

REFEREE'S GUIDE TO LESSERTON

by Joel Sparks and Jeff Sparks
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Referee's Guide to Lesserton
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ABOUT THIS BOOK

By far the largest book in the *Lesserton & Mor* supplement, the Referee's Guide to Lesserton provides numerous, intertwined persistent NPCs and a consistent setting for town adventures or resting up between crawls. The referee will wish to be familiar with the introductory material in the Player's Guide to Lesserton before starting this volume.

Players would find many spoilers in this book, as well as far more detail than they need, and should not read it.

Unadorned page numbers, such as (p21), refer to this book. PGL indicates the Player's Guide to Lesserton; RGM indicates the Referee's Guide to Mor. LL refers to the *Labyrinth Lord* core rulebook, a version of the classic basic roleplaying game. AEC refers to the *Advanced Edition Companion*, a version of the advanced rules. Both are available from Goblinoid Game as free downloads: www.goblinoidgames.com.

ORIGINS AND CHARACTER OF THE TOWN

ORIGINS OF LESSERTON

Founded by refugees from the fall of Mor, Lesserton began as a camp clinging to an island of rock in a vast wetland. Surviving soldiers took charge, organizing parties to gather edible swamp grasses, hunt frogs and birds, and cut timber in the Alpine forest. From the first, people drifted back to the smoking rubble of Mor, searching for lost loved ones or forgotten treasures. Many never returned. However, occasional groups dodged the humanoid bands and magical aftershocks to haul back items of great value: tools, weapons, treasures. Retrieval missions rapidly became outright raids. A rule of finders-keepers evolved: if someone was brave and lucky enough to retrieve a treasure from Mor, it became his property. Any former owner had no further claim, as he had proved unwilling to fetch the loot himself.

Cautious folk decided that the best way to participate in the unearthed wealth was to support raiding parties from within Lesserton's new stockade. The savviest started businesses, buying up such desiderata as shovels and picks, selling them to hopeful explorers. Mor was vast, its onetime vaults deep and various, its great wealth scattered and buried in wreckage. A new way of life evolved, based upon adventurers, merchants to equip them, and entertainments for those who returned with loot to spend.

The original refugees called their new town "Lesserton" out of a mingled irony and humility in the shadow of the once-great Mor. Likewise they wryly call themselves "Lessers."

Over centuries, riches flowed into town. Certain merchants became very wealthy, diversifying into trade with other towns near and far. Rich folk of Lesserton had the capital for speculation and investment; some went broke, some became richer still. Luxuries began to show up in town that otherwise went only to the great cities. With the Dukes of Morland dead, and the noble houses destroyed by war, Lesserton became ruled by the merchant class. The Lessers instituted a novel democratic government, heavily influenced by wealth of course. By the time the Grand Duke at Dolmvay noticed Lesserton's existence, the town was able to buy him off, becoming an independent entity with a favorable schedule of annual tithes. Every five years, every Lesser gets to vote on candidates for Mayor and Chief of the Watch. These men, and they are always human males, appoint other functionaries based on patronage and profit, but an eye on the next election keeps them from promoting unpopular abusers of office.

Today, about 7,600 people inhabit Lesserton. The surrounding swamp is useless for expansion, so the town itself stays cramped, but nearby agricultural villages like Swampton have grown along with their rich neighbor. The populace lives in uneasy detente with the orkin in the Ruins of Mor. The Ruins-dwellers cannot make a good enough living to grow in numbers; the Lessers trade with them cautiously, but stand ready to destroy any large force that dares approach.

From the wild bars to the friendly whores to the high prices, the whole place welcomes adventuring types with open arms and a greedy grin. Some visitors use the services resentfully, forced to it by circumstance; others enjoy the experience and use the town as a base for expeditions throughout the area, not just into Mor. A few even go local.

EAST AND WEST

Lesserton is an Eastron town, that is, a town of Eastern Valnwall: a loosely-defined region far from the Grand Duke at Dolmvay and his legions and wealth. In the East, things and people display rough edges; catastrophes lurk in the past, distorting the present with hatreds and loss; blood spills more easily. Mistrust separates the races; untold numbers of murderous greenskins lurk in the dry mountains; and the best and brightest often drift west to Dolmvay and beyond. Eastrons tend to perceive Westrons as self-inflated, snobbish, or over-civilized folk who couldn't cope outside their protected lands. Westrons may consider Eastrons boorish, provincial, or even barbarous.



LESSERS: The Folk of Lesserton

CLASSES OF LESSERS

THE ORKIN PROBLEM

The great army of the Half-Orc Lord contained troops of every humanoid type, including countless crossbreeds, barbaric humans, and man-like creatures of unknown provenance. When the last Baron of Mor unleashed his destructive forces, warping magics flared and flickered throughout the collapsing metropolis, distorting the features and traits of some combatants and locals who had not fled. Admixtures of all these bloods, by the rapes of conquest and by the realities of settling down over centuries, result in a great many mostly-human residents lumped under the general name “orkin.” Some orkin present a clearly non-human appearance, the equivalent of a half-orc in the rest of the world. Most look fully human, with perhaps a telltale trait or two.

Lessers call orkin blood “the Taint,” and a great deal of social standing depends on “pure,” untainted status. Sir Untherous Plonk (p45) makes a good business certifying the purity of prospective brides and grooms, plus the occasional political aspirant. Casting aspersions on someone’s purity reliably causes a fist-fight, or a duel among the wealthy and pretentious. Nonetheless, in raw unspoken fact, the majority of humans in Lesserton trace some descent from the mixing of bloods, and probably many of the halflings do too.

In Lesserton, “orkin” refers to the full-blooded folk. Those born in town, but with truly goblinoid appearance due to many orkin traits (PGL11), sometimes cannot live with the heavy prejudice from the merely Tainted. Striking out in independence, or shamed out by relatives, or driven out by insensitive folk, such orkin often go to live in the Ruins with one of the clans that scratch out a living among the thornbushes, rubble, and monsters. See RGM5 for details of these clans.

Inheritance: In rare cases, the referee may wish to randomize the outcome of a mating. P stands for a pure blood human, T for a Tainted person, and O for a full blood orkin. Thus PT, for example, indicates one Pure human parent and one Tainted. Orkin born to non-orkin parents often get put up for anonymous adoption or end up in the Ruins.

Offspring Status by Parent Combination

2d6	PT	TT	PO	TO	OO
2	P	P	P	T	T
3-6	P	T	T	T	O
7-11	T	T	T	O	O
12	T	O	O	O	O

Though calling themselves Lessers, the folk of Lesserton pay no special deference to noble rank. At best, they find such claims amusing. The people distrust hereditary rulers, a class who failed to protect their ancestors in Great Mor. Instead, they place their faith in hustle, smarts, and money. Long ago the town bought its independent charter from the Grand Duke of Valnwall; they pay an annual tithe, but no fealty or contribution of troops.

Respect among Lessers goes first to the rich, especially those who earned the money through hard work and cleverness rather than inheriting it. The town officers, all human males, receive the next level of deference, more because they represent all Lessers than due to any personal aspect. The merchant class enjoys prestige for their money-making ways.

Humans have higher status than any other race, but almost all of them have at least a touch of the Taint. Halflings carry the Taint as well, and both races gradate themselves and their families on the visibility of orkin traits. Full-blood orkin are looked down on as inferiors, yet accepted as a necessary part of life in Lesserton: too many to ignore, and a source of cheap labor, if nothing else.

Outsiders are viewed almost like beloved pets, or even carefully-tended meat animals: They can never really belong, but the whole town relies on them for its prosperity. Two Lessers who don’t know each other, with a single shared glance, will conspire to keep an outsider happy, to deprive him gently of his money, or, if necessary, to deny him entrée to society.

Other intelligent, “civilized” races, such as dwarfs and gnomes, are welcomed as not much stranger than most other adventurers. The exception is elves: Lessers blame the Wood Elf King for betraying his alliance with the Barons of Mor and letting the great city fall. Elves are sneered at, or treated with icy politeness if they have money to spend. Half-elves fare little better, although tales of how one’s elfish parent was a terrible person sometimes find a sympathetic ear. For specific penalties, see “Intolerance and Reactions,” p7.



LESSERS ON THE STREET

Among Lessers, women and children generally stay at home or not far away. Except where noted, all named NPCs are human males (aged 16 to 45) and all attributes are 9. There are four types of ordinary individuals: Common Folk, Brutes, Clever Sorts, and Old Souls. By default, a Lesser met in public is a local human male of the Common Folk. For more variety, the referee can roll on the charts below. Should the PCs and NPCs interact, a reaction roll can govern NPC attitude.

d20 Who Characters Bump Into

- 1 Adventurers (p6)
- 2–7 Individual
- 8–20 Cohort of locals

d100 Individual, Origin

- 01–67 Human, local
- 68–78 Orkin, full blood
- 79–83 Halfling, local
- 84–85 Halfling-sized orkin
- 86–91 Human, Eastron
- 92–93 Wood elf (Eastron)
- 94–96 Halfling, Eastron
- 97–98 Human, Westron
- 99 Dwarf
- 00 High elf (Westron)

d12 Individual, Type

- 1–9 Common Folk (default): AC 9, 5 hp, Saves 0 Level Human, 1d4–3 cp
- 10 Brute: AC 9, 6 hp, Str 13, Con 13, Saves F1, 1d4–1 cp
- 11 Clever Sort: AC 8, 3 hp, Int 13, Dex 13, Saves T1, 1d4 cp
- 12 Old Soul: AC 9, 4 hp, Wis 13, Cha 13, Saves C1, 1d10 cp

d12 Cohort of Locals, most neighborhoods

- 1–2 Small boys, mischievous (2d6)
- 3–5 Teenage boys, tough (1d4+1)
- 6–7 Grown women (1d3+1)
- 8–12 Grown men (1d6)

d10 Cohort of Locals, Kinswallow

- 1–2 Drunken male orkin (1d3)
- 3–5 Intimidating male orkin (1d3)
- 6–7 Female orkin (1d4), each surrounded by 1d4 children in shoes and high-collared shirts
- 8–9 Rabble of semi-naked orkin children (3d6)
- 0 Humans (1d4+1) slumming on business (by day) or pleasure (by night); 1 in 6 chance to be Adventurers (p6)

Each orkin group is 25% likely to ask for a spare copper piece or so; moreso if the PCs look rich. Giving out a coin causes 1d4–1 more groups to come up and ask for money, as does giving to any of the new supplicants, and so on.

“THEY’RE ALL THIEVES...”

Though many claim to find Lesserton venal and dangerous, perhaps correctly, surprisingly few folk suffer violence, robbery, or burglary. In general the town prefers to harvest a visitor’s coin in a way that leaves him wanting to return, bringing his new-filled purse, another time.

Nonetheless, in the local mindset, a little deception, sleight of hand, and subtlety serve anyone well. All folk raised in Lesserton can use certain thief abilities, if sufficiently dexterous, and local halflings learn instinctively to fade around streetcorners or behind piles of garbage. From a base of 0% in the six percentile thief skills, each Lesser adds his or her Dexterity Thief Skill Adjustment (AEC4) and any modifier for halfling or orkin race. Even such low chances allow the Lesser to make the attempt, taking advantage of any circumstantial bonuses.

Lesserton Halfling

Pick Locks, Find/Remove Traps, and Pick Pockets: 5% plus Dexterity Thief Skill Adjustment

Move silently: 10% plus Dexterity Thief Skill Adjustment

Hide in cover, in town or among ruined buildings: 90%

Hide in shadows while silent and motionless: 2 in 6 in wilderness, 3 in 6 in labyrinths

Lesserton Orkin

Pick Locks, Find/Remove Traps, and Climb Walls: 5% plus Dexterity Thief Skill Adjustment

OCCUPATION

The Background Skills chart in the Players Guide (PGL13), while not boasting strict demographic accuracy, can give a random occupation for a Lesser on the street.

ADVENTURERS

These charts allow creation of a random party of NPCs with character classes, for any number of purposes.

Number in party: 2d4-1

Class mix: 1st NPC is always a fighter.

d20 Additional NPC (using basic classes)

- 1-4 Fighter
- 5-8 Cleric
- 9-13 Thief
- 14-17 Halfling
- 18 Magic-User
- 19 Elf
- 20 Dwarf

Level

Roll a single d10 to determine the level of all party members at once. For clerics, add +1 to the result to find level. For thieves add +2. For elves and magic-users, subtract 1. For example, on a d10 roll of 7, fighters, halflings, and dwarfs use the unmodified roll and are all 2nd level. Clerics have a modified result of 8, which also indicates 2nd level. Any elves or magic-users are 1st level (with a modified result of 6), while any thief is 3rd level (with a 9).

d10± Level

- ≤6 1st
- 7-8 2nd
- 9-10 3rd
- >10 4th

Retainers

A party with any members above first level is 50% likely to have retainers equal to total levels above 1st. Two-thirds of retainers are Men-at-Arms, rounding up; the rest are Porters. See p9. For example, a party of four 2nd-level NPCs has four levels above 1st. They are 50% likely to have three Men-at-Arms and one Porter.

Equipment

At 1st level, each character has mundane equipment as appropriate and 1d6 gp. Typical starting gear:

- ✂ Fighter: brigandine & shield (AC 6), long sword, two javelins
- ✂ Cleric: brigandine & shield (AC 6), mace, holy symbol
- ✂ Thief: leather armor (AC 8), short sword, two daggers, picks and tools
- ✂ Halfling: leather armor (AC 8), sling, short sword
- ✂ Magic-User: staff, two daggers, spellbook
- ✂ Elf: leather armor (AC 8), longbow, long sword, spellbook
- ✂ Dwarf: brigandine & shield (AC 6), two hand axes

At 2nd level, each NPC has 2d6 x 25 gp and a random potion (LL107), plus spellcasters have a scroll of a random 1st-level spell (LL42 or AEC83-84).

At 3rd level, each NPC has a total of 3d6 x 100 gp and certain items by class:

- ✂ Fighter: a +1 weapon, shield, or armor
- ✂ Cleric: a +1 mace, shield, or armor
- ✂ Thief: *potion of invisibility* or *potion of extra healing*, and an additional 3d6 x 50 gp
- ✂ Halfling: +1 shortbow or sling
- ✂ Magic-User: three random scrolls and a *potion of extra-healing*
- ✂ Elf: a *longbow +1*
- ✂ Dwarf: *axe +1*

At 4th level, each NPC has 2d6 x 100 gp worth of gems or jewelry, 3d6 x 100 gp in coin, and a roll on the Random Magic Type table (LL107). Each class adds the following:

- ✂ Fighter: *plate mail +1* or melee weapon +2
- ✂ Cleric: *shield +1* and six scrolls: four *cure light wounds*, one *neutralize poison*, one *remove curse*
- ✂ Thief: a random ring (LL108)
- ✂ Halfling: a random ring, or *elven cloak* and *elven boots* (LL118)
- ✂ Magic-User: a rod, staff, or wand (LL108 or AEC86)
- ✂ Elf: *elven cloak* and *elven boots* or 12 *arrows +2*
- ✂ Dwarf: *plate mail +1* or *axe +2*

All random magic items for the party should be generated first, and then traded among members if necessary to assign each item to an appropriate user.



LIFE IN LESSERTON

INTOLERANCE AND REACTIONS

The neighborhoods of Lesserton are racially intolerant. The penalties from the table apply to reaction rolls in many situations, including finding jobs (below), haggling (p8), hiring retainers (p9), dealing with the Watch, looking for services (p8), and even begging (p12). The same modifier applies to the d20 roll when searching for love or adventure (p19). Contacts and bribery (p15) have their own modifiers.

REACTION MODIFIERS BY NEIGHBORHOOD					
Neighborhood:	Human	Elf	Half-Elf	Orkin/ Half-Orc	Dwarf/ Gnome
Gateway Plaza/ Market Square	0	+1	0	+1	0
Cruikshanks/ The Heights	0	+2	+1	+2	+1
Kinswallow	+1	+1	+1	0	+1

CONTACTS AND ENEMIES

The Player's Guide contains information on generating PCs who hail from Lesserton. The referee must tell players which rules he chooses to use, including limits on race or class, Starting Poor, and Contacts and Enemies. For Contacts, when a PC asks for a favor, the referee can apply these secret modifiers to the 2d6 reaction roll. Payment, either in cash or in mutual favors, can add -1 to -3.

Reaction modifiers for requests from Contacts

- Certain death: +6
- Risk of death: +4
- Certain arrest or punishment: +4
- Risk of arrest: +3
- Financial cost: +1 to +3
- Valuable information: +1
- Useful information: +0
- Common information: -2
- Easy favor: -3

JOBS

Ordinary, steady work is the very opposite of adventuring. Still, PCs desperate for coin may wish to do odd jobs now and again. Each can try a reaction roll once a day; a 5 or better finds one day's work as a clerk or laborer, depending on abilities. A result of 3 or better finds work for six days, which is one work week. Pay is 50 cp per 10-12 hour day.

COST OF LIVING

Spending the night in the gutter, or in a broken doorway of Kinswallow, carries no formal price. However, the referee can roll for wandering encounters: 1 in 6 every hour, as if in a labyrinth. Typical encounters include brash groups of 1d6 drunks seeking to intimidate the impoverished for laughs, tough groups of 1d4 thugs who become annoyed at people sleeping on "their corner" without means to pay, pushy Guards, and stealthy folk desperate enough to steal shoes.

The cheapest way to survive in relative safety is to sleep on the floor of Mama Hayborn's (p54), subsist on grass-bread from the Bun Shack (p52), and drink only sulfurous well water. Such a miserable existence costs 11 cp per day, runs a serious risk of violence, allows no privacy or valuables, and requires an iron will to prevent spending another 10 cp or so on enough vile-tasting alcohol to dull the pain. PCs forced to this style of living can simply mark off 2 sp per day and not expect to hang on to any quality possessions.

More standard living, for transients such as PCs, runs about 1 gp per day, including meals, a bed someplace like Wenton's Original (p57), and a drink or two. Players uninterested in detail can simply deduct 1 gp per day for cost of living, plus another 1 gp if stabling a mount. The referee can assume that such rooming includes adequate security for the PCs' possessions, except where the plot of a play session dictates otherwise.

BOARDING

Renting a room or suite for a long term can save considerable money. Finding a room requires a reaction roll of 5 or better, including the neighborhood reaction modifiers, to gain a landlady's approval. Characters can try once a day. Basic cost is 20 gp per month, including adequate meals, with first and last month's rent down. Small domestic animals require a second reaction roll and each adds a cost of 2d6 gp per month. Mounts must be stabled elsewhere, for 20 gp per month when paid in advance.

The wealthy may instead rent a townhouse in the Heights. In general, the renter must be human and display respectable dress and behavior, and then make a reaction roll of 4 or better, trying once a week. Typical cost would include a 500 gp damage deposit and 100 gp per month, with at least three months paid in advance. Each extra resident adds costs of 30 gp per month, or 15 gp for servants and children. Wages for servants cost extra, if the character does not bring his own.

HAGGLING

Lesserton merchants are a hard lot, not given to offering bargains. However, a penurious PC can always try for a deal, since any sale is better than none. If the referee wishes to determine haggling outcome at random, he makes a reaction roll, with the usual Charisma, racial, and neighborhood modifiers.

2d6± Haggling reaction

- <2 The merchant agrees to a proposed deal up to 20% off.
- 2 The merchant agrees to a proposed deal up to 10% off.
- 3–5 No discount.
- 6–8 No discount, and +1 on further reaction rolls with this merchant today.
- 9–11 No discount, and the PC can't try any more haggling with this merchant today without getting thrown out.
- 12 The merchant refuses to deal with the PC at all and orders him off the premises. He can try a new reaction roll at +1, no sooner than the next day.
- >12 The merchant accuses the PC of theft or intimidation and calls for the Watch. The PC is never welcomed back to that establishment.



SERVICES ON THE STREET

Flashing a little coin always catches the eye of nearby Lessers, and many prove willing to assist a generous stranger. When a PC looks around the street for help, the referee makes a reaction roll with the usual Charisma and racial modifiers and the neighborhood's intolerance penalties (p7).

d12± Reaction when seeking services

- <2 New friend! The Lesser performs the requested task for whatever is offered, and then follows the PC around hoping for signs of favor.
- 2 Service available, and the Lesser is willing to give a discount if requested, about 10%.
- 3–5 Service performed as usual.
- 6–8 Service available, but the Lesser negotiates for a higher price. Double usual cost suffices; anything less requires a new roll.
- 9–11 Service not available, unless the referee wishes to make it so.
- 12 The Lesser jeers at the PC, points out his ridiculous clothes or accent to others on the street, and otherwise mocks the request. A PC alone in a racially hostile neighborhood may suffer confrontation unless he leaves the area at once; if heavily armed, he instead receives disdainful silent treatment from all locals, with occasional anonymous insults or dung thrown from behind.
- >12 Bad reaction (see below).

Bad reactions to requests for services:

- ✂ A non-human in Cruikshanks, or a non-orokin in Kinswallow, becomes the target of a group of 2d6 locals, throwing stones and dung and driving him away. If he refuses to leave, and is not part of an armed group, the locals attack with clubs and fists (75% temporary damage).
- ✂ A non-human in the Heights has the Watch called on him, and they politely but firmly escort him out of the neighborhood. The neighborhood guards will remember his face.
- ✂ Otherwise, the Lesser agrees to the service, but marks the PC as a potential victim. Examples: He alerts thieves to where the PC stays or where he keeps his coin, or arranges for a tavern server to get the PC very drunk so the Lesser and his friends can lift his valuables, or introduces the PC into a compromising situation and generously offers to cover it up if the PC can provide 3d6 x 10 gp for "considerations to the right people."

Typical Street Services:

Runner: 2d6 cp. Urchin (age 2d4+3) who will run a message to another part of town.

Linkboy: 1 sp. Boy (age 2d4+5) with a torch to light the customer's way home at night. Generally the linkboy is somebody's little brother, nephew, or cousin, reducing the chances that the neighborhood toughs will try anything.

Guide: 1 gp/day. Local male (age 2d4+12), 1 in 6 halfling, otherwise human. Escorts customers around town to the sorts of places they desire. May charge more for groups of more than 3. Often receives small kickbacks from tavern owners, innkeepers, shopkeepers, and so on for bringing in business. Should the day go well, the guide often insinuates himself at the dinner table or bar on the assumption that his repast will go on the customer's bill.

Raconteur: 2 gp/day. An experienced guide, able to tell stories about various locations and personalities in the town's past. These storytellers tailor their lore to the audience's interest, from the drily historical to the moralizing to the salacious. The accuracy of their information may suffer, as they tend to prefer a good story to boring facts. An answer to a specific question is 75% likely to be correct.

Alley cat: Cost varies. Cheap trollops without a room, these poor folk take a customer into an alley or doorway for quick, efficient service. Usually, an alley cat asks for 1 sp up front, then additional money depending on how much time she spent, to a total of about 1 sp per 5 minutes. Generally a Brute watches from half a block away to apply force if needed. Seven out of ten alley cats are human: on a d10, 8–9 indicates a full orkin and 10 a halfling. Ninety percent are female: on a d20, a roll of 20 indicates a male, while a roll of 1 indicates a male disguised as a female.

Protection: Cost varies. The toughest gang of idle men in a particular neighborhood may approach nervous-looking strangers and offer their protection, for perhaps 1 sp per person per day, or more if the target seems well-off. Should the customer later run into trouble, from a potential mugger to an uncooperative shopkeeper, he can mention the name of his "friend" and get a second reaction roll. Of course, sometimes the result is worse than before, as the local greets the so-called protector's name with scorn or violent dislike. Should the protector find that his name is being used by someone who didn't pay, he likely feels obliged to deliver a sound beating, a fine of whatever's carried, and an exhortation to stay out of the area.

HIRELINGS AND RETAINERS

Certain locales attract the sort of folks who will take up the challenge of adventuring for pay, or at least carrying sacks. Four types of potential hirelings wander the streets and bars of Lesserton: Porters, Men-at-Arms, Veterans, and Halflings. All expect food and drink in addition to pay; none have any cash, or they'd not be looking for work. The player characters must convince the prospects to serve, as usual, by making a Hiring Roll: a reaction roll of 5 or better (LL46–47).

Porter: 0-level human Common Folk with 5 hp, AC 9. 1 ep per day. Porters are also available as employees for any unskilled labor with no Hiring Roll required. In this case, they are not true retainers, have Morale 4 regardless of the Charisma of their employer, and work only in Lesserton or within sight of its walls.

Man-at-Arms: 0-level human Brute with 6 hp, AC 8 (padded armor), dagger. 1 gp per day plus a quarter share of any cash loot (1/4 what a PC gets).

Veteran: 1st-level fighter with STR 13, CON 13, 7 hp, AC 7 (leather armor and shield), short sword, spear. 2 gp per day plus a half share of any cash loot.

Halfling: 1st-level halfling with DEX 16, 4 hp, AC 5 (padded armor, shield), short sword, sling. 4 gp per day plus a half share of any cash loot.

Each appropriate location in the "Shops and Establishments" section, pp24–58, lists what potential retainers might be found there.



RUMORS

When a character asks an NPC for advice or information, a reaction roll of 5 or better may elicit one of the answers below. The referee can also provide rumors as a service on the street, during searches for adventure, or whenever he wants to place some information. A PC from Lesserton knows one rumor from each section.

About the Ruins:

- ✦ Old Mor, eh? Well, it's a pit of dust and poison snakes, sprinkled over with ghosts, and well salted with subhuman murderers. The last Baron, he blasted his own town to shards and flinders, just to keep the greenskins out. And who runs the wreck now? Orkin sorts, who'd never get in the gate at Lesserton. Go cipher that one.
- ✦ Great Mor was the last civilized place of history. Temples of jade and gold, grand palaces, all the people beautiful and wise. 'Twas the mightiest stronghold of the earth, greater than anything the elder races ever built, and weren't they just jealous about it. Indeed, Great Mor could never have fallen if not for the treachery of the Elves, dark take them. Now we squat in the wreck of what was, in a fallen age, and just try to get by.
- ✦ No, I shouldn't wonder if there was treasures yet to be found. The Ruins lie deep and broad, and the few brutes who live there have no time nor inclination for idle digging about. Why, just last season some fellers came back with a sack of little chestnuts made of gold, all alike. I forget what became of them, nuts nor fellers both, but it was a pretty haul.
- ✦ If you care to throw your only life away "adventuring," you might at least do it on a quest for the greater good. The Temple of Law has sent many out to right wrongs and not a few have become heroes thereby. [Temple of the Divine Purpose, p56]
- ✦ Leave some gold at Brinkley's to buy your life with! Sure, it's expensive, but it's better than landing in an orkin stewpot. That place is so tight, even the town keeps its treasure there. [Brinkley's Assurety Trust, p31]

In bars:

- ✦ Never go in that Tasso place—it's a tomb! He takes the unwary and turns 'em into statues. [Tasso's Museum of the Lifelike, p55]
- ✦ Thieves guild! That's funny. Just an old story about scary men who lurk at night, rob rich and poor alike, prey on the innocent, all in service of some vast conspiracy of wizards and demons or something. The truth is, certain low folk have nothing better to do than jump a fellow for his coppers. No more to it. If such scum could organize, they wouldn't be poor in the first place, eh?
- ✦ Why, a clever sort can make more at the races in a night than any month dodging face-eaters in the Ruins. Just watch the betting and pick your 'pede. There's a secret pattern to it, but you'll have to guess it yourself! Never would I say. [Myriadrome, p55]
- ✦ Gambling is a way of life here my friend. If you've wits about you, you can do well. If you see poor old Master Lewis at a table, you'll learn something too. Gimped in both legs, he is, and it hurts him to walk, but he never misses a hand of cards if he can help it. [Devin Lewis, p58]

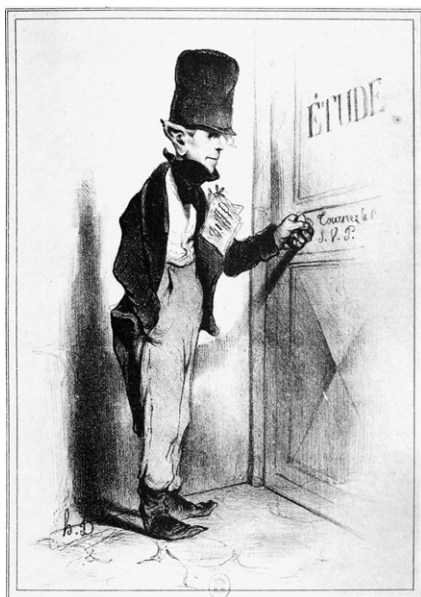
To the heavily-armed or travel-stained:

- ✦ Out of towners eh? Valnhalla's the place to meet your own type [p30]. Stay out of Sumpter's [Lesserton Alehouse, p36]. Never you mind where that may be, neither.
- ✦ Going to the Ruins? Best spend freely at Hornfixer's first [p35]. Tell him Waxbean sent you.
- ✦ The Field of Truth [p26], outside town, holds a captive demon that eats magic. It's the only place for a fair fight, since no one can use sneaky elf-spells to cheat their way out of a pounding.
- ✦ If coin is scarce and you're desperate, a good time is always happening at Fat Fanny's down in Kin's Wallow [p52]. You ain't picky, are you?
- ✦ Lonely feller, huh? Well, you don't look a merchant prince, that's clear. Roll by the Apacius in Market Square [p30] for ten silver's worth. That news worth a few copper, friend?

- ✂ Nasty bruise, traveler! You know, the Temple of Divine Purpose [p56] could heal that right up for you, if you honor the Law as I'm sure you must. No charge even, although a donation is appreciated. In fact, for a small donation to my own personal needs, I'll give you directions right to the Temple.

To sneaky-looking sorts:

- ✂ Don't get hauled before the Eel if you can help it. Mort the Eel—the magistrate [p16]. He looks like there's not a drop of blood in his body, and he likes nothing better than condemning poor folk to torment and death. Feeds on our suffering, they say.
- ✂ Stranger, please tell me you're not looking at the windows on the Sign of the Kobold [p44]. It's worth your life to bother those folk. Plenty of fat purses in town, but that place and all in it fall under the eye of the Brush.... Ach, forget that bit, not important. Just watch your step.
- ✂ The Brush? Never heard of it. Be off.
- ✂ The Brush? Well, if there were such a fellow, you'd not want to be asking after him, would you?
- ✂ Oh, the Watch. The guardsmen are mostly reasonable fellers. Don't throw around gold and expect to get away with murder, though. Peace must be kept, and that platform with the head-cage ain't for showing pretty birds.
- ✂ It's an open town. Still, be careful who you cross.



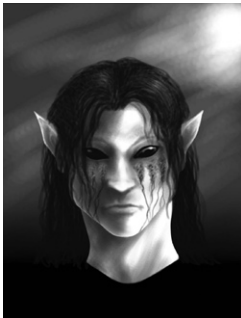
To the scholarly or pious:

- ✂ You seem respectable enough. Why waste your time poking through those ruins? Thousands before you have worked the ground down to nothing. If you seek money, get a job someplace decent up in Market Square and settle down. All types are welcome in Lesserton, if they pay their own way.
- ✂ Well, my friend, in Lesserton there are three sorts of folk. The orkin are scum, and deserve what they get. Then there's folk of clean blood, like yourself, but from out of town and thus not to expect the same treatment as locals. Us Lessers true and tried, now, we mostly get a fair shake from the government and each other, and that's enough to build on. Whatever you be, watch your chance and don't wait around for charity, for there's none within the walls of this town.

To the foppish, noble, or wealthy:

- ✂ A world traveler such as yourself must not stray into Kinswallow, nor even Cruikshanks. No doubt you can take care of yourself, but the circumstances are most offensive and the squalid little streets have nothing to offer you. No, put up at the Pegasus [p43], my friend, or seek a cozy house in the Heights if you plan to stay among us long. The quality of the servants in town is unfortunate, but one does what one can. Everyone worth knowing frequents the few decent places in the Heights. I'd be glad to show you around once you get settled.
- ✂ A woman must be married, yet a man's a fool to do so. 'Tis the conundrum of the ages! Still, should you fall prey, do not neglect to run your tender bride and her parents over to Plonk's [p45]. The man's a popinjay, but a certainty of clear blood is worth a hogshead of promises.

