

# HackMaster

## Kingdoms of

# Kalamar

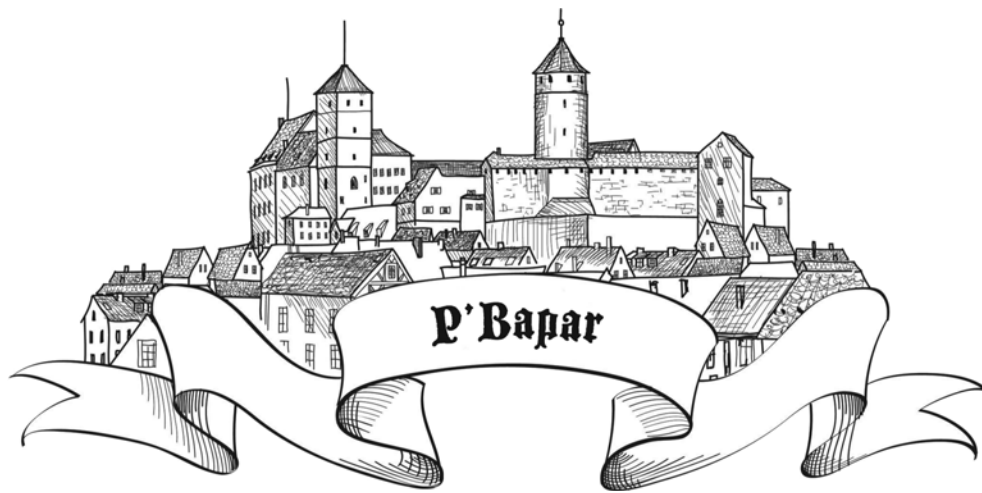
*Fantasy Campaign Setting*

## P' BAPAR



PART 7 – THE NORTH WARD:  
PEBBLE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD





## Part 7: The North Ward – Pebble Hill Neighborhood

### PEBBLE HILL NEIGHBORHOOD

This section of the North Ward is known as Pebble Hill. Before the city was fully formed, this portion of the city served as a staging area for cutting stone used to construct buildings, roadways, and bridges. A nearby quarry (now long gone) provided a seemingly endless supply of granite. It was a dusty, sandy, industrial area that employed many workers. While those times have passed, the moniker has remained.

Pebble Hill evolved into a tight-knit residential neighborhood full of hard-working middle-class and lower-middle-class people. Dozens of businesses catering to the neighborhood are located here. Locals tend to look out for one another and tourists and outsiders are welcomed, as long as their business is brief and doesn't interfere with the daily lives of the residents.

### Places of Interest in the Pebble Hill Neighborhood

#### N21: NORTH MARKET

This public space contains twenty semi-permanent wooden market stalls and a similar number of tents, which are erected on a daily basis. Vendors cater to the needs of local residents, offering produce and textiles for reasonable prices. Half of the stalls are owned by local merchants or land brokers. The other half are owned by the city and rented on a daily basis.

Tent space is available and merchants are required to set-up and remove their tent daily. Tents left overnight are confiscated by the city. Competition for prime locations is fierce; eager farmers and vendors form a queue well before sunup in order to claim their desired location.

The market overseer manages this area from a small stall at the north end. He is responsible for renting stalls and space for tents.

The North Market is busiest from sunup to lunchtime. Seasonal produce, clothing, candles, soaps, pottery, earthenware and artwork comprise the majority of the wares sold here. After the midday meal many vendors begin tearing down their tents or packing their goods to return home. By mid-afternoon the market is devoid of merchants.

In order to prevent vandalism and theft, the overseer has conscripted a small mercenary company to protect the market during operation hours. Glandal's Gallants, a group of eighteen mercenaries stand at the ready to foil any illicit activity. Six to ten members actively protect the market and rotate on an hourly basis with their cohorts. They patrol the premises or lounge in the shade watching for troublemakers. Each mercenary is armored in leather and carries a mace and small shield (provided by Glandal). They wear black tabards depicting the silhouette of a white prancing horse.

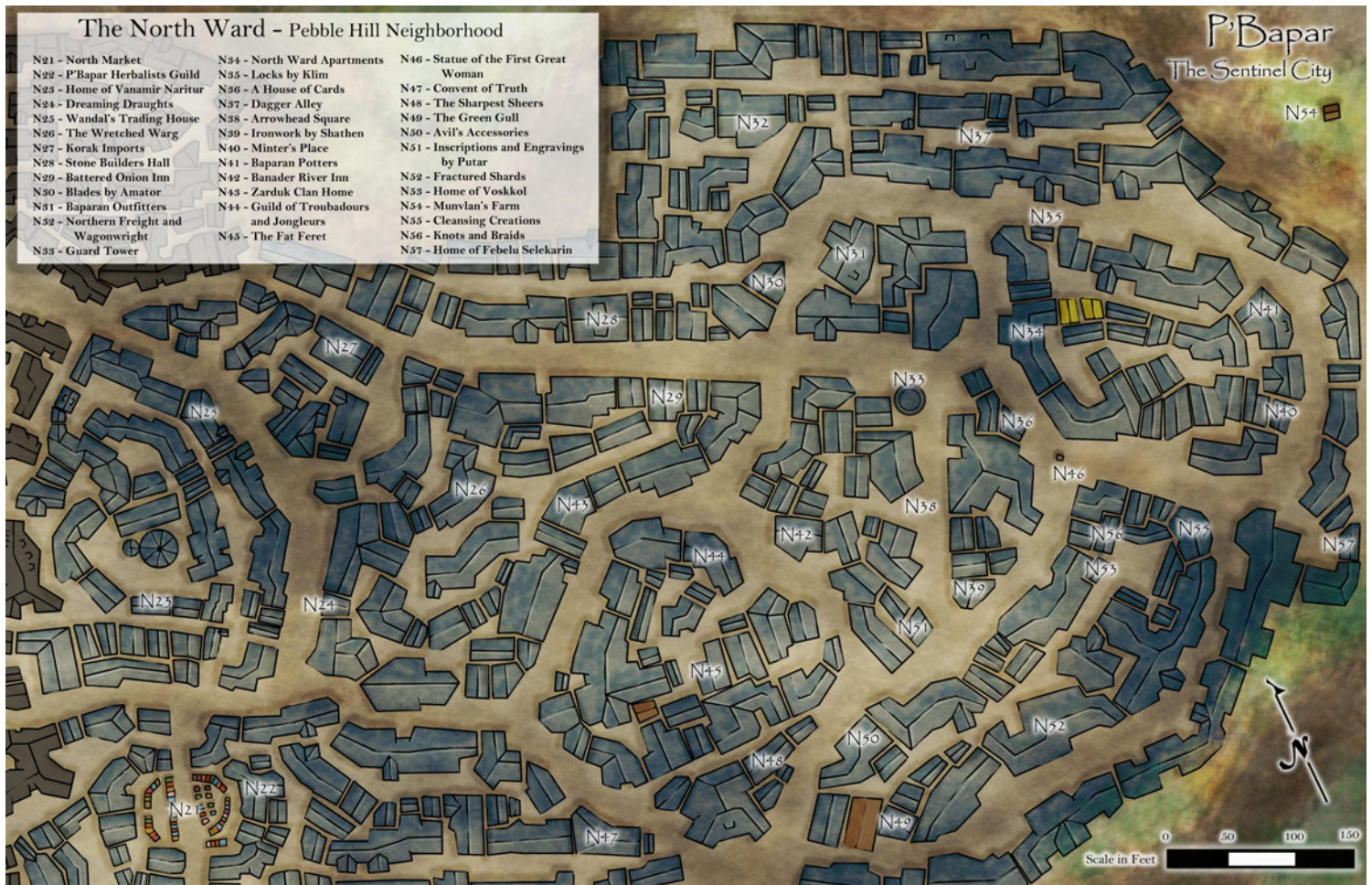
Glandal "the Gallant" Eplon leads the mercenary company. Glandal is a handsome former knight hailing from Cosolen who has "retired" to the easy life of a mercenary captain. When he's not protecting the market, Glandal frequents various taverns and brothels throughout the city.

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**Glandal "the Gallant" Eplon:** NG human (Brandobian)  
Fighter 4; HP 37; Init +2; Spd 9 (7) (longsword); Rch 3½';  
Atk +6; Dmg 2d8p+3; Def +1 (+7 w/ med. shield); DR 4;  
ToP 15/6; Hon 46

*Quirk:* Lusty

*Notable Abilities/Skills:* administration 34, diplomacy 26, intimidation 56, language (Baparan 71, Brandobian 80,



Resist persuasion 43

*Proficiencies:* longsword, dagger, medium armor, shield

*Equipment:* longsword, ring mail, medium shield, tabard, 2d6 sp, 3d10 cp

**Typical Gallant:** N human (Brandobian) Man-at-Arms; HP 28; Init +4; Spd 11 (footman's mace); Rch 2'; Atk +1; Dmg d6p+d8p+1; Def -2 (+2 w/ small shield); DR 3; ToP 12/7

*Equipment:* mace, studded leather armor, small shield

### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Glandal is no knight. He's a former mercenary with a penchant for lying and laziness. He's come to enjoy the easy life of a "former knight" and welcomes the attention his false title brings – especially from women.

