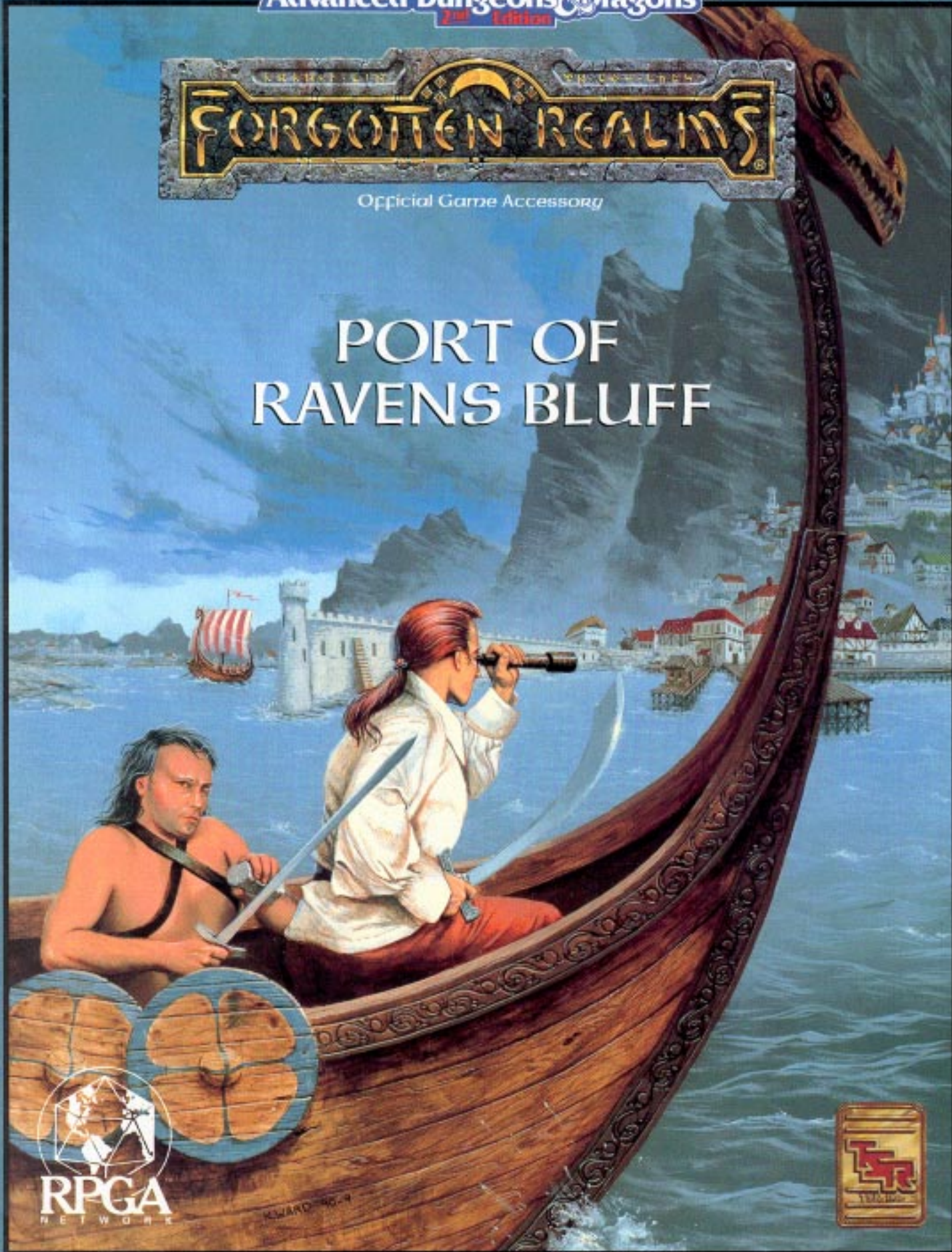


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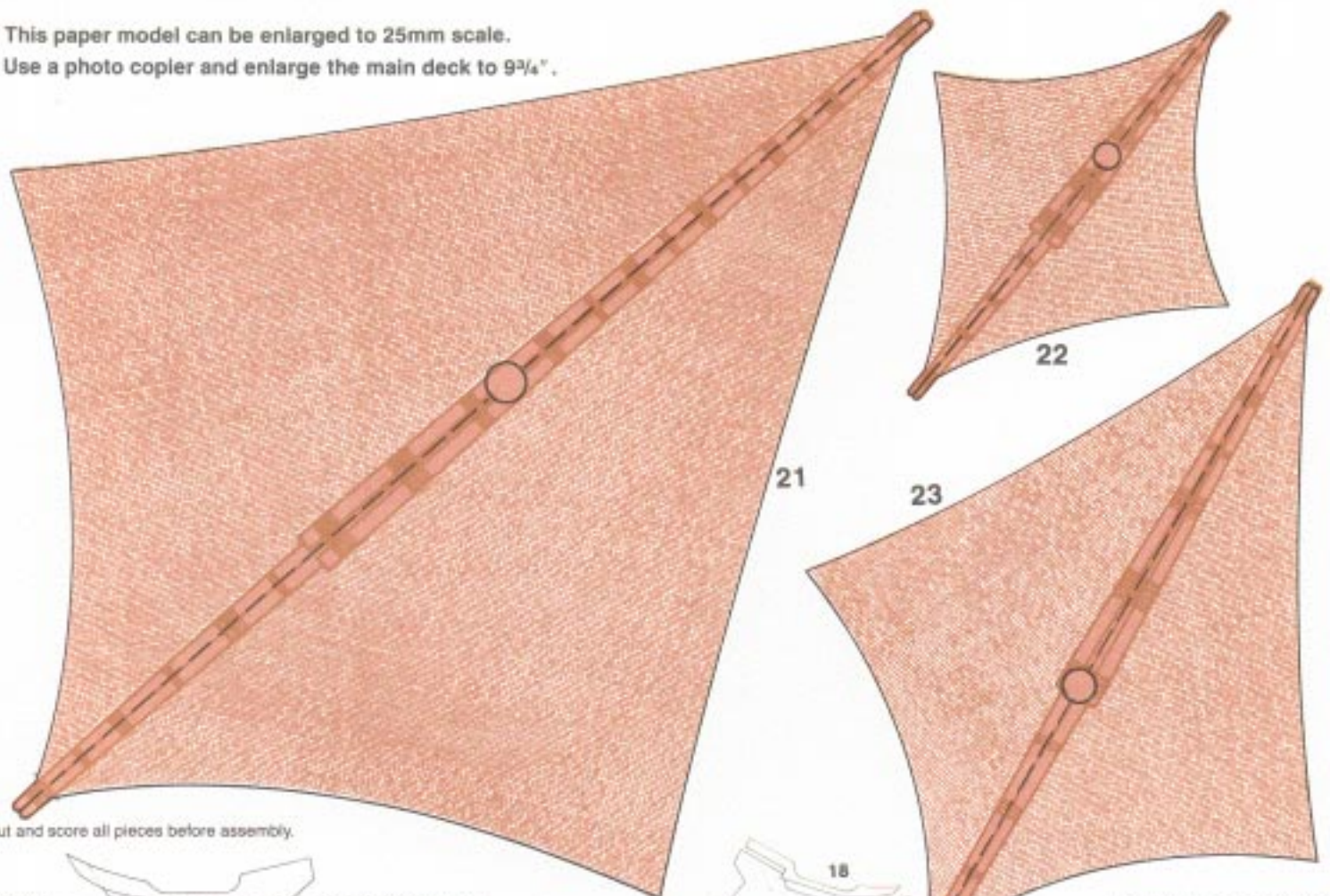
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PORT OF  
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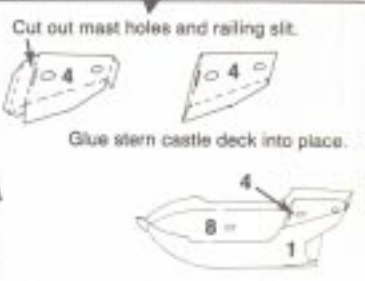
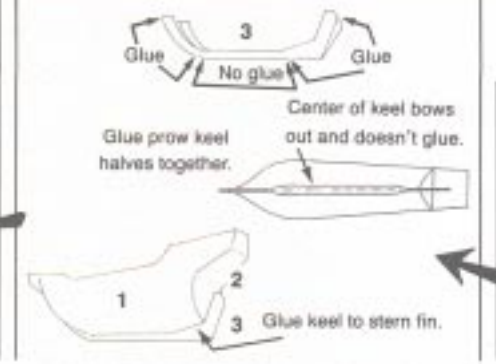
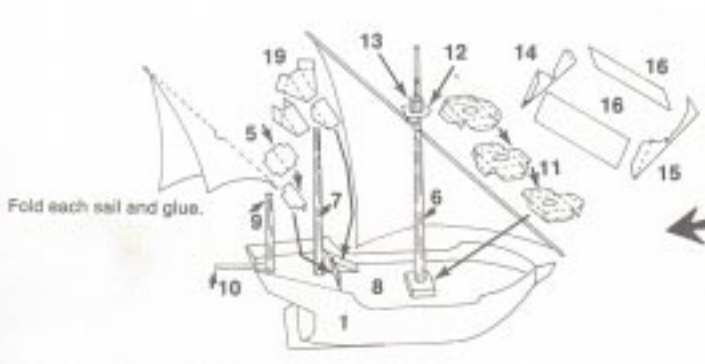
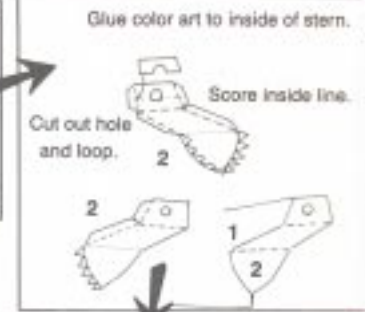
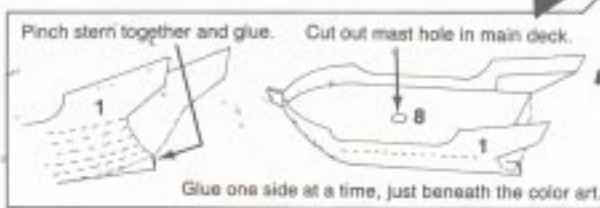
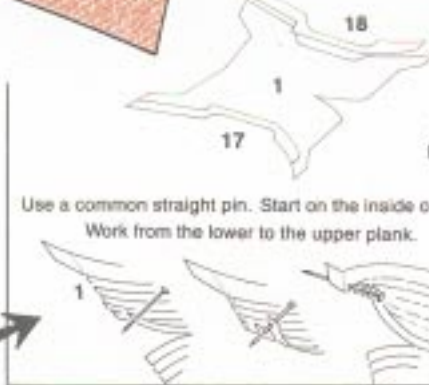
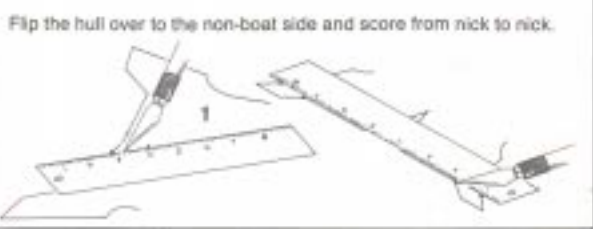
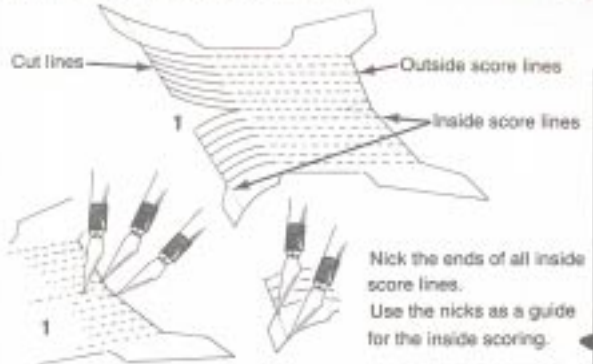




This paper model can be enlarged to 25mm scale.  
 Use a photo copier and enlarge the main deck to 9<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>".



Cut and score all pieces before assembly.





Official Game Accessory

## PORT OF RAVENS BLUFF THE LIVING CITY



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**Dedication:** To Chris Schon and the rest of the Network GEN CON® Game Fair volunteers who help us sail through stormy weather.

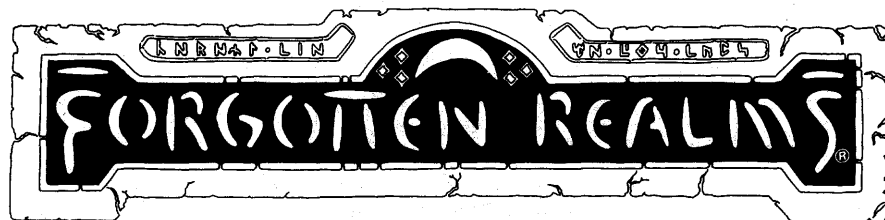
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TSR, Inc.  
POB 756  
Lake Geneva,  
WI 53147 U.S.A.



Printed in the U.S.A.  
9315XXX1501  
ISBN 1-56076-120-2

TSR, Ltd.  
120 Church End, Cherry Hinton  
Cambridge, CB1 3LB  
United Kingdom

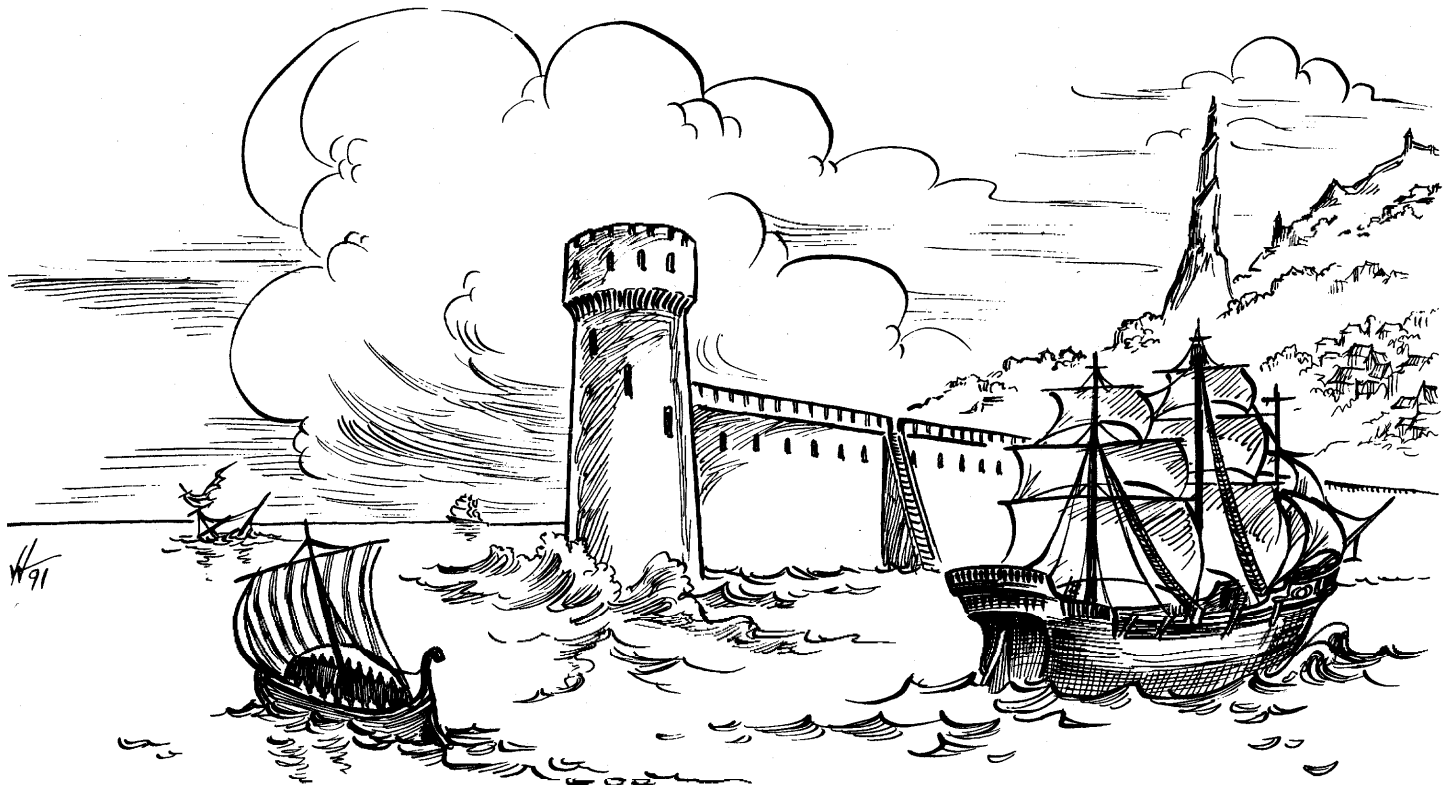


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# Welcome to the Port of Ravens Bluff



The cry of gulls and the rhythmic sound of crashing waves against the shore coaxes you to the harbor of Ravens Bluff, the Living City.

On the shores of the Dragon Reach, Ravens Bluff has a busy, growing port. There, fishing boats set sail at dawn and begin earning a hard day's pay. Merchant ships dock at Coker Wharf and other moorings throughout the day, unloading cargo that will be taken to the city's shops for sale, while other ships depart, exporting the city's goods. There are pleasure boats where Ravens Bluff's wealthy spend hours in the sun. And, of course, there are other vessels with secret, nefarious purposes and captains who are pirates—or worse. . . .

There are many shops near the docks that cater to fishermen, sailors, adventurers, and the general public. Through all doors are colorful characters whose lives are intimately tied to the Dragon Reach and the Sea of Fallen Stars beyond. Browse through Talton's Ivory and Scrimshaw, where PCs can purchase specially-made items of their own design. Stop by Ashakar's Accessories, where the most unique weapons and adventuring equipment are available. Need a haircut to look presentable for your next business deal? Barnacle

Bill's Green Beard Shaving Parlor can take care of you, and make sure you don't need another shave for quite a while. Visit Davy Jones' Lock-Up, where you can store your valuables while you're off on an adventure, and don't worry—Pete, Mike, and Mickey are always hungry for an arrest. Is your ship insured against damage, spoilage, even piracy? Lyndon Golight will see to it that you have a policy for every need (and may be a need for every policy).

There are places to eat and drink, too, like the Spill and Swill (if you've got the stomach for it) and Sharkey's Bar & Grill (if you can hold your breath long enough), and places to buy and sell your wares.

Steer clear of Quaylin's Home for Wayward Boys—an establishment that is not at all what it claims to be. Watch your step at High Seas Shipping and Salokin Bayrat's Tug Services, where a few shady characters could ruin your day!

You can also sign on to a ship or rent one for a salvage operation or adventure. You can even have your own ship built and find your destiny on the seas!

There is so much to see and do in Ravens Bluff's harbor that it will require several gaming sessions to take it all in. Welcome to the Port of Ravens Bluff, and good adventuring!

## The Port And The Living City

The material in this game accessory can be added to your campaign in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting, or you can adapt this to fit any large harbor town in any AD&D® game fantasy world.

The port, like Ravens Bluff itself, is developed by members of the RPGA™ Network, an international organization of role-playing game enthusiasts. And, like the city, it will be ever-changing, ever-growing—a vibrant, living place in which adventurers will want to play a part. In addition to this product, Port of Ravens Bluff material appears in the pages of POLYHEDRON™ Newszine, the official magazine of the RPGA Network.

If you would like to add to the harbor, read the Living City Writer's Guidelines at the end of this product. Submit your entries to the RPGA Network, P.O. Box 515, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.

Sail into the Port of Ravens Bluff. There are adventures waiting on the wharfs, in the shops, and in the water for both the brave and the unwary.



# The Osprey

The *Osprey* lies in Ravens Bluffs harbor: a sleek, two-masted, square-rigged vessel captained by "Raider" McAllister. She measures 110' from bow to stern and 23' across the beam. The *Osprey* displaces 220 tons, unloaded, and draws six feet of water; loaded, she displaces 280 tons (60-ton cargo capacity) and draws eight feet of water.

The *Osprey's* masts are raked back at a severe angle and carry an enormous amount of rigging. Fully dressed, *Osprey* appears to have half again as much sail as any other vessel her size. With a favorable wind, she can make 17 or 18 knots. Her captain claims that she is the fastest ship in the Sea of Fallen Stars.

The *Osprey's* speed is not her only defense. She carries medium ballistae mounted on pivots on her bow and stern. She also carries four special anti-personnel weapons, mounted along each side. These are frames which hold 16 small javelins, each. Attached to the bottom of each frame is a spring-loaded board that, when released, propels the javelins with great force. The javelins have a range of 120 yards, a THAC0 of 19, and cause 2-8 points of damage per hit to small and medium-sized creatures, and 1-6 points to large creatures.

There are also hinged, lightly armored bulwarks that can be swung up along the gunwales to provide increased crew protection. As a further defense, *Osprey's* hull and masts have been treated with an alchemical solution that greatly reduces the effects of fire attack (+3 to save against all forms of non-magical fire attack and -1 per die of damage inflicted). Finally, *Osprey* carries a number of specialized missile weapons for the ballistae and the crew. They include "chain-shot," which damages other ships' rigging, and incendiary devices that cause 2-8 points of damage when fired by handheld devices and 4-24 points when launched from ballistae.

All of these innovations came from the brilliant mind of Captain Raider McAllister, who combined his ship building expertise with the technical advances of his Lantese people.

## The Ship's Layout

The *Osprey* is built with three decks. From top to bottom, these are the forecastle and quarter deck, the main deck, and the berth. There is also a hold beneath the berth and there is a small crawl area between, suit-

able for hiding stowaways or contraband. The forecastle holds one of the two ballistae and the wheel. The other ballista is mounted on the quarter deck. The main deck contains the eight anti-personnel devices, four to a side, and two small ship's boats. Under the forecastle are the captain's and the bosun's mate's quarters, as well as a small arms locker. The first and second mate's quarters, as well as two small guest cabins, are housed under the quarter deck. The berth deck holds the majority of the crew's quarters, the galley, the livestock and water storage areas, and the main arms locker. The hold provides the main cargo carrying area.

All told, *Osprey* is a vessel years ahead of her time. She is a swift, independent seabird, capable of rapid and secure travel throughout the Inner Sea. Whether carrying passengers or cargo, there is little that is likely to stop *Osprey's* flight.

## The Operation

Captain McAllister accepts virtually any type of cargo or commission, although his rates increase in proportion to the risk involved. He is not above smuggling, especially if it is into one of the more "stuffy" ports of call such as Suzail in Cormyr or the cities of Sembia. He never accepts a cargo that is outright illegal, such as illicit drugs, nor will he accept a commission from those whom he recognizes as evil, but a fugitive or a self-tax exempting cargo is acceptable. The usual cargo transport fee is 1 sp per pound. Passengers are normally charged 10 gp per day of travel. This fee can increase at the Captain's discretion or can decrease if the passenger has a useful skill and is willing to work.

## The Crew

The *Osprey* can be handled by as few as eight crewmen, but she normally carries a crew of 35 to 40. In addition, there are the Captain, first mate, bosun's mate, second mate, and the ship's wizard. Captain McAllister hires only the most experienced crewmen and he pays them very well. As a result, the crew of *Osprey* is tough and extremely loyal to McAllister.

**Osprey Crewmen:** Int Var; AL Any Good or Neutral; AC 7; MV 12; HD 3 (F); hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon +1; SZ M. They are usually armed with a cutlass, long sword, and dagger.

The *Osprey* could be a good place for PCs

to find work and adventure if they can convince McAllister or his first mate to take them on.

## Captain "Raider" McAllister

9th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 15

**INT:** 17

**WIS:** 14

**DEX:** 16

**CON:** 15

**CHR:** 17

**AC Normal:** 3

**AC Rear:** 5

**Hit Points:** 77

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Languages:** Common, Thorass, Dwarvish (Dethek runes-reading only)

**Age:** 47

**Height:** 6'1"

**Weight:** 171 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Cutlass, long sword, dagger, spear (boarding pike), battle axe, light crossbow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Weather sense (13), navigation (15), ship building (15), rope use (16), swimming (15), astrology (17), engineering (14)

**Magic Items:** Cutlass +3, leather armor +2, ring of protection +1, periapt of proof against poison, rope of entangling, bracers of brachiation

**Appearance:** Raider McAllister is slender, well-muscled, and carries his years with an air of quiet confidence. His black hair, shot with gray, is pulled back in a short tail, and he sports a well-trimmed beard that is mostly gray. His penetrating blue eyes are framed in a weathered face that testifies to his lifetime at sea. He moves with a rolling gait gained from his years on a pitching ship's deck.

Raider appears well dressed and neatly groomed at all times. He favors a royal blue doublet with matching trousers, a white shirt with puffed and slashed sleeves, blackjack boots, and a hooded gray cloak. His cutlass or a long sword with matching dagger always rides at his hip, in an elaborate harness. He also wears a large gold ring set with a sapphire on his right hand and a matching sapphire earring in his left ear.

# The Osprey

**Background:** Captain McAllister hails from Waterdeep, half a continent west of Ravens Bluff. He is the son of a Lantanese merchant priest and a minor noblewoman. He is the maker and master of the *Osprey*, one of the finest vessels to sail the Sea of Fallen Stars. He has built a substantial fortune running a discreet and efficient courier, escort, and cargo service. The ship has berthed in Ravens Bluff for the past seven winters, and Raider is known throughout the Living City as a daring captain and a shrewd businessman. He is said to know the winds, currents, and harbors of the Inner Sea better than any man alive. His soul is tied to the sea; he has shown an affinity for it since his earliest days. He has a sixth sense when it comes to the weather, wind, and the waves, reading them like a scholar reads a well-loved book.

Although he spends most of his time on the *Osprey*, he sometimes feels a need to take a few days off in a busy harbor town, and Ravens Bluff is his favorite. He can be encountered almost anywhere around the dock area (except the seedier taverns), usually seeing to the needs of his ship and crew. During the winter months, he sometimes teaches apt adventurers the art of ship design and building. When in port, Captain McAllister is soft spoken, polite, and reserved. He frequents some of the quieter dockside establishments, where he eats and drinks sparingly. He also is an occasional visitor at the Narwhal Manor, where he passes long winter evenings with his friend, Draco Ellass (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 42).

At sea he is a different man: a commanding presence whose booming voice carries to every corner of his ship. He relishes riding out a storm or leading his crew to repel a pirate attack. He asks nothing of his men that he cannot or will not do himself and is respected for it.

It is widely known that Raider is a superb swordsman, so he is rarely bothered by any but the most drunken or foolish sailor. He never picks fights or starts trouble in port unless *Osprey* is insulted—and if an apology is not quickly and earnestly forthcoming, McAllister will teach the offender a painful lesson in courtesy.

Captain McAllister always looks for new challenges. The *Osprey* is the first vessel to sail from the harbor in the spring and the last to return before the storms of winter render the Inner Sea impassable. He faces savage brigands, sahuagin, and tempests with equal calm and he has never lost a ves-

sel in his 30 years at sea.

McAllister's life's ambition is to build the "perfect" ship. Under his father's direction, he has studied the art of ship building under some of the finest shipwrights on the Sword Coast. He has constructed seven vessels and the *Osprey*, completed three years ago, is his finest accomplishment. She is years ahead of her time and is easily the fastest ship on the Sea of Fallen Stars. However, he is not yet satisfied and is already planning his next vessel.

He built his first craft, the *Sea Sprite*, when he was age 17, with the help of a crew of reckless young adventurers. He promptly sailed the *Sprite* into the harbor of Luskan, the City of Sails, and led the daring rescue of a prominent merchant of Waterdeep who had been captured by Luskanite raiders. McAllister defeated and captured two Luskanite raiders who were pursuing him, which earned him the nickname, "Raider." (His real name is Elwin Elrod McAllister, a moniker he quickly shed.) For these exploits, Raider earned the undying enmity of the rulers of Luskan, who tried for the next 15 years to bring him endless grief.

Tiring of the constant attempts on his life, he dropped from sight with the help of a friendly wizard. For a while, he based his sailing operations in Westgate, but found the city's political climate unhealthy. He also found the ports of Sembia and Cormyr too restrictive. He finally settled on Ravens Bluff because it offered the best combination of reasonable tariffs and customs enforcement.

## Lyle Ambergills

7th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 18/30  
**INT:** 9  
**WIS:** 11  
**DEX:** 13  
**CON:** 17  
**CHR:** 10  
**AC Normal:** 3  
**AC Rear:** 3  
**Hit Points:** 61  
**Alignment:** Chaotic Good  
**Languages:** Common  
**Age:** 36  
**Height:** 5'9"  
**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long bow, long sword, cutlass, javelin, dagger, lasso, staff

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Blind-fighting, swimming (18), singing (10), navigation (7)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense AC 3, bastard sword +2*

**Appearance:** Lyle Ambergills is nearly bald, but he sports a handlebar mustache that matches his thin hair. He wears dark, finely made clothes. He never wears armor, but he is never without his *bracers*. He straps his *bastard sword* across his back. He is a large bull of a man.

**Background:** Ambergills is *Osprey's* first mate. He is a competent ship master in his own right and has sailed with Captain McAllister for the last five years. He is capable of handling even the most stubborn of crewmen and has often a desired a ship of his own to command. However, his loyalty to McAllister keeps him aboard the *Osprey*.

Whenever *Osprey* is in need of new hands, Ambergills usually takes charge of recruiting efforts, searching port cities for adventurers who wish to try their luck at sea.

Ambergills is known to enjoy wild dockside taverns and even wilder brawls.

## Corin Threepfinger

5th/5th-Level Male Half-Elf Cleric/Fighter

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 12  
**WIS:** 17  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 17  
**AC Normal:** 3  
**AC Rear:** 5  
**Hit Points:** 36  
**Alignment:** Neutral Good  
**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Gnomish  
**Age:** 42  
**Height:** 5'8"  
**Weight:** 170 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Mace, club, hammer

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Healing (15), swimming (16), singing (17), navigation (10)

**Magic Items:** *Long sword +1, long bow +1*

**Spells/day:** 5 5 2

# The Osprey

**Appearance:** Corin's dashing good looks and carefree manner make him popular with Ravens Bluffs ladies. He has long blond hair and sparkling green eyes.

**Background:** Corin is the second mate of *Osprey* and also serves as the crew's spiritual leader. He is a follower of Tymora, but he is careful not to preach about his deity to crewmen who have adopted their own religions. Corin considers his first duty to serve Tymora and his second to serve his friend, McAllister, with whom he has sailed for almost five years.

In close combat he wields his *long sword*. However, in fights from the deck of *Osprey*, he uses his long bow and keeps his distance from the fray. He usually carries defensive and curative spells such as *silence*, *hold person*, and *cure light wounds*.

## Grellin Stoutaxe

5th-Level Dwarfen Fighter

**STR:** 18/90  
**INT:** 17  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 10  
**CON:** 17  
**CHR:** 9

**AC Normal:** 3  
**AC Rear:** 5

**Hit Points:** 49

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Dwarfish, Gnomish, Halfling, Orcish, Goblin, Elvish

**Age:** 166

**Height:** 4'1"

**Weight:** 160 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short sword, bastard sword, dagger, battle axe, hammer

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Swimming (18), weather sense (11), fishing (11), navigation (15), animal lore (whales) (17)

**Magic Items:** *Battle axe* +2, *shield* +1, three *potions of water breathing*

**Appearance:** Grellin Stoutaxe always wears chain mail, carries his *axe*, and displays his *shield* on a strap across his back.

**Background:** Grellin is the ship's bosun's mate and something of an anomaly: he likes the sea, unlike most of his kin. He is in charge of all cargo storage and also keeps

the ship's purse. He has a near-photographic memory, so he never forgets a cargo or a face. He is not afraid of drowning because of his *potions* which are always stored safely in his belt pouch.

## Alrina Skyeeyes

7th-Level Human Female Wizard

**STR:** 9  
**INT:** 18  
**WIS:** 15  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 14

**AC Normal:** 6

**AC Rear:** 8

**Hit Points:** 19

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Dwarfish, Gnomish, Halfling, Treant, Brownie, Pixie

**Age:** 39

**Height:** 5'3"

**Weight:** 110 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, dart

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Ancient history (8), reading/writing (19), religion (15), spellcraft (16), cooking (18), dancing (16)

**Magic Items:** *Cloak of protection* +2, *wand of lightning* (35 charges), *decanter of endless water*, *ring of water elemental control* (5 charges), and numerous spell scrolls and potions.

**Spells/day:** 4 3 2 1

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

<i>Comprehend Languages</i>	<i>Mending</i>
<i>Enlarge</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>
<i>Magic Missile</i>	<i>Sleep</i>

#### Level Two Spells

ESP	<i>Stinking Cloud</i>
<i>Fog Cloud</i>	<i>Web</i>

#### Level Three Spells

<i>Gust of Wind</i>	<i>Protection From Normal Missiles</i>
<i>Lightning Bolt</i>	

#### Level Four Spells

<i>Edward's Black Tentacles</i>	<i>Rainbow Pattern</i>
<i>Ice Storm</i>	

**Appearance:** Despite her age, Alrina turns the heads of many men. She is very attractive with her soft brown eyes.

**Background:** Alrina is the *Osprey's* wizard and, for 20 years, she has been friend, confidante, and mate to Captain McAllister. She is the daughter of a Ravens Bluff dockside merchant whom Raider rescued on his first great adventure.

Alrina loves living at sea and has no desire to settle on land. However, she often thinks about adventuring on land in order to get more magic items. A convincing band of adventurers might lure her away for a month or two, with the promise of magical treasure; Alrina would not stray from McAllister or the *Osprey* longer than that.

## Adventure Ideas For The Osprey

- A pirate who was defeated but not captured by Captain McAllister, several years ago, has spotted Raider in Ravens Bluffs harbor. The pirate, formerly called Garnet Smithson, is none other than Merchant Guildmaster Arvin Kothonos (see LC1 – *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 21). Arvin is terrified that Captain McAllister might recognize him, so he goes out of his way to avoid *Osprey's* master. Thus far, Arvin has been unable to arrange for an "accident" to eliminate Raider. The PCs might be hired by McAllister to investigate Arvin's past or by Arvin to eliminate McAllister.

- One of the PCs has inherited a substantial fortune in a distant city. The only catch is that the PC has only a short time to claim the wealth before it is bequeathed to greedy relatives. The only hope is to commission Captain McAllister and *Osprey* to get him or her there on time. Unfortunately for the PCs, those greedy relatives have other ideas and have hired several pirate ships to ensure that *Osprey* and her crew are lost at sea.

- Agents representing Luskan's rulers have managed to track down Captain McAllister and are planning to kill him. Raider gets wind of the plot and hires the PCs to help him fend off the agents' attacks, including assaults on *Osprey* or kidnapping Alrina.



# The Fair Weather

The *Fair Weather* is a rather unremarkable-looking fishing boat. She is 50' long, has a 20' beam, 5' of draft, a 3' freeboard, and, with a cargo space of 200 cubic yards, she can carry 40 tons. With a single mast and a crew of six, she moves at three knots—five if the wind is good and the ship needs to escape a sticky situation.

The one remarkable feature about this vessel is the presence of various-sized secret compartments on board. These compartments, disguised to look like parts of the deck, are made to stay shut unless the opener is a seasoned thief or one of the privileged crew members who know how to get inside. For those who attempt to search for secret doors, the chance to detect the compartments is half of normal. Of course, the *Fair Weather* can be chartered for fishing expeditions in the waters around Ravens Bluff, but it can also be hired for several other purposes, if the price is right.

A standard smuggling tactic used by *Fair Weather's* crew is to hide smaller items inside fish, which are then sold to the proper customer. Larger items are often hidden in cartloads of fish and loaded onto the docks when the city guard and harbor masters are elsewhere, or the goods are taken to Zorba's Fish Market (see page 28), where a connection awaits. Since many families, including even the richest, prefer to buy fish directly from the fishing boats on the docks, *Fair Weather's* operations have passed largely unnoticed. During sea voyages, it is not unusual for her to meet other ships and to sell them fresh fish—and often to transfer some illegal cargo or a well-paying passenger. (The *Fair Weather* is a convenient and quiet way in or out of Ravens Bluff, as few people ever count heads to see if a ship's crew has gained or lost a few men during its dockside stay.)

The *Fair Weather's* crew does not much fear piracy on the Sea of Fallen Stars. Since most fishermen carry nothing of value, pirates have little reason to accost them. In fact, several of Captain Grimhard's friends are pirates and they make extensive use of *Fair Weather's* secret holds to smuggle their contraband ashore. The crew has earned good money by exporting and importing illegal goods.

## Captain Coelbalt Grimhard

5th-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 8  
**INT:** 18  
**WIS:** 17  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 13

**AC Normal:** 8

**AC Rear:** 8

**Hit Points:** 19

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Orcish, Dwarvish, Elvish, Halfling, Gnomish, Gnoll, Goblin

**Age:** 70

**Height:** 5'2"

**Weight:** 170 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** White/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dirk, broad sword, short bow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Seamanship (15), navigation (5), swimming (8), appraisal (18), disguise (12), forgery (13), rope use (14), direction sense (18), fishing (16)

**Magic Items:** *Ring of mind shielding*, *ring of protection +2*, *potion of invisibility*, *potion of water breathing*

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
15	10	95	50	45	25	60	

**Appearance:** Coelbalt Grimhard looks all of his 70 years. With his wispy white hair, stooped shoulders, and meek manner, he seems far from threatening. To further his image, Coelbalt appears skittish—indeed, afraid of most anything—and usually always looks worried.

**Background:** Most people reasonably think that Grimhard's behavior indicates cowardice, but none have realized that his visible fear misdirects others from his illegal activities. Grimhard is often called "Old Brave And Bold"—a sarcastic reference to his name, which means literally "Brave, brave, brave, brave."

Grimhard thinks of himself as the senior smuggler in the Living City, crediting his survival to his infamous "cowardice." He publicly considers the brave to be "doomed fools." "Were he not such a coward," others joke, "he

might even brag of his cowardice." Indeed, he never takes a risk, viewing paranoia as a positive trait. Grimhard's temerity even extends to his marriage: he is afraid of his wife.

As a result of his wariness, Grimhard has avoided disasters that have often killed or otherwise "retired" other smugglers. The few people who know his true profession are his crew, his partners, and some carefully bribed dockside guards.

