Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B8-G7], p 107.
- Raadaevune: Church of the Life's Fire, in the Uplands, p 97.
- Raadurar Neevaur: (NE male human Rog1/Ftr4/Com2); Cellarer operating both below and above the streets, p 124, 159.
- Raagaar: (a CN male human Ftr2/Rog5) Master-of-the-House of the Door of Dreams, p 17, 160.
- Raana Roevelo: Wife of Hasalaar Geana, p 36.
- Raanea Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D1-D6], p 112.
- Raarakes: public washrooms, below street level, p 6.
- Raarisean Tor: northernmost Keenoa Tor, p 3.
- Raarunisal: Member of the Guild of Importers and Exotics, p 139.
- Raat: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Malasiikaar, p 86.
- Raatilaar Felavaar: (NG male human Clr5/Exp3). Cleric in service of Huunaav the Traveler, p 97, 166.
- Raavinar's Taeduur: a stoneworks with a skilled owner [Geanavue map C21], p 115.
- Raavisia: 'Red' Raavisia, a shapeshifter who poses as a beautiful lady escort, p 17.
- Raizitaur: "Fairwind Towers", the walled city seat of the Goanagel noble family [Geanavue map R11], p 64, 103.
- Raizivaun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Inisabaar, p 85.
- Raizivaun Hau: the high house of an intensely private, wealthy merchant family Keimau, purveyors of chalk and marble [Geanavue map Q3], p 108.
- Raizix's Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map A13-C12], p 54.
- Rasibuur Halaagah: Master of Loona (NG male human Rog2/Exp5), p 23, 157.
- Raumuur: ('the Old Cellars') located under the Geanavese temple to Geonea (The Peacemaker) [sewer map J3], p 119.
- Raunadoroom: sinkhole [sewer map N20], p 122.
- Rausaaeve: Ritual held when someone enters the clergy of Geonea the Peacemaker, p 92.

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- Ravensclaw: a distinctive claw-like black shoreline pinnacle of rock, some 20 miles south of Loona, p 3.
- Reace Hoolon: abode of the Ruuniigors, wealthy and long-successful horse and cattle merchants [Geanavue mapB6-C6], p 87, 111.
- Ready Swords: An unknown but small number of 'active' spies and security agents, p 14, 23, 26.
- Reanoor Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B8-E7], p 50.
- Reavenai Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B3-D4].
- Reavenai Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F19].
- Reavin's Coffers: a very successful carters business [Geanavue map E18], p 45, 115.
- Reedearen: a small but sparing-towered 'false castle' belonging to the intensely private Saanasel family [Geanavue map D7], p 87, 111.
- Reelaara: Reelaara 'Starhair' (CG female human Clr7), a singer and dancer of great beauty who hails from Zoa, p 98, 160.
- Reenaav Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N5-P3], p 108.
- Reeru Hau: the fortress-like home of Tauniser Reeru, a powerful and wealthy member of the Goldcoins guild [Geanavue map C8], p 110.
- Reolain Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map E19-F19].
- Rest of Emperors: Inn in Geanavue [Geanavue map F6] p 18, 109.
- Revaan Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D6-F2], p 109.
- Riatoov Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H17-K19], p 112.
- Riinaatilia Esasaade: "Lady Shade," (CG female human Rog3/Ari2); Member of the "Forecourt", p 22, 160.
- Rimea Cotaar: Title for the upper echelon of the Cotaars, p 126.
- Ritaara: Daughter of Soroveer, p 27, 35.
- Roarel: Son of Sulaunoor, brigand, p 28.
- Roavaara: deceased wife of current ruler Lord Haar, p 35.
- Rolovaar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 118?-126), p 27, 35.
- Rotaar: lower level rank in the watch, p 127.
- Rounaseele: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Unadeen, p 77, 86, 115.
- Rubiidon's: a famous imported curio shop [Geanavue map E13], p 110.
- Rukaar: bare tor in the uplands also known as the Old Helm, p 8.
- Rumealain Hau: "Tallowgates House", city seat of the Faleemaar noble family [Geanavue map K12], p 63, 105.
- Ruuniigor: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Celaarivan, p 86.
- Saakaer: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 171-184), p 28.
- Saaludar: translates as "storage closets" in Merchant's Tongue, p 19.
- Saanasel: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Faleemaar, p 87.
- Saar: the long street that runs along the inside of the city wall all around Geanavue, p 89, 94, 103.
- Saaraguta: Female cellarer, p 118, 161.
- Saaraun: Pool of swords [sewer map G13], p 118.
- Saaraun Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D20-E17], p 45, 115.
- Saarel: Saarel of the Reaching Hand, rogue, kidnapper, and possible killer for hire, p 132.
- Saarenaa Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F6-G6] p 109.
- Saaretuir: "Saaret-Turrets," the Geanavese home of the Malasiikaar noble family [Geanavue map J10], p 70, 105.
- Saarisor: Saarisor 'Sharpshanks' Beruud, former guildmaster of The Fellowship of Butchers and Tallow Chandlers, p 42.
- Saarmon: Master of Splendors Saarmon Stoutcastle (LN male human Exp8), Guildmaster of The Guild of Jewelers and Polishers, p 50.
- Saarot Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map S12-S13].
- Saasoree: eldest daughter of Lord Maarikaer, p 36.
- Saavar Hoolon: "Stoneshields Hall", headquarters of the Smiths' guild. [Geanavue map Q11], p 103.
- Saavego's Pride: a sprawling, cheap, often-raucous rooming house [Geanavue map K4], p 108.
- Saeree's: a rustic but excellent local tavern and tanitor-house [Geanavue map C10], p 110.
- Samar: long dead cellarer, p 123.
- Samuraun: Samar's Pool [sewer map B17], p 123.
- Saradaar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Oriimar, p 75, 87, 115.
- Saradaar Hau: the grand high house of the Saradaar family of wealthy metals merchants [Geanavue map D20], p 87, 115.
- Saravel: Saravel 'the Sneering' (CN male human Rog7) tavern owner, p 135, 162.
- Sataraaven: One of the five towers of the Door of Dreams inn, p 17, 114.
- Satauroaver Vuria: Loonan who deals in human (and demi-human) flesh, p 101, 136, 162.
- Saunea Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map Q7-R8], p 104.
- Sauvaara: daughter of Taosaanar, p 30, 36.
- Savuu Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L8], p 107.
- Seanaar Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C5-D9], p 111, 112.
- Seavens Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map E2-E3], p 109, 140.
- Seavor Hau: the grand high house of the Saradaar family of wealthy metals merchants [Geanavue map R14], p 66, 105.
- Seelara: (N female human Drd4). One of the 'Holy Paws of the Bear' that assists Poat, p 97, 162.
- Seeral: roughly translates as "way" in Merchant's Tongue, p 103.
- Seetov's Ready Wagons: shop owned by Seetov, a member of the Carters Guild [Geanavue map N17].
- Seezaar Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B10-E8], p 110.
- Selaar's: one of the best local tailor shops, p 114.
- Selarea Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K16-L14], p 112.
- Selaviin: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 312-383), p 30, 142.
- Seneesor: Seneesor 'the Trumpet,' a high bell that represents inspiration, p 30, 142.
- Sevoot Hau: the grand house of the Duuragaun merchant family (prosperous tanners and cattle-traders) [Geanavue map M18], p 84, 112, 116.
- Siarii: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 549-561), p 31-32.
- Siirego's Hall: the headquarters of the Wagoneers guild [Geanavue map T8], p 54, 104.
- Siitaara Hoolon: "Suntapestry Hall" headquarters of the Weavers guild. [Geanavue map E13], p 110.
- Silooosa: also known as "Silooosa of the Flaming Eyes"; owns Silooosa's Fine Stones and Adornments; jeweler [Geanavue map C6], p 50, 111.
- Siriala: Wife of Malaguuraas, mother of Haalavoroe, p 33.
- Silver Swords of Geana: are official state envoys and messengers

- (traveling diplomats to distant cities and realms), p 21, 22.
- Soanazaar: minstrel from Zoa, p 55.
- Soarid Tor: a hill, about 15 miles north of the city, p 3.
- Sookolaun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaonagel, p 65, 87, 111.
- Soorea: a spiced bun containing small fragments of pickled or smoked meat, fish or eel, p 5.
- Soorii Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C15-C16].
- Sootil Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map C19-E20], p 41, 115.
- Soovaar: furniture vendor and owner of Soovaar's Fine Furnishings [Geanavue map E12], p 110.
- Soroveer: also Soraveer's Oath, sworn by the first Lord of Geana - Soroveer, p 21, 27.
- Soriasaa: Daughter of Lord Haar, p 35.
- Sorinuur: translates as "Weaponshrives" in Merchant's Tongue; a ritual that consists of weapons being beaten into plowshares on an anvil or melted in a sacred fire into which pacifists willingly shed a few drops of their own blood, p 92.
- Soroot: Spitwine' Soroot Aegul, a CG male human Ftr4, works at Muratuur's Welcome, p 18.
- Soroulain: Soroulain Malauk (LN male human Exp9/Ftr3). Guildmaster of The Fellowship of Butchers and Tallow Chandlers, p 42, 163.
- Sotaerilau: the name of a certain public well [Geanavue map Q13], p 105.
- Sotol: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Lakalaur, p 69, 87, 109.
- Sotureer Feasiari: (NE male Rog4), known to many as Laughing Boots; runs an Inn, p 135, 163.
- Spewshaft: shaft/drain where undesired liquids and leftover food can be disposed, p 19.
- Stable Arch, the: an entrance gate to the Lord's Castle for livestock [Geanavue map H8], p 14, 105.
- Suiraz Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map F21-G21].
- Sulaanoor: a former ruler of Geanavue (YND 200-214), p 28, 29, 36.
- Suleevur Imiriit: a dealer in fine carvings, p 107.
- Sunaav Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map E22-H21].
- Suree Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H6-L13], p 74, 105, 107, 139.
- Susauveir: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Unadeen, p 77, 87.
- Sutila: Investor in many businesses, p 82, 83, 163.
- Suulaar Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B11-C12].
- Taalazaar: also nicknamed 'Grimhands' (LN male human Ari3/Wiz6); a reclusive wizard; member of the Arioohon family, p 59, 163.
- Taaleenar nicknamed 'Surehand'; former guildmaster of the The Guild of Jewelers and Polishers, p 49.
- Taaleiria: Daughter of Haaladuuta, p 49.
- Taalirun: Zoan author of the popular chapbook "Where I've Wandered", p 41.
- Taalil: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Celaarivan, p 61, 87, 114, 115.
- Taalurav: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Eluudaas, p 63, 87.
- Taaluu: A small, square, roofless interior courtyard that serves much of the year as a bakery in the temple of Mosia, the Holy Mother, p 92.
- Taanaavao Muaroon: one of the oldest, proudest members of the Talasaara he installed Banaatuir's son Kaliriaan on the Basalt Throne, p 32, 36.
- Taaragil Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L3-L7].
- Taaranitara: grandmother (LG female human Clr6/Com2/Exp1), in service of Mosia, the Holy Mother, p 92, 115.
- Taaraaar Beteer: (LN male human Exp10/Ftr6), the Master of Metals, Guildmaster of The Forgers and Smelters Guild, p 44, 138, 164.
- Taareteasa: Common Talasaaran matron name, p 59.
- Taarin Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map P15-S16], p 112.
- Taarinaan: Old jeweler, p 49.
- Taasaker: roughly translates as "work boss" in Merchant's Tongue, p 41.
- Taatiir's Tearing Talons: Spell, creates three claws that attack as the caster directs, p 147.
- Taatuurs: Annual dues for guildmembers, p 40.
- Talaalabar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 568-592), p 32.
- Talasaara: Collectively the nobles of Geanavue, p 3, 55.
- Talasaaran: Having to do with the Talasaara.
- Taluut: Castle Wizard, p 22, 25, 164.
- Tamaas Reavin: Owner of Reavin's Coffers, p 45.
- Tanaur: the main meal of the day, p 5, 6.
- Taneevaar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 702-716), p 34, 36.
- Tanitor: Tanitor-houses are cook-shops that bake bread and pastries overnight, switch to handpies in early morn, and before midday begin spit-roasting large beasts to provide joints for evening tanitor, p 103, 110, 112, 113.
- Taofoor: owner of Taofoor's Talljugs, p 12.
- Taohuu: type of wine, best served cold, p 142.
- Taosaanar: a ruler of Geanavue (YND 304-312), p 30.
- Taossil's Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map R9-S9], p 94, 103.
- Taraane: translates as "lane" in Merchant's Tongue, p 103.
- Taraasur: Talasaaran family, p 75.
- Tarameir: one of the oldest and grandest Geanavese high houses and home of the Calara family [Geanavue map L5], p 63.
- Tareetur: outlying fortified towers defending the Loonan gate. These squat turrets contain armories, stables, jail cells and fortified strong-storage rooms for contraband. They are the 'Toll Towers' in everyday Geanavese, but inevitably "the Teeth" to outlanders. [Geanavue map T16], p 103.
- Tarepet Hoolon: "Tartrumpets Hall" the soaring-walled city seat of the Hurukuol noble family [Geanavue map S5], p 68, 104.
- Tasaamara: member of the Carters guild; owner of Tasaamara's Fine Carrycabinetry [Geanavue map E7], p 45.
- Tauniser Reeru: a powerful and wealthy member of the Goldcoins, p 110.
- Tauronoor Hau: a brothel [Geanavue map C17], p 115.
- Tealia Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B13-Q15], p 42, 105.
- Teelia: common Geanavese name.
- Teelia: current owner of tavern Teelia's Tankard, p 141.
- Teelia: former craftswoman; now an evil cleric (CE female human Clr 3), p 102.
- Teelia the Velvet: the longest active Geanavese thief (CE female human Rog7/Shadowdancer 4), p 131.
- Teelia's Tankard: Tavern in Geanavue, p 141.
- Teer hau: a new sort of building, small but luxuriously-appointed home attached to its own stables by walls that enclose a modest yard or compound, p 109.
- Teevel: One of the districts in Geanavue, p 127.
- Telaaw's Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L13-Q14], p 105.
- Teleacel Hau: home of the wealthy Faurinoor family [Geanavue