He originally concocted his fake past to lend credibility to his struggling mercenary company. With his new credibility work increased, so he fired his men and replaced them with new mercenaries unfamiliar with his background. Thus far it has been a profitable lie. Glandal will go to great lengths to protect his secret should he believe his deceit is threatened with exposure.

## N22: P'BAPAR HERBALISTS GUILD

**Occupants:** 1d3p guild members

There are only thirty-five members of the P'Bapar Herbalist Guild, making it one of the smallest professional organizations in the city. Half of the members live beyond the city walls and one member even hails from Cosolen. Membership is exclusive and expensive, but the guild survives by growing and selling rare and expensive flora popular in high-end cooking, potion making and other expensive natural remedies.

While they may be few in number, member expertise is in high demand. Consultations on the growing, care and application of various plants are a consistent source of income for both guild members and the guild. Plant use for potion making and restorative remedies are popular topics of conversation.

No one lives on the premises, but members come and go on a regular basis. Plants are grown in a rooftop greenhouse and require constant attention and care. Every member is required to devote time for maintenance of both the florae and the guildhall. Dislocated members pay an extra guild surcharge to compensate for being unable to provide on-site assistance.



### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ The guildhall is protected by six large war dogs. These animals are trained not to bark or attack anyone accompanied by a guild member (unless the member exhibits an unusual amount of fear – such as from a flaw). Ten dogs live in an open kennel in the basement, but they have free reign over the entirety of the building. During the day-time hours they sleep in the cooler the basement, but will quickly investigate unusual noises or loud activity.

▶ The Feathers keep a watchful eye on members of the Herbalists Guild for fear of their knowledge of poison recipes. Despite these safeguards, several members of this organization do in fact provide poisons to a select group of buyers. Doing so is not only illegal but also against guild policy, so members are careful in their dealings.

### **N23: HOME OF VANAMIR NARITUR**

**Occupant:** Vanamir Naritur (spy)

Vanamir Naritur lives on the upper floor of this building and works in the city as a porter and general laborer. A hulking and imposing man, Vanamir has enormous, calloused hands, broad shoulders, a thick neck and massive thighs. He speaks with a heavy Kalamaran accent.

His intimidating size and unfamiliarity with the region isolate him. Vanamir has few friends, which suits him fine. While he earns a fair living as a day-laborer, Vanamir's primary source of income is supplied by the Kalamaran Empire, for whom he works as a spy.

Vanamir sends weekly reports detailing information on guard patrols at each gate to a merchant contact in Daresido. Vanamir receives a monthly package with his payment and additional instructions on which gates to focus on. He doesn't question his instructions, though he takes pride in knowing he's assisting his homeland.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Though he doesn't know it, Vanamir actually works for a Kalamaran crime family which smuggles goods into and through P'Bapar. They use his reports on guard activity to time their illegal deliveries into the city. They've convinced Vanamir they are actually agents working in concert with the empire.

If one of the smugglers were to be captured, they might out Vanamir as an associate to gain leverage for a lightened sentence.

▶ Vanamir rents the apartment on the first floor to

anyone willing to pay his higher-than-normal rates. He prefers Kalamaran tenants whenever possible. Should a righteous Kalamaran tenant share Vanamir's ideals he may attempt to recruit him as a second set of eyes.

### **N24: DREAMING DRAUGHTS**

**Occupants:** Gumari Dalfort (master apothecary), Vandy Dalfort (wife), Gamar, Vale, Rari, Van and Nava (children)

Gumari Dalfort, a gnomish potion maker, his wife Vandy and two of their five children, live in this story-and-a-half home, selling potions and draughts. The family lives in a small attic on the second floor. Their shop is located on the ground level.

Their eldest three children (Gamar, Vale and Rari) have moved out of the home, providing a bit of a respite in the close-quartered upper floor. Even so, at various times during the day all five children are here working. Gamar and Vale spend their days scouring the city for ingredients and they are regular visitors to the herbalist's guild. Rari and Van prepare and process ingredients for their mother. Nava, just a wee one, keeps the building and potion-making equipment clean.

With the help of his children, the master potion-maker is able to brew a dozen different potions from recipes developed by his father and grandfather. His prices are fair and he doesn't discriminate, with the exception of refusing to concoct poisons. Gumari has contracts with several temples and prominent families to produce healing elixirs, though he keeps this information secret.

Vandy, Gumari's loyal wife, was born blind but she's overcome her disabilities and is a valuable asset to the business. Her sense of smell is so keen that she can identify potions and their ingredients with the faintest whiff.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Gumari sells potions to the public. His prices are not fixed and largely dependent on the scarcity of the materials required at the time of concoction. He is a hard bargainer and has 65% in Salesmanship and 59% in Resist Persuasion.

▶ Gumari has memorized most of his potion recipes, but he does maintain a recipe book, which he stores in a secret cubby under a loose floorboard in the attic. This book would be extremely valuable on the open market. Gumari believes only he, his wife, and his children know of the book's existence, but Vale has disclosed its existence to her newest boyfriend.

▶ Gumari has been burgled several times in the past year. In order to deter this activity, he has concocted several poisons and labeled them as healing potions. He stores these on a high shelf in obvious sight for customers. Any thief breaking-in and stealing the potions could be in for quite a surprise.

▶ Both Gamar and Vale are aware of, and friendly with, the guard dogs in the herbalist guild (location N22). Anyone accompanying them inside would be free from dog attacks.

## N25: WANDAL'S TRADING HOUSE

**Occupant:** Wandal Legora (owner)

The first floor of this two-floor general store is cluttered to the point of inaccessibility. Goods of every description occupy all available floor space, leaving twisting, untidy aisles. Old and rusted armor hangs from hooks. Weapons of every available type and condition are stored in barrels and on shelves. Crates of torches and candles, fishing nets, backpacks, lanterns, oil and just about anything else can be found here for the discerning (and patient) buyer.

Wandal lives on the second story of this building. Despite his advanced age, Wandal remembers the location of every item in his inventory. Wandal deals primarily in used goods; he buys and trades used items of any condition. His shop is a favorite among passing mercenaries and down-on-their-luck adventurers.

### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Prices are fair (book rate) and Wandal is accommodating to special requests. However, many of his items are old and worn, some covered in dust from sitting unused for so long. Any item purchased has a 30% chance to actually be shoddy or poor quality, an equal chance of each.

▶ Wandal offers 15% of book value when purchasing used equipment (assuming said equipment is in usable conditions). He'll offer 25% in trade value.



## N26: THE WRETCHED WARG

**Occupants:** Crant (owner), Linura, Hanula, Sylla, Dela, Aneta, Yavlel (servers), Bavamir, Kotesh, Fortind, Vrindon, Elmin (bouncers)

**Services:** wine, ale, beer (½ tc/mug), room (5 tc/night), food (1 tc)

Worn wood, faded paint, missing shingles and broken shutters are the first things patrons notice about this out-of-the-way and dilapidated four-story establishment. A faded sign depicting a fierce looking warg hangs askew from a single chain just above the front door.

The first floor of the building contains a large taproom filled with mismatched and half-broken furniture which resides on an uneven hard-packed earthen floor. Discarded food and broken clay mugs and dishes are scattered everywhere. Rats, cockroaches and other vermin scurry about looking for scraps on which to feed.

The tavern is owned and operated by a hideous half-orc named Crant. The product of a rape during an orkin assault, Crant has lived a difficult life. He was raised by a doting mother that he never loved, but who tried her best to humanize her only son. When he was sixteen, Crant murdered his mother and then disfigured his own face in order to pass himself off as a scarred human (albeit an amazingly ugly one). Crant's pale skin was the only reason his lie worked.

Crant moved to P'Bapar and became a regular at the Wretched Warg. When the previous owner disappeared under mysterious circumstances Crant produced enough coin to purchase the dilapidated building from the city. He's owned it ever since.

Six women work the Warg as both servers and prostitutes. Only the most desperate women tolerate the terrible working conditions. Turnover among employees is high and death is not entirely uncommon. It does not take much for a situation at the Warg to escalate into violence.

Fare at the Warg is poorly cooked (if it is cooked at all) and often covered in maggots and flies. Few people order the food, but Crant offers whatever he has laying around on the off chance that someone orders something. Ale, wine and beer all are extremely cheap (both in quality and price) and watered down.

The upper floors of the Warg contain numerous rooms, all in deplorable condition. The cleanest ones are merely messy, but the worst are downright uninhabitable. These rooms are used by the servers more than the customers. Those brave enough to rent a room are likely to be robbed, stabbed or at least have their packs raided by

patrons or vermin.