Because of Grimhard's paranoia, his thieving skills are affected. Even when he fails to detect a trap (usually because there is none), he is 60% likely to decide that a trap exists there, anyway—and he checks for traps upon the slightest inclination. Furthermore, there is only a 60% chance that Grimhard will believe he has disarmed a trap and he will only open those things that he believes have been disarmed. He does not accept a smuggling job unless he is confident in all parties involved, and he takes repeated measures to test even friends.

Grimhard rarely uses his *ring of mind shielding*, fearing it may attract unwanted attention. Instead, he keeps it and his *potion of invisibility* as emergency escape aids.

## Yrmensig Grimhard

1st-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 11  
**INT:** 14  
**WIS:** 13  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 12

**AC Normal:** 8

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 6

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Dwarvish, Orcish, Elvish

**Age:** 15

**Height:** 5'9"

**Weight:** 154 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short bow, long sword

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fishing (12), appraising (14), forgery (15), blind-fighting, rope use (16), seamanship (17)

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
30	15	25	20	15	25	70	

## The Fair Weather

**Appearance:** Yrmensig is easily lost in a crowd because of his casual manner of dressing and his average appearance. These traits help him to contact clients without being noticed by the law.

**Background:** Raised by his Grandfather Coelbalt on tales of heroes and brave deeds, Yrmensig is disappointed with the reality of his profession—and the dirty jobs on the ship which he is “entrusted” to perform. He is sullen and none-too-eager in his work, but is friendly toward obvious adventurers such as a group of PCs. He will quickly believe almost anything adventurers say and would accept with little hesitation a position as henchmen or hiring thief. He will also happily serve as a guide around town, knowing especially much about the “low-life” sections.

### Adventure Ideas for The Fair Weather

- Upon *Fair Weather's* arrival in Ravens Bluff, the PCs are given a large fish or a basket of seafood to deliver to a Ravens Bluff address. Unfortunately, the wrong people have found out about this delivery and attempt to *persuade* the PCs to give it up. These thugs can vary in ability, based on the PCs' levels.

In fact, the delivery is nothing more than seafood. Grimhard was worried that someone was on to his smuggling operation and sent the PCs as a diversion; the real goods were delivered by Yrmensig.

- A drunken Grimhard has bragged to a stranger in a local bar that he could make Lord Mayor Charles Oliver O'Kane (see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7) eat a meal made of smuggled goods and nobody could prevent it. After a few more rounds, the stranger wagers that Grimhard could not accomplish it. If Grimhard succeeds, the stranger, a wealthy pirate, will hand over a chest of loot. However, if Grimhard fails, the pirate will report the smuggling operation to a harbor master.

Involving the PCs in this caper is easy. The PCs are either approached to deliver the “smuggled” meal or stop it from ending up on the Lord Mayor's plate (or maybe even both). Either task will present the PCs with the problems of circumventing guards and other individuals who either want the wager to be successful or to fail.

### Spike McGurk's Flotilla of DEATH

With a total of three ships, Spivvah “Spike” McGurk's Flotilla of **DEATH** hardly seems like much of a flotilla at all. The Flotilla of **DEATH**— the last word is emphasized for maximum impressiveness—is actually three long wooden barges with tall sails aft and ramps that angle skyward at the bow. A dozen or more huge, silly-looking birds circle the ships, often colliding with each other and the barges. On deck, small green humanoids in long white shirts scuttle from place to place, tending to the needs of the massive birds and to the ships' chores.

This is Spike McGurk's greatest venture!

While sailing in the islands far beyond Ravens Bluff, the roly-poly seafarer landed at a wooded isle. Upon debarking, he discovered that the island was largely occupied by two races: tasloi and giant gooney birds. The island, called “Tasloiomitasloi” by its natives (meaning roughly, “the place where many tasloi go to meet many other tasloi”), was also home to other less numerous but more fearsome beasts that preyed on the tasloi and gooneys. These island tasloi, being friendlier, more social, but less bright than most tasloi, were very receptive to McGurk's plan to take some of them out into the wide world beyond Tasloiomitasloi (and away from the island predators).

Over the next few months, McGurk created a small para-military academy on the island and trained the tasloi in the art of seamanship. He then had the tasloi trap a few dozen giant gooneys—not a difficult task, considering the birds' parallel traits of lethargy and stupidity. McGurk finally brought both tasloi and gooneys onto his modified barges from Ravens Bluff and launched the Flotilla of **DEATH**.

The flotilla maintains an aerial combat ability with its tasloi naval air squadrons. When the flotilla engages opposing ships or raids a seaport, the tasloi unleash and mount the gooneys. One by one, the tasloi charge their gooneys down the length of a barge, up its ramp, and the gooneys clumsily take to the air (most of the time).

In aerial combat, a tasloi hurls javelins, drops rocks, or entangles adversaries with a net. Each tasloi has six javelins, one net, and 2 to 4 rocks. The aerial combat operation does not bother these tasloi because they are used to the daylight, like flying, and are good swimmers.

Although McGurk hires his ships out as

mercenary vessels, he secretly hopes they never get into combat. Tasloi flying on ungraceful gooney birds tend to be easy targets for missile fire or magic. Also, since gooneys are particularly stupid mounts, the tasloi must whack them on the sides of their heads with javelins to turn them in the right direction. Each time a tasloi “steers” a gooney, he has a 5% chance to score a point of damage to the bird. When a bird suffers a 50% loss of its hit points, it dives into the water, abruptly separating mount and rider. Landing on the barges can also be dangerous, with a 5% chance of a crash, causing 1-2 points of damage to the bird and rider. Because of these problems, McGurk depends on the mere sight of the flying marines and the intimidating name of the flotilla to cause opponents to surrender.

McGurk accepts most offers of employment for his boats, preferring short runs with minimum combat and maximum publicity. The going rate is usually 50 gp per day for the entire crew of all three boats; more for a dangerous mission. Most of the money goes into McGurk's pockets—a few coppers usually keep the tasloi happy in port. Typical expeditions might include the flotilla serving as an escort to an enchanted isle, attacking a single ship, or working security for a waterborne parade.

In port, the gooneys are tied to the boats on short leashes that allow them to walk only a few feet across the barges' decks. At sea, the gooneys are restricted by leashes that allow them to fly up to 100' above the decks—and often into each other. The gooneys stink of fish and wet feathers and they are often irritable enough to snap at an unwary tasloi.

The three ships are 80' long with the foremost 10' of the decks sloping upwards, creating ramps for easy takeoffs. Their sterns hold 60' masts with wide square sails and 7' by 7' cabins for McGurk and his two tasloi lieutenants, Farloi and Gisloi. A 4'-tall hold is home to 30 tasloi (per boat) and the ships' stores. There are 20 gooney birds on each barge, plus one huge gooney on McGurk's. This bird is mostly for show; it is so fat it can only stay aloft for three turns.

Should the Flotilla of **DEATH** take severe casualties, McGurk will sail back to Tasloiomitasloi for more recruits. His training facilities are still there and there is never a shortage of tasloi wanting to see the world (and less predators).

Actually, there *are* many carnivores and a even few prehistoric beasts on the island, plus some ruins of an ancient tasloi civiliza-

# Spike McGurk's Flotilla of DEATH



tion. The tasloi say that these ruins are guarded by a horrible giant tasloi, but McGurk has not determined if that would be a 5'- or 50'-tall creature. McGurk would like to explore the ruins and might do so if he can find the right band of adventurers to tag along.

## SpiTvah "Spike" McGurk

5th-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 16  
INT: 14  
WIS: 9  
DEX: 10  
CON: 16  
CHR: 13

AC Normal: 7

AC Rear: 7

Hit Points: 41

Alignment: Neutral

Languages: Common, Tasloi

Age: 44

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 180 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Bald/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, dagger, short bow, javelin, net

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Seamanship (11), animal handling (8), airborne riding (7), swimming (16), navigation (12)

**Magic Items:** *Ring of feather falling*, *ring of tongues* as per the 3rd-level wizard spell, two *javelins of piercing*

**Appearance:** Spike McGurk is a rotund man with a strawberry blond beard. He covers his bald head with a beige wool cap. He generally wears leather armor at sea, but dresses more gaudily when ashore, trying to impress clients. At times he wears a black eye patch, ostensibly to impersonate a pirate.

**Background:** Spike's life has been a long stumble through various failed entrepreneurial schemes. His trained wolverine act nearly cost him an arm, his rent-a-golem service perished because of too much overhead, and his attempt to hire himself out as a paladin failed when clients learned that he was not all that knightly. The Flotilla of DEATH is his latest brainstorm and, if it goes bust, he will likely go on to something

equally improbable.

Nonetheless, Spike has great hopes for his tasloi/gooney bird armada. He gets along with the tasloi, who have performed well in low-danger missions such as their most recent success, chasing a lost giant water beetle away from Ravens Bluff. However, McGurk is quite aware that they probably would have been slaughtered had it been a lost dragon turtle, instead. He is always looking for some way to bolster his forces—perhaps a partnership with some down-on-their-luck adventurers.

## FarLoi

3rd-Level Male Tasloi Fighter

STR: 14  
INT: 8  
WIS: 8  
DEX: 17  
CON: 11  
CHR: 12

AC Normal: 2

AC Rear: 5

Hit Points: 19

Alignment: Neutral

Languages: Tasloi, Common

Age: 14



# Spike McGurk's Flotilla of DEATH

**Height:** 3'4"  
**Weight:** 65 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** None/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Javelin, rock, net, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Animal handling (8), airborne riding (6), swimming (14)

**Magic Item:** *Ring of jumping*

**Appearance:** Farloi is tall and muscular for a tasloi. The slope of his head is more pronounced than those of his island brethren and he has no hair on his bright green skin. He wears a white sailor's uniform with three copper medals of no worth or significance.

**Background:** As third cousin of the high chieftain, Farloi is the boss of a band of tasloi. He is a harsh taskmaster, even ordering his clansmen not to drag their knuckles on the ground! Desiring to prove their combat worth, Farloi enlisted most of his clansmen in the flotilla. Farloi is bold, often using his *ring* to jump from his bird onto an opponent. Other than Gisloi, he is the only island tasloi who can speak Common.

## Gisloi

*3rd-Level Male Tasloi Priest*

**STR:** 8  
**INT:** 11  
**WIS:** 13  
**DEX:** 9  
**CON:** 9  
**CHR:** 15  
**AC Normal:** 5  
**AC Rear:** 5

**Hit Points:** 13

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Languages:** Tasloi, Common

**Age:** 21

**Height:** 2'6"

**Weight:** 60 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Javelin, rock, net

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Airborne riding (11), swimming (8), tasloi religion (13), musical instrument (whistle) (8)

**Magic Item:** *Whistle of shrieking.* When blown, this ivory whistle adds +1 to morale and "to hit" rolls of all tasloi within a 60-yard radius for one round.

**Spells/day:** 3 1

As a cleric of Loitasloitas, Gisloi can cast spells from the spheres of All, Animal, Combat, Healing, and Protection.

**Appearance:** Gisloi is slightly pudgy for a tasloi, but he hides his girth beneath flashy red and yellow robes. They contrast dizzily with his bright green skin and black hair. He wears his *whistle* about his neck.

**Background:** Gisloi serves as a moral leader of the tasloi. To disobey a priest is heresy to the tasloi—at least that's what Gisloi teaches them. He blows his whistle at the start of each military engagement, stirring the tasloi's hearts for battle and irritating everyone else except Spike. Gisloi is an eloquent speaker in Tasloi and high-pitched Common. He is brighter than his kinsmen.

**Island Tasloi:** Int Average; AL N; AC 6; MV 12 (Cl 15); HD 1; hp Varies; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 1d3/1d3 or by weapon; SA Surprise at -4, net entangles on hit; airborne riding (9) and swimming (8) proficiencies; SD Hide in shadows 75%; SZ S.

The island tasloi, who suffer no penalties in daylight, are fascinated with new things; so much so that they often steal them. Most of McGurk's crew misses Tasloiomitasloi, but remain happy for the chance to sail the world. They are proficient at riding gooneys, now a mode of transport back home. They obey Farloi, Gisloi, and Spike in all things; even in wearing those white sailor shirts that itch terribly. Island tasloi do not bathe often. They chatter and whistle constantly and, after months at sea, will do almost anything to find a party in port.

**Giant Gooney Birds:** Int Animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 6, FL 15; HD 1 + 3; hp Varies; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2; SZ L (12' wingspan).

These giant gooney birds look like fat, slovenly albatrosses with black feet. They smell bad, are irritable, and are awkward fliers. Although they do not seem to care to be in McGurk's flotilla, they have neither the spirit nor the brains for rebellion. They can carry up to 100 pounds. In combat or any other time they are excited, they will squawk loudly. McGurk's personal, huge bird has 2 + 2 hit dice (14 hit points), a 17' wingspan, and can carry 250 pounds (but can only remain aloft for approximately 3 rounds). Its name is Pegasus.

## The Soarhawk

The *Soarhawk* sends tendrils of fear into Ravens Bluff dock workers as she glides into the harbor. Several street urchins, quick to recognize the caravel's extra masts and unusual sails, scurry along alleys, seeking fugitives who will pay perhaps as much as a gold piece to be warned that Shatagni, the bounty hunter, has arrived.

Shatagni waits on the quarterdeck as the *Soarhawk* anchors. To his right, opposite the helmsman, stands Yrion Darkshaft, "The Huntress." "Yrion," as Shatagni's crew says, "puts the 'dead' in 'dead or alive,'" Behind them lurks the ship's dour, crippled cleric, Wogan. Meanwhile, Bosh Talwin, the hook-handed captain of the *Soarhawk*, belays orders from the forecandle's forward rail.

The rest of the crew, scattered through the rigging and along the deck, wrestles with the lines as the ship breaks sail. Those on deck avoid an iron kettle hanging above a fire that burns in a sandbox cut in to the main deck. The ship's half-orc cook, Muttonchop, curses and waves a cleaver at any who pass near and endanger his simmering stew.

The *Soarhawk* is sea-worthy and swift, with four masts instead of the customary two or three. The masts carry full, square-rigged sails which seize the wind more readily than normal lateen sails and drive her along at 5 knots. She is 70' long, has a 21' beam, and drafts only 7'. The shallow draft enables her to nestle covertly in secluded coves that cut into the shoreline. There, she hides from pursuit or pauses so Yrion can disembark and hunt down her targets. The ship, with a cargo capacity of 60 tons, has a crew of 19–14 are sailors and five are journeyman fighters.

Crew quarters occupy the forward 40' of the lower deck, where cabin hammocks sway gently between stanchions. Sea trunks, tables, and chairs are bolted to the floor beneath two *continual light* enchanted rocks. Port and starboard ladders lead to the main deck. A hatchway near the bow opens down, into the forward cargo space.

The brig, amidship on the crew deck, is guarded by two fighters. There are three cells on both the port and starboard. One is enclosed in an *anti-magic shell* made permanent with a *wish*. Purchased at no small cost by Shatagni, the shell prevents captive mages and clerics from using their powers.

The aft section of the crew deck holds two cabins. The port cabin, Wogan's, con-

# The Soarhawk

tains a monastic cot, table, chair, small wardrobe, and a bookcase full of religious tomes. An over-sized religious icon hangs on the bulkhead. The starboard cabin, Bosh Talwin's, has a comfortable bed, a sea chest, a large work table, and a chair. Nautical drawings and maps, neatly arranged, cover the bulkheads. Small, intricate carvings of monstrous creatures rest in every available nook and cranny, and scrimshaw tools lie on the table amidst unworked whalebones and shavings.

On the main deck, two forecandle state-rooms are furnished with large, comfortable beds, sizeable wardrobes, and plush chairs. Shatagni's starboard quarters also contain a large pigeon-holed desk filled with records of past endeavors, descriptions of fugitives, and other paperwork. Two huge locked chests flank his desk: one keeps Shatagni's personal valuables and gold, and the other holds, in individual boxes, valuables and monies that belong to the crew. Yrion's quarters have a work table covered with tools for fletching arrows. Her valuables, including the ingredients for poison, are kept in a chest under her bed.

## Shatagni The Bounty Hunter

13th-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 15  
**INT:** 14  
**WIS:** 14  
**DEX:** 18  
**CON:** 16  
**CHR:** 10

**AC Normal:** -4

**AC Rear:** 0

**Hit Points:** 70

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Drow

**Age:** 45

**Height:** 5'8"

**Weight:** 160 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Gray/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, long sword, short sword, short bow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Seamanship (19), disguise (9), set snares (17), direction sense (15), rope use (18)

**Magic Items:** Seven beads of force, bracers of defense AC 3, cloak of elvenkind, hat of disguise, iron bands of Bilarro, potion of flying, potion of vitality, ring of protection

+3, rope of entanglement, long sword of dancing

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
75	70	65	95	70	75	50	

**Appearance:** Shatagni's reputation helps to mask his appearance. Tavern stories describe the bounty hunter as "a towering hulk, young and fast as lightning." Shatagni no longer matches that description, as his slightly crooked stature and gray hair peeking out from beneath his ever-present-hat will attest. He uses the false accounts to his advantage, preferring to outwit opponents who might overpower him rather than to face them in combat.

**Background:** Shatagni's talent for deception, augmented by his *hat of disguise*, often allows the bounty hunter to capture opponents without resorting to melee. Many a fugitive has stood numb when a simple priest, a limping beggar, or a bored city guard became Shatagni before their very eyes, clapping them in cuffs or in his *iron bands of Bilarro* before they even suspected that they were in danger.

Shatagni is relentless when seeking his mark. His *potions of vitality* enable him to continue a chase for weeks without food or rest. His demeanor—normally calm, friendly, even generous to a fault—is cold, harsh, and unforgiving during pursuit. Bounty hunting is his livelihood, not his pastime, and he does not conduct it with pleasure. For him, each contract is simply an obligation to be resolved without delay. Once on a hunt, he will not relax until he bags his target.

The bounty hunter frequently hires adventurers to transport his prisoners inland from ports, which frees him for the next job. The adventurers must obtain a certificate of funds and return it to Shatagni at a designated time, and woe to those who either lose the prisoner before delivery or who fail to return with the certificate. The bounty hunter's contracts are verbal agreements, sealed with a handshake (broken pacts are never resolved in the courts, so a written contract is of little use). Full payment must be made either to Shatagni personally or to his hired adventurers when the quarry is delivered. The captive is held until the debt is settled. Bards sing of Shatagni's reaction on the single known occasion when payment was refused. In fact,

their song may be the main reason that there has never been another incident of failing to pay the man.

## Yrion Darkshaft

11th-Level Female Drow Warrior

**STR:** 17

**INT:** 9

**WIS:** 15

**DEX:** 18

**CON:** 17

**CHR:** 9

**AC Normal:** -5

**AC Rear:** -1

**Hit Points:** 87

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Languages:** Common, Drow

**Age:** 294

**Height:** 5'4"

**Weight:** 110 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** White/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Javelin, long sword, long bow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Endurance (17), tracking (15)

**Magic Items:** Long bow +3, eight arrows +3, 12 arrows +2, 20 arrows +1, elven chain mail +4, five javelins of lightning, long sword +1, cloak of displacement, scarab of protection, ring of fire resistance, ring of invisibility

**Background:** Banished from her realm more than 200 years ago and hunted in her exile, Yrion's life is rooted in hatred. Her drow powers and magic resistance have faded, increasing her bitterness. Only Shatagni seems to respect her as an individual and she swears fealty to him in return. The *Soarhawk* is her haven from persecution.

She savors stalking her prey. Yrion refuses face-to-face confrontations, preferring the role of the unseen stalker in the shadows, sapping a victim's vitality with one poisoned missile at a time, reveling in watching the effects of the toxin—a fiendish concoction of her own creation that causes nightmarish hallucinations. Victims must save vs. poison at -2 or be -2 to hit and -2 from their Dexterity and Constitution for 2d6 rounds. Yrion usually returns to *Soarhawk* with a broken-spirited, sobbing prisoner, who responds to her commands like a whipped animal.

# The Queen of the Rivers

One of the more unusual vessels to grace the harbor of Ravens Bluff is the *Queen of the Rivers*. She is a one-of-a-kind vessel: her normal method of propulsion is two large waterwheels, one each side of the ship. She also has sails for back-up and emergency power. Her unconventional, yet technical appearance draws the stare of sailor and landlubber alike. Any discussion of her origin normally concludes that gnomes must have built her, but this is not true—the *Queen* is far too practical. With a length of just over 100', a beam of 24', and a draft of only 2', the *Queen* can go where most other vessels cannot, particularly along twisting rivers and streams that are much too shallow for sea-going vessels. The *Queen's* two paddles can be turned independently, allowing her to turn about in place if necessary.

The *Queen of the Rivers* carries almost any kind of cargo from many small settlements on the banks of wide streams all over the Moonsea, and from the rivers running into the Dragon Reach. She also navigates the Ashaba and Arkhen Rivers, bringing goods to Ravens Bluff markets and warehouses. Trips up the Fire River are not uncommon. On outward journeys, the *Queen* carries hardware, weapons, and occasionally passengers who work for their transportation. There are no luxury quarters on the *Queen*.

The *Queen's* crew size varies, from two to eight hirelings, depending on the mood or needs of the owners, Argint and Margie MacLickel. She has a cargo capacity of 60 tons and a top speed of 30 knots (a closely-guarded secret). Normal speed is about 6 knots in open water and 2-to-3 knots in narrow rivers. The *Queen* can make this much headway against almost any current, but like any other large vessel, she cannot get over waterfalls, dams, or other such obstacles. Many rapids are only a minor inconvenience.

## Captain ARGINT "Mac" MacLickel

3rd-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 18/09

INT: 14

WIS: 11

DEX: 18

CON: 18

CHR: 12

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 39

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common

Age: 32

Height: 6'3"

Weight: 273 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Red/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, spear, dagger, staff, club

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation (12), weather sense (10), swimming (18)

**Background:** Argint MacLickel was an able fighter, well known around the rough section of Waterdeep. He was an adventurer sure to make a name for himself, until about four years ago when he met and fell in love with Margie, a young girl from a farming community in Sembia. He had some money put aside and Margie did not want to adventure, so Argint agreed to give up his wanderings if Margie would leave her farm life behind.

The pair traveled to Ravens Bluff where they spent much money trying to decipher a scroll left to Margie by her father. After several months and long sessions with many scribes, they learned that the scroll bore financial records detailing an ancient debt owed to Margie's family by the folk of Silverymoon and their leader, Alustriel. The pair journeyed to that city and eventually learned that the debt was a large one.

Margie could have nearly anything she wanted. It took her several months, but she finally decided, perhaps oddly, to purchase a trading vessel for operation on the Inner Sea. The pair had decided that it would keep them from being bored and would let them travel, too.

Argint had a notion that the vessel should be like no other in the Realms and should appear gnomish in origin so pirates would steer clear of it.

In the meantime, Argint and Margie were married under the stars of Silverymoon. The debt to Margie's family was finally settled when Alustriel accompanied the newlyweds to Teshendale, where the boat was magically created and the paddles powered. Only Argint, Margie, and Alustriel know the boat's origin and they have no intention of breaking the secret.

## Margie MacLickel

0-Level Female Human

STR: 12

INT: 18

WIS: 16

DEX: 16

CON: 13

CHR: 18

AC Normal: 8

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 6

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common

Age: 20

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 168 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Blond/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Swimming (12), cooking (18), agriculture (18)

**Background:** Margie is an only child who grew up in a farming community near Selgaunt, in Sembia. Her parents died when she was age ten and, for the next ten years (until meeting Argint), she lived with any farming family that had room for her. Most farmers gave her food and lodging in exchange for work in the fields. Margie became very good at farming and cooking and she developed a special affinity with animals. She survived those years by holding close the scroll her father had given her and by praying often to her god for spiritual strength.

When Argint came along, Margie knew her prayers had been answered. Although she did not fancy the life of a wandering adventurer, she knew Argint was the man for her.

## Adventure Ideas for The Queen of The Rivers

- A high-powered wizard discovers that there is more to the *Queen* than meets the eye and he wants to acquire the ship. The wizard hires the PCs to find out more about the *Queen* and capture her for him, claiming that she was really his and that the MacLickels stole her. Or, the MacLickels can hire the PCs to ride on the *Queen* as protection.

- The PCs are working on the *Queen* in exchange for passage. When in Ravens Bluff or another port, Argint and Margie go shopping for supplies. The pair fails to return and it falls upon the PCs to watch the boat—and find its owners. Argint and Margie have been kidnapped by thieves who have learned that Margie was to inherit a fortune, but don't realize that the boat is it. The thieves want the treasure in exchange for releasing the MacLickels.



# The Skippy

The *Skippy* is a one-man fishing scow, long familiar to the Port of Ravens Bluff. She is 11' long, has a cargo hold for fish, and a single-room crew quarters. The crew consists of Gramps—the owner and operator—and Skippy the dog, the ship's mascot.

This vessel always seems one bale away from sinking. Gramps does his best to keep her ship-shape, but he never has the money necessary for the overhaul she needs. He patches her leaks as best as he can, but that barely keeps her afloat. A bad storm would probably sink her, but Gramps knows no other way of life and would rather die at sea than take up some other profession.

Each day before dawn, Gramps sets sail for the open sea. He is not particular about what he catches, as long as it is salable. A few hours before noon, he heads ashore and takes his load to Zorba's Fish Market. There, he sells his catch for the going rate. If Zorba does not have a free stall, Gramps sells his catch from aboard the *Skippy*.

At day's end, Gramps moors his boat wherever he can find a cheap spot and then, in the evening, heads for a local tavern to lift a few ales and share sea stories.

Gramps will entertain offers for the use of his vessel, but only if he captains it—he will not let any one else take charge of the *Skippy*. Furthermore, he will not charter his vessel for less than 5 gp and never will hire it out for evil purposes.

## Gramps

0-Level Male Human

**STR:** 17  
**INT:** 13  
**WIS:** 9  
**DEX:** 13  
**CON:** 16  
**CHR:** 13

**AC Normal:** 10

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 8

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 64

**Height:** 5'10"

**Weight:** 170 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** White/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Cane (1d6),  
throwing cargo (1d4)

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation  
(11), weather sense (8), swimming (17), fishing (8)



**Appearance:** Crow's-feet around Gramps's sparkling sea-blue eyes and snow white hair attest to his advanced years. His straight hair is always trimmed above his ears and his beard and mustache are kept short. He wears a sailor's cap and simple clothes (tunic tied with a rope, trousers, and short boots).

**Background:** No one remembers Gramps's real name, including Gramps. All he recalls is that one day he woke up on the *Skippy*, poor and with a dog as his only companion. Calmly assuming that he must be a fisherman, Gramps began using the *Skippy* to earn a living. He has been fishing out of Ravens Bluff for the past 12 years.

Gramps is a lovable old man who enjoys tales of the sea and drinking with sailors and dock workers. This keeps him broke most of the time because he often buys drinks and meals for down-on-their-luck sailors. He is well liked by the locals.

Gramps has always had a dog named Skippy, too, although it has not always been the same dog. The current Skippy is a male mutt roughly three years old. He is the size of a terrier and is mostly black, except for a few white patches on his head and back legs. The dog is loyal to Gramps because the old man feeds him, gives him a place to stay, and loves him. Skippy follows Gramps everywhere.

## Adventuring Ideas for The Skippy

- The *Skippy* has disappeared and is assumed lost at sea, but on the day the *Skippy* was lost, the *Dragon Reach* was as smooth as glass. A friend of Gramps hires the PCs to find out what happened. In fact, Gramps has disappeared because he witnessed a smuggling ring at work. The smuggler is holding Gramps, Skippy, and the vessel in a cove, tormenting them and contemplating their fate.

- Skippy the dog has disappeared and Gramps appeals to the PCs to find him. Gramps cannot offer a monetary reward, but will give the PCs as much fish as they can eat. Later, an urchin contacts Gramps, threatening to kill Skippy unless he makes an illegal run. Gramps will be visibly upset, but cannot tell the PCs why without endangering his pet.

# The Submarine

A few years ago, a merchant vessel and most of its crew was captured by pirates. Among the few survivors was one Kladdin Frivil, an apprentice wizard, who eventually benefited immensely from his captors.

At the pirate's hideout, Frivil and the other sailors were daily marched in and out of jail cells to be fed and to perform menial tasks for the pirates. During one of these walks, Frivil spotted an unusual boat without sails in a coastal cave. With additional glimpses, he became increasingly intrigued by its odd appearance and resolved to get a good look at the boat. Frivil also hoped to use it as an escape vehicle.

He began to feign sympathy for the pirates' way of life, working his way into their world, performing what small magic he could for them with the limited spell components that he could find. After a short while, he became a fairly trusted servant and was eventually allowed some limited freedom—and an opportunity to examine the boat up-close.

The open-topped vessel fascinated the apprentice wizard even more with his first good look at it: the odd but well-made boat had obscure runes in an ancient tongue etched along its inner sides. Frivil believed that they might be command words for some type of enchantment, perhaps some magical propulsion which would explain the lack of sails.

One day, Frivil climbed aboard the boat when none of the pirates was watching and he tried pronouncing the first few syllables. He was quite unnerved when four previously unnoticed stoppers came out of the boat's floor and it began to sink rapidly. He scrambled in a panic to get off the vessel, but tripped over a bench, landed in the bottom, and was quickly submerged with it. A startled inhalation revealed that the boat was, indeed, enchanted with at least an airy water spell. Then, by uttering the next series of syllables, Frivil quickly learned that he could "levitate" the boat to various depths. Before anyone noticed, he used one of the oars to pole the boat away from the pirate lair, safely under the water and out of sight. He then brought the submersible boat to Ravens Bluff and stayed out of sight, adopting a disguise until he was sure that the pirates had lost track of him. Meanwhile, he came up with the idea of using his new find for undersea tours and transportation.

Passengers are charged 1 gp per hour of riding or 2 gp to travel to a particular destination on Frivil's route. Further destina-

tions will cost considerably more, depending on the distance, if Frivil will even accept the commission. He likes to stay near Ravens Bluff, where he feels safest from his former captors.

## Kladdin "Frivolous" Frivil

2nd-Level Male Human Wizard (swash-buckler)

**STR:** 14

**INT:** 16

**WIS:** 13

**DEX:** 15

**CON:** 14

**CHR:** 16

**AC Normal:** 9

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 7

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Orcish, Gnomish, Merman, Halfling

**Age:** 26

**Height:** 6'

**Weight:** 165 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, rapier

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Etiquette (16), tumbling (15), disguise (15), seamanship (16), reading/writing (Thorass) (17), gaming (16)

**Magic Items:** *Two potions of water breathing*

**Special Magic Item:** *Undersea Boat.* The *undersea boat* is 30' long and has a flat bottom. The sides of the *boat* are not curved; rather, it looks like the bow and stern are triangular pieces attached to a box-like body. The boat is composed of a fine-grained black wood. There are ten benches in the *boat*: one in the bow and stern, three larger benches both fore and aft, and a small bench on each side of the center of the *boat*. Three oars sit in oar wells on each side of the *boat*. A stool is attached to the center of the *boat* and it has the command words inscribed on the bottom, in Thorass. The first command word, "thuasan," causes previously undetectable stoppers to pop up from the bottom of the *boat*, quickly flooding it. It also activates an *airy water* spell, centered on the stool. This spell has a 15'-radius hemisphere, centered on the bottom of the *boat*. The *boat's* oars project through

the *airy water*, protruding into unenchanted water and can, therefore, be used to power the *boat*. The second command word, "bleff," causes the *boat* to move upward or downward in the water in response to the speaker's hand motions. The *boat's airy water* spell may be invoked for three hours at a time, three times per day. A *magic mouth* warns riders when this effect is about to expire.

**Spells/day:** 2

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

<i>Cantrip</i>	<i>Magic Missile</i>
<i>Charm Person</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>
<i>Feather Fall</i>	<i>Spider Climb</i>
<i>Light</i>	<i>Taunt</i>

**Appearance:** Kladdin is a tall, good-looking man with shoulder-length hair and a well-groomed mustache. He wears a gold earring in his left ear and several expensive rings. He prefers "dashing" clothing and usually wears a fine red silk shirt, black trousers, and a bright blue cape (in which he stores spell components).

**Background:** Kladdin acquired his swash-buckling lifestyle from watching his sailor friends and pirate captors. Unfortunately, when he escaped the pirates, he had a hard time finding a teacher who would take a rapier-wielding wizard apprentice seriously. He finally struck a deal on the docks with the alchemist, Alvor Demmin: Kladdin occasionally uses his *undersea boat* to find components for Alvor's potions and spells, and Alvor occasionally tutors him in return. Both wizards like the arrangement, but Alvor often grows impatient with Kladdin's frivolous nature (Alvor is responsible for Kladdin's nickname).

Kladdin enjoys life, especially by the sea, and particularly when he can earn lots of gold with very little effort, as with his *undersea boat*. He keeps irregular hours and has notices for his services posted in various places around the city. He is really more interested in gambling and romancing women than in business. He employs six strong rowers when he goes on under-water voyages.

**Rowers, Sailors:** Int Avg; AL Evil; AC 9; MV 12; HD 1-6 hp; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M.

# Salokin Bayrat's Tug Services

Tug services in Ravens Bluffs harbor are available from several independent tug operators, but the best known and busiest is owned and operated by Salokin Bayrat. He owns a small boat yard in which he maintains four whale boats for tug services and a small sail boat for pleasure boating and fishing. Bayrat employs 30 rowers and his three sons, Elrach (age 20), Leachim (age 18), and Drachir (age 16). He handles the management alone; his wife, who used to help run the service, died several years ago.

The boat yard is located near the pier he uses. Boats can be dragged up a ramp at the foot of the pier and right into the 100' by 30' warehouse. The land-side 20' of the building has been sectioned off, providing a home for the Bayrats.

For his services, Salokin receives a nominal share of the taxes on incoming cargo and he also charges a tug tax on all arrivals and departures. Salokin runs his operation in two shifts (two boats to a shift with 15 rowers in each), which generally meets the demands of harbor traffic, seas, and wind. He and his sons rotate shifts as tug master.

An assigned watchman on the boat yards roof announces the approach of vessels. Ships making regular stops in the harbor will usually fly a white square flag with a red 'X' through it, the "victor" flag, which signals, "I require assistance." Or they may fly a square flag made up of four equal triangles of yellow, blue, red, and black; the "Zulu" flag, which signals, "I require a tug."

Speed in spotting the tug flags and deploying a tugboat is essential because the job goes to the first boat who arrives at the ship's side—first come, first served. Therefore, the fastest respondent in the harbor tends to bring in the most profit. Competition is fierce and sometimes hostile. Fights among tug captains and crews have even left some ships to run aground or forced a few exasperated captains to sail on without ever docking.

Most of the time, though, the procedure is uneventful. The first boat to arrive will take a bow line and bring the ship to the open pier or wharf space of the captain's choice. Larger ships sometimes require multiple tugboats, especially once docking begins. On rare occasions, when the wind blows toward the land, departing ships will require a tow from the pier. Signal flags are also used to request tugs in these cases.

The remainder of Bayrat's and his sons' waking hours are spent in their boat shop, maintaining their boats and those belonging to others or building new ones for sale.

Once a week, Salokin and his sons take their sail boat out to fish, supplementing their business and providing a source of food. The two younger sons and Salokin are very satisfied with their lives.

Elrach, however, is not happy with the meager earnings of the family business, so he and seven of the rowers have taken steps to increase profits by running a racket of their own: for a few gp, Elrach will inform pirate captains of rich merchant ships' cargoes, destinations, and departure times. Also, with his seven conspirators in the same whale boat, he can arrange for smuggling cargo while avoiding the prying eyes of tax collectors and customs officials. Elrach has made numerous enemies, but has managed to keep his father and brothers fairly ignorant of his activities.

## Salokin Bayrat

5th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 12  
**INT:** 7  
**WIS:** 14  
**DEX:** 7  
**CON:** 14  
**CHR:** 9

**AC Normal:** 10  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 30  
**Alignment:** Lawful Good  
**Languages:** Common  
**Age:** 52  
**Height:** 5'1"  
**Weight:** 245 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Bald/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Club, dagger, knife, short sword, spear

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fishing (13), sailing (8), navigation (5), cooking (7)

**Magic Items:** *Potion of rainbow hues, potion of healing*

**Appearance:** Salokin seems as wide as he is tall and looks every one of his years. There is still a twinkle in his eyes, though, and, despite his bulk, he can leap from boat to ship like a cat.

**Background:** Four years ago, Salokin's wife, Emia, died in her sleep, leaving him to raise his three sons alone. He is a loving father, but he has always put his job first. All of his sons, Elrach in particular, have

longed for more attention from Salokin than he gives to his daily duty roster, but Salokin feels that he is being the best parent possible by running a successful business. Salokin does not realize it, but that attitude led Elrach to his life of crime.

## Elrach Bayrat

4th-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 14  
**INT:** 12  
**WIS:** 8  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 16

**AC Normal:** 10

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 19

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 25

**Height:** 6'1"

**Weight:** 210 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, black-jack, garrote

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Forgery (13), fishing (7), sailing (15), gaming (16)

**Magic Items:** Two *daggers* +1

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
45	35	30	35	45	30	70	-

**Appearance:** Elrach is a handsome, short-haired man who has rarely smiled since his mother's death. He was her favorite and he remembers her best, so her loss has put permanent frown lines on his face. His sharp features have made him a successful womanizer, though.

**Background:** The passing of his mother and Salokin's devotion to the tugboat operation have caused Elrach to seek comfort in ill-gotten wealth. He enjoys the local taverns where he is always welcome because he spends his money carelessly. Elrach is not an overt braggart, but a few drinks have been known to loosen his tongue enough to hint at some of his crimes. He is usually in the company of two or three loyal rowers who act as bodyguards. He conducts all of his illegal transactions with those cohort guards within safe reach.



# Salokin Bayrat's Tug Services

## Leachim Bayrat

3rd-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 13  
INT: 6  
WIS: 8  
DEX: 10  
CON: 14  
CHR: 11

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 26

Alignment: Lawful Good

Languages: Common

Age: 20

Height: 5'2"

Weight: 165 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Sandy brown/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Club, dagger, knife, short sword, harpoon

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fishing (7), sailing (11), juggling (9)

**Appearance:** Leachim is a younger copy of Salokin, although he has yet to match his father's girth. His hair is always neat and tied behind his head in a short ponytail. His pronounced facial features are less dramatic, though, and not handsome enough to draw the attention of the ladies.

