

HackMaster

Kingdoms of

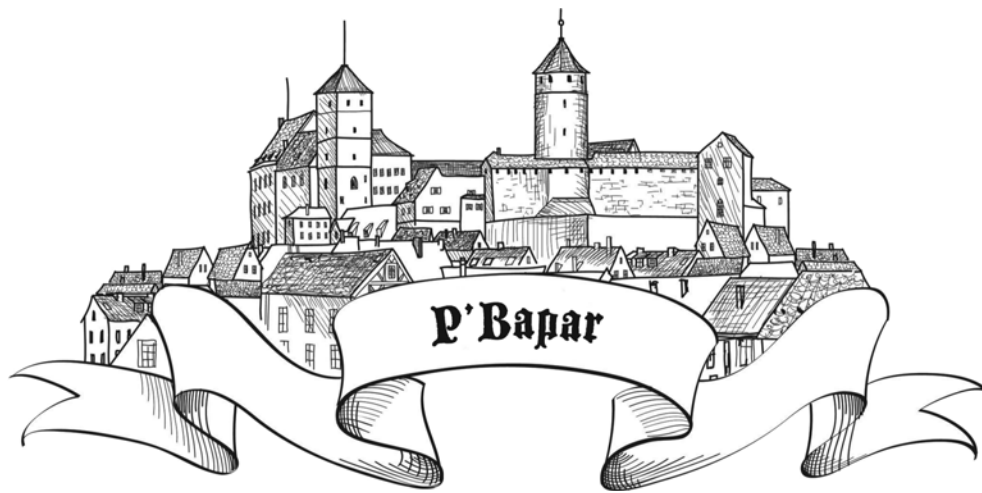
Kalamar

Fantasy Campaign Setting

P' BAPAR



PART 5: THE OUTER WARD



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CITY DISTRICTS

The natural geographical features of the valley help split P'Bapar into several distinct districts called wards. Neighborhoods further subdivide the wards, each with its own distinct ambiance. Establishment of the wards provides an easy way for city officials to sub-divide the city for easy management. There are six official wards of the city. They are the Outer Ward, the North Ward, the Green Ward, the Lower Ward, the High Ward, and the South Ward.

APPROACHING P'BAPAR FROM THE SOUTH

A series of gentle mountain valleys provide access to the higher reaches of the Legasa Peaks and P'Bapar. The approach to the city is a steady incline with few sharp rises or natural barriers. The road follows alongside the banks of the Banader River providing travelers access to water. Villages, waystations, and farms provide respite for the weary.

Farms, ranches, and large estates dot the fertile mountain valleys. Shepherds move large herds of oxen, goat, sheep, and cattle through the open dale. Patrolling soldiers, passing merchants, travelers, peasants and mercenaries are common as they descend into the lower reaches of P'Bapar, Korak and beyond.

Forests cover the hillsides. Loggers and woodcutters harvest lumber and move it downriver or to one of several mills for processing. Furriers, beekeepers, and fishermen are familiar sights. Aside from a few stray predators, animals and monsters pose little danger along the southern roads, especially near the city. Bandits are a growing menace, though they limit their activity to small groups or lone travelers.

Merchants frequent the roads. Wagons laden with fruits

and vegetables not found at higher elevations make their way to the important markets within the city.

The density of farms and people increases as travelers draw nearer the city. Dwellings, once acres apart, begin to cluster together. Farms and estates dwindle in size closer to the walls as fertile land is more difficult to find and far more expensive.

Upon reaching the highest valley, the terrain levels off for several miles south of P'Bapar. Amidst the steep stone cliffs, travelers see the walls of the city emerge in the distance ahead. The first thing newcomers notice is the Archduke's citadel residing high on a mountain overlook jutting out over the city. Slate covered rooftops of P'Bapar appear, rising along the foothills of the mountains. In the haze to the west and north, the snow-covered mountain peaks loom over the city.

APPROACHING P'BAPAR FROM THE NORTH

While travelers arriving from the south see the city rise up as they make their way along the gentle valley that precedes the city, those arriving from the north have P'Bapar thrust upon them.

Several scenic vistas provide extraordinary views of the mountain valleys and waterways. A few farms struggle on the fringes of the northern valleys, hacking out potatoes, lettuce, spinach, arugula, chard and other hardy crops. Descending from the unforgiving mountain pass, travelers spy only fleeting glimpses of P'Bapar. Shepherds and miners working in the high places provide the first indication of the city's proximity.

At last, a line of buildings spring into view, the walls of city looming beyond. Respite is available in one of the wayside inns, but the nearness of the Outer Ward to the city walls allows many to forgo immediacy for shelter

inside the city itself. Above the walls, the looming citadel watches over the pass.

The City Gates and Access to P'Bapar

Three large gates limit access to the interior of the city. Minimal entry points create congestion resulting in massive lines and excessive waiting times. On a good day, it might take only a few seconds to gain admission. During harvest, wait times stretch past hours and into days.

The number of people attempting to enter the city and the diligence of the guards working the gates determines the length of the queue. Wagon inspections require several minutes per wagon at a minimum, slowing the procession. Small groups or individual travelers pass through quickly unless they're acting suspicious. During times of heightened security, the guards search everyone entering. Wagons will be searched leaving or entering the city when deemed necessary to deter smuggling.

Lingering among the throngs of visitors waiting to gain entry are sell-swords, out-of-luck explorers, traveling merchants, and hirelings searching for opportunities. Pick pockets are common as are con-artists, beggars, and vagrants looking for a handout. Complaints of minor crimes or harassment near the city gates often fall on deaf ears. Besides, annoying the guards who allow admittance to the city is never a good idea.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ The influx of mercenaries and the dangerous landscape beyond the city walls means most travelers carry weapons. The guards ignore armed travelers unless suspicious activity draws their attention.