Fights are common at the Warg and the bouncers are as likely to start them as the patrons (usually out of boredom). Crant enjoys seeing men brawl in the taproom, but won't stand for the use of weapons. When swords are drawn, the half-orc and his bouncers quickly arm themselves with clubs and short swords (which they wear at all times) and attempt to put an end to the fighting. Any bodies are dumped in one of the nearby alleys (usually Dagger Alley – see N37).

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Illifran Pann, a would-be knight of the Valiant, once stumbled into the Warg in search of an evening of revelry. During his short stay he became enchanted with Dela, one of the serving women. After his evening inside he attempted to “rescue” her from the horrid environment.

Unfortunately, the bouncers nearly beat Illifran to death. They robbed him and tossed him into the alleyway. Illifran has since made several attempts to return to the Warg in order to extract Dela from her terrible life. He's suffered repeated beatings and torment and is now considering hiring armed men to assist in his endeavor, all despite Dela never asking for his assistance.

▶ Staying at the Warg is dangerous business and anyone spending the night has a decent chance of being attacked, robbed or even murdered. Furthermore, a bevy of undesirable people frequent this establishment. Drinking in the bar on a regular basis will not only lower the honor of the individual in question but such a character is also likely to attract the attention of people that may cause him or her trouble in the future. An initial night out at the Warg will lower a player character's honor score by one. Subsequent visits are subjected to further honor loss depending on the GM's discretion.

### **N27: KORAK IMPORTS**

**Occupants:** P'Ligel Nama (importer), Mindelen Nama (wife)

Korak Imports specializes in transporting goods from the Militocracy of Korak into P'Bapar and beyond. The offices for this business are located in a three-story white-washed building desperately in need of maintenance. Faded red trim outlines each opening (both doors and windows) giving the building a distinct appearance. The slate tile shingles are broken in several places and water leaks into the upper floors.

P'Ligel specializes in importing commodities native to the south that fetch high prices in P'Bapar, including ale,

wine and expensive fabrics. Despite being based in the North Ward, P'Ligel conducts most of his business in the Green Ward. Carts and wagons arrive here on a near constant basis picking up packages, crates, barrels and boxes to move to other locations in the city.

A large open space is located on the first floor and it is devoted to storing trade goods. Crates and boxes reside here, each waiting to be moved to its final destination. The second floor contains P'Ligel's offices and small bedroom for drivers to layover after their long journey.

P'Ligel lives on the mold-infested third floor with his wife, Mindelen. Mindelen despises life in P'Bapar and longs to return home to Korak, where her family resides. She resents her husband's success and each fruitful deal delays her inevitable return home.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ P'Ligel maintains a fragile hold on his import business. He has a fortune tied up in commodities and fledgling businesses in Korak waiting to be delivered to P'Bapar. Losing the wrong wagon to bandits might possibly sink his business interests and destroy his credibility. He is also heavily leveraged on land he owns in the south. In the event that his business fails P'Ligel would lose everything. His most likely course of actions would be to move on to Cosolen or Kalamar, and not return home.

▶ Mindelen is so unhappy with her current situation that she's begun fantasizing about sabotaging her husband's business ventures. Her hope is that if her husband were to fail in P'Bapar they could finally return home to live on the land they own there. She hasn't acted on her fantasies, but a few more winters in the north and she may muster the courage to do so.

Mindelen would never consider violence against her husband as a solution, but she might conspire with his competitors or leak information about shipments to the wrong people without fully realizing the ramifications of her actions.

### **N28: STONE BUILDERS HALL**

**Occupants:** Folok Stonecrafter (guild master), 1d4p guild members

Home to the guild of masons, Stone Builders Hall is a massive four-story structure comprised entirely of worked and dressed granite, limestone and basalt. Slate shingles shimmer in the morning sun and copper patina trim accents the building in several places. Stone Builders Hall is an impressive sight and a notable landmark that stands in stark contrast to its drab neighbors.



Masons and artists comprise the entirety of the membership of this organization. Dues are expensive, but benefits include employment opportunities, training, fixed rates, access to government contracts and work, and contacts throughout the city-state and even other kingdoms. One of the biggest advantages of being a member of the mason's guild is that members are eligible to work on the roadways constructed and maintained by the archduchy. This ensures steady employment even during the leanest times.

Folok Stonecrafter is the current guild master. The stern, dwarven perfectionist doesn't stand for laziness, late dues or inept masons. Members are required to pass a yearly competency test of their techniques and tricks of the trade. Anyone failing is forced to further his or her prowess through extensive training or leave the guild.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Despite rumors to the contrary, the masons are not a corrupt organization with strong political ties to criminal organizations. Still, many believe them to be a secretive organization involved in countless conspiracies and plots to overthrow the government.

### **N29: BATTERED ONION INN**

**Occupants:** Rythok, Tenga (owners), Sylla (cook), Thrayd, Thilla, Enga, Dunilla (servers)

**Services:** ale (1 cp/mug), wine (1 sp bottle), fried potatoes (3 cp/plate), fried onion chips (1 cp/plate), soup or stew w/ bread (5 cp), daily meal special (5 cp), private room (1 sp/night), common room (2 cp/night)

The smell of freshly baked bread and fried potatoes constantly wafts from the kitchen of this small and intimate tavern. The owners, Rythok and Tenga, wake early to make breakfast for the morning influx of regulars and can be found there throughout the entirety of the day.

Food is the main attraction at the onion, making the inn busiest during mealtimes, but especially so at the evening meal. Known for several specialty dishes (including fried potatoes, battered and fried onion chips, and a hearty split pea stew) the inn is a favored among locals living in the neighborhood.

Tables are scattered about the small taproom and patrons wait hours for a place to sit and eat. A bustling kitchen occupies a portion of the first floor and a basement pantry provides ample storage for foodstuffs. The second floor of the inn contains four rentable private rooms and one large common sleeping room. Tenga cleans these rooms daily and takes great pride in providing

clean linens and beds for her happy customers.

The servers are always busy and rarely make time for a break. Just as often, customers happily return to the bar to refill their mugs and avoid the long wait for a server to attend to them.

Rythok and Tenga live in the basement of the inn, next to the large pantry. They are quite content with their simple accommodations and, despite the popularity of their inn, they refuse to live elsewhere.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Greytar, of Frandor's Keep, dines here when he finds himself in the city. He is particularly fond of the fried onion chips. Anyone purchasing Greytar a plate of fried onion chips will gain a +4 bonus to a reaction check.

### **N30: BLADES BY AMATOR**

**Occupant:** Amator Halamaela (master weapon smith)

Amator Halamaela hails from southern Cosdol and arrived in P'Bapar only five years prior. In this short time Amator has built a reputation as a quality weaponsmith.

Amator specializes in crafting only blades (all swords, knives and daggers) and refuses to degrade himself by making what he calls "lesser" weapons. Any blade purchased here is of excellent quality and the price reflects it.

Superior quality weapons must be commissioned and each is unique, constructed to the specifications of the buyer. Payment in full is expected prior to construction. Amator never promises a completion date. The half-elven smith has no qualms about forcing a client to wait weeks, months or even years for a weapon. He crafts a blade only when he is inspired to do so and he never rushes his inspiration.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► There is a base 75% chance that Amator has any type of sword, knife or dagger for sale. Amator's blades feature intricate inscribed patterns and designs. Amator's blades cost double the book rate – though they have no additional properties in regards to their combat effectiveness. Amator is capable of constructing superior items (+1 to +3).

► Maka Sakatar, a Kalamaran diplomat living in P'Bapar is rumored to collect blades crafted by the master smith. He has a standing offer to purchase any blade he can get his hands on, no questions asked. As such, when these items are discovered by the Sons of Silence they are quickly sold to Maka. Amator is aware of the interest

Maka has in his weapons and he has refused to sell swords to anyone who he believes represents the man – he won't say why.

### **N31: BAPARAN OUTFITTERS**

**Occupants:** Nari' Ku'Ato (seamstress), Brovvel (husband)

A freshly painted sign hanging near the front door boasts that this shop is "The best place for sturdy, everyday wear." Most of the clothing is utilitarian and drab, yet suited for the locals of the North Ward. New styles rarely arrive here, but the owners do brisk business. Cloaks, tunics, pants, dresses and any other everyday garments can be purchased for reasonable rates.

Nari Ku'Ato sews clothing to fit several standardized sizes. She rarely does custom tailoring and often recommends others in the area that can do that sort of work. Instead she tries to keep prices low and volume high.

Her husband, Brovvel, is a drunkard with a gambling problem. He can often be found at the Palace of Providence losing copper coins at an alarming rate. Nari remains madly in love with her spouse and does what she can to support him, even if she is only enabling his habits.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Brovvel recently won several thousand copper coins during a deplorable and drunken gambling surge in which he couldn't seem to lose. He brought the money home and hid it, unsure if he should give it to his wife or pay one of the many lenders to whom he owes money. Unfortunately, word got around and some of Brovvel's debtors are making plans to visit.