BEGGING RESULT BY NEIGHBORHOOD					
2d6±	Gateway	Mkt. Sq.	Cruikshanks	Heights	Kinswallow
< 3	2d4 cp	1d6 cp	1d8 cp	1d6 sp	1 cp
3–5	1 cp	1 cp	1 cp	Ignored	Ignored
6–8	Ignored	Ignored	Ignored	Confronted	Ignored
9–11	Evicted	Ignored	Confronted	Rousted	Confronted
12+	Arrested	Arrested	Arrested	Arrested	Attacked



BEGGING

Anyone reduced to cadging coins from passersby in greedy Lesserton has a hard job. A character can beg only as many hours per day as his Constitution, half that in cold or rainy weather, and not at all in cold rain or snow. For each hour, there is a chance that the Watch, probably responding to a complaint, Rousts the PC: forces him to leave the neighborhood, wasting that hour's work. In the Heights, the Watch comes by on 1–4 on a d6; in Kinswallow, not at all. In other neighborhoods the chance is 1 in 6 per hour.

At the end of an hour's begging, the player makes a reaction roll, *adding* his Charisma modifier instead of subtracting it. An attractive beggar gains little sympathy, although he or she might be propositioned or recruited as an alley cat (p9). The neighborhood's racial intolerance penalties (p7) add to the roll as usual. Once driven from a neighborhood, a beggar who returns makes reaction rolls there at +4 for the rest of the day.

Attacked: 2d4 Brutes pummel the beggar with fists and clubs until he falls unconscious, strip him naked, and throw him into a latrine, a filthy gutter, or Ritter's Hog Pen. Damage is 75% temporary.

Arrested: Money confiscated, thrown in cell overnight.

Evicted: Thrown out the town's Main Gate, ordered not to reenter Lesserton that day.

Rousted: The Watch makes the beggar leave the neighborhood, arresting him if he resists.

Confronted: Locals make the beggar leave the neighborhood. In the Heights, 1d4 wealthy sorts try to shame the beggar into leaving and call the Watch if necessary. Elsewhere, 1d4+1 toughs use intimidation and resort to force if needed.

Ignored: People brush coldly past, avoiding eye contact.

Coins: This is the total for an hour's begging.

DANGER ON THE STREET

Depending as they do on repeat business, the Lessers tolerate little out-and-out robbery or violence. Every neighborhood has its Watch Station, and many businesses have alarm gongs to summon the Watch at need.

To transport the day's receipts, or their more valuable products, businessfolk trickle onto the street at the changing of the neighborhood guard post, and walk in a group to Brinkley's, following the guards. They seldom speak, preferring the illusion that each chose this schedule on his own and the others just happened to step out at the same time. A few coins quietly pass to the guards as Market Square and Brinkley's draw near. Leaving the bank, people headed home to the same neighborhood may suddenly recognize each other and join up as far as their paths lie together.

PICKPOCKETS

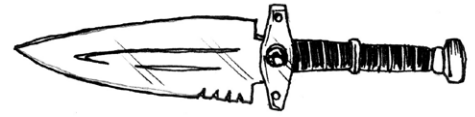
Whenever a crowd gathers, certain folk may try to cut a purse or fish in a pocket. Due to high risk and low profit, only urchins and first-level thieves pursue the dipper's art in Lesserton. Player characters make tempting targets because of their relative wealth, but they also carry weapons. The referee can target a PC, or roll: a 1 in 6 chance of the party encountering a pickpocket per hour spent in a crowded market or audience.

By preference, pickpockets operate in teams of three: the dipper, a mule, and a bumper. The bumper stumbles against or shoves by the target, the way many folk do in a crowd. On a 1–2 on a d6, the target is surprised by the Bump and the dipper makes his move. If the target seems alert instead, the team moves on to someone else. If the dipper gets something, he immediately passes it to the mule, a seeming stranger, who secretes the goods and wanders away. Thus, if the dipper should get searched, he has no loot, and can act indignant.

Sometimes a halfling thief disguises himself as a human child, in hopes of winning the crowd over should he get caught. The false urchin loses all sympathy if discovered.

RANDOM PICKPOCKET

d6	Dipper	Success	Failure	Seen	Caught
1	Urchin	01–25	26–50	51–56	57–00
2–5	Thief	01–43	44–86	87–92	93–00
6	Halfling thief	01–48	49–96	97–98	99–00



These percentiles include the thief's base skill, plus 10% for working in a packed crowd watching a spectacle and 10% for a successful Bump.

Success: The dipper gets the most accessible item on the target: usually a belt pouch or its contents, but possibly a scroll, dagger, or even a ring or bracelet.

Failure: The dip doesn't work out. No one notices the attempt.

Seen: The victim is oblivious, and the dipper gets the loot, but someone else in the crowd sees it happen. If the victim has alert, suspicious companions, such as most PCs, one of them notices the dip. Otherwise, the witness is an NPC. The referee makes a reaction roll to find the witness's attitude, modified by the Charisma and race of the pickpocket and the *opposite* of the victim's modifiers. Meanwhile, the thief attempts a second pickpocket roll, at the same chances, to make the pass-off to the mule; on a Failure, the dipper still has the goods, while a Seen or Caught result means that the witness sees the pass.

2d6± Witness Reaction

- ≤2 Laughs it off
- 3–5 Accosts the pickpocket and quietly demands a cut
- 6–8 Calls the victim's attention to the pickpocket
- 9–11 Calls for the Watch
- 12+ Calls for the Watch and tackles the pickpocket

Caught: The victim catches the pickpocket in the act before he can get his hands on the goods. An urchin immediately screams about the cruel stranger hurting him, and gets a normal reaction roll from the crowd.

MUGGERS

Stick-ups and muggings in Lesserton are generally crimes of opportunity. Alert folk, armed characters, and those who travel in groups or with linkboys seldom find trouble, so there is no random chance of a mugging. However, the referee may decide that a character is "asking for it" by stupid behavior, such as being very drunk, walking alone at night, or venturing into a neighborhood where his race earns him a reaction penalty (p7). Any two of these might induce idle toughs to rob a PC (1 in 6 chance per hour). All three at once—a lone drunk in the wrong part of town—makes it nearly certain: 1 in 6 chance per *turn* at night, and 1 in 6 per hour even during the day. Such confrontations are of two types: Muggings and stick-ups, with the referee choosing the one to which the PC looks more vulnerable. If the victim is drunk, roll 1d4 and apply it as a penalty to all his d20 rolls, or use Detailed Drinking (p23).

Mugging: A brawny thief sneaks up to knock the character unconscious from behind. The PC attempts to roll his Intelligence or less on a d20. If he succeeds, he notices the thief, who runs away; on a 1–2 out of 6, the fleeing thief surprises the intended victim and gets away clean. If the PC fails the INT check, the thief attacks from behind with a sap, taking a total of +5 to hit and doing 1d4+1 damage, doubled. If the damage brings the PC to 0 or less, he is knocked out; at the referee's option, any damage gives a chance of unconsciousness (Subdual damage, AEC142). The thief quickly rifles a fallen victim's pockets, with a 1 in 4 chance to find any hidden treasures. Three-fourths of sap damage is temporary, so if the PC has taken total damage equal to four times his hit points, he is dead. Otherwise he wakes up in 2d6 turns with a sore head. Mugger: T1, AC 5, 6 hp, +1 to hit and damage for STR; sap, 2d6 gp; Morale 8; XP 15.

Stick-up: A masked man (T1, AC 6, 5 hp, knife 1d4; 4d6–4 gp; XP 10) steps out in front of the PC, brandishing a knife and demanding money. 1d3 thugs (F0, AC 8, 4 hp, fists 1d2+1, 75% temporary; 1d4–1 cp; Morale 6; XP 5) step behind the PC at the same time. If the PC hands over a purse of coins, or his visible jewelry, the thieves take it and run. If he resists, they fight. If one of the zero-level thugs drops, any others make a morale check. If the thief falls, the thugs automatically flee.

JUSTICE

Enforcing the law in Lesserton is a tricky task. Anything that separates a visitor from his coins helps the city survive, yet the customer must be willing and able to return another day. The current Chief of the Watch, Byce Songbelay, recently started his third five-year term due to skillful balancing of his constituents' needs. He and his men administer one set of rules for human and halfling Lessers and another for everyone else.

As conflicts arise, the Watch often settles them on the spot, levying fines in preference to force or imprisonment. Money talks, but the outsider who offends against a respectable Lesser can expect little sympathy; the guards tend to believe the solid, tax-paying citizen before the wandering loner. Financial disputes can cost the traveler significant money. Acts of violence result in a visit to the Justice Building, with sometimes dire consequences.

THE WATCH

The three Watch Captains each supervise a shift of guards. Day Watch runs from Morning Bell to Night Bell. Night Watch runs from Night Bell to Morning Bell. The confusingly-named Second Watch runs dusk to dawn, giving double coverage at night.

The guards don't make regular patrols unless they've heard about potential trouble. Instead, they sit in well-lit posts and wait for citizens to come to them or ring an alarm gong, with one pair making desultory rounds when the weather appeals. A shift consists of one four-Guard patrol, plus one Sergeant, at each of the four Watch Stations.

The Deputy Chief stays at Watch Headquarters (p30) during the Night Shift, and often until noon or later, depending on when the Chief decides to come in. The Chief works until about midnight. Each has his own staff of four guards.

Guard (84): F1, AC 7 (padded armor & shield), 7 hp, Move 40', sap, short sword

Sergeant (21): F2, AC 4 (chain mail & shield), 13 hp, Move 30', long sword, shortbow

Watch Captain (3): F3, AC 4 (chain mail & shield), 17 hp, Move 30', long sword, shortbow

Deputy Chief of the Watch (1): F4, 22 hp, AC 2, Move 40', *chain mail* +1, *long sword* +1, shortbow, STR 13

Chief of the Watch (Byce Songbelay): F5, AC 4, 25 hp, AC 4, Move 40', sap, padded armor, *long sword* +2, *ring of protection* +3, DEX 13, INT 13, CHA 16

Alarm Gongs

Any property owner can apply to receive a standard Alarm Gong. If the Mayor's folk consider the need "legitimate," or the applicant successfully bribes a petty official (p15), the Watch delivers the gong and collects the official 10 gp fee.

The gong is a convex bronze disc about two feet across, hung on a sturdy frame. In the gong's hollow back, metal beads dangle on wires. Striking an Alarm Gong with anything hard causes a distinctive, bright, shrill chime, audible from a good distance. The local Watch Station sends guards to investigate, as detailed for each neighborhood.

Signal Horns

Only official institutions of the town command these special, four-foot long horns. Coded blasts alert other town authorities of the need for aid, the completion of secret tasks, or emergencies. From Watch Headquarters, a dozen mounted men, including one Sergeant, can reach any Watch Station or section of the walls in 1d6+10 rounds.

MILITIA

In event of war, Lesserton can raise over 1,000 men, but it takes months. When the Mayor declares military emergency, he becomes Commander in Chief, the Chief of the Watch becomes Colonel, and the Deputy Chief becomes Lieutenant Colonel. At first, the town musters only 48 Guards led by 12 Sergeants, plus 12 mounted Guards with three Sergeants of Cavalry. Another six Guard patrols become drill instructors; in any month when they don't fight, the town gains 132 soldiers and 10 Cavalry. Meanwhile, the town's few veteran halflings train their own race, producing 12 Slingers a month plus leaders. After six months, the Militia is at full strength. Further energies go into support and replacing losses.

Infantry under Lt. Col. (F4): three Battalions under Majors (F3); each with four Companies under Captains (F3); each with three Platoons under Lieutenants (F2); each with two Squads of 12 Privates (F0) under one Sergeant (F2) and one Corporal (F1). 864 men plus 196 officers.

Cavalry Company under the Captain of Cavalry (F3): three Troops under Lieutenants (F2); each with 24 Troopers (F1) and three Sergeants (F2). 72 horse plus 13 officers.

Slinger Company (halflings) under the Captain of Slingers (H3): three Platoons under Platoon Leaders (H2); each with three Sections, each of eight Slingers (H1) under a Sergeant (H2). 72 Slingers plus 13 officers.

Bold PCs can achieve rapid advancement during wartime. A party with non-humans may form a Special Missions Squad, fleshing out the 12-man complement with NPCs.

MORALE AND MINIMUM BRIBES BY IMPORTANCE OF BRIBEE

Watch Unit	Other	Morale	Min. Bribe	Non-cash Equivalent (examples)
Guard	Clerk	8	2 gp	Pint of ale
Pair of guards	Barkeep	9	3 gp	Bottle of wine
Sergeant	Shop owner	9	5 gp	Personal services
Sergeant with Patrol	Petty official	10	10 gp	Feast
Deputy Chief	Brinkley's clerk	11	100 gp	Invitation to high society event
Chief	Magistrate	12	*	*

* No one of such rank would risk his position except in the most extraordinary circumstances, and with Morale 12 they need not even roll, regardless of modifiers. No amount of money would persuade such a leader to betray the town.

BRIBES

In old-school fantasy games, whenever an NPC might abandon his duty and ignore his orders, the natural mechanism is a morale check (LL47, LL56). The same rules apply when the temptation comes, not from self-preservation, but from a quiet offer of cash, goods, or services.

Money or no, people don't risk their lives or careers on a bribe. A member of the Lesserton Watch might take a cash inducement in a matter of judgment, but he wouldn't miscarry justice flagrantly, at least not in front of witnesses. A clerk might be encouraged to move a PC's job to the top of the waiting list, but no one sits by and watches people steal from his place of employment or wantonly destroy.

For best results, the briber must show respect for the target's authority, indirectly suggest a course of action rather than demand, and offer the bribe as a favor ostensibly unrelated to the desired breach of duty. Tossing a purse at a guardsman and sneering, "Leave us to our business, boy," likely results in arrest. Passing a few coins in a handshake with a pleading look works better, or saying something like, "It's a shame to be discussing this in the street when it's so hot out. It's much cooler in the beer cellar." Should the briber's offense involve taking what is not his own, the property must be returned; if that would be difficult, it must be shared with the authority figure being bribed.

If the referee rolls higher than the watch unit's Morale on 2d6, the bribe is accepted. The senior person present takes the offer and makes no reference to the transaction, saying merely "Good day to you, sir."

Morale Check Modifiers for Bribery

The briber wants the target to *fail* his Morale check, and positive modifiers make that more likely. This differs from a reaction roll, on which the PC wants the lowest possible

result. The magnitude of the dereliction sought changes the morale check, and the modifiers below take the place of the usual neighborhood intolerance penalty. Of course, the referee may decide that bribes simply won't work in certain situations.

Mod. Briber...

- +2 Offers ten times the minimum amount
- +1 Offers double the minimum amount
- +1 Reaction roll modifier of +2 or higher
- 1 Assaulted someone, with no permanent damage
- 1 Orkin or half-elf bribing guard
- 1 Outsider, in a dispute with a Lesser
- 1 Reaction roll modifier of -2 or worse
- 1 Stole something worth more than 1 gp
- 2 Elf
- 2 Offended a shopkeeper or property owner
- 4 Offended a substantial citizen
- 8 Inflicted serious permanent injury
- 10 Killed someone

On a modified result of less than 2, the guards charge the character with attempted bribery, adding to the severity of his sentencing for any other offense.

Bribes and Local Relations

Most successful merchants and proprietors have good relations with the Watch, based not on cash payments but on continuous cooperation. Guards can expect to pay bargain prices for their meals and drinks, get served first, or receive little extras. Sometimes, a guard presumes too far and generates resentment. Sergeants discourage such abuse of privilege because it makes investigations much harder.

PUNISHMENT

For minor offenses, locals get a lecture, confiscation of any handy cash, and maybe a night in jail to cool off or sober up. Outsiders get a heavy fine (4d6 x 10 gp) and kicked out of town until the next day; repeat offenses, or inability to pay, can result in a night in the stocks or even exile from Lesserton for a year. Crude posters decorate the walls of the Headquarters, showing the names and faces of banned folk.

Imprisonment

Upon taking a prisoner, the Watch manacles his hands and feet, preventing movement at more than 10', and they drag him to a holding cell in Watch Headquarters. If the offense was violent, they also strip the prisoner naked, perform a cavity search, and leave the manacles on while he's in the cell. Any cash carried vanishes; other possessions are held against possible fines or confiscation, but whatever remains is usually returned after any punishment concludes. If the offender managed to make the guards truly angry or frightened, they may dole out a night of expert beating, reducing the prisoner to 1 hp.

Mort the Eel, Chief Magistrate

Mortimer Tofse, a thin, sour-faced Old Soul originally from the town of Eel, takes the parochial prejudice of men like the Chief and hardens it into a strict morality that he considers self-evident. He powders his face stark white, to avoid showing when he colors in anger, and greets every story with the same rigid scowl.

Hearings

Hearings begin at Morning Bell, and proceed until everyone imprisoned the day before has been processed. Two guards protect the Magistrate personally and two more handle the prisoners. The Magistrate hears the complainant, then the defendant, and then pronounces his judgment, usually a fine. No one not directly concerned in a case may speak to him; there are no lawyers or juries. Only five official penalties are available: Fines, time in the stocks, confiscation of property, exile from town, or death. PCs can attempt a reaction roll to sway the judgment slightly, but the Magistrate does not bend much. Even the best reaction won't excuse flagrant crime.

Magistrate Tofse calculates a fine less by the seriousness of the offense than by the apparent wealth of the parties: enough to give the complainant some satisfaction or make the defendant feel some pain, preferably both. The Magistrate often reduces the award for any blameworthy behavior on

the complainant's part, declares that the complainant owes the defendant, or charges a fine to one or both parties for wasting the court's time. He announces the amounts as so many "coins"; the constables understand this to mean silver pieces from locals, gold from outsiders. Petty matters run about 2d4 x 10 coins; acts of theft require restitution plus a penalty of 2d6 x 10%. A thief who cannot pay receives time in the stocks instead, a potentially dangerous fate. The town does not use long-term imprisonment, as it costs too much.

Inflicting a scar or the loss of a toe, finger, or teeth falls into the category of impoliteness and results in a fine of 1d4 x 100 coins. Inflicting more serious, permanent injury generally bankrupts the offender. Unless he can convince Tofse of a compelling justification, the town confiscates his property, keeps a "fair share," and awards the rest to the injured party, up to 2d6 x 100 gp. In this matter, even locals pay gold. Offenders without means receive two days in the stocks; sometime during the night, friends of the injured tend to appear and afflict the prisoner with the exact injury he caused. The temptation to extract "interest" is great but tradition urges restraint. Somehow the guards never catch these vengeful folk.

Killing and Execution

Killing falls into three categories.

Justifiable homicide is no crime. Lesserton Magistrates almost always hold it justified to kill someone entering your home by night or threatening deadly force. Other stories have an uphill climb to avoid a judgment of murder.

Manslaughter is blameworthy but involves mitigating circumstances, such as causing accidental death. Manslaughter is punished with total confiscation of property. If the killer is an outsider, he also gets banished from Lesserton for one year.

Murder means deliberate killing without a compelling justification. The penalty is death. The defendant receives one week to make his defense, working from a jail cell and asking friends or employees to gather evidence and testimony. Ratso Whizzle (p58) shows up the day after any condemnation to offer his services; he gets many investigation jobs this way.

Before execution, wealthy defendants secretly receive an opportunity to make extremely substantial contributions to the town and escape during the night. Since the town already intends to confiscate the condemned's known property, the bribe must be not only large but something otherwise unavailable, such as contributions by friends and relations. It takes tens of thousands of gold at the least to blind the eyes of justice. Those who escape get their faces among the "wanted" posters and the town pays the Blood Price. Even the richest murderer faces execution should he ever return.

Execution Platform: Should the defense fail, constables take the prisoner to the execution stand atop the town walls, where a head-sized iron cage hangs from a sturdy chain. The executioner, a masked Brute, lets the prisoner make a final rant for as long as the crowd seems interested. Then he clamps the cage around the prisoner's head and cuts his throat. The cage keeps the body upright while all the blood drains through the slotted platform into the swamp, where scavengers await. Then the executioner detaches the head with a huge pair of bronze *shears +1*, which have acquired magical force through decades of ceremonial use. The body goes to burial in the swamp unless someone has paid for better treatment. The head is folded into a sack, crushed, and burned to ashes under constabulary supervision. Authorities believe that destruction of the head prevents the body's return, either as undead or through life-restoring magic.

The Blood Price: The town pays a blood price to a murder victim's spouse or oldest child, if such folk exist in town: 100 gp per month for 12 months, funded by the defendant's property where possible. At the end of the year, or if the recipients move out of town, the matter is considered settled.

LIFE EXPERIENCE

To encourage players to explore all that Lesserton has to offer, and to give characters more dimension than a set of combat statistics, PCs earn experience for living it up. Each gold piece or equivalent spent in pursuit of happiness earns the character 1 XP, above and beyond the experience earned by acquiring the money in the first place. The referee may modify the XP award, of course, or deny it altogether for utterly cynical and uninteresting exploitations of this rule.

Typical ways to "get your money's worth" in Life Experience include gambling, searching for adventure, looking for love, paying for entertainment, throwing enormous celebrations, or simply living well. Coins spent gathering rumors or paying informants also count, though not those simply given away for no reason.

Scholarly sorts can gain XP from spending money on research, so long as the subject matter is abstruse and impractical: cataloguing lepidoptera counts, but not learning *fireball*. Tithes and donations to the Temple of Law or other religious institution earn XP where not required by character class. Any expense with no practical benefit can count, if the referee considers it a sincere piece of roleplaying that entangles the player with NPCs, Lesserton, and useful adventure hooks.

Limits of Life Experience

As a rule of thumb, Life Experience and carousing should not earn a PC more than 100 XP times his current level, per month. Furthermore, no more than half the XP required for a new level can come from these rules. Variety and pleasant living may expand a character's horizons and complement his studies and quests, but it's no substitute. The referee can allow slightly more XP in exceptionally amusing circumstances.

LIVING WELL

Simply surviving runs about 1 gp per day; see "Cost of Living," p7. Should a character choose to spend his hard-earned loot on living better than necessary, he enjoys life more fully, and that means XP. Unless the referee objects, all such expenditure earns 1 XP per gp spent. The player should specify where the PC sleeps, eats, and drinks, and account for the expense. Luxurious businesses expect their clients to display good grooming and appropriate clothes, which adds to the cost.

Luxury establishments include the Platinum Pegasus (p43), with its restaurant and bar; the Parloury (p42); the Rooster (p44); the Sign of the Boar restaurant (p44); Sign of the Kobold clothiers (p44); and the pleasant company at Bantam House (p46).



GAMBLING

Some establishments host frequent gambling sessions. Player characters can win money in such games, or more often lose it, but gain Life Experience either way. At the end of a play session, characters earn 1 XP for each gp of net gain or loss due to gambling; in other words, breaking even gives 0 points. Gambling XP is in addition to points from originally earning or finding the money.

"High risk, high gain" could qualify as a motto for Lessers and their adventurous visitors, and almost every one of them loves gambling. The commonalty adore the creepy action of the 'pede races at the Myriadrome (p55). Educated folk bet on chess matches; many Lessers play checkers, backgammon, and nine men's morris, always for a coin or two at least. Fidelis Fighting Dogs (p53) holds shady after-hours dog duels, and the locals who control the Field of Truth (p26) stage frequent bouts of bloody fisticuffs. The town also enjoys three unique games: Tosspottle, Blind Painters, and Quist.

GAMBLING GAMES OF LESSERTON

The mechanisms give abstract results, not actual rules.

Tossottle

Equipment: Bottles, chalk

Type: Random

Stake: 1 sp+, or 1 cp among boys

Players: 3 to 20

Time: One minute per toss

A large playing area, called the map, is marked into 20 different scoring areas, often chalked on the street or floor. Any number can play; each places his stake on one of the spots. A person who is not betting, the “tosser,” faces away from the board and throws a large clay jug over his shoulder. Whoever bet on the space where the bottle lands in collects all the stakes, with a tip to the tosser. If the bottle breaks, all bets are off. If the bottle misses the map altogether, the tosser must yield to another. The game requires no skill, except that the tosser is often in cahoots with a player. Pros avoid it.

Mechanism: Each player rolls a d20 to represent the random toss of the jug. The bet pays off 10:1 to each player who rolls a 20; on a 1, the bottle breaks, and all bets are off.

Cheating: Collusion, in which the tosser tells a player ahead of time how he will aim and they share any profits. An aimed toss is a missile attack against AC 0 to hit a certain square, or AC 2 to avoid a particular square. A roll poor enough to miss AC 9 misses the map completely and the tosser’s turn is over. On a natural 2, an aiming tosser is caught peeking and faces trouble.

Blind Painters

Equipment: Cards

Type: Bluffing (CHA)

Stake: 1 ep to 5 gp

Players: 2 to 12

Time: One turn per hand

A workingman’s game of skill; a professional gambler’s bread and butter. Players ante up and take turns dealing out a deck of 36 cards, three to a player. The players consult their hands in secret and choose one to reveal, then each must decide how much to bet on his own hand ranking highest. Then each shows a second card, followed by a second round of bets. In either round, a player who doesn’t match the highest bet must fold. A player who runs out of money is out as well. The pots can get quite high. Variations include “Anchors,” with a shared fourth card face up in the middle, and “Triples”: three rounds with four players, dealing each new hand from the remaining deck instead of shuffling (adding card-counting strategy).

Mechanism: Each player rolls 2d6 and adds his Charisma modifier. A thief adds his +1 for his training, and a non-human gets +1, as the other players have trouble reading him. The lowest-rolling player loses the stake amount. Other non-winning players lose the stake, plus an additional coin for each point their roll exceeded the lowest. The winner collects all the other players’ losses. For example, in a 1 ep game, four players roll 4, 6, 7, 11. Respectively, their fortunes change by -1 ep, -3 ep, -4 ep, +8 ep. Ties roll off, the lower-rolling player losing an additional stake amount to the winner.

Cheating: Marked cards, sleight-of-hand. Punished by on-the-spot violence.

Blind Painters Deck: Four suits of 2–9, plus each has an appropriately-named Ace. From high to low trump, with Ace names: Magicians or Magic-Users (black Pentacles plus the Witch), Priests or Clerics (red Hearts plus the Priestess), Soldiers or Fighters (red Swords plus the King), and Merchants or Thieves (black Staves plus the Mayor). Decks cost 2 gp.

Quist

Equipment: Cards

Type: Counting (INT)

Stake: 5 gp minimum

Players: 4

Time: One hour per hand

The wealthy and stylish favor this complex game. It requires exactly four players in two teams of two. Each player receives a hand of 8 cards from a deck of 72. Communication between partners is limited, but they bet on how many cards they will collect between them. Then each of the 40 remaining cards is flipped over, each player puts a card on top, and abstruse rules govern which player adds the card to his score pile.

Mechanism: One or two PCs can participate. If matched with an NPC partner, the referee rolls 3d4+5 for the partner’s Intelligence score. A magic-user adds +2 to effective INT. Both partners on each side roll 3d6 + INT and total the results. The difference between the results for each side, multiplied by the stake, equals wins or losses.

Cheating: Stacking the deck, or arranging secret signals with a partner. A confirmed cheat loses much social status and the right to collect outstanding gambling debts. The proper folk will not play with him again.

Quist Deck: 72 cards in six suits, each of 1–10 plus the Balance (11) and the Wheel (12): Gold coins, gold stars, black staves, black swords, red hearts, and red hands. “Short Quist” uses only the 48 red and black cards, with 6 to each player. Typical deck cost: 10 gp; up to 100 gp for beautiful versions.

SEARCHING FOR ADVENTURE, LOOKING FOR LOVE

Adventurers often frequent drinkeries and the like in search of rumors, tips, and jobs. Some also look for friendly company. Each gathering place has its own chance of success at these endeavors, based on the player's attempt to roll the character's Charisma or less on a d20 (CHA check). Modifiers vary by locale, and the neighborhood's racial intolerance penalty (p7) also applies.

Adventure means anything that informs a future game session, such as employment, useful rumors and clues, wrongs that need righting, or a desperate stranger selling a mysterious treasure for a pittance.

Love includes any enjoyable interaction between mutually attractive people, possibly no more than an extended flirtation. In general, love can only be found with members of the same race. Exceptions are up to the referee.

On a natural 1, if successful, the result is immediate, and may get the character thrown out. For example, a fight breaks out (adventure), a dying man presses a map into the PC's hand (adventure), someone wants to make out in the back (love), or an NPC becomes obsessed with the PC (love).

Each Lesserton establishment where searching might succeed lists modifiers and the cost per hour. Searching happens at night only, taking 1d4+1 hours to check out each spot. If the establishment closes, or the PC runs out of money, before the required time elapses, the search fails. Each night-spot can only be checked once a week for adventure and once a week for love. To look for whichever comes along, the character pays double cost per hour but can try both rolls at once. Success at both probably means meeting someone who is all kinds of trouble. Characters earn 1 XP for each gp spent on these Searches, to the extent required by the rolls. This Life Experience, of course, comes in addition to any points from originally earning or finding the money.

Mishaps: Optionally, a roll of 20 while searching for adventure or love results in a Mishap (p20). If the roll also succeeds, due to excellent odds, the mishap and the success intermingle into a potentially complex situation.

Example: A human with CHA 10 goes out to try his luck at finding something fun to do—searching for adventure. He goes to Valnhalla (p30), a place with a reputation for wildness. The player rolls 1d4+1 and finds that a search will take him 3 hours. Notes for Valhalla say that it's open all night, costs only 1d6+1 gp per hour, and has no penalty to searches, but a roll made by 5 or less causes things to be slightly out of control. Potential results for the PC's d20 roll look like this:

- d20 Example Search for Adventure at Valnhalla**
- 1 Instant trouble. Brawl breaks out.
 - 2–4 Success! Find an adventure seed.
 - 5–10 Success by 5 or less: Pickpocket or fight.
 - 11–19 Failure.
 - 20 Mishap!

CELEBRATIONS

Characters can arrange food, drink, and entertainment for many people over a period of hours or days. While expensive, parties can aid the giver socially and, to an extent, earn him XP. The minimum expenditure to create an enjoyable party varies by character level, as shorthand for his increasing resources and rising standards. The party can occur in a rented establishment, such as Valnhalla, or under a tent in the Market Square or outside the walls. Roughly speaking, each 2 gp spent covers an evening's basic entertainment for one guest. Spending more per guest makes a party more lavish. Those with pretensions to wealthy society spend at least 10 gp per guest and often much more. "Heartiness" comes from the total spent, regardless of number of attendees.

Life Experience bonus is limited to one day of partying per month. At the referee's discretion, a PC can "save up" his party days and do a multi-day blowout. The referee might also award bonus XP, perhaps 5% or 10%, if the player goes into enjoyable detail about the party planning, guest list, entertainments, and so on.

Party Cost per Evening	Heartiness	Modifier
5 gp x level	Lame	-4
10 gp x level	Tame	-2
25 gp x level	Good time	0
50 gp x level	Party	+2
100 gp x level	Madness	+4

Party Fouls: Similar to Mishaps but more extreme. During each party, the sponsoring PC rolls a d20 and adds the heartiness modifier. If the total exceeds his Wisdom, things got out of hand. The referee chooses a result, or rolls 3d6 on the chart on p21, at -1 per day of party beyond the first.

Searching at Parties: PCs other than the host can use parties as a way to search for adventure or love. The party doesn't "close" until the host says so, or his supplies run out, or the Watch comes, or at least 2d6 hours elapse. Even after the celebration ends, a character can try to keep an after-party going, while he pays the Party Cost to determine Heartiness and risks his own Wisdom roll to avoid a Party Foul.

MISHAPS

Unfortunate outcomes while searching for adventure or love. Roll 3d6 and add Wisdom modifier.