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- map M7], p 64.
- Tevo Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M14-M16], p 116.
- Tinch: Verb, to include a small amount of something, usually seasoning in either a food or beverage, p 5.
- Tolakau: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Huuriikol, p 67, 68.
- Toolea Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D11-F15], p 110.
- Tooriit Hau: "Torchturrets House", city seat of the Taraasur noble family [Geanavue map Q5], p104.
- Toovitaal: (LE male human Clr6) in service to Zoolaa the Corrupter, p 99.
- Torunemora: 'Lady Death-by-Night' (CE female human Rog9/Shadowdancer 6), one of the Loonan "Old Blood's", p 136.
- Tower of Time: abode of the wizard Feseera Lorot. [Geanavue map K5], p 11, 16.
- Troon: a hooked-together ladle, two-tined fork, and sharp carving knife, p 5.
- Tuloarai Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B3-D3], p 109.
- Turaeve: a female dominated merchant family that is landlord to many Loonan properties, p 65, 88.
- Tuurazak Saarak: a section of the city sewers [sewer map C17], p 123.
- Ulairia Seeral: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map B15-C14], p 114.
- Unadeen: Talasaaran family, p 36, 63, 76.
- Unuteirar: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Lakalaur, p 69, 88.
- Uroa Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N8], p 107.
- Uriin's Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map K12-P14], p 63, 105.
- Utaal Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map D17-D18], p 115.
- Vaanit: translates to "yard" in Merchant's Tongue, p 103.
- Valamaas: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Navaelo, p 79, 88.
- Vaneelaar: "Seawind Spires", the Geanavese mansion of the Unadeen noble family [Geanavue map Q7], p 76, 104.
- Vanidaol: Talasaaran family, p 77.
- Vanitivur Hau: home of the Balas family [Geanavue map C4-D5], p 112.
- Vaolai: pseudonym of a sorceress from Brandobia, p 145.
- Vaolai: nicknamed "The Invisible"; name of a mysterious thief; p 132.
- Vaolain Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map N2-S6], p 93, 104, 108.
- Varaero Malasiikaar: Warrior present at the founding of Geanavue, p 36.
- Vaukaotaur: "Falconroost Towers", city seat of the Eluudaas family [Geanavue map N5-P5], p 108.
- Vaxea Calamaer: (CE male human War2) eccentric of Geanavue, p 82.
- Vaxea Hau: a moribund inn, p 103.
- Vazaar Hoolon: the home of the rich but non-noble Kadatiir family [Geanavue map N6], p 85, 108.
- Veeluh's Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map J11-P7], p 70, 105, 107.
- Velaara: Deceased wife of Warcaptain Haaron Peseevituur, p 25.
- Velaauril: Talasaaran family, p 79, 80.
- Viisikaar Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map H19-J21], p 116.
- Voonai Hoolon: "Worthydelve Hall", headquarters of the Stonemasons guild [Geanavue map G4], p 109.
- Vorol: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Huuriikol, p 67, 84, 88.
- Vuuawa: (CE male human Rog4) specializes in bold substitutions: see a parked wagon laden with goods, snatch it, and leave in its place a similar (but empty) wagon, p 41, 132.
- Vuuawa Balauko: Owner of Balauko's Best Tiles, (LN male human Exp8) Guildmaster of The Fellowship of Builders, p 41, 166.
- Vuule Saarak: a section of the city sewers [sewer map K5], p 119.
- Vuutaar's Boots: a cobbler shop that specializes in swift repairs [Geanavue map F15], p 114.
- Vuzoor Maar: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map M6-P6], p 104.
- Waeride's Vaanit: "the Wide", a market for the buying and selling of beasts of burden and the services of caravan 'riders' (mounted guards), [Geanavue map Q9-Q11], p 105.
- Warmetals: the busy smithy of the current Smiths guildmaster. [Geanavue map Q19], p 44, 116.
- Warmfires: secular holiday, p 6, 103.
- Wevoor's: Wevoor's House of Wonders, a street-level junk and curio shop [Geanavue map H6], p 19, 107.
- Whiterush: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Beliinar, p 60, 88.
- Wiinooruen: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Navaelo, p 73, 88.
- Windstar Tower: a section of Castle Geana that is traditionally home to the Lords' wife and/or daughters and infant children. [Geanavue map G10], p 14.
- Wiuxiu Satoun: Business investor in Geanavue, p 62, 87.
- Xeanaar Hau: "Silverspires House", a haunted house [Geanavue map J7], p 107, 139.
- Xoosar Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map L15-M18], p 112, 116.
- Zaaliusur: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Oriimar, p 75, 88.
- Zaavarel: God of lies, deceit, mischief, p 102.
- Zalaaceo Taraane: a street in Geanavue [Geanavue map G21].
- Zarimaun: Supporting family of the Talasaaran house of Gaonagel, p 65.
- Ziliaan's: an expensive garment shop [Geanavue map E14], p 114.
- Zoa: City-state south of Geanavue on the west shore of Reannaaria Bay, almost at the Sea of the Dead; see the Kingdoms of Kalamar sourcebook, p 138-140.

RumourQuest™ encounter system

The Rumors of Geanavue

Introduction

Urban areas are perhaps the most challenging fantasy environments to DM successfully. Stepping into a new city presents players with an overwhelming array of people, places, items, situations and events. Detail is what breathes life into such environments, but presenting the dizzying amount of creative detail necessary to bring a city to life in an entertaining and manageable fashion is one of the toughest challenges facing a Dungeon Master.

RumourQuest™ encounter system solves this problem. It is a new method of immersing players in detailed, true-to-life urban environments. Players will receive possible encounters and information, overheard bits of news, gossip, etc., as they mingle through the city's streets and taverns, just as they would in real life. Buried in these rumors are tidbits of history, opportunities to buy, sell, gamble, pickpockets and other minor encounters, and the critical information that attentive players will use to launch them on the path to adventure.

The key to the RumourQuest™ encounter system is allowing players to make connections. A casual comment overheard days ago together with a strange tidbit heard this morning and a whispered comment over dinner will combine to create sudden and exciting insights, exposing the players to adventure hooks, intriguing mysteries and the true richness of the urban setting. With this kind of interaction, the players will soon find themselves completely at home in their new environment.

Geanavue RumourQuest™ Encounter Packs

A complete city requires hundreds of rumors to successfully bring to life, but even 30-40 rumors – each with its own offering of new names, places and connections – can overwhelm the average player. To allow players to draw useful insight from the rumors you should carefully present them in packs that keep the information focused and manageable for the players.

What follows are nearly 100 Geanavue rumors and encounters, categorized into six short sample packs to illustrate how seeking connections and insight through rumors can propel players into the thick of adventure and intrigue in Geanavue. Once you have mastered the concept of the rumor packs you will be able to create your own, specifically tailoring the information and personalities you wish your players to come across.

Each RumourQuest™ encounter pack has a unique theme, and several sub-themes. It may contain critical information about a powerful family, an unsolved local mystery or clues to the location of a tantalizing treasure. Each RumourQuest™ encounter pack, typically 15-20 rumors, is uniquely keyed to a specific location and time in the city. For example sample *RumourQuest™ Pack #1*, "Pretenders to the Basalt Throne," introduces PCs new to Geanavue to some of the history and personalities of the city, but also contains clues to who is really behind the poisoning of the powerful Borooteloar Celaarivan, and the scheme Borooteloar was involved in before his sudden death... as well as who might pay handsomely for that information.

RumourQuest™ Pack #1 is available only in open markets during the day. The DM may determine that other packs are available in specific taverns or at night. As the PCs venture through the city,

they will thus find unique and diverse sets of rumors. Soon enough, as experienced players grow familiar with Geanavue, they will learn where and when to go to gather information about specific topics.

How to use the RumourQuest™ Packs

Rumors in the RumourQuest™ Packs are presented as snippets of overheard conversation or brief encounters. Most occur in public places, usually a market or tavern. When the PCs enter a section of Geanavue that the DM has determined is suitable, he should give out some rumors.

The actual mechanics of delivering the rumors to the players is up to the DM. They can be given freely to each player who spends a certain amount of time in the market (say 30-60 minutes), or they can be given only to those players who actively state they are using their Gather Information or Listen skills (in the latter case, the DC is typically 10-12, depending on conditions in the market and nature of the rumor). At least 1-2 sets of introductory rumors should be freely available, however, to introduce the PCs to the system.

DMs are encouraged to select those RumourQuest™ Packs containing the information they most wish players to encounter – for example, RumourQuest™ Sets 1 and 2 make a good starting mix – shuffle them together, and give them out randomly as players mingle in the open market. DM notes are provided for certain rumors and encounters that may lead to direct player action. Approximately a dozen numbers in the rumor sequencing have been skipped, to allow you to insert your own rumors into any of the sample packs.

When the DM determines that a player or players has received a rumor, she may read it out loud, or allow the player to randomly draw a rumor from the RumourQuest™ Pack. To facilitate random drawing, place the appropriate rumors in a hat or box.

Do not allow the text of the sample rumors to dictate the direction of action of your campaign. Take an active part in the rumors after players have read them, following on to elaborate and expand as the situation and your own creative instincts demand. If you elect to read the rumors out loud to your players, the text can be enhanced or abbreviated as the situation requires.

RumourQuest™ Pack Overview

RumourQuest™ Pack #1, "Pretenders to the Basalt Throne," is a good set to help new arrivals to the city gain an understanding of the politics of the city. The history and personalities of Geanavue can be a little overwhelming to newcomers, but this RumourQuest™ pack will at least equip them with a few key names... and at least one potent piece of information, if they are paying close attention.

RumourQuest™ Pack #2 introduces the PCs to the sewers of Geanavue, a dangerous and labyrinthine environment with plenty of opportunity for adventure.

RumourQuest™ Pack #3 contains history and adventure hooks for the Kenzer & Company adventure module *The Root of All Evil*, the first adventure in the *Coin of Power* series. If you elect to use this module with your campaign, this pack is an ideal launching point.

RumourQuest™ Pack #4 focuses on the merchants and tradesmen of Geanavue, and *RumourQuest™ Pack #5* deals with The Watch.

Finally, *RumourQuest™ Pack #6* contains some generic market talk as well as a selection of more difficult-to-obtain rumors, including several that can lead to more demanding adventure settings. It is suggested for use with experienced players.

Once you have exhausted the sample packs provided, you should be ready to create your own. As your players start to make their mark on the city, their deeds – and perhaps even their names – will be whispered in the streets of the city. There is nothing quite like hearing a rumor relating to one of the PCs own adventures, and it can add a tremendous amount of satisfaction to an already-exciting evening.

The RumourQuest™ packs themselves follow, in order, at the end of this section (the perforated section in the back). Below are various notes for the DM and general descriptions of the RumourQuest™ packs.

RumourQuest™ Pack #1

“Pretenders to the Basalt Throne”

Market Rumors (for use in any daytime market) Rumors 01-15

use RumourQuest™ Pack #2 when exhausted

“A favorite pastime of heralds, minstrels, guildmasters, gossips, and Talasaara in Geanavue is speculation as to who might be lurking in the shadows, waiting to claim rulership over the city should an opportunity arise...”

This RumourQuest™ set is a mix of gossip broadly concerning the Guilds of Geanavue. Like all RumourQuest™ packs, **RumourQuest™ pack #1** should be freely mixed with at least one other set of selected market rumors, to avoid repetition. Those DMs wishing to attract their players to the market for specific adventures may elect to use this Rumor pack alone.

Dungeon Master's Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #1

There are a great many names and dates in this RumourQuest™ Pack, probably a few too many for the PCs to digest easily. But those players who are paying attention will find themselves a little better equipped to discuss politics in the city, and the DM is encouraged to use to this as a launching point to involve the PCs a little more actively in the lively political scene of Geanavue.

Those players who are paying very close attention may be able to piece together some very damaging information about the murder of Borooteloar Celaarivan, information that would be extremely valuable to his uncle Tuuveeno. If the PCs elect to use this information, the DM should be prepared to play both Tuuveeno and Coldkiss as ruthless adversaries who will not likely give up until the other is dead... and who are both likely to view the PCs as pawns.

Rumor 10: The young man is named Feenik, an arrogant and self-ish chauvinist who nonetheless knows how to handle himself (CN Rog2, hp: 10, AC: 14; dagger). If the PCs take no action, play up Feenik's natural arrogance... have him strut through the crowd, enjoying the attention, and even have him double the offer (to 24 gold coins) if someone will step forward to fight him.

If a member of the party does agree to be Sabine's champion, Feenik will have no qualms about fighting them. The fight should be weaponless (if the PCs draw weapons, Feenik's three friends in the crowd will intervene. Treat them as Fighters lvl 2, hp. 13, AC 13). If he is hit below 5 hp, he will draw his dagger.

Feenik of course has no honor, and if defeated he will refuse to honor his debt. Sabine and her friend will gladly, however, and will pay the full 12 coins they possess.

Rumor 12: This is a legitimate offer, though it shields a con. The drummer is better than he lets on, though not as good as he thinks he is.

If a PC steps forward to take the challenge, he will be asked to pay up front with the others. This money is all put in the bowl. Each participant plays the drum for 2 minutes, and the result is rated by a Perform skill roll. The winner (highest adjusted roll) takes the pot.

The leader of the small band of course will play his heart out, and his Charisma gives him a +2. He should play first. Each of the three other contestants will follow. Allow any PC with prior musical experience an appropriate modifier.

Remember that the result here is gauged entirely by audience reaction, not actual talent, so any previous exposure the PC may have had in this part of the market place (such as through Rumor 10, for example) could influence his result. There are other ways for a creative player to influence the crowd as well.

Rumor 15: The red glitter in the gutter is a low-value garnet (11 gp), which the PCs can likely pawn without being noticed. If they choose to return it to Netoo – whose stall will be swarming with Watch inside of 30 seconds – they will find him suspicious and hostile, but they will instantly earn the respect of Sergeant Liibaar, and all their encounters with the Watch in this quarter of the city will go more smoothly thereafter.

RumourQuest™ Pack #2

“The Sewers”

Market Rumors (for use in any public market) Rumors 19-33

This RumourQuest™ set is a mix of market talk concerning the mysterious and dangerous sewers of Geanavue. Perhaps no aspect of the city represents danger and the unknown to the populace as well as the labyrinthine sewers, and rumors and speculation about them abound. This pack has a few more low-level adventure hooks than most, and is a good pack for players new to the city.

Like all RumourQuest™ packs, pack #2 should be freely mixed with at least one other set of selected market rumors, to avoid repetition. Those DMs wishing to draw the players into the sewers for a specific encounter may elect to use this RumourQuest™ pack only.

Dungeon Master's Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #2

Rumor 21: The story of the great beast is true. It no longer lurks in the sewers, though tales of it are kept alive to keep citizens (and other prying eyes) out of the sewers.

Rumor 22: The thieves are in fact stealing fish, since the return of the great water-worm to Kulaketena (the Lake of Skeletons) has put a crimp in their preferred method of hiding stolen goods (see Rumors 53 & 54). They are using the fish to distract the worm

while they recover stolen goods dropped into the Lake of Skeletons from the gutters above.

Rumor 24: Muutavoo will in fact buy almost any coin more than 80-90 years old, paying on average 1 glint each, as he is both a collector and re-seller. However, he is very particular about the condition of the coins he buys.

Rumor 26: This rumor is false. Grimhands lost his familiar in a failed alchemical experiment, and has spread this rumor to cover up his embarrassing failure.

Rumor 30: The puppy is indeed the runt of the litter, and it looks it. It is scrawny and rather pathetic, and one eye seems to be slightly droopy. However, the merchant will extol the virtues of the breed: fierce loyalty, good disposition, easy to train.