**Background:** Leachim wants nothing more out of life than to be just like his father. He is extremely loyal to the old man and, if he were mentally sharp enough to know that Elrach was doing something wrong, he would do something about it.

## Drachir Bayrat

2nd-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 19  
INT: 14  
WIS: 10  
DEX: 16  
CON: 9  
CHR: 15

AC Normal: 8

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 18

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Wharf Slang

Age: 17

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 166 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Black/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Harpoon, long sword, dagger, short sword

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Singing (15), sailing (17), fishing (9)

**Magic Item:** *Quaal's Feather Token - anchor*

**Background:** Drachir enjoys a good day's work and a good night's romp. On occasion, he and Elrach have patronized the same pub. Being young and enjoying song more than drink, he has remained sober enough to pick up on Elrach's drunken hints and has become vaguely aware of Elrach's dealings. His innocence and his love for the family prevents him from grasping the full consequences of Elrach's activities, but he knows his father would not approve. He will, however, blow the whistle if the full magnitude of his brother's actions are made apparent to him. Until then, he feels a loyalty to Elrach that keeps him partially blind to the illegal doings.

## Adventure Ideas for Salokin Bagrat's Tug Services

- The PCs are hired by a dissatisfied customer to spy on Elrach. The customer thinks Elrach is in league with thieves (or worse) and wants some evidence to take to the harbor master.

- The harbor master hires the PCs to investigate allegations of illegal activity by Salokin and his sons. The harbor master wants to use adventurers because they would not be associated with the harbor patrol and, hopefully, would be above suspicion.

- The PCs' ship (or one they are on) is tugged into the harbor by Bayrat. On the way back out, they are attacked by pirates in the middle of the Dragon Reach. A subtle clue from the DM leads the PCs to realize they were set up. (Perhaps the pirates knew too much about the PCs' belongings or their ship's vulnerabilities.)

## The Princess Cardella and The Seaside Salvage Company

Brill Kilmer is one of the most successful businesswomen on the Ravens Bluff docks. The attractive adventurer owns a versatile boat and a building with a restaurant and tavern.

## The Princess Cardella

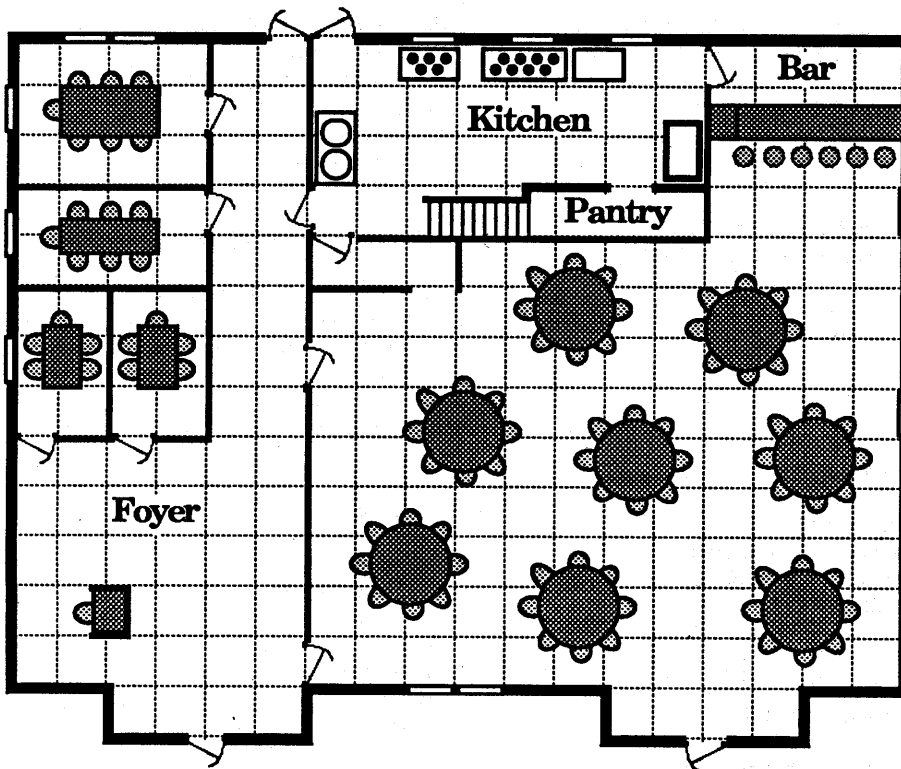
Brill's favorite part of her business is also the most profitable one: she owns a ship called the *Princess Cardella*, which she hires out to individuals who seek shipwrecks to plunder, have special errands to run along the coast, enjoy occasional pleasure cruises, or need an extra fishing ship during seasonal fishing peaks. Anyone who can pay the price is assured of a well-kept, well-equipped vessel, manned by some of the most competent sailors on the Ravens Bluff docks. Her salvage fees also include a percentage of the hauls value. Brill is an adventurous woman and, when the job sounds interesting enough to her, she captains the *Princess*, herself. When she is busy with other work, the ship is handled by her first mate, Frank DeWilson. Employment on her ship is highly sought by the local sailors because she is generous to her subordinates.

The *Princess Cardella*, an 80' clipper moored at the end of a pier, is equipped with a special removable crane and block and tackle for hauling heavy items up from the sea bottom or bringing in heavy nets. When not in use, the crane is stored in several pieces below deck. The ship is manned by a crew of six, including a navigator (who also acts as first mate when Brill is not on board), a wizard/cook, and four ship's hands.

## The Seaside Salvage Company

The Seaside Salvage Company is a white, thatch-roofed building with two front entrances. Over the right door is a sign bear-

# Princess Cardella and Seaside Salvage Company

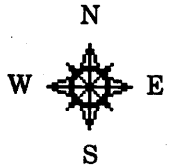


## Seaside Salvage Company

### Key

1 Square = 5 ft.

	Table / Bar		Desk
	Chair / Stool		
	Stove		
	Sink		
	Window		
	Door		



ing the establishment's name and a picture of a ship hauling a treasure chest up from a shipwreck. From behind the door, a bawdy sailor's song can almost always be heard. Through the door is a dimly lit room filled with the scents of fried fish, fresh bread, ale, and pipe smoke. The uproarious song typically enjoyed by three tables of late-lunching fishermen is usually about a mermaid and seven sailors stranded on a desert island—a house favorite. A barmaid serves the fishermen and greets all newcomers.

The door to the left bears a simple hand-painted plaque that reads "Private Dining, Meeting Rooms for Rent." The entrance links to a hallway that connects, in turn, to numerous meeting rooms. Near the rear exit, on the right-hand wall, is an entrance to the kitchen. The odor of fried fish is strong here.

The Seaside Salvage Company is a tavern and meeting place for fishermen, aquatic adventurers, and people interested in shipwrecks or other coastal adventures. The tavern provides a modest, but relatively steady income from hungry patrons. The food, prepared by Brill's Aunt Hilde, is highly recommended by all and the reasonable prices make it all the more enjoyable.

## Menu

Fare	Cost
Fish, fried or roasted	8 sp
Chicken, fried or roasted	2 sp
Beef or game meat	4 sp
Bread, fresh with butter	5 cp per loaf
Bread, day old	2 cp per loaf
Vegetable of the day	1 cp
Soup of the day	5 cp
Crackers, one dozen	1 cp
Cheese, small wheel	4 sp
Wine, assorted vintages	3 sp—glass, 1 gp—bottle
Ale	5 cp—mug, 2 sp—gallon
Brandy	3 sp—glass
Sailor's Banquet	8 sp per person

## Other Fees

- **Hiring Ship:** 60-100 gp per day, plus 5-10% of the haul. (The price depends upon if Brill knows the client, how well they bargain, and the likely value of the haul.)

- **Hiring Ship For Pleasure Runs:** 75-125 gp per day.

- **Renting Meeting Rooms:** 2 sp per hour or 1 sp if the renters also buy a meal; 10 sp per day (until 4 p.m.); 16 sp per evening; 2 gp per 24 hours.

## Brill Kilmer

0-Level Female Human

STR:	12
INT:	14
WIS:	14
DEX:	14
CON:	12
CHR:	13

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 5

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Wharf Slang

Age: 33

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 144 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Silver blond/Blue

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Salvaging (14), fishing (13), swimming (12), sailing (15), brawl (13), appraising (14), bargaining

# Princess Cardella and Seaside Salvage Company

(13), reading/writing (15), needlepoint (13)

**Appearance:** Brill dresses in the best of clothes, although she keeps plenty of sailor-garb for outings on the *Princess*. She is always on the lookout for new fashions.

**Background:** Brill grew up as the only girl in a large family. Her nine older brothers kept her well-practiced in skills such as brawling, fighting, fishing, and other "unladylike" things. She joined an adventuring group when she was in her mid-teens, returning home when she turned age 20.

Brill became interested in the salvage business when her father, a retired sea captain, managed to snare an old chest from a wrecked pirate ship. The chest contained enough treasure to buy the family a fine home in Ravens Bluff and to send the children to the best school. When Brill's parents died in an epidemic that swept the waterfront, she inherited most of the wealth.

## Frank DeWilson

4th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 12  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 13  
**CHR:** 12

**AC Normal:** 7  
**AC Rear:** 7

**Hit Points:** 26

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 32

**Height:** 6'3"

**Weight:** 225 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Auburn/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, short sword, dagger, net, harpoon

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Salvaging (12), fishing (9), swimming (16), sailing (15)

**Magic Items:** *Ring of protection +3, potion of rainbow hues*

**Appearance:** Frank is a muscleman who turns the heads of most of the women on the docks. He dresses in shirts that show off his biceps and prefers light clothing that displays his tan.

**Background:** Frank likes Brill, but is hesitant to let her know. He enjoys captaining the *Princess Cardella*, but he also is happy to be near Brill. He is proud of the salvage company and of the success that Brill has made of it.

## Jonna Dickson

2nd-Level Female Human Fighter

**STR:** 13  
**INT:** 14  
**WIS:** 13  
**DEX:** 17  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 14

**AC Normal:** 7

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 12

**Alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Dwarvish, Sea Elf, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 21

**Height:** 5'5"

**Weight:** 135 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, short sword, dagger, net

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Salvaging (14), reading/writing (15), map making (12)

**Appearance:** Jonna is an attractive woman with waist-long, straight hair and large eyes.

**Background:** Jonna has become Brill's best friend and a welcome addition to the crew. She is the ship's navigator, first mate when necessary, and she keeps the ship's log and deals with map work on the voyages. She also makes maps for clients and even sells some of them to Pen Tea Quills shop, but only after offering them first to Brill.

## Gregory Farlow

7th-Level Male Human Wizard

**STR:** 9  
**INT:** 17  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 8

**AC Normal:** 0

**AC Rear:** 0

**Hit Points:** 21

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Halfling, Orcish, Kobold, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 42

**Height:** 5'9"

**Weight:** 164 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** White/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, staff

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Salvaging (17), fishing (11), swimming (9), sailing (15), cooking (17), alchemy (15), reading/writing (18)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense AC 0, portable hole*

**Spells/day:** 4 3 2 1

**Spell Books**

**Level One Spells**

<i>Color Spray</i>	<i>Jump</i>
<i>Comprehend Languages</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>
<i>Enlarge Friends</i>	<i>Sleep</i>

**Level Two Spells**

<i>Detect Invisibility</i>	<i>Web</i>
<i>Invisibility</i>	<i>Wizard Lock</i>
<i>Knock</i>	

**Level Three Spells**

<i>Fireball</i>	<i>Suggestion</i>
<i>Fly</i>	<i>Wind Walk</i>
<i>Lightning Bolt</i>	

**Level Four Spells**

<i>Minor Globe of Invulnerability</i>	<i>Wizard Eye</i>
<i>Rainbow Pattern</i>	

**Background:** Gregory is famous for his *fireballs* and his scorched meats. For some reason, he has a habit of forgetting about his roasts while they're in the oven (so he says) and, 80% of the time, they come out looking like a shriveled lump. Whenever he serves one of his "ballast blobs," the crew accuses him of roasting the meat with one of his *fireballs*. Because the *fireball* spell is his favorite, he does well with it, causing unusual amounts of damage, especially when cast at pirate ships.

# Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company

## "Sail Safer With Safe Harbor"

The Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company is owned by Clark Pebble and his junior partner, Lyndon Golight. This enterprise is relatively new and rare in this part of the world; an outgrowth of money-lending and banking enterprises that have been in existence since trade began.

Safe Harbor specializes in marine insurance which protects ships and their valuable cargoes from loss by shipwreck, fire, and salt water damage. There is also theft insurance available, to protect cargoes against losses due to piracy or dockside pilferage. The latest policy offering is "spoilage" insurance, which covers perishable cargoes from losses due to unforeseen time delays such as long windless periods, longshoremen's strikes, and bureaucratic port delays. It is a medium-sized business, employing a head secretary, bookkeeper, two scribes, and a couple apprentice office boys.

Safe Harbor Insurance is housed in a two-story cut-stone building about two blocks from the waterfront. The stone construction was specifically chosen to safeguard the paperwork against fire, as well as to provide security against theft. In addition, at the rear of the business, there is a 10' square vault where the books, insurance contracts, and ready monies are locked up. The vault has one-foot-thick walls and a stone floor and roof, constructed by the partners at great expense. The single door to the vault is six inches thick and is iron-plated on the outside with a heavy, complex metal lock (-30% to thieves' chance to pick it).

The entire Safe Harbor building is 25' wide and 35' long. At the front of the business is a 60'-tall tower which can be climbed by a narrow, covered wooden staircase that wraps around the outside. At the tower's tip is a ship-shaped weather vane which shifts to and fro as the wind changes direction. Often, when business is quiet down below, Clark Pebble (a former sea captain who retired when he received a serious, crippling leg injury) slowly climbs to a little room at the top of the tower and watches the ships moving in and out of the harbor. When one of the ships belonging to an insured client arrives, he rings a bell in the tower, which lets the office know there soon will be work to do.

The square sign hanging from the front of the shop has no lettering, but simply depicts a ship pulled up at a dock. Over the front door, however, a sign reads, "Safe Harbor Marine Insurance."

## Business As Usual

There are no standard contracts with Safe Harbor. Each contract is a personal, hand-crafted, carefully negotiated agreement between the Safe Harbor partners and the ship's owner or captain. Insurance fees vary, depending upon the reputation of the ship and whether the owner or captain has been a regular customer of Safe Harbor. Customers of good standing are usually asked to insure 80% of the value of their ship and/or cargo. The premiums are paid either in advance (by infrequent shippers) or on a monthly basis (by regular customers). The amount of the premium is normally 10% of the value of the ship and/or cargo, and it covers shipwrecks, fires at sea and saltwater damage to durable goods such as furniture and hardware. Up to 20% of the value of the ship and/or cargo is charged for theft insurance. This includes theft in port and piracy at sea—the premium depends upon the known danger factors of the route taken. Spoilage insurance is issued at 10% of the value of the perishable cargo only, such as foodstuffs, furs, precious cloth, and the like. Many details can affect the cost of insurance.

Safe Harbor also sells copies of nautical charts to customers. Non-customers can buy them at double the price. Golight has altered some of the maps bought by non-customers: dangerous rocks have moved, pirate lairs have been omitted, and other obstacles have been wiped clean.

Pebble and Golight are sensitive to risk and employ an expert appraiser when a cargo is something they know little about. Pebble himself is an expert at appraising the condition of a ship and few details escape his eye. He has been known to refuse to insure ships in less-than-excellent condition and he can be very demanding of ship captains before agreeing to insure.

Pebble and Golight have separate offices in the Safe Harbor building and each office tells a great deal about each of them. Both have thick wool rugs on the floor, but that is the only similarity.

Pebble, a former ship captain, keeps his office like the captain's quarters of a ship. It is wood-paneled, contains nautical gear, and a carved wooden figurehead of a sea goddess stands in one corner. A two-foot-tall ship's hourglass sits on his desk and a small anchor serves as a doorstop. There are stacks of charts on the desk and some

typical pieces of ship equipment serve as paperweights. A large nautical chart covers most of one wall. Over a large window, Pebble keeps a plank from one of his former ships: the plank containing its name, *Whale*, carved into it. There are also some ship's floats, a block and tackle, and a few ship's pennants decorating the walls.

Golight's office is quite different, reflecting the atmosphere of a man of the courts. He has a sea-scene tapestry on one wall while another wall is covered with shelves and cumbersome leather-bound books that contain maritime laws. Behind his large desk is a shelf with numerous pigeon-holes filled with papers and contracts. Other mementos include brass lamps, religious paintings, a few samples of cargoes he has insured, and a black and white puffed hat and matching robe that he wears to court.

Golight's furniture is regularly dusted by the office boys, unlike Pebble's which is left to gather dust. Golight's papers are all neatly rolled and tied with ribbon in contrast to Pebble's, which are stacked in ragged piles or stuffed helter-skelter into his few pigeon-holes.

## Captain Clark Pebble

5th-Level Male Half-Elf Fighter

**STR:** 17

**INT:** 15

**WIS:** 12

**DEX:** 10

**CON:** 16

**CHR:** 17

**AC Normal:** 9

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 52

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Merman, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 43

**Height:** 5'9"

**Weight:** 165 lbs

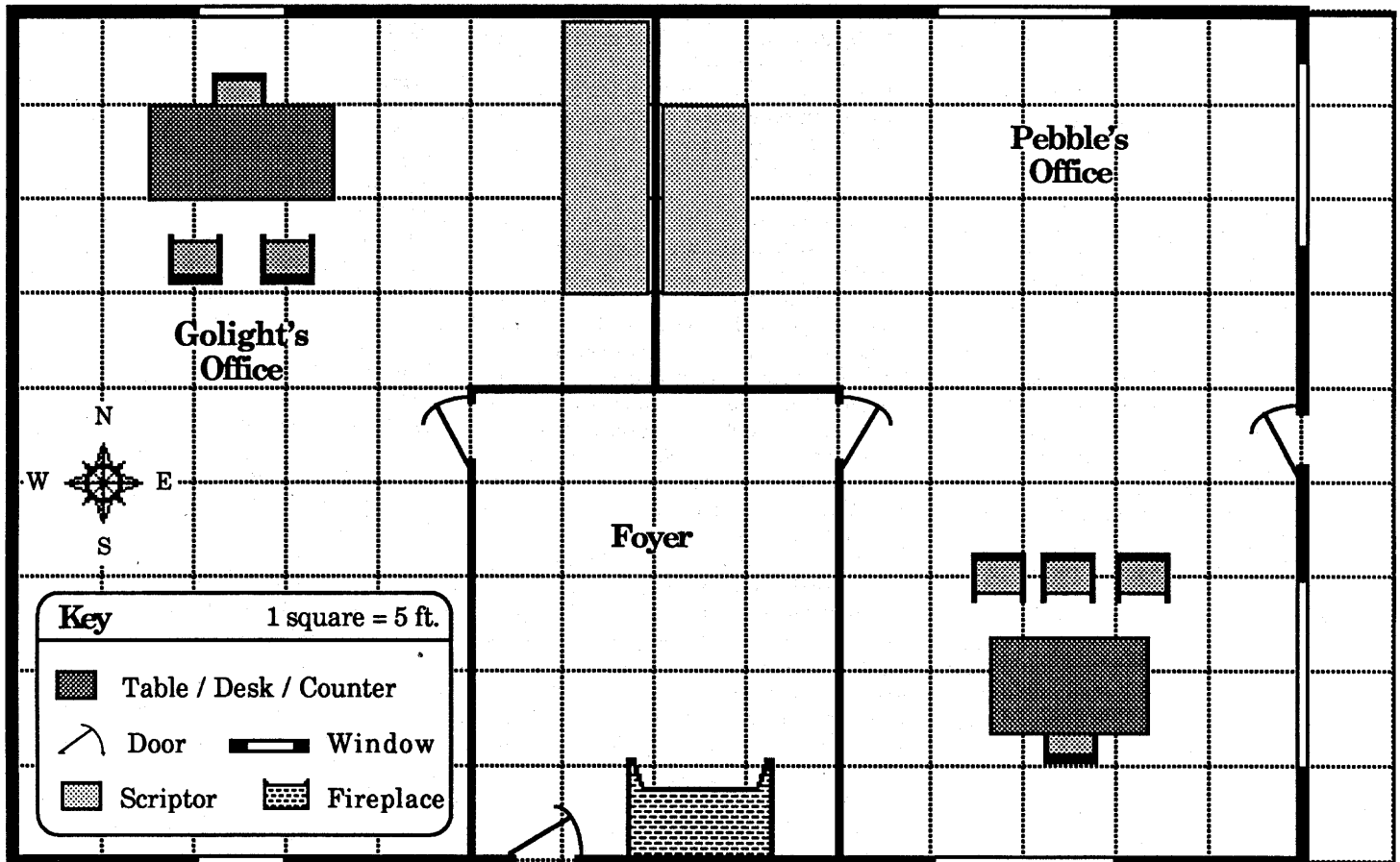
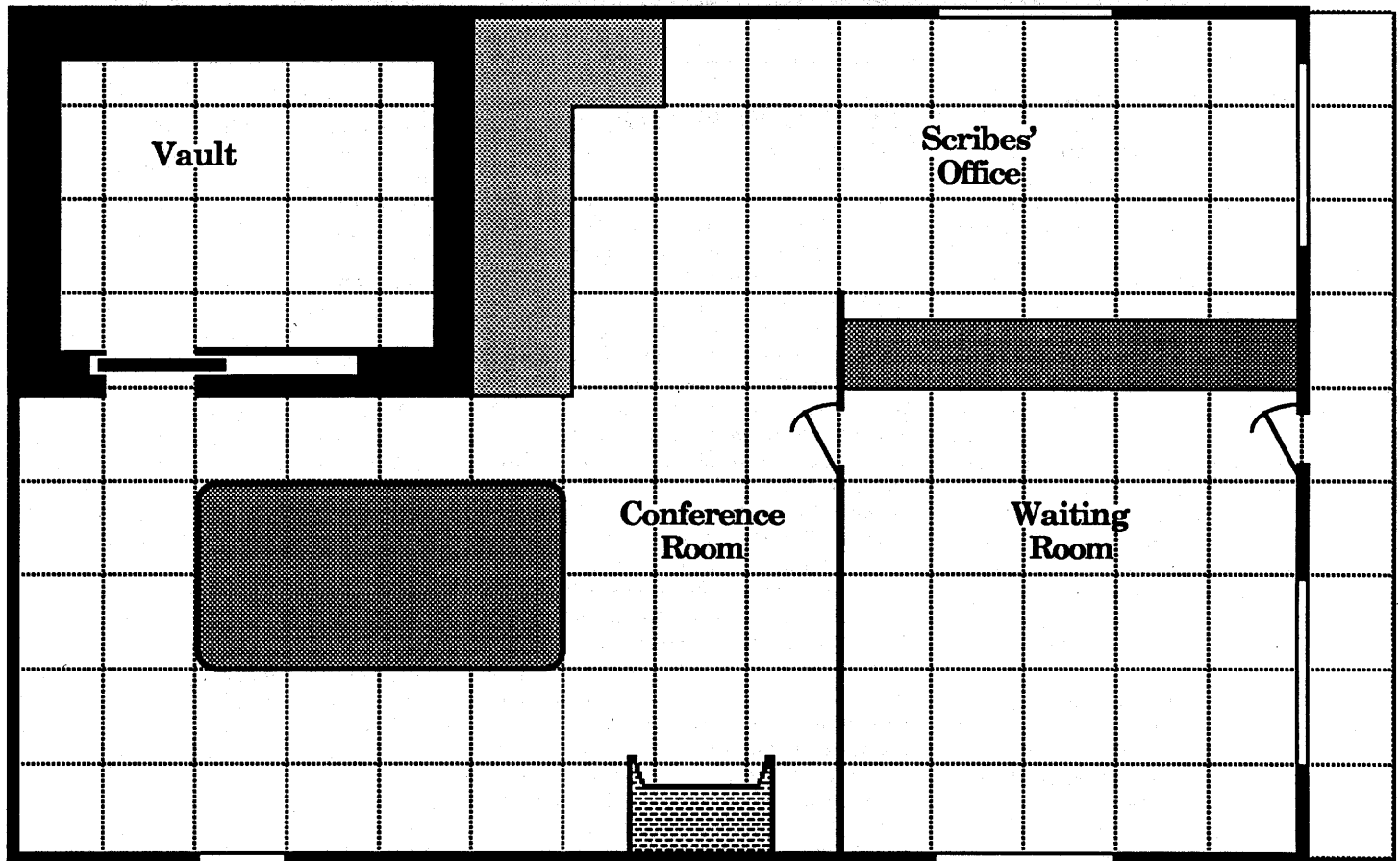
**Hair/Eyes:** Red/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long bow, scimitar, harpoon, spear, dagger, battle axe, halberd, long sword

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation (13), sea lore (15), swimming (17), weather sense (11), direction sense (13), rope use (10), appraising (15)

**Magic Items:** *shield +1, rope of entanglement, rope of climbing, wind sail.* A wind

# Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company





# Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company

sail, which appears similar to any ship's sail, can be used once a day for up to three hours per day. It adds ten knots to a ship's speed.

**Appearance:** Pebble is easy to spot in a crowd, with his precisely trimmed, full beard, his ruddy face, and his curved pipe. He has a pronounced limp and uses a cane.

**Background:** Pebble is a former sea captain who, five years ago, found himself in a sea battle with a band of pirates. His right knee was crushed by a shield blow during the fight.

Pebble was lured to the sea when he was 18 years old. He ran away from what he considered to be a dull apprenticeship as a scribe. He soon joined the crew of a city-owned ship and was trained in shipboard combat. Over the years, he developed an incredible knack for finding and fighting pirates.

At age 25, he became restless and resigned his commission to become an adventurer. (It is rumored that a girl rejected his marriage proposal and triggered this startling change of lifestyle.) As an adventurer, he acquired enough treasure to buy a junior partner share in a merchant ship. Five years later, he had saved enough to purchase his own ship and, in two more years, he had a second. While operating in the Sea of Fallen Stars, his ships were attacked by pirates and he suffered his injury.

While he recovered from the incident, his brother-in-law, Samuel Barkdell, convinced him to join his fledgling marine insurance company. However, Pebble grew restless, again, after only a few years. He then traveled to his home town of Ravens Bluff and started his own firm, Safe Harbor Marine Insurance. Two years later he took on his attorney, Golight, as a partner.

Pebble still loves the sea and often ventures out on his sailboat. He can be gruff in business matters, but he is otherwise jovial and a hearty eater and drinker. He's a good teller of "tall tales" about his days as a sailor or adventurer, and he sometimes will launch into a story to illustrate a point when dealing with a customer.

He divides his busy schedule fairly evenly between the insurance office, the town hall and courts, and mealtimes at the Shark Fin (see page 40). He even finds time for his wife, Petra, and their four children, making sure he is home before the children are asleep.

## LYNDON GOLIGHT

8th-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 10  
**INT:** 17  
**WIS:** 15  
**DEX:** 18  
**CON:** 9  
**CHR:** 17

**AC Normal:** 4

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 24

**Alignment:** Neutral Evil

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Orcish, Troll, Legal Jargon

**Age:** 34

**Height:** 5'8"

**Weight:** 140 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, hand crossbow, blowgun, bastard sword, blackjack, garrote

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Etiquette (17), appraising (17), ventriloquism (15), reading lips (15), reading/writing (18), law (17), local history (Ravens Bluff) (17)

**Magic Items:** Four daggers +1, dust of disappearance, potion of ESP, hat of disguise, ring of jumping, ring of protection +1

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
25	95	25	95	85	30	60	25

**Background:** Golight is quite intense, and thinks and acts quickly. His dark eyes move constantly and with lively interest. He is very intelligent and seems to have a photographic memory. Golight wears the black and white cap and robes of the legal profession. His specialty is marine law, but he knows criminal law surprisingly well, too. He went to the "Inns of Court," in Mead, to learn law and is now well known in Ravens Bluff because of his courtroom dramatics.

Few know that he is also an accomplished thief. He spent his teenage and young adult years in a thieves' guild, working his way up to a leadership position. Then, a bitter dispute with the guildmaster forced him to flee for his life. He escaped to Mead, a university town where he was unknown, and began a new life studying law. He kept himself in tuition and spending money by skillfully cheating at

games and occasionally picking a fat purse. His love of wealth made him appreciate the legal profession even more, because he believed all lawyers to be wealthy.

He chose to practice law in Ravens Bluff because of its busy and growing port. After a few profitable years, he needed a good investment for his hard-earned money, so he approached Clark Pebble with an offer of partnership.

Golight uses the Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company as a cover for his white collar criminal activities. He continues to serve as the company attorney; writing contracts, granting legal consultations, and handling case work. Behind the legitimate business, he is running a clever extortion racket, using a small band of accomplices to coerce unwilling victims into becoming clients of Safe Harbor. Those who discount the need for insurance are handled by Golight's associates, who sink ships, destroy cargoes with fires or plagues of rats, and tip off dockside thieves and pirates. Soon, most ship owners find a definite need for Safe Harbor Insurance protection.

Golight has another interest: his female companion, Misty, who acts as his go-between with the local thieves' guild. Golight insists on keeping his thieving nature absolutely secret. The attractive Misty also fences stolen ships' goods.

## Adventure Ideas for The Safe Harbor Marine Insurance Company

- Pebble has finally heard that his partner is not as scrupulous as he acts. Pebble hires the PCs to trace Golight's activities, uncover his past and present doings, and reveal the truth.

- A jealous Misty has discovered that Golight is seeing another woman—and plans to marry her! Misty hires the PCs to follow Golight and discover the identity of this other woman (who is in for some "bad luck").

- The guildmaster who forced Golight out of the thieves' guild has traveled to Ravens Bluff, searching for the ex-thief so that he can exact cold revenge. Golight hires the PCs to quietly protect him.

# Davy Jones' Lock-Up



Davy Jones' Lock-Up, normally called "the Lock-Up," has been the temporary home of many valuable items on their way in and out of Ravens Bluff. No storage facility enjoys a better reputation for safekeeping goods. The Lock-Up is owned by Reinhold William Rauschpautton, but few people know him by any other moniker than "Davy Jones."

The two-story warehouse is divided into three areas. The largest space serves as the storage facility and the other two sections are the office and "secure storage."

The large warehouse floor is divided into 50 10' by 10' painted squares with aisle space between. Each square can be rented for 7 sp per day or 2 gp per week. The rent buys a high degree of security. The storage area is decorated with mementos of the sea-jaws of giant fish, tridents, and floats. In the rafters are numerous old nets.

Most people think that the nets are there for decoration, but this is not the case. Davy has bought and trained three carnivorous apes—Pete, Mike, and Mickey—who are hiding in the rafters. They have been instructed to "net" anyone in the warehouse who is not a part of the regular staff. As long as no attempt is made to escape the net, the apes will hold their appetites in

check. But if an invader attempts to force his or her way free of the nets, the apes will attack, intending to kill and eat the victim. When a net drops, an alarm bell is sounded to alert Davy. If the apes get out of control, Davy uses his *ring of mammal control* to calm them.

The high security area resembles a modern-day bank vault and is protected almost as well. It is a small building inside the warehouse, itself. The secure area is built of three layers: stone, lead, and wood. Detection spells will not penetrate its confines. The door to the vault is *wizard locked* and has a *glyph* on it (causing 8d4 electrical damage). Within the room is a large set of numbered bins with double locks. Access to the bins is available only in the company of Davy; keys from both Davy and the client are required to open a bin. A drawer is then removed and taken to a small room where the client may have privacy.

There are three bins that are not available to the public; one is for Davy's private use, the second is for the thieves' guild, and the third is for Lord Mayor Charles Oliver O'Kane (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7). Because the Lord Mayor uses Davy's place, it enjoys additional respectability. In exchange for the use of a bin, the

thieves' guild actively discourages its members from attempting to loot the Lock-Up, and they do not come to the aid of members who are caught trying.

The office space contains simply two desks, five chairs, two tables, and a counter with a space-saving drop leaf.

As may be expected, the rates for high security are somewhat higher, themselves. The bins are available for 10, 20, or 40 sp per day, depending on the size of the drawer. Payment for normal storage is expected in advance, although Davy makes a few exceptions. If a client falls behind in payments, the first week of unpaid storage is still charged at the normal rate, but the second weeks charges are doubled and, after the third week, the goods may be confiscated and auctioned for storage fees. These auctions are held every three months and draw a good-sized crowd.

Theft is not tolerated at Davy Jones' Lock-Up. There is a small collection of preserved right hands, stored in jars in the office, from thieves who attempted to steal from the Lock-Up. Significant rewards have been put up for the very few successful robbers. The word on the street is that there has not been a successful burglary from the Lock-Up in five years and even that burglary was

# Davy Jones' Lock-Up

not wholly successful: the thief was caught and thrown in jail—minus a hand—even though the goods were never recovered.

Present at all times are two workers who double as guards by day and four guards at night. Of course, the apes are always on the premises, as well. Davy is also popular with the city guard and the nightwatch, which assures extra protection. (He buys ale for the off-duty members on most festival days.) Some watch members supplement their income by moonlighting for Davy. It is well known that the first respondents to Davy's alarm bell will be well rewarded.

## Davy Jones

4th-Level Human Male Wizard

STR: 15  
INT: 18  
WIS: 12  
DEX: 16  
CON: 14  
CHR: 16  
AC Normal: 8  
AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 11

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Gnomish, Halfling, Gnome, Goblin, Wharf Slang

Age: 33

Height: 5'5"

Weight: 149 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Brown/Brown

Weapon Proficiencies: Dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Appraising (18), reading/writing (19), singing (16)

Magic Item: Ring of mammal control

Spells/day: 3 2

### Spell Books

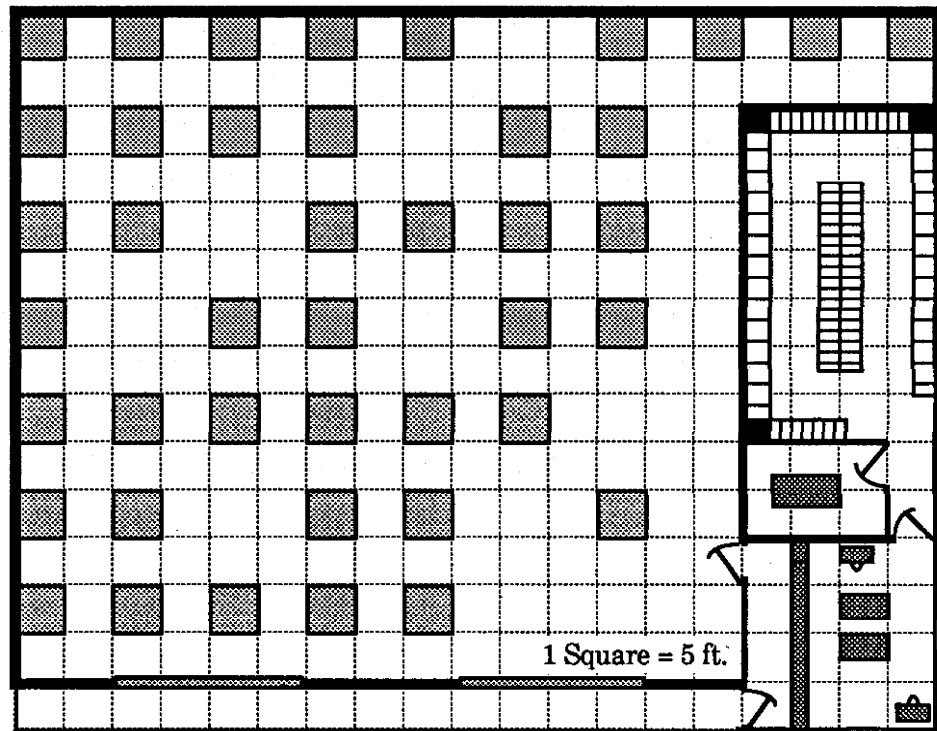
#### Level One Spells

<i>Armor</i>	<i>Sleep</i>
<i>Light</i>	<i>Unseen Servant</i>
<i>Mending</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>

#### Level Two Spells

<i>Forget</i>	<i>Magic Mouth</i>
<i>Levitate</i>	<i>Wizard Lock</i>
<i>Locate Object</i>	

Appearance: Davy typically dresses in fine, but functional clothing. He keeps his hair short, his face clean-shaven, and his



tone friendly to all customers. He is especially gracious to female customers.

**Background:** Davy Jones, alias Reinhold William Rauschpautton, arrived in Ravens Bluff about 15 years ago. His past is a mystery to all but himself: he is third in line to rule a minor duchy, far to the south. Although Reinhold received a courtier's education, his eldest sibling thought it might be a good idea if there were no other possible claimants to the title of Duke. Reinhold was given the choice of banishment or death. He chose the former.

He had been originally trained as a knight, but found that his interests were not in errantry. After seeing a bit of the world, he chose a life of anonymity in Ravens Bluff. A little hard work and the last of his savings bought him both a start in spellcraft and his business.

His knightly training influences his business dealings. He is honorable and expects those with whom he deals to be the same. He understands that there are those who may be incapable of honor, but he believes that they are unworthy of his concern. Those who dishonor themselves in their dealings with Davy even find themselves given an opportunity to atone for their misdeeds. If, however, that opportunity is not taken, the consequences may be severe.

Davy does not advertise his wizard skills. He tries to give the impression that he is just a dock worker who made good. He runs his business quietly and efficiently.

## Adventure Idea for Davy Jones' Lock-Up

Davy usually worries only about the disappearance of items in the Lock-Up. However, the unexplained appearance of an archaic totem in his secure section has quite alarmed him. The PCs are hired to determine the owner of the totem and to find out why it appeared.

The totem is actually a symbol of a rising cult in town. The Lock-Up has been targeted for a takeover. Prompt action on the PCs' part will be necessary or the Lock-Up may be destroyed and looted. Davy will not give up control of his business without a fight and would rather burn it than allow it to fall into the wrong hands.

# Vlard's Maintenance Yard

Vlard's Maintenance Yard is a dry dock operation for the repairing of ships and the cleaning of their hulls. The business consists of three dry docks, a warehouse, and a small office. One of the dry docks can accommodate a vessel as large as a galley. The remaining two hold smaller ships, primarily fishing boats. At high tide, ships are pulled into a dry dock stall and brought to rest on a wooden cradle, where they will remain when the tide goes out. Then at low tide, gates to the stalls are closed and the remaining water is pumped out.