3d6± Result

- < 3 Backstabbed! The PC takes 1d4+2 damage, doubled. He doesn't get a good look at his attacker. If the PC dies alone, all his valuables are taken, and the Watch investigates.
- 3 Beaten and rolled while unconscious. The PC is reduced to 1d3 hp and everything he carried is gone.
- 4 Rolled while passed out drunk. Everything the PC carried is gone, and he is Badly Hungover.
- 5 Robbery! See Muggers, p13.
- 6 Sordid aftermath. The PC must save vs. poison or contract a social disease. Details are up to the referee, but may include a +1 reaction penalty due to facial rash, a debilitating fever giving a penalty of 1d4 on all d20 rolls for 2d4 days, or a persistent discomfort imposing -1 DEX for a month.
- 7 Brawl! Immediate combat with 1d4+1 0-level locals. Each has AC 9 and 4 hp. Fists do 1d2 damage; a mug or bottle does 1d3, and a stool does 1d4; 75% of all damage is temporary. If the PC falls unconscious and has no friends present, the locals take his money and he gets no carousing XP for it. If the PC wins, he gets 5 XP for each foe. Allies who join in each draw another 1d3 locals into the mix. Using a knife, broken bottle, or other deadly weapon results in calls for the Watch.
- 8 Debt! The character blows all cash carried, earning XP for it. In addition, Lenny Longshanks, halfling bookie, holds the character's IOU for 50 gp x level. The PC gets XP for this money only when it is paid off. Lenny will charge vigorish-level interest of 10% per day, but only the original debt counts for XP.
- 9 Drunk and disorderly. PC is imprisoned and his cash is gone, but his other possessions are waiting for his release, which requires paying a fine of 1d20 x 10 gp.
- 10 Busted. The Watch imprisons the PC and confiscates his cash, but his other possessions await him on release. In the morning, the Eel sentences him to a day and a night in the stocks for assault. His memory of events is hazy, but folk he offended or assaulted may try to take revenge.
- 11 Epic drunk. 1 hp damage, -25 gp x level with XP earned, Badly Hungover for one day, and Hungover for another day.
- 12 Good morning! The PC wakes up in a strange bed with someone he probably would not have chosen while sober. Hungover, -2d6 gp per level with XP, and the referee makes a reaction roll to see how the new acquaintance feels about the PC in the cold light of day. On a roll of 12, the acquaintance is not angry, but panicked, as an angry spouse or paramour may show up any second.
- 13 Badly Hungover for one day. -2d6 gp x level, with XP.
- 14 Hungover for half the day. -1d6 gp x level, with XP.
- 15 Tavern hero. The PC distinguishes himself as a generous, brave, or amusing companion. He is always welcomed back to that establishment. -2d6 gp x level, with XP.
- 16 New gambling buddies. The PC loses 20-INT' gp, but gains XP for the loss and can now always find a game.
- 17 Gambling winnings of 25 gp x level, with XP.
- 18 Gotcher back! The PC took a stranger's side in a confrontation. He gains a new Contact (PGL12).
- > 18 In addition to winning 50 gp x level at gambling, with XP, the PC wins an unusual prize: a treasure map, strange artifact, deed to a distant property, or something similar.

Hungover: -1 on initiative, rolls to hit, and saving throws, in addition to any other penalties.

Badly Hungover: -2 on initiative, rolls to hit, and saving throws, in addition to any other penalties.



PARTY FOULS

Unfortunate outcomes while hosting major celebrations. Roll 3d6, -1 per extra day of partying in a row.

3d6± Party Foul

- ≤1 “It’s made from honey!” The PC innocently ingested a dose of Wild Honey (RGM7). He must roll his WIS or less on a d20 or seek out more honey the next day, with a new WIS check after each dose. After as many doses as half his CON, he becomes addicted.
- 2 “I accept!” Somehow, the PC offended a respected local with pretensions to upper class ways. The duel is set for the Field of Truth (p26) on the next full moon (1d20+1d10 days). The PC is expected to pick a single type of melee weapon and pay 50 gp in advance for use of the Field. The local then sends his second to find out who the PC’s second is and try to settle the matter without violence. If the PC refuses, the duel must go on, usually to first blood. If the PC is willing to negotiate, the referee makes a reaction roll for the local. On a 2 or less, the local lets the matter drop. On a 3–5, he will drop it if the PC publicly apologizes. On a 6–8, he demands an apology and damages of 100 gp x the PC’s level. On a 9–11, he demands satisfaction by duel. On a 12+, he increases the stakes by demanding a duel to the death. Failure to show, or cheating, brands the PC a coward, imposing +1 to all reaction rolls in town for 1 year.
- 3 “Don’t look now.” The PC greatly annoyed a named NPC, either the proprietor of the establishment where the party was held or another prominent citizen. This person bans the PC and his associates from his premises and becomes a social Enemy (PGL12).
- 4 “Congratulations!” Sometime in the night, the PC apparently got engaged to be married, with plenty of witnesses. The prospective spouse is a member of the PC’s race, of a sort rolled on the Individual, Type chart on p5. He or she is excitedly planning a big wedding; the prospective in-laws make a reaction roll.
- 5 “Nobody move!” Two Sergeants and eight Guards of the Watch (p14) charge into the celebration to arrest everyone present. Any given NPC guest has a 1 in 6 chance to escape the dragnet, but all PCs face imprisonment and fines for disturbing the peace, harboring unlicensed prostitutes, abetting Wild Honey abuse, and corrupting minors. If the PCs fight the Watch and win, they have to flee town for good. If they submit, all cash carried goes to the town, and they must face Mort the Eel (p16). Likely sentence: 1d6 x 5 gp fine for each guest; 2d4 x 50 gp fine for the party-giver plus two nights and a day in the stocks.
- 6 “Watch your back.” A gang of toughs took offense and now they look for every chance to jump the PC and his friends.
- 7 “Busted!” The watch breaks up the party and claps manacles on the person they think responsible. All cash on hand goes to the town; other possessions await sentencing; probably a night in the stocks and a fine of 25 gp x level.
- 8 “Your bill, sir.” Expenses ran high, what with paying for broken furniture, approving the opening of barrel after barrel of wine, and tipping that wonderful dance troupe that came out of nowhere. The PC spent 1d6 x 10% more than intended, but earns XP for it. If he doesn’t have the money, he gets no XP for the extra and owes the balance to someone at 10% daily interest. When he pays off the debt, the original principal earns XP.
- 9 Roll 1d6+2 and consult the Mishaps chart.
- 10 “It’s bad luck just seeing a thing like that!” During the festivities, someone stabbed, poisoned, or robbed someone else, and the PC and many of his guests saw it. The culprit escaped and the Watch leans on the PC to help track him down or take the blame.

[continued on next page]

PARTY FOULS continued

- 11 “A bet’s a bet.” Someone challenged the PC to accomplish a dangerous task in the Ruins, and he bet 1d4 x 250 gp x level that he would do it within one week. The task might be to discover a rumored location, slay a particular monster, or retrieve a certain artifact.
- 12 Roll 1d6+7 and consult the Mishap chart, p20.
- 13 “Nice ink.” The PC awakes with a cheap bandage on a sore spot. Underneath he finds a new tattoo, either someplace highly visible or someplace highly embarrassing. The referee can roll a random monster for subject matter, make something up, or consult the Motifs table in *All the Treasures of the World: JEWELS*, from Faster Monkey Games™.
- 14 Roll 1d6+12 and consult the Mishap chart, p20.
- 15 “That’s my boy!” A Cohort of Locals (p5) enjoyed themselves greatly at the PC’s expense and now consider him a fine fellow. The PC can call on them for a minor favor.
- 16 “Release the vermin!” The PC gains ownership of a centipede stable, with 2d4 beasts, 1d3 staff, and 3d6 x 100 gp owed to the Myriadrome (p55) in back fees.
- 17 “A token of esteem.” In gratitude for something—protection from bullies, prestige by association, or just a good time—a well-off local gives the PC a potion, randomized from the list under Closet of the Xorn (p49).
- 18 “This is the start of a beautiful friendship.” The PC meets a highly sympathetic NPC and gains a valuable Contact (PGL12).



DRINKING PROBLEMS

Save vs. poison for each drink, with these modifiers:

- ✂ STR modifier
- ✂ CON modifier
- ✂ If currently damaged, use largest penalty below:
 - ↔ Any hp damage: -1
 - ↔ Currently at 75% or less of full hp: -2
 - ↔ Currently at 50% or less of full hp: -4
 - ↔ Currently at 25% or less of full hp: -6
- ✂ Dwarf: +1
- ✂ Half-elf: -1
- ✂ Elf: -2
- ✂ Female: -1
- ✂ Each previous drink in the last hour: -1
- ✂ Unused to alcohol: -4 (penalty reduced by 1 per drunken session, to 0)

For each failed save, roll 1d12 plus the number of drinks taken in the last six hours. Effects last as many hours after the last drink as the total number of drinks taken.

d12+ Drunkenness Effect

- 1-3 Pleasant relaxation
- 4-6 -2 to Dexterity, -2 to hit
- 7-8 -2 to Wisdom, -2 on saving throws
- 9-10 -2 to Intelligence; +10% chance to forget a memorized spell just before casting it
- 11-12 Roll WIS or less on a d20 or procure and consume another drink at once.
- 13 Feeling friendly! Reaction roll modifier 1d4-2.
- 14 +1 temporary hp
- 15 Fall asleep
- 16 Save vs. poison or throw up; -1 on next roll
- 17+ Save vs. poison or fall unconscious for 20-CON hours

DETAILED DRINKING

On rare occasions, the referee may wish to chronicle drink-by-drink details of an inebriation session, for example if the imbibing occurs during delicate negotiations, or just before a surprise combat. In those cases, or when players find it amusing, the rules below provide a variety of effects.

A drink of alcohol equals roughly one pint of beer or ale, or a glass of wine, or a shot of hard liquor. Strong ale counts as 1.5 drinks per pint. After each drink, the character must save vs. poison. See “Drinking Problems,” p22.

On a failure, roll 1d12 on the Drunkenness Effect chart, at +1 per drink taken in the last six hours. Effects kick in fully within 1d6–1 minutes, and persist, even while the drunk sleeps, for as many hours as drinks taken. Thus having 10 drinks causes lingering effects for 10 hours after the last drink, in addition to any hangover. All effects are cumulative.

Any result of 12 or more makes the character Hungover the next day: –1 initiative, to hit, and saves until after lunch. A second 12+ result extends the hangover until dinner time, or until the character takes a single new drink. A third 12+ makes the character Badly Hungover all day: –2 penalties.

A character who falls unconscious before throwing up must save vs. poison again. On a failure, he throws up semi-consciously and passes out in a mess. On a 20, he moves into normal sleep after 1 hour. On a 1, he chokes on his own vomit, taking asphyxiation damage of 1 hp per round. If no one clears his mouth, he dies after rounds equal to CON.

ENTERTAINERS

Countless folk attempt to make a living by performance, and can be seen in public on market days, passing the hat. A silver or two earns appreciation; for gold, the hat-passer usually gives the donor a rousing salute. Sufficiently desperate entertainers sometimes make a deal with pickpockets, who work the crowd while the performers provide distraction.

Some groups can be hired to perform at private celebrations. For major holidays, an impresario may erect a tent and present a variety of acts over two or three hours, charging 1d6 ep for admittance.

Sample Entertainers

Crackpate Bill: This rag-clad street dweller eats anything handed him. 1 sp for small objects; 1 gp and up for items that must be broken apart and eaten in bits. Bill will take any payment and agree to whatever is said, but will never remember the discussion or show up to any planned event.

Gershwina’s Exotica: Veiled dancing girls, directed by the elderly martinet Madame Gershwina. 10 gp an hour per

team of four girls. Up to three teams available, each with an unobtrusive Brute bodyguard.

Iron-Throat Murphy and the Scamper Twins: Murphy swallows swords and, in outdoor venues, breathes fire; the twins juggle in colorful costumes and tell jokes.

15 minutes, no fire: 15 gp

20 minutes with fire: 25 gp

Master Cork’s Valnwallers: Acting company.

✂ **The Perfidy of the Wood Elf King, An Edifying History**

45 minutes, cast of 8: 35 gp

30 minutes, cast of 4 to 6: 20 gp

✂ **The Tragedy of the Sea Queen**

45 minutes, cast of 8: 35 gp

First or Second Half, 20 minutes, cast of 5: 20 gp

Adults-only version, 60 minutes, cast of 8: 80 gp

✂ **Clever Tomas and the Orkin Chiefs**

30 minutes, cast of 5: 20 gp

15 minutes, cast of 2 or 3: 15 gp

Old Mor Quartet: Slow, instrumental music for formal events. 100 gp per hour.

The Plangent Stars: Group of five musicians playing lively folk songs. 5 gp per 30 minutes. Food and drink appreciated.

Skreeling Circus: Master Scarify leads his performing rats through leaps and stunts. 10 minute set, 5 gp.

The Seven Tumbling Bumble Brothers: Seven halflings in white makeup and putty noses, attempting acrobatic stunts with seeming determination, but failing again and again in comical pile-ups. 20 minutes, 4 gp.

Tom Rhymer: Curiously-dressed man plays the flute, does a stamping dance, and improvises funny ditties on topics suggested by the audience. Passes the hat, but not for hire.

PROFESSIONAL COMPANIONSHIP

Pleasant company is a luxury, because characters can survive without it. Certain characters have no qualms about spending money on companionship; for them, it increases their breadth of experience and thus earns XP. Others will prefer to avoid such transactions. Interested characters can seek out alley cats (p9), or look for rumors (p10) until they hear about one of the established houses: Apacius Relaxing Massage (p30), Bantam House (p46) for high rollers, or Fat Fanny’s (p52) for those without over-nice standards.

SHOPS AND ESTABLISHMENTS

The establishments below appear organized by the five neighborhoods of Lesserton, plus a few outside the walls. Each institution displays its own quirks, but they share certain common details. As appropriate, each lists the Proprietor and other staff, a description of premises and services, the Rates or list of items for sale with number in Stock, the availability of any Gambling, the prospect of finding Hirelings, the results of attempts at Robbery, the suitability of Searching for adventure and love, and an Adventure Seed for use by the referee. Certain public buildings instead indicate the Facilities available and the Complement of armed men and officials.

OUTSIDE THE WALLS p26

THE FIELD OF TRUTH *The Circle-Keepers*

GLORY ROAD

TONIC AGENTS

GATEWAY PLAZA p27

The main gate and a small plaza just within.

GATE AND WALLS

Main Gate

The Town Bell

HENGST'S HORSEFLESH *Hengst*

THE JUSTICE BUILDING

Mayor's Office *Mayor Chad Wilson*

Justiciary Public *"Mort the Eel"*

Town Vault

LESSERTON WATCH HEADQUARTERS

Chief Byce Songbelay

Stocks

VALNHALLA *"King" Rakamond*

MARKET SQUARE p30

Busy square with established shops on all sides. Additional businesses include a large haylot, a timber clearinghouse, a barber, two shoemakers, a cooper with water wagons, and many carts of scraggly garden produce for about a copper the pound.

APACIUS RELAXING MASSAGE *Apacius Rolf*

THE EXCHANGE:

Brinkley's Assurety Trust *Magnus Brinkley*

Fox & Dog Lapidary *Virgil Sand*

Shawm Coinery

Sign of the Iron Star *Deli Ambiaasson*

HORNFIXER'S EMPORIUM FOR THE PRUDENT

Sammish Hornfixer, Klaus Rollbarrel

LANKWILER SILVERSMITH *Bonton Lankwiler*

LESSERTON ALEHOUSE *Burt Sumpter*

LESSERTON NAG LOT *Bruce Canebraker, Mungo Beans*

MADAM PEARL'S CROSS-EYED PALM *Madam Pearl*

THE PLATONIC ORDER *Master Scribe Ptolemus Binjane,*

Master Zorus Bang, Mistress Punctilia Whippet, Father Bippin Moreso, Master Malcolm Twiddle

SATO FIDDLETON, SIGNS CARVED CHEAP

"Sapper" Fiddleton

THE SHROUD OF STEEL *Viktor Sarkoli*

SIGN OF THE BUTT *Narys Nightsshade*

SLATER'S GENERAL STORE *The Slaters*

THE THIRSTY BLADE *Gladsome Muskox*

TOLLMAN SHOE BARN *"Gimp" Tollman*

WATCH STATION (MARKET SQUARE)

WENTON'S INN AND YARD *Jasmine Blakeley-Wenton*

THE HEIGHTS p41

Cramped area of about 50 fine townhouses.

CARLOS PAINFEATHER, AUTHOR

THE PARLOURY *Ratch Gordon, Sebastian Valish*

THE PLANNERS GUILD *Ras Everburn, Robert Plumb,
"Pick" Grouser, Lally Bilgedodge*

THE PLATINUM PEGASUS
Blake Swenson, Rickhardt Ebersoul
The Pinion & Wingfeathers *Chef Wiggums Knob, Fats Palisair*
Forester Greelwood, Genius

THE ROOSTER *Glim Sanders, Tully Swenson*

SIGN OF THE BOAR *Chef Pechum Coronas*

SIGN OF THE KOBOLD *Madam Sousa Blakely*

THE SPRIGHTLY SPRINTERS OF FAR IRLLENDOM
Sir Aglet Honeyweed

TRANG'S OF DOLMVAY *Chef Eli Larkin*

VALNWALL GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Sir Untherous Plonk

WATCH STATION (THE HEIGHTS) *Sgt. Wonk Nelson*

CRUIKSHANKS p46

Endless alleys, boarding houses, and small homes where most Lessers live. Additional businesses include men who make shoes in their homes, women who sew or take in laundry, roving carts selling rags and tin pots, and beer-counters catering only to residents of a particular block.

BANTAM HOUSE *"Lady W"*

BURNSIDE ARMORY *Ranter Burnside*

CLEGHORNE'S UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGIUM AND
BOOKATORY *Vince Cleghorne, Polly Hawkins*

CLOSET OF THE XORN *Cranford Banes*

DEREK GODSWORN, MASTER WOODCARVER

HELM OF THE HOB *Sir Holt Fessenden*

KAPNER JOINERY *Master Carpenter Jas Kapner*

POTTLEBY OVENS *Lars and Markus Pottleby*

SWAMP GATE (SOUTHERN)

TRACTS BY LURCKE *Evan Lurcke*

TROTTER HOUSE *Devin Lewis, Snickers*

WATCH STATION (CRUIKSHANKS)

KINSWALLOW p52

A.K.A. "Kin's Wallow": Run-down area bordering the western wall, where most non-humans live. Buildings in disrepair; vacant lots; improvised shelters; seedy boarding houses; large families in small dwellings.

THE BRASS SHIELD *"Jimmy G" Gonfalar*

BUN SHACK *Rasser Frasser*

FAT FANNY'S HUMP HUT *Fanny Grupo*

FIDELIS FIGHTING DOGS *Jenko Eastminster*

GRONK MAKE SAUSAGE *Gronk*

HERMETIC LABORATORY OF DOCTOR EERIE
Dale Sanders

JOBBER'S LOT

Tilly's Tea

MAMA HAYBORN'S HOME AWAY FROM HOME
"Mama" Robinetta Hayborn

THE MYRIADROME

RITTER'S HOG PEN *Hank Ritter*

RUSSO'S TANNERY *Binky Russo*

SWAMP GATE (WESTERN)

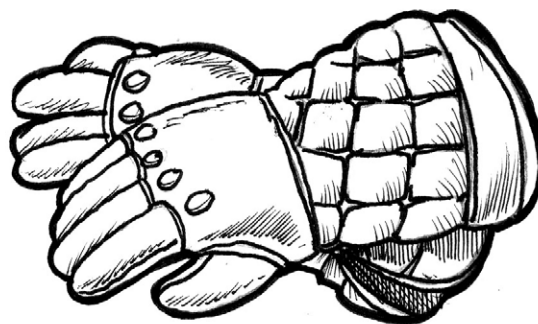
TASSO'S MUSEUM OF THE LIFELIKE *Tasso Plumb*

TEMPLE OF THE DIVINE PURPOSE
Grand Ecclesiarch Ezekiel Force

WATCH STATION (KINSWALLOW) *Sgt. Elburr Sivap*

WENTON'S ORIGINAL INN AND YARD
Willy Wenton

WHIZZLE RESEARCH *Ratso Whizzle*



OUTSIDE THE WALLS

FIELD OF TRUTH

Outside Lesserton's main gate, a narrow trail splits off from the Glory Road (see below) and meanders north along the edge of the swamp. In about half a mile it reaches a flat-topped hummock of rocky soil about 100 yards in diameter. A flimsy wooden fence encloses most of the surface, with a hut at the entrance: the headquarters of the loose association called the Circle-Keepers. Inside the fence, a thick trail of whitewash on the ground marks a circle 200 feet in diameter; in the center, a ragged spike of stark white stone juts from the ground, six feet high. On close examination, the immovable rock shows a face-like shape. Some say it's an imprisoned demon; some say the Circle-Keepers carved the face themselves.

Unknown even to the Keepers, the stone is merely a projection from a huge underground chunk of rock, brought physically down from the moon by great magicians serving the old Barons of Mor. When the full moon shows in the sky, the rock resonates with its parent body, nullifying all magic within 33 yards of the rock spire. The whitewash marks the border of this effect, which also extends up and down to form a sphere in the air and ground. This is the Field of Truth. Here the folk of Lesserton meet to settle matters of honor: negotiations, transactions, formal duels, bloody brawls, and, most commonly, pit fights. The Keepers know the moon's role, if not why it works, and obscure it with rituals and false notions. A random night has a 1 in 10 chance to show the full moon, and the exposure lasts for 1d12 hours.

No spells or magic items work within the anti-magic shell of the Field of Truth. The shell ends all temporary magics and suppresses permanent ones. Potion effects, previously-cast spells, semi-permanent effects like *continual light*, *conjured* animals, or *animated* dead: all such magics wink out, never to return. Actual magic items regain their functions 1d4 rounds after leaving the shell. The referee makes the call on spell effects, but permanent alterations, such as *polymorph* or *glass like steel*, are not undone. Creatures summoned from alien planes of existence, such as elementals or demons, vanish back whence they came. Such beings can sense the effect and usually refuse to enter the Field. Immaterial beings encounter the Field as a solid, impenetrable sphere of blackness.

During daylight, no one attends the circle. On one night in ten, the moon is right, and the Circle-Keepers arrive just after dark: one first-level magic-user or cleric of the Coin God, plus 1d4 Clever Sorts, 1d4 Old Souls, and 1d4 Brutes. They charge a fee for passing within the fence, asking a

minimum of 20 gp for folks they know from town, and 2d6 x 50 gp from strangers. The price buys a demonstration of the Field's power (a ritual with a *light* spell) and an hour or so in the Field. When the parties to a personal conflict consider it serious and inevitable, they arrange to meet here, paying the Circle-Keepers to appoint a time and perform the ritual that supposedly kills the magic. The Keepers respect the privacy of their customers and ignore whatever they do, so long as they don't mess with the white rock spire.

Pit Fights

About once a month, professional toughs gather to fight for prize money. On those moonlit nights, the guards at Lesserton's main gate open it up to let the crowds walk over to the Field for midnight battles, and to readmit them in the wee hours for 1 sp each, none of which goes into the town's coffers. At the Field, entry to the viewing area costs only 10 sp, but six armed Brutes prevent spectators from actually crossing into the de-magicked zone. Characters can choose to enter various types of fights, all unarmed, mostly settled by the loser being knocked unconscious.

- ✂ Bracket Series: 1d4 x 4 fighters face off, with 100 gp to the ultimate winner and 20 gp to the runner-up. Entry costs 25 gp, usually put up by a sponsor, who makes book on the sidelines. Betting always runs heavy.
- ✂ Battle Royale: All comers may enter the ring, putting up 10 gp each and fighting until only one remains standing, or the Keepers call a halt due to the limits of the Field's duration. 2d10+5 men enter the Battle Royale, and the winner receives 5 gp per combatant. It's not officially allowed, but should someone jump into the ring in mid-battle, or be pushed, the crowd always demands that the newcomer fight along with the rest.
- ✂ Challenge Match: Going one-on-one with a Brute offers a purse of 1d20 gp.

Hirelings: At a pit fight, PCs can find 2d4 Porters, 1d4 Men-at-Arms, and 1d4–2 Veterans.

Robbery: Considerable purses may accumulate, but the Keepers travel as a group and pit fight nights necessarily host many tough customers.

Adventure Seed: Jimmy G (p52), or a Brinkley's Bee holder (p31), or another local hires the PCs as guards for a hostage exchange. As tradition demands, the parties meet at the Field of Truth. Characters learn about the Field, possibly losing temporary enchantments (such as *continual light* items) in the process. See also "Deadly Chances," p61.

GLORY ROAD

Lessers apply this name to the muddy track leading through swamps to the Ruins of Mor. Among themselves, the use is ironic, even comical; when speaking to outsiders, it's a sales pitch.

Adventure Seed: Bandits exact tribute from groups returning from the Ruins. For an example, see “Misfortune & Glory” (RGM26) in the Jade Temple adventure.

TONIC AGENTS

When the weather is dry, the Platonic Order (p36) posts 1d4 apprentices outside the town gate. Their job is to make the first offer for any magic treasure brought to town by adventurers, asking whether any is for sale. They make good offers and pay with a Brinkley's draft in less than an hour, and direct anyone needing items identified to the Order's headquarters in Market Square. Items purchased never reappear on the market, nor in anyone's possession; what the Order does with them, they do not discuss.

GATEWAY PLAZA

A few buildings line the paved plaza behind the gate. No hawking of wares permitted.

GATE and WALLS

The palisade walls of Lesserton lack fine construction. A base of stone, earth, and rubble rises from the rocky ground to an average height of five feet. Above that, straight logs from the Alpine forest are bound into a single-layer wall ten feet high, with the traditional semi-sharp tops and the bark still on. As sections fall victim to weathering and rot, the Guard replaces them. No general hoardings or battlements run along the wall.

MAIN GATE

The Main Gate looks tougher than the rest of the wall put together. The Lessers retrieved a huge metal door from the Ruins of Mor, twenty feet wide. The door gleams with an unknown sheen and resists every attempt to scratch or mar it. It takes four men four rounds to open or close. When the gate shuts for the night, the Guard drops two heavy logs as bars on the inside.

Entering town, the visitor moves through a square twenty-foot wooden passage, watched through a pair of murder-holes thirteen feet above. An ordinary double fence-gate across the far end generally stands wide open, unless the Guard has reason to hold someone in the gate-house for inspection. A thirty-foot tower stands above the main gate, always manned by lookouts and guards. Two ballistae command the horizon. In the sturdy, slate-roofed cupola atop the tower hangs the Town Bell. Stairs run up one outside wall of the gatehouse, with the tower on the other side. The railed platform between is the roof of the gate-passage, with crossbows ready to fire through the murder-holes as needed. Thick hides hang on the wooden sides of the tower and gate-house, hindering the risk of fire. In times of trouble, the Guard pours barrels of rainwater on the hides for added protection.

Getting in or out of town with the Main Gate closed is illegal and somewhat challenging. Whenever the urchins of Kinswallow find another crevice to slip through, the Guard covers it over. Brave, stealthy folk can sometimes climb the wall, but they risk a good beating if the Guard sees it happen.

In practice, the Main Gate is the only gate. In two other spots, one in Cruikshanks and one in Kinswallow, the wall contains “swamp gates”: wall sections that can drop open like a drawbridge in emergencies.

Complement: Eight Guards in the tower, two on the gatehouse roof, and two on the ground inside the gate. One Sergeant in the tower or nearby, with a Signal Horn to call for backup. Two ballistae in the tower (see below). Two crossbows on the gate-house roof. The Main Gate also stands within shouting distance of Lesserton Watch Headquarters. See p14 for more on Watch statistics.

Toll: A pair of Guards at the gate-house collect a coin from each person entering the town: generally silver, but a copper suffices for the utterly downtrodden, while caparisoned folk of quality, like most PCs, are asked for gold.

Robbery: 'Twere madness to assault a dozen or more armed guards in a fortification, but should a character manage to abscond with the day's gate receipts, they total 2d20 gp, 1d100 ep, 1d100 + 100 sp, and 1d100 cp.

BALLISTA

Rate of Fire:

1/4 rounds with crew of 2 (usual)

1/3 rounds with crew of 3

1/2 rounds with crew of 4

Range: 100' / 200' / 300'

Attacks as: Fighter level equal to crew

Damage: 2d8 hp, or 1d6 shp

HENGST'S HORSEFLESH

Proprietor: Hengst

Hengst is a gruff, massive orkin Brute with forbidding fangs (+2 reaction penalty; bite for 1d3 damage). He won the right to corral his beasts just off Gateway Plaza by providing mounts to the Guard. Animals raised under his expert eye get maximum hp on the first HD. He can train a mount to its owner: 500 gp, one month, rider must be available 20 of those 30 days; thereafter the rider gets +2 on any DEX checks required while mounted. The mount also comes when called, and the rider can teach it a new behavior with two weeks of solid training (LL48). Hengst can also tame any exotic beast if it is at least part horse: one month and 1,000 gp per hit die, and the rider must be available 20 of the final 30 days.

THE TOWN BELL

In the cupola on the watch-tower, massive timbers support the Town Bell: a giant, tongueless bronze dome struck with a two-handed mallet. The Guard rings the town bell five times each day: at dawn, at Morning Bell, at noon, at sundown, and at Night Bell.

Morning Bell sounds "halfway from dawn to noon" (somewhere between 8 and 9 am) and signals the opening of the Main Gate. Usually a group of people already waits to come in: 2d4 groups of swamp-folk taking goats, pigs, or vegetable carts to market, plus a 1 in 10 chance of an adventuring party (p6) returned late from the Ruins.

Night Bell sounds "halfway from sundown to midnight" (about 9 pm) and the Main Gate shuts for the night. To be out on the Glory Road or in the swamp and hear the Night Bell means sleeping on the ground that night.

A double stroke of the bell calls for the attention of the whole town: a ceremony or execution about to start, a famous hero or noble arriving or departing, or some other moment of ritual importance.

Three strokes means danger. At the very least, the entire Guard turns out to see what's happening, whether a frightening group or creature spotted, a single building on fire, or a crowd turning into a mob.

Four or more strokes means disaster: invasion, a massive fire, widespread riots, or the like. Lessers grab what's at hand and rush out of doors, quickly filling the streets, or else hide in cellars or closets. Those with heroic aspirations may not have to look far for a chance to attempt great deeds.

Beast	Stock	Price
Mule	2d6	50 gp
Pony	1d4	50 gp
Draft horse	2d6	60 gp
Riding horse	2d4	120 gp
War horses	1 in 2	500 gp
Saddle & tackle	1d6+20	30 gp
Stabling	3d6 stalls	1 gp per night

Vehicle	Stock	Price
Erasmus Wagon	1d4-1	250 gp
Maundycart	1d3-1	150 gp

Pony: MV 180' (45'), AC 6, HD 1+1, Saves 0 lvl human, Morale 5, XP 15. Move 120' with up to 150 lbs., 60' with up to 300 lbs.

Erasmus Wagon: Also known as a "plebe-haul," this large wagon has four heavy wheels, the front two on a steerable axle. It tends to sink in mud and cannot navigate the tight quarters of most of town. The Erasmus runs on country roads, in Gateway Plaza, or in Market Square only. Move rate: 30' with two draft horses or four lighter animals (donkies, ponies, mules, or riding horses); 60' with four draft horses or six lightweights. Basic load: 2,250 lbs. Half move with up to 4,500 lbs.

Maundycart: This town cart has four lighter wheels and can penetrate any neighborhood, usually with cargo, not passengers. It uses two draft horses or four light animals, moving at 60' with up to 400 lbs. or 30' with up to 600 lbs.

Robbery: Hengst resists violently. 1d100 ep plus stock.



THE JUSTICE BUILDING

This impressive building contains the Mayor's Office and administrators, the Justiciary Public, and the Town Vault.

MAYOR'S OFFICE

Complement: Mayor Chad Wilson, two secretaries; Town Comptroller Baxon James, secretary, number-scribe; Clerk of the Rostrum, two junior clerks; two maids, one butler, two runners. Two town guards present during the day, one at night. Wilson commutes to his well-guarded townhouse in the Heights by carriage, with an escort of two mounted Guard Sergeants and eight guards.

Facilities: Reception and waiting room; Mayor's welcoming chamber; Mayor's inner office; Mayor's secretarial workroom; Town Comptroller's workroom; Town Comptroller's inner office; Clerk's offices; hall of records; several hidden safes with excellent locks (-20% to pick); servants' chamber; refectory; storage. Alarm gong and signal horn.