If the PCs look too receptive, the merchant will try to sell the pup for his regular price (12 gp), telling them they have made a superb bargain for a purebred Faleemaar. However, in truth he does not expect the dog to live more than a few weeks, and would be willing to part with it for a mere handful of silver. If the PCs look like they'll walk away from the deal, he will offer the dog to them for 2-3 glints, or even less.

While the pup doesn't look the best, in the hands of a competent master it could in fact thrive. If the PCs purchase the beast have them make a skill check (Knowledge (animals) or Handle Animal - DC 7) to see if the creature survives for the first two weeks. If it survives, in 10 months it will grow to be an obedient and very competent war dog.

Rumor 31: This is an honest game, and the youths are friendly enough to explain the system of knucklebones to anyone who admits they don't know the rules. It's a simple matter of placing a bid (2-8 glints is typical) in the pot, which is matched by the other player, and then having each player throw the bones (rolling d20) against the other, three times in a row. She who wins at least 2 of the 3 matches takes the pot.

Complexity is introduced during a "squeeze play." When one player wins 2 rolls, she can elect to allow the other player to continue playing (piggy over) at a small cost which she sets. The cost is added to the pot, and the best 2-out-of-3 contest becomes best-3-of-5. You can "piggy over" multiple times if you feel lucky, carrying the contest to best 4-of-7 or much higher, and in this way a good player can extract considerable sums from someone who is certain their luck will change.

For a new player, Miikileea will open with a bid of no more than 2 glints (more if players insist, up to a max of 10). No one in this crowd carries more than a dozen or so coins. What follows is a quick example of play:

Knucklebones example:

Miikileea opens the bid with 3 glint that the PC matches (for a total of 8 in the pot, including the 2 Miikileea spotted).

	Miikileea	Player	Result
Rolls:	16	15	round goes to Miikileea
Rolls:	9	14	round goes to PC
Rolls:	7	3	round goes to Miikileea

Miikileea wins, and will offer to let the PC "piggy over" for 2 glint, which the PC must toss into the pot (total now 10 coins). The gamblers now play best 3 out of 5, rolling two more rounds:

	Miikileea	Player	Result
Rolls:	11	20	round goes to PC
Rolls:	11	2	round goes to Miikileea

Miikileea wins again (he has won 3 of the rounds). He decides to let the PC "piggy over" again, but the price will now be 5 glints, which the player must pay if she wishes to keep playing. The next two rounds are:

	Miikileea	Player	Result
Rolls:	1	17	round goes to PC
Rolls:	6	9	round goes to PC

The PC has won! The pot totals 15 coins. Miikileea may pressure the player to let him "piggy over" for a small fee, in which case the coins go back in the pot and the betting continues, or another player may challenge the PC, in which case the game starts afresh.

Rumor 32: The rider is Airon Siif, a stable boy in the employ of Baaraas Daraan, one of the Talasaara. He isn't supposed to be riding the horse, much less taking it near the market, but he was told to bring her to the smith for a new set of shoes, and liberally interpreted his instructions. He is badly scared by not yet seriously injured.

PCs who elect simply to dodge out of the way can likely do so with little difficulty. Those who attempt to grab the reins of the horse will find themselves with an extremely difficult task on their hands (DC 19 Dexterity check). But it might be possible for a particularly brave player to grab the boy and pull him from the saddle as he passes: treat this as an attack against AC 13. If the player fails in either of these two efforts, she will need make a Dexterity check (DC 10) to avoid being trampled.

If the players rescue Airon, who is a favorite of Baaraas, the Daraan family will be extremely grateful. They are likely to be invited to dinner at the family manor, and perhaps offered a small reward. At the very least the Daraan family, who never forget an act of kindness, will view them very favorably.

Those PCs who think to check the saddle will find that one of its straps has been cut. The horse has a small cut in the same place as well... perhaps the result of a blade thrust. Young Airon was the victim of a botched attempt on his purse, when the thief sliced the wrong strap and accidentally cut the horse.

Rumor 33: This can be a rather challenging encounter. Catching the small beast will seem simple enough, but in reality it is almost impossible – at least without a net or other device, especially if a single PC is acting alone. Treat it as AC 16, and require a special "hold" roll (DC 19) after a successful hit if the character is using only her hands.

There will be multiple opportunities to grab the creature as it leaps about the crowd. Others – especially street children – will be trying as well. If the monkey is caught, the reason for its value becomes clear... it is wearing two small silver bracelets of surprising value (10 gp each).

Those players who are quick on their feet will realize that there are

a number of things that will assist them for sale right here in the market, including fishing nets (+10 to hold roll), blankets (+6 to roll, but -1 to hit), and even cloaks and robes – any of which they could buy quickly for a few copper coins.

RumourQuest™ Pack #3 “The Root of All Evil”

Market Rumors (for use in any daytime market) Rumors 37-51
use *RumourQuest™ Pack #4* when exhausted

This RumourQuest™ set contains history, geography, and adventure hooks related to the Dungeons & Dragons adventure module **Root of All Evil**, and should be used by those DMs wishing to use that module or to expand the PCs interest in the area of Reanaaria Bay.

Like all RumourQuest™ packs, pack #3 should be freely mixed with at least one other set of selected market encounter packs. Those DMs wishing to “fast-track” their players toward a certain objective (in this case the adventure **Root of all Evil**), should use only this encounter pack.

Dungeon Master's Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #3:

This pack contains a little bit of everything – some geography, history, personalities, rumors and some outright lies. If handled carefully, it will allow the players to slowly piece together the clues they will need to contact the Wizard Veoden in Haanex, leading into the adventure **Root of all Evil**.

Rumor 37: This is a fairly straightforward assignment. The merchant, named Moosifeer, is anxious to deliver a bundle of freshly shelled scallops to a wedding feast. If the PC refuses to assist him, he will scowl and grab someone else from the crowd. However, Moosifeer has a very good memory and PCs can expect fish from him to command a premium if they do not help him with this simple favor. Moosifeer will return in fifteen minutes; in the interim the following will occur:

- A customer will appear and promptly demand to be served immediately. He will not wait until Moosifeer returns. If served he will make a fair payment for the fish; if not he will depart angrily.
- A band of street urchins will attempt to steal 3-4 fish, using one boy as a distraction.
- Moosifeer's good-for-nothing nephew Zoufeen will arrive and offer to take the PC's place. He will likely lose interest and wander off five minutes later, leaving Moosifeer to return to an empty stall (and several months of enmity for the PCs).

Depending on how well the PCs manage these small crises, Moosifeer will be either angered or very grateful. If grateful, the PCs can expect a friendly reception from all of the merchants in this quarter of the market.

Rumor 39: This is a cheap way for the PCs to purchase transportation to a variety of destinations. Both criers are expert at looking distressed enough to offer cut-rate prices, but neither will sell passage

for much below the usual going rate of 12 gp per person, meals included.

The passage merchants can also sell the PCs passage on almost any ship, to virtually any port in Tellene, but the more exotic locales will be far more costly.

Rumor 40: If the PCs linger too long, listening to the storyteller in the hopes that they can garner additional clues to the fate of Dairoo, the storyteller will interrupt his tale and dangle his hat in front of them, expecting payment. Even a few silvers will suffice to have him continue his tale (the complete tale of Dairoo can be found in the D&D adventure: **The Root of All Evil**).

Rumor 45: The primary adventure hook. If players take it, they will be lead into the employ of Veoden, but they will need to pay for their own provisions to Haanex.

Rumor 50: Another adventure hook, and a way for the players to get on the road to Skarnna, toward the town of Haanex. If they sign on, they will be offered a modest wage (15 gold) and accommodations. If there is no bandit activity, they will be expected to assist in the loading and unloading of cargo and supplies, where they will be introduced to the wizard Veoden in the town of Haanex.

Rumor 51: This rumor is true, and Gedoor is in fact looking for a band to locate his missing mercenary team in Zoa. If the PCs elect to follow-up on this adventure thread, have them meet with the wizard Geolain in Zoa, who will inform the party that the mercenaries have traveled to the town of Haanex to investigate the kidnapping of Arowain the alchemist.

RumourQuest™ Pack #4 “The Merchants of Geanavue”

Market Rumors (for use in any daytime market) Rumors 53-67
use *RumourQuest™ Pack #5* when exhausted

This set of rumors is focused on the merchants and tradesmen of Geanavue, who offer fascinating items and unusual bargains. The Geanavue market is home to craftsmen and traders from across Kalamar, and their exotic wares can be precious and irreplaceable... for those who can afford the price.

Like all rumor packs, Rumor Pack #4 should be freely mixed with at least one other set of selected market rumors, to avoid repetition. Those DMs wishing to attract their players to the market for specific adventures, may elect to use this rumor pack only.

Dungeon Master's Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #4

A marketplace in midday is like a living thing – bustling with activity, full of sound and excitement, easily unsettled but hard to disturb for long. For players open to the experience, it can be a place of genuine adventure, with bizarre and precious items around each and every corner... and, of course, merchants eager to haggle or make a good trade. Geanavue is a city full of the best that Tellene has to offer, and those PCs searching for the rare and exotic can often find it under their very nose.

Rumor 53: The players have watched a drop into a sewer over Kulaketena Pool (the lower trapdoor has apparently been opened and left that way). The thieves (or their cohorts) will retrieve the goods through the sewers later tonight. If the PCs report what they've seen to the Watch or to the leather merchant who has been robbed, they will be rewarded with a small fee (5 sp, plus a 10% discount off any of his leather goods) by the merchant.

If the players elect to attempt to recover the goods themselves, they will have to deal with the great water-worm who now inhabits the pool (CR 3, Snake, Huge Viper - Monster Manual page 202). Without an offering of fish to distract the worm (see Rumors 22 & 54), they are likely to be attacked.

Rumor 56: The copied item, of course, is a key to the trapdoors to the sewers. Anyone who asks around about Iviisa will learn that he is an elderly locksmith, now retired. Iviisa will fashion a copy of his wedge-shaped key to the sewers for anyone who will pay him 30 glints, in advance. (See also Rumors 60 and 64).

"Leevix" is the Leevix saarac, a common gathering place in the sewers for unsavory characters of all types.

Rumor 57: Another friendly game of knucklebones, although with slightly higher stakes than previously (see DM's note on Rumor 31 for an explanation of the game). The minimum bet here appears to be 10-15 glints, and pots can quickly grow as much as a hundred coins or more. Players can join freely, but if they run up the stakes significantly (i.e. higher than 100 coins) someone will drop a word to the Watch and the game will be broken up for fear of commotion.

Rumor 58: This is much what it appears to be: the sale of an enchanted blade. After they are solidly established in the city the PCs may be able to investigate a similar sale, but only at a very high price, and only if they can convince the merchant that they have the funds in advance.

Rumor 60: Dorovaado's was hired by the vain Seelier Arioohon (see the section on the Talasaara), who foolishly believes he has the inside track on Vuule's ancient hidden treasure. The locksmith Dorovaado seeks is Iviisa (see Rumors 56 and 64).

Rumor 61: Caantito will indeed hire strong backs to protect his silk shipments. His cargo ship is the Star of Calisto, and it departs in five days north along the Bay. This could be a useful introduction to the adventure **Root of All Evil**. (See Rumor Pack #2, Rumor 39).

Rumor 62: The chain armor is exceptionally well crafted, and has a value of 160 gp. The merchant will take the highest bid from the crowd; 2-5 others in the crowd will bid as well. Set the maximum bid from the crowd as 30 gp x total number of bidders (i.e. max 180 gp unless more PCs join in and try to outbid one another).

Rumor 63: Talees is exactly who she says she is (CG human, Ari2/Sor2; see Inisabaar family description), and while usually demure she is quite capable of defending herself. Unfortunately, these two thieves are cruel and relentless (both NE Rog2, hp 9, AC 14), and will not surrender their prize without a fight. If confronted by the PCs, both will draw short swords and attempt to scare the party off. If either drops in battle, the other will flee.

The item stolen is a finely crafted gold bracelet, value 90 gp. If it is recovered Talees will befriend the party. She is in search of a group of adventurers with whom she could earn a name, and her family connections could prove valuable.

Rumor 65: The jovial man is none other than Paarigaar Gaveelo (CN, Ari2; see Gaveelo family description). Often dismissed as "small jolly fat people barely a step above shopkeepers" by the other Talasaarans, the Gaveelo have cultivated the skill of using humor to conceal their competence, and Paarigaar is no exception.

His purse contains only a small amount of coin (18 silver pieces, 9 gold), and a PC who attempts to steal it quietly will find that Paarigaar is far more attentive than he looks (Spot +10). However, those PCs who return the purse to Paarigaar will find they have made a staunch ally and one who values honesty highly.

Rumor 67: Wotovan will in fact offer 5 glints to whomever will play him, but only for the first round, and only the first time he meets them. He is a professional gambler and is very skilled at both throwing the bones (add +1 to all his rolls) and keeping his opponents betting. His usual opening bid is 20 glints, and his pots have been known to grow as high as 300 coins.

Wotovan's rolls should be concealed from the PCs. He is always happy to play a game, even with someone to whom he has lost repeatedly, but he has come on his skill honestly and will not tolerate being called a cheat. He employs a rather large bruiser name Aalem (N male human Ftr 3, AC 17, hp: 19, Strength 17, longsword) who normally stays discreetly in the background, but who will be quick to step forward to deal with hostile bidders at Wotovan's signal.

RumourQuest™ Pack #5

"The Watch"

Market Rumors (for use in any daytime market) Rumors 71-89
use RumourQuest™ Pack #6 when exhausted

This RumourQuest™ set contains a generic mix of market talk. It is designed mostly to impart background material, and can be mixed freely with any market RumourQuest™ packs. It has some emphasis on the Geanavue Watch, and one special multi-part rumor (84-86) designed to draw the party into direct contact with the Watch and possibly take part in exposing corruption in the city.

Like all RumourQuest™ packs, pack #5 should be freely mixed with at least one other set of selected market encounters, to avoid repetition. Those DMs wishing to attract their players to the market for specific adventures may elect to use this encounter pack alone. Note that numbers 88 and 89 should not be added to the available rumors until after the players draw rumor 87.

Dungeon Master's Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #5

Rumor 81: The gnome and the dwarf have a minor ongoing feud that often erupts when they see each other in public; several of those charged with keeping the public order – including the child paid to supervise these public toilets – have taken to sounding the alarm as soon as they see them together.

Rumor 84: The “drunk” foreigner is Ogolar, a professional thief (Rogue 5, AC 14 (no armor), hp: 19, concealed shortsword) who has just relieved Geanavue’s gullible youths of all their coin through a fairly simple con. He is not intoxicated (inform any PC who asks that they do not smell alcohol on him), and the “baby” he carries is a large piece of polished quartz, although this will be impossible to determine at a distance (and Ogolar will not let it out of his hands, claiming it is too precious.)

Ogolar is pushing his luck by trying to get one more mark out of the crowd before he moves on, but he is too cocky to realize it. If none of the PCs step forward to challenge him, he will stumble about a bit until someone else does. If so, there is a good chance (25%) his con will be revealed with his next roll, as he also cheats on his throws, substituting the bones for ones of his own. If he is discovered he will be violently attacked by the youths.