The warehouse is used to store equipment and to store and work on small boats such as row boats and lifeboats. The office is used by Vlard to conduct business and to take a break from cold winds. It contains a small desk, a few chairs for customers, and a hanging lamp. A window overlooks the harbor.

General maintenance costs 10% of the value of the vessel, with 50% of the payment required in advance. Vlard recommends that most ships undergo maintenance once per year. Smaller ships are completed in one or two weeks while larger ships take about one month. Vlard takes great pride in his work and guarantees it for six months. He will repair, free of charge, any vessel that is damaged because of poor workmanship. This offer is void if the damage is result of sea attacks or magic.

Vlard keeps a permanent staff of ten people; three are supervisors for the three stalls and seven are workers. Occasionally Vlard will hire temporary help, paying decent wages that are slightly lower than those of his permanent staff.

Vlard's is one of the few businesses standing between Corbet Coker and a Ravens Bluff shipping services monopoly (see page 50). Barnacle Bill (see page 25) is not much competition to either one.

## Vlard Bluegill

0-Level Male Human

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 13  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 17  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 12  
**AC Normal:** 5  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 6  
**Alignment:** Neutral  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 42

**Height:** 5'10"  
**Weight:** 187 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Hammer, chisel

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fishing (11), carpentry (16)

**Appearance:** Vlard is a big man who wears his waist-length hair pulled back and tied with a black ribbon. He sports a neatly trimmed beard and mustache. He dresses in simple, but clean workman's clothes. His thick leather apron, which accounts for his frontal armor class, is cleaned after each working day.

**Background:** Vlard is a Ravens Bluff native who inherited his business from his parents. He is worried about what will happen to it after he is gone because he has no wife or children. Vlard was taught that an honest day's work deserves an honest day's pay, so he pays good wages and is insulted if employees ask for more money. He hires common laborers with slightly superior Strength and Constitution.

## Krey Bottleman

1st-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 17  
**INT:** 14  
**WIS:** 11  
**DEX:** 12  
**CON:** 15  
**CHR:** 13  
**AC Normal:** 8  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 10  
**Alignment:** Neutral Good  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 43  
**Height:** 5'5"  
**Weight:** 200 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Red/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, short sword, bastard sword, cutlass

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Carpentry (17)

**Magic Item:** Ring of protection +2

**Background:** Built like an ox, Krey must custom-order his work clothes. He has worked for Vlard's family for 31 years and has been the supervisor of the large dry dock for the past seven. He is a no-nonsense

man who keeps a close eye on his workers and makes sure the job gets done on time.

Although a taskmaster, Krey is well liked by his fellow workers. He doesn't like customers coming around and slowing his workers down by inspecting the job or asking too many questions.

Krey and Vlard grew up together and are good friends. Both worked together for years before Vlard took over the family business.

## Toby Bareback

0-Level Male Human

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 13  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 13  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 12  
**AC Normal:** 10  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 6  
**Alignment:** Neutral Good  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 27  
**Height:** 6'5"  
**Weight:** 238 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Hammer

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Carpentry (16)

**Background:** Toby's short but dirty, unkempt blond hair bothers Vlard because he insists that the young supervisor of the small dry dock set an example for the workers. Toby's work is good, though, and he has been with the business since he came to Ravens Bluff, six years ago. Little is known of his past. He tries hard to be liked by his fellow workers, but they resent him for moving into a position that many of them felt was rightfully theirs. Toby has resigned himself to making his the best run dry dock of the three.

## Mevia Quicken

0-Level Female Human

**STR:** 16  
**INT:** 15  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 14  
**AC Normal:** 8  
**AC Rear:** 10

# Vlard's Maintenance Yard

**Hit Points:** 5  
**Alignment:** Neutral  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 35  
**Height:** 5'1"  
**Weight:** 121 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Hammer

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Carpentry (16), cooking (15), sewing (15)

**Appearance:** Mevia wears her dirt-brown hair cropped short and does nothing to lessen the appearance of a long, ugly scar that runs from above her right eye to just below her left ear.

**Background:** Mevia is Vlard's only female employee, but she has the respect of all the workers. She supervises the other small dry dock. She came to work for Vlard only five years ago and has just recently obtained the supervisor position after an unfortunate "accident" befell her predecessor. She is driven by power and is always in pursuit of more. She tries to control every situation, pushing people hard and trying to outdo them. She is eyeing the large dry dock for her next conquest.

## Adventure Ideas for Vlard's Maintenance Yard

- The accusation of poor workmanship, a blemish on Vlard's record, has surfaced. The claim is that poor maintenance caused the sinking of the *SS Stareyes* in the deeper water just outside the harbor. Vlard wants the PCs to investigate and determine what caused *Stareyes* to sink.

Possible actual causes of the *Stareyes's* demise are: a rival ship getting rid of competition; a rival maintenance yard (probably the Coker Wharf Company—see page 50) trying to discredit Vlard; a pirate ship after the merchandise she carried; *Stareyes* was carrying something that caused her to sink.

- At Vlard's yard, schedules are not being met, accidents are occurring on the job, and orders are being canceled. Vlard is suspicious that these events have a helping hand. Vlard hires the PCs to find the truth. The

characters may pose as temporary dock help or an approach of their own.

The incidents are being caused by Mevia in an attempt to discredit Krey.

## Barnacle Bill's Green Beard Shaving Parlor

From the ends of the docks, a tall red and white barber pole can be seen. It rises 30' into the air. Several ships are dry-docked near it. A large sign outside the building reads, "Barnacle Bill's Green Beard Shaving Parlor." This single-stop, dual-service enterprise, is run by William Wright, commonly known as "Barnacle Bill."

The right half of Barnacle Bill's business is a small barber shop, an area with a U-shaped set of benches and a single barber chair in it. The left half of the facility is a huge shed with a dry dock that opens to the water. The shed contains a full compliment of cleaning equipment and is the source of Bill's distinctive nickname—he removes barnacles and other sea organisms from the hulls of ships. He guarantees that he can clean any ship of its barnacles better and faster than anyone else.

A tan-colored compound that Bill invented changes to a blackish-green when lathered on a ship's hull, which then causes the barnacles to peel away from the ship in sheets that resemble a scraggly beard. Application of the chemical solution and the barnacle removal is handled by three permanent *unseen servants* created by Bill. Their tools are metal scraping hooks.

Bill's services are not cheap. In fact, his price is twice as much as that for normal barnacle removal. He charges 10 gp for a small ship, 25 gp for any ship between 30' and 50' long, and 50 gp for anything larger. However, he guarantees that the job will be finished in a quarter of the average time and the degree of cleaning will be much better. For an additional 20%, Bill will apply a sealer that resists all clinging organisms for at least four months. This appeals especially to captains who are preparing for long sea voyages and it appeals to Bill because it is an excellent source of income.

Although the ship cleaning business is his main concern now, there are times when business is slow. To compensate for his fluctuating income, Bill has expanded his place and added a barber shop. At first, problems arose when he discovered that, although he

was a relatively brilliant alchemist, he was only a moderately skilled barber. Determined to succeed, though, he used his arcane knowledge and researched spells to efficiently remove facial hair. Eventually, he developed an enchantment that worked better than any razor—basically, he engineered the reversal of a *hairy* cantrip. Essentially, he learned how to cause beards to *un-grow*. Fees for these special "shaves" are 2 gp. A regular shave (performed with a razor) and a haircut costs 1 sp. (5 gp is charged for those customers who occasionally ask for hair growth.)

Bill has two assistants who help him around the shop: Krill Stoggens and Gurth Ironsmith. Krill is a young man who admires Bill and performs all the normal shaves. He also is in charge of keeping the shop clean. Gurth, a dwarf who was involved in a forge accident that blinded him in one eye (and nearly the other as well) handles all work which is too heavy for the unseen servants.

## "Barnacle Bill" Wright

6th-Level Male Human Specialist Wizard (alchemist)

**STR:** 9  
**INT:** 17  
**WIS:** 14  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 11  
**AC Normal:** 5  
**AC Rear:** 5  
**Hit Points:** 18  
**Alignment:** Neutral Good  
**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Orcish, Dwarvish, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 60  
**Height:** 5'6"  
**Weight:** 139 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Gray/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Staff, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (18), ancient history (16), astrology (17)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense* AC 5, dozens of *scrolls of hair loss* and *hair growth spells*

**Spells/day:** 3 2 2



# Barnacle Bill's Green Beard Shaving Parlor

## Spell Books

### Level One Spells

<i>Comprehend</i>	<i>Light</i>
<i>Languages</i>	<i>Magic Missile</i>
<i>Detect Magic</i>	<i>Bead Magic</i>
<i>Feather Fall</i>	<i>Unseen Servant</i>
<i>Hair Growth</i>	
<i>Hair Loss</i>	

### Level Two Spells

<i>Continual Light</i>	<i>Web</i>
<i>Levitate</i>	

### Level Three Spells

<i>Lightning Bolt</i>	<i>Water Breathing</i>
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**Appearance:** Bill is thin and gangly, and his bright eyes show a youthful intelligence and eagerness. He dresses like a sailor, which irritates some of his wizard friends, but Bill does it to blend in; he does not want to advertise his magical nature.

**Background:** In his younger days, when he was an adventurer, Bill and his party encountered a tan pudding, a rare and deadly cousin to the black pudding, which killed and devoured the rest of Bill's party before he was able to destroy it. Bill was intrigued with the nature of the destructive properties of the creature, so he sought to understand and harness its power.

He took the carcass back to Ravens Bluff, smuggling it past the gate guards, and studied it for the next several years. Eventually, he created a highly corrosive substance that dissolved most materials with which it came in contact; wood and metal were important exceptions. He stored his solution in metal cans.

Unable to find much use for the compound in his vocation as a mage, he attempted to market it as a paint remover. Still, no one seemed interested because it was too expensive.

One day, the idea of removing barnacles struck him and, with slight modifications to the substance, his business was born. Using a powerful scroll that he had saved from his adventuring days, he was able to cast *permanency* on his *unseen servants* for help in the business scheme.

Having found financial success and security, Bill has no intentions of doing anything else with his life. His shaving parlor and ship cleaning business makes him feel useful to Ravens Bluff. Besides, he is very comfortable with his neighborhood and never wants to move again.

## Krill Stoggens

0-Level Male Human

**STR:** 11  
**INT:** 11  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 17  
**CON:** 14  
**CHR:** 10

**AC Normal:** 7

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 5

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 22

**Height:** 6'1"

**Weight:** 199 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Gray

**Weapon Proficiencies:** None

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Barber (17), cooking (11), agriculture (11)

**Background:** Krill, an orphan, worked as a farmhand outside Ravens Bluff from his childhood to his middle-teens. Tired of living a rough life which yielded barely enough silver to support him, he eventually quit and traveled to Ravens Bluff, looking for work. He tried his hand at a variety of trades, but always failed because he lacked the necessary skills for each job. Soon, he became even more downhearted than when he had worked on the farm. Krill was about ready to return to his former life or to hang around the docks in hope of being taken by a press gang when he spotted a "help wanted" notice at Barnacle Bill's. Desperate, he told Bill that he was an experienced barber and was hired on the spot.

Much to his own amazement, Krill took to the work easily, finding that years of sheep shearing had prepared him well. He is now considered the best barber on the wharf.

## Gurth Stoggens

0-Level Male Dwarf

**STR:** 18  
**INT:** 10  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 10  
**CON:** 18  
**CHR:** 12

**AC Normal:** 10

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 10

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Dwarvish, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 98

**Height:** 4'2"

**Weight:** 200 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Gray/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Hammer

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Singing (12)

**Background:** Gurth never seemed to fit in anywhere until he crossed paths with Barnacle Bill. The dwarf had moved from one job to the next—singing was the only thing he did well. He pursued an entertainment career, but his barrel-like appearance did not appeal to the acting troupes.

Bill realized that the great strength in Gurth's massive chest and arms would be quite useful in his business, but Gurth had mixed feelings about working at Barnacle Bill's. The dwarf had always wanted a career that required skill, not brawn. However, he badly needed a place to stay and a steady job, so he reluctantly accepted.

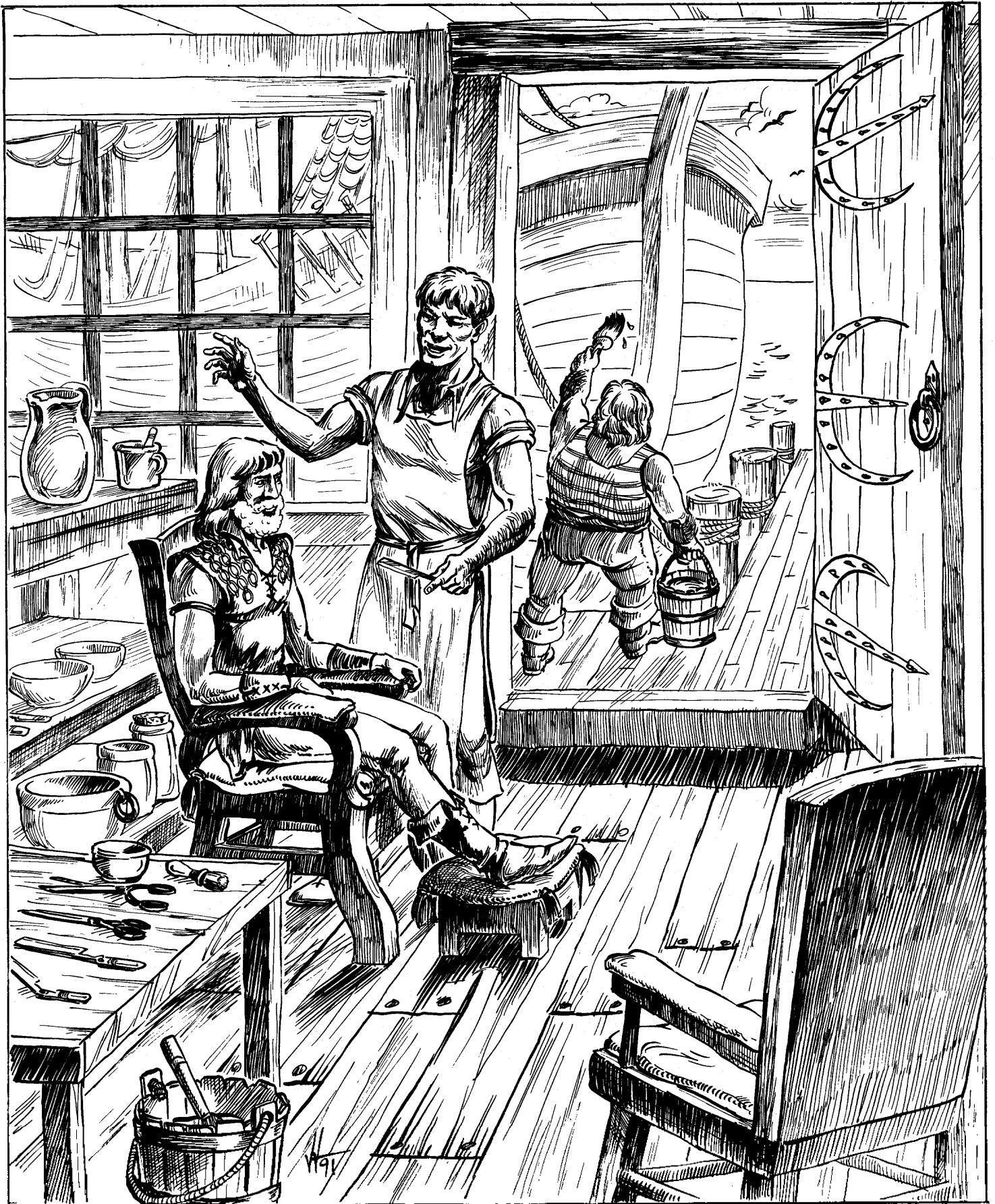
It was not long before Gurth began to enjoy working at Barnacle Bill's. His job may only have called only for carrying heavy things and scraping the sides of ships, but the customers enjoyed his singing, too. They taught him many songs of the sea and he learned them quickly.

In the evenings, Gurth can be found at wharf taverns, singing with the sailors.

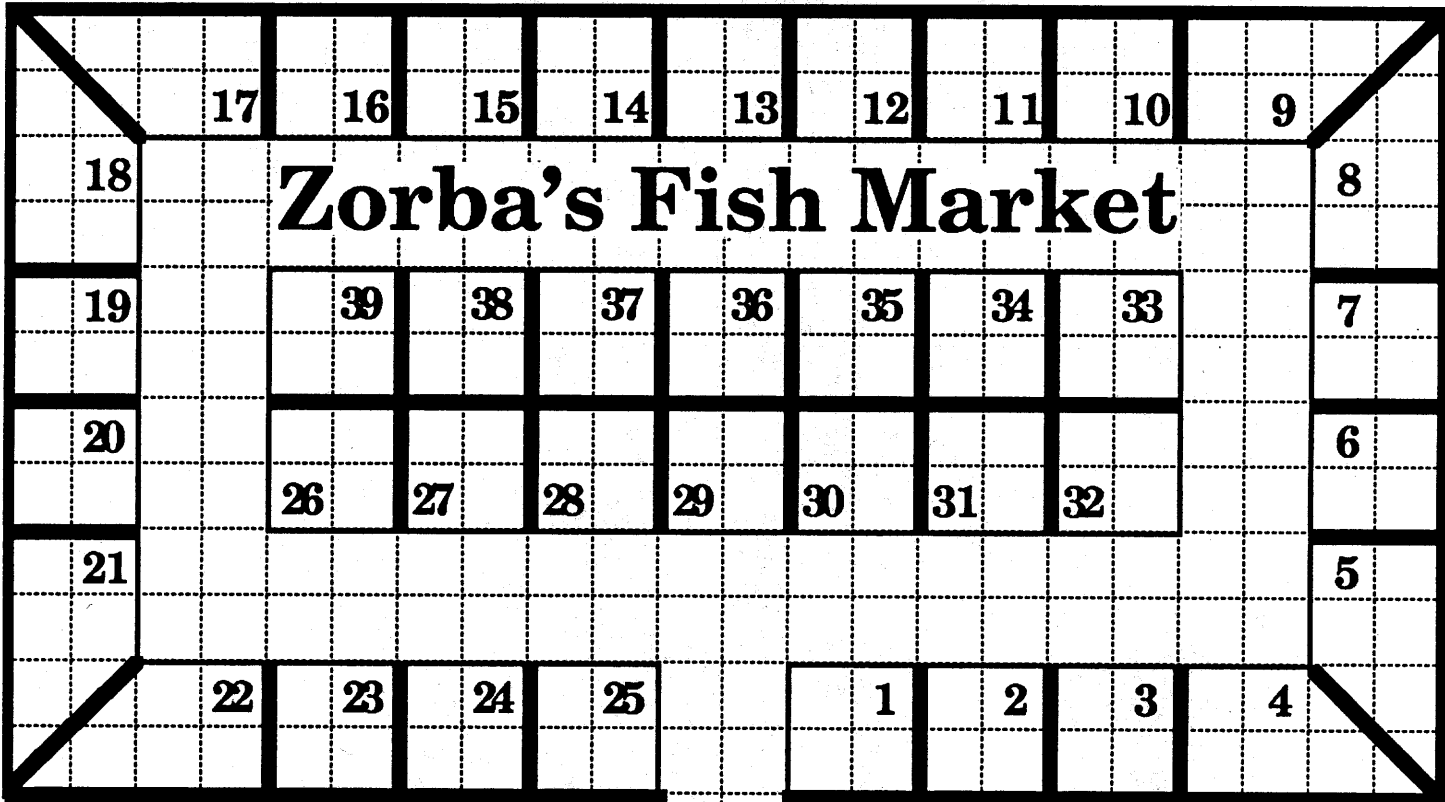
## Adventure Ideas for Barnacle Bill's

- Bill is running out of the component he obtained from the tan pudding. He hires the PCs to travel to the area where he encountered the creature many years ago. Bill knows there are more of the creatures because he has already paid a local cleric to magically determine the beasts' presence. Bill will pay them 500 gp or offer them a 20% share in his business if they agree to procure tan puddings as needed in the future. The PCs can keep all the treasure that the creatures might have. (It would not be difficult for the PCs to convince Gurth to come along on one of these excursions.

- A thief steals a tin of Bill's barnacle remover. The PCs are hired to recover the secret formula. A likely suspect is Edward Magney (see page 51).



# Zorba's Fish Market



Zorba's Fish Market is a collection of stalls in a warehouse. Each day from noon until sundown, fishermen, bakers, and others gather their wares here and sell them to the locals. Although the goods predominantly come from the sea, there are some exceptions: farmers sometime make the trek to Zorba's to sell milk and eggs, bakers sell their bread, and some local small businesses use Zorba's as an outlet for excess goods. The wares vary from day to day, but shoppers always can count on finding a good assortment of fresh fish.

Zorba runs the market personally. He has set up 39 10' by 10' stalls, renting each for 7 sp per day. Those who are the first to pay get the choice stalls. He allows a few sellers to reserve stalls in advance for many months.

The market is kept as clean as possible and each seller is expected to police his or her own area. Straw, changed weekly, is put down on the ground to absorb liquids. Skylights are opened as well, allowing air to circulate and minimize odors. Zorba can often be found wandering throughout the warehouse, visiting customers and checking up on clients.

It is rumored that Zorba's Fish Market is a front for a thieves' guild. With the volume

of fish and other wares being unloaded and loaded on ships, it would be easy to smuggle smaller merchandise into or out of the city by way of Zorba's.

**Zorba**  
*0-Level Former Fisherman, Former Thief, Now Businessman Male Human*

- STR:** 18
- INT:** 10
- WIS:** 11
- DEX:** 16
- CON:** 17
- CHR:** 12

- AC Normal:** 8
- AC Rear:** 10
- Hit Points:** 16
- Alignment:** Lawful Neutral
- Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang
- Age:** 58
- Height:** 6'4"
- Weight:** 248 lbs
- Hair/Eyes:** Black/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Net, knife

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fishing (10), accounting (10), appraising (10), carpentry (18)

**Magic Item:** *Stone of good luck*

**Appearance:** Zorba towers over the average man, and his muscular form, gained from years of pulling in fishing nets, is impressive. He is clean-shaven, but he lets his shoulder-length black hair fly in the wind. People have said that his piercing blue eyes examine your soul. However, for all his imposing appearance, he is a light-hearted man, enjoying life to the fullest.

**Background:** Zorba spent the first 40 years of his life on a fishing trawler, but times were tough and it was hard to put food on the table for his wife and three children. To make ends meet, he moonlighted as a lookout man for a thieves' guild. During one job, Zorba got lucky and made enough to buy a run-down warehouse, converting it into a marketplace. His wife died several years ago and his children are all grown and on their own. Zorba spends his days taking care of his business and his nights in the Shark Fin (see page 40).

He uses one stall as an office, sometimes renting it out for a gold piece if anyone is desperate for a place to sell their goods. He lives in a boarding house, taking a small room and keeping most of his savings (a col-

# Zorba's Fish Market

lection of small gems) on his person. He also keeps about 500 gp hidden in holes drilled into the back side of the a shark jaw that hangs on the wall of his room.

One of Zorba's regular renters is Coelbait Grimhard, Captain of the *Fair Weather* (see page 7). To what extent their business dealings go is unknown by all but themselves.

## Selling At The Fish Market

Zorba has a few simple rules which he strongly enforces. Anyone caught breaking any of them is thrown out and not invited back:

- (1) Pay in advance
- (2) No dumping spoiled goods into the harbor
- (3) Clean up the stall at the end of each day
- (4) No selling of illegal goods
- (5) Pay in advance.

On a typical business day, the following number of stalls may carry the following goods:

1—Zorba's office; 19—fishermen/day's catch; 2—farmers/whole grains; 2—merchants/fishing supplies; 2—women/scarves and working clothes; 1—leather worker/gloves and boots; 1—craftsman/sea shells and other adornments; 1—retired fisherman/fish hooks; 1—dock hand/net repairs; 2—bakers/breads; 1—women/refreshments and snacks; 2—cooks/baked and salted fish; 1—merchant/pickled sea products; 1—merchant/fish and chips; 2—empty.

Most goods sold at the market are half of the price listed in the *Player's Handbook*. Prices can be affected by the availability of goods.

## Adventure Idea for Zorba's Fish Market

Garbage is being dumped into the harbor right outside of the fish market. This is getting Zorba in trouble with Lord Calvin Longbottle, the Regent of the Harbor (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 18). Zorba hires the PCs to find out who is behind the dumping and to put an end to the practice.

Possible reasons behind the dumping are an ex-customer, mad at Zorba, wants the

fish market closed down or someone is interested in obtaining the market warehouse and figures that dumping is the best way to get Zorba to sell it.

## The Spill and Swill

Located in the roughest area of the docks, this dilapidated tavern is a den of thieves, cutthroats, and other dredges of Ravens Bluff. Frequented by the lowest of the low or sailors down to their last coppers, it has only one draw: it offers the cheapest fare in town. Down on your luck or out of work? It doesn't matter—you can still afford this place.

The tavern is run by Demetrius "Fingers" Brodskins and his wife, Sylvia. A single-story dwelling, it is falling apart from age and lack of repair. The common room is filled with cheap, imitation antique furniture and the wooden floor is beginning to buckle from years of liquids spilled on it. A small fireplace supplies heat, but it clogs and begins to fill the tavern with smoke after it has been burning for two or three hours—it is used only when requested, which is not often. The walls are covered with gaudy mosaics that are chipped and falling apart in places, and most of the tables have carvings in them with witty epigrams from previous patrons. The waitresses are homely, unkempt, and as likely to tell customers where to go as to take their orders.

The tavern offers food which is so awful that it is avoided by all who have eaten it before. For the uninitiated, though, a pasty-like stew is offered for 1 cp. It is a bland but usually edible concoction, made of rats and other animals that are captured in the inn and in the alley behind it (the ingredients are not publicized).

Even so, the food is not what makes the tavern infamous. The Spill and Swill derives its name from the dreadful brew it serves. Four selections are available, all of which are cheaper than comparable drinks in other taverns. One may buy 4 cp ale, 2 cp ale, and 1 cp ale (the 1 cp ale is an all-you-can-drink offer). None of the choices are remarkably flavorful, and the 1 cp special is particularly vile—so nasty, in fact, that anyone with a Constitution of 12 or less must roll less than that score on 1d20 or be unable to keep the ale down.

Some wonder how Demetrius is able to furnish his alcohol for such low prices, but most are afraid to ask. The 4 cp drinks are simply low quality spirits, bought wholesale

in mass quantity. The 2 cp drinks are the same ale, watered down. The 1 cp drinks are actually spirits rejected by other taverns, or are from half-filled casks sold cheaply to Demetrius. He also retrieves all the unfinished drinks from his tables and pours them into the 1 cp barrel, to be resold later. Because his fare is so bad, there are usually plenty of half-full glasses, so Demetrius always has enough of this alcohol mixture for the all-you-can-drink clientele.

Of course, Demetrius and Sylvia decline to describe the contents of the drinks, saying only that they are "special recipes."

All drinks are served room-temperature except in the winter, when they also can be purchased chilled. Drinks must be paid for as-you-go, and all forms of barter are accepted in lieu of money. This can and has included having the patrons work during busy times. Anyone caught cheating, stealing, or found unable to pay or barter is chained in the kitchen and forced to work or is turned over to the city guard.

Demetrius maintains contact with the thieves' guild and lets it use his establishment as a common meeting place for the members. Thieves commonly refer to the Spill and Swill as "the sewer." The inn even has a secret entrance for the thieves, located in the kitchen under an empty barrel. There is a removable grate in the floor under the keg that leads down to the sewers. The cask can be shifted easily if a trigger is pulled (turning the second of six hooks near the sink). It is unlikely that Demetrius's employees or any patrons working off their drinks could discover the entrance because the hook holds utensils and the thieves do not come up into the kitchen if they hear people above.

## Demetrius "Fingers" Brodskins

5th-Level Male Human Thief

STR: 10  
INT: 13  
WIS: 9  
DEX: 18  
CON: 18  
CHR: 12

AC Normal: 0

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 34

Alignment: Chaotic Neutral

Languages: Common, Wharf Slang

Age: "30-something"

# The Spill and Swill

**Height:** 5'9"  
**Weight:** 167 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short sword, dagger, blackjack

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Appraising (13), gambling (12), rope use (18), tightrope walking (18), forgery (17), disguise (11)

**Magic Items:** *Elven chain +1, dagger +2 (detects gems), ring of free action, and boots of elvenkind*

## Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
-	-	25	45	50	21	-	5

**Appearance:** Demetrius, by no means fat, appears pudgy because of years of relative inactivity. He keeps himself neat and clean with his hair trimmed short—quite a contrast to the Spill and Swill's surroundings. He wears dark- and neutral-colored tunics with his chain mail underneath, and knee-high black leather boots. Demetrius has well-defined, aristocratic features and would easily be considered handsome were it not for the perpetual grimace he displays.

**Background:** Demetrius does not know exactly when he was born (or to whom) because he was abandoned shortly after his birth. Found by a member of Ravens Bluff's nightwatch, he was taken to several homes in the area, but was accepted by none. Feeling sorry for the child, a regular of the city guard, Vance Brodkins, volunteered to take him in and raise him until more suitable foster parents could be located. Months passed without locating anyone and Vance found himself growing attached to the child. Subsequently, Vance married his childhood sweetheart and settled down to become a father and husband.

Being a strict disciplinarian due to his military training, Vance attempted to impose harsh standards upon the boy. As Demetrius grew older, he became resentful of what he considered unjust treatment and overwhelming expectations. At the age of 16, after a particularly nasty spat in which he struck and injured his mother, Demetrius ran away, never to return. Vance did not seek him out.

Finding work difficult, and being lazy by nature, Demetrius soon found that he could make an easier living by stealing. He took to

thieving rapidly and, by the time he was age 21, he had made a name for himself in the thief's guild as a master burglar called "Fingers."

Unfortunately, on one escapade he gained a new meaning to his nickname. Shortly after he had relieved a wealthy merchant of some unusual items, Demetrius developed a form of chronic arthritis that made his hands shrivel and wither into claw-like appendages. The merchant was an arch-mage named Mendall, who had placed a curse on his prized amulet. What Demetrius thought was just a fancy, valuable trinket was actually Mendall's *talisman of Zagy*. Mendall oathed that, so long as the item was missing, the thief who took it would never know peace. Mendall fashioned the curse to have the following effect: any person other than the rightful owner who holds the *talisman* will be stricken with a withering disease "so that his greedy little fingers may never again be able to perform such a feat."

Demetrius sold the item long ago for cash, passing on the curse, which allowed his hands to return to a near-normal appearance. The curse was so powerful, though, that he remains affected by it. Now, if he tries to steal, his hands lock up and begin to throb, causing him excruciating pain. During the coldest winter months, his hands hurt so much that he stays drunk for weeks at a time. The curse prevents him from picking pockets, opening locks, removing traps, and climbing walls. He cannot even (directly) steal from his own customers!

Because of the curse, he opened the inn, with Sylvia's help, so he could support himself.

## Sylvia Brodkins

*3rd-Level Female Half-Elf Fighter*

**STR:** 15  
**INT:** 10  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 14

**AC Normal:** 1

**AC Rear:** 2

**Hit Points:** 20

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Orcish

**Age:** 32

**Height:** 5'3"

**Weight:** 102 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Red/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, dagger, long bow, scimitar

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Disguise (13), astrology (10), animal handling (11), tightrope walking (16)

**Magic Items:** *Scale mail +3, long sword +1, eight arrows +1, and a potion of healing*

**Appearance:** Sylvia is modestly attractive, with fiery red hair that is frequently styled and adorned with green baubles that match her eyes. She usually wears bright-colored tunics, low cut to reveal a crescent moon-shaped birthmark on her chest. She is an extrovert and will immediately start a conversation with strangers. She is quick to anger, though, and will avenge any slight swiftly.

**Background:** Sylvia is the result of a brief union between a human ranger and an elfen woman. Her father left before she was born and her mother attempted to raise her as an elf. This became impossible because of her pronounced human characteristics, so she and her mother left the elf community. Sylvia inherited her father's strength and became a tomboy, partially to defend herself from the human children.

She left her mother at an early age and headed for the nearest large city, Ravens Bluff, hoping to fit in there. She tried to find work, but met with much of the same scorn that she received from her mother's people. Unable to find a respectable job, she began cleaning the barracks for the local city guard and earned extra money by performing assorted jobs for the soldiers.

Some of the guards took her under their wing, protecting her from less tolerant members of society. Because she was unusually strong, they began using her as a sparring partner, inadvertently training her as a fighter. Amazed at her aptitude, they eventually convinced the captain to sign her with the guard. She spent the next five years in that profession. After finishing her tour of duty and becoming bored with the routine life of the guard, she decided to strike out on her own again, beginning a career as a mercenary. She eventually settled in the port area, where the carefree lifestyle suited her, and began shopping for a well-to-do young man.

Finally, she met Demetrius, married him, pooled her money with his, and they bought the inn.



# Flirin's Sushi Bar

Since it opened less than one year ago, Flirin's Sushi Bar has become one of the most fashionable eateries on the wharf. At first Flirin had to give her food away, just to get passersby to try it. Often the curious would look at her wares, ask what they were, and then walk away with a grimace of disgust when they learned that Flirin's offerings were supposed to be eaten! Now, sailors, merchants, locals, and the nobility flock to the tiny shop to watch her create beautiful and tasty morsels from rice, seaweed, vegetables, and raw or steamed fish.

The shop is a simple affair: an L-shaped counter divides the whitewashed room, providing seating space for 11 patrons at a time. Each place is set with fine imported laquerware from Kara-Tur and a vase with a flower. The sea breeze wafts in through a large open window which is battened down at night and during inclement weather.

Beneath the wide counter are sacks of rice, baskets of dried seaweed, various vegetables, and a locked cash box which rarely holds more than 100 gp or the equivalent in assorted coins. A small brazier allows Flirin to cook sushi rice and heat rice wine.

Behind a curtained area is a small storeroom that holds fish (bought fresh daily and kept on ice from the ice house) and plum and rice wines made by an ancient native of Kara-Tur who lives in Ravens Bluff. Also behind the curtain, a ladder leads upstairs to a cradle where Adularia, Flirin's daughter, sleeps.

The sushi bar is open from noon until about three hours after dusk. There is no menu, as the only item served is sushi, but Flirin varies her recipe slightly from day to day. Her sushi is available in either appetizer (2 gp) or dinner (5 gp) portions. Rice and plum wines cost 8 sp and 1 gp per glass, respectively. Flirin also gives free bite-sized samples to curious (and, perhaps, adventurous) passersby.

There is almost always a line of patrons waiting for seats. Even Lord Mayor Charles Oliver O'Kane (see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7) has been seen waiting in line on more than one occasion. Flirin would like to enlarge the sushi bar so she could serve even more customers, but to do so she'll need to buy the adjoining building and hire a second cook. That would require more gold than she has saved.

Flirin prepares the sushi on the counter, right in front of the delighted customers, with a flair of twirling knives. She doesn't realize it, but many customers come to watch the comely proprietress at work

with her cutlery as much as to dine.

The second floor, over the sushi bar, is Flirin's living quarters. It is sparsely furnished with a bed, a cradle, a desk and chair (where Flirin handles her accounts), a wardrobe, and a battered sea chest. The floor is covered with straw mats. Near the desk is a tank filled with small, brightly colored fish—a gift from a merman friend.

In one desk drawer is an account book and a locked and sleeping-gas-trapped box containing 73 cp, 20 sp, and 49 gp (she keeps most of her wealth at the local moneychanger's). A second drawer holds quills, ink, and some papers. The papers record a tragic love story that she has been writing, based on events of her own life. Characters who read it may learn much about her personal history.

The wardrobe holds a collection of simple dresses, as well as breeches and a soft suede shirt. Hidden in a secret compartment in the floor of the wardrobe are two ropes of pearls: a white one worth 2,000 gp and a black one worth 10,000 gp. Flirin sold most of her jewels to purchase the sushi bar, but she cannot bear to part with these, not even to enlarge her shop. The pearls came from her homeland beneath the waves. Anyone who steals these will be tracked down with every resource Flirin has available, including the assistance of various influential patrons.

The sea chest is locked and contains a suit of leather armor, high boots, a floppy hat decorated with an ostrich feather, and a *cutlass* +1. The *cutlass* belonged to Etarip, Adularia's father, and will be hers when she is grown. A window, shuttered only in the worst weather, faces the harbor, and a door leads to a balcony crammed with flowering plants. Flirin is not especially good at nurturing them, but she loves having them about. Her one extravagance has been to hire a gardener who comes once-a-week to care for them.

## FLIRIN

3rd-Level Female Selkie Fighter

**STR:** 14  
**INT:** 16  
**WIS:** 11  
**DEX:** 17  
**CON:** 10  
**CHR:** 18  
**AC Normal:** 10  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 21

**Alignment:** Neutral Good

**Languages:** Common, Selkie

**Age:** 26

**Height:** 5'6"

**Weight:** 120 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Emerald green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Knife

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (17), juggling (16), cooking (16), swimming (14)

**Magic Item:** *Knife* +1, +3 vs. fish

**Appearance:** Flirin, permanently in human form now, is extremely attractive with her deeply-tanned skin, compelling eyes, and long, straight hair. She is fairly unaware of her own beauty and clothes herself in simple flower print dresses while working, and soft suede breeches and tunics when she is off. A sea shell bracelet is her only adornment. She does not wear armor, but she carries her knife everywhere as a precaution.

**Background:** Born in the Dragon Reach, south of Ylraphon, she led a normal selkie childhood. Then, when she was 20 years of age and enroute to visit relatives near Procampur, she was careless and became caught in a fishing net. The fishermen brought her to the Pirate Isles of the Inner Sea, where they sold her to Etarip, Pirate Captain of the *Bawdy Siren*.