The large-windowed upper story of the Justiciary houses the offices of the Mayor of Lesserton: always a human male of age 40 or more. The office imposes taxes, as determined by the Town Comptroller with heavy input from the business community. Should the Mayor's office communicate its preferences in a legal matter to the Justiciary, traditionally the Magistrate gives the advice very serious consideration. The Mayor can also vacate a judicial sentence by executive proclamation, but unless it comes in response to popular sentiment, such a serious act could endanger his reelection.

The Mayor's office also maintains a list of citizens, with roughly 85% accuracy. The Clerk of the Rostrum edits the list as needed. A person with a year's residence and some property or business in town can make application and be added as a matter of course. Should a local need to prove an outsider's lack of citizenship for some reason, the absence of his name on the rolls makes proof enough. Anyone on the list has the right to vote for Mayor and Chief of the Watch every five years, plus on occasional referenda. In theory, any male, adult, human citizen can run for either office upon payment of a 1,000 gp registration fee. In practice, a candidate not already cozy with the power structure will lose, even if it proves necessary for him to meet with an accident.

JUSTICIARY PUBLIC

Complement: Magistrate Mortimer "Mort the Eel" Tofse; two auxiliary magistrates; four or more guards; three clerks.

Facilities: Public hearing room; holding cell; magistrate's offices; tunnel to Watch Headquarters.

For more on crime and punishment, see p16.

TOWN VAULT

Dug deep into solid rock under the Justice Building, the Town Vault holds the civic wealth of Lesserton. Passing all the guards, locked doors, and other security would make a full dungeon adventure. Thick lead sheeting lines the entire excavation, blocking most magic. The Comptroller has a special key giving access to the Outer Vault, which holds coins sufficient to most daily needs: ten stacks of 100 gp, twenty stacks of 100 ep, one hundred small bags of 100 sp, and a chest of 5,000 cp. Roughly 2d6 x 100 gp go in and out in the day's course; at day's end, the Comptroller locks his number-scribe in the Outer Vault until the man finishes counting and sorting the money.

The great door to the Inner Vault requires the Comptroller's key, plus a giant key kept in its own safe in the Mayor's office. A third lock consists of eight sliding brass knobs in a complex pattern. Every time someone opens the lock, the combination changes; the formula appears on a scroll kept locked in a secret compartment in the Magistrate's chambers. Any incorrect attempt to open the door triggers alarms and traps, including sleep gas and a number of expensive *symbol* spells. It takes four strong men to move the door. The LIVING STATUE within attacks after 1 round unless it hears certain code phrases. The Comptroller places any unusual amounts of types of incoming loot in the Statue's chamber; when the big door closes, the thing knows to open the equally tough final door and take the new loot to its place.

Beyond, among more traps, chests hold at least 50,000 gp in coin, plus a Class XXII Hoard (LL106) and anything else the referee wishes to include. A secret panel hides a set of shelves lined in lead and gold, archiving the town's most valuable documents.

LESSERTON WATCH HEADQUARTERS

Complement, day: 24 Guards, 6 Sergeants, 1 Watch Captain, Chief Byce Songbelay.

Complement, night: 12 Guards, 3 Sergeants, 2 Watch Captains, Deputy Chief.

Facilities: Barracks; mess hall; galley; booking counter; jail (four cells of capacity 10 each); interrogation cell; tunnel to the Justiciary; stables with 18 riding horses and three stable boys (one secretly a girl).

For more on the Watch, see p14.

STOCKS

In the Plaza, a row of four stocks stands on a stone riser, just out of view of the doors of the Watch Headquarters. When in use, they bear massive padlocks (normal chance to pick), naturally on the side away from prisoners' hands.

VALNHALLA

Proprietors: Owned by a party of retired adventurers who sometimes visit town.

Night manager: Keeper "King" Rakamond, Brute with a *belt of might* giving STR 16. Servers: Six human females with upthrust décolletage, flouncy barmaid dresses, tough corsets, heavy makeup, and pointy shoes (1d3 damage, 75% temporary).

Patrons: Mostly male. 4d6 Brutes, 1d6 halflings (generally thieves), 1d6 orkin, 1d4 dwarves, and 1d4–2 parties of Adventurers (p6).

Hours: Open for 12 hours, sunset to sunrise.

Known as the place to go wild. A single long hall with torches on the walls, straw on the floor (replaced every night), long tables and benches to share. All races welcomed by management, though no such guarantee applies to the other patrons.

The servers roam with pitchers of strong ale, 1 ep the gallon. Piles of cheap clay mugs cover the tables and floor; if you want a clean one, bring your own. No food service by the establishment, but vendors wander around with roast meat: 1 sp for a chunk, with much competition for the drumsticks. Frequent fist-fights break out; usually, the first to be knocked down admits defeat and sits down for a drink with the victor. Anyone pulling a small weapon gets swarmed by 1d6+1 patrons. Pulling a big weapon causes the management to ring his Alarm Gong to summon town guards, but before they can arrive, a fighter (d4 for level) usually stands up from a

nearby table to face down the "killer." Successfully doing so means free carousing for the rest of the night and a bonus of +4 to +8 on Searches, depending on how dramatic the fight was.

Gambling: Occasional Tosspottle in the back alley. Serious gamblers have given up on Valnhalla because of the impossibility of finishing a game without a pitcher or halfling landing in the middle of it.

Hirelings: NPC Adventurers often prove willing to join the party, plus 1d4 Porters, 2d4 Men-at-Arms, 1d6 Veterans, and 1d4–2 Halflings.

Robbery: Alarm gong. 2d100 sp and 2d100 ep in a huge locked chest with a coin slot on top. Even in the wee hours, 1d6 patrons remain and may well object. Huge barrels of strong ale in the back.

Searching: Finding adventure and finding love are at a flat roll. Cost: 1d6 gp per hour. An Adventure roll made by 5 or less means common trouble: on an odd number, a halfling tries to pick your pocket (28% skill, plus 10% per hour the victim has been carousing); on an even number, a Brute takes offense and tries to wallop you. Successfully dealing with either event impresses the patrons and allows a second roll. A Love roll made by 5 or less means a professional, costing an additional 2d6 gp and requiring a save vs. poison to avoid waking up on the street with your cash gone.

MARKET SQUARE

Tents, stalls, stands, and carts crowd the square between the permanent storefronts, especially on weekly Market Days. The public well provides ample, sulphur-scented water, by the bucketful or through the long water-screw.

APACIUS RELAXING MASSAGE

Proprietor: Alpen "Apacius" Rolf, Clever Sort.

Half an hour in a massage room with one of 2d6 impoverished young females: 1 gp. Each has a small supply of greasy massage lotion. No food or drink. Open from noon to midnight.

Robbery: Rolf has an understanding with the guard and uses an alarm gong. 3d20 gp.

Adventure Seed: A thief known to a PC sticks up the massage parlor. A few days later, someone finds him in the swamp, turned to stone. Apacius Rolf acts as if he had something to do with it while admitting nothing.



THE EXCHANGE

A high fence encloses three stalls and the front entrance to Brinkley's Assurety Trust. Two Brass Shields (p52) guard the entrance to the enclosure. They have an alarm gong.

Brinkley's Assurety Trust

Proprietor: Magnus Brinkley, aging Clever Sort, latest in a long line of Brinkleys. Magnus rarely leaves his highly secure office and apartment within the building. Twelve clerks, including 1d6 Clever Sorts. Six Brute guards at three rotating posts: two at the door, two at the teller counter, two in the inner chambers.

Brinkley's began generations back as a ransom broker for adventurers, and still makes much profit from that business. A mercenary or delver who fears capture or defeat can deposit his own ransom with Brinkley's. The institution takes a small payment and provides a bronze pin, engraved with a picture of a bee and a unique, three-digit number. Together, the clerk and the customer pick two passwords: one to indicate that the bearer of the pin is entitled to the ransom, another to indicate that ransom should not be paid, perhaps because the captive customer is being maltreated. To users of the no-pay password, however, clerks reveal the existence and size of the ransom.

The Brinkley's Vaults are dug deep under the town, in tunnels lined with lead and bricks. In addition to many guards, vault doors with combinations, and man-traps, the place employs three 1st-level magic-users (AC 9, 3 hp) in shifts. The mage on duty works in a concealed steel-lined chamber with views through peepholes. He has the *sleep* spell memorized and access to an impressive collection of scrolls, including many copies of *detect magic*, *hold portal*, *message*, *amnesia*, *arcane lock*, *detect invisible*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *stinking cloud*, and *web*. There are also 1d3 scrolls each of *hold person*, *suggestion*, *globe of invulnerability (lesser)*, *wall of fire*, and *wall of ice*. The town government spreads the idea that all civic wealth is stored in Brinkley's, though it's actually in the Town Vault (p29).

The Brinkley Bee: Minimum ransom: 100 gp. Fee: 5% up front. Remainder refunded upon return of the pin. No connection with the Bee Clan of orkin (RGM7).

In the Ruins of Mor, most intelligent denizens recognize the pins and may prefer to capture someone wearing one instead of killing him. To ransom a prisoner, the captors send a representative to Brinkley's with the pin and its matching password. Generally, they then release the prisoner, but keep his gear. The Brinkley's customer can specify more guarantees than just his life: for example, promising a reward of 100 gp, or 150 gp if he's allowed to keep his arms. Brinkley's records all such details with the customer's file.

From Ransom to Usury: Over time, with so many deposits, Brinkley's became the town's de facto bank. They pay 1% interest on any money kept in the vault for a full year. On rare occasions, they loan out money in the form of draft notes, usable in Lesserton and a few surrounding towns, at interest of 1% per month. Common wisdom suggests that failure to pay has painful consequences.

The Brinkley's Draft: A customer, properly identified by his password and a clerk who knows him, can pay a 1 gp fee for a "draft": a scroll indicating a gp amount and the person to whom it should be paid. The money comes out of the customer's account at once. The recipient must also be an account holder; when he comes in, identifies himself, and surrenders the draft, the face amount goes into his account.

Depositing Items: Brinkley's stores almost anything in their vaults for the right fee, providing the claimant with both a receipt and a pair of passwords. A small bundle, about equivalent to the contents of a backpack, costs 1 gp per night to store, with fees increasing by size. A large trunk might cost 5 gp per night. Payment of 1,000 gp in advance secures use of a small walk-in storage closet for one year.

Fox & Dog Lapidary

Lapidary: Virgil Sand, Clever Sort. The establishment does not bear his name because he owes his start to wealthy investors, including Magnus Brinkley and Peter Robamonde (p58).

Gem purchasing: The premier jeweler in town, Sand offers a fair price for any gem or jewel, with a 99% chance of correct evaluation. On a d100 roll of 00, he instead judges the piece at 2d4 x 10% of proper value. He never overvalues.

Certificates: For a fee, Sand issues a certificate as to the authenticity and value of a piece. He charges 5 gp or 2% of the item's value, whichever is higher. With fine tools, he clamps the certificate to the item with wire and applies a lead seal. Items so certified work as cash anywhere in Lesserton. Should someone attempt to forge his seal of approval, they earn Sand's violent enmity.

Gems for sale: On a Hiring Roll, a character can make an appointment to look at Sand's stock. He keeps 1d100 + 20 loose stones in Brinkley's, selling for 25% above cash value. The referee can generate random stones with *All the Treasures of the World: GEMS*, from Faster Monkey Games™, or simply assume that Sand has the size and type desired.

Price and value: In Lesserton, properly certified gems and jewels work as cash. Purchasing such an item, however, requires paying a premium of about 25%. For example, a PC who finds a 100 gp gem can get it evaluated for 5 gp and

thereafter use it as 100 gp cash. Buying a 100 gp gem from a dealer, on the other hand, costs 125 gp, with a certificate of its value included.

Typical gem item	Price	Value
Moonstone	12.5 gp	10 gp
Topaz	32 gp	25 gp
Cat's eye chrysoberyl	63 gp	50 gp
Perfect opal	63 gp	50 gp
Large black pearl	125 gp	100 gp
Electrum ring, small yellow diamond	140 gp	112 gp
Gold ring with cloisonné spinels	300 gp	240 gp
Flawed ruby	313 gp	250 gp
Good sapphire	625 gp	500 gp
Platinum ring with good diamond	750 gp	600 gp

Selling gems: On a reaction roll of 5 or better, Sand will pay cash value for a gem after personally evaluating it.

Custom work: On a Hiring Roll, a character can order custom work from Sand, at a cost of $1d3+2 \times 10\%$ above cash value. Small pieces take a week.

Robbery: No one can reach the contents of the Brinkley's vault, where Sand's stock resides after hours. Doing a snatch and grab from Sand under guise of viewing the wares requires the thief to achieve surprise (1–2 on 1d6), first on Sand and then on the two guards at the Exchange gate. The guards can bar the way as soon as they can act. On the street, Sand carries 1d6 gems and jewels on his person as well as 1d100 ep.

Shawm Coinery

Proprietor: Absentee. Clerks: a variety of Old Souls.

Under the sign of an antique flute, a clerk tends this coin exchange booth, always attended by a Brass Shield Brute (p52). Foreign money is not accepted unless the customer first pays a 5 gp fee to have each unfamiliar coin type assayed by Virgil Sand. Then the money must be exchanged for Valnwall coins at a 4:5 ratio; for example, the Coinery pays out eight Valnwall gold pieces for ten foreign gold coins of the same type. As usual, however, the Coinery is interested in silver, and may offer a 9:10 ratio for coins with substantial silver content. Most other businesses in Lesserton won't take foreign coins at all.

The slightly skewed exchange rates reflect the premium that Devin Lewis (p58) will pay the Coinery for silver and electrum, as he secretly wishes to get as much silver off the street as possible. Several times a day, common folk bring bags of 2d12 silver to exchange for copper at no fee.

Item	Price
10 cp	1 sp
96 cp	1 gp
1 sp	12 cp
8 sp	1 gp
1 ep	6 sp
1 pp	12 gp
1 gp	11 sp or 120 cp
9 gp	1 pp

Robbery: Without supernatural aid, robbery would prove most difficult under the gaze of the booth's guard, the two at the Exchange entrance, and probably a guard inside the doorway of Brinkley's. Coins go into a multiply-locked iron box that's also held by a four-part chain puzzle into a frame built into the stall's floor. A separate chest holds the change available, starting each day with 1,000 cp, 500 sp, 250 ep, 200 gp, and 50 pp (total value 885 gp). Each coin type goes in a different locked section, wrapped in papers of 10 coins. This chest weighs over 250 lbs. The clerk has a dozen keys manacled to his wrist, but the key to the manacle is elsewhere.

Adventure Seed: Over time, silver and electrum become scarce. Even large amounts of change are given in copper coins. Thieves begin to concentrate on stealing silver jewelry, housewares, and daggers. The price of a silver coin goes up to 1/8 gp, and Shawm Coinery begins paying 25 cp for 2 sp, when they can be found. The value of any silver jewelry in PC possession increases by 25%. Sharpers hang around the Glory Road, willing to trade one gold coin for 10 silvers and offering good prices for silver loot. If the players have been long absent from town, or not paying attention to the street life, they may not realize the value of what they carry.



Sign of the Iron Star

Proprietor: Deliketh “Deli” Ambiasson (5th-level magic-user), a transplanted Westron. Spells memorized: *identify*, *sleep*, *ESP*, *invisibility*, *suggestion*. He wears *robes of armor AC 5* and carries the *staff of dimaggio*, typically with 2d6+10 charges. The *staff* is a three-foot cudgel of polished, yellow ash wood. It can be used one-handed as a *club +1* or two-handed as a *quarterstaff +1*. In the hands of a magic-user or elf, this item can cast *detect magic* or *light* at no charge. For one charge, it can cast *allure* or *shocking grasp* (which affects the item’s melee attack). For two charges, it casts *identify*. The *staff* can hold up to 30 charges; it takes 500 gp worth of rare materials and 24 hours to replace one charge. Deli relies on the free *detect magic* ability and would not consider selling this item for less than 50,000 gp.

The sign above the shop shows an iron star and the words “Arcane MacGuffins.” Sheet lead lines the sturdy walls, preventing certain magic from outside. Deli deals in magic items, mostly lucky amulets that have no actual effect. Referees who dislike markets for magic items may wish to leave out some or all of the items below.

Deli and the Tonics: Deli hates the Platonic Order (p36) and will never sell to them. If a character brings him an offer that the Order made to buy an item, Deli matches it on a reaction roll of 8 or less.

Robbery: At night, Deli folds up the entire booth into a massive iron box, sealed with *arcane lock*, and has it carried into Brinkley’s. During the day, the many guards nearby can stop most sneakiness. If he suspects an invisible presence or the use of spells, Deli immediately uses his staff to cast *detect magic*.

Stock: Deli makes a new stock roll for the non-magical amulets and necklaces every week. Other items restock only once a month.

Item	Stock	Cost
Amulet of Luck	2d10+10	1 gp
Necklace of Protection	1d4+1	50 gp
Spellbook, blank	1d4-1	20 gp
Spellbook ink, bottle*	2d6-2	100 gp
Potion	1d6-4	var.
Scroll, 1 st -level magic-user	2d6-2	250 gp
Scroll, 2 nd -level magic-user	1d6-4	500 gp
Miscellaneous magic	1 in 4	var.
Unique item	1 in 6	var.

* A bottle suffices to copy one level of spell into a magic-user or elf’s book; e.g., a 3rd-level spell requires three bottles.

Amulet of Luck: A simple charm of stamped lead or tin. No effect, although at the referee’s option, each has a 1 in 6 chance to resemble the holy symbol of some religion, possibly provoking unexpected reactions.

Necklace of Protection: A fanciful necklace of silver and mirrors. Deli offers to “charge up” the necklace; the next morning he casts *magic aura* on it (AEC69).

Potions:

d6	Potion	Cost
1	Bravery	750 gp
2	Invisibility, 1d4+2 turns (1/8 dose)	1,000 gp
3	Invulnerability, 1d3+3 turns (half dose)	1,000 gp
4	Levitation, 1d3+3 turns (half dose, AEC)	1,000 gp
5-6	Spinner Antitoxin	600 gp

A *potion of bravery* grants 1d10 temporary hp and makes the drinker immune to fear for 1d3+3 turns.

Spinner antitoxin is non-magical and made by the Spider Clan (RGM8). One dose lasts 1d4 hours and allows an extra saving throw against any natural, injury-based poison, such as a monster’s venomous bite or sting. If either saving throw succeeds, the character has saved. If both saving throws succeed, he avoids even the “save damage,” if any.

Scrolls:

d20	Scroll of 1 st -level magic-user spell:
1	Allure
2	Comprehend Languages
3	Dancing Lights
4-6	Detect Magic
7	Feather Fall
8	Floating Disc
9	Jump
10-11	Light
12	Mending
13	Message
14-15	Protection from Evil
16	Read Languages
17-18	Read Magic
19	Scribe
20	Shield

d12 Scroll of 2nd-level magic-user spell:

- 1–2 Arcane Lock
- 3–4 Detect Evil
- 5–6 Knock
- 7 Levitate
- 8–9 Locate Object
- 10–11 Scare
- 12 Web

Miscellaneous Magic:

d20	Item	Cost
1–3	Wand of Light, 2d10 charges (AEC90)	500 gp
4	Wand of Wonder, 1 charge (AEC91)	350 gp
5–7	Arrow of Location, 2d4 charges (AEC91)	800 gp
8–11	Dust of Appearance, 1 pkt (LL118)	300 gp
12	Dust of Sneezing & Choking, 1 pkt (AEC95)	500 gp
13–15	Incense of Meditation, 1 block (AEC98)	250 gp
16–19	Ointment of Healing, one dose (AEC99)	1,000 gp
20	Robe of Eight Items (AEC101)	1,250 gp

The *robe of eight items* is a *robe of useful items* (AEC101) with eight patches: one each of dagger, filled and lit lantern, 10' pole, 50' hemp rope, large sack, 24' wooden ladder, confused mule with saddlebags, and 12' rowboat.



Unique Items

Each of these items occurs only once, although the *tongue-tangler* and *tongue-waker* come in multiple doses that may be purchased separately. On a duplicate roll, the referee can add new items, or assume that nothing is available that month. Roll 1d6:

1. **BAG OF WINDS:** Opening this black leather sack releases a *gust of wind* as the 3rd-level magic-user spell. A character other than a magic-user or druid must make a missile attack roll to direct the *gust* with precision. Each time

the *bag* is used, there is a 1 in 20 chance that it rips, causing a wind storm in a 90' radius that knocks flying creatures from the sky, prevents all use of missile weapons, stops sailing vessels, and so on. The storm lasts 10 rounds. After it rips, the *bag* is useless. 2,000 gp.

2. **LIFE-SAVER RING:** This ring of colorful crystal contains the life energy of Lawful clerics who willingly sacrificed their bodily forms before passing to the next world. When the ring's wearer suffers an energy draining attack, he can make a saving throw vs. death; if he succeeds, the attack affects the *ring* instead. A *life-saver ring* can contain up to six lives when created, but this example holds only two. When both are drained, it becomes non-magical. 5,000 gp.

3. **MAGICIAN'S KEY:** The mummified forearm of a monkey, with a shrunken, hairy fist and a protruding bone, carved like a key, at the other end. The thing contains 20 charges and can only be used by magic-users and elves. Touching a door with the key casts *bold portal* at the cost of 1 charge; rapping with the fist casts *knock* at a cost of two charges. The *key* cannot be recharged. 2,500 gp.

4. **TONGUE-TANGLER:** Three small, sparkling crystals. A crystal dissolves in the mouth and tastes like sugar, but the character who consumes one finds himself unable to recall or use any languages for one turn. He cannot speak intelligibly, write notes, read, use scrolls, or cast spells for the duration. If dissolved in liquid, the substance remains potent for only 2d6 rounds. 750 gp for one crystal or 2,000 gp for all three together.

5. **TONGUE-WAKER:** Two small balls of black sticky substance. When one is placed in the mouth of a corpse dead no more than seven days, it causes the dead creature to answer one question, as the third-level cleric spell *speak with dead* (AEC39). 1,500 gp for one dose or 2,650 gp for both together.

6. **WATCHFUL TWINE:** This fist-sized ball of strong, white twine can be unrolled to a length of 50', in any configuration. A ten-inch string can represent it on a tactical mat. One end of the *twine* remains attached to the spool. When the user gives the spool a special twist, the *twine* activates. Should anything larger than a mouse move across its line, within six feet straight up, it flares with magical energy. The flare brightly lights the area for one round, makes a loud popping noise, and delivers a painful shock to anyone touching the *twine*. The shock does no damage but will jolt a sleeping character awake. At the referee's option, the *twine's* flare may surprise an intelligent intruder for one round, or cause an animal to make a morale check. Once set off, the *twine* must spooled up, laid out, and activated again. If the *twine* takes even a single hit point of damage while unspooled, it is destroyed. 3,500 gp.

HORNFIXER'S EMPORIUM FOR THE PRUDENT

Proprietor: Sammish Hornfixer, Clever Sort. Clerk: Klaus Rollbarrel, halfling.

A general store catering to adventurers. Hornfixer sells adventuring gear at premium prices; on many items, he has a monopoly in Lesserton. Certain gear he also buys used.

Item	Stock	Price	Buys for
Ale, 100-pint barrel	1d4-1	6 gp	1 gp sealed
Backpack	3d4	3 gp	1 gp
Bedroll	2d6	1 ep	-
Beer, 100-pint barrel	1d4	4 gp	5 sp sealed
Block & tackle	1d4	10 gp	5 gp
Candles, 5	20 bdl	1 sp	-
Chain, per 5'	150'	20 gp	5 gp
Erasmus Wagon	1d4-1	250 gp	50 gp
Flint & steel	30	3 gp	-
Grappling hook	2d4	5 gp	3 gp
Ladder, 10'	1d4	1 gp	-
Lamp, clay	1d6	3 gp	-
Lantern	2d4	10 gp	5 gp
Lantern, bull's eye	1d6	20 gp	8 gp
Manacles, latching	2d8 pr	20 gp	8 gp
Mess-kit, tin	2d8	1 gp	3 sp
Oil, pint, clay flask	2d20	2 sp	-
Oil, 100-pint barrel	1d6	20 gp	10 gp
Pick, miner's	3d6	5 gp	3 gp
Pole, 10' wooden	2d20	1 ep	-
Rations, trail, 1 day	1d100	1 ep	-
Rope, hemp, per 5'	800'	1 sp	3 cp
Rope, silk, 20' coil	2d6	5 gp	2 gp
Sack, large	2d20	2 sp	8 cp
Sack, small	3d20	1 sp	2 cp
Spade, iron	2d20	3 gp	2 gp
Spike, iron	1d100	1 sp	-
Stakes, wooden, 4	1d20 bdl	1 sp	-
Torch	1d100+30	1 sp	-
Twine, waxed, 50'	2d12	1 sp	-
Waterskin	3d20	1 gp	-

Robbery: Alarm gong. Iron lockbox bolted to the floor under the counter, containing 1d100 gp, 1d100 ep, 1d100+100 sp, 1d100 cp. Emptied at night.

Adventure Seed: Hornfixer is found barely alive from a sword wound. No one was seen to leave, but a street crazy (Tom Rhymer, p23) swears he saw something fly out the Emporium's upper window into the sky: a long bird or sword shape.

LANKWILER SILVERSMITH

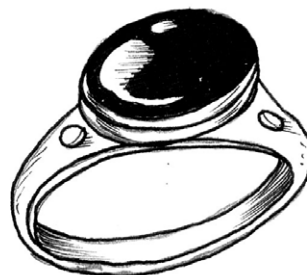
Proprietor: Bonton Lankwiler, Clever Sort.

A homely loner with clever hands, Lankwiler makes a good living creating and repairing jewelry, usually inexpensive pieces for shopkeepers' wives and the like. At any time, he has 1d6 pieces in repair, plus 2d6 random pieces for sale. A few typical items appear below; for more variety, the referee may wish to use *All the Treasures of the World: JEWELS* to generate random jewelry, or else roll 2d10 gp for the value of any random piece. Repair costs half the base value, and a new piece sells for 25% over base value.

Typical goods	Price	Value
Copper ring	12 sp	1 gp
Silver bangle or earring	5 gp	4 gp
Silver ring	10 gp	8 gp
Gold bangle or earring	12.5 gp	10 gp
Silver necklace	19 gp	15 gp
Gold ring	25 gp	20 gp

Lankwiler can also evaluate jewelry for 1% of the value, or a minimum of 1 ep. Lankwiler evaluates the worth correctly on a 1-19 on a d20; on a 20, he is off by plus or minus 1d4 x 10%. On a reaction roll of 8 or less, after evaluating the item he offers to buy it on the spot for its full value. Otherwise, he provides a note in cryptic symbols, accepted by most Lesserton merchants as proof of the item's cash value.

Robbery: Alarm gong. Only the jewel currently under repair is out; the rest reside in a locked steel box. The fine tools, loupes, and supplies could fetch 100 gp from another jewelsmith, or perhaps 15 gp from a fence. Lankwiler also has a pouch of 1d100+100 ep and a short sword. At night, he has a Brute from the Brass Shield accompany him as he carries his entire lockbox on the short walk to Brinkley's.



LESSERTON ALEHOUSE

Proprietor: Burt Sumpter, Brute, who also brews the ale. Cook: Goodwife Snarla Sumpter. Potboy: Dunce Wilson, age 11. Servers: The Sumpters' heavysset but kindly daughter, Posey, plus the attractive but impersonal Ginny Folk.

Patrons: 3d6 Common Folk, 1d6 Brutes, 1 in 8 chance of an NPC party.

Hours: Open for seven hours after sunset.

Informally called Sumpter's, this is the most popular imbibery for locals, with a bar, many tables, candle chandeliers, and two outhouses. Sumpter dislikes non-humans; should a full-blooded orkin darken his door, he charges forth from the brew-room to drive the scum out with blows and curses. Behind the bar, Goodwife Sumpter has a cherished bottle of *potion of sleep* (8 doses). One dose in someone's drink knocks him out, and nothing short of magic or injury will wake him for 8 hours. She saves it for emergencies.

Simple meal of vegetable stew, Pottleby bread, and Renneton hard cheese: 3 sp. Pint of ale: 1 sp. Pint of mead: 1 ep. To rich-looking outsiders, Snarla sends Ginny to wait on them and suggest the "standard service": a meal and a pint of ale for 1 gp, plus extra drinks for double the usual prices.

Hirelings: Hiring Roll plus 2d4 gp for drinks: 1d6 Porters or 1d4 Men-at-Arms.

Robbery: Alarm gong. Resistance by Sumpter and patrons. Cash box behind bar: 1d100+20 sp, 1d20-10 gp. Each day's receipts go to Brinkley's the next day at mid-morning. Also behind bar: Potion; 1d100 gp worth of alcohol in kegs and bottles, difficult to gather and carry. Under a fireplace stone in the Sumpters' quarters, a coffer holds 180 gp.

Searching: Finding adventure at -4. Finding love at -10. Cost per hour: 1d4 gp. 10 gp per +1 to CHA check, to a maximum of +4. Non-humans suffer an additional -6.

LESSERTON NAG LOT

Clerks: Bruce Canebraker, Mungo Beans (halfling). Owned by a consortium of merchants.

Beast	Stock	Cost
Mule	2d10	35 gp
Pony (p28)	1d4	40 gp
Draft horse	2d10	45 gp
Riding horse	1d4	80 gp
Saddle & tackle	2d12	30 gp

Vehicle	Stock	Cost
Erasmus Wagon (p28)	1d3	225 gp

Standing offers: Buy any two beasts and get 10% off. Or buy 10 and get a free pony.

Robbery: By day, cash dumped in a 200-lb. wooden chest: 1d20+30 gp, 1d100+50 ep, 1d100 sp. Beans bursts into tears and either flees or begs for his life. Canebraker won't fight, but might try stampeding the animals at intruders. At night, Beans sleeps in the hay; no cash.

MADAM PEARL'S CROSS-EYED PALM

Proprietor: "Madam Pearl" (Pearl Bracerly), 1st-level cleric of the Goddess of Fate.

Madam Pearl works in a small, dark room behind a velvet curtain. For 1 sp, she reads a palm and foresees eventual success after hard struggle, phrased to suit her estimation of the customer's ambitions and desires. For 12 sp, she performs a "full reading" using a Quist deck (p18). The customer asks a question and Madam Pearl deals out cards for interpretation, taking one turn. Once a day, the reading actually works as an *augury* spell, but Madam Pearl does not realize the difference.

Quist decks for sale: 2d6, 10 gp each.

THE PLATONIC ORDER

The Platonic Order was an ancient society, cult, or philosophy—no one is sure which—dedicated to "The Old Ways." The Order had a mighty tower in Mor before the fall; the group using their name in Lesserton today may or may not have any connection. The group seeks to collect as many magic items as possible for unknown reasons. Their 12 apprentices seek out adventurers with items to sell; see "Tonic Agents," p27. At their headquarters building just off Market Square, the Order makes money by identifying spells and magic items. Potions they refer to Closet of the Xorn (later collecting a 10 gp finder's fee from Cranford Banes; p49). For all other items, the Order has an appropriate Clever Sort sage. Rumors that the Order, just once in a while, keeps an item and returns a less mighty substitute are surely false.

Master Scribe Ptolemus Binfane identifies scrolls or spellbooks for a minimum of 200 gp and 1 day, plus 100 gp for each additional spell, 100% accuracy. He also performs written translations of non-magical texts: 2 days and 100 gp per page, 95% accuracy.

Identifying other items costs 250 gp, and uses up one charge if applicable. The sage takes the item to examine for one day and then makes tries to roll his INT (16) or less on



a d20. On a failure, only partial information is revealed. On a 20, the sage makes a second INT check: on success he can find nothing and refunds 125 gp, on a failure he comes confidently to a false conclusion.

- ✦ Master Zorus Bang (Sage/1st-level magic-user) can identify any item usable by magic-users.
- ✦ Mistress Punctilia Whippet (Sage/1st-level elf) can identify any magic armor or weapon.
- ✦ Father Bippin Moreso, Priest of Btah the Limner (Sage/1st-level cleric), identifies items usable by clerics or druids.
- ✦ Master Malcolm Twiddle (Sage/1st-level halfling) identifies miscellaneous items.