If the PCs elect to challenge him for the gem, Ogolar will insist they put up a minimum of 50 gold coins (much less than what the gem appears to be worth). The winner is determined by a single throw, and Ogolar’s trick bones give him a +5. Regardless of whether he wins or loses the throw, Ogolar will shuffle off quickly into the crowd before the bones can be examined too quickly.

He has two accomplices hidden in the crowd (both Rog 1, AC 11, hp 6, shortswords) who are quickly becoming nervous about the growing size of the crowd Ogolar has bilked. If he is attacked by the entire crowd, they are just as likely to bolt as they are to come to his aid.

Rumor 85: The cache of coins was found by Vokuunteer and his small team of footpads after an ancient section of the sewers was accidentally broken into two days ago (see Rumor 66). This section was sealed nearly a century ago to conceal a murder, and the skeleton of the unfortunate victim still rests in the shallow water of the newly uncovered tunnel.

Vokuunteer and his cronies have searched the tunnel, but they have not yet found the body or the last cache of coins – a corroded iron box containing small denominations: 4 goldglints, 22 rosaaras (silver) and 54 smalls (copper). The skeleton is encased in a corrosion free suit of magic chainmail (+1) in two feet of still water.

The coins themselves are chiefly valued for their collectibility in the city, as they are largely uncirculated and average about 120 years in age. A coin collector* such as Muutavoo (see Rumor 24) would pay a considerable amount for such a collection of coins – as much as a gold piece each.

Rumor 87: This is a three-part rumor. Add the first part to this, or any market pack. After it has been drawn and read, add the second rumor below (88). Then add the third (89), or modify as appropriate to suit your campaign.

Rumor 88: While the Watch are allowed to question citizens as long as they do not kill or break bones, they are not allowed to commit crimes themselves. Cotaars Keilau and Feavao, though, are extorting bribes from this merchant and others in the neighborhood. Deputy Rimea Cotaar Noen (see the section the Watch) has suspected these two of illegal activities for a few weeks, but has not yet found proof as no one has come forward.

If the PCs intervene, you may wish to remind them of the 3gp/blow penalty for assaulting a member of the watch and encourage them to use non-lethal force. Adjust the levels of the two Watch cotaars (War1, club and padded armor) to make an appropriate CR for the PCs who intervene. No other patrol is nearby (Keilau and Feavao have made sure of that), but within five minutes of the fight being over, a full patrol will arrive with the Deputy Rimea Cotaar.

While he will admonish the PCs for taking the law into their own hands (“Next time, notify the Watch”), he will accept the players’ testimony and incarcerate the two Watch cotaars assuming they are alive. If they have killed the cotaars, then Noen may still let them off but with stern warnings about killing in the city.

If the PCs choose not to interfere, you may wish to have similar encounters crop up occasionally while they are in the city. In any case, once this rumor has been drawn, add #89 to the mix.

RumourQuest™ Pack #6

“The Fire Giants and the Talasaara”

Market Rumors (for use in any daytime market) Rumors 92-110

This RumourQuest™ set contains a generic mix of market talk, with a small number of especially rare and difficult-to-obtain rumors (particularly those dealing with the Basalt Throne), and rumors leading to more demanding adventure settings. Use this RumourQuest™ pack only for experienced players.

Dungeon Master’s Notes, RumourQuest™ Pack #6

Rumor 99: The man’s name is Leza, a servant of a minor Talasaara, Tuirva, of the Arioohon family. Each family member is entitled to protect one servant, who has to wear a white tabard with the family badge (see the section on Talasaara). If the player decides to confront Leza, you may wish to have someone in the crowd grab their sleeve (“Don’t be a fool! Can’t you see he wears the Rose Blade? He™s protected.”)

Rumor 106: The Magma Brother clan has sent an emissary to the fire giants in the North to solicit the aid of a powerful cleric to help them “unite” the clans – something which would have disastrous consequences for the humans in the vicinity.

Rumor 110: The Sons of Kaliriaan meet in the basement of the poet Haaritaan, who has vowed to dedicate himself to the most debauched god of pleasure he can find.

Two merchants are examining a load of cheap wooden cups with disinterest. They are obviously friends.

"...you should really have studied the Reckoning," says the first. "There are at least eleven likely scenarios for challenges to the Basalt Throne."

"Eleven?? I think you're counting your nephew Kaaropita. Does he still wear a crown whenever he's drunk?"

"You should pay more attention to matters of state, my portly friend." The merchant begins to count on his fingers.

"Attend: The rumored descendants of the two daughters of First Lord Soraveer; the bastard offspring of Lord Rolovaar —"

"Matters of local gossip, you mean. Rolovaar's been dead for over seven centuries! How long will it take before you gossips let him rest?"

"-- the surviving descendants of Hasalaar Geana; bastard offspring of both Lord Raagaar and Wolfhead Geana; the six daughters of Lord Meleevan; Saasoree's treasonous liaison with the Gaonagel; the impostor Kaliriaan; Haalavoroe's true son; and Lord Taneevaar's pirate children. You see? Eleven very possible scenarios. I tell you, the very streets are crammed with pretenders to the throne."

"Eleven, huh? I think you're grown an extra finger just to keep count of your crazed hobbies, my friend."

01

"—I'm telling you, Borooteloar was obsessed with the subject. He was convinced Taanaavao Mauhuuro put forth an impostor as Lord Banaatuir's son Kaliriaan in YND 617, just after the death of the wizard Alaki."

"An amusing theory, at best."

"Borooteloar didn't find it amusing. Claimed he'd found a descendant of the real Kaliriaan. If Borooteloar hadn't been poisoned, the Basalt Throne might sit very differently today..."

"Keep your voice down. There's plenty more poison where that came from!"

02

You see two young gentlemen in fine dress stumbling and laughing, obviously a little drunk.

"...really had Borooteloar convinced?" slurs the first.

"Yes, yes, and hell yes," affirms the second emphatically.

"Borooteloar believed it all. He accepted the boy as a true descendant of Kaliriaan, and a legitimate claimant to the Basalt Throne."

"Acht. When you want to believe something badly enough, even a sow will appear a maiden."

"Oh come, let's not be too hard on old Borooteloar... After all, that rumor about Kaliriaan has been circulating for over a century."

"Yes, a Talasaaran whisper campaign no doubt. But the Kaliriaan who took the throne looked like his father Banaatuir, and knew things only the real Kaliriaan would likely have known."

"Well, still, Borooteloar would have backed the claim... if only his wife hadn't done away with the poor bastard."

His companion freezes in place and glances about in sudden terror. "Keep quiet you fool!" He hustles his drunken friend into a tavern.

03

"...party was a smashing success. Really, I haven't had such a splendid time in ages."

"Well... I suppose it wasn't too bad. If only father hadn't drunk all the springberry wine and spent most of the evening shouting his theories about the pretenders to the Basalt Throne."

"Yes, you looked like you wanted to die. I thought it was just the Talasaaran who delighted in spreading those theories, and trying to have the Lords discredited or slain."

"If only Siimi hadn't left so soon. Do you think he's handsome? I was sure I spotted him looking at me."

"No, I thought it was me he was looking at..."

04

Two elderly gentlemen are walking slowly down the street, debating the fine point of some scholarly text.

"That's no excuse for shoddy research," says the first. "Even a quick glance at the Reckoning will reveal at least eleven possible 'pretenders' to the Basalt Throne."

"A useless exercise. Most of the claims are centuries old. Geanavue has never yet faced a serious challenge to succession, and likely never will."

"You're dangerously naïve, I think! Time and again Talasaara, guildmasters, and even courtiers have subtly hinted they can produce this or that "legitimate" heir to the Throne... and may well do so if the current Lord pushes them just a bit farther. These may be bluffs, or it may be that none of them has quite dared to jeopardize their standing with such a reckless move — but sooner or later one may be goaded into action, threatening the very stability of Geanavue itself."

05

Two young girls are skipping through the streets, singing a tuneful local ditty as they twirl a thin length of rope between them.

*"Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Held onto Geanavue with all his might.
Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Tried to flay a stranger one cold winter night.
Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Snap! Cracked a whip too big for his height.
Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Trampled by his own horse in a terrible fright.
Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Sixty years of rule snuffed out like a light.
Bile and Spite, Bile and Spite,
Coming back for you? Yes he might!!"*

Suddenly a woman reaches from the crowd and grabs one of the girls. "Taaesen! What have I told you about singing that song in public? You come home this instant!" She drags the girl off through the crowd

Two older gentlemen watch this small drama with interest. "To think the dread Lord Eamiis would become nothing more than a children's rhyme," one whispers to the other.

06

"Lord Eamiis owned this himself," you hear a merchant say proudly. He hands a small glittering gem to a potential buyer.

"Eamiis? I hear he was a terror."

The merchant glances quickly around before answering in a low tone. "Well, yes, he was. He publicly beat my uncle Simonovaar when their carts collided in the market. His son Borooteloar was no better, if you want my opinion."

"Borooteloar? A boor. The entire Celaarivan family is a blight on Geanavue. No one in the city will do business with the House of the Ruby. I hear their wealth depends completely on outland trade these days."

"Perhaps. But it's nothing to be sneezed at, even so. They still control much of the mining and shipbuilding in Geanavue."

07

A merchant is proudly folding a pile of beautifully dyed lengths of silk.

"Are you certain you won't sell these?" asks a nearby buyer. "Come, I'll pay you a very fair price."

"I told you – they are already sold. They are promised to Tuuveeno, of the House of the Ruby."

The buyer hesitates, obviously intimidated. "Tuuveeno Celaarivan?"

"None other."

"But he's been away from the city for years – what brings him back?"

The merchant leans closer. "Tuuveeno was Lord Eamiis's only brother. They say he's come to investigate the recent death in the family."

"Truly?"

"Yes. I heard it direct from his buyer – Tuuveeno will pay gold for the name of the person who poisoned his nephew."

08

Three richly attired merchants are discussing prospects as they sip tea at a table.

" – the Ruuniigor family are always good for an order in the spring, as are their allies, the Celaarivan."

"Bah. I've had no success with that family since Saareeva became head."

"It was no better when her husband Borooteloar was alive."

"No, it's definitely worse. Borooteloar was just a boor... Coldkiss is a restlessly cunning matriarch who looks at the world as nothing more than rivals to be dragged down, or victims not yet exploited. She delights in destroying whomever she chooses, and makes foes by the dozens each day. It's bad for business."

"Unless you want to be added to that list, I wouldn't use Saareeva's nickname where she can hear of it."

09

Two suspicious-looking individuals are reclining against a wall in a corner. They appear to be watching the passersby.

"You heard about Tuuveeno?" says the first.

"Yes. He'll be within the city walls in days."

"Curse the luck! There'll be trouble in the guild, mark my words."

"Tuuveeno's been gone for over a decade... surely that ancient feud is long buried."

"The Celaarivan family never buries a feud."

"Why has he come back?"

"Some family tragedy, I hear. But Tuuveeno will take his vengeance while he's here. There will be blood in the gutters, mark my words."

10

As you wander through the market you hear raucous laughter from the front of an open tavern. A small crowd has gathered to watch an argument between a well-dressed young man and a provocatively dressed young woman. As the woman turns to storm off the man utters a particularly vile insult, and she whirls to slap him. He dodges the slap easily and kicks her into the mud.

" – and that's where you truly belong!" he finishes, to the general amusement of the crowd.

The young woman seems suddenly on the verge of tears. "But you promised..."

"I promised? My dear, I believe you are mistaken." He straightens his clothes with disdain. "I said nothing of the kind."

"But you said... you said after last night we would be together..."

The man makes a face and the crowd laughs again. He digs into his pocket and takes out a handful of gold coins. "I suppose I do owe you something after last night... I should think this is better than the going rate?" He drops the coins in the mud before her.

The woman's face turns crimson with shame. She begins to sob openly. Several of the young man's friends slap him on the back, appreciating the joke, and they begin to move away.

The woman turns to the crowd. "Is there no one here who will defend me?" Suddenly she grabs the coins. "8 gold glints to the man who will be my champion! Is there no one? Thrash this arrogant brute who has wronged me, and I will give you all the money I have!"

There's an amused gasp from the crowd. The man stops and turns around in surprise. A second woman steps forward and tosses a small pouch to the ground, saying "I'll add my coin to that. 12 gold glints to he who will defend the honor of my friend Sabine!"

There is a moment of surprised silence, but no one in the crowd steps forward.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

11

You come across a band of musicians attempting to entertain the crowd. They are doing a fairly poor job. The harpist and the flute player are passable, as is the thin girl who is juggling and passing a small bowl around the crowd, but the leader – who is banging repeatedly on a worn drum – is wretched. You could probably do better.

Members of the audience aren't showing much patience. Finally, fed up, the leader stands and takes his bowl full of coins.

"A challenge!" he shouts. "I challenge the crowd! Does anyone here think they can do better? Come forth!"

"And make your money for you? I doubt it!" someone shouts, to general laughter.

The drummer holds up the bowl. "He who plays best may take our earnings! But he who does not... must pay us 2 glint! Come, the crowd will judge! Who will take the challenge?"

Three members of the crowd come forth. There appear to be about five gold coins in the bowl, and a handful of silver.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

12

A small wagon is being pushed through the streets, loaded with riverfruit. Suddenly a short-haired lad in sandals grabs a clump of fruit and tries to push his way quickly through the crowd.

There's a loud shout to your left. "You there! Boy with fruit! Down!"

The street quickly clears to allow two men with clubs and stout armor tunics to hustle through the crowd. The boy turns his head, spots the two and quickly panics. He drops the fruit and bolts down an alley.

"No use running, boy! Down now!"

The men pursue him into the alley. The boy drops to his knees and raises his hands, and the crowd slowly returns to its business.

"The Watch move quickly on this street," a merchant says with satisfaction to his neighbor.

13

"— no, there's no question any more. It was Akaaro. He as much as admitted his guilt. The man is shameless."

"Hmm. He can expect a visit from the Watch, I think."

"No. Akaaro served as a Magistrate during the last cycle. His term ended only six years ago and ex-Magistrates are exempt from all justice for a decade. The Watch can lock him up for a night, but no more than that."

14

Two men are moving quickly through the crowd. One of them clutches a black pouch.

"— nothing but pure stones I tell you. The fat slug wasn't even looking."

"Move quickly, Netoo. He'll spot it missing soon enough. Let me see the pouch."

"Not yet."

"Let me see it —"

Sudden loud shouting erupts from the crowd behind them. Startled, the two plunge forward, still tussling over the black pouch. You see a single red object drop between them and roll into the gutter as they vanish into the crowd.

Behind you hear a loud voice shouting for the Watch. In the gutter at your feet, you see a tiny glimmer of red.

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

15

RumourQuest™ Pack #2

Two distinguished gentlemen are enjoying a cup of imported black coffee at an outdoor café, when a small group of ragged and mud-covered men pass. One of the gentlemen suddenly wrinkles his nose.