### **N32: NORTHERN FREIGHT AND WAGONWRIGHT**

**Occupant:** Pulan Olmvril (owner)

Pulan Olmvril owns and operates this freight company that specializes in transporting goods to and from Pekal,

Ek'Kasel, Korak and Kalamar. In addition to owning this four-story building, which serves as Pulan's home and office, he also owns three adjoining buildings where he temporarily houses goods, wagons and horses. The top floor serves as Pulan's living quarters. He can always be found here during the day.

Northern Freight also constructs and sells wagons, a secondary service born of necessity. When Pulan first began to operate in P'Bapar, he was blackballed by members of the transporting guild for operating outside of guild parameters and prices. He had difficulty finding and servicing wagons, so in the end he decided to build his own.

As a native of Kalamar, Pulan has strong family ties in both P'Bapar and Kalamar. His mixed heritage means he is often distrusted in social circles. Hoping to overcome these prejudices, Pulan has become an activist and advocate for others in similar situations.

Northern Freight employs hundreds of laborers, drivers, wagon wrights, mercenaries, scouts and guides. They are responsible for hiring men in dozens of cities from P'Bapar to Baneta and everywhere in between.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Northern Freight routinely employs hired swords to escort and protect their shipments.

▶ Pulan has profited greatly from his determination, innovation and business savvy. Now nearly forty, he is finally considering taking a wife to share in his success. He can be found at social functions mingling with powerful merchants and noblemen. Unfortunately, the balding and portly businessman never developed the necessary social skills to court women. He would be indebted to anyone who could provide an introduction to a high-class member of the fairer sex.

### **N33: GUARD TOWER**

**Occupants:** 40 city watchmen





One of a dozen guard towers found throughout P'Bapar, this six-story tower serves as a base of operations for watchmen patrolling the Bluffs and Pebble Hill neighborhoods. Inside are barracks for twenty men, an armory, a lounge, and a small prison which is used to temporarily detain criminals. Ten soldiers are always in this building relaxing, sleeping, gambling or enjoying their time off.

#### N34: NORTH WARD APARTMENTS

**Occupants:** Miana (owner)

**Services:** Apartments 1 sp/week or 2 sp/week

This four-story building contains thirty two-room flats. Each space contains two beds in one room and a small living/eating area in the other. Apartments are fully furnished and can be rented for as short as a week at a time. High turnover ensures that new tenants come and go on a regular basis. Occupants range from serving wenches to mercenaries to adventurers to porters and everyone in between.

Apartments on the first three floors rent for 1 sp/week while the apartments on the fourth floor cost double. Rooms on the upper floors are larger and better furnished.

Miana, an aging Reanaarese woman, manages the

building and lives on the fourth floor. She enjoys the constant turnover and new tenants, inevitably pursuing an invitation for dinner or drinks.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Miana is incredibly nosy and a good source of rumors and gossip.

#### N35: LOCKS BY KLIM

**Occupant:** Klim Onyxfoot (locksmith/owner)

This squat structure is home to Klim Onyxfoot, a peculiar dwarven locksmith. Klim is blind in one eye and missing his left leg, both injuries sustained while battling orcs in his younger years. The dwarf has fashioned a wood and metal peg-leg he straps to his left stub to assist with walking. He is also missing several teeth, possesses a bald crown and a matted beard of thick, coarse, black hair.

Klim is highly addicted to several drugs and is a raging alcoholic. Somehow he manages to sustain a profitable business, producing quality locks for fair prices. The Sons of Silence are frequent customers, and some of their less reputable members are largely responsible for supplying Klim with narcotics. In return, the dwarf provides his services at discounted rates. Klim is not a member of the guild and has no desire to ever join the organization.



Klim has a particular fondness for halflings, as they remind him of a former adventuring companion. He will often reduce his prices for the wee folk and try to strike up conversation with them whenever possible.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ The Feathers suspect that Klim may provide services for the Sons of Silence, though they haven't been able to prove it yet. Even in his worst state, the dwarf remains tight lipped about his clients.

▶ Assuming he can trust the client, Klim will attempt to open any lock brought to him. His rates vary (according to the GM) depending on the difficulty of the lock and what it is attached to. Klim has an Open Locks skill of 71%.

### **N36: A HOUSE OF CARDS**

**Occupants:** Vaxea Nae (fortune teller), Nooria (fortune teller)

**Services:** Fortunes – 3 cp

Garishly painted pink, orange, yellow and blue, this two-story half-timber building stands out among its more mundane neighbors. One wall contains a mural depicting several fanned tarot cards. The front door to this building has been relocated and replaced by a set of gossamer curtains. A second set of thick velvet curtains hangs beyond this one. The door has been re-attached on the other side of the vestibule to provide some security.

Customers are greeted in a small central room containing a single table draped in a black cloth. Two chairs face one another and a darkened lantern hangs over the table from the end of a heavy iron chain. Velvet curtains obscure the rest of the first floor concealing two more rooms (a kitchen and a storeroom) and a set of stairs leading to the floor above.

Upstairs is where the owner of this building, Vaxea Nae, resides. The Reanaarese man is a swindler and con-man and only recently arrived in P'Bapar. Portraying a mystical sorcerer, Vaxea dons purple robes covered in stars and moons and a goofy pointed hat to match. He reeks of arcane odors and carries several charms to ward off evil spirits.

Aiding Vaxea is his wife, and fellow fortuneteller, Nooria. Like her husband, Nooria doesn't possess any arcane abilities just a penchant for discovering secrets through a series of well-placed questions and a bit of conjecture.

The couple takes turns telling fortunes and selling fake

wands, potions and other mystical items to passing travelers. Neither professes to be any sort of wizard and they are careful to claim that their wares are for entertainment purposes only, though that doesn't prevent them from implying they might have true powers.

Despite being relatively new to the city, the duo has been quite successful telling fortunes, selling fake magical items and in rare instances, stealing from customers. It isn't uncommon for one member of the couple to lie in wait behind the heavy velvet curtains, waiting to pick the pockets of prospective patrons.

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**Vaxea Nae:** NE human (Reanaarian) Thief 7; HP 41; Init -3; Spd 4 (dagger +2); Rch 1'; Atk +8; Dmg 2d4p+4; Def +3; DR 0; ToP 17/5; Hon 78; EPV 350

*Flaw:* Chisler

*Notable Abilities/Skills:* acting 58, current affairs 55, diplomacy 61, disguise 60, distraction 34, hiding 48, listening 34, observation 56, oration 31, persuasion 80, pick pocket 54, resist persuasion 67, salesmanship 39, scrutiny 43, seduction, art of 45, skilled liar 75

*Equipment:* dagger +2, jewelry worth roughly 150 sp

**Nooria:** CN human (Reanaarian) Thief 5; HP 35; Init -1; Spd 5 (dagger +1); Rch 1'; Atk +3; Dmg 2d4p+1; Def +4; DR 0; ToP 14/4; Hon 34; EPV 242

*Notable Abilities/Skills:* acting 67, climbing 61, current affairs 22, distraction 47, escape artist 52, hiding 50, listening 45, observation 23, persuasion 49, pick pocket 62, resist persuasion 32, salesmanship 19, scrutiny 31, seduction, art of 18, skilled liar 45, sneaking 56

*Equipment:* dagger +1, rings and jewelry worth 45 sp

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#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Both fortune tellers are expert at working a variety of scams. One of their favorites is to predict a beneficial event and later arrange for a random act of fortune to befall their customer. This provides some credibility to their business when the "lucky" individual boasts of the fortune teller's prowess.

### **N37: DAGGER ALLEY**

Enclosed on all sides by four and five story buildings, Dagger Alley rarely sees any direct sunlight. Broken boxes, crates, barrels and the aroma of pickled beets permeate this long, shadowy alleyway. Locals dump garbage, chamber pots and other miscellaneous debris here.

A small cadre of vagrants and homeless people live along this narrow strip in makeshift tents and encampments, though few linger for any length of time. Despite the occupation, the alley has a reputation as a good place to find a corpse.



In the last three years over fifty bodies have been found in this alleyway. Some believe a serial killer preys on victims in the area, while others are convinced a malevolent spirit is to blame.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Despite the rumors, the bodies found here are almost always dumped in the alley. Few actually die here. The alley's location and the hesitancy of the guards to venture down here just make it an ideal place to dispose of a corpse.

### **N38: ARROWHEAD SQUARE**

Residing at the end of the short, wide avenue, Arrowhead Square is a popular gathering spot for locals and a place for festival celebrations, but it is most known for the variety of street performers who use it for practice and performances.

Jugglers, puppet shows, tumblers, mimes, acrobats, poets, singers and other entertainers compete for coins from passing residents on a daily basis. It is considered a rite of passage by up-and-coming artists to play or perform at Arrowhead Square as they rise through the ranks on their way to prominence.

A four story tower constructed entirely from stone resides in the center of the square. Enclosed and with no visible means of entry, this building serves as a water tower. Below it, in the under city, is a large cistern of water for times of emergencies.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Stories and rumors abound about the purpose of the tower – all of them false. The most popular theory is that the tower is a magical prison constructed to confine the worst criminals in the city. Others prefer to believe that the tower serves as a storage site for the city's overflowing coffers.