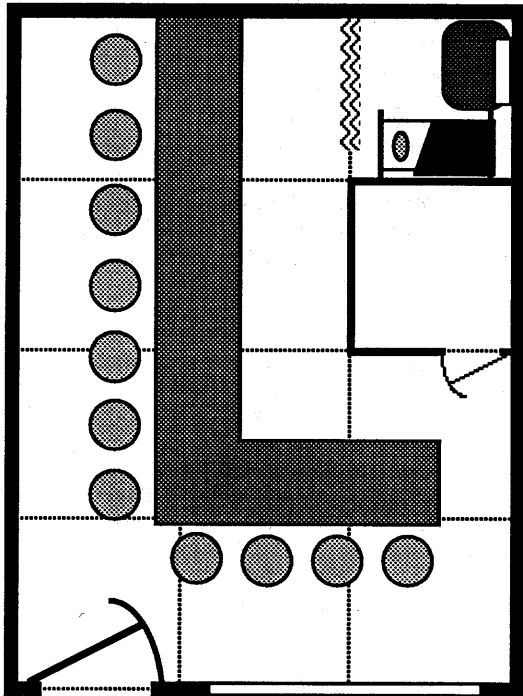
Flirin soon fell in love with the handsome buccaneer, joined his crew, and sailed with him for a few years.

One day he presented her with a gift, not knowing that it was a *cursed* amulet. When she put it on, her selkie skin suddenly faded away, leaving her with a pure and permanent human countenance.

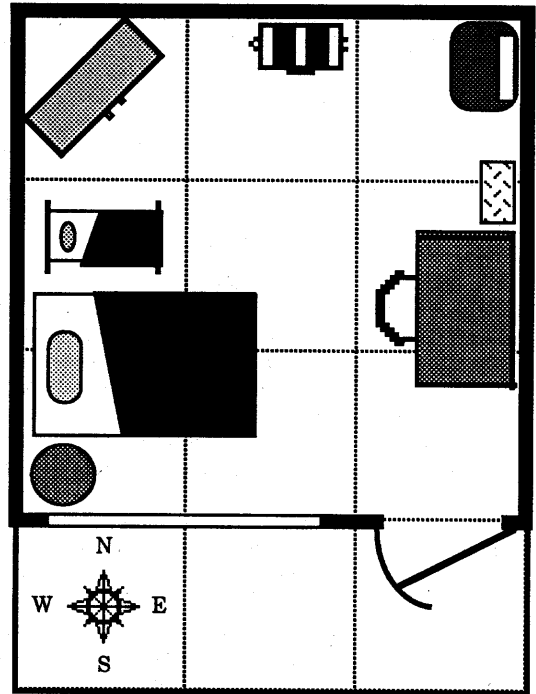
Despite that incident, all went well with Flirin and Etarip until the pirates came across a tribe of selkies. Remembering the gold he had paid for Flirin, Etarip decided that he would capture the selkies and sell them. Flirin was horrified by the idea and even more outraged when she learned that he wanted her to act as a decoy, to lure the selkies aboard ship so they could be captured without a fight.

Etarip was infuriated with her refusal, so he locked Flirin in his cabin and captured the selkies anyway. On the voyage home, a great storm blew up, sinking the ship. Flirin, who had retained all of her native abilities (although not the skin), led the selkies to freedom. During the escape, she stabbed Etarip with his own magical *cutlass*

# Flirin's Sushi Bar



- Door
- Folding Door
- Window
- Chest
- Bed
- Cradle
- Table / Desk / Counter
- Wardrobe
- Ladder
- Fish Tank
- Stool
- Chair
- Water



and fled with it.

The selkies brought Flirin to shore in Ravens Bluff's harbor, where she remained because she no longer fitted in with her people. She began looking for work along the wharfs. Then she discovered she was pregnant with Etarip's child. Realizing her daughter would need some stability, Flirin bought a building with her collection of jewelry and opened the sushi bar after Adu-laria was born. (Adu-laria appears to be a normal human child, but Flirin wonders if the girl will exhibit selkie traits someday.)

The sushi bar idea came to Flirin as an offshoot of her own native eating habits. During an especially dry and windy season when fires were dangerous and troublesome both on land and at sea, she discovered her shipmates could enjoy raw fish if it was prepared prettily enough. Their approval of her sashimi dishes inspired her to experiment with human food ingredients, which led to her popular sushi recipes. Years later, as she wondered what she could do to make a living in Ravens Bluff, she remembered her culinary success with uncooked fish and realized a sushi bar would experience little or no competition. Her current success confirms her speculation.

Despite her booming business, Flirin remains shy and keeps to herself. She says little to anyone except when taking orders

and purchasing fish and other supplies. She spends most of her off-time walking along the shore with her baby strapped to her back, while she watches the ocean she misses so much. She loves to swim, but finds little time to do so with the demands of her business and child.

Recently, she has made friends with a merman who frequents the harbor area and has a taste for sushi. Their relationship is platonic—Flirin has vowed to never love again—but the merman remains attracted to her and is content to be her friend until she comes around to his way of feeling. Also, the selkies Flirin rescued come to see her every few months, but their presence leaves her yearning for her past life, so she usually politely avoids them.

## Adventure Ideas for Flirin's Sushi Bar

- Flirin, who desperately misses her selkie home, begs the party of adventurers to find a way to lift curses. To complicate matters, Flirin will not tell the PCs what the curse is because she does not want to reveal that she is a selkie.

If the PCs are successful, Flirin will next

ask them to become guardians of her daughter while she takes a brief vacation to visit her family. The PCs may find that seemingly simple task quite difficult if Adu-laria's selkie blood suddenly surfaces.

For their services, Flirin will make the PCs minor partners in her business, at least until she returns and the PCs leave.

- Etarip has survived Flirin's attack, unbeknownst to her, and now comes to Ravens Bluff's harbor. He terrorizes ships by night in the heavy fog, while he searches for her ashore by day. The PCs are hired by a harbor master to destroy the "monster or pirate, whatever it is," and find out what lured it here.

- Flirin, cleaning fish for the day's lunch, finds a cloth map in the belly of a large sea bass. The map seems to indicate a magical treasure buried in the mouth of the Dragon Reach. She hires the PCs to accompany her there, promising to give them half of the recovery. Flirin pretends to have a magic bracelet that allows her to breathe underwater.

The map belonged to Coelbait Grimhard (see page 7), but the wrong fish was sold to Flirin, and he will want it back. . . .

# Mystic Star Charts

The entrance to this small, run-down shop is below the porch of a busy tavern frequented by the drunk and rowdy. A narrow, windowless wooden door with a makeshift peephole might indicate that this is just a storeroom. In fact, it was a storeroom, but has since been renovated to accommodate a business. Even so, the weather-beaten wooden siding on the front wall is in bad need of repair and the paint is all but gone from a hand-carved sign by the door that advertises "Mystic Star Charts."

Although the chart house is fairly easy to find, it remains quiet below the clamorous bar most of the day, ignored by most of the seafaring community due to rumors that large numbers of mariners were lost at sea after purchasing charts there. It is said the previous owner was guilty of deception and treason. The reports, much to the present owner's frustration, are untrue.

Customers entering the small shop are often surprised to find the interior neat and tidy, with fine dark wooden shelves, filled with charts fastidiously arranged and labeled. A small man with vaguely oriental features is almost always found working on a large, beautiful map spread out over a table in the center of the room. A real eye-catching item is a painting of a familiar star cluster, in exact detail, on the ceiling.

The man does not blink as customers enter, but continues his work, engrossed. On a table in the corner, plates and mugs filled with food and drink await customers. Several interesting maps are carefully spread out nearby, for casual perusal as much as for sale. The man eventually notices the customers after making a few final strokes on the map with a compass or after finishing a complex mathematical computation.

"Good day, fine people," he always says. "What can I do for you?"

The man, Pen Tea Quill, is very gracious, but will not offer his name unless asked. He has detailed maps of every known part of Faerun and he displays them with relish.

He also sells many spell components, inexpensive and costly, and a few potions. He can even perform palm and tea leaf readings, and is willing to cast low-level magic spells for the right price (he is even more willing to supply scrolls). If patrons discuss magic, Pen Tea quickly bolts the door, carries out the business, and then reopens as the patrons leave, checking the peephole before opening the door.

Pen Tea will not readily admit he is a wizard unless he believes it will help him make a handsome profit. He prefers to present

the image of a simple scribe who has the odd notion that the world is round instead of flat. He will speak at length of his travels, especially to adventurers who might want to buy his services as a guide. His maps are consistent, accurate, and even have a touch of beauty.

Other rooms of Pen Tea's place are closed to the general public and are hidden from view by shelves that contain maps. The shelves are special, with back walls that roll up to reveal hollow compartments with spell components and potions in them. Pen Tea's quarters lie through a door hidden behind the shelves. They are plain, containing only a canopy bed and racks of clothing on the walls.

The clothing racks hide the entrance to yet another room: its ceiling and floor are covered with magical runes that appear to be scrambled. This is where Pen Tea would make a stand if he were threatened. The walls are of Pen Tea's own design and enhance his spell ability, and coupled with the runes, allowing him to cast spells as if he were four levels higher. One set of runes is actually a spell, *minor globe of invulnerability*, which Pen Tea will invoke should he fear for his life.

Still one more chamber lies behind a secret, locked door: Pen Tea's library. Shelves of books dominate the room, surrounding a large table in the center. The table is covered with books and candles.

## Pen Tea Quill

8th-Level Male Human Wizard

**STR:** 8  
**INT:** 17  
**WIS:** 14  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 9  
**CHR:** 11  
**AC Normal:** 4  
**AC Rear:** 6  
**Hit Points:** 20  
**Alignment:** Neutral  
**Languages:** Common, Shou Lung Dialect, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 52  
**Height:** 5'3"  
**Weight:** 125 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Gray/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Staff, dagger, dart, sling

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Ancient lan-

guages (17), forgery (15), astrology (17), calligraphy (16), artistic ability (painting) (14), navigation (15), astrology (17)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense AC 6, ring of warmth, boots of spider climbing*

**Spells/day:** 4 3 3 2

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

<i>Affect Normal Fires</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>
<i>Alarm</i>	<i>Gaze Reflection</i>
<i>Chill Touch</i>	<i>Hypnotism</i>
<i>Erase</i>	<i>Sleep</i>

#### Level Two Spells

<i>Blindness</i>	<i>ESP</i>
<i>Blur</i>	<i>Spectral Hand</i>
<i>Continual Light</i>	<i>Whispering Wind</i>
<i>Deeppockets</i>	

#### Level Three Spells

<i>Clairaudience</i>	<i>Hold Undead</i>
<i>Clairvoyance</i>	<i>Sepia Snake Sigil</i>
<i>Feign Death</i>	<i>Wraithform</i>
<i>Hold Person</i>	

#### Level Four Spells

<i>Confusion</i>	<i>Minor Globe of</i>
<i>Dimension Door</i>	<i>Invulnerability</i>
<i>Illusionary Wall</i>	<i>Wizard Eye</i>

**Appearance:** Pen Tea is a delicate, elderly man with a stooped posture. His face is dominated by a blunt nose, apparently broken several times—it sticks out crookedly between large, watery brown eyes. Pen Tea attempts to conceal his oriental ancestry beneath long hair and bangs. He generally wears a cloak or hooded cape of green or brown. When he ventures out in public, he covers his face under a wide-brimmed hat.

**Background:** Pen Tea and his father were accused of providing the former Mayor of Ravens Bluff with a map that caused him to be lost at sea. Although Pen Tea was acquitted when the Mayor returned after a year, his father was killed in a very suspicious accident. The main reason he tries so hard to remain unrecognized in public is because he does not wish to share his father's fate. Pen Tea believes the Ravens Bluff nobility hired assassins to kill his father for revenge and that his name may be next on the list.

Nothing would please Pen Tea more than to clear his father's name, restore the family honor, and avenge his father's death.

# Mystic Star Charts

## Adventure Ideas for Mystic Star Charts

• An assassin has narrowly missed killing Pen Tea, and the oriental wizard hires the PCs to protect him or to catch the assassin. The wizard believes the contract relates to the business with the former Mayor. He hopes to find out who is behind the attempt on his life so he can finally exact revenge for his father. In fact, a competitor mage has put the contract out on Pen Tea.

• Pen Tea is too old to go adventuring, so he hires the PCs to locate a *hat of disguise*, which he hopes will better hide his identity.

## Talton's Ivory and Scrimshaw

Talton's Ivory and Scrimshaw is a small business started about 10 years ago, specializing in creating items that are both functional and decorative. The price of each item corresponds to cost of the material used and the detail requested. For example, the fitting of a dagger hilt with a plain ivory grip costs about 20 gp, including materials and workmanship, while the same-sized hilt with a detailed engraving of a dragon turtle attacking a ship costs about 120 gp. Talton accepts contracts for almost any job that requires working with bone, ivory, or other exotic materials. His work has included elaborate jewelry boxes for ladies of local nobility and various weapon embellishments for their lords—even an engraved dagger scabbard made from a dragon's tooth. Occasionally, Talton enlists the help of other craftsmen—silversmiths, bronzesmiths, and jewelers—to perform additional adornments that are beyond his skill.

Another large part of Talton's business is barter, conducted mostly with pack traders and trade-caravan merchants. He usually sells them basic scrimshaw work in bulk (rarely are there specialty orders). In turn, he buys good quality raw materials and unworked items from the merchants and adds various touches that vastly increase the items' values, such as ivory embossed daggers (his specialty), cloak pins, hair pins, and combs.

Talton puts most of his effort into his craftsmanship and leaves much of the more

mundane work, including sales, to his assistant, Michael. Talton also buys some scrimshaw fashioned by Frazwits and the "Gentleman"—two regulars at the Far Guardians' Travelers' Mission (see page 46). This arrangement keeps Frazwits and the Gentleman in drinking money and helps Talton keep up with the volume of material the pack traders often order. Many lordling's wives wear a hair comb or carry a dagger crafted by one of this pair.

Due to the generally small size of the merchandise, the shop is not necessarily large—only 30' by 30', occupying the first floor of a small building. Shelves line the walls and there are five tables in the room. Merchandise on the shelves and tables is categorized by size and type.

The windows are barred for security, and a small metal portcullis lowers over the door when Talton's closes. During working hours he is alerted to people entering the establishment by a permanent *magic mouth*, cast on the table nearest to the door. When anyone enters, it greets them with a hearty "hello," loud enough to alert Talton, upstairs. A last precaution is the presence of two guard dogs, Scuttle and Grog.

Talton lives upstairs and, since he eats his meals elsewhere, it is divided into a bedroom and a large workroom where most of the delicate scrimshaw is performed.

## Talton

Former 8th-Level Male Human Thief

**STR:** 12  
**INT:** 15  
**WIS:** 13  
**DEX:** 18 (11\*)  
**CON:** 11  
**CHR:** 14  
**AC Normal:** 10  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 42  
**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 40  
**Height:** 5'7"  
**Weight:** 159 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

*\*Because of his wooden leg, Talton's Dexterity relating to his AC is 11*

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, cutlass, belaying pin, sap

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Seamanship

(19), artistic ability (scrimshaw) (13), appraising (15), haggling (15)

**Magic Items:** *Belaying pin* +3, *ring of invisibility*

**Appearance:** Standing behind his counter, Talton looks like an able man. He always appears neat and well-dressed in sailor's garb. His shoulder-length hair is pulled back into a sailor's ponytail. His flashing smile greets every patron. His skin is leathery and wrinkled from years at sea and, when he walks out from behind the counter, customers see another souvenir of his sailing days: his peg leg.

**Background:** Talton was born in Ravens Bluff and grew up on the streets. Like many others of his station, he joined the thieves' guild, but was forced to leave it by his 16th birthday because of a rival who had him shanghaied.

Happily, he fell in love with the sea. Talton learned sailing skills and then combined them with his thief abilities: while other sailors were wasting their money on drinks and gambling in every port, he was becoming a world-class pickpocket. And he was never caught simply because he was never in town more than an evening or two.

During those happy years, an old sailor taught Talton the art of scrimshaw, which the thief came to love even better than the sea. Talton was in his element—on the water, working his art, in the company of friends—but his happy situation changed.

One day, as he helped to pull up a fishing net, he became tangled in a length of rope and fell overboard. Talton was a poor swimmer and attracted a shark, and the sailors were unable to rescue the thief before he lost a leg.

Unable to continue working in the riggings, Talton took his scrimshaw talent back to Ravens Bluff and started his own business. During the past 10 years, it has gone from barely breaking even to becoming a big money-maker.

# Talton's Ivory And Scrimshaw

## Michael

0-Level Male Human

STR: 9  
INT: 15  
WIS: 14  
DEX: 16  
CON: 11  
CHR: 13

AC Normal: 8

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 5

Alignment: Lawful Neutral

Languages: Common, Wharf Slang

Age: 25

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 200 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Blond/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Club

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Artistic ability (scrimshaw) (14), haggling (15)

**Appearance:** Built like a bull, the only graceful thing about Michael is his hands. He tries to emulate Talton, including wearing his hair in the same manner and wearing sailor's garb. Off duty, however, he prefers the normal garb of a land-dweller.

**Background:** Michael was just another orphan on the street 10 years ago, begging for enough to survive. Seeing something of himself in the boy, Talton took him on as an apprentice, providing him with food, clothes, and a place to sleep. Talton claims that he took Michael in only because he wanted another pair of hands to help with the new business, but he has always treated Michael fairly—almost as a son.

As a result, Michael is fiercely loyal to Talton and is now a junior partner in the shop. He does not have the artistic ability of his patron, but he has enough skill to turn out large numbers of good, if uninspired, pieces for the shop. Michael is a sharper businessman and stays with Talton not only out of loyalty, but because of the shop's growing prosperity. Lately, Michael has taken over the purchasing of ivory and bone. He is always searching for groups of adventurers who will acquire large amounts of the materials for him.

## Frazwits

1st-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 15  
INT: 12  
WIS: 13  
DEX: 11  
CON: 18  
CHR: 10

AC Normal: 8

AC Rear: 8

Hit Points: 12

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Languages: Common

Age: 30

Height: 5'6"

Weight: 330 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Black/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, short sword, spear, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (13), artistic ability (scrimshaw) (13), brewing (12)

**Appearance:** Frazwits is an obese, beer-guzzling complainer who constantly brags about his past achievements, most of them imaginary. He is never without his suit of leather armor which was specially made to encompass his girth. Although Frazwits always tries to appear neat, he never quite hits the mark—one day he forgets to comb his hair, the next he forgets to shave, and so on.

**Background:** Much of Frazwits's talk is intended to impress Talton, who he considers to be one of his few friends. Frazwits has not been working for Talton long. He came into the employment by offering to work in exchange for an ivory-handled dagger. Talton raised Frazwits's self-esteem by teaching the fat man the art of scrimshaw. In return, Frazwits is willing to defend Talton to the death.

Prior to his life on the Ravens Bluff docks, Frazwits worked odd jobs for merchants throughout the city. He likes the scrimshaw shop because it offers him some stability.

## "Gentleman"

### Grogowitch

9th-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 15  
INT: 12  
WIS: 14  
DEX: 11  
CON: 17  
CHR: 16

AC Normal: 4

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 89

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Wharf Slang

Age: 54

Height: 6'2"

Weight: 208 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Gray/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Staff, dagger, club, whip, lasso, hammer, mace

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (13), ancient history (16), artistic ability (scrimshaw) (14), seamanship (12), fishing (13), hunting (13)

**Magic Items:** Cloak of protection +1, ring of protection +2, bracers of defense AC 7

**Background:** Grogowitch, who forgot his first name years ago, was dubbed "Gentleman" by sailors along the dock. He enjoys the title and rarely answers to anything else. The former bosun's mate is indeed a gentleman, treating ladies with respect, children with kindness, and his fellow man with courtesy. He has a gift for telling tales of the sea—most of them are even true—while sipping fine wine and working his scrimshaw.

Grogowitch, the child of a ship's cook, spent most of his first 50 years at sea. Four years ago he sailed into Ravens Bluff and, liking the city, decided to stay. He enjoys the scrimshaw shop because he is far enough from the saltwater to ease his rheumatism, yet close enough to be at home.



# Ashakar's Accessories



Nestled among the warehouses and ship-yards of the waterfront is a narrow stone building which houses one of Ravens Bluffs most extraordinary boutiques, Ashakar's Accessories. It is run by a triton wizard, Ashakar, who uses an ancient magic item, an *amulet of the land*, to assume human form. This allows him to procure commodities in the sea and then conduct business on the surface world. Because of his connection to the sea, Ashakar is able to sell unusual items that are virtually unobtainable by surface dwellers.

People entering the shop find themselves in a rather dark and crowded showroom filled with Ashakar's exotic wares. The items are displayed neatly on shelves from the floor to the ceiling, each piece neatly labeled with a small blue tag that explains what the item does and how much it costs. Everything for sale in the store is absolutely top-notch. Consequently, all items gain +2 when rolling, on the item saving throw chart. The shop contains virtually every item on the "Miscellaneous Equipment" table (in chapter six of the *Player's Handbook*) except the large, bulky things such as beacon lanterns, ladders, and pavilion tents. However, everything is twice the price listed in the *Handbook*. The store also has a

number of unique items for sale:

- **Underwater Crossbows:** There are three light and two heavy crossbows of sahuagin manufacture for sale. These function as regular weapons on the surface, but they also work underwater with ranges of 5/10/15' for the light, and 10/20/30' for the heavy crossbow. They require special bolts that are heavier and narrower than normal. The light crossbows cost 400 gp each, and the heavy cost 800 gp. Bolts cost 40 gp per score.

- **Harpoon of Exceptional Quality:** This weapon was forged by tritons as a shark hunting tool. Due to its exceptional sharpness and perfect balance, it gains a natural +1 bonus on attack and damage rolls. It is priced at 1,000 gp, but Ashakar will take 900 gp for it.

- **Buoyancy Armor:** These three suits of leather armor are ideal for non-swimmers on maritime adventures. Each contains numerous tiny air bladders which enable the wearer to float without much difficulty, provided that he and his gear do not exceed 300 pounds. (Note that these bladders may be pierced during combat.)

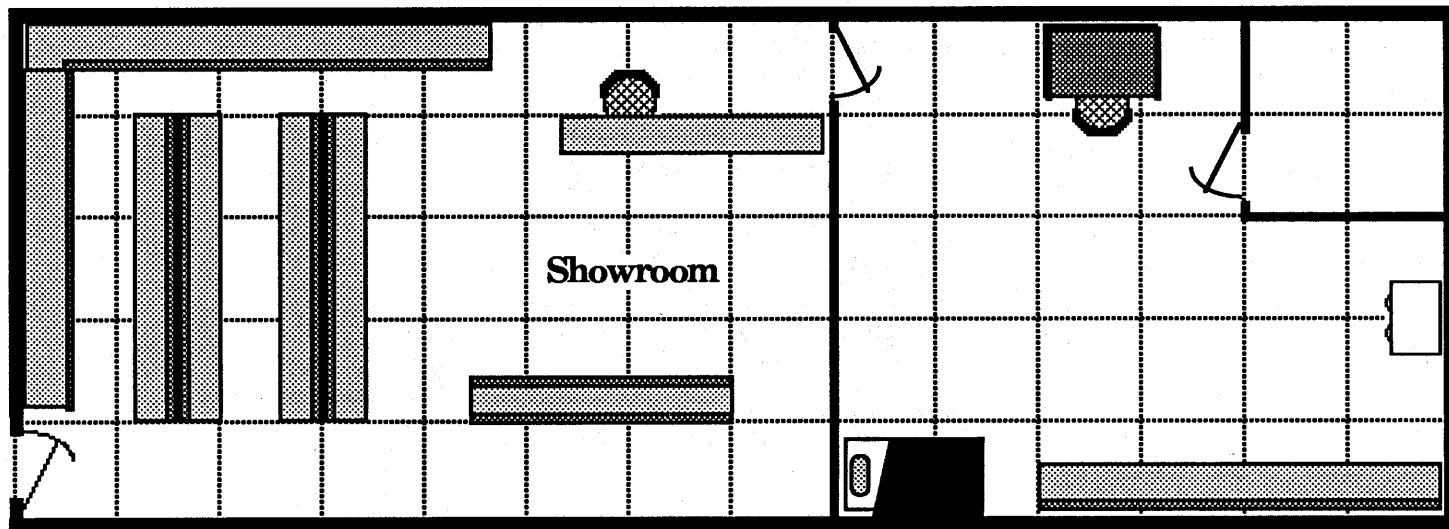
The price for each suit is 200 gp.

- **De-salination Tablets:** Ashakar uses his herbalism skill and spells to make these. The watertight bottles contain 20 orange pills, each about the size of a marble. Each pill transforms one gallon of seawater into fresh, drinkable water. Incidentally, each pill also causes 1-4 points of damage to water weirds and water elementals, but Ashakar is unaware of this property. Currently, six bottles are available for sale at 100 gp each.

- **Watertight Containers:** Ashakar has a variety of watertight scroll tubes, boxes, and chests for sale. Manufactured by tritons and mermen, these are made of wood and treated with a special anti-rotting process known only to undersea races. They have the additional benefit of high buoyancy, so they will float unless weighed down. The scroll tubes cost 25 gp; the boxes, 50 gp; the chests, 100 gp.

- **Grease Quills and Waxed Paper:** These items are necessary for any sort of writing while underwater. Each quill contains enough special "grease ink" for five pages of writing. The waxed paper is coated with a special seaweed extract that will not

# Ashakar's Accessories



## Key

1 square = 5 feet



Door

Shelf



Bed



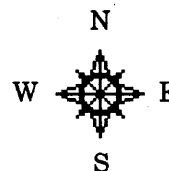
Dresser



Chair



Desk



flake off. The quills cost 10 gp each and the treated paper, 5 gp per sheet.

- **Safety Bottles:** These bottles are triple-layered, constructed of glass on the inside, a metal coating in the middle, and an outer shell of ceramic. They are almost unbreakable—a bottle must fail three saving throws (as pottery, metal, and glass) for the contents to be affected. They cost 50 gp each.

- **Potions of Water Breathing:** There are 21 bottles for sale, each containing four doses. They are clearly labeled and are contained in safety bottles (described above). They cost 800 gp each.

- **Magical Fishing Lures:** These small, silver, gem-studded minnow replicas are magically enchanted to attract fish. For characters with the fishing proficiency, they give a bonus of +4 to the proficiency check; otherwise, the lures, in effect, grant the basic proficiency. They are reusable and cost 800 gp each.

## Ashakar Pisceleene

9th-Level Male Triton Wizard

STR: 17  
INT: 18  
WIS: 16  
DEX: 18  
CON: 18  
CHR: 18

AC Normal: -2

AC Rear: 2

Hit Points: 40

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Triton, Merman, Sahuagin, Sea Elvish, Dolphin, Selkie, Common

Age: 252

Height: 7'

Weight: 279 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Blond/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Trident, cross-bow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Swimming (17), navigation (16), spellcraft (16), reading/writing (19), riding (hippocampus) (16), fishing (15), direction sense (17), animal training (hippocampus) (16)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense AC 2*, *amulet of the land* (allows sea creatures to polymorph into human form and breathe air indefinitely), *ring of invisibility*, *trident +2*, *wings of flying*

**Spells/day:** 4 4 3 2 1

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

<i>Comprehend Languages</i>	<i>Mending</i>
<i>Detect Magic</i>	<i>Read Magic</i>
<i>Friends</i>	<i>Shocking Grasp</i>
<i>Identify</i>	<i>Wizard Mark</i>

#### Level Two Spells

<i>Continual Light</i>	<i>Whispering Tide</i> (similar to <i>Whispering Wind</i> )
<i>Know Alignment</i>	<i>Wizard Lock</i>
<i>Alignment</i>	<i>Mirror Image</i>

#### Level Three Spells

<i>Dispel Magic</i>	<i>Lightning Bolt</i>
<i>Hold Person</i>	<i>Secret Page</i>
<i>Infravision</i>	<i>Wraithform</i>

#### Level Four Spells

<i>Charm Monster</i>	<i>Magic Mirror</i>
<i>Dimension Door</i>	<i>Monster Summoning</i>

# Ashakar's Accessories

## Level Five Spells

*Animal Growth*      *Hold Monster*  
*Conjure (Water)*    *Teleport*  
*Elemental*

**Appearance:** When Ashakar assumes human form (with the aid of his *amulet*), he takes the semblance of a very tall middle-aged man with long, silvery hair and deep blue eyes. He wears loose-fitting robes of green and blue and a golden circlet upon his brow. In triton form, his upper body looks much the same, except his skin is bright silver-green and his hair is turquoise blue. His legs, however, are covered with blue scales that end in two large fins.

**Background:** Ashakar was born the second son of a triton prince, 252 years ago. His father was the leader of an undersea fief located about 40 miles west of Ravens Bluff's harbor. Realizing that his elder brother would inherit his father's title, Ashakar sought to prove himself as a fierce warrior. Then, after a near-fatal encounter with a narwhal on his 52nd birthday, he gave up trying to obtain glory in battle.

Ashakar then turned to magic as a way to build his fortunes, discovering that he had a special talent for spellcasting. With his newfound vocation as a wizard, Ashakar became a valued member of his clan. His magic turned the tide in several battles with sahuagin. At the youthful age of 63, he discovered the *amulet*, which allowed him to, in effect, become human.

When he was 174 years of age, his father's castle was overrun by the sea devils and his father was slain. He and his brother escaped in opposite directions. Ashakar has not heard from his brother since then.

Ashakar's goal is to re-establish the former glory of his tribe. Recently he took notice of Ravens Bluff and decided to dwell on land for a while, plotting against the sahuagin.

## Adventure Idea for Ashakar's Accessories

It is known that Ashakar offers a 100 gp bounty for sahuagin and, if the PCs look powerful enough, he may enlist their help in finding his brother and restoring his clan to its ancestral home. Also, if the Deputy Mayor Howard Holiday (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 9) were to discover an

opportunity to forge an alliance between Ravens Bluff and a triton tribe, he might make the PCs ambassadors in order to negotiate a treaty.

## Quaylin's Home For Wayward Boys

Quaylin's Home is a narrow, three-story stone building located directly on the waterfront. Old fishing nets and empty crates lie outside the run-down walls, where an occasional stray cat or two may be found. A small, painted wooden sign dangling above the door proclaims:

### Quaylin's Home For Wayward Boys

The three-story house is actually a front for a small press gang run by Quaylin "Cappy" McKurk. He and his three companions, Red Tarn, Micki, and Durgan, have quarters on the second floor. There is an outside stairway that leads to this level, but no other means of traveling from the first floor to the second. The top floor is a cluttered and dusty attic used for storing old treasures and collectibles. There is a trap door connecting the attic and Quaylin's bedroom. The ground floor contains a sparse kitchen and living room with a concealed trap door (under the kitchen table), leading down to a basement that is used as a cell.

The four residents shanghai street urchins and drunken men for a living, ransoming them to whichever disreputable sea captain will pay the most gold. A favorite ruse of Quaylin's is to entice impressionable youths by spinning yarns about his seafaring adventures. Sometimes the lovely Micki lures drunks, with romance and false promises, to sign on to a client's ship. Tarn and Durgan simply use brute force to waylay drunken sots.

Business is booming and, incidentally, is quite profitable. Cappy pays several harbor guards to ignore his activities. The thieves' guild does not appreciate this activity—a few young cutpurses have disappeared, from time to time—yet nothing has been done about it.

Quaylin poses publicly as a fisherman with a desire to help wayward boys fend for themselves. The absence of any boys on the premises is not an embarrassment—he merely states that his boys have "found their way and no longer need him."

## Quaylin "Cappy" McKurk

7th-Level Male Human Fighter

STR: 16  
INT: 15  
WIS: 13  
DEX: 10  
CON: 17  
CHR: 12

AC Normal: 1

AC Rear: 3

Hit Points: 58

Alignment: Neutral Evil

Languages: Common, Elvish, Wharf Slang

Age: 54

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 240 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Bald/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Cutlass (specialized), belaying pin, punching, garrote

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Rope use (10), seamanship (11), swimming (16), weather sense (12), navigation (13), engineering (12)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense* AC 5, *ring of protection* +2, *cutlass* +2, *amulet of proof against detection and location*

**Appearance:** Quaylin is a portly, bald man. His sagging, deeply tanned arms are not as strong as they once were, but are still quite powerful. He wears a soiled linen tunic over his dark breeches, high eel skin boots, and his shiny *cutlass* hangs from a broad belt. Several rings adorn his fingers, two more are in his left ear, and a lovely emerald pendant hangs around his tanned neck.

**Background:** Quaylin fell in love with the sea at an early age, and by his 17th birthday he had a position on an ocean-going merchant ship. He quickly worked his way up to the rank of first mate and learned much about the running of a vessel from his captain—a harsh but knowledgeable man. Quaylin watched and learned for eight years, but quietly recruited men to his own purposes all the while. At last, while the ship transported a particularly lucrative haul, he led the crew to mutiny and became Captain McKurk.

After putting into port and selling the cargo, Quaylin refitted the ship for battle. He also repainted the ship to match his grey

# Quaylin's Home for Wayward Boys

hair and christened it the *Grey Ghost*.

His infamous 20-year career spanned many seas and countless battles. McKurk made many enemies up and down the coast. As his wealth grew, so did the legend of *Grey Ghost* and the fear of captains who spotted the gray sail with the black skull.

Finally, with nearly every navy watching for his colors and a putting bounty on his head so high he could not even trust his own crew, McKurk staged his own death. One day, *Grey Ghost* found itself caught in the harbor of Ravens Bluff and boarded by the sailors of a powerful navy man-of-war. In the heat of sword play, he pretended to take a mortal wound and fell overboard.

## Red Tarn "The Terrible"

*2nd-Level Male Seawolf Fighter*

**STR:** 18/26  
**INT:** 8  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 11  
**CON:** 14  
**CHR:** 5 Elemental

**AC Normal:** 7  
**AC Rear:** 7  
**Hit Points:** 15  
**Alignment:** Neutral Evil  
**Languages:** Common, Seawolf  
**Age:** 25  
**Height:** 6'6"  
**Weight:** 330 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Fiery Red/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Two-handed sword, cutlass, dagger, heavy crossbow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Rope use (11), seamanship (12), swimming (18), weather sense (9)

**Magic Item:** *Dagger +2*

**Appearance:** Tarn is as ugly as his name suggests. He towers over nearly everyone with his massive form and wild tangle of long hair. His frame is bulky and muscular and is clothed in a suit of heavy studded leather over leather breeches and heavy boots.

**Background:** Tarn was a sailor on his father's galley until the day they came upon a group of seawolves who attacked and ransacked it. Tarn was bitten and infected with lycanthropy.

One of Tarn's favorite pastimes became lounging on forgotten beaches during the heat of the day, soaking up the sun's rays. He was doing so when he met Quaylin. Cappy's crew had been searching a deserted island for food when they stumbled across Tarn, sun worshipping. Tarn leaped to his feet and engaged the bandits, slaying one and injuring several others before Quaylin arrived and taught Tarn the finer points of fighting. Tarn was not critically injured in that melee, and Cappy convinced him of the benefits which they could offer to one another. The two became friends.

## Micki

*2nd-Level Male Human Thief*

**STR:** 12  
**INT:** 11  
**WIS:** 8  
**DEX:** 14  
**CON:** 13  
**CHR:** 16

**AC Normal:** 8  
**AC Rear:** 8  
**Hit Points:** 16  
**Alignment:** Neutral  
**Languages:** Common  
**Age:** 18  
**Height:** 5'  
**Weight:** 99 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short bow, short sword, dirk

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation (9), seamanship (15), swimming (12), gaming (16), rope use (14)

**Magic Items:** *Ring of protection +2, short sword +1*

**Thief Skills**

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
25	35	25	20	24	25	9	5

**Background:** Micki is a comely young woman who wears the briefest of outfits. She is extremely rambunctious, a real rapsSCALLION. Micki came from a poor family that scrounged for its living. She first came to Quaylin's operation thinking that it was legitimate and hoping that she could stay the night. She was pleased to find that the operation was actually a scam and quickly agreed to help with the press gang operation.

## Durgan

*2nd-Level Male Half-Elf Thief*

**STR:** 12  
**INT:** 10  
**WIS:** 9  
**DEX:** 15  
**CON:** 13  
**CHR:** 13

**AC Normal:** 7  
**AC Rear:** 8  
**Hit Points:** 15  
**Alignment:** Neutral Evil  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 20  
**Height:** 5'10"  
**Weight:** 187 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short bow, dirk, short sword

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation (8), seamanship (16), swimming (12), tight-rope walking (15)

**Magic Item:** *Potion of extra healing*

**Thief Skills**

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
25	35	45	35	25	20	70	20

**Background:** Durgan is somber, more introspective than his constant companion, Micki. He dresses in torn leathers, thigh-high boots, and wears a black bandanna around his head. He joined the press gang operation after observing Tarn tote off two wandering drunks. He first attempted to bribe Quaylin, threatening to expose the operation to the local guards unless he was paid properly. Cappy had bought off the guards, so he was unconcerned, but he liked Durgan's style and offered him a job.

## Adventure Ideas for Quaylin's

- Quaylin's house is an ideal place for all sorts of intrigue. Obvious encounters may result from council members wanting the press gang found and stopped, and hiring the PCs to do so.

- Quaylin unknowingly presses a PC into service, sending the rest of the party on a search and rescue mission.

# The Shark Fin

Laughter and music emanate from a converted warehouse on the waterfront. Although old, the building has been repaired and is kept in good condition. Closer inspection of the establishment will afford some rich smells and attract the famished into Pearl Finn's Shark Fin Restaurant and Tavern. The Shark Fin offers an assortment of soups, fish, bread, and drinks to appease the hungry and thirsty, all for a reasonable price.

When entering the Shark Fin, the warm atmosphere and the sound of laughter surrounds customers. Many objects of sea life line the walls—harpoons, nets, shells, shark jaws, and much more. Besides the open customer area, there is also a kitchen and private quarters for the staff in the back of the building.

The tavern is frequented by sailors, dock workers, and many locals. It is a place to share stories, dance away one's worries, test one's strength in arm wrestling bouts, and relax among friends. Strangers are always welcomed—new blood often means new stories and perhaps some additional music. The regulars will not leave a newcomer alone for very long, especially if he or she appears to be an adventurer or sailor. Surly strangers learn quickly not to pick fights with the locals, who protect their own.

The Shark Fin, owned and operated by Pearl Finn, was established 12 years ago. After her husband, Earl, Captain of the SS *Shark Fin*, failed to return from sea, Pearl mourned him a short while and then got busy building a new life for herself. (Captain Finn and his cargo ship were presumed lost in a major storm.) She was good in the kitchen and had often been complimented on the hospitality of her table, so it seemed to her that a restaurant would provide a natural way to make a living.