"What a stench!" he says, staring after the men. "Gods, have they been rolling in dung? The Watch should clear people like that off the street!"

His companion looks surprised. "Don't you know who that was? The leader was Raadurar Neevaur, the cellarar."

"The notorious sewer captain?"

"The same. He owns several skiffs. My uncle hired him once to find a necklace Aunt Geefa dropped through a grate. He can find anyone and anything below the streets in this city — or make something disappear just as quickly."

16

A small group of middle-aged men are clustered in the middle of the street, chatting loudly.

"— and your great uncle, Geerimeea?" asks one. "What of him? Is he still the terror of the saaracs, poling his way through dark waters?" Some of his friends laugh.

"Ah, no. You haven't heard? His skiff took a turn into an unused runshaft last year during the summer rains... he stumbled on an ancient trap, and was badly injured. He would have drowned if two cellarars hadn't been passing through Tuurazak's Saarak and heard his cries."

"Tuurazak! Was it one of that old madman's traps?"

"It must have been. That corrupt old builder hid lethal traps into many of his sewer runs to discourage intruders searching for loose stones and treasure... most of them were destroyed with the removal of the many sewer gates, but a few still await the unwary."

20

A well dressed man is finalizing a sale with a leather merchant, when his eyes fall upon a hideous piece of dark purple leather stretched over the merchant's awning. "My good Tuveen, what is that disgusting thing?"

"This?" Tuveen says with a smile. "It's one of the tentacles of the water-monster that crept into Kuladarakaun pool more than a century ago. It's not for sale."

"Kuladarakaun pool? The privy chute from my home pours into Kuladarakaun pool! What kind of monster??"

"Ah..." Seeing he has a captive audience, the merchant leans forward and begins his tale with relish. "It was a great, grotesque beast that crawled up the flow under the city, or perhaps was released by some sorcerer. It started to slay cellarars stealthily, attacking only when a single skiff was present... for a long time its existence was unknown, and even when it was spotted its lair was impossible to find. By the time a concerted effort was made to hunt it down, the Great Beast had spawned a dozen smaller horrors..."

"By the gods! Were they all slain?"

"So claims the Watch, but who can say? There are so many pools and sinkholes under Geanavue that it would be impossible to search them all."

21

"— everything been quiet in your side of town then, Otoo?"

"Yes... but I'm a little concerned about the weekly street reports. A lot of thefts this past week."

"Thefts? I hadn't heard that. Anything valuable?"

"Just the opposite. Fish!"

"Someone's stealing fish?"

"Yes. Not much, but a little each day. Five different vendors hit in the last week alone, always by the same band."

"Odd..."

22

"What kind of knife is this, Reeso?"

"Ah, what fine eyes you have, sir. It's a goblin throwing knife, carved from a single piece of bone. I can let you have it for 14 silver."

"Goblin? Strange, it looks brand new."

"It is. It would go splendidly with that belt you looked at earlier. If you buy it as well, I can give you the knife for 12 silver."

"Where did you come across a goblin knife? Really, I'm not sure I want to be wearing something that was plundered from a dead goblin..."

"Of course not sire! This was purchased in trade. Certainly you're aware of the sewer goblins who trade with the cellarers?"

"Sewer goblins? You don't expect me to believe that old myth!"

"Ah, sir... I take it you are new to the city?"

23

Two well dressed woman are walking away from a stall, and one of them is looking closely at the coins she has received in change.

"Tasaa, what was the name of that odd old fellow you mentioned to me a while back? You know, the one who would pay money for old city coins?"

"You mean old Muutavoo?"

"Yes! Does he still have a shop on Reanoor Street?"

"I think so... why?"

"Because I think I have here a coin he'd pay dearly for." They continue down the street, talking excitedly.

24

Two young boys are talking loudly as they pass you.

"— I don't believe it! There's no such thing as a rat that big!"

"I saw it myself. One of Raadurar's men fished it out of Daaraun Pool. As big as a dog!"

"Was it dead?"

"Of course it was dead. It had teeth as sharp as a blade. It would have chewed his arm off if it wasn't."

"Eeeugh! Do you think there are more, under the city?"

"Hundreds, probably. Old Fadeer said the goblins ride them, through the old sewer runs..."

25

Two men dressed in robes are walking slowly down the street, their hands clasped behind their backs.

"Is it true?"

"That Taalazaar Grimhands has lost his familiar? It seems unlikely. But Grimhands has been careless lately... he's turned away from proper spellcraft and is focusing on the rather lucrative business of concocting and selling scents and medicines, or trading such wares for spellbooks and scrolls brought to him by travelers."

"Still, to lose his familiar..."

"Perhaps it's not really lost. Perhaps the creature is bewildered by the treacherous maze of the sewers, and will return soon enough."

"What errand could have been so urgent that Grimhands sent the reptile into those waters?"

"Ah, that's the secret, isn't it?"

26

"— ooh, Zek isn't rich now, but he has great plans. He crawls down in the sewers each night in search of Mauruum's hoard!"

There is a burst of laughter from the band of boys. One of them looks confused. "What is Mauruum's hoard?"

The one called Zek talks excitedly. "He was a builder — one of the city's richest! When he died, almost all of his ready coin vanished. They say it's in a hiding place he built somewhere in the walls of the sewer runs — a huge wealth of readily-spendable, everyday coinage, the kind of treasure that would never draw questions!"

"And you're going to find it, Zek?" laughs the first youth.

"Why not? I have as much chance as anyone else!"

27

Two well-tanned men are fixing broken cobblestones near the edge of the market. They appear to be taking their time.

"Is your father still feuding with Taanit's brother?" asks the first.

"Yes. It's been ages now. Last week he left the tavern because two of Taanit's nephew's came in. It's as bad as ever."

"How did it start?"

"You don't know?" The second boy lays down his tools. "It's all because of the Alchemical Pool — the big sewer pool that collapsed when a metallurgist's experimental mixture went awry and destroyed his house. Builders from all over the city were called in, and paid handsome fees to quickly excavate the ruin. Several fights erupted over things that were found during the construction — valuables, and even magic items owned by the alchemist."

"Is that what the feud is about?"

"Publicly, yes. But I'm not so sure."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, they say that one of the builders took the opportunity to build their own secret passages during the construction, ones that connected the sewers to the surface. At least one of the doors is a secret entrance on the outside of the building — not even its owners know that strangers are entering their walls and descending to hidden cellars below, bent on dark business."

"And Taanit's brother is the one who did it?"

"Perhaps."

28

A merchant with a strange foreign accent is discussing the city with a local.

"And is it true," he asks, "that Geanavue is built over an underground river?"

"Yes, of a sort. The original settlers of the area chose Geanavue as a campsite because of the springs. Unfortunately, the springs quickly became fouled from livestock and over crowding. Today wells provide drinking water, and the springs under the Castle fill underground caverns to form lakes. During heavy rains the flows wash out the sewers, flushing wastes to sinkholes. The waters disappear deep under the earth, emerging on the surface again well southeast of the city, in the stinking Esameraas."

"Ah! The Night Swamp! I have heard of it."

"Yes. 'The Flow' is the name given to the subterranean river between the Sinks of Geanavue and the Esameraas, and it is said to be a nightmarish succession of caverns, wherein lurk many oozes, otyughs.. and worse."

"Delightful, my friend. Tell me again why I should visit you more often?"

29

A merchant and a very large woman are arguing. On a mat between them are seven squirming puppies, no more than eight weeks old.

"I asked you for half a dozen war dog pups," the woman complains loudly. "I don't want this scrawny thing, and I'm not going to pay for it."

"But Felice, you told me you wanted a complete litter. You can't tell a bitch how many pups to bear –"

"Don't give me your excuses, Daaviz. I'll pay for six, no more."

The merchant picks up the smallest of the pups, cradling it gently. "Felice, you know I must leave the city. I can't take this poor creature back with me. He's from good stock –"

"Enough. Here is your gold. Good day." A manservant packs up her six puppies and she leaves.

As the merchant's aides close his small shop, he cradles the clumsy puppy in his arms and anxiously scans the crowd for a last minute buyer. When he spots you he lifts the small creature in his arms.

"Good sir, would you be interested in a purebred Falemaar war dog pup? I am at a serious disadvantage, and can give you a most excellent price!"

Inform the DM of what action you take, if any.

30

You have come across a small number of youths excitedly gambling near the mouth of an alley. They are throwing an assortment of carved bones to the dirt. The bones are stained with a variety of markings. After a moment it becomes clear how the system works: each mark is worth a certain number of points, added or subtracted depending on which bone is on top.

"He's in a squeeze, Miikileea!" shouts one youth.

"I'll take a squeeze," says Miikileea. "Piggy over for 3 glints."

A second youth throws 3 gold coins to the ground with a scowl, then he and Miikileea throw again. There's a round of excited shouting, and Miikileea collects all the coins and pumps his fist in the air.

"I am invincible! I'll throw against all comers!" he shouts. No one takes his challenge. "Come now, are you all cowards? I'll spot the hole 2 glints!" Miikileea throws 2 gold coins to the ground.

"Anyone? Anyone?"

He glances through the crowd and then locks eyes with you. "You? Throw the bones, and take home some gold!"

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

31

As you are examining the goods of a very talented silver-smith, you hear a sudden scream behind you.

A badly spooked horse is running through the crowd toward you. Dangling from what appears to be a broken saddle is a very young boy who is much too terrified to do anything.

The crowd scatters in a panic as the horse barely misses trampling a woman and her child. The rider is struck in the head by a tent pole and you see the splash of blood.

The horse will pass by you in seconds. If you don't move you risk being trampled. People are leaping in every direction, and it appears inevitable the young rider will be killed.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

32

A merchant selling exotic animals is haggling with a buyer over the price of a small monkey. As the haggling continues the buyer's temper grows short, and as he raises his voice he startles the monkey. The animal nips his finger and the buyer curses loudly.

"Stop, please, you'll frighten him," urges the merchant, but it's too late. The monkey leaps unto a nearby roof tent as the buyer rages at him. Badly startled, the creature flees, leaping from stall to stall over the surprised crowd.

The merchant quickly realizes that the monkey will be gone in seconds, but he is hedged into his stall. As he tries he push his way out he shouts, "My monkey! Quickly! Two gold glints to the one who can catch my monkey!"

Many in the crowd laugh, but a few quickly move to catch it. You look up and see the small creature leaping toward your side of the street.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

33

RumourQuest™ Pack #3

Inform the Dungeon Master that you have drawn special encounter 31. If you are not traveling alone, you may share this encounter with others.

A merchant behind a small fish stall is anxiously holding a small bundle. He scans the crowd quickly, then reaches over and tugs your shirtsleeve.

"Excuse me, good sir... yes, sorry to disturb you," he says. "I have to make a delivery across the market. It won't take but a moment. Would you watch my stall for me? I'll be robbed blind in a heartbeat by the bloodless street thieves if there isn't someone here, and my useless nephew is long overdue. Please sir, it won't take but a moment. You need do nothing more than stand here.... just the sight of you will frighten them off. What say you, sir?"

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

37

" – they're leaving Geanavue, I tell you. Some of the best wizards. Even Veoden left two years ago, forsaking Geanavue for some backwater near Skarrna and a life of tinkering and enchanting. The very life of the city is draining away before us."

"G'wan, stop complaining and pay your taxes like the rest of us."

38

You hear a number of passage merchants – criers hired to sell passage on sailing ships – shouting out the locales and names of the vessels as they pace through the crowd. Two of them appear to be in competition, both offering passage along the bay.

"Passage on the fine sailing vessel Star of Calisto," shouts the first. "Deluxe accommodations for merchants, travelers, and nobles of the finest families! Now selling passage to Reanaaria Bay, from Skarrna to the Reelio Jungle –"

"Fine quarters at excellent prices on the Morning Lance!" interrupts the second. "Fastest ship in Geanavue, and a more skilled crew you will not find! Still a few cabins left at last minute prices! Cargo rates available for the Morning Lance to Skarrna, Haanex, and Zoa!"

Several interested people in the crowd are taking advantage of the competition, holding back and obviously waiting to see who will eventually offer the best price.

39

A hunched storyteller is leaning over a small crowd of children, who are totally immersed in his tale of adventure.

"...and only one man survived, Dairoo, who was found just west of town almost dead from exposure and terrible wounds. He claimed that he had found the star, far to the west, but that it was guarded... by wizards, monsters, and worse!"

"In his pocket, Dairoo carried a few bits of beautiful metal, a type of silver too hard to be worked by even the most skilled smith... Dairoo refused to reveal where he had found it, saying only that it lay in the evil lands to the west, where he would never return again!"

"It was mithral!" whispers one small child to her companion in wonder. The storyteller smiles and gathers the children closer.

40

"—you can't be certain, not when the artifact is so old."

"Oh, but I can. I hired the sage Geolain, and he authenticated the tale for me – the runes, the location of the old tunnels, and even the legend of the old lich's lair. The artifact is damaged, but it is genuine."

"The Sage Geolain? From Zoa?"

"The same. There's no greater expert, and no finer wizard, in matters such as this."

41

Two women are pulling a reluctant dog through the market on a leash and gossiping.

" – and I told him, if he wants to charge me for that kind of advice, he should just hang up a shingle and call himself a sage."

"Oh, he would too, if he thought there were coin in it. Charge you a copper as soon as look at you, he would."

"Yes, to be sure. You'd think he was the great Caaranian himself, standing before the court at Kalamar and proving the stars are made of mithral."

The dog tugs on the leash and pulls the two women away.

42

"Even Lord Eamiis himself respected how much effort it took... Daaravin, refresh my memory – what was the name of the wizard that Eamiis hired four summers ago?"

"Veoden, I think."

"Yes, that was it, Veoden. Oh, he was a clever one – one of the best Geanavue had..."

43

"You've heard the stories too?"

"Yes. They're told to children in the street now. But I don't care if this fellow Dairoo did find the star – he's long dead now, and his secret is dead with him."

"Not necessarily. I've heard it whispered that Dairoo made a map, and that the map was buried with him when he was buried in Haanex."

"Nonsense. And even if it was true, the map never did Dairoo any good. The legend of the fallen star has lead many a good man to his death in the western mountains – don't be in a hurry to add your name to the list."

44

Two youths come running through the crowd to greet a third. The first two seem very excited.

"Tell him, Geohaam," says the first, out of breath.

The second lad nods. "I just heard, down at the docks. There's some crazy wizard in Haanex who's looking for a party of adventurers. They say he's very rich, and is searching for a treasure of some kind."

The third lad scowls. "Another rumor. Why do you waste my time with this?"

"It's true!" shouts the first. "We just spoke to Captain Esiiteen. He says the wizard lives in a tower in Haanex, and sent word across the bay. He's looking for a group of noble-minded youths who are quick witted, adventurous, and willing to share the prize with him!"

"Let's do it!" says Geohaam. "We could take this commission. We could be rich!"

"'Youths?'" says the third sarcastically. "He asked for 'youths?'"

"Well, not, not in so many words, but –"

"He wants experienced soldiers, not boys who can't even afford armor!"