Succeed or fail, immediately upon identifying an item, the Order offers to buy it for these prices:

- ✦ Potion: 200 gp per dose
- ✦ Scrolls: 200 gp plus 100 per additional spell (same as identification fee)
- ✦ Cursed items: 250 gp (same as identification fee)
- ✦ One-use items: 250 gp
- ✦ Charged items: 250 gp for “few” charges, 500 for “many”
- ✦ Magic weapon or armor: 1,500 gp, or 2,000 with extra powers
- ✦ Permanent misc. magic: 2,000 gp
- ✦ “Major” permanent item, at referee’s discretion: 2,500 gp

A character can try to negotiate for a higher price with a reaction roll, at a +2 penalty for anything except permanent miscellaneous magic. A result of 5 or lower adds 20% to the Order’s final offer. Whatever the Order does with the things they buy, the items never appear in Lesserton or Mor again. The group never offers items for sale. The town’s only professional magic item merchant, Deliketh Ambiassen (p33), hates the Order and won’t deal with them.

SATO FIDDLETON, SIGNS CARVED CHEAP

“Sapper” Fiddleton is a Clever Sort with military experience in undermining walls, finding sally ports, and so on. He poses as a mediocre carver of wooden signs. Only a thief can discover his reputation: he can point out the weaknesses of any fortification, whether for stealthy infiltration or frontal assault. If the customer brings plans, Sapper charges 350 gp and finds a useful weakness on an INT check (13 or less on a d20). If the job requires travel, the customer must get a

reaction of 4 or better. Sapper charges 750 gp in advance of travel, plus 25 per day away from town, and gets an INT check for each day spent inspecting the site.

Adventure Seed: Someone anonymously offers Sapper a large payment for an analysis of the walls of Lesserton itself. He wants to find out who, without losing the commission.

THE SHROUD OF STEEL

Proprietor: Viktor Sarkoli, Clever Sort. Cuir boili armor (AC 6), long sword, longbow.

This armor shop caters to adventurers and mercenaries. Sarkoli has a small anvil and makes minor repairs himself, contracting out occasional big jobs to Tollman Shoe Barn (p41). He can fix most damaged armor for 25% of buying price. Sarkoli also buys used armor and shields, no questions asked, and fixes them up for resale, though they show signs of use and repair. He has these products on hand:

Armor	Stock	Cost	AC	Wt.	Buys for
Padding	3d4	5 gp	8	10 lbs.	–
Hides	1d4	4 gp	8	20 lbs.	–
Cuir Boili	2d4	35 gp	7	20 lbs.	15 gp
Brigandine	1d4–1	65 gp	6	40 lbs.	20 gp
Chain mail	1d3	85 gp	5	30 lbs.	30 gp
Plate & chain	1d3–1	100 gp	4	35 lbs.	40 gp
Full plate†	1d3	500 gp	3	50 lbs.	200 gp
Target shield	2d4	15 gp	(–1)*	10 lbs.	5 gp
Hide shield	1d6	10 gp	(–1)*	15 lbs.	2 gp

* Using a shield improves AC by 1.

† Full plate requires two days for fitting, with the wearer available for an hour each day.

Robbery: Alarm gong. No cash on premises by night. Locked door. Padded and cuir boili armor in loose piles; others have padlocked chains run through them to wall bolts. By day, Sarkoli’s lockbox holds 3d100 gp. Against a single armed foe, or several unarmed, he fights.

Special Items: Rarely, Sarkoli gets hold of a magical armament. He deposits such items with Brinkley’s at once but can arrange a showing to someone who displays the color of their platinum. Once a month, a roll of 1 on 1d6 means a “special acquisition.” Sarkoli won’t take less than 5,000 gp for one of these items, and asks 7,500 at first. Unique items: only one Mirror Shield or Death’s Head Cloak ever comes around; thereafter, rolling that result means no item that month, or the referee can place a new item.

Roll 1d6 for type of magic armor.

1. **SHADOW LEATHER:** Supple black suit of a type once produced for a wealthy gang of thieves. AC 6, 10 lbs., +10% Hide in Shadows.

2. **HERO'S ARMOR:** Fine chain suit with a steel breastplate in the form of a golden sun. When worn, the armor always emits a soft light, illuminating like a torch. AC 4, 30 lbs.

3. **ELF SUIT:** Tough, dark green clothes sewn by certain elf tribes, with curly-toed boots and a short hooded cape with tassels. AC 7, 5 lbs., +10% Hide in Shadows when outdoors, +15% Move Silently at all times.

4. **ORKIN HELM:** These tall, pointed steel helms turn up in the Ruins of Mor but probably do not come from orkin. The helm covers the entire head and face (AC 3), eliminating any CHA bonus on reaction rolls in many situations and giving a +1 penalty on a d6 roll to hear noises. Looking through the black glass eyepiece, the wearer has Infravision to 30'. 5 lbs.

5. **MIRROR SHIELD (Unique):** A polished dome of tough, lightweight metal. Improves AC by -2 and can reflect gaze attacks: the user forgoes his usual attack, waits for a gaze, and attempts to bounce the magic back as if making a missile attack. If he fails, he must save vs. the gaze as usual, but the shield gives +2. 10 lbs.

6. **DEATH'S HEAD CLOAK (Unique):** Full-length hooded robes in black cloth of unnatural durability. As the wearer moves, subtle highlights ripple across the cloth, sometimes forming fleeting images of leering white skulls. Observers get an INT roll to notice, and reaction penalties may result. AC 7, 10 lbs., usable by magic-users. 1 in 6 chance to Hide in Shadows, or +10% if worn by a thief.

SIGN OF THE BUTT

Proprietor: Narcissus Nightshade, taciturn human/wood elf crossbreed.

A stuffed, painted archery target hangs above this unfortunately-named shop. Raised in the Alfpine, "Narsy" speaks Common poorly, but he holds a monopoly on quality bows in Lesserton. Viewed askance by locals, Narsy reacts with enthusiasm to other elves, inviting them to tea in his workshop. To dwarves and orkin, he is barely civil.

Narsy sells weapons and ammunition; he buys used weapons, but only unused ammo. He will only sell elf-bows to elves. Should a non-elf show up carrying one, he becomes very insistent about buying; if haggled, on a reaction roll of 5 or less he doubles his usual buying price to get it. On a 13 or worse, he hires a thief to steal it later.

Weapon	Stock	Price	Buys for
Crossbow, light	1d4-2	20 gp	5 gp
Crossbow, heavy	1d4-1	30 gp	9 gp
Longbow	2d4	50 gp	15 gp
Shortbow	1d4	35 gp	10 gp
Sling	1d4-1	3 gp	—
Arrows, bundle of 10	2d10 bdl	5 gp	1 sp each
Quarrels, heavy, 10	1d6 bdl	5 gp	1 sp each
Quarrels, light, 10	1d4 bdl	2 gp	1 sp each

Special Item	Stock	Price	Buys for
Sling bullets, lead, 10	1d3 bags	10 gp	1 sp each
Elf-bow, green	1 in 6	250 gp	100 gp
Elf-bow, yellow	1 in 10	500 gp	200 gp
Silver arrow	3d6	10 gp	5 gp
<i>Magic arrow</i> (+1/+1)	2d6-6	200 gp	100 gp

✂ Lead sling bullets do 1d4+1 damage with Short Range 30', Medium Range 60', Long Range 90'. Each bullet weighs 1/2 lb.

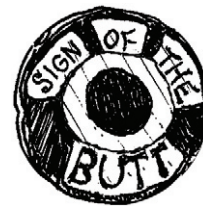
✂ A green elf-bow is small and does 1d6 damage with Short Range 70', Medium Range 140', Long Range 210'. It weighs 2 lbs.

✂ A yellow elf-bow is over six feet long when strung. Indoors or in a dungeon, it acts as a longbow. Outdoors, or with a very high ceiling, it also has Short Range 100', Medium Range 200', Long Range 300'. It weighs 4 lbs.

✂ *Magic arrows* always break after one use.

Robbery: Alarm gong, armed response (Narsy has a green elf-bow and two *magic arrows* behind his counter), 3d100 gp. By night, no cash, no magic or silver arrows, no elf-bows; double-locked door.

Adventure Seed: Narsy asks the party to retrieve a green elf-bow being used by a bandit on the Glory Road. He will trade two *magic arrows* or 250 gp for the weapon.



SLATER'S GENERAL STORE

Proprietors: Mervin and Dotty Slater, Common Folk.
Clerks: 1d4 homely Slater children.

Where the locals buy many of their sundries, groceries, and clothes. The Slaters also stock a limited selection of adventuring gear. They don't buy used goods.

Gear	Stock	Price
Blanket	2d20	6 sp
Bucket, 1 gal.	2d6	4 sp
Candles, 8	20 bdl	1 sp
Cards: Blind Painters deck	1d10	2 gp
Chest, small wooden	1d4	7 sp
Crowbar	1d4	3 gp
Flint & steel	3d6	2 gp
Hammer, light (same as weapon)	3d6	1 gp
Hatchet, small (1d3 dmg, 1.5 lbs.)	1d6	1 gp
Knife, small (1 hp dmg, 1/2 lb.)	2d6	1 gp
Ladder, 10 ft.	1d4-1	1 gp
Lantern	1d6	10 gp
Oil, 8-pint cask	1d6-1	1 gp
Pick, miner's	1d4-1	4 gp
Rope, hemp, 40 ft.	2d6	1 gp
Stakes, wooden	3d20	5 cp
Torch	2d12	5 cp
Waterskin	2d6	1 gp

Provisions	Stock	Price
Beer, small, 1 gallon, bring your own bucket	2d4	1 ep
Bitter ale, Rakemoor's Best, 1 gallon, bring your own bucket	2d4	1 gp
Bread, dried slices, 1 lb.	2d6	1 sp
Butter, salted, 1/2 lb.	3d10	1 sp
Cheese: Morland unaged sheep's milk, 1 lb.	3d6	1 sp
Cheese: Renneton hard white, 1 lb.	2d6	2 sp
Cheese: Renneton special blue, 1 lb.	1d6	3 sp
Eggs, small swamp bird's, pickled, 1 lb.	2d6	1 sp
Flour, wheaten, coarse, 5 lbs.	2d20	1 gp
Garlic, 1/4 lb.	3d6	5 sp
Grain, animal feed, 5-lb. sack*	2d10+20	1 sp
Grass, sour swamp, 1/4 lb.	2d10	2 cp

Ham, cured, 4 lbs.	2d4	3 gp
Hay, bundle, 10 lbs.*	4d10	5 cp
Mutton, 1 lb.	2d8	4 sp
Onions, small, 1/2 lb.	2d20	5 cp
Pork, fresh, 1 lb.	2d10	1 ep
Porkfat, 1/2 lb.	1d100	1 cp
Salt, 1 lb.	2d20	1 sp
Seed, barley or wheat, 1 lb.	1d100+20	1 sp
Swamp bird, fresh raw, 3 lbs.	2d4	1 ep
Swamp bird, dried & salted, 2 lbs.	3d6	1 gp
Wine, local berries, pint bottle (1 lb.)	3d6	5 sp

* Five pounds of grain and ten pounds of hay is a good minimum day's feed for a mule or small horse (plus at least 5 gallons of water). Warhorses and those who work very hard need more.

Clothing	Stock	Price
Belt, rough leather	1d8	1 ep
Boots, work (2 lbs.)	2d8	3 gp
Shoes, town (1 lb.)	2d6	2 gp
Cap, cloth	1d6	1 sp
Cloak, winter (3 lbs.)	2d6	1 gp
Dress, womens' work (4 lbs.)	3d6	1 gp
Dress, maid's (4 lbs.)	2d6	1 ep
Dress, women's social (5 lbs.)	1d6	1d4+3 gp
Undergarments, men's woolen (2 lbs.)	2d4	1 gp
Undershirt, women's (1 lb.)	2d6	1 ep
Shirt, men's work (1/2 lb.)	3d6	1 ep
Jacket, men's social (1 lb.)	1d4	4 gp
Trousers, men's work (4 lbs.)	2d4	1 gp
Trousers, men's social (2 lbs.)	1d6	1 ep

Vehicles	Stock	Price
Jaunce	1d4-2	400 gp
Maundycart (p28)	1d3-1	125 gp

Jaunce: A two-wheeled passenger cart with two seats facing forward and two back. Pulled by one draft horse or two lighter animals. Move: 60' with two people; 30' with four people or two people with luggage.

Robbery: Alarm gong, but Slater sourly cooperates if any family members are threatened. Children taught to flee in all directions. 4d20 gp, 1d100 sp, 1d100 x 2 ep, 1d100 x 4 cp.

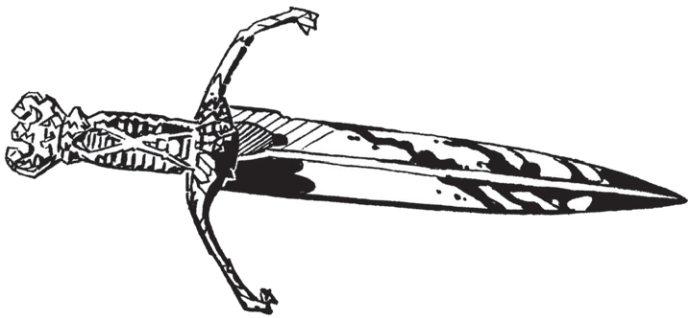
THE THIRSTY BLADE

Proprietor: Gladsome MuskoX, Old Soul. AC 8 (padded armor), *long sword +1*, sap, dagger.

Like Viktor Sarkoli's shop across the street, MuskoX buys used arms for cleanup and resale. Selling him a weapon that's actually broken requires a reaction roll of 5 or less; even then, he only offers about one-third his usual buy price.

Weapon	Stock	Price	Buys for
Axe, battle	1d3	9 gp	3 gp
Axe, hand	1d4	15 sp	5 sp
Dagger	2d4	4 gp	1 gp
Dagger, silver	1d3-1	50 gp	15 gp
Halberd (polearm)	1d4	10 gp	3 gp
Hammer, war	1d3	9 gp	3 gp
Javelin	2d6	2 gp	5 sp
Javelins, bundle of 6		10 gp	25 sp
Mace	1d4-1	7 gp	3 gp
Sap	2d4	5 gp	15 sp
Spear	3d6	4 gp	1 gp
Sword, long	2d8	15 gp	4 gp
Sword, bastard	1d4-1	30 gp	8 gp
Sword, short	1d4	10 gp	3 gp
Sword, two-handed	1d3	25 gp	7 gp

Robbery: Alarm gong, lockbox with 2d100 gp. By night, no cash, locked door, weapons in locked cases except halberds and spears.



Special Items: On rare occasions, MuskoX gets his hands on a magical weapon. Each month, a roll of 1 on a d6 indicates one of the items below for sale, stored at Brinkley's and available for 10,000 gp. Each occurs only once, with a duplicate roll meaning no item that month. Roll 1d6:

1. **GHOST GAUNTLET:** This long, fully-articulated glove of fine steel has two powers. Fitted over a crippled or missing hand, it acts as a perfect replacement. The glove has STR 18 but only for tasks done with the hand alone, such as crushing a small object. The gauntlet's other power activates should the wearer be killed, paralyzed, or unconscious. For

one minute after he loses awareness, the glove can animate the wearer's arm, and it strikes at the first creature to enter melee range, friend or foe. It surprises on a 1-4 and attacks as the wearer, doing 1d3+1 damage plus the wearer's STR modifier.

2. **GREAT HAMMER:** It takes two hands to wield this huge steel-headed mallet: +1 to hit, 1d10+1 damage, 20 lbs. The hammer gives +2 to attempts to bash down doors, forcing a Wandering Monster check from the noise. Against an obstacle that requires pulling, prying, or bending instead of bashing, the hammer gives no bonus. In combat, if the wielder rolls a 1, he must make a STR check or send the mallet flying in a random direction, striking the first target within 15' as if the user were attacking.

3. **MACE OF REPOSE:** Only a cleric can use this heavy iron club (+1 to hit, 1d6+1 damage, 6 lbs.). The first time it hits a particular undead target, the blow also acts as a free Turn Undead attempt. If the blow does no damage, for example because the creature requires a +2 weapon to hit, the Turn attempt goes to waste. Certain highly evil beings may recognize the mace and target the wielder.

4. **MOURNING BLADE:** Bright silver *bastard sword +1*. When used to deal a killing blow, it gives off a very loud, keening wail and coruscates with a sparkling aura. The first time they see this, foes within 30' make an immediate Morale Check. The sound also forces an extra Wandering Monster check once per combat.

5. **SLIPNEEDLE:** A dull gray finish coats this slender dagger; it never gleams or glints. In normal use it gets +1 to hit and damage. Used to backstab, it gives +2 to hit and damage. Furthermore, the special finish absorbs blade treatments; it can be coated with poison without the usual 5% chance of accidentally poisoning the user (AEC143). However, he can still poison himself in melee by rolling a natural 1 and then failing a DEX check. The dagger radiates faint evil.

6. **VELVET QUIVER:** This soft green quiver weighs only 1 lb. The wearer can draw one arrow per round from it and never run out. Alternatively, he can call out the command phrase "Never fail, my quiver!" and draw forth a special result. All arrows break after one use; magic arrows and death arrows lose their powers 1 minute after drawing.

d100 Arrow type

01-50 Silver arrow (5 gp value)

51-75 Flaming arrow (burns up in two rounds)

76-96 Magic arrow (+1 to hit, +1 damage)

97-99 Death arrow (+2 to hit, 2d10 lightning damage)

00 Magic arrow, but it rips the quiver, destroying it.

TOLLMAN SHOE BARN

Smith: Gorgio “Gimp” Tollman, one-eyed, aging Brute and former militiaman.

An open shed across the street from the Lesserton Nag Lot. Tollman could afford a single apprentice, barely, at 25 gp per month, but has not found one. Mounts shod immediately, 3 gp. Tollman can make serviceable armor and weapons to order: he charges less money than the established weapons dealers, but it takes weeks and he can only work on one piece at a time.

Weapon	Cost and time
Axe, battle	8 gp, 1 week
Axe, hand	12 sp, 1 week
Dagger	35 sp, 1 week
Javelin	12 sp, 1 week
Mace	6 gp, 2 weeks
Spear	35 gp, 1 week
Sword, long	12 gp, 2 weeks
Sword, bastard	25 gp, 3 weeks
Sword, short	9 gp, 2 weeks
Sword, two-handed	20 gp, 3 weeks

Armor	Cost and time
Target shield	12 gp, 2 weeks
Chain mail (AC 5)	80 gp, 4 weeks
Plate & chain (AC 4)	95 gp, 5 weeks

There is a 1 in 6 chance for Tollman to have a used Maundycart (p28) for sale for 100 gp.

WATCH STATION (MARKET SQUARE)

Complement: Four guards, one Guard Sergeant. Doubled during Second Shift (dusk to dawn). See p14.

Facilities: Signal horn, spare shields, truncheons, nets, and manacles; water barrel, torches, ladders, ram.

Response time: For an alarm gong, three guards and the Sergeant come running in 2d4 rounds. For a general ruckus, two guards arrive in 2d6 rounds.

WENTON'S INN AND YARD

Proprietor: Jasmine Blakely-Wenton, Old Soul.

This fairly clean, rambling one-story inn offers a common meal each night, clean rooms, and a stable. Cook: Matron Wilma Bucking. Pot boys and stable boys: Jem Hawkins, Tommy Gray. Server: the respectable Wilhelmina Potter. Maids: Tamra Potter, Wilhelmina's granddaughter, supervising the far more experienced halfling Portia Dogiron.

Rates: Beans and mutton, decent bread, Renneton hard cheese, fresh or dried fruit, cool well water: 1 ep. Pint of ale, 2 sp. Wine, cup, 4 sp. Breakfast of porridge and a cup of warmed ale: 2 sp. Room with two beds: 1 ep per person, or 8 sp for one person. Stabling of ordinary mounts: 1 gp including rubdown and food.

Patrons: 1d6 x 2 Eastron farmers visiting town, 1d6 locals drinking, 1 in 6 chance of a party of Adventurers (p6).

Gambling: Blind Painters at 1 ep stakes whenever two or more locals are present. They fleece visiting farmers when possible.

Robbery: Patrons likely to object. Alarm gong. Small lockbox with 1d100 sp and 2d20 ep; second strongbox under floorboard, 2d100 sp.

Searching: Finding adventure at -8. Finding love at -7. Additional -3 for non-humans. Cost: 1 gp per hour. Common room open for three hours after sunset.

THE HEIGHTS

Peter Robamonde (p58) owns most of these rows of fine townhomes, rented out to Lesserton's forty-odd wealthiest families. A dozen upscale businesses occupy a few well-maintained storefronts.

CARLOS PAINFEATHER, AUTHOR

This Clever Sort describes himself as “Author, Painfeather's Comprehensive Bestiary,” but the great project is never quite finished. Thousands of loose pages and annotated scraps of paper litter the cramped office in his townhome. It takes a Hiring Roll to get an appointment with Painfeather, at a bonus of -1 per 100 gp bribe to his clerk, Muckle Gray. Appointments are in 1d4 days, or the same day for a result of 1 or less. For 500 gp, Painfeather reports on any known monster: the referee reads the creature's core rules stats and description to the players outloud, once. For an extra 250 gp,

he provides a written report (description but not stat block). If the monster appears identical to a different one, there is a 5% chance that Painfeather gives the wrong result. He also buys unusual dead monsters, if well preserved, for 1 gp per hit point, but only wants rare specimens that fit in his house. He uses the taxidermy services of Tasso Plumb (p55).

Robbery: One night in three, a hired Brute from Jimmy G's Brass Shield arrives to accompany Muckle Gray to Brinkley's with 2d6 x 100 gp, leaving only 50 gp in the floor safe under the library rug. On other nights, the safe holds 1d6 x 100 gp. Painfeather sleeps upstairs.

Adventure Seed: Painfeather seeks the body of a mimic to examine. He would pay up to 50 gp per HD. There are stories of such things living in the Ruins.

THE PARLOURY

Proprietor: Absentee. Night manager: Ratch Gordon, Old Soul. Bouncer: A Brute from the Brass Shield (p52), often changing. Bartender: Sebastian Valish, obsequious, uniformed fop. Stockboy: Gus Gitten.

A small bar in the same building as the Valnwall Genealogical Society. Sir Plonk stops in most every night, looking for love: possibly competing with a PC for the attention of an attractive female, or bothering an attractive female PC. An exclusive clientele gathers here to congratulate each other on their appreciation of expensive drinks and clothes. Characters not appropriately attired (at least 25 gp in clothes, 100 gp in jewelry, and no armor) receive immediate snubs, such as being asked if they have brought someone's carriage around, or might wish to make their delivery tomorrow when things are less busy. If intruders don't take the hint, Valish comes out from behind the bar to berate them while the Brute slips up behind them, hand on his sap. Even characters who earn a seat at the bar are on probation; tipping well speeds the process. Anyone who causes very serious trouble, such as property damage or robbery, gets targeted for punishment by a shadowy organization (The Brush, p58).

Patrons: 2d6 Old Souls and Clever Sorts, plus 1 in 3 chance of Sir Plonk.

Hours: Open for 5 hours after sunset.

Rates: Odd-colored liqueur: 1 oz., 9 sp. Wine from far away, 1/2 pint: 1 gp. Wine from far away, bottle: 4 gp. Pickled egg in silver egg cup with silver spoon: 4 sp.

Gambling: None.

Hirelings: 1 in 6 chance of a single Adventurer, randomized as on p6 but with a wealthy background giving him cash and gear as one level higher. The party can hire him at a +2 reaction penalty and he requires a full share of cash loot and 10 gp per day times his level squared.

Robbery: Alarm gong. No resistance, but the clever staff will memorize everything about the robbers for later retaliation, legal or otherwise. 1d20+40 gp, 1d20+80 sp.

Searching: Finding adventure at -10. Finding love at -5. Additional -10 if not well-dressed and conversant with the ways of the rich and beautiful. Additional -5 for non-humans, except that elves are viewed with suspicion but also as exotic, so they do all right. Cost: 1d6 x 5 gp per hour. 100 gp per +1 to CHA check, to a maximum of +5.

THE PLANNERS GUILD

Two-story guild building of attractive stonework, housing four expert engineers and 16 apprentices, all Clever Sorts. Apprentices receive room, board, and training, plus 10 gp per month when actually at work on a project. Due to Lally's influence, 1d4 are female.

The Guild can oversee construction of anything from tents to castles. Floor plans for standard, small buildings are for sale. Anything larger requires a 1,000 gp deposit and a contract for 750 gp per month for the length of the project. The Guild shrouds itself in ritual and strongly discourages any freelance engineering in Lesserton, Mor, Swampton, or nearby. Those who bring outside engineers into the Guild's self-appointed territory may encounter trouble with labor, supply shortages, or even fires, bad water, or giant termites.

Guildmaster Sages:

- ✂ Ras Everburn, expert in wooden construction
- ✂ Robert Plumb, expert in raising fortifications
- ✂ Pedarik "Pick" Grouser, dwarf expert in mining and stonework
- ✂ Lally Bilgedodge, female halfling expert in building on swampy ground.

THE PLATINUM PEGASUS

Proprietor: Absentee ownership. Day manager: Blake Swenson, Clever Sort, brother of Tully at the Rooster (p44). Assistant: Jennifer Bakkus. Night manager: Rickhardt Ebersoul, Clever Sort. Five maids include Polly Hawkins, who sometimes takes leftover food to Vince Cleghorne.

A large and pretentious hotel for a town this size, offering a unique level of luxury. Two Brutes from the Brass Shield work security at all times. All rooms are on the second floor; security keeps the stairs under watch and locks the door from midnight to sunrise. The night manager lets confirmed guests up with his key.

Rates: The hotel will not rent rooms to orkin. Others require a reaction roll of 5 or better, at a +4 penalty if not richly dressed. 3 gp per night. Stabling referred to Aglet Honeyweed at the Sprightly Sprinters (p45).

Patrons: 3d6 well-off Old Souls and Clever Sorts, keeping to their rooms at night.

Robbery: In the locked hotel back office, a heavy iron safe holds 1d100+100 gp and 2d100+100 sp. Coins go in a slot in the top, but the door requires the keys of both night and day manager to open. Before sundown each night, Ebersoul and one Brute take all but 100 of each coin to Brinkley's. About six hours later, the safe receives 3d20 gp and 3d20 sp from the till at the Pinion.

THE PINION

The restaurant on the ground floor of the Platinum Pegasus. Chef: Wiggums Knob, halfling. Three cooks, three waiters, two potboys. **Wingfeathers**, the bar area of the Pinion, faces the hotel lobby. Barkeep: Federic "Fats" Palisair. Server: Susannah Bloom. Special fruit-wine punch: 1 ep. 1d6 patrons by night. Open five hours after sundown.

Rates: Lunch, 1 gp; elaborate dinner, 2 gp, plus 1d4 gp for wine.

Patrons: Well-off Clever Sorts, Old Souls, and Common Folk: 2d6 at lunch, 3d6 for dinner.

Searching: Find adventure at -9, find love at -9. Open for five hours after sunset.

Robbery: Protected by hotel security. Till with 5d6 gp, 2d6+20 sp.

Gambling: Devin Lewis (p58) visits Wingfeathers about once a week with a Blind Painters deck and gets 1d6+1 people to join in at 5 gp stakes.

FORESTER GREELWOOD, GENIUS

This foppish Clever Sort (INT 18), a permanent resident at the Platinum Pegasus, claims to be able to solve any mystery. He also claims to require no money for his services, but somehow never starts a job before securing a retainer of 250 gp. Greelwood tests the patience of fellow lodgers by smoking a great deal of halfling pipeweed and practicing his "fairy fiddle," a three-inch, tin, violin-like device with a single shrill string. On a case, Greelwood putters around town, now dogging the characters when they most want him elsewhere, now disappearing when looked for. Greelwood gets an INT check every day until fired. On a success, he simply reports that the game is afoot. On a failure, he calls his employer to a meeting and presents a dramatic, unlikely, and completely wrong story of the mystery's solution. On a natural 1, he arrives at some impossibly difficult, but useful and true conclusion, whereupon he declares the case solved and presents a bill for 20 gp per day, plus 1d10 gp daily expenses. When paid, he reveals his deduction, always correct as far as it goes but never solving the whole problem.

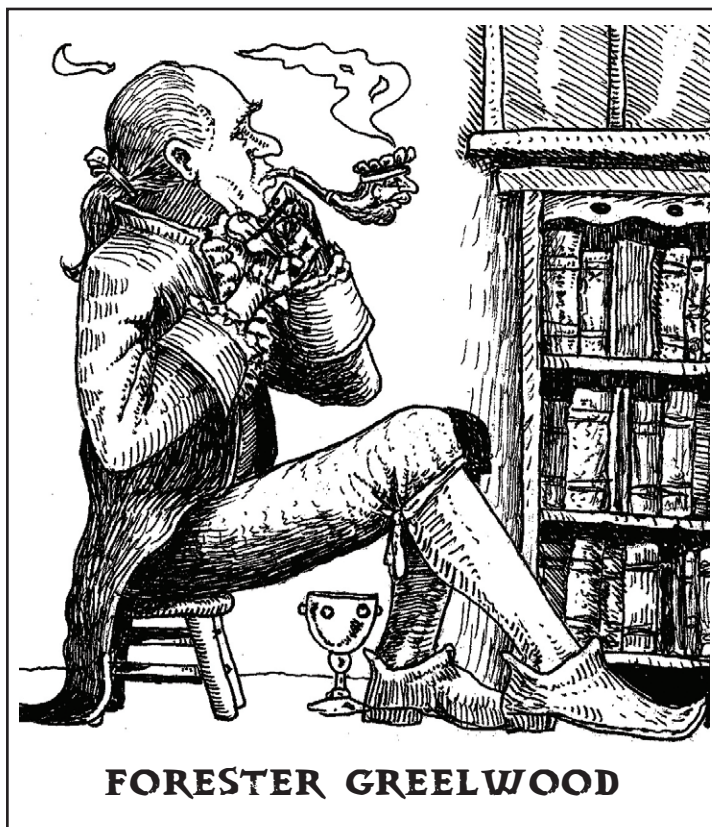


Illustration by Steve Zieser

THE ROOSTER

Proprietors: Glim Sanders, Clever Sort, and Tully Swenson, Old Soul.

A small and respectable hostelry. The few rooms here boast fine appointments and large, comfortable beds, with hot water service in the morning and fresh flowers in season. Females of a delicate sensibility find things to their liking.

All Lesserton Clever Sorts, and most Old Souls and NPCs with classes, know that Glim and Tully are male partners, a practice considered chaotic by the Grand Ecclesiarch (p56) but tolerated by most people. A PC can realize the same thing by rolling Wisdom or less on 1d20.

Rates: Room for the night: 9 sp per person. Dinner in the dining room with the hosts: 6 sp. Breakfast buffet: 4 sp. No stable, but on a reaction roll of 8 or better, they recommend asking Aglet Honeyweed at the Sprightly Sprinters (p45), about two blocks away.

Patrons: 1d6 Old Souls or Clever Sorts, mostly Eastron humans of good breeding, generally older married couples or stylish men. Guests keep to themselves but most appear in the dining room at dinner and breakfast.

Searching: Not a happening place. Find adventure at -12. Find love at -14, or -9 for male characters who prefer male love interests.

SIGN OF THE BOAR

Proprietor: Absentee ownership. Cooks: Chef Pechum Coronas, Old Soul; assistant chef Sasha Clementine, Old Soul. Two waiters, two busboy/dishwashers.

By a wry tradition, this fine restaurant serves no pork, but every other sort of luxury meal appears on its few tables according to season. Getting a same-day reservation requires a reaction roll of 3 or better, at a -1 bonus for a bribe of 10 gp or more. So long as the requester looks human and respectable, a table will be open in the number of days the roll was above 3. Non-humans find that, even with a decent reaction roll, somehow no reservation ever materializes.

One man dines at the Boar almost every night at his reserved table: the enormously fat Peter Robamonde, wealthy local (p58).

Rates: Three-hour dinner, 25 gp plus 1d4 x 10 gp for drinks.