▶ Much like the artists performing the square, young thieves come to Arrowhead Square at night and attempt to climb the water tower as a rite of passage. Scaling the tower and returning before being spotted or caught by the guards is something of an achievement in the world of local burglars.

### **N39: IRONWORK BY SHATHEN**

**Occupants:** Shathen Celdon (master blacksmith), Avita Celdon (assistant/daughter)

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The front half of this building is open to the elements, though it is covered by a thatched roof supported by

columns. A forge and anvil dominate the workspace under the canopy and the smith works in these conditions regardless of the weather. Shathen Celdon, a bearded bear of a man, works the forge crafting horseshoes and other implements of iron.

Assisting the master blacksmith is his only daughter, sixteen-year old Avita. Having never known her mother, Avita has always been more interested in following in her father's footsteps than participating in what is considering more feminine activities. Recently, she's come under criticism after pledging to become an official blacksmith's apprentice. After much resistance, she was finally allowed to join the guild and become an apprenticed blacksmith.

Avita has blossomed into an attractive young woman and as such she's begun to draw the interest of both boys and men in her neighborhood. Her broad, strong shoulders and noticeable curves have become more difficult to hide. She suffers a lot of criticism and ridicule from others, especially women her age, but the interest from men is new and difficult for her to address.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Shathen hasn't told his daughter, but her recent apprenticeship has caused him a number of difficulties. He's been subjected to severe criticism from members of his guild, and lost several lucrative jobs. The primary critic is a young blacksmith named Sulat who works in the Green Ward.

Sulat, a chauvinist, despises the idea of a woman performing what he considers a man's task and he's gone to great lengths to discredit Shathen and his daughter. Even more troublesome, Sulat has begun to develop a romantic interest in Avita and he's caught in a mental and emotional conundrum that he's unable to reconcile.

### **N40: MINTER'S PLACE**

**Occupant:** Minter Bimelo (cleric)

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Long known as a local drunk and windbag, Minter can be found at various taverns in the North Ward, though he calls this place home. Most of the time he is drunk and boasting about fanciful tales in which he was both prominently and falsely involved. Locals have learned to ignore the man, but for all intents and purposes he seems harmless.

In reality, Minter is a cultist who worships the Flaymaster. He is part of the Order of Agony and he routinely gathers with like-minded members in a secretive temple in the under city to worship the god of torture. Minter lives the life of a boasting drunkard so that he can

freely wander from tavern to tavern in search of interesting rumors and gossip.

Minter's secondary duty is to shadow people of interest to the cult. He often serves as a point man for organized operations in the North Ward. Church elders think highly of him and are extremely happy with his loyalty and effectiveness.

The two-story building in which Minter resides is owned by his cult. Minter lives on the lower floor which contains a living space, a bedroom and an area to cook and eat. The second floor contains three bedrooms, one of which Minter has set up as a shrine to his god. A second bedroom is an ad-hoc torture chamber and the third is used as a storeroom.

Every so often Minter will lure some poor unfortunate soul back to his place so that he can practice and perfect the art of torture. These people are usually vagrants, prostitutes or isolated people taking pity on the poor drunkard. When finished with his victim, Minter typically dumps the body in Dagger Alley or in the river.

Minter is a haggard and scarred man of middling years. He is balding but keeps his hair shaved short. A full beard covers his face and hides his broken and yellowing teeth. Several scars decorate his face, most of them rites of passage from church elders. Broad shoulders and a large frame create an imposing figure, which is softened by his wide smile, jovial attitude and a purposeful stupor. When prowling the taverns Minter puts on a façade of happiness and speaks fondly of false tales of heroism of the past.

The priest of the Flaymaster is a habitual liar, but over the years he has managed to curtail his quirk when dealing with members of his temple after being caught in one too many lies and suffering for it. Minter doesn't lie (much) to his fellow cultists and superiors. This testament of Minter's willpower is based solely on the fear of reprisal.

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**Minter Bimelo:** LE human (Brandobian) Cleric of the Flaymaster 10; HP 75; Init +2; Spd 8 (dagger +3); Rch 1'; Atk +8; Dmg 2d4p+6; Def +3; DR 0; ToP 30/8; Hon 92; EPV 575

*Quirk:* Bad Liar

*Notable Abilities/Skills/Talents:* acting 69, current affairs 23, disguise 43, listening 74, observation 61, persuasion 39, resist persuasion 65, skilled liar 77, torture 92. Pain Tolerant, Tough as Nails

*Typical Spells:* (1) Aggravate Pain, Chilling Touch (2) Alter Emotion: Frighten (3) Inflict Small Wound (4) Command, Speed of the Devout (5) Inflict Lesser Wound (6) Total Control, True Strike (7) Hex: Exacerbate Wound (8) Cure Middling Wound, Rigor Mortis (9) Animate Zombie, Faith Weaponry (10) Inflict Severe Pain

*Equipment:* divine icon, dagger +3, scourge (hidden in robes)

## Adventures and Interactions:

► Minter can be encountered anywhere in the North Ward. He is a patient man and will go to great lengths to befriend people and build relationships over a period of time in order to gain the trust of those he's conning. He doesn't act on his own and is generally limited to the commands of his superiors

## N41: BAPARAN POTTERS

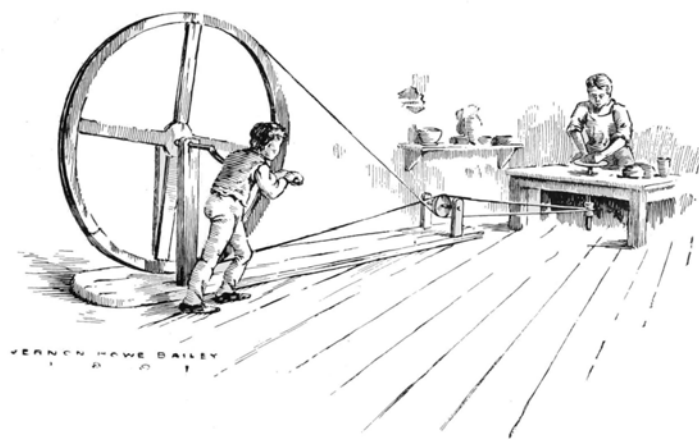
**Occupants:** Balemal Kilar (potter), Julan Kilar (master potter), Ola (Balemal's wife), two daughters

Subdivided into two separate businesses, this three-story building houses two successful pottery shops. The main floor is divided in half, with access on each side of the building. Balemal Kilar works in the smaller half, firing mugs, vases, pitchers and assorted earthenware for sale. His prices are reasonable and his work is well-regarded.

The larger half is home to Julan Kilar, Balemal's twin brother, who crafts busts, statues, artwork and elaborate vases and pitchers. His work is more artistic in nature, with form always trumping function. He lives on the earnings from one or two large commissions a year, whereas his brother earns a living from a small but steady stream of income.

Friendly rivals since birth, the two men enjoy living and working in the same space. Balemal lives on the second floor with his wife, Ola, and their two daughters. Julan occupies the smaller third floor and is a confirmed bachelor.

Of the two, Julan is more aloof and withdrawn. A struggling artist, he enters periods of depression and extreme mood swings. Balemal worries over his brother's mental health and constantly invites him over for dinner or to spend time with the family, hoping that will cheer him up.





### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Unbeknownst to Balema, Julan is addicted to several narcotics. He finds them necessary to maintain his creative inspiration. He's managed to hide his addiction, but his habit has nearly cost him his business. Worse, he's begun to attract like-minded addict friends who have become familiar faces in the neighborhood, much to his brother's displeasure.

### **N42: BANADER RIVER INN**

**Occupants:** Tronbren Edarn (owner), Helena Edarn (wife/cook)

**Services:** meals (3 cp), ale/wine/mead (1 cp/goblet), private room (1 sp night/), common room (2 cp/night)

This destination is a favorite of locals and travelers alike. Passing merchants and mercenaries like to layover here on their way through the North Ward. Adjacent to the inn is a large stable that offers housing for animals and wagons.

Inside, a ten-foot tall grizzly bear stands stuffed and mounted on a platform near the bar. The animal was secretly purchased (and then subsequently stuffed) from a crew of hunters some time ago, but the owner claims to have bested the animal in mortal combat. Though the tale is legendary (in P'Bapar at least), astute regulars have noted that the telling of the heroic duel between man and bear changes ever so slightly with each rendition.

Several warm rooms with wardrobes are for rent on the second and third floors. The second floor also contains a large common room with two fireplaces and twenty double beds. These accommodations are as nice as any passing traveler could expect and as a result the inn is near capacity on most nights.

Tronbren Edarn is a second-generation owner, taking over for his father fifteen years prior. His wife, Helena, runs the kitchen and does all the cooking. She specializes in roast lamb and boiled honey carrots.