"But Dekalaa –"

"And how are we supposed to pay for passage for provisions to Haanex, huh? Answer me that!"

The three boys meld into the crowd, still arguing.

45

"Hmmm? Yes, I was in Haanex, just before the summer festival," says a merchant as he unloads a cart. "Why do you ask?"

A strange figure in blue robes shifts a little closer. "I have heard it said that the great wizard Veoden abides in Haanex, in a tower of his own making... Is this true?"

"About the tower? Oh yes! It's half sunk into the swamp now, but Veoden refuses to vacate it.... Says the site must be enchanted! Wizards." The merchant shakes his head and returns to his produce.

46

"Oh yes, I saw it too. Just a few nights ago, a falling star that streaked across the sky. It scratched the firmament of the heavens, a terrifying sight."

"Feh – that is nothing. A sight to frighten children. They say that a hundred years ago a falling star came to rest in the Vrykarr Mountains, trailing fire and destruction into the home of the giant kin. It was a sight you could see from Geanavue. That was a terror – a night they thought the gods had come home."

47

Two grizzled sailors are sharing a hot beverage and watching the gulls fly overhead.

"I don't know much more," says the first. "But Cap'n was terrified of her, no doubt 'a that."

"Think she was a wizard?"

"Oh, aye, and Cap'n Esiteen did too. He refused her passage, and we sailed at first light the next morn. There was a mad light in her eyes. She was touched with the gift, no doubt of it. A dabbler in the black arts. But I've seen folk less crazy in the Geanavue madhouse."

"Did ye learn her name?"

"Aye. The lady Daresh. And if I never hear it again, I'll die a happy man."

48

A small band of soldiers with the faintest touch of a foreign accent are walking ahead of you, deep in conversation.

"... but it's a long journey, and dangerous."

"Yes. It's not just the giant kin in the Vrykarr Mountains... there's word of worse things now."

"I was afraid of that. What's the commission?"

"To bring a magistrate through the mountains, to settle a mining stake dispute between two families. No coin until the dispute is solved, and then there's little chance of bonus."

"Will you take it?"

"I don't know. It's so close to the festival, and word is several rich commissions will be offered up this week..."

49

Two muscled mercenaries in chain armor are taking a rest against a post.

"... heard the same thing. Gold, they were offering?"

"Yes, and provisions as well, enough for a three-week trip on the road to Skarrna. Ekolaar at the docks was offering to any able-bodied swordsman, guildman or not. Said all they needed was a sword. But who wants to leave so close to the festival? In two weeks there'll be all the work a mercenary can handle, right here in Geanavue."

"Huh. It never fails. Two well-paying commissions in one month, and then there'll be nothing for half a season – mark my words."

50

"Oh, yes, but that can wait. I heard the most interesting bit of gossip last night..."

"Borauvaan Greatstaff purchasing magic again?"

"No – this concerns Gedoor Eluudaas. He's been scheming for years, with bands of adventurers in his employ out doing his bidding in the city. Well, I heard his favorite has fallen afoul of a secret society in Zoa called the Sentinels of the True Way... and a more black-hearted mob of thugs you would be hard pressed to find, I can tell you. Gedoor has not heard from his band in a fortnight, and he is anxious for any word. It's said he's looking for a fresh group of adventurers to locate the first."

51

RumourQuest™ Pack #4

You see two suspicious youths watching the crowd carefully. One passes a medium-sized black pouch to the other and then places himself casually against the wall, blocking the view of the crowd as his companion raises the edge of large board. You see him drop the pouch under the board, and hear a distant splash.

An instant later you hear the shout of a merchant. "Watch – I've been robbed! Where is the Watch!?" The two youths casually melt into the crowd.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

53

Two heavily-scarred young men greet each other in the street and then move to a quieter spot to converse.

"What happened to Niiki? He never showed last night."

"Didn't you hear? Niiki got bit by the worm last night. Damn thing nearly took his arm."

"What?! How did it happen? Didn't he remember the fish?"

"Of course he remembered the fish. Maybe the monster tires of fish, and is seeking warmer prey. Niiki said the thing had grown to twice its old size, nearly as big around as a man."

"We'll have to stop feeding it fish soon, I think. Else it will grow too large to fear any of us."

"We'll have to abandon Kulaketena pool, as well. We'll need to find another drop point."

The first youth nods moodily and the two drop back into the shadows.

54

Two well-attired noblewomen are walking slowly through the market.

"— and of course, Gaaviroon was out all night."

"Again? Hmmm. I might begin to wonder about your husband, Dalia."

"Nonsense. He told me all about it. Last night he was drinking with Robiinuur Beligaar, and you don't just leave that man alone at a table."

"Beligaar? Isn't he the one they say was once a pirate?"

"The very same. Last night he told Gaaviroon about his first expedition along the coast of the Reelio Jungle. Robiinuur was part of some mad scheme to find the falling star in the Vrykarr Mountains, said to be a source of endless riches. He was one of the few who returned alive..."

55

From behind a row of hanging furs you overhear a brief snippet of conversation between two hidden men.

"—Iviisa copied the key. Cost me more than I wanted, but I have it."

"Does it work?"

"We'll know tonight. Meet me at Leevix."

When you maneuver yourself casually to glance behind the furs, the two men are gone.

56

You see a small group of rather affluent-looking youths gambling at a table outside a small tavern. The game is knucklebones, and as the crowd passes a few new players stop and join the game as others pick up their winnings and move on. It appears to be a friendly public game, and the youths seem free with their rather abundant coinage.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

57

An immaculately dressed man in a dark traveling cloak tosses aside a thin blade with a clatter. "I asked for quality work, Nekiisa" he tells the merchant across from him. "And you give me cheap trash. Have you nothing better?"

"I assure you, good sir, the weapons here are the finest available in the city. Here, look closely at his blade —"

"I have, and it is cheap trash. Forged by a man allergic to iron, I think. You have nothing better, then." He starts to move on.

"Wait — wait, sir. I can tell you are not interested in the ordinary —"

"You are a man of unusual perception." The traveler waits impatiently, his eyes already on other stalls.

"But sir, of course you understand that the finest work, the very best Geanavue has to offer... such weapons are rare indeed, and are much sought. I have samples of such works of art..."

"Yes?"

"... but of course, they are promised to my best clients."

"Show me."

The merchant reaches into a iron-banded chest and pulls out a large oilcloth. He unrolls it carefully, and you catch a glimpse of a long, slender blade with a black hilt.

The traveler's eyes widen. "Is this...?"

"Yes, sir." The merchant starts to roll the weapon up again.

"Of course, work such as this is paid in advance, and promises of delivery have been made... but perhaps..."

The merchant and traveler begin to whisper in earnest, and slip into the shadows of the merchant's tent.

58

Up ahead there is something of a traffic jam. A large carriage, ornately decorated, has stopped in the center of the crowded street. Men in livery gear are pushing back the crowd as an elderly woman steps out of a very expensive-looking shop. Behind her, two men are struggling with a four-foot cage, dragging it towards the carriage.

As they try to heave the cage unto the back of the carriage, the tarp covering it catches on a spoke. The covering pulls away and you hear the crowd gasp. Perched in the center of the cage is an enormous, heavily muscled bird, almost the height of the cage. With a start you realize it has down instead of feathers — it is still a fledgling. It moves back and forth aggressively inside its cage, eyeing its handlers with obvious hunger.

Sweating and swearing, the servants re-cover the cage and hoist in unto the back of the carriage. Under the tarp the creature spits angrily, then lets out a piercing, hawk-like cry.

"Quickly," hisses the woman from within the carriage. "We must return before sundown, or even the cage will not hold it."

The crowd parts quickly as the carriage rattles away down the cobblestones. "Coldkiss grows more bold each day," you hear one of the handlers whisper.

59

A rather confident-looking man is having lunch with a young woman.

"This latest commission of yours seems a little odd, Dor," she says.

"Perhaps. But it's true the outlaw Vuule hid many caches of treasure in the sewers. Chests and cauldrons of coins have been hauled out of hidden niches in the walls over the decades, but nowhere near what the tales claim he hid. No, my patron is right... there's more to be found near Vuule Saarac, and the clues he has may finally allow me to find it."

"How will you get into the sewers?"

"I hear there's an old locksmith who can fashion keys to the trapdoors — for a price. Unfortunately, I've been unable to discover his name."

60

Two elderly women are looking over a thin selection of dyes and drawn silk cloth. "Really, Caaniito, is this all you have this week?" asks one.

The merchant spreads his hands in apology. "Lovely ladies... my suppliers have problems of the worst kind this season. It is temporary, I assure you."

"Oh, not pirates again," says the second with a shiver.

"Yes, my lady. Ruthless men, whose cruelty would give you nightmares."

"Can't you hire a few strong backs to protect your ships, Caaniito? Surely a show of force would drive them off once and for all."

"Of course... but I'm just a simple merchant ladies, and cannot afford the rates the mercenary guilds charge, not so close to the festival. They guilds bleed me dry."

"Hire some non-guild men, then."

"Do you know of such men, my ladies? Speak their names, and I shall hire them today!"

61

A merchant and buyer are haggling over a suit of chain armor. "I won't pay for it," says the buyer angrily. "I told you it had to have my family crest sewn onto the chest."

"You said it had to be today! I paid extra to have it delivered, and I will pay a penalty if I do not pay the armorer today —"

"I don't care what deal you made with the armorer. I won't pay."

"You are a cheat! You promised me payment today!"

The buyer storms off in a huff. The merchant fumes for a moment, then lifts the chain armor over his head and says in a loud voice:

"I am an honest man who has been cheated. Come, who will benefit from my misfortune? Who will purchase this fine armor today, and allow me to pay the armorer on time? Come, I will sell it at a loss to the highest bidder!"

The armor he is holding up is of fine quality. Most passersby ignore him, but a few stop to examine the suit of chain. It looks like an auction is about to begin, with no more than a handful of bidders.

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

62

As the crowd mills around the market, you casually take note of two lean men watching a beautiful and expensively attired woman moving through the stalls. As the woman nears, the first man nods to the second and they suddenly begin shouting at each other, as if in violent disagreement.

At exactly the right moment, the second man shoves the first backwards so that he collides with the woman. They tumble to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs.

The second man moves forward. "I'm sorry, my lady," he says, helping her up by grasping both her wrists. "My fault entirely. This clumsy oaf will bother you no longer — be gone, you wretch!" The first man avoids a kick from the second and retreats into the crowd... but not before you see him pocketing a small golden bracelet.

"Get away from me!" shouts the woman at the second man. "I am Talees Inisabaar, and I need not your help." She is hastily checking herself and her possessions.

But the second man refuses to move away, and still holds one of her wrists. "I shall after that ruffian and demand an apology," he says, "but not until I am certain that you are safe. Is nothing injured?"

"Let go of me!"

"Of course, lady... are you hurt? Let me examine your shoulder..."

Talees slaps fiercely at him with her free hand. "Let go of me now, or you shall be the one hurt!"

"Of course, lady, of course," say the man. But he continues to fuss over her, and all the while the first man moves stealthily into the crowd, away from the scene.

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

63

"— and I need a locksmith. Can you recommend one?"
"Hmmp. There are several good ones in the market. I might suggest —"

"No, you don't understand. This is a special job. It requires both great skill, and a certain... discretion."

"Ah. I understand perfectly. The man you want is Iviisa. You can find him in the Prancing Boar Inn every evening at dusk."

64

A fat man with a booming voice is haggling good-naturedly with a merchant over a basket of mushrooms. "Come, my man!" he says. "They've been out in the sun all afternoon. Much longer, and these mushroom would grow mushrooms!"

The merchant shakes his head with a scowl. "Paarigaar, you insult my goods. They have been brought fresh from the fields no earlier than noon —"

"Of course, my man, of course." Paarigaar pulls out a small purse with a 3-petaled bloodflower emblem. "Here, let me offer you a bonus..."

The merchant waves his hand. "I know your bonuses. Half my usual price and a copper to cover the insult!"

Paarigaar manages to look wounded. He sets the purse aside and places his hands to his chest. "Oveenitoo, you lash my very soul..."

Someone across the stall bumps the table and the purse suddenly shifts and drops to the ground. Neither Paarigaar nor the merchant notice. The crowd hurries by as the purse lies heavily in the road. It is certain to be spotted momentarily.

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

65

Two men whose leggings are covered in sewage have stopped by a public well for a drink.

"— yeah, Imagurul's team noticed it as well. A sudden surge through the downstream saaracs. Heard it damn near swamped Kovaaso and his knuckle-biters yesterday as they were drudging near Galaudar."

"So I'm told. Haven't had anything upset sewer levels like that since Kovosaar broke the old castle piping two decades ago... what do you think caused it?"

"Heard someone may have accidentally broken open an ancient sealed section near Bukuul. If so, it might be worth exploring."

"Truly?"

"Yes. You never seal off part of the sewers... not unless you have something to hide."

66

A small number of well-dressed men are sitting at a table playing knucklebones. Unlike other games you have seen, this one appears high-stakes. You see sizable stacks of gold coins on the side of the table.

As you watch one of the players curses and rises from the table. "Your luck is a little too extravagant for me today, Wotovan," he says as he stalks away. His opponent smiles and claims the coins in the pot.

No one steps forward to play Wotovan immediately, and after a moment he places a small pile of 5 gold coins in the pot... an enticement to anyone who will step up and play him. The offer appears open to anyone, and his side of the table is heavy with gold coins.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

67

RumourQuest™ Pack #5

During a momentary lull as the crowd watches two members of the Watch dragging a cutpurse away, you overhear weapons merchants of two neighboring stalls speaking.

"I tell you, Van, sometimes I think our ever vigilant Watch is bad for business. Maybe I should set up in Loona instead. At least there, people need my wares."

"Bah, you'd be back in a week. Pirates may need weapons, but what you'd save in taxes, you'd pay in hired bodyguards. At least here, I don't need to wear chain under my tunic."

71

The crowd parts as a small patrol passes by. In the center, you see two strong men carrying a large metal chest on wooden poles. Six gnomes in leather cuirasses and carrying small crossbows surround them, watching the crowd carefully. A third human wearing a metal fox mask leads the entire patrol.

"Taxes," a nearby fruit merchant mutters to a customer. "What with the merchant's curse and the head tax, it makes things impossible. Now. Now you see why I can't take less than 2 rosaara for the bunch."

72

Three dwarves in chain and shield, with axes at their belt, stand ready near a small herbalist shop across the road while an attractive woman in rich robes is haggling with the elderly owner.

A young street urchin notices you watching the group. "That's Saaradaara," he informs you smugly. "Guess you haven't seen any of the Three Sisters before, have you? She gave me a glint once, just for saying hello polite-like."

The urchin wanders away into the crowd.

73

A merchant selling cheap rations catches your eye. Upon closer inspection, though, you see they are no bargain, unless you like mold. As you turn to leave, you overhead a short woman scolding her crying child.