Robbery: Two alarm gongs: one in the kitchen, one in the dining room. Sasha Clementine works alone from morning until mid-afternoon; she carries 1d20+20 ep to pay for deliveries. When dinner finishes each night, after the Night Bell, Chef puts 2d6+40 gp in the lockbox to which he holds the key. He

puts 2d6+10 gp in his pocket and gives 10 gp to Sasha, 2d6 gp to each waiter, and 2d6 sp to each busboy. Unless threatened with a deadly weapon or large group, Chef fights. Successful robbers may suffer the revenge of the Brush (p58).

Adventure Seed: Master Butcher Hank Ritter (p55) hires the PCs for a few gold to guard a valuable evening delivery to the Boar. Ralf Whistle carries a large package of “special meat” carefully wrapped in cloth. At the Boar, Sasha Clementine opens the back door to tender payment, when screams come from within. An elderly peasant woman, Harriet Weatherdane, has leapt at Peter Robamonde with a knife; when the PCs rush in, two waiters hold her back. “Took my little Davy you did! Murderer!” screams the woman. Robamonde only looks befuddled. Sasha Clementine offers the PCs a quick 5 gp to take Harriet away; prevented from killing, the crone collapses into tears. If the characters investigate, they find that Harriet’s “little” Davy was a full-grown teamster found dead in the swamp months ago, his body worried by animals. Someone told Harriet that Davy had just started work for Robamonde, and she arrived at a somewhat deranged conclusion.

SIGN OF THE KOBOLD

Proprietor: Absentee ownership. Manager: Madam Sousa Blakely. Clerks: sprightly female Temperance Ebersoul, sprightly male Holbrook Sanders. Tailor: Jeb Swatto, halfling.

A gilded statue of a kobold in formal livery and wig marks the location of this upscale toggery. Within, dressmaker’s dummies stand in stylish poses, displaying the Kobold’s wares. Lesserton has only a few rich people, but they compete heavily for status. To truly stay up to date, one must own at least three complete outfits and buy a new one at least three times a year. The Kobold stocks many luxury items, no two exactly alike.

Item	Stock	Price
Belt, wide leather, tooled	1d4	6 gp
Belt, wide, worked in silver or gold	1d4	40 gp
Boots, women’s, high hard leather	1d4 pr	25 gp
Cap, leather, jaunty	1d4	4 gp
Cloak, cloth, stylish cut	1d4	5 gp
Cloak, fur, decorative	1d4	75 gp
Cloak, fur, deep luxury	1d4	125 gp
Hat, woman’s	2d6	6 gp
Hat, woman’s elaborate	2d4	8 gp
Hat, man’s with long feather	1d4	7 gp
Dress, silk, plain	1d4	35 gp
Dress, silk, patterned	2d4	50 gp
Shirt, man’s	1d4	4 gp

Shoes, men's	1d4 pr	10 gp
Shoes, women's	2d20 pr	30 gp
Stole, fur	1d4	16 gp
Trousers	1d4	3 gp
Trousers, piped	1d4	6 gp

Personal Shopping: On a Hiring Roll, a character can make an appointment for the next day. Madam Blakely will work with him for three hours and personally select enough clothes to make up three head-to-toe outfits. Total cost: 350 gp, including tailoring and delivery. So dressed, a non-orkin character who behaves decently can gain entrée to any business and almost any social function. Even an orkin may receive the benefit of the doubt in many places.

Robbery: A thief who takes time to case the store discovers that no one in Lesserton would dare to rob it. Should PCs try anyway, the employees are quick to leap to the alarm gong. Sanders regards the thieves with scornful disbelief, because the store is under the protection of the Brush (p58). Under threat, he cooperates; the till holds 4d6 x 100 gp.

THE SPRIGHTLY SPRINTERS OF FAR IRLENDOM

Proprietor: Sir Aglet Honeyweed, charming elf Old Soul with exotic Westron accent. Clerk: Dumbo, deaf-mute halfling who scrambles to please.

Pretty horses in a clean, grassy paddock. All beasts come very well-groomed, with braided manes and tails, free “elvish tackle,” and a squirt of perfume. Each has –1 on its rolled hp, but Lessers with social pretensions prefer Aglet's mounts. He also stocks fancy carriages, brought in pieces from distant Feypport and assembled locally at Kapner Joinery (p50).

Item	Stock	Cost
Riding horse	1d12	150 gp
Pony	1d4	75 gp
Whirligig	1d4–2	750 gp
Calabash	1d4–2	850 gp
Stabling, per night*	4 stalls	15 sp

*Only for those referred by a respectable citizen.

Whirligig: Fast and stylish, this light, two-wheeled cart is meant to be pulled by two small animals such as riding horses. Move: 90' with one person, 60' with two.

Calabash: A whirligig with a folding leather roof.

Robbery: Honeyweed himself carries a town sword (1d4 dmg, 100 gp) and 1d6 x 25 gp in jewelry; he also commands a single *sleep* spell (LL39). During the day, the heavy iron-

and-lead safe holds 1d4 x 50 gp, 1d4 x 5 pp, Brinkley's drafts to Honeyweed for 1d6 x 100 gp, and 3d6 ounces of perfume, worth about 3 gp per ounce.

TRANG'S OF DOLMVAY

Proprietor: Absentee owner “Trang,” who apparently has shops in several towns. Baker: Chef Eli Larkin, Old Soul with Westron accent. Apprentices: Dana Crawley, plump young female; Theo “Twigs” Morton, skinny young man.

A variety of baked goods and treats for the discriminating. Crusty long bread: Half pound loaf, 1 sp. Sour boule: One pound, 2 sp. Berry pie: 2 sp. Dainty pastries: Six for 1 ep. Candied fruit bits: 10 sp for a paper box of 12.

Robbery: Alarm gong. Daytime, 2d100 sp. At night, no money, and a Brute from the Brass Shield guards the place.

VALNWALL GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

Proprietor: The “society” consists of one Clever Sort, Sir Untherous Plonk, with a monocle, a library, and an unhealthy fascination with noble blood.

Plonk claims to be the 37th Baron of Irrakith, a tiny, distant, and possibly imaginary territory. He wears monogrammed clothes and a town sword (1d4 dmg, 100 gp) and insists on being addressed as “Baron,” or at least “Sir Plonk.” Attractive females, however, he encourages to call him “Unthy,” paying them a great deal of chummy attention. Services:

- ✂ For 100 gp, Plonk will give one subject a close examination and certify his or her “purity of blood.” Certain classes of Lessers always get this done for a new bride, to show that she is 100% human with no orkin taint.
- ✂ A similar examination can show paternity, if the putative father also appears.
- ✂ For either service, if consulted privately in advance with another 200 gp, Plonk certifies whatever answer the customer prefers, unless the opposite is so clearly true that it would damage his reputation.

Plonk's other business is tracing genealogy, a long process requiring multiple interviews, 1d4 months, and 2,000 gp per month. The result is a beautiful, illuminated chart showing the customer's descent from a historical noble family, together with a letter of authenticity. The charts are sometimes even right: each has 2d10 x 5% accuracy.

On a good reaction roll (5 or less), Plonk can also scribe other sorts of impressive documents: 200 gp, plus a like amount for each special service: large size, colorful ink, foreign language, official-looking seals, “aging,” or keeping the document’s origins strictly confidential.

Robbery: Plonk’s own outfit includes his sword and some flashy but cheap jewelry with four-balled coronet designs (100 gp value). He carries 1d6 pp and 3d6 gp. His library of hundreds of books would be worth 3,000 gp to a collector or university, but it weighs over 200 lbs. In a locked safe are 1d3 x 100 gp; during the day, it also holds 2d6 Brinkley’s drafts for 100 gp each.

Adventure Seed: Plonk gets a visit from a seemingly real baronet, with retinue, who asks for proof of his descent from the Barons of Mor. This customer will not settle for fakery; any evidence lies in the Ruins, and Plonk wants the PCs to find it. The powerful folk in Lesserton, on the other hand, would greatly prefer that no one present a claim to the long-defunct land grant placing Mor under noble rule.

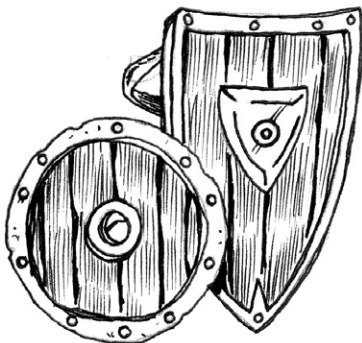
WATCH STATION (THE HEIGHTS)

Complement: Four guards, one Guard Sergeant. Doubled during Second Shift (dusk to dawn). See p14.

Facilities: Signal horn, spare shields, truncheons, nets, and manacles; canvas awning, tea table and chairs, kitchenette with small stove and tableware for 12. During the day, 1 in 4 chance of 1d4 attractive female waitresses paid by nearby businesses to serve a meal of pastry, meats, and small beer.

Response time: For an alarm gong, three guards and the Sergeant come running in 2d4 rounds. For a general ruckus, two guards arrive in 2d4 rounds.

The Sergeants compete for posting to the Heights, where trouble is scarce and often comes with tips. Day Watch in the Heights, the true plum, currently belongs to Sgt. Wonk Nelson and his boys, due to Nelson’s timely and discreet assistance with a tricky arrest by the Chief a few months back. Nelson keeps a jealous eye on the other Sergeants lest they wrest away his prize.



CRUIKSHANKS

The alleys and lanes of Cruikshanks form a broad, meandering swath between the Heights and Kinswallow. Here dwell the workers and craftspeople, mostly human, although with one block of halfling-sized apartments.

BANTAM HOUSE

Proprietor: Madam Pernicia “Lady W” Wattle. Clerk: wan girl Zippia Tumbledown, relieved from more taxing service by reason of uninteresting personality and poor gambling skills. Security: Two Brutes.

So classy, it’s almost not a whorehouse. The street entrance opens into a very small, windowless lobby, with Zippia at the desk in heavy makeup. Regulars proceed into the cocktail lounge. Others are asked into a small parlor and offered tea until Lady W can come greet them in one turn, or 1d4 minutes for those who appear very wealthy. Only menfolk meeting her approval receive an invitation to enter the lounge.

In the windowless but well-appointed cocktail lounge, 3d4 beautiful women in stylish clothes chat at high tabouret tables, each with a checker board and the pieces for checkers, chess, and other games. Two larger tables host four-player Quist (p18). A patron buys drinks and sits across the board from his favorite, entering a playful badinage where the stakes he loses form the price of his later entertainment in the upstairs boudoirs. Frequent side wagers include particular services, double-or-nothing, and the like; the true devoté even enjoys losing to a skilled girl and going home without other activity. He returns another night eager to try again, each setback adding spice to the eventual conquest of his clever beauty.

The Bantam House adjoins a plain one-story building, accessed by a secret door, where the girls live. Lady W keeps that fact quiet and no business is permitted in the dormitory house.

Hours: Open from Night Bell until dawn.

Rates: Paid services cost 100 gp per hour, but for every half hour of gambling, a character spends 3d6 gp on drinks and makes an INT check. Failure by 4 or more makes an extra 50 gp disappear; success wins 10 gp off the price; success by 10 or more reduces the cost of service by 50 gp. The game need not end until the lounge closes at first light.

Robbery: The Brutes carry daggers, saps, and padded armor. Zippia has an alarm gong in the lobby, though she will not use it except in a disaster, as the patrons prefer not to meet the guards. Of the 1d10 patrons, each has a 5% chance to be

an NPC of level 1d3. Lady W wears 3d6 x 100 gp worth of jewelry; the 3d4 girls each have 3d6 x 10 gp worth. Lady W's locked private chamber has another 2d6 x 100 gp in jewels and a purse with 1d20 gp. A hidden safe contains 100 pp, 100 gp, and a *potion of invisibility*. The till in the lounge holds 4d6 x 10 gp and 1d100 sp, and stakes at the tables constitute 2d4 x 50 gp more.

Searching: Looking for adventure at -10, plus -5 for non-humans, +3 if specifically seeking a rich patron. Looking for love at Bantam House is a bit silly, unless the character is attempting to distract a patron to a less expensive encounter.

Adventure Seed: A PC meets Devin Lewis and his favorite Quist opponent, Horatia, at a Bantam House table. See "Deadly Chances," p61.

BURNSIDE ARMORY

Master Smith: Ranter Burnside, Brute. Apprentices: Smeel Crawley, Lupo Ninefingers, and Doss Bogwater.

Burnside neither buys nor sells used gear, but steadily produces new armor for various clients. New armor by Burnside is skillfully made and attractive. To place an order, a PC must make a reaction roll of 8 or less. Strangers to town must pay in advance. Time required appears on the table below; with his apprentices, Burnside can work on up to three orders at once. He can also repair armor and weapons for 50% of new cost; this takes one week for a weapon, or half the time to construct for armor.

If the reaction roll is 5 or less, the character can order custom-fitted armor, which has a lower effective weight for that person only. The wearer must show up for measuring once in the first week of work and again for final adjustments in the last week.

Armor	Cost	AC	Wt.	Time
Brigandine	75 gp	6	40 lbs.	1d8 days
Fitted	150 gp	6	32 lbs.	3 weeks
Chain mail	105 gp	5	30 lbs.	2d8 days
Fitted	210 gp	5	24 lbs.	4 weeks
Plate & chain	125 gp	4	35 lbs.	3d8 days
Fitted	250 gp	4	28 lbs.	5 weeks
Full plate	675 gp	3	50 lbs.	4d8 days
Fitted	1,350 gp	3	40 lbs.	6 weeks

Other gear	Cost	Wt.	Time
Crowbar	3 gp	5 lbs.	1 day
Grappling hook	2 gp	4 lbs.	1 day
Lock, normal	25 gp	1 lb.	1d8 days
Good ¹	100 gp	1 lb.	1d8 days
Excellent ²	500 gp	1 lb.	2d8 days
Manacles	15 gp	2 lbs.	1 day
New key ³	15 gp	–	1 week

¹ -10% to pick

² -20% to pick

³ Burnside can make a new key for an existing lock if the customer leaves the lock with him for a week. With his shop full of tools, he also has a 50% chance to pick a lock without damaging it. He charges 10 gp for the attempt, which he gets to within the day.

Robbery: Vigorous resistance during business hours, plus alarm gong. Lockbox with 1d100+100 gp, 50 sp. At night, no cash; tools and armor chained up with four good locks (-10% to pick).

CLEGHORNE'S UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGIUM AND BOOKATORY

Proprietor: Vince Cleghorne, ancient Clever Sort.

Once a fine townhouse, this two-story building is now crammed beyond capacity with books and papers of every size and kind. Cleghorne works wedged behind a desk, a hunched shape with every feature hidden by whiskers and dusty spectacles except a huge warty nose. One-third of the time he is sleeping, but it's difficult to tell. From his dirty white cap extends a kind of two-foot fishing rod with *continual light* on the tip. With this aid he can barely make out the crabbed words in the thousands of slowly decaying volumes that make up his life's collection. Should anyone show the slightest disrespect for Cleghorne, his books, or obscure knowledge in general, he becomes quite shrill and can't be reasoned with until at least two days pass. If anyone approaches him quietly, Cleghorne (INT 17) tries to roll his INT or below on 1d20. On an 18 or 19, the newcomer gets mistaken for Polly Hawkins, Cleghorne's volunteer nurse, and Cleghorne peevishly asks for some water. On a 20, Cleghorne leaps in shock when he notices the person, scattering papers and keeling over backward on his rickety chair. He must roll his CON (9) or lower on a d20 or go into a coma-like condition that inflicts 1 hp per day. He has only 4 hp total. Any healing magic brings him out of it.

Anyone who spends more than one day at Cleghorne's encounters Polly Hawkins, a young but careworn Old Soul. Polly comes from a deeply poor family, distantly related to Cleghorne. She decided that the old man needed a caretaker and appointed herself to the role. Polly can spare little time from her job cleaning rooms at the Platinum Pegasus, but often brings leftover food from the hotel and checks on the man almost every day (5 out of 6). She would be attractive except for a grotesquely broken nose, a gift from her father. Magical healing could fix the damage, and unknown to anyone, Polly has the potential to become a cleric if given the chance.

Services: The books and scrolls in Cleghorne's house cover almost any imaginable topic, in every known language.

- ✦ He will buy any book, scrambling together whatever money is at hand (1d100 sp) regardless of the item. To purchase pricy or magical works, he offers 1d6 x 10 gp for a scroll, or 1d4 x 100 gp for a book. It takes him one day to get a Brinkley's draft for such amounts.
- ✦ A character who makes a Hiring Roll can gain access to "the stacks" for 2 gp per day, and can make an INT roll each day thereafter to find a nugget of information relevant to current goals. Every second natural 1 means that the PC finds a special item, such as a treasure map, a description of a magic item's powers, a secret history of a location in Mor, or a loose page from a magic-user's spellbook. These spellbook pages do not radiate magic, but require the *read magic* spell to interpret; each holds a random magic-user spell (AEC84–85).

d10 Spell level

1–6	1 st
7–9	2 nd
10	3 rd

- ✦ Cleghorne does not want anything to leave his hoard; actually purchasing a book requires a reaction roll of 4 or less and a lot of cash: 30 gp for a loose page, 150 gp for a book, 300 gp or more for a substantial tome.
- ✦ A character willing to steal can simply walk out with a page or scroll tucked in his clothes; Cleghorne will never notice. To abscond with a whole book requires a DEX roll, at –4 for a massive tome; on a failure, the book drops where Cleghorne can see it, and he angrily bans that character from his shop.

RANDOM BOOKS AND PAPERS

If desired, the referee can use this chart for inspiration when a PC pulls a random document off one of Cleghorne's crowded shelves. The document has a 1 in 6 chance to be in a language other than the common tongue.

d100 Random document

01–02	Accounting ledger
03–04	Architectural plans for a stronghold
05–06	Blank book, low quality
07	Blank book, 15 gp value, suitable for spells
08–09	Book of fairy tales and legends
10–11	Book of poetry
12–13	Book of recipes
14–15	Book, arcane
16–17	Book, bestiary
18–19	Book, classical myths
20	Book, evil subject matter
21	Book, formerly magical, key passages vanished
22–23	Book, geography
24–25	Book, historical
26–27	Book, holy
28	Book, instructions on making traps
29–30	Book, specialized knowledge (roll Background Skill, PGL13, or referee's choice)
31–32	Book, travelogue
33–34	Certificate of office
35–36	Certificate of training
37	Certificate, incomprehensible
38–39	Clothing patterns
40–41	Deed to property, minor
42	Deed to valuable property, probably fake
43–44	Floor plan of a building
45–46	Last will and testament
47–48	Letter, angry
49–50	Letter, authorizing action
51–52	Letter, love
53–54	Letter, rambling
55–56	Lists of numbers with no explanation
57	Manuscript, illuminated (value 3d6 x 50 gp)
58–59	Map of Valnwall, general (LL132)
60	Map of world, speculative
61–62	Map of Lesserton (p67, and PGL16)
63	Map, imaginary
64	Map, incorrect
65–66	Map, location in the Ruins

- 67–68 Map, Old Mor (RGM4)
- 69 Map, secret path through swamps
- 70 Note, code word
- 71–72 Note, trivial
- 73 Notes in a dead or imaginary language
- 74 Notes on non-human culture
- 75 Notes, observation of monsters, cut off
- 76 Pamphlet, salacious, crudely illustrated
- 77–78 Personal journal, dull
- 79 Personal journal, exciting
- 80–81 Proclamation of holiday
- 82–83 Proclamation of justice
- 84–85 Proclamation of new taxes
- 86–87 Record of military campaign
- 88–89 Rules for a game
- 90 Sheet music, elaborate
- 91 Sheet music, original composition
- 92–93 Sheet music, popular songs
- 94 Sketch, competent
- 95–96 Sketch, incompetent
- 97–98 Story, unfinished
- 99–00 Workbook, artist's

Robbery: Grabbing things and stuffing them in a sack always yields a useless miscellany of random documents. Riffing Cleghorne's desk comes up with the 1d100 loose silver coins, some of them bent or sticky. Even late at night, Cleghorne works at his desk 50% of the time; anyone surprising him causes a CON check to avoid a coma, as above.

Adventure Seed: The referee might allow an INT check at –10 after every seven days of research to discover a treasure map, intriguing legend, or description of a hero's tomb.

CLOSET OF THE XORN

Alchemist: Cranford Banes, Clever Sort. Clerk: Woebegotten Lardbelly, morose halfling.

The cramped front of this small shop has room for two thin, close friends to stand, in front of the counter where Lardbelly keeps ledgers and takes orders. Lardbelly is hard to impress, reacting at a +1 penalty, but Banes counts on the halfling to keep his own labors undisturbed. It takes a Hiring Roll, with the penalty, to get Lardbelly to bring anything to Banes' attention the same day, with payment in advance. Otherwise, Lardbelly can make appointments for 1d4 days later with a 10 gp deposit.

In the back room, nestled among his hundreds of apothecary drawers, bottles, scales, and burners, Banes can identify almost any substance, from sinister venoms to pipeweed ash to dragon blood. Analysis takes 2d10 hours; if more than 10, the customer must return the next day.

- ✂ Non-magical substance identification, 50 gp, 100% accurate.
- ✂ Potion identification, 100 gp, 95% accurate (d100). On a 96–99, he misidentifies it as a random potion from the Potions chart below. On 00, he incorrectly says it is a *potion of delusion* imitating the actual effect.
- ✂ 1d4 random potions for sale from chart below, with a 1 in 4 chance per week of acquiring another. Each has a 1% chance to be actually a *potion of delusion* that imitates the type rolled.
- ✂ On a second Hiring Roll, Banes can create one of these potions to order in two weeks.

d100	Potion	Cost	Buys for
01–02	Animal Control*	500 gp	100 gp
03–05	Clairaudience	500 gp	150 gp
06–07	Clairvoyance	500 gp	150 gp
08–12	Climbing	500 gp	150 gp
13–14	ESP	1,000 gp	400 gp
15–25	Extra-healing	1,000 gp	500 gp
26–34	Fire Resistance	1,000 gp	400 gp
35–38	Flying	1,000 gp	400 gp
39	Gaseous form	1,000 gp	300 gp
40–43	Giant Strength	1,000 gp	400 gp
44–66	Healing	500 gp	300 gp
67–70	Heroism	1,000 gp	400 gp
71–73	Invisibility	1,000 gp	300 gp
74	Invulnerability	1,000 gp	300 gp
75–77	Levitation	500 gp	150 gp
78–79	Oil of Slipperiness	500 gp	100 gp
80	Philter of Love	1,000 gp	500 gp
81	Plant Control	500 gp	100 gp
82–86	Polymorph	1,000 gp	500 gp
87–95	Sweet Water	250 gp	100 gp
96–00	Water Breathing	1,000 gp	300 gp

* Roll on LL110 for type controlled, but using 1d10+7.

Robbery: Dangerous, though possibly lucrative. Lardbelly can kick the alarm gong that's hidden under the counter; he goes home at sundown. Banes sleeps in the lab and carries his personal potions: one dose of *human control*, one *invisibility*,

and one *neutralize poison*. His massive safe has a hollow double door filled with YELLOW MOLD (LL103). Locating the secret trigger requires a Find Traps roll, and operating it requires Remove Traps. Otherwise, pulling the safe's handle opens only the outer door, releasing a tumble of oozing yellow stuff. Immediately, and again for each round that the safe's contents are handled, there is a 50% chance that the mold sprays spores in a cone 10' long and 10' wide: save vs. poison or suffocate in six rounds. The person opening the safe takes 1d6 acid damage and his leather and wooden gear is destroyed; he continues to take 1d6 damage per round until he washes off the mold with at least a gallon of liquid. With the outer door open, a secret doors check can find the inner door and how to open it, but that takes 10 rounds. Contents: 1d100 gp, any potions currently in stock, rare ingredients worth 4d6 x 100 gp to another alchemist only, and a bottle of Type 9 Poison (AEC143) labeled "NEUT. P.": save vs. poison at +1 or die in one round; on successful save, take 25 hp damage anyway. During the day, the safe also holds 1d20 x 5 pp, 2d6 x 50 gp, a 1 in 4 chance of a Brinkley's draft to Banes for 500 gp, and a 1 in 6 chance of such a note worth 1,000 gp.

DEREK GODSWORN, MASTER WOODCARVER

It makes Godsworn, a Clever Sort, completely furious that Sapper Fiddleton remains in business, when Godsworn's own carving and painting skills are clearly superior. Godsworn makes a point of securing every possible commission out of sheer artistic pride. Customers respond to his obvious fervor by offering ridiculously small payments for their signs and carvings, and Godsworn owes over 400 gp in rent and money borrowed from Brinkley's for art supplies. The artist stands on the brink of begging for copper just to get drunk on Bun Shack swill.

About 1 day in 6, Godsworn's shop is closed and he is working at Kapner Joinery for barely enough coin to cover his interest payments.

Robbery: Well-used tools of all sizes, worth 1d6 x 50 gp to an artiste. 1d20 sp, 2d20 cp. The highly knowledgeable can make a Secret Doors check to find a ten-pound piece of precious wood worth 1d100 gp. If present, Godsworn may suicidally attack with a carving knife (1d4). At night, roll 1d4: on a 1 he is absent, on a 2 he is working, on a 3 he is asleep, and on a 4 he is unconscious from strong drink.

Adventure Seed: Godsworn, unshaven and reeking, staggers up to the PCs in a filthy, paint-stained smock. If they give him a chance to talk, he says that a shadow on the streetcorner just tried to stab him, then fled up the side of a building.

HELM OF THE HOB

Proprietor: Sir Holt Fessenden, Master-at-Arms.

Fessenden gives instruction in weapons and combat. He claims to hold a knightship from a baron in the island countries. His salle d'armes takes up the entire second floor above Derek Godsworn's workshop. Each ignores the other's noise, except when Godsworn is hungover, the stomping drives him roaring into the street and away. Training has no game effect unless the referee wishes, but Fessenden's is a good place for retainers to become 1st-level fighters, or for role-playing PCs to work out. Typical fees: 15 gp per session, or 1,000 gp for a year of lessons twice a week.

HOLT FESSENDEN: F3, 23 hp, STR 16, DEX 13, AC 7 (padding), two attacks: longsword (1d8+2) and dagger (-2 to hit, 1d4+2); thrown dagger: +1 to hit, 1d4+2, 10'/20'/30'.

Hirelings: 1d6 Men-at-Arms, but as a current employer is paying for their lessons, +1 on attempts to hire.

Robbery: 1d10 x 5 gp, 1d10 pp, and 1d3-1 Brinkley's drafts to Fessenden for 1,000 gp. Swords hang everywhere, and during the day, Fessenden fights back. He is too proud to call the guard unless greatly outnumbered.

Adventure Seed: A young orkin swordsman, Sarat, is challenging all comers, and beating them. Secretly, he is possessed by his sapient sword (LL121), a Chaotic *sword* +4 *defending* with INT 12, Psyche 12; Special Purpose: Humiliate human opponents; Special Power: Humans in melee with the wielder must save vs. spells each round or lose initiative.

KAPNER JOINERY

Proprietor: Master Carpenter Jas Kapner. Three apprentices.

Kapner's barn-like woodworking shop makes furniture in several levels of luxury, assembles and repairs carriages for the wealthy, and turns out decorative housework such as stairway spindles, window mullions, and moldings. In times of financial duress, Derek Godsworn does skilled piece-work here for unskilled wages; he resents every minute, while Kapner considers it charity.

Stock: A typical piece of pine furniture costs anywhere from 1 ep for a stool to 25 gp for a massive desk of many drawers. Similar work in finer materials costs 5 to 10 times as much.

Robbery: During the day, the simple wooden cashbox holds 3d6 x 25 gp in Brinkley's drafts plus 1d100 gp, 1d100 ep. Barn doors locked at night. Woodworking tools worth perhaps 500 gp and weighing 100 lbs. Stacks of Alpine logs, plus 2d20 ten-pound blocks of hardwood, each worth 2d6 gp.



POTTLEBY OVENS

Bakers: Lars and Markus Pottleby.

Coarse, wheaten bread: one pound loaf, 4 cp. Twelve loaves, 4 sp. The brothers arrive from their small townhouse before dawn and bake over 100 loaves; most customers come and go by mid-morning.

Robbery: During the day, 1d100 +300 cp, 3d12 sp. Lars hates and fears thieves and threatens anyone acting suspicious with a large cleaver. If present, Lars attempts to kill intruders, while his brother Markus tries to get him to flee.

SWAMP GATE (SOUTHERN)

At the southmost part of the town wall, thick rope cablework supports a sort of hidden drawbridge. From outside, it looks much like the rest of the wall. From inside, men with axes can quickly cut the key supports (2d4 rounds, divided by number of men), and a ten-foot wide section of wall falls out, forming a ramp for escaping citizens or a desperate sortie.

TRACTS BY LURCKE

Proprietor: Evan Lurcke.

Partly trained as a scribe, Lurcke makes a poor living reading and writing for those who cannot. His “store” consists of a tiny three-sided shack with a canvas awning that lowers to cover the front at night. He gathers a bit more income by discreetly providing salacious pamphlets to the menfolk. Most of his stock, he lifted from Cleghorne’s. The text-based pornography he recopies; the illustrated material lies beyond his abilities, and runs scarce, commanding a higher price. If the Temple of the Divine Purpose discovers his clandestine sales, they will probably drive him out of business. He knows only the Common Tongue, though he recognizes some other languages by sight.

✂ Documents read aloud: 1 sp per page

✂ Letters written: 2 sp per page

✂ Documents copied: 3 sp per page

Buying items from the “back library” requires a Hiring Roll if Lurcke doesn’t know the customer:

✂ “The Naughty Adventures of Nancy Nightgown” or a similar story: 4–8 pages, 1 ep

✂ “Lady M’s Illustrated Manual of the Arts of Love” or a similar work: 16 pages, 2d4 gp

Robbery: No alarm gong, no resistance. By day, 2d20 sp, 25% chance of 2d4 gp. Also 2d6+40 sheets of paper, 3d6 quill pens, small keg of ink, 2d12 salacious tracts, 1d4 illustrated tracts. By night, no cash.

TROTTER HOUSE

Proprietor: Devin Lewis.

A tired-looking boarding house, notable only for having three floors, Trotter House is owned and operated by the seemingly-crippled gambler Devin Lewis. A room rents for 7.5 gp per month, in advance, but the house offers no vacancies. Occupants include thieves working for the Brush, occasional transient assassins, a couple of freelance prostitutes, a dealer in Wild Honey (RGM7), and the notorious fence “Snickers.”

Inquisitive characters might pick up these rumors:

1. Shady characters like Trotter House.
2. Since Lewis can never go upstairs to check on his tenants, they can do whatever they like so long as they pay the rent.
3. Lewis likes to gamble at Wingfeathers (p43), Bantam House (p46), and the Myriadrome (p55).
4. He also makes his way discretely to Fidelis to bet on the vicious dog fights (p53).
5. Some say Lewis is Peter Robamonde’s brother, but possibly only because both men are fat.

There is much more that casual inquiry does not discover. See “Devin Lewis, Peter Robamonde, and the Brush,” p58.

Snickers: This human male sports a single yellow fang in his lower jaw; he has decorated it with gold inlay. Snickers receives visitors in his second-floor room. A first-level assassin listens from behind a door in case of trouble.

Characters can attempt to sell goods of mysterious provenance. Snickers can evaluate any item’s worth on a 1–17 out of 20; on an 18–19 he doesn’t know, but makes something up; on a 20, he grossly undervalues it. People he has not worked with before get +1 on the reaction roll to make a sale.

2d6±	Snickers’ offer
≤2	50% of value
3–5	25% of value
6–8	10% of value
9–12	Not interested
>12	Not interested. May take a dislike to the seller or suspect him of working with the Watch.

WATCH STATION (CRUIKSHANKS)

Complement: Four guards, one Guard Sergeant. Doubled during Second Shift (dusk to dawn). See p14.

Facilities: Signal horn, spare shields, truncheons, nets, and manacles. Public well. Daily gift of cheese or fruit from some merchant.

Response time: For an alarm gong, three guards and the Sergeant come running in 2d6 rounds. For a general ruckus, two guards arrive in 2d6+6 rounds.

KINSWALLOW

Run-down and crowded, “Kin’s Wallow” houses not only over a thousand orkin, but many humans who lack the means, acceptability, or desire to live in more reputable neighborhoods.

