

# THIEVES' GUILD

BUILT IN THE SUBTERRANEAN RUIN OF

[ Insert Generic Anthropomorphic  
Urban Rodent God of Your Choice ]'S

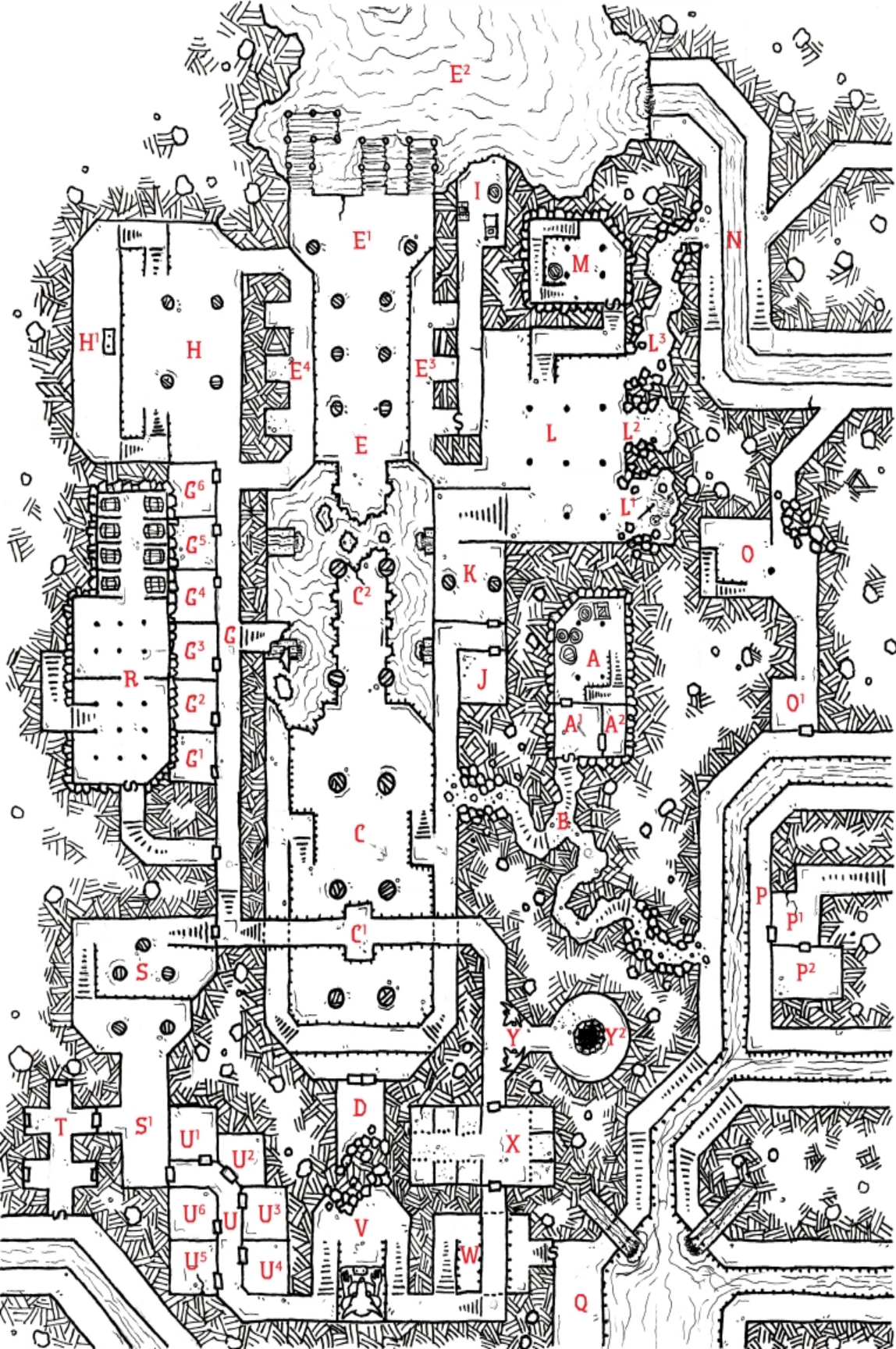
# TEMPLE

(A Totally Playable Adventure Module)



Written & Illustrated by **Billy Longino**

**Union of Hirelings, Henchmen,  
& Hangers-on**



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**Writing, editing, layout, cartography, art, bullshit:** Billy Longino

**Editorial assistance:** Brittany McCreary and Andrew Ormsby.

## Introduction

You paid good money for this, so I apologize right off the bat. This module is a joke. The author has completely ignored any easy-to-use approach to adventure design employed by the better “old-school”-minded RPG writers out there. The art is crap, too. The layout half-assed. And, frankly, it’s utility as a module “at the table” should be approached with skepticism and heavy note-taking. But it is a lot of fun and unpretentious, which in an era overrun by grimdark and self-serious “artpunk” games is all I want. My goal was to make something dumb. I think I succeeded. Anyway, you bought this book, so you might as well enjoy yourself.

Inside, you’ll find a thieves’ guild, possibly the worst thieves’ guild in the world. Those who dwell within are incompetent, misguided, and ripe for exploitation by adventurers, wherever they might stand upon the abstract moral continuum of alignment. This module has no plot. It’s not linear. It’s not really an adventure. Think of it as an dynamic situation into which the PCs throw themselves and suffer the consequences. Adventuring in the guild should be a wacky (possibly violent) romp wherein the PCs might quickly find themselves in proverbial (and literal) deeper shit at every turn.

## **(Totally Optional) Background for the Temple and the Thieves' Guild**

Generations ago (decades or years—depending on whether you're counting human or rodent years, respectively), the Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] met with a catastrophic end. Enemies of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice], crudely and mockingly disguised as rodent-kind themselves, infiltrated its hallowed nests and bolt-holes, accosted its flea-bitten priestesses, slaughtered the pups in the nest-orphanage, and plundered the temple's treasure piles. Agèd wheels of Blessèd Cheeses, which had been stored in the temple's reliquaries, were pilfered and devoured as heathen hors d'oeuvres in the houses of human nobles and merchants in the city above. The surviving Children of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] were forced to flee their temple, and for (rodent) generations, it remained abandoned until...

One evening, an entrepreneurial young man by the name Alvebroso, who had never done no wrong and who was blessed with equal parts ambition, gumption, and city-bred cunning, stumbled upon the Temple whilst being wrongly pursued by a city watch sewer patrol for arrest on trumped up charges of jewel thievery. Ducking into an alley and half-falling, half-diving down one of the old anthropomorphic rodent bolt-holes, Alvebroso found precisely what he didn't know he was looking for: a place to make his name—or rather, make certain his name, while whispered cautiously in the cant of them-in-the-know along the city's crooked alleys and in the more gloomful booths of taverns, was a damn well-kept secret.

Before the fattened purses of the city's upper class knew what hit them, the young go-getter had a crew of like-minded, but decidedly and deliberately less clever, young men (and men only—but not because Alvebroso was a misogynist, but because the types he was able to recruit tended to be lacking in social graces and were already spending too much time in the sub-levels of their mum's half-timber anyhow) and established the city's latest guild of thieves.

# Adventure Hooks & Other Arbitrary Narrative Contrivances

Below are a few scenarios that the referee might dangle before adventurers to get them to embark upon that inevitable exercise in poor decision-making known as “infiltrating the bad guys’ base of operations.” These might also be useful when the referee needs a quick fix for not prepping tonight’s game.

## 1d6 Adventure Hooks & Other Arbitrary Plot Contrivances

1	<b><i>That belongs to us!</i></b> Having felt the sting of the thieves’ guild’s purloiners for the last time, the PCs acquired, at long last along, (through subterfuge or bribery of neighborhood tavern-goers and haunters of darkened corner booths) a map, drawn in the blood of a low-ranking thief, that leads through the sewers to the secret guild house along with the necessary passwords and obtuse knocking patterns required to gain entry and retrieve their stolen property.
2	<b><i>Rescue mission.</i></b> Someone important to the PCs, either sentimentally or financially, has been captured by the thieves’ guild. Maybe they’re locked away in the Guild Prison (Area X) or being treated by Thumbscrew, First-Class, Balrack in the Fully Furnished but Understaffed Torture Chamber (Area S). Either way, time is running out. . .
3	<b><i>Seeking the aid of a master thief.</i></b> Needed for some impossible heist or another. Yeah, good luck finding one of those down here. Sure, every footpad and cutpurse you ask will name himself a master thief, certainly enough, and negotiate a payment befitting one of said rank, but he’s a liar, which the PCs will discover soon enough, or for more fun, not nearly soon enough to do them any good.
4	<b><i>Secrets of the Rodent Cult.</i></b> Stowed away in the Abandoned Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] (Area V) is the artifact the PCs are searching for. Or, maybe, the Temple is the precise location a particular ritual must be completed. Or, better yet, the PCs need to make sacrifice to the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] to gain some boon or secret knowledge, which means summoning an avatar of pure rattiness to deal with. Or, there’s more, maybe the PCs must ally with the remnants of the cult to defeat a yet greater evil somewhere in the city.
5	<b><i>Stumbling into adventure.</i></b> Traipsing through the sewers, as they are wont to do, the PCs accidentally stumble upon a band of thieves and gain information, through overheard conversation or looting of corpses or being captured, that the thieves’ guild’s secret location is nearby.
6	<b><i>No honor amongst thieves.</i></b> A schism has formed between the organized and sanctioned thieves of the city, and the PCs are right in the middle. They must decide which horse to back, or they might play the two sides against one another, Yojimbo-style. In this scenario, all hell breaks loose within the guild, with different factions fighting over territory within the dungeon, moving strike teams against one another, etc. Gang war in the guild headquarters is what you’ve got here.