"You'd best stop your crying right now or, I swear, I'll send you to the Master of Beasts to give his gargoyles some sport."

The child quickly stops wailing.

74

"I don't want any of your platinum. Go find a moneychanger and get some glints. Then we'll talk business."

75

The ground seems to vibrate slightly and you can hear heavy footsteps approaching from behind you, even over the din of the market. You turn to look, and see a huge stone giant, carrying an immense club, working his way somewhat gingerly through the crowd. A nearby gnome cries out.

"May Baelaar favor you, Poat!"

The giant smiles and nods to the gnome, then continues on towards the castle.

76

You are casually glancing over some expensive carpets at a large stall. The merchant is about to begin his pitch when he is distracted by the approach of an obviously wealthy and well-known customer.

"Ah, dear Naavao," the merchant says. "How may I serve you today?"

The customer glances quickly over the displayed wares.

"I was hoping for another rug by that talented Neelain of yours. Do you have any in the back, perhaps?"

"Alas, no. He left five days ago for a tour with the Lances and I've since sold all of his best work. He will be back in a few days at most, though. Do you have something special in mind? If you left a small deposit, I can guarantee you would be his highest priority upon his return."

Naavao and the customer slip into the shop behind the stall, and the merchant's assistant looks at you eagerly.

77

"I hear Lord Haar is getting worse."

"Gods, I hope not. I'm not looking forward to Mearo as Lord. He has none of his father's wisdom or manner. Maybe Soriasaa will marry. I, for one, would not be unhappy if Mearo never returned from Zoa."

78

You are admiring some fine daggers at a small shop, and notice a small knife on the ground a few yards from the display table. Several citizens walking past seem to notice it but do nothing. A father and his son walk by. The son leans over to pick up the knife, but his father pulls him back sharply.

"Do you want people to think you are common thief?" he admonishes the boy as they continue along the road. "You never know who's watching."

When you glance down again, the knife is gone.

79

"Did you hear, Beapea lost his complaint against Roetao Unadeen."

"The fool. He knew better. He should have dropped his complaint. Roetao had ten witnesses to his one."

80

As you approach a busy intersection, a member of the Watch tells you to wait while he waves through a heavily laden cart. You hear a sudden and repeated alarm gong coming from your left. Turning, you see a small child standing in front of a public washroom. He's banging on a brass gong. Several members of the Watch converge on the washroom. A few moments later, they emerge with a swearing, drunken dwarf.

"Got no right!" the dwarf yells as they drag him away.

Looking back to the entrance to the raarakes, you see a gnome holding a bloody rag to his nose.

81

A young dandy is examining a small, thin rod guilt with gold at a stall nearby.

"You're sure this will last? Sure you're not doing a Gaini on me, are you?"

82

"Flame North has called a meeting tonight. You going?"

"Quiet. You want the Watch to come too?"

83

You see a group of local youths gambling with a half-drunk foreigner. They appear to be taking him for everything he's worth, and the pile of coins in the pot has reached a considerable height. Finally, in a rage, the foreigner reaches inside his cloak and takes out a small pouch. With clumsy fingers he removes a glittering jewel. The game stops as everyone stares.

"I'll bet... I'll bet thish beauty againsht the whole pot," he slurs. "All you guysh. One roll, whatever you got."

The youths stare greedily at the gem, and then agree, tossing their remaining coins in the pot. There is a tense single round of knucklebones, and then shouts of disbelief as the foreigner wins. He gathers his winnings clumsily and then says loudly, "Who elshe? Who elshe wants to try to win my baby?" He holds the gem out and staggers about the crowd.

Inform the DM what action you take, if any.

84

A nobleman being given change by a merchant suddenly stops and squints at the coin. Then he exclaims in surprise: "Erioot, where did you get this coinage? This one must be nearly a hundred years old!"

"I'm sorry sir. Here, I'll replace it. It's part of a bad lot of coins that were pawned off on one of my brainless nephews a few days ago."

"Not at all, I'd like to keep it. I collect old coins, and this one looks beautiful. Did your nephew say who gave it to him?"

"Ah, yes sir. Master Vokuuniteer, I believe."

"Vok? That young thief? Now I wonder where he could have stumbled on a cache of uncirculated coins a century old?"

85

"A what?"

"A goblin I tell you, not two weeks ago. Took a riverfruit from my stand, brazen as daylight, then ran and vanished through that sewer gate."

"My friend, you must avoid partaking of strong spirits during the morning hours."

86

Walking through the market, you pass a Watch patrol on break.

"I tell you, Noen is spitting nails," whispers the first. "He's pretty sure there's at least two extorting bribes from this part of the market."

"Well, whoever they are, if Noen catches them in the act, they'll never see daylight again. They're giving the Watch a bad name."

"Yah, but meanwhile he's coming down hard on all of us."

87

As you are wondering through the market, you hear some commotion from a nearby alley. At the back of the alley, about forty feet from the main road, you see that two cotaars of the Watch have a merchant backed into a corner. The larger cotaar is prodding the merchant with his club. It was the merchant you heard.

"Give me two more weeks, Keilau. I beg you. I don't have the glints to pay you now."

"That's what you said last time, Daarlai. You know the price." The second cotaar draws his club as well, and advances on the merchant.

Inform the Dungeon Master what action you take, if any.

88

"Did you hear?"

"What?"

"Keilau and Feavao escaped yesterday. Keilau hired a body-guard yesterday. He fears they'll try to kill him."

"Ah, if they're smart, they've already left Geanavue."

89

"The fire giants of the Sotai Gagalia Headlands have been harassing farms and caravans for many years. The Axes and the Proud Lances can't be everywhere at once."

"Fire Giants? Brrrrr. One more reason why I never leave Geanavue."

92

"I tell you, Kaes, I'm thinking about raising my prices. I lose every fifth caravan to the Fire Giants."

"It can't be that bad, my friend."

"Perhaps not, but years past it never seemed more than an inconvenience. But now..."

93

"They say among the Castle staff that if you stand just where Lord Maarikus died at the proper time of day, you will hear his last words, as if he were standing next to you."

"You're drunk."

"It's true. Caius heard them just last week."

"What did he hear?"

"No! Not now! Not when the bird is flying at las—"

94

"Young Giaat has heard of a fire giant camp near the top of Corkscrew road, where raiding parties stop over to prepare to loot the caravans on the nearby trail."

"Wouldn't the Axes have set ambushes then?"

"That's not my business, maybe they don't know about it. Or maybe it's the devil they know...."

95

"I tried to buy a monkey for my daughter, but the keeper said he'd sold the last to the Castle."

"The Castle? What need have they of monkeys?"

"Don't you know your own city? The Castle keeps a menagerie of beasts, exotic and magical animals for all purposes — from hunting deer, to hunting escaped prisoners. Old Kaiver says he used to peddle griffon feed to them twice a week."

96

A wide-eyed young swordman is being led about the market by a gruff-looking old soldier.

"...and is it true what they say about The Ready Sword?" the young man asks.

"Dunno. What do they say?"

"That they're a secret organization of spies and guards who've sworn allegiance to the Basalt Throne, and who --"

The older man quiets him quickly, glancing over his shoulder. "Let's pick a better spot for this," he says, pulling him in the direction of a tavern.

97

Two rather down-on-their luck merchants are folding up their meagre table and counting their earnings for the day.

"Careful," says the first. "Leave some for the Foxes."

The second scowls. "Damn the tax collectors. We've hardly enough for us. We earned it, not them."

"Yes, but we don't walk about with Helms carrying sleep-poison on their crossbow bolts, do we?"

98

You hear curses as a young man wearing a white tabard shoves his way through the crowd. The tabard has a badge emblazoned on the front and back, showing a dagger wrapped with a thorny stem topped by a white flower. He collides with you as he passes, almost knocking you down.

"Out of the way, you idiot," he growls. "Why don't you watch where I'm going!"

Inform the DM of any action you take as he strides away.

99

Two dwarves with odd-looking shields are lounging against a water barrel in the market. You overhear one of them remark,

"There are three clans of fire giants up there. They don't seem to cooperate, but I haven't heard of them fighting amongst themselves for quite a few years, now."

"What do you think it means?"

"Could mean a lot of things. Could mean they finally have a strong leader, for one thing."

"If that's true, then the gods grant us strength. We'll have need of it."

100

You overhear two seedy-looking men at the edge of an alleyway.

"Robiinuur was at The Brave Basilisk again last night," says the smaller of the two.

"I know, I know," the larger man agrees, shaking his head slowly from side to side. "I hear it took twenty of the Watch to break up the brawl. And after he bought them all a mug of ale!"

"I'd never want my face to accidentally get in the way of his fist. That's for certain." The smaller man looks around briefly, before adding in a whisper, "But I hear he's got all the right connections, if you need them."

The larger man nods with a smirk.

"All the wrong connections, you mean."

101

You pass two merchants heading in the opposite direction, and catch a piece of their conversation.

"Old Grimhands made a killing on that last venture of his. He's got all the luck."

"Those Arioohons are always backing cranks. Guess it does pay off big now and again. I hear Serulier sponsored a trip deep into fire giant territory just last month, and they ..."

102

"Things are looking grim. There was a ranger re-supplying here last week who claimed that the Grey Soot clan of the fire giants is trying to form an alliance with the Magma Brothers."

"That's good news, isn't it? If they unite, they will surely turn their combined strength against the Red Hands. Won't that keep them away from our trade routes for a while?"

"True enough. But if they're successful, they'll have no challenges at home with which to concern themselves..."

103

"Feredilii's nephew is a scout in the uplands, and he claims there's a little used back entrance to the Fire Giant caverns in the Sotai Gaglia Headlands."

"That punk kid? He's no bigger than my dog Deakin, and no smarter."

"You haven't seen him in three summers. He's taller than you now, and has been all over those hills."

"Huh. Where does he say it is?"

"Near the first back-switch of the Corkscrew road, at the bottom of a dried watercourse..."

104

"Did you hear? Beaboe Paerith means to wed Serulier."

"Ah, the Calara want the next Arioohon marriage too badly to let that happen without a fight. Besides, I doubt Serulier will marry for years yet!"

105

"The Axes sortied with a fire giant war-band last month – the Magma Brothers clan, they say. It was a large company and was equipped to travel a long way, much further than the trade road or farms. Three of them escaped, and headed north."

"That's bad."

"I know. Since when do the fire giants travel overland?"

106

"I doubt it. I really do. But I've been hearing it more and more. The true Lord of Geanavue, living anonymously among the outlying farmers, unbeknownst even to himself? Even if it were true, would the Castle ever admit it, or allow anyone to investigate? I wouldn't."

107

"I've heard that too... a small group of fanatics who meet in secret, calling themselves the Sons of Kaliriaan, who intend to find the true heir to the Basalt Throne. Few have heard of them, and almost no one knows their membership or meeting place. Perfect fodder for a rumor, eh? No way to disprove it!"

108

As you weave your way through the stifling crowds of the market you hear a cracked voice shouting near-gibberish. The people are pressed shoulder to shoulder and the tide of bodies carries you forward. A toothless old man in tattered clothes grabs your arm as you come within reach, and before you can push him away he pulls himself close to your face and whispers, "Mark what I say. The true descendent of Banaatuir, the true heir to the Basalt Throne, will have a missing right ear and a birthmark on the back of his neck." Even the stew of market smells cannot overpower the scent of his rancid breath.

109

"The poet Haaritaan has been singing many songs about Kaliriaan and Banaatuir in the taverns and markets. He's always been odd, some say he should stick to love ballads."

110



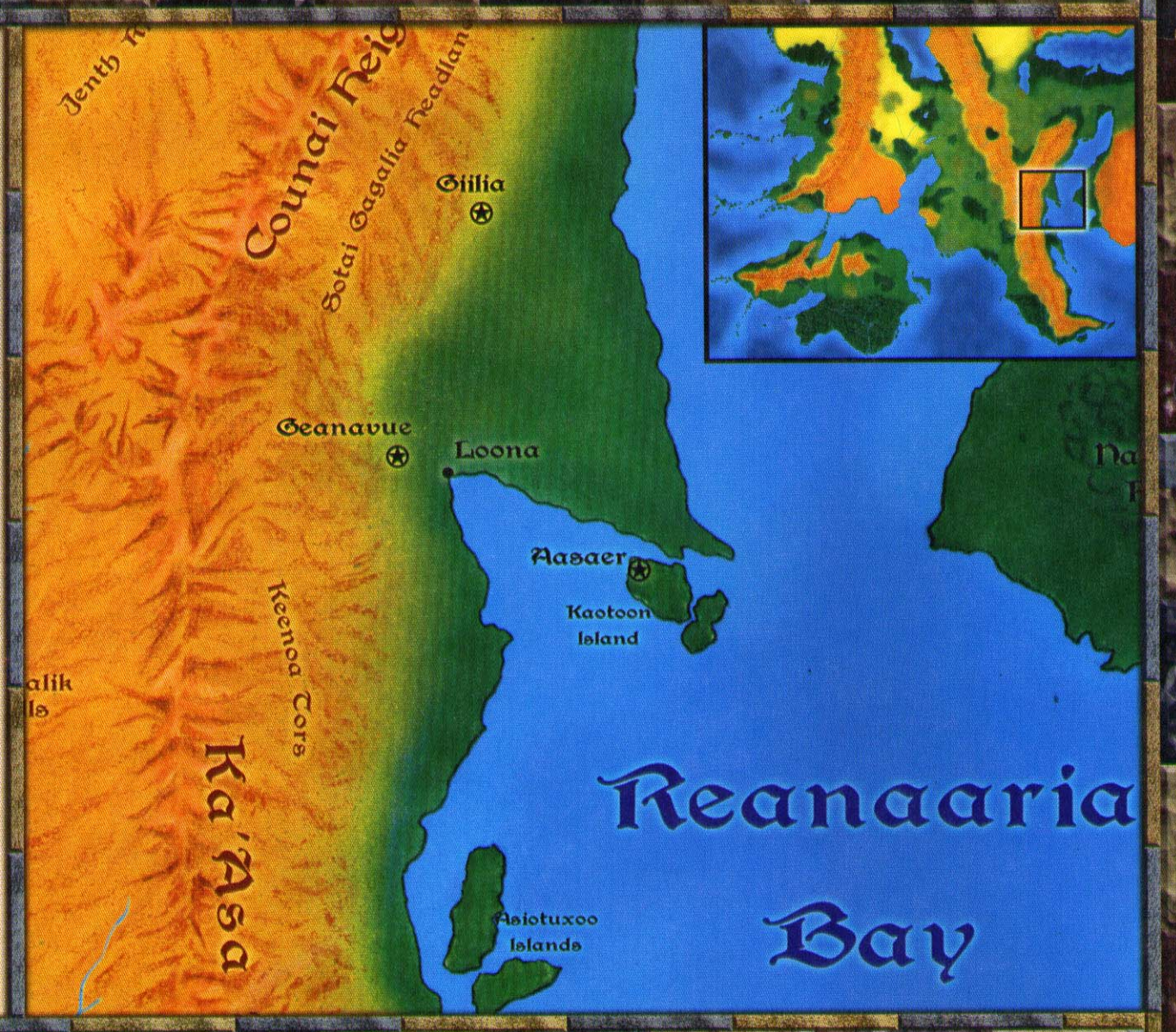
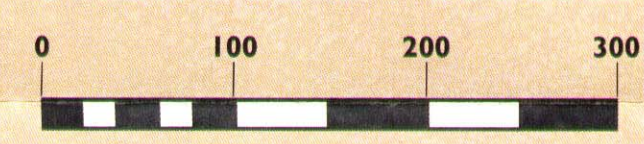
Shops and Services Letter Codes