THE BRASS SHIELD

Proprietor: Jamoquil “Jimmy G” Gonfaldard, Clever Sort.

Jimmy G provides Brutes as private guards: 1 ep per day, 2d20 available. They work only in Lesserton. Each Brute has padded armor and a concealed sap (1d4, +1 for Strength, 75% temporary damage). Over the armor, each wears a black jacket with a small brass shield pin. The client must provide any other equipment. “Jimmy’s boys” turn a blind eye to most client shenanigans, but he instructs them to walk away from any job so vile that it could entangle the whole business in legal trouble.

Robbery: Unwise. The two-story offices are of sturdy construction with bars on the windows. 2d6 Brutes hang about at all hours except toward dawn, and the place holds only 150 sp in a wall safe. Jimmy travels with two Brutes and wears a chain shirt under his flashy cloak (AC 5), plus a long sword and a pair of manacles. As a matter of professional pride, he will never call for the town guard. His chain mail purse holds 1d100 gp and 1d100+20 sp.

Adventure Seed: Jimmy G needs extra toughs for a big event: the halfling wedding of respected engineer Lally Bilgedodge and a wealthy Eastron. The pay is terrible (1 ep each) but it could be a good contact. The Eastron halfling may not be who he claims. Did he find his identity in Cleghorne’s, or buy it from Untherous Plonk? Or is he really a major property owner in the lands around Kaye City?

BUN SHACK

Baker: Rasser Frasser, orkin.

Truly unpleasant “bread” made from random swamp-grass seeds and wild yeasts. Eaten only by the poorest folk. Half-pound bun: 1 cp. Subsisting on these buns for more than a week gives –2 on all saves until the character gets three days of rest and good food. Frasser also brews a vile beer, available in indifferently clean bladders for 1 sp the half-gallon. The beer tastes of raw leather and causes the runs for anyone not used to it.

Robbery: 3d20 cp and 2d4 sp. Frasser runs or cowers. If the Shack goes out of business, local orkin seek revenge.

Searching: No chance of adventure or love, but an orkin or half-orc can make a reaction roll without penalties to find out about something happening in Kinswallow, such as a crime, a rumor, or a private party just for his ilk.

Adventure Seed: Frasser accidentally allows YELLOW MOLD (LL103) to infect his open-air vats of dough and brew. It spreads from vat to vat day by day, unless destroyed.

FAT FANNY’S HUMP HUT

Proprietor: “Fat” Fanny Grupo, orkin Brute.

All welcome. Females on staff: 1d6 human, 1d4 orkin, 1d4–1 halfling. A door charge of 1 ep gets entry and a single cup of bad, watered wine; 1 sp for more. Patrons may choose a companion from the rowdy common room for 1d6+5 sp; encounters are brief and frequently hilarious. Sometimes a vendor wanders through selling Gronk sausages, 2 cp each or six for 1 sp.

Patrons: 1d4 human Brutes, 1d6 human Common Folk, 1d4 orkin Brutes, 1d4 orkin

Hirelings: With a Hiring Roll and 2d12 sp for drinks, 1d6 Porters, 1d4 Men-at-Arms.

Robbery: 3d20+60 sp and the opposition of clients present.

Searching: Useless.

Adventure Seed: A man in black armor has been sitting in the corner all night, not speaking or picking a friend. Fanny’s scared and seeks the PCs to help.

FIDELIS FIGHTING DOGS

Proprietor: Jenko Eastminster, Brute.

The yelps and barks of countless canines echo from this fenced yard with a pair of shacks, not far from the slaughterhouse. Here, Jenko Eastminster breeds big, tough dogs and trains them as guard animals: AC 6, HD 2+2, bite 2d4, Move 120' (40'), Saves F2, Morale 11, XP 35. At any given time he has 3d6 trained dogs for sale at 30 gp each, including the commands Stay, Come, and Attack.

Unless the customer knows how to train animals, Eastminster strongly recommends spending another 10 gp on a five-day familiarization process. The buyer visits every day and Eastminster teaches the dog to recognize and protect its new owner. This also adds the commands Guard, Take Down (non-lethal grapple), and Bay (keep a victim from going anywhere). No more than two dogs can be familiarized to a given owner per week.

Gambling: Eastminster hosts dog fights after hours, taking a cut of all bets. Such blood sport, while not illegal, is considered in poor taste. About once a week at midnight, 2d6 human Common Folk and 1d6 orkin Common Folk show up, 1d6 of them leading their own muzzled animals. Each carries 2d20 sp, plus a 50% chance of 1d20 ep, for betting on the fights, which go on until dawn. Usually, the losing dog dies and ends up in Gronk sausages, unless it fails a Morale check first and capitulates, and the victorious trainer can restrain his own beast in time. Eastminster keeps his own favorite fighter, a monster with 18 hp and Morale 12, and will take any challenger, to prove to himself the dog's continued right to stud privileges. If PCs wish to participate in the fights, each can roll his own animal's hp and attacks.

Hirelings: Attending a dog fight, characters can meet an animal trainer for hire who, unlike Eastminster, will travel.

Robbery: The yard contains 4d6 vicious dogs, while the 40 or so bitches and whelps also burst into insane barking at any intrusion. In Eastminster's one-room shack, a heavy crossbow hangs near at hand and his personal dog sleeps with him. In a lockbox under a trap door under his bed, Eastminster hoards 1d100+500 gp and a *potion of healing*. During the day, he keeps 1d100 gp with him in the whelping shack, where he does business.

Adventure Seed: Someone broke into the dog-yard, killed a couple of big males, and smashed open the breeding pen where Eastminster was confining some bitches in heat, ruining a round of careful breeding. The intruder apparently tried to start a fire as well, and the dead dogs were burned, then partially eaten by their surviving cohorts. Eastminster wants a full investigation but the Watch dislikes him. He will give each PC a free watch-dog with personal training if they

can find out who's to blame. The referee decides: was it a rival trainer, or a Hell Hound (LL81)? If the latter, what happens when the bitches give birth?

GRONK MAKE SAUSAGE

Proprietor: Gronk, orkin Brute. Workers: 1d4 Brutes and 1d4 Common Folk, all orkin.

The giant orkin known only as Gronk found a large grinder in the Ruins, originally meant for crushing stone. He set up business in a ramshackle warehouse near Russo's Tannery. Gronk buys any meat whatsoever, at a flat rate of 1 cp per pound, and sells sausages all over Lesserton. Identifiable intestines are twisted into casings; the rest goes into the hopper. An ever-changing staff of orkin work in the blood-soaked, fly-covered charnel house. Any non-orkin entering the building for the first time must save vs. poison or fall to violent vomiting for 1d10 rounds.

Robbery: By day, Gronk and his staff object; strongbox under pile of pig guts holds 1d20 gp, 2d100 sp, 2d6 x 100 cp. At night, Gronk puts the strongbox in a hollow in the earth and puts his filthy mattress over it, retiring with a jug of Bun Shack swill.

Adventure Seed: The next time a PC has a meal purchased anywhere in Lesserton, he finds a corroded copper ring in his sausage. It bears a strange symbol.

HERMETIC LABORATORY OF DOCTOR EERIE



Alchemist: Dale Sanders, bookish female Clever Sort.

Sanders poses as clerk for the unseen "Doctor Eerie," who does not exist. Sanders enjoys secret ties to the criminal underworld and a reasonable working relationship with Cranford Banes. She specializes in poisons and antidotes, but also sells "curatives" to the sick or neurotic.

- ✂ Purgative Draught, 1 gp (water and bitter grasses): Save vs. poison. On failure, vomit at once. On success, violent evacuation in 2d6 minutes.
- ✂ Restorative Draught, 10 gp (colored water, bitter herbs, and distilled alcohol): Grants 1 temporary hp for one hour; further doses cancel the effect. Also counts as a drink if using the detailed rules on p23.
- ✂ Potion identification: 50 gp, 75% accurate, 1 day.

Three “general” antidotes are always for sale, with 2d4 doses of each in stock. Each lasts one hour after drinking and counters any poison already in the system, but does not restore damage already taken.

- ✂ Antidote A counters spider venom. 200 gp
- ✂ Antidote O counters snake venom. 200 gp
- ✂ Antidote X counters venom of unnatural monsters. 500 gp

If using the detailed poisons from the Advanced Edition Companion (AEC143), Sanders offers two “specific” antidotes, available to anyone:

- ✂ Specific Eight counters Poison Type 8. 100 gp
- ✂ Specific Ten counters Poison Type 10. 1,000 gp in platinum, certified gems, or Brinkley’s draft

Sanders also makes two illegal poisons, secretly for sale via proper code words known only to thieves and assassins:

- ✂ Type 8, 1d3 doses available, 400 gp
- ✂ Type 10, 25% chance of 1 dose available. 2,000 gp in platinum or certified gems (no drafts)

Robbery: The colorful “curatives” line the oiled paper window, easy to grab. Sanders keeps a tray of 35 gold coins under the counter, coated with contact poison that makes the hands swell to double size and sends racking pains up the arms into the chest (Type 3, AEC143: save or take 30 hp in 1d4 rounds; success causes 10 hp instead). A locked cabinet (–10% to pick) holds the antidotes and specifics. A hidden panel hides another locked shelf space (–20% to pick), lined with lead and containing any Type 8 and Type 10 poisons on hand. General laboratory gear and supplies, very bulky and delicate to transport, could bring 2d4 x 100 gp from an alchemist. Should Sanders have more than 200 gp worth of cash to take to Brinkley’s at day’s end, she puts any platinum and gems in the hidden pockets of her thick undergarment (AC 8).

JOBBER’S LOT

By first light each day, laborers gather to mill around this dusty lot: 3d6 human Brutes, 1d6 orkin Brutes, and 1d4 halfling Clever Sorts. Employers come by during the morning and call for “six men,” “a couple halflings who can fit under a floor,” etc. Before noon, any who didn’t get work fade into town to look for a drink and a shady spot.

Hirelings: All present will work as Porters. For big projects, the workers can gather 1d20+20 additional men by the next day. On a Hiring Roll, the men can find 1d6 Men-at-Arms for the next morning.

TILLY’S TEA

The rachitic old crone Tilly sells barely palatable tea, brewed from swamp grasses, from a cart in the Jobber’s Lot: 1 cp per dirty cup. Half the time she also has miscellaneous little sausages from Gronk, 3 for 2 cp. On cold mornings, she does a fair business from any laborers with a little coin; on hot days, she brews the tea anyway.

Robbery: The jobbers protect her. Filthy purse tucked down front of dress: 3d20 coppers, or 1d10 in summer.

Adventure Seed: In a corner of the lot, pointedly ignored by the other men, a pale, thin young man waits for work in the ruins of very fine clothing. He attempts to look composed and stoic. His hands are soft and uncalledous.

MAMA HAYBORN’S HOME AWAY FROM HOME

Proprietor: “Mama” Robinetta Hayborn, orkin Brute.

Truly bottom-of-the-barrel accommodations. No one gets past the doorman, one of Mama’s numerous Brute sons by one father or another, without showing a silver’s worth of cash, which Mama promptly collects. Past the miniscule office and lobby lies a single giant room cluttered with 3d20 sleeping bodies (1d10 during the day), each with its own special noises and smells. Every 2d10 days the boys throw some new straw on the dirt floor, but the fresh scent doesn’t last long. At about noon, four Hayborn Brutes throw open the big barn doors and drive through the room shouting, kicking, and beating everyone outside. The hard cases who won’t wake up get tossed out like sacks of manure. To enter again requires another 10 coppers, and many of the inmates depart immediately for corners where they hope to scare up that much, plus the price of a drunk. Anyone who sleeps at Mama’s gets patted down the first night; any objection is met with derisive amusement by all conscious occupants. If you have anything worth stealing, why would you sleep here?

Robbery: Robbing the place yields 4d20 gp in change and the undying enmity of at least a half-dozen Hayborn Brutes. Day or night, 1d4 are on hand to resist.

Adventure Seed: One morning, the great sleeping floor is completely empty (except for any PCs). What happened to the many regular denizens?

THE MYRIADROME

Extremely popular daily centipede racing in a huge, barn-like structure (see cover illustration). Entry: 1 ep. Races nightly at the Night Bell. Within, a crowd surrounds the sand pit race track, against the low fence that usually keeps the verminous racers from lunging into the audience. Five GIANT CENTIPEDES run each race (LL68). Each is defined by two colors painted on its back in three stripes; for example, red-black-red or white-blue-white. The trainers are known as “Centurions” because each commands 100 foot.

The referee rolls or chooses odds from this chart:

3d6	Odds	Mod	Colors (optional)
3–4	5:2	–8	Red-Black-Red
5–6	2:1	–5	White-Blue-White
7–8	5:3	–3	Orange-White-Orange
9	4:3	–1	Blue-Red-Blue
10–11	5:4	+0	Yellow-Black-Yellow
12	3:2	–2	Red-Yellow-Red
13–14	7:4	–4	Yellow-Blue-Yellow
15–16	7:3	–7	Orange-Blue-Orange
17–18	3:1	–10	White-Black-White

Each player decides what stake to place, with a minimum of as many sp as the denominator of the odds. That is, to bet at 5:2, the player must put up 2 sp or a multiple of 2. He can bet on any or all centipedes. At race time, each centipede rolls a d20, modified per the chart. The referee rolls for any centipedes that the players haven’t bet on, but a player can roll for his own champion! The winner pays off at the stated ratio. In event of a two-way tie, each winner pays off at half rate, which is poor compensation but better than outright losing. For example, two centipedes, rated at 3:2 and 5:4, tie. They pay off at 1.5:2 and 2.5:4 respectively, so bettors on the first receive 1.5 sp for each 2 sp bet; bettors on the second receive 2.5 sp for each 4 put down. Any fraction under 1 cp goes to the house. Betting in gold instead of silver requires a Hiring Roll to find a well-off bookie.

Bookmaking, fisticuffs, and pocket-picking (p12) crop up often in the crowd of cheering bettors. Vendors circulate with cups of cheap beer for 1 sp. Total attendance: 2d100+30, about 85% human, 10% orkin, and 5% halfling.

Robbery: 5d6 x 100 sp in a massive steel lockbox, well-guarded by four Brutes and two clerks. Picking the pocket of a random bettor: 2d20 sp.

Adventure Seed: The PCs get to know a centurion named “Hardtack,” who keeps running into trouble. See “Deadly Chances,” p61.

RITTER’S HOG PEN

Master Butcher: Hank Ritter, Brute. Apprentices: Dolt Ramsbottom, Finster Tubb, and the Brute “Little” Ralf Whistle.

Collection point for pigs and sheep brought to market for slaughter. The squealing, manure stench, and periodic death-shrieks create a strong impression. Ritter pays about 1 sp per 10-lb. weight on the hoof, and chops up the animals according to demand. Those with strong stomachs can buy raw meat here at wholesale prices: 1 gp per 25 lbs., 3d6 x 50 lbs. available.

Robbery: Daytime: Stubborn resistance by Ritter; 1d100 gp and 1d100 sp, deposited at Brinkley’s each night. At night, no cash, but 5d20 hogs and 3d6 sheep, none inclined to silence if woken.

Adventure Seed: See “Sign of the Boar,” p44.

RUSSO’S TANNERY

Proprietor: Bannock “Binky” Russo. Three Brute assistants.

Situated so the prevailing wind blows the smell over the walls and south toward Swampton, this small tannery mostly works wholesale. They can provide a set of heavy hides to wear for protection: 2 gp, 20 lbs., AC 8.

Robbery: By day, annoyed resistance and 3d100 sp. By night, only a bad smell, four large wooden vats of unpleasant liquids, and 2d6 x 100 lbs. of hides.

Adventure Seed: A petty thief’s partly-tanned body, weighted with bags of sand, turns up in the bottom of a curing vat.

SWAMP GATE (WESTERN)

A hidden exit ramp in the town’s palisade wall, like the Southern Swamp Gate (p51).

TASSO’S MUSEUM OF THE LIFELIKE

Proprietor: Tasso Plumb, younger brother to the respected engineer Robert Plumb (p42).

A taxidermy shop with a few stuffed creatures on display: a giant crab spider, the head of a higher baboon, a pair of two-foot blue lizards, a giant ferret, and a hanging mobile of five normal bats. Tasso can expertly stuff and mount exotic creatures for 50 gp per HD. Small animals run 2d6+10 gp.

Most of Plumb's business comes from preserving corpses for funerals. To merely wrap a poor man for the swamp he charges only 5 gp. Preparing a good-looking corpse for more formal interment costs 100 gp. Rarely, a mage orders a body mummified: 400 gp, 1 week, body never decays but becomes highly flammable and suitable for creating a MUMMY (LL89) with *animate dead*. On the quiet, Tasso occasionally sells meat to Gronk Make Sausage.

Adventure Seed: A man buried in the swamp several days ago appears walking around town by night in an ordinary way, even finding a seat in Valnhalla and wordlessly awaiting service for a while before wandering away. Tasso did the mortuary preparations for this man, and for other revenants that occur on later nights.

TEMPLE OF THE DIVINE PURPOSE ("Temple of Law")

High Priest of Law: Grand Ecclesiarch Ezekiel Force, ancient 7th-level cleric. Two Subalterns: Mother Fabia Isolene (4th), Father Risko Butternik (3th). Two Advocati (2nd): Brother Theo Pottleby, Brother Winton Faynard. Six Initiates: 1st-level clerics.

Originally a modest, two-story wooden building, the Temple now presents an impressive appearance. Over decades, the finest marble and architectural details salvaged from the Ruins have gone to decorate and expand the temple, cleverly enough that it takes a close look to spot the many unrelated patterns and materials.

The Temple of the Divine Purpose serves the idea of order in the universe and society, and thus honors all Lawful deities, at least those of human aspect. The High Priest officiates at important civil events, such as the announcement of mayoral election results or visits by royalty. Otherwise he keeps to his meditorium and his books of holy law. Mother Fabia meets with important supplicants and otherwise administers the temple's daily affairs.

One evening a week, the main hall fills to capacity with around 600 people: mostly human women and their smaller children, about 75 male humans, and a couple of ambitious

halfling families. Even the thousands of Lessers who don't attend services mostly acknowledge the Temple's moral stature, if only because of the "Hammer of Law": a hammer-headed *staff of healing* (LL115) chained to the main altar and kept in a golden sconce. At evening services each day, a cleric wields the Hammer to give 1d6+1 hp healing to anyone in need, advising the patient to "Go and act in the ways of the Law." The Hammer only works once a day on each person.

In a dimly-lit room, 2d6 Wild Honey addicts (RGM7) lie at any given time, going through withdrawal; each receives a touch of the Hammer to counteract the day's wracking pains.

The priests also offer more powerful healing magic to those in need, but they make strong demands in return. They make heavy use of the spell *quest* (LL24), an important part of their doctrine of imposing the divine purpose on a chaotic world. Characters receiving healing spells of level 3 or above will receive a *quest* to accomplish some task important to Law. The recipient is instructed not to resist (no save); if the *quest* spell fails, the cleric may refuse the healing or even ban the character from the Temple. In addition, a character under a *quest* who attempts to ignore it suffers a *curse* (reverse of *bles*s, LL20): the first time he enters combat each day, he suffers dizziness inflicting -1 initiative, -1 to hit, -1 damage, and -1 on morale checks (NPCs) for one hour. This happens every day that the character avoids pursuing his *quest* goal.

Quests are of a difficulty commensurate with the healing. Examples: Expediting the arrest and punishment of a notorious criminal; recovering a holy relic from the Ruins; laying a troublesome ghost; eradicating a Chaotic priest and his followers. Anything requiring the attention of the Grand Ecclesiarch commands a mighty quest indeed. Characters can sometimes persuade the Temple to accept major magic items in lieu of *quests*. They do not like taking money, for reasons of dogma, and it takes a lot to convince them to accept cash for spells.

Holy Ground, High Mass, and Clerical Spellcasting: Like holy establishments in many large towns, the Temple of the Divine Purpose has been in continual use by the same religion for centuries. After a minimum of 100 years of such use, with no desecrations interrupting, such holy ground can acquire special powers. While in the building, the High Priest casts spells as if one level higher. While at the main altar in the

GUIDELINES: REPAYING THE TEMPLE FOR SPELLCASTING

Spell level (caster)	Sample task	Item donation, or	Cash donation
1 st (Advocatus)	Listen to Lecture	—	500 gp
2 nd (Father Butternik)	Errand in Town	Potion or Scroll	2,500 gp
3 rd (Mother Isolene)	<i>Quest:</i> Trip to the Ruins	Magic weapon	10,000 gp
4 th (Grand Ecclesiarch)	<i>Quest:</i> Discover Truth of a Legend	Major miscellaneous item	50,000 gp
5 th (High Mass)	<i>Quest:</i> Conquer Chaotic Cult	Minor artifact	100,000 gp

main hall, the second-ranking priests also cast spells as if one level higher; in this case, only Fabia Isolene. High Mass increases the High Priest's bonus to two levels. This ritual requires at least 500 lay worshippers, at least as many assisting clerics as the level the High Priest seeks, and four hours of prayers in the main hall. In the Temple of the Divine Purpose, a High Mass allows the Grand Ecclesiarch to act as 9th level and thus cast *raise dead*. Player characters might benefit from this power, but in addition to the quest requirements, the Temple refuses to perform the rite if the recipient is known as a Chaotic or reprobate, and a person with a bad reputation in Lesserton will not draw the needed 500 worshippers.

Hirelings: A normal Hiring Roll finds a 1st-level cleric available for a local adventure that generally furthers the purpose of Law.

Adventure Seed: Due to a generous donation (possibly from a PC), the Temple seeks a new artwork to hang above the altar: a large carved mural with the sun beaming down on orderly orchards, hard-working peasants, neat castles, and other symbols of correct behavior. The artist chosen stands to make a great deal of money. Derek Godsworn hears, incorrectly, that Sato Fiddleton has received the commission, and sets out to defile the Temple in a fit of mad revenge.

WATCH STATION (KINSWALLOW)

Complement: Four guards, one Guard Sergeant. Doubled during Second Shift (dusk to dawn). See p14.

Facilities: Stone fort with reinforced door and crenellated roof. Roof-mounted ballista (p28). Rooftop fire ring with wood and oil in a shed. Barrels of water, 25 days' dried rations. Signal horn, spare shields, truncheons, nets, and 12 sets of manacles. Small barred cell inside fort.

Response time: Sergeant carries a whistle to call for backup. All guards carry manacles. For an alarm gong, two guards and a Sergeant approach cautiously in 3d6 rounds. For a general ruckus, three guards and a Sergeant arrive in 3d6+6 rounds. At night, the Sergeant carries a lantern and each guard has a torch.

Nobody wants to work the Kinswallow station. The bribes are terrible and the non-humans distrust the Guard, not without reason. The current Night Shift Sergeant, Elburr Sivap, stoically accepts his post, expecting no better. For years he has advocated including full-blood orkin in the Guard force, not out of liberal sentiment but to improve relations with the populace. As a result of Sivap's outspoken ideas, Chief Songbelay dislikes him and takes every opportunity to make his career difficult.

WENTON'S ORIGINAL INN AND YARD

Proprietor: Willem Wenton, Common Folk.

"The Original" is nothing of the kind. "Willy" used to run the Inn and Yard currently owned by his former wife Jasmine. In a series of events that still confuse him, the two got married, fought constantly, and split up, with the Chief of the Watch himself stepping in to tell Willy not to show up at the Inn any more. Bewildered, but knowing no other trade, the man opened a near-identical establishment in a less desirable location. The Original imitates Jasmine's services, but attracts a sparser and less respectable clientele and thus a less assiduous staff. Wenton currently does his own cooking and would gratefully accept any new cook. Servers: Teeter Partridge, an obvious idiot, and Carla Tumbledown, a known hussy. Potboy and stableboy: The languorous and corruptible Thatcher Reed. Maids: Rooter Wade, orkin, and Solla Whiskerville, an older drunk who seldom shows up except to cadge advance wages.

Rates: 4 sp per person for a double room; management may sell the second bed if it's empty. Meal of bean soup and hard bread: 2 sp. Ale, watered, 1 sp the pint. Stabling: 1 ep, but without a 2 sp bribe to Thatcher Reed, the beast will probably not be fed.

Patrons: 1d4 Eastron farmers, 1d4-1 local halfings drinking, 1d4 lowlifes, 2 in 6 chance of a party of Adventurers.

Gambling: Tosspottle in the alley, or in the common room if not crowded. Blind Painters game in progress on a 1-2 out of 6, or one can be struck up with a reaction roll of 5 or better.

Robbery: Employees flee at once. Wenton's many requests for an alarm gong have met with continuing delays. Wooden box with cheap lock (+15% to pick) containing 1d100 sp.

Searching: Finding adventure at -6. Finding love at -5. Additional -2 for non-humans. Cost: 1d2 gp per hour. Common room open for 5 hours after sunset. A Love roll made by 3 or less means a visiting professional: additional 1d6 gp cost and save vs. poison or wake up in Mama Hayborn's with nothing but undergarments. A Love roll made by exactly 4 brings Carla Tumbledown to the PC's room; she forces no saving throw but may pick up anything clearly valuable, portable, and unwatched.

Adventure Seed: Masked figures break into Jasmine Blakely-Wenton's in the Market Square, stealing sheets, forks, bottles of wine, and even stools. The stolen items turn up in a pile Willy Wenton's common room, but he knows nothing of how or why.

WHIZZLE RESEARCH

Proprietor: Rattlepate “Ratso” Whizzle, halfling investigator.

Ratso Whizzle: 3rd-level thief: DEX 16, INT 14, 9 hp, AC 6 (padded armor), two daggers, Morale 10. Thief abilities: Pick Locks 37%, Find/Remove Traps 30%, Pick Pockets 40%, Move Silently 45%, Climb Walls 79%, Hide in Shadows 95%, Hear Noise 1–3.

Whizzle specializes in trailing targets, reconnoitering by stealth, eavesdropping, and otherwise quietly investigating. He charges 15 gp per day, plus expenses. Ratso is Lawful: he obeys his own notions of honesty. Should he decide not to pursue a client’s aims, for example by failing a Morale roll, he immediately tells them so and stops taking money.

Whizzle knows of the Brush, and suspects that a wealthy property owner controls them, but has avoided appearing interested in the details.

Adventure Seed: Someone is paying Ratso to tail the PCs and make extremely detailed reports on their movements. Also, if a PC gets arrested for murder, Ratso shows up the next morning at the Justiciary and offers his investigative services. See “Justice,” page 14.

DEVIN LEWIS, PETER ROBAMONDE, AND THE BRUSH

Several businesses in Lesserton with “absentee ownership” secretly belong to a single owner. For these establishments, the property, control of the business, and all profits belong to Devin Lewis, a reclusive figure of great wealth. Largely through the figurehead of Peter Robamonde, Lewis owns the Parloury, Sign of the Boar, Sign of the Kobold, nearly half the townhouses in the Heights, three blocks in Cruikshanks, and some tracts in Kinswallow. However, the connection is well hidden. Few know of Lewis; those who do think him a crippled boarding house keeper with a weakness, and a talent, for gambling.

Attempts to track ownership of a business require a hiring roll and a bribe to a clerk in the Justice Building, who can allow a day’s access to deed records for 2d6 x 10 gp. Each day allows an attempt to roll INT or less on a d20; a magic-user adds +2 to his INT. A success finds relevant documents. The deeds list various owners, such as “The Society for the Benefit of Madam R’s Grandchildren” and “The Bristleman Providential Association.” In turn, another bribe and another

day’s research show those organizations to be account holders at Brinkley’s. The staff at Brinkley’s are far too discreet to allow access to account information, and security is tight. Only mind reading, invisible reconnaissance, or similarly supernatural abilities could gain access to the facts: each account holds 3d6 x 1,000 gp and can be accessed only by Peter Robamonde or his duly authorized representative.

Tracking down Robamonde is easy enough: he lives in a beautiful, double-sized townhouse in the Heights and is known to dine nightly at the Sign of the Boar (p44). In person, Robamonde is enormously fat, bland, smiling, and seemingly an idiot. He rarely speaks; accompanying servants make his needs known.

Hunting for rumors (p10) about Robamonde can have two effects. Success reveals one of the facts below. A failed roll alerts the shadowy group known as the Brush, and they begin watching the PC who made inquiry. Two thieves of first level take turns tracking the character for at least a week after his last attempt to find information.

Rumors of Robamonde

1. That’s not his real name. (I)
2. He only pretends to be stupid. (F)
3. He owns the Sign of the Boar and won’t allow them to serve pork. (Mostly T)
4. His grandmother made a fortune dealing in properties in town. (F)
5. Robamonde takes care of a crippled brother. (Almost T)
6. He’s never seen to give orders or conduct business. (I)

PETER ROBAMONDE (born Peter Rippin): STR 13, DEX 6, CON 18, INT 4, WIS 3, CHA 9, AC 10, 11 hp, Move 20', Saves F0.



If watching Robamonde’s house, the PCs fall under surveillance themselves. At all times, one second-level thief observes the townhouse from a rooftop shelter across the street. At night, this lookout is a full orkin with 30' infravision. Any Brush thieves already following the PCs will check in with the lookout; otherwise he assigns two thieves to track anyone who seems to be watching the house. Should a character actually approach the house by stealth, the watchman pulls a cord to ring an alarm gong at street level. The guards respond quickly (1d3+2 rounds) to any alarm at Master Robamonde’s house, because he is rich, causes no trouble, and has a staff that freely distributes gratuities.

Servants come and go from the townhouse. Rarely, every 2d10 days, a group of four armed men travel to Brinkley's, guarding a clerk and a Brute porter carrying a chest. The clerk, with a dated document, a key, and a code phrase, can access Robamonde's accounts. Going to Brinkley's the chest is 75% likely to carry 1d100+250 sp and 1d100+100 ep, many of them collected at Shawm Coinery (p32). Returning from the bank, the chest is 50% likely to contain 1d100+50 gp and 1d20+25 pp, but never silver or electrum. The guards have studded leather armor (AC 8), light crossbows, saps, and short swords. The clerk carries a portable alarm gong, which takes him a round to set up.

The Brush

Lesserton has no thieves' guild. If the cutpurses and footpads follow any organizing principle at all, it's their tacit understanding with the Watch. Skimming off some cash that might otherwise leave town is tolerated, but killings and running wild are bad for business and result in rapid crackdowns.

Devin Lewis, however, employs a cadre of thieves, spies, and assassins, and this group jokingly calls itself "the Brush." Some say the name is short for "brush with death," since the group victimizes folk but avoids killing. Others smirk, "We're all tarred with the same brush."

Like a guildmaster, Lewis takes a cut of any thefts, usually one-fifth. However, he also pays wages, because the main purpose of the Brush is to watch over Lewis' properties and secrets. His men are more likely to ambush other thieves than citizens or tourists, and most Lesserton underworlders know to avoid inconveniencing certain businesses.

Devin Lewis

Lewis secretly dwells within the double townhouse belonging to Robamonde, who is his magically-charmed thrall. Robamonde lives in a small front suite, while Lewis occupies luxurious quarters insulated by locked secret doors, alarms, and guards. His servants operate under his magical *charm*: a chef, a maid, a valet, and the Brute who accompanies Lewis as bodyguard. Lewis comes and goes through an underground passage, leading to a run-down boarding house on the border of the Heights and Cruikshanks: Trotter House, p51.

Trotter House never has rooms available, for in addition to Lewis' ostensible office and residence, it secretly serves as the headquarters of the Brush. As far as the Watch and the neighbors know, Lewis owns and runs the building but cannot monitor his tenants closely because he can never go upstairs. Thus, should any thief be traced to his boarding

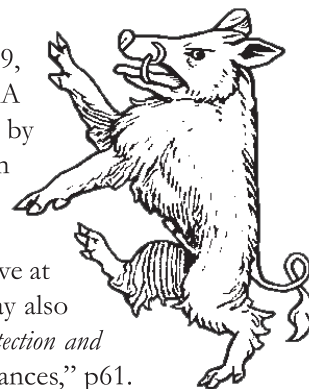
room, Lewis could escape complicity. Nonetheless, the Brush members take steps to avoid shadowers when they report for meetings and payments.