Five servers patrol the taproom distributing drinks to thirsty patrons. Trouble is relatively uncommon and typically limited to disgruntled customers unhappy with slow service or a cold meal. Brawls are entirely unheard of here. As such, the Banader River Inn doesn't employ any bouncers.

One of the peculiarities that most customers come to immediately notice is the astonishing number of cats that can be found in and around the building. Helena, the innkeeper's wife, has a weakness for felines. She routinely feeds stray cats and often takes them inside. Over the

years these animals have bred (repeatedly) and now remain a fixture (and a nuisance).

Visitors are often assailed by felines during meal times. Anyone who sleeps with a door open or in the common room will find at least one cat in his or her bed come morning.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ PCs suffering from the Allergies: Animal Dander flaw will find that sleep is nearly impossible for them. The cats sleep on any available space they can find. Constant irritation from watery eyes, sneezing and a runny nose will deter most who suffer from this flaw from remaining longer than needed.

▶ PCs with the Animal Phobia: Feline flaw will not enjoy the Inn.

▶ Some people believe the cats are a purposeful deterrent to keep the premises free of wererats.

▶ Dreamweavers (priests of the Coddler) from all over P'Bapar frequent this establishment as they see the presence of the cats as a sign their god favors this place.

### **N43: ZARLUK CLAN HOME**

**Occupants:** Urgaz Goldhammer (merchant), 1d6p dwarves of the Zarduk clan

This property recently changed hands after being sold to Urgaz Goldhammer, a prominent dwarven trader. Urgaz imports goods crafted by his clan in the Krond Heights to sell in the city, including gemstones and precious metals. Urgaz remains secretive about his clan's location and the commodities they provide so as not to attract too much attention to him or his clan mates.

Urgaz purchased this four-story building after growing tired of living in inns. While he was able to create a home for himself, he also inadvertently caused a problem. Word has spread through his clan that anyone venturing into P'Bapar is welcome to stay at his house. As such, Urgaz's once quiet home is nearly always filled to capacity as dwarven traders and travelers lodge here. This has caused a fair amount of consternation for Urgaz. He's been unable to devise a solution to effectively deal with the situation without offending anyone.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Urgaz and the Goldhammer clan import vast quantities of silver, copper, iron and various gemstones. They go to great lengths to protect these treasures with both armed guards and deception. Despite their precautions, word has begun to spread about the valuables the dwarves are bringing into the city.

#### N44: GUILD OF TROUBADOURS AND JONGLEURS

**Occupants:** Halanal Olmcrelnel (poet), Murdan Takhti, Furum Sarazi, Arleen Bojardi, Tarin Bojardi, Karum Zatean (halfling tumblers)

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Halanal Olmcrelnel founded this fledgling guild upon splintering from the Performer's Guild after a series of heated arguments about the popularity of oration throughout the city-state. This argument was the last in a long line of bitter barbs about his chosen profession by members of his own guild. Unable to endure the humiliation any longer, the pouting Halanal attempted a *coup d'état*. After failing to secure leadership of the guild he resigned his membership.

Unfortunately, life hasn't been much easier for the troubadour as a fledgling guild master. After forming his guild, Halanal was distressed to find that few requested membership, including an outspoken percentage of his former guild-mates that had previously, and quite vocally, supported him in the past.

Halanal is openly recruiting anyone willing to join his guild as a dues-paying member. He fears that he will lose his building and his guild charter if he fails to increase his membership rates. He has made numerous attempts to recruit former guild members, but they remain steadfast in their refusals.

Specializing in lyric poetry, Halanal's choice of profession is both haughty and pompous, a combination that is unappealing to all but the most artistically inclined. Halanal's lifestyle choices and standard of living are not helping matters. Halanal dresses in expensive clothing made of silk or other exotic fabrics. He favors absurd headdresses or hats that are certain to draw attention. He loves expensive jewelry.

Only five other people are members of this guild and they all belong to the same performance group. The Dashing Diminutives, a five-person halfling tumbling troupe, who joined the guild simply out of ignorance. Had they been aware that there was a guild of performers they certainly would have chosen membership with that organization instead.

Halanal saw the group performing in the market and quickly made his pitch (leaving out several important factors, like the number of guild members and the lack of rival guilds in the city). He was able to convince the group to sign on. It was only after collecting their dues up front for the first year that Halanal revealed the truth to them.

With no other home, the displaced group of performers resides on the third floor of the guild house. Murdan Takhti is the brash and arrogant leader of the troupe, which consists of his lifelong friends. The other members include Furum Sarazi, Arleen Bojardi, Tarin Bojardi, and Karum Zatean.

Halanal has claimed the second floor as his personal living quarters. The first floor contains a large great hall where the halflings routinely practice their craft. A kitchen and a lounge comprise the rest of the rooms on the lowest level.

Halanal refuses to socialize with the halflings, believing them to be inferior performers (though he is careful not to say as much out loud). When the group needs something they are forced to knock on Halanal's door with their requests, much to everyone's annoyance.

##### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ The halflings are searching for another location to live and have no intention of honoring their contract as guild members. One week after joining they discovered the Guild of Performers and have been in constant contact with the leaders there. They hope to make a smooth transition to the other guild if possible.

▶ Halanal spends most of his days in the city searching for new performers to recruit. Should a character exhibit any sort of skill in a performing art they could become a target of Halanal and his recruiting efforts. The guild master will promise almost anything (in a vague, double-talking and not-at-all truthful kind of way) in order to recruit new members. In addition, he'll attempt to collect dues up front for all new members.

#### N45: THE FAT FERRET

**Occupants:** Ervlen Janork (owner/barman), six servers and bartenders

**Services:** wine (1 cp/mug), beer (½ cp/mug), house stew (2 cp/bowl), bread (1 cp)

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Possibly the most raucous, bawdy and lively tavern in the city, the Fat Ferret is neither a place for wholesome folk nor for innocent eyes. Both male and female wait staff are routinely groped and fondled (with permission or not) by eager patrons with a sense of entitlement. Servers work in various levels of undress hoping to garner more attention and tips.

Ervlen hires salacious poets and musicians to perform for customers. Sing-a-longs routinely erupt (usually to the most lascivious songs) and laughter and noise permeate the building.



The tavern is a dilapidated two-story structure that lingers despite the obvious lack of upkeep. Portions of the roof leak and the second floor contains a noticeable tilt, should one look for it. A creaky, long-faded sign hangs near the corner of the building depicting a fat ferret dressed in an elegant felt cap lounging backwards as he tips a mug to his mouth.

The whole of the first floor is one giant taproom. No kitchen exists in the inn; instead food is cooked in a pot over a roaring fireplace. Acrid, greasy, smoke lingers across the ceiling, aging the sagging wooden beams that support the floor above. Entertainers perform in whatever space they can claim as their own, moving from table to table for tips or standing on the bar if the tavern is particularly busy.

The fireplace heats only half of the space and tables nearest it are excessively warm, while those on the opposite end feel cold. Cold air seeps into the building in several spots, but especially around the windows that dominate the wall nearest the street.

Ervlen Janork monitors the action from behind a rustic

bar that runs the length of the back wall. A retired explorer, Ervlen never enjoyed the dangerous life. After one too many savage run-ins with orcs and goblins, he settled in P'Bapar and opened this tavern. Ervlen is of the mindset that life was made to be enjoyed and he has no time for moral obligations about the activities that take place inside his place of business.

Six servers (two male and four female) work the tap room doing their best to keep the customer's hands off of their assets. In addition to serving drinks, the servers clean the tavern, cook food, serve food patrons and maintain the bedrooms. Working the taproom demands the vast majority of their time and much of the cleaning remains forgotten.

Four private rooms are available for rent, though no locks exist to keep them entirely private. A larger common room sleeps an additional six.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Two of the rooms upstairs have leaky roofs and during rainy weather they drip and flood. Over time bits of mold have begun to grow in the corners and under the



floorboards. These rooms may prove problematic for those suffering from the Allergies: Mold flaw.

▶ It is whispered that the common room is haunted by the restless spirit of a man who died on the night he was to meet his male lover at the inn. This ghostly apparition often manifests itself in the beds of men who are awoken to the sensation of someone touching and fondling them under their blankets. No one is certain if the ghost truly exists or is simply a figment of imagination that manifests after too many stories and too much drink.

#### **N46: STATUE OF THE FIRST GREAT WOMAN**

A popular destination for tourists and historians, this eight-foot tall statue stands on a three-foot high granite base. The statue depicts a woods-woman gripping a bow in her left hand and fiercely hoisting a sword towards the heavens with her right. Her form is draped in clothing befitting a ranger, her cloak billowing in the invisible wind.

An inscription is chiseled into the granite block that reads: “Pelema Ransin the first great woman of P’Bapar. She held back the dark tide of the mountains. May the Valiant welcome her home.”

Legends claim that Pelema was a part of the expeditionary force that first entered the region during the founding of P’Bapar. History has recorded that she was banished by Voleln III for committing lewd acts, though nearly every version of her tale claims that her banishment was for spurning Voleln’s advances.