▶ Many of the gate guards are susceptible to bribery. Brazen smugglers pay guards to ignore shipments of cargo passing through the gates. Others bribe guards to pass to the head of the line during times of heavy traffic. Guards caught accepting kickbacks are publicly lashed. Punishments increase in severity with repeated instances of corruption. Needless to say, bribing the gates guards is a delicate and risky endeavor.

A successful Difficult Observation, Gather Information, or average Urban Survival skill check is required to determine which guard "might" be open to such a conversation. Success indicates the PC has heard rumors of a certain guard susceptible to such activity, or he has observed something that leads him to believe he can proceed with his attempt. A critical failure (rolling 96% or higher on the skill check) indicates the PC has picked someone opposed to such activity (though they won't

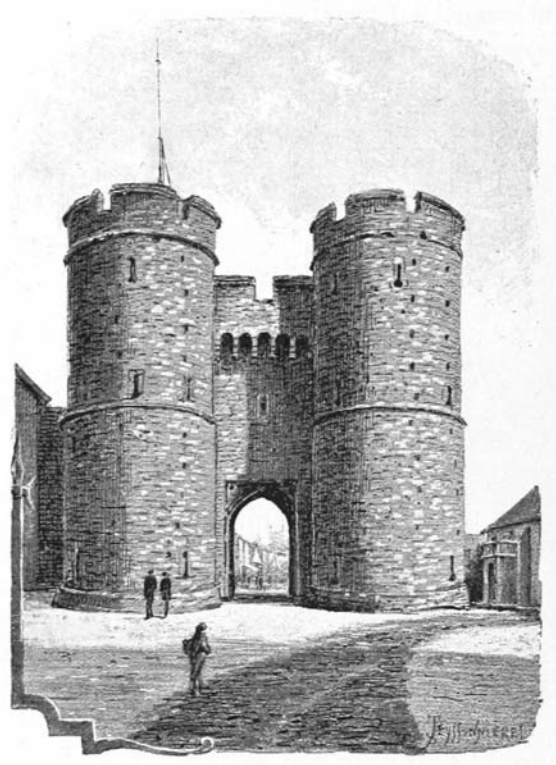
know that). Any bribery attempts resulting from a critical failure will result in an attempted arrest.

Once the target is chosen, the PC must sequester the guard in a private conversation away from his peers. An opposed Salesmanship, Skilled Liar, Intimidation, Diplomacy, or Art of Seduction (depending on how the PC is attempting to coerce the guard) is rolled against the guards Resist Persuasion skill (typically about 30%).

Overwhelming success (besting the guard by more than 50%) indicates the guard will usher the PC to the front of the line for a mere 2d10p cp bribe. Success (beating the guard by 1-49%) indicates he will allow the PC to the front for a 4d10p cp bribe.

Failure (guard beats PC by 1-49%) indicates the guard refuses the bribe and threatens the PC, perhaps searching him for contraband but takes no other action (unless the guard discovers something suspicious on the PC). Overwhelming failure (guard beats PC by more than 50%) indicates the guard is highly offended by the offer and detains the PC for further questioning for 1d8p hours (and he and his buddies might even relieve the PC of their wealth, depending on how the encounter goes).

The process for smuggling goods into the city is similar, but a bribe large enough to force the guards to turn a blind eye to the contents of a wagon, horse or mule is ten times the cost to move to the front of the line. The ramifications of getting caught attempting to smuggle goods into the city is far worse than a simple detainment (see *Crime and Punishment* in P'Bapar: Part 3).





The Outer Ward

The Archduke declared the area beyond the city walls an official city ward nearly thirty years ago. This declaration was an attempt to combat several enterprising merchants who moved their lucrative business enterprises beyond the walls in an effort to reduce their taxes.

By royal edict, the Outer Ward includes a two-mile long tract of land beyond both the north and south walls along the river valley. Despite the size of the ward, most businesses of note reside within spitting distance of the northern city wall. The remainder of the Outer Ward is home to farmers, shepherds, and a smattering of laborers and craftsmen too poor to afford to live within the city.

The valley is wide and flat south of P'Bapar, but the scarcity of fertile farmland at this high elevation means any arable land in close proximity to the city is usually more profitably employed for farming than building given the high cost (and strategic vulnerability) of transporting food from more productive areas of the Archduchy. Aside from warehouses and training facilities for the army, there are relatively few businesses of note south of the wall.

Places of Interest in the Outer Ward

FOUNDER'S CREATION MONASTERY (NOT INDICATED ON MAP)

Occupants: Abbott Foorjah, 25 acolytes, 15 priests

The Monastery of the Founder's Creation resides in the adjoining foothills along the Banader River several miles south of P'Bapar. Comprised of a dozen buildings, the compound includes a sizeable bunkhouse, a temple, and stables all surrounded by a large wall. The yard provides ample room for numerous gardens and space for the priests to relax and train. Fifteen monks and twenty-five acolytes live and train under the tutelage and watchful eye of Abbott Foorjah as they search for a life of simplicity and piety.

Forty years prior, Abbott Foorjah took a vow of silence and hasn't spoken a word since. Those under his tutelage study lessons emphasizing teamwork, cooperation and living a simple and orderly existence. Several of his protégés have become advisors to powerful lords and kings, bringing great honor to the monastery and their mentor.

Misguided, but notable architects and builders venture to the monastery seeking great wisdom from the Abbott.

They arrive in search of innovative building techniques and the mathematical secrets of construction. While they can learn much of that knowledge from the various monks and several expansive libraries on the premises, all leave disappointed that the Abbott will not personally speak with them.

The wall surrounding the monastery is a tourist attraction in itself. Upon becoming a Builder of Law each acolyte must form clay and fire it into a brick. The priest inscribes her brick with her name and the date in which she ascended from apprentice to cleric. The priest then mortars her brick to this wall, joining all those that have proceeded the newly ordained. As a rite of passage, priests from other nations pilgrimage here with their bricks and add them to the wall. Records indicate that priests have made the sojourn to the wall from every corner of Tellene.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Rumors suggest the priests have collected a vast horde of silver that they've hidden in a secret chamber in the basement of the temple. Most believe that rival religions have spread the false tales to incite chaos at the monastery. However, the fact that the rumor surfaces every few years lends some credence to its truth.