Today, the Shark Fin is a thriving business. Pearl has earned enough to buy the warehouse and is glad that she no longer has to pay rent. She continues to offer good food, decent drinks, a friendly ear, and a warm smile to her clientele. She employs a bartender, Granz, and four barmaids: Charlene, Doris, Flaux, and Sydney.

## Menu

Fare	Cost
Shark fin soup	1 sp
Fish stew	3 cp
Seafood chowder	4 cp
Corn biscuits	1 cp each
Loaf of rye	2 cp
Shark	1 gp
Mahi mahi	3 sp
Flounder	2 sp
Whitefish	8 sp
Grouper	15 sp
Halibut	1 sp
Fish-of-the-day	5 sp
Ale	1 cp—glass, 1 sp—bottle
Whiskey	1 sp—glass, 2 gp—bottle
Brandy	10 sp—glass, 5 gp—bottle
White wine	2 sp—glass, 3 gp—bottle
Goat milk	3 cp
Water	1 cp

## Pearl Finn

*0-Level Female Human*

**STR:** 11  
**INT:** 13  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 15  
**CON:** 9  
**CHR:** 13  
**AC Normal:** 9  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 3  
**Alignment:** Neutral Good  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 43  
**Height:** 5'2"  
**Weight:** 138 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Butcher knife

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Cooking (13), fishing (9)

**Background:** Pearl is a plump, pleasant woman who mothers her customers. She is very kind and often finds a way to help any local down on his luck, especially the hungry. She always sides with her customers in disturbances involving strangers. She is an excellent cook and runs the business well. Her deepest desire is to hear any word of her husband. Deep down, she has not given up hope that he is alive and that he will, someday, come back to her.

Pearl married Earl Finn at an early age

and bore him two sons, Franzio and Dutch, who are now grown and have signed on with trade ships. She worries that one day they may also share their father's fate.

## Granz Stronghand

*2nd-Level Male Human Fighter*

**STR:** 17  
**INT:** 8  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 16  
**CON:** 18  
**CHR:** 13  
**AC Normal:** 8  
**AC Rear:** 10  
**Hit Points:** 23  
**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral  
**Languages:** Common, Wharf Slang  
**Age:** 29  
**Height:** 5'4"  
**Weight:** 170 lbs  
**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Cargo hook, knife, staff, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Cooking (8), fishing (11), hunting (11)

**Appearance:** Granz, short in stature, was once a longshoreman who worked on the docks for years. Five years ago, he was pushed into the water and into the jaws of a previously lured shark. He killed the shark, taking it as a trophy, but not before it took his right leg from the knee down. He now wears a peg leg made of walnut and carved with seaweed fronds.

**Background:** Nowadays, even with the aid of the leg, Granz is unable to work the docks, so Pearl hired him to do the heavy lifting and to tend bar at her place. Granz is bitter about the loss of his leg and is obsessed with finding the stranger who pushed him off the dock. He always hopes to hear something in the Shark Fin which will help him determine the identity of his assailant. Even though he misses his old life on the docks, Granz enjoys his work at the Shark Fin and is extremely loyal to Pearl.

## Charlene Butterman

*0-Level Female Human*

**STR:** 8  
**INT:** 11  
**WIS:** 13

# The Shark Fin

DEX: 12  
 CON: 13  
 CHR: 12  
 AC Normal: 10  
 AC Rear: 10  
 Hit Points: 2  
 Alignment: Neutral Good  
 Languages: Common  
 Age: 20  
 Height: 5'6"  
 Weight: 145 lbs  
 Hair/Eyes: Wheat/Sea green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Knife

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Singing (12)

**Background:** Charlene has been with the Shark Fin for the past four years. She is courteous and makes the customers feel at home. Charlene does not want to work as a bar maid forever, but fervently hopes to marry one day – preferably an adventurer with the promise of wealth. Thus, she is quite friendly to male customers, but is cold to females, whom she views as competition.

## Doris

*3rd-Level Female Human Fighter*

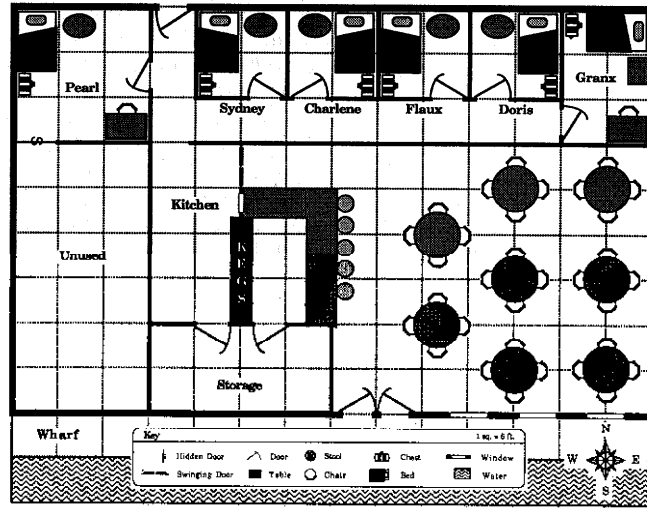
STR: 17  
 INT: 12  
 WIS: 10  
 DEX: 13  
 CON: 16  
 CHR: 13  
 AC Normal: 5  
 AC Rear: 5  
 Hit Points: 26  
 Alignment: Neutral Good  
 Languages: Common, Wharf Slang  
 Age: 26  
 Height: 5'2"  
 Weight: 128 lbs  
 Hair/Eyes: Black/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Cargo hook, long sword, dagger, short bow

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Cooking (12), blind-fighting

**Magic Item:** *Bracers of defense* AC 5

**Background:** Doris came to Ravens Bluff from the city of Grayhawk, ejected from a spelljammer ship when she spurned the advances of the captain. She worked on the docks for a time, learning about her new



world, before eventually going to work at the Shark Fin. She enjoys its atmosphere and the steady work. Because of her above average strength, she is quite useful helping Granz with the heavy work and the bar chores. She also serves as a bar maid. Doris also enjoys sharing stories and arm wrestling with the patrons (the wager is usually a glass of brandy).

Although she has no current plans to leave the Shark Fin, she would love to join a band of adventurers and explore her new world.

## Flaux

*2nd-Level Female Half-Elf Thief*

STR: 12  
 INT: 15  
 WIS: 12  
 DEX: 17  
 CON: 11  
 CHR: 16  
 AC Normal: 4  
 AC Rear: 7  
 Hit Points: 68  
 Alignment: Neutral  
 Languages: Common, Elvish, Wharf Slang  
 Age: 68  
 Height: 5'1"  
 Weight: 97 lbs  
 Hair/Eyes: Strawberry blond/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Short bow, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (16), tightrope walking (17), disguise (15)

**Magic Item:** *Ring of protection* +3

## Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
35	50	25	35	15	80	15	10

**Background:** Flaux left her homeland after becoming fed up with its racial prejudices, but the shame she felt heaped upon her has followed her to this day – she still hides her half-elven ancestry, almost unconsciously now. After leaving home, she adventured for a while, but grew tired of the injuries and other dangers and eventually made her way to Ravens Bluff and the Shark Fin.

She does her job honestly, but keeps an eye out for wealthy patrons who she can track down after work and rob. Flaux hopes an opportunity will surface to get her out of the bar trade.

## Sydney Farsight

*0-Level Female Human*

STR: 10  
 INT: 12  
 WIS: 11  
 DEX: 6  
 CON: 10  
 CHR: 18  
 AC Normal: 11  
 AC Rear: 10  
 Hit Points: 4  
 Alignment: Neutral Good  
 Languages: Common, Wharf Slang  
 Age: 17  
 Height: 5'4"



# The Shark Fin

**Weight:** 107 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/Hazel

**Weapon Proficiencies:** None

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Carpentry (10)

**Background:** Sydney is the only child of a sailor who was out to sea most of the time; her mother is long passed away. Sydney is a warm-hearted girl, blessed with beauty and cursed with ox-like clumsiness. Although Sydney is a fumbler and, hence, a disaster as a bar maid, business at the Shark Fin has never been better since she came to work there. Besides, Pearl promised Sydney's father she would look after her. Sydney is young, naive, and infatuated with Granz. The customers all love and protect her from outsiders.

## Adventure Ideas for The Shark Fin

- A rich and powerful stranger sees Sydney in the tavern and decides he must have her. He kidnaps and takes her aboard his ship. Pearl and the regular customers collectively hire the PCs to find out what happened to Sydney and rescue her.

- The scoundrel who pushed Granz into the jaws of a shark has returned to Ravens Bluff and spotted Granz in the Shark Fin. Afraid of being identified, the man attempts to kill Granz, but fails his first attempt. Pearl hires the PCs to find out who and what is behind the attack.

- Rumors that Earl Finn is not dead surface in Ravens Bluff. Pearl learns from a stranger that Earl's ship was boarded by pirates and that he and his crew were taken into slavery. Pearl has gotten a description of the pirate ship and captain, so she hires the PCs to find her long-lost husband.

## The Lighthouse

When Lord Mayor Charles O'Kane took office 20 years ago (see LC1 – *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7), there still were quite a few pirates using Ravens Bluff as a home port. The pirates had an informal guild hall in an old wooden manor house on the summit of Queen's Bluff, overlooking the harbor.

Their superb view of the harbor gave them a decided advantage over the harbor patrol and over honest sailors trying to get safely into and out of the port. But the guild was abruptly dissolved when the Mayor personally led 200 soldiers to storm the house and take prisoner the pirate leaders. The manor house was immediately turned over to Lord Calvin Longbottle who, along with his brother, William, tore the manor house down. In its place they constructed a four story lighthouse/fortress to protect ships from natural and man-made dangers in and around the port. A cobblestone road leads from Ravens Bluff up to the lighthouse. Along this all-weather road there are many farms, a brown sandstone quarry, and two windmills.

The summit was a well known reference point for ship navigators and locals, even before the lighthouse was built. Many people from Ravens Bluff hike to the summit, as it makes a good spot for picnics. When the weather is clear, Queen's Bluff commands a magnificent view from the crest of its 400'-high granite slopes. The seaward side of the bluff is an almost vertical cliff.

125' down from the summit, on a small ledge of rock, is a nest built by a pair of normal hawks. The hawks will not attack PCs unless they climb within 25' of the nest. It is up to the DM if there are any eggs or chicks there.

The lighthouse is protected by a D-shaped fortress. The fortress is constructed of granite blocks and is 40' high. The walls are between seven and nine feet thick and are built upon bedrock. The interior floors are constructed of stone and brick. A drawbridge crosses a dry moat and is reinforced by two heavy wooden double gates. The passage beyond the gate has a covered pit trap and ends at a portcullis that bars the way to the courtyard.

The main fortress has four floors. On the ground floor are the stables, two wells, a kitchen, a coal bunker, two latrines, and large storage areas. The stable houses the lighthouse keeper's carriage and light warhorses that take messages to Ravens Bluff in the cases of approaching storms or invasion by sea. The courtyard is an open, grassy field where winged mounts may land and garrison troops are trained in the art of defense. This field is drained by several two-inch underground pipes that run under the walls and into the dry moat.

The second floor has barracks that can house a full garrison in time of war. The commander of the garrison, Arvid Roham,

and his family have rooms here. Roham's office is on this level, which has a large iron safe (-40% to lock picking attempts). Inside the safe are Roham's plans for Ravens Bluff's defense, and 900 gp. On this level, also, is a small armory of non-magical weapons and armor, mostly missile weapons and shields. The lighthouse keeper, William Longbottle, has an office on this level. The walls have arrow slits on this level for defense, light, and ventilation. The second and third floors are heated by coal-fired cast-iron stoves.

The third floor contains a battery of 20 ballistae. Each ballista has 20 bolts, with 20 more in storage on the ground floor. Dwarf-made iron shutters and frames are installed to protect the ballistae and their crews while reloading. Access to the lighthouse is provided on this level by a circular stairway behind a heavy wooden door with a large padlock (-25% to lock picking attempts).

The top floor is an open deck protected by five-foot-high walls with arrow slits. On this level are six large catapults, each with 10 large sandstone balls for ammunition. Two large gongs flank the lighthouse tower to warn incoming ships when the coast is covered with heavy fog or mist.

For 100 gp, paid to the lighthouse keeper, anyone can host a party on this level. This is quite popular because the view is superb. A party here could give PCs a chance to meet the city officials or wealthy merchants.

Rising from the fourth story deck, the lighthouse tower is 20' high and 10' in diameter. Originally the lighthouse beacon was a coal fire in a five-foot-wide iron brazier at the top of the lighthouse. However, mariners often confused the burning coal with shore lights and the coal was extinguished several times during heavy rains. Now the beacon is powered by a *continual light* spell. The light is focused through a revolving, 15"-diameter glass lens that condenses and directs it into a powerful beam that can be seen as far as 20 miles away. The enchanted lens rotates by itself, twice per minute. The beacon is enclosed and protected from the weather by a cupola made from 50 plates of *glassteed* glass. Iron posts support the cupola and its slate roof.

# The Lighthouse



## Lord William Longbottle

0-Level Human Male

STR: 8  
INT: 17  
WIS: 14  
DEX: 9  
CON: 11  
CHR: 13

AC Normal: 10

AC Rear: 10

Hit Points: 4

Alignment: Neutral Good

Languages: Bronze Dragon, Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Triton

Age: 36

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 152 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Brown/Brown

Weapon Proficiencies: Short bow, knife

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Direction sense (15), engineering (14), navigation (15), read/write common (18), riding, land-based (17), weather sense (13)

Appearance: William's shoulder-length

hair is heavily peppered with gray, and many worry lines crease his eyes and mouth. He would look much older if it were not for his clear eyes, erect posture, and stylish clothes. He tends to favor crisp, white shirts or tunics and bright red or blue breeches, jackets, and tights.

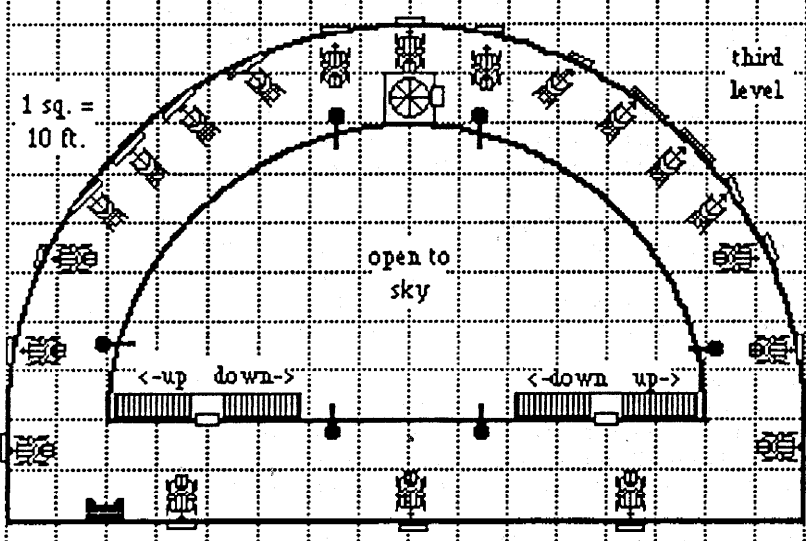
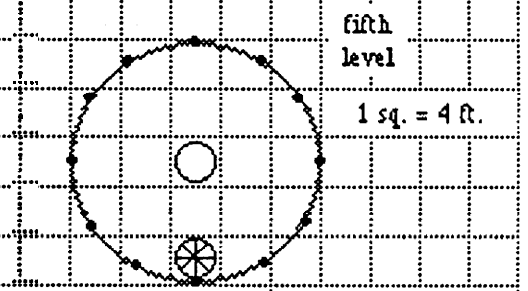
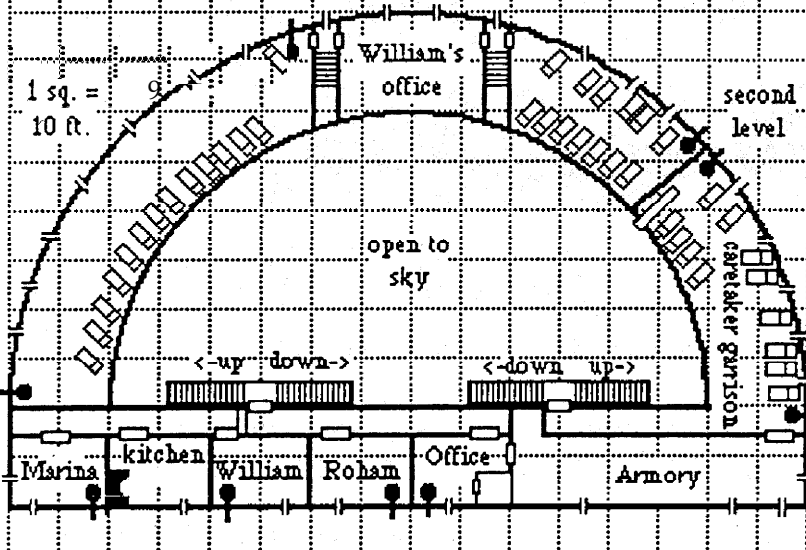
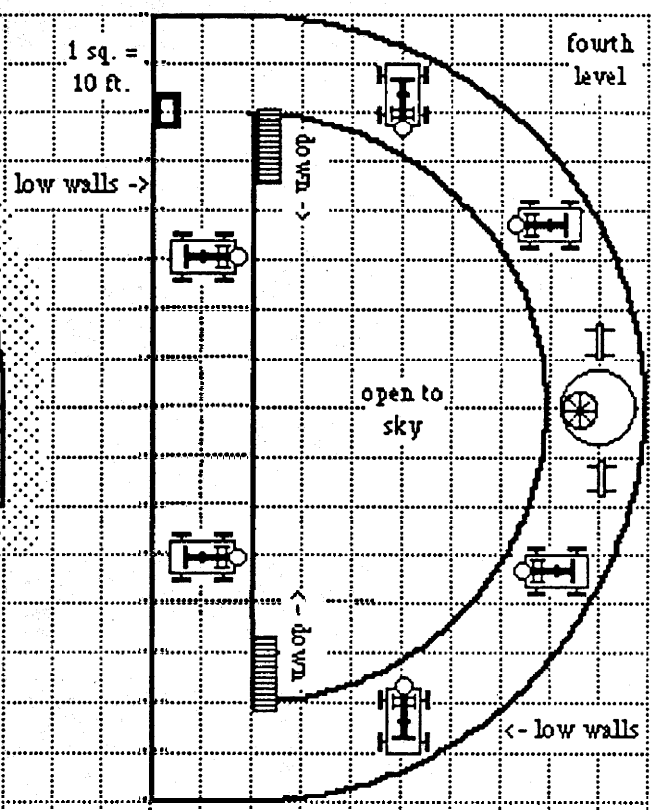
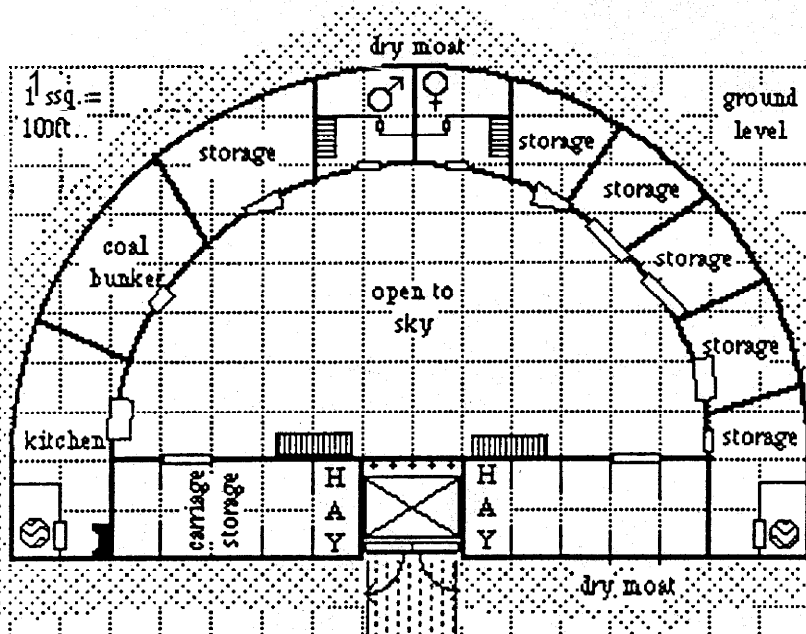
**Background:** Lord William Longbottle is the younger brother of Lord Calvin Longbottle, Regent of the Harbor (see LC1— *Gateway to Raven's Bluff*, page 18). In his youth, William moved to Scardale to study engineering, where he met and married his wife, Virginia. After graduation they moved back to Ravens Bluff, had five children, and William went into architecture. Over the years, he has gained much esteem and is a much sought after engineer/architect, designing new buildings for several land owners. Wealthy PCs would gain much local prestige if they bought a building or home designed by William Longbottle.

With his education and work experience, William became a subordinate harbor master, in charge of building the lighthouse and maintaining it. (He continues to design other buildings for the city and private customers.) William objected to turning the

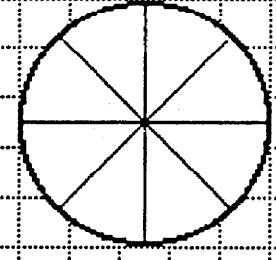
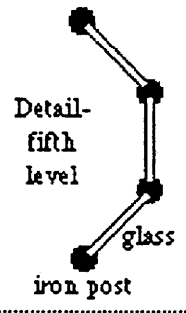
lighthouse into a fortress because he feared that a fortress commander would be more worried about maintaining military effectiveness than keeping the beacon working properly. However, he has successfully worked with Arvid Roham for nearly 20 years, in spite of an early feud.

William is friendly with Draco Elass (see LC1, *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 42) and visits him once a month. William also visits the harbor regularly, talking to any ship captain or adventurer who has recently arrived. If anyone tells William he has been in or near the Sea of Fallen Stars (not just the Dragon Reach), William asks the character if he has seen a middle-aged, blond-haired woman with blue eyes, who calls herself Virginia.

William's wife, Virginia Longbottle, disappeared four years ago while traveling by ship to Scardale. Priests told him that Virginia was captured by pirates and is still alive. However, William does not know where Virginia has been taken. If asked why he has not gone in search of his wife, himself, William says that he feels he must stay in Ravens Bluff to help his brother, Calvin, and to insure that his wife still has a home to return to. Secretly, William knows that he is almost useless in a fight and is



- LEGEND**
- well
  - cots
  - fireplace
  - stove
  - ballista
  - gong
  - spiral stairs
  - arrow slit
  - catapult



roof  
1 sq. = 4 ft.

# The Lighthouse

afraid of being enslaved, himself.

William has four sons and a daughter. William's sons have left Ravens Bluff in search of their mother in the Sea of Fallen Stars, while his daughter, Marina Longbottle, is staying with him until she gains the skills she needs to join her brothers.

## Marina Longbottle

2nd-Level Human Female Fighter

**STR:** 18/05

**INT:** 14

**WIS:** 13

**DEX:** 16

**CON:** 17

**CHR:** 15

**AC Normal:** 1

**AC Rear:** 4

**Hit Points:** 20

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Languages:** Common, Dwarvish, Elvish

**Age:** 19

**Height:** 5'5"

**Weight:** 148 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Blond/Light blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long bow, long sword (specialized), short sword

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Hunting (12), riding, land-based (16), swimming (18)

**Magic Item:** *Chain mail* +1

**Appearance:** Marina wears her hair waist-length. Her muscles are highly developed, but are not oversized. She never leaves home without both of her swords. Marina wears dark green-, grey-, and brown-colored clothing. She smiles at everyone. On formal occasions, she wears a yellow and blue dress with a slender silver necklace worth 20 gp.

**Background:** As a child, Marina wanted to be an adventurer after listening to stories told to her by a bard. Marina's older brothers were the first to teach her weapon skills. Over the past three years she has also adventured and trained with Arvid Roham. She has already fought and killed several lesser monsters, many miles east of Ravens Bluff. Marina is not sure why Roham gives her his attention, but loves learning fighting knowledge and skills from a professional adventurer. When Marina becomes a third-level fighter, she will find her older brothers and join the search for their mother.

Marina is friendly with Omelia Trom, who works in the open air market (see POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #44) and Nola Loman, who lives upstairs in the Glow Shop (POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #48). She has a happy, free spirit, coupled with a desire to become a renowned fighter. If she hears a character speak about adventures in the Sea of Fallen Stars, she will try to get close enough to eavesdrop.

## Arvid Roham

9th-Level Human Male Fighter

**STR:** 18/53

**INT:** 14

**WIS:** 12

**DEX:** 14

**CON:** 17

**CHR:** 10

**AC Normal:** 2

**AC Rear:** 2

**Hit Points:** 81

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Languages:** Common, Dwarvish, Elvish, Gnomish

**Age:** 45

**Height:** 6'4"

**Weight:** 210 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Dark brown/Gray

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long bow, long sword, short sword, battle axe (specialized), dart, harpoon

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Blind-fighting, direction sense (13), endurance (17), navigation (12), land-based riding (15), swimming (18)

**Magic Items:** *Chain mail* +3, *battle axe* +3

**Appearance:** When visiting town, Roham wears blue-and maroon-colored clothing. When dressing for an adventure, he wears dark green and gray. While on duty, Roham wears a standard Ravens Bluff military uniform. This is a maroon tunic with gray tights and short leather boots dyed to match the tunic. Officers such as Roham wear a gray cloak and a black and red sash. (The uniform's basic design and color scheme were decided by default 20 years ago, when Lady Lauren DeVillars [see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 23] donated 300 uniforms to the city. Thinking it unwise to refuse the gift, the city was compelled to outfit all its troops in similar uni-

forms. Lady Lauren regularly donates replacement uniforms as the old ones wear out, which insures that the city troops continue to use her uniform design.)

**Background:** Roham was a captain in the Scardale Marine Corps until he disagreed with Lord Aumersain's plans to take over the Dales. After his dismissal, Roham came to Ravens Bluff, leaving his family in Scardale so he could devote his full attention to finding a well-paying job. He missed his family a great deal and worked hard to earn enough money to move them to Ravens Bluff.

Presently, his family shares his quarters in the fortress. However, Roham has been saving money to build his own house and he is very close to having enough. To collect more money, Roham and Marina go on short adventures that take 10 days or less.

Shortly after Roham came to the city, Lord Gaius Varros (see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 10) noticed his experience with naval infantry and appointed him to the position of "Chief Coastal Defender." Roham's first official act was to persuade the Mayor to fortify the new lighthouse, which started a feud between Roham and William Longbottle that lasted almost 12 years.

Roham's current duty is to maintain the fortress and to keep it and the garrison ready for action. As Ravens Bluff's first line of defense, Roham has, at any one time, 10 or more first-level fighters under his command. One third-level fighter with the rank of sergeant is in charge of the fighters' routine duties. Moreover, Roham is designing a series of watchtowers that will guard Ravens Bluff against any surprise invasion by sea.

Roham has been entrusted with the command word for an ancient, magical bell that can summon aid to the city (see **Calvan's Bell**, page 54). He keeps the bell locked in his quarters.

Roham treats Marina Longbottle as if she were his son, spending two-to-three hours every day teaching her archery and swordsmanship. Roham has taken Marina on several adventures and takes pride in helping her talents develop. Roham knows Marina has the potential to be a great fighter, but has not told her so. If anyone harms Marina in any way, Roham will seek out the offender and bring him to justice.

# The Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission

The Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission is a new, one-story brick building with a tile roof. The mission serves as a tavern and restaurant that caters to locals and also functions as a full-service boarding establishment, serving transients who pay an annual fee. It is owned and operated by four retired adventurers who call themselves the "Far Guardians." The Guardians founded the original mission eight years ago, after deciding they had seen enough of the world and had earned enough gold to give back to the world some of what they had reaped.

During their adventuring days, the group specialized in long wilderness treks and served as excellent escorts and guides for clients who wanted to make long treks quickly. The Guardians—Roscoe Carter, Shayn of the Many Lights, Joah Moonfriend, and Kolyn Sundancer—explored much of Faerun and even parts of Kara-Tur (where they picked up a smattering of eastern customs and fighting techniques).

When they came to Ravens Bluff to retire, they jointly contemplated how to dispose of their accumulated wealth and eventually purchased an old wooden building near the docks. Within the old edifice, they opened a business to serve the average sailor, caravan traveler, or teamster whose work usually goes unappreciated by most of the people who benefit from it. The mission has been a much revered institution ever since.

When a terrible plague swept the docks two years ago, the Guardians converted the mission into a public hospital. As the worst of the epidemic passed, they razed the old building and erected the new Mission on the old site.

Prices in the bar and restaurant are very low, and some of the food and drink served is strange to many locals, but the mission has no financial problems. It is becoming increasingly popular with adventurers all over Faerun, and the Guardians' pockets are deep.

To gain admittance, working-class travelers are invited to make a suitable donation for a one-year membership (the amount is determined by the person's ability to pay). Once accepted, a member is given a scrimshaw chit bearing the Far Guardians' symbol—four circles linked in a square pattern—and receives a *Shayn's Infallible Identification* spell to prove that he or she has paid for membership. Members receive free meals and lodging when they are in Ravens Bluff. (The Guardians are always on the lookout for deadbeats and nev-

er allow a member to linger for more than a week without a compelling reason).

To provide a further service, the Mission has become a prime recruiting center for ship captains and caravan masters. Disreputable employers are not welcomed, making it a good spot for a group of PCs to find an honest job or commission.

## New Wizard Spell:

### Shayn's Infallible Identification (Alteration)

Level: 4  
Range: Touch  
Components: V,S,M  
Duration: One year  
Casting Time: 4  
Area of Effect: Special  
Saving Throw: None

With this spell, the caster creates a link between an object and its owner. A line of magical force, visible only to the caster, connects the object to one part of its owner's body, usually the head or heart. The line winks out if the object is taken more than three feet from the owner, but automatically reappears when the object comes within range, provided the spells duration hasn't expired.

The line also can be seen with *detect magic*, *detect invisibility*, *true seeing*, or a *robe of eyes*.

The material component for the spell is the object to be identified (which is not consumed in the casting) and a long piece of thread coated with glue at both ends.

## Roscoe Carter

6th/7th-Level Dwarf Male Fighter/Cleric

STR: 10  
INT: 12  
WIS: 16  
DEX: 17  
CON: 16  
CHR: 12

AC Normal: 1

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 64

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Languages: Common, Dwarvish, Shou Lung, Kara-Tur Trade

Age: 136

Height: 4'

Weight: 112 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Brown/Black

**Weapon Proficiencies:** War hammer, battle axe, jujitsu (two unarmed attacks/round for 1d6 points of damage each; AC 7 when unarmored), fall (take ½ damage from any fall), net, lasso

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Animal handling (15), healing (14), herbalism (10), religion (16), read/write Common (13)

**Magic Items:** *Chain mail +1*, *mirror of enlightenment* (see *Oriental Adventures*)

**Spells/day:** 5 5 2 1

## Spheres Accessible:

*All, Astral, Charm, Combat, Creation, Divination, Elemental (minor), Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning, Sun*

**Appearance:** Roscoe is thin for a dwarf. His hair and beard are fairly short and well groomed, but beginning to thin at the top. He always wears a silver disk around his neck (the symbol of his deity, Tymora). Most of his clothing is blue, silver, or gray.

**Background:** Roscoe was born near Hlinter. His parents ran a smithy while Roscoe learned to be a teamster. When Roscoe was 33 years of age, the master merchant of Hlinter had invited all the dwarves in the area to a Hornmoot in Dragon Falls. The Hornmoot was a trap and most of the dwarves were slain in their sleep. Roscoe was one of the few who escaped. After the survivors took their revenge on the deceitful merchant, Roscoe parted company with them and began wandering, searching himself while searching the world, which led him to the worship of Tymora.

After almost 50 years of nomadic adventuring he settled in Cormyr, where he served as a member of the Suzail watch for about three decades. He met Shayn, Joah, and Kolyn while in the Watch and the four friends served together for two more years before ending their military careers and forming the Far Guardians.

Roscoe was once a bitter, disillusioned fellow, but his 90-odd years of adventuring, his military service, and Tymora's guidance helped him to develop a more thoughtful and optimistic attitude. He still can be counted on to point out the worst case scenario in most situations, though.

Roscoe buys the majority of the mission's supplies, so he is well known around the city's fishing boats and butcher shops. He

# The Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission

knows that the Grimhards of the *Fair Weather* (see page 7) are probably up to something because they tend to sell him their meager catches at suspiciously low prices, but he's decided not to ruin the arrangement by asking too many questions. He also has a good rapport with the Bonebreakers of The Two Brothers' Butchery (see POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #59), and often manages to purchase some of their fine sausages at a discount. Roscoe's efforts during the plague saved many lives and the people of the docks have not forgotten it. Many shopkeepers hold their choicest wares until Roscoe has had a chance to buy them.

Nowadays, Roscoe is a voracious reader and can often be seen with his nose buried in a book.

## Shayn of The Many Lights

8th-Level Male Half-Elf Transmuter

STR: 15  
INT: 16  
WIS: 12  
DEX: 15  
CON: 12  
CHR: 17

AC Normal: 1  
AC Rear: 2

Hit Points: 30

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Orcish, Kara-Tur Trade, Thorass

Age: 139

Height: 6'

Weight: 177 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Blond/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Jujitsu (two unarmed attacks/round for 1d6 points of damage each; AC 7 when unarmored), quarterstaff

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Navigation (14), swimming (15), brewing (16), alchemy (14), spellcraft (14)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense* AC 2, staff +2

**Spells/day:** 4 3 3 2, plus one additional *alteration* spell/level

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

*Burning Hands* Light  
*Cantrip* Read Magic

*Color Spray*  
*Dancing Lights*

#### Level Two Spells

*Agannazar's Scorchers\**  
*Continual Light*  
*Flash\*\**

#### Level Three Spells

*Fireball* Item  
*Flame Arrow* *Melf's Minute Infravision*  
*Nchaser's Glowing Globe\** *Meteors*

#### Level Four Spells

*Extension 1* *Rainbow Pattern*  
*Fire Shield* *Shayn's Infallible Identification*  
*Leomund's Secure Shelter*

\*See FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures*

\*\*See LC2— *Inside Ravens Bluff*, page 40

**Appearance:** Shayn's dual heritage is obvious. He has broad shoulders and a square jaw, but also has pointed ears and long tapered fingers. His hair is very light and is always cut short. His eyes have bright silver flecks. Shayn dresses in bright, colorful clothes, and all his garments have the symbol of his deity, Lliira (three linked six-pointed stars) embroidered on the right breast.

**Background:** Shayn was born to Joehl and Sheyrii Bellsater (gold elf and human, respectively). His parents were mages who studied and taught in Evereska; they began Shayn's magical training even before he learned to speak. All of Evereska's wizards quickly recognized Shayn's special affinity for magic dealing with light and fire, and it was generally agreed that he was blessed by Lliira for his constant cheerfulness.

By age 110, Shayn was accompanying his father and other elves from Evereska in the search for a site for a new elven settlement. After the expedition established a settlement in the Greycloak Hills, Shayn decided that he enjoyed exploration, so he set off on his own. He fell on hard times after adventuring for five years, so he settled in Suzail and joined the watch. There he met the other Far Guardians.

When the group decided to retire, Shayn resisted the idea. However, he soon discovered that running the mission could be as enjoyable as adventuring—and much less

*Shocking Grasp*  
*Wizard Mark*

*Glitterdust*  
*Pyrotechnics*  
*Wizard Lock*

dangerous.

Shayn is a merry soul. He usually can be found moving among the patrons in the restaurant, conversing and swapping gossip and tales of wine, women, and adventure. He is responsible for stocking the bar. He buys some wares from local brewers and importers, but also stocks some of his own products. He has been trying for several years to recreate *jhuuld*, the fire wine. His failures are legendary among adventurous members who have tasted them.

## Joah Moonfriend

6th-Level Human Bard

STR: 15  
INT: 18  
WIS: 13  
DEX: 15  
CON: 16  
CHR: 15

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 8

Hit Points: 40

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Kara-Tur Trade, Espruar, Thorass

Age: 39

Height: 5'11"

Weight: 203 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Brown/Blue

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Gaff/hook, bola, nekode

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Appraising (18), disguise (15), read/write Common (19), artistic ability (13), storytelling (13), cooking (18)

**Magic Items:** *Common everproducing rice mortar* (see *Oriental Adventures*), *ring of protection* +2

**Spells/day:** 3 2, plus *Presper's moonbow* once a day

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

*Armor* *Detect Magic*  
*Cantrip* *Read Magic*  
*Dancing Lights* *Scatterspray\**

#### Level Two Spells

*Blur* *Glitterdust*  
*Detect Invisibility* *Whispering Wind*

\*See FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures*



# The Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission

**Appearance:** Joah's blue eyes change shades to match his moods. He keeps his hair long and tied back from his face. He cultivates a neatly-trimmed beard, but then periodically shaves it off, waits a while, and starts a new one. Joah's clothes are black and white and he varies the amount of each color to match the current phase of the moon. (When the moon is full, for example, Joah dresses all in white.)

**Background:** Joah was born to Vergana Lyturuhl, a seamstress, and Kanath, a hunter, in the village of Maskyr's Eye. At age 10, he began working at the Wizards Hand Inn and got his first taste of bardic singing and storytelling.

When the Lord Mayor O'Kane (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7) began rebuilding Ravens Bluff, Kanath moved his family there, looking for a better life for all of them. Helping to restore the Living City seemed to be a hopeless task for Joah, so he left his parents after three years and headed for "the big time," or so it seemed to the fledgling bard.

He eventually found himself in Cormyr, where audiences were less than enthusiastic. He had to join the watch just to survive. The military life didn't appeal to Joah either, but he soon made friendships that made it worthwhile, namely, Roscoe and the other Far Guardians.

While adventuring with the group, Joah did a service to the goddess Selune, who rewarded him with the ability to cast a *Presper's moonbow* spell each day. When the group decided to retire, Joah talked them into returning to Ravens Bluff.

Joah tends to be withdrawn and silent when dealing with individual strangers, but boisterous and animated when storytelling in front of a group or discussing a matter with his friends. He is a night person, a late riser, and is of little use to anyone if awakened before midday.

Joah serves as head cook and housekeeper for the mission—in theory, anyway. He usually spends his time reading or listening to new stories. He lets an employee handle the main tasks in the kitchen and uses *cantrips* to keep the place tidy. Joah has developed a friendly rivalry with Embrol Sludge (see POLYHEDRON™ Newszine #46), over who is the better cook, and this has blossomed into a stew-cooking contest every Midsummer.