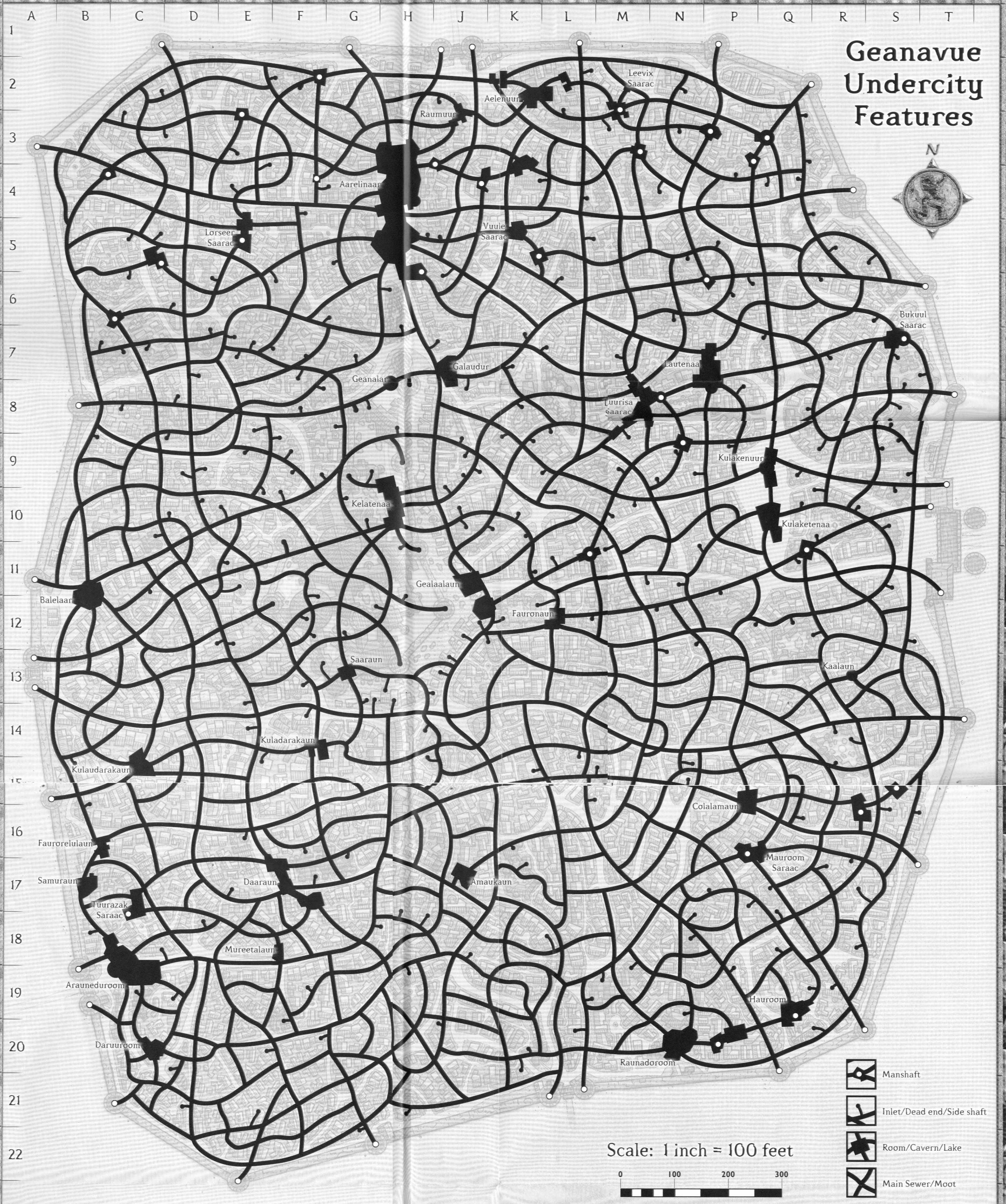
Code — Shop or Service	Code — Shop or Service
B — Butchers	L — Locksmiths
BA — Bathers	LW — Lawyers
BB — Bookbinders	M — Masons
BC — Butchers, Fowl	MS — Magic-shops
BE — Beersellers	MC — Mercers
BK — Bakers	P — Pastrycooks
BL — Bleachers	PU — Pursemakers
BR — Barbers	RP — Ropemakers
BS — Booksellers	RU — Rugmakers
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CP — Coopers	SM — Blacksmiths
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CU — Cutlers	SP — Spice Merchants
FM — Fishmongers	TL — Tailors
FU — Furriers	TN — Tanners
G — Glovemakers	UC — Used Clothes
H — Hatmakers	W — Weavers
HR — Harnessmakers	WD — Woodsellers
IL — Illuminators	WI — Winesellers
J — Jewelers	WO — Woodcarver

Key

	House of Worship		Stone Wall
	Noble House		Tower/Guardpost
	High House		Road/Cobbled Area
	Guild Headquarters		Public Well or Fountain
	Inns, Taverns, Hostels		Homes, Private Residences
	Shops or Services		Packed Earth, Bare Ground

Scale: 1 inch = 100 feet



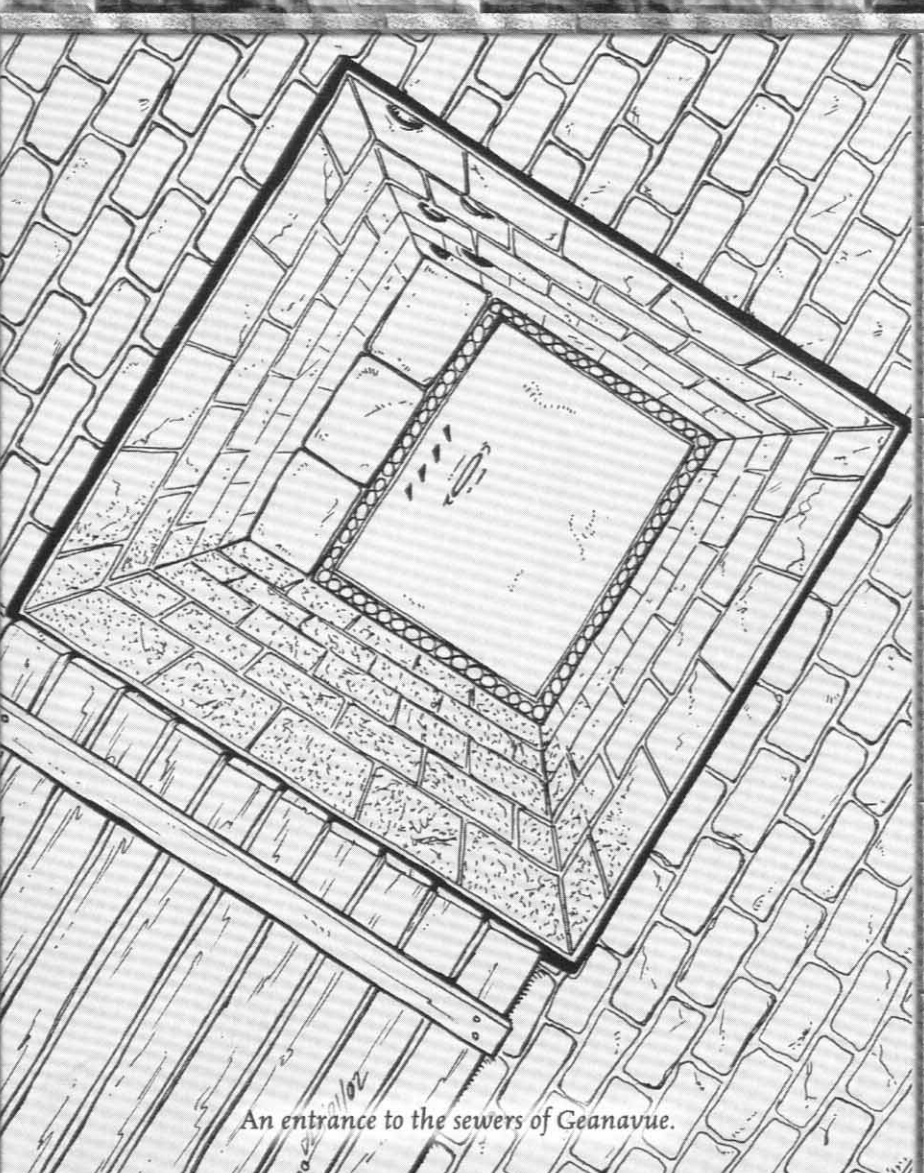
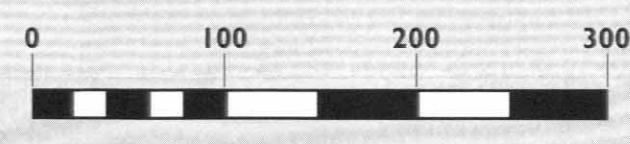


Geanavue Undercity Features



- Manshaft
- Inlet/Dead end/Side shaft
- Room/Cavern/Lake
- Main Sewer/Moot

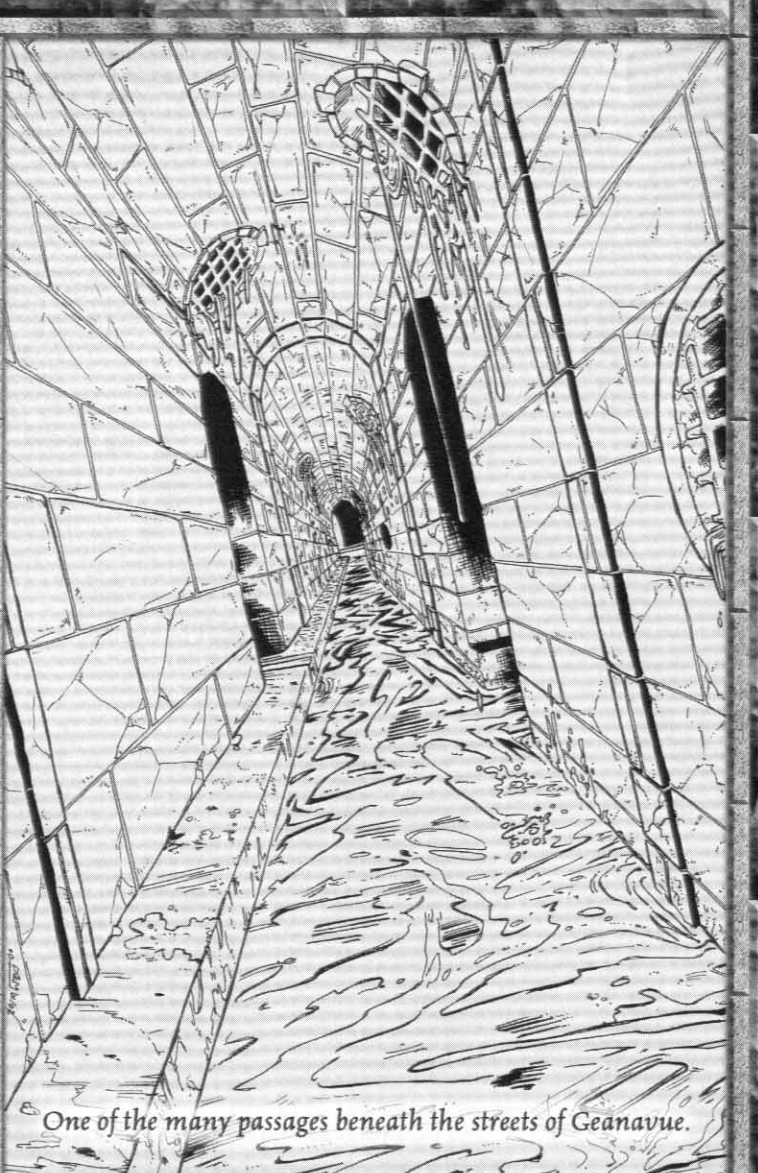
Scale: 1 inch = 100 feet



An entrance to the sewers of Geanavue.



An empty skiff waits at a typical sewer dock.



One of the many passages beneath the streets of Geanavue.

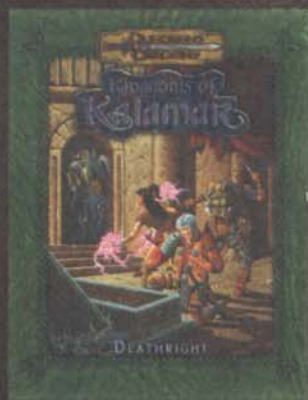


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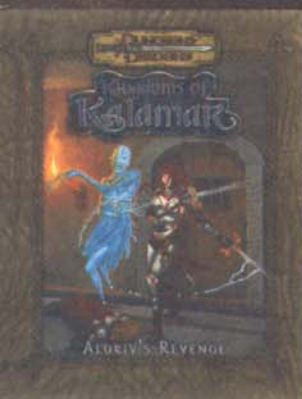
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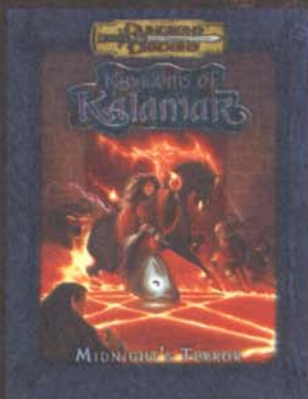
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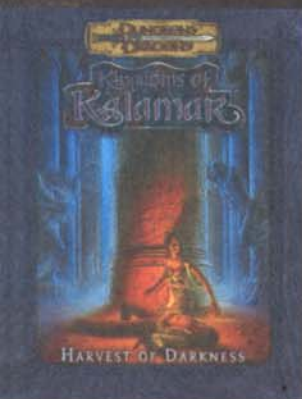
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GEANAVUE

THE STONES OF PEACE

by Ed Greenwood

with John O'Neill

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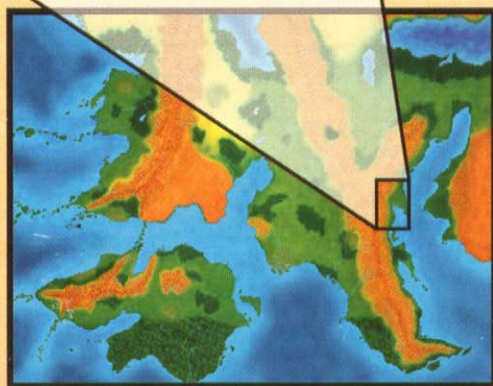
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