# Random Encounters & Developments!

Use the table below to add a little spice to the Thieves Guild. It can never get too spicy. **Every turn, there is a 1-in-6 chance of a Random Encounter or Development** (or whenever you want to spice things up). **If one occurs, roll a 1d6 to determine the type of encounter or development. Then roll on the appropriate subtable for the real action.** Never let up. It's a busy place. Running the module, take full advantage of the dynamic chaos random events bring about.

## 1d6 Encounter or Development

1	NPCs	<p><b>Roll 1d3</b> to determine the NPC encountered (stats and details found in Appendix A):</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Alvebroso</b>, upon one of his rare visits to the Thieves' Guild headquarters, inspects the goings-on. Guild is in a titter as soon as aware of his presence, eager to impress. He is aloof and critical. Accompanied by entourage of 3d4+3 Burly Guild Guards.</li> <li><b>Mediocrates the Magnificent</b>, Sanctioned Wizard of the First Enclosure, deigns to visit the Thieves' Guild. On business pertaining to the (tenuous) alliance between the thieves and the Guild of Magicians</li> <li><b>Gughrk and the Mauve Ferreter</b>, e'er-do-wells of infamous reputation, pay visit to Guild.</li> </ol>
2		
3	Creatures & Minions	<p><b>Roll 1d8</b> to determine creatures or minions encountered (statistical stuff found, also, in Appendix A):</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Burly Guild Guards.</li> <li>Guild Thieves</li> <li>Faithful of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice]</li> <li>Sewer Jacks</li> <li>Rival Adventuring Party</li> <li>Ratcatchers</li> <li>More guild thieves</li> <li>Roll Twice! and kick off this shitshow!</li> </ol>
4		
5	Developments	<p><b>Roll 1d3</b> to determine the nature of the development:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li><b>Monthly visit by the City Watch.</b> They make a few arrests (of thieves whose turn it is to take the fall or suspicious PCs) and "confiscate" a percentage of the stolen goods before issuing a stern warning.</li> <li><b>Attack of the Servants of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice].</b> All out war in the halls between thieves and ratmen, wererats, ratty human (and otherwise) priests, and layfolk.</li> <li><b>Guild-wide insurrection.</b> Out of frustration over the Guild raising the percentage of its cut, a band of disgruntled guild thieves make their move to overthrow the Council of Eights and Alvebroso.</li> </ol>
6	<b>Roll Twice!</b>	Let chaos ensue.

# Inspirationally Vague Area Details and Ramblings about Rooms and Occupants

Everything is keyed to the map found on the inside covers. I've also bolded and italicized any *info about NPCs, room details, and items found therein* for easy reference. My hostility toward brevity is by design.

## A. Apartment House Basement Entrance.

The building above is a tenement that's residents quite often complain to city officials about the *sewer smell seeping from the basement* and the sound of *padded footsteps coming and going all through the night*. All this just when the place was near becoming a respectable neighborhood (see the Cult of the Rodent God presence above). Plenty of *loose stones* to be found here in which to stash weapons, cash, and other illicit acquisitions. On a *2-in-6 chance, "treasure" may be discovered* behind the stones, or at least what someone considered treasure. Roll on table below:

1d6	"Treasure"
1	<i>THE</i> murder weapon. The one you've been looking for.
2	Gift Card to DungeonWorld! for 50 gold.
3	Secret diary of Alizmos, Second Cutpurse of the Guild.
4	A single severed finger.
5	A keg of Mordi's Fine Malt Beer, stashed for "hard times."
6	<i>Jackpot!</i> Someone left an entire Treasure Type B in here.

### A1. Building Manager's Room.

Thieves of the guild have *the building superintendent* (or medieval equivalent) on the payroll. This is his room. He's got a *bed, a writing desk covered in parchment scraps with ramblings against the city's ruling class* (alas, his dreams of being a broadsheet publisher), and a *small, gold-framed silhouette of a dead prostitute* he frequented in his youth who was stolen from him by a libertine noble with a heart of gold. The super's dealings with the guild may have originated with the acquisition of this silhouette and maybe (you can't prove nothing) the offing of this women and/or her rich husband, essentially killing Richard Gere and Julia Roberts' characters in 1990's hit romantic comedy *Pretty Woman*.

### A2. Really Smelly Room that's Probably a Privy or that Smell Might be Coming from the Sewer or at least You Hope It Is...

## B. Old Rodent Bolt Hole.

In days of the Temple's prime, this **passage once was used by its rodential inhabitants** as an easy means between the thoroughfares of the city sewer system, the temple, and the surface. The **ground is probably pretty muddy from overflow of the sewer** during the rainy season. This has made **the whole tunnel irritatingly slick** (interpret as you will for player torture). **Big ass rats slide their bulk down the hole**, creating a sluice.

### **Big Ass Rat.**

*Common in the sewers beneath the city and really ornery.*

**AC 7, HD 2, Att 1 x bite (1d4), THACO 19, MV 120' (40'), SV D12 W13 P14 B15 S16, ML 7, AL Neutral, XP 25, #A 2d3, TT P.**

- **Disease.** If bit, make Save vs. Death or become ill for 1d3 days. (Nature of disease up to referee's fancy.)

## C. Bazaar o' Things Better Left Unmentioned.

Being that the Thieves' Guilds Supreme Pilferer is a man of entrepreneurial bent, he's opened a bazaar for people of less-discriminating tastes in this chamber, which was **once the warren/sanctuary of the Rodent God**. The **pillars and walls will still bear the ratty bas reliefs and stains of rodent infestation**—not to mention a number of **lesser rodentia scampering hither and thither** through the **shuffling of padded boots, sandals, and the oversized, leathery soles of small, potbellied demi-humans** herein. The market should have a **tremendous assortment of iffy products**. At any given time, there may be around **20d6 people in the bazaar, give or take 2d6**.

### 1d12 Merchants found in the Bazaar

1	<b>Seller of skulls</b> whose braincases are said once to have housed unspoken secrets which never passed their long-vanished lips. All purchases are random. At least one secret guaranteed. No returns. (Stock low, new shipment perpetually due in fortnight's time.)
2	<b>A clothier</b> who weaves only the silk produced by underworld worms that is darker than death and allows movement with less friction than thrice-buttered man-pig hams.
3	<b>Haberdasher</b> who claims his hats will make one so stylish and suave you're guaranteed to die an early death at the ravages of a venereal disease or your money back.
4	<b>Butcher.</b> Prime cuts of the rarest (and optionally nameless) meats. Caters.
5	<b>Subhuman fishmonger</b> who has dragged his eyeless catch from the deep, lightless rivers beneath. Filet available upon request but can only read pictorial representations of orders.



6	<b>Secular confessor.</b> All ears and no tongue, never learned to write or read. Advertises by word of mouth. Did not originally intend this career, just sort of fell into it without choice. (Has discretely sold his skull upon death in advance to the Seller of Skulls above for a comfortable sum of money. Hears confessions now purely for love of the craft.)
7	<b>Classically trained torturer.</b> Has own tools but willing to try new things. Currently advertising the use of puppeteer leeches, buy one torturing, get second half-off when purchasing use of said leeches. Seeking apprentice.
8	<b>Highly educated coffee vendor.</b> Also looking for work as a scribe, barrister, sage, historian, philosopher, or witty hanger-on. Will work on contract.
9	<b>Bunch of beggars.</b> Will loiter outside establishments of any and all repute for the right price. Promise 65% share of any alms collected.
10	<b>Urine collector.</b> Moonlights as apothecary. Self-conscious about day job. Sniffs fingers a lot.
11	<b>Procurer of What You Need.</b> Whaddya need? Has lazy eye. Will often repeat things spoken to him. Will return with approximation of request in 1d4 days (+1 day for "oddness" of request).
12	<b>Slaver</b> of humanoids, anthropomorphoids, fungoids, medusoids, androids, ichtyoids, trapezoids, etc. Non-discriminatory and progressive for his occupation. Sees all races, species, and aggregations of sentient matter as created equal.