## Kolyn Sundancer

7th-Level Male Half-Elf Thief

**STR:** 13

**INT:** 14

**WIS:** 12

**DEX:** 16

**CON:** 13

**CHR:** 18

**AC Normal:** 3

**AC Rear:** 5

**Hit Points:** 38

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Halfling, Centaur, Merman

**Age:** 132

**Height:** 5'9"

**Weight:** 177 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Honey blond/Silver

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Hand crossbow, rapier, chain

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Fast Talk (16), ventriloquism (12), bookkeeping (12), gaming (18)

**Magic Items:** *hand crossbow of speed +1, leather armor +3*

### Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
35	75	60	60	20	35	85	10

**Appearance:** Kolyn keeps his hair cut short in front, but lets it hang down over his collar in back. He is a bit heavy for his height, but otherwise could be taken for an elf with his pointed ears, metallic eyes, and delicate features. He always wears the latest fashions, favoring red and orange.

**Background:** Kolyn was born in Evereska to the elven sage Maryliin Sundancer and a human adventurer whose name has never been revealed. Soon after Kolyn's birth, his father felt the familiar pangs of wanderlust. When Maryliin refused to leave with him, he deserted her for points south, never to be heard from again.

Kolyn grew up in the elven community and was always looked down upon because of his half-human heritage. However, he took great delight in annoying those who were most disturbed by his presence. He frequently turned up snoozing in a patriarch's tightly-locked private garden, swimming in a matron's personal pool, and

appearing as an uninvited guest at both private and diplomatic parties. As he got older, he became bolder, more charismatic, and a much more accomplished rogue. By the time he was age 78, he had attracted too much attention from the elders' daughters and younger sons, so he was officially "invited" to leave the High Valley.

Kolyn was more than happy to leave the society that considered him to be a "N'Tel-'Quess" ("not a person"), and spent the next few decades offering his thief talents to various adventuring groups of good alignment. While adventuring, he became a follower of Sune, earned the goddess's favor, and received a draught of the *Evergold*, which raised his Charisma to 18.

Eventually Kolyn found his way to Cormyr, where he lived for two years before joining the Suzail watch and helping to form the Far Guardians.

Kolyn is a truly free spirit—an odd characteristic for a person who keeps a mission's books. His years as a wandering rogue taught him that a strict and tidy accounting of any group's assets can go a long way in holding it together (and protect the neck of a light-fingered, but honest thief in its midst). He takes his accounting seriously and would never dare to cheat his comrades (although he has *thought* about it from time to time).

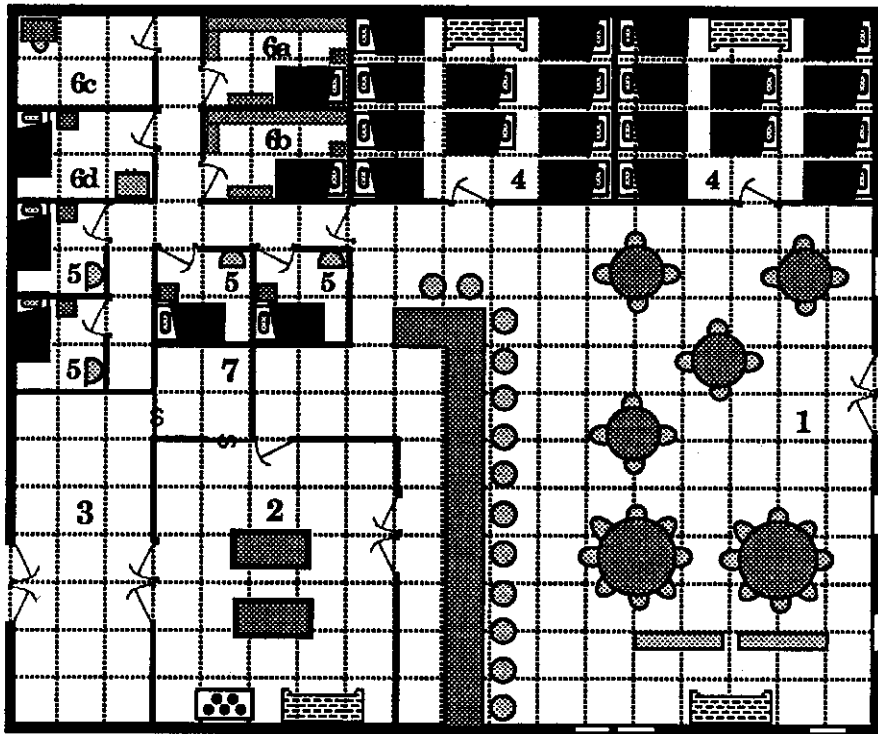
Kolyn is a favorite with the ladies and a common sight in the city's high-class taverns and upper-crust parties.

## The Mission Layout

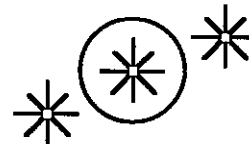
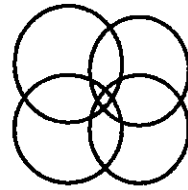
The mission faces the sea. The emblem of the Far Guardians and a simple sign, "Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission," hangs over the outer double doors.

**(1) — Dining Room:** This chamber is decorated with mementos. The ceiling and walls are festooned with wagon wheels, fishing nets, saddles, an anchor, and other gear. The room's left wall has a great fireplace and hearthstone with two benches, so guests can warm themselves by the fire. A long bar with tall stools spans the room's right side and several dining tables with chairs are scattered between. A framed drawing hangs behind the bar: a caricature of the Far Guardians, drawn by Aster of the Mooney and Sons Circus (see LC2—*Inside Ravens Bluff*, page 26).

# The Far Guardians' Traveler's Mission



The Sign of  
The Far  
Guardians



Sigil of Shayn  
of the  
Many-Lights

Key

1 square = 5 ft.



Stove

Bed



Shelves



Table



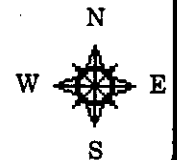
Chair/Stool



Fireplace



Window



**(2)–Kitchen:** This is a simple affair, with one fireplace and one cooking stove. Two heavy tables for food preparation sit in the middle of the room. Each of these is equipped with side racks that hold knives and utensils of all sorts. The floor is tiled for easy cleaning.

**(3)–Storage Room:** This serves as a pantry, common closet, and distillery. There are crates and barrels filled with food and drink, some of which is purchased locally and some of which is produced by Joah's *everproducing rice mortar*. The room also contains boxes of old clothes, unused adventuring equipment, and non-valuable items that guests have placed in storage. Shayn has claimed one corner for his still and brewing supplies; the wall behind them bears stains and scorch marks from some of his more spectacular failures.

**(4)–Bunk Rooms:** Each of these two rooms contains 10 sturdy bunks, a fireplace, and small table. They perpetually smell of tobacco smoke and the sea.

**(5)–Private Rooms:** These rooms are reserved for visiting sea captains and other favored (or high-paying) guests. Each room

has a bed, night stand, chair, chest of drawers, and a lamp.

**(6a)–Shayn's Room:** This chamber is lined with bookcases packed with books on magic, brewing, and the theory of light and color. There is a neatly-made bed and a night table which bears a six-inch crystal with an image of the Far Guardians embedded in it. (This is a portrait ball purchased from Jantz Thozzil of the Mooney and Sons Circus, *Inside Ravens Bluff*, page 29.)

**(6b)–Roscoe's Room:** This room is stuffed with books. They are crammed onto shelves, stacked under the bed, and heaped on the nightstand. When Roscoe finds himself piling books onto the floor, he loads most of them into boxes, carries them into the storeroom, and starts collecting new ones. A drawer in the nightstand contains his notes for a book on the Far Guardians' adventuring days. Though the work is well done, he hasn't finished it because he fears it would be regarded as an exercise in vanity.

**(6c)–Joah's Room:** This chamber is as large as the others, but seems the most cramped. It is packed with a mind-boggling

conglomeration of books, notes, story ideas, songs and music, recipes, and cheap trinkets. The only furniture is a small desk and chair—Joah sleeps on a bedroll in whatever space he can clear when he finally goes to sleep in the wee hours of the morning. All of the desk's four drawers are filled to the brim with papers and miscellaneous junk. There is a skylight in the ceiling that Joah keeps open during good weather.

**(6d)–Kolyn's Room:** This room has a bed, a night table, a wardrobe filled with fine clothes, and a full-length mirror in a gilded frame (this is Kolyn's *mirror of enlightenment*). Kolyn keeps his ledger here, along with the mission's cash box, in a secret compartment in the bottom of the wardrobe. There usually is 150-275 gp worth of coins and small gems in the box, depending on how brisk business is.

**(7)–Secret Room:** This is accessible only from the kitchen and the store room. It contains the Guardians' weapons and unused magic items. This is also where the mission stores its scrimshaw membership discs and many valuable items entrusted by the guests to the management for safekeeping.

# High Seas Shipbuilding

## High Seas Shipbuilding

Hugh Sandor is the owner of the High Seas Shipbuilding Company and is a descendent of a long line of great shipwrights. His grandfather founded the shipyard on Coker Wharf, an area of the harbor where the water is very deep close to the shore. His father, Colin, expanded the business into ship repair as well. Seven years ago, Colin died and Hugh took over the family business. Hugh has displayed creative leadership and has made the High Seas Company one of the most profitable businesses on the waterfront.

Hugh and his partner, Corbet Coker, became friends after several successful joint ventures. Together, they nearly monopolize shipping in the Port of Ravens Bluff. Nearly all tall ships in the immediate area of the Dragon Reach are built, serviced, and loaded and unloaded on Coker Wharf.

## Hugh Sandor

0-Level Human Male

**STR:** 9  
**INT:** 15  
**WIS:** 10  
**DEX:** 11  
**CON:** 17  
**CHR:** 13

**AC Normal:** 10

**AC Rear:** 10

**Hit Points:** 8

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Hill Dwarvish

**Age:** 50

**Height:** 5'5"

**Weight:** 148 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Gray

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Club, dagger

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Shipbuilding (9), reading/writing (16)

**Magic Item:** Chain mail +1

**Background:** Hugh dresses in yellow and black, which makes him easy to spot on the docks. He is greedy and can be dangerous if someone comes between him and more wealth. If Hugh wants something and cannot possess it legally, he hires others to get it illegally. With ship traffic increasing, Hugh is well on his way to becoming a pow-

erful person in the merchant guild.

In the basement of his home, there is a secret door which leads to a room that holds at least 2D6 X 100 gp in several chests.

If confronted by PCs, Hugh will deny any connection to Corbet Coker or Edward Magney (see below). He insists he and Corbet are neighbors, nothing more. Hugh will not fight the PCs unless they attack first. If put on trial, Hugh might betray his associates for a lighter sentence.

## The Coker Wharf Company

The Coker Wharf Company is a large warehouse facility on the water, right next to High Seas Shipbuilding. Its front entrance is a double-gate of iron bars which is left open during the day. At night, the gate is locked and guarded by four first-level fighters. Suspended above the gate is a small wooden sign that reads, "Coker Wharf Company." An unpainted wooden palisade encloses the Wharf Company on three sides.

Shallow water near the shore and warehouse has forced the erection of ramps and piers which project 100' into the harbor. If the PCs look into the water while upon the approach ramps, they may note that the water is only one-to-three feet deep. Twenty five feet out, though, the bottom drops off suddenly, creating an ideal place for large merchant ships to unload their cargoes.

The main warehouse is a simple windowless structure, painted white with dark brown accents. "Coker Wharf Company" is written in Common and with 10-foot-tall black letters on the harbor side. The bay doors are open during the day and are locked with expensive steel bolts at night. (These locks were designed by Corbet himself, and are -25% to lock picking attempts.)

The warehouse contains imports and exports, including creosote, copper ore, dried fruits, glassware, pottery, molasses, sugar, spices, and bottled wines. Soft coal for cooking and heating is also shipped into Ravens Bluff by way of Coker Wharf, in 50-pound canvas sacks. PCs with a Strength of 15 or better can get a job here, loading and unloading ships.

There is a two-story rectangular tower on each end of the warehouse, with windows on the second floor. The second floors of

the towers hold offices and are reached by curved oaken staircases. One tower is for Corbet and the other is used by his wine merchant, Veda Silas.

Corbet's offices contain company records and long term contracts. Hidden in a secret compartment in his mahogany desk is his journal. In it there is reference to a 500 gp payment to Edward Magney.

## Corbet Coker

8th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 13  
**INT:** 15  
**WIS:** 11  
**DEX:** 17  
**CON:** 12  
**CHR:** 16

**AC Normal:** 4

**AC Rear:** 7

**Hit Points:** 8

**Alignment:** Lawful Neutral

**Languages:** Common, Hill Dwarvish, Elvish, Wharf Slang

**Age:** 77

**Height:** 6'0"

**Weight:** 165 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Black/Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, short sword, dagger, dart, club, cutlass

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Reading/writing (16), jumping (13)

**Magic Item:** Ring of protection +3

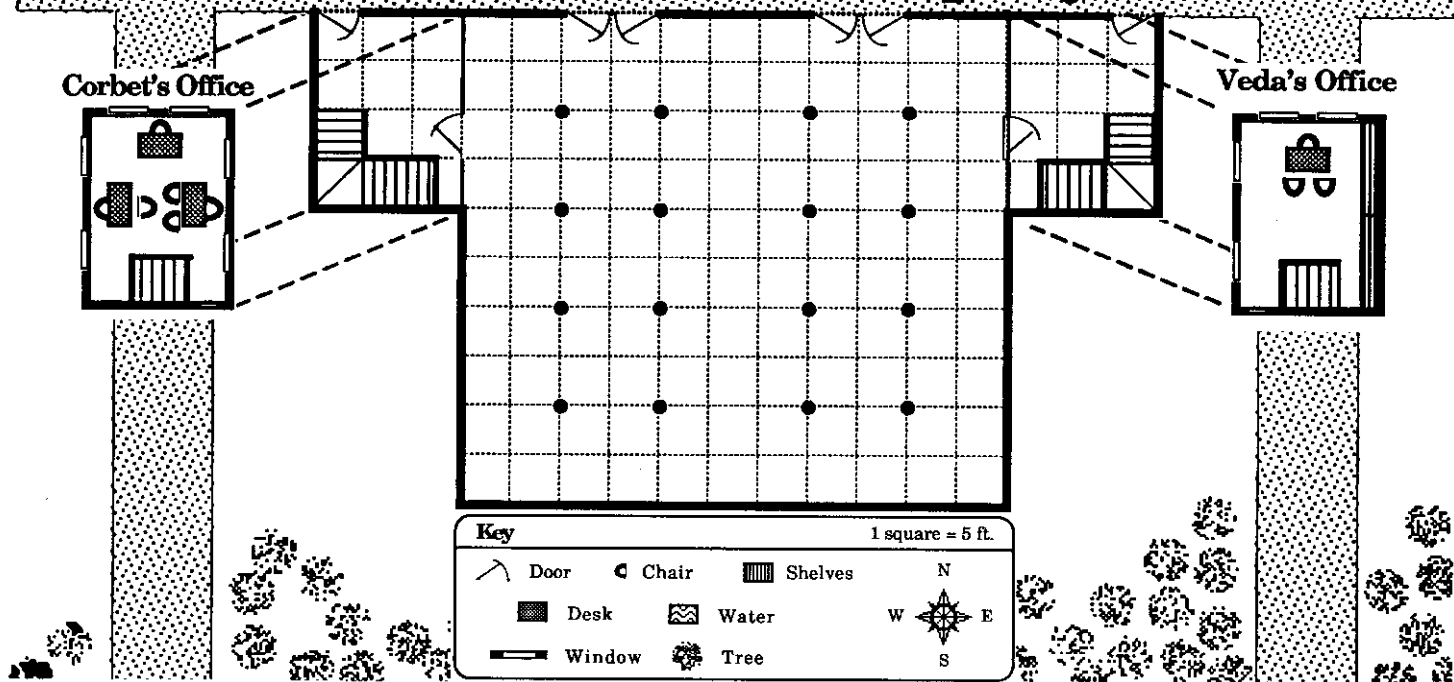
**Appearance:** In the daytime, Corbet wears a long red satin tunic and royal blue trousers. By night, when he is going to rob someone, he wears an all-black jump suit. Corbet wears a short beard which he strokes absently. He cannot speak more than four sentences without saying, "Aaahummm."

**Background:** Corbet Coker was born Hemmet Smithers. After a childhood in poverty, Hemmet spent his teenage years as a thief in several large cities. Then, during a robbery, he was caught and sentenced to be hanged. He bribed the cell guard with a promise of treasure and escaped before his sentence was carried out. He walked all the way to Ravens Bluff. There, he changed his name to Corbet Coker and got his first honest job as a dock worker.

Over the years, he greatly increased his

# High Seas Shipbuilding

## Coker Wharf Company



wealth through pilfering and shrewd investments. Ten years ago, Corbet bought the wharf and renamed it after himself. He had little interest in the sea or in shipping, but Hugh Sandor, looking for investors, sold him on the wharfs under-rated location and the possibility of a shipping monopoly.

Corbet couldn't resist the challenge. His main goal in life is to take money from everyone—and give it to himself. Lately, he has been discussing with Sandor the expansion of the maintenance facilities at High Seas Shipbuilding, hoping to shut-out other shipyards in the harbor (see *Vlard's Maintenance Yard*, page 24).

The Wharf Company and his membership in the merchant's guild also allows Coker to case buildings or homes where most people are not allowed—the merchant's guild holds monthly meetings in the homes of rich members. This has netted him several successful heists over the years. He expects to become the richest man in Ravens Bluff this way.

Corbet sees people in one of two ways: as vassals or enemies. Corbet likes Hugh; their views on gold and power are the same. Against an emergency, Corbet has a collection of precious stones that are worth 14,723 gp, hidden at home. Corbet works

alone and will not adventure with a group. He will sometimes hire professional adventurers to find *longevity potions* for him—he is desperately afraid of growing old.

### Edward Magney

6th-Level Male Human Fighter

**STR:** 17

**INT:** 9

**WIS:** 10

**DEX:** 15

**CON:** 16

**CHR:** 10

**AC Normal:** 4

**AC Rear:** 4

**Hit Points:** 48

**Alignment:** Lawful Evil

**Languages:** Common, Hill Dwarvish

**Age:** 63

**Height:** 5'9"

**Weight:** 178 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Red/Hazel

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Footman's flail, harpoon, javelin, quarterstaff, short sword, whip

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Blind-

fighting, endurance (16), land-based riding (horses) (13), survival (9), swimming (17)

**Magic Items:** *Bracers of defense AC 4, short sword +2*

**Background:** Edward's first job was as a soldier in a mercenary army. He had worked his way up to sergeant before his army was annihilated attacking a dwarf city, leaving Edward alive but unemployed.

Edward's second job was one working for Titan, a male adult blue dragon. Titan burned villages to the ground by dropping pots of Greek fire on them (see the *Player's Handbook*, chapter 6; miscellaneous equipment; oil), and then he stole all the valuables within his reach. Then, after a few hours, Titan would send Edward into the ruins to collect any treasure the dragon could not get at himself. Titan allowed Edward to keep 10% of anything he found. This arrangement worked well for several years, until Titan died at the hands a party of adventurers led by a dwarf. (Understandably, Edward's enmity toward dwarves is ceaseless.)

Edward escaped from the party, fled to Ravens Bluff, and found a stable job as a foreman in the Coker Wharf Company—

# High Seas Shipbuilding

and as an industrial saboteur. He has not made many friends since he came to town. The Coker dock workers know him by sight and avoid him if possible.

If Edward is confronted by PCs, he will fight until he falls below 10 hit points and then run or surrender. He will attack dwarves in preference to all other races. If there is water nearby, Edward may try to dive in and swim away.

## Veda Silas of The Black Rose Tribe

7th-Level Female Half-Elf Wizard

**STR:** 11  
**INT:** 18  
**WIS:** 12  
**DEX:** 15  
**CON:** 16  
**CHR:** 17

**AC Normal:** 7

**AC Rear:** 8

**Hit Points:** 23

**Alignment:** Lawful Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Sylph, Triton, Bronze Dragon, Centaur, Satyr

**Age:** 47 (appears 20)

**Height:** 5'11"

**Weight:** 145 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Strawberry blond/Brown

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Dagger, dart

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Wine history (17), wine tasting (17), etiquette (17), spellcraft (16), reading/writing (19)

**Magic Items:** *Ring of protection* +2, *dagger* +3 (detects alcoholic beverages in a 120' radius three times per day)

**Spells/day:** 4 3 2 1

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

*Affect Normal Fires* Sleep  
*Charm Person* Tenser's Floating Disc  
*Read Magic* Unseen Servant

#### Level Two Spells

*Blur* Whispering Wind  
*Knock* Wizard Lock  
*Web*

#### Level Three Spells

*Fly* Suggestion  
*Protection From Evil*  
*10' Radius* Tongues

*Secret Page*

### Level Four Spells

*Minor Creation* Wall of Ice  
*Shout*

**Appearance:** Veda dresses in grays and browns. She does not carry her darts inside of Ravens Bluff, but she never leaves her house without a dagger belted to her right hip. Her hair is very long.

**Background:** Veda Silas grew up as the third child of a wealthy vineyard owner. In her childhood she was introduced to wine appreciation. Even so, it was clear to Veda that her two older brothers were going to take over their father's business and did not need or want her around.

Veda studied magic under several wizards before moving to Ravens Bluff. To support her continuing studies, Veda became Corbet's wine merchant. She has seen Corbet, Edward, and Hugh talking together many times, and knows they are up to something. Her respect for authority figures prevents her from investigating Corbet's activities, but she will report to the city guard any unlawful conduct she sees.

Veda's love in life is the appreciation of fine wines; she often is able to identify the vintage and price of any wine. She loves the fact that many wealthy citizens of Ravens Bluff come to her for advice on wine. Veda lives in her own house and keeps her spell books in a lead-lined secret room. She also owns more than 300 bottles of vintage wine, valued at 4,500 gp.

Veda believes that cutting one's hair is a moral, physical, and social evil. She makes derogatory remarks about men or women who wear their hair shorter than two feet long. She is very friendly to elves and half-elves. Veda has a half-sister named Regina who visits her in Ravens Bluff once a year.

Veda adventures infrequently, but will go with a party under three conditions: first, the entire party be of good or neutral alignment; second, there must be a possibility of recovering vintage wines; third, the party must agree to transport any found bottles or kegs of wine back to civilization.

## Regina Daystar

10th-Level Female High Elf Fighter

**STR:** 14  
**INT:** 18  
**WIS:** 15

**DEX:** 16

**CON:** 15

**CHR:** 17

**AC Normal:** 0

**AC Rear:** 2

**Hit Points:** 87

**Alignment:** Chaotic Good

**Languages:** Common, Elvish, Gnomish, Halfling

**Age:** 127 (appears 20)

**Height:** 5'11"

**Weight:** 145 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Amber/Gray

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Long sword, long bow, dagger, lance, javelin, morning star, battle axe

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Animal lore (18), blind-fighting, endurance (15), mountaineering, airborne riding (pegasus) (13), swimming (14)

**Magic Items:** *Elven chain mail* +3, *long bow* +1, *long sword* +3 (*sword of sharpness*), *cloak of elvenkind*, *boots of elvenkind*

**Background:** Regina was born into a family of noted explorers who lived in Glacier Valley, a U-shaped depression between two mountains. Regina has taken up the family business and makes a living exploring, map-making, and expanding what people know of the world. She works seasonally for Coker's, making various maps. She knows they want the information so they can decide where to expand next. Although she does not care for their politics, the pay is good and she enjoys the company of Veda, her best friend.

Regina is self-promoting; she has named several islands, lakes, and mountain passes after herself. She is wild, free-spirited, and likes to do things on a whim. She has dedicated her life to freedom and loves to fly on her pegasus, Zephyr, into a clear morning sky. She feels it is her duty to kill monsters which have harmed wildlife, humans, or elves. She loves gems and will take them exclusively as her share of any treasure the party finds. Regina will go into the underworld, but prefers to adventure inside green woods or upon mountain meadows covered with wild flowers. Regina will join a group of adventures to explore any part of the surface world that she has not yet explored.

# Cat And Mouse

## Catharine "Cat" Kincaid

5th-Level Female Human Fighter

STR: 18/32

INT: 14

WIS: 11

DEX: 17

CON: 18

CHR: 15

AC Normal: 1

AC Rear: 4

Hit Points: 39

Alignment: Lawful Good

Languages: Common, Dwarf, Elvish, Wharf Slang

Age: 30

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 155 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Red/Hazel

Weapon Proficiencies: Harpoon (specialized), dagger, lasso

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Blind-fighting, rope use (17), swimming (18)

Magic Items: Chain mail +1, ring of invisibility and inaudibility

**Appearance:** Catharine's fiery red hair matches her temper. Her face would be quite beautiful, but she wears a constant frown. As a member of the city guard, she is almost always wearing armor and weapons. Due to the great deal of time she spends at the docks, her skin is lightly tanned and her hair is always windswept.

**Background:** Catharine was the only child of Martyr Kincaid, a whaler of small renown in Ravens Bluff. Her mother died when she was born, leaving Martyr the difficult task of raising Catharine alone. It was under his critical eye that she learned the ways of the water, rope, and harpoon. Sadly, he died when she was age 14—lost at sea on Earl Finn's boat (see **The Shark Fin**, page 40).

Just when it seemed she would end up in an orphanage (or on the streets), Catherine was taken into the household of her father's best friend, Corporal Jason Shimel of the city guard. She enjoyed a happy life there, but tragedy struck again when Shimel was slain by black marketeers during an investigation on the waterfront. She was 17 years of age by that time and considered herself an adult, but the loss of yet another "parent" brought Catherine great grief and despair

Having lost the two men she admired most, she set out to emulate them. With surprising determination, Catherine joined the city guard and worked her way through the ranks to eventually command the harbor patrol. Now, even during off-duty hours, she can be seen stalking about the area. For this and her fierceness in combat, she has become known as "Cat." Ever prowling among the warehouses and ships, she sees to it that no illegal doings remain secret.

Cat's efforts have brought her numerous offers of promotion and reassignment, but she refuses. A few fellow soldiers speculate she will remain on the docks until she discovers the fate of Finn's ship. Others say she has the sea in her blood and can't live far from it. All agree that, whatever the reason, the harbor is a much safer place because of her.

Part of her success is due to the services of "Mouse," an individual who makes his living by selling information. Cat rescued him some years ago from a pair of smugglers who did not appreciate having their business known. Since then she has used him as her eyes and ears in some of the darkest corners of the port.

## Otto ("Mouse")

3rd-Level Male Human Thief

STR: 12

INT: 14

WIS: 13

DEX: 17

CON: 12

CHR: 15

AC Normal: 6

AC Rear: 9

Hit Points: 12

Alignment: Chaotic Good

Languages: Common, Elvish, Dwarvish, Orcish, Halfling, Wharf Slang

Age: 23

Height: 5'

Weight: 105 lbs

Hair/Eyes: Brown/Bright blue

Weapon Proficiencies: Short sword, dagger

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Local history (15), reading lips (12)

Magic Item: Oil of slipperiness (three applications)

## Thief Skills

PP	OL	FT	MS	HS	DN	CW	RL
30	20	5	70	60	40	75	-

**Appearance:** Otto is a ratty-looking individual who dresses in dingy rags that smell of fish. He occasionally can be seen hiding behind crates or digging through waste barrels, but when Otto wishes, he can be as quiet and unnoticeable as a mouse in a dark corner.

**Background:** Those who don't know Otto generally ignore him, while those who do know him either chase him away or try to avoid him. For those who give chase, however, Otto proves to be a most elusive target. His ability to disappear into the cracks has earned him the name, "Mouse."

Mouse grew up as one of the beggar-children frequently found on the city streets. He does not know who his parents are or even if they live, but it matters little to him. He rather enjoyed growing up on his own and surviving on his wits and talents. Mouse never stayed for more than a day or two in the foster homes where he was repeatedly placed. He roamed the streets with other urchins and enjoyed the harsh but independent lifestyle.

By fate or chance, the harbor became Mouse's territory. Over the years he learned every alleyway, sewer grating, and loose fence board. Anyone, even rangers, chasing him through the harbor must make a Wisdom check every round or lose every trace of him.

While Mouse does odd jobs for an honest copper here and there, he usually makes his living by selling information. Indeed, by talking with and listening to various travelers who frequent the docks, Mouse has learned much useful information and several languages. There is little said or done on the docks that Mouse does not find out about. He sells his information to the city guards or to other less reputable individuals, whichever is more profitable. Sometimes, instead of selling his information, he demands a small bribe for his silence.

In any case, Mouse will seldom risk his skin for anything or anyone except Cat. Mouse owes his life to her and he always remembers his debts. Besides, she would probably skin him alive if he did not help her. Mouse knows that Cat would catch him, sooner or later, so he does what he can to stay on her good side. If Cat needs intelligence and cannot find it elsewhere, she goes to Mouse and he does his best to get it.



## Calvan's Bell



The main quay in Ravens Bluffs harbor bears a squat stone tower at the water's edge. A short, narrow flight of steps leads up to the top, where a platform holds a *continual light* enchanted beacon and a large, tarnished bell. A hefty wooden mallet is provided for ringing the bell, along with a sign written in Common that reads, "Bell For Emergency Use Only." The beacon marks the quay's end and supplements the large beacon in the lighthouse. The bell provides an additional alarm in the fog, as well as a source of fear in the port area.

The bell, known popularly as Calvan's Bell, is the subject of considerable local folklore.

The most elaborate and popular story about the bell is that it was salvaged from the wreckage of the ship, *Langbutis*, which reputedly sank in an epic battle for control of the harbor. The Lord High Admiral Calvan, Hero of the battle, supposedly went down with his burning ship after routing a giant fleet of pirate invaders. According to the legend, the solid silver bell, heavy as it was, washed ashore on the morning after the battle.

Another legend also claims that the bell can recall Admiral Calvan and his valiant crew from their watery grave at the bottom

of the harbor if it is rung during a time of need. The ghosts will then aid in the defense of the harbor. However, the bell will summon Calvan's enemies if rung at any time other than an emergency. Those ghosts will attack the bell ringer and drag him or her back into the sea with them.

In truth, Lord Calvan, an ancestor of Lord Calvin Longbottle, Regent of the Harbor (see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 18), was a merchant/privateer who lived in Ravens Bluff about 120 years ago, when the city was a haven for rough seamen and pirates. Honest ship captains stopped at the harbor only if they were very brave or compelled by extreme need. Calvan lost his ship and his life when a rival nobleman, not a pirate flotilla, tried to blockade him in the harbor (in those days, Ravens Bluff was a lawless place and ship captains could settle their disputes pretty much as they pleased, wind and tide permitting). Calvan was a proud man. He charged the blockade, ringing the ship's bell furiously, hoping to show his nemesis that he would not be stopped. As the blockade closed upon *Langbutis*, he commanded his helmsman to ram the flag ship. The ships locked together and he took his rival to the bottom along with him, cursing the blockade and ringing the ship's bell

all the way.

Within two decades of that episode, Lord James DeVillars, then Chief Alderman of Ravens Bluff, appointed the first Regent of the Harbor and established law and order. A short time later, a group of underwater explorers discovered the wreck of the old *Langbutis* and unexpectedly recovered an ancient, enchanted bell from the harbor bottom nearby. This bell hung in tower of Narwhal Manor (see LC1, *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 42) until the new quay and lighthouse and fortress were built, 18 years ago, at which time it was moved to the lighthouse/fortress (see **The Lighthouse**, page 42).

Over time, local folklore linked the bell on the quay with the "Calvan" legend and Lord Calvan's heroism grew with each passing generation. (The Longbottle family has done nothing to discourage this.)

When Lord Mayor Charles Oliver O'Kane (see LC1— *Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7) began his harbor improvement program, the ancient bell was carefully studied. Its enchantment was discovered and identified. The Mayor, Lady Lauren DeVillars (*Gateway*, page 23), Lord Calvin Longbottle (*Gateway* page 18), and the small team of wizards and sages who conducted the re-

## Calvan's Bell

search know the bell's true history and powers, but it is carefully guarded knowledge.

If the proper command word is spoken as the bell is rung, it indeed summons the spirits of seaman whose misconduct has caused the death of another, provided their remains lie within five miles of the bell. The spirits of pirates, lazy sailors, mutineers, and other seafaring miscreants appear in the form of lacedons (if their remains lie under water) or ghouls (if the remains lie on land). They function as if conjured by a *monster summoning* spell and must serve the user for one hour. If the summoned spirits fight for a good cause, their misdeeds are erased and they may rest in peace thereafter. If, however, they are forced to perform evil deeds, they remain undead and probably will attack the user when their hour of service expires. In either case, the bell only can summon a particular spirit once. Currently, the bell can summon 120 lacedons from the harbor bottom and 22 ghouls from cemeteries in the city. The DM is free to decide how quickly eligible spirits continue to accumulate, but two-to-five per year is recommended, given the harbor's present clean reputation.

**Lacedon (Ghoul):** Int Low; AL CE; AC 6; MV Sw 9 (9); HD 2; hp 9 each; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA Paralyzation; SD Special (see the *Monstrous Compendium*); SZ M; ML 11; XP 175 each.

When Lord Mayor O'Kane learned about the bell's power, he ordered it placed safely in the new lighthouse/fortress and gave orders that it was to be rung only in time of dire need. The Lord Mayor, the Regent of the Harbor, and the Commander of the Lighthouse Garrison know the bells command word and have some idea what kind of aid that ringing it will bring. However, only the Mayor, Lady DeVillars, and their magical advisors know that after the bell is used once, it may be 20 or more years before it can summon a large force again.

The bell on the quay is only a blackened brass replica of the original. It was placed there to commemorate the downfall of pirates and other enemies of Ravens Bluff. It has no magical properties, and the bracket from which it hangs is actually rigid (its links are welded together), preventing it from swaying. (The locals have noticed the bell never sways in the wind and attribute this to an enchantment.)

The replica bell sounds loudly and clearly

if struck and, occasionally, has been rung during waterfront festivals by a priest or government official. At other times, the bell has been used as an alarm: a squad of harbor guardsmen will quickly appear if it rings. The bell has no magical properties, but anyone who strikes it had better have a good reason for doing so, as neither the guardsmen or the local courts appreciate false alarms. Even locals who believe the legends surrounding the bell don't bother to wonder why High Admiral Calvan or his enemies do not appear after the festival ringings. Those who wonder at all conclude that ringing the bell to observe a holiday constitutes neither a time of need nor an inappropriate time.

### Adventure Ideas for The Bell

- Obviously, any PC foolish enough to mount the stairs and ring the bell capriciously will have a short "adventure" as the harbor guards and city courts spring into action. The DM might allow the PCs to find the bell when no one is about, thus creating the temptation to test the warning on it.

- Either the true bell or the replica is the target of a theft. Perhaps some petty thieves have stolen the replica because of the stories of the bell's reputed age and history. It would require a band of real professionals to penetrate the lighthouse defenses and nab the real bell.

The PCs might be hired to recover the bell, or the thieves might approach the PCs with intent to sell it. (If the PCs are caught with either the original or the replica, they'll be in serious trouble. Likewise, if they recover either bell, they'll be heroes.)

- Either bell is the subject of a blackmail scheme in which some thieves threaten to visit the bell's "curse" on the city unless they collect a hefty ransom. While Lord Mayor O'Kane and his advisors know perfectly well that the bell on the quay isn't cursed, superstitious locals will be quite dismayed by the threat and the PCs might be hired by a citizen coalition to guard the bell. The Mayor and his advisors will be genuinely worried if the real bell is stolen; even more so if the ransom note contains the bells command word. After all, more than 100 undead might do considerable damage in one hour.

### The Wreck of The Sea Lion

Some 10 years ago, the Merchantman *Sea Lion* was nearing Ravens Bluff after a dangerous five-week journey. She was behind schedule and found herself still at sea in mid-Uktar, the height of gale season in the Dragon Reach. After battling her way home through storm-ripped waters, she finally approached the harbor late one night, near midnight. The weary crew held her course and looked forward to sampling the pleasures of Ravens Bluff's taverns. The captain hoped to sail into the anchorage well before dawn.

But the *Sea Lion* was ill-fated. A thick fog closed in and the skipper lost his direction. The ship sailed in circles, vainly searching for the harbor light. As the mist lifted, the ship found herself north of the harbor, in dangerously shallow water. *Sea Lion* came carefully about and edged her way back toward deeper waters and a path to safety.

Suddenly, a ferocious storm struck, tossing the *Sea Lion* like driftwood against the rocky shoals. Her hull fractured and nearly split in two before sinking. Exhausted crewmen who had survived the impact soon perished in the flood—there were no survivors. It is said that the captain died wailing a curse upon the hidden light that could have led his ship to safety.

At low tide, the broken stump of a mast and part of the smashed hull can still be seen just breaking the water's surface, north of the harbor, marking the grave of the *Sea Lion* and her lost crew. It is an eerie reminder of the power of the gales of Uktar. Some say that Uktar's gales have become stronger since the night of the *Sea Lion's* tragic wreck. It also is whispered that on nights when the fog is particularly thick, a shadowy phantom of the *Sea Lion* patrols the waters outside the harbor, still seeking for a light to lead her home. Most laugh at this sailor's tall tale, but for every scoffer there is a believer.

Experienced ship captains often agree that the gales of Uktar have gotten worse since the *Sea Lion* went to her fate. Many mates and sailors also will warn others to avoid the harbor on foggy nights: "She does indeed seek port still, the *Lion* does. I've seen 'er with me good eye!" says one. "'Er 'ull be cracked open and seaweed 'angs from 'er masts like shredded sails. She be manned by corpses, I tell ye, and commanded by a wailing spirit that was 'er captain.

# The Wreck of the Sea Lion

Beware the *Lion*, lads and lassies!"

Another version of the tale speaks of a silent ship, faintly luminous in the fog. Her captain is stationed on the foredeck, wailing his curse upon all who return safely from the sea. The truth or fiction behind these rumors and ghostly apparitions can be determined by the DM.

In fact, the so-called "haunted" wreck of the *Sea Lion* is now home to Locaath Blackmanta, a powerful dark sea elf wizard. It was actually his spells that brought *Sea Lion* to her doom. Locaath wanted treasure and a base from which to prey on the growing sea traffic of Ravens Bluff, so he took advantage of the ship in trouble.