Upon her banishment, Pelema took up arms and formed a band of brigands, robbing caravans carrying goods and building materials into the Young Kingdoms from Brandobia. A bounty was offered for her head, but she proved elusive and impossible to capture.

During her exploits, Pelema stumbled upon a great orcish war party descending from the mountains to destroy the new human settlers. Despite the price on her head, Pelema gave herself up, willingly allowing herself to be captured so that she could warn the settlers that a great orcish host was coming to destroy the fledgling city.

Against his better judgment, Voleln elected to send scouts into the hills to refute her claims before she was hanged. Voleln’s scouts discovered the invasion and rushed home to warn their liege. For several days a terrible battle raged and during the chaos Pelema managed to escape, but instead of fleeing she remained with her captors and fought off the orcs.

The Brandobians drove the orcs back into the Krond

Heights and Pelema was rewarded for her service and granted a noble title. The most popular versions of the tale claim that once again she spurned Voleln’s advances and fled into the wilderness to live the rest of her life in solitude.

Other tales claim that Pelema was a priestess of the Valiant and a great hero who helped found the city. These stories vary wildly in detail from the most popular legends, but are entertaining nonetheless. At some point after the founding of the city the statue was commissioned and placed in the North Ward, where it has remained ever since.

#### **N47: CONVENT OF TRUTH**

**Occupants:** Melon P’Folosip (head nun), 15 nuns

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Red roses bloom from wooden boxes resting below each window on this whitewashed building. Two small, stone statues of roaring lions reside at the end of the granite stairs leading up towards a red door. Above the door is a stone plaque with several runes engraved into it, reading: “Do good, avoid evil and honor us with your kindness.”

Dedicated to following the word of the Lord on High the Convent of Truth is home to sixteen nuns who have devoted their life to furthering the principles of the Honorable One. These women are known throughout the city as the Sisters of the Word and they can be found nearly anyplace within the city (or within walking distance of the city walls).

The nuns have committed their lives to one particular aspect of their faith: atonement of broken vows and promises. It is their belief that every time someone keeps their word their deity grows stronger. Furthermore, repairing a broken vow or unfulfilled promise strengthens their god twice over.

The Hall of Oaths supports the convent and provides money for taxes and food for the women. They rely on donations for all other needs.

Sisters of the Word have quite a reputation within P’Bapar and many go to great lengths to avoid them. Dressed in formal robes of scarlet, the sisters are easy to identify as they move through the city streets in groups numbering in size from three to five. They seek confession and conversation from those they encounter. All discussions revolve around what promises, vows and obligations the person has broken that might be repairable.

In addition to serving the residents of the city, the nuns also work closely with the Hall of Oaths to assist in



religious matters, clean the church, gather donations throughout the city or whatever else might be needed. They are not priests, but they consider themselves daughters of the Lord on High and have devoted their lives to serving him.

Melona P'Folosip has served as head nun for twenty-two years, living a life of poverty and doing her best to ensure her fellow Baparans keep their word. She is a driving force in recruiting new nuns as well as working closely with the Hall of Oaths. Now approaching seventy years of age she has lost none of her enthusiasm for the truth.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ The nuns stop random people on the streets hoping to strike up discussions about the theology of truth and the power of a spoken vow. Over the years they have learned that mercenaries, explorers and other wandering sell swords are frequent promise-breakers. They hope to mend the many fractured oaths and promises made to young maidens, children and former employers in far off places that they have no intention of returning to.

The nuns are experts in reading people and have developed a sense of when someone is lying to them. Should they think someone has an unresolved promise they do whatever they can to ensure that it is completed before it is too late.

▶ Those boasting about a promise in a public place may draw the attention of the nuns. The markets and city streets are the most likely places to encounter them, but they do venture into places of business, as long as they don't disrupt the shop owners.

#### **N48: THE SHARPEST SHEERS**

**Occupants:** Sinati Isachariel (barber), Gira Bimelo (mother)

Sinati Isachariel owns and operates this barbershop. In addition to cutting hair, Sinati also offers dentistry services. A half-elf, Sinati was raised by his human mother in P'Bapar after his father abandoned them upon discovery of his lover's pregnancy. Hoping he would not forget his roots, his mother gave him an elven name to match the delicate features he inherited from his father.

When he was fifteen Sinati apprenticed to a local barber out of fear of enlistment as a soldier. He had no interest in barber work, but he found the prospect of cutting hair and trimming beards less gruesome than dying in a war in some far off wilderness.

Sinati possesses a distinct apathy for hard work. He goes

about his work methodically and refuses to engage his customers without prompting. Sinati is extremely lonely and has trouble making friends. He finds humans confusing.

Dentistry is new to Sinati and he finds the prospect of working on teeth mildly interesting, but he doesn't possess a proper education. Twice he has petitioned the guild of barbers for membership and twice he has been denied on account of his race – or so he believes. Sinati doesn't care enough to file a protest since the guild leaves him alone and he is making a living (barely).

Sinati lives on the second story of this shop with his now invalid mother. She is unable to speak and is slowly dying from some withering disease that her son cannot afford to have healed.

#### **Interactions:**

▶ Sinati loves his mother very much and he is growing desperate to find a cure for her situation. When he is not working he visits potion makers and herbalists throughout the city hoping for some remedy for his mother's ailment. He has even been approached by questionable priests of dark gods that claim they can heal his mother for the right price. Thus far Sinati has been unwilling to pay that price.



#### N49: THE GREEN GULL

**Occupants:** Kinura Firinas (owner), 2d6p prostitutes, 3 bouncers

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Hidden away in the North Ward, this small, three-story establishment is a popular, but discreet, destination for tourists and city-dwellers alike. Offering a “fine selection of men and women from around the world” the Green Gull is a fairly priced brothel that attracts numerous customers throughout the day.

Despite its claims, the Green Gull does not in fact, employ men and women from around the world. The prostitutes are almost all local Baparans who willingly sell their bodies for coin.

Kinura Firinas is the owner and a former prostitute herself. She offers fair wages to those she employs. She has strict rules for visitors, including leaving weapons at the door, a policy that is not always popular, especially with mercenaries.

Three bouncers patrol the building, enforcing the rules and remaining close in case of danger. Violating the rules or harming any of the workers results in instant expulsion from the building (usually in a very violent manner).

#### N50: AVIL'S ACCESSORIES

**Occupants:** Avil Thronel (owner, leatherworker, brassier), Ithdan Thronel (husband)

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On the ground floor of this three-story building is Avil's Accessories, a shop specializing in belts, brass buttons, brass buckles and leather goods such as packs, pouches, gloves, cloaks and hats.

Avil Thronel owns and operates this shop. A native of Brandobia, Avil arrived in P'Bapar three years ago after killing a would-be attacker in the streets of Cosolen. She lives with her husband, Ithdan, a lazy drunkard who does all he can to avoid any and all type of work. His wife puts up with his behavior only because he knows about her past and routinely threatens to turn her into the authorities.

To compensate for her living conditions Avil throws herself into her profession. She crafts intricate belts, brass buckles, backpacks, custom leather and brass work. Avil is both a talented leatherworker and a brassier. She keeps a small anvil and a forge in the back of her shop for such purposes.

Avil is also an artisan, belonging to no guild in particular. She gave consideration to joining one, but both guilds required her to give up the other half of her profession, something she is reluctant to do.

Once a month, Avil rents a stall in the Eldan Market to sell her goods. The profit she makes from this day doubles her monthly income. She is quite popular (being both young and pretty) and mercenary and soldier patrols often stop at her booth to chat with her.

Avil rents the second and third floors of her building out to tenants. Both are currently empty and she is seeking a business or family to rent the available space.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► For several months Avil has been quietly squirreling away money without her husband's knowledge. She plans to leave her husband behind and start life a new elsewhere. Avil loves Ithdan, but she fears he'll follow through with his threats to turn her into the Brandobian authorities for the murder she committed if she leaves...

#### N51: INSCRIPTIONS AND ENGRAVINGS BY PUTAR

**Occupants:** Putar Tolivat (engraver), Linura Tolivat (wife), Kalila Tolivat (daughter), Hilu'A Tolivat (daughter)

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The Tolivat family lives in this cramped two-story building making their home on the second floor. Putar, a vapid, depressed man, works as an engraver, inscribing metal and glass for his customers.

His wife, Linura, prowls the house by day, ordering her husband and children around like soldiers. Linura despises laziness and when she does catch someone lounging about she flies into a sudden rage. Her daughters have begun searching for local artisans or craftsmen in order to apprentice with or marry, hoping to escape the watchful eyes of their mother.

Putar was once a high-ranking member of the guild of engravers and the bitterness of his past overwhelms his daily attitudes. At the urging of his wife he campaigned to become guild master, but lost out to a rival engraver. Since that time he has lost all desire to work. His customers are slowly finding others who can serve their needs, which further infuriates his wife.