## C1. Catwalk and Observation Deck.

This **stone walkway** is held aloft by arches across the middle of the bazaar. **1d3+2 guild thieves up to the rank of Robber** stand watch here. The lower their rank, the more likely they are drunker'n *whose mother you'd call my...* (60% chance for apprentice rogues, subtract 10% for each rank above, unless the man is a Robber, and his chance increases back to 60% because he couldn't give two shits about no stinkin' guard duty).

### ***Drunken Thieves' Guild Robbers.***

*Thieves of a rank that should know better than to drink on the job.*

**AC 7**, **HD 4**, **Att 1** x crossbow (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO 19**, **MV 120'** (40'), **SV D13 W14 P13 B16 S15**, **ML 10**, **AL Chaotic**, **XP 125**, **NA 1d3+1**, **TT V**, **Thief Skills CS90 TR25 HN1-3 HS25 MS35 OL30 PP35.**

- **Drunkeness.** On any given round, the Robber will stumble drunkenly on a 1-in-6 chance, losing all actions and movement.
- **Liquid Courage.** Take a swig of spirits to heal 1d3 hit points. Automatically pass Morale checks for one round.
- **Oops!** If the drunken robber rolls a natural 1 to hit, on a 1 or 2 on a d6 roll he hits himself or any ally on a 3-6.



## C2. The bridge,

before it **collapsed** (under the duress of ages or mounds of rodent ejecta or both), **spanned thirty feet above the pool of sewage below**. Now the bridge is **lined with more market stalls**.

This section of the bazaar is unofficially where all of **the fences gather to buy the hard-won wares of guild thieves and sell those wares** to anyone willing to pay the **exorbitant prices**, but hey, where else are you going to find that **vintage bottle of port of the fallen magical empire**, of a batch that is said to change the sex of any who partakes of a glass (great for parties)? Or that **water clock built of a stuffed owlbear carcass** that gives off a pneumatic hoot every few hours? That's what I thought. Down below, the **sewage is filled with crocodiles**, which has given rise to the saying in the local cant, "If it's missing, it's probably down with the crocodiles"—applies to both objects and people.

## 1d12 What's for sale on the bridge?

1	<b>Vintage bottle of port of the fallen magical empire of Zood.</b> Drinking a glass causes immediate change of sex, which lasts for 1d3 days. (100 gold)
2	<b>Stuffed owlbear water clock.</b> Long since ceased telling correct time. Still hoots, however, every 1d4 hours. Hoots <i>cause fear</i> . (250 gold)
3	<b>The keys to Lockwood Castle</b> , which is the residence of one of the city's oldest families. Unfortunately, the years have been hard on them, and they've sold most of their valuables, leaving the castle with little to plunder (but the guy selling the key doesn't tell anyone that). (100 gold)
4	<b>A basket of kittens.</b> Buy one, get two free. (4 silver)
5	<b>Rope braided from the tresses of virgins dead upon their wedding day.</b> Supposedly unbreakable, and would be, if they'd actually been virgins. Breaks on a 1-in-6 when used. (50 gold)
6	<b>Iridescent silverware from the Prismatic Palace.</b> Absconded with by a (since deceased) servant in the Mayor-Despot's palace, this set of silverware is said to make any gruel taste as delectable as the finest delicacies served at a king's table-board. Local bon vivants would kill for these forks. (300 gold)
7	<b>The Loquacious Mackerel of Merlikand.</b> A mounted fish capable of speech that will answer questions 1/month as a <i>Commune</i> spell. (On a 1-in-6 chance per question, the mackerel begins to jabber and speak at length, resulting in madness to all listeners unless they Save vs. Wands.)
8	<b>1d3+1 Beast Gnomes of the Jungles of Lumpoi.</b> Ferocious creatures of animal intelligence, these beast gnomes are perfect anti-magical "guard dogs" if you're willing to put up with cleaning up after them (and determining when you are or aren't dealing with illusory piles of poo). (100 gold each)
9	<b>Jar of Whispers.</b> Speak into the jar, close it. The next person to open the jar will hear the words spoken into it. Currently unopened for thirty years. (40 gold)
10	<b>Only set of thieves tools you'll ever need.</b> Survives 10' drop test, picks ANY lock, and passes safely through body if swallowed in a pinch. Or your money back. (75 gold)
11	<b>Two pairs of stealth-ready thieving foundation garments.</b> Grants a +10% bonus on Move Silently and Hide in Shadows. (50 gold)
12	<b>One random PC's family heirloom</b> , which they're pretty certain was put away somewhere safe or which they lost a year ago. (More gold than they were aware it was worth)

## D. Collapsed Chancel.

Here is **where the lay members of the Rodent God's cult once gathered** for fellowship, worship, and the hearing of the scatomancer's prophecies. The **ceiling has collapsed. One of the doors that leads into this room is permanently half open.** It is a **favorite place for the prostitutes who gather in the bazaar to slip away** with clients. They have **curtained partitions and beds and divans and throw rugs** all about the place for proper transactions. **Burly guild guards at the door** won't let anyone through without showing their cash first.

### **Burly Guild Guards.**

*Got one job to do: look tough and guard the door. Okay, that's two jobs.*

**AC 6, HD 4+1, Att 1 x spear (1d6), THACO 17, MV 90' (30'), SV D10 W11 P12 B13 S14, ML 8, AL Neutral, XP 200, NA 1d3+1, TT S.**

- **Look Tough.** So burly they're intimidating. Upon successful hit, target makes Save vs. Wands or suffers -1 on to hit rolls against the Burly Guild Guards.

## E. Guild Storage.

Connected to the bazaar by a **drawbridge mechanism that must be operated from both sides**, this area is where the guild stores **items that are either too valuable, too dangerous to sell in the bazaar** itself, or are to be sent to specific foreign buyers. The place is **stacked up to the balconies overlooking it with crates.** The guild has set up **a number of cranes along the pillars** to manage this cargo. It is possible to climb upon these crates to reach the balconies if one doesn't too much mind being filled full of crossbow bolts from the **1d3+1 (possibly drunken) thieves** who are stationed there.

### **1d6 So what's in these crates?**

<b>1</b>	4d4 (dead) puppies who were forgotten about. Damned thieves!
<b>2</b>	2d3 kegs of mortally potent dwarven Orc Gnawner Porter (worth 25 gold each).
<b>3</b>	Nothing! It's empty.
<b>4</b>	The friends you made along the way (1d3 random NPC acquaintances; dead or alive, either way).
<b>5</b>	A lot of silverware (worth 10d6x10 gold altogether).
<b>6</b>	All of a random PC's belongings which are supposed to be at home.

## E1. The Docks.

These docks sit in **a sea cave** (river cave or other cave of watery sort) that allows the guild to discretely ship their goods. **The docks can receive only so many ships at once so a number of them are always found out on the water itself (F)**. If you're looking for a rowdy good time, this is not the place to be. The guild keeps a tight grip on what happens at the docks. **It's a really boring place**. No fun to be had whatsoever—a point of contention in the guild, whose more traditionally minded members believe docks should be a place of no-holds-bar, free-for-all good times.

## E2. Western Balcony.

**Safety rail long collapsed, rope strung along its length. 2d3+1 Footpads on duty armed with crossbows**. Take their job very seriously, afraid of intense flogging from guild torturer Balrack. **Secret door not so secret**—it fell off its hinges quite some time ago and is now just a jury-rigged crank to lift the door out of the way. The **door leads to the chamber of the guild's warlock**, Gabbelax the Unbearable (I).

## E3. Eastern Balcony.

**Safety rail intact**. As other side, **2d3+1 Cutpurses on duty**. The shifts on this side are in cahoots to **organize a union for Cutpurses and lower ranks**. They believe their cut of their own takes is far too low compared to other guilds and are currently considering whether it wiser to decamp or bring their grievances before the Council of Eights.

## F. The Sea/River/Lake Cave.

It's a **cave**. It's **full of water**. The **sewer dumps into it**. Danger: **Crab People** (tenuous alliance with the guild). No lifeguard on duty. Swim at your own risk.

### **Crabpeople.**

*Very moody, unless you're willing to part with some "chum."*

**AC 2, HD 3, Att 2 x pincer (2d4), THACO 17, MV 60' (20'), SV D10 W11 P12 B13 S14, ML 8, AL Neutral, XP 35, #A 2d4, TT Nothing but chum.**

- **Distraacted by food**. If presented with the ground up offal, bone, and viscera of sea creatures, crabpeople will eat and do nothing else for 1d3-1 rounds or until attacked.

## G. Barracks Hallway.

While Alvebrosio likes to keep a clean house, it's damn near impossible with a few score troubled adolescents and adults with poorly developed prefrontal cortices living in close-quarters therein. **The smell of unwashed linen doublets and silk thieving garments (among other odeurs de délinquant) emanating from the bunk room door sills** could damn near double someone over, even after a trip through the city sewers. One might access the hall is by crossing the wooden beams placed over the broken stairs that lead into the hallway from the **Bazaar (E)**.

### G1. Bunk Room of the First Footpads.

A few young thieves sleep here. These rooms were **once the nests of rodent ascetics** seeking to become one with the Great Running Wheel of the Multiverse so as to be closer to the Rodent God. Every bunk room has **a few spartan cots and a eating/gaming table and chairs** in it. The First Footpads are the newest recruits of the guild, having just left their apprenticeship and allowed, for probably the first time, into the guild house itself. Many of them are overzealous and eager to prove themselves and of course there's the one jackass fixture in the bunk room who's been in the First Footpads for about two decades (let's call him **Doug the Blade**). He's 37 and welcomes all the new guys to "the life" with a bit of tough love. **At least once per day, the First Footpads engage in a West Side Story-style dagger fight (SNAP!).**



## 1d6 Reasons the First Footpads are Fighting Today

1	An item was stolen from the footpad who stole it first.
2	A matter of "principle."
3	"I saw it first!"
4	Who has the sharper dagger.
5	Who has the sharper wit!
6	Whose turn it is us to go on watch on the Catwalk (Area C1).

### **First Footpads.**

*Low-ranking thieves with something to prove.*

**AC** 6 (leather armor), **HD** 2+1, **Att** 1 x short sword (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO** 19, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D13 W14 P13 B16 S15, **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 25, **#A** 3d3, **TT** V, **Thief Skills** **CS**87 **TR**10 **HN**1-2 **HS**10 **MS**20 **OL**15 **PP**20, **Items** more daggers than seemingly possible.

- **Check this out!** In a fit of uncontrollable bravado, the footpad attempts an attack most daring, gaining +2 to hit but a +2 to AC for one round.
- **Stab you in the back.** If a First Footpad gets behind you, he-or-she attacks with a +4 to hit and does double damage.

### **Doug the Blade.**

*Thief who should've ranked up a while back but he's a jackass. He is secretly a half-elf and will murder ANYONE who finds out.*

**AC** 6, **HD** 4, **Att** 1 x +1 dagger (1d4+1), **THACO** 19, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D13 W14 P13 B16 S15, **ML** 6, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 175, **#A** one and only, **TT** S, **Thief Skills** **CS**90 **TR**25 **HN**1-3 **HS**25 **MS**35 **OL**30 **PP**35, **Items** "the blade" (+1 dagger, notched handle),

- **Heckle.** Doug the Blade has got an eye for insecurities. He tosses insults at opponents until something sticks on a 1-in-6 chance. Save vs. Death or suffer -2 on all to hit rolls and saving throws under feelings of poor self-worth.
- **Stab you in the back, too.** If a First Footpad gets behind you, he-or-she attacks with a +4 to hit and does double damage.
- **To hell with this!** If Doug fails a morale check, he skedaddles at 2x his normal running speed.

## G2. Bunk Room of the Second Footpads.

You don't mess with the Second Footpads. The things they've seen in the houses of the wealthy have made them all deeply cynical and reckless. They've smelled the rot at the heights of society and looted its corpse. The Second Footpads have a long-running *game of Fox & Geese going on the bunk room table*. So far the total wagers on the game have come to about **500 gold pieces and four hands** (literal hands, as in if they lose the bet, they lose a hand—one thief has bet both of his). Additionally, their **bunk room is decorated with the spoils of their most memorable exploits**. These may not be treasures in the sense that any e'er-dowells seeking to undermine the guild's operations would brave uncharted depths and horrendous troglodytic guardians to attain, but they've got sentimental value to the Second Footpads, no question.

### 1d6 Spoils of Second Footpads' Memorable Exploits

1	A ceramic donkey knick-knack. (10 copper)
2	Dried scrap of human skin with tattoo of someone's name.
3	A love letter from to the footpad from a PC's significant other.
4	The mummified hand of a "retired" Second Footpad that still bears a gold ring worth 15 gold.
5	2d12 copper collector edition coins bearing the face of Overlord Intikripos II the Twice Deposed. (2 gold each)
6	A lock of redish orange nether hairs belonging to Muurk the Money-lender.

### Second Footpads.

*Low-ranking thieves on their way up.*

**AC** 9, **HD** 2, **Att** 1 x short sword (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO** 19, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D13 W14 P13 B16 S15, **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 20, **#A** 3d3, **TT** V, **Thief Skills** **CS**87 **TR**10 **HN**1-2 **HS**10 **MS**20 **OL**15 **PP**20.

- **Over the top!** The footpad attempts, with a 3-in-12 chance, to leap over an opponent to get behind them.
- **Stab you in the back.** If a First Footpad gets behind you, he-or-she attacks with a +4 to hit and does double damage.

## G3. Bunk Room of the Third Footpads.

The Third Footpads, better known as the "*Girthy Thirds*," are guild thieves who seem genetically incapable of the more subtle arts of thievery, such as burglary, pickpocketry, and not being noticed. These guys are the guild goons. Not a single one of them isn't **packing at least 250 lbs. of pure man-meat** when he heads out into the narrow, darkened alleys and streets of the city. When a thief needs physical protection, he calls on the Girthy Thirds. When a thief needs a knee



broken, he calls on the Girthy Thirds. When a thief's little niece is being bullied, he calls on the Girthy Thirds. Their bunk room walls are covered in motivational posters. They also have **a number of solid metal weights strewn about** for getting their beast on when not otherwise deployed. **Footlockers contain numerous earthenware jugs of Esoteric Protein Powder**, which they steal wholesale from the monks of Ar'nuuld, god of strength and buffness.

### **Third Footpads (“Girthy Thirds”).**

*Thieves who've let themselves go.*

**AC** 7 (leather), **HD** 2-1, **Att** 1 x crossbow (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO** 19, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D13 W14 P13 B16 S15, **ML** 5, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 25, **#A** 3d3, **TT** V, **Thief Skills** **CS**87 **TR**10 **HN**1-2 **HS**10 **MS**20 **OL**15 **PP**20.

- **Winded.** 1-in-6 chance each round of combat the Third Footpad is unable to act due to exhaustion.
- **Extra padding.** Due to increased bulk, the Third Footpads reduce damage from bludgeoning and slashing wapons by half.

## **G4. Bunk Room of the First Cutpurses.**

In all likelihood the bunkroom *hasn't seen use in weeks* because the First Cutpurses will be out and about, casing the city streets because, unlike everybloodybody else in this guild, they actually do their job!

## **G5. Bunk Room of the Second Cutpurses.**

The Second Cutpurses do not “does their job.” *They'll often be found here, during the daylight hours*, recovering from a hangover and partaking of a bit of the hair of the dog that bit 'em. If necessary, when they've run out of coin to pay for drinks and even the most ill-reputed tavern won't allow them a line of credit, they'll rob the Third Footpads for drinking money.

### **Second Cutpurses.**

*Alcoholic layabouts who drink up all the guild's cut of their robberies.*

**AC** 6 (leather), **HD** 3, **Att** 1 x short sword (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO** 19, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D13 W14 P13 B16 S15, **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 35, **#A** 3d3, **TT** V, **Thief Skills** **CS**89 **TR**20 **HN**1-3 **HS**20 **MS**30 **OL**25 **PP**30.

- **Hungover.** There is a 1-in-6 chance each round a Second Cutpurse keels over into their own vomit, leaving them unable to act for one round.
- **Hair of somebody's dog.** Taking a swig of stale grog, the Second Cutpurse finds his courage, making all attacks at +2 for 1d3 rounds, after which he's hungover for a round.

## G6. Bunk Room of the First and Only Filchers.

When the **First and Only Filchers enter a room, they do so in a pall of cigarillo smoke and dark clothing.** Their movements are **swift, graceful, and full of je ne sais quoi** (no, really, I don't). They've got a thing you can't quite put your finger on, mostly because these thieves are the subatomic particles of the trade. At any given moment, you might see one, blade in hand and all your soft parts in their eyes, but they feint and you can't tell where from which way they're going. Or you'll know, by the slight disturbance in the air of a dark room, they are slinking nearby, but their position eludes you, at least until you find a knife at your knackers and a disembodied voice telling you to fork over your life's savings. **Needless to say, their bunk room is posh.** It's like the guild house's version of the darkened backroom of a club that's wallpaper you'll never know the color of because you're not cool enough to get in. **Probably a few (unmarked) secret doors and niches hereabouts that I couldn't even locate when I drew the map.** The table below provides details of a few of the "known" First and Only Filchers. They are men of mystery.

### 1d4 Some of the First and Only Filcher

1	<b>Stiletto Ron.</b> He's so cool. When Ron appears, sweeping his thin blade toward your throat, all you can think is, "Holy shit, this guy's so cool." And he is.
2	<b>Laromac of the Veil.</b> Wears a black veil over entire head day and night, never allowing his face to be seen. The Guild's foremost disguise expert, capable of throwing his voice.
3	<b>Brazzado of Pontainia.</b> Speaks in knowing double-entendres about upper class romantic flings and city's well-to-do women. Knows a thing or two about <i>noblisse oblige</i> .
4	<b>Yandro, the Whisper of Death.</b> Who slinks into homes, leaving none alive during his filchering. Steals completely worthless things, which he keeps as personal keepsakes. Const

### First and Only Filchers.

*High-ranking thieves who'll absolutely kick your ass.*

**AC** 4 (leather and skill), **HD** 6, **Att** 1 x short sword (1d6) or dagger (1d4), **THACO** 17, **MV** 90' (30'), **SV** D12 W13 P11 B14 S13, **ML** 7, **AL** Chaotic, **XP** 275, **#A** 2d3, **TT** V, **Thief Skills** **CS**92 **TR**40 **HN**1-3 **HS**36 **MS**45 **OL**45 **PP**45.

- **Stab you in the back a lot harder.** If a First Footpad gets behind you, he-or-she attacks with a +4 to hit and does triple damage.
- **Steal the shoes off your feet.** Can pickpocket something you're carrying or wearing with a 45% chance of success (even during combat).

## H. Meeting Hall.

At the calends of each month, *herein the thieves gather among the smoky, incense-laden braziers and shadow and silk-draped buffet tables* for the monthly Goal-Setting & Core Competencies Meeting. This is when the Council of Eights (the closest thing to a shared leadership Alvebroso has allowed in the guild) gives the egalitarian mob a false sense of influence in guild decisions, while pretending they themselves have any, either. The *pillars in this chamber are covered in graffiti*, most of it complaints and insults towards the Council of Eights members' parentage. *Two sets of stairs lead up to the Old Chancel (H1).*

### H1. Old Chancel

Formerly a chancel for the sanctuary, this area is now *where the Council of Eights sits whenever there's a meeting of the guild*. A set of *nine chairs stand upon the balcony*. The *ninth, much larger and cushioned chair is in the center just behind the altar/lectern*. This is where Alvebroso sits whenever he actually attends a meeting. The *chair is gilded and made of rare wood*. It could go for a hefty sack of gold, if one managed to find a place that'd buy it, considering most fences and thieves in the city might recognize its origin.

## I. The Chambers of Gabbelax the Unbearable.

The guild's only employed *warlock* resides in this chamber, *once a secret ascetic cell when the temple was in its heyday*. Gabbelax claimed it upon being hired so that he could study the *arcane ramblings incised into the masonry by the claw of some long-dead rodent monk*. For the past four years Gabbelax has been translating and cross-referencing the allusions/poorly cited sources referenced within this rambling, non-linear text. The *warlock's notes can be found in the massive writing desk he keeps looking out across the sea/lake/river cave (F)*. So far the translation has only given him glimpses of what might be the true structure of the Multiverse (see Running Wheel Theory above), but he cannot bring himself to accept a troतिकentric (rodent-biased) worldview. As such, his current goal is to become a wererat, which he sees as his only chance to peer deeper into this mystery. Until then, though, he has to settle living like a rat (hence the *smell emanating from the secret door that leads to his chamber and the heaps of trash and feces in the chamber*).

## **J. Food Storage.**

This room is *packed with crates, bags, sacks, barrels, kegs, earthenware jugs, and bladders of rare delicacies procured from the many eating houses, taverns, and nobles' kitchens of the city* that the thieves have robbed. There is *currently an ongoing gentleman's bet between the various thieving ranks to acquire the rarest foodstuff possible in the city*. Word has recently come from upon the lips of dying men in the back alleys of the city's ghettos and slums of a noble in the Old City who has ordered an entire hatchery's worth of manticore eggs. *A notice in the hall outside the storage room reads with this information.*

## **K. is for Kitchen.**

The *chief chef of the Thieves' Guild is the famous, and rumored (among the city's noblesse who patronized his former restaurant) to be dead, Bantario of Far Kal-pesh*. The man, *once of famously gigantic proportions, is now but a shriveled and floppy husk of his former self*. For the past eight years he has toiled in slavery to the Thieves' Guild, concocting untasted masterworks of the culinary craft. Bantario long ago gave up any hope of escape but now endeavors himself fully to transform the endless supply of ingredients brought into the kitchen into deadly works of art. While he *has become a monkish aesthete of a gourmand, he now seeks to take revenge upon his captors by crafting such calorie-rich fare that in some months time the entire guild will be too fat to operate at peak condition*. In fact, the effects of Bantario's revenge has already begun to show in the paunches of the guild thieves. Only the number of stairs in the guild house has stymied his efforts...

## **L. Fellowship & Assembly Hall.**

Though the brotherly atmosphere of this *large, pillared chamber* has undergone a tonal shift from when it *was a place for Fellowship Meals following ritual sacrifices to [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice]*, it remains a place of general goodwill. *Every dusk, the members of the Thieves' Guild assemble here to receive orders, hatch plots, and generally give one another the confidence boosts needed to successfully pilfer and rob the all-too-suspecting and prepared citizenry of the city above*. The guild thieves are expected to assemble here around dawn to file their post-housebreaking and embezzlement reports with *Garbo the Asinine, who handles the guild's "paperwork,"* which means he employs mnemonic devices to record in his memory the evening's take to be recorded in the the Black Ledger, which is kept under guard and within vault in Area V.

## **L1. Tomb of the Unknown Interloper.**

*A corpse always occupies this half-collapsed alcove.* It will often belong to a would-be do-gooder or unchartered burglar who met his-or-her end at the end of a guild thief's poniard. Upon the do-gooder's death, **the guild thieves will truss the corpse up in a demeaning posture and leave it here, doused in copious amounts of scent-covering unguents and perfumes**, as reminder of what happens to those who cross the finest double-crossers in the city. **On a 1-in-6 chance, something of value may be acquired from the corpse that the thieves missed, such as deftly tucked bag of 1d3 gems and gold and silver coins.**

## **L2. A Quiet Spot to Conspire.**

This *alcove is out of the way of the main gathering space of the Assembly Hall*, but it's not nearly as out of the way as those who gather here for a little conspiratorial chat would like to believe. **On a 3-in-6 chance, at least 1d3+1 guild thieves are meeting here during the usual assemblage to discuss a little side action:** It may be a plant to fleece one of their guild brethren, or maybe they're interlopers themselves working to undermine the guild's efforts, or maybe they're engaging in a bit o' traditional work gossip concerning Alvebroso and/or the Council of Eights. **Due to an architectural quirk, conversations here can be heard by anyone standing next to the middle pillar in Area L.**

## **L3. Smelly Passage.**

An unfortunate design holdover from the previous owners, this passage between the open sewer and the Fellowship & Assembly Hall was used by worshipers of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Rodent God of Your Choice] to quickly escape any intrusion of heretics or violent skeptics. Today, however, **the hall is veiled at the sewer entrance by curtains painted to look like masonry.** Unlike the more considerable and effective efforts to prevent access to the guild halls (see Area T), this **passage sees regular coming and going by the thieves, so any efforts to remodel have been met with protest.**

## **M. Cellar of Togo the Deaf Lute-maker.**

Renowned throughout the city and the lands beyond as the absolute worst lute-maker known to man, this **middle-aged self-described genius of the strings maintains a comfortable life selling guild members passage through his cellar** since it's the quickest way to reach the Fellowship & Assembly Hall whenever you're running late. Whenever he's questioned by the town guard as to the nature of these cellar-bound transients, Togo is contractually required to respond, "What? I didn't hear nothing." Togo is not actually deaf, though minstrels and musicians in the city refuse to believe otherwise, considering the shit quality of his instruments.

## **N. Sewer.**

It *stinks*. It's *full of over-sized rats and abandoned crocodiles*. It's a sewer.

## **O. Official Headquarters of the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks.**

Employed by the City Watch to patrol the gutters and drains, the working stiffs of the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks meet here nightly to receive bribes, or err... that is receive donations from the Thieves' Guild.

Afterwards, the undercity's finest take a hike about three blocks down the pipe, ascend a ladder on Cornapple Street, and punch their clock at the Cock's Ankle Tavern. Members of the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks are not unwilling to betray the confidence of the Thieves Guild if proper greasing of palms is applied!

### **O1. Staging Area for the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks.**

In years before the Thieves' Guild, the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and *Sewer Jacks set out from here to scour the city's sewers of the menace of rodentia*. Of course, the proximity of the Staging Area and Official Headquarters of the Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks to the Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] meant said enemies of rat-kind were completely unaware of their hated enemy lurking nearby. Thus was their DOOM! (eventually). Your modern, post-Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] Supernal Fraternity of Ratcatchers and Sewer Jacks, with whom the Thieves' Guild has made arrangements, has been infiltrated by the re-emergent cult of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice]. What follows is a list of officials (and infiltrators) who may be encountered in Areas O and O1. You may roll randomly, if you're inclined, to determine the official/infiltrator encountered, or not. Whatever, your choice (stats found in Appendix A):

#### ***Argus Ransuerheim.***

Supernal Elder Brother. Jolly, rotund, and, gavel in hand, often eager to get down to business, that is drinking the night's libation at the Cock's Ankle. Blissfully unaware of the infiltration of the Fraternity by the servants of rat-kind. Likely wouldn't care less if he was, but his father's father's father was a rat-catcher and this knowledge might awaken atavistic feelings of animosity toward rodents.

#### ***Cheever.***

Supernal Middle Brother. Skinny, mutton-chopped, has a tendency to hunch and rub his hands together mischievously. Smells like the business end of a cholera

outbreak. Everything about him screams sewer jack.

***Shagbat the Twice-dropped.***

Supernal Younger Brother. Grew up on the streets. Worked his way up to sewer jack from something worse. Totally a were-rat, though... No question about it. He's got that look, you know? Yeah, you know which one. In fact, I'd be surprised if everyone didn't actually already know he was a were-rat, but they're so used to him it just goes unsaid. He's their were-rat, after all. He's not a member of the cult of [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice], however. Our Shagbat is a bit of a loner.

***Orlock Bragginhammer.***

Supernal Little Brother. As the only dwarf member of the Fraternity, Orlock has a lot of clout with the other members.

***Brundo "Ratskewer" Baggyhocks.***

Supernal Biggest Brother. One of those types of halflings who, upon coming to the big city, immediately descends into that dastardly immoral country of the city's underworld. He is the city's premier ratcatcher. He's got undergarments made of woven rat-tails. He swaggers when he walks because of his preeminence. Nobody's got nothing on Brundo "Ratskewer."

***Gutter Jack the Sewer Jack.***

He's who he is. Absolutely not a were-rat. Nope. He's a sewer jack, just regular ol' sewer jack. Not a were-rat. Nope. He's always got pockets full of grotesque cheese, though, for midday snacking.



## P. Sewer Tunnel of Total Inconspicuous Nature

Absolutely nothing is interesting along this stretch of sewer. There's a **moldy door**, but that's it. The **stink of waste permeates the air**, just like everywhere else down here. **Occasionally, however, something interesting floats by.**

### 1d8 What the Sewer Provides

1	Fresh corpse.
2	Not so fresh corpse.
3	Corpse (fresh-ish) that's actually a vampire.
4	10d10 left shoes, with feet still in them.
5	Just sewage, coloration a bit greener than usual.
6	The contents of public use privies following local sausage and lager festival, likely to cause severe stoppage/flooding.
7	Clean, clear water. . .
8	A human baby in a basket.

### P1. Like a Mudroom but You're Coming out of the Sewer so It's not Really Mud You're Knocking off Your Boots.

This room **smells like the quintessence of sewer** and serves as a sieve to weed out those too weak-of-stomach or self-respecting to delve further into the sewer. Take this moment to make the **PCs roll some sort of check or lose their lunch**. That's what makes this fun, of course.

### P2. Lots of Valves and Pipes or Other City Works Type Stuff That Probably Shouldn't Be Tampered With. . .

## Q. Scenic Overlook.

This **platform overlooks a great swirling abyss of sewage 50' below. Pipes and tunnels pour waste into this tempestuous broth from above and below**. Don't fall in. You'd be in for a bad time. Rumor has it, among the sagacious and/or drunken sewer jacks of the city, that **a Croc' of Tremendous Size and Bad Attitude lurks down there**, waiting for the wayward explorer or workin' stiff to slip and plummet to his fetid, undoubtedly cholera-filled lagoon.

### **Croc' of Tremendous Size and Bad Attitude**

*Needs no further introduction.*

**AC 2, HD 8, Att 1x** chomp (2d8), **THACO 17, MV 90' (30') / 90' (30')**

swimming, **SV D8 W9 P10 B10 S12, ML 8, AL Neutral, XP 650, #A 1, TT none,**



## R. Cellar of the Flogged Strumpet Neighborhood Winehouse and Rotisserie.

The tavern's cellar serves as both a storage for its vintages and a clandestine drinking hall for the Thieves' Guild rank and file. Though Alvebroso had forbore his thieves from drinking during or prior to their nightrunning, it is quite common to find a number of obstinate and disobedient or just plain edgy cutpurses, footpads, and larcenous gadabouts down here nearer the dusk hour getting in on a little pre-gaming.

## S. Fully Furnished but Understaffed Torture Chamber.

Years ago, when the Thieves' Guild was first settling in, an enterprising larcenist of the first rank proposed that what they really needed to establish themselves in the city was a first-rate torture chamber wherein to dispatch rivals, freelance thieves, uncooperative city watchmen, and whoever else got in their way. The Council of Eights loved the idea and set about hiring one of the kingdom's top torturmeers and dungeon-designers, Marlo Von Schrecklich. They changed their tune, however, once the chamber was put to further use as a method of setting term limits on the Council. Today, the chamber sees little use, but it remains overseen by Thumbscrew, First Class, Balrack, who relishes any opportunity to put to use the incredible array of devices gathering dust herein.

### S1. Makeshift Torture Device Storage.

An alarming assortment of medieval torture devices gather dust in this cluttered hallway, many of them having never been broken in or seen a smattering of blood. If Balrack is given the opportunity to torture a captive of the Thieves' Guild (particularly a PC, if he's lucky), consult the following table to determine what device he employs (note: he will fret and wring his hands while choosing, recounting to the captive all of the wonderful benefits of each device):

Torture Devices	
Breast ripper	Wooden horse
Iron maiden	Heretic's fork
Death by sawing	Breaking wheel
Gnomish lampooning	Ye olde rack
Thumbscrews	Pomegranate of anguish
iron chair	Tongue terear
Halving's bottle	Elf spanner
Root of all evil	Tasha's hideous tickler

## T. Doors of Doom to Interlopers.

Within this *rather unassuming hallway* are *five totally nondescript, plain, uninteresting, slightly rotten-looking (though this is a trick as the doors are actually all very well-made and new but designed to appear unused, moldy, and difficult to open) doors*. Only one such door, however, actually functions. The others bear (deadly) traps. **Roll 1d12 to determine the nature of the trap corresponding with each false door**, which the Thieves rotate weekly to keep things interesting:

1d12	The door is trapped!
1	Spring-loaded smashing door.
2	Panel opens up and 10d6 deadly scorpions burst out.
3	Door is enchanted with Magic Mouth spell that insults those attempting to open it.
4	Door magically transforms into monster of appropriate threat-level but still made of wood.
5	The door opens into a small pocket dimension where anyone who enters will be trapped until the door is opened again (2-in-6 chance someone is inside in a state of irritation, madness, or decay).
6	A puff of hallucinogenic gas is fired from the door sill. Woooo!
7	The door opens, magically, to another door in the room.
8	When the door opens, all light sources in the chamber go out; they come back on when it's closed again.
9	As the door is opened, the words "Do not open the door next to me" are seen scrawled in what appears to be blood on the wall behind. (Nothing happens if the door next to it is opened.)
10	Sharp, pointy objects stab the opener of the door from all directions.
11	The door doesn't open.
12	This door opens you!

## U. Hallway of Too Bloody Many Doors.

There's *a lot of doors*. Pick one! These all actually open and won't kill you (most of the time).

### U1. Broom Closet of the Apprentice Pickpurses.

Lots of *interesting tools inside* used to keep the guild's unpaid interns and applicants busy until they pass muster on their Night of a Thousand Stickups (the test really only consists of successfully mugging a dozen people, but the name sounded ominous), like *sword brooms (think sword canes but brooms) mops with daggers amid the yarn, and stuff like that*.

## U2. Storage Closet of all the Worthless Junk Pilfered by Low-level Thieves that has Little-to-No Resale Value.

But, of course, there's **bound to be something useful** among all the ceramic garden kobolds, commemorative tavern mugs, limited edition (silver-plated brass) coins featuring a briefly reigning dictator, symbolic wooden swords granted veteran soldiers following brutal never-ending campaigns in lieu of legitimate healthcare and/or concern for their continued well-being, self-sharpening kitchen knives, gilded ceremonial viking helms, skeletons of rare gnome subspecies in bell jars, cheaply framed likenesses and silhouettes of middle-class widows in their youth, empty or rock-filled coin purses, priceless vases from the Mysterious and Ancient East, creepy ass river-troll dolls, the entire Princess Armando Jewelry Collection, sweet ass katanas in faux jade scabbards that likely break on first swing, costume jewelry, and a lot of worthless crap belonging to the thieves-in-training's own grandmothers. 2d3 not-so-useless crap is found on a 1-in-6 chance.

### 1d12 Not-So-Worthless Crap Found

1	A pearl-handled dagger (20g each).
2	One golden "Get out of Being Murdered Free" coupon issued by the local assassins' guild: good for three more months (1,000g)
3	<i>Potion of Suddenly Remembering Important Plot Detail.</i>
4	Secret recipe for extra spicy dwarven Bloody Hogar Mix (200g).
5	Jar containing pickled dwarven ancestor's distinctive nose, recognizable from statuary in dwarven district (2,000g).
6	A totally viable treasure map written in obscure language, but every other word is misspelled (150g).
7	Squirming finger of over-achieving apprentice necromancer still capable of casting <i>Death Spell</i> (5,000g).
8	Spoon that purifies food but only food eaten with spoon (500g).
9	Scroll of <i>Infravision</i> written in braille (20g).
10	The Halfling's Foot, like <i>the Monkey's Paw</i> , one toe left uncurled (10,000g).
11	Half a Deck of Many Things (not worth the paper it's printed on).
12	1 yard of ever-absorbent fabric. Pastel. Still on the bolt (priceless).

## U3. Storage Closet Containing the... YE GODS! WHAT IN THE NINE BLOODY HELLS IS THAT THING!? CLOSE THE DOOR CLOSE IT CLOSE IT NOW QUICK!!!

## U4. Haunted Closet.

Someone died in here some time back and is very, very unhappy about the fact. It could be a particularly important individual for your campaign that you could drop in for lack of a better option somewhere else, or it could be an NPC with an unnecessarily complicated backstory like the one that's to follow...

### **Ghost of the Haunted Closet.**

*Less than a score of fortnights ago, give or take an obscure medieval measurement of time, a young lad by the name of Klaus Trepper met an untimely, gruesome end within this chamber. He had served, as his father and father's father and father's father's father had before him, as a sewer-jack. Jackin' around in the sewers ran deep in young Klaus's blood. When he was but a wee guttersnipe, he took on a ratcatching route to make a little extra money to set aside for his apprenticeship and making something of himself later on, but the viscid, rank waters of the undercity called, and he yearned, and they hollered, so at the tender age of twelve years he followed in his fathers' footsteps, directly where they led through the muck of the overflowing sewage right into the Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] where he met a ratty end. Of course, our story should end here, but Klaus was a strong-willed boy, who was entitled to something better in life, and so now haunts his death site, not only a sewer-jack in life but one in death, which is really kind of getting the short end of the stick, which by coincidence is also what the rat bastard who killed gave him. If the PCs are feeling moral, they could help him out by finding a way to help Klaus reach a point of success in un-life that holds a torch to his sense of entitlement, which won't be easy, of course.*

...or you could just use a standard ghost as a monster and not make this interesting at all, but whatever.

## U5. Entirely Empty Room.

There's always at least one. This **room is entirely empty**. It has no use. It's not important. Nothing here whatsoever. No reason to hang around at all. You won't find anything interesting or useful here whatsoever.

## U6. Mediocre Dungeon Room #49ish.

An **orc guards this chamber**. (Don't worry, he's a full-fledged guild member, the only one to acquire the rank of Thug, 3rd Class.) **In the chamber is a chest. In the chest is nothing whatsoever.** The real treasure is that one orc you met along the way.

## V. Abandoned Temple of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice].

As long as men have built cities, so have the virulent children of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] dwelt among them, scurrying hither to a grain merchant's store and thither to a cheese merchant's

cellar. A **great rat-shaped idol of copper and a nearly fossilized patina of dried feces dominates this chamber**. Once, it **had jeweled eyes of the sort adorning the cover of the a particular handbook for players, but they've long since been pilfered or pillaged**. The **statue is particularly grotesque and gives interlopers who do not have any rats scurrying along the branches of their family tree the willies (save vs. the willies, of course)**.

While this temple has been long abandoned (and since put to use by the Thieves' Guild as a storage space for all those things they'll eventually, certainly get around to using so better keep them just in case), **on occasional nights, every so often as a 2-in-6 roll on a d6, the faithful of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] return to this desecrated site via a secret tunnel leading down from the rubble of the collapsed hallway on the northern end of the chamber**. In the event of the faithfuls' presence, roll a 1d6 and consult the following table to determine the nature of their activity therein:

1d6	What the Sewer Provides
1	Entreating the [Insert Non-exclusive Lord of Tenement-infesting Insects] to punish infidels and keepers of felines with defilement of fleas.
2	Leaving an offering of fine cheese wheels.
3	Getting off an express sacrifice of a buxom city "maiden."
4	Organizing an attack on the Thieves' Guild to reclaim temple complex in the name of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice].
5	Wallowing in filth, wretchedness, and self-disappointment. A sort of mass. Most likely to happen on Saturday night.
6	Converting some (un)willing victim/layman into were-ratdom.

Also kept in this chamber, **secreted away within a hidden compartment underneath the idol is the guild's Black Ledger**, which contains record of all the comings-and-goings of the thieves, their acquisitions, embezzlements, purloinings, and debts, as well as a list of contacts and corrupted city officials. Very valuable, very dangerous book. Only Garbo the Asinine knows its location. It is called the Black Ledger because it is the uber-document with regard to blackmail in the city.

## **W. Underutilized Secret Entry Chamber for Nefarious GM Purposes.**

The possibilities are endless. Go hog wild, and never say that I haven't allowed room for improvisation or encouraged **referees to add their own details!** (Room exists absolutely not because I've run out of ideas. That's insulting.)

## X. Guild Prison.

Herein the **guild keeps those do-gooders, e'er-do-wells, skimmers-off-the-top, unaffiliated vagrants**, etc. who cannot be released back into the city, where they'll cut into the guild's bottom line. A few are bound for Balrack's Fully Furnished but Understaffed Torture Chamber (Area S), a few might be doing a longer stint, while a handful are bound to end up face down in a gutter soon. The **guild assigns guard duty on the basis of who's been mucking up their thieving duties of late.**

### 1d12 Prisoner's of the Thieves' Guild

1	<b>Gertok the Enchanting.</b> A bard of ill-renown who penned a particularly biting satirical ditty regarding the guild's method of acquiring ladies' undergarments. Offers his skills in the composition of a ballad (or elegy, depending on how things shake out) about their escapades, if the PCs (or anyone, for that matter) aids in his escape before he's handed over to Balrack.
2	<b>Simple Simon.</b> Doesn't know why he's been put here. Probably deserved it, though. He's not one to argue. Has an 18/00 strength, however, or some inflationary modern RPG equivalent to such superhuman prowess.
3	<b>Gurdi Groundsplitter.</b> Knows exactly why he's been put here, probably deserved it, but, "Get me the bloody 'ell outta here! I'll pay ye me weight in gold!" He's not exactly a dwarf of his word, though, which may or may not have some relationship to the reason he's been put in here in the first place.
4	<b>Pavel.</b> Pavel is a Pavel. Pavel was a torch-bearer hired out to a (since deceased and enguttered) crew of do-gooders who attempted to "clear" the Thieves' Guild headquarters. Pavel is not all that he seems, however—well, he is all that he seems, actually, because he's Pavel, but Pavel is one of many Pavels. You see, Pavel is a clone of the original Pavel who was subjected to a series of miscast spells in the nearby Ruins of Castle Wengemerlin, which resulted in a rampant multiplication of his being. Since then, these various Pavels (many of these Pavels distinguish themselves through any means they can, like unique hairstyles, facial hair, weapon choices, clothing style, ideological bent, etc.) have formed a Confederacy of Pavels which operates in the city's underworld and in the Ruins of Castle Wengemerlin. This particular Pavel, however, is one of the boring ones. He's simply Pavel, and he will gladly hire out to any who rescue him from this predicament, although he, like all other Pavels, has it out for adventurers and spelunkers of all types, so beware.

5	<p><b>Tom of East Street.</b> Doesn't know how he ended up here. Probably drank too much, again. Needs to get to work at Grari's Millhouse on East Street, though, by sun-up. He cannot afford to lose his job.</p>
6	<p><b>Sir D'artanione of Ludwicke.</b> A middle-aged and fattened paladin who suffers bouts of melancholy. In one of his recent episodes of mania, he stormed the Thieves' Guild headquarters, slew twenty-two lower level purloiners, and trashed the marketplace before winding down and rapidly cycling into an apathetic torpor, at which point he was captured. On a 7-in-12 chance, he'll work back up into a manic state once the PCs arrive here.</p>
7	<p><b>Famous Copyright-protected Wizard of Renown.</b> Holy crap, it's really him! No joke. I'd go into more detail here, describing his condition, the manner of his capture, and his plans for escape and entangling/geasing the PCs into his plots, but my lawyer has informed me that doing so would leave me vulnerable to cease and desist orders and/or lawsuits, so you're free to fill in the details.</p>
8	<p><b>Grimgornog the Killmannian.</b> A barbarian from the Arid Wastes of Kr'krek who was working as an unlicensed thief in the city. He is scheduled for torture in 1d3 turns. He will take any and all opportunities to escape and go to any length to gain the PCs' confidence and assistance (and I mean ANY length—barbarian codes of ethical behavior are totally not the same).</p>
9	<p><b>Rinny Burrbrow.</b> A halfling of dastardly persuasion who was recently a full-fledged member of the guild, reaching the rank of Third Footpad, but his taste for excessive violence caused a captain of the city watch to file a request with the guild's unofficial representative to the city to "Get that bloody h****t under control!" As such, Rinny, who has a particularly violent gleam in his eye, is stuck in the guild prison, but he's digging his way out, of course, being a semi-professional burrower. If the PCs choose to release Rinny, he'll offer to join them, but certainly will murder them the first chance he's got.</p>
10	<p><b>Dauf Horgan.</b> Man-at-arms who was abandoned by his employers when they recently fled the guild headquarters during a recently failed assault. Once free, he intends to file a complaint with the Union of Hirelings, Henchmen, and Hangers-on (U.H.H.H.) against his employers, hoping to have them blacklisted.</p>
11	<p><b>Flowether Blueleaf.</b> An elf.</p>
12	<p><b>One of the PCs' Twin Sibling He-or-She Didn't Know Existed.</b> This is awkward. Someone has some explaining to do.</p>

## **Y. Entrance to the Refuse Pit of [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice].**

*Entrance flanked by the grotesque busts of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] which spew fire or acid or feces or all three on a 2-in-6 chance whenever one approaches the entrance (the mechanism is gunked up and misbehaving). A warning sign has been hung across from the busts that reads: Don't go in there! You won't regret it, however, 'cause you'll be dead!*

### **Y1. There apparently isn't a Y1 on the map. Oops. What can you do?**

Maybe it's a secret chamber filled with fabulous treasure, which might make up entirely for the lack of such financial windfalls otherwise within this module!

### **Y2. Refuse Pit of [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice].**

*Really, really stinky pit of trash.* Once upon a time, the faithful of the [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice] tossed the *sacrificial leftovers* into this pit. It has *never been cleaned out*. There's a *slight chance (1-in-8) that it will randomly spawn a Refuse Demon* of a sort appropriate to the level of maturity of the GM and players. As well, *deep within this refuse, below layers upon layers so old they've become a geological blackened muck, lies a fragment of the Rod of Innumerable Parts*. It is long sought after artifact of great power which ended up here though one of those quirks of fate that only seem to affect such relics and their unfortunate bearers. *Climbing down into the pit is foul work. Disease and plague lurk therein.* The likelihood of someone finding the artifact is very slim, but it's down there nonetheless. Just one of those things.

#### **Sewage Demon.**

*Composed entirely of biological waste appropriate to the maturity level of your game.*

**AC 2, HD 8, Att 2** x globs of waste (1d6) or 1 x bite (1d10), **THACO 12, MV 60'** (20'), **SV D8 W9 P10 B10 S12, ML 12, AL Chaotic, XP 1,600, #A 1, TT G.**

- **Miasma of disease.** Anyone coming within 10' of Refuse Demon must Save vs. Death or suffer a feces-borne diseases, such as cholera or dysentery or pink eye.
- **In Deep Shit Now.** Anytime the Refuse Demon takes at least five points of damage from a single hit, it spawns another, lesser, Refuse Demon (3 HD).
- **Much Deeper Shit.** If two globs hit in one round, they are stuck and suffocates 2d3 rounds. Open Doors to break free. Also suffer disease as above. Yeah, this is pretty shitty.



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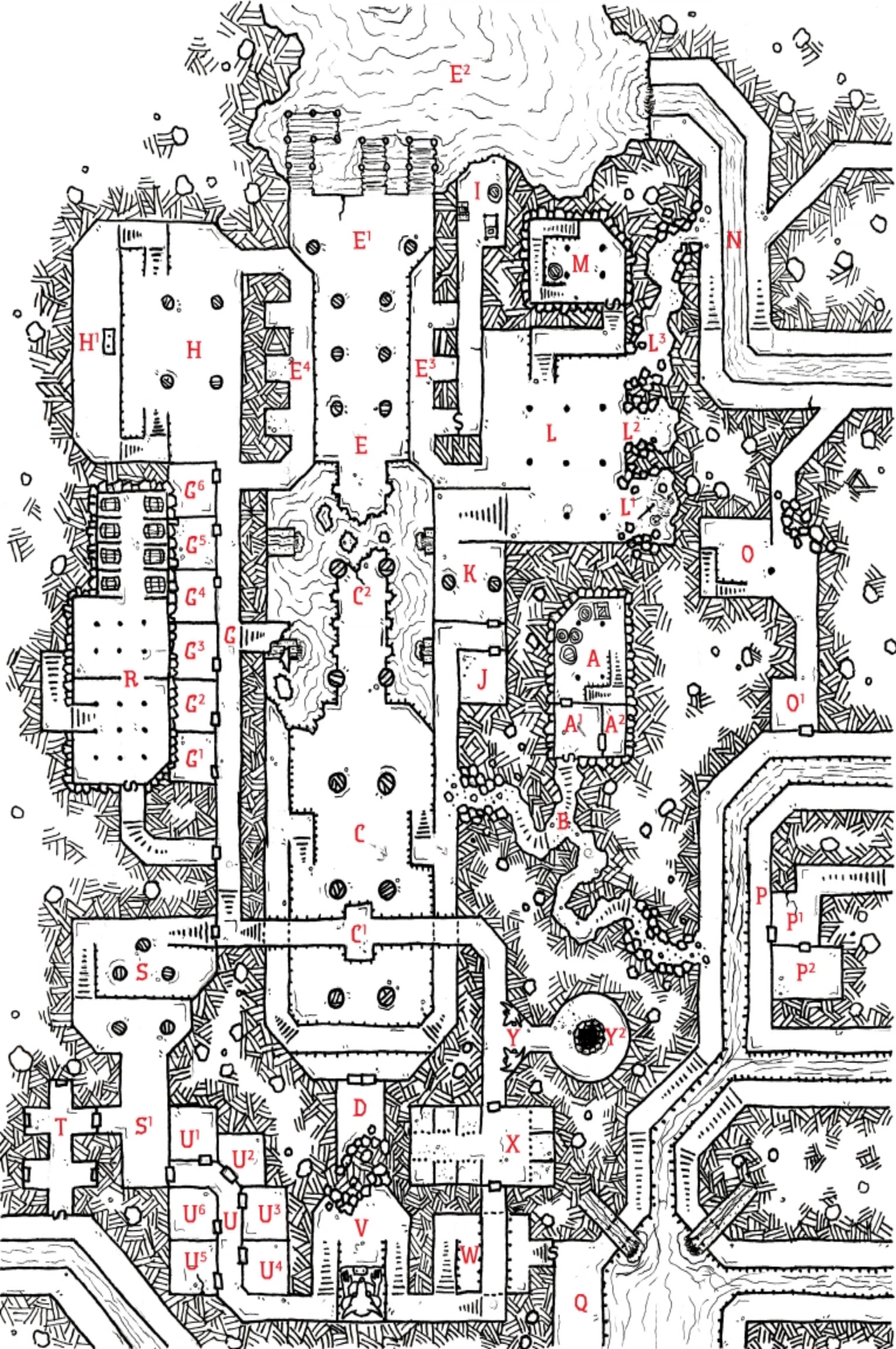
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Thieves Guild Built in the Subterranean Ruin of [Insert Generic Anthropomorphic Urban Rodent God of Your Choice]'s Temple © 2020, Billy Longino

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## **Welcome to the Thieves' Guild!**

**Things are not going so well. The thieves are incompetent and prone to in-fighting. The guild has become more like your local underworld supermarket than the den of intrigue and villainy you'd expect. So, obviously, it'd be a lot of fun to explore.**

**Inside, you'll find a decently fleshed-out adventure site for your would-be heroes and/or ne'er-do-wells to infiltrate, pillage, or die horrible deaths in. Also included are a handful of silly NPCs for use in your city campaign. And there's ratmen. (Actually, I checked... There's no ratmen. Sorry. They're all dead before the PCs arrive.)**

**Included is all of the amateurish art, poorly considered prose, and difficult-to-read (and use at the table) layout you've come to expect from a classic DIY adventure!**

***Requires Old-School Essentials Core Rules.***