Locaath is a conjurer who delights in calling monsters and storms to bedevil his land- and sea-dwelling neighbors. He is particularly fond of zombie sharks and zombie killer whales, which are quite unnerving to the local fishermen and smugglers.

He is intensely interested in land creatures and civilization, especially in the prospect of controlling and profiting from them. He has taken great pains to learn all that he can about Ravens Bluff and, thus far, has established a weak network of thieves and spies on the waterfront.

Locaath has his spies learn the names and descriptions of smuggling vessels. He finds smugglers to be particularly easy prey because they take such great pains to conceal where and when they are operating, so no one misses them. Of course Locaath sells the cargo he steals through his land accomplices, so the city still has to deal with a substantial flow of illicit goods. Locaath has yet to wield any real power in the Ravens Bluff underworld, but his knowledge and influence is steadily growing.

## Locaath Blackmanta

13th-Level Dark Sea Elf Conjurer

**Intelligence:** Supra-genius (19)  
**Alignment:** Neutral Evil  
**Armor Class:** 3  
**Movement:** 9 (Sw 15)  
**Hit Dice:** 10+3  
**Hit Points:** 48  
**THAC0:** 16  
**No. of Attacks:** 1 or 1 spell  
**Damage/Attack:** 1-4 (dagger) or per spell  
**Special Attacks:** Spells  
**Special Defenses:** Nil  
**Magic Resistance:** Nil

**Size:** M (4'5" tall)  
**Morale:** 17  
**XP Value:** 3,000

**Magic Items:** *Potion of polymorph self, potion of speed, ring of water elemental command, bracers of defense AC 3*

**Spells/day:** 5 5 5 4 4 2, plus an additional *conjunction/summoning* spell for each level

### Spell Books

#### Level One Spells

*Cantrip*† *Light*  
*Color Spray*† *Shocking Grasp*  
*Enlarge*† *Read Magic*  
*Grease*† *Unseen Servant*

#### Level Two Spells

*Fog Cloud*† *Shatter*  
*Glitterdust*† *Spectral Hand*  
*Melf's Acid Arrow*† *Summon Swarm*†  
*Scare*†

#### Level Three Spells

*Dispel Magic* *Slow*†  
*Monster Sum. I*† *Vampiric Touch*†  
*Sepia Snake Sigil*† *Wraithform*  
*Spectral Force*†

#### Level Four Spells

*Emotion* *Improved Invisibility*  
*Evard's Black* *Monster Sum. II*†  
*Tentacles*† *Polymorph Other*  
*Fire Shield*†

#### Level Five Spells

*Animate Dead*† *Monster Sum. III*†  
*Chaos*† *Teleport*†  
*Conjure Elemental*†  
*Mordenkainin's Faithful Hound*

#### Level Six Spells

*Control Weather* *Invisible Stalker*†  
*Ensnarement*†

† indicates spells most frequently carried

**Appearance:** Locaath is small, even for a sea elf. His blue skin has no light patches or stripes like others of his race, and it is darker than usual. He has dark green eyes and hair. His gaze is fish-cold, but penetrating.

**Background:** Locaath has little patience and, although he is very intelligent, he sometimes out-hustles himself. He is so desperately greedy for information which will allow him to control a portion of land that

he will speak of little else to any land-dweller he meets. Consequently, most land-dwellers who could help him either demand exorbitant fees or refuse to cooperate, feeling over-pressured by this unpleasant "sea monster."

## Adventure Ideas for Sea Lion

- Locaath would become much more dangerous if he were to acquire a powerful land-dwelling ally. The Grimhards of the *Fair Weather* (see page 7) and Quaylin McKurk of Quaylin's Home for Wayward Boys (see page 38) would be prime candidates for such an alliance. The PCs might be hired to expose and thwart the unholy alliance, perhaps by one of Locaath's thief-associates.

- Should Locaath learn the true story of Calvin's Bell (see page 54), he'd stop at nothing to get it. If he successfully acquired it, Ravens Bluff would face a grave emergency, indeed. The PCs might be hired to hunt down Locaath before he uses it.

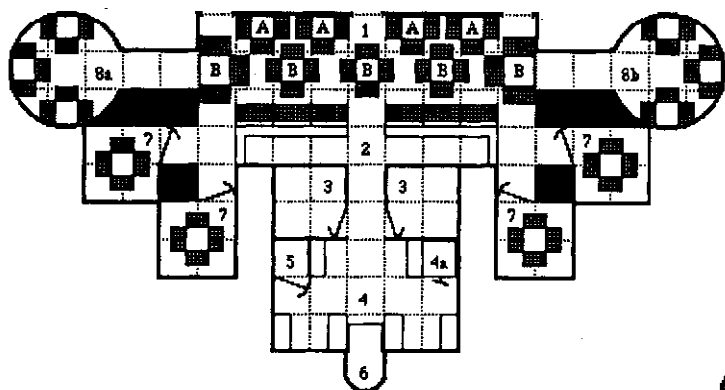
- The PCs could find themselves caught in a web of intrigue, should they investigate either the *Sea Lion* or repeated boat-sinkings which, as of late, have been linked to "ghost ships" by the nightwatch.

The PCs might be drawn to the *Sea Lion* if one of Locaath's thieves or *invisible stalkers* steals one of their items or kidnaps a friend of theirs. Or perhaps Locaath, in his eagerness to establish control over the land, might kidnap an important ambassador or visiting dignitary.

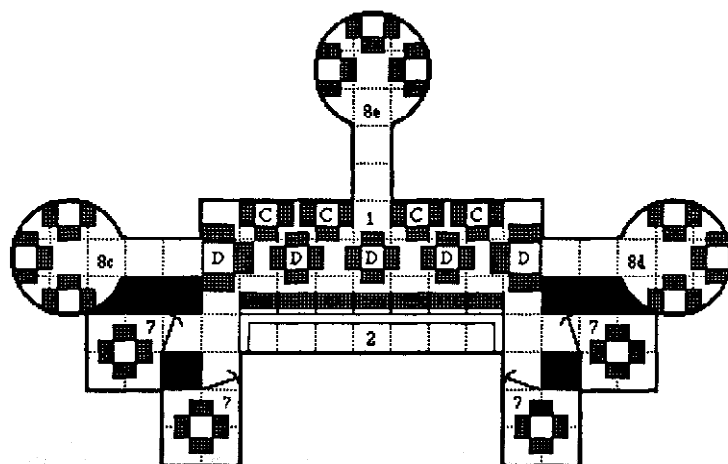
- At least some of the ghostly ships seen in the harbor are *spectral force* spells used by Locaath to distract and confuse his victims. Many other "sightings" are reported by smugglers using the legend to deter close inspection of their vessels (a few strategically cast *light* spells can make even the most innocuous ship look ghostly on a foggy night). The PCs are hired as ghost hunters to find and exorcise the threat.

# Sharkey's Bar & Grill

Lower Level



Upper Level



Sharkey's Bar & Grill is named for its merman owner, Slaythis J'harja. His establishment is not actually in Ravens Bluff proper. Rather, it is located in the harbor, *underwater*, and its existence is unknown to all but a few land-dwellers.

Sharkey has met several land-dwellers during his life, from whom he has heard of restaurants and taverns where one can go to drink, eat, socialize, and find adventure. Intrigued with the idea, he wished to build one in his "homeland" and, for many years, he brainstormed over floor plans and worked out many ideas for a very special undersea restaurant.

Sharkey even approached the Dwarfbilt Construction Company of Ravens Bluff and discussed a number of technical and engineering obstacles with them. The dwarves were fascinated with the project and contributed much to Sharkey's plans, but they were absolutely unwilling to perform any construction in (or on, for that matter) the water. After several escalating offers of gold and treasure, Sharkey gave up and thanked Dwarfbilt Construction for their time and ideas. As he took his leave, though, one of the dwarves pulled him aside and told him of a legend about a race of aquatic cousins of theirs. "They live down deep," he whispered, obviously nervous about being overheard speaking of them. "They like the dark, heavy places, where they have built castles hundreds of stories tall, made of

mammoth stones. They are a cursed race, though. I doubt you would want to work with them, or they with you." Sharkey thanked the dwarf and began to search the seas.

Eventually, Sharkey found the race he was looking for deep in the Sea of Fallen Stars, thanks to a friendly race of tritons. The aquatic dwarves did not live in the gigantic castles of which he had heard, but their underwater cities were, nonetheless, "dwarf-built." He cautiously approached the aquatic dwarves with chests of precious gems. They distrusted Sharkey at first, but he fought brilliantly when a band of sahuagin attacked unexpectedly and gained acceptance after the battle. In short, he not only won them to him, but he convinced a group of them to go to the harbor of Ravens Bluff and build his dream with him.

After discussing several construction options, they resourcefully carved the edifice into the base of a reef in the Living City's harbor. The aquatic dwarves brought some ingenious technology with them, including the plans for an underwater grill, hence Sharkey's Bar & Grill earned its birth and name.

Sharkey's Bar & Grill is always open. The establishment is quite large and serves a very diverse clientele, even including the nastier aquatic races such as an occasional sahuagin and merrow. (As there is always a fair number of good-aligned regulars

present, these evil creatures rarely trouble Sharkey, and they never cause a problem more than once.)

There are three entrances to Sharkey's; each circular, 5' in diameter, and centered 5' above the harbor floor. Though all portals lead into the same bar area, the north door is used primarily by aquatic elves. Several regulars usually sit by this door to insure that sahuagin, merrow, and other evil creatures do not enter here. Those creatures have learned that they are welcome only if they enter through the south door. Similarly, good creatures who enter through the south door risk incurring the similar wrath of the evil races. Mermen and other aquatic races of higher intelligence use the center door.

Locaath Blackmanta (see page 56) is not welcome, and is wary enough of Sharkey and the aquatic dwarves to keep his distance.

## The Layout

### Area 1: The Common Room.

The establishment's three main entrances lead into this large area. It is 45' wide, 20' deep, and 40' tall. Including the front openings, there are 17 exits from this area. In each corner are four exits which lead to private rooms (see Area 7). Two more exits on each side wall open to "drink rooms" (see

# Sharkey's Bar & Grill

Area 8), as does an exit directly above the front center entrance. Finally, an exit in the back wall leads to the kitchen (see Area 4). Four bars are near the back wall (see Area 2), and there are 18 tables in the room. Each table has rods jutting from each corner, between which hang nets that serve as seats for the bar's patrons. Most of the tables are three-foot-square, although those attached to the side walls are four-foot-square. Tables next to a wall are bolted to it while others are suspended by floor-to-ceiling poles through their centers. Tables marked "A" are 5' from the floor, those marked "B" are 15' from the floor, those marked "C" are 25' from the floor, and those tables marked "D" are 35' from the floor.

## Area 2: The Bars

The bar area is part of the same room as Area 1. Each of the four bars is five feet tall, with counters along the top and bases along the bottom. Rods extend from the front of the bars to hold net-seats a few inches from the bar. The bottom bar has a break in the center to allow workers easy entrance to the kitchen. The other three bars run continuously across the room. The tops of the bars are at 5', 15', 25', and 35' from the floor. The bars are supported by floor-to-ceiling poles at five-foot intervals. On the base of each bar are skins and glasses with covers filled with alcoholic syrups.

## Area 3: Storage Areas

Each of these rooms is a 10-foot-square cube. The north room holds barrels, casks, nets, and sacks filled with fish, crustacea, mollusks, plants, and surface meats. The south room holds cages of living aquatic creatures, ready to be prepared and served.

## Area 4: The Kitchen

This room holds two chopping counters and four sets of shelves. The shelves project from the west wall. The northernmost set of shelves holds extra glasses, while the southernmost shelves hold kitchen utensils (mostly knives and cleavers) and several bags containing various thick, spicy sauces. These bags are made of fish skin and taper to a small nozzle which is kept stoppered. Both middle sets of shelves hold many sea shells and nets that are used to serve food.

The north counter, against Area 5, is used to prepare dishes with plants, worms, and

grubs (salads). Meat dishes whose preparations release blood are prepared on the counter next to Area 4a, which has a fan mechanism. The fan is rotated by workers using a pedal set-up on the west side of the fan housing. The fan draws blood from the cutting block and pushes it into a chimney with an outlet near the harbor's surface.

## Area 5: Utility Closet

This small room holds large tools for repair work and several tridents which can be used by workers if the need arises. It also contains cleaning rags (used to wipe sediment from surfaces) and several replacement nets.

## Area 6: The "Grill"

A natural steam vent bubbles up here, and a natural chimney allows escaping air to travel to the surface. Using long, insulated skewers and tongs, cooks can safely place food in the path of the steam and cook it.

## Area 7: Private Rooms

Each is a 10-foot-square cube containing one table (with four net-seats) in the center.

## Area 8: Drink Rooms

Each of these rooms is a sphere, 15' in diameter. Tables are attached to the three "sides" of each room. In addition, tables with four net-seats are located 3' from the base and 12' from the top. A pole from top to bottom holds these tables in place. At the center of the room is an open hole in the pole, into which Sharkey deposits a special creation of his for customers: a semisolid "drink nodule" dissolves over the course of six hours, filling the room with a visible, intoxicating substance. Individuals in these rooms will become intoxicated by "breathing" the atmosphere.

Area 8a has been claimed by aquatic elves, but the rare land-based visiting elf will be welcomed there. Area 8b is reserved for sahuagin, koalinth, and merrow. Area 8c is reserved for aquatic dwarves. Should a land-dwarf ever visit Sharkey's, he or she will be invited to use the same room, as will gnomes and halflings (so long as they behave themselves). Area 8d is used by merrow who welcome the occasional human visitor. Other humanoids and mermanids, such as nixies, sirens, ningyo, and hai nu, are also allowed into Area 8d. Area 8e is re-

served for aquatic races who rarely visit the bar, such as locathah and tritons.

## The Business and Its History

Sharkey started his bar and grill at its current size, including all the tables, chairs, and bars. Most of the materials used came from shipwrecks or were purchased with treasure from shipwrecks. The first customers, mostly merrow, found the bar to be cavernous and quiet.

Eventually, other races found the bar, attracted at first by the noise and colored *continual light* spells placed on the outside of the bar by a friendly surface wizard, passing through on an adventure.

Later, several sahuagin demanded the right to enter and were reluctantly offered the use of an entrance, a room, and a few tables. Koalinth and merrow drifted in later, demanding entrance, and they were told to use the areas open to the sahuagin.

Business has become quite good, now, and the bar has 12d20 patrons at any given time.

As in any business, the services cost money. Entrance into a drink room costs 1 gp or the equivalent in shells or gems. Different kinds of drink nodules are used in each drink room and are prepared for the types of beings who use each room. Races that use the wrong drink room must save vs. poison or become nauseated.

Individual drinks are syrups served in covered glasses. If the top of a glass were left off, the drink would slowly dissolve—capped reed straws are available. Land-dwellers will find the consistency and taste equally odd, but no less palatable than more typical beverages.

Patrons must request that their food be cooked or it will be served raw and, in the case of whole fish, live. Soups listed below are semisolid masses of small creatures, served in very fine nets. The waitstaff serves the food in small nets or in sea shells of various sizes.

Prices for drinks and food follow. The nearest coinage equivalent is given for convenience, but Sharkey prefers shells or gems.

Fare	Cost
<b>Drink Syrups:</b>	
Light Ale	1 cp
Bitter Ale	1 cp





# Sharkey's Bar & Grill

Sweet Wine	1 sp
Sour Wine	1 sp
Sharp Brandy	2 sp
Candy Brandy	2 sp
Stiff Liquor	5 sp
Sweetened Liquor	5 sp

## Food Items:

Fish:	
Sashimi (finely chopped fish)	1 sp
Fish Fillet	1 sp
Whole Fish (served live)	3 sp
Sharkey's Special Shark Steak	1 gp

## Mollusks:

Scallops (6)	1 sp
Clams or Oysters (6)	3 sp
Large Snails (6)	5 sp
Whole Squid	1 gp

## Crustacea:

Jumbo Shrimp (one dozen, live)	2 sp
Whole Crab or Lobster (live)	3 sp
Giant Crab Leg	1 gp
Whole Giant Crab or Lobster	5 gp

## Salads:

Seaweed Salad	1 cp
Kelp Salad	1 cp
Worm and Grub Salad	5 sp
Chef's Salad (a mixture of the other salads)	1 gp

## Exotica:

Plankton Soup	3 sp
Brine Shrimp Soup	5 sp
Half Chicken	1 gp
Beef Steak	5 gp

Sharkey's Bar & Grill employs a large number of individuals because of its size and continuous operation. The business operates in three shifts, each consisting of the following staff: one manager, three bouncers, three waiters, three waitresses, five bartenders, three cooks, and four busboys. The managers are Sharkey, his brother, Klaijah, and his cousin, Treffle Hoosh. Large mermen serve as bouncers and also take money for the drink rooms and direct patrons to tables. All nine waiters, four cooks, and nine bartenders are normal mermen. All 12 busboys are young mermen—these boys also operate the fan in the kitchen when needed. The waitresses include five mermaids and four aquatic elves. Other aquatic elves (five bartenders and four cooks) also work in the bar. The remaining bartender is a triton, and the

other cook is an aquatic dwarf.

**Klaijah J'harja (merman):** Int Very (11); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 1 + 1; hp 7; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (trident); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 10; XP 35

**Treffle Hoosh (merman):** Int Average (10); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 1 + 1; hp 8; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (trident); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 10; XP 35

**Large Mermen Bouncers (9):** Int Average (8-9); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 2; hp 15, 3@14, 2@12, 11, 2@10; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (trident) or 2-5 (heavy cross-bow); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 12; XP 65 each.

**Merman Waiters, Cooks, and Bartenders (22):** Int Average (9-10); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 1 + 1; hp 2@9, 5@8, 5@7, 6, 4@5, 4@4, 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 10; XP 35 each

**Young Merman Busboys (12):** Int Average (8-9); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 1-1; hp 2@7, 6, 3@5, 3@4, 2@3, 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 10; XP 15 each

**Mermaid Waitresses (5):** Int Average (9-10); AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Sw 18; HD 1 + 1; hp 2@8, 7, 6, 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); SA Grapple ship; SZ M; ML 10; XP 35 each

**Aquatic Elf Waitresses, Bartenders, and Cooks (13):** Int High-Supra (14-19); AL CG; AC 10; MV 9, Sw 15; HD 1 + 1; hp 2@9, 3@8, 2@7, 6, 5@5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); SZ M; ML 10; XP 35 each

**Lothan (Aquatic Dwarven Cook):** Int Very (12); AL LG; AC 4; MV 6, Sw 6; HD 1; hp 8; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword); SA +1 to hit orcs, half-orcs, goblins, hobgoblins; SD +3 bonus to saves vs. wands, staves, rods, spells, and poison; SZ M; ML 12; XP 35

## Slaythis "Sharkey" J'harja

6th-Level Male Merman Fighter

STR:	17
INT:	15
WIS:	12

DEX:	13
CON:	15
CHR:	17
AC Normal:	5
AC Rear:	7
Hit Points:	52

**Alignment:** Neutral

**Languages:** Merman, Locathah, Common, Dwarvish

**Age:** 39

**Height:** 6'2"

**Weight:** 210 lbs

**Hair/Eyes:** Brown/Deep Green

**Weapon Proficiencies:** Trident, dagger, crossbow, javelin, net, harpoon

**Nonweapon Proficiencies:** Hunting (11), weaponsmithing (12), cooking (15)

**Appearance:** Sharkey's human half is exceptionally handsome. He has long, deep green hair, brown eyes, and a muscular frame. Many scars, the result of many battles, mark his body. His fish half is covered with shiny blue-black scales.

**Background:** Slaythis J'harja is an exceptional merman—one of the few able to advance in levels. He adventured for several years, both on his own and with other mermen. He also served as a guide and guard for two separate groups of land-dwelling characters adventuring under the seas.

A gnome in one of those groups gave him the nickname "Sharkey," not because Slaythis had killed many sharks, but to be annoying. Much to Slaythis's chagrin, the nickname stuck, so he became an avid shark hunter in order to explain the name.

He has been quite happy with the results of his project, although he is still reluctant to allow the occasional sahuagin and merrow into the bar. Otherwise, Sharkey is a jovial, gregarious host. He enjoys telling and listening to stories. While on his shift as manager, he roams the bar, talking to various customers. He especially likes air-breathers and individuals who have traveled great distances. He would like to open relations with Ravens Bluff for both trading and political purposes. He dreams of a true undersea city with business, trade, and a mixture of races. He has heard of Lord Mayor O'Kane's (see LC1—*Gateway to Ravens Bluff*, page 7) reforms and would enjoy speaking at length with him.

# Sharkey's Bar & Grill

## Adventure Ideas for Sharkey's Bar & Grill

• To get the PCs down to the bar: a large amount of shark activity centers on a specific area where the fan mechanism carries blood from the bar's kitchen; after another adventure, the PCs are taken to Sharkey's for a celebration; Ravens Bluff wants to open diplomatic ties with Sharkey and his tribe/employees.

• While the PCs are visiting Sharkey's, a group of strange sahuagin enter and become rowdy. The PCs are hired as deputy bouncers.

## Dwarf, Aquatic

Climate/Terrain:	Temperate/Salt water
Frequency:	Very rare
Organization:	Clan
Activity Cycle:	Any
Diet:	Omnivorous
Intelligence:	Very (11-12)
Treasure:	M, Q (Y, Q x20, U x 2)
Alignment:	Lawful Good
No. Appearing:	20-200
Armor Class:	5 (10)
Movement:	Sw 6
Hit Dice:	1+1
THACO:	19
No. of Attacks:	1
Damage/Attack:	By weapon
Special Attacks:	See below
Special Defenses:	See below
Magic Resistance:	See below
Size:	S to M (4' and taller)
Morale:	Elite (13-14)
XP Value:	270

Aquatic dwarves, sometimes humorously referred to as artesians, are a race of dwarves magically altered to live beneath the water. Like some of their air-breathing cousins, they are hard and unyielding enemies of chaos and evil.

They are muscular, but somewhat more slender than regular dwarves, standing 4 to 4½ feet tall and weighing 120 to 150 pounds. Their long hair is black or gray-green and their skin is typically a greenish brown. Aquatic dwarves favor long beards, to hide their gills, but they groom them little. They have webbed fingers and toes. Their clothing is simple and sparse.

Aquatic dwarves have the same racial ability modifiers as their land-dwelling brethren (see the *Monstrous Compendium*). Besides their own language, they often speak koalinth and merrow. These dwarves, however, cannot breathe air, and therefore can last only a few minutes out of the water.

**Combat:** Courageous fighters, aquatic dwarves dislike magic though they often train as priests. They receive the standard dwarven bonus to saving throws, as well as the penalties for using non-military magical items.

These dwarves have carried over some of their racial hatreds and have acquired new ones as well. They add 1 to their attack rolls to hit koalinth, sahuagin, and merrow. Their size and training present problems for merrow and scraggs, who must always subtract 4 from their attack rolls against the dwarves.

Aquatic dwarven armies are well organized and very well disciplined. They usually wear armor composed of shells or skins of various sea creatures (equivalent to scale mail). In addition to their shell mail, they also carry shields carved from the shells of large mollusks. A typical group of aquatic dwarves carry the following weapons: trident and short sword (30%), short sword and light crossbow (20%), harpoon and heavy crossbow (15%), harpoon and weighted net (15%), trident and light crossbow (10%), or short sword and shield (10%). These weapons may be composed of stones or bones, but are usually of metal which has been protected from deterioration by water dwarven priests.

For every 40 dwarves encountered, there will be a 2nd- to 5th- level fighter leading (roll 1d4 + 1 for level). An army of 160 or more will be led by a fighter/priest of 3rd- to 6th-level fighting ability and 4th- to 7th-level priest ability. The leaders have a 10% chance per fighter level of having magical armor and/or weapons, and a 10% chance per priest level of having a magical item specific to priests (so not subject to malfunction).

If encountered in their home, a water dwarven clan will have an additional 2d4 fighters of 2nd- to 5th-level, 1d6 fighter/priests of 2nd- to 4th-level (in each class), females equal to 50% of the adult males, and children equal to 25% of the adult males. Water dwarven women are equal in armament and ability to males.

**Habitat/Society:** The origins of the aquatic dwarves have been lost. The few land-dwelling dwarves who know of them shun the aquatic dwarves, considering them to be horribly cursed. The aquatic dwarves have adapted well to their relatively new environment.

They can detect grade and slope of the ocean floor (1-5 on 1d6), determine approximate depth underwater (1-3 on 1d6), and detect items concealed by silt on the ocean floor (1-3 on 1d6 when actively searching, 1-2 on 1d6 when passing within 10').

Aquatic dwarves live on the floors of oceans and seas, usually seeking out singular habitations such as ravines, caverns, and mountains. They will often construct cities in the bases of islands. Water dwarven cities are guarded by troops at all times, and they sometimes (40%) use sea lions as guards.

The society of the water-dwelling dwarves is organized in clans like those of land dwarves. Clans gather together to form cities, settling near sources of raw materials for their crafts. Individual clans often specialize in certain skills or crafts.

Aquatic dwarves strive for stability and continuity, building lasting structures and toiling to make beautiful, long-lived crafts. They do not prize material wealth as much as their brethren because of its more transitory nature in their environment. Gems, including pearls, and art treasures are very highly regarded, but metals are considered good only for quick trade.

These dwarves sometimes ally with other, non-evil aquatic races, particularly tritons. The dwarves have become a major element in the aquatic balance of power as great foes of evil races such as sahuagin, ixixachitl, koalinth, kopoacanth, merrow, and scraggs.

**Ecology:** Aquatic dwarves are skilled miners, engineers, and craftsmen, and will often trade their fine work for goods from other races. They are talented in creating art from shells, coral, and gems. Water-dwelling dwarves also work as smiths, though most such duties must be handled by priests and their spells (they are the only underwater manufacturers of finished metal tools and weapons). Water dwarven shell mail is also highly valued.

# Living City Writers' Guidelines

Ravens Bluff, also called the Living City, and the land around it rests in the capable and creative hands of RPGA™ Network members. The city is filled with businesses, adventurers, and characters created by the members. And the city will continue to grow and evolve as long as members provide the material.

Living City features will appear in special publications, such as this Port Pack, and in each issue of the POLYHEDRON™ Newszine. If you have a building, business, encounter, or personality that adds some spice to your campaign's "town business," we'd like to see it. There just may be a spot for it in Ravens Bluff.

If you want to send a submission to the Living City, read the following guidelines. Only material from RPGA™ Network members will be considered for publication. An RPGA™ Network membership form appears at the end of this Port Pack.

We are especially interested in submissions that feature mini-adventures, encounters, legends, businesses and their owners, and personalities. We will consider special monsters native to the area around Ravens Bluff. However, these creatures will be rare and will not be published as often as personalities, businesses, and other types of submissions.

## Personalities

Ravens Bluff, the Living City, is nestled in the FORGOTTEN REALMS campaign setting, a supplement to the AD&D® game. Because of that, all characters included in submissions must have AD&D® game statistics. These statistics should include all character attribute scores—Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Dexterity, Constitution, and Charisma. The character's hit points, normal Armor Class, Weapon Proficiencies, Special Abilities, Languages, and Spells and Thieving abilities—if applicable—also should be included. Read the characters presented in this pack and in the Living City features in the POLYHEDRON Newszine for examples, and please stick to the format. Characters should have backgrounds, detailed personalities, motivations, and notes on how they relate to PCs they will encounter in campaigns. Please note that the majority of Raven Bluff inhabitants are human. Therefore, we prefer submissions which feature humans. There are demi-humans in the city and the area around it, so we will consider submissions that deal with elves, half-elves, halflings,

gnomes, dwarves, and other races. However, because the majority of the population is human, the majority of the submissions printed will feature humans. You might want to keep this in mind when creating personalities.

## Mini-Adventures

All mini-adventures submitted should include a DM summary of the adventure and should list the player character levels the adventure is intended for. In addition, the adventure must include complete statistics for any monsters and NPCs involved. New monsters and magic items are welcome as long as they are fully detailed. If the adventure requires a map, the author should supply one. This map does not have to be in publishable form; if we accept the adventure for publication, we likely will have the map redrawn. All mini-adventures must follow the AD&D® game rules.

## Encounters

Encounters with NPCs, creatures, or tricks/traps and other situations must be fully explained and include all appropriate statistics. For example, if you choose to create an encounter with a thief, you need to list all the thief's abilities, the items he carries, and his plan involving the PCs.

## Special Creatures

New creatures must be detailed with AD&D® game statistics. List these statistics, such as No. Appearing, Movement, Hit Dice, No. of Attacks, etc. as they appear in the *Monstrous Compendiums*. Include information on where the creature can be found, its habits and motivations, and how it reacts to other creatures and people.

## Legends

Legends are frequently springboards to adventure. For example, a legend about a powerful magic item nestled in a ruin that only can be spotted when the moon is full will usually induce PCs to investigate the ruin. If you want to write about a legend, include the story that is being circulated in the city (it should be interesting enough so PCs would want to pursue it) and the truth behind the legend. The latter will serve as DM information. You may also want to in-

clude suggested adventures involving the legend, which can be brief paragraph descriptions DMs can flesh out for their own campaigns. Again, any magic items, creatures, or characters involved with the legend should have complete AD&D® game statistics.

## Businesses

Businesses and their owners/operators are among the most popular Living City features appearing in the POLYHEDRON Newszine. Each submission should include the name of the building, what the business involves, a drawing of the building's layout, and complete AD&D® game statistics, backgrounds, motivations, and personalities for the owners or operators. If the business is a shop, include the type of merchandise that is sold, the quality, and the kind of customers who purchase the merchandise. Read the businesses included in this Port Pack and in Living City features in the POLYHEDRON Newszine for examples.

## The Basics

All submissions for Ravens Bluff, the Living City, must be typed, double-spaced, on 8 1/2" by 11" white paper. Computer printouts are acceptable if the printing is dark enough to be easily read. Be sure to leave a one-inch minimum margin around all four sides of your text.

On the first page of your submission put your name, address, telephone number, and RPGA Network membership number. If you wish to use a pen name on your article, include it after the title of the article. On each following page put your name, a short form of the title, and the page number.

Even if your typewriter or computer can do it, please do not use italic or boldface type in your submission. Underline any words that should be set in italics in the finished copy. Underline with a squiggly line any words that should be boldfaced in the finished copy. Indent each paragraph five spaces. Avoid dashes, ellipses, and semicolons. Stick to the more common forms of punctuation, and use them correctly.

Make sure you keep the original or a photocopy of each submission for your own records.

Each submission must be accompanied by a standard disclosure form. A disclosure form appears at the end of these submission guidelines. You may cut out or photocopy the form.

# Living City Writers' Guidelines

All submissions should include a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the editor's reply. If your manuscript is more than a few pages long and you want it returned, send a larger envelope with postage to cover the manuscript's mailing. The RPGA™ Network is not responsible for the loss of manuscripts.

The RPGA Network does not pay for Living City submissions. However, authors of material accepted will receive gift certificates to the Mail Order Hobby Shop and will receive three free copies of the publication their work appears in.

## Ethics

It is important that all submissions to Ravens Bluff, the Living City, be in good taste and of high quality. To achieve that goal, it is important that you follow these principles:

Never portray evil in an attractive light. Evil characters should be portrayed as foes.

Do not give explicit details and methods of crime, drug use, or magic that could be duplicated and misused in real-life situations.

Crimes should not be presented in such a manner as to inspire others to imitate criminals.

Drug and alcohol abuse only can be presented as dangerous habits and should not be presented as attractive.

Agents of law enforcement, such as guards and constables, should not be depicted in such a way as to cause readers to disrespect current authorities.

Slang and colloquialisms are all right to use in dialogue. However, excessive use is discouraged, and it is not recommended in descriptive passages.

Profanity, obscenities, and vulgarity are not acceptable. Lust and sexual perversion should not be portrayed or implied in submissions.

The use of drama and horror is acceptable. However, detailing sordid acts and excessive gore should be avoided. A good writer can imply situations without graphically detailing them.

Current religions should not be depicted,

ridiculed, or attacked in any submissions. Ancient or mythological religions can be portrayed in compliance with the other ethical considerations presented in these guidelines.

Magic is an integral part of Living City campaigns. However, we will not consider submissions which include actual rituals, such as incantations and sacrifices.



## Disclosure Form

I wish to submit the following materials for The Living City, subject to all of the conditions below.

Working title of submission and brief description (please print):

I submit my materials voluntarily on a non-confidential basis. I understand that this submission by me and its review by the RPGA™ Network does not, in whole or in part, establish or create by implication or otherwise any relationship between the RPGA Network and me or between TSR, Inc. and me not expressed herein. I further understand and agree that the RPGA Network, in its own judgment, may accept or reject the materials submitted and shall not be obligated to me in any way with respect to my submission until the RPGA Network, at its own election, enters into an agreement with me. I further understand that the Network is not obligated to pay for accepted Living City materials.

I agree that the RPGA Network may have a reasonable period of time to review my submission. The Network will return my submission to me provided it is received by the Network with a self addressed stamped envelope. The Network shall not be held responsible, however, for items or materials which are accidentally damaged or lost.

I understand that the acceptance by the Network of this disclosure does not imply or create 1) any financial or other obligation of any kind on the part of the RPGA Network, 2) any confidential relationship or guarantee of secrecy, or 3) any recognition or acknowledgment of either novelty or originality.

I understand and agree that if the submission utilizes or is based on characters, settings, or other materials owned by TSR, Inc. or if the submission contains trademarks and/or other proprietary material owned by TSR, I shall not be free to submit the submission for publication to any person or firm other than TSR.

I further understand and agree that the Network has the right to revise and copy edit any version of the submission for content, style, clarity, typographical errors, punctuation, spelling, and capitalization in accordance with standard usage and/or style manuals or accepted dictionaries and encyclopedias. I also understand that the Network has the right to publish the submission at its own expense in such style, form, and manner and at such a price as it deems suitable.

I warrant that the submission never has been published and that it is original and does not violate the rights of any third party. I also warrant that I am the sole owner of the submission and that I am of legal age and am free to make agreements relative to this submission or that I am the authorized representative of the submitter (circle one: Parent, Legal Guardian, Agent, Other: \_\_\_\_\_), who is the owner of the submission.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Submitter's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# The RPGA™ Network



The ROLE PLAYING GAME ASSOCIATION™ Network is an international organization of gaming enthusiasts dedicated to excellence in role playing games. If you are looking for gamers who share your interest in role playing games, join the RPGA™ Network. It was created just for you.

## As a Network member you will receive:

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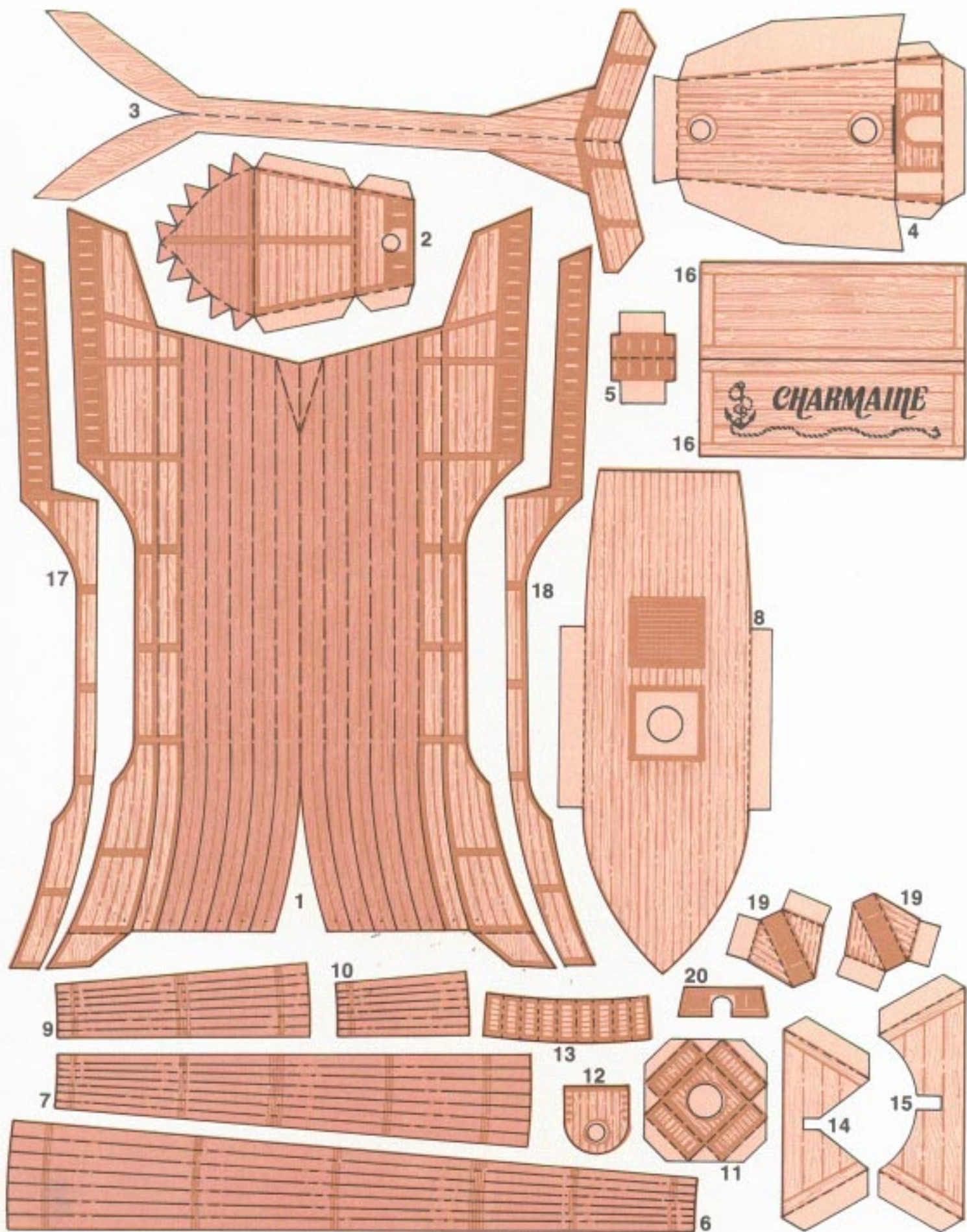
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