Lewis appears in public occasionally, limping along at a move of 10' per round and leaning heavily on a crutch. Even the Brushers think him crippled, but Devin Lewis gets his exercise chasing victims across the swamp by moonlight, for he is a DEMON BOAR (LL69). From another excavation below Robamonde's house, a narrow tunnel runs out to the swamp. The swamp entrance is a rough pit 15' deep with a spiked bottom (1d6+1 damage for a fall plus 1d3 spikes at 1d4 each). A remarkable assortment of covered floor-daggers, dense spear-gantlets, and sharp wires congest the passage: moving every 10 feet in anything under a round incurs the equivalent of an attack by a 0-level fighter, doing 1d6 damage. Lewis pushes past all these dangers at full speed, for no normal weapon can harm his cursed flesh. Lewis changes to boar form involuntarily during the three nights of the full moon, and can switch forms voluntarily at other times. If pursued on the moor, he runs to the Field of Truth (p26), its anti-magic field always in effect under the full moon. The field cancels his *charm person* and his ability to change back to human form, but he retains his invulnerability.

Risky Business: Devin Lewis has many powers, but also certain weaknesses: greed for material wealth, a craving to dine on human flesh, and a habit of enjoying the gambling games that Lesserton offers. A few nights each week, he hobbles to a game table somewhere in town. He insists on gold for the stakes and won't take silver or electrum.

d20	Locale	Game
1	Fidelis Fighting Dogs (p53)	Dog fight
2-3	Bantam House (p46)	Quist
4-5	Wingfeathers (p43)	Blind Painters
6-8	Myriadrome (p55)	Centipede Races
9-18	Stays in that night	
19-20	Out hunting in the Swamp in boar form	

DEVIN LEWIS: STR 16, DEX 9, CON 16, INT 18, WIS 18, CHA 16, 9 HD, 90 hp, damaged only by silver or magical weapons. Human form: AC 9, Move 120' (30' limping). Boar form: AC 3, Move 180'. *Charm person* 3/day, save at -2. 500 gp in jewelry, 100 gp. May also carry an *amulet of proof against detection and location* (AEC91); see "Deadly Chances," p61.



MORE ADVENTURE SEEDS

- Someone offers a PC 1d6 x 10 gp to open a gate at Ritter's Hog Pen (p55) in the middle of the night. If the character follows through, dozens of sheep and hogs escape and roam throughout Kinswallow, chased by entire orkin families.
- Someone offers the PCs 1d4 x 100 gp to sneak into Tollman Shoe Barn (p41) and wreck things.
- Someone offers the PCs 15 gp for each silver dagger they steal from the Thirsty Blade (p40).
- A holy font in the Ruins still flows, but stirges and strangle weed have taken it over. The Temple of the Divine Purpose wants someone to clear it.
- The Planners Guild (p42) sends the PCs to recover the body of an engineer from a collapsed excavation in the Ruins. They really want the highly valuable Brinkley's pin they loaned him.
- A masked halfling pays the PCs to take a sack of small stones into the Ruins and scatter them in a specific area of muddy rock: 100 gp down and another 100 gp when the job's done. The rocks look ordinary, but closer inspection shows them to be unusually heavy, with sparkling motes in them. A knowledgeable person recognizes lumps of silver ore, worth a total of perhaps 50 gp.
- Wild Honey addiction spreads, with addicts becoming virtual slaves to the suppliers. "Snickers" (p51) may know who controls the supply, but he's not talking.
- As a PC acquires a good reputation, a group of citizens implore him to run for Mayor.

The illustration of Lesserton below, while not to scale, shows the general layout of the neighborhoods and the major buildings in each. Note the Execution Platform next to the bell tower and the locations of the Swamp Gates.

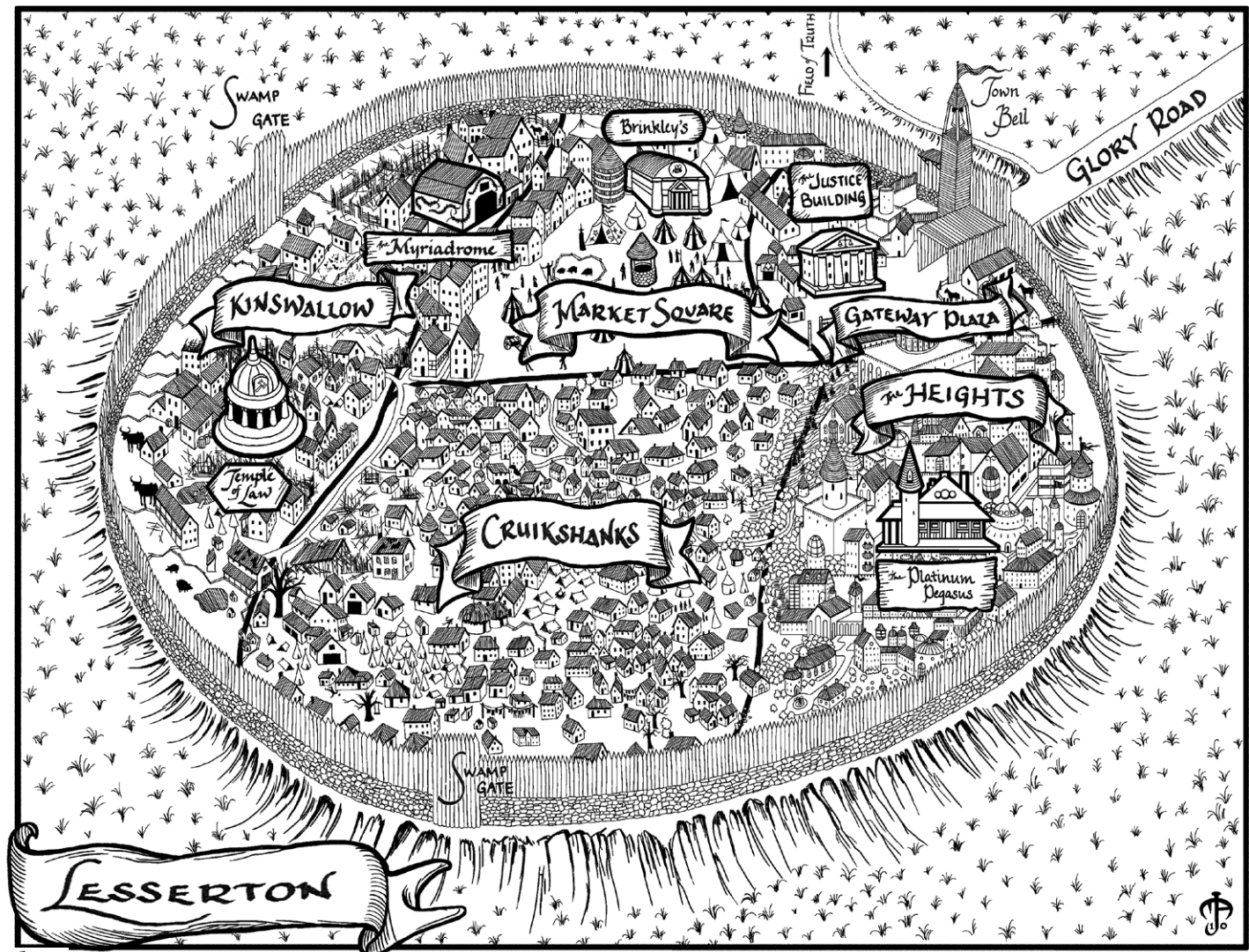


Illustration by Mark Allen. Calligraphy by Shelley Harlan.

DEADLY CHANCES

An Adventure in Lesserton

by Jeff Sparks and Joel Sparks

“Deadly Chances” takes the form of a multiple murder mystery. The villain is Devin Lewis, but he will be hard to find out and even harder to defeat.

Setup

To catch players’ interest, the referee can introduce one or two of the victims-to-be over the course of multiple prior play sessions.

Hardtack: PCs who spend time at the Myriadrome (p55) get to know Zevil “Hardtack” Clinch, ’pede-handler. One night, looking for someone new to town and well-funded, Hardtack takes a PC aside and offers a deal: for a surefire tip that will come in at 3:1, he and the PC will split the winnings. The PC is to place 100 gp or more on a ’pede named by Hardtack; a win doubles the PC’s money after paying the original stake to Hardtack. If the PC agrees, Hardtack whispers “White-Black-White.” He surreptitiously doses that notoriously slow ’pede with a liquid given him by an agent of the Brush, changing its modifier for odds of winning from -10 to +10 for the crucial few rounds. This rare *potion of speed* comes from Devin Lewis, who has far more substantial bets in place and has already arranged compensation for Hardtack. The centurion, however, can’t let these odds go by without arranging for a little profit on the side, even though he’s forbidden to bet on races he works. Unfortunately, Devin Lewis notices the large PC bet, and becomes unhappy with Hardtack’s lack of discretion.

Worse, Hardtack should only have given half the dose. Under the full dose the creature’s speed is clearly unnatural, and the thing curls up and dies 5d4 rounds after dosing. If the W-K-W centipede beats the second-place bug by more than 9 on the roll, suspicion falls on Hardtack’s employer, “Death Wiggle Racers,” meaning its owner Chaz Denner, a Clever Sort. Any substantial bet on W-K-W then comes under scrutiny, but unlike the PCs, Lewis spread his bets around to allay suspicion, and none are under his name. Hardtack is suspended from Myriadrome work pending investigation. The PCs must talk fast and offer at least 10% of their winnings as a fine to prevent banning from the ’Drome (reaction roll).

Horatia: Any PC with money to spend and an inclination for carousing hears about Bantam House (p46). The best Quist player on staff is Horatia Craftwood (INT 16, CHA 16), a beauty who plays to win and usually does. Going only by her first name, Horatia beats her eager clients at cards so often that she’s hardly a whore at all any more, as very few ever “collect.” About one night in ten, Devin Lewis shows up to play, and when they partner, none can stand against them. When they oppose, and he wins, she is still off the hook, as he never demands favors and could not go upstairs anyway with his crippled legs. One night, a player interested in gambling for Life Experience (p17) gets a chance to choose one of them for a partner. Of course, if he wishes to extract services from Horatia, he must partner with Lewis to oppose her. A Bantam employee named Brilla (INT 13) makes the fourth.

A Note on Timing

Because the murders in this adventure are tied to lycanthrope activity, they occur during the full moon: three days out of each month. By default, the adventure begins the morning after Hardtack’s death. That night, Horatia dies. The next night, Nestor is pushed into the Pit Fight. If the PCs don’t stop the murders, Eastminster is led to his doom at the next full moon. If the referee prefers an episodic mystery, perhaps seperated by other adventures, the incidents can all be spaced a month apart instead.

Victim	When killed
Grazi the Grappler	One month ago
Hardtack the Centurion	Night one
Horatia the Whore	Night two
Nestor the Clerk	Night three
Eastminster the Dog-Wrangler	One month later

Death of a Centurion

The PCs learn that Hardtack is dead, and Myriadrome officials are offering reward for information. Hardtack disappeared last night, along with an important lockbox belonging to the ’Drome. While most bets are in silver, some more valuable metals accrue, and the officials lock them in this “golden box” for transport to Brinkley’s. Hardtack’s disemboweled body was found on the edge of the swamp early in the morning, with no sign of the box. The owners of the ’Drome have offered a 500 gp reward for finding the killer, dead or alive, plus 10% of any recovered monies. The referee can vary that amount as necessary to get the PCs interested.

Investigating: At the Myriadrome

Hours before race time, punters and bookies fill the 'Drome. The owners and the trainers are busy with cages of giant centipedes, and other creatures for bait. Chaz Denner, Hardtack's former supervisor, has little time to speak to the PCs, but if they seem in earnest about solving the mystery, he spares a moment to tell them what little he knows.

- ✦ Hardtack was a good worker, and skilled at handling the creatures, but none too bright.
- ✦ He sometimes liked to place bets on the races, which employees are not allowed to do. In fact he was recently suspended, but eventually brought back on board.
- ✦ He was at work that day, same as usual, but finished his shift well before closing.
- ✦ No one the pit boss has spoken to saw Hardtack return that night, but the place was crowded.
- ✦ No one noticed the cash box was gone until morning. It was a sturdy steel box stamped with centipede designs.

Through his Brush informants, Devin Lewis very quickly hears that the PCs are asking questions. As he *charmed* Hardtack into stealing the money, and then killed him on the moors, he wishes to discourage investigation. Later that night, or the next time the PCs attend a race, a drunk in the crowd trips and spills a flagon of ale, dousing up to three of the characters. The ale smells foul and the drunk staggers off complaining of his lost drink. The "ale" contains a phomonal female centipede musk. On the start of the next race, three of the five competing centipedes ignore the staked-out giant fly and swarm out of the arena, heading straight for the scented PCs. In each of the next five rounds, there is a 1 in 4 chance of another male centipede breaking loose and charging into the crowd. After that, the centurions have the cages locked down. The creatures are standard examples of the breed (LL68) but are all in prime condition (full 4 hp each). They bite anyone who seems to be stopping them from getting to the source of the scent, especially the PCs who are "hiding" the female.

Careful questioning afterwards may reveal that someone placed a side bet that a spectator would get bitten, at very attractive odds. Such bets are typical, but they rarely pay off. Bribery might cause a clerk to reveal that the lucky bettor was Devin Lewis, who seldom resists a gamble.

Aftermath (optional): After the ruckus, the owners wish a word with the party. They believe the PCs were deliberately trying to rig the race and it backfired on them. Fourteen prime racers were lost in the trampling and the PCs must make amends by either paying 100 gp for each dead centipede, or by finding a clutch of at least 14 centipede eggs in the Ruins and bringing them back to the 'Drome.

Further Clue: The substance splashed on the PCs at the Myriadrome is difficult to distill. Careful questioning of centipede owners and the trainer reveals that several days before the incident, Dr. Eerie's alchemy shop purchased several female centipedes from three stable-owners. At the Laboratory, the PCs may be able to persuade Dale to admit that she made a pint of female 'pede essence for a customer, who paid in gold and appeared only while wearing a mask. It was a member of the Brush, acting on Lewis' orders.

A Loss at Bantam House

The day after Hardtack's body was found, a guard in the gate tower notices a busy cluster of scavenger birds out in the swamp. He alerts his lazy sergeant, who asks the nearby PCs to take a look. The birds surround the small, savaged body of a slender woman in the remains of good clothes. It is Horatia, the popular girl from Madam W's Bantam House.

Investigating: At Bantam House

Zippia, the front desk clerk at Bantam House, knew Horatia well. They joined Bantam at about the same time and the dead girl tried unsuccessfully to help Zippia learn the finer points of some games. "She were a good soul," says the girl, dabbing her eyes and smearing the kohl in the process. "Could always tell how to treat a customer. Sometimes they wants a little flirt over the tables, sometimes they morelike be really into the game. Horatia could always tell and gave them what they wanted; except to win. She always played to win, but polite-like, you know? Master Brinkley himself would come just to play Quist with her. He won't come no more since she died, I warrant; wouldn't want to play no one else. Almost no one beat Horatia, 'cept maybe Master Lewis, and then only once or twice. Of course, they say he used to be a sharp, so that's not so strange."

Horatia had several regulars. About two weeks ago, one of them gave her a pearl pendant as gift, and if treated at all well, Zippia lets his name slip: Blake Swenson, manager of the Platinum Pegasus.

Horatia wore the jewel at work, and PCs might even recall seeing it. She seldom went out, and when she did, her jewelry remained locked up in her personal lockbox. The lockbox shows no signs of forcing or picking, and the key was on her body. The other jewels (2d6 x 100 gp worth) remain, but the pendant is gone. Unknown to Swenson or Horatia, it was an *amulet of proof against detection and location* (AEC91).

Investigating: At the Platinum Pegasus

At first, Blake Swenson refuses to take time out of his schedule to talk to the PCs, but if they begin to say anything about Horatia or Bantam House, he frantically shushes them and conducts them into his office. (A player who states that he looks around carefully will see Forester Greelwood nearby, smoking his pipe and apparently not listening.) Swenson is not anxious to bruit about his patronage habits, as he is engaged to a wealthy family's daughter. In fact, it was with his prospective father-in-law's money that he went jewelry shopping. The story unfolds thusly:

- ✦ About 15 days ago, Swenson went to the Fox & Dog Lapidary to buy a wedding ring for his bride-to-be, with 100 platinum coins provided by her father to do the thing right.
- ✦ While he sat with Virgil Sand, a disheveled man frantically rushed into the Exchange, asking for Deli. However, the Sign of the Iron Star was shut up that day for some reason. [Deli gave himself the day off to cast some *identify* spells.]
- ✦ With a cry of despair, the strange man glanced about, then pushed past Swenson to display a pendant to Sand: an attractive gold sea-shell with three pearls. "Give me as much as you can for it, but do it now!" the man moaned.
- ✦ Sand sniffed and refused to consider purchase without time to examine the item thoroughly, after he was finished helping Swenson.
- ✦ The man turned to go, but on a whim Swenson stopped him. Having decided on a nice ring for the price of 75 pp, he offered the man 25 pp for the pendant, planning to assuage his guilt somehow by giving it to Horatia and perhaps encourage her discretion. The man literally pulled out two tufts of his hair, then agreed, snatching the money and running out of the exchange at speed, watched carefully by the guards.
- ✦ Two weeks ago, Swenson gave the pendant to Horatia, intending never to see her again. That's all he knows.

Interviewing the Exchange guards garners only a vague description of the transient adventurer. He was hired by the Brush to retrieve a magic pendant from the Ruins, but overheard them planning to kill him once the delivery was made. He went to sell the item to Deli, but had to flee town with the money from Swenson instead. Whether he survived, and how much the players can learn of these matters, is up to the referee.

Devin Lewis, who originally commissioned the adventurer to find the pendant, became insanely frustrated. Due to its properties, the item could not be found with magical detection, scrying, or divination. He had given up when, to his amazement, he saw Horatia wearing the thing at the Bantam House tables. He asked her to put it up as game stakes, but she refused, perhaps out of lingering affection for Swenson. Lewis was still drawing careful plans when his monthly bloodlust came around and his evil nature took over. On a visit to Bantam, he *charmed* Horatia and easily persuaded her to sneak out that night to meet with him and a "secret admirer from Dolmvay" who wished to meet her. He asked her to bring the pendant, knowing she could not resist the request or the absurd story while enthralled.

As soon as he had snuck her out of town and the jewel was in his hands, he followed his usual pattern. He released her from the charm and transformed into giant boar shape. Devin then chased the terror-stricken girl down through the swamps before killing her messily.

Forester Greelwood

If the PCs are anything less than hot on the trail, they get a little unexpected help. Forester Greelwood (p43), self-proclaimed genius, sends a message inviting them to meet him at Wingfeathers in the Pegasus.

Before a roaring fire, to the accustomed tolerance of the staff, Greelwood paces back and forth, waving a pipe and declaiming to the party. "Deduction makes it clear that you have an interest in the death of this poor young woman Horatia, yes?" He might cite the evidence of mud on a character's hem, "of a type found only near her place of work." Actually, Greelwood, an incorrigible snoop, knew of Blake Swenson's visits to Bantam House and connected it with the PC's previous visit to the Pegasus.

Greelwood offers to lend the assistance of his inimitable powers of observation and deduction. "No, no, I never accept money for the use of my gifts. Well, I do have some expenses of course; it would clear my mind immeasurably to accept, say, 250 gold?"

Should the PCs pay over the funds, Greelwood hands them to a bellhop for the hotel safe, then commences rumination. “Now! Let me consider the evidence.” He smokes and paces for a very brief time, then exclaims “Aha!”

“A pattern emerges! You may not know it, but my many sources inform me that certain folk gather for barbaric displays of fisticuffs in the so-called Field of Truth. Horatia’s body was found, it turns out, the morning after one such gathering. Happenstance? But wait! A similar killing occurred last month, the death of a centipede trainer, and he too was found the morning after pugilistics at the Field of Truth! Clearly these folk gambled at the fights beyond their ability to pay and were thus punished. There you have it. Go! Gather more evidence for me. I shall cogitate along.”

Fall of a Big Man

Greelwood, as usual, is completely wrong in a useful way. Investigating the Field of Truth finds that about a month ago, a well-known pit fighter indeed wound up much like poor Hardtack and Horatia.

About a month ago, Grazi the Grappler, a former pit fighter turned trainer, was found near the Glory Road with his guts ripped out. His death was noteworthy, because he didn’t tell his wife or servants that he was going out, and he was still a formidable fighter himself.

Investigating: Midnight at the Field of Truth

Grazi the Grappler retired from the pits a couple years ago to start his own fighting stable. He only had a few gladiators, but they won pretty consistently and Grazi was doing well. Since his death, his fighters have either moved on or lost one fight too many. One of them—an enormous brute named Gorman—now works at the Brass Shield. He wasn’t around the night Grazi was killed, but if the PCs prime him with a few coins or drinks, Gorman tells them what he knows.

- ✦ Grazi’s most trusted employee was his clerk, Nestor, a thin, bookish sort with sandy hair and a big nose.
- ✦ Nestor kept the accounts and handled the paperwork for Grazi, who couldn’t read or write.
- ✦ Nestor was privy to almost all of Grazi’s business affairs and lived in the training house behind the office.
- ✦ Nestor will certainly attend the big fight at the Field of Truth tonight, looking for new work.

That evening, at the Field of Truth, there is a crowd of over two hundred spectators. Among the more recognizable faces is Forester Greelwood. He will approach them and ask what they have learned. If the characters question him, he merely says “Tut tut! Investigations continue. We mustn’t spook our quarry!” Greelwood actually has no such person in mind, so he smiles mysteriously and waggles his eyebrows.

The betting is lively as the midnight moon shines down. The opening bout is to be a Battle Royale (p26), always a crowd pleaser. Tonight, only ten fighters enter the ring, each to fight against all the others. The rules are simple: no weapons or armor, no holds barred, and the last man standing wins. The prize is 50 gold to the winner. The fighters often have a friend place side bets to increase their winnings. The losers must be knocked out, crippled, or dead.

Fighters: F1, AC 9, 8 hp, STR 13 CON 13, fists 1d2+1. All punching damage is 75% temporary. Each blow has a chance to knock down an unarmed, unarmored target, equal to the percent damage done. For example, when slugged for 3 hp damage, an 8 hp fighter is knocked down on a 1–3 out of 8. He can get up the next round by rolling his CON or less on d20; otherwise, he’s knocked out. He also falls unconscious at 0 hp. Should the damage taken come to four times a fighter’s hp, he dies: frowned upon, but a known risk.

As the bout gets under way, a Brush sneaks up from behind and shoves Nestor into the ring. A judge declares that the Code of the Pit is clear: in Battle Royale, anyone can enter, but no one leaves until the fight is over. Nestor’s 10 gp stake will be extracted from him later.

Nestor has AC 9, 3 hp. At once, a burly fighter bears down on the scrawny man and knocks him to the ground with one 3 hp punch. The fighter, Chubb, proceeds to straddle the unconscious clerk and beat him savagely, ignoring the other combatants and the various cries of disapproval and encouragement from the audience. If Nestor takes 9 more hp of punching damage, at 1d2+1 per round, he dies.

A PC may choose to leap into the pit, but the guards will drag him out if he has a helmet or metal armor. If anyone pulls a weapon in the ring, the judges cry for a halt, but the man on Nester won’t stop hitting unless confronted.

If the party tries to escalate things outside the ring, it can turn ugly fast. No magic at all functions here, and a dozen Brass Shield guards are paid and equipped to deal vigorously with troublemakers, starting out with commands and clubs (F0, AC 7, 7 hp, club, short sword; four have light crossbows, four have manacles). If the PCs draw blood, the crowd panics, trampling everyone and anyone to get away from the trouble, and the Shields unlimber their deadlier weapons.

Chubb, the fighter who attacked Nestor in the ring, admits nothing at first. However, if it were widely known that he had gone into the Royale intending to kill someone, he would have a hard time getting future fights except for death matches, which he fears. If threatened with exposure, he admits that someone in a pub paid him 50 gp to attack Nestor, who was described as an evil poisoner. It was a Brush who paid him, disguised with a fake beard. Devin, fearing that Nestor knew something of his dealings with Grazi, moved to stop the information at the source.

If he survives, Nestor gratefully answers any questions, but has no idea who would want him dead. A player who thinks to ask about the future of Grazi's stable discovers that Peter Robamonde provided much of the initial financing. Since he is still owed a good deal of money, he can now claim the whole operation. Still, Nestor had no suspicions until he was shoved into the ring. Robamonde, of course, is Devin Lewis's straw man, and Lewis did not consider Nestor any threat until the PCs began nosing around the swamp deaths.

Investigating: Devin Lewis

Should the PCs get onto Devin Lewis's trail, their investigations can uncover the following tidbits about the big gambler's movements. He likely has them trailed in return.

- ✦ A streetwalker named Ursula saw Lewis at Valnhalla within the last week, playing knucklebones. It was hot in the place and he had loosened his collar. Ursula noticed because a very pretty gold pendant slipped out of his shirt, its chain far too long and loose. The gambler tucked it hurriedly away. Ursula spent a little while trying to get his interest so she might take it from him while he slept later, but she had no luck. [The pendant is the jewel that belonged to Horatia, the victim from Bantam House.]
- ✦ Devin was playing cards and another player put down some copper and silver pieces to cover a bet and Devin got angry, saying he only played for gold. [The touch of silver pains Devin.]
- ✦ Narsy Nightshade recently acquired an *arrow of slaying*. He was surprised when Devin Lewis bought it the next day for the rather steep asking price of 2,500 gp, with no haggling. [It was an *arrow of lycanthrope slaying*, as the PCs may be told if they need heavy hints. Devin would not want such an item to fall into unfriendly hands, nor trust anyone to handle the errand for him. The arrow now lies in a secret compartment in Devin's office, wrapped in a thick cloth covered with a Type 3 contact poison (AEC143)].

The Next Victim

If the PCs have not advanced their investigations within a few weeks of the fight at the Field of Truth, Lewis's combination of bloodlust and the silencing of witnesses comes around again with the next full moon. He targets the dog breeder Jenko Eastminster, of Fidelis Fighting Dogs.

Eastminster's hounds are highly regarded. He not only trains guard hunting dogs, but runs a stable of pit dogs for the fights. A week before the full moon, Devin Lewis was attending Eastminster's place with a group of fellow gamblers, discussing an upcoming dog fight, when one of the hunting dogs got loose. It's very odd for one of Eastminster's animals to disobey, so everyone noticed as the beast ran up to Lewis, fur bristling, and growled at him viciously as if holding the big man at bay. The handler quickly managed to restrain the animal and get it away from Devin, who laughed it off, saying he'd just finished a joint of roast.

Eastminster wonders. The same hound was loaned to the Watch to investigate the scene of Hardtack's body, and picked up a powerful scent, but then lost it in the swamps. Could Lewis be training an especially vicious dog, planning to come in and clean up at the fights? Is he behind various sabotage at Fidelis over the past several months? [No and no.]

Later, Eastminster asks a few people about Lewis' movements around the time of Hardtack's death. He even contacts Greewood, who informs the PCs: "My dear friends, could the injuries of the dead folk have come from dogs? I think so! Why, a certain Jenko Eastminster came to me, reeking of canines, and asked the oddest questions about the crippled gambler, Devin Lewis. I suspect Eastminster is hunting down people for their valuables, and Lewis is the next victim! I have an appointment, but perhaps you should keep an eye on Eastminster and his animals."

Unfortunately, Devin hears about Eastminster's inquiries too. The day before full moon, in front of Tavis, one of Eastminster's handlers, Lewis lets slip that he has a "liaison" on the moors later that night. Acting distracted, he also "forgets" his hat. If the PCs are watching Fidelis Fighting Dogs, they may see Lewis leave.

Tavis informs Eastminster, who gleefully takes the hat. If the PCs reach Tavis, he might fill in some blanks for them:

- ✦ He knows about the hunting dog getting upset in front of Devin.
- ✦ Eastminster asked him to keep his ears open whenever he was around Devin.
- ✦ He doesn't know why his boss was so keen to spy on Devin, but he suspects it had something to do with some sort of profit.

Confident that Eastminster will try to spy on him, Lewis acts nonchalant the rest of the day, then leaves town just before sunset bell, along with the early crowd headed for the pit fights. The moon rises late that night, and still in human form, Lewis slips away and hides near the swamp's edge. He assumes his wild shape soon thereafter, and cannot change back until morning.

Sure enough, Eastminster follows with two hounds, who easily track Lewis' scent from the hat. If the PCs are watching Eastminster, they see him going and can easily trail the man. He has not yet decided whether to blackmail Lewis or turn him in. If the PCs do not interfere, Lewis waits until Eastminster tracks him to the swamp. The dogs attack, uselessly, and the massive Lewis-beast kills Eastminster, then chases down the dogs. If he notices PCs, he attacks.

Encountered in animal shape, Devin Lewis as demon boar stands 6 feet high at the shoulder and 10 feet long, weighing nearly 1,000 pounds. In animal form he cannot speak or cast *charm person*, but retains his vile cunning. The *amulet* hangs around the boar's neck too, explaining why the chain is so long. If he feels unable to win a stand-up fight under the full moon Lewis runs for the Field of Truth, where magic weapons are no threat. In the Field's anti-magic zone, he is stuck in boar shape, but retains his invulnerability to all but silver weapons. The anti-magic also cancels the *charm* effect on any victim who enters it.

If confronted in town, in his human form, the demon boar first tries talking his way out of it. Lewis is clever and persuasive even without using *charm person*. He tells plausible lies and dismisses circumstantial evidence as nonsense. He attempts to *charm* a PC only if bluster and defiance fail.

If confronted with force, Lewis continues to act the invalid, crying for help most pitifully. His Brute bodyguard protects him. If struck with normal weapons, Devin feigns injury, screaming loudly and falling over. If hit with magic or silver weapons, he flees at once, even if it means running like a man with two good legs. If he makes it to Trotter House or Robamonde's townhouse, he flees town through the tunnels. Only extreme danger causes him to reveal his true nature.

Greelwood Triumphant

If the PCs fail or abandon the investigation, a new hero comes to the fore: About a week after Eastminster's death, Forester Greelwood reveals that the murderer was none other than Peter Robamonde! Greelwood confronted the man, who died in the attempt to flee. The detective is fêted as a hero and dines out well on his reputation for the next several weeks, telling the story readily to any who ask and most who don't:

"It was rudimentary to a trained mind, of course. All the classic signs. Alas, when confronted by the cold light of justice, the miscreant made a fatal error in tactics. He fled my wrath and I hotly followed, the Watch bringing up the rear. Sadly, in blind fear the man tripped and fell in the street, full in front of a speeding wagon. The hoofs and wheels worked sore mischief upon him, upsetting the cartload of squash. Quite grisly indeed. But justice was served in the end; aided in some small part by my efforts, I like to think."

Greelwood describes his evidence as follows:

- ✦ Robamonde took over Grazi's stable, giving him a motive in at least one killing.
- ✦ He was known to make bets at the Myriadrome and seldom lost, while Hardtack had already been suspected of corruption. The centurion must have been a confederate to be silenced.
- ✦ The morning after Hardtack died, some clerks took a large box from Robamonde's house to Brinkley's.
- ✦ Horatia must have rejected him.
- ✦ Robamonde tended to miss one dinner a month at the Sign of the Boar; Greeley charted these absences and found them to correspond to the pit fights, which Robamonde never attended!
- ✦ Confronted by Greelwood and the Watch, Robamonde could not account for his movements on the nights of the murders. [The idiot Robamonde can't remember yesterday, let alone over a week ago.]
- ✦ Searching Robamonde's room after he fell, the Watch found the empty cash box from the Myriadrome under his heavy four-poster bed, along with a huge butcher's knife. [Lewis placed these weeks ago in case he needed Robamonde to take the fall.]

Robamonde, of course, is an anagram for "Demon Boar," but Greelwood has failed to notice this and does not suspect lycanthropy. After his death, it comes out that Robamonde secretly owned 40% of the Platinum Pegasus and simply pretended to be a guest.

Devin Lewis actually controlled that 40% in Peter's name, and another 35% under different aliases. Robamonde's heir, should anyone investigate, is the Society for the Benefit of Madam R's Grandchildren (p58). Free to continue his wickedness, Lewis temporarily refrains from targeting townsfolk, prowling near the Ruins instead.

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