

BACKDROPS

READY-TO-USE LOCATIONS FOR ANY FANTASY CAMPAIGN

1. BAZAAR

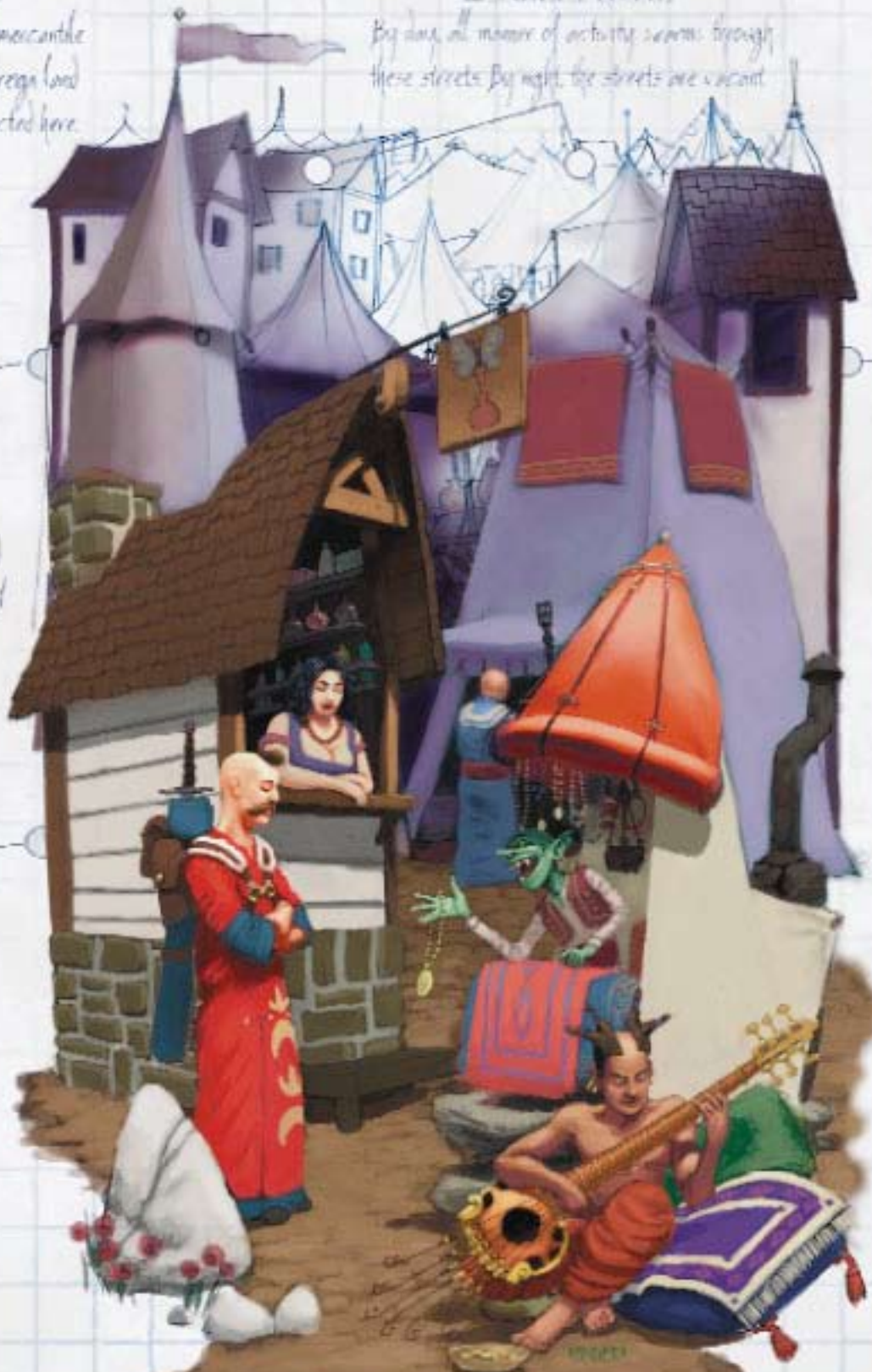
It's as though each little mercantile camp is a bit of some foreign land cut apart and reconstructed here.

2. ALLEYWAYS

By day, all manner of activity seeps through these streets. By night, the streets are vacant.

3. STABLE

What an urban stable lacks in space it must make up for in quality.



4. SMITHY

Everything shines orange with fire. Little can be heard over the cry of cooking steel and the ring of hammers.

Adventurers' heads be cautious, the bottom is full of lava, spikes, thorns, and scorpions.

Each stall displays the goods of a nation, making the bazaar a marketplace for the entire world.

One lord's exotic beast is replaced by another's thingy-froggy-making.

BY WILL HINDMARCH

PENUMBRA

BACKDROPS

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION THE STAGE IS SET	3
CHAPTER ONE BAZAAR	4
CHAPTER TWO ATHENAEUM	6
CHAPTER THREE BATHS	8
CHAPTER FOUR SHIP	10
CHAPTER FIVE WHARF	12
CHAPTER SIX STABLES	14
CHAPTER SEVEN SMITHY	16
CHAPTER EIGHT TOLL BRIDGE	18
CHAPTER NINE TEMPLE	20
CHAPTER TEN CARAVANSERAI	22
CHAPTER ELEVEN TAVERN	24
CHAPTER TWELVE ALLEYWAY	26
CHAPTER THIRTEEN MERCHANTS' DISTRICT	28
CHAPTER FOURTEEN CITY DUNGEON	30

BY WILL HINDMARCH

CREDITS

AUTHOR: Will Hindmarch

EDITOR: Michelle A Brown Nephew

ART DIRECTION & GRAPHIC DESIGN: Scott Reeves

COVER DESIGN: Scott Reeves and John Tynes

COVER ILLUSTRATION: Steven Sanders

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Will Hindmarch has written poetry, plays, a comic book, and RPG adventures for publication or performance. These little summaries make him dizzy. He lives in Chicago.

DEDICATED TO my folks, who don't know what "gaming" is. To Tony, Tony, Marty, Dan, and Seth, for the hours spent which could've been wasted. To SaraQ, for everything else.

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GAMES

Saint Paul, Minnesota
info@atlas-games.com • www.atlas-games.com

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RIFT
Will Hindmarch
by John
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INTRODUCTION

THE STAGE IS SET

Backdrops is a collection of ready-to-use locations for your own fantasy RPG campaign. Each location, or "set," is detailed in a two-page spread: this includes a scale map suitable for photocopying to use in miniatures play, and a page of background text and rules information to enrich your adventures, wherever they take place. Every set can be used immediately out of the book for staged scenes such as duels, escapes, trysts, secret meetings, and more. *Backdrops* is like paying a set designer to build a few stock sets on your campaign's back lot.

Backdrops includes fourteen distinctive sets:

- The **bazaar** is a riotous maze of patterned tents, wooden stalls, and foreign wagons, each displaying the goods of a nation.
- Some describe an **athenaeum's** narrow, unlit corridors as catacombs for books ... but few realize that death may truly be as close as the brittle pages of an ancient tome.
- The **baths** are a place of whispers, threats, lies, and scheming. Beneath its tranquility it is a tense scene, where enemies face each other without swords or shields.
- Many wealthy burghers have made their fortunes with the cargo carried in the fat bellies of great sea-going **ships**.
- A mess of fisherman's piers, the **wharf** is also home to an old seadog who consults his catalog of maps "from places past and years afar."
- An urban **stable** breeds a noble horse in which the wisdom of ancient tribal kings is scattered as a blessed reincarnation.

- In the secret **smithy**, three burning golden dwarves arrive from within the forge to craft wondrous items.
- Meant as a military defense, a brick **toll bridge** is a trap for soldiers, spies, and criminals.
- Magical candles light the way to Pilgrims' Houses, **temples** welcoming the travelers of many different gods.
- Small, fortified **caravanserais** offer protection and company to travelers and traders ... though bandits know that the most valuable thing in any caravanserai is the caravan visiting it.
- The **tavern** caters to locals and strangers alike. Anyone with good coin can feast on a hearty fare and perhaps enjoy the talents of a bard.
- Narrow **alleyways** wind like veins through the city ... and those who live there know that only three sorts of souls walk streets at night: lantern-bearing guards, cutthroats, and the undead.
- In the **merchants' district**, cobbled streets are clogged with horses, carts, hanging signs, and bustling customers patronizing the shops of hard-working craftsmen and artisans.
- The city **dungeon** houses burglars, cutpurses, housebreakers, and felons; those souls who cannot pay their fine in coin will pay it with time.

GMs who look closely will notice a few connections between these sets, too; take the wharf and the ship, or the alleyway and the merchants' district, for instance. Cultivate these intertwinings to simulate a living world, or ignore them altogether. Link the sets to detail a single city, or scatter them across your campaign world. Use them as a foundation for more exotic travails for your PCs; put lava under the bridge, if you want, or place the bath house underwater. It's your game, after all. *Backdrops* just gives you more time to play it.

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BAZAAR

This square of dirt, packed smooth by feet and years, has become a maze of patterned tents, wooden stalls, and foreign wagons. It's as though each little mercantile camp is a bit of some foreign land cut apart and reconstructed here. Some stands are even built up on imported flagstones or sands from distant deserts. Beads, shells, ropes, tunics, sarongs, flags, shoes, hats, helmets, spoons, knives, swords, scabbards, jewelry, pots, urns, jars, bottles, nets, baskets, dolls, sculptures, tapestries, spices, incense, lamps, oils, meats, fruits and more are dangled, stacked, rolled, boxed, bagged, carted, waved, arranged, and otherwise displayed for sale.

Every bauble is a peek at some remote life. Here, an olive-skinned halfling sells a dye made from smashed termites that smells like cactus. There, adolescent half-orcs show off the hooves of their mixed-breed ponies. A cleric with a bell and broom is blessing the tent of a disinterested alchemist while a man in lizard hide browses the array of thumb-sized bottles. Dwarves in chain armor swing logs of cinnamon before them to part

the crowd. Men with twelve-foot elfish rugs rolled up on their backs haggle with an incense-seller on a zebra. From behind the fog of animal stinks, lanolin, and fabric oils the smell of crisping meat curls through the market. From stand to stand, one bard's exotic beat is replaced by another's lilting foreign melody. Each stall displays the goods of a nation, making the bazaar a marketplace for the entire world.

CAVEAT EMPTOR

Very nearly anything is available for sale in a marketplace like this one. Many merchants have come far to make their fortune and are low on patience. Likewise, the crowds are full of people looking desperately for the goods they need. Adventurers are sure to encounter both sorts here. Perhaps the PCs are approached by a rich aristocrat unwilling to face the black market herself. Or perhaps a merchant from some burgher prince's emporium simply must have a possession of a PC's.

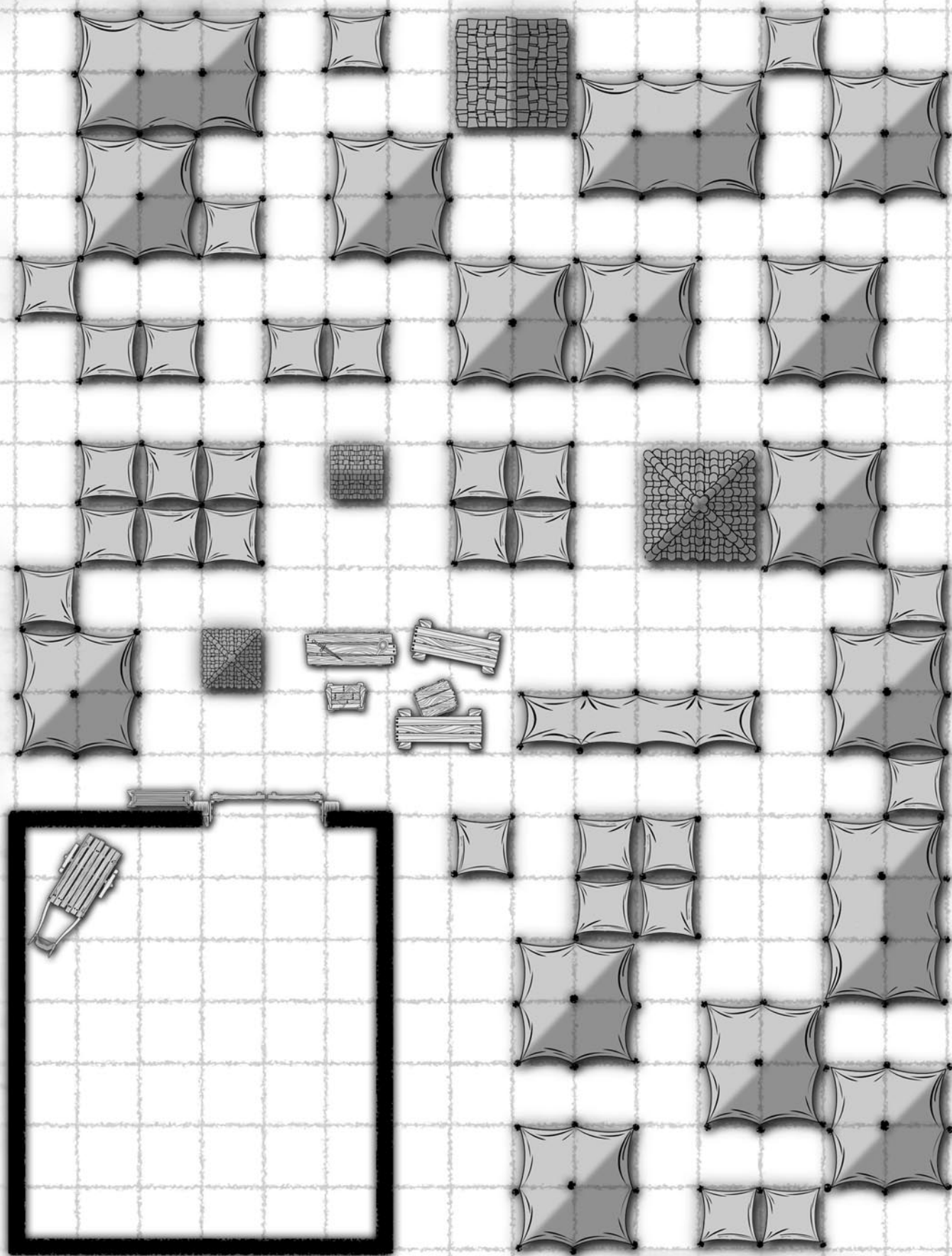
Adventurers should be cautious in an environment like this one. The bazaar is full of liars, cheats, thieves, and scum. With wealth all about them, nothing may be what it seems.

NEW COMBAT RULES: BREAK IT AND BUY IT

Combat in the narrow spaces of the marketplace is uncommonly difficult. Errant strikes must land somewhere, and with stalls all around, "somewhere" is sure to be occupied by valuable goods. Merchants whose wares are smashed demand compensation.

In the bazaar, have players roll damage even on a missed attack. Every attack that misses its mark hits nearby merchandise; the damage rolled for missed attacks becomes the gold piece value of items damaged. For bull rushes into merchant stalls, use the winning Strength check as a gold piece value. Damaging spells are subject to the same rule, doing damage and costing money in each square they affect.

FIG. 1: BAZAAR



SHOW FIELD

Spectators sit on the low stone walls to watch livestock auctions, drills and games.

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 220%

ATHENAEUM

Libraries like this one are frequently dark, usually cramped, and always achingly quiet. Each sound that creeps through this tight space seems near. Pages turn. Papers shuffle. Spines creak. When visitors step between the stacks the bookshelves groan on the aging floorboards. Some find the dark, varnished woods and the low ceiling conducive to study. Some feel the narrow, unlit corridors between the shelves are catacombs for books.

Peasant and common folk believe that books on arcane subjects attract bad spirits, but it's a foolish thought. Any scholarly sort understands that only wisdom resides in the library. Carry a candle and there's nothing to fear.

LOCATION

A small athenaeum could be found almost anywhere. A private collection of books in the hands of a wealthy academic could contain rare and valuable works available nowhere else. Some arcane villain might hoard secrets for himself, and secrets are often kept in books. In a massive city it could be possible to find a trove of books hidden away and forgotten beneath the ancient bricks.

NEW MAGICAL DISEASE:
THE MALSCRIPTUM

This terrible tome bears contagious secrets deadly and enlightening to mortal minds. It is a black, leatherbound book with no written title. Within are only a handful of passages across hundreds of pages, written and rewritten in a dozen languages by a thousand hands. It is a packed book, in which words are scrawled across other words, in margins, and inside the covers. Its title is known only by those who have heard tales of it. Typically, those tales are horror stories whose moral is this: do not read the *Malscriptum*.

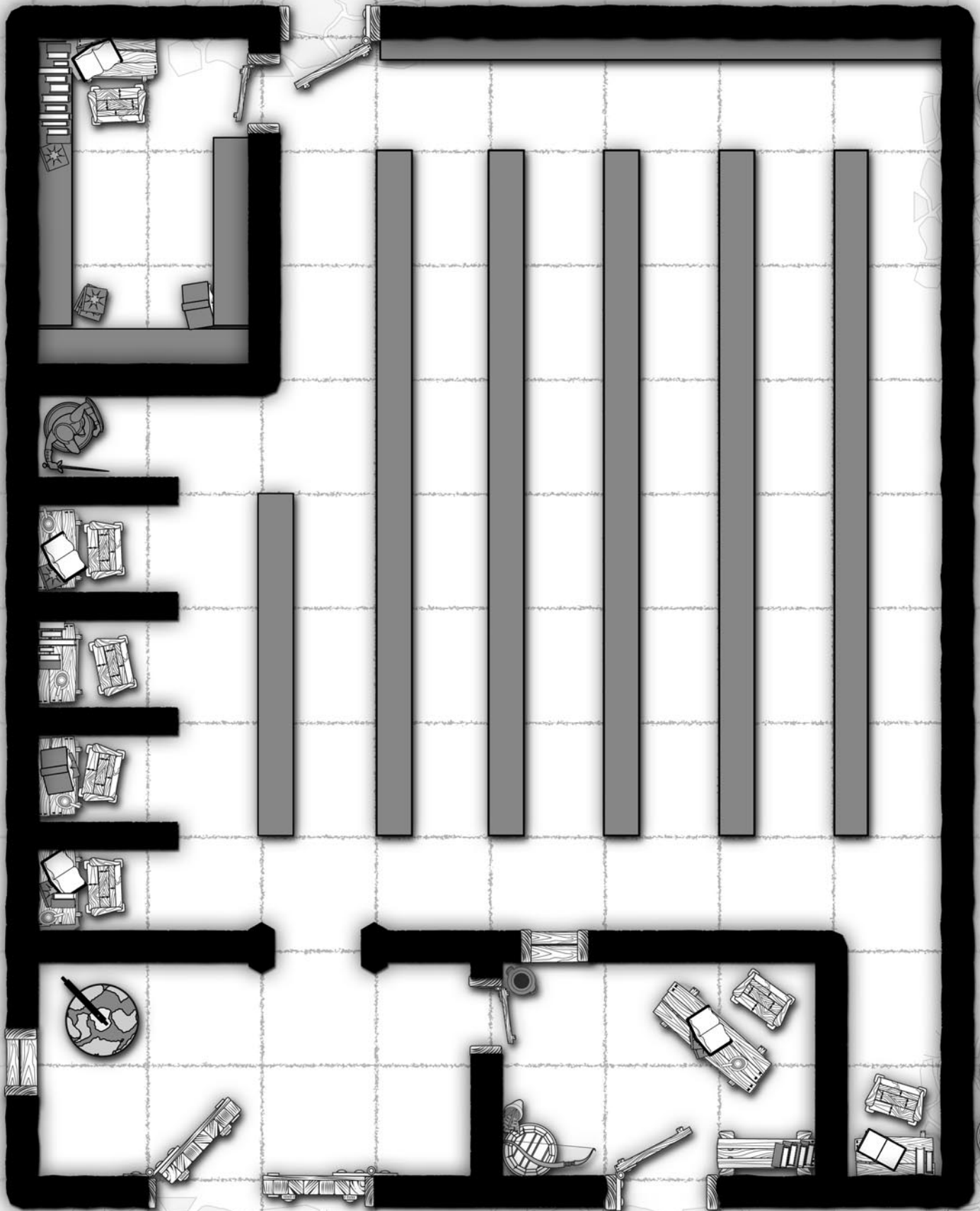
The *Malscriptum* is not just a book. It's a magical disease that infects minds through communication. The ramblings of those carrying the disease are infectious whether written, sung, or spoken. Anyone reading or hearing the *Malscriptum* read must make a Fortitude save (DC 25) or be infected. The disease originated within magical secrets, and knowledge of magic only speeds its progress; PCs receive a circumstance penalty to their Fortitude save equal to their ranks in Knowledge (arcana). The words of the *Malscriptum* are essentially a perpetually active spell, transmuting the brain and body; upon initial infection, the victim loses 1d4 Constitution and gains the same in Intelligence. All the normal benefits and penalties from these changes apply. The disease is a wicked creation, filling its victim's head with incredible knowledge while desiccating his body.

Ridding oneself of the disease is tricky. Any time a victim attempts an action that might effect a cure — for instance, approaching another character to tell her he is infected, or allowing a spellcaster to attempt a magical healing — he must attempt a Will save (DC 18) or begin to recite the *Malscriptum*, taking another 1d4 Constitution score loss and the same as an additional gain to Intelligence. The disease is magical, and cannot be healed without magical aid. In order to obtain help, victims must somehow communicate the presence of their illness without infecting others. Although a *remove disease* spell cures one subject, the physician might become infected in the process. Points gained in Intelligence are lost once the disease is cured.

In time, when a victim's Constitution score becomes 3 or less, he must succeed at a Will save (DC 20) or begin to recite the *Malscriptum* on whatever surfaces are available.

Infection: communication, Fort DC 25;
Incubation: a night's sleep; *Initial Damage:* 1d4 Con score; *Secondary Damage:* Will DC 18, 1d4 Con score; *Special:* Intelligence gain equal to Constitution loss

FIG. 2: ATHENAEUM



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%

BATHS

The bath house is a place to mingle, soak, swim, and socialize with nobility and aristocracy. It is a peaceful but busy place where fashion is escaped in favor of white towels and bare skin. Without posturing and costumes, jewelry or grandiose language, it is a common ground where the elite can speak simply and be comfortable.

But the bath house is also a place of whispers, threats, lies, and scheming. Beneath its tranquility it is a tense scene, where enemies face each other without swords or shields. It is a neutral ground where only wit, willpower, instinct and intrigue

matter. It's a good place to negotiate, intimidate, or be assassinated.

Although the baths were built to be a public space, they are maintained by grants from the merchant princes and nobility who frequent them. Tile mosaics and clay pots depict noteworthy, wealthy benefactors. The walls of some private bath chambers are painted with frescoes mimicking window views. Some portray landscapes, scenery, or cityscapes, while others show the palaces of the wealthiest guests. Complex, colorful patterns decorate arched doorways and round pillars, all shadowed by the complicated architecture and brass lamps that light the place. The most private chambers are adorned with scandalous, carnal sculptures; the stuff of gossip.

IN HOT WATER

The following tactics can be used in the bath house setting:

Charisma is important in the baths. Beauty will get you in the door, but guile gets things done. Skill checks like Bluff, Diplomacy, Sense Motive, Intimidate, and Gather Information should be at the core of scenes played in the baths. The shadows and steam create an atmosphere of tension that can be supported with secret die rolls. Social skill checks can require hours of careful observation or conversation on the part of characters before a die is rolled. Keep all the die rolls and DCs a secret, and reveal the results of skill checks through dialogue or narration. Don't forget body language. Charisma isn't just in the voice, it also wears the towel. Grant circumstance bonuses from +2 to +6 for great performances, using the reactions of the other players as a guide.

Assassination is more common than combat here. Armor Classes are likely to be low. The slippery, irregular tile floors require Balance checks (DC 16) for anything but simple movement. Move Silently checks suffer a -8 penalty from the slick floors, quiet atmosphere, and loud echoes, but architectural nooks and deep shadows make Hide checks easy. Sneak attacks could be staged with masterful Bluff or Disguise checks, or the cover of a crowd. Invitations gain entry to private rooms, as do successful Forgery checks. Pools and tile floors make it easy to deny a Dexterity bonus to AC.

The baths themselves can be influential forces in a confrontation. Bribes can cause the caldarium to be overheated. Persons drowning in scalding water must make a Fortitude save (DC 12) or cry out in pain, forfeiting their held breath. Swallowing such water deals 1d4 subdual damage.

NEW POISON: SEVERUS' OIL

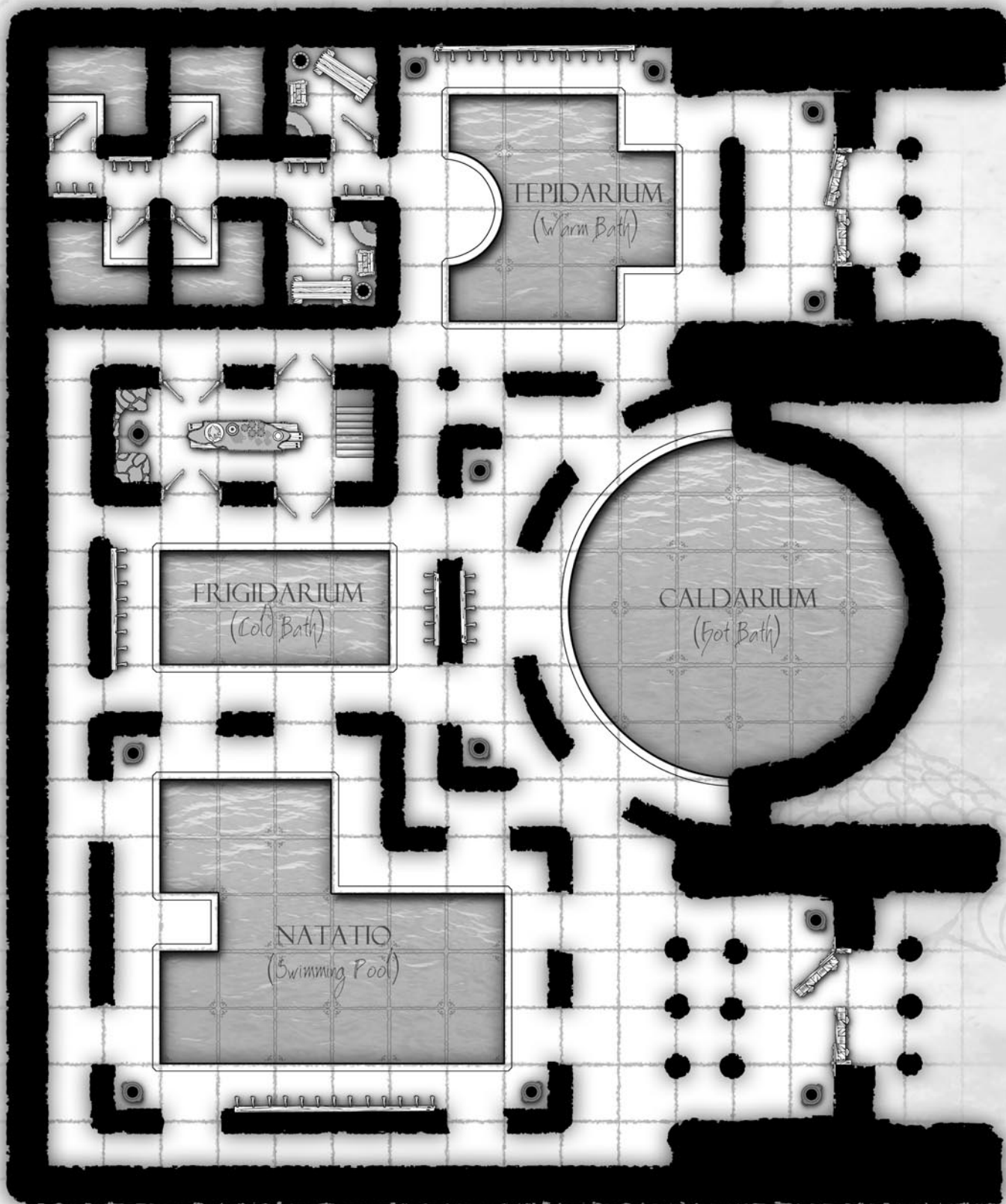
Pools or baths could be used to deliver a contact poison. Severus' Oil is an alchemical contact poison, used to weaken enemies for negotiations or interrogations. It is brewed from a select array of mind-affecting plants and distilled. The slightest touch numbs the senses and renders a subject complacent. The sensation would be terrifying, if victims could summon the will to care.

Delivery: Contact, DC 18; *Initial Damage:* 1d6 Wis + 1d6 Cha; *Secondary Damage:* 2d6 Wis + 1d6 Cha;
Cost: 1,000 gp

FIG. 3: PUBLIC BATHS

PRIVATE POOLS AND SAUNAS

KITCHEN
(Stairs lead
to furnace.)



GALLERY

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 300%

SHIP

Finely crafted ships like this one are staples of international trade. Many wealthy burghers have made their fortunes with the grains, oils, raw lumber, bricks, spices, and precious luxuries in the bellies of these sea-going vessels. Young mates who sign on for duty aboard these merchanters think they're the sturdy oxes of the high seas. It's not true. The saltiest captains know that men get rich on small ships because they are fast, cheap to build, and cheap to lose. Dozens of ships are lost to the sea in a year, and emporiums lose less inventory with small ships than large vessels.

Emporium fleets are manned by indentured or contracted crewmen who are paid pennies for their work. The ships are usually stretching apart at the seams, held together with lead caulk applied at sea. Crewmen live hard, exposed to weather and each other constantly. There is no privacy aboard these ships, because sailors' lodgings are less important than cargo space. Still, these ships are pretty and well-adorned, bonding crew to craft and flattering their parent emporium.

DARING BATTLE ON THE HIGH SEAS

The real enemy in a sea battle is the sea. Combatants struck by a six-foot wave will find themselves forgetting their weapons in favor of a good grip on the ship. Armored adventurers will have mail rusting around their bones on the sea floor. Fighting without sea legs is difficult enough; fighting during a storm is nearly impossible. The majority of battles a merchant crew fights involve makeshift weapons from around the ship: torches, iron pots, belaying pins, spades, or anchor weights.

But it all makes for great adventure. Desperate battles atop lurching decks are perfect climaxes to intense shipboard adventures. Most enemies in a sea battle tend to be strangers, but a battle against familiar faces is far more interesting. A failing mutiny or personal conflict that spills out onto the ship's deck is well-suited to the chaotic locale.

STORMY WEATHER

A Balance check (DC 10) can be required just to stand on a rainy deck. Moving, even at normal speed, increases the difficulty to DC 15.

To illustrate the randomness of a surging storm, roll 2d4+10 every other round to determine the DC for Balance checks. Each hand with a firm grip on the rigging or a rail grants a +2 equipment bonus to this check. Characters who fail their Balance checks are rendered prone before sliding to one end (or off) of the sloping deck.

NEW TRAP:
CRASHING WAVES (CR3)

A crashing wave can wash away even a strong fighter. A Reflex save (DC 15 or more) is required to keep one's footing or find a handhold against a wave. Characters suffer a -2 circumstance penalty to this check for each hand they have unavailable to steady themselves. Dropping held items is a free action. Characters who fail this roll are rendered prone and moved 1d3 x 5 feet with the wave. Even if the Reflex save is successful, a wave can pound a character into unconsciousness.

No attack roll necessary (4d6 subdual damage); Fort save (DC 15) for half damage; Spot check (DC 15) notices an oncoming wave, granting a +2 bonus to saves.

FIG. 4: SHIP

FORECASTLE
(Crews Quarters)

FOREDECK
(Five feet above)

Trap doors
lead to hold

Wall Hatches

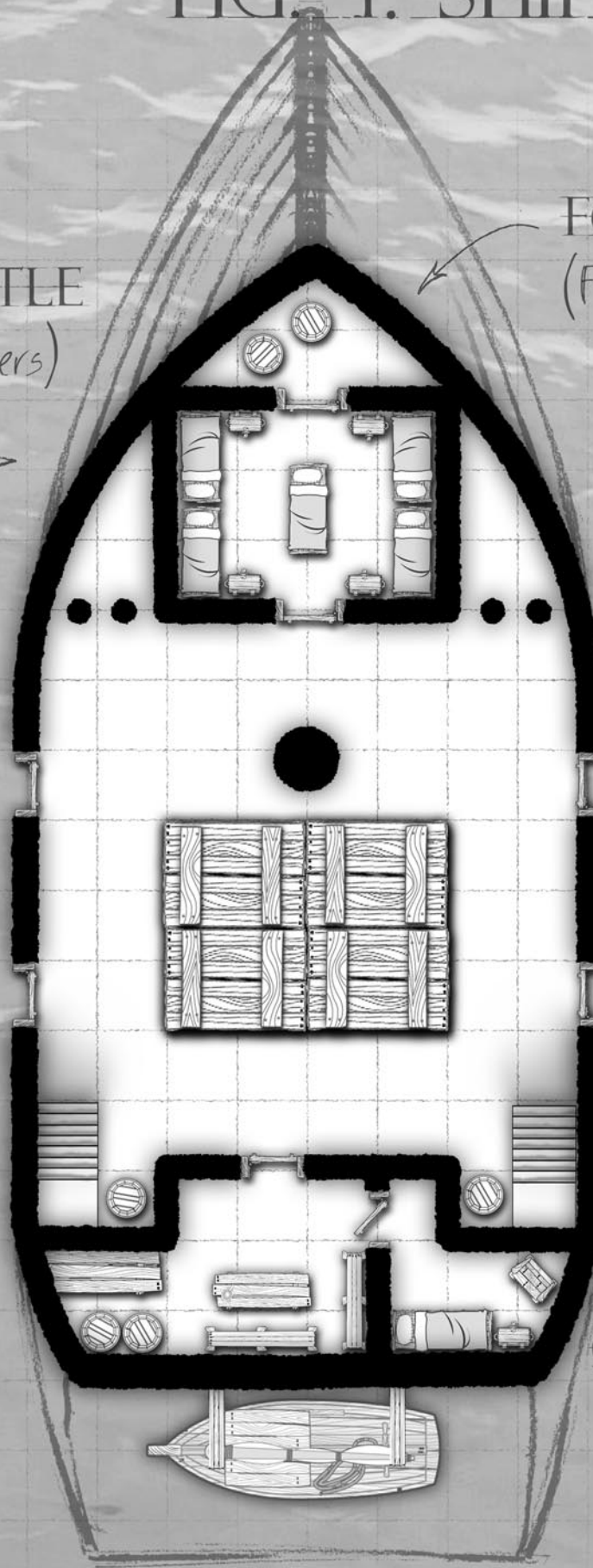
Stairs lead
to aft deck
and helm.

MAIN CABIN
(Mess/Charts)

CAPTAIN'S
CABIN

LIFE BOAT

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 220%



WHARF

A mess of fisherman's piers clutters the wharf between the newer piers used by bigger ships. A handful of small boats are moored here, used by the poorest fishermen as bunks when they're not dredging their meager earnings out of the bay. Years of use have turned these piers into a tangle of rotten wood and waterlogged ropes. Most of these wooden walks creak under a halfling's weight; some strain and sway under a human's.

The piers are built out into green waters and are slick with dead kelp and fish bones. Fishhooks, torn nets, broken spears, and long strands of fishing line litter the piers and broken boats. Busted crates and broken bottles jut from the sludge near shore. It is a slanting, sharp, and pointy place. For the most part, only fishermen traffic these planks. The occasional seaman comes looking for cheap hands or grog, but most of the visitors who don't make a living off of the sea come for old Gruder's maps and knick-knacks.

Gruder's shack is open after dark, when he works by candlelight away from the mosquitoes. This seadog likes the sound of boats swaying against the piers. The wharf by oil lamp and torchlight keeps casual visitors away, too. Anyone who does come to visit can consult Gruder's catalog of maps "from places past and years afar." The maps are not for sale, but Gruder has been known to copy charts for friendly visitors staying for a bowl of clam-and-shell chowder.

Gruder (Exp5) is an eccentric old soul, the sort who dreams of days long past. His years as navigator aboard merchant ships has resulted in max ranks for skills like Knowledge (geography), Profession (sailor), and Forgery.

When his ship slipped beneath a churning sea, Gruder took up residence at the water's edge. Secretly, he's terri-

fied of sailing again. He believes a terrible leviathan is waiting to take him, the last man of his ship. It's a shame, too: Gruder knows the sorts of ports where two-timing merchant crews stash precious cargo ...

Moving about the wharf is difficult, and combat there is dangerous. If characters were called upon to come to Gruder's aid, they'd be fighting a precarious jumping battle; structural and environmental hazards are common, and as dangerous as any trap.

NEW TRAP: ROTTEN PIER (CR1)

Weak planks give out under more than 200 lbs. of weight over a 5-foot span, and beneath running or charging characters. Splintering wood cuts the unfortunates who smack heads and backs on their way into the sludge that passes for water.

No attack roll necessary (2d6 damage); Reflex save (DC 18) avoids; Search (DC 18) avoids; cannot be disabled, only repaired.

NEW TRAP: HARBOR LITTER (CR3)

Characters who fall from a pier are in trouble. Anyone landing in the underwater sludge becomes stuck. The harbor floor is littered with broken glass, hooks, harpoon tips, and wood shards. The water is only ten or twelve feet deep, but is impenetrably murky.

Characters caught the sludge must make a Swim check (DC 15) as a partial action to escape. All Spot checks in the water have a +10 situation modifier to DC.

+10 melee (1d6 shards or hooks for 1d4 damage per hit); Search (DC 25) avoids; cannot be disabled, only cleaned up.

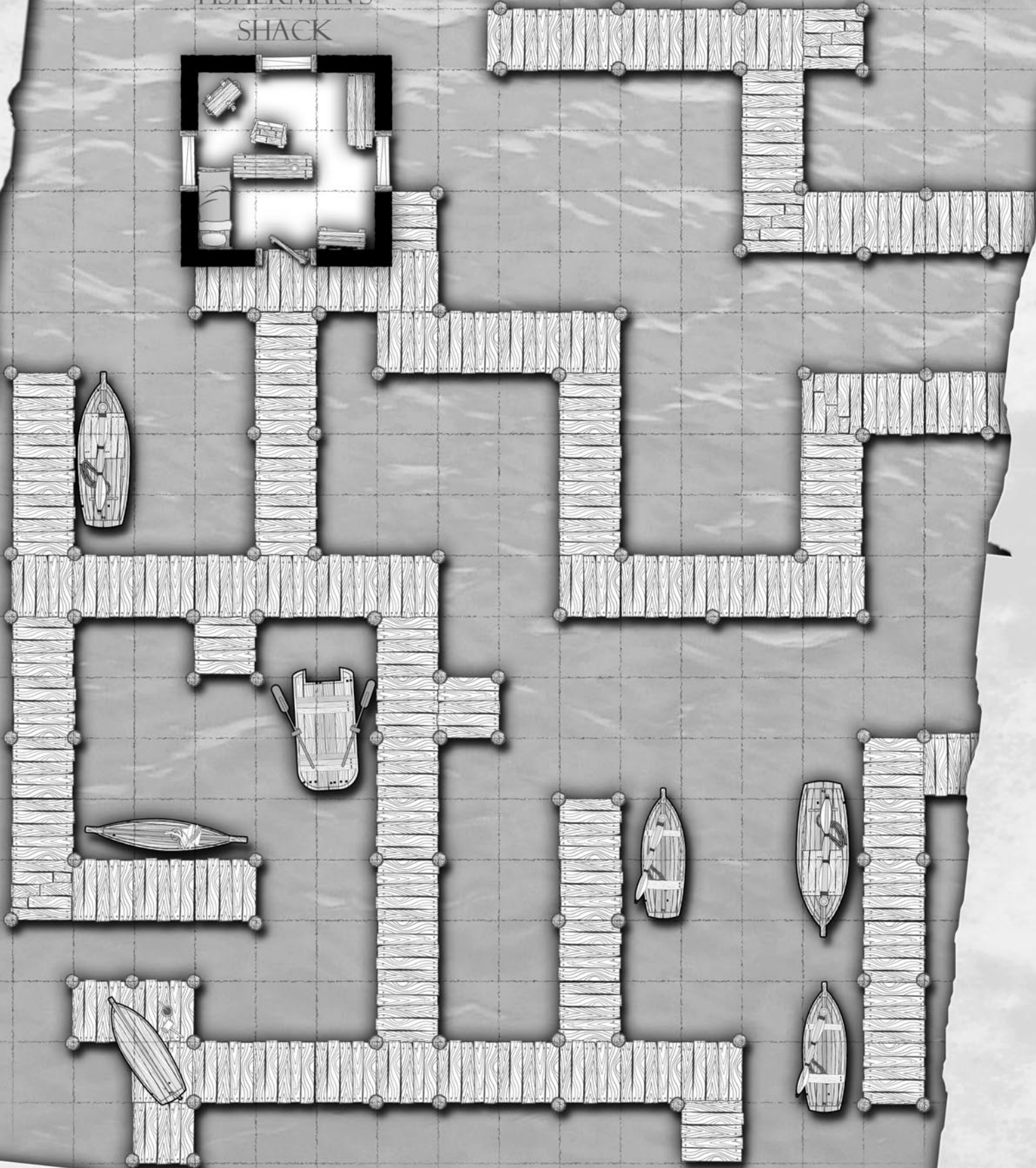
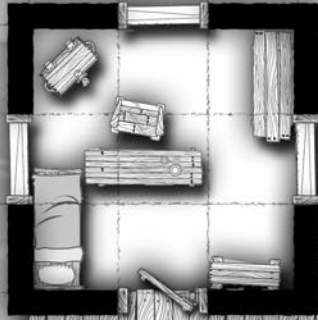
A DEADLY ASSORTMENT

A successful Search check (DC 5) turns up a weapon of some sort in the trash. Any "found weapon" is good for just one attack. Roll 1d12 to randomly determine what's found:

1D12	FOUND WEAPON	DAMAGE	SIZE	WEIGHT
1-2	Ceramic or Glass Shard	1d4 damage, 19-20 critical/x2	Tiny	1 lb.
3-4	Broken Pole or Harpoon	1d6/x2 damage	Medium-sized	3 lbs.
5-6	Fishhook or Gaff	1d4/x3 damage	Tiny	2 lbs.
7-8	Net	Entangle	Medium-sized	10 lbs.
9-12	Wooden Peg, Jug, Amphorae, or Club	1d6/x2 damage	Medium-sized	3 lbs.

FIG. 5: WHARF

FISHERMAN'S
SHACK



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 220%

CHAPTER SIX

STABLES

What an urban stable like this one lacks in space it must make up for in quality. This well-regarded horse house is noted among nobility for its respectful staff and delightful foreign stablemaster, Saleed. With an expert use of his limited space, Saleed manages to house the finest mounts of the most discerning travelers while upholding the horse-breeding traditions of his people. Saleed is a master trainer of even the oldest horses, and those he breeds are legendary for their loyalty, grace, and cleverness.

The stable grounds fit in a small space between neighboring buildings, with a generous amount of the property dedicated to the stalls. Everything has been constructed in the style of Saleed's highland-dwelling people: sweeping, tiled roofs and striking, geometric trellises. Local and imported perfumes are used to keep the area in a properly delicate scent. The grounds are kept by Saleed and his orcish assistant, who is regarded by snobbish regulars as a curiosity or not at all.

AN ANCIENT TRADITION

Saleed came to be raised in this city by chance. He is the son of horse traders from a prairie tribe consisting

mostly of half-orcs. His assistant, Lumosh, was a friend of his father's. Saleed is fully human, and Lumosh is a full-blooded orc. In their tribe, neither would have a chance to be horse breeders, but here they can. They talk about going home, but they never have.

Saleed (Com1/Exp3) is friendly but unwilling to discuss his horses' heritage with strangers. A Knowledge (geography) check (DC 15) recognizes the design motifs of the stable as being those of the prairie horsemen tribe; this is a good conversation starter.

Lumosh (Com3) is less friendly, laconic, and suspicious of everyone but simple snobs, who he treats like unattended children. Any adventurer can identify him as an orc.

Horses are highly regarded by Saleed's people. Their genealogies are painstakingly recorded, and it's believed that the right mixing of breeds will result in *kuzyaka*, "Noble Horses." In the blood of these beasts, the wisdom of ancient tribal kings is scattered as a blessed reincarnation. The proper breed of horse will mix the experience of the kings with the grace of a great stallion. A few of Saleed's mounts have approached a state of *kuzyaka*, though they do not enjoy their captivity.

NEW CREATURE: KUZUYAKA (LIGHT NOBLE HORSE)

CR 1; SZ L (animal); HD 3d8+6; hp 20; Init +1; Spd 60 ft.; AC 13 (-1 size, +1 Dex, +3 natural); Atk +2 melee (1d4+1, 2 hooves); Face 5 ft. x 10 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SQ Discern Lies; SQ Scent; AL N; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +4; Str 13, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 5, Wis 15, Cha 8

Skills: Intuit Direction +5, Listen +7, Spot +7, Sense Motive +10 (Noble horses are strongly intuitive and uncannily clever. They enjoy a +8 racial bonus on Sense Motive checks to detect enchantment; this is already figured in.)

Feats: Iron Will

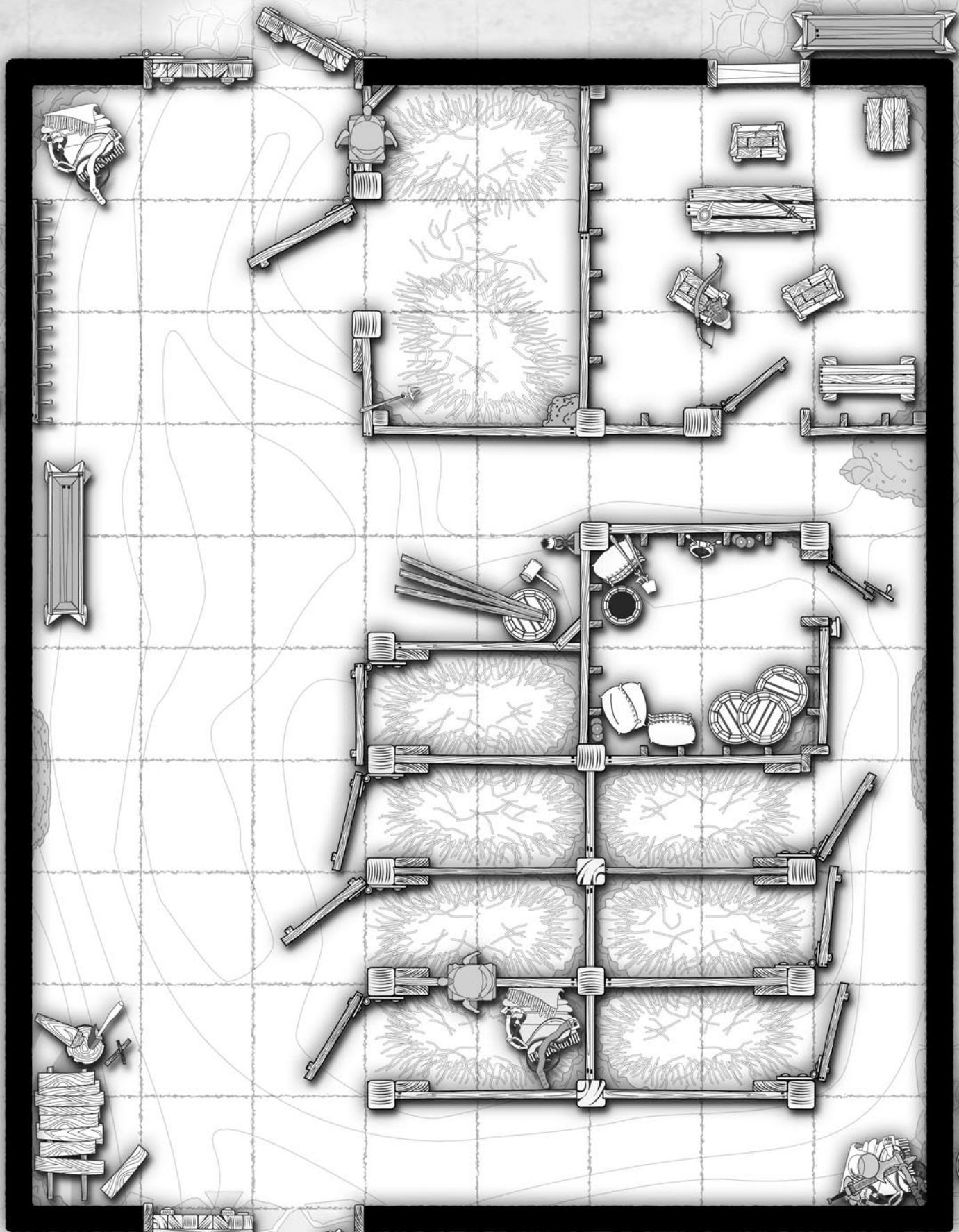
Noble Horses hate to be saddled, but afford a +4 equipment bonus to ride checks when bareback. Saleed breeds light horses that are capable of tolerating combat, but prefer to avoid it. These noble horses make excellent mounts for paladins, druids, or rangers, but Saleed must be convinced that the spirit

of the horse will be respected or he will not part with one. Even then, the cost is 500 gp. A *Speak with animals* spell leads to surprisingly — perhaps even uncomfortably — human conversation.

Discern Lies (Sp): After multiple lives, noble horses have developed a natural sense of truth. They may *discern lies* at will as a 5th-level cleric, though their range is limited to 30 ft. How they express their discovery of a lie varies, but typically involves whinnies or stamping hooves.

Scent (Ex): Noble horses can detect opponents by sense of smell, within 30 feet. A horse detects another creature's presence but not its specific location. Noting the direction of the scent is a standard action. If it moves within 5 feet of the scent's source, the horse can pinpoint that source. It can follow tracks by smell, making a Wisdom check to find or follow a track.

FIG. 6: STABLES



B. STALLS

With an expert use of his limited space, Saleed managed to house the finest mounts of the most discerning travelers.

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%

SMITHY

Huelcan's (HWEL-can) smithy is a single, square room of fat, red bricks caked with soot, set just below street level. The massive central forge is a pit of hissing, crackling coals afloat on a bed of metal fluid. The heat is intense, drawing sweat from the heartiest smith in seconds. Thick, gray smoke winds out tiny circular windows, jammed with black bars. An immense chimney stretches up, away from the forge before fragmenting like a tree branch. The smoke is let out from grates behind the blacksmith shop upstairs. Within the secret smithy, everything shines orange with fire, eyes sting with smoke, and little can be heard over the searing cry of cooling steel and the repeating ring of hammers.

A BURNING SECRET

This forge was assembled by a vanished adventurer, and given to the smith Huelcan's father in exchange for services rendered. It is either a portal to another plane of existence, or a habitat for mysterious fire creatures; Huelcan isn't sure which. Four times a year, at the stroke of midnight, three burning golden dwarves arrive from within the forge to do their work. They can shape magic with their hammers, and will labor on any task put before them for the three days they remain.

Huelcan hasn't communicated with the dwarves, and he's not sure they're friendly. They simply stand waist-deep in coals, working like drones. If further contact can be made, Huelcan is unaware of the fact. To him, the dwarves are just the most wondrous tool in his secret smithy.

Huelcan Smythe (Com4/Exp1) has no magical abilities. The burning dwarves are azers, extraplanar cousins to terrestrial dwarves, trapped within the forge by an old enchantment. It was never meant to be used like this.

AZERS (3)

CR 2; SZ M (outsider, fire); HD 2d8+4; hp 13; Init +1 (Dex); Speed 30 ft.; AC 17 (+1 Dex, +6 natural); Atk +5 melee (1d8+3 and 1 fire, warhammer); Face 5 ft. x 5 ft.; Reach 5 ft.; SA Heat; SQ SR 13, Fire Subtype; AL LN; SV Fort +5, Ref +4, Will +4; Str 16, Dex 13, Con 15, Int 12, Wis 12, Cha 9

Skills: Climb +2, Craft (metalworking) +8, Hide -1, Listen +4, Search +4, Spot +5

Feats: Skill Focus (Craft: metalworking)

Heat (Ex): Azers' bodies are intensely hot, so their unarmed attacks deal additional fire damage. Their metallic weapons also conduct this heat.

Spell Resistance (Ex): To affect a creature that has spell resistance, a spellcaster must make a caster level check (1d20 + caster level) at least equal to the creature's spell resistance rating. If the caster fails the check, the spell doesn't affect the creature.

Fire Subtype (Ex): A "fire" creature is immune to fire damage. It takes double damage from cold unless the cold attack allows a saving throw for half damage, in which case it takes half damage on a successful save and double damage on a failed save.

NEW MINOR ARTIFACT:
FORGE OF ANCESTORS

This basin of molten metal and skull-sized coals is a link between living azers and their ancestral smiths. Four times a year, during the three-day dwarven holidays of holy communal labor called Hraftneilung, the forge channels the wisdom and power of ancient smiths through the strong arms of the young living. It is used to create magnificent, masterwork weapons and items of magic for azer clerics.

The forge was stolen from an azer foundry fortress, brick by brick, and brought here. The azers are bound within the forge by a forgotten spell that twisted their Hraftneilung pledge into a binding enchantment. Now they dwell in a trance-like state, unknowingly caged in a fiery prison.

The forge grants access to the feats Craft Magic Arms and Armor, Craft Wondrous Item, and Forge Ring only to those azers who work devoutly on the holy days. Most importantly, the Forge of Ancestors allows ancestral smiths to work together with their descendants, cutting work time in half for any magic items made by azers at the forge on holy days. Anyone, at any time, who uses the forge to create magic items is granted temporary access to the Fire and Strength domains as a 15th-level cleric only in order to make the items.

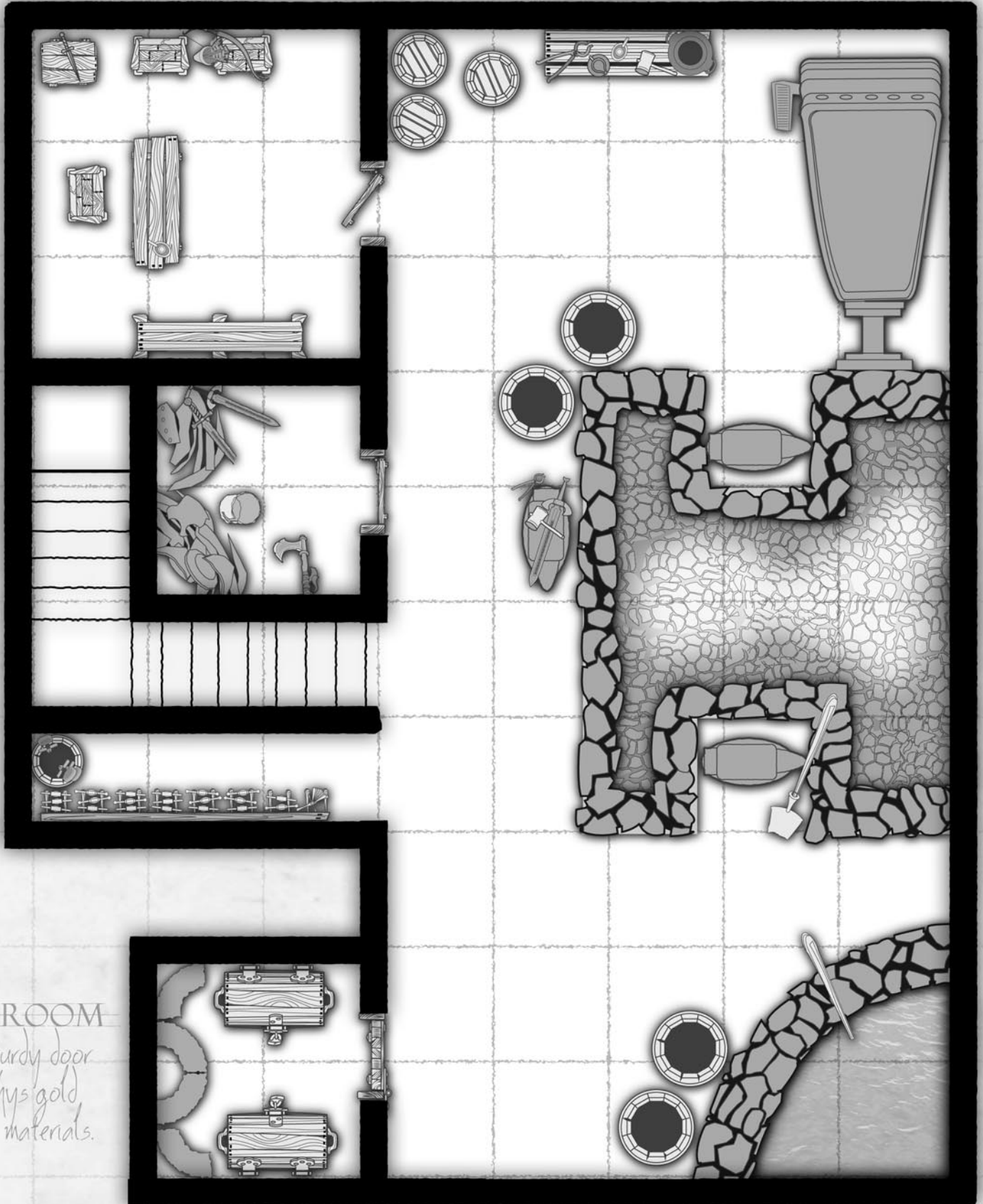
An anti-magic effect will suppress the forge's abilities. Its powers could also be impacted by higher-level extraplanar effects or a powerful *dispel magic* spell. Any magic that affects the forge also affects those currently using it.

Caster Level: 15th; **Weight:** Immobile

FIG. 7: SMITHY

BELLOWS

STAIRS TO GROUND LEVEL



LOCKED ROOM

Behind this sturdy door lies the smithy's gold and precious materials.

CISTERN

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%

TOLL BRIDGE

Meant as a military defense, this brick bridge spans a stony river from one fortified tower to another. It is a trap for soldiers, spies, and criminals. Within the structure's red walls and sharp, wrought-iron details are magical sentries and large-scale traps. The dark, mossy architecture scares common folk, making them easy for the bridge guards to manage. Difficult travelers have the weight of the bridge's magic brought against them. On this bridge it's martial law.

The gates of the bridge are opened only occasionally, when a sizeable number of travelers have collected at the gates and their tolls have been paid. At night, guards open the gates only for those they deem fit to cross — but that's not always in a traveler's best interests.

Tolls for the bridge are 1 silver piece per foot during the day, 1 gold per body during the night.

THE GAUNTLET

The two outer towers of the bridge are each manned by a contingent of six armed guards in splint mail armor. Three men are posted at ground level to inspect passersby, and three wait above with crossbows behind barred windows. These men will serve on the bridge for up to a week before they are relieved.

Each portcullis is enchanted with a special *know alignment* spell, and keyed to go off should persons of Chaotic or Evil alignment pass beneath. The guards do not control the spell, they just interrogate those who set it off.

When undesirable sorts pass a portcullis, the doors slam shut and the portcullis drops, trapping would-be criminals or spies. Anyone trapped has to talk his way past the guards, typically succumbing to a search and sometimes a night's arrest. Guards may confiscate contraband or even legal weapons to make the realm safe from "lawless thugs."

NEW TRAP:

BRIDGE FLOOR (CR 4)

The bridge itself has a sturdy floor of oak planks, each twenty paces or so long. A well-hidden seam runs its length and the whole floor is held to the low brick border walls by massive iron hinges underneath. Along this border wall is an iron fence, also connected by hinges. The floorboards can be swung open with levers in the towers, dropping troublemakers into the river 60 feet below. The iron fences also swing down, forming a lid against hangers-on or a walkway from which the tower guards can spear enemies. The trap is reset with a waterwheel, activated from the towers. It takes about one minute to reset.

No attack roll necessary (6d6 damage); +10 melee (1d4 rocks below for 1d4+4 damage each); Reflex save (DC 15, +1 for every five feet from a tower) avoids; Search (DC 20) avoids; Disable Device (DC 24) disables. Note: Characters failing their saves by less than five may choose to grab hold of the iron fence and hang on.

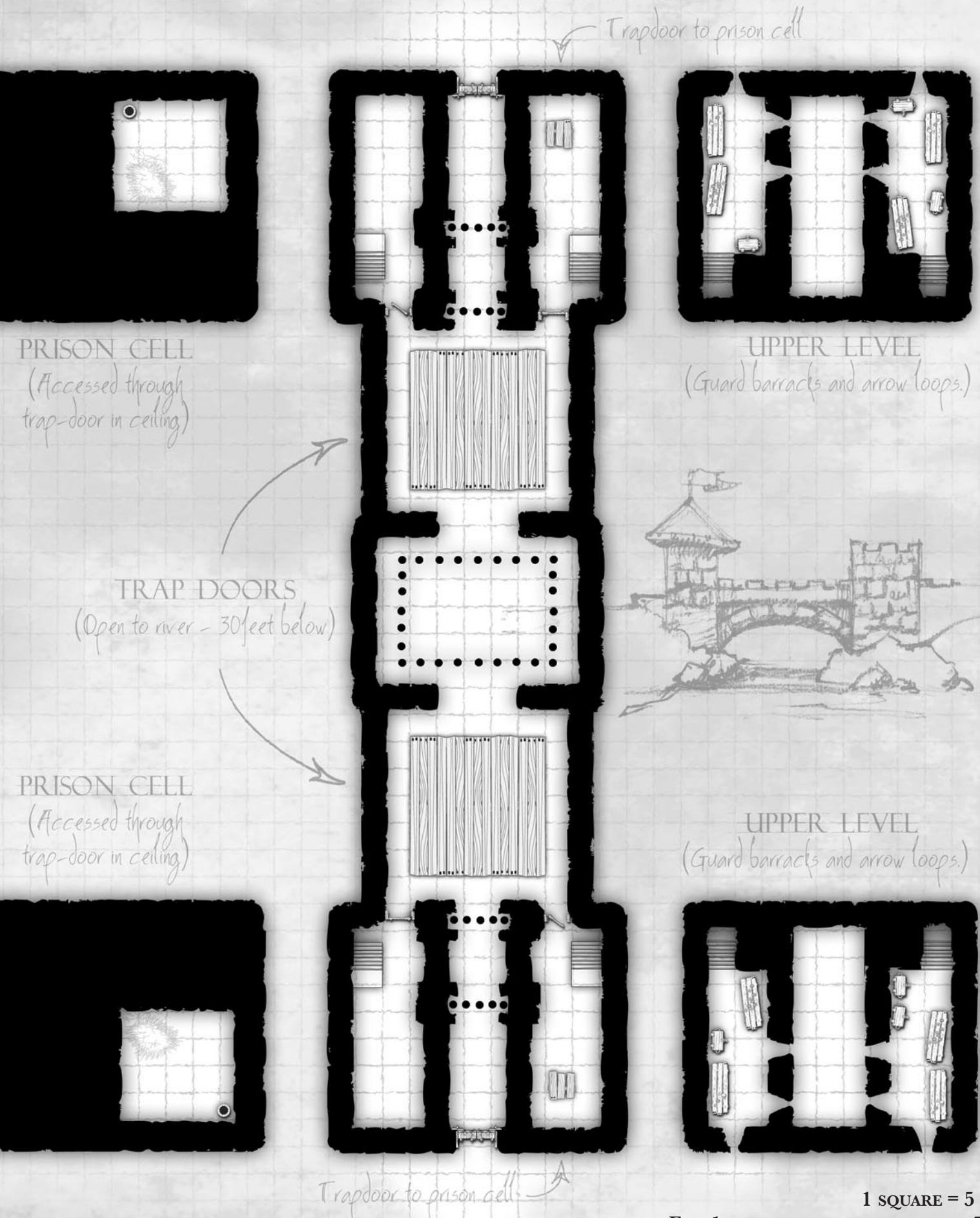
NEW TRAP:

TOWER CAGE (CR 5)

The central tower has a metal floor and ceiling. Its four hidden portculli drop along the inner side of the walls, trapping intruders in an iron cage within the tower. Characters who fail their save are trapped within the cage, which can then be lowered by a heavy chain into the river, to drown outlaws or enemies. The cage is fully submerged in the river two rounds after it is lowered.

+10 melee (3d6/x2 crit damage); Reflex save (DC 22) avoids; Search (DC 24) avoids; Disable Device (DC 24) disables. Note: Characters attempting saves risk portcullis damage. Characters who fail their saves are trapped within the cage, which takes two rounds to be lowered into the river. Trapped characters suffer drowning damage, as well.

FIG. 8: TOLL BRIDGE



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 500%

TEMPLE

Temples welcoming the travelers of many different gods are found near roads and urban gates. Called Pilgrim's Houses, they cater to those far from their own temples. This temple doesn't afford the individual worshipper much room, but it grants some personal space and a contemplative environment. Wooden pews arranged across the stone floor are for the comfort of pilgrims waiting their turn at one of the alcoves. The interior sports an eclectic motif, decorated with souvenirs from visitors of distant lands.

The Pilgrim House encourages discussion and storytelling. It is meant as a place for strangers to meet and interact, and to learn what they have in common. The clerics who tend the temple, usually visitors themselves, might record stories for display. For the cost of paper, scribes will also record letters for illiterate or unskilled visitors. The letters are then sent along with other friendly pilgrims for delivery.

GIVING DONATIONS

The temple is not supported by any particular deity as such, instead benefiting from the generosity of visitors. All of the statuary within the temple is donated, either by adventurers, local artisans, nobility, or other area temples. Some folk skilled in the arts of magic have made a few donations as well.

Travelers who make a generous donation in relation to their means may be given a gift by the attendees of the temple: one of the squat, brown tallow candles given to letter-bearing pilgrims (see "Candle of Guidance" below).

Wax candles are kept throughout the temple for the benefit of lonely or misguided local travelers. They are slender wax candles, usually melted and misshapen by the warm hands of many pilgrims. Sometimes the candles bring to mind those people the pilgrim has left behind, who then speak through his memory. In this way, some worshippers also gain special insight into matters that might have previously troubled them (see "Candle of Insight" below).

NEW WONDROUS ITEM CANDLE OF GUIDANCE

When lit, the candle grants its bearer the effects of a *guidance* spell until either the spell is discharged or the candle burns out, which takes about an hour. It is thereafter useless. Alternatively, the candle can grant its bearer a +20 bonus to one Intuit Direction check. Once the check is made, the candle melts to its base and is not able to be used again. If an unused candle is brought within ten miles of a Pilgrim House, it automatically ignites with a *continual flame*, flickering in

the direction of the temple. This flame lights in any environment, without warning, and goes out once it crosses the threshold of a Pilgrim House. It can still be used for one of its other effects no matter how many times its *continual flame* is activated in this way.

Caster Level: 5th; *Prerequisite:* Craft Wondrous Item, 7 ranks in Intuit Direction, *continual flame, guidance*; *Market Price:* 500 gp; *Weight:* —

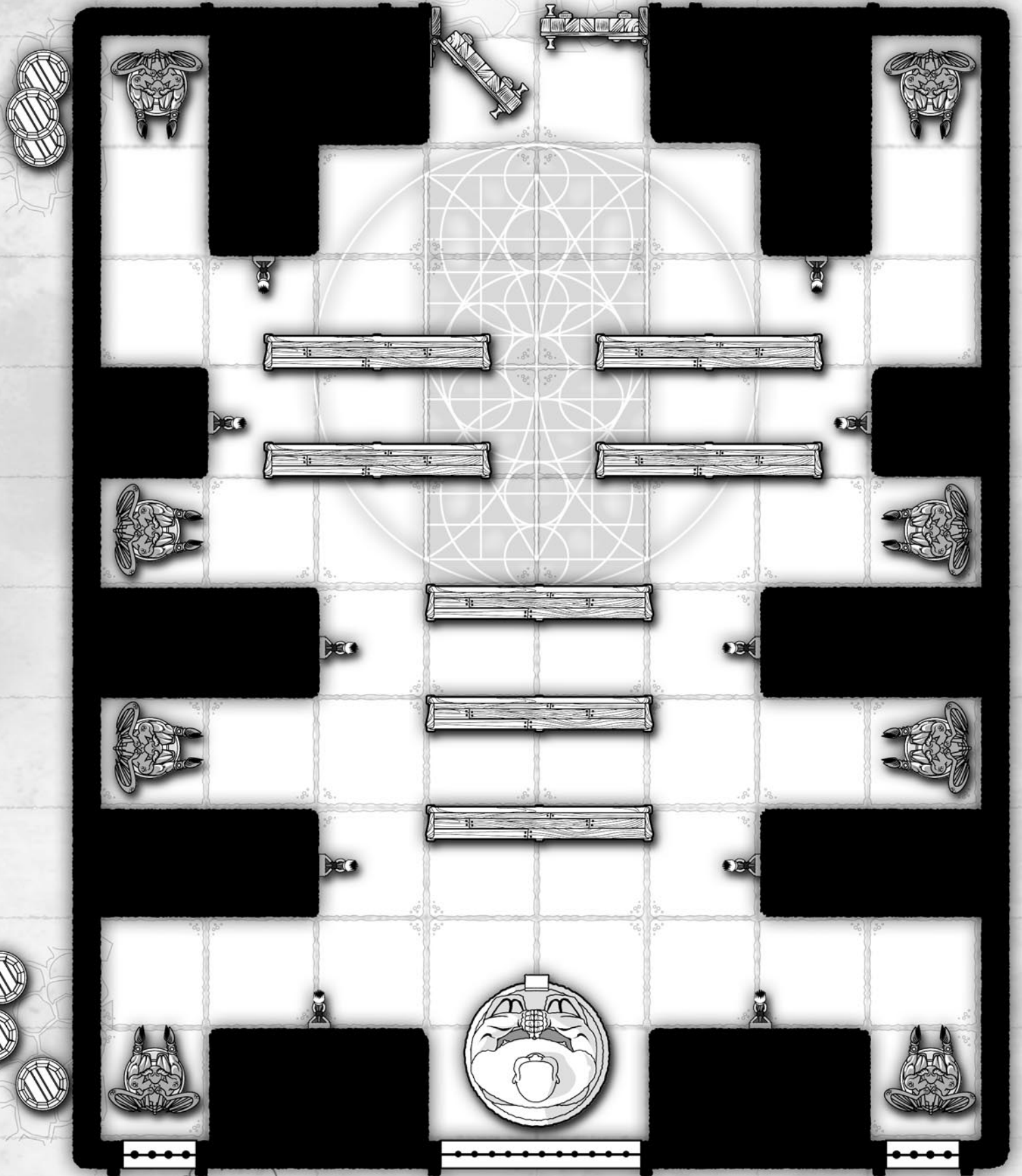
NEW WONDROUS ITEM CANDLE OF INSIGHT

When lit, a candle of insight grants its powers to a single worshipper gazing into it. The person contemplating the candle may add his Wisdom modifier to any one Knowledge or Intelligence check, even if he has failed that check before. He may remember something said to him once or suddenly realize something he never knew. Once a skill check has been made with a *candle of insight*, the candle goes out. Alternatively, the candle can bestow powers of divination on those who ponder its flame. Answers come as visions of the peo-

ple the worshipper has encountered in his travels, however briefly, and the candle extinguishes itself after being used in this way, as well. Each effect requires ten minutes to use and each candle burns for about an hour, effectively giving the candle six charges. Temple candles have 1d4 uses remaining. It is illegal to remove these candles from the temple.

Caster Level: 6th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, access to the Knowledge domain, *divination*; *Market Price:* 600 gp; *Weight:* —

FIG. 9: TEMPLE



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%

CARAVANSERAI

Small, fortified caravanserai like this one can be found throughout the world. Most often, the little structures turn up along well-used roads in the most desolate locations, where travelers and traders gather for protection and company. In this way, they are a wonderful sight, promising warm sleep, a safe roof, and the possibility of fellow caravaneers, dialogue, and news. But since they are in the most remote or hostile countrysides, these way-houses are also frequently under-staffed, in poor condition, and days from any formal law; they are little more than walled-off wells with rusting gates, caging all manner of far-marching strangers together for the night.

Caravanserai may be built by a variety of interested parties. In some lands they are raised swiftly to serve as bland but sturdy protection for marching soldiers. Many are built up by merchant princes to protect their investments in exotic or dangerous lands. Military encampments might be unlocked and unguarded when not in use, serving as a stop for passersby. Mercantile caravan ports are more likely to be minded by a small, possibly quite disinterested, staff whose job it is to hold the keys, collect tolls, and protect cargo left behind for later pick-up. In these cases, pilgrims and allied merchants can expect a substantial discount on their fare. Rival or unknown caravaneers might be

charged twice as much or more for the privilege of safety. Thus, it is possible that the price posted at the gate is never actually paid by anyone.

A CAGE OF STORMS

Caravanserai are intended as shelters and built in places where foul weather is most fierce. The common fear is a sandstorm, but consider caravanserai built along seasonal roads, buried in overnight blizzards. Terrible rains, hurricanes, or tornadoes force uncommon collections of characters inside for days at a time. The pressure of a storm and dwindling supplies could drive a motley group of strangers into desperate factions.

FORTIFICATIONS

The most valuable thing in any caravanserai is either the caravan visiting, or the cargo stored there. In remote lands, shipments of food or clothing can be worth more than gold. If it means survival, any cargo could be worth lives. Sometimes the caravanserai keepers don't even know what's locked up in their secure storage area.

It is not unusual for a caravanserai's visitors to be more worldly than the poor folk who watch over it. If the fortifications need to be employed to fight off wilderness horrors, the housekeepers might not be the best sort to lead the effort and they may turn to their guests for guidance.

BUILDING FEATURES

Most caravanserai are kept by 2nd-level commoners, perhaps five in number. Busier ports might be overseen by a 2nd-level expert, or even a warrior of the same level. Caravans are still expected to supply their own protection; these fellows just keep track of the keys.

Outer Gates: Hinged, rusting, steel grates. Hardness 8; hp 30; Break/Bend DC 25

Gate Locks: Open Locks (DC 29). Hardness 10; hp 30; Break DC 28

Outer Walls: Plastered bricks or stone. Hardness 8; hp 35.

Window Bars: Break/Bend DC 24

Inner Doors: Simple wooden doors. Hardness 5; hp 10; Break DC 13

Inner Locks: Open Locks (DC 25). Hardness 10; hp 15; Break DC 25

Furniture: Sturdy, undecorated wood. Hardness 5; hp 15

Secure Storage Door: Strong iron door. Hardness 10; hp 60; Break DC 30

Secure Storage Lock: Open Locks (DC 31). Hardness 12; hp 30; Break DC 28

FIG. 10: CARAVANSERAI

STORAGE ROOM

SECURE STORAGE

REFUSE & PRIVY

FOOT GATE

CARAVAN GATE

PANTRY

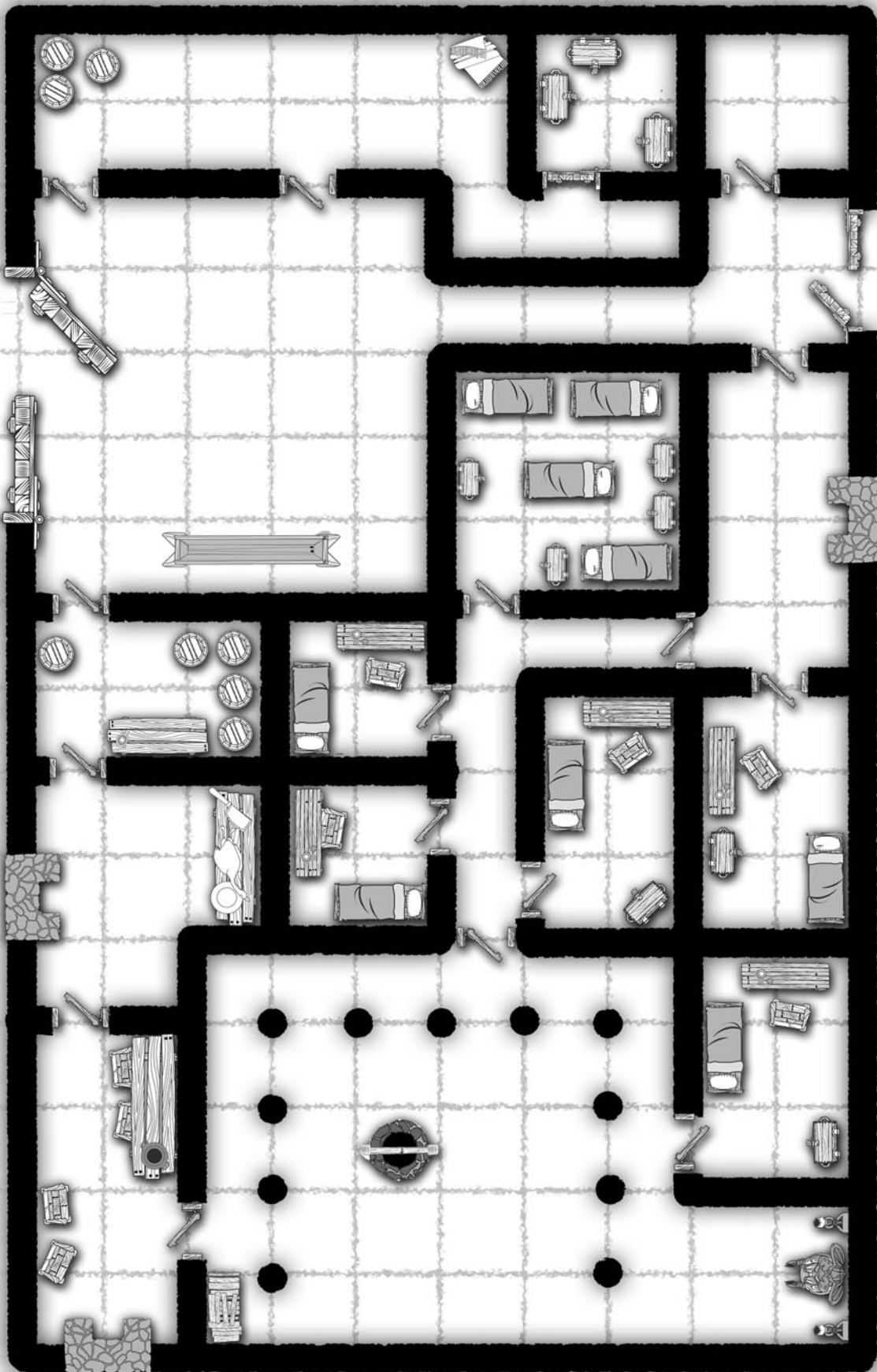
KITCHEN

GUEST ROOMS

SHRINE

COURTYARD & WELL

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 200%



TAVERN

Like any of a dozen taverns in the city, this little establishment caters to locals and strangers alike. Anyone with good coin can come here to feast on potato soup and dry ale. Tallow candles in iron mounts burn beneath the low ceilings, offering up wisps of their wicked smell. Wooden posts loyally display local colors. Between the tight tables, the innkeeper's dog chases whatever food is thrown for him. When the smoke-blackened windows turn bright with the gloaming, the local watch raps on the inn's hanging sign to signal the curfew. Then folks migrate out in groups, hoping to get home before the city torches are put out.

HEARTY FARE

Much of the tavern's food is made in-house by Warren and his wife, Ellequette. Rich halfling pastries are served in autumn. Warren offers a special deal to adventuring types: tell a story, win a meal. One meal is awarded per evening.

TODAY'S MENU

Potato soup, bread and onion	1 silver
Bacon, hard egg, Elle's wheat cereal	1 silver
Pepper-egg, goat cheese pie	1 silver
Fried bread with oil, carrot and parmesan	2 silvers
Chicken, roasted (with mustard sauce)	3 silvers
Chicken, black with mint and flat noodles	3 silvers
Boiled pig-side, in an elderberry stew	4 silvers
Pheasant, orange-soaked and baked	3 silvers
Rabbit sausage, mustard, and pan bread	3 silvers
Rabbit sausage tied for roads (per arm-long)	3 silvers
Pan breads and sugar oils (per plate)	1 silver
Pitcher of fine olive oil	2 silver
Elf's apple-ale cider	2 silvers
Warren's ale	2 silvers
Common wine	1 silver
Spiced wine	2 silver
Orcwine (not on church days)	3 silvers
Mint crème pudding (in season)	1 silver
Raspberry paste cakes (in season)	1 silver
Baked beef bun	5 coppers
Sugar waffles	2 coppers
Cheese pudding pie	2 silvers

NEW RULES: PERFORMANCES AT AN INN

Bards know that every inn, and every crowd, is different. The best performers try to learn something about their audience before they begin. Let characters who feel out their audience with roleplaying make a preliminary Sense Motive check (DC 10) to determine the crowd's initial reaction to a certain style of performance (that is, to learn the Perform check DC for that one type of show, listed below). This check represents the performer "warming up" her audience. The PC can then begin her performance by rolling her Perform skill if she decides the DC is within her capabilities, or she can skip that routine and try another Sense Motive check on a different show style. But be aware that a character may only be able to attempt this switch in tactic twice or thrice before she is hollered off stage. Also, once she's rolled her Perform skill, she can't stop mid-performance for another Sense Motive check.

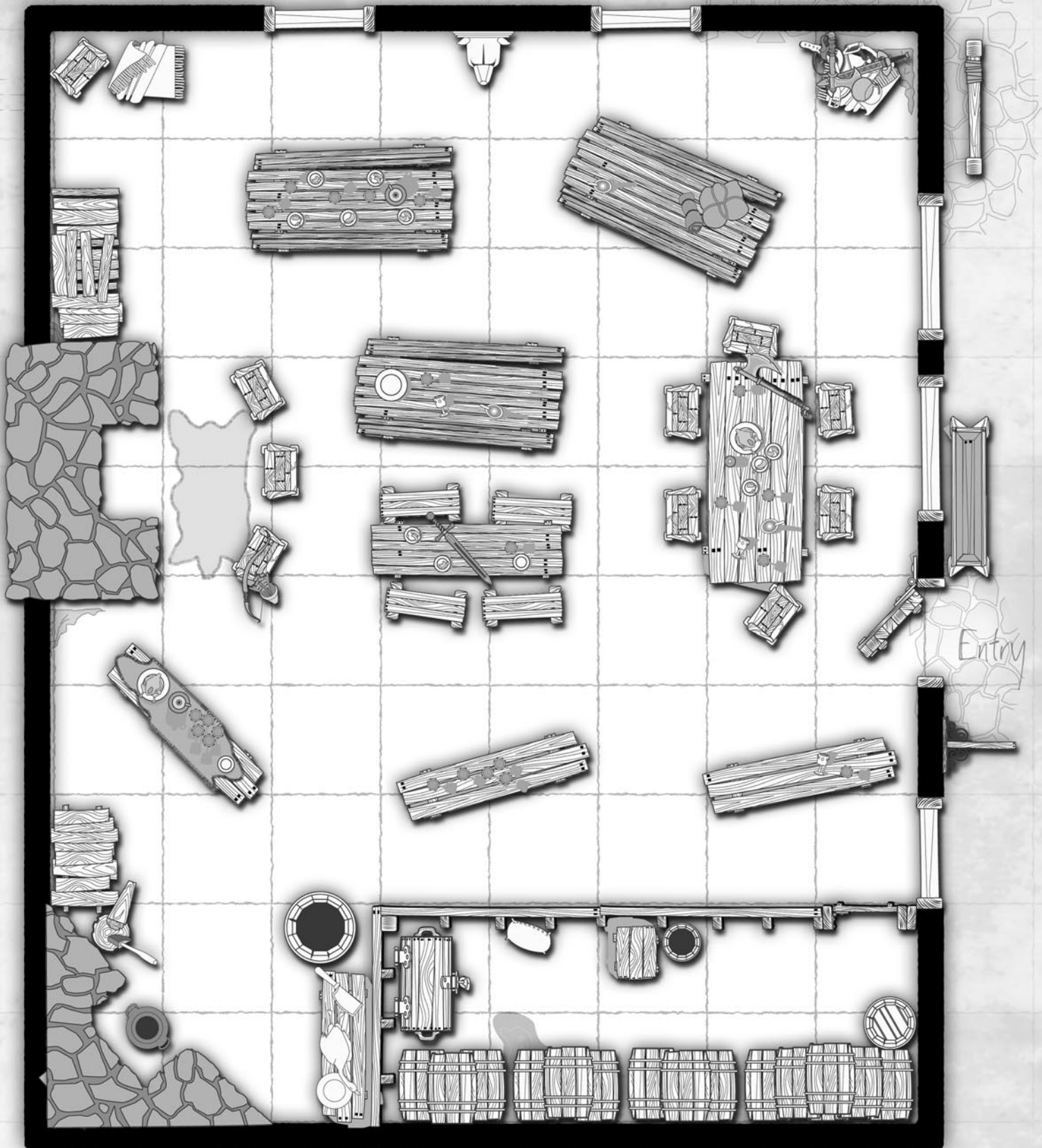
Note that the cramped quarters impose a -4 circumstance penalty on Tumble checks and juggling performances. Also, a Knowledge (local) check (DC 15) grants a +2 bonus to local Perform checks here.

At this tavern, bards earn up to 1d8 sp per night, although this can be modified by the type of performance attempted:

SHOW STYLE	PERFORM DC
Mime	DC 22
Song and dance routines	DC 20
Comedy, limericks, buffoonery	DC 18
Musical performance	DC 15
Storytelling, narrative	DC 15
that rhymes	DC -2
of romance	DC -2
a tale of woe	DC -2 and +1d4 sp
set in a distant land	DC +2
if the villain gets his due	DC -2
if the villain gets away	DC +2 and -1d4 sp
Escape artistry*	Varies
Tumbling	DC 16
as comedy	DC +2
as part of a story	DC -2
Juggling	DC 15
second night in a row	DC 19

* Checks at DC 20+ earn another 1d4 sp

FIG. 11: TAVERN



B. KITCHEN

Much of the tavern's food is made in-house by Warren and his wife, Elleguette.

C. PANTRY

Elf's apple-ale cider, Warren's ale, Common wine, Spiced wine, Orcwine, Goat cheese, Potatoes, (Abbey's)

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%

ALLEYWAY

These narrow streets wind like veins through the city. They are the alleyways of residences, storehouses, carriage houses, and other private buildings. Where carts and vendors might be found on the larger routes, here there is mud, filth, and grime. The uneven streets are soft or sticky. Chickens, pigs, or dogs may be underfoot. All manner of smells, foul and sweet, cycle through the air: manure, baking bread, spoiled meat, fresh fruit pies, sunny eggs, imported oils, old milk and much more.

Houses lean towards each other across the streets, creating shade in the day and shadows at night. Rain comes off these sloped roofs in sheets, while refuse bins and chamber pots are poured out upstairs windows. The trash of fish and chickens killed for food comes to rest on the irregular cobblestones. Hence disgusting troughs run through the street. Those unaccustomed to the noise, stink, and hectic life of the city find it as inhospitable as any wilderness.

STREET SCENES

By day, all manner of activity swarms through these streets. Corner preachers criticize the dead-end adventurer's life or the question the mercy of a sword-bearer. Lost visitors ask for help or directions in a broken tongue. Beggars plead with the richly-appointed or well-equipped. Lawless vendors pitch valuable, horrible wares.

At any moment, a character could come under attack from airborne trash. A random character must make a Reflex save (DC 15) to avoid falling filth. If successful, the player can name an adjacent character to be struck. If unsuccessful, the character suffers a -2 penalty to all Charisma-related checks until cleaned up.

In the cramped confines of the tunnel-like streets, thievery may be rampant. Stories are frequently told of famous scams or thief tricks. The "thrown baby" scam, wherein a doll disguised as a baby is tossed to an unsuspecting victim so that he may be quickly robbed, is a favorite among spectators.

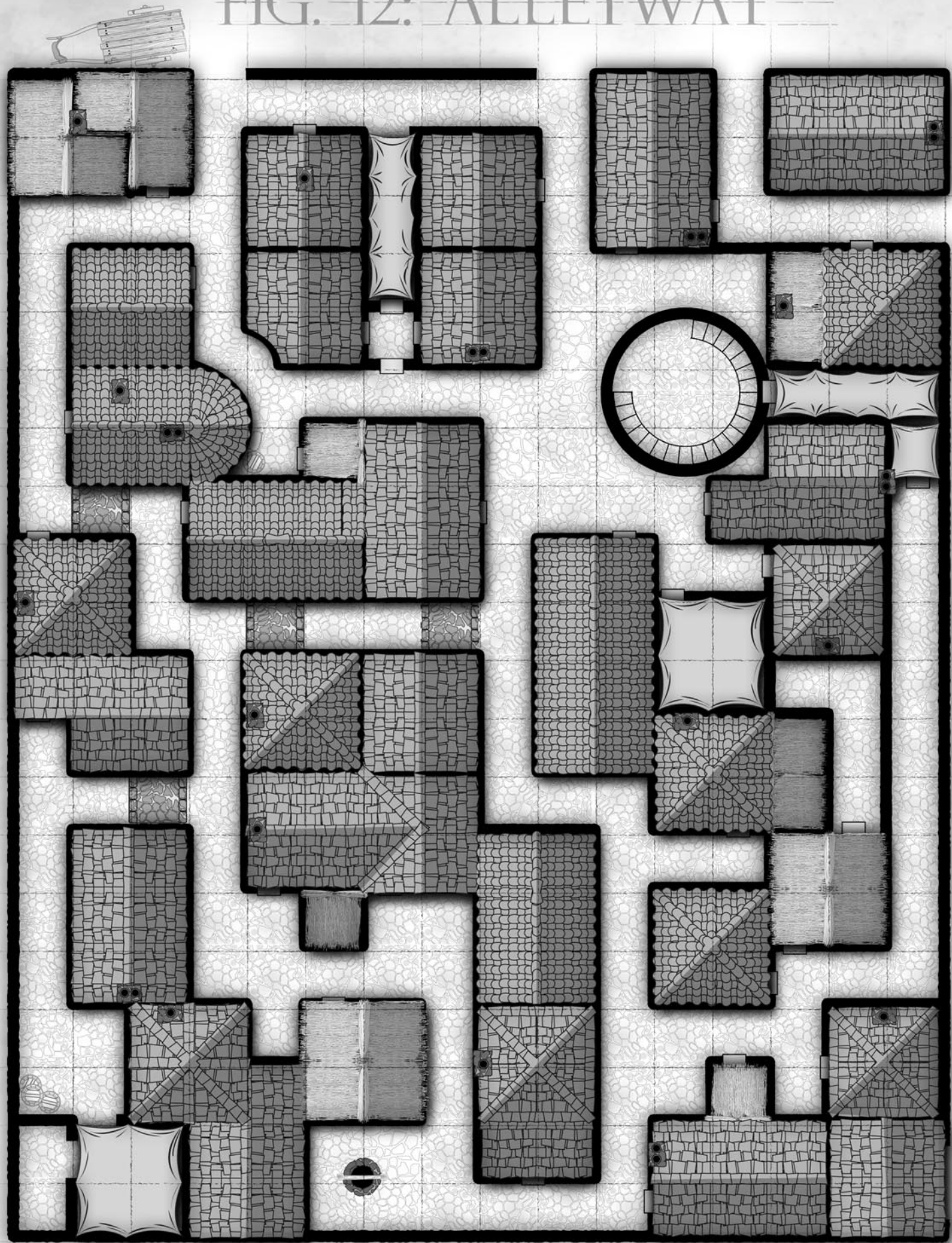
Characters who are targeted for the "thrown baby" scam must make Sense Motive checks (DC 18) to detect thieves in the crowd of commoners around them. If the check is failed, the thieves (Rog1) gain surprise. The surprise round begins when the dressed-up doll is tossed at the target character, who is rendered flat-footed and must make a Reflex save (DC 10) to catch the doll. Characters who are not surprised may make a free Spot check (DC 14) to recognize the baby is a fake. The remaining two or three thieves attempt +6 Pick Pocket checks with a +4 circumstance bonus against surprised characters. Since the target's hands are full, the thieves figure they won't draw any attacks of opportunity in their work. Of course, the thieves don't usually encounter characters with Quick Draw or Combat Reflexes.

STREETS UNSEEN

By night, the streets are vacant. Only those lanterns that can be kept in view remain lit, to prevent fires. The streets fill up with shadows, cut only by a narrow ribbon of stars between leaning roofs. The occasional clanging of a steel bell on a watchman's staff lets folk know the streets are safely patrolled. It's common knowledge that only three sorts of souls walk streets at night: lantern-bearing guards, cutthroats, and the undead.

Deep city shadows afford a +4 bonus to Hide checks made at night. Echoes and the expectation of silence among guards impose a -4 penalty on Move Silently checks on the streets. Randomly determine the quality of any locks by rolling 1d6 + 8 for Open Locks DCs.

FIG. 12: ALLEYWAY



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 230%

MERCHANTS' DISTRICT

While no street in the city is like any other, it is likely that every city has a street like this one. These are the wide, cobbled streets of craftsmen and artisans, where the path is clogged with horses, carts, hanging signs, and bustling customers. Commonly, a street like this one is dedicated to the shops of particular crafts, such as wheelwrights, chandlers, potters, fishmongers, and so on. It's easy to waste a few hours up and down a street like this, browsing the stock of friendly merchants.

Typically, a craftsperson works by the open window at the front of her store where the drop-lift shutters form a display stand. Customers may be welcomed into some establishments, or the merchant might simply bring products to the window for consideration. It's common for craftspeople to live upstairs from their workspace, behind the storefront.

Wider lanes like these require a lot of upkeep. Municipal officials frequent the streets on market days, collecting tolls for any carts or steel-shod horses moving about the area. Typically this toll is one copper piece per wheel or hoof, but on faire days it may be more. Two or three times a year, gravelers come by to lay new stones or dirt onto the rising road.

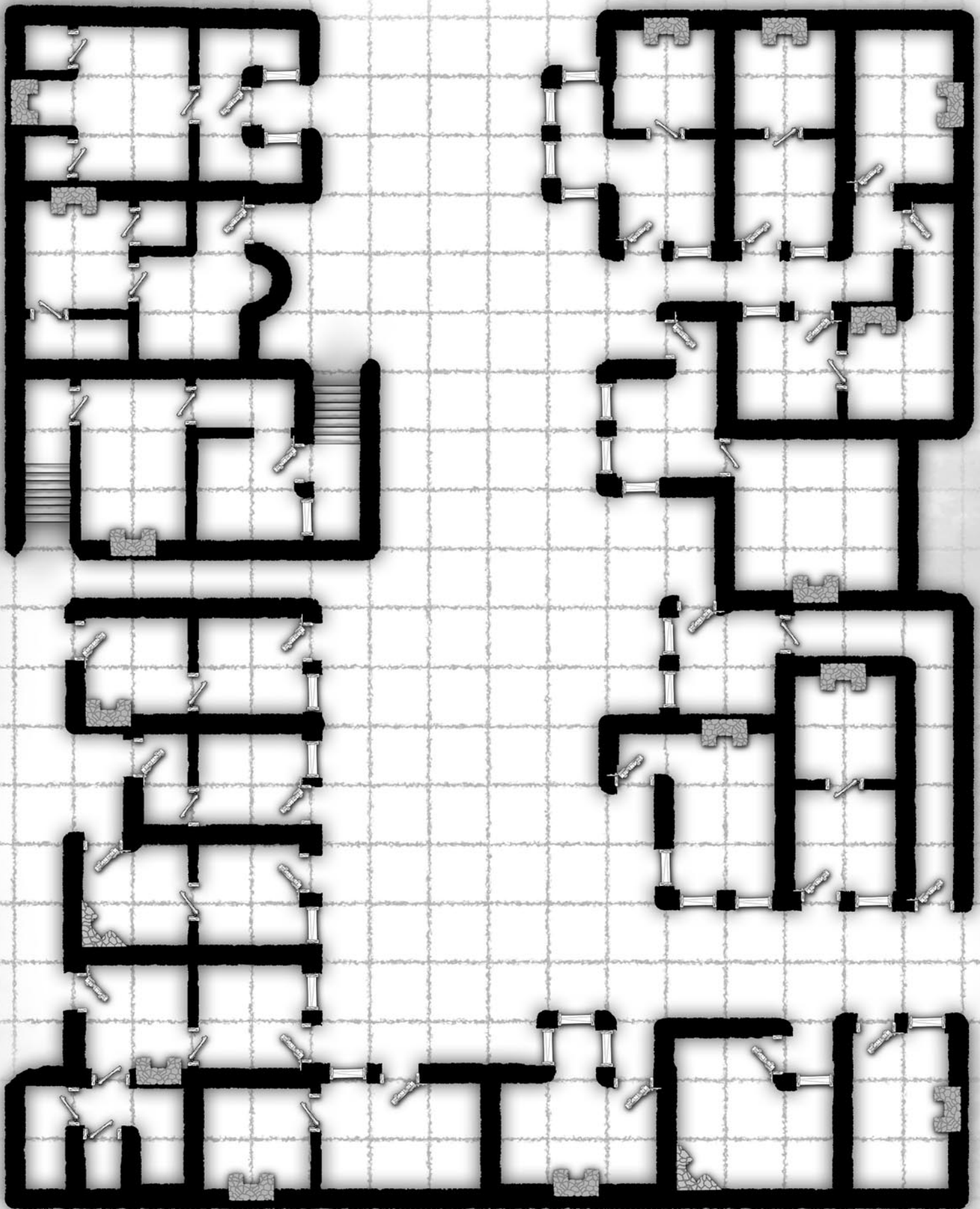
TWENTY WINDOW WORKERS

Use this collection of shopkeep and merchandise traits to make shopping and bargaining situations unique. Over-use of this table could unbalance your game, however. Roll 1d20 or pick a trait that suits your fancy.

D20 **TRAIT**

- 1 *Favors Race:* Diplomacy checks easy for favored race. (+5 racial bonus)
- 2 *Especially Durable:* Object sports +1 to its Fortitude saves, and +2 Hardness.
- 3 *Imported:* Object costs 1d4x10% more than normal but has an exotic style.
- 4 *Good Bargain:* Object is worth 1d4x10% more than cost. (Appraise DC 1d6+10)
- 5 *Fey Made:* Object has a magical aura and weighs only 75% of normal.
- 6 *Rare:* Object is worth 1d8x10% more than cost to a collector. (Appraise DC 20)
- 7 *Cluttered:* Shop is over-full. Failed Dex checks (DC 7) result in broken merchandise worth d% gp.
- 8 *Blabber-Mouth:* Purchases add a +2 bonus to Gather Information checks. (+6 maximum)
- 9 *Almost Deaf:* Must shout at shopkeep. Conversations may be overheard.
- 10 *Counterfeit:* Object is actually worth only 10% of cost. (Appraise DC 1d4+15)
- 11 *Scab:* Merchant is not guilded. Objects may attract scorn or hate. Cost is 85% of normal.
- 12 *Crooked:* Objects may be stolen. Merchant attempts to skim change. (Spot DC 17 to notice)
- 13 *Snitch:* Merchant reports illegal activities to the authorities. (Intimidate DC 10)
- 14 *Suspicious:* Merchant asks a lot of questions, makes +5 Sense Motive checks on customers.
- 15 *Devout:* Merchant will not sell to "heretics, infidels, or atheists."
- 16 *Gossip:* Merchant tries +8 Gather Information checks on customers. (Gather Information DC 8)
- 17 *Damaged Goods:* Objects have only half hit points, -2 on Fortitude saves. (Craft DC 15 to notice)
- 18 *Journeyman:* Master merchant is out. Scamming the assistant is easy. (DC -4 to related checks)
- 19 *Black Market:* Merchant attempts to sell popular contraband. (Innuendo DC 14 to catch on)
- 20 *All Sizes:* Even unusual objects come in Small and Large sizes.

FIG. 13: MERCHANTS DISTRICT



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET
FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 220%

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

CITY DUNGEON

This is not some lofty cell in the king's keep where secret prisoners are kept as tokens in a royal game. Here, in the thick of the city, are the public cages where burglars, cutpurses, housebreakers, and felons are jailed. Common dungeons like this are usually located near a marketplace. On busy faire days the courtyard stocks can become clogged with troublemakers and the crowds they draw. It is common to find not only regular offenders here, but also one's friends and neighbors.

The jail house is an ugly building of tough stones, decorated only with the banners of lawful lords and the local sheriff. Long, oak beams stretch over the courtyard, bowed by the weight of unclean iron cages. The whole place is caked with the muck of crows, rotten food, and mud. Barred cellar windows are the only exit from the miserable pits keeping in the most foul sorts. Everything is within view of the armed soldiers posted inside the warm watch house.

COST OF LAW

The jail nearest the marketplace is run by a constable of weak morals, but to great effect. Serjon Dislove is authorized to act in the interests of the law by his overlord, the sheriff. Often, this requires Serjon to behave contrary to common ethics. He maintains a network of terrified snitches, and is rumored to pay spies in the employ of merchant princes. His work is known so well, in fact, that burghers and private lords who find crime in their own domains may bring criminals before Serjon to serve their time or receive their mutilation. Nobles pay the city a fee in exchange for Serjon's services, so Serjon lives very well.

Soldier, thinker, and rogue, Serjon Dislove (Exp1/Ftr2/Rog3) has lived a chaotic life in an orderly lifestyle. Born to a freeman family beneath a wealthy merchant, he joined the city watch in search of excitement. This has given him a feel for people and a sense of order. Serjon uses complex maneuvering to catch criminals, with frequent shows of force to keep them unsteady. He is well-versed in Innuendo (7 ranks), and may imprison persons together just to listen in. He also possesses the Track feat, and may let prisoners escape in order to follow them.

JUSTICE AND COMEDY

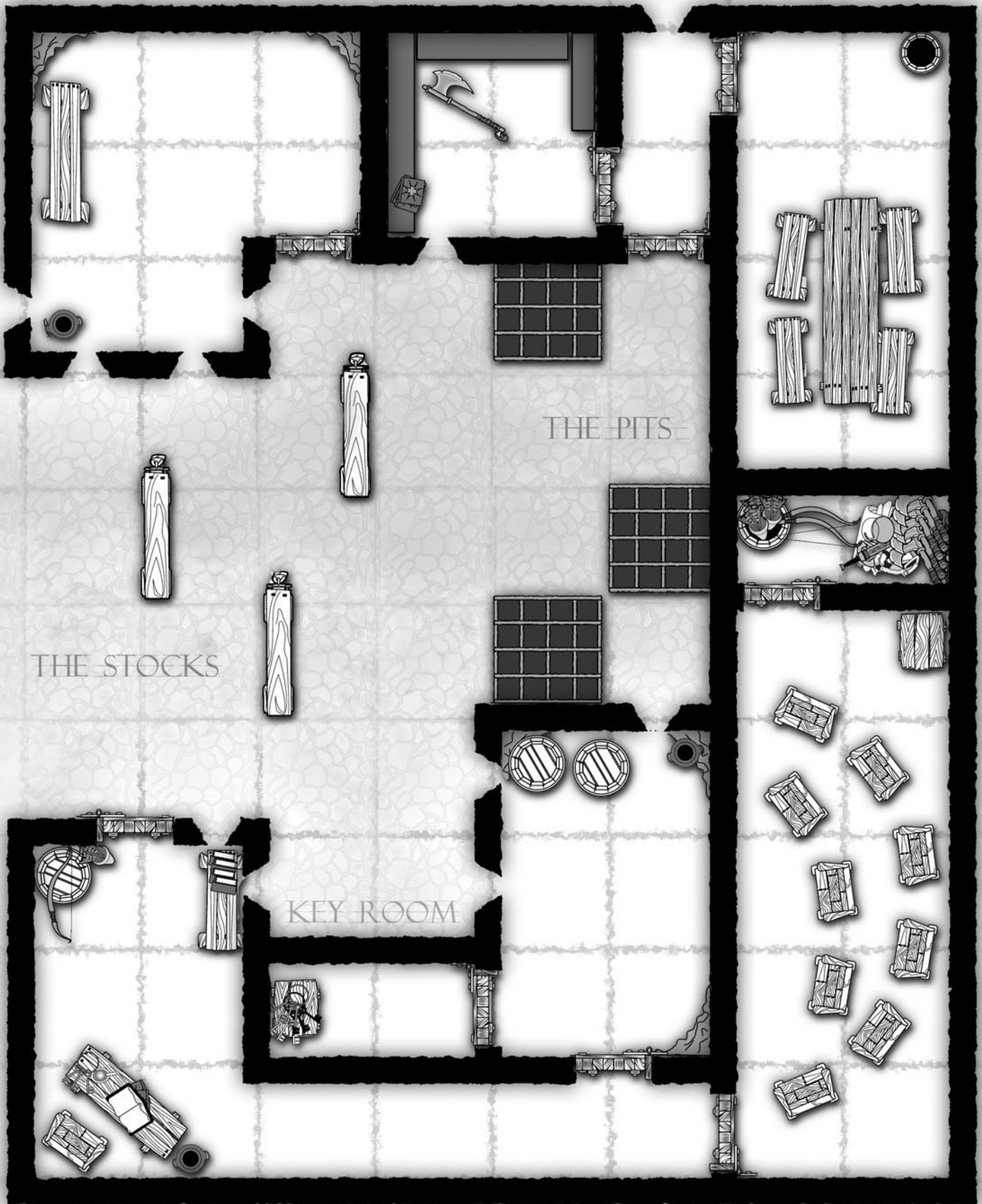
Some crimes carry fines, while others carry jail time. Commonly, those souls who cannot pay the fine in coin will pay it with time. On occasion, the guards may beat lesser criminals with rotting fish or douse them with spoiled milk in a sort of street performance. This continues until the crowd has offered up enough coin to pay the fine.

The stocks (Hardness 5; hp 20) have simple peg latches in place of locks and are typically emptied just before curfew. The crow's cages (Hardness 10; hp 28) are hung by heavy chains (Hardness 10; hp 16) from wooden beams almost two feet thick (Hardness 5; hp 190). Crow's cages are locked with iron padlocks (Open Locks DC 25) and open from the bottom.

The pits are fifteen feet deep, doing 1d6 damage to those thrown in, and the muddy, broken brick walls require a Climb check (DC 20) to scale. An iron grate (Hardness 10; hp 25; Open Locks DC 25) at the top allows food to be dropped in, but is purposely never oiled. The gates screech awfully when opened (Listen DC 5 to hear it).

FIG. 14: CITY DUNGEON

EVIDENCE
LOCKER



INTERROGATION ROOM

1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

FOR 1-INCH SQUARES, ENLARGE TO 130%