O1: SHYJA, BLACKSMITH

Occupants: Shyja (blacksmith), Thakyr (assistant)

Shyja, a Deji blacksmith, has lived in P'Bapar his entire life. His parents moved into the city shortly before his birth in an attempt to create a better life for their coming child. Shyja apprenticed to a local blacksmith when he was twelve. He grew to love his chosen trade and became a guild-sponsored journeyman blacksmith. After the death of his parents, he moved to the outskirts of the city where he has been ever since.

Shyja is prejudiced against any non-Deji and marks up his prices accordingly, sometimes doubling the rates. He attempts to temper his biases when dealing with customers, but on occasion a derogatory remark will slip past his lips. Shyja succeeds despite his bigotry by being the first or last blacksmith merchants and caravans pass as they enter or leave the city. Additionally, he receives a fair amount of work from those lodging at the Strongwater.

Shyja has a young Deji boy by the name of Thakyr that serves as his newest assistant. Since he is without wife or child, he hopes to teach the boy all he can with the hope of one day leaving the business to him.

Both master and apprentice live on the second floor of this building. Half of the lower floor stands exposed to the elements, allowing the smith to work in the fresh air. Those approaching along the road can see Shyja or his apprentice working metal at the forge or anvil.

Shyja performs rudimentary repairs on arms and armor, but the quality of his work is poor. He prefers simple metalwork and blacksmithing, where he is much more adept. He will repair armor or weapons if asked by passing travelers, but his prices are high because he dislikes the work.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Anyone seeking to employ Shyja who is obviously not Deji will be subjected to the smith's prejudice. Prices for his services will be 1¼x to 2x higher based on his mood and analysis of the customer's race. Anyone who might contain some Deji blood is given the benefit of the doubt and not subjected to the increased rates. Race subjection is left to the whim of the Game Master, though explanations for the Kalamaran races can be found in several published works.

▶ Shyja is no longer a paying member of the blacksmith's guild. His membership lapsed several years ago, and he never bothered to renew it. The guild has grown tired of reminding him of his obligations, and guild leaders have begun discussing more impactful ways to get their message across to their former guild member.

O2: SHRINE TO THE CAREGIVER

Occupants: Ovvi Gramdal (Cleric of the Caregiver)

This small wooden building hidden off of the Rancern Road serves as a shrine dedicated to the Caregiver. Travelers frequent this place seeking aid or a free meal from the solitary priest, a socially awkward dwarf by the name of Ovvi Gramdal.

The single-story timber building resides amidst a garden resplendent with herbs and vegetables. The doors remain unlocked. Religious motifs painted on the walls and doors in a dozen languages welcome travelers.

Inside is an iron cauldron hanging over a small fireplace, always full of soup or stew for hungry travelers. A statue of The Caregiver resides opposite the doors near a small lock-box for donations. A small wooden door near the shrine leads to Ovvi's bedroom. The room contains a bed, a locked chest, a table for preparing meals, a small pantry containing foodstuffs and herbs, and several of the priest's personal items.

Ovvi was once part of a band of explorers. His companions perished while fighting kobolds in a patch of briars in the mountains near Frandor's Keep. Wounded in battle and presumed deceased, Ovvi's lone surviving companion left him for dead during his flight. He was eventually rescued by another band of treasure seekers.

The priest has since retired from adventuring. He settled in P'Bapar at an opportune time when the Church of Everlasting Hope was searching for a replacement to tend the shrine on the outskirts of town. Ovvi agreed and has been here ever since.

He struggles to articulate his thoughts and can be difficult to hold a conversation with as he refrains from eye contact and mumbles into his beard. Those seeking aid at the shrine are sure to notice these peculiarities as well as his thick dwarven accent and limited Baparan vocabulary.

Ovvi is reserved and quiet unless the conversation turns toward the best way to serve his god. He possesses several radical (and surprisingly violent) ideas on the topic of achieving peace. Most assume his tendencies are a byproduct of being a dwarf or perhaps an explorer.

Ovvi believes that the best way for Merciful Fates to

ensure peace in the world is to venture out and destroy the foul things that populate it. By aggressively and proactively eliminating evil, Ovvi believes he can propagate and foster a better life for the good people of the world.

A year past Ovvi helped put down a pack of wolves and goblins bold enough to terrorize outlying farms in the region. During the course of the battle, the dwarf was overheard shouting at one of the goblins in a loud voice "come get some peace!" as he smashed the creature in the head with his morning star. Since then, most of the locals give Ovvi a wide berth, just in case he feels the need to "preach" to them.

Ovvi Gramdal: NG dwarven Clr [Caregiver] 3; HP 36; Init +4; Spd 10 (morning star); Rch 2'; Atk +3; Dmg 2d8p+2; Def +4; DR 4; ToP 12 /6; Turn Undead -3; Hon 26

Quirk: Fear of Heights

Notable Abilities/Skills: cooking/baking 67, first aid 74, language (Dwarven 79, Baparan 23)

Typical Spells: (1) cure trivial wound (2) bless, cure minor wound (3) cure small wound, safe haven

Equipment: ringmail, morning star, medium shield

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ If pestered enough with promises of slaying humanoids, it is possible to convince Ovvi to take up his morning star and head back into the wilds on short forays.

▶ Ovvi won't directly charge for his healing services, though he might awkwardly request a donation to the temple if he is feeling sociable. Because of his generosity, Ovvi's spells are depleted by mid-morning. Anyone in search of magical healing would be wise to seek help early in the day.

O3: SMOKEHOUSE

Occupants: Shroknorr Darrakk (owner)

Services

Food: Smoked jerky 1 sp/2 lbs.

Shroknorr Darrakk, a large Fhokki hunter, owns this small, run-down building. Shroknorr spends half the year hunting game of all sizes in wilds near P'Bapar. He spends the other half of the time here, drying and seasoning the meat to smoke and sell. Shroknorr also sells furs from animals he kills to tanners, leatherworkers and clothiers in the city.



No one else lives here. Inside is a cot, blankets, three large empty barrels, bags of salt, and a healthy collection of knives and cleavers used to dress animals and cut meat. A heavy padlock keeps nosy intruders from poking around the building when no one is home.

When Shroknorr is present he sells smoked and jerked meat to those interested.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ In tough times, Shroknorr hires out as a guide, though he doesn't enjoy the work. He charges 1 sp/day to guide people and is comfortable with the lay of the land for twenty miles in every direction.

▶ Shroknorr knows the location of a secret tunnel that leads into the undercity beneath P'Bapar. He's observed smugglers using the tunnels on numerous occasions. He's hesitant to share this information, though he knows it could be valuable to the right people.

Shroknorr Darrakk: CG Fhokki Rgr 4; HP 41; Init +2; Spd 15 (two-handed sword) or RoF 11 (longbow); Rch 6'; Atk +5; Dmg 2d12p+4 or 2d8p+1; Def +3; DR 3; ToP 21 /6; Hon 54

Notable Abilities/Skills: first aid 33, hunting 30, language (Fhokki 74, Baparan 39), listening 23, monster lore 45, observation 32, sneaking 35, survival 54, tracking 56

Talent: less sleep

Equipment: two-handed sword, longbow, quiver, 16 arrows, studded leather armor, field gear, d6 sp, 2d6 cp

O4: TALEK'S BOOTS

Occupants: Rurik Talek (owner/master cobbler)

This rectangular one-story building stands out among those along the Rancern Road. Worked stone dressed with impeccable precision comprises the outer walls. A heavy timber roof covered with slate shingles covers the stone building. Rumors suggest that one of the finest dwarven stonemasons in P'Bapar built the shop as a favor to the master boot maker.

Rurik Talek, the owner, is a dwarf lost in a sea of humans. Unlike most of his kin, he takes no pleasure in working stone or gems. Instead, he has turned his attention to the art of crafting boots.

Rurik doesn't have any friends, lovers or associates. He wakes every morning to craft and repair boots. As the sun sets, he retires to the Strongwater for an ale and a meal before bed. Despite his daily meals at the inn, even the wait staff knows little about the dwarf.

Rurik takes immense pride in his work and never rushes any of his work under any circumstances. He doesn't believe in doing shoddy work, though his prices don't reflect that. Rurik works at a snail's pace, sometimes a simple hole requires a week to repair. Customers put up with the delays because their boots frequently return in better shape than when they were first purchased. Rurik could charge far more for his repairs than he does, but the location of his shop limits his ability to draw more customers.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ At the Strongwater, gossip suggests Rurik is a former mercenary; but these rumors are false. Rurik is anti-social and has found little to no value in companionship.

▶ Repairs require 2d6p days of work. While repair prices are normal, new boots cost double the prices listed in the *Player's Handbook* and are available only as a special commission. Crafting a set of new boots takes Rurik 2d6p weeks. All new boots purchased are considered to be "Professional Grade" quality (see GMG page 124 for more information on quality of goods).

O5: STRON WOODWORKS

Occupants: Corcren Stron (owner/proprietor, master carpenter), Vikka Stron (wife/owner), Haramel Saketi (journeyman carpenter), Dil Karel (apprentice carpenter)

Traveling merchants laying-over in P'Bapar and in need of wagon repairs account for the majority of the carpentry work done in this shop. The rest of Corcren's work derives from the residents and businesses along the Rancern Road. Passing travelers waiting for completion of their repairs often layover at the Strongwater.

Corcren and his wife, Vikka, employ a journeyman carpenter and an apprentice. They have been trying to hire a second apprentice but have been unable to find the right fit.

Vikka handles all the customers, allowing Corcren the freedom to work without interruption. She takes particular pleasure in haggling and dealing with tough customers. Since her husband's work is masterful, she knows that customers will be happy with their repairs; and by the gods, they will pay for it. Only a few can boast about besting Vikka in negotiation. Most have the attitude that it isn't worth the argument and pay her prices, which by all accounts are fair to begin with.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Vikka possesses a Resist Persuasion mastery of 65 and a Salesmanship mastery of 60. Once she provides an

estimate for work, it is difficult to talk Vikka down in price. Successful opposed skill checks can drop the estimate by 2-8% (1d4x2%) per check (a maximum of three successes), but she'll never go lower than 80% the cost of a standard repairs.

O6: THE STRONGWATER

Occupants: Fanam Ku'Ato (owner, proprietor, lives across the street), Defyn (cook), Hovar Seri (stable boy), Neleta (serving wench), Yulan (serving wench), Elbre (serving wench), 1d6 various dancing girls (live with Fanam)

Services

Lodging: Common room 1 cp/day, private room 2 sp/day

Drinks: ale 2 tc/mug, mead 1 cp/mug, common wine 5 cp/pitcher, fine wine 3 sp/bottle

Food: Morning-meal (sweetbread, cheese and wine) 5 tc, midday-meal (soup, hard roll and ale) 1 cp, evening-meal (mutton, hard roll, cheese, or meat and vegetable stew and a mug of ale) 2 cp. Meals are not included in the cost of a room.

Stable: Stabling of a horse 1 cp/day, stabling of wagon 5 cp/day. Stabling includes hay and oats and grooming of animals (brushing and cleaning the hooves of horses). **Special:** Fanam will provide individualized specialized care for beasts of burden. Fanam dislikes dealing with the animals; and Hovar is difficult to work with, thus he charges outrageous prices for specialized services.

The Strongwater is a popular destination for travelers and locals alike. The prime location next to Voleln's Crossing and along the main road into the city draws a constant stream of customers. Clean rooms, good food and lively entertainment ensure they stay.

The owner, a Kalamaran named Fanam Ku'Ato, takes pride in providing the best entertainment that he can get his hands on. He goes to extensive lengths to recruit minstrels, poets, dancers, and showmen to entertain his crowds. He's known throughout the city as a patron of the arts, even if his interests are largely self-serving.

Fanam offers food and drink for fair prices, rooms to rent, and a stable and yard for wagons and horses. Traveling merchants favor this establishment knowing they can store their wares at the inn while they conduct business transactions inside the city.



The Strongwater Inn and Boarding House is a three and a half story, half-timber building with a slate-tiled roof. A large taproom dominates the ground level. A massive stone hearth, open on two sides, provides an excess of heat to the center of the building. A bar along the back wall separates the patrons from a kitchen and a storeroom.

The second floor contains two large common rooms with a dozen bunks beds. Customers can rent a bed on a nightly or weekly basis. Each common room contains a dozen beds with footlockers and a chamber pot.

Ten private rooms fitted with a single bed, a wardrobe, a table with a small candle occupy the entirety of the third floor. The attic provides cold and cramped lodging for the inn's workers, though Hovar prefers to sleep in the barn.

Outside near the front door, stands a large public posting board. The posting board is a favorite stop for mercenaries, hirelings, musicians, laborers, and anyone else in search of potential employment. Public notices, wanted posters, advertisements, and other solicitations are also posted here.

Fanam shares a small residence with his dancing girls across the street. Living with Fanam is one of the (many) requirements all dancing girls must endure to work at the inn. Most abide the situation because Fanam pays them a fair daily rate plus he allows them to keep 50% of the tips they earn – a rarity among the dancehalls in the city. Fanam imports and rotates dancing girls on a regular basis to keep the women fresh for his customers.

Two extremely busy serving women (Yulan and Elbre) work in the inn. A young half-Fhokki girl (Defyn) serves as a cook. Defyn was orphaned and abandoned at the inn as a babe. After an unsuccessful attempt to turn her into a dancing girl, she became the inn's cook.

Hovar Seri lives in the stables and sleeps in a horse stall that he claimed as his own. A peculiar man, Hovar is an expert on horses; but he refuses to speak to anyone, only grunting in response to questions. Hovar tends to the horses in his own way, despite any instructions provided. This often irritates customers. Their concerns are generally assuaged when they see the positive effect of Hovar's care.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Defyn was not orphaned at the inn. She is the daughter of one of Fanam's favorite dancing girls. Several years ago he agreed to take the young girl in and give her a job as a cook as a favor to her mother.

▶ Hovar is a former Cosdol cavalry officer. He suffered a horrendous injury in battle and was left for dead. A band of traveling elves discovered him and nursed him back to health. Hovar lived with the elves for almost a decade. Under their care, he learned their language and fell in love with their elven ways, especially how they cared for horses. When they parted ways, Hovar traveled east to P'Bapar. In search of work, he took a job as a groom. Afterwards, Fanam lured him to the Strongwater. Hovar is not a mute, but he only speaks with passing elves and only in low elven.

O7: MINDREL'S MEAT PIES

Occupants: Mindrel Norcrensel (owner)

Services

Food: Meat Pies 1 cp/each

The widow Norcrensel has been baking sumptuous meat pies consisting of animal organs (livers, hearts, kidneys, and tongue) combined with root vegetables swimming in hearty gravy for going on thirty years now. Most of the organ meat is procured from Shroknorr, but she purchases cheap cuts from a passing meat cart that frequents the area. Mindrel sells her pies to passing travelers entering or leaving the city, and she does quite well for herself.

Mindrel's husband, a laborer, died ten years ago when a reckless porter couldn't handle a barrel of nails, resulting in the runaway barrel crushing the poor man. Since his death, Mindrel has been a bit crazy. She talks to her dead husband as if he were still alive. Her state is harmless, though she carries on whole conversations for hours at a time. When questioned, Mindrel dismisses the idea that her husband is even gone.

Mindrel has grown unpredictable in her daily habits, especially with her baking. Some days she will create an endless supply of pies to feed the waiting throng of locals, and other days she will set out three or four pies and close-up shop. As a result, jostling, elbowing and even fistfights occur among her eager customers.

Each day Mindrel bakes 4d6p meat pies which she sells for one copper Foriba apiece. She opens her shop at a random time between breakfast and lunch. Customers will wait hours for her window to open to ensure they are first in line.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ City soldiers used to linger in this area hoping to forestall any violence among the waiting customers. This came to an abrupt end one day when the soldiers

“confiscated” the only six meat pies Mindrel was selling and ate them in front of the angry customers.

The people revolted; pelting the guards with rocks and whatever else they could get their hands on. When the chaos ended, the soldiers killed two men and severely wounded another. Ever since, the soldiers are under strict orders to abstain from intervening unless a conflict becomes particularly bloody.

This decision hasn't gone over well with the guards who favored the pies. Procuring pies for the guards is one way travelers could gain favors at the gates.

O8: VOLELN'S CROSSING

Voleln's Crossing was the first permanent bridge constructed by Voleln II to ensure safe passage across the Banader River. Comprised of native granite and limestone quarried from the nearby hills, the bridge is an impressive sight to say the least. The bridge is wide enough for two wagons to pass side by side with room to spare. Stone archways set into the river support the bridge's massive weight, allowing for river traffic or lumber to pass underneath.

Iron lanterns affixed to the bridge rails at regular intervals are lit by the last guard patrol to pass along the

roads before darkness. During inclement weather the guards often neglect their duty, leaving the bridge dark.

Four three-foot high stone bear statuettes mounted on five-foot high pillars occupy the ends of the bridge. Children and young adults climb up on the bears, often drawing the ire of passing soldiers who attempt to shoo them away.

The bridge is a popular gathering point and “Meet me at the Crossing” is a commonly used phrase uttered by those wishing to assemble here.

Adventures and Interactions:

- ▶ The bridge is a popular place to meet for a late night duel. The lanterns mounted along the railings provide adequate light, and the bridge is far enough away to either avoid the gate guards, or slip away before they can arrive.

- ▶ The lamplighter guild considers it a personal affront that the guards now light the bridge lanterns. The guards earned this “honor” after numerous instances of tardy lamplighters demanding entrance back into the city after hours. The changeover created tension between the head of the lamplighter guild and the captain of the guards at the gates. Known guild members are searched and harassed by the guards when entering the city. Members of the lamplighter guild are frustrated but reticent to respond in kind for fear of their safety.



O9: THUNDER TRANSPORT

Occupants: Resemer “Thunder” Balemo (owner), Minon P’Mare (mercenary), 3d8 porters, 3d6 mercenaries

Services: Porter 2 cp/porter/delivery, city guide 2 cp/day, mercenaries 3 sp/day, transporting goods 10 sp day/wagon (mercenaries extra)

After a dozen years of fighting in various countries as a soldier-for-hire, Resemer “Thunder” Balemo retired to P’Bapar to start up a transport business. Thunder Transport specializes in hauling cargo to whatever location it needs to be, though most of his work comes from delivering goods through the Coniper Gap into Cosolen.

Resemer is a good natured, fun loving, and hardworking man that feels he paid his dues; and now it is time to reap the benefits of being his own boss. He treats his men as equals and genuinely cares for everyone he employs. Some would call him naïve, even gullible, but he prefers to see the best in people, no matter their flaws. His men love working for him and tend to be loyal to a fault.

Resemer continues to arm himself with a long sword, wearing the weapon when performing even the most mundane day-to-day activities. He feels it lends him a level of credibility to his clients. In truth, after years of wearing it in the field he finds that he feels naked when he removes the sword.

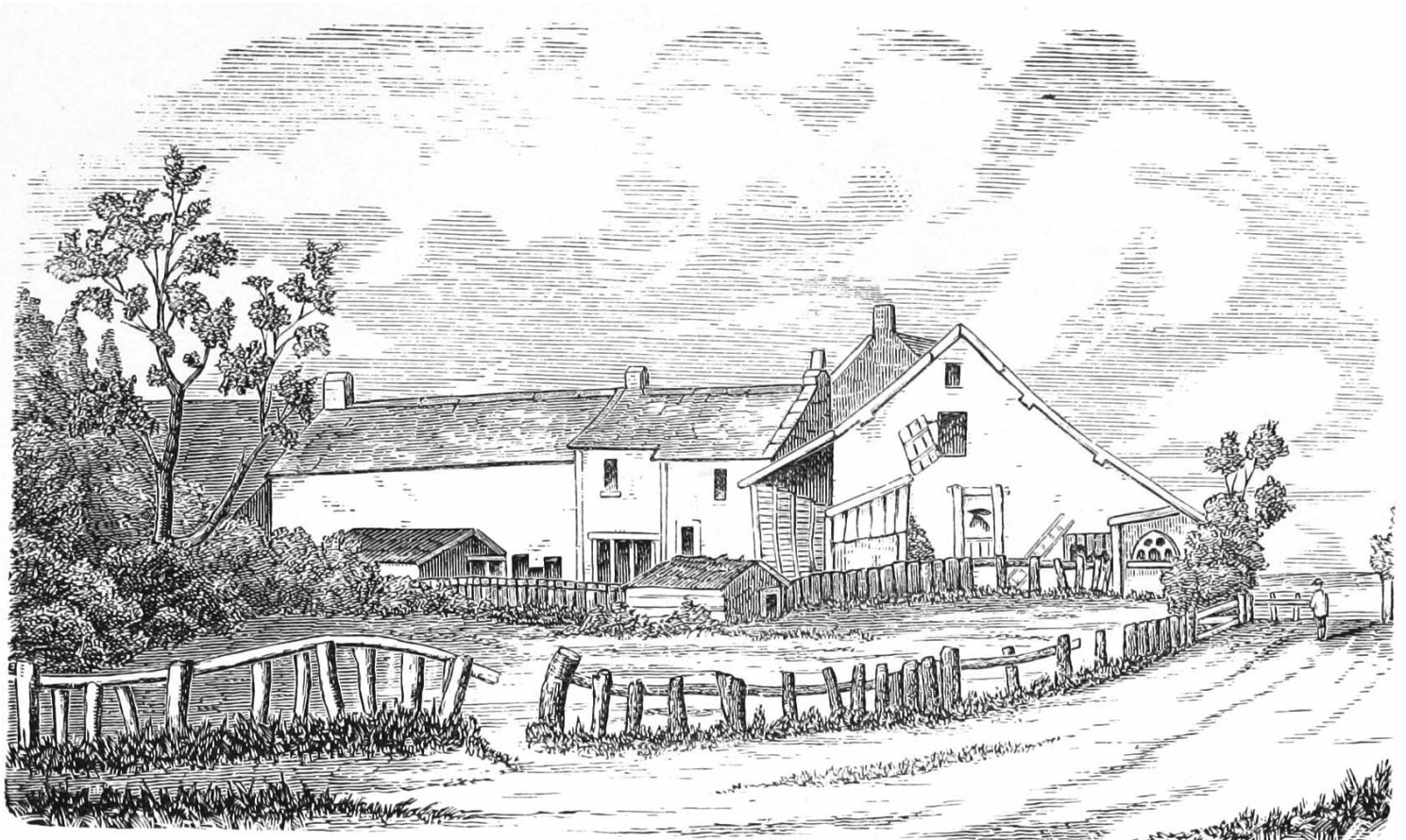
In addition to transporting goods, Resemer hires out porters and mercenaries for local endeavors. He earns as much income from passing merchants taking advantage of these services as he does from his long-distance transports.

During times of inactivity, porters and mercenaries dally across the river near the Strongwater, propositioning passing merchants on the company’s behalf. Unbeknownst to Resemer, most of the time these men are actually loafing off and drinking inside. They draw straws to determine which one must remain outside continuing to “work” and remain at the ready to alert the others if he spies Resemer or Minon.

Minon is Resemer’s right-hand man. The mercenary is an effective, but terribly cruel man who takes great pride in whipping his men for even the slightest offense or error, forcing Resemer to increase wages to keep his employees happy. Minon lives for the thrill of battle; and when he isn’t working, he spends his free time outside thrashing his men with wooden swords in “practice”.

Resemer’s prices are fair but have begun to rise in recent months. His men are trustworthy and work hard. Bonuses are paid for good work and deliveries that arrive ahead of schedule, which makes up for the abuse the employees suffer at the hands of Minon.

Thunder Transport occupies a large two-story building



north of the Banader River. The first floor contains a warehouse and stables with six horse stalls and enough room for two wagons. The second floor contains Resemer's office and bedroom, a private room for Minon, and a large common room with twelve triple bunk beds for porters and mercenaries.

Resemer lives in his shop and rarely leaves, trusting Minon to lead most of the major expeditions through the gap. In times of need, Resemer will hire out for additional porters or mercenaries. A small cadre of unemployed folks linger near the shop each morning waiting to hear if Resemer has need for temporary workers.

Despite his workload, Resemer's business is suffering and he is growing quite annoyed with his inability to turn a consistent profit.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Minon has been stealing from Resemer. He skims money from expeditions, tacks on unnecessary charges at the last minute to frustrated merchants, and often doesn't pay his mercenaries the entirety of the bonuses they've earned (unbeknownst to them). Six-months ago Minon murdered one of his men in order to prevent his theft from becoming public.

He steals because he can, but Minon also hopes to drive Resemer into a desperate situation and then offer to "buy" the business from him, using Resemer's own money to do it.

▶ Resemer experiences a lot of employment turnover. He's always on the look-out for additional swords or porters.

Minon P'Mare: NE Kalamaran fighter 5; HP: 44, Init: +3, Spd: 6 (5), Rch: 2', Atk: +5, Dmg: 2d6p+3, Def: +3, DR: 5, ToP: 18 /6, Hon: 23

Notable Abilities/Skills: language (Kalamaran 79, Baparan 23), listening 23, monster lore 30, observation 32

Equipment: short sword +1, studded leather armor +2, potion of poison, 2d6 sp, 2d10 cp. He also has 154 sp and 398 cp hidden under a tree in the woods nearby, buried in a sack.

O10: ALTEAN ARTISAN GLASS

Occupants: Borin "Glazer" Altean (owner, master glassmaker), Virda Altean (wife, glassmaker), Furum Altean, Boral Altean, Mari Altea

Large plumes of dark, acrid smoke pour from several chimneys protruding from the ridgeline of this building. A veneer of soot and ash covers the slate-tiled roof. A family of halfings (the Altean family) work as

independent artisans creating stunning glass items and windows to sell at reasonable prices.

Despite the quality of their work, the family has had some difficulty acquiring new clients and maintaining a steady workload. This is because the glassworks guild goes to great lengths to blackball the family. Borin has resisted all attempts to join the glassworkers guild, feeling the advantages the guild offers are not substantial enough to outweigh the dues and obligations.

Borin does not want to conform to the guild's pricing structure nor share age-old family secrets with other guild members. Several times a year Virda creates a spectacular piece of art that she sells for a sum so large the family can often survive on the profits for several months at a time. The guild insists on not only having a hand in determining the price of this art, but also allowing other glassmakers to learn her techniques.

Borin has a dozen nicknames, though "Glazer" is the most common. His wife, Virda Altean, is also an expert glassmaker and specializes in intricate and colorful pieces of work that are both useful, and artistic. Their three children (Furum, Boral, and Mari) range in age from twelve to twenty-five. All are learning the art of creating and molding glass.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ One secret to the family's success is the sand that they use for creating glass. A family friend imports the sand, which he collects along the edge of the Elos Desert. The alien sand gives their glass a broader spectrum of colors and seems better suited to creating intricate, and extremely thin, glass than local varieties of sand (including sand imported from Brandobia). Guild leaders would pay good money to learn this secret, and Borin protects it with vigor.

▶ Rival glass makers in the city have a poor opinion of the Altean family. They routinely spread false rumors about them. It wouldn't take much to drive them towards more destructive actions.

O11: ICHIL'S

Occupants: Ichil Folnester (owner), Mindoleen Folnester (wife)

Ichil, a scribe and amateur cartographer, lives in this two-story, half-timber building with his wife, Mindoleen. Ichil's primary customers are passing travelers and mercenaries which suits him fine since his language and cartography skills are below average at best. Despite his limitations, Ichil is able to scrounge up enough work to

keep his wife happy and buy the occasional book or two.

The scribe has a vast collection of rare and hard to find books. Many of these he buys from passing travelers in search of quick coins, unbeknownst of the potential value they may have. Ichil is an expert on old books, and he seems to have an inordinate amount of luck in stumbling across rare and hard to find manuscripts.

Ichil's wife, Mindoleen, is a kind and gentle soul who remains fiercely devoted to her husband, even after all these years. She helps support the family by working odd jobs in the city as a washerwoman and a part-time server when the Strongwater is particularly busy.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Greytar of Frandor's Keep, is a common houseguest of Ichil's when he is in the city, trying to pry rare and valuable books from the scribe.

▶ Ichil is a collector of rare books, not a dealer. While his collection is impressive, it is nearly impossible to pry a book from his grasp for coins. He will trade books for others, though most trades are skewed in his favor. His penchant for hoarding books has begun to draw attention from several sages, wizards and guilds in the city, many of which covet his collection.

O12: BRODORAN BAKERY

Occupants: Lonvlen Brodoran (owner/baker), Brennor Brodoran (wife/baker)

This old, run-down, two-story half-timber building is the home of Lonvlen and his wife, Brennor. They make bread and rolls for local residents, though much of their business comes from the daily orders to the Strongwater. On rare occasions, they have pastries or other sumptuous items for sale.

The aged couple spends the majority of the day arguing (loudly) about the proper way to kneed, mix, and bake bread. Their shouts and insults often carry out the windows and into the streets and are so commonplace that the locals no longer pay them any mind. Brennor also likes to boast she is descended from Brandobian nobility, a claim that Lonvlen denies. Despite the constant arguing, both husband and wife are superb bakers.

The ground floor contains a kitchen with three large fireplaces, ample counter space and storage racks for baked goods and a small room to welcome customers. The second floor has a bedroom for Lonvlen and Brennor and two guest rooms for when one of their seven children visit.



Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Lonvlen's eldest son, Trovlen, is a city guard. Trovlen's gone into debt recently with several gambling houses within the city. He's lost everything he owns and has been living with his parents, though they remain unaware of the severity of his problems. Trovlen fears the men to whom he owes money will eventually target his parents. He's been looking for several well-armed mercenaries to rent the spare bedroom as a deterrent for reprisals.

O13: TALLOW'S HIGH

Occupants: Rogalvi Remola (owner/master chandler), Pakara Remola (wife), K'lsa Remola (daughter/chandler), Felena Remola (daughter/chandler)

Outside this modest, two-story building, passing travelers will note dozens of sour-smelling empty barrels and the presence of many cats. The building is home to a chandler, Rogalvi, who spends his days crafting candles made of tallow (rendered fat). Tallow arrives once per week in large barrels. Rogalvi leaves the empty barrels outside until they are reclaimed and refilled. The empty casks attract cats, dogs, and rats who consume the left-over pig fat. On particularly hot days, the stench of the candle maker's shop reaches the crossing. When the wind

blows in from the north, it will waft over the city walls.

Rogalvi's wife (Pakara) and twin daughters (K'lsa and Felena) haul crates of candles into the city by wagon to sell at market each day. The promiscuous raven-haired beauties attract attention wherever they go, a fact of which their father is painfully aware. Rogalvi goes to great lengths to prevent his daughters from flirting or associating with men, all to no avail. Twice he has publicly thrashed men after catching them with one of his daughters in a compromising situation.

Pakara provides no help on the subject, as she is worse than her daughters. Handsome customers are often alarmed at how forward the woman can be with her proposals. In fact, Pakara is quite free with her body, and she has several lovers on the side while Rogalvi remains unaware. Her daughters have learned much from their mother, and the three have conspired to cover for one another on numerous occasions.

The family has a permanent stall in the Eldan Market that is always tended by at least one of the women.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ The chandler shop has become a popular place for Vermus living beneath the city to seek food. Between the hours of midnight and sunup, there is a 5% chance that a pack of 2d4p Vermus are rummaging around the empty casks in search of a yummy snack.

(Stats for Vermus can be found in the Hacklopedia of Beasts, Volume 2).

▶ Pakara has three steady lovers whom she visits on a regular basis. Poldar is one, and he's a mercenary serving with the Fiery Harpies. A jealous man, Poldar spends his off-duty hours lingering near their market stall, drinking and spying on her. There's a 20% chance that any PC caught flirting with Pakara will draw his ire.

Poldar: CN Kalamaran fighter 3; HP: 27, Init: +4, Spd: 9, Rch: 3½, Atk: +2, Dmg: 2d8p+1, Def: +4, DR: 3, ToP: 10 /4, Hon: 13
Equipment: long sword, studded leather armor, small shield, knife, dagger, drinking horn, dice, 2d10p cp, 1d4p sp

O14: ALTAMIR'S BOARDING HOUSE

Occupants: Altamir Edarn (owner)

Services

Lodging: Common Room 1 cp/day, private room 1 sp/day

Altamir's Boarding House is a quiet, clean and dry place that offers lodging for passing travelers wishing to avoid

the commotion at the Strongwater. Inside are four large common rooms with six double bunk beds and six private rooms for rent. Each private room houses a single bed, a chest and a table with an oil lantern on it. The fastidious owner cleans the rooms on a daily basis. When he's not working, Altamir drinks at the Strongwater. When he's too far in his cups, he'll complain about messy customers.

Altamir is in his mid-forties and dresses in the manner befitting a steward, with a finely trimmed vest lined with velvet and a waistcoat. Altamir speaks in measured tones and rarely smiles. He is good friends with Corcren Stron, and the two frequently chart over drinks at the bar.

O15: GOKHOR'S STORAGE

Services

Storage: Storage 5 tc/10 lbs./day, 1 sp wagonload/day

Gokhor, a burly red-haired Fhokki man, rents this empty building for those in search of storage space. Merchants are his most frequent customers, but all are welcome.

Customers must pay up-front, and late fees are incurred for time beyond what is initially paid. Gokhor will only hold possessions for one additional month beyond the agreed upon time frame. After a month, he confiscates the items and sells them at the market.



Gokhor is fluent (and literate) in Baparan, Kalamaran, Brandobian, and Fhokki. He sometimes offers translation services when in need of additional income.

Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Every so often, adventurers or merchants will store goods here and never return. As a result, there is a 5% chance that, if requested, Gokhor will have any non-magical item in his inventory. His prices are usually fair.

O16: FARMER'S HALL

This large building is the Farmer's Hall though many locals refer to it as the Onion Hall. The hall serves as a gathering point for important meetings among the farmers in the region. The only employee found here on a daily basis is a tax collector. His presence allows anyone to pay their taxes at any time of the year, should they choose to be proactive.

The Baparan farmers do not belong to a guild, so they utilize this place for important meetings and festivals. In times of emergency, city officials use this building for impromptu meetings or announcements.

Residents of the city-state of P'Bapar can rent this hall for special occasions (weddings, meetings, etc.) through the city offices. The cost depends on the mood of the person you speak with, the time of year and any other demands that may take precedence.

A large board near the front door is available for posting notices, news, job offers, and the like.