When prompted to work, Putar is an excellent engraver, able to work from direction or creatively suggest the proper solution for the project at hand. Putar's guild members have noticed his change and have been encouraging him to keep his head up and remain positive. His wife's constant nagging certainly is not helping.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

► Linura is the lover of the current guildmaster of the Guild of Engravers. She is planning to leave Putar for his





more successful rival. Unfortunately, the eldest daughter Kalila has discovered her mother's secret and has been plotting ways to expose the tryst.

#### N52: FRACTURED SHARDS

**Occupants:** Suramit Noren (glass maker), 10 glazers

Thick, acrid smoke bellows from several stone chimneys, obscuring the air around this stained building. Comprised entirely of blackened stone, the exterior walls are greasy to the touch. A stained sign depicting a broken shard of glass can be found hanging over the front entryway.

Inside, workers slave over hot ovens, baking, forming and crafting glass. Here they construct ornate pitchers, goblets, chandeliers and windowpanes, along with small artistic pieces.

The owner, Suramit Noren, watches over his constructions like a hawk. Long retired, he no longer crafts glass, but he still manages the business and ensures the products that his employees create are of the highest quality. Most of his work is contracted through intermediaries and middlemen who purchase his goods and sell them in the marketplace or to the nobles in the high ward. Suramit dislikes dealing with customers and while he could potentially make more money selling directly to the public it is an idea that does not particularly appeal to him.

Ten glazers work for Suramit in an oppressive heat and dangerous work environment. Accidents are common

and poor work conditions and unsafe practices lead to at least one serious injury (or death) each year. Suramit has little sympathy for men who cannot be safe in his place of work and those who are injured are promptly and permanently dismissed. He takes no blame for the conditions, nor for the accidents.

Suramit lives in the basement of his shop, keeping a small room along with several offices. He has few friends and when not working is often found at the guild house or one of the local taverns.

#### Adventures and Interactions:

▶ Suramit has lost much of his high-end business to the Altean family in recent months (see Outer Ward location O10). His loss of income has hurt his ability to afford his taxes and he is growing frustrated with the situation. Twice he has petitioned his guild to take more serious action against the rival glassmaker, but thus far nothing has come of it. He is considering other alternatives to deal with the halfling glass makers.

▶ Several of Suramit's former workers are plotting to take their revenge after suffering accidents while working for the glass-maker.

#### N53: HOME OF VOSKKOL

**Occupant:** Voskkol (story teller)

On any given day a handful of children can be found outside this small two-story home waiting for Voskkol to appear. When the large Fhokki storyteller does arrive, he distributes small treats, baked goods or candy to the children before settling down on an old tree stump.

Once the children follow suit (along with a few adults) Voskkol spins yarns about legends of old and heroic epochs of glorious deeds and ancient heroes now long forgotten. His words are enchanting, his stories dramatic and always he receives a round of applause for his efforts.

One of Voskkol's most popular tales involves himself as the protagonist from when he was a young man. Voskkol claims he went in search of some missing companions, who had been captured by a band of vicious harpies. Voskkol pretended to have been charmed by the creatures and allowed the creatures to take him to their lair. Once there, he was able to distract the creatures and even kill a few before escaping with his friends.

No one is certain if this tale is true, but Voskkol describes the story with such passion and detail that many assume it must be. Anyone passing by his home can sit a spell and hear many wondrous legends and tales about the Fhokki people and many of the old story tellers exploits.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Voskkol's tale about the harpies is true. His encounter with the creatures was so memorable that should someone inquire about the creatures Voskkol can serve as if they had the monster lore skill. They may ask up to four questions about Harpies and receive a correct answer to each, including the location of the old lair on the eastern slopes of the Krond Heights.

### **N54: MUNVLAN'S FARM**

**Occupant:** Munvlan Minal (farmer)

Munvlan's cottage is a remnant from earlier times when P'Bapar was not quite so large. He inherited the land from his father and despite their farmland being a tenth the size it once was, he still grows hearty root vegetables to sell at market.

Munvlan is also a grave robber. At night he slinks off to North Ward cemetery where he breaks into tombs and digs up freshly buried caskets to steal from the dead. Worse, Muvlan also collects portions of human bodies for his ghoulish hobby.

Munvlan's deceased father was a curious man who somehow came into possession of a manual that contained instructions for creating a flesh golem. When his father died, Munvlan discovered the tome. He's spent several years collecting human parts, embalming them and stitching them together in a vain effort to one day recreate life. Munvlan keeps his creation a secret. His workshop is located in an old root cellar beneath his home.

Fortunately, Munvlan lacks the magical talent to complete the process, though he hopes that he can unlock the mysterious rituals inside the book to bring his creation to life. Munvlan is only partially literate and he has not been able to fully decipher the complex intricacies of the tome. He uses two dozen complex illustrations to guide his work.

Munvlen is not a cruel man, and he has no specific plans for his creation once the rituals are complete and the creature is alive. He is just fascinated by the idea of creating life.

### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Munvlen is fully aware that to complete the process he may eventually need to seek outside assistance. Once he completes the creature he will actively begin seeking a wizard of requisite skill and low moral fiber to aid him in the process. Likely this will result in his death, a fact he hasn't even begun to consider.

▶ The book Munvlen possesses is a powerful magical item and would be extremely valuable if it were to become available on the open market.

### **N55: CLEANSING CREATIONS**

**Occupants:** Fitolima Talivor (soap maker), Puramel (husband/scribe), 3d4p workers

Pungent odors of lye, rendered fat, flowers and the sweet aroma of honey waft from the second and third stories of this building. Most of the nearby residents have complained (some on a daily basis) about the stench surrounding this place. Thus far the city is unwilling to make the owners shut down their business.

Fitolima Talivor crafts soap in a wide variety of texture, color and odors from her shop. Her business has been highly successful and she is quickly outgrowing her current manufacturing facilities. Fitolima used to live on the third floor but had to relocate and hire more workers when her orders doubled after one noblewoman shared the product with her peers.

Now, Fitolima, and her husband Puramel, live next door in a recently purchased home. They are somewhat overwhelmed by their recent success and fully intend to move into the Green Ward as soon as possible.

Twelve women work for Fitolima crafting her soap. They are allowed to sleep in the basement, free of charge, though few do. The smell is just as unbearable down there as it is anywhere else in the building.

Fitolima refuses to hire men, and in fact distrusts the vast majority of the male sex. Her husband, a meek scribe with no backbone, does not mettle in her business affairs and is left out of most of the family's important decisions.

### **N56: KNOTS AND BRAIDS**

**Occupants:** Roshani (rope maker), Hanna, Roshie, Roan (daughters), Shohan (son)

The lower two floors of this building contain private residences but an access stairway in the alley rises to this third-floor business. Roshani, a Deje rope maker, wiles away the day crafting ropes of various length and thickness from this perch. Extremely long ropes are draped from the windows where they pile up in the back of the building. Later, Roshani collects the rope into bundles before bringing them to market.

Only a scant few customers come directly to the shop to purchase rope, however contractors and intermediaries routinely visit with larger orders. Roshani employs several





porters and drivers to haul large jobs to their eager customers. He stores his vast supply of hemp and silk inside of his shop but occasionally bundles of twine will be left outdoors on account of the lack of space.

The rope maker is a popular figure throughout the city and can often be found enjoying a drink at one of several taverns. Roshani lost all of his teeth at a young age and his homely appearance, massive forearms and carefree attitude mark him as a memorable resident of P'Bapar. When engaging in social situations he is eager, friendly and always ready with a laugh.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Roshani has been desperately seeking a wife for some time now. He prefers to marry a Dejy woman but considering his lack of success in the realm of women he is not all that picky. Recently he has given some thought to purchasing a love potion to aid in his search.

#### **N57: HOME OF FEBELU SELEKARIN**

**Occupants:** Febelu Selekarin (midwife), Relamir Selekarin (porter/husband)

From the modest two-story home Febelu Selekarin lives and works as a midwife. For nearly forty years she has delivered babies both in her home and in the homes of her clients. Now sixty-two, Febelu is finally slowing down. She's turned down more work than she has accepted in the past year, but her fondness for the families she's

worked with in the past have prevented her from fully retiring.

Relamir, her husband, works as a porter, hauling goods from river barges entering the city to their desired location. Strong of back, despite his age, Relamir is a fixture at the Banader River Inn every night. Several times a week he escorts his wife to the inn for dinner, allowing her to gossip with her friends.

Febelu and Relamir have seven children of their own. All of them live within the city and visit regularly with the couple's grandchildren. Visitors seeking to employ Febelu must first run a gauntlet of happy grandchildren outside of her front door.

#### **Adventures and Interactions:**

▶ Febelu is a terrible gossip who is willing to divulge any bit of juicy information to anyone eager enough to give her attention. She's mostly interested in her client's romantic relationships, but any tidbit of personal information is fair game. On rare occasions she is privy to conversations or information from her wealthier clients. Anyone visiting Febelu, or eavesdropping on her when she's out with her friends is likely to overhear some bit of gossip.

#### **CREDITS